

So he wrote a very kind note, in which he told Mr. BLUENOSE that although in his own opinion his (Mr. BLUENOSE's) experience hardly appeared to justify the expectation of a good result were the management left in his hands, if he still desired that it should be so, it should be so. "I shall still" he wrote, "require that an agent live on your estate to report to me how matters are going on, and I expect that you will give him a goose at Michaelmas and a Turkey at Christmas. If moreover at any time he comes to the conclusion that any of your measures will seriously affect the value of the estate, I must beg that you will not proceed in such measures until my sanction be obtained." Mr. BULL also expressed his willingness still to protect the property from poachers, and not to allow the now wealthy STARRS to take any liberties about fences or unauthorized rights of way.

BLUENOSE of course was delighted. "Now," he said "I am my own master, and who knows if I may not some day become as rich as STARRS himself. It is all very well, BULL cying up his old fashioned system—his cattle penned up for months in the same field, and so on,—I like STARRS' method better and shall not wonder if by degrees I took a good many wrinkles from him. I must be very cautious however, and do nothing in a hurry."

So I believe he at that time honestly intended to be, but you will see his spirits a short time later overcame his caution and fine doings there were on the estate and in his house.

## THE CANADIAN VISIT.

Over the Sea,  
Over the Sea,  
D'ARCY MCGEE  
Shall come to see me.

Sing a song of puffing,  
A pocket full of cents,  
Four-and-twenty Editors  
Shall come without expense.

So the members left their children,  
Left their children and their spouses,  
Came to see our noble city,  
Came to view our peerless harbour:  
Do not think that any mortal  
Ever saw a sight so lovely,  
Do not think that any member  
Ever ate as on our railway;  
Railway with its jerks and jumpings,  
Meats all mixed with fruit and pastry,  
Meats a-wooling of the pastry,  
Never was a meal so dainty  
Washed a-down by Bluenose beer.

Far, so far beyond the Sea,  
Drinking beer whilst I'm at tea,  
Noble husband think of me,  
What though little ones are bawling,  
Nothing is to me appalling,  
For you have a noble calling,  
And my dreams are all of thee.

On the morrow all the strangers  
Walked around our growing city,  
Shewed in black coats on the hillside,  
Thick as berries on the hillside,  
Went to see our Province Buildings  
Not disgraced by scenes as their's are,  
For our courtesy is famous  
And our members never squabble—  
So agreed our noble strangers,  
When we told them all about it—  
It was after dinner truly,  
But the truth comes after dinner,  
Then they raved about our GRANVILLE,  
HOLLIS made them talk of PARIS,  
BARRINGTON about VIENNA,  
All which places known to none were.  
Next they hied on board the Flag-Ship,  
Saw old England's might and glory,  
Saw a sample of the bulwarks,

That had made their home life happy—  
Felt the honour of the tall mast  
Bearing high the world-blown pennon—  
Pennon sign to all of freedom,  
Freedom high above, and claret  
Bubbling round, and lovely lasses,  
Tripping lightly o'er the hatchesways;  
Need we say they grieved at sundown  
When their "bully time" was over?

Don't come telling me of hops Sir!  
Got up for your clumsy flop Sir;  
These gay fetes are held there weekly,  
So I beg you'll bear you meekly,  
Never dreaming all this dancing,  
Got up for your private prancing,  
I'm a mother too with feelings,  
You yourself are old for reelings,  
Pray thoo dearest end all flirtings,  
Speak—I long to read your spiritings.

To day the buzz of eager homespuns run,  
To make a speech to show that they are men;  
"A chowder!" cry they, "it will be jolly fun,"  
We'll prove our mettle, make a speech, and then,  
At home they'll cry with trumpet tones "that's good!"  
So started all our friends and made right merry  
Union, Champagne, good faith and better Sherry—  
"Halifax certainly," they say, "is best of places,"  
And shew their mirth by their redundant faces.

Chowder in front of them,  
Chowder to right of them,  
Chowder to left of them,  
Little there left was.

Drink though as fishes can,  
Eat though as bullocks can,  
Talk though as monkeys can,  
End there to all was.

Speech-making failed them,  
Boats they out-baled them,  
Homeward they sailed them,  
Martyrs to duty.

Husbands now be up and doing,  
Tarry in your task no more;  
Fame wou'd bear a longer wooing,  
Speak, and shew your deep-stocked lory

Then there came the day of dinners,  
Dinners to which all were bidden,  
After which they made some speeches.  
D'Arcy made a pretty good one,  
Full of long time weighed impronptus.  
TERRER kept his head as usual,  
Said he loved ideas of union,  
Though he'd pledge himself to nothing  
Last our glorious JOE arose him,  
Beaming o'er with kindly feeling,  
Said the labor of a life-time,  
Soon should bear its golden fruit;  
"There" he said "you see our prairies,"  
("Casting out his thumb to seaward,")  
"Prairies tilled by paddled monsters—  
"Prairies harrowed by ships' bottoms,  
"Bright with phosphorescent promise;  
"Can we bring you nothing neigbourhoods,  
"Let the ocean give its answer?"

Sober to bed,  
Sober to rise,  
Husband I love you  
When you are wise.

Do not ask me now to tell you  
How the other days were passed o'er,  
How our friends enjoyed their stay here,  
How they went to MR. PARIS,  
How they left their faces with him,  
And appeared with smiling faces  
In the mansion of the Vice-Roy.