PATIENTIA.

Toil on, O troubled brain,
With anxious thoughts and busy scenes oppressed;
Ere long, release shall reach thee. A brief pain!
Then—rest!

Watch still, O heavy eyes,
A little longer must ye vigil keep;
And lo! your lids shall close at morning's rise
In sleep.

Throb yet, O aching heart,
Still pulse the flagging current without cease;—
When you a few hours more have played your part,
Comes peace!

Bear up then, weary soul!
Short is the path remaining to be trod—
Lay down the fleshy shro d and touch the goal—
Then—God!

THINE ENEMY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"You see that house over there?" The speaker's voice quivered with excitement, and her cheeks were rosy red.

Yes. Mrs. Lee saw the house indicated, and thought the architecture very fine and imposing.

"Rum built that house, Mrs. Lee. To me there is nothing beautiful about it. I never look at it without I see the bloodshot eyes of his victim looking out of the windows at me. Ugh! it is horrible. Just think how he has murdered by the wholesale. Think of the families he has desolated. If ever a man in this world deserved the gallows that man does."

Mrs. Lee changed the subject. Singularly enough, her great heart took in the rum seller as well as the rum drinker. Her experience had shown her all sides. She knew that her enemy was as dear to the good Lord as her best friend. She was aware that a declaration of her principles would cause all future influence with her impulsive friend to be null and void; so she wisely kept quiet. The two friends walked on, Mrs. Lee's sympathies going out in a steady loving current to every class of sinners, and Mrs. Harrison wondering if it would be possible to pass a law which should put an end, not only to rum selling, but to rum-sellers.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison.

Mrs. Lee looked up into a pair of earnest grey eyes, smiled pleasantly, and with a kind "good morning," which was immediately and almost impulsively returned, passed on. Mrs. Harrison was furious.

"Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that in this quiet country place you pass your neighbors without speaking to them?" enquired Mrs. Lee, doing her best not to notice her friend's anger.

"Have I not told you what a monster he is? Speak to him?—No! I never have, and I never will."

"We differ a little, my friend, in your way of looking at things, but let us not quarrel over that. We are all God's children—all members of one great family. Your moral advantages have perhaps been greater than your neighbor's. He is not to be scorned for that. At least this is my argument, the way I feel, the way my conscience compels me to act. If your convictions are the other way, you must obey them; but let us choose for ourselves with perfect freedom. I can not pass that man in this quiet country neighborhood without speaking to him, and be true to myself. You can not speak to him and satisfy your conscience. I am to be your guest for a number of weeks, and do you not see that there will be no chance of harmony unless we can cherish and act out our own opinions?"

Mrs. Harrison confessed that she knew such was the case; but the sullenness of her answer showed that she could have no sympathy for her companion's views.

The rumseller must have mentioned this greeting of Mrs. Lee to his wife, for one day, returning from the depot with Mrs. Harrison, a very sweet-faced woman bent forward from her carriage, and bowed and smiled to Mrs. Lee.

"Who is that?" the lady enquired, in astonishment.

"Oh, that is the rum-seller's wife," Mrs. Harrison answered, with considerable disdain. "They find so few willing to recognize them that they are very quick to notice any attention."

Mrs. Lee's mind was made up. She would call upon this family. There was a longing in that woman's eyes that she could not resist. Silver and gold the rum-seller's wife had in plenty, but that sympathy which comes in contact with kindly human hearts she was a stranger to. It so happened that when Mrs. Lee put her resolve into execution she found the lady of the house away, and the rum-seller only at home.

"My wife will be very much disappointed," he said, his voice full of regret. "I wish you would wait a few moments for her."

Mrs. Lee expressed her willingness to wait, and the host conducted her to the library, a large, elegant room, and settled himself to entertain her. The man's face was eloquent with thanks. He seemed quite unfit for ordinary conversation, and once or twice gave grateful utterances to his feelings.

"I am so glad you have come to see my wife," he said,—"so glad."

Now Mrs. Lee was a straightforward little woman, and it seemed quite natural that she should ask him why he was so glad.

"Is your wife very much alone?" she enquired.

"We have occasional company from the city," he replied. Mrs. Lee was very sure that she saw the blood redden his temples, as he continued, "but we have lived here two whole years, and you are the first woman in the neighborhood who has stepped foot over our threshold. My wife's health is very delicate," he went on slowly, and with a quiver in his voice. "Sometimes I fear that I shall not have her much longer."

