

dwarf can guide them where he wills, and he who owns the best dog can secure a good position on the estate! Wretched cripples who have never before shown their faces outside their homesteads will now appear urging their timid lambs towards the master's farmyard. The whole thing is monstrous and must preclude all honest men from an attempt—Pah! BLUEKNOX however had given his consent and the first result did not prove his folly. Whether it was that sheep at that time were less numerous than at present, or that the dwarfs whodid indeed come forth to drive them, were wholesomely abashed by the imposing presence of those whom they met in the home farmyard it is impossible to tell—ore thing is certain—that the introduction of the sheep did no very great harm.

A few years later however, JONXON and his friend CHARLEY, who lived in cottages near the lake, and kept large quantities of ducks, suggested to BLUEKNOX that there could be no harm, since sheep were used in trials of skill, if fowls, pigs and ducks were allowed to take their place in a competition. The old gentleman was very angry and made a great show of resistance. He blustered and foamed at the mouth, denounced STARRS and his imitators in unmeasured language, and then as he generally did after such a show of strength—gave in. It was now JOE's turn to be furious. He said the farm-yard would soon become a pigsty, and that no decent person would venture near it on a driving match day. Having come into the bailiffship some years later (even against all CHARLEY's ducks, fowls and pigs) he prevailed upon the master to change the rule and to exclude all those minor beasts which JONXON and CHARLEY had put into the scale. And so the matter stands at this present moment, but JOE having been lately removed to BULLS place, (where he is employed bailing hooks for the young gentlemen), CHARLEY it is said would try again to introduce all kinds of beasts into the BLUEKNOX yard. One evil effect of all the late drives is apparent to this day. None of BLUEKNOX's sons or daughters visit their farm-yard. The place is too foul for gentle feet, and is left entirely in the hands of the common farm laborers. The ladies hold their handkerchiefs to their noses as they pass it, and no respectable cottager would have it known that he directly or indirectly, assisted in driving cattle or other live stock to so loathsome a place. "The smell of its mud" say the women "is our greatest horror—and that TOM or HARRY should be allowed in the house after going there!—dont you believe it!"

PARRSBORO' PALAVER.

Parrsboro is a small place, best known in connection with a "snag," about which sundry politicians fume and fret, after the most approved fashion of American statesmen. But the people of Parrsboro', when not discussing their "snag," seem inclined to fall back upon topics of the mildest and most milk-and-watery school. Their small talk is apparently of the smallest possible standard, and it is only upon great occasions that they put forth their full strength. It is not often they have an opportunity of flying at large game, and it is but fair to suppose that the presence of an English gentleman in their midst is sufficient to overthrow their every day logic. They have lately had their heads turned by a visit from the Lieutenant Governor, and they have, to do them justice, improved upon an occasion so auspicious. But the Parrsboro' folk have an odd way of paying their respects to the QUEEN's Representative, and they can, in this matter at least, lay some fair claims to originality. Their originality however, is evinced in a novel kind of impertinence, which cannot be considered as a very favorable proof of intelligence. An "esteemed correspondent" of the *Halifax Provincial Wesleyan* has, it would seem, been deputed by his Parrsboro' brethren to annihilate SIR R. McDONNELL. Let him speak for himself and his righteous brethren:—"We were as a community greatly pained to learn that he" (the Lieutenant Governor) "profaned the holy Sabbath, by causing a team load of camping furniture to be conveyed from his lodgings, some five miles, into the woods upon that day; and also that himself and Lady McDonnell drove to the camp and took possession of it upon the same day."

We are sorry for the Parrsboro' community. It is evident they keep their Sundays in a manner which does not altogether

agree with them. We can imagine the wounded feelings of the lodging-house keeper in particular, upon losing so exalted a lodger upon a Sunday. The change in the writer's feelings towards Sir Richard is at once apparent. It was bad enough that the Governor should have moved his furniture into the woods, but that he should have followed his furniture, seems altogether incredible. He might have moved furniture with impunity, but none save himself would have followed it in company with Lady McDonnell. But the graceful narrator of the incidents connected with the Parrsboro' Sunday-at-home, must needs continue as follows:—"We do not believe that our beloved Sovereign would trample under foot the law of God; and we are sorry that Her Representative in our Province has not equal respect for the law."

