

lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, scum of em bein' gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canady is Lord MONCK. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on. Hence Gin'ral HALLECK walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while the second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find onto his back, and drags a forty-pound sword after him.

MONCK has been in the lord bisniss some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death and postage-stamps. But this has nothing to do with MONCK.

One of Lord MONCK's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin', Miss MONCK. Mrs. WARD will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekal. She wears the Belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I haven't a gigantic intelleck, which can grasp great questions at onct. I am not a WEBSTER or a SEYMOUR. I am not a WASHINGTON or a OLD ABE. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as HENRY WARD BEECHER. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meetin'-House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slitest idee as to what the reveew was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty serumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, jentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'ler. The streets don't lead anywheres in partie'lar, but everywheres in gin'ral. The city is bilt on a variety of perpendicler hills, each hill bein' a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebeck is full of stone walls, and areches, and citadels and things. It is said no foe could ever git into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what the'y'd want to get in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a war-like way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. JIM WOLFE commanded the latter, and JO. MONTCALM the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But WOLFE was too many measles for MONTCALM, and the French was slew'd. WOLFE and MONTCALM was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebeck, aided by a bully Earl named GEORGE DALHOUSIE, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin' the Revolutionary War B. ARNOLD made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebeck, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. ARNOLD's funeral had come off immediatly on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct some tall fitin', and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occasion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago earried off, and now the boys make a haasum thing by cartin' the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin' em to intelligent American toweristes. Takin' a per-fessional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lorfy character.

It reminded me of a inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figger of

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