If there is anything in the world equal to a pure, deep-hearted woman's intuitions, let us know what it is. Mrs. Lee knew then, just as well as if she had been told, that his wife was dying of remorse and slight. She might never have another so good an opportunity for a conversation with this man, whom the neighbors despised; so she asked, her whole soul in her face,

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"There doesn't seem to be any disease that the doctors can discover. She is weak and tired, and low-spirited all the time. I have tried everything, and everybody, but she doesn't seem to mend under any treatment."

"I doubt very much if she needs any treatment, except perhaps that which you can give her."

The red blood mounted again to the temples of her companion.

"I give her, madam," he tried to say laughingly. "I am not a physician."

"I feel very certain that you are all the physician she needs. Your wife, I presume, needs, wants, must have, to save her life, just one thing. If a fever patient wanted water, you would think it very foolish to offer coffee and tea, and lemonade, would you not? In short, everything but the one the thirsty soul longed for."

"Certainly," he answered, glancing toward the door. "Have you ever talked with my wife?"

"Never, sir."

"Of course, you know what my business is?"

"I do."

"And you consider it infamous, and all that sort of thing?"

"I consider it the worst business that any man can be engaged in."

"Then what did you come here for?"

There was a mixture of sadness and fierceness in the tones that made her heart ache.

"Oh! I forgot; you came to pay your respects to my wife, my victim."

"And to see you, also," was the low, earnest answer. "Long ago, my dear sir, I learned to discriminate between the sinner and the sin. I loathe the sin, but I love you, and would help you in any way in my power."

"Your words sound very strange and sweet," he said, after a moment's pause. "My wife wants me to go into another kind of business, to give the money I have made in this to the amelioration of the condition—of—," the words were hard to utter.

"Of the families of drunkards," suggested Mrs. Lee, in the same sweet voice.

"Yes, that is it. How well you understand her! This is a hard thing for a man to do."

Just here the pale tender-eyed wife glided in, with a greeting which spoke volumes.

"I am so glad to see you, dear madam!" she said. "I told my husband that if you did not come to see us, I should send for you, didn't I, dear?" and the thin little hand caressed her husband's arm affectionately.

"And I told my wife that there wasn't the least hope of you coming; but her eyes sometimes sees farther than mine."

"Husband told me," she went on, "that he met a lady who bowed to him, and whom he thought would do me good. Oh! I was so glad. I had asked God so many times to send me a friend; and,—drawing close to Mrs. Lee,—if I could have picked out one myself, I could not have been better suited.

"Yes, and sometimes He doesn't seem to answer them at all. Oh, Mrs. Lee, I have prayed one prayer so long, so faithfully, so hard, without getting an answer that I am almost discouraged. It is about him," pointing to her husband. "You don't know, I never can tell how kind and how loving he has been to me ever since he married me. He thinks I am sick, because he sees me failing every day. I am not. Only for one thing I should be as healthy and happy as anybody. Won't you please kneel down here and ask God to answer my prayer?"

Mrs. Lee could hardly see the pleading woman for her tears, but she wiped them away, and looked up at the husband. His fine face was drawn with pain, and his whole manner that of one who suffers keenly.

"If you can do such things, Mrs. Lee, please oblige her," he said, with an effort at sternness.

Mrs. Lee's petition was earnest, touching, and to the point. Words could not have been more simple and eloquent. When she rose from her knees the rum-seller with his wife in his arms was sobbing like a child.

"God has heard! God has heard! Edward has promised! Oh, Mrs. Lee, he has promised to do the right. You know what Christ has said, 'When two or three are gathered together, I will be there!' You see I have had to pray alone all these years. Oh, my loved husband, I shall be well now, and strong enough to help you."

"Yes, wife; I believe you will," was the solemn answer. "And now, Mrs. Lee, I want you to hear me promise before God to do in this matter now, and in the future, just as my wife directs, even if the doing makes me a beggar."

"As much as my husband loves me, I should never have succeeded alone," the wife continued, after he had left the room. "A coarse or a threatening word would have settled the question forever. You came pitying and loving both of us, and the work was accomplished. Oh, Mrs. Lee, how many are suffering and dying for the right word."

"I hear," said Mrs. Harrison, a week afterward, "that Edward Lathrop has left the liquor business altogether. Some body said he gave two thousand dollars to the temperance missionaries yesterday. Do you believe it?"

"I think it is true," was Mrs. Lee's quiet answer.

"Well, wonders will never cease Let's go and call on his wife some time.'

Weekly Tribune.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 29, 1874.

Mr. Geo. H. Miner of Westmorland Point is authorized to act as general agent for the TRIBUNE.

The Rowing Craze.

