

The Port Tobacco Times.



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Selected Poetry.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.
To —
An oval moon floats low and pale
Beneath a sky of matchless stars;
Heaven's warriors close their ranks of mail,
And almost clash their shining cars!

The chorus of those conquering hosts—
The songs their marching legions raise—
Were heard as far as Earth's dim coasts,
'Tis said, by men of ancient days.

For us that music sounds no more.
We long and listen—all in vain!
And Life would be a silent shore,
But for one wailing, mortal strain.

I hear it now! for Love's bright heaven
Reigns cloudless in my breast to-night.
Sweet thoughts of thee, like starbeams, leave
The darkness through and through with light.

Proud hopes and memories shine and roll
O'er coming and o'er bygone years,
'Sull quiring' to my listening soul
A very music of the spheres!

Ah! how they multiply their beams,
Till night becomes as bright as day;
Their glorious heaven, how close it seems!
How real is each reflected ray!

Yet Love's own planet is not there;
Her Venus, large, and close, and clear,
Will only rise—the earth and air,
Will only rise—when thou art near.

When thy dear eyes, like gentle stars,
Shine through my happy, happy tears;
When thy sweet-sounding voice unbars
Its prisoned music in mine ears.

When at thy softly-murmuring lips,
And on thy breathing, beating, breast,
I drink the enchanted cup that dips
The draught which lays the heart to rest.

Remarkable Narrative.

The Mysterious Writing.

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, in the south of England, and there bred up to a sea-faring life.

When about thirty years of age, and in the year 1828, he was first mate of a bark trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages, bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having reached the eastern portion of the banks of Newfoundland, the Captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work. The cabin—a small one—was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descended to it athwart ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state room, and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the state room. The desk in the state room was in the forward part of it, close to the door, so that any one sitting at it, and looking over his shoulder, could see into the cabin.

The mate absorbed in his calculations, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead reckoning, had not noticed the Captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round:

"I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question glancing over his shoulder, and perceived, as he thought, the Captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he arose, and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised his head; and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward, but as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was none whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him, and instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon the deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the Captain's attention.

"Why, Mr. Bruce," said he, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there is, sir. There's a stranger there."

"A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked full in my face, and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"Him! Whom?"

"God knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated.

"I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but, if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man, go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color; "but, if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The Captain descended the stairs, and the mate following. Nobody in the cabin. They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul to be found.

"Well Mr. Bruce," said the Captain, "did I not tell you, you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn't see that writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again?"

"Ah! writing on the slate. Then it should be there still." And the Captain took it up. "By heaven!" he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate, and there in plain, legible characters, stood "Steer to the north-west."

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" demanded the Captain, in a stern manner.

"On my word, as a man and a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told the truth."

The Captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over, and pushing it toward Bruce, he said:

"Write down 'Steer to the north-west.'"

The mate complied, and the Captain, after narrowly comparing the two handwritings, said:

"Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came, and, at the Captain's request, wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the Captain sat in deep thought.

"Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide-and-seek. Order all hands up."

Every nook and corner of the vessel from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all eagerness of excited curiosity, for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board, but not a living soul beyond the crew and officers was found.

Returning to the cabin, after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the Captain, "what do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind keep her away and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place; it's only a few hours lost at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on the deck and give the course north-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added as the mate rose to go, have a lookout aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock, the lookout reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the Captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they have to, and sent out boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept; in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions, and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionably great.

As one of them, who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck, was ascending the ship's side the mate catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before looking up at him from the Captain's desk!

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy, but the more he examined the man the more positive he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress, exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the bark on her course again, the mate called the Captain aside.

"It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir—the man's alive."

"What do you mean, sir? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the Captain, "this gets more singular. Let us go and see this man."

They found him in conversation with the Captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed in the warmest terms their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow coming death by exposure and starvation.

The Captain replied that he had but done what he was certain would have been done for him under the same circumstances, asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then turning to the passenger, he said:

"I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you, but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate."

And he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write 'Steer to the north-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile.

The Captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then stepped aside so as to conceal the face of the passenger, he turned it over and gave it to him again with the other side up.

"You say that is your handwriting," said he.

"I need not say so, for you saw me write it," rejoined the other, looking at it.

