

## OUR FARM. II.

MR. BLEUXOSE as I told you last week, though determined to be as moderate as possible in his moment of success, soon allowed the ill effects of his joy to become manifest.

"Boys," cried he, after a great congratulatory dinner to his tenants, "The whole management of the estate having fallen into my hands, and being totally unacquainted with the details of agriculture myself, I am going to appoint a head bailiff to take the trouble of my shoulders. Were I to choose the stupidest low in the land, he would do better than that agent of BULL'S." (great cheering.) You probably all know the way I intend to make the selection: in fact you've been accustomed to the same sort of thing on a small scale before. Let a few then, of those who feel competent to manage the business, come to this end of the table, and I shall then, without bowling, be able to explain the nature of the race they are to run."

Here Mr. BLEUXOSE was interrupted, by a general rush for the head of the Maquette, in which the feast took place. The benches were deserted in a moment, and BLEUXOSE had at last the satisfaction of knowing that all on his estate felt themselves capable of managing his affairs. Few however, reached the top of the table. Many, accustomed to small beer, were overcome by the new BLEUXOSE wine, and found themselves at the first hustle, totally hors de combat, many, accustomed to wine all their lives, were wrought upon by an excess of their favourite liquor, whilst those who soberly and earnestly urged themselves towards their master, a large number were overcome and thrust under the table by others, their superiors in strength. BLEUXOSE enjoyed the sport, for it was new to him, and when order was restored, resumed his address to those around him, an audience probably of a dozen or eighteen puffed and heated men.

"There is nothing at all original in the plan I now propose, as similar competition are held both up at BULL'S place and elsewhere. The post of bailiff shall be given to him among you, who can drive the greatest number of cattle into this farm-yard, on a given day.

"Oxen!" cried a few of his hearers.

"Not oxen alone, but bulls and heifers, and all that is commonly called cattle."

"Sheep!" cried a number of voices.

No gentlemen, not sheep, I don't wish to be misunderstood, I say cattle in the proper acceptation of the term. Why,—some of you must have been studying Starr's system! He admits in the competition, all manner of unclean beasts, of no possible use on a farm. No, no, my friends, I wish to carry out BULL'S system. Of course, any number of men whom you can persuade to assist you, will be allowed to do so, and the skill of the victor, in cattle driving, will also be backed up by the moral force that has enabled him to enlist so many laborers in his service for the day. Such a man ought to make a very good bailiff.

Here stepped the man, called JOXOX, and said, I think the whole thing is nonsense, we should have done much better as we were. Nothing was pleasanter than the old agent's manner of dealing: he did not interfere more than was good for us, and now you have deprived him of almost all power on the estate. I hate the whole thing, but as it has fallen out so, I shall try for the prize myself.

The driving went off quietly enough on the day named, and I should hardly have bored you with BLEUXOSE's speech about the system, were it not necessary, for the future development of my tale.

The privileges of the head bailiff, were very numerous, he dined with the master every evening, and sat on his right hand; every joke that he uttered, was as a matter of course, received with a "very good!" and loud laughter, all round the table. He had a fair house to live in, and could share with any friends that he chose to adopt, the best fishing and sporting on the estate. The gift of the model lodging houses, for poor people on the farm, was in his hands, and it is needless to say, this power was exercised in favor of those who had best assisted him to win the driving match.

He was nevertheless in constant fear, lest his friends should desert him, and to obviate this danger, was particularly careful in his selection of occupants for these houses of charity, select-

ing them, as far as possible, from amongst those of his supporters, of whose future assistance he felt somewhat doubtful. This fear about his own friends soon led successive bailiffs into many mean actions, which as a rule, they eventually repented, but of this more anon. Mr. GEORGE the first bailiff, acquitted himself very well: he was indeed more like a servant of BULL'S, than a BLEUXOSE farmer, and had already won a little prize for good conduct, at BULL'S great agricultural dinner. He soon left for the home farm, and the bailiffship changed hands. A man well known all over the place, by the sobriquet of Joe, won the neat bailiffship. He was very hard working and honest, his great fault being a nasty habit of scribbling funny, and sometimes offensive remarks, upon the fences about the estate. This propensity had caused him no little trouble some years before. A mysterious writing in chalk to this effect, was found upon a pigsty,—"You are a thief." His hand-writing was recognized as Joe's; and he fully admitted such to be the case. Then said a number of laborers, that can only be meant for our respected head gardener, a man, let us tell you, mostly above such low ribaldry, as you, or such as you, choose to throw out against him." However lofty the ideas of the head gardener might be, he now arrived on the spot in a great fuss, and attended by a great many friends, who joined him in virulent abuse of poor Joe. The latter, attended by a few sympathisers, beat an armed retreat into his house, from which his enemies cautioned him not to stir, under pain of a great prospective mawling on the morrow. The next day, Joe wished to lay his case before Mr. BULL'S agent or before BLEUXOSE himself, but found his cottage surrounded by a furious multitude, many of them BLEUXOSE's household servants. "Let us charge them, and force a way to the agents house," suggested some of Joe's friends. "Many thanks!" answered he "for your kind offer, but I think a few words will disarm many of these silly fellows, and the few sillier still, who can not listen to reason, will me t with justice at the master's hand, when the whole matter is made known to him."

So Joe went to the window of his house, and asked for five minutes attention, which was reluctantly accorded him.

"What," he said, "if what you call ribaldry, and apply to the chief gardener, fitting the cap on him without a moments hesitation, should be simple truth? I am an humble man, and of a quiet nature, but as you have forced this stir upon me, I will not flinch, since it has now gone so far. I found this spoon in the pigsty, and I saw the head gardener hide it there."—(great sensation.) "I see you already call to mind, things that have been hinted about the man you come here to avenge. I have ample proofs, let me go to Mr. BLEUXOSE's house, if I fail to establish my case, buffet me to your hearts content; if on the contrary, I prove all that I now solemnly assert, I fancy all will confess that a great wrong has been done me," (hear, hear.) All I now ask, is permission to pass without molestation to the master's mansion."

This request was readily accorded by most of his hearers, though the head gardener, who stood near the door from which Joe came out, hurled a big brick-bat at the latter, amidst a great confusion of groans and counter groans, cheers and counter cheers.

Joe went to the big house, stated his case, was pronounced by the whole family to be in the right, invited to repeat his visit, and soon after became the most popular on the estate.

I must now return to my story. Joe, as I said before, obtained the bailiffship, vacated by George, and (notwithstanding his many failings) did much good to the farms and lands entrusted to his care. I will tell you more of these matters next week.

## HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

The visit of the Canadian crowd which poured into Halifax a few weeks since, made patent the fact that we are sadly deficient in Hotel accommodation. Not only were many of our visitors necessarily billeted upon hospitable citizens, but even some of those fortunate enough to obtain lodging in an hotel, have complained bitterly in their own papers of the badness and discomfort of their domiciles. Now, Canadians should not be severe critics on this subject, the hotel accommodation in their own great cities being notoriously most indifferent. Should the stranger be unfortunate enough to find the St. Louis, at Quebec, or the St. Lawrence Hall and Donegan's Hotels, at Montreal, full, he will search in vain for a

suspended lamp, charm away the inches of steak of passengers, or those awful little potato, arranged, advanced stages squares of India strongly resemble every moment to razors, and attack Seylla and Charis—evil—and the h up in Yankee fa a tumbler, as if I then, impregnate can give a just d

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