

precedent in order to excuse a bad measure! As regards the expression—"prominent departmental officers"—we have already shewn that postmistresses come within this category; consequently the expression has, we presume, on this side of the Atlantic, no significance whatever. But perhaps the most instructive portion of the blue book under consideration, is that wherein the Executive calls attention to its own magnanimity, in not having evicted from office, certain Sizing Officers, and Post Masters—not to mention "the Warehouse keeper and the Prothonotary" of Pictou County, all which persons are described as "active and determined partizans." What a set of Politicians we must be in America, when every man with a coat on his back is magnified into a violent partizan of one party or the other! Under such circumstances it is hardly strange that our politics should be somewhat Lilliputian—that our political Tokay should have degenerated into beer of infinitesimal smallness.

OUR FARM.

III.

Joe, and one or two other head bailiffs, managed the BLUE-NOSE estate for some years; but, instead of describing driving matches and such like things, I will mention a few of the abuses which, some how or other, gradually crept into the farm, the bad effects of which are now fully felt. The construction of roads from one place to another on the estate, had long been one of the chief duties of the bailiff. In other farms such roads were usually planned and executed by individuals for their own profit, but here, where the estate was so poor, no one could be found to undertake such a venture. The few that travelled would barely pay for the support of the turn-pike keepers, and no possible balance could be expected for the repair of the high-ways. BLUE-NOSE understood this, and said wisely, "I will make the roads at my own expense, and in time they will doubtless pay their own way." Now to the west of BLUE-NOSE, lived two rich farmers, Messrs. BEAVER and ST. JOHN. These gentlemen long complained, that if a man from the eastward wanted to pay them a visit, he had to go right round to the south, through STARR's farm, before he could accomplish his object. BLUE-NOSE also saw that if all these travellers could be induced to pass through his ground, no small profit could be sucked from them on the passage. So BLUE-NOSE, BEAVER and ST. JOHN, met together and agreed to make a great high-road through the three estates, and BULL, of whom both BEAVER and ST. JOHN rented their land, agreed to assist, if not in defraying the expenses, at least in enabling them to borrow money in his name, at a low rate of interest.

The whole BLUE-NOSE family jumped at the idea, and Joe stuck to it through thick and thin, but unfortunately, some foolish people got it into their heads, that Beaver and St. John were trying to trick them about the road, and that when their part was made, the St. JOHN and BEAVER people would not complete their share.

About the same time, it also entered into some other crafty heads on the farm, that, though doubtless, the great route would be of use when completed, there was one thing of far more importance to them, than any high-way that had been proposed. What were great roads to them, if little ones could be made, through which cattle could be hurried at a driving match! No more crooked ways, if only a good straight passage to the farmyard could be opened. No more cattle sticking in hedges, only to be released perhaps by the opposite drivers. All would be well if BLUE-NOSE would be content to spend his money as these bailiffs in prospect desired. These views became unfortunately pretty general on the estate, though never of course openly expressed by any one. The fact was, that BLUE-NOSE was not quite awake to the situation. He had been so accustomed to the correcting voice of BULL's agent, that he forgot the evils which might accrue, if everything were left to take its chance, or fall out as the head bailiff alone might desire. These worthy way-planners, as I have said, never openly stated their opinions. With their mouths they urged Joe to make the big road, whilst they wrote up all over the farm palings, that Joe was fool

enough to be swindled by any and every BRAVER farm lout. The great bailiff had at last the satisfaction of seeing a small bit of the big road finished. After this, whenever a man aspired to the head bailiffship, it became him to consider amongst other things, which roads were at his disposal for the driving of cattle. It was not necessary that the roads should be actually made a clearing was sufficient in many instances. Thus, says Charley, or any other leading operative on the estate, proposes now a days to try his chance at a drive—or having won one, to try for another. he goes to BLUE-NOSE and asks him to clear the land for a road, to such and such a place, (where of course there are many cattle stowed away.) A little persuasion overcomes the easy man, and the clearing is made. The day of the drive comes on, and not only has Charley the advantage of the clear passage for his cattle, but all the lumberers occupied in the clearing, pick up every beast as it passes, thus hastening its progress to the farmyard. BLUE-NOSE hears of all this, but what does he care! "Taste this Madeira my boy, I gave 17 shillings a bottle for it, and I don't owe a penny to anyone—except—well never mind, I'm getting on very well, and don't care to croak about these stupid clearings, let Charlie look after all that."

