

A CASE OF BIGAMY.

A case of bigamy was being heard in one of the lower Counties of the State, during the last spring assizes; the charge was that Amy Lucas had married another person named Johnie Hoe-clean; she having a husband living on a neighboring plantation, named Blunt Nutgrass. The indictment was read by the Clerk and Amy was asked how she would be tried.

"Yu taak me?" she inquired of the Clerk; yes, you are to be tried!

"Me! not me; who siso, wuffer? try fo wudder him?"

You are to be tried for bigamy.

"Me try fo Big Amy, way de Big Amy da? way him cum frum enyhow? No sah! yu mus be mek a suttan rank and file wid de name; which off dat da me name en me titul--go by de name of Amy Lucas, but I nebber yeddee bout eny Big-Amy roun' dis paat o' country, yet. I no da's a leetle gal lib pon top Mas Atter Manigo place, named ob leetle Amy, but atter dat, I is de biggest Amy on Santee.

Hold up your right hand, said the Clerk? You stand indicted for bigamy said the Solictor.

"Well, fetch um up, en layum look pon top me, en lemme see disha Big-Amy; I ain no nutten bout um, and ef him no way gude fa hisself, him better not show ee teet to me to-day! to-day!! Yu dis fetch um yah en lay me yer um mek a scusement gens me, en atter dat yunna haffer mek hospital fo put um een.

The Judge—Mauma? "Sah," You don't understand this thing; you are to be tried for marrying two husbands; that's wrong, and the law will punish you if you do it.

"Yes sah! I onderstan yu good wa yu da say, Boss, but look pon top me good, my dare mossah, and tell me yu tink I is a 'oman fo married two husban? de wun I hab da now I mose waan tun um loose, cos him is a berry lazy nigger, en I ain bin no dat wen I bin married um."

The Solicitor—Did you marry this man? "No, sah! I didn't dun married quite, but we tek wun-narrer on a suttin baagin, fo lib togerrerr, tell de succus-rider cum roun fo put me in de full convention which Bredder Bly put we togedder en jine we han' but not to de full pint ob de matrimony."

The Solicitor—Who married you to Blunt, here, pointing to husband, No. 1. "Taak Nutgrass?" Yes, if that's his name! "Yes, sah, e name so, der so e titel go, en e jis is bad is e name, which off da ain no debbel in dis wull wusser en Nutgrass, en Joe-Jinter-grass, dat de iesun wah mek yu yeddy e name call so."

Solicitor—Who married you to Nutgrass, then? "We nebber did bin mek a finaly conclude in de book ob matrimony, cos de begetubel parson, wa bin fo cum fo married we, gee we a grate disuppint, en we nebber yeddee tel de nex Friday atter dat, dat de ole man been on e way da cumin wen e ole hoss fall down and brek e befo-foot, dis onderneet e hip jint. But fo me story, atter we wate da tell mose moon down, en ebery body da hungry and de hog meet da draw up in de pot, en de pot, en de pullo-ricce da haad, en all de tarrer fine bittle gwine wase, my uncle Paul Fisherman en Josie Green git wun dese yah long broomstick, en hole um frunt ob me en Nutgrass en Pauper Jacky, him call out de wud say, "Jump fo yu life, jump fo yu det, but nebber do tech de stick." Which off Nutgrass him was so rankin fo git to de suppa, him jump fo I git reddy, en wen I mek me chance fo clare de broomstick, me hed cach de jise en I fall back pon de flo en den I faint way, but ef e didn't fo de camfine an de jimson weed way dem trow pun my hed I wood ded pon de spot."

Solicitor—Did you go to live with Nutgrass?

"Oh, yes sah! I cumpel to do dat; cos atter de broomstick dun hole en de parrabul dun splain, en de wedden fees dun mek, de jinement twix me en Nutgrass. was dun expound en e

A Darky from Waccamaw Gives His Experience at Roller Skating.

Peter Maguffy sat half dozing by his fireside, with the leg of a chicken in one hand and half poan of corn bread in the other, and working his jaws in a style that would do credit to a gentleman goat. Toby Hoecean was his companion, and the conversation turned on a visit to Georgetown, several years back, while a delegate to a political convention, and a visit to the skating rink.

Bredda Toby—"You ebber tackle dem rolein skeet?"

"No, my brudder, tole me bout dat!"