The gladiatorial spirit seems to have been revived among men. Contests on the turf, in the cock-pit, etc., appear to have no charm like a death struggle between two men. Prize-fighting has been hunted down so that the contests of the ring can no longer be seen but by a few roughs, and of all the other methods for pitting one man's strength and endurance against another's rowing is the most popular. The strength of this craze must be great or the vexations that attend racing matches would have cured it long ago. A prize-fight, even though the police have to be dodged, may be expected to come off near the appointed time, and there is always an end even to the scoring for a trotting match; but match races between professional oarsmen can rarely be seen without the spending of two whole days. No wonder that so many of those who leave their work and waste their time waiting for a race that is to come off at some indefinite hour get so disgusted with themselves as to get drunk or so uneasy as to gamble. The folly of running after such races was fully shown last week, when thousands stood and lay around the Kennebeccasis two days waiting to see two men row. Even on the second day the representative of one of the rival oarsmen succeeded, by raising objections of various kinds, in having the race postponed until the middle of the afternoon, when, seeing that there was no prospect of an answer to his prayer for sufficient wind to render the match impossible, he reluctantly consented to the calling of the race. His reason, as he explained to a gentleman that evening, was that Morris had a cough which he hoped to be rid of by Monday. This shows how little the conductors of these races care for the people who rush to see them. Their doctrine is that they have nothing to do with the people, as it is not for the presentation of a spectacle but for the winning of the money at stake that they are working. People ought to let them humbug and quibble by themselves, and they would do so, probably, if it were not for the thought that one of the contestants might die in his boat.

It is surprising that Brown and Morris do not take advantage of the insanity of the public about rowing and make a match, to be rowed regardless of the weather, solely for the popular benefit. They could bargain for a share of the railway earnings, a royalty on the proceeds of the various games of chance, a commission on the liquor sales, etc., and thus make a thousand dollars or so very easily.

There is a good opening for enterprising men to make money out of rowing by buying or leasing the land along suitable rowing courses, fencing it in and getting up May, June, July, August and September "meetings," and charging a fee for admittance to the enclosure from which a view of the contest can be got. This might be done on the international course on the Kennebeccasis, and we expect to see our suggestion acted on immediately. But still there would be the danger of delay, on account of the ruffling of the water, to discourage some from going to the show, and the very best plan, after all, would be to make water parks by digging canals and enclosing them with high board fences. Then, unless some spectator should render the water temporarily unfit for rowing by tossing a pebble in, there would be no delay in starting the races. Fouling might be prevented by a line of stakes in the centre of the canal. The course need not be more than a half mile long, the oarsmen going over it four, six, eight or ten times until the required distance should be rowed. Then the Directors of the Victoria Aquatic Park could arrange matters between famous "rowing champions," having one or more "event" each day, and fully gratify the popular desire for this kind of gladiatorial amusement.

There is really more inducement for a muscular youth to devote himself to rowing as a profession than to go into law, medicine, politics, trade or literature. The laurels attending success are great, and even defeat is soothed with sympathy and lightened with applause. The desire for personal fame, the patriotic wish to win honor for one's country, and the longing for notoriety, can be gratified in no way so quickly as by engaging in a rowing race for large stakes with an oar-puller from another country. A man would have to preach, sing, publish, or argue legal causes many years before he could hope to have the pleasure of seeing his "photograph" in the St. John *News*, and then he might go down to the grave a disappointed man; but Brown and Morris attain this distinction, after a half dozen races, at a comparatively early age in the life of man. Henry Ward Beecher, with all his platform eloquence, pulpit power, and book-making genius, would not be so well known as George Brown if he had not become involved in the Tilton scandal. The movements of Brown and Morris have been daily chronicled by the press, even to the fact that Morris went to bed Saturday, and bonfires blazed in their honor Saturday night, while Mr. Wm. Elder, after many years of earnest and able labor in the interests of the public, has been allowed to travel through two Provinces with hardly a notice in the press and to return without a bonfire to welcome him. Should the death of the editor of the *News*, the Premier of England, or the President of the United States be announced thousands of people would ask, Who is Willis? who is Disraeli? who is Grant? but nobody would need to be told about George Brown or Sadler.

Contempt of Court.

Two or three Nova Scotia Judges had a row in open court the other day, on the question of precedence, the end of which was that one of them bounced out in a huff, and it is not to be wondered at that two lawyers have shown their contempt for the bench by giving the lie and a blow while arguing a case. It was in the presence of one of the temporary dispensers of election justice only, but the ridicule brought on the bench by the recent conduct of some of the Judges may have had something to do with the want of respect shown by the lawyers. The *Reporter* says:

The true account of the *fracas* in the *ad hoc* Court Sittings in Picton is that Weatherbe was, on the day it occurred, more than usually violent, and finally finished up by calling Mr. McDonald in open court a "liar." He was very properly dealt with in the only way such an offence could be punished, and received a couple of blows. The pity is that he did not get more. His attempt to manufacture sympathy for himself in the *Chronicle* this morning only shows what he really is. Any one having any knowledge of his way of conducting causes in court will wonder he has not been punished in the same manner long ago.

