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Burke, Charles St. Thomas  
Rip Van Winkle  
Original complete ed.

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1883

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# RIP VAN WINKLE.

BY CHARLES BURKE.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

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# RIP VAN WINKLE:

A LEGEND OF THE CATSKILLS.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM WASHINGTON IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK, BY CHARLES BURKE.



## Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 12.]

As Performed at the Arch Street, Phil., Theatre, 1850.

### ACT I.—1763.

IP VAN WINKLE (a Dutch- man) ... ..	Mr. C. Burke.	CLAUSEN (friend to Rip) ... ..	Mr. Bradford.
NICKERBOCKER (a School- master) ... ..	Mr. J. L. Baker.	RORY VAN CLUMP (a Landlord) ... ..	Mr. Worrell.
ERRIC VAN SLAUS (the Bur- gomaster) ... ..	Mr. Marsh.	GUSTAFFE ... ..	Mr. Mortimore.
ERMAN VAN SLAUS (his son)	Mr. Henkins.	DAME VAN WINKLE ... ..	Mrs. Hughes.
ICHOLAS VEDDER (friend to Rip) ... ..	Mr. Anderson.	ALICE ... ..	Miss Wood.
		LORRENN ... ..	Miss E. Jones.
		SWAGGERINO ... ..	Mr. Brown.
		GAUDERKIN ... ..	Mr. Ray.
		ICXEN ... ..	Mr. Ross.

## ACT II.—1783.

*A lapse of twenty years is supposed to occur between the First and Second Acts.*

RIP VAN WINKLE (the dreamer) ... ..	Mr. C. Burke.	GUSTAFFE ... ..	Mr. Mortimore.
HERMAN VAN SLAUS ... ..	Mr. Henkins.	RIP VAN WINKLE, JR. ... ..	Mr. Stanley.
SETH SLOUGH ... ..	Mr. J. Jefferson.	FIRST VILLAGER ... ..	Mr. Thomas.
KNICKERBOCKER ... ..	Mr. J. L. Barker.	SECOND VILLAGER ... ..	Mr. Sims.
THE JUDGE ... ..	Mr. Anderson.	ALICE KNICKERBOCKER ... ..	Miss Wood.
		LORRENN ... ..	Miss E. Jones.

## C O S T U M E.

RIP.—1st Dress: A deer-skin coat and belt—full brown breeches—deer-skin gaiters—cap. 2nd Dress: Same, but much worn and ragged.

KNICKERBOCKER.—1st Dress: Brown square-cut coat—vest and breeches—shoes and buckles. 2nd Dress: Black coat, breeches, hose, &c.

DERRICK VAN SLAUS.—Square-cut coat—full breeches—black silk hose—shoes and buckles—powder.

HERMAN.—1st Dress: Ibid. 2nd Dress: Black frock coat—tight pants—boots and tassels.

VEDDER }  
CLAUSEN } Dark square-cut coats, vests, breeches, &c.  
RORY }

GUSTAFFE.—Blue jacket—white pants—shoes.

SETH SLOUGH.—Gray coat—striped vest—large gray pants.

JUDGE.—Full suit of black.

YOUNG RIP.—A dress similar to Rip's first dress.

DAME.—Short gown and quilted petticoat—cap.

ALICE.—1st Dress: Bodice, with half skirt—figured petticoat. 2nd Dress: Brown satin bodice and skirt, &c.

LORRENN, Act 1.—A child.

LORRENN, Act 2.—White muslin dress, black ribbon belt, &c.

## S T A G E   D I R E C T I O N S.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance; P. S. Prompt Side; O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\* \* \* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

# RIP VAN WINKLE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Village.—House, L. H. 3 E., with a sign of "George III."—Two or three tables, C. L. and R.—Villagers discovered, smoking. VEDDER, R., KNICKERBOCKER, L. C., RORY, L., CLAUSIN at table, C.—Chorus at rise of curtain.

### CHORUS.

In our native land, where flows the Rhine,  
In infancy we culled the vine;  
Although we toiled with patient care,  
But poor and scanty was our fare.

### SOLO.

Till tempting waves, with anxious toil,  
We landed on Columbia's soil;  
Now plenty, all our cares repay,  
So laugh and dance the hours away.

### CHORUS.

Now plenty, all our cares repay,  
So laugh and dance the hours away.  
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!  
So laugh, ha, ha! and dance the hours away.

Vedd. Neighbour Clausin, on your way hither, saw you anything of our friend, Rip Van Winkle? Where there's a cup of good liquor to be shared, he's sure to be on hand—a thirsty soul.

Knick. Truly the man that turns up his nose at good liquor is a fool, as we Dutchmen have it; but cut no jokes on Rip; remember, I'm soon to be a member of his family; and any insult offered to him, I shall resent in the singular number, and satisfaction must follow, as the Frenchman have it.

Vedd. So, Knickerbocker, you are really determined to marry Rip's sister, the pretty Alice?

Knick. Yes, determined to be a prisoner in Hymen's chains, as the lovers have it. I've got Rip's consent, I've got Alice's consent, and I've got my own consent!

Claw. But have you got the dame's consent, eh?

Knick. There I'm dished and done up brown; would you believe it? she calls me a long, scraggy, outlandish animal, and that I look like two deal boards glued together.

Rory. Here comes Alice, and with her Rip's daughter.

Music.—Enter ALICE, with LORRENNIA,  
U. E. R. H.

Alice. Come along, loiterer! woe betide us when we get home, for having tarried so long. What will the dame say?

Lor. Well, it's not my fault, for you have been up and down the lane a dozen times, looking for the school-master, Knickerbocker.

Alice. Hold your tongue, Miss, it's no such thing.

Lor. You know you love him.

Alice. How do you know that, Miss Pert?

Lor. I can see it; and seeing is believing, they say. Oh, you're monstrous jealous of him, you know you are.

(Knickerbocker advances L. H.)

Alice. Jealous! I, jealous of him? No, indeed, I never wish to see his ugly face again.

Knick. Say not so, sweet blossom of the valley, for in that case I shall shoot myself in despair.

Alice. Oh, don't think of such a thing, for then your ghost might haunt me.

Lor. And I'm sure you would rather have him than his ghost; wouldn't you, Alice?

Knick. That's a very smart child. But Alice, sweet Alice, can't I drop in this evening, when the old folks are out of the way?

Alice. Not for the world: if the dame were to find you in the house, I don't know what would happen.

Lor. Don't you know, Alice, mammy always goes out for an hour in the evening, to see her neighbour, Dame Wrigrim; now, if you (to Knickerbocker) come at eight o'clock, and throw some gravel at the window, there's no knowing but you might see Alice.

Knick. That's an uncommon clever girl; but, Alice, I'm determined to turn over a new leaf with Dame Van Winkle; the next time I see her, I'll pluck up courage and say to her—

Dame. (Without, R. U. E.) Alice! Alice! odds bodikins and pins, but I'll give it you when I catch you.

[The Villagers exit, R. and L. H.]

Knick. Run, Alice, run!

(Alice, Lorrenna, and Knickerbocker run to R.)

Dame. (Without, R.) Alice!

[Alice, Lorrenna, and Knickerbocker exit hastily, L. H.]

Rory. Egad! the dame's tongue is a perfect scarecrow.

Vedd. The sound of her voice sets them running just as if she were one of the mountain spirits, of whom we hear so much talk. But where the deuce can Rip be all this while? (Rip sings without, L. 2 E.) But talk of the devil and his imps appear.

Enter RIP VAN WINKLE, L. 2 E., with gun, game bag, &c.

