PERSONS OF THE PLAY

RIP VAN WINKLE
DERRICK VON BEEKMAN
NICHOLAS VEDDER
HENDRICK
COCKLES
SETH SLough
JACOB SPEN
GRUCHEN
MEENIE
KITCHEN
DEMONS AND VILLAGERS

ACT I.

SCENE I. The village of Falling Waters, set amid familiar and unmistakable Hudson River scenery, with the shining river itself and the woody heights of the Kaaterskills visible in the distance. In the foreground, to the left of the stage, is a country inn bearing the sign of George III. In the wall of the inn, a window closed by a solid wooden shutter. To the right of the stage, an old cottage with a door opening into the interior; before the cottage stands a bench holding a wash-tub, with a washboard, soap and clothes in the tub. In the centre of the stage, a table and chairs, and on the table a stone pitcher and two tin cups.

As the curtain rises, GRUCHEN is discovered washing, and little MEENIE sitting near by on a low stool. The sound of a chorus and laughter comes from the inn.

GRUCHEN. Shouting and drinking day and night. (Laughter is heard from the inn.) Hark how they crow over their cups while their wives are working at home, and their children are starving.

(Enter HENDRICK from the inn with a green bag, followed by NICHOLAS VEDDER. HENDRICK places his green bag on the table.)

HENDRICK. Not a day, not an hour. If the last two quarters' rent be not paid by this time tomorrow, out you go!

NICH. Oh, come, Derrick, you won't do it. Let us have a glass, and talk the matter over; good liquor opens the heart.

Here, Hendrick! Hendrick!

(Enter HENDRICK.)

HENDRICK. Yes, father.

DERRICK. So that is your beard?

NICH. Yes, that is my boy.

DERRICK. Then the best I can wish him is that he won't take after his father, and become a vagabond and a penniless outcast.

NICH. Those are hard words to bear in the presence of my child.

HENDRICK. Then why don't you knock this down, father?
given Rip credit, and he has ended by drinking you out of house and home. Your window-shutter is not wide enough to hold the score against him; it is full of chalk. Deny it if you can.

Nick. If I deny the score, where are you now?

Gretchen. Then why do you keep that shutter closed? I'll show you why.

(Does not open; pointing at Rip's score.) That's why, Nick Veeder, you're a good man in the main, if there is such a thing.

(Despair laugh.) Aye, and I doubt it.

(Turning on Nick.) But you are the only man in the village and the hand of every woman in it ought to help pull down that drunkard's nest of vipers.

Nick. Come, Dame Van Winkle, you're too good a woman to say a word against a man that must have his odd time, and he didn't the worse, for being a Jenny dog.

Gretchen. No, madam. He sings a good song; he tells a good story—oh, he's a glorious fellow! Did you ever see the score of a Jenny dog? Well, she lives in a kennel. Did you ever see the children of a Jenny dog? They are the finest eejits, and their home is the gutter.

(To the Van Winkles.)

Gretchen. (Getting up and approaching the Veeders.) I tell you what it is, old man Van Winkle. I don't know what your home may be, but judging from the rows I hear over there, and the changed aspect of Rip's face after having escaped your clutches—

(Despair looks up angrily; Nick re-enters.) I should say any that a gutter was a luxurious abode compared with it, and a kennel a peaceable retreat.

(Exit hurriedly, laughing, to the inn. Gretchen looks up angrily, and throws the cloth she is wringing after him, then resumes wobbling.

(Despair laugh.) At Voger's exit, walks up to Gretchen, and puts one foot on the bench.

Despair. You and I shared him between us, I took his estate, and you took his property. Now, sir, I've done with it. What have you done with yours?

Gretchen. I can't say that I have prospered with it. There try every morsel of the land, and I find in every mouth that he is as obstinate and pertinacious as a Dutch pig. But the worst in him—and what I can't stand—is his good-humour. It drives me frantic when, night after night, he comes home drunk and helplessly good-humoured! Oh, I can't stand that.

Despair. Where is he now?

Gretchen. We had a tiff yesterday, and he started. He has been out all night. Only wait, and he'll come back! The longer he stays out, the worse it will be for him.

Despair. Gretchen, you've made a great mistake, but there is time enough to repair it. You are a young and beautiful woman; you should try to make a new home and a new life with a man who is not a domestic animal, glad to serve and serve upon a man for the food and shelter she can get; and that in all she would ever get from you, Gretchen.

(Despairing looks up at Voger's exit. Nick re-enters.)

Despair. The time may come when you will change your tune.

Gretchen. Not while Rip lives, bad as he is.

(Exit into cottage.)

Despair. Then I'll wait. You've killed him. Her spirit is not broken yet. But patience, Derrick; patience; in another month I'll have my claws on all that remains of Rip's property—youder cottage and grounds; and then I'll try you again, my lady.

(Cocks his head, with paper in his hand, towards Derrick.)

Despair. How now, you imp! What brings you here after a man's heart? Some un_Invoke's head, or your heels would not be sore. I've brought a letter for you from your employer. There it is;
NICK. That's right, Rip; drink away, and drown your sorrow.

RIP. (Drily.) Yes; but she won't drown. My wife is my sorrow, and you can drown it, Rip. She tried it once, but couldn't do it.

DERRICK AND NICK. Why, how not?

RIP. (Scoff.) 'Em and claps his knee, still perched on the corner of the table.' Did you know that Gretchin likes to drink when she's sitting on it? Why, she's got her arms, and she's sitting on it, and she's got her arms around the hotel.

DERRICK AND NICK. No.

RIP. (Puts hot on.) That's the funniest thing of the whole of it. It's the same day I got married; she was comin' across the river there in the ferry-boat to meet me. But she's been left somewhere or other. Women is always behind that way—always.

DERRICK. But surely, Rip, you would have risked your life to save such a girl—such a doll.

RIP. (Incredulously.) You mean I would jump in and pull Gretchin out?

DERRICK. Oh, yes.

RIP. (Quite seriously.) Why, you see when a fellow gets married a good many years with her, he gets very much attached to her.

NICK. (Possumously.) Ah, he does indeed.

RIP. (Winks at Derrick, and points at Nick with his thumb.) But if Mrs. Van Winkle was a-drowning in the water now, 'm she says to me, "Rip, come over and save your wife."" Mrs. Van Winkle. I will just go home and think about it." Oh, no, Derrick, if ever Gretchin turns up, she's got to swim now, you mind that.

DERRICK. She was here just now, anxiously expecting you home.

RIP. I know she's keeping it hot for me.