"Well sah, dem is a ting mek out a big spool en hab ledder fixin' on dem fo tie rung de fut fo keep um on, en I tel yu my bredder, ob all de suckus yu ever did see, less tis ertquake or mule, yu kin hab um wid dem skeets. I gone to de scapin rink wid Gogee Hayut and dem boy, en I look pon top dem de flourish roun and roun da big hall en da slide same luk tukey buzzud in de air wid crow. I look pon de ting soah, and den I look pun me fut tel I mose tink I kin tarrogate wid um—en den so much a putty gal da too—so I ax a boy fah gare me up wid wun a dem, sah, en a git um fah hole me up tel I git de caat fo staat off, en yu kin ride um? hole an I gwine tel yu now. Wen I try fo riz, de darn ting wouldn't stay onder neet me tall, but keep on da gwine en da shub to de front en I couldn't ketch up wid um, but I tot ef I could stood up wun time I could peruse um berry well—well sah, de boy stan me up en den de binness commence. I stan da little bit, da lony same luk chillun, wen I hab a membrance bout me ambrella way I leff

on de bench, which off I knowed it wouldn't stay da long. so I reech roun and grab um, en isa straiten up de debul ob a ting staat off wid my foot foah git reddy, en fashion de fut ain nuse to staat off widout de res o' de boddy, tings got kind a mixed up. Me hed riz kine o' down fashun, en de foot fly up behine me, en ketch de hed foah e tetch de floah en de ting was so suddint dat e mos nock de hine sight off me ecknowledge. Dat mek de boy laff en mek me so mad I tek atter um e tot I would paralyze um ef I could ketch um but I didn't ketch um, de blame skeets run way wid me. Run way! Yes sah, en I couldn't stop um en I begin fa holler to dem mans fo tun off de steam, put out de fiah, and tel de chillun clare de way cos de biler gwine to bust. Up en down en roun en roun, de debul ob a ting da gwine luk e ain hab no sense. Ebry step e tek I holler torum fo woa and gee en haw but dat ain hab a bit a enfluence on de ting, en sah I can git de upper hand orum 'tall, den wusser gen I cudn't stop me leg from da buckle up en down same like grindstone handle; at lass de onmannerabul ting run foul a sister wa cudn't git way frum um, en e upset de belubbed sister foah en aff, en caa me fut right up in de air wid um, en leff me wid de sister on de floah, which off da was a grate tanglement wid we down dare; en me myself, wa leff on de floah bin in a berry dicklus en onsartin fixment. Atter de ting cum down gen en I git back me fut, Gorgie Hyat cum to me and e say: 'Ole man, yu better tek a res fo lebben or eight yeahs," but I tel um, say lemme lone, I gwine to skeet or buss; den e say, 'yu better buss en sabe de time,' but I ain kay fo do dat, en I staat gen, en in bout 2 minit de debbul ob a skeets mek a nara rank en file in de connunity, en disha niga tun a a regler back summerset, fall ober on de boy, en de boy fall ober de stove, en de stove fall on Gorgee Hyat dog, wa bin onderneet de stove. In de fallin', me leff fut git way frum me en nock a Baptist bredder in de bur ob e yeah's, en him holler 'murdah; de boy holler 'perleece,' de dawg didn't say eny ting in particuler, but e yelled more to de scribe dan eny dawg I eber see yet fo e had a libe coal on de middel ob e back en e nebber stop fo quisit bout nutten, but e sail tru de house en da upset dem 'oman and gal, en cross en pile dem same luk sly-

shun box, en cos I tel um I didn't tink I cood blige um to dat cos I bin gwine to de funal summint ob my uncle Cubit, da oman tek me new shoes please God and trow um in de fiah when I bin outdouse en bun um up. Tel yu trute, boss, I wan yu fah mek a suttent paatment twix me en de oman, cos I try my bes endebber fah git long widdum, en I cant do um fo sabe me life. I eben is much cum to town last Saterdy, en by um too stick o' candy, wun dem big squash oringe frum Mr. Burk en a cow head frum de maaket, fah try fah ketch de oman mine. en fashun e is a oman wa always dus lub buttermilk, I gone to de Rezar en git too a dem butter milk sup, en a mout orgin forum, yet stiil tedder e git closer to me ee git way frum me same luk crab, en e mout dis is long is garfish mout, en de bexation da upon um same luk chicken pon roose, en eye hab a ebul een um dis is bad is black cat in de night. I dun tek me mine off um now, en I ain want um no mo; so ef yu kin gee me a sceentific fo cut me en him in too, I'll tenk yu boss, en wen I cum back I will brung wun frissel chicken fo yu."

