

## Five Minutes at the Police Court.

Monday morning dawned on the Police Court like a streak of gold or a polished preserve kettle, and beaming in at the windows illuminated the sad countenances of a large number of the force, Owens alone being missing, and they seemed to be discussing some subject of general interest.

How the harmonium was paid for was under discussion, and it was a subject that had often arisen in their minds; and some few, more inquisitive than the rest, had often been on the point of asking Owens; but now their curiosity was worked up to an awful pitch and know they must. A committee was appointed to question Owens on the subject when he came in, and all felt sure of arriving at the true state of affairs.

When Owens entered his brow was clouded with care, and his lips were moving as if in communion with the inner man, but some said he was swearing. After a moment's hesitation the committee approached him, and broached the subject with the point blank question—"How did you get the harmonium?"

"I didn't steal it," was the gruff reply, and the committee shrank back; but, "screwing their courage to the sticking point," they again repeated the question.

There was a pause. The committee fidgetted. Owens moved his lips as if in prayer, gazed up at the ceiling, contemplatively eyed a cobweb, counted the nails in a particular board in the floor, ran his eyes along the cracks to see if there were any stray pins in them, glanced at the committee, but never opened his mouth. "Mum" was the word. Then the committee repeated the query.

Without a word, and with a face as unmoved as a piece of marble, Owens looked up, heaved a deep sigh, took a ponderous watch out of his pocket and held it up to the ear of one of the committee. There was a longer and deeper silence than any yet, and the committee, understanding the significance of the action, quietly withdrew, and entered into an animated discussion of the subject, while Owens sat apart buried in profound abstraction. After a few moments he suddenly jumped to his feet, thumped the floor with his stick, and exclaimed:—

"Boys! The harmonium was purchased on credit, and as the man's tired waiting he's coming for it to-day. Boys, I throw myself upon your generosity—I'll take up a collection."

And then, hat in hand, he went round to take up a collection.

One threw in an old cent, another a button, Briggs deposited a tongueless jewsharp, and pieces of tobacco, and numerous other articles of no value, which gradually gattered in the pockets of every man who has any, were thrown in, and when he had gone round, Owens stood out in front of them and in a voice of mild reproof said:—

"Boys, I'm much obliged to you, but buttons, bad cents, rusty nails and broken matches won't pay for the harmonium."

And as he threw the hatful of trash in the stove, a dray rumbled up to the door and filled him with greater woe than ever the sound of the Black Maria's wheels filled any prisoner, for it was the men for the harmonium. He then seated himself at the harmonium and poured forth the following parting strain in a manner that was heart-rending and touching in the extreme:—

"There is no pain like that of parting,  
When friends but meet to part,  
And each one is inward smarting  
From a fullness of the heart.

Farewell, farewell harmo-ni-um!  
The hour when we must part has come.

Oh, many a prisoner's going up  
In sweetest tones you've sung!  
Oh, many a time a triumph loud  
Upon the air you've rung!

And we must part! It grieves me sore  
The thought to entertain;  
I weep, but naught but cash  
Can bring you back again.

And shutting the instrument up with a bang he seized his hat and fled, while the men came forward and removed it. They got it on the dray, and were driving off as his Honor entered, and as he hung his coat and hat up, he mildly enquired, "Whose funeral is that?" And Briggs, in a voice that apparently came from the bottom of his boots, replied, the harmonium's. And a silence fell upon the Court, which was broken by his Honor blow-

ing his nose and opening Court by calling out the name of

JAMES HANDY,

who toed the mark with all the effects of a "big time" stamped upon him. His hair was mixed with mud, his eyes were red and bleary, his coat had but one tail, and he was generally mussed up.

"James Handy," said his Honor, "you don't belie your name in one respect, for you are as handy as a pocket in a shirt when there's any free whiskey to be guzzled. You can smell a drink—especially a free one—from afar off, even as a crow scents burnt powder or a dead horse."

"You're right, your Honor; I'm right on hand, like a wart, when there's any whiskey going."

"A friend of yours, James, seized with a wild desire to treat, procured a bottle of prime mountain dew (so called), and crawling under a fence into a vacant lot, you sat down on a fallen chimney and deliberately drank it without a drop of water. It was a great waste of liquor, James!"

