

## Five Minutes at the Police Court.

Gloom settled upon the Police Court Monday morning. His Honor was gloomy, the dirt upon the window panes imparted an additional gloom to the court room, the prisoners were gloomy, but it was to be expected of the last named, for it was the morning of \$8. fines.

His Honor gloomily and pensively surveyed the array of seedy individuals before him, and became more convinced of the efficacy of soap and water; and as he tapped the desk reflectively, called out the came of

JOHN WILKINS.

A tall and extremely fat man toed the mark, and answered to the name.

"John Wilkins," said his Honor, caressing the side of his nose with a piece of blotting paper, "you were drunk last Saturday night, and took a roll on King street."

"It was slippery, your Honor, and I fell."

"Exactly. That's what I want to speak about. You doubtless thought yourself a 'big thing on ice.' But what I want to say is this: It's your first appearance here as a drunk, and I'm inclined to be light on you: but, John, you tumbled down, and when a man of your calibre falls one might just as well grab up a handful of young earthquakes and scatter them through the streets. You tumbled, knocked out a shop front, very nearly shook down two or three of those new buildings on the other side of the street, and punched a hole in the sidewalk big enough for an elephant to slip into. Now the Corporation are mad about this, and some of the gentlemen connected with the street committee might handle you roughly; so I think the best thing I can do is to send you up for three months, and by the time you get out the Corporation will be fixing up the pavements and making improvements generally. Then you can pacify them, and at the same time turn an honest penny, by offering your services as a street leveller or a pile driver. During your sojourn at our palatial country seat you can improve yourself by learning how to give a broomstick that symmetrical and graceful shape so much desired by housekeepers, or to impart a new and brighter hue to the pails and tubs manufactured on the premises."

"But—"

"Precisely. That is the word. You butted the sidewalk, and must pay for it." And Mr Wilkins was marched away, and as he went he heaved a great sigh, and said:

"I would that I were lean!"

And he leaned over the back of a bench.

The next on the roll of honor was a

MR. LAUNCELOT DEMOWBRAY,

a tall, lank, haggard individual, whose tangled and unkempt locks had evidently not yielded to the "comb's unkind divorce" for some time, and in whose deeply set eyes glowed the incipient insanity, born of "forty-rod whisky," or indicating the workings of genius long pent up, and striving to find a vent.

"Launcelot DeMowbray," said his Honor, after he had duly contemplated the wild-looking individual for a moment, "you are charged with being in liquor, with making a noise, and with resisting the police. You were seated last Saturday evening on an ash barrel, on the East side of King square, and you were soliloquizing, and apostrophizing the stars by turns in anything but an undertone. When requested to 'move on,' you started to your feet, waved your arms wildly, and exclaimed:

"Back! back! ye hireling menials of oppressive laws!  
Lay not on me your dirt defiling paws;  
For, by the God's above—"

"And just then the 'dirt defiling paws' were laid upon you, and amid oaths, shouts, and clouds of dust from the ash barrel, which was overturned by a backward kick from one of your far from small pedal extremities, and after a hard struggle, in which you bit the policeman's ear, split his coat up the back, and tried to bite his nose, you were safely lodged in the lock-up, and called upon this morning to answer for your misdemeanors."

There was a pause. A convulsive shudder ran through Mr. DeMowbray's frame and oozed out at the ends of his tangled locks. Then he said:

"I'm a poet! Behold how in my eye  
The fires of inspiration flare uncurbed and high."

"Stop! stop!" said his Honor. "No poetry here. Do I look poetical? Do any

of these gentlemen in long coats and brass buttons look poetical?"

Mr. DeMowbray eyed his Honor and the guardians of the peace closely, and in a voice low with emotion and a reminiscence of whiskey, slowly sang:

"No fire of poetry from your eye,  
Ny lord, beams fiercely forth;  
Those men in buttons look as cold  
As winds from out the north."

"Stop!" said his Honor again, and lifting his hand warningly. "You're getting personal. Now, seeing that you're a poet, and that nothing but poetry will do you, I'll just 'sling you a little rhyme,' as some one has observed.

"There was a young man; to this city he came:  
And Launcelot DeMowbray, I'm told, is his name.  
He harangued on the square, a policeman him collared,  
And a worthy Police Magistrate fines him eight dollars."