Rip. Rip, Rip, wass is dis for a business. You are a mix nootze unt dat is a fact. Now, I started for de mountains dis mornin', determined to fill my bag mit game, but I met Von Brunt, de one-eyed sergeant—commasee hah, unt brandy-wine hapben my neiber friend; well, I could'nt refuse to take a



glass mit him, unt den I tooks anoder glass, unt den I took so much as a dozen, do I drink no more as a bottle; he drink no more as I—he got so top heavy, I rolled him in de hedge to sleep a leetle, for his one eye got so crooked, he never could have seed his way straight; den I goes to de mountain, do I see double, d—d a bird could I shooted. But I stops now, I drinks no more; if anybody ask me to drink, I'll say to dem—(*Vedder comes down, R. and offers cup to him.*)—here is your go-to-hell, and your family's go-to-hell, and may you all live long and prosper.

(*Drinks.*)

*Ved.* Why, neighbour Rip, where have you been all day? We feared some of the Elfin goblins of the Catskill had caught you.

*Rip.* Ha, ha! I never see no ghosts, though I've fought mit spirits in my time, ha, ha!

*Ved.* And they always throw you, eh? ha, ha!

*Rip.* Dat's a fact! Ha, ha, ha!

*Ved.* But, Rip, where have you been?

*Rip.* Oh, very hard at work—very busy; dere is nothing slipped fun my fingers as was come at abe.

*Rory.* (*Down L.*) They appear to have slipped through your game bag though, for it's full of emptiness.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Rip.* Ho, ho, ho! cut no jokes at my bag or I'll gib you the sack.

*Ved.* Come Rip, sit down, take a pipe and a glass, and make yourself comfortable.

*Rip.* Nine, nine—ech on neiched—it behoves a man to look after his interest unt not drink all de while, I shall den be able to manage—

*Ved.* Your wife, Rip?

*Rip.* Manage mine frow? Can you fly to de moon on a paper kite? can you drink all de beer and brandy-wine at one gulp? when you can do dat mine goot im himmel you can manage mine frow.

(*All laugh.*)

*Rory.* Take one glass, Rip.

*Rip.* No, I won't touch him.

*Ved.* Come, come, lay hold.

*Rip.* Now I'll be d—d fun I does.

*Ved.* Well, if you won't.

(*All go to table but Rip.*)

*Rip.* Dere is a drinks, dere is a drinks, I have conquered temptation at last. Bravo resolution! bravo resolution; resolution you shall have one glass for dat.

(*Goes to table.*)

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Rory.* Here, Rip, here's a glass at your service, and as for the contents I'll warrant it gennine and no mistake.

(*Gives Rip a cup.*)

*Rip.* Rory, here is your go-to-hell, unt your family's go-to-hell, unt may you all live long unt prosper.

*Rory.* Come, Rip, give us a stave.

*Ved.* Yes, yes, Rip, a stave, for the old dame will be after you soon and then we will all have to make a clearance.

*Rip.* Oh, tunner wasser! won't my old woman skin me when I get home.

*Ved.* And Rory. Ha, ha, ha! come, the song, the song.

*Rip.* Well, here is Rip Van Winkle's warning to all single fellows.

# SONG.—RIP.

*List, my friends, to caution's voice,  
Ere de marriage knot you tie;  
It is the devil, mit shrews to spice,  
Dat nobody can deny, deny,  
Dat nobody can deny.*

*Chorus.—That nobody can deny, &c.*

*When a wife to rule once wishes,  
Mit poor spouse 'tis all my eye,  
I'm d—d if she don't wear de breeches,  
Dat nobody can deny, deny,  
Dat nobody can deny.*

*Chorus.—That nobody can deny, &c.*

*Yet dere is a charm about dem,  
Do dere voices are so high,  
We can't do mit dem, (Pause.)  
Nor we can't do mit out 'em,  
Dat nobody can deny, deny,  
Dat nobody can deny.*

*Chorus.—That nobody can deny, &c.*

*Dame.* (*Without, R. 1 E.*) Rip, Rip! I'll stretch your ears when I get hold of them.

*Rip.* Mine goot im himmel, dere is my frow.

*Dame.* (*Without.*) Rip! you lazy varmint! Rip!  
*Rip.* (*Gets under the table with bottle.*) Look out, boys! de wild cat's coming.

*Music.—VEDDER, RORY, and CLAUSIN, at table—Enter Dame, with a stick, R. U. E.*

*Dame.* Where is this wicked husband of mine? odds bodikins and pins! I heard his voice; you've hid him somewhere! you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to inveigle a husband from a tender, loving spouse; but I'm pnt upon by all, because they know the mildness of my temper.—(*They laugh.*)—Odds bodikins and curling irons, bnt some of you shall laugh the other sides of your mouths—I'll pull your pate for you.

(*Music.—Chases them round table: they exit L. and R.—Dame upsets table and discovers Rip.*)

*Dame.* Oh, you Rip of all rips! what have you to say for yourself?

*Rip.* Here is your go-to-hell, unt your family's, unt may you all live long and prosper.

*Dame.* (*Pulling him down the stage by the ear.*) I'm cool—that is to say not very hot; but the mildest temper in the world would be in a passion at such treatment. Get home, you drunken monster, or I shan't be able to keep my hands off you—tell me, sir, what have you been about all day?

*Rip.* Hard at work, my dumsy dumsy; de first ting I see dis morning was a fine fat rabbit.

*Dame.* A rabbit? Oh, I do like rabbits in a stew: I like everything in a stew.

*Rip.* I be d—d but dat is a fact.

*Dame.* Well, well, the rabbit?

*Rip.* I was going to tell you, well, dere was de rabbit feeding in de grass.

*Dame.* Well, well, Rip?

*Rip.* I puts my gnn to my shoulder—

*Dame.* Yes,—

*Rip.* I takes goot aim mit him.

*Dame.* Yes,—

*Rip.* I pulls my trigger, unt—



*Dame.* Bang went the gun and down the rabbit fell.

*Rip.* Eh? snap went de gun and off de rabbit run. Ha, ha, ha!

*Dame.* No!

*Rip.* I be d—d fun dat is a fact.

*Dame.* And you shot nothing?

*Rip.* Not dat time; but de next time, I picks me my flint, nnt I creeps up to de little pond by de old field, unt dere what do you tink I see?

*Dame.* Ducks?

*Rip.* More as fifty black ducks—ducks as big as a goose—well I hauls up again.

*Dame.* And so will I (*raising stick*) if you miss fire this time,—

*Rip.* Bang!

*Dame.* How many down?

*Rip.* One!

*Dame.* Not more than one duck out of fifty?

*Rip.* Yes, a great deal more as one duck.

*Dame.* Then you shot more than one?

*Rip.* Yes, more as one duck, I shot one old bull.

*Dame.* What?

*Rip.* I'm d—d fun dat is a fact! dat was one down, and my goot in himmel how he did roar and bellow nnt lash his tail unt snort nnt sneeze nnd sniff! Well, de bull puts right after me, nnt I pnts right away fun de bull: well, de bull comes up mit me just as I was climbing de fence, unt he catch me mit his horns fun de seat of my breeches, unt sent me flying more as a mile high. Well, bye and bye directly, I come down already in a big tree, nnt dere I sticks fast, unt den—

*Dame.* You went fast asleep for the rest of the day.

*Rip.* Dat's a fact. How you know dat? you must be a witch.

*Dame.* (*Catching him by the collar.*) Home, sir, home! you lazy scamp. (*Beating him.*)

*Rip.* But, mine lublicka frow—

*Dame.* Home!

(*Beating him.*)

*Rip.* Nine! nine!—

*Dame.* Home!

(*Beats him.*)

*Rip.* Mine goot im himmel.

[*Music.*—*Dame* beats him off, R. H. 1. E.

SCENE II.—*A Plain Chamber in First Grooves.*

*Enter DERRIC VAN SLAUS, L. H.*

*Derr.* Should the present application fail, I am a ruined man; all my speculations will be frustrated, and my duplicity exposed; yes, the dissipation of my son must inevitably prove his ruin as well as mine. To supply his wants, the public money has been employed; and, if unable to replace it, heaven knows what may be the consequence. But my son is now placed with an able advocate in New York, and should he pursue the right path, there may be still hopes of his reformation.