I am sorry old man, but I see nothing in your case that I can help you to mend you made a bad bargain may be but you must stick the tighter to it.

The old negro turned away in disgust and disappointment, saying as he went off to an old companion, "him say I mus stick tight torum, but I tel yu Bredder, de only way dem will mek we stick togedder, is fo mek tarbaby outer we. I tink de law mek fo de po as wel as de rich; but de man way kin get de best lawyer git off de eesiest; I yeddy de buckra da taak um, say jestic am gone bline, but e try fo open e eye when de muny fall pon de tabel. De law is a berry ticklish ting en do e hab de wate and scale da hole um up, dat ain no sign de scale ent akibber e eye sum time. Wen de doctor gib a man up mostly de chance fo lib is gone, en wen de lawyer gib yu up all yu munny gone. So eny how yu kin fix um, tings is in a berry confushion way, en de oman paat kin beat out de man ebry time. Well, bredder, ef yu gwine my paat la we go, ef you aint; gimme a chaw ob da pig-tail tobacker; good mawin' sah.

Matrimonial Infelicity.

"Sah, mawnin' Boss. Yu is de magister, enty Boss?"

I believe I am, replied the officer.

"Well, den sah, I hab a suttin zecetib pint way I want yu fah scribe pon in de cajun o' sum tangelment twix me en my lady name ob Caline, which of dat is e fus name wah e pauper gee um. Well sah, ef I must tell de trute dat is de baddis oman wa ebber mek in dis wul wid too fut en too han en eye en mout; e hab dis is brazenabul haat in e boddy is eny mule pon de plantashun en jis as cunnin is snake. Wen I fuss bin pay my expect torum e was a plesuntuble gal en I bin berry plese wid e compersashun and gwinin, and dough I did yeah dat e mawner bin a berry tagerry and moross oman, I nebber did tink de gal binner play kooter wid me ; dat gal nebber did long out e neck and tretch out e nale tel I marrid um in de matrimony, den atter dat e biggin by degrees fah onkibber e eye en show me e toe-nale. I try all I kin fah bring de gal to a bearin en a piousabul ecknowledge. I eben tek um to de succus rider en to de locus Bredderin to git um to a reckonsile, but yu jis as cheep fah pull pon a bridle wid a ole tired mule hitch torum as to planable wid dat oman."

"Go on," said the impatient Officer, "and tell me what she has done you, and what you wish me to do."

"All right, suh! Well, in de fuss place, e wunt patch me close en wash um, which of I ain hab but one pantloon;—lemme see gen: Two shirt, wun henkicher, wun sixspender (tarrer wun loss), en 1 pare a sock. Now, Boss, ent you know him oughter cud fix dem up in deestantable way fah Sundry? ee wunt feed de pig; ee wunt cook my bittul; ee la de fowl stray all ober de gaaden; ee bex wid me en fo spitement, e tek reef hook en cut me dog-tale off, close up to ee sholder, eben much de dog is me right hand fo ketch possum and ting; when I call um fo wuk, he cry say e teet da hut um en sune is I gone da feel, e gone nex nabor en kick ee heel da wid dem tarrer wun same luk cow in de spring wen wolf flie da light pon toper dem back." Now him and me doan blong to de same Church en las Sundry him axe me fo gee him a ten cent fah trow in klek-

