

**BY THE JUDGE COMPROMISED.**

[Sam W. Small.]  
 "Old man, the charge is assaulting  
 An officer of the court,  
 And resisting the execution  
 Of a warrant (says the report),  
 In a suit for rent non-payment,  
 By a Mistress Mary Lee.  
 Are you guilty, or not guilty?  
 I'm ready to hear your plea."  
 "Well, Judge, I 'spec I 'se guilty  
 On 'medjment by de law  
 On what I dun ter de ge'man,  
 An' jed'in' lit in de raw;  
 But, Judge, w'en yer heads de statemun'  
 How de francs cum ter be,  
 I hopes yer'll make de sentunse  
 Lz light ez yer kin on me."  
 "Yer see, Miss Mary am sickly,  
 A puny mite ob a t'ing,  
 An' loss her onlies' husband'  
 Dess a yeah ago last spring.  
 Dey wuz po' an' libbin' skimpy  
 On de leetle he yearned at law,  
 'Kase dey nach'ully loss dere forchin  
 At de busin' up o' de wahn."  
 "An' sense Marse Lee was taken  
 An' lef' her all alone,  
 She ain't had but almos' nuffin,  
 Dat she cud call her own;  
 An' me an' my ole 'oman,  
 A-knowin' her sense she's bo'n,  
 Divided our rashun's wid'er  
 Ter he p'er, off an' on."  
 "But vist' day mawnin' 'arly  
 W'en dis bailiff cum ter han'  
 An' swo' he 'uz gwine ter lebbey  
 On her ob'ry pot an' pan,  
 I beckon' 'im 'round de co'ner,  
 An' axed 'im 'Don't be brash,  
 An' I'll git yer up de munny  
 By pawndin' sum o' my trash."  
 "But he wouldn't wait fer er minnit  
 An' sed dat she had ter go—  
 Dat he 'uz gwine ter seeze de premiss'  
 An' batten up de do'!"  
 Den, Judge, I fergot he 'uz bailiff  
 An' sarvin' a writ ob cote—  
 Fer my h'art an' mem'ry tangl'd  
 An' lodg'd heah in my th'otel!  
 "I dess seed dat bailiff libbin'  
 Fer long befo' de wahn.  
 In er house Old Marster gib 'im  
 'Ter sheitah his po' ole ma;  
 An' de patch he had fer nuffin'  
 On de udder side de creek—  
 A' me a-totin' 'em rashuns  
 Dess coas' unly ebery weak."  
 "An' de way dis bailiff wuz actin'  
 Ter Ole Marse's onlies' chile  
 Dess made my han's feel savidge  
 An' all my blood ter bile!  
 I fergot erbout cots an' cullers,  
 An' de case warden't none ob mine,  
 I wuz back on de ole plantashun,  
 An' a-actin' on dat line!"  
 "An' dat am de reezin, jestly,  
 I couldn't keep out'r check,  
 But tuck 'im up by de slack-ban'  
 An' by 'is skrawny neck  
 An' liff'ed 'im ober de pickets,  
 But dar I los' my grip—  
 An' dat's whut made 'im, I reckun,  
 Hit de pavement so k'blip!"  
 "That will do," the Judge said dryly;  
 "Code, section eighteen—ten—  
 Some ass put that here, likely—  
 But you're discharg'd, Old Ben!  
 Put up that window there, bailiff—  
 It's too warm here for me!  
 Mr. Clerk, say 'fined five dollars,  
 And here's your green old V."

**Told in His Own Way.**

A COLORED man named Bob Tompkins was on trial last week before an Austin justice for assault. Old Uncle Mose was one of the leading witnesses for the State. The main point was whether or not Tompkins had given any provocation to bring on the row.  
 "Now, tell this jury all you know about the affair," said the justice.  
 "Kin I tell de jury all I knows in my own way?" asked old Mose.  
 "Yes, tell the jury what you know in your own way."  
 Old Mose turned solemnly to the expectant jurymen:  
 "Gem'mens ob de jury, you am de meanest-lookin' crowd eber I seed—"  
 "Stop!" howled the attorney for the State.  
 "Your honor will incarcerate the witness for contempt of court!" howled the attorney for the prisoner.  
 The foreman of the jury got up and asked the court to protect the jury from insult.  
 "Witness, if you insult the jury again I shall certainly resort to extreme measures."  
 "I'm not gwine ter consult nobody ef you don't interfere wid me," said old Mose, sullenly.  
 "Proceed."  
 "Gem'mens ob de jury, you am de meanest-lookin' crowd eber I seed outside ob a jail—"  
 The prosecuting attorney jumped up and down. The foreman of the jury once more howled, "Your honor!" The constable laid his heavy hand on the collar of old Mose, when the latter calmly repeated to the jury:  
 "You am be meanest-lookin' crowd eber I seed outside ob a jail. Dem was de berry words de prisoner dar used when he fust come inter de bar-room, and which led to de row."  
 The foreman sat down quick. The attorneys doubled up like jackknives with suppressed laughter. His honor smiled. The spectators roared; while old Mose, with a surprised look of childish innocence, once more said, emphatically, to the cowed jurymen:  
 "You am de meanest-lookin' crowd eber I seed outside ob de jail."

**CHILDREN'S RHYMES.**

**A Learned Professor Discourses On "Feny, Menev, Miney, Mo"—A Study In International Folk-Lore.**

A dignified professor, with a bald head, says the New York Sun, began a lecture before the New York Academy of Sciences last evening in a Columbia College class-room as follows:

Feny, menev, miney, mo,  
 Catch a nigger by the toe;  
 If he hollers let him go,  
 Feny, menev, miney, mo.  
 One-ery, two-ery, ziccorzy zan,  
 Wickabo, wockabo,  
 Crickabo, crockabo,  
 Tillery tan.  
 Entery, mentery, koutery, kall,  
 Apple seed and apple sail,  
 Wire, brier, limber, lock,  
 Three geese in a flock.  
 One flies east, one flies west,  
 And one flies over the cuckoo's nest.  
 Eenery, teenery, tickery, teven,  
 I'll go marry ten or eleven;  
 Pin, pan, musky Dan,  
 Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one.