*Herm.* (*Without, L. H.*) My father, you say, is this way?

*Derr.* What voice is that; my son? What can have recalled him thus suddenly? Some new misadventure—Oh, my foreboding thoughts!

*Enter HERMAN, L. H.*

*Derr.* Herman, what brings you back? Are all my cautions thus lightly regarded, that they can take no hold upon your conduct?

*Herm.* You have good cause for warmth, sir, but learn the reason of my disobedience, ere you condemn. Business of importance has urged me hither—such as concerns us both most intimately.

*Derr.* Some fresh extravagance, no doubt, to drain my little left, and set a host of creditors loose upon me.

*Herm.* Not so, sir, but the reverse. List! you know our neighbour, Rip Van Winkle?

*Derr.* Know him? Aye, his idleness is proverbial; you have good cause to recollect him too, since 'twas by his courage your life was preserved, when attacked by the famished wolf.

*Herm.* He has a daughter scarcely seven years old; now, the attorney whom I serve, has been employed to draw up the will and settle the affairs of this girl's aunt, who, for some slight offered by Van Winkle, has long since discarded the family. At her death, the whole of her immense wealth, in cash and land, is the inheritance of the girl, who is, at this moment, the richest presumptive heiress in the land.

*Derr.* What connection can Van Winkle's fortune have with ours?

*Herm.* Listen! Were it possible to procure his signature to a contract that his daughter, when of age, should be married to me, on this security money might be raised by us to any amount. Now, my good father, am I comprehensible?

*Derr.* Truly, this seems no visionary dream, like those in which, with fatal pertinacity, you have so oft indulged; and, on recollection, the rent of his tenement is in arrears; 'twill offer favourable opportunity for my calling and sounding him; the contract must be your care.

*Herm.* 'Tis already prepared and lacks only his signature.—(*Presenting it.*) Lawyers, who would do justice to their clients, must not pause at conscience; 'tis entirely out of the question when their own interest is concerned.

*Derr.* Herman, I like not this black-leg manner of proceeding; yet, it augurs thon wilt be no pettifogger, I'll to Van Winkle straight, and though not legalized to act, yet in this case I can do work which honest lawyers would scorn.

[*Exit, R. H.*

*Herm.* (*Solus.*) True; the honest lawyer lives by his reputation, and therefore pauses to undertake a cause he knows unjust; but how easily are some duped. Can my father for a moment suppose that the rank weeds of youth are so easily uprooted? No! what is to be done, good father of mine, but to serve myself? young men of the present generation cannot live without the means of entering into life's varieties, and this supply will henceforth enable me to do so, to the fullest extent of my ambitious wishes.

[*Exit, L. H.*

SCENE II.—*Rip's cottage.*—Door, L. 2 E.—Window in flat.—A closet in flat, with dishes, shelves, &c.—Clothes-basket, with clothes.—Table, chairs, arm-chair, with cloak over it.—Broom on stage.

KNICKERBOCKER enters cautiously, D. 2 E. L.

*Knick.* Zooks! I'm venturing into a tiger's den in quest of a lamb. All's clear, however; and, could I but pop on little Alice, how we would bill and coo. She comes! lie still, my fluttering heart.

Enter ALICE, R. H.

Alice. (Without observing Knickerbocker.) There, there, go to sleep. Ah! Knickerbocker, how I love you, spite of all the strange ways that you pursue.

Knick. (Aside.) Sensible, susceptible soul! But merit ever meets its recompense.

Alice. No wonder I am fascinated; his figure is so elegant, and then his education! I never see him, but I am ready to jump into his loving arms.

(Turning, she is caught in the embrace of Knick.)

Knick. This is too much for human nature to support; this declaration is a banquet that gods might prize. Beauteous angel, hear me, whilst I proclaim—

(Kneeling.)

Dame. (Without.) Go along, you drunken brute.

Knick. The devil! 'tis Dame Van Winkle! what's to become of me?

Alice. If you're found here I'm ruined! you must conceal yourself—but where?

Knick. That's the important question; oh, I'll hop into the cupboard.

Alice. Not for the world! she is sure to want something out of it. Here, here, get into this clothes basket, and let me cover you over with the foul linen.

Knick. It's a very foul piece of business altogether; but I must stomach it, whether I will or no.

(Music.—She puts him into the basket, and covers him with linen.—DAME enters L. 2 E. dragging in RIP.)

Dame. And now, sir, I've got you home, what have you to say for yourself, I should like to know?

Rip. Nothing, my darling, de least said is soonest mended, and so you shall have all de talk to yourself.—Now ain't dat liberal?

Dame. Where's all the game you were to bring home?

Rip. On de wing still: wouldn't venture to come mitin fire: for though dey missed mine gun, dere's one ting for certain, I never miss your blowing up.

Dame. My blowing up! Odds bodikins and pins! I shall never be able to contain myself! Where's the money to pay the rent, you oaf?

Rip. I don't know.—Do you?

Dame. You'll go to prison, and that'll be the end on't.

Rip. Come, no more quarrelling to night. We'll see about de rent money to-morrow morning.

Dame. To-morrow! it's always to-morrow with you; so, Alice, you are sitting and idling as usual, just like your brother, a precious pair of soft paters.

Rip. Soft pate! pretty hard I guess, or it would have been fractured long since, and dat's a fact.

Dame. And now, Alice, come with me that I may satisfy myself how you have disposed of the children, for in these matters you are just such a crawler as that vagrum there, (is retiring on R.) that terrapin!

Rip. Terrapin! Ah, dame I leaves you to go the whole hog: but hark'ee, my lovey, before you go,

won't you return de leetle bottle which you manage to get from me last night?

Dame. Odds bodikins and pins! A man already drunk, and asking for more liquor! you shan't have a drop, you sot, that you shall not. The bottle indeed! not you, eh! faith!

[Exit, with Alice, R. H.]

Rip. Tunder take me if I don't think but what she has finished it herself, and dat's de fact. My nose always sniffs like a terrier's: 'tis in de cupboard, her Hollands;—so here goes to nibble.

(Music.—Rip opens the closet door cautiously, and is rummaging for a bottle, when he treads on Knickerbocker, who roars out lustily. Rip, in his sudden alarm, upsets the porcelain and glass; and, falling, rolls into the middle of the chamber, quaking in every limb, and vociferating loudly.)

Rip. Help! murder! fire! thieves!

(Knickerbocker, in the interim, darts out of the closet, and, beyond the consciousness of future proceeding, throws himself into the arm chair—ALICE, entering hastily, throws a cloak over him, which hides him from observation.—DAME enters, alarmed, R. H.)

Dame. Odds bodikins and pins! what's the matter, now?

Rip. (Raising his head cautiously.) Matter, indeed! the devil's in the cupboard! Oh, la! I'll be swammed.

Dame. In the cupboard!—(Going there, sees china broken, squalling.)—All my fine porcelain destroyed! monster! vile, rapacious monster! A devil, indeed, has been in the cupboard, and that's you. The china presented to me by my grand relations, which I set such store on, smashed into a thousand pieces; 'tis too much for my weak nerves. I shall swoon! I shall faint!

(She sinks in the arm chair, but immediately starts up, and squalling, falls into Rip's arms—Knickerbocker regains the closet, unobserved by all, save Alice.)

Dame. Heaven have mercy on us! there was somebody in the chair! somebody in the chair!

Rip. Phoo! there's nothing in de chair, save your old cloak, (Tossing it aside.) dat's all.

Dame. I'm so alarmed—so agitated, that—Alice, put your hand into my pocket and you'll find a bottle.

(Alice produces a bottle.)

Rip. (Aside.) A leetle bottle! Oh! dat's de private cupboard. Alice, let me hold de leetle bottle, whilst you fetch a glass for the old woman.

(Alice, hastening off, brings a wine-glass from R., which Rip fills and gives to Dame.)

Rip. Here's your go-to-hell, and your family's, and may you live long and prosper.

