

of a law so blunderingly drawn up as to require three times its volume of "Comments and explanations" to make it barely intelligible. And even with all these it has failed to convey its meaning "in many sections in several counties." What a "comment" is this upon an Education Act. But "irregularities" or no, the Bill is to be put in operation. Here is the despots power. No matter, whether our school meeting votes a sum of money for the support of an existing academy in Picton, which it had just as much right to do, as to vote a sum to raise a monument to the genius who drew up the Education Bill, no matter; "measures" will be adopted by the government upon the meeting of the Legislature for the purpose of legalizing the proceedings of annual meetings at which technical irregularities have occurred." Those who have to pay the assessment will be very anxious to know the opinion of the council of Education as to what they will view as a "technical irregularity." Perhaps the Secretary will favour us with a "comment and explanation" upon this point. We should be glad to learn what sort of "measures" the government will adopt to secure the passing of such further enactments this winter, so as to make legal all the illegal acts already committed. That Our House has shewn a subserviency to Party, and Political leadership we admit, but we cannot think its members are so far lost to manly feeling and shame, as not to resent such an insult to their independence of thought and action, as this Educational Bull contains—The hardness of a government that could dare thus confidently to assert what it intends to dictate to its followers, is only equalled by the presumption of the subordinate, who does not hesitate to be the medium of its publication. We fancy our Legislators assembling from all parts of the Province, filled with a knowledge of the injustice and absurdity of the present law, will be only too glad to unite in repealing it, instead of trying to secure an arbitrary and despotic mode of enforcing it. No one disputes the necessity of a good sound educational scheme—all agree upon this subject. But why call an incongruous law, a system, and try to force it into effect? Better that there should be no schools, than a law calculated to excite all the bitter feelings in us, and educate us to a resistance to law, and hostility to established authority.

THE CITY POLICE.

Our Police Force is not yet what it ought to be. Although the coat does not make the man, still the way the coat is worn frequently marks the character of the individual. As we pay taxes, we certainly expect to receive something in return for our money. When we hear of a renovation of the Police, we look for some external signs of improvement, and by these we are enabled to judge to a certain degree of the internal economy and efficiency of the Force. We have been sadly disappointed in our anticipations. There is something unmistakably slovenly in the appearance of the men. Why should they present such a hirsute appearance? Is there any virtue in imitating the style of hair-dressing of the untutored savage, or the semi-barbarous Mic-Mae? Is it because our rulers have a desire to strike more terror into the hearts of delinquent boys and intoxicated men, or is it because they fear that civilization is taking too mighty strides in this part of the world, that they permit the guardians of the peace to go at large with unkempt locks and straggling beards? If a superabundance of hair is to be worn, let there be an uniformity about it, so that we may know what to expect, but do not let a sudden apparition of hair and fiery coat collars startle respectable citizens out of their seven senses. We would suggest (if the primeval pattern is to be adopted by our police) that they tattoo their faces, or what is to be seen of them, and carry a shield and javelin, say something in the style of the Ancient Britons of the time of Julius Caesar, only let it be uniform. Seriously speaking, why not have neatness combined with efficiency. If a moustache is to be worn, let it be a standing order that all who can, shall wear a moustache, but do not let one wear a moustache, another an imperial and no moustache, another a beard, and all long hair. We do not expect perfection at first, but we do expect that some attention should be paid to the personal appearance of the men of the Police Force, and especially that attention will only cost a little trouble. There is one thing to which we strongly object, and that is, the habit

which the policemen indulge in of carrying walking sticks. Now if anything to our mind bears the mark of imbecility, this walking stick custom does so. Have our readers ever seen three or four of these men together? If they have not had this pleasure, let them notice the phenomenon the next time they have an opportunity, and we are sure that they will be gratified. We saw an exhibition of this kind at the Shakspearian celebration when the Force turned out in strength; our sensation at first, when we noticed them approaching in the distance, (we confess it with something akin to shame), was one of terror, for we thought it was a huge centipede crawling along after the procession. We saw the men's feet distinctly but then we saw extra legs as we supposed, and our frames shook with an undefined fear as our fancy depicted the great creature above mentioned, following in the wake of our statesmen and leading men. Mirth soon took the place of terror as on nearer approach the mystery was solved, and the centipede discovered itself to be the Police Force and their walking sticks, and it seemed then to our humble vision very weak. The word Force was a severe sarcasm. It was no such thing. The walking sticks gave them the appearance of octogenarians and made them ridiculous in the eyes of the lookers-on. This custom has not yet been abolished but is still in full force under the new system. It is well that there should be Sergeants of Police, but ought they not to be taught to carry themselves erect? Some are round shouldered, and most are slovenly. Why are the Yankee hats worn by the men? Can any one suggest a reason why we should so far condescend to follow, even in this small matter, in the footsteps of our republican neighbours? There is no one reason that we can see for this style of cap. It is perhaps the ugliest that could have been adopted as well as the most unserviceable. A helmet such as the London Police now wear with a chin strap to hold it on, in case of an emergency, seems to us the most reasonable description of covering for the head, as it is not only more suitable in appearance but is also a real protection. There are many minor points which we should like to draw attention to, but we will not now weary our readers with any more details of Police economy, as it at present exists. We feel sure however that we are echoing the sentiments of thousands of our fellow citizens with regard to this matter—and although as we stated at starting, external appearance is not everything, yet it is, generally speaking, the index of internal management. And this is why we have called our readers attention to this subject. If we are on the verge of becoming a great people and worthy of ranking among the modern nations of the world, let us endeavour, in this one respect at least, not to be behind the age. Let us do away with our walking sticks for policemen, let their shoulders be square to their front, let them don the helmet and doff the Zouave Cap, let them cut off their beards and curtail their hair, let them be drilled and disciplined like all similar Corps are now-a-days, and then, when these little minor points shall have been attended to, we shall feel more confident that our laws are being properly enforced, our property efficiently guarded, and our lives and liberty safe from those who might be tempted to take either from us.

DEAR OLD MR. BULLFROG.—

I am sure you are an *Old* darling, you croak so incessantly, so you will excuse my taking the liberty of writing so familiarly to you. I know you will print this like a dear, now won't you? I want to ask you to do something about that horrid mud. Is it not a dreadful nuisance? Papa declares he will not go out this winter, and he won't pay his taxes, and he grumbles all day about the mud, and he says he will never vote for any one again either Alderman or Mayor, because they don't care whether we are drowned in the mud or whether our eyes are cut out with the dust, and I should not like to lose my eyes. Charlie says they are so — well, never mind! Altogether dear Papa makes himself and every one uncomfortable around him, and I do so wish you would make those horrid old creatures of Aldermen turn out with their brooms and sweep the crossings. I see them sometimes sweeping the dust into heaps and leaving it to be blown about. I suppose on purpose to spoil all our new things. Arabella and I noticed last summer that whenever we put on our new bonnets and dresses, those nasty old Aldermen

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