Governor Kellogg may not be the greatest coward in the world, but he is evidently the greatest one in New Orleans. It was his arbitrary seizure of arms belonging to private citizens that led to his being frightened out of the State House, and now, although he is protected by United States troops, he is shivering at the thought that the citizens have arms in their houses. A despatch says he has decided to search the houses for arms, and that the citizens have decided to resist such an act of tyranny with the arms he is in search of. Kellogg will provoke outbreaks as fast as the Government of the United States can put them down if a restraining influence is not brought to bear on him.

The degraded state of politics in some of the Southern States is shown by the following anecdote:

"You may retire," said Gov. Moses to a colored waiter who was standing behind his chair in a South Carolina restaurant. "'Scuse me, sah," said Sam, "but I'se 'sponsible for de spoons."

The worst of it is that the conduct of Gov. Moses has been such as to justify the alleged precaution of the waiter.

Reform Management on the I. C. Railway.

Three car loads of lumber remained for *three* days at the Sackville station before an engine could be got to remove them to the wharf, where they were to be shipped on board a vessel which was waiting to finish loading. At this season of the year the delay is most vexatious as well as expensive to the shipper, and should the vessel not finish loading by the 1st of October it is not improbable the shipper will bring an action for damages against the department of Public Works. The conductor of a coal train received orders to stop at Sackville and remove the cars of lumber; but he refused to obey orders, and a special engine had to be sent from Moncton to do the work. C. O. M.

Moosepath Races.

The attendance at the Park Thursday afternoon was not nearly so large as the programme deserved. The trains carried out a goodly number who filled many seats in the Grand Stand. Apart from the number who went out by train it was pleasing to see so many carriages, those of the most influential and best known citizens of the city. The judges were in their places some time before the train arrived, but waited until all who desired to see the race had entered the Park. At 3 o'clock the horses were called to their places, but of course some time was lost before the drivers could bring all their horses up. Meantime the judges quietly waited, and the spectators from their different positions looked on, not knowing what the judges were doing in their little house across the way. Before this the Directors had appointed the judges. No better judges have occupied the stand at any of the meetings of the Moosepath Association—a fact which was proved by the way in which all their decisions were accepted by the drivers and owners of horses. In the trotting races the judges were D. Tapley, Esq., Police Magistrate of Portland, James Tibbitts, Esq., of Fredericton and E. L. Jewett, Esq., of this city. When the running race was called Mr. Jewett retired and Dr. Bunting took his place—the retiring gentleman candidly saying that he did not pretend to understand the laws of a running race sufficiently well to be a judge. Mr. John Baird, of Moncton, was distance judge, and satisfied all by his promptness in the discharge of his duties.

The first race called was of the 3-minute class, and eight horses came forward. A protest was offered against Joe, entered by G. C. Bailey, and quite a discussion ensued, but the protesters being informed that, according to the rules, they must prove their protest or forfeit a hundred dollars, or be ruled off the track, they withdrew, and the race commenced.

At the second score the horses were sent off—the judges being determined to do the thing up promptly. This heat, after a pretty trot, was won by Kitty Clyde, entered by J. E. Burnham, of Houlton, Honest Farmer being second and Annie De Montford third. The next three heats, which alternated with the running race, were easily won by Honest Farmer. Several protests were entered during the race, all of which were decided most satisfactorily by the Judges. In fact, there was not, at the conclusion of the race, when Honest Farmer was given first place, Kitty Clyde second, and Lady Landoff third, a word against the decisions by any of the drivers. Time—2.50.

The running race alternated with the three minute one, and was certainly the most exciting of the afternoon. Five horses came forward—Galavantress, Islander, Rectifier, Sussex Lass and Wanderer. Two straight heats were won by Galavantress, which gave her the race. The second money was given to Islander, as he won second place in the last heat. The best time announced for this race was 1.52—mile heats.

The stallion race was called about half-past 5, and two horses came up—Aroostook Boy, driven by —— Record, and Fred Olliver, by J. B. P. Wheelden, the prettiest driver ever seen on the Moosepath track. The first heat was won by Fred Olliver in 2.50½. In the second heat Fred Olliver broke badly at first, but on the last half-mile came down to his work, and, though the Boy had a long lead, passed the wire less than a length behind. The heat, which was won by the Boy, concluded the racing for the afternoon. The closing heat will be the first race for this afternoon.

