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CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.

The subjoined extract of a letter, written to a gentleman in this Town, will be found highly encouraging to the friends of the Central Rail Road. The author, it is due him to say, has been uniformly of the opinion, since his first visit to this part of the country, that the Central Rail Road is bound to succeed; and few have done more than he to enlighten the public mind on the subject of its advantages, and to encourage men of means to take hold of the work with unwavering confidence of the happiest results.

His scheme for the extension of the Road to the Tennessee line, is magnificent, and we feel confident that it will sooner or later be accomplished. When the Road shall be finished to this point, like a plant, it will send out its main branch in the direction whence greatest nourishment is to be derived; and the valleys of the Catawba, French Broad, and the rich plains of Tennessee is the natural course for it take; and there it will go. Then shall North Carolina have a back-bone to support her fair proportions; and her children will toss up their caps with joy to see their old mother drop her miserable crutches, and stand erect, firm and independent, as do her sisters.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

GREENSBOROUGH, Oct. 16, 1849.

DEAR SIR: A letter now before me from one of the Northern Contractors, to whom I wrote when in Salisbury, referring to the project for building the Central Rail Road, holds the following language:

"Send me the charter, and I will immediately proceed to raise the necessary men and funds. Your scheme cannot fail to be a productive one." Another writes that he likes the project well, and wishes to know what steps he shall take in the matter. Both of these men are fully able to take the whole subscription list themselves, so that I now consider the Central Rail Road as a fact.

We must not stop here. The Road must be continued from Salisbury West to the Tennessee line—the difficulties in the way of this project, are nothing like as great as those from Salisbury to Raleigh. The valleys of the French Broad and Catawba offering the easiest of plateaus for such constructions.

Three millions more will carry the Road to Tennessee, and I speak advisedly when I say that with the same facilities now given by the State in the Central Rail Road Charter, I will undertake to have a million raised on the extension in six months. Keep talking of this matter, and keep the people talking of it, and it will be done.

Very truly, &c.,
S. MOYLAN FOX.

POSITION OF BISHOP IVES.

The last Southern Churchman, an Episcopal paper, has a brief review of a late pamphlet issued by the Diocesan of N. Carolina, entitled, "A Personal Letter to the Clergy and Laity of his Diocese." The Southern Churchman promises a further notice hereafter. It says: Bishop Ives now candidly discloses what we conjectured from the first, that the proceedings of the late Convention at Salisbury, which have excited so much attention, had reference to himself. In speaking of the Committee which reported on that occasion, he says: "It was still their business to pass an implied, but not on that account, the less oppressive censure upon that portion of the clergy, with the Bishop at their head." "I say the Bishop—since it is notorious that, both in the Convention and the Committee, he was named as the chief offender." And thus viewing the subject the Bishop re-asserts the doctrine he has hitherto taught, and defends it against the censures of the Convention, protesting at the same time against the right of the Convention to act in the premises. Bishop Ives in this letter avows his approbation of the Oxford Tracts for the Times and declares that it has been his purpose to employ all his influence in bringing his Diocese to a conformity with the system which the set forth. The circumstances which led to the formation of "the Holy Cross," under Bishop Ives at its head, are detailed in the Pastoral Letter, and its objects are explained. These, among other things, were "to inculcate upon all within their influence the sacramental system of the Church, particularly Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and Sacerdotal Absolution," &c. "The Society" was to consist of three orders. 1. Perpetual members, who must be unmarried men. 2. Other persons living in the institution. 3. Persons not residing at *Valle Crucis*." Very much to our astonishment, as we presume it will be to the surprise of a large majority of readers, there is not a word respecting the dissolution of this society. The fact was affirmed in connexion with the proceedings of the late Convention, but has not yet been formally announced by the Society itself or any of its late officers.

Facination of danger.—At the siege of Gibraltar, Lieutenant Howe, of the 12th regiment, a superintendent of the working parties, lost his leg by a shot, on the slope of the hill under the castle. He saw the shot before the fatal effect, but was fascinated to the spot. This sudden arrest of the faculties was not uncommon. Several instances occurred to my own observation, where men totally free, have had their senses so engaged by a shell in its descent, that, though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they have been immediately fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove to a place of safety before the shell burst.

Diakwater.

MR. WILEY'S CARD.

From the Register.
MR. GALES: About the middle of September, as I was returning to North Carolina from Western Virginia, I learned, for the first time, that an Editor of the South had discovered in "Roanoke" a publication treacherous to our section of the Union. I passed across the State, and through Raleigh, and I saw many acquaintances, of all parties and professions, and nearly all of them, when consulted by me, advised me to treat the charge alluded to with silent contempt. The origin of the article, the coarseness of the language and the brutality of the sentiment, seemed to make it unworthy of my notice; but after mature reflection, I have concluded to make a publication of my principles upon the subject of Abolitionism. I was deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude towards my North Carolina friends who had so generously defended me; and I wish to show to them that their confidence is not misplaced. Besides, there are some well-meaning persons, who regard literature and fanaticism as inseparably connected; and in the opinion of such, all authors are mono-manias on some subject or other. In addition to all this, we have fallen on evil times; there never was a period in the history of this country, when the fierce passions of the human heart were developed to such an intensity. Politicians are agitating for the dissolution of our glorious Union; and it becomes all moderate men to whose views the least importance is attached, to let their position be distinctly known.

