

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.

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.

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 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."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians.

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 austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, "what he came there for, and whom he was seeking."

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."

"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 Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars, too—was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war—congress—Stony Point.

"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.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing'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.

"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and has never 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 pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he; "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as but 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.

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 evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at the happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, took his place once more on the bench at the inn-door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times—before the war."

It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle.

Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained fixt.

The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally give it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all neck-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quiet draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

Advertisement for SANDS' SARSAPARILLA. Includes a large illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments like rheumatism, liver complaint, and blood purification. The text is arranged in a circular pattern around the bottle illustration.

NOTICE. Taken up and committed to the Jail of Moore county, N. C., on the 24th of September, 1849, a negro boy who calls his name EZEKIEL, and says that he belongs to James McKay of Brunswick county, N. C.

HATS AND CAPS! The Subscriber having resumed business at his old stand on the northeast corner of Market Square, is just receiving his Fall and Winter stock of the LATEST and MOST FASHIONABLE style of HATS.

BUSINESS AGENT. The undersigned will attend to such business as the procuring of discounts, renewal of Notes, procuring of northern Checks at either of the Banks in this place, and Drawing of Penions.

BUTTER! 40 Firkin prime Grayson Butter for sale by December 1, 1849. GEO. McNEILL.

NEW GOODS. DRY GOODS. Hardware and Cutlery, Panama, Palm-leaf, Fur and Wool Hats; Letter, Cap, and Wrapping Paper; Umbrellas, Parasols, &c. &c.

100 BBS. IRISH POTATOES. For sale by J. & T. WADDILL.

LAND FOR SALE. The Subscriber offers for sale one of the most valuable tracts of land that has ever been offered to the public. The tract contains 1263 acres of pine land, well adapted to the culture of corn, &c.

TIN WARE, At Wholesale and Retail. F. T. WARD, will carry on the Tinning business as heretofore, at the old stand, where he will promptly and faithfully execute all work in his line.

DR. LEIDY'S SARSAPARILLA BLOOD PILLS. THE ENVOY OF ALL FILL MANUFACTURERS Because they are safer, better and more efficacious than any others, and because the public will take no others if they can obtain them.

COSTUME HALL. Spring & Summer CLOTHING! WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. ON hand and for sale, the largest assortment of SPRING and SUMMER CLOTHING, at prices very much reduced.

JOHN D. WILLIAMS, COMMISSION & FORWARDING MERCHANT, Fayetteville, N. C. Feb. 23, 1850.

NOTICE. At December Term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, general Letters of Administration of the Estate of Alexander C. Simpson, deceased, were granted for the Subscriber, &c.

DR. B. A. KENNEDY, DENTAL SURGEON. Has left to inform his friends and the public of Fayetteville and country generally, that he will be in Fayetteville on or before the 4th of May, prepared to perform all operations in his profession.

BLANKS. Of all kinds for sale at this Office.

100,000 Acres Valuable TIMBER LAND FOR SALE. The subscriber has purchased all the Lands lying principally in Robeson county, and on both sides of Lumber river, the different surveys containing over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES; a large river, very fertile, and convenient to Lumber river, where a large quantity of Timber is now rafted to the Georgetown market.

JOS. S. DUNN. Is prepared to do all kinds of Wheelwright work, wags, carts, drays, barrows, plows, &c., on the most liberal terms, at his workshop, corner of Mumford and Winslow streets, where persons disposed to patronize him will please call.

MILES COSTIN, GENERAL AGENT. For the sale of all kinds of country Produce, such as Lumber, Timber, Naval Stores, Corn, Bacon, &c. &c. WILMINGTON, N. C.

MARBLE FACTORY. BY GEO. LAUDER. Nearly opposite to E. W. Willkings' Auction Store, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. Jan. 30, 1849.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY. The subscriber having taken the Establishment of the late A. C. Simpson, (situated opposite W. McIntyre's store,) intends carrying on the CARRIAGE MANUFACTURING BUSINESS in all its various branches, and would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

GARDEN SEED. A large supply of Garden Seed of the growth of 1849, consisting in part of White Dutch Turnip, Cabbage, a great variety, Beets, Radish, Lettuce, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Cucumbers, Carrot, Parsnip, &c. &c.

WILLIAM S. LATTA. Has taken the Store lately occupied by S. T. Hawley & Son, nearly opposite H. & E. J. Lilly's, and has an entire New Stock of Goods, Selected from the Philadelphia and New York markets, and purchased at very low prices.

DRY GOODS, Shoes and Boots, Every variety of Hardware and Cutlery, Family Groceries, viz: Coffee, Tea, and Brown Sugar; Clarified and Refined Sugar, Wines and French Brandy, China, Fine Crockery, and Glass-ware, Paints, Medicines, Oils, &c., Travelling Trunks, Pails, and Brooms, Also, an assortment of Saddlery.

NOTES. Just printed, handsome negotiable notes, much better than the last, as they give a chance at three Banks.