"That's your case in rhyme to a dot; and I defy any of the local geniuses who are flooding the city with poems on the Reform Club and the Little River murder to produce a piece as good at such short notice. I want \$8, or I'll send you up."

And his Honor sank back in his chair overcome by the effort, and much pleased with his first attempt at poetry; while the audience applauded to the echo, and very nearly brought the plaster down. Every one was pleased but Mr. DeMowbray; he said:

"To be fined or imprisoned, my lord, 's bad enough:  
Oh! spare the infliction of hearing such stuff."

It was more than mortal man could bear, and the poet had barely time to dodge the ink bottle which flew over his head and was dashed into a thousand fragments against the wall, leaving a dark and unseemly splash upon the wall.

"And there it stands unto this day,  
To witness if I lie."

## MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The following is the programme which was successfully carried out at the Institute last evening, a large audience being present:

Recitation—From Henry V. *Shakespeare*

Miss Cayvan.

Piano Solo—Selected.

Mr. Hodgdon.

Reading—Robert of Lincoln.

*Bryant*

Miss Cayvan.

Cavetina—Cupa Fatal.

*Centemeri*

Miss Wiley.

Recital—A Royal Princess.

*Rossetti*

Miss Cayvan.

English Song—Now I lay me down to sleep.

Miss Wiley.

Reading—The Legend of the Organ Builder.

*W. L. Bridge*

Miss Cayvan.

Reading—Chapter from Helen's Babies.

Miss Cayvan.

*Habberton*

Scotch Ballad—"When the Kye came Hame."

Miss Wiley.

*H. M. Dow*

Recitation—"Poor Little Joe."

Miss Cayvan.

*Arkwright*

Recitation—Mary Maloney's Philosophy.

Miss Cayvan.

Go feel as I have felt.—Old Poem.

Go beat as I have beat.—Old Ball.

—[Oil City Derrick.]

The Council has passed an order that all shanties shall be removed from the King's Square on the 1st of May next.

A new semi-monthly paper is soon to make its appearance from Carleton. It is to be devoted to temperance. We wish it every success.

The sooner the Corporation provide and set apart some bill for the use of boys and girls coasting, the better it will be for other peoples legs.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE. — A Devonshire (Eng.) paper, referring to the cheap importation of pickled beef tongues from South America, plainly asks what is to become of the domestic article?

In our humble opinion, this is a matter that Mr. Edward Willis, M. P. P., might profitably discuss when he re-writes his popular lecture on the "History of the English Tongue."

It was last week that a sleighing party went out to South Bay to have a dance and enjoy themselves. As darning is somewhat conducive to thirst, a bucket of water was placed in a small ante room for the use of the dancers. A young lady went in and took a drink, and afterwards thought it would be a good joke to doctor the water, which she did. A young man who took a drink shortly afterward, remarked that the water was "rather salt."

## THE QUEEN OF TRAGEDY.

It is not many years since the summer loungers upon the Champ Elysees of Paris were often regaled by an open air performance of an attractive character, and to which they were wont to listen with more than ordinary attention.

About an hour or so before sunset, a pale, thin, fragile, but bright-eyed and intellectual-looking girl of twelve years of age used to appear in the most crowded part of the promenade, accompanied by an old woman, who carried a violin, a tin cup and a carpet.

The little, slender figure of the child, her pallid, oval countenance, her night-black tresses, and luminous, unfathomable eyes were sure to attract the passer-by.

While the girl stood apart for a few moments with something of a rapt look, the old woman spread down the carpet, placed the cup at one corner, and played a preliminary air upon the violin.

The air did not seem to have any particular reference to the scene which was to follow, but still was given with considerable ability.

The music having ceased, after a few moments the girl stepped on to the carpet, with the air of a little tragedy queen, and recited with wonderful effect long passages from Racine and Corneille.

The crowd forgot her poor attire and the rude circumstances under which she performed her part, for she recited superbly, and when she closed, they rushed to fill the tin cup with sous and half-franc pieces.

She had an air of suffering, and the people wondered how long she could live, for she seemed to have the sad story of the consumptive written upon her weird features.

The collection was always a large one, and when the delicate child retired, all palpitating and with a flush upon her cheek, it was difficult to say whether it was the flush of triumph or that of death, destined soon to claim her as its own.

This was not a single appearance, but one of daily occurrence, and the frail-looking, but vastly interesting child came to be regularly looked for by certain of the most appreciative loungers in the Champs Elysees, and the old woman was sure to reap a silver harvest on each occasion.