(Drinks from the bottle; Alice, in the interim, proceeds to the closet and brings Knickerbocker out, who is making for the door, when, hearing some one approach, he again escapes to his retreat.)

Alice. (At door.) Oh, aunt! aunt! here's the burgomaster coming up the garden.



*Dame.* Odds bodikins and pins! the burgomaster! what's to be done now? coming for the rent? what's to be done now, I say?

*Rip.* I'll go to bed and think.

(Crosses to R.)

*Dame.* You shan't go to bed! you must make some fresh excuse; you're famous at them to me; you have got into the hobble and must get out of it as well as you can, I shall go and consult my friend Dame Wriggim; and Alice, should the pedlar woman come, desire her not to leave any more of her rubbish here.

[As *Dame* retires she meets *DERRIC* to whom she curtseys.]

*Derr.* Good evening, dame.

*Dame.* Your honour's servant.

[Exit *Dame*, D. F.]

*Rip.* (*Aside.*) La! what a stew I'm in; Alice, take yourself off, 'tis full time; wish I was off too, mit all my heart and soul.

*Alice.* (*Aside.*) Dear, dear! what will become of my poor Knickerbocker.

[Exit, R. H.]

*Derr.* Well, honest *Rip*, how wags the world with you?

*Rip.* Bad enough, sir, for though labouring from morn to night, I can make no advance in de world, though my industry is proverbial, and dat's a fact.

*Derr.* Why, where the bottle is concerned, few, I believe can boast so much industry.

*Rip.* Dat is a fact; but I suppose you have called concerning de rent. (*Aside.*) How my heart goes and comes! (*Aloud.*) Now if your honour will be so good enough to—

*Derr.* To write the receipt: certainly

*Rip.* Nine, nine! (*Aside.*) I'm stewed alive mit perspiration.

*Derr.* We'll talk of the rent at a future period! there is another affair on which I wish to consult you.

*Rip.* Take a chair, your honour. (*Aside, rubbing his hands together.*) It's all right, by de hookey. (*Aloud.*) Take a glass mit me.

(*They take chairs.*)

*Derr.* You know my only son, whose life you preserved?

*Rip.* Yes; and a wild harum scarum dog he is.

(*Drinks.*)

*Derr.* He is now stationed in New York, studying the law, and has become a staid, sober, prudent youth: and now, 'tis my wish that he should settle on this, his native place, and that he marry some honest girl, who is altogether unacquainted with the frivolities of cities; and I have been thinking, that in a few years, your daughter will be grown up, and would make a suitable match for him: True, there will be some disparity in their ages, but as the years are on the side of the husband, so 'twill be all the better for the wife, in having a matured preceptor.

*Rip.* Beg pardon, sir: but it strikes me you are only carrying on your rigs mit me.

*Derr.* No, on my honour; and, to convince you that I'm in earnest, I have brought with me a contract, by which our offspring, when of age, are bound to intermarry, or forfeit their several fortunes. I shall settle all mine on Herman, and I shall expect you to do the same for your daughter.

*Rip.* Yah! yah! ech woll; I'll give her all I got;

all my money; but she must be d—d smart if she can find 'em. Take a drink, Mr. Burgomaster.

(*Drinks.*)

*Derr.* Well, here are the two contracts, both binding and legally drawn.

*Rip.* Yah! yah! (*Drinks.*—*Derric gives him the pen.*) What you want me to do mit dis?

*Derr.* Merely sign your name.

*Rip.* Me put my name to dat paper mitont my old woman knowing?—mine goot friend, she would skin me. (*Noise in closet.*) Schat! you witch!

*Derr.* But I was about to propose, on condition of your signing the contract, to let you live rent free in future.

*Rip.* Rent free! I'll sign! but stop! my old woman must play old hob mit me—so put down dat I can break dat contract, if I choose, in twenty years and a day. (*Noise.*) Schat! you witch!

*Derr.* (*Writing.*) As you please. (*Noise.*)

*Rip.* Schat! you witch! (*Drinks.*)

*Derr.* Is that a cat, friend *Rip*? (*Writing.*)

*Rip.* I don't know if it is a cat—but if it is my dog Snider, I wouldn't be in his skin when de old woman comes back.

*Derr.* There, friend *Rip*, I have inserted, at your request, this codicil: "Should the said *Rip Van Winkle* think fit to annul this contract, within twenty years and a day, he shall be at full liberty to do so."

*Rip.* Yah, yah! dos is'recht—dat is goot. Now, Mr. Burgomaster, what you want me to do?

*Derr.* Sign it!

*Rip.* Wass?

*Derr.* Sign!

*Rip.* Give me de paper. (*Takes it.*) How my head turns round. (*Reading.*) "Should the said *Rip Van Winkle*"—yah, yah! dat is me.—"*Rip Van Winkle*—twenty years and a day." Oh, dat is all recht. (*Writing.*) R-i-p V-a-n—(*Noise.*)—Schat! you witch! W-i-n-k-l-e—now, dere he is.

*Derr.* And there is the counterpart. (*Gives it.*)

*Rip.* Dis is for me, eh? I'll put him in my breast pocket—yah, yah.

*Derr.* Now, *Rip*, I must bid you good evening.

*Rip.* Stop! Take some more liquor. Why, de bottle is empty. Here! *Alice*! *Alice*! get some more schnapps for de burgomaster.

*Derr.* No, not to-night. (*Rising.*) But, should you want any you will always find a bottle for you at your old friend *Rory's*; so, good night.

*Rip.* Stop, Mr. Burgomaster! I will go and get dat bottle now. (*Rising.*) *Alice*, *Alice*! comma see hah!

Enter *ALICE*, R. H.

*Rip.* *Alice*, give me mine hat. (*Alice gives it.*) Now take care of de house till I comes back; if de old woman comes before I gets home tell her I am gone out mit de burgomaster on par—par—tick, partickler business.

[Exit, L. D., with *Derric*.]

*Alice* advances and brings on *KNICKERBOCKER* from the closet.

*Alice.* So, Mr. Knickerbocker, you are still here. *Knick.* Yes, all that's left of me; and now that the coast is clear, I'll give them leg bail, as the lawyers have it, and if ever they catch me here again—(*He goes towards the door and returns in sudden alarm.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! here's mother



Van Winkle coming back. I shall never get out of this mess.

Alice. It's all your own fault! why would you come to-night?

Knick. I shall never be able to come again,—the cross vixen will take care of that if she catches me here.

Alice. There is but one method of avoiding her wrath; slip on the clothes the old pedlar woman brought for sale, and I'll warrant you'll soon be tumbled out of the house.

Knick. With a good thrashing to boot, I suppose. No matter, if I can but slip out of the house, I don't care what I slip into. (*Knickerbocker sits in arm chair and is attired by Alice in woman's dress; on rising, the petticoats but reach his knees.*) Confound the lower garments! they're too short by half.

Alice. 'Tis your legs are too long by half! stoop down; say as little as possible, and you'll not be discovered. (*He again sits.*)

DAME enters, D. F.

Dame. Well, I've got back, and I see Mr. Van Slaus is gone! but where's that varlet, Rip—ont again? oh, that Rip! that Rip! I'll certainly be the death of him; or he will of me, which is most likely. Alice, who have you in the chair?

Alice. The pedlar woman, aunt; who has come for the things she left.

Dame. The pedlar woman—hark'ee, gossip; bring no more of your rubbish here. Take your self off, and let me have a clear house.

Knick. (*Aside.*) 'Gad, I wish I was safely cleared out of it.

(*Knickerbocker rises, hobbles forward, R., but forgetting the shortness of the petticoats, in curtsying, is discovered by the dame from the exposure of his legs.*)

Dame. Odds bodikins and pius! who have we herel an impostor; but you shall pay for it; this is a pedlar woman, indeed, with such lanky shanks.

(*She rushes up to door and locks it—then with a broom, L. V. E., pursues him round—he flings bonnet in her face.*)

Knick. Needs must, when the devil drives—so here goes.

