SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Original Comments on the Governor General, the Army and the History of Quebee, with Occasional Treatment of Other Topics-Ward in Richmond.

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IN CANADA.



der a monikal form of Govment, in other words I'm travelin ameng the crowned heds of Canady. They ain't pretty bad people. On the cont'ry, they air exceedin' good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many bless

ins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They haven't any American Egil to onchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment, I am onable to perceeve much moniky. I tried to git a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. Victoria, who is Queen of England and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin game in its season. don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mighter. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a 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, some of 'em bein' gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canady is Lord Monk. 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 citisen's dress, while the second bentenant of a volunteer regiment piles ill the brass things he can find onto his ack, and drags a forty-pound sword

MONE 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

One of Lord Monk'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 MONK. 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 Sey-MOUR. 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 review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty scrumptions in their red and green close.

Come with me, jentle reader, to Que

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. JIM WOLFE commanded the latters, and Jo. Mont-CALM 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 Dal-HOUSIE, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin' the Revolutionary War B. Ar-NOLD made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quesez he, "Why! we've bin fightin' agin the beck, which it was one of the hunkiest Old Flag! Lor bless me, how sing lar!" things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. ARNOLD's funeral had come off immeditly on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct some tall fitin', and ever since then Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir," he there has been a great demand for the added, "you air from the North! Have bones of the slew'd on that there occasion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by carting the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin' em to intelligent American towerists. Takin a perfessional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lorfty character.

my own. I used to exhibit a wax figger of HENRY WILKINS, the Boy Murderer. IENRY had, in a moment of inadvertnce, killed his Uncle EPHRAM and valked off with the old man's money. Well, this stattoo was lost somehow, and aot sposin' it would make any particler difference I substituoted the full grown stattoo of one of my distinguished piruts

THE CHARMS OF CANADA for the Boy Mardorer. One night I exhibited to a poor but houest audience in

the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," caid I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the stattoo, "this is a lifelike was figger of the notorious HENRY WILKINS, who in the dead of night mur-dered his Uncle EPHRAM in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin' murderers 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 growd, 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 chock full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin' their heads as

to 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 vacancy. allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. 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 wasn't. But the Union, anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corpse, in you would be happy be virtoous! I who am the emblem of virtoo, tell you so. A. WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND. RICHMOND, VA., May-18 & 65. RICHMOND.

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the city catterpillertulated.

My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin' bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never know'd to quale in danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revolootion War. My father once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisin' to pay him in the Fall; but Lafy said "he couldn't see it in those lamps." Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our langwidge was a little shaky.

Immejatly on my rival here I per-ceeded to the Spootswood House, and callin' to my assistans a young man from cann to my assistans a young man from our town who writes a good runnin' hand, I put my ortograph on the Regis-ter, and handin' my umbrella to a bald-heded man behind the counter, who I s'posed was Mr. Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a cullud purson, and said: "Show the gen'lman to the cowyard, and giv' him cart number 1.'

"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulyssis wouldn't mind my turnin' in with him.

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr. Spotswood.

"Wall, no, not 'zaky; but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's Aunt bought her rye meal of my uncle Levi all one winter. My meal was-

"Pooh! pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me," and he shuv'd my umbrells onto the floor. Obsarvin' to him not to be so keerless with that wepin, I accom-

panied the African to my lodgins.
"My brother," I sed, "air you aware that you've bin mancipated? Do you realise how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dreams, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?"

He sed he would take some gin. I was show'd to the cowyard and laid down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone to the Libby Prison. Tho' I should hav' slept comf'ble enuff if the bedclothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin' the night, by a scoundrul who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my cuverin', and my throat feels a little husky this mornin'.

Gineral Hulleck offers me the hospitality of the city, givin' me my choice of hospitals. He has also very kindly placed at my

disposal a small-pox amboolance. UNION SENTIMENT. There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on ev'ry

I met a man to-day-I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and

He then borrer'd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of teers. Sed another (a man of standin' and formerly a bitter rebuel), "Let us at once stop this effooshun of Blud! The

you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie

about you? "I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin' me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's am-It reminded me of a inspired feet of brotype as soon as I got home, he walked

Said another, "There's bin a tremenduous Union feelin' here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a dagarretype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united

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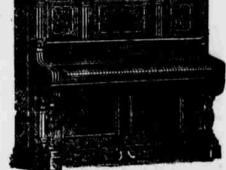
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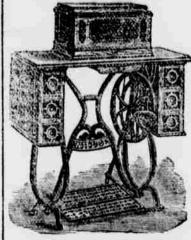
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