

Cousin Sally Dillard.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

This story first appeared upwards of fifty years ago. We give it now for the benefit of the junior members of the bar and the respectable class of law students who will soon be called to sift evidence in the courts of our States.

Scene—A court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis arises, and thus addresses the court. "May it please your worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assault—a more willfull, violent, dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom been your duty to pass upon, one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place at Capt. Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed. One said that he had heard the noise and did not see the fight; another that he saw the row but didn't know who struck first; and a third that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops—I am very sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward came the witness, a fat, chuffy looking man, a "leetle" corned, and took his corporal oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Capt. Rice's, and as a good deal of time has been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—"Exactly"—giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat. Capt. Biles, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sallie Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, Cousin Sallie Dillard then asked me if Mose he moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that Mose was foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass, but howsomever as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole? Do say what you know about the riot.

Witness—Capt. Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about Cousin Sally Dillard and your wife—tell us about the fight.

Witness—Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, Capt. Rice, he gin a treat and Cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to my house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go—

Chops—There it is again; witness, witness, please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the Court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, you go on and tell it; and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Capt. Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops—This is into'erable. May it please the Court, I move that this witness be committed for contempt. He seems to be trifling with the court.

Court—Witness, you are now before a court of justice; unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Capt. Rice's.

Witness (alarmed)—Well, gentlemen, Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—I hope this witness may be ordered into custody.

Court (after deliberating)—Mr. Attorney, the Court is of opinion that we may save time by telling the witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen; well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, Cousin Sally Dillard then asked me if Mose he moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose, he was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass, but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they go on together. Mose, my wife, and Cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, Cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like gentle folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a dratted fool, waded through—and that's all I know about the fight.

SNIFFLER brought his two weeks' spree to a close on Thursday night. He lay on a lounge in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour lager, when something in the corner of the room attracted his attention. Raising on his elbow, he gazed steadily at it. Rubbing his eyes, he stared again, and, as he stared, his terror grew. Calling his wife, he asked hoarsely: "Mirandy, what is that?" "What is what, like?" Sniffles' name is Lyourgus, and his wife calls him Likey for short and sweet. "Why, that—that—thing in the corner," said the frightened man, pointing at it with a hand that shook like a politician. "Like, dear, I see nothing," replied the woman. "What! You don't see it!" he shrieked. "Then I've got 'em. Oh, heavens! Bring me the Bible, Mirandy, bring it quick! Here—here, on this sacred book, I swear never to touch a drop of whisky. If I break my vow, may my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth—and—" Here catching another glimpse of the terrible object, he clutched his wife and begged in piteous tones: "Don't leave me—don't leave your Likey," and burying his face in the folds of her dress, he sobbed and moaned himself into a troubled sleep. Then his wife stole gently to the corner, picked up the toy snake, and threw it into the stove.—[New Brunswick.]

FROM the New Orleans Bulletin primer: "This is the picture of a soldier. He is a General. The General says: 'I am not afraid.' See how he struts. Do you not wish you were a General? It is a fine thing to be a General. * * * Here is the picture of a bandit. See, the General wants to do something to the bandit. Will he kill the bandit, or will he write a letter? No, he will not write a letter, he will send a telegram. * * * This is the portrait of a President. A cat can look at a President. See, there is a Congress. The Congress is afraid of the President. The President can make a Governor, and he can make a Legislature. * * * Here is the portrait of a Governor. The Governor loves the bonds, and the Governor loves the people's money; but the Governor would not take the people's money for anything in the world. We have a *de facto* Governor. He is a very good man. The people love him. He is very pious. He loves the President, and the President loves him. If your hair was kinky and your skin was black, you might some day be a Governor. See, the General, and the President, and the Governor are all running. What makes them all run so? Are they afraid? Yes, they are afraid of the banditti."

ALARMING IF TRUE.

Have the Last President of the United States.

[Hartford Times.]

