

The policy which crowds the one establishment in order that the other may seem empty is at once subtle and profound. It does not look well to have many prisoners in jail at Christmas time. Even Aldermen may be excused for exercising a little undue leniency at a time when all men are merrily inclined. They can just now afford to be gracious towards those friendly toppers whose convivial customs have made the sidewalks of Water Street thrice-driven beds of down. What's the use of sending a drunkard to Rockhead to get sober, when the poor house is ever so much nearer? None at all, especially at Christmas time, when the prison functionaries should be allowed to enjoy themselves. No, the Poor's Asylum is the place; let Tim, and Peggy, there quarrel and blaspheme till they fall asleep in an odour of "white eye,"—they won't disturb anyone but the Paupers, who are, as a matter of course:—

"Blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday."

It would, of course, be absurd not to use the poor house as an ordinary police station cell. It would cost some money to keep up a police station on that rotten old country principle which provides temporary, unfurnished lodgings for such votaries of Bacchus as cannot see their way home after sunset. Such men cannot be specially provided for; a "look up" at the Police station would be nothing short of a premium on intemperance. It is true, drunkards may disturb paupers, but this is no business of ours,—it only affects those, guilty of that most atrocious of sins—poverty. Poverty! the mere idea of a man being poor or infirm at a time like the present, is manifestly absurd. Who could think of Paupers, while contemplating the future in store for us? Paupers, forsooth! at a moment when the river St. Lawrence is to be "swung" into Bedford Basin,—when Halifax is on the eve of becoming the great trade emporium for Asia, and Australia,—paupers! let them rot and perish.

No one has any right to be a pauper now-a-days. Pauperism is an unmix'd evil, and should be discountenanced as such; therefore, let us, by all means, use the Poor's Asylum as a Police Station. What matters it, that a man should, while suffering from *delirium tremens* create a panic in the poor house? He will not, in all probability, do anything more playful than send females into hysterics, terrify his male companions, render night hideous with his ravings, disturb the last moments of the dying, and fill a place designed for some less deserving individual. Some silly people may imagine, that the destitute family of a consumptive artizan, or the unfortunate victim of an unlooked for accident, should have a stronger claim upon the resources of the Asylum than a common tippler. No such absurd idea can for a moment be entertained. Those who would argue in such a strain must be opposed to Federation. They are men of narrow minds, unable rightly to comprehend the true elements of greatness. They are men who prefer looking upon the ground to peering into the heavens; they are meditators rather than star-gazers. To such we would say—Union is strength. Why seek to arraign class against class, when the advantages of Union are obvious to all,—why encourage petty jealousies, when amalgamation will effectually destroy the evils thereon attendant? No, union is strength! Look at our Pauper Asylum, and in that model establishment see the happy results of union. There we have all classes under a common control. The aged and the youthful, the bedridden and the robust, the timid orphan and the unblushing harlot, the crippled mechanic and the hardened jail-bird, the dying penitent and the

blaspheming infidel, the palsied dotard and the raving lunatic, all are housed together. Their lives have hitherto been monotonous in the extreme, but the introduction of two or three more *delirium tremens* cases will work wonders. But we have, of late sent but few drunkards to Rockhead, and this fact clearly proves that we are, beyond all doubt, the most moral, intelligent, and superlatively excellent people to be met with upon earth.

SERIOUS FUN.

We have had no great public amusements in Halifax this Christmas. We ought perhaps to have had a pantomime, a public ball, and all manner of pleasant things. Since, however, none of these have been vouchsafed—follow us O intelligent reader into the Temperance Hall on the nights of Friday and Saturday, in Christmas week. "If ever a subject deserved to be considered soberly," how often by-the-by has that phrase been employed during the past month, well, well—almost all great things have a ludicrous side and public meetings are no exceptions to the rule. Let us then go to the Temperance Hall merely to laugh, merely to pick the plums of fun out of a dry debate. We know nothing kind readers about the questions at issue, or if we do, are prepared to ignore our knowledge on the present occasion. Let us enter the hall. Two seats in the front row are vacant, we will take them. The delegates their friends and their opponents are arriving, we are in the nick of time. Ah there is the Mayor what a bore the whole thing must be to him. He is in the position of a speaker of a House without his authority, but the audience look more inclined to laugh than to make a disturbance. And here come our delegates supported by Messrs. WIER, JOHN TOBIN, and LYNCH, then follow the Anti-Federalists. Mr. HOWE is here too. Although he will not speak his name will be mentioned pretty often during the discussions. The debate begins. Let us look at the highly respectable audience which surrounds us. All ages and classes find in it their representatives. Look at that dear old man who has longed perhaps many years for some kind of Union. He is rather deaf and blind, but although he can't see the speaker or hear his words, or know to what party he belongs, he knows when applause is going on. On such occasions he pats his knees with both hands and mutters audibly, "very—good, I think so too." Dear old man may he live to see a real Union of the Colonies! There is a young man who cheers every delegate, and every assistant of the delegates. He sees himself roving over the boundless West, in square rigged vessels on the lakes, and in express trains to British Columbia. Honest enthusiast may you see your dream realized! Here is a sober merchant counting the cost of every farthing which he will lose or gain by the changes of the tariff. He has no more enthusiasm than an oyster, or patriotism than an Italian Jew. Dollars and cents for this year and the next limit his vision. "Sufficient unto the day are the dollars thereof." He says, "I have got on well enough as yet—a fig for the changes!" There again is an honest man who waits to hear both sides of the question, and hasn't made up his mind on the subject as yet. He cheers hits made by either party, and cheers doubly when such hits are followed by praises of the "honesty, integrity, and enterprise of Nova Scotians. All the audience is well behaved, attentive and respectable. Let us look at the speakers. If we can get any fun, for mind that is our only object now, let us listen to them and make remarks (in whispers of course) upon their speeches. Mr. WIER and Mr. LYNCH have spoken and good heavens dear reader what rubbish they did talk! It was perhaps wise of the delegates to have a couple of extra speakers on the platform, either to show their own strength, or to fill up the time. We will put a more charitable construction upon their action in this matter. They knew that many on the opposite side were unaccustomed to public speaking. This might, (thought the dele-

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