

noodles as they be themselves. You hear nothin but politicks, politicks, politicks, one everlastin sound of give, give, give. If I was Governor I'd give 'em the butt eend of my mind on the subject, I'd crack their pates till I let some light in 'em, if it was me, I know. I'd say to the members, don't come down here to Halifax with your long lockrums about politicks, makin a great touss about nothin ; but open the country, foster agricultur, encourage trade, incorporate companies, make bridges, facilitate conveyance, and above all things make a Railroad from Windsor to Halifax ; and mind what I tell you now, write it down for fear you should forget it, for it's a fact ; and if you don't believe me, I'll lick you till you do, for there aint a word of a lie in it, by Gum : "*One such work as the Windsor Bridge is worth all your laws, votes, speeches and resolutions, for the last ten years, if tied up and put into a meal bag together. If it tante I hope I may be shot.*"

---

No. XXXII.

*Too many Irons in the Fire.*

We had a pleasant sail of three hours from Parrsborough to Windsor. The arrivals and departures by water, are regulated at this place by the tide, and it was sunset before we reached Mrs. Wilcox's comfortable inn. Here, as at other places, Mr. Slick seemed to be perfectly at home ; and he pointed to a wooden clock, as a proof of his successful and extended trade, and of the universal influence of "soft sawder," and a