(*He jumps through the window, which is dashed to pieces—he disappears.—Dame rushes up, with broom, towards window.—Alice laughs.*)

Dame. What! laugh at his misconduct, hussy. One's just as bad as the other. All born to plague me. Get you to bed—to bed, I say.

[*Dame drives Alice off, and follows, R.—Scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*Half dark.*—A front wood.—The report of a gun is heard—shortly after, Rip enters, with his fowling piece, L. H.

Rip. Whip-poor-Will! egad, I think they'll whip poor Rip. (*Takes aim at bird—it flashes in the pan.*) Another miss! Oh, curse the misses and missuses—hang me if I can get a single shot at the sky-flyers. Wish I had one of the German guns which Knickerbocker talks so much about—one dat fires round corners; la! how I'd bring dem down! bring dem down! were I to wing as many daily as

would fill a dearborn, dame wouldn't be satisfied—not that she's avaricious—but den she must have something or somebody to snarl at, and I'm the unlucky dog at whom she always lets fly. Now, she got at me mit the broomstick so soon as I got back again; if I go home again, she will break my back. Tunner wasser! how sleepy I am—I can't go home, she will break my back—so I will sleep in de mountain to-night, and to-morrow I turn over a new leaf, and drink no more liquor.

Voice Outside. Rip Van Winkle.

(*A dead pause ensues.—Suddenly a noise, like the rolling of cannon balls, is heard—then a discordant shout of laughter, L. H.—Rip wakes and sits up, astonished.*)

Rip. What the deuce is that? my wife at mine elbow? Oh, no, nothing of the kind. I must have been dreaming; so I'll contrive to nap, since I'm far enough from her din. (*Reclines and sleeps.*)

Voice Outside. Rip Van Winkle.

(*The laugh being repeated, Rip again wakes.*)

Rip. I can't be mistaken dis time. Plague on't, I've got among the spirits of the mountains, me-tinks, and haven't a drop of spirits left to keep them off.

Swaggrino (*Without, L. H.*) Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

Rip. Rip Van Winkle! that's me to a certainty.

(*Music.—Swaggrino, the grotesque dwarf, enters, L. H., bending beneath the weight of a large cask which he bears on his shoulder.—He pauses, examines Rip, then invites him to assist him in placing the cask on the ground, which Rip complies with.*)

Rip. Hang me, if he hasn't brought my heart up into my mouth. What an outlandish being, a sea snake, by dander!

(*Music.—Swaggrino, pointing to the cask, entreates Rip's assistance in bearing it up the mountains.*)

Rip. Want me to help you up mit it? Why not say so at first, my old codger? What a queer old chap to be sure; but I can't let him toil up the mountain with such a heavy load as dat, no, no, and so old broad chops I'll help you.

(*Music.—Dwarf assists in placing cask on Rip's shoulder—a loud laugh is heard—Rip is alarmed, but dwarf signs him to proceed, and be of good courage—leads way up rocks, R.—another peal of laughter, and Rip hastily follows him.*)

SCENE V.—*Dark.*—The Sleepy Hollow in the bosom of the mountains, occupying the extreme extent of the stage—stunted trees, fragments of rock in various parts.—Moon in the horizon: the entrance to this wild recess being by an opening from the abyss in the rear of the glen.

(*Music.—Grotesque Dutch figures with enormous masked heads and lofty tapering hats, discovered playing at cards in various places, others at Dutch pins—battledores and shuttle-cocks—the majority seated on a rock drinking and smoking.*)

*Gauderkin.* Since on earth this only day,  
In fifty years we're given to stray,  
We'll keep it as a holiday!  
So brothers, let's be jolly and gay.  
*Icken.* But question, where's that lazy wight,  
Who, soon as sun withdrew its light,  
Was for the earth's rich beverage sent,  
And has such time in absence spent,  
*Gaud.* Perhaps with some misfortune he's been  
doomed to meet,  
Cross'd, no doubt, on the road by mortal  
feet.  
*Icken.* And what the punishment that you decree  
On him, who on our mysteries makes free?  
*Gaud.* Twenty years in slumber's chain,  
Is the fate that we ordain;  
Yet, if merry wight he prove,  
Pleasant dreams his sleep shall move.  
*Icken.* Our brother comes, and up the rugged steep,  
A mortal see, Swaggrino's presence keep.  
*Omnes.* Twenty years in slumber's chain,  
Is the fate that we ordain.  
He comes! he comes! let silence reign!—  
Let silence reign! let silence reign!

*(The spirits retire up and station themselves in motionless attitudes. Music.—Swaggrino ascends by the opening in the rear, followed by Rip, with the keg. Rip advances on the L. H.; and, with the assistance of his conductor, places the cask on the rock. The spirits remain immovable in front.)*

*Rip.* I'm a dead man, to a certainty. Into what strange company have I tumbled! crickey, what will become of me? Dear, dear! would I were home again, even though along with Dame Van Winkle.

*(Music.—The figures severally advance, and stare at him, then resume their games. Swaggrino taps the cask; motions the astonished Rip to assist him in distributing its contents into various flagons; an injunction with which he complies. Swaggrino helps his companions.)*

*Rip.* *(On L. H.)* After all, they seem a harmless set, and there can be no argument with them, for they appear to be all dummies. Lord, were my wife as silent. They're a deadly, lively, jolly set; but I wonder what kind of spirits these spirits are drinking! surely, there can be no harm in taking a drop along mit dem—*(Fills a flagon)*—Here goes!—Gentlemen, here's your go-to-hells, and your broad chopped family's, and may you all live long and prosper. *(Drinks.)*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*(Music.—A grotesque dances ensues, during which Rip continues to supply himself from the keg. He at length joins in the dance, and becomes so exhausted, that he reels forward and sinks in front. The dancing ceases, the spirits utter three Ho, ho, ho's!—Some of them sink. Music, piano, as the curtain slowly descends.)*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The last of the First Act repeated; but the distance now presents a richly cultivated country. The bramble is grown into a lofty tree, and all that remains of Rip's gun is its rusty barrel, which is at the foot of the tree.*

*Bird Music.—RIP discovered extended on the ground, asleep; his hair gray, and beard grown to an unusual length—the hour of the scene is gray dawn and birds from sky and hill are chirping.*

*Rip.* *(Speaking in his sleep.)* Mother Van Winkle! Dame Van Winkle! what are you arter? Don't be always badgering, will you never allow poor Rip a moment's quiet? Cnrse it! don't throw de hot water about so, you'll scald one's eyes, and so you will, and no mistake! and so you have. *(He awakens in sudden emotion.)* Eh! by dunder what's all dis, where am I—in the name of goodness where am I? *(Gazing around.)* On the Catskill Mountains, by all that's miraculous! Egad! my rib will play the very devil with me for stopping out all night. There will be a fine peal sounded when I get home. *(Rises.)* How confoundedly stiff and sore my joints do feel, surely I must have been sleeping for a pretty long time: Asleep! no I was awake and enjoying myself with as jolly a rum set of codgers as ever helped to toom out a keg of Hollands. I danced, and egad, drank with them, till I was pretty blue, and dat's no mistake;—but confound it, they shouldn't have caught me napping, for 'tis plain they have taken themselves off like an unceremonious pack of—pack off—give an eye tooth to know who they were. *(Looking around.)* Where is my gun? I left it on a little bnsh. *(On examining he finds the rusty barrel of his gun.)* Hillo! come up, here's a grab! the unmanly set of sharpers! stolen one of the best fowling pieces that ever made a crack; and left this worthless, rusty barrel, by way of exchange! What will Dame Van Winkle say to this. By the hookey! but she'll comb my hair finely! Now, I went to sleep beneath that hickory;—'twas a mere bush! Can I be dreaming still? Is there any one who will be good enough to tell me whether it is so or not? Be blowed if I can make head or tail on't. One course only now remains,—to pluck up resolution, go back to Dame Van Winkle, and by dunder she'll soon let me know whether I'm awake or not.

