

"to whisper in her ear, you dear little critter, you take care, *you have too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and tother ones will get burnt so, they'll never be no good in natur.*

No. XXXIII.

Windsor and the Far West.

The next morning the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighborhood. You had'n't ought, says he, to be in a hurry; you should see the vicinity of this location; there aint the beat of it to be found anywhere. While the servants were harnessing old Clay, we went to see a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. That, said he, is a splendid thing. A New-Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it. You mean of Halifax, said I; St. John is in the other province. I mean what I say, he replied, and it is a credit to New-Brunswick. No, Sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country—they wouldnt take hold of it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They've no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I'll tell you the reason on it. There are

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