Appended to the Chapter in "Roanoke," so rudely attacked and so utterly misrepresented by the "Fredericksburg Recorder," was originally a note, and in this note the author took occasion to make mention of the abolitionists. He cited this Chapter as an illustration of the fact that Southern people dared to discuss some of the evils connected with slavery; and he expressed the opinion that generally the slave's best friend is his master, and this for obvious reasons. Sometimes a brutal master will endeavor to force his slave to pander to his vicious appetites; and sometimes such attempts deeply shock the sensibilities of the slave, while they are, if known, severely condemned by the majority of slave-owners. "Wild Bill," as the reader can see, manifested a strong affection for all the members of the family to which he had first belonged; and he was not ashamed of his first condition. The rumors, of his misdeeds, &c. were mere rumors, and true to the history of countries where there are fugitives from justice, or from legal bondage, and his conversations were intended for the eyes of intelligent white people, and not to be scattered among the negroes as incendiary documents. The runaway was a Utopian, and though a negro, fond of discussing abstract questions; nor would it have been exactly natural to make his boyish interlocutor equally so wordy, eloquent or passionate. Still, the boy's arguments were conclusive; and such discussions as those in the text may be heard in the South at every fire-side which is graced with intelligence.

The note to which I alluded was left out of the Magazine, because it obviously tended to provoke controversy; and it was thought that the final denouement which was all written and stereotyped last winter, did not need an explanation for its own sake. I dread fanatics of all kinds as much as I dread mad-dogs; and I regard the former as being about as great a nuisance as the latter. We have fanatics at the South who are nearly as wild as those at the North, and some of them, at both ends, are obnoxious to the additional and odious charge of hypocrisy. Their method in their madness; and well will it be for the people, if they will look into each other's hearts for their own intentions and wishes, and for those of their brethren, and not trust too much to the inflammatory addresses of those who would lose their consequence if there were no elements of strife.

Though we have some enthusiasts in North Carolina, I do not believe there is a single son of that good old Commonwealth who has aims against the Union; and it is not improbable that the sturdy sense and honesty of our people will yet prove one of the bulwarks of our Constitution, and thus of freedom and even of civilization over the world. I believe myself to be a friend of the human race, because I am myself a man; and I desire first the welfare of the Whites; for to this class I belong, and with it are all my associations, political and social. I am, therefore, not an abolitionist, nor do I entertain extreme opinions on any subject.

In conclusion, I will say of "Sartain's Union Magazine," that it is not tainted with any species of fanaticism; and while it desires to inculcate sound morals and to propagate a taste for polite literature, religious and political sectarianism is carefully excluded from its columns. The Publishers and Editors are practical and sober-minded and liberal-minded men; they go for the Union of the States and the union of all honest men. I know the men of whom I write; and I know that while they regard with contempt the scurrilous ebullitions of illiterate scribblers, they desire and deserve the good will of the intelligent people of the South.

Will the North Carolina papers do me the justice to publish this card? C. H. WILEY.

Oct. 17th 1849.

Good Example.—Governor DANA, in his recent inaugural message, says that three-fourths of the population of Maine are farmers; and that three-fourths of the rising generation will be farmers, and yet there is no opportunity for one of all this number to obtain an education adapted to, and in aid of his vocation. He recommends the establishment of an agricultural school as a model and commencement of a system of such schools.

New York Tailors.—In the chief cities of Europe, it is now acknowledged that the New York tailors make the best coats in the world, and can best fit that important article of civilized dress to the form of man. American gentlemen in Paris, wearing New York made coats, have been repeatedly requested to loan them to French tailors, to make others exactly like them, as it was impossible otherwise to match them in nicety of fit and in general style. A member of the house of Jennings & Co. (No. 231 Broadway,) while in Paris some time ago, was frequently

annoyed with such requests for opportunity to "study" a coat made in his establishment, and not regarded by him as equal to the best of his productions. The coats made by the best tailors of Paris and London have generally a loose "baggy" fit, and lack the graceful closeness of adaptation to the form, which is characteristic of the work of the fashionable *schneiders* of New York. The Parisian tailors display great taste in design; but those in New York, taking the fashions from Paris, excel them in execution.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

By Woden, God of Saxons.
From whence comes Wednesday, that is Wednesday.
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep.
Till the day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.—*Clayton.*

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

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

In that same village, and in one of these very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten,) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity: for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termergant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clamoring on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them; in a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work

on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cows would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his field than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his paternal estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

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

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

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. Thus, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled in his legs, he sneaked about with a galloping air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellow with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawn out by Derriek Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

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

From even this strong hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termergant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

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

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

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around him but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard, the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which, impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object in carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint out-landish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of their guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a

weather-beaten countenance, he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, without the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Holland. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

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

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

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty, he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now pouring down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of foamy foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered his rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment, he