*[Music.—Exit, L. H.]*

SCENE II.—*A well furnished apartment in the house of Knickerbocker.*

LORRENNIA, now a woman, enters, R. H.

*Lor.* Alas, what a fate is mine! Left an orphan at an early age,—a relation's bounty made me rich, but to-day, this fatal day—poverty again awaits me unless I bestow my hand without my heart! Oh, my poor father! little did you know the misery you have entailed upon your child.

KNICKERBOCKER and ALICE enter, L. H. arm in arm. They are much more corpulent than when seen in Act I, and dressed in modern attire.—*Alice in the extreme of former fashion.*

*Knick.* Decided that canse in the most judgemental like manner. White wasn't black. Saw



that in a twinkling, no one disputed my argument. (*Speaking as entering.*) Come along, spouse! Look! how you do waddle up and down, side to side, like one of our butter laden loggers in a squall, as the Dutchmen have it, ah, Lorrenna, you here? but you appear more depressed than customary. Those saddened looks are by no means pleasing to those who would ever wish to see you cheerful. What the dickens prevents your being otherwise when all around are so anxious for your happiness.

*Lor.* Truly, am I beholden for your protection and ever grateful. But to place a smile on the brow whilst sorrow lingers in the bosom, is a deceptive penance to the wearer—painful to those around who mark and must perceive the vizard; to say that I am happy would be inconsistent with truth. The persecutions of Herman Van Slaus—

*Alice.* Ah! my dear Lorrenna, many a restless night have I had on that varlet's account, as spouse knows.

*Knick.* That's as true as there's ghosts in the Catskills, as Dutchmen have it; for be darned if a single night passes that Alice suffers me to go to sleep peaceably.

*Alice.* Well, well; cheer thee, my niece! there is boundless intelligence in store; nor think there is any idle fiction in this brain, as our divine poets picture.

*Knick.* There, there, Alice is getting into her romance again,—plain as my fist—she has been mooned ever since she became a subscriber for books at the new library! Planet struck, by gum, as philosophers have it, and—

*Alice.* And you have said so little to the purpose, that I must now interpose. My dear Lorrenna—Gustaffe—'tis your aunt who speaks—

*Knick.* There, now, pops in her word before a magistrate.

*Lor.* My Gustaffe! ha! say!—

*Knick.* Would have told you in a brace of shakes, as gamblers have it, if she hadn't thrown the dice first. Yes, my pretty chick—Gustaffe's vessel is now making up the Hudson; so cheer thee! cheer thee, I say! your lover is not far off.

*Lor.* Gustaffe so near? blessed intelligence! Oh, the happiest wishes of my heart are gratified! But are you certain? Do not raise my hopes without cause. Are you quite certain? speak, dear aunt; are you indeed assured Gustaffe's vessel has arrived?

*Knick.* Didn't think fit to break the news too suddenly, but you have it.

*Alice.* "The ship with wide expanded canvas glides along and soon"—I forgot the remainder of the quotation; but 'tis in the delectable work "Robinson Crusoe"—soon will you hear him hail. (*A knock is heard, L.*) My stars foretell that this is either him—

*Knick.* Or somebody else, as I suppose.

*Enter SOPHIA, L. H.*

*Soph.* Oh, sir; Squire Kuickerbocker, Herman, son of the late Derric Van Slaus, is in the hall.

*Alice.* That's not the him whom I expected, at all events.

*Knick.* Son of the individual whom I succeeded as burgomaster? Talk of the devil—now, I don't know how it is, but I'm always squamish when in company of these lawyers that's of his cast. *Qui Tam.*

*Soph.* He wishes to be introduced. What is your pleasure?

*Knick.* Let him be so, by all means. An honest man needn't fear the devil.

[*Exit Sophia, L.*]

*Lor.* Excuse my presence, uncle. To hear him repeat his claims, would but afflict a heart already agonized: and with your leave, I will withdraw.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

*Knick.* Aye, aye; let me alone to manage him, as a barrister says to his client when he cross-questions a witness. See Miss Lorrenna to her chamber, Mrs. Knickerbocker. This Herman is a d—d rogue, as the devil will have it; and he'll go to the dominions below, as the devil will have it, and as I have had it for the last twenty years.

*Alice.* And I tell you, to your comfort, if you don't send the varlet quick off with a flea in his ear, you shall have it. Yes, Squire Knickerbocker, you shall have it, be assured. So says Mrs. Kuickerbocker, you shall have it.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

*Knick.* Truly, I've had plenty of it from you for the last eighteen years.

*Enter HERMAN, L. H.*

*Her.* Sir, I wait upon you once more. The period is now expired when my just claim, which you have so long protracted, can be vainly disputed. A vain and idle dispute of justice.

*Knick.* Precious fine, indeed, sir,—but my ward has a mighty strong reluctance to part with her fortune, and much more so to make you her partner for life. You are not exactly to her liking, nor to her on the world's generally.

*Her.* One or the other she is compelled to. You are aware, sir, that the law is on my side! the law, sir—the law, sir!

*Knick.* Oh, yes! And, no doubt, every quibble that it offers will be twisted to the best purpose for your interest. You're a dabster at chicane, or you're preciously belied.

*Her.* You will not, I presume, dispute the signature of the individual who formed the contract?

*Knick.* Oh, no! not dispute Rip's signature, but his error in judgment. I happened to be a cabinet councillor at the very moment my deceased relative, who was *non compos mentis*, at the time, clapped his pen to a writing, artfully extracted from him by your defunct father, whose memory is better forgotten than remembered.

*Her.* Sir, I came here, not to meet insult; I came hither, persuaded you would acknowledge my right, and to prevent a publicity that may be painful to both parties. You are inclined to dispute them, before a tribunal shall they be arbitrated; and, knowing my claims, Mr. Knickerbocker, know well that Lorrenna or her fortune must be mine.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

*Knick.* You go to Davy Jones, as the seamen have it. Lorrenna shall never be yours, and if ever she wants a cent whilst I have one, my name isn't Kuickerbocker;—damme, as the dandies have it.

*LORRENNA enters, with ALICE, R.*

*Lor.* (c.) My dear guardian, you have got rid of Herman, I perceive.

*Knick.* I wish I had, with all my soul; but he sticks to his rascally undertaking like a crab to its shell; egad, there will be no dislodging him, unless



he's clapped into a cauldron of boiling water, as fishmongers have it.

Alice. And boiled to rags. But, husband! hns-band, I say!

Knick. Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear, if you please.

Alice. Well, then, Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear, if you please, we have been looking out at the window to ascertain who came and went, and have discovered a fine, handsome fellow galloping towards the town, and I shouldn't at all wonder if it wasn't—

GUSTAFFE rushes in, L. H.

Lor. (*Hurries to him.*) My dear, dear Gustaffe!

Gust. (*Embracing her.*) My tender, charming Lorrenna!

Knick. Why, Gustaffe! Bless us! why, how the spark has grown.

Alice. Not quite so corpulent as yon, sponse.

Knick. Spouse! Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. Truly, wife, we have both increased somewhat in corporal, as well as temporal substance since Gustaffe went to sea. But you know, Alice—

Alice. Mrs. Knickerbocker; if you please.

Knick. Well, Mrs. Knickerbocker—

Gust. Why, Knickerbocker, yon have thriven well of late.

Knick. I belong to the corporation, and we must support our corporation as well as it. But not a word about the pig, as the butchers have it, when you were a little boy, and Alice courting me.

Alice. I court yon, sirrah, what mean yon?

Knick. Sirrah! Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. Why, then, deary—we didn't like any one to intrude on our society; do you take the hint? as the gamblers have it. Come along, Alice—Mrs. Knickerbocker, I would say—let us leave the lovers to themselves.

Alice. Again they meet, and sweet's the love that meets return.