This woman addressed the child as Adrienne, and those who watched the couple saw that the child was always accompanied by a youth of about her own age, or perhaps a couple of years older, who might have been her brother, except that his protective manner and assiduous attention indicated a tenderer relationship. It was observed that after her performance, when wending her way from the spot, Adrienne would slip her arm within that of her youthful companion, and lean upon him as if for support after her fatiguing efforts.

But still this confidence, trust, indicated by clinging closely to his side, was plainly as much dictated by tenderness of feeling as by the necessity for something to lean upon in the way of physical support. Certainly the child-actress could not yet be thirteen, nor the lad fifteen years of age. As she passed away from the spot leaning upon his arm, his face glowed with pleasure as he heard the warm and hearty compliments bestowed upon her by the crowd.

Two long and pleasant summer seasons, this daily occurring picture is remembered by many who still lounge upon that famous thoroughfare, one of the finest promenades and drives combined that can be found in all Europe.

But now a winter had passed, and the loiterers on the Champ Elysees who had been wont to enjoy these primitive exhibitions in the open air by the frail-looking but fascinating child-artist missed their attraction, the Elysian fields lost half their fascination to them now that Adrienne was no longer to be met there with her old attendant.

But by-and-by, during the season, a

marvellous child-performer appeared upon the boards of the Gymnase Dramatique. Time had worked inevitable changes. This girl was in her sixteenth year, and the fire of genius which had so early beamed from her dusky, luminous eyes was still more apparent now. That same devoted youth, Louis, was by her side, looking more manly, but no less tender and watchful. The boy-lover worshipped the very sight of Adrienne.

Scarcely had the child-artist appeared upon the boards of the Gymnase, before she attracted the eye of one who, while he could appreciate the slumbering power and genius which inspired Adrienne, had also the means to aid her to develop them. She was at once removed from the engagement at this theatre. She was too rare an attraction for that stage. Her titled protector, Viscount X., brought Adrienne to that famous dramatic master, Francois Delsarte, who was not slow in developing her miraculous powers.

The great master of dramatic expression became enthusiastic over his pupil; he devoted his best ability and most untiring attention to her, nor were his efforts lost, for Adrienne imbibed all his enthusiastic devotion to his art, and she became as was to receive, and marvellous to retain. For a twelve-month she studied her chosen art in a closet.

No doubt can exist as to the ability of Delsarte—he was doubtless such a master of dramatic expression as the world will never again see. He moulded Adrienne to suit his theories and his system; he made her the most perfect human machine that ever trod the stage or assumed a tragic role, but did he not at the same time that he made her so perfect, so statuesque, rob her of all feeling, all heart? We speak of her as artist, for in Delsarte's system nothing is left for impromptu; even the lifting of a hand is studied and preconcerted.

Where was this youthful lover all this while? What has become of Louis?

Adrienne was surrounded by vastly different associations from those when she leaned so tenderly upon his arm in the Champs Elysees. She was no longer dressed in coarse clothing; she was no longer obliged, when weary and ill, to stand before the crowd in the open air and recite long and trying passages. Every luxury was hers. She was a favorite pupil of a great master, and protected by one high in fortune and honors.

Was it the result of the training in her chosen profession, was it the Delsartian system, was it the luxuriant surroundings, or all of these united, which so quickly weaned the interesting and marvellous young girl from Louis?

The faithful young lover—her boy-lover—he who had never changed through good or evil report, in times of plenty and in times of want, who was ever faithful to the affection which had grown with his years, was ever the same. But alas, for Adrienne! with change of fortune came for her change of heart. She had no further use for Louis. He watched sometimes for hours to obtain a sight of her he loved so dearly. He could not call upon her among the class where she now made her home. One day he chanced to meet her where he was able to speak.

"Adrienne," he said, "one word—do not hasten away from me."

"Is it you, Louis?"

"Yes. We see each other so seldom now that you have forgotten me."

"I must hasten on my way, Louis. I shall be blamed, if seen talking to with you, by the viscount—I mean by M. Delsarte."

"Ah, the viscount!" said Louis reproachfully.

Adrienne blushed and hastened away.

"How changed she is!" was all that Louis said, as he walked sadly away from the spot.

The twelve months of study and preparation was at last ended, and Adrienne was to make her first appearance