We find the following versification, with explanatory notes, going the rounds of the press, and we give it to our readers for what it is worth; and doubt if it is worth much. It is stated that "Dr. Albert Marsh, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has the original of this collection of rhymes, which was composed in 1787 at Sherbrook, Canada, and afterwards published, in 1813, in the Green Mountain (Vt.) Chronicle, a copy of which Dr. Marsh has in his possession." Is there any such man as "Dr. Albert Marsh, of Brooklyn?" We have reason to think there is not, and that this alleged prediction—which would be indeed a singular thing if really made at the time stated—is nothing more than a hoax. But, such as it is, we give it, and its explanatory notes (whose are they), for better or worse:

Columbia, home of liberty,
Shall not twenty rulers see.
Ere there shall be battle smoke,
Ere peace shall seem to be broke,
And in waves of peril tossed,
The ancient order shall be deemed lost.

[Hayes is the nineteenth President.]

The first shall, too, the second be,
If the Fates tell Truth as even he;
Where sits the sire as sits the son,
But not the son's son, (1)
And ere the son shall ruler be
One place shall send three;
Three with one shall make four, (2)
And three shall be no more.

(1) Charles Francis Adams can't be President.
(2) Tyler was the fourth from Virginia.

The first sprung from these fecund loins
In death his predecessor joins (1),
Who beneath his son shall pass,
And in a house that different was.
The next one shall have peace and war (2),
The third shall brook no kindly star;
When the quarter century's run,
Where sat the sire shall sit the son (3).

(1) Jefferson and John Adams died on the same day, July 4, 1826.

(2) Madison's administration had war with England, and peace and prosperity afterward.

(3) John Quincy Adams inaugurated.
Then comes who should have been before
A soldier who shall not have any war.

(Old Hickory).

After the fox the lion shall (1)
Be lord y ruler over all;
But death shall in the mansion wield
Sword surer than on the tented field. (2)
After him there comes anon,
One who had friend, but shall have none. (3)
The hickory shall sprout again; (4)
A soldier come from battle plain,
But shall not long remain,
Nor shall his heir bear sway again.
Then a youth shall follow who [sic]
All shall know, though none knew. (5)

(1) Van Buren was called a fox.

(2) Harrison died almost immediately after his inauguration.

(3) Tyler quarreled with his party.

(4) Polk was called young Hickory.

(5) Pierce was almost unknown until nominated.

While the next to bear the rule (1),
To-morrow's sage is this day's fool;
There shall be trouble manifest,
North and South, and East and West (2),
The strong man shall the weak befriend (3),
But it shall not be the end;
Under the next shall widow's mourn (4),
Thousands be slain, but millions born;
Death in the strife shall pass him by.
But when peace cometh he shall die (5),
A soldier after him shall be (6),
Who shall see his century.

(1) Buchanan.

(2) The War of Rebellion.

(3) Slavery the cause.

(4) Great loss of life by the war.

(5) Lincoln killed after the war ended.

(6) Grant secures the Centennial (2) Or—is it Grant for the rest of the century?

Rule afterwards shall be rot
By the one whose it was not; (1)
Men shall rear, and rare, and rare,
But he shall have who should not have. (2)
But when the tide of storm is o'er
Four shall make six and not four. (3)
He who shall be no more,
And all that's past not make a score. (4)

(1) Hayes.

(2) He shall not be turned out.

(3) A proposition is made to make the Presidential term six instead of four years.

(4) What this refers to can not yet be told. It seems to indicate that there will be no President after Hayes dies, when the Presidential term is extended.

But Columbia shall again
Rise and falter be than then [sic].
Brother shall with brother speak
Whom he hath not seen a week;
Letters shall go 'neath the deep, (1)
Likewise over the mountain steep;
Men shall speak to brazen ears,
That shall be mouths in after years, (2)
Words spoken shall be sent through post,
So no syllable be lost; (3)
A drop of water shall have then
The force of many thousand men. (4)

(1) Submarine telegraph.

(2) Phonograph.

(3) Telephone.

(4) Keeley's motor (2) perhaps.

All these things shall happen when?
They shall happen—not before
Six years shall be reckoned four, (1)
Thirteen shall be thirty-nine; (2)
This shall be a certain sign;
Nine and eight reversing take,
(Eight and one the nine shall make.)
When ninety-two are eighty-one, (3)
All these marvels shall be done.

(1) President's term lengthened to six years.

(2) Thirteen states to be thirty-nine. Another Territory to be made a State.

(3) Washington was inaugurated in 1789, and ninety-two years from that is 1881.