The exponent of the intelligence of Parrsboro' is doubtless correct in his charitable belief, but his creed and that of Her Majesty, differ upon some points, and we do not think it likely that the latter will be convinced by his style of argument any more than we are. "Honor the King," is a maxim we commend to the Parrsboro' folk, no less than the text which allows to every man the privilege of doing that which seemeth right in his own eyes. If the community of Parrsboro' thinks fit to sit at home on Sundays, gossiping about the Lieutenant Governor's furniture, let it do so—it is a matter of small moment to the world without. But the *Provincial Wesleyan* should not, in order to flatter the prejudices of a small sect, give a prominent place to a communication which puts sectarianism itself to the blush, and tends to damage the cause of religion in the eyes of unthinking men. As regards the *Wesleyan* itself, it goes a step further than its silly correspondent:—"We would only add that we are sorry some of the Magistracy of Parrsboro' had not pluck enough to interdict such proceedings, and to prevent the feelings of a Sabbath-keeping community being outraged so shamefully by those who ought to set an example of virtue."

We are glad the Parrsboro' Magistrates shewed more knowledge of the world and more Christian charity, than can be expected in the pages of the *Provincial Wesleyan*. But it seems to us that the "Sabbath-keeping community" went a little out of its way in order to have its feelings outraged, inasmuch as it followed the Lieutenant Governor's camp equipage five miles. Christians of broader views would hardly go five miles out of their way on Sunday, in order to interest themselves in business other than their own, with a view towards making public the results of such impertinent curiosity.

MR. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

Monday, Oct. 3rd.—Came back with wife and girls from Margaret's Bay. Having been for seven days in close company with family, felt inclined for an outing, so dined in the city and went with B. to the Minstrels at the Temperance Hall. Performance very good, and the jokes and antics of the principal performers pleased me much. Jotted down mentally three or four conundrums for my wife, who relishes the sport of divining riddles. Forgot them before I got home. By-the-bye I believe I am now an Alderman, having been duly elected on Saturday, for Ward 7.

Tuesday, Oct. 4th.—Glad to observe that there are workmen employed at the Rink, making I am told a gallery or promenade of some kind, for the Chaperons. Will there be a stove? Wife and girls went to buy their fall goods, of which a large supply has reached Granville Street. She is generally premature in her purchases, so I anticipate more hot weather. In the evening whilst walking about the town, met large military patrols, which C— told me were considered necessary by the Major, owing to a disturbance between some sailors and soldiers the night before. C— informed me that sailors when on shore, are not under the control of the naval or military authorities, and that however drunk they may get, the civil power alone can take cognizance of the offence. Considering the weakness of our police and the large number of sailors prepared to rescue a comrade in trouble, it appears to me that, if what C— says is true, sailors may get drunk and fight in our city with impunity. This story of C—'s, is however, I feel sure, without foundation.

Wednesday, Oct. 5th.—A very large blockade runner, the largest I believe ever started in the business, arrived in our harbor

to-day, the C. not but regret so soon to leave Bermuda. The abating shall now an Alderman's proposal, but whom I met at the Galatea had some immagination. This may or not sailor or sailor of the peace, in this evening. Their powers As an Alderman piquets appear the garrison. So promise to

Thursday, family. Waitors present. nothing! Or the progress of the latter must be fruit and veg of the judges. Everything a had sent a. Thought son show in the desert of Sah from Wind (which reminds Ribston Pippi out in England grapes exhibit as to those I see they to Canada. Su tables were seemed to a ried growth is a much Wife said s puzzle the drew her fr we had left passed outsi remember citizens was of men who than they n

Friday, C porter, that lings of our are a guara will not be commends elined. T lery. Eud she never that such a she had b done in it. This of co ppointment whole bu habited gi sided with riding hab be made f ill bear up

Nobody the other has been periment may "cor of going t for the be which An tilities, it obtain wi that we