The dignified Professor was Dr. H. Carlington Bolton, and his subject was "The Counting-out Rhymes of Children: A Study in International Folk Lore." Dr. Bolton was formerly a Professor in Trinity College, Hartford. He has just returned from a tour in Europe. He explained to the audience that these rhymes and many others which he had picked up in twenty languages were used by children in their game to determine who should have the most undesirable part. A leader repeated the doggerel rhyme, and the child on whom the last word fell was set free. Those remaining went through the same ordeal until the last one remained, who was "it." This "it," Dr. Bolton said, is a very polite expression in the games of English-speaking children, for in German the one who is "it" is called a "wolf" instead of "it," in Japanese, "oui," or "little devil," in Malagasy, "bucca," or "leper," and in Hawaiian, "crazy one."

Prof. Bolton said he had collected counting-out rhymes in twenty languages, civilized, half-civilized and barbarous. Among these languages are the Penobscot Indian, Japanese, Arabic, Turkish, Malagasy, Bulgarian, Armenian, Swedish, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, Spanish and Basque. The Bulgarian child rhymes, he said, were too pronounced for repetition, but he recited examples in a dozen languages. In Dutch he had collected fourteen counting-out rhymes, in German 269, and in English 454. Altogether, by corresponding with scholars in all parts of the world, he had obtained 860 counting-out rhymes.

One of the most common jingles in all languages was the familiar

One, two, buckle my shoe;  
 Three, four, shut the door;  
 Five, six, pick up sticks;  
 Seven, eight, lay them straight, etc.

There is a fund of curious allusions in the doggerel rhymes, Dr. Bolton continued. Here is one picked up after the expedition of the Emperor Napoleon into Russia:

The First Lieutenant was so neat  
 He stopped in battle to wash his feet.

Another, which shows how ancient the patter is, is:

Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews,  
 Slipped off his slippers and slipped on his shoes  
 A modern instance showing local coloring in the United States is:

There was a little rattlesnake,  
 He ate too much of wedding cake,  
 And made his little belly ache.

As to the origin of almost all of the children's doggerel, Dr. Bolton said he believed it descended from remote antiquity. The ancients were accustomed to cast lots in the most solemn acts of life. It was considered an appeal to the Almighty. In the Middle Ages casting lots was degraded to a superstition and charlatans used unmeaning formulas to impose on the people, pretending to cure diseases and forecast the future. In the well-known doggerel:

Eekery, ackery, ukery an,  
 One-ery, two-ery, etc.

The "eekery" is Sanskrit for "one." It is probable, Prof. Bolton said, that "ackery" was originally a word also.

There was only one corrupt Latin verse that Dr. Bolton could remember. It is:

In hoc Domine, quod,  
 Duck's foot plump in the mud.

It is probable that the jingles that the children now use in games were formerly written on papers and hung around the necks of people in the Middle Ages to keep off the plague or to cure hydrophobia, gout and rheumatism.

Children nowadays, however, are inclined to improve on the old doggerel. Dr. Bolton had interviewed a good many children in all languages, and found it difficult to understand them. Consonants were not preserved, and vowels were of no account to the children. As an illustration of his difficulty, Dr. Bolton wrote this word on the black-board:

PHTH-OLO-GN-YRRH.

This was the way a man named Turner wrote his name, and when asked to justify his spelling, he said:

"Pth" in "phthisic" is sounded 't,'  
 "olo" in "Colonel" is sounded 'ugh,'  
 "gn" in "gnaw" is 'n,' and 'yrrh' in 'myrrh' is sounded 'r.'

Dr. Bolton gave this example of the manner in which children change the rhymes. In the Eastern States there is a jingle which runs as follows:

John says to John how much are your geese?  
 John says to John twenty cents apiece;  
 John says to John that is too dear,  
 John says to John get out of here.

On the Pacific coast this has been changed to:

Chin Chong, Chinaman, how much are your geese?  
 Chin Chong, Chinaman, twenty cents apiece, etc.  
 The latest discovery dug up by Dr. Bolton was this:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
 All good children go to heaven.  
 All bad children go below,  
 To keep company with Guiteau.

**HEARSAY.**

About every day or two one sees the question in print: "Will the year 1900 be a leap year?" It will not, says the Hartford Times. When Julius Caesar revised the calendar he appointed an extra day every four years; and his calendar lasted until A. D. 1582. Now the ordinary year is eleven minutes and eleven seconds short of being 365 1/4 days in length, so that there isn't really a full-sized extra day to be added to February every four years. Caesar didn't know this, or didn't care about, and for 1,600 years we kept borrowing from the future, until in 1582 we'd borrowed ten days. Pope Gregory XIII. started to correct this. He ordered October 5, 1582, to be called October 15, and, to square things, ordered that centennial years should not, as a rule, be leap years. But if leap year is omitted regularly each hundredth year, we pay back nearly a day too much; so Pope Gregory further ordered that every centennial year which could be divided by 400 should be a leap year after all. So we borrow eleven minutes each year from the future, more than pay our borrowings back by omitting three leap years in three centuries, and finally square matters by having a leap year in the fourth centennial year. This arrangement is so exact that we borrow more than we pay back to the extent of only one day in 3,800 years. Sixteen hundred was a leap year, 2000 will be, but 1900 will not be. Any centennial year that can be divided by 400 will be a leap year.