coon bin strike um. De floah begin fo smoke, de skeeters dem da holler fiah, de perleece grab de fiah relaam en in bout tree minit de hook and ladder Buckra company git da, en wun a dem, cut de skeets off me fut wid e ax; knock de dawg in de hed, en choke de boy tel e eye tan luk damzel plum. En den foah I kin mek a suttin respplain, en gee um a exabin sensibul ob de confushun, de buckra man ketch me by de scruff o' me mek, en he shot me right tru a glass doah in de street; wen I cum to I bin up to me neck in a hoxil o' rain water de sit down. My bredda tain no cajun fo me fo tel yu dat I hab nuff a de ting, no, no, en now wen my mine car me back to de night, e mek me skin crawl wus er en wen rabbit run ober me grabe, en dat a I I cum to dis conclude, dat buckra fut mus be mek fo ride pon spool hoss, but nigger kin git long berry pon mule; en ef dem is expose fo truss dem neck on shish a fool ting as dat disha nigger, ten to sabe e ole bone fa de ole oman. Wen det cum fo me I want um fo fine me lenkwise een me bed; I aint want to ketch um on de fly wid rolin skeet, wid me hed onderneet me foot, en me eye tun upside down; no sah, ain wan shum no mo; en wile I hab a kind ob a domber-toot ankel ebber sense dat ntght, I tang gawd wid de weeken ob de eel skin, en de nintment on um backwood and forrud, I tink I will ober it; en ef ebber you ketch disha mosser nigger wid e fut en eny ting luk dat, cepin 'tis a number tirteen brogan shoes, you kin stan up in de ful majority ob oman en mans en tel me Uncle Peter, yu is a Falsify nigger!"

haffer caa me frum my Pauper house to him own."

And yet you say you are not married? "Well, sah! yu see I consider dis; ef de matrimony bin read, en de preacher bin mek a preechment on it, en ge me de sifficate fo hole, wid de two link, wid lub and refection on um, den sah, dat wood bin a dun ting, but e ain so; en ebin so, I nebber git ober de broomstick, cos I fall back pon de same side I jump frum en mek a dog-fall, en dat wummek de vigum twix we, en we nebber could reckonsele wid one narrer."

The Solicitor—Whom do you regard your husband now? "Me sah?" Yes! "I ain hab a gaad nuse fa narer wun e dem, all two a dem is counterfit, en I want ooner fo put a paatment twix me en dem, en fix a suttten peece Bond pon top a Nutgrass which enwy him da dog me en da foller me all roun', en ee da mek a grate treaten on my life, cos I da wash and patch en cook fo a nyung man, way lib in Cainhye billage."

How old are you, mauma?

"I bin a nyung gal in de big stoam; yes, sah, en I have grate gran chillun, but I doan feel expose to lib so, en gawd spay me life, en I ain ded by da time I tink I will draw a feelin fo disha nyung Bredder en marrid um in de Crismus, cos I is a pussun wa ebber did lib a deestant en onspettable life all de way cummin true frum Ole Mosser time tell now, en I doan wan no scanderlize pon my kerrecter.

The Judge. Mr. Solicitor, any witnesses on the point of marriage? If not, the charge of bigamy is not sustained.

As she tied her bandana tightly around her head, Amy walked out of the Court saying: "I ain see dis Big-Amy yet, but ef ooner doan put a kibber ober e mout, en I kin ketch um een de paat, den do I is a week widder oman, I nebber stop widum tell I lay him no I dis is a big Amy is ebber him kin bee.

Samson and Goliah.

My Belubbed Bredders and Lenkwise me Sisters .

De skosin dis ebenin' is tek frum een de book ob Ponchus Pilot, wa a Samsin and Goliah cum togedder in de ole feel behine de City of Gasey, and trow at one narrar wid brick and litewood-not, tell Samsin nock Goliah in de burr o' e year en kill um; den de Fillistine gone in de feel and ketch all ob Samsin ynung fox en coon en ting, en tie brume grass on he tale. Well, vamant all ketch to run, and dey run true de cawn feel, blong to Samsin fuss wife farrer, call by de name ob ole Mr. Noe, an' bun up de cawn and de peas an' ting en de rail fench rung de place tell he ketch de tupentine woods, en e bun dat up too, tell not a gawd ting bin leff fo' ole Mr. Noe an' e fambly fo' eat cepin some dem long Cushaw punkin which of e bring de seed fum out de aak wid um. Now, me brudder, needer scusin me sisters, dis is de two place in disha bibul wa a 'oman fuss mek a struction meker in dis wul, and I ponderate on dis case: I want oner to get de good understandin' how de fuss trubble cum in de wul. Ebe, you no, way de fuss one in dis wul fo' shoot of e mout en hab a brazen talk wid ole snake in gaden o' eden, en de snake bin so lub haws apple e clime pon tob de tree, stick e mout in de sof apple an' lick out e tung to Ebe, an' Ebe, ax um ef he sweet, an' e say: yes, my belubit, disha apple sweet same liker you, an' e trow a berry ceitful eye on Ebe, an' Ebe ketch up e cambric apun en hide e face, and de snake tell um say you farrer Adam da comin,' en e jump down de tree, an' Adam git so bexed wid um e draw e sode an cut off de snake tail dis below e shaut ribs, en fum dat to dis de snake tun to debil, but e bin dun laan Adam fo' clime de tree, an' him an' Ebe clean de ochid an' aint leff a blessed apple fo' de buckra fo' tase e mout wid. Well, de same snake en de same 'oman which of dat was de fus snake en de fus 'oman dat mek atter Cain kill Abel, and dat mek I tell you 'omanis a great struction meker.