NICK. What is your dinner, Rip?

RIP. No, the broomstick.

NICK. (Exit Nick into house, laughing.)

RIP. (Confidentially to Derrick, whenever I come back from the mountains, I always stick the game-bag in the window and creep in behind.)

DERRICK. (Seating himself on the table by the side of Rip.) Have you anything new?

RIP. (Dropping into the chair.) Derrick has just left. Leaning between his hands behind his head.) What for game? No, not a tail, I believe, not a feather.

DERRICK. (With humorous indifference.)

DERRICK. (Touching Rip on the shoulder and shaking a bag of money.) Suppose you were to hang this bag of money inside, don't you think it would sober her down, Rip?

RIP. (Sitting up.) For me, is that?

DERRICK. Yes.

RIP. With a shrewd glance. Ain't you yecin' me?

DERRICK. No, Rip, I've prospered with the lands you've sold me, and I believe you have a loan on easy terms. I'll take no interest.

RIP. (Getting up and walking forward, with decision.) No, I'm afraid I might pay you again some day, Derrick.

DERRICK. And so you shall, Rip, pay me when you please. (Puts pocket-handkerchief in the back pocket of his trousers and dashes in.)

RIP. (Suspiciously, and half to himself.) I don't know about myself; but I think I can guess where you'll be about that time.

DERRICK. Well, Rip, I'll just step into the inn and draw out a little acknowledgment.

RIP. (Who has been sitting, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, self-consciously thinking of the bag of money in his hand, looks up suddenly.) 'Knowledge— for what is that?'

DERRICK. Yes, for you to put your cross to.
DERRICK. No fear of Gritchen now, oh, Rip? (Indifferently.) All right; bring it.

RIP. (Plunged in thought.) Oh, no.

DERRICK. You feel quite comfortable now, don’t you? You’re living in style.

RIP. Oh, yes! (Suddenly becoming serious and much mystified at Derrick’s conduct.) Wind up the bag and chinking it. I don’t think like you mean, mother. None of that. (Grinning.)

GRETCHEN. (Inside the cottage.) Out with the rig, oh, idle ear! I won’t have you hither here. Out, I say.

RIP. I’m glad I’m not in there now. I knew you’d catch me if you were to shut me up ’tween your paws; and I’m not leavin’ him; he won’t have any backbone left in him. (Shyly.) I would rather she wouldn’t look at the dog; I’m more used to it than he is. (Gets up, and looks in at the window.) There she is at the wash-tub. (Admiring her energy, almost envying it.) What a hand-kerkin’ woman that is! Well, some body must do it, I suppose. (With the air of a profound moral reflection.) She’s comin’ here now; she’s got some breakfast ready.

(Rip snatches up his gun and slides off around the corner of the house.)

(Enter Gritchen with broomstick, followed by Hendrick and Meenie, carrying clothes-basket.)

GRETCHEN. Come along, children. Now, you’d better wash the towels down to Van Sloe’s, then call at the butcher’s and tell him that my husband has not got back yet, so you’d better have to go down and myself to the marsh, and drive up the bull we have sold him to. Tell him the beast shall be in the stable in half an hour; so let him have the money ready to pay me for it. (During this, Rip has tied off his placket and ties his cap on by the side of the tab behind Gretchchen.) Amen, it is the last beast of cattle we have left. Hendrick, does it not nearly grieve you, everything gone —everything except a drunken beast who nobody would buy or seem to want? (Rip! Rip! Wait until I get you home! (Threatening an imaginary Rip with broomstick.) Hand me a corncob, I must make Knowledge tip-toes back behind the house.) Come, children, to work, to work!

(Enter Rip from inn with basket.)
RIP VAN WINKLE

1 he had just finished reading.) There, now are you satisfied?

Rip. (Takes the document.) In childhood's infancy. Well, well, and does it take all that pen and ink to say so little a thing like that?

Derrick. Why, of course it does.

Coocles. (Aside to Derrick.) Oh, the fool! he swallows it whole, hook and all.

Rip. (Spreading the paper on the table.) Where goes my cross, Derrick?

Derrick. (Aside.) There, you see I've left a nice little white corner for you.

Rip. (Folds up paper in a leisurely manner and puts it in game-bag.) W-e-e l, I'll just think about it. (Looks at DERRICK innocently.) DERRICK. Think about it? Why, what's the matter, Rip, is it the money extra?

Rip. Oh, yes, I got the money all right. (Checkings.) Oh! you mean about signing it. (Rising. As a loss for a moment.) Stop, yesterday was Friday, wasn't it?

Derrick. So it was.

Rip. (With an air of conviction.) Well, I never do nothing like that the day after.

Derrick. (Aside.) The idiot! what can such a man do? But I must not alarm his suspicions by pressing him. (Aloud.) You're right, Rip; sign it when you please; but I say, Rip, now that you're in funds, won't you help your old friend Nick Veddler, who owes me a year's rent?

Rip. (Coming back to the table.) Oh, yah, I will wipe off my sewer, and stand treat to the whole village.

Derrick. Run, boy, and tell all the neighbours that Rip stands treat.

Rip. (Leans on back of chair.) Ain't, Coocles, tell them we'll have a dance.

Coocles. A dance! (Rises off.) Do you and I order the good cheer for you.

Rip. So do! so do! (Cocating dubiously.)

(Re-enter HENRIK with the basket over his head, followed by MEENIE.)

Oh, you've come back?

Henrik. Yes, we've left the clothes. Rip, MEENIE, you take in the basket.

(Exit MEENIE with the basket into the cottage. Henrik is following.) Henrik. Come here, come here. (Henrik breaks between Rip's knees.) So you are going to marry my daughter? (Hesitates.) So, so. That's very kind of you. (Abruptly.) Why you haven't been to school today, you go to school some times, don't you?

Henrik. Yes, father can spare me.

Rip. What do you learn mit that school.—pretty much something? (Laughing at his mistake.) I mean, everything?

Henrik. Yes; reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Rip. Reading, and what?

Henrik. Arithmetic.

Rip. (Puzzled.) Writing and what?

Henrik. Arithmetic.

Rip. (More puzzled.) What mistic is that?

Henrik. Arithmetic.

Rip. With preponderance and putting Henrik's head, I don't see how the little mind can stand it all. Can you read Henrik?

Henrik. Yes, oh?

Rip. (With a serious affectation of incredulity.) I don't believe it; now, I'm just goin' to see if you can read. If you can read, I won't let you marry my daughter. (Peremptorily.) I won't have nobody in my family who can't read. (Taking up the paper that Derrick had just read.) Can you read it?