Throughout the entire afternoon the best order prevailed, and the policeman had nothing at all to do. It was the most orderly and best conducted meeting ever held in the Park.

The races were largely attended Friday afternoon, and everything passed off satisfactorily. The first called was the unfinished stallion race, and Aroostook Boy and Fred Olliver came promptly up. The Boy won two straight heats—best time 2.50—which decided the race. The 2.50 class was next on the list—Dolly Varden, Country Lass, Baker Boy and Honest Farmer coming on call. Joe was scratched. Dolly won the two first heats, the trot between her and Farmer being very pretty. The next three heats were won by Honest Farmer, which gave him first money, Dolly getting second and Baker Boy third.

The extra running race was very pretty, and the spectators were much excited over it. Wanderer, ridden by Church, won the first heat, with Galavantress second. The next heat was won by Islander, after a beautiful contest with Wanderer. The boy who rode Islander was loudly cheered when the heat was won, as it appeared as if the other jockeys were all determined to beat him if possible. The third heat was waited for anxiously, and a splendid start was made. Islander took the lead, maintained it throughout, and won the heat and race. The spectators lustily cheered the boy and horse at the conclusion. This boy is about as cute a young jockey as can be found. Good order prevailed, and the meeting was pronounced to be the most satisfactory ever held in the Park.

Larceny Trial.

Charles B. Oxley, of Cumberland County, N. S., was brought from jail this forenoon to answer a charge of stealing a $5 note from George Long in the Continental Hotel. The charge being read to him, in a long harangue he pleaded not guilty, spoke of his well known family at River Philip, said his brother was Italian and Prussian Consul in Halifax, that hitherto he had led an unblemished life, and had never been charged with any crime or misdemeanor. William Pugsley, Esq., defended the prisoner. The first witness was George Long, who gave evidence as to his acquaintance with the prisoner at the hotel. They were put into the parlor to sleep, the house being full, and there Oxley introduced the subject of counterfeit money, and they began to compare two bank notes. After a while the prisoner took both and put them in his pocket. He refused to give the note up, and raised a row. Long then informed the police, who arrested Oxley. The complainant told a very straight story, which a severe cross-examination did not shake. Sergt. Rider and Officer McLaren testified to arresting Oxley and finding the note in his possession. He had told them that he had $12 in his pocket book, but they had found $17. One $5 note was in a separate place from the rest of the money. The clerk of the hotel said long at once accused Oxley of the theft, and that the latter had been noisy and troublesome before that. For the defence two witnesses were called, whose testimony was not important. The prisoner made a long speech in his own defence after Mr. Pugsley had finished. He positively denied the theft, and appealed to his "Lordship" for a release from custody. He accounted for the money being in his possession in several ingenious ways, and claimed that "the unbridled ambition" of Long had caused him to make the charge. Again he referred to his long line of ancestors, great and good men. His Maker was appealed to, but the Magistrate here stopped him. After one or two objections by Mr. Pugsley, the Magistrate sentenced the prisoner to the penitentiary for three months with hard labor. The prisoner threw his leg over the railing of the dock to show that he could not do hard work, as he had lost the use of his leg, but this did not have the effect of altering the verdict.

Shipping Notes.

New Vessel.—The ship Mary Stewart, built at Nappan, by Captain F. W. Fullerton, will be launched on Saturday next. She is a handsome vessel, and carefully constructed of the very best materials. The Mary Stewart is 170 ft. keel, 22 ft. hold, 36 ft. beam, registers 1,054 tons; carpenters' measure 1,120 tons. She will be commanded by the builder, Capt. F. W. Fullerton, and is chartered for England to load deals at Grindstone Island. Her shares are allocated as follows: Capt. F. W. Fullerton, 8 shares; J. T. Smith, 8; F. W. Dent, 8; J. R. Lamy, 4; Capt. R. Lowerison, 4; Hon. R. B. Dickie, 4; Col. C. J. Stewart, 4; Lockhart & Chipman, 4; Hon. Dr. Tupper 4; John Bragg, 2; A. McLeod & Co., 2; David McElman, 2; Jesse Harding 2; R. F. Black, 2; R. B. Boggs, 2; Wm. Holmes, 2.—*Amherst Sentinel.*

The bark Belle Stewart sailed from Shediac Thursday for Queenstown, for orders. She was loaded with deals by J. L. Black. Her cargo is 277 standard.