De nex compersation in dish skosin is 'bout de nex 'oman wa do a bad ting and mek a great ramberlation name ob Delia him bin de second wife ob Samsin, an' a passel o' buckra pay um fo' scratch Samsin head tell e gone sleep, den e tek a big sheep shays en cut off ebry stran o' hair e hab 'pon e head, an' Samsin ketch cole in de top e head' an tek de remonia and ded fo' Dr. Naman could scribe de libin root for um.

In de book ob de postle Jeremiah, on de 304 leaf ob de

ninety-nine vus, an' de turty fuss page, de postle ses ef yu kin fine a good 'oman in dis wul gedder um to yu bussum wid brass hook an' shish-like, and nebber yu lugger um tell Gabriel soun' e hawn.

Judy been a narier, bad 'oman in dis wul, de baddest o' dem all cause he ceitful wid de lawd and master, foller um all 'bout tell e meet up wid wun ole Ju buckra 'oman name Pollyphemus en dem two contarragate togedder for sab um a mean trick in de gaaden o' guteronomy, en de ole buckra 'oman gee um 30 cent fo' done de damage; de patrol git on e trail en e dat scare tell e run in a kind ob e torney bush an de torn hang um up by e leff hind foot tell he ded en de society e blan to trow um in a hole in de Pottersfeel en kibber um up, en fum dat day tell dis de Pottersfeel mek fo' ded nigger; en dat mek yu see een ebry Pottersfeel yu kin fine dis between de fuss en de las fowl crow wun ole 'oman da siddown 'pon wun log or de fench wid e dress all tear up en da bite e finger-nale; ebry minit e kount de munny en e da sing a berry low speretual all de time; but taint ebrybody kin shum; yu haffer bawn wid cawl, nusser yu mus trow tree drop o' mediker man-toe in de leff han cawner ob yo' rite eye, which off yu must do disjis atter de clock scribe to 12 o'clock, en dis mus dun by a leff han' freemale gal chile; ef yu do dis yu kin go close up ter um, but yu can't tech um, cos dat is gens de law and de profit, cawdin to de book o' Faro, da is only one kine o' pussin kin tech um an' das a nung man wa bawn sense mansipashum en hab teet in e mout wene bawn, en e mus be a black cullud pusson cawdin to de scribe of Abraham Linkum. Efeber yu tetch um atter las foul crow all two dem tun to rabbit en yu will nebber shum gen tell e ketch by a shawt-tail yaller dog.

Now, my brudders an' me sisters, I sorry fo' tech 'pon 'oman kine dis ebenin wid shish a broad langride, but 'oman is a ting yu haffer talk berry plane to dem cause de eknolidge is is berry shawt, en wusser gen wid dem married 'oman, which off da is berry few o' dem wa ain married now, fo' ef yu talk de trut cawden to good book da is berry ap to tarragate and ramberooze wid yu en sum o' dem will git so bex tell dem haire tan pon de top o' dem hed same luk a Cruse pine, en tell yu say we dis da side wid de man gens dem, en shish a hilibilu is mek tell yu kin scarcely mek colleckshun fo' de circus rider. Now, a specify 'bout dis cause I yeddy say a passil o' 'oman ober in Bukley county tarra day raise a great ramberlation in