Henrik. Yes, I'm reading it.

Rip. (Confused.) Oh! I thought it was reading.

Henrik. It's reading and writing, too.

Rip. What, both together. (Distractedly looking at the paper.) Oh, yes; I didn't see that before; go on with it.

Henrik. (Reads.) "Know all men by these presents"—

Rip. (Pleased, leaning back in his chair.) Yah! that's right, what a wonderful thing der readin' is; why you can read it as good as Derrick, yes you do; go long.

Henrik. "That I, Rip Van Winkle"—

Rip. (Pacing the floor, and holding it with his hands behind his head.) Yah, that's right; you read it just as well as Derrick; go long.

Henrik. "In consideration of the sum of sixteen pounds received do hereby sell and convey to Derrick Van Beeumian all my estate, houses, lands whatsoever..."—

Rip. (Almost fiercely.) What are you readin', some rituals what ain't down there; where are you putting that? (Looking sharply at Henrik.) Henrik. (Pointing.) There. Houses! Land! (Trembling.)

Rip. (Looking not at the paper but at Henrik very earnestly, as if turning over in his mind whether the boy has read it correctly. Then satisfied of the deception Henrik has practiced upon him and struck by the humour of the way in which he has discovered it, he laughs exultantly and looks towards the inn-door through which Henrik disappeared a short time before.) Yes, so it is. Do long mind what you say?

Henrik. "Whereof he now holds possession by mortgaged deeds, from time to time executed by me."

Rip. (Takes paper, and looks towards the inn fiercely exultant.) You read it better than Derrick, my boy, much better. (After a moment's pause, recollects himself. Kindly to Henrik.) That will do, run along mit you.

(Exit Henrik.)

Rip. Also, my friend, Derrick! I guess you got some namesakes in the grass. Now keep sober, Rip; I don't touch another drop so long what I live; I swore off now.

(Enter DERRICK, Veddler, Stein, and vil-
ers.)

Derrick. Come, Rip, we'll have a zouse. (Seriously; half fiercely still.) Here, Nick Veddler, here is the gold; wipe off my score, and drink away. I don't join you; I swore off. Nick. (To Rip,) You're king of the feast.

Rip. (Almost, still intent on Derrick.) Am I dad?

Onner. Shot off? What for?

Rip. (To Stein.) Goes the same towards.

Jacob Stein. (Coming down towards Rip with en.) Come, Rip, take a glass. Rod you understand it.

Jacob Stein. You hear what I said?

Stein. Yes, Rip.

Rip. (Soberly.) Well, when I said a thing, I mean it.

(Leaves back in his chair with his hands behind his head.)

Stein. Oh, very well. (Turns away; Nick comes down and holds up under Rip's nose. Rip looks to see if they are painted. If he can resist no longer, and takes the cup.)

Rip. (Laughing.) Well, I won't count this one. Here's your good health and your family's, may they all live long and prosper.

Derrick. Here come the fiddlers and the girls.

(Enter girls.)

(Rip walks over and closes the shutter which has held his score, then returns and seats himself on a stool, and keeps time to the music as the villagers dance. Finally, he joins in and seems to enjoy himself. He jumps to his feet, snatches one of the girls away from her partner, and whirls into the dance. After a round or two, he lets go of her, and promenades two or three times by himself. Once more he catches her in his arms, and is in the act of embracing her, when he recognizes Grischen over her shoulder. He drops the girl who falls on her knees at Grischen's feet. There is a general laugh at his discomfiture, in which he joins half-heartedly. As the curtain descends, Rip is seen pointing at the girl as if seeking, like a man in Adam, to put the blame on her.)

ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1. The dimly lighted kitchen of Rip's cottage. The door and windows are at the back, it is night, and through the window a furious storm can be seen raging, with thunder, lightning, and rain. A man, who considers the heat, to the right, and a candle gutter on the table, is another drop.

JACOB STEIN. (Coming down towards Rip with en.) Come, Rip, take a glass. Rod you understand it.

Jacob Stein. You hear what I said?

Stein. Yes, Rip.

Rip. (Soberly.) Well, when I said a thing, I mean it.

(Leaves back in his chair with his hands behind his head.)

Stein. Oh, very well. (Turns away; Nick comes down and
Rip Van Winkle

STARTS. It ain't for that. (Mysteriously, over his father's shoulders, saying that on this very evening, every twenty years, the ghosts—)

MRS. (Catching his wrist.) The what?

HENDRICK. (In an awed tone.) The ghosts of Hendrick Hudson, and his ship, and all his crew, sit at the Kasatakiils above here.

MRS. (The two children look around,—little, brown, dew-dropped.) Oh! dear! did she say so?

HENDRICK. Sh! (Again they look around, astonished.) Yes; and the spirits have been seen there smoking, drinking, and playing at tennis.

MRS. (In a frightened tone, but with a desperate effort to be courageous.) Don't be frightened, Meenie; I'm here.

HENDRICK. Sh! (He goes cautiously to the chimney, and looks up, while MRS. looks uneasy.) He is returning to the stool, speaking as he comes.) Yes; and every time that Hendrick Hud

son lights his pipe there's a flash of lightning. (Lightning and MRS. gives a gasp of fear.) And when he rolls the balls along, there is a peal of thunder. (Loud rumble of thunder. MRS. screams and throws herself into Hendr

ick's arms. Don't be frightened, Meenie; I'm here.

(off Rip.) In a frightened tone, but with a desperate effort to be courageous.)

(Re-enter GRETCHEN.)

HENDRICK. Here, stop that! (The child

ren separate quietly. HENDRICK looks

up at the ceiling and whistles, and attempt at unconsciousness, and MRS. assumes an innocent and unconcerned expres

sion. Now, don't you be filling

that child's head with nonsense, but re

main quietly here until I return. Hush, what noise is that? There is someone outside the window.

MRS. (She steps behind the clothes-horse, and)

HENDRICK. (Rip appears at the window, which

he opens, and leans against the frame.)

MRS. and HENDRICK. (Trying to make him perceive GRETCHEN, by a gesture in her hand.)

RIP. (Rip turns, and looks around outside to see what they mean, then, discomfittingly, drops his hat in the air, and calls again, con

tinuously.)

MRS. and HENDRICK. (With the same warner gesture.) Sh! (GRETCHEN shakes her fist at the children, who catch it on the edge of the

GREAT.)

