

J. W.—What has come over our correspondents this week? No, it cannot appear—no personalities! See answer to Jimmy Cheek. You may have all the women in the country to *shoe*, and the men to *boot*, but you can not *snob* it through the NEW ERA.

Jenny, the line is from Sir John Suckling's (no relation to *Baby*) "Ballad on a Wedding" and runs thus—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like like mice, stole in and out
As if they fear'd the light;
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fair a sight.

Alice asks whether husband or wife should black the boots. We would rather not answer that question. If husband and *Alice* are fond of one another, these little domestic concerns are easily surmounted.

Pat is smart, but we always knew that the *left* leg of a goose was the best. This part of the paper is not for conundrums.

THE STORY OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

RIP VAN WINKLE, easy man,
Was gossiping and lazy;
Fond of drinking muddy beer
Until his wits were lazy;
Fond of lounging round his farm,
Instead of honest working;
Liked to smoke his pipe and chat,
The spade and hayfork shirking.

Rip's wife was dreaded as a scold,
And read him many a lecture;
But that he e'er improved a jot
Nobody could conjecture.
He blew a cloud, he drank his beer,
With Wolfe, his dog, went strolling,
And when the goodwife raised her voice,
A merry song was trolling.

This ne'er-do-well, so frank and free,
No inkling had of that skill
Which made his neighbors' farms so rich
Around the lofty Kaatskill—
Those mountains famed in Yankee land,
The Hudson river near to,
A spot to those of Dutch descent,
Its thriving children, dear to.

One day when Frow Van Winkle's tongue
Had rated him for drinking,
He took his gun, and with his dog,
Strolled up the Kaatskill, thinking;
For Rip that day was rather dull—
We can't be always jolly—
And blamed himself for giving way
So much to drink and folly.

He wandered on, unknowing where,
And, truth to tell, not caring,
Until he reached the mountain top,
Then wondered at his daring;
And while with straining eye he gazed
Upon the prospect round him,
Close to his ear he heard his name
In tones which quite fear-bound him.

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"
The voice was strange and hollow:
And turning round, he saw a man,
Who beckoned him to follow—
A short, stout man, in antique garb,
Wide breeches, hat and feather,
Who led him to a lonely place,
Where others stood together—

Strange, silent men, who gravely played
At ninepins, to his wonder,
And at each ball, the noise it made,
The mountain shook like thunder.
Rip trembled—he had never seen
Gamesters so grim and ghastly;
But when they offered him a keg,
He drank and liked it vastly.

'Twas right old Hollands, glorious stuff—
He drank and praised it roundly,
And swigged again, till down he fell
And snored in sleep most soundly.
When he awoke the scene was changed;
No ninepin players near him;
So cold was he, his joints so stiff,
His legs could scarcely bear him.

His hair was long, his clothes in rags,
He missed his dog so trusty,
And by his side, but useless quite,
His gun was lying rusty.
With tottering gait he reached his home,
Each step some wonder bringing—
King George upon the sign had gone,
And Washington was swinging.

His little girl, a woman grown,
A child in arms was holding;
His wife was dead—"Ah, well," tho't Rip,
"I shall escape her scolding."
Quite strange at first, his tale, when told,
Secured him friends in plenty:
It seem'd he'd slept for many years,
At least, they said 'twas twenty.

Long time he lived to tell the tale
(And make his hearers shiver)
Of Hendrick Hudson and his crew
('Twas he who named the river)—
Who in the Kaatskill mountains met,
And frightened who came straying,
By showing them the Dutch-built ghosts
At phantom ninepins playing.