

perate, and is daily transferred to the private kitchen of some one connected with the management of the Asylum. This would be a capital arrangement for any one desirous of having a dinner cooked at the public expense. Twenty-five cents at Christmas would, in such a case, be profitably invested. And a drunken gardener might likewise find himself a pauper, and a garden might be carefully looked after at a similar moderate rate;—in fact there is no saying where such a vicious system might end. A public man that employs a pauper in a private capacity does a grievous wrong to society, and ceases to be a good citizen. We shall say no more upon this head at present, and we trust we may be spared the painful duty of again returning to the subject. But we shall spare ourselves no pain to root out a vicious system, at whatever cost to those whom, in their private capacity, we honor and respect.

THE WIZARD OF THE CITY PRESS.

It is said that anything is advertised in the *Express*, as being lost or found, but that the parties succeed in recovering their property. *Evening Express*, Dec. 5.

Oh, happy day! Oh, blest Halifax! Oh, *Express* worth three detectives! Losing is no longer seeking, finding is no longer keeping. Losing, simply means advertising in the *Express*,—finding, the pleasure of studying its columns to see to whom one is to have the felicity of restoring the lost property. How very comforting this intelligence is: should we lose a cigar-case, a handkerchief, a watch, or a necklace, how very soothing to feel assured that a mere advertisement in the *Express* will restore it to our possession—"Hi, presto! here you are." If we are too much exhausted to carry our umbrella, we have only to throw it down anywhere, advertise for it in the *Express*, and home it comes next day, at the trifling cost of "a suitable reward." We confess we are delighted to hear that an advertisement in the *Express* has such a melting influence on the hearts of finders, and even on persons who may possibly have become possessed of the property of others in a more than questionable manner, for of course it would be too much to believe that our watches, &c., always left our pockets unaided by human fingers. This restitution—compelling power is but rarely met with, but "when found, make a note on," and the next time we lose anything, we shall make a point of advertising in the *Express*. Most newspapers, receiving such convincing proof of their influence, would allude to it in a conceited, self-complacent spirit. The *Express* merely notices it in a modest paragraph, something after Mrs. Gamp's style, "which it is due to ourselves to mention it." Still it does not disdain to offer proofs, and gives two instances in which straying property—money in the one case, and seals in the other,—returned quietly to the owners, a few hours after the appearance of an advertisement in its columns. A still more convincing proof of the wide spread confidence in the *Express* is to be found in another paragraph in the same paper:—"A pair of nearsighted gold-mounted glasses, closing with a spring, were lost on the day the present Governor landed in Halifax. If the party who found them, will leave them at this office, they, (the glasses!) will be suitably rewarded." In this case we can only regret that the loser did not advertise earlier, or that the finder did not publish the fact some months ago, and then according to Cocker, righteousness, eternal justice, and the *Express*, every one would have been made happy long ago. We may notice that there is a limit to all things, and it is scarcely necessary to particularise that the glasses were lost on the day the present Governor landed: if they had disappeared when the late Governor or his predecessor landed, we fear even the *Express* would be powerless to dig them up. Perhaps our contemporary will vouchsafe some information as to the length of time, over which his power extends, and the exact degree of obduracy in the human heart, whichever the occasional failure, to be inferred from the word "seldom" in the paragraph at the head of our article.

This announcement, however, opens up a wide vista of speculation, besides affording abundant cause for thanksgiving. A finer occasion for singing our usual song, "We are more blessed than they" cannot be imagined, but as the exact reason for grati-

