

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

4th July, 1867.—Did goe with mye wife to-day to see the celebration of the fourth of July, kept on the old French square, what they doe now call Holmes' Park, in honor of that grate patriot, as some do consider him, but not me. There was much noise and also speaking. John Glass, whom my wife did noe a broker, but now a Congressman, did make a long address. Methought it was poor stuff. Did also notice many melancholy faces. Altogether, it seems to me that Montreal hath declined mightily since the change. Afterwards went to the slave sale in the old Bonsecour market, where I did see John Dougall buy a female slave, at which there was great laughter. Afterwards to dine at Congress Hall, where Mr. Papineau did preside. There was a gouging match during the repast, which did somewhat disturb my pleasure, so I did leave early, and to bed to dream of these things.

A SONG OF SEPARATION.

"A bowie knife! a bowie knife!
A knife of burnished steel—
O grind it to a razor edge
On the rim of fortune's wheel,
To cut the cable of the ship
That's taking us in tow,
What weapon like a bowie knife?—
For separation, ho!"

"Cut right and left, my dashing blade,
No need to 'mind your eye,'—
'Twixt cup and lip we'll have no slip,
No!—'forward,' is our cry!
And purseless though our pockets be,
There's powder, boys, and lead;—
So grind the steel on fortune's wheel,
To cut our mother dead!"

"Ho, softly there, my young one," spoke
A trapper old and grey;
"Cutting your mother is no joke,
Tread lightly there, I say . . .
Like beaver small in spring and fall
Right positive I am,
You'll quickly find your shanty swamped
When you have cut your dam."

PUNCH ON ANNEXATION.

The apple of discord is thrown into the Province of Canada: but Punch knows that however fair to the view; its core is rotten; a foul worm feasts and festers beneath its cherry colored rind. The apple is annexation; the rottenness is typified by the fearless self vilifying of the majority of the hereafter to be laughed at signers of the "Rose" perfumed "Holmes" manifesto. The foul worm that feasts and festers, will wriggle its slimy way into the consciences of many who like "Peter" have denied their Master. Where are now the high-sounding phrases, inflated with the glorious air of loyalty and blowing big destruction on rebels and the abettors of rebels. Were the lips which uttered them, drunk?—Was the breath tainted? Were the sounds caused by gas, and bad gas at that? Literally

"Sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Punch joined in the demand for the ascendancy of British Principles, but never imagined this led to annexation. His heart warms at the national anthem; beats quick when he hears the words "Britannia rules the waves," although perchance the utterer has but a slender voice and a peculiarly slight knowledge of music; and his chest expands; the blood courses through his veins; his eyes glisten: his grey hair becomes tintured with the auburn of its youth; his hump diminishes; the absurd prominence of his nose disappears; and he stands erect from very pride if he hears even an urchin in the gutter discordantly yell forth."

"Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That lives in the words" I'M AN ENGLISHMAN

Punch admits his ancestors were Italian; his family name is "Polichinello;" but Polichinello is obscured in the dim vista of past ages while Punch is alive: and Punch is British, and Punch not content with simply being alive will be found "alive and kicking" even if he kick against the pricks.

£500 REWARD.

This sum will be paid by Punch for any one who will discover the man wot wrote the Address to the People of Canada. Also, £100 for the gentleman who is reported to have said that the document was equal to Magnum Chartum; and £50 for the little boy who wrapped his lollipop in a copy, and was seized with a violent fit of tobacco chewing immediately afterwards.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

A GROWING CROP OF POTATOES.

The property of Mr. John Smith, of Isle Dorval—was observed early in the spring to be much afflicted with the prevailing epidemic. The hopes of Mr. John Smith and the flowers of his potatoes were blighted. Suddenly a remarkable change took place; the withering stalks became sound and put forth new blossoms. Mr. John Smith could not account for it, but Master John Smith remembered, that, having been ordered to drink a pail of Plantagenet Water, he declined doing so and emptied the "Plantagenet" into the potatoe field. The potatoes have since perfectly recovered and have a fine mineral flavour.

SCHOOLS IN CANADA—NURSERIES OF CRIME.

Judge Rolland has decided that a school boy may, at any time, in pastime or revenge, destroy the property of the School-master, without paying for it, or, indeed, being subject to any punishment except flogging; and, even, that his offence will release his parents from another obligation, that of paying the school-fee.

If a School-master's property may be destroyed, why not any property? the Parliament House, the Court House &c? *A fortiori*, if there is any principle in law, the public may destroy public property.

Robbing a man of his handkerchief entitles you to take his purse also!—

Who wonders at what we see around us?—

Is it surprising that Canada should have a community of knaves?—

'Tis Education forms the tender mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

(ANNEXATION VERSION.)

God save the Queen,
(President Taylor I mean)
God save the ———
(You know what I mean.)
Send him uproarious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to be elected over us,
God save the ——— you know what I mean.

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle made a row,
Yankee doodle, doodle,
Broke a bank and stole a cow,
Yankee doodle, doodle!
Hip, hip, hurra, hurra!