The following Yarmouth vessels have been chartered during the past week for Guano: Ships J. C. Robertson, Jos. Milbury, N. W. Blethen, Winnifred, Aneroid, Bolivia; barks Geo. R. Doane, Peru, H. A. Parr. Also, ship Acadian, for Rice.

Quick Voyage.—A telegram to Mr. Luke Stewart announces the arrival of the bark Lottie Stewart at Sydney, C. B., from Limerick, in 19 days.

New Vessel.—The Albuera was launched from the yard of the Bridgetown Shipbuilding Co. (of which W. Warwick, Esq., of this city, is President) on Friday last, and towed over to this port the same evening by the tug Xanthus in nine hours, which is unusually fast towing and speaks well for the sailing qualities of the vessel. She measures 135 feet keel, 32 ft. 3 in. breadth of beam, 19 feet depth of hold, and registers 655 tons. Capt. Banks will command her, and she will be loaded by A. Gibson for Barrow. The Albuera was to have been launched ten days ago, but while the attempt was being made a portion of the ways settled and the launch had to be postponed till the next high tide. She is now lying at Robinson's wharf being fitted out for sea.

The bark Glacier is on Quinn's blocks, Lower Cove, receiving a spar deck five feet above the clear and extending from the stern post to the foremast. It is the intention of her owners to put her into the Mediterranean trade.

The Brown-Morris Race.

Some people are fooling themselves with the fancy that Brown played with Morris in the scull race between them, when the truth is that he had to do his very best to win. Morris led him slightly at the turn, and Brown made the quickest turn and gained a length. This lead he maintained only by a desperate struggle, spurting every time Morris spurted, and won by only three-quarters of a boat's length, about 22 feet, instead of a length and a half, as it appeared to those on shore. He says Morris is the coming man, and he would rather make a match with Sadler than another with Morris.

Mr. E. H. Duval, Inspector of Schools for St. John County, on Saturday evening fell in his own house and broke his arm, between the shoulder and elbow. The bone was set by Dr. Harding.

"Hot Coffee and Eating" was one of the booth signs at Riverside.

CITY POLICE COURT.

Sept. 22.

John Brooks, a sailor and stranger, was charged with drunkenness in Charlotte street, and was fined $4.

John O'Brien is a young man, but evidently a pretty hard case. He is known as a "Duke street boy" among the police. Last evening he was drunk and disorderly in Germain street, and it became Policeman McLaren's duty to arrest him. In doing so he had considerable trouble, as O'Brien resisted and assaulted him. Now it happened that the Police Magistrate himself was near at hand, and saw the whole affair. It gave him a text for his morning's discourse, and he lectured the prisoner and all others in attendance. He said he was surprised to hear respectable people say that the policeman used too much force in taking such a drunken rough to the station. Only 15 men are on duty in this city, and when one made an arrest he was surrounded with a crowd of a hundred or more, who sympathized with, and, if possible, assisted the prisoner. The idea that a rough, who made every resistance in his power, was to be treated as carefully as a sucking babe was absurd. He had heard the cry—"Get together, boys; save Johnny," &c., and was enabled to judge for himself as to how the policeman did his duty. All right thinking people, instead of growling about the police force, should be ready at any and all times to assist the men in the discharge of their unpleasant duty. The Magistrate was terribly in earnest, and O'Brien quailed under the words. He pleaded guilty to drunkenness, for which a fine of $6, or two months in the Penitentiary, was imposed, and also to resisting the police, which cost him $20 more, or four months—in all $26, or 6 months.

George Yeomans was then called to answer a charge of drunkenness in Market street. He pleaded guilty, and the Magistrate informed him that he had also been spotted as one of the crowd that tried to prevent the arrest of O'Brien. "I saw you full of rum, myself, and will fine you $8, letting the disorderly conduct merge into the drunkenness."

Patrick Dollard, about 10 o'clock last night, when so drunk that he could hardly tell whether his name was Datsy Polliver, Patsy Dolliver or Pat Dollard, complained that the newspapers had sent him two months to the penitentiary, when he only got ten days at the crusher, for his last spree. The idea still haunted him, and when he was fined $6 for drunkenness in a barn off Duke street, he inquired: "Did your honor sentence me to two months in the penitentiary?" "Yes." "All right; only I don't want any mistake made by the papers."

James Burke was fined $6 for drunkenness in Sheffield street.

Peter Flavin was charged with assaulting Anna Egan in Patrick street, last Sunday. He positively denied the charge, and his wife tendered the costs with the information that Mrs. Egan did not wish to prosecute. To spoil her story Mrs. Egan at that moment appeared to prosecute the charge. Her evidence was conclusive, and Flavin, having no defence, was fined $10.