And this," said the Captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing then at the other, quite confounded.

"What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of them. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir; my mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk at noon to-day."

The Captain of the wreck and passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise, and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"

"No, sir; not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the Captain of the bark. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," rejoined the other, "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I have intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman," pointing to the passenger, "being much ex-

hausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more he awoke and said to me 'Captain, we will be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he stated that he had dreamed that he was on board a bark, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig; and to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said, yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To Him be all thanks for his goodness to us."

Selected Miscellany.

ASCOT.

From the death of Charles II., the most thorough of regal turfmen, racing in England gradually languished. James II. loved horses, but he loved the Roman Catholic faith still more, and consequently had but a very brief time to shed the light of his countenance as king upon the race course.—William III. patronized racing as sovereign, but not from any personal predilection for the sport, which continued to decline from the glories of Newmarket, in the time of Charles II., until it was revived by George III.'s uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, who bred Marsk and his 6th Eclipse, and Herod, who not only like Eclipse beat every horse that could be brought into contest with him at four, five, and six years old, but transmitted a better and more numerous stock to posterity than any horse on record. From him sprang Highflyer.

It was the Duke of Cumberland who founded the races of Ascot Heath, which have since become so famous, and George IV., who won the Derby in 1788, contributed largely to make Ascot, as well as Goodwood, the most agreeable of race meetings.

It would, indeed, be impossible to find ground better suited in every respect in the warmest terms their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow coming death by exposure and starvation.

The Ascot Heath, which is a large expanse of high ground, forming a sort of plateau, in the parish of Winkfield, Berks, twenty-eight miles from London and six from Windsor Castle. Ascot originally formed part of the immense wild woodland known as Windsor Forest, which covered nearly 60,000 acres. When the forest was in great part enclosed, early in this century, Ascot was, by special clause in the act of enclosure, set aside for ever as a public racing ground.

The great races which take place in England during the summer have a character all their own. Epsom is the race ground of the people, Ascot of the upper hundred thousand, and Goodwood of the upper fifty thousand. The first inroad upon the exclusiveness of Ascot was the opening of the Great Western Railway to Windsor, and when the South Western came to deposit visitors almost at the foot of the grand stand the character of the meeting necessarily underwent a further change. Still it is a very different gathering to the Derby, and the least so in respect to the large attendance of ladies, from the Princess of Wales downwards, who are very sparse on Epsom Downs. There is a local character about Ascot. For fifteen miles around the heath to-night every bed in every country house will be occupied, and there are few periods more to be enjoyed than Ascot week in a pleasant country house. Many visitors still prefer to go down to Windsor, and then take the delicious drive through its princely avenues to the park, whilst some are wise enough to have their horses to meet them, and avoiding dust and heat, canter over the soft turf beneath the venerable trees of "the Long Walk."

The long line opposite the stands is crowded with coroneted carriages and splendid regimental drags. Half the officers of Her Majesty's army seem to be there talking to pretty girls and quaffing champagne. When the visitor passes from their gay ranks into the enclosure and ascends to his place on the grand stand he is charmed in the pauses of the races by drinking in the lovely prospect before him. In the foreground is the wide heath; far away to the right is Windsor Park, an ocean of greenery; whilst on the left the eye wanders over a delightful country, studded with smiling villages, stately homes, and glorious timber.

It is satisfactory to observe that the Ascot Stakes were won Tuesday by a nobleman of the type best calculated to restore to the English turf some-thing of the character which it lost when the late Lord Hastings and those who assisted to ruin him were so conspicuous on it. Lord Londale is a man of unexceptionable character and vast wealth, whose influence in sporting matters may be compared to that of the late Lords Derby and George Bentinck.—N. Y. World.

A New Comet.