THE DARTMOUTH FERRY.

There are several specimens of peculiar combinations of wood and iron, plying daily across the harbour, termed by courtesy the Dartmouth Steamers. They are worth a visit, as shewing at once the very high degree of imperfection to which such structures may be brought, and the admirable long-suffering of the dwellers in Halifax and Dartmouth. The leading idea of the designer of these anomalies seems to have been, that the inhabitants of the surrounding country would select them as permanent abodes in preference to their own homes, and to discourage the fulfilment of this probable migration, he set himself to work to obtain the largest amount of discomfort, that the space at his command allowed. The passage from Halifax to Dartmouth or vice versa, on board one of these steamers, on a fine calm day, occupying as it does about fifteen minutes, enables one to realize to a painful degree the satisfactory results attained. Sitting down on about six inches of unusually hard and rarely clean board, is a species of torture but few dare undergo; while a promenade, from the fact that the steamers are generally pretty full of wagons, carts, trucks, &c., is about as enticing, and not quite so free from danger as a stroll down the middle of Water Street on a muddy day. One's only resource is to choose a spot, as far removed as may be from the heels or mouth of a vicious horse, or the horns of some desperate ox, and there endure one's misery, keeping a bright look-out on wheels and truck tails. Rain, wind, fog, or snow of course materially improve the situation. For the protection and comfort of passengers, certain shelter has been provided in the shape of a cross between rooms, out-houses, and dilapidated kennels. This shelter however is only resorted to under the pressure of a downpour of rain or a gale of wind, and then only by those who are inured to very unsavoury odours; hence the large majority of passengers prefer remaining outside. The cause of this is self-evident: the cabins (?) are placed close to the engine room, in order that the wayfarer may not suffer from cold, and as with warmth in comes the nice oily smell peculiar to steamboat machinery, and as no means of letting it out have been provided, the wisdom of the arrangement is at once apparent. Much more might be said about these pestiferous cabins, but writing on the subject is, from the number of forcible adjectives one is obliged to employ, as unpleasant as suffering the reality; we think however we are within the mark in saying that they probably provide work for one doctor in Halifax or Dartmouth, or very likely for one in each. "Slow and sure" is a very beautiful motto, but "slow

and not sure" does. We should not so much or a bumboat, if we this is a gratification to afford. We do or not. If it is, we harbour, and we see comfortable line of contiguous wharf, basin, to avoid infr mouth in about the than one of the pre Halifax should end we can understand unrivalled harbour such is their wish, ferry so pre-eminently other place in the k to find a flock of pe dollar, as we appear using the word "flo of Arcadian simplicity thinking of shepherd and a decently man of being looked up become common, an amount per cent. th proportionately inc stating a self-eviden so to speak, bringin adding so much to t said of our "thrivi terprising citizens" people are more apt fication. One of th prophetic state of t West Arm dotted w daily to take our me School of Design, a better line of steam ones, this vision is p some stranger steps and reap his rewar suppose must rest co in her only steam ste would be instantly so

The Poet Laureate, other volume. The last came before the p conclusion that he ha profession. That he t some of the "experim us—experiments ind critics ample subject justified by public o not we will not now sideration of the clus us by, as we still thin

Of these the first, b in blank verse and c "Idylls of the King." A woman having mar the sea for many year another who before h fully to her heart. Th and living a sad sad

* Enoch Arden and of Poet Laureate. London