The prayer meeting case was next on the list, and Josiah Williams told how he was called from a Temperance Lodge to settle the dispute, and he thought that Robert Mackenzie was most to blame. His opinion was not taken in opposition to the other testimony, and Isaac McKenzie was sent to jail for two months with hard labor.

The captain of the schooner G. V. Richards was charged with assaulting his steward on the high seas. Both parties wanted witnesses, and the case was adjourned until to-morrow.

Sept. 23

The Police Magistrate was absent this morning, and Justice McAvity presided. Ten prisoners sat in the dock, all charged with drunkenness.

Herbert Perry, drunk on Peters wharf; Michael Welsh, in Water street; and George Cunningham, in Charlotte street, candidly confessed the charge, and, not having appeared in Court before, were let off with a fine of $4 each.

John Havilan, an old offender, was fined $6 for drunkenness in Sydney st.

Anthony Hanson denied being drunk in Waterloo st., but the evidence of the policeman proved it, and he was fined $6.

Michael Murphy and James Gordon, arrested in Princess street, also denied being drunk. The offence and denial cost them $6 each.

Hamilton Allingham insisted that he was sober when arrested. He had no house to go to, which was the cause of his being found lying on the Victoria Hotel steps. The policeman said he was so drunk that he couldn't tell whether it was Nova Scotia or New Brunswick he was in. This was conclusive, and a fine of $6 was imposed.

Joseph O'Brien was a little drunk in St. James street, but fully able to get home. As he refused to go home he was arrested, and must pay $6 to get his liberty.

Catherine McVey, a Sheffield street maiden, was fined $6 or two months in Jail, for drunkenness.

Bridget Kirby was charged with abusive language to Mary Daley. She confessed the charge and was fined $4. In a short time the complainant again appeared with a long story of Mrs. Daley's ruining a washing of hers, to spite her for the fine, and the charge will be investigated.

Charles Robinson, Captain of the schr. G. V. Richards, was charged with assaulting his steward, Patrick Duhan. The captain denied the assault, and said the charge was only made to annoy him. It certainly appeared so, as the steward did not appear to prosecute, and the case was dismissed.

A colored woman appeared in court with her face covered with blood, from a deep cut in her cheek. She wanted a warrant for Mrs. Jackson. Mr. Chandler sent her to the doctor to have the wound dressed, and afterwards the information was laid. She seemed to have fared pretty badly.

Sept. 24.

James Murphy was charged with drunkenness in St. John street and pleaded guilty. A fine of $4 was imposed.

Richard Broderick, the other simple drunk, was arrested in Pond street, and fined the same amount.

Charles Mirey had several charges against him.—1st, being drunk and disorderly in Duke street, 2nd, violently resisting and assaulting policeman John Simpson while in the discharge of his duty, and lastly of assaulting Mr. Edward Muldoon. The arrest was made at the lower end of Duke street, near where Muldoon keeps his tavern. If the man got drunk at the disgraceful groggeries that are found there, and where the vilest poison is sold, it is no wonder that he was completely crazed by his potations. On the charges being read, to the first he pleaded guilty and was fined $6; the second he also admitted, though he knew nothing of the resistance or assault, and was fined $20; the third he denied, and Muldoon made information and gave evidence. Witnesses were wanted and the case was adjourned until to-morrow.

Sept. 25.

The docket was not large this morning, and Justice McAvity, in a very few minutes, settled the cases before him.

William Gibbon, charged with being drunk in the Old Burying Ground, confessed, and was fined $6.

Another William—Donogan, surname—was fined $4 for being drunk and reclining on Union street.

William Gallagher, a man who had passed many years without ever been seen in the Police Court, was charged with drunkenness in the Old Burying Ground. He was fined $6, but the fine was allowed to stand.

Richard Lawrence was let go without a fine, though charged with drunkenness in King's Square.

George H. Roseman deliberately got drunk and lay down in King street, for which offence he was fined $4.

James Frail, a Yankee, went to the Station for protection and was let go.

The charge made by E. Muldoon against Charles Miery was withdrawn on payment of costs.

Sept. 26.

Mrs. Hannah Thompson brought a charge against Luke Whalley for abusive and insulting language towards her in her house in Drury Lane. According to the facts elicited Mr. Whalley went to her house for the purpose of getting a picture left there by him some time ago. Mrs. T. told him she had no picture belonging to him, whereupon Whalley became indignant and commenced to abuse her, with his loose tongue. "Though," said he, "I would not abuse a woman, I will take the value of the picture off your husband." Whalley denied these charges, but, having no witnesses to rebut her testimony, he was compelled to pay a fine of $6.

