

PUNCH'S PEPYS'S DIARY.

6th May, 1868.—Promised my wife a trip to Whiskeyand-waterville, formerly called Toronto, in what then Upper Canada, but now ye State of Nature. Did propose to her that we should swim there, in our new gutta-percha water dresses, that being all ye go now, in the way of travelling; many men, and women too, going up and down the St. Lawrence in that fashion: but much danger attending it, some having been shot, mistaking them for seals; among others, Mr. Scott, from Bytown, a representative of the people. So my wife would go by steamboat, and we did embark with our traps on board of the fish-tailed propeller Go-right-a-head-and-stump-creation, commanded by one Malcolm Cameron, a smart man as I conceive, and who did make a good speech from the paddle-box to two little boys on the wharf, whereat much applause. And so in four hours to Whiskeyandwaterville, though I remember when it took as many days.

7th May, 1868.—Walked into Broadway this morning, formerly King Street, and much thronged now with goods, which the storekeepers run out into the street worse than formerly, much incommoding foot-passengers. Many insane people at large here, which methought strange at first, but was told that the great Lunatic Asylum has been turned to a House of Congress. Old Henry John Boulton going through the streets, mowing with much grimace, calling himself poor old Hookey Crookey, and saying that he once had nearly caught a judgship with a hook, but lost it through the means of a Crook; and so the boys do pelt him, and call him Old Hookey Crookey. Also one F. Hincks do go about very mad and dangerous, trying to sell a newspaper called ye Rattlesnake, which he do edit, and calleth the organ of the oppressed lunatics.

8th May, 1868.—To Mrs. Dunlop's, in Broadway, who do seem as much cherry-cheeked as of yore, and did give me a kiss for old times, whereat my wife did bestow me a box o' the ear. There saw Henry Sherwood, serving out beer to the customers, and wonderful how he did manage ye pump; but always great at the bar. Then to the slave market, once Osgoode Hall, where an affecting scene with a coloured man called Edwood, formerly a gentleman of great renown as a barber, and whose company much sought after by Governor Elgin. But now a slave, and his son at auction, whom he did call James Bruce, and made much moan at one of that name being sold, though to me not so strange, thinking of former times. At night to the theatre, where Tom Besnard, whom my wife used to laugh at much in ye play of ye Irish Tutor. Tom playing a Yankee in the piece called ye Connecticut Cloek Pedlar, and did much remind me of Yankee Hill, though his Irish brouge do come through his nose now and then with a strange effect. Much noise in the pit, and a bald-headed man by the name of Punch dragged out by two policemen, for the cause that he would call out for God save the Queen, and did d—n Yankee Doodle with much vehemence. But he went away to prison, singing Shallaballa! and defying all American institutions with much courage, as I thought, and so did treat him to a drink before they put him into ye cab. In the boxes many black satin waistcoats, and much chewing of tobacco, the pit being used for a spittoon.

9th May, 1868.—Did walk out to see the College Avenue, which to my surprise roofed over, and now a bowling saloon; with stove-pipes growing up where I do remember beautiful green trees, and the pounding of ice for sherry cobblers resounding, where once no tap but the tapping of ye woodpeckers. There H. B. Willson, the Governor of the State, in his shirt sleeves, offering to roll any white man in that eternal free and enlightened bowling saloon, for ten dollars, though people say he do never have so many cents.

10th May, 1868.—To see the new statue, which the shareholders in the great railway, from Whiskeyandwaterville to the North Pole, have set up to F. C. Capreol, the projector of that work. F. C. represented prancing about upon a steam-engine, very fiery and hard to manage, but he sitting there with great seeming unconcern. To-night to a concert of musick, where

Mr. Humphreys, singing about my pretty Jane, did bring the tears into my eyes, being always much affected at sweet melody. Home to my inn, called Washington Tabernacle, though to my mind more like Noah's Ark, being full of all manner of strange beasts and creeping things.

INSURRECTION IN THE TOWNSHIPS.

The following intelligence has been received by telegraph at the *Punch* Office.

Sherbrook, Estern Townships,

24th December, 11 A. M.

DEAR SUR,—There is awful dewins up here. Little Walton, the printer, has "riz," and is now a-dressin six of the Academy boys from his vinders. Ven he told em that the effects of a rebelum would be a whole holliday, there was a hawful hurra. It is said as Sanborn the lawyer was appointed General-in-Chief, but declined to hact, on account of being over the regulashun weite. Dr. Worthington is gone over to the enemy, with his medecin chess, as also has several store-keepers. Other storekeepers keeps firm, charging high prices, and dewin a good business in the Queen's name. I regrets to say as the pale-factory is disaffected, as also is several potash works, and one bakery. Moe, the butcher, as stuck up a liberty pole, vich is a fiery furnis to us mothers, on account of the children a-tearin their breches by slidin up and down it. The judge says that if it had been two foot more, it would have been high treason. Of course, we is all very much frit—sleepin in our stockins and drawers, for fear of being surprised in the nite. Last evenin that wiper Walton went to attack the Court-house, vich Mr. Bowen had had very strongly fortified with a washin tub. When the rebels got in front, they was engaged by old Mrs. Smith with a jug of hot water, wich put em to confusion, so that they retired singin "Yankey Doodle," and cussin orrid. In retreatin they destroyed a loyal cow-house, and stole one little boy's cap, as was a hollerin arter em. It is said that they are a-waitin till the factory gals cum out, to renew the combat, and that Walton has promessed a dollar to him as first seeses old Mrs. Smith's curl-papers! Heven knows how it vill end, but we hopes for the best.

Yours,

MRS. JANE MUGGINS.

P. S. They as just commenced hollerin agin!—the Fates preserve us!

Sherbrook, 24th December, 1849,

12 o'clock, A. M.

DEAR SUR,—I rites to say as all is over. Old Mrs. Smith is our prisener, havin seized little Walton as he vos a jumpin over the barricade, vich so disheartened the others that they fled. The school-boys also, as cut down the liberty pole (which was our old washin-line prop), and is now a playin at see-saw on it in front of the garden. Carnel Walton is very much cut up; our Jem seed him in Mrs. Smith's kitchen, eatin apple sass; he is severely scratched under the left eye, and says he feels sore in the bones, being much shook by his heroic captorer. If they had gone round to the back door, the willage was lost, as little Betsy Parker, who was put there as sentry, was gone to play hob-scotch. We feels quite safe now, and has rit to the Melborne boys to say they needn't come in. It is the general opinion that the rebels wont make no more attempts, and that "Annexation" is finished—vich same is the hope and trust of

Yours truly and gratefully,

JANE MUGGINS.

P. S.—Half-past 12.—All is quiet—except two of the Academy boys, vich is a cryin out for "death to old Walton," and a wantin to burn him, vich we hopes they will not allow em to do.

MONTREAL FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.—John Macrow, Esq., late H. C. and B., and John Rose, Esq., late Q. C., have both entertained select parties of their friends at their respective residences during the past week.