The inhabitants of this part of the world are likely, before long, to enjoy the evening entertainment of a brilliant comet, which is now barely visible in the western sky; but it is approaching the earth and sun with great velocity, and will soon be a conspicuous object in the heavens. This comet was first seen on the 17th of April, at Marseilles, France. It was discovered here June 8th, by Professor Lewis Swift, of Rochester, N. Y., who gives the following particulars:

"It is approaching both the sun and the earth with a constantly accelerated velocity, arriving at perihelion (nearest the sun) and perigee (nearest the earth) about the 1st of August. I see nothing, therefore, to prevent its being a very conspicuous and beautiful object in the western sky during the months of July and August. It is now situated, at 1 o'clock in the morning, directly beneath the polar star, and about twenty-five degrees from it, and is just visible to the naked eye.—With an opera glass it can be easily seen as a hazy nebulous mass, with a bright point a little to one side.—Through my telescope of four and a half inches aperture, six feet focus, it presents a tail filling the whole field, with a low power of thirty-six. So directly toward us it is moving it seems almost to stand still, its slight deviation from a given apparent motion toward *B. Ursae Majoris*. It is now visible all night, but will soon be so only in the early hours of evening, setting in the northwest."

At the time of its nearest approach to the earth the moon should be absent, we may expect, from indications to be treated with a cometary display which may rival the transit of Venus in popular as well as in scientific interest. The comet will be brightest on the evening of August 3, being then 245 times as bright as at the time of discovery, while now it is only 54 times as bright; and as the moon will be absent, it will be subjected to spectroscopic analysis under circumstances more favorable than may occur again in many years. It will then be about 5° from Denabola, the brightest star in Leo."

Pneumatic Tubes.

The London Times gives us a description of the Atmospheric Tubes now in use in that city to convey packages and the mails. A tube of the same kind is under construction in Washington, and the adoption of such means of transit for all large cities is only a question of time.

The length of the tube is just a mile and three-quarters; it is of a flattened horseshoe section, five feet wide, and four and a-half high at the centre, having a sectional area of seventeen square feet. The straight portions of the line are formed of a cast-iron tube, the curved lengths being constructed in brick work, with a facing of cement. The gradients are easy, the two chief are one in forty-five and one in sixty, some portions on the line being on the level, and the sharpest curve is that near the Holborn station, which is seventy feet radius. The tube between Holborn and the postoffice lack one hundred and two yards of a mile. The gradients of one in fifteen on the postoffice, in no wise prove inimical to the working of the system. The wagons or carriers, weighing twenty-two cwt., are ten feet four inches in length, and have a traverse contour conforming to that of the tube; they are, however, of a slightly smaller area than the tube itself, the difference—about an inch all round—being occupied by a flange of india-rubber, which causes the carriers to fit the tube exactly, and so to form a piston upon which the air acts. For propelling the carriers, the machinery consists of a steam engine having a pair of twenty-four inch cylinders with twenty-inch stroke. The engine drives a fan twenty-two feet six inches in diameter, and the two are geared together in such a manner that one revolution of the former gives two of the latter. The trains are drawn from the stations by exhaustion, and are propelled to those points by pressure.—The working of the fan, however, is not reversed to suit these constantly varying conditions; it works continuously, the alternate action of pressure and exhaustion being governed by valves.

Mr. Aunt Susan says:—"Suppose all men were in one country, all the women in another, with a big river between, and no boats or bridges, good gracious! what lots of poor women would be drowned."

One of the best writers of the present time asks: "What will not woman do for the man she loves?" We answer she will not eat onions while going to a party, no matter how much she loves him.

China has streets paved with granite blocks laid over three hundred years ago, and as good as new. The contractors are dead.

He has left a void that cannot easily be filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

A BLACK CORONER'S JURY.

From the New York Sun.
NEW SMYRNA, Fla., May 4.—Some time ago one Black, a mulatto clergyman, lost overboard a bag of tools while sailing up Spruce Creek, a tributary of the Halifax river. Among the blacks Black was an important personage. He preached with great union, collected a handful of small stamps once a week, did an occasional job of carpentering, and was the only negro on the eastern coast of Florida south of St. Augustine owning a boiled shirt. The loss of his tools was a serious misfortune. He could not give them up without endeavoring to recover them. So a reward of one dollar was offered for their return. The news spread among the settlements, and negroes flocked to the shore of Spruce Creek. They stripped, and began to dive for the lost articles. The water was so deep that they found it difficult to bring up bottom. Convinced that the chances were against them, all but one gave up the search. This one was a good swimmer, known as Ephraim.