RIP. What's the matter? Meenie, has the wild-cat come home? (Rir reaches in after his hat. GRETCHEN catches him by his hair, and brings it down.) Ooh, my darlin', don't that, eh! HENDRICK and MRS. (Who run to

wards GRETCHEN.) Don't, mother! Don't, mother! don't, mother! don't!

RIP. (Imitating their tone.) Don't, don't, don't! Don't you hear the chil

dren? Let go my head, won't you?

GRETCHEN. No; not a hair of it. RIP. (Raftering) Hold on to it, then, what do I care.

HENDRICK and MRS. (Catching GRETCHEN's dress.) Don't, mother! Don't, mother! Don't! (RIP. lets go of RIP, and turns upon them. They escape, and dis

appear through the door to the left.)

RIP. (Getting through the windows and coming forward, apparently drunk, but fully; and his resentment for the treat

ment he has just received is half hu

morous.) For what you do dat, hey? You want must a baid-headed husband, I reckon!

GRETCHEN. (picks up chair, and bangs it down, in fury.) A streak of

the stool. She sits down angrily, and slaps the table. RIP. throws down his hat. He slaps the table, shows of

ence of violence, and it makes no noise, then

seats himself on the stool.)

GRETCHEN. Now, then,

RIP. New, den; I don't like it den, neither.

RIP. (With a sudden little tipsy laugh,

and confronted.) Don't! Now—d—n—d—n—d—n when I come in at the window!

GRETCHEN. Yes; that's when you came in the window.

RIP. (Rising, and with a tone of finality.) Yes; that's the time I heard it.

GRETCHEN. Yes; and that's the time I heard it.

RIP. (With drunken assurance.) That's all right; was afraid you wouldn't hear it.

GRETCHEN. Now who did you mean by that wildcat?
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RIP. (Confused.) Who did I mean? Now, let me see.

GRETCHEN. Yes; who did you mean? Where were you? Who was I mean? (With a sudden inspiration.) Maybe it's the dog Schneider, I call that.

GRETCHEN. (Incredulously.) The dog Schneider; that's not likely.

RIP. (Argumentatively.) Of course it is likely; he's my dog; I'll call him "Wildly wetmost" as please. (Conclusively.) He sits down in the chair on which his clothes are warming, in front of the fire.

GRETCHEN. And then, there's your disgraceful conduct this morning. What have you got to say to that?

RIP. How do I know what I got to say to that, when I don't know what I do, do I? (Hiccoughs.)

GRETCHEN. Don't know what you do, do you. Hugging and kissing the girls before my face; you thought I wouldn't see you.

RIP. (Boldly.) I know you would—I know you would, because—(Loosing the thread of his discourse.) Oh—don't you bother me. (He turns and leaves his head against the back of the chair.)

GRETCHEN. You know I was there?

RIP. (Laughing.) I thought I saw you.

GRETCHEN. I saw you myself, dancing in the moonlight.

RIP. You saw the girl dancin' mit me. (Gretchen remembers Rip's clothes, and says, 'Is he wet?'). He is wet, and pushes him towards the center of the stage. Rip misses her instruction. You want to grow more hair out of my head?

GRETCHEN. Why, the monster! He isn't wet at all! He's as dry as if he'd been aired.

RIP. Of course I'm dry. (Laughing.)

GRETCHEN. I'm always dry—always dry.

RIP. (Examining game-bag, and looking out a flask; which she holds under Rip's nose.) Why, what's here? Why, it's a bottle—a bottle!

GRETCHEN. (Leaning on the table.) Yes; it's a bottle. (Laugh.) You think I don't know a bottle when I see it?

RIP. Goodness' gracious! You mean for your game-bag, ain't it?

GRETCHEN. (Putting the flask in her pocket.) Then, you don't get it again. Rip. (With a show of anger.) Now mind if I don't get it again—well—all there is about it.—(Breaking down.) I don't want it. I have had enough.

GRETCHEN. (Still leaning on game-bag.) That's the way mit me. I'm glad I know when I got enough.—(Laugh.) An' I'm glad when I've got enough, too. Give me the bottle; I want to have my game-bag.

GRETCHEN. For what?

RIP. (Lounging off the table, and coming to the door and bang it.) Finding his way into Gretchen's shoulders. So that I can drink it. Here's the whole business—(He sits down to Gretchen's pocket and tries to find the bottle while he talks to her.) Here's the whole business. Don't you think it. What is the use of anybody—well—wash the use of anybody, anywhere—well—oh—(Missin' the pocket.) What you talkin' bout? (Suddenly his hand slips in her pocket, and he begins to pull the bottle out, with great satisfaction.) Now, now I can tell you all 'bout it.

GRETCHEN. (Discovering his tactics, and pushing him away.) I don't know. What? (Seating himself.) A rabbit. Gretch. (Playing.) I like a rabbit. I like it in a stew.

RIP. (Looking at her.) Amused. I guess you're thinking in a stew—everything what's a rabbit I mean. Well, there was a rabbit a-fishin' mit grass in it, you eat it up again—(Rip throws the plates and cups on the floor, overturns a chair, and sits himself on the table. Gretch. picks them up again.)

GRETCHEN. Don't do that! Now stop, Rip, stop! (Greshen bends down a chair by the table and seats herself.) Now, then, perhaps you will be kind enough to tell where you've been for the last two hours. Where have you been, Rip? (Pointing to the flask.)

RIP. Where I've been? Well, it's not my bottle, anyhow. I borrowed that bottle from another fellow. You want to know where I been?

GRETCHEN. Yes; and I will know.

RIP. (Giving her the tails.) Let's see. Last night I stopped out all night.

GRETCHEN. But why?

RIP. Why? You mean the reason of it? Gretch. Yes, the reason.

RIP. (Inconsistently.) The reason is why? Don't bother me.

GRETCHEN. (Euphemizing each word with a bang on the table.) Why did—you—stop—out—all—night?

RIP. (Imitating her tone.) Because—

GRETCHEN. (Incredulously.) That's the way mit me. That's the way mit me. (With a sudden inspiration.) Where's the chief—killed in the morning. (Hiccough.) Come don't get no mad mit a fellow. Why, I've been killed in the morning. (Rip gets down off the table, and finds his game-bag.)

GRETCHEN. Your game-bag is full of game, isn't it?

RIP. (Taking her hand and holding it away from her pocket.) That's why, that's why. You know last night, when Gretchen cut the heads, and slapped his hand. You partlly thief! Rip. Oh, you ain't got no confidence in me. Now what do you think was the first thing I saw in the morning? (Dragging a chair to the front of the stage.)

GRETCHEN. I don't know. What? (Seating herself.) A rabbit. GRETCHEN. See this rabbit. I like a rabbit. I like it in a stew.