[*Exeunt Knick. and Alice R. H. singing in concert, "Again they meet."*]

Gust. My dear Lorrenna, why this dejected look?—It is your own Gustaffe enfolds you in his arms.

Lor. Alas! I am no longer worthy of your love, —your friendship. A fatal bond extracted from my lamented father has severed us for ever—I am devoid of fortune.

Gust. Lorrenna, you have been the star that has guided my bark,—thee, my compass—my North Pole,—and when the magnet refuses its aid to the seaman, then will he believe that you have founded in affection, or think that I would prove faithless from the loss of earthly pittance.

Lor. Shoals,—to speak in your nautical language —have long, on every side, surrounded me; but by my kind uncle's advice must we be guided.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*The town of Rip's nativity, instead of the village as presented in first scene of the drama. —It is now a populous and flourishing settlement. —On the spot where Rory's tap-house formerly stood is a handsome hotel, and the sign of "George III." is altered into that of "George Washington." A settee in front, with table.—The harbour is filled with shipping.—Music at the opening of the scene.*

SETH SLOUGH, the landlord, enters from the Hotel.—*Loud shouts, L. R. 3 E.*

Seth. Well, I reckon the election's about bustin' up. If that temperance fellow gets in I'm bound to sell out; for a rum-seller will stand no more chance with him than a bob-tail cow in fly-time. (*Laugh, v. R.*) Hello! who is this outlandish critter? he looks as if he had been dead for fifty years and was dug up to vote against the temperance ticket.

Music.—*Enter Male and Female Villagers, laughing. —Enter RIP.—They gather round him.*

Rip. Where I was I wonder? my neiber frints, "knot yon to a spricken?"

Villagers. Ha, ha, ha!

1st Vill. I say, old feller, you ain't seed nothing of no old butter firkin with no kiver on, no place about here?—

Rip. No butter firkin mit no kiver, no place, no I ain't seen him.

Villagers. Ha, ha, ha!

1st Vill. Who's your barber?—

[*Strokes his chin—all laugh and exit, R. H.*]

Rip. I can't nnderstand dis: everything seems changed.—(*Strokes his chin.*)—Why I'm changed too, why my beard's as long as a goat's.

Seth. (*Coming down, L.*) Look here, old sncker, I guess yon had better go home and get shaved.

Rip. My old woman will shave me when I gets home! Home, where is my home? I went to the place where it used to was, and it wasn't dere. Do you live in Catskill?

Seth. Well, I rather guess I dns—

Rip. Do you know where I live?

Seth. Well, to look at yon, I should think you didn't live nowhere in particular, but stayed round in spots.

Rip. Yon live in Catskill?

Seth. Certain.

Rip. You don't know dat I belong here?

Seth. No, I'm darned if I do. I should say you belonged to Noah's ark—

Rip. Did you never hear in Catskill of one Rip Van Winkle?

Seth. What, Rip Van Winkle, the greatest rum-sucker in the country?

Rip. Dat is a fact—dat is him! ha! ha! now we shall see.

Seth. Oh, yes, I've heard of him; the old coon's been dead these twenty years.

Rip. Den I am dead, and dat is a fact. Well, poor Rip is dead; I'm sorry for dat—Rip was a goot fellow.

Seth. I wish there was a whole grist just like him in Catskill. Why, they say he could drink rum enough in one day to swim in.

Rip. Don't talk so much about rum; you makes me so dry as never was.

*Seth.* Hold on a spell, then, and I'll fetch you something to wet your whistle.

[*Exit into house.*]

*Rip.* Why, here is another change! dis was Rory's house last night (*Seth re-enters*) mit de sign of George the Third.

*Seth.* The alteration of my sign is no bad sign for the country I reckon.

*Rip.* (*Reading.*) "George Washington," who is he? I remember a shoot of that name, dat served under Braddock, before I went to sleep.

*Seth.* (*Giving him jug.*) Well, if you've been asleep I guess he arn't; his enemies always found him wide awake and kicking; and that shoot, as you call him, has planted the tree of liberty so everlasting tight in Yankeeland that all the kingdoms of the earth can't root it out.

*Rip.* Well, here is General Washington's good health, and his family's goot health, ant may dey all live long ant prosper. So poor Rip Van Winkle is dead, eh? Now comes de poser; if Rip is dead what has become of his old woman?

*Seth.* She busted a blood vessel swearing at a Yankee pedlar, and gone to kingdom come long ago.

*Rip.* De old woman dead too! den her clapper is stopped at last. (*Pause.*) So de old woman is dead; well, she led me a hard life—she was de wife of my bosom, she was mine frow, for all dat. (*Whimpering.*) I'm dead too, unt dat is a fact. Tell me, my frient—

*Seth.* I can't stop any longer—the polls are almost closing and I must spread the game for the boys. Hurrah, for rum drinking and cheap licence for the retailers! that's my ticket.

*Re-enter VILLAGERS, shouting, R. H.*

*Seth.* Here, boys, see what you can make of this old rictor.—I give him up for the awfulest specimen of human nature in the States.

[*Exit into house.*]

*2nd Vill.* Are you a federal or a democrat?

*Rip.* Fiddle who? damn who's cat?

*2nd Vill.* What's your politics?

*Rip.* Oh, I am on de safe side dere; I am a faithful subject of King George!

*2nd Vill.* He's a Tory! Kill him! Duck him!

*Villagers.* To the horse pond! Duck him.

(*Music.*—*They seize Rip and are about hurrying him off, when GUSTAFFE rushes from L. 1. E., and throws them off.*)

*Gust.* Stand back, cowards.

*Omnes.* Cowards!

*Gust.* Yes, cowards! who but cowards would rush in numbers on a gray-haired man?

*Rip.* Yah, yah, dat's a fact!

*Gust.* Sheer off! You won't? then damme, here's at ye. (*Drives them off, R. H.*) Tell me, old man, what cause had you given them to attack you?

*Rip.* I don't know, do you?

*Gust.* You appear bewildered; can I assist you?

*Rip.* Just tell me where I live, dat's all I want to know.

*Gust.* And don't you know?

*Rip.* I'm d——d fun I does.

*Gust.* What is your name?

*Rip.* Why I was Rip Van Winkle.

*Gust.* Rip Van Winkle; impossible!

*Rip.* Well, I won't swear to it myself.

*Gust.* Stay,—you have a daughter?

*Rip.* To be sure I has—a pretty little girl about so old—Lorrenna; and I have a son, too, a lublika boy, but my daughter is a girl.

*Gust.* Do you remember entering into a contract, binding your daughter to marry Herman Van Slaus?

*Rip.* Oh! I remember, de burgomaster came to my house last night mit a paper, and I wrote my name down on it, but I was drunk.

*Gust.* Last night! His brain wanders: yet it must be he; come, come with me, old man.

*Rip.* Where are you going to take me to?

*Gust.* Your daughter.

*Rip.* Yes, yes, take me to my child. (*Crosses to L.*) Stop, my gracious!—I am so changed, suppose she should forget me too; no, no, she can't forget her poor father. Come, come!

[*Exit, L. 1. E.*]

SCENE IV.—KNICKERBOCKER'S House, as before.

KNICKERBOCKER, ALICE and LORRENN A enter, R.

*Knick.* Give me joy, dears, I'm elected unanimously—elected a member of the legislature.

*Alice.* Why, sponse!

*Knick.* Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please, my dear: damme! I'm so happy I could fly to the moon, jump over a steeple, dance a new fandango on stilts. (*Dances.*) Fal, la, la, la.

*Enter HERMAN, L.*

*Knick.* Well, sir, what the devil do you want?

*Herm.* I came to claim this lady's fortune or her hand.

*Alice.* Knock him down, sponse.

*Knick.* Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear.

*Alice.* Oh, bother! I know if he comes near my niece, woman as I am, I'll scratch his eyes out.

*Herm.* Mr. Knickerbocker.

*Knick.* The honourable member from—county, if you please.