THE FATE OF POOR EPHRAIM.
The plucky fellow spent several hours in the water, but finally caught a cramp and was drowned before his comrades could rescue him. They recovered the body and were about to bury it near the beach, when the circumstances came to the ears of Justice Sutton, an appointee of the carpet-bag Governor. Now in Florida the duties of Coroners devolve upon Justices of the Peace at the rate of ten dollars per corpse, payable in State or county scrip. Justice Sutton went for his ten dollars with the vim of a Twelfth Ward politician. He ordered an inquest.—Material for a jury was under his nose, and he utilized it. After the corpse was drawn up under the palm-trees Ephraim's black comrades were imprisoned. It was an odd jury. One was without a shirt, another without a coat, a third destitute of a hat, and a fourth minus half of his pantaloons. There was not a pair of suspenders in the whole party. Three wore cowhide brogans, without stockings; the others were barefoot. All were greatly alarmed at the action of the Justice. They loudly proclaimed their innocence, and begged to be let off.

"Compose yourselves, gentlemen," said Mr. Sutton. "You are not prisoners, but American citizens called upon to fulfill a duty which you owe to society."

"Somebody done told you a mighty lie, Judge," interposed one of the astonished negroes. "We nebber owe no 'sisty nothing. Don't owe nobody nuffin. Mus' be some older enberr'd mens' s'ides we."

"Oh, good Lord!" exclaimed the Justice. "You're not on trial. You are a jury—a coroner's jury. You are to be sworn in, and do the best you can under the circumstances. Nobody cares whether you owe anybody anything or not."

A FEW SIMPLE QUESTIONS.
The frightened negroes were more than reassured by this explanation. They began to assume an air of importance.

"As I have no Bible at hand," the Justice continued, "you will be compelled to affirm. Hold up your right hands."

"Am dat ah' 'sisty right, Judge?" asked one of the proposed jurymen, whose trousers were held in place by an old fish line.

"Certainly it's right," replied Sutton.—"Why not?"

"Am it 'sisty to de law?" was the next question. "Guilty, capin'" answered the "ord" to de law, as called gentlemen don't do de law to do wid dis yah' murder."

"Why, good Lord, man," exclaimed the Justice, "who said it was a murder? Everybody can see that it's nothing but an accident."

"Well, den," concluded the questioner, "why you done made all dis yah' fussin' for?"

"It isn't me," the Justice answered. "It's the law. This body has been formed. The law directs me to impanel a jury. That jury must hear the evidence, retire, find out who the dead man is and how he came by his death, and return a verdict in accordance with the facts. Can't you see?"

WHERE THE COLORED MAN COMES IN.
The Justice was warming up. The negroes looked as though they wanted to know all about it, before they were sworn in.

"How much you gwine to git for dis yah' job, Judge?" asked another of the impatient jurymen.

"The law allows me ten dollars," said Mr. Sutton. "But that has nothing to do with your duties in the case. Your course is explicitly laid down by the law."

The negroes conferred together for a few moments. Justice Sutton was becoming impatient when one of them stepped over the corpse and asked him "whar de culled man came in."

"What do you mean?" asked the astounded civil officer.

"De law done gwine for to drop ten dollars for you," said the sapient negro.—"Whar de law done gwine for to drop for we?"

"The law regards your work as a duty you owe to yourselves and society, and don't allow you anything," answered the Justice. "You don't want pay for working for yourselves, do you?"

"Den we finds de wardict and de money—am dat de law, an' you takes all de money—am dat de law?"

"The law allows me a fee, and doesn't provide a fee for you," indignantly responded Mr. Sutton. "Hold up your right hands."

"Dis yere's jis like de ole plantation times," grumbled one of the darkeys. "Ole massa he got all de money, an' de culled man he do all de work."

"Hold up your right hands," repeated the Justice.

The negroes eyed him as if meditating a mutiny.

"Hold up your right hands," thundered his honor.

SWORN IN—THE INQUEST.
The colored men hesitated. Then one black hand was slowly raised in the air. The others followed it like the dumb blackbirds of a shooting gallery. The Justice repeated the oath, but his hearers remained dumb.

"Say 'we do,'" he shouted.

"We do," echoed the trembling negroes.

"Lower your hands," commanded the Justice, and the blackbirds dropped from their perches. The jury then squatted upon the furze about the dead man. They were cowed, but not convinced that everything was right.