RIP. (Looking at her.) Amused. I guess you're thinking in a stew—everything what's a rabbit I mean. Well, there was a rabbit a-fishin' mit grass in it, you eat it up again—(Rip throws the plates and cups on the floor, overturns a chair, and sits himself on the table. GRETCHEN picks them up again.)

GRETCHEN. Never mind the grass. Go on.

RIP. Don't get so patient; you wait till I get the rabbit. (Humorously.) Well, I crawl up—

GRETCHEN. Yes—

RIP. (Recovering interested in his own powers of invention.) An' his little tail was bob—I can't tell you up—

RIP. Where I've been? Well, it's not my bottle, anyhow. I borrowed that bottle from another fellow. You want to know where I been?

GRETCHEN. Yes; and I will know.

RIP. (Giving her the tails.) Let's see. Last night I stopped out all night.

GRETCHEN. But why?

RIP. Why? You mean the reason of it? GRETCHEN. Yes, the reason.

RIP. (Inconsistently.) The reason is why? Don't bother me.

GRETCHEN. Never mind his ears. Go on.

RIP. I pull the trigger.

GRETCHEN. (Rapturously.) Bang went the gun, and—

RIP. (Seriously.) And the rabbit ran away.

GRETCHEN. (Angrily.) And so you shot nothing?

RIP. How will I shot him when he run away? (He laughs at her disappointment.) There, don't get so mad mit a fellow. Now I'm going to tell you what I did shot; that's what I didn't shot. You know that old forty-a-creed-- io--

GRETCHEN. (Scornfully.) Ours, OurS. GRETCHEN. (Regretfully.) Yes; it used, indeed!

RIP. It ain't ours now, is it?

GRETCHEN. (Rightly.) No, indeed, it is not.

RIP. No? Den I wone't boulder about it. Better let somebody boulder about that field what belongs to it. Well, in that field there's a pond; and what do you think I see there? (He looks at Rip.)

GRETCHEN. I don't know. Ducks. (Rip. Ducks! More about the grass—(Walking to where broomstick is.) More than a thousand ducks!)

RIP. (Looking at the broomstick.) Yes, and so will I. And if you miss fire this—

GRETCHEN. (She holds it threateningly over Rip's shoulder.) (Looking at it aslant out the corner of his eye, then pushing up his hand and pushing it aside.) You will shave the ducks out of that. Well, I take better aim this time as I did before. I pull the trigger, and—bang!

GRETCHEN. (Indifferently.) Yes, more about the grass. (Rip. Who said one duck?)

GRETCHEN. (Indignantly.) How? Only one duck out of a thousand! (Rip. Who said one duck?)

GRETCHEN. (Rapturously.) Yes. (Rip. Getting up and leaning on the back of the chair.) I didn't say anything of the kind.

GRETCHEN. You said "one."

RIP. Ah! One. But I shot more as one duck.
GRETCHEN. Did you? 
RIP. (Crosses over, and sits on the low stool, laughing silently.) I sod our old bull. (GRETCHEN flings down the broom, and throws herself into the chair at the right of the table, in dumb rage.) I didn’t kill him. I just stung him, and I shaved him. But I treat you too well. I tried to climb over the fence so fast what I could,—(flings up his silent laugh.) Is the bull come up an’ save me the trouble of that. Well, then, I rolled over on the other side.

GRETCHEN. (With disgust.) And then you went fast asleep for the rest of the day.

RIP. That’s a fact. That’s a fact.

GRETCHEN. (Bursting into tears, and burying her head in her arms on the table.) O, Rip, you’ll break my heart! You will.

RIP. Now she’s going crying mit herself! Don’t cry, Gretchen, don’t cry. My d-a-i-d-a, don’t cry.

GRETCHEN. (Angrily.) I will cry.

RIP. Cry ‘way as much as you like. When the sun rises, the better soon a woman gets cryin’; den all the danger’s over. (Rip goes to GRETCHEN, lays one arm around her, Gretchen, don’t cry; my angel, don’t. (He succeeds in getting his hand into her pocket, and steals the bottle.) Don’t cry, my darlin’. (Hysterically) Gretchen, if you are to me a little drop out of that bottle you took away from me? (He sits on the table, just behind her, and takes a drink from the bottle.)

GRETCHEN. Here’s a man drunk, and askin’ you to drink.

RIP. I wasn’t. I swore off. (Courteously) You give me a little drop an’ I don’t say anything. (Puts bottle in his lap.)

GRETCHEN. You unfeeling brute. Your wife’s starving. And, Rip, your child’s in rags.

RIP. (Holding up his coat, and shaking a sigh of resignation.) Well, I’m the same way; you know dat.

GRETCHEN. (Sitting up, and looking appealingly at him.) Oh, if you would only treat me kindly!

RIP. (Putting his arms around her.) Well, don, I’m going to treat you kind. I’ll treat you kind.

GRETCHEN. Why, it would add ten years to my life.

RIP. (Over her shoulder, and after a pause.) That’s a great inducement; it is, say darlin’ if she cheat me around you bad, an’ you deserve to be a widow. GRETCHEN. (Getting up, and putting his arms on Rip’s shoulder.) Oh, Rip, if you would only reform!

RIP. Well, den, I wopn’t teach an’ other drop so long as I live.

GRETCHEN. Can I trust you?

RIP. Mustn’t you trust me?

GRETCHEN. (Embracing him.) There, then, I will trust you. (She takes the console and goes to fetch the children.) Here, Hendricks, Minnie! Children, where are you? (Enters through the door on the left.)

RIP. (Seats himself in the chair to the right of the table, and takes out flask.) Well, it’s too bad; but it’s all a woman’s fault anyway. When a man gets drunkin’ and that, they ought to let him alone. I could, if I wish, go off like a sky-rocket.

RIP. (Re-enter GRETCHEN and the children.)

GRETCHEN. (Seeing the flask in Rip’s hand.) What’s in this bottle?

RIP. (Uncoscious of her presence.) How I did smooth her down! I must drink her good health. Gretchen, here’s your good health. (About to drink.)

GRETCHEN. (Snatching the bottle, and using a gesture, maddened.) Oh, you pickin’ thief!

RIP. (Concerned for the schnapps.) When, how, you! You’ll spill the likker out of the bottle. (He puts in the cork.)

GRETCHEN. (Examining the flask.) Why, the monster, he’s emptied the bottle?

RIP. That’s a liar. That’s a liar.