tude may have escaped some of our readers, we beg leave to enlighten them! In all large towns and cities outside Nova Scotia certain gentlemen are to be found, who invariably know, by accident or instinct of course, where to light upon a missing dog, &c., only singularly enough, they never happen to think of it, until a large reward has been offered. We have always looked upon these gentlemen with a certain amount of awe, not unmixed with vague misgivings as to their moral principles, which misgivings are, we think, very generally shared by the rest of the world. Turn now to Nova Scotia, and acknowledge our blessings, a leading newspaper of unimpeachable character, can almost insure the recovery of anything; lose what you like, from a Digby herring to a bunch of seals, from a watch chain to a tenpenny nail, go to the *Express*, and in from two to four and twenty hours, back it comes. The millenium however, has not yet arrived, and we are therefore constrained to believe that a certain class, who are unable to distinguish aright between meum and tuum, and have a remarkably keen eye to advertised rewards, devote a large portion of their leisure time to the perusal of the *Express*. This is not a reproach to that paper;—quite the contrary, the fact that its eloquent and telling language induces these gentlemen of defective morality, to trust to vague promises of "suitable rewards," may well be its proudest boast. Thanking it for this valuable information, we take the opportunity of disseminating the news as far as we are able.

RETURN OF THE DELEGATES. SCENES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FARCE BY THE CLERK OF THE PEACE.

Scene—Between the Old and New Provincial Buildings.

Enter the P—r—t S—ny, and the L—r of the Op—n.

P. S. Good morning Sir. The work progresses rapidly.

L. o. O. It does indeed—perhaps a *little* too fast if our great scheme is to be accomplished this year—in which case the building will be unnecessary.

P. S. Not at all. Let us make what we can out of this Province.

L. o. O. Before we retire to the quiet dignity of Ottawa. I understand. It is betraying your trust though somewhat to go on expending money upon a work which, you know when finished will be useless.

P. S. *Frowning but glowing as he proceeds.* Sir. If we raised to the skies an edifice as glorious as it might be expensive, it would find a ready purchaser in the future merchants of the wharf of B. N. A. The grandeur of the scheme is overwhelming. My brain almost reels at the contemplation of it. A population of 3,000,000 brave lion hearted honest hardy industrious men. What cannot they accomplish? This new Building Sir, will be but a dog-kennel when Halifax is the first City of British North America, the Liverpool, the London of the new Confederacy. Sir (*gloomily*), we must approach this question with those feelings which awe and a great question can alone inspire. To say that—

L. o. O. Hush my dear Sir, there is some one listening. You are not in Montreal, and I've heard all that before.

P. S. Sir! you questioned the morality of our motives in continuing the construction of these new works. I gave my reason—Union. Union Sir, is the one motive power that conquers selfishness, political strife, and ———

L. o. O. Twaddle! Let us come into the Fish-market.

P. S. and L. o. O. *cheerily and simultaneously as they proceed (jostling by reason of the narrowness, against each other) down the narrow passage which leads to the F. M. What a disgrace! It is well for us both that our talents will soon remove us from so odious a neighbourhood ———*

L. o. O. It is indeed charming. This market will afford a glorious subject of discussion for our successors in the Province Building.

P. S. They must not say

L. o. O. Y.

It has often s

makes the pe

to be trample

P. S. How

L. o. O. No

far they mistri

P. S. Their

L. o. O. Th

for example th

jobs, (P. S. bla

are certainly a

P. S. It wo

We are howev

benefit us both

bles.

L. o. O. Y.

office as our pe

game. Once

deception, ha!

fail to be, we s

moved as we s

we represent, i

P. S. *Chuck*

L. o. O. *Sn*

roughly on thi

P. S. Why

L. o. O. W

I was utterly i

chair—

P. S. And

such a reproac

L. o. O. *Sai*

P. S. Why

L. o. O. *poei*

Merely a snugg

public meeting

vassing a good

of the most of

P. S. Who

L. o. O. H

in the great u

others. We r

P. S. I hav

will never sit

very strongly

future Govern

of Halifax are

tion.

F. G. Pool

so. Their onl

by this union.

we knew tha

their argumen

P. S. Thei

one! it must!

What can the

carry this me

L. o. O. *Sl*

couple of sly

to be appreh

P. S. Just

is being gradi

those—

L. o. O. *i*

talk buncom

matters stand