"But a mighty saving in water, your Honor," interrupted the prisoner.

"Young man," said his Honor, severely, "you can't lose me when you come to talk about the wasting of liquor and saving of water in this city. From an elaborate calculation I have arrived at the fact that if all the people who drink whiskey were to knock off and take to water, the Water Commissioners would have to put in a new two foot main. Now don't interrupt me again, or I'll stick on an extra month."

"After having finished the whiskey you felt pretty good, and sailed up Charlotte street, taking up more room than a regiment of soldiers. You rolled up through the Square, bumping against trees and knocking yourself around generally. Arriving in front of a shanty that was being torn down, you struck an attitude, waved your arms, and burst out with:

"Level the shanties down to the ground!  
Let not a trace  
On mother earth's face  
Of the tarnation things be found;  
Hammer and bang them, knock them around—  
Level them, level them flat with the ground."

"But just then one of the carpenter's came at you, mallet in hand, with the amiable intention of hammering and banging and knocking you around, but you fled like a man with a hornet's nest in his pocket. You next were seized with a desire to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the turtles in the fountain, and with that object in view, attempted to scale the railings, but got caught by the coat tails, and there you hung screaming and squirming until your coat tore and you came down whack on your head, to be picked up by a policeman and run in. I send you up for two months. Take a back seat."

And he mournfully took it.

ALBERT PARIS

stood next on the list, and toed the mark cheerfully. He was a man pretty well advanced in years, and was as bald-headed as a billiard ball.

"Albert Paris," said his Honor, very slowly and wondering all the time how a man so benevolently bald and apparently meek could have cut up so rough, "Albert Paris," you got drunk Saturday night and made a bigger show of yourself than will be in Paris this year. You insulted a man on King Square and then added injury by striking him, and when some men held you back you shouted out 'let me at him, let me at him! My name's Paris, and I'm deadlier than Paris green, and I either crush things out like a steam hammer or cut them off as close as a lawn mower.' But they wouldn't let you at him, and before the police arrived you had disappeared. You were next heard from in the grave yard, for in attempting to take a short cut home by going through, you got awfully mixed up among the pickets, and about midnight a policeman was attracted by shouting and singing in the graveyard, and, on investigating, found you playing the part of a drunken ghost among the tombstones. Your clothes were full of pickets and splinters, and when the policeman caught sight of you, you were trying to pull up a tombstone and singing at the top of your voice the following little rhyme:—

"O the stones!  
They bruise my bones,  
So I'll tear the darn things out.  
Jes' lemme alone,  
You darned old stone,  
I know jes' what I'm about."

"And when the policeman shouted to you to stop, you hollered back, 'I shay, misther, jes' gimme han' ter pull this this beggar up; he'sh got mighty strong roots.' But the policeman wouldn't lend a hand and fastened on you instead, and when he came to pull you along he found you had taken pretty strong root also, for you twined your legs and arms around the tombstone and hung on like a leech, and it took half a dozen men and a long pole to move you from the spot, and even then they jarred the stone first. Now, Albert, you've behaved badly, and you can't expect any mercy, so just prepare for a two months' term."

And he prepared by taking an awful chew of tobacco.

CHARLES MARTINGALE

was the next candidate nominated for penitentiary honors, and he was a mournful looking specimen. He looked as if he had been playing with a whirlwind and it had pulled him through a half inch knot hole and stretched him out to a terrible length in the same manner wire is made; but while it had stretched his frame out, it had forgotten to stretch his clothes in proportion, and the result was pitiable, for his pants were away above his ankles and his coat sleeves barely covered his elbows. He looked like a six foot man in a suit of child's clothes.

"Mr. Martingale, I want you to tell me how you came to raise such a disturbance as you did Saturday night."

And Charles rose up and waved his hand on high, while his Honor jumped up in affright and exclaimed:

"Hang on a minute—be careful—don't knock the plaster down. I'm afraid, Charles, I'll have to ask you to sit down, for I'll have an awful creek in my neck from looking up so much, and, besides, I might just as well talk to the man in the man in the moon when you're standing up. There, that's it. Now proceed."

"We'd a discussion, your Honor!"

"And some drinks."

"Nary," said Charles. "It was a discussion on topics generally, and he was drunk and called me a liar, and said my clothes didn't fit me, and that I got 'em at the Rink!"

