

nder, to Quebeck.
and laid out by a
afflicted with the
dhood, and hence
a little irreg'ler.
wheres in partie'-
n'ral. The city
perpendicular hills,
s nor t'other one.
alls, and arches,
It is said no foe
eck, and I guess
t see what the'yd

times in a war-
d Britishers had
IM WOLFE com-
JO. MONTCALM
unky boys, and
was too many
and the French
MONTCALM was
s a common mo-
gen'rous people
ly Earl named
ese noble fellows.

y War B. Ar-
gh dense woods
ne to Quebeck,
unkiest things
line. It would
NOLD's funeral
on his arrival

ham there was
ever since then
and for the bones
there occasion.

was long ago
s make a ha-
ones of hosses
lin' em to intel-

Takin' a per-
I must say that
character.

ired feet of my
wax figger of

HENRY WILKINS, the Boy Murderer. HENRY had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle EPHRAM, and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this stattoo was lost somehow, and not sposin' it would make any partieler difference, I subtitooted the full-grown stattoo of one of my distinguished piruts for the Boy Murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the stattoo, "this is a life-like wax figger of the notorious HENRY WILKINS, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle EPHRAM in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin' raurderers for nephews. When a mere child this HENRY WILKINS was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went and returned with a comic song-book. A depraved proceedin'."

"But," says a man in the audience, "when you was here before your wax figger represented HENRY WILKINS as a boy. Now, HENRY was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full-grown man! How's that?"

"The figger has gro d, sir—it has growd," I said.

I was angry. If it had been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag, and had him put in Fort Lafayette.

I say adoo to Quebeck with regret. It is old fogyish, but choek full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin' their heads as how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good people and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin' over here to live in the capacity of a Duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further I could be allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedadddled. Not at all. I'm coming home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't *I'm in favor of the Union as it was'n't*. But the Union anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corpse, if you would be happy be virtuous! I, who am the emblem of virtue, tell you so.

(Signed,)

"A. WARD."