*Herm.* The judge of the district will this day arrive and give judgment on my appeal, my rights are definitive, and I question the whole world to controvert them. We shall meet before the tribunal, then presume to contend longer if you dare.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

*Knick.* 'Twill be difficult, no doubt, but we'll have a wangle for the bone, as the dogs have it. There will be no curs found in our party, I'll be sworn. (*Aside.*) Hang me, but I'm really a little chopfallen, and there is a strange sense of dizziness in my head which almost overcomes me.

*Lor.* My dear uncle, what is to be done in this emergency?

*Knick.* Done! your fortune is done for; but if you ever want a cent whilst I have one, may I be sent to the devil, that's all.

*Gust.* (*Entering.*) Bravo! Nunkey Knickerbocker! you are no blind pilot. Awake to breakers and quicksands, Knickerbocker.

*Knick.* Knickerbocker! the honourable Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please! I'm now a member of the legislature, and curse me if I'd change my dignified station as representative of an independent people, for that of the proudest potentate who holds supremacy by corruption or the bayonet.

[*Exit, R. H.*]



SCENE LAST.—*The Court House.—An arm chair at the back, in front of which, is a large table, covered with baize. On each side, a gallery. On the R. of table are chairs.*

Music.—*The JUDGE discovered in c., seated. The galleries filled with auditors. HERMAN, L. H. KNICKERBOCKER, R.*

Judge. Mr. Knickerbocker, you will please to bring your client in court.

*Knickerbocker goes off, and returns with LORRENNIA and ALICE, R. H. 1 E.*

Judge. Be pleased to let your ladies take seats.

*(Lorrenna and Alice sit, on R. H.)*

Herm. And now, sir, I presume 'tis time to enter on my cause. Twenty years have elapsed since this contract, this bond was signed by the father of that lady, by which, her or her fortune were made mine. Be pleased to peruse.

*(Presenting the document to the Judge.)*

Judge. *(Reading.)* "We, Derric Van Slaus, Burgomaster, and Rip Van Winkle, desirous of providing for the prosperity of our offspring, do hereby mutually agree that Herman Van Slaus and Lorrenna Van Winkle shall be united on the demand of either. Whosoever of those contracted, fails in fulfilling this agreement, shall forfeit their fortune to the party complaining."

*Rip Van Winkle,  
Derric Van Slaus."*

But here's a codicil. "Should the said Rip Van Winkle think fit to annul this contract, within twenty years and a day, he shall be at full liberty to do so. *(Signed) Derric Van Slaus."*

The document is perfect in every form. Rip Van Winkle, 'tis stated, is defunct. Is there anyone present to prove his signature?

Herm. Mr. Knickerbocker, if he dare be honest, will attest it.

Knick. Dare he honest, sir! presume you to question my veracity? How was that bond obtained?

Herm. Why should you ask? The late Rip Van Winkle, anxious for the prosperity of his offspring, though too indolent to provide for their subsistence, persuaded my deceased father to form this alliance—

Knick. It's a lie! Hum!—

Judge. Restrain this violence! a court of justice must not be swayed by such proceedings.

Herm. Behold, sir! a picture of their general effrontery. In a public tribunal to threaten those who, in pleading their own right, but advocate the cause of justice.

Lor. *(Comes down stage.)* All my hopes vanish—Bleak and dreary is the perspective.

Herm. *(Advances.)* At last I triumph! Now, lady, your hand or your inheritance.

Lor. My hand! Never! Welcome were every privation to a union with one so base.

Judge. It appears, then, that this signature is not denied by the defendant, and in that case the contract must stand in full force against her.

Lor. Oh! Alice, take me home; poverty, death, anything rather than wed the man I cannot love.

*(She is led off by Alice, R. H.)*

Knick. Why, damn it, Judge!

Judge. Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick. I beg pardon, I meant no disrespect to the court, but I had thought after—

Judge. I have decided, Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick. Oh! you have decided. Yes, and a damned pretty mess you've made of it. But I shan't abide by your decision; I'll appeal to a higher court. I am now a member of the legislature, and if they allow such blocks as you on the bench, I'll have a tax upon timber, sir—yes, sir, a tax upon timber.

*[Exit, R., in a rage.]*

Judge. Twenty years and a day is the period within which the contract could be cancelled by the negature of Rip Van Winkle, and as he has rendered no opposition during this lengthened time—

Herm. 'Tis not very probable, sir, that he will alter his intentions by appearing, to do so within the few brief hours that will complete the day. Can the grave give up its inmates? No, no! Who dare pretend to dispute my rights? The only one who could do so has been dead these twenty years.

*Enter GUSTAFFE and RIP, L. H.*

Gust. 'Tis false! Rip Van Winkle stands before you! *(Chord.)*

Omnes. Rip Van Winkle!

Herm. You Rip Van Winkle! Van Winkle come back after such a lapse of time? impossible!

Rip. Nothing at all impossible in anything Rip Van Winkle undertakes, and though all of you are in the same story, dat he has been gone so long, he is nevertheless back soon enough, to your sorrow, my chap.

Herm. If this indeed be Rip Van Winkle, where has he hid himself for twenty years?

Judge. What answer do you make to this?

Rip. Why, dat I went up in de mountains last night, and got drunk mit some jolly dogs, and when I came back dis morning I fonnnd myself dead for twenty years.

Herm. You hear him, sir.

Judge. This is evidently an impostor; take him into custody.

Gust. Stay! delay your judgment one moment till I bring the best of proofs—his child and sister.

*[Exit, R.]*

Herm. If you are Rip Van Winkle, some one here would surely recognise you.

Rip. To be snre dey will! everyone knows me in Catskill. *(All gather round him and shake their heads.)* No, no, I don't know dese peoples—dey don't know me, neither, and yesterday dere was not a dog in the village bnt would have wagged his tail at me; now dey bark. Dere's not a child but would have scrambled on my knees—now dey run from me. Are we so soon forgotten when we're gone? Already dere is no one wot knows poor Rip Van Winkle.

Herm. So, indeed, it seems.

Rip. And have you forgot de time I saved your life?

Herm. Why, I—I—I—

Rip. In course you have! a short memory is convenient for you, Herman.

Herm. *(Aside.)* Should this indeed be he! *(Aloud.)* I demand judgment.

Judge. Stay! If you be Rip Van Winkle, you should have a counterpart of this agreement. Have you such a paper?

Rip. Paper! I don't know; de burgomaster gave me a paper last night. I put it in my breast, but



I must have loosed him. No, no—here he is! here is the paper!

(Gives it to Judge, who reads it.)

Judge. 'Tis Rip Van Winkle!

(All gather round and shake hands with him.)

Rip. Oh! everybody knows me now!

Herm. Rip Van Winkle alive! then I am dead to fortune and to fame; the fiends have marred my brightest prospects, and nought is left but poverty and despair.

[Exit, L. H.]

Gust. (Without, R.) Room there! who will keep a child from a long-lost father's arms!

Enter GUSTAFFE, with LORRENN, ALICE, and KNICKERBOCKER.

Lor. My father!

(Embraces Rip.)

Rip. Are you mine daughter? let's look at you. Oh, my child—but how you have grown since you was a little gal. But who is dis?

Alice. Why, brother!—

Rip. Alice! give us a hug. Who is dat?

Alice. Why, my husband—Knickerböcker.

Rip. Why, Knick. (Shakes hands.) Alice has grown as big round as a tub; she hasn't been living on pumpkins. But where is young Rip, my baby?

Knick. Oh, he was in the court-house just now. Ah! here he comes!

Enter RIP VAN WINKLE, JR., R. L. E.

Rip. Is dat my baby? Come here, Rip, come here, you dog; I am your father. What an interesting brat it is.

Knick. But tell us, Rip, where have you hid yourself for the last twenty years.

Rip. Ech wool—ech woll. I will take mine glass and tell mine strange story, and drink the health of mine frients. Unt ladies and gents, here is your goot health and your future families, and may you all live long and prosper.

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