de chuch wid Bredder Mingo Funny, cos e tek e tex bout "Judy" en how e sab de Master in a ceitful way; de hole mix o' dem git at de bredder en run um out de pulpit, which and wy da most caws de det o' him bein as he wus compel to jump out de winder in de back ob de pulpit berry high fum de grown, ef didnt bin fo' a nail wa ketch de lass enn ob de linen dustes-obercoat wen e sail tru de winder de belubed bredder wood a fall rite pon top a cross cut saw, e teet same like rice-feel harrer en stan reddey fa ketch de subant o' de lawd is he leff de winder; but tenks to de livin Master de same sperit was wid de bredder dat sabe Shedrick and Ebeneeza in de fire of Funnes en all a disha struction mek Minda frum Pushee who da push ub all de 'omans in class 5 in de hell-hole dis trict a belly us gense de bibul en' e tell dem oman tis man wa mek de bibul en put een da 'bout "mankine" and not a gawd wud da een da bout "omankine," an' wusser gen dem say bredder Cosum Wilson preech to de "tribe of Joseph" in de six Sundry in Jinawerry dat 'oman hab a berry bad rickermendashun in de book ob Rebelation, en das a big ole 'oman by name o' Babylone, dres up in a Mudder-Hubbard frock mek out a blue an' red calico da ride 'pon a oxin wa hab seben hed an' ten hawn en a tale tree mile long, an him on de beese hab shish a mirashum to gedder e da kick up dem heel wid wun ole blue nose, rich buckra roun day tell Bellshadder haffa tek um and put de 'oman in jail, den cut off de beese tail and put ring troo e nose and tun een de pastor fo' graze.

Well, my dear belubbed sisters and bredders, all dis gwin-in is chillun ting, an' growin people nebber shud low e mine git een a contanglement wid de scriptur. My ole mausa nuse to hab wun ob de fust bibul wa mek in dis wul; e hab een um tree tousand leef mek outer gole, en de kibber mek outer hause hide ledder; de picter wa da in de book ain tan luk dis wul people, en de mooris wa da in day da 'oman and chillun, all a dem hab wing, sum da fly bout, sum light but berry few o' dem de man, so ef Sister Pusha say dem is no oman kine in de bibule cut a wrong pabel, en as to de oman wa e taak bout in Rebelation dat was a buckra oman enny how, en tain no nuse fo we fo mek quarril ober dat. But lemme tel yunna sumting, dis wul mek fo' we all; en we all mek fo' de wul; ebry Adam hab e Ebe en snake da een de wul tel yet, but e hed haffer bruse by de chillun ob de wul. Cain hab a sign in e forrid en e no cajun fo' put on fanner bas-

ket hat fo' hide um ; man mus wuk en de 'oman mus help um, caus 'oman bring de wuk, wich off e nebber wuder cum ef e didn' bin fo' him an de debble ob a rattle snake wa chaam um en mek um fogit e husban binness. En lastly, my sisters, I want yunna to gib a grate expect to yunna husban, en dem wa ain hab no husban mus do de same, fo' de man is hed o' de 'oman in ebry ting cepun fo' talk and mek up fire in de winter time ; but you mus draw a feelin' one to a nara caus de good book say yunna mus link togadder luk two link o' chain, en pull up de hill luk a ole Pharo hoss, en ef yu gentulmen discount yu drap 'pon yu knee en pray fo' um, and dat will be dis is gude as ef yu throw fire cole on e hed." At this, sister Johnsin, a lean, lanky sister, with no teeth in front, shouts at the preecher as follows : "I ain blebe in dat parabol kase I dun try um wid Hattime two time, wich of de fier bin a pua fat lightwood brangeen, en Iswea' de nigger ent mine um much as he mine fedder 'pon e hed, an' den e hed on de top bin clean is yu han' way mausa ole wite hause bin bite um wun time." Preacher—"Ef you only bin put a little fat on de fire en sum carasene ile Hattime nebber wouder wear e hat no mo."

Well, bredrin, dis skosin mus hab a een en fashin some 'o oner da sleep en da nod I wunt tek up de las een o' dis skosin dis ebenin; I will leff dat fo' nex chusday night, at sister McCottry house, on de aige o' Kilsock Bay. Wile de bredders and sisters jine in singin' "Climin up de Golden Stairs." I'll pint brudders Haclus Manigalt and Jupiter Keit to han' roun' de benfit hat, cos sum munny hab to cum fo' it well nowin' dat all preacher ob de gospel hafer eat and drink dis is wel is enny body, an' jurin de singin' ob de las vus, sister Peggy Green an' Miss Sharrum will fetch in de coffy en de waasness.