There was a case of money grabbing before the court this morning, though only for a small amount. The complainant is Geo. Long, from some part of King's county, who came into town yesterday to witness the boat race and carry the news of the great affair back to his fellow countrymen who were not so fortunate as to have a chance to see it for themselves. The prisoner is Charles B. Oxley, from Oxford, Cumberland county and the prosecutor, Long, charged Oxley with snatching a $5 Bank of New Brunswick bill from him in the Continental Hotel last night. Both parties were comparing Bank notes, one of which Oxley said was a counterfeit. They were both pretty drunk. Long acknowledged having had six drinks, but still thought himself quite sober. Oxley denies having snatched the bill, and says he would sacrifice his right hand before doing such a thing. The case, which is postponed until two o'clock, looks black against the prisoner, as both of the bills are in his pocket book now in possession of the police.

Sept. 28.

The number of prisoners was not large considering the excitement of the boat race. Fourteen were called upon to answer for breaking the law, and a pretty rough looking crowd they were. The "goals" assembled, completely filling the limited space reserved for them. "Mind you, the jail is full," was a consoling remark made to the prisoners, as the trials were proceeding.

William Gallagher was charged with being drunk and disorderly in Germain st., with resisting the police, and with having a set of brass knuckles in his possession. To the first charge he pleaded guilty and was fined $8, the resistance to police being merged into the fine. The knuckles, he said, he found out at the boat race and kept in his possession. No doubt they were at the race with the youth, as he wore a "rowdy cap." He was fined $10 more for having them, and if the money is not forthcoming he will spend two months in the penitentiary.

Wright Morgan and Alexander Mitchell, for drunkenness in Prince William street, were fined $8 each.

Thomas Cregan, a fiery headed youth, was given in charge by John Fish and Thomas Finn for assaulting them in Charlotte street. For some trivial reason he commenced fighting with the two, and was only stopped when placed under arrest. He was fined $10 in each case.

Robert Pearson is a quiet man except when he drinks, and then he becomes insane, at least that is the character his employer gives him. Saturday night he was arrested drunk and shouting in Union street. To get him to the Station was no easy job, but it was at length effected, when he was locked up. After remaining a short time he tried to escape by getting out of the window, feet first. This he did not succeed in doing, but came near hanging himself. He got his feet out, then fell backwards, his feet caught in the bars, and there he hung by the heels. His groans reached the policeman on duty in the Station, who relieved him. A fine of $8 was imposed for the drunkenness.

Frank Clark, in answer to a query of the Magistrate, said he came on from the States to see the boat race, and, like many others who came for the same purpose, went down to Sheffield street to see the race there. He was found drunk and fined $8.

William Appleby, a young man of 21, arrested drunk in the same street, was fined $8.

Patrick Donnelly, for drunkenness in the King's Square, was fined $8.

D. C. Curry, who had passed 52 years of this life, was charged with drunkenness in Carmarthen st. In answer to the charge he said he never was drunk before, and did not know whether he was or not. He drank something for the first time. "You'll remember it in future, and pay $8 for the offence," was his sentence.

Joseph Kimpson, arrested in Duke st.; James McGuire, in Union st.; and William Sime in Carmarthen street, were fined $8 each for drunkenness.

Ellen Callihan was the only female. She kept her head and face completely enveloped in an apron, which she indignantly refused to have taken off. To a charge of drunkenness in Pitt street she pleaded guilty and was fined $8.

LIBERALITY OF PHYSICIANS.—It has always been said that physicians would disparage any remedy, however valuable, which they did not originate themselves. This has been disproved by their liberal course towards Dr. J. C. Ayer's preparations. They have adopted them into general use in their practice, which shows a willingness to countenance articles that have intrinsic merits which deserve their attention. This does the learned profession great credit, and effectually contradicts the prevalent erroneous notion that their opposition to proprietary remedies is based in their interest to discard them. We have always had confidence in the honorable motives of our medical men, and are glad to find it sustained by the liberal welcome they accord to such remedies as Ayer & Co.'s inimitable remedies, even though they are not ordered in the books, but are made known to the people through the newspapers.—*New Orleans Delta.*

A grave mystery is now exercising the minds of the Portland Police force. On McCoskery Road is a new-made grave, and no one can tell what is buried beneath. Capt. Jones intends visiting the place and opening the grave to see what has been buried there. It is probably a large sized rat, or something else that has been put there by some fool specially to hoax the police.

Robert Swinley of Lower Cove got hurt yesterday, but it was his own fault. He asked an able-bodied sailor if he was Evan Morris, the oarsman, saying that he recognized him by the "photograph" in the *News*.