"But who's he?" put in his Honor, angrily.

"Why, the other man."

"But who's the other man?"

"O, the chap I'd the discussion with."

"But what's his name? Oh, ah! his name? Let me see—it was John Smith, your Honor."

"You might just as well have said Tom Collins, for you can't cram that little story down here, Charles. The truth is, you were drunk, and hit an unoffending man on the nose, and now you're going up to the P. P. to learn how to paint wash tubs and pails."

He coiled himself away in a back seat, and when the Black Maria came there was a long discussion as to whether they'd cart him up in joints, or wrap him round a flour barrel; but the driver eventually overcame the difficulty by squeezing him in by main force and coiled him up, and every now and then he would stick an arm or a leg out of the window and flourish it round, and the people who witnessed this performance on the road to the P. P. must have thought that Barnum had come to town and that the Black Maria was the van containing the Great Sea Serpent.

Mr. Moody remarks, "We want downright honesty in church." He is right. He shall have it, if we had to provide a large portion of it ourselves; and it shall not be honesty with a mortgage on it either. — [Buffalo Express.

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.—She never told her love, but she roped him in for about half a ton of ice cream, all the same, and as much candy as two sugar refineries could turn out in the course of a year, and now he says that if any worm i' the bud is going to prey on her damask cheek, it would be advisable to let the contract out to a sea-serpent and then bet on the cheek.— [Punch.

## NEWCASTLE.

### "Billy West" Becomes Poetic, &c.

NEWCASTLE, May 8, 1878.

DEAR SIRS,—The letter in your valuable paper of May 4th, signed "Spruce Gum," created quite a sensation in this delightful little place. The young man has been interviewed by your correspondent, and advised to remove his colors so that the public at large will not know who was meant by that communication. He indignantly replied that they represented the different nations to which he claimed affinity, and that he never was ashamed of his relations or his colors. Your correspondent failed to recognize the different nationalities, unless they be as follows: Green, Irish; Red, English; and Black, the Devil's own color.

The other evening his noble self took his lady-love for a ride on horseback. Would I were an artist so that I could reproduce the picture on canvas, as it appeared to me, perched on a fence, but the scene is indelibly painted on my brain, and at present can remember nothing it resembled, unless it be a moose chase, and an Arabian custom was brought vividly to my mind as I heard a great voice whisper:

A short time to come  
I remember it well,  
High up on the rocks  
A fair lily did dwell;  
With her father and mother  
She lived all serene,  
Her age it was brown  
And her hair seventeen.

Now she had a lover  
Who in the bank did dwell,  
A bandy backed bank clerk  
And bow-legged as well;  
He said, ride wid me now  
By the light of your star  
For you are the eye  
Of my little apple car.

But dis fair little lily  
Said, be gentle and kind,  
If my father says yes,  
Why then should I mind;  
If you love me so  
You'll bring round the mule,  
Sobbed the maiden,  
As she quietly stood on a stool.

So, so she delighted him,  
He whacked his grey dog,  
Then suddenly left  
To look after his steed;  
He next mounted the red,  
And his lily so fair  
Was helped to the saddle,  
By Sam, while his master stood near.

Now just at this moment  
The old man appeared,  
And he gazed on the sight  
Wid eyes in his tears;  
He walked down beside him,  
And laughingly said,  
My dear little bank clerk,  
What is your age.

Yours, &c.,

BILLY WEST.

### ADVICE TO YOUNG MARRIED MEN.

Probably there is no time in the life of a young man that he feels such a weight of responsibility as when he is about to become a happy father—such, we believe, has been the case of a prominent young man of our city who a few days ago became the happy recipient of a son. His first step was to make the fact known to the public, so he proceeded to prepare a notice for the morning papers; but being rather premature in his ideas, he was uncertain whether to state the new accession was a son or girl-daughter, but rather than miss an early publication, he sent one by a messenger and another by the doctor, in order to prevent any mistakes.

Such is likewise the experience of a great many young men of to-day, and we would advise all such to be careful and not let themselves get into such a state of excitement. It would probably be as well for them to give less publicity to their domestic affairs.

If possible, I will procure you an engraving of the child, but circumstances does not permit it at present.

Thanking you, dear DIP, for your valuable space,

I remain yours, AN OBSERVER.