"Gentlemen," spoke the Justice after all had squatted, "you are now sworn to perform the functions of the law. The law is explicit in its definition of the duties of a coroner's jury. The law prescribes that testimony shall be taken. In this case that is a mere matter of form, for you yourselves were witnesses of the death of this man. The law, however, requires that you shall carefully weigh the evidence, ascertain how the man died, who he was, and so on. This you will do by virtue of your oaths as jurors."

The witnesses were then produced.—Their evidence was very clear. Ephraim had gone into the water with the intention of making an honest dollar by diving for Parson Black's tools. While his companions watched him from the bank of the stream, he sank, and was not seen again until his body was grappled and drawn ashore. The jury eagerly listened to all that was said, but asked no questions.—They were evidently afraid of the Justice, and looked upon the whole thing as a sort of Youton ceremony. His honor summed up by saying: "Gentlemen, you will now retire, and after carefully weighing the testimony return with a verdict."

THE JOLLY MOCKING BIRDS.
The jury withdrew to the scrub. Their voices were soon heard above the music of the mocking birds who had gathered in the trees about them. The negroes were having a hot dispute, and the birds seemed to be enjoying the scene. In a few minutes one of the colored men returned, and told the Justice that the jury had sent him for the testimony.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Sutton. "I haven't got the testimony. You heard the evidence, and have got all there is of it. There is no more testimony."

The black man shook his head, and rejoined his fellow jurymen. He had been three minutes, however, he reappeared.

"Ef de debil de jury done gwine to weigh it, how de debil de jury done gwine to weigh it?" he asked.

"Weigh it in your minds," screamed the eldest of the Justice's hearers. "You heard all the evidence, and you're to decide upon it, not mine."

Back went the dumbfounded jurymen. The mocking birds pitched in with renewed energy, but the voices of the disputing jurors were still heard above their shrill whistling. At last the noise partly died away, and the jury were seen picking their way through the scrub. The Justice approached his Honor and asked permission to examine the body. He assented, and Ephraim was thoroughly overhauled. They felt of his pulse, put their ears to his heart, turned an old jack knife and several nickels out of his pocket, and looked in his mouth. "Done gone," said the jurymen with the fish-line belt, and all again retired to the scrub.

THE FIRST VERDICT.
They were gone but a few seconds. On their return Justice Sutton pulled a blank book and pencil from his pocket, and prepared to record the verdict.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "have you found a verdict in this case?"

"Yes, sah," was the reply.

"What is it?" asked his Honor, wetting the end of his pencil.

"De wardict am dat de culled man am dead, an' dat he had no business out dah on de watah."

"Good God!" exclaimed Sutton. "Is that all?"

"Dat am de wardict," was the answer.

"Now look here," Sutton broke out.—"For God's sake, what's the matter with you? Haven't you common sense?—An' cursed fool knows the man is dead.—He was out in the water, was caught by cramps, and drowned. It's as plain as the nose on your face. The law makes it your duty to ascertain the cause of his death.—You haven't even found out his name. Go back and bring in a common sense verdict, or I'll fine every mother's son of you. The man was caught by cramps, and drowned. That's all there is of the case."

THE LAST VERDICT.
The terrified jury walked back to the scrub, and the jolly mocking-birds greeted them with a new flood of melody.—They were out nearly twenty minutes. Justice Sutton, book and pencil in hand, impatiently waited their return. The weather was hot, and the negroes came out of the scrub with streaming faces. They had had a hard time. They brought in the following verdict:

"De culled man am dead. His name it am Ephraim Jenkins. The cause of his death it am crabs. Crabs done caught him, an' he am drowned."

If the poles of a magnetic battery had been applied to Sutton's temples he could not have been more excited. "D—n your stupid souls," he cried. "Did you ever hear of a crab big enough to catch a nigger?"

"Hole on dah, Judge," broke in one of the jurymen. "Dat am an' your wardict. You done told de jury dat de crabs caught Eph, and he am drowned."

"Crabs be d—d!" shrieked his Honor. "I said cramps. Get away from here quick or I'll put a fine on every man of you.—Hope I may be shot if I ever put another nigger on a jury."

The colored men sloped, and Sutton fixed up the verdict to suit himself. They had intended to fine the clergyman \$10 for dropping the tools in the river, because," said they, "us ought to make de money well as de Judge." Up to this hour they firmly believe that they were outrageously swindled.

ZISKA.