GRETCHEN. (Through his tears.) You may never open it for me to come back. (Leaning against the doorpost, overcome by the shock, he文化旅游 his face.)

RIP. (With his eyes rest on MINNIE, who lies at his feet.) You say I have no share in this house. (Points to MINNIE in profound despair.) Well, see, then, I wipe the disgrace from your door.

GRETCHEN. O, you drunkard! Out, you soot! You disgrace to your wife and to your child! This house is mine.

RIP. (Dazed, and a little sobered.) Yours! Yours!

GRETCHEN. (Raising her voice above the storm, which seems to rage more fiercely outside.) Yes, mine, mine! Mine! It seems you wish to steal; it would have gone along with the rest of your land. Out, then, I say— (Pushing open the door, for you have no longer any share in me or mine. (A peel of thunder.)

MINNIE. (Runnin’ over, and hugging by GRETCHEN.) Oh, mother, back in the storm!

GRETCHEN. (Pushing her aside.) Be gone. (Whispers.) Do you speak? Are you struck dumb? You sleep no more under my roof.

RIP. (Who has not moved, even his arm remaining outstretched, as it was when Minnie slipped from his side, wearmers in a bewildered, incredible way.) Why, Gretchen, are you goin’ to turn me out like a dog? (GRETCHEN points to the door. Rip rises and leans against the table with a groan. His conscience speaks.) Well, maybe you are right. (Leaves the room, and with a despairing gesture.) I have got no home. I will go. But mind, Gretchen, after what you say this, you shall be sorry. I’ll go to your door again—never— (Going to the door of the room.)

HENDRICK. (Running up to RIp.) Not into the storm. Rip. Harsh, how it thun-

RIP. (Putting his arm around him.) Yah, my boy; but not as bad to me as the storm in my house. I will go. (At the door by this time.)

MINNIE. (Catching Rip’s coat.) No, father, don’t go.

RIP. (Bending over her tenderly, and holding her close to him.) My child! Bless her! (MINNIE faints. RIP gives a sobbing sigh.)

GRETCHEN. (Relentingly.) No, Rip—

RIP. (Waving her off.) No, you have drive me from your house. You have operate! What do I care! (Through his tears.) You may never open it for me to come back. (Leaning against the doorpost, overcome by the shock, he文化旅游 his face.)

RIP. (With his eyes rest on MINNIE, who lies at his feet.) You say I have no share in this house. (Points to MINNIE in profound despair.) Well,

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I. A steep and rocky cliff in the Katakiil Mountains, down which rushes a torrent, gushed by the storm. Over-head, the tempest roars, and tears their melancholy drums. It is night.

(Rip enters, almost at a run, with his head down, and his coat-collar turned up, beating his way against the storm. With the hilt of his gun he protects the priming of his gun with the shirt of his jacket. Having reached a comparatively level spot, he pauses for breath, and turns to see what has become of his dog.)

MINNIE. (Whistling to the dog.) Schneider! Schneider! What’s the matter with Schneider? 0, it’s that dog. There he goes head over heels down the hill. Well, here I am again—another nut to crack, I guess! Heigho! These old trees begin to know me, I reckon. Schneider will go all right. How are you, old fellow? Well, I like the trees, they keep me from the wind and the rain, and never blow me up; and when I lay me down on the broad of my back, they seem to bow their heads to me, an’ say: ‘Go to sleep, Rip. Go to sleep.‘ (Lightning.) My, what a flash that was! Old Hendrick Hudson’s lightning his pipe in the mountains to-night; now, we’ll hear him roll the big balls along. (Thunder. Rip looks back over the path, and sees another flash for his dog.) Well, I—no— Schneider! No; whatever it is, it’s on two legs. Why, though is that a comin’ up the hill? I thought nobody but me ever come nigh this place.

(Enter a strange shaggy figure, ead all in a foreign fashion, a Dutch Seminarian of the seventeenth century, in short-skirted doublet, hose, and high-crowned hat drawn over his eyes. From beneath the
latter his long gray beard streams down till it almost touches the ground. He carries a key on his shoulder. He ad-
cances boldly, his gestures, lifts Rip to set the key down for him. Rip does so, and the dairy waves his arm (in).}

Rip. (With good-natured assurance.) Sit down, and make yourself comfortable. (A long pause and silence.) Where's the matter? Ain't ye goin' to speak to a feller? I don't want to speak to you, then. Who do you think you are? You want to speak to me, any more than you want to speak to me; you hear what I say? (Rip gokes the scene for a moment with a look of surprise.)

Rip. (Glancing over the landscape.) I say, old gent—let me have a light up on the mountains before. Look down into the valley there; it seems more as if upon a mile, I—.(Rip looks towards those mountains ever since I was a boy, an' I never saw a queer looking edifice like that before. He must be an old snares, he reckons.)

Rip. Well, why don't you say so, den? You mean you would like me to help you up with the dairy, you piece of the affirmative.) Well, sir, I don't do it. (The dairy holds up his hands in supplication.) No, there's no good you speakin' like that. I never said you before. (The dairy shakes his head, Rip, with great decision, walking away, and leaning against a tree.) I don't want to see you again, neither. What have you got in that leg, swell? (The dairy looks at him.) I don't believe you. (The dairy stands in amazement.) Is it good swell? (The dairy again insists.) Well, I'll help you. Oh, I'll pick up my gun there, and I follow you mit that gun on my shoulder. I'll follow you, old broodman. (As Rip shoulders the leg, a furious blast whirls up the valley, and seems to indicate that he has got his demon companion before it.
The face that follows

Rip. (Looking about him with growing apprehension.) God, I sure look like that kind of people at al! No, sir! I don't like any such kind. I like that old white-faced woman. (With a sheepish attempt to be genial, and appear at his ease.) How you was, old gent? I didn't mean to im-

Rip. (With profound regard.) Pity; my, that's a pity. Oh, my, if you had some bad girls, what wop they would make them. Well, old gentleman, here's your good health, and all your family—(Turns, and wavin' to them.)—gray they live long and prosper.

Rip. (As he does so, all the demons lean forward, watching the effect of the liquor. Rip puts his hand to his hat. The empty cup falls to the ground.)

