

it found its way into the pockets of the great Mogul alone, the country could scarcely be deemed prosperous. The *Express* compares the increase of our revenue, within the last twenty years, with that of the mother country. The fairness of this comparison must be disputed by the warmest supporters of our contemporary, for reasons too obvious to notice. If we compare our increasing financial prosperity with that of the States for any given year, we should make a poor figure. However we have made progress. Let this fact content us, without taking us out of our way to laud one Provincial party or decry another.

#### OUR CITY POLICE.

Our police force, although not large, costs money, and the public has a right to expect that its money should not be expended without some apparent result—however small. The broad maxims which regulate police duties are plain, and easy of comprehension to the meanest intellect. The protection of private individuals, and the preservation of public order, are the primary objects for which a police force is organized; but so far as we can learn, the police force of Halifax does not even pretend to be actuated with reference to either of these objects. The Halifax police are, as a body, perfectly useless, the only actual proof of their existence—if proof it can be called—being a certain yearly expenditure for their maintenance. We are not, as a people, prone to underrate the excellence of our own institutions, but we have never yet attempted to invest our police force with even a shadow of real importance. That they may be, as individuals, respectable and orderly citizens, we do not deny,—but, to suppose that, as policemen, they are worth anything whatever, would argue an ignorance of the commonest affairs of every-day life. In most public departments we can estimate with moderate accuracy the worth we get for our money. We pay our water rates with the utmost cheerfulness, knowing that our town is second to none in the copiousness of its water supply. We gladly add our mite towards the maintenance of a fire brigade, because we know from experience that the sound of the fire bell will bring together a body of stalwart men, anxious and able to do their work efficiently. In the matter of gas, too, we get something for our money. The illumination of our city—although not so brilliant as that of Paris, or Piccadilly—is yet sufficient, for ordinary purposes, and indicative of an organized system, the main object of which is light. The streets likewise, although nothing to brag about, show signs of improvement. But as regards the City police,—they are simply a myth,—an imaginary luxury,—a useless burthen upon the pockets of tax-payers. We occasionally read of a policeman having been assaulted while “in the execution of his duty,” but we should never have known of his existence, had he not been so assaulted. A policeman, having spent his evening lounging about disorderly pot-houses, gets, late at night, a knock on the pate, and suddenly remembering that he is on “duty,” appears next morning as a witness against the too hasty companion of his nocturnal recreations. The police service is eminently popular; indeed, to a certain class of men we can imagine no service, the adopted duties of which are more keenly enjoyed. It is pleasant to be well clad at the public expense, and to be invested moreover with a legal right to terrify small boys who are naughty enough to play “chuck farthing” in the streets on Sunday. There is likewise a certain dignified heroism attendant upon the apprehension of juveniles caught “coasting” in frosty weather, and the effect produced upon society by the timely capture of an improvised “treboggan” (we are not sure whether the word is spelt aright) is instantaneous and appalling. But these are the excitements, the so-to-speak “sensations”—of our Haligonian “peelers.” Their ordinary duties are of a nature less harassing. There is the pleasant morning lounge at the Court House, associated with a study of character which is, in the case of wrong doers, peculiarly interesting. Then comes a lazy surveillance of the market folk from the Court House steps, or a desultory chat about things in general with the “cabbies” congregated in the vicinity of the Grand Parade. Should the weather be unsettled, the nearest tavern (entered upon “duty”) is resorted to as a fitting place wherein to gossip, or read the local newspapers. Then comes night, with its drinking, dancing, and rioting accompaniments, and our policemen must act upon his knowledge of special local abominations in order that he may keep well out of the turmoil and lead a quiet life. There are, it is true, certain “chances of life” with which he must make himself acquainted, so, he must of course “look out” for himself. The element for which (thanks to street, Water street, Alb

brated. To be on good terms with the so-called-city-guardians is politic on the part of publicans, and policemen are apt to grow thirsty in the course of their arduous duties, in proportion to the notions of “life” which the several publicans entertain and act upon. But, let it not be supposed that our city police are slow to respond to the call of “duty”;—on the contrary, when a man has been stabbed to death in the street, they invariably put in an appearance some ten or fifteen minutes after the affray, and are ready to give the minutest evidence as to the exact time their services were called into requisition. It is, of course, not their business to take any measures to prevent the recurrence of such pleasantries. They must see “life” while “on duty,” but they must not interfere to disturb the ordinary preliminaries of “rows” and possible bloodshed. If their aid should be sought after a lady has been insulted on a Sunday afternoon, they give it most cheerfully,—but it is clearly not their fault if crowds of half drunken bullies think proper to assemble together in knots of twenty, or thirty, at the corners of streets which the police are popularly supposed to patrol. And if a respectably dressed individual so far forgets himself as to fall upon the pavement in a state of senseless intoxication, it is, of course, not the fault of the police if he lie there until his pockets are emptied, and his watch and studs perlined by some unprincipled wayfarer. A drunkard may make his bed in Barraek or Water street, in mid-winter, but of course the police are not to blame should he be frozen to death. The drunkard may come to an untimely end, but the city police must keep out of the cold, lest they submit themselves to the risk of a bronchial attack. In probable stabbing cases, likewise, it is not the duty of the police to enter a drain shop, merely because knives are gleaming to an accompaniment of oaths and menaces,—on the contrary—it is the duty of the Haligonian police to absent themselves from scenes of strife and disorder, lest they should be called upon to interfere in matters which may possibly have an unpleasant termination. This is a peculiar doctrine, but we suppose it is all right. We pay our money towards maintaining a police force, and nothing can be wrong, so long as it is Haligonian.

#### SMOKE.

Though smoking is preached at, and anathemized by many, one half at least of our male population, derive pleasure from the fragrant weed. Though we do not smoke ourselves, many of our best friends are addicted, more or less, to the pursuit. Our distress of mind may be imagined when we read in a self-called religious paper of New York, the following startling description of one whose evil ways must, according to the writer, eventually be atoned for in a state of future punishment. “Such a man” he writes, “will probably turn out an habitual Sabbath breaker, a smoker and a user of profane language.” The idea that Tom, Dick, and Harry, our good sober minded friends must burn forever hereafter if they choose to smoke now, filled our heart with appalling thoughts. “If this man is right,” we reflected, it were better that our friends should lose the senses of taste and smell, than aspire with pipes in their mouths to a state of beatitude after death. To procure pen, ink and paper, and begin a tract headed “SMOKERS SMOKE” was the first line of action upon which we resolved, but fortunately at this moment the last English papers were brought into our study, and we paused upon our work. In the proceedings of the British Association we see that Dr. Richardson, a man of great Medical ability, read a paper (which was loudly applauded) upon the evil effects of smoking, and having perused this paper with attention, we have come to the conclusion that the use of Tobacco is injurious, especially when indulged in by the young, it should to more be classed as a moral crime than the use of many other little luxuries which all can indulge in without fear of censure. Dr. Richardson says:—

“The ground on which tobacco, holds so firm a footing is, that of nearly every luxury it is the least injurious. It is innocuous as compared with alcohol, it does infinitely less harm than opium; it is in no sense worse than tea; and by the side of high living, altogether contrasts most favourably. A thorough smoker may or may not be a hard drinker, but there is one thing he never is—a glutton; indeed, there is no cure for gluttony, and all its train of certain and fatal evils, like tobacco. In England it has been effected wholesale. The friends of tobacco remarks, their “friendly weed” is sometimes “the most reasonable” of luxuries, but the most reasonable, at which it brings to the overworn body, restless mind. Their error is transpa-

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