

of them have a personal scuffle, but others are mixed up in the wrangle. One is stabbed and dies. But the person first charged "did not do it," and therefore there's an end of it! We really feel inclined to suggest to our murderers a certain way of committing their peculiar offence with perfect certainty of impunity. We wish to murder a man. Well, we make a bargain with a friend that he is to get into conversation with this man and while so in conversation we will come up and stab him. Down he drops, our friend bends over him—the police come up and take him. An inquest is held. Our friend is of course acquitted and there is an end of it. Nobody dreams of following the matter up. Don't let our readers say that we are chaffing. We are speaking plain sober truth. We say that a foul and miserable murder has been committed and the authorities have taken no more interest in it than if it had been a dog-fight. Our eyes are gratified every morning by the perusal of the important matters transacted in our City Criminal Court. Bridget Maloney has been found drunk, and sentenced to a fine of five shillings or twenty days at Rock Head. Bedad though—was she? Mary Moloney, for coming to the station drunk, admonished and dismissed, somebody else for disorderly conduct and rapping at somebody's door at twelve o'clock—fine of two dollars or ten days. So look out Bridget, don't get dhrunk again or the authorities will light upon you and blight your young prospects. Mr. Mc Carthy don't go rapping at John Abbott's door at twelve o'clock—mind now, we warn you. The law and vengeance sit enthroned every morning at eleven o'clock and you can't escape. But if you want to commit offences against the law and not be punished, go in for the higher kind of thing. What is the use of kicking a man's door and having to pay two dollars besides hurting your boots or knuckles, when you can cut a man's throat for nothing!

We hope that the gentry we are addressing will not see the *Bullfrog* and take us at our word, for if they do we shall be in a bad way. Already since that inquest has the knife been more busy among us than it used to be. Among our city population may be noticed now many strangers, valuable to us as customers or future friends. But among these strangers flocking to us from the adjoining shores, must naturally be found many of vicious and depraved minds, and we must take heed lest what we gain in gold and merchandise, we lose in security and peacefulness. The free and easy skeddaddler or other reprobate should find that upon landing here he must lay aside for awhile his revolver and his knife. He should not be encouraged in his iniquitous propensities by seeing that the indulgence in them is likely to be safe. When he walks through Water Street he should not be told that he is tramping in the blood of a murdered man, but that he needn't care, for the police don't mind it. NO. In the name of common justice, in the name of common self-respect, in the name of common decency we call upon our rulers to hunt out the MURDERER.

Since writing the above, we are pleased to find that the Chief Justice in his charge to the Grand Jury, has called attention to the subject. Our article was just about being set up by the printer, while the Judge was addressing the Grand Jury. We are sincerely glad that our remarks did not appear in the issue of the preceding Saturday, for two reasons. First, in that case we might have been vain enough to imagine that it was in consequence of them that his Lordship had called the attention of the Jury to the matter—and secondly, because we are not writing for self-glorification, but in order to try to do some good—and we are only too pleased to find that the apathy which we have charged upon our

among our higher officials. What the Chief Justice has now done, should have been done by somebody else long since. Who can tell now where the murderer is? He may or may not be here. But so soon as WOODHILL was acquitted, the whole bundle of rowdies should have been tied together—or, not to speak metaphorically, tied apart, and examined separately. The truth must have come out.

#### THE POOR'S ASYLUM.

It has been well remarked, that a thistle in front of a donkey's nose, seems larger than a Cathedral spire, situated a little further off. The saying applies to two classes of mankind. Some, are of a comprehension so asinine, that no distant prospect, however fair, can raise their thoughts from the trifling common-places of every-day life—others, are so absorbed in dreams of futurity, that they ignore with more than asinine obtuseness, the most obvious duties of their situation for the time being. Into one or other of these extremes we Nova Scotians seem unusually prone to fall. We are always either star-gazing, or quarrelling about the veriest trifles. When not lost in contemplation of our possible future, we are wrangling, and calling each other hard names. Hard names, it is true, break no bones, but neither do they advance our interests. Dreams of future greatness, likewise, however innocent of indulgence, are productive of no present advantage to the community. When we consider the vast quantity of paper and printer's ink yearly expended either for the purpose of vilification, or for the purpose of glorification,—we are inclined to pause and ask—to what purpose is this waste? Are all our existing institutions so perfect as to need no looking after by those whom we have elected to control our affairs? If such be the case,—if there be really no room for improvement in any one of our Provincial institutions, if all that we have attempted has been carried out as well as circumstances will allow,—then we may possibly be excused, if not justified, in attacking one another in order to call attention to our existence, or in lauding one another for our common satisfaction.

But,—are we altogether perfect? Have we advanced in civilization in a manner proportionate with the means at our disposal? We naturally wish to impress strangers with this belief; but,—do we ourselves,—who are, so to speak, behind the scenes, really acknowledge such to be the case? We fear not. We, in common with all other cities, have skeletons hidden away in cupboards seldom thrown open to the gaze of the outer world. In the very midst of this growing city, exist public institutions which we dare not, for our reputation's sake, invite the outer world to inspect. It is not long since we undertook the pleasing duty of "chaperoning" strangers about Halifax. We showed them all that was good in our midst. We called attention to our harbour, to our Province building, to our club-house, to our lately erected store-houses, to our mineral wealth,—but we did not call attention to our Poor's Asylum. Why was this? Not because the treatment of paupers is a small and unimportant question, but because we knew in our heart of hearts, that the management of our Poor's Asylum was, and is, a disgrace to Nova Scotians,—a foul blot upon the fair fame of our metropolis. This is strong language, which cannot be justified save by actual facts, the publication of which, however galling to individuals, may not prove uninteresting to the general public.

One of the most painful facts connected with the Asylum, is the absence of a pauper hospital. We do not mean to imply that an hospital should be established for the admission of paupers only,—but we put it to the common sense of our readers, whether a pauper, because he is a pauper should not, when sick, be temporarily removed to an institution especially devoted to the care of sick persons. When a man, other than a pauper, meets with a serious accident, he is removed either to his own house, or to the nearest hospital, and should his case necessitate the use of the surgeon's knife, he is operated upon with some trifling regard to the feelings of his every-day associates. The torture which such an one must needs undergo is for obvious reasons kept as much as possible out of sight. But how is it with our paupers? Imagine a number of sick persons—how many?—in a room, where there is no separate ward

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