Rip. (In an amel and ecstatic voice.) What for lickin' that? (As he turns, half veiling, he sees Hudson holding out to him another cup. It swatches with almost frantic enjoyment. He hands it over to me another one! (He empties it at a draught. A long pause follows during which the effect of the liquor begins to become apparent; the light in his eyes fades, his exhilaration dies out, and he leaves his grasp on all the surrounding objects. Finally, he claps his head with both hands, and cries in a waffled, terrified voice.) Oh, my, my head was so light, and now, it's heavy as lead! (He reeds, and falls heavily to the ground. A long pause. The demons begin to disappear. Rip becomes dimly conscious of this, and raises himself on his elbow. Are you goin' to leave me, hoyas? Are you goin' to leave me alone? Don't leave me; don't go away. (With a last effort to make you good health, and your family's—

(He falls back heavily, aspacy.)

Curtain.
You were too young then to remember it.

MENIE. No, mother, I recollect dear father taking me on his knees, and saying to me "He's the only man that I should be his wife; and I promised I would.

GREITCHE. Poor, Rip! Poor, good-natured creature that he was! How gently he bore with me! and I drove him here from Oregon. I hunted him into the mountains, where he perished of hunger or cold, or a prey to some wild beast.

MENIE. Don't cry, mother!

Faster DERRICK, now grown old and bent over his care, and infinitely more disagreeable than he was before. He, too, has lost all traces of color, and has assumed the nestling mood of the moss and lichen that cover the rocks.

His voice, when he first speaks, betrays even more distinctly than his appearance the lapse of time. Instead of the full round tones of manhood, he speaks in the high treble of far-off days. His every hand has grown old and weather-beaten.

RIP. Staring vacantly around. I wonder where she is. On top of the Kanta-hi Mountains as bare as a gun! Won't my wife give me to it for stopping out all night? I must get up and get home myself. (Trying to rise.) Oh, I feel very bad! Vat is the matter with me? (As he rises.) Oh! The other one, Mr. DERRICK. Oh! The other one, gentlemen, I must have caught the rheumatics and slept in the wet grass. (He rises with great difficulty.) Oh! I feel very bad! Vat is the matter with me? The other one, gentlemen, I must have caught the rheumatism and slept in the wet grass. (He rises with great difficulty.) Oh! I feel very bad! Vat is the matter with me? The other one, gentlemen, I must have caught the rheumatism and slept in the wet grass. (He rises with great difficulty.) Oh! I feel very bad! Vat is the matter with me?

GREITCHE. I am sent to you by your father.

MENIE. Oh, don't call him so; he is not my father. He is a poor, old, Idaho husband, but I owe him no love. And his cruel treatment of you—

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GREITCHE. I am a sent to you by your father.
Scene 3. The village of Falling Waters, which has grown to be a smart and flourishing town (but whose chief features remain unchanged).

To the left, as of yore, is the inn, bearing scarcely any mark of the lapse of time, save that the sign of George III has been replaced by a portrait of George Washington. To the right, where Rip's cottage used to stand, nothwithstanding, lies the blunted and crumbling ruins of a chimney. A table and chairs stand in front of the inn porch. Into this familiar scene Rip makes his entrance, but not as before,—in glee, with children clinging about him. Peas, potatoes, and sunflowers, he stumbles along, followed by a jeering, howling mob of villagers; while the children hide from him, as they do for his father, ever older. His eyes look dazed and unconcerned, and he catches at the back of a chair as if in need of physical as well as mental support.

KATY, (As Rip enters.) Why, what queer looking creature is this, that all the boys are playing—

SERTH. Why, he looks as though he's been dead for fifty years, and dug up again! Rip. My friends, Kunst du Deutsch +Jugend? (Pointing at the empty pitcher.)

FIRST VILLAGER. I say, old fellow, you ain't seen anything of an old butter-tub with a cover on 'em, no place here about, have you?

RIP. (Resigned, but with simplicity.) No, I don't know what that is.

SECOND VILLAGER. I say, old man, who's your barber?

(An excited laugh, going off repeating, "Who's your barber?") Some of the children remain to stare at Rip; but when he holds out his hands to them, they, too, run off (frightened).

RIP. I'm your barber; what day mean by dat? (Noticing his beard.) Why is that on me? I didn't see that before. My beard and hair so long and white. Gretchen won't know me with that, when she gets me to the cottage. (Looking towards the cottage.) Way, the house's gone away!

RIP becomes more and more puzzled. Like a man in a dream who sees unfamiliar things amid familiar surroundings, and cannot make out what has happened, and as if

dream a man preserves his individuality, no Rip, amid all the bewilderment, exhibiting flashes of his old humour, will, with all this he never changes."

SEPT. I say, old man, sick're you better or just shaved?

RIP. (Looking about for the voice.) What?

SEPT. Here, this way. Had n't you better go home and get shaved?

RIP. My wife will shave me when she gets me here. This is the village of "Falling Waters" where we was?

SEPT. Yes. Do n't look so puzzled, not knowing his face. Do you live here?

SEPT. Well, rather. I was born here. My friend, your elders. He's even—

RIP. Well, rather; of course I do.

SEPT. (Feeling that he has held of something certain.) Do you know where I live?

SEPT. No; but I should say you belong to Noah's Ark.

RIP. (Putting his hand to his ear.) That is being hit very.——

SEPT. Noah's Ark.

RIP. (Very much hurt.) Why will you say such things like that? (Even, with a flash of humour, and drawing his beard slowly through his fingers.) Well, look it, don't I? (Beginning to feel again to feel for his class.) My friend, did you ever hear of a man in this place who belongs to the impossibility of what he hears. That man is drunk that talks to me.

SEPT. Ah, they were a jolly set, I reckon.

RIP. Oh, they was. I know them all, you see.

SEPT. Yes, I know Jacob Stein, and Nick Vedder, and Rip Van Winkle, and the whole of them. (A new idea strikes him, and he beckons to Sert, whom he asks, very earnestly.) Oh, my friend, come and see here. Did you know Schneider?

SEPT. Schneider! Schneider! No, I never heard of him.

RIP. (Simply.) He was a dog. I thought you might know him. Well, if it is so, what has become of my child Gretchen, and my wife Grethel? Are they gone too? (Turning to look at the ruins of the house.) Yea, even the house is dead.

SEPT. Poor, old chaps! He seems quite cast down at the loss of his friends. I'll

step in and get a drop of something to cheer him up.

RIP. (Puzzling it out with himself.) I can't make it out how it all is now. If this here is me, what is here now; and Rip Van Winkle is dead, then who am I? What is that I would like to know. Yesterday, everybody was here; and now they were all gone. (Very forlorn.)

(Re-enter SERTH, followed by the villagers.)

SEPT. Offering Rip the cap. There, old gent, there's a drop of something to cheer you up.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Seth. Yes; and married again.

Rip. (Fiercely.) How would she do such a thing like that?

Seth. Why, come, enough. After Rip died, she was a widow, was she not?

Rip. Oh, yes. I forget about Rip’s being dead. Bring us enough for worn out idiots.

Seth. Well, then, Rip made love to her.

(Startled, and almost amused.)

What for Derrick? Not Derrick Von Beckman?

Seth. Yes, Derrick Von Beckman.

Rip. (Still more interested.) Well, and then?

Seth. Well, then, her affairs went bad; and at last she married him.

Rip. (Turning it over in his mind.) Has Derrick married Gretchen?

Seth. Yes.

Rip. Well, here’s their good health, and their family’s, and may they all live long and prosper!

(Sparkles.)

Seth. Now, old gent, had you better let him alone, where you take it?

Rip. (With conviction.) Where my home is, that’s where he is.

(Thrushes.)

Seth. What, here in this village? Now do you think we’re going to keep all the Baltus, and that one that’s coming along here? No; he off with us. Why, it’s a shame that those you belong to should suffer such an old tramp as you float around here.

Villagers. (Roughly, and trying to push Rip aside.) Yes; away with him.

Rip. (Frightened, and pleading with them.) Are you going to drive me away down into the hills again?

First Villager. Yes; away with him.

He’s an old tram.

(Retreats. Dixie, with stick and bundle, followed by some of the women of the village.

Villagers. Away with him!

Hendrick. (Throwing down bundle.)

Avast there, mates. Where are you towing that old hulk to? What, you won’t? (Pushing crowd aside, and going forward.) Where are you towing that old hulk to?

Seth. Who are you?

Hendrick. I am a man, every inch of me; and if you doubt it, I’ll undertake to remove the suspicion from any two of my friends that may share my breakfast. Don’t you see the poor old creature has but half his wit? Sure! Bring us enough for worn out idiots.

Villagers. (Coming forward.) No, it is.

Hendrick. Ain’t it?

Dixie. No, it ain’t.

Hendrick. Then I’ll make it a hospital for broken heads if you stand there much more, you luberry swells! (Drives them aside. Turns to Rip, who stands consideringly.) Is this the place? And if you could help us—

Rip. (Helplessly.) I don’t know, do you?

Hendrick. (To villagers.) Do any of you know him?

First Villager. No; he appears to be a stranger.

Hendrick. (To Rip.) You seem bewildered. Can I help you?

Rip. (Feebly.) Just tell me where I live.

Hendrick. And don’t you know?

Rip. No, I don’t.

Hendrick. Why, what’s your name?

Rip. (Almost childishly.) I don’t know; but I believe I know vat used to be. My name, it used to be Rip Van Winkle.

Villagers. (In astonishment.) Rip Van Winkle?


Rip. (Pathetically feeble, and old.) Well, I wouldn’t swear it, if you tell me you live there. Last night, I don’t know about the time, I went away up into the mountains, and while I was there I met a queer kind y’man, and we got drinkin’; and I guess I pretty drunkly. And then I went to sleep, and when I woke up this morning, I was dead.

Hendrick. Poor old fellow; how do you do?

Rip Van Winkle has been dead these twenty years. I knew him when I was a child.

Rip. (Clutching at a faint hope.) You don’t know me?

Hendrick. No; nor anybody else here, it seems.

(To the villagers, finding that there is to be no mistake, a change of voice. As he recognises her, and sees how aged she is.) My, my! Is that child...

Hendrick. Oh, you can’t accept! Won’t you kindly allow me a word on the subject?

Rip. (Aside, humorously.) No, indeed, she will not. Now, my friend, you are going to make some strange off to their occupations.

Seth. (As he goes into the inn.) Why, wife, he’s as cracked as our old casket.

Rip. (With simple pathos.) Are we so near forgot—where we are gone? No one remembers Rip Van Winkle.

Hendrick. Come, cheer up, my old hearty, and you shall share my breakfast. (Asants Rip to sit at the table. Rip has fallen into a dream again. To Katchen.) That is the three, and of your best.

Katchen. That I will. (Exit into inn.)

Hendrick. Here I am, home again. And you’re the very spot where, five years ago, I parted from Mennie. Rip. (Honed by the name.) What, Mennie Van Winkle?

Hendrick. No, and I promised to remain true to Hendrick Vedder.

Rip. Oh, yah; that was Nick Vedder’s wife; I knew her, too.

Hendrick. (Turning to Rip.) That’s me.

Rip. (Rensely.) That was you! You think I’m a fool? He’s a little child, no bigger than that,—the one I mean.

Hendrick. How may he be?

(Enter Katchen from inn with tray, on which is laid a breakfast. She puts it on table, and exits into inn.)

There, that’s right. Stow your old lecker full while I take a cruise around your village, where, five years ago, I left the dearest bit of human nature that was ever put together. I’ll be bold directly. Here he comes! I’m sure! It’s surely Derrick and his wife. Eged, I’m in luck; for now the old birds are out, Mennie is surely alone. I’ll take advantage of the coast being clear, and steer into harbour alongside.

(Exit.)

(Enter Derrick, followed by Gretchen.)

Derrick. So you have come to that conclusion, have you?

Gretchen. I cannot accept this masterpiece.

Rip. (Starting from his reverie, and turning to Gretchen.) Why, that is Gretchen’s voice. (As he recognises her, and sees how aged she is.) My, my! Is that child...

Rip. Oh, you can’t accept! Won’t you kindly allow me a word on the subject?

Rip. (Aside, humorously.) No, indeed, she will not. Now, my friend, you are going to make some strange off to their occupations.

Seth. (As he goes into the inn.) Why, wife, he’s as cracked as our old casket.

Derrick. So you came to me as if I was a poor-house, eh? Then you can’t complain of the treatment you received. You starved yourselves, you rich, and the least she can do now, is to do the same for you. In an hour, a doctor, and advice to take care that no insolent interference of yours spoils my plans; do you hear? (Exit.)

Gretchen. Yes, sir.

Derrick. Why can’t you be kind and affectionate to her, as I am to you? There, go and bluberb over her; that’s your way. You are always pretenting to be miserable.

Gretchen. Alas, no sir! I am always pretendting to be happy.

Derrick. Don’t cry, or you won’t have it; come now, none of that. If you come home to-day with red eyes, and streaky cheeks, I’ll give you a good cry for; now you know what’s for supper.

Rip. (Still amazed.) Well, if I hadn’t seen it, I never would have believed it!

Gretchen. (Absorbed in her grief.) Oh, I think that I am so miserable, or that man will surely thrust her out of doors to starve, to beg, and to become—