

PUNCH'S PEPEY'S DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1867.

Did goe with my wife to-day to ye Lunatic Asylum, where we did see many poor folk quite crazed, some of whom my wife did knowe. Did notice ye late editor of ye *Montreal Herald*, who hath been there some time. A stout bluff man, and well-favored, as my wife doth thinke. He did ask us if ye Queen of Trumps was come from Portugal, and whether they grew pumpkins in ye moon. Also, did see Mr. Merritt, quite busy making canals on ye floor with his finger, which he doth do marvellous well. Also, there were some which they do chain like wild beasts, but which did grin and howl most horrible, so that my wife was like to faint. Many of them I did know in ye Parliament of ye old Province, and which were after traitors to ye Queen. Methinks such punishment was well designed, to show ye world how great a sin such treachery is. On going out, did notice Francis Hincks with ye head shaved, playing leap-frog with Robert Baldwin in ye yard. Robert hath got a frock and trowsers, much like a little boy. The keeper doth report well of Robert, but Francis hath lately bit him in ye thumb, and hath a nasty snappish temper, which makes him somewhat feared. Altogether was much pleased; though I do see great cause to thank God that I am not as those poor creatures are. Afterwards to ye Falls, where I did find John Dougall and ye female slave, whom I did not meet of late. John doth look well and lusty as I do thinke. He says ye slaves are getting up, and talketh much like one who groweth rich. At dinner there was much talk about ye separation of ye Northern States, which do find themselves harrassed by ye Tariff. John says ye slave states shall not consent, but I do think it must soon come to this, which God grant, ye country being very wretched, such as I did never know till now could be to any people.

FROM PUNCH'S OWN CLAIRVOYANT.

A blue and a pink pamphlet has lately been sent to the Horse Guards. The following is the reply sent through Punch's mesmeric correspondent:—

F. M. the Duke of Wellington cannot decide between parties in Canada who seem to have been both in the wrong. He knows nothing of the morals of the Canterbury Barracks. He never writes long letters and never reads them.

Horse Guards, 18th Nov., 1849.

BY AUTHORITY.

Punch is authorised to contradict the report, that F. Johnson, Esq., has offered his services to the proprietor of the Ministerial Travelling Circus. It is not impossible that Mr. Johnson may join Christie's Minstrels on the retirement of the present banjo player, but nothing is definitely settled. Punch thinks it too bad that such reports should be circulated.

NOTHING.

The Shakspeare Club issued a notice that a Mr. DeWalden would lecture on "Nothing, with illustrations." Punch having an intimate knowledge of the illustrious lecturer, thought him fully capable, like some of the new judges, of doing justice to his subject, "Nothing." But the lecturer follows Punch and the seat of Government. Punch therefore gives him the following

ADVICE/GRATIS.

The best way you can illustrate "Nothing", is to keep away from the lecture room, and send a likeness of the Governor General to represent you—with the motto "Nothing can come of Nothing."

TO BE SOLD CHEAP!

The identical pair of shoes referred to by Mr. MacKay in his late speech at the St. Maurice-street chapel. May be seen on application to Miles's boy, at his old stand, in the Bonsecour Market.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

If you're fond of botheration
And wish for tribulation,
Go vote for Annexation,
and
Yankee-doodle-do.

Cry, down with Whig and Tory,
And England's ancient glory,
Including Queen Victo-ry;
Hurrah! for doodle-do.

Join old Giniral Taylor,
(He's a riglar go-a-head nailer,
A soldier and a sailor,
and a
Yankee-doodle-do.

There aint no manner of use
In sticking to Egg-lin Bruce,
He's a 'tarnal-thundering-Goose,
so
Hurrah! for doodle-do.

Let our peaceful declaration
In favor of Annexation,
Be—d—n the British Nation,
and
Hurrah! for doodle-do.

WELL-DESERVED REWARD.

Punch is informed that the Annexation Association intends to offer a purse of a splendid "fools-cap," to the author of the best essay on the "ruin and decay" of the Province. It is generally understood that the Editor of the *Herald*, will be one of the Competitors. *Punch* wishes him success.

A SINGULAR MISTAKE.

In packing up the furniture at Monkland's, it was supposed that all Lord Elgin's things were put into the *wrong box*. On enquiry, however, it was discovered that it was His Lordship himself who was in the *wrong box*, and that the things were all right.

ADVANTAGEOUS INVESTMENTS.

The proprietor of an extensive brewery in the Quebec Suburbs, offers for sale a large number of annexation votes for the next general election. For Terms, apply to Molson Terrace, number ONE.

CON FOR THE CONNUBIAL.

"Why is a careful housekeeper the best person to send unmarried daughters to?"

"Because she husbands all she has."

VICE VERSA.

"Do you ever bet on a horse-race?" Not exactly; but I've seen my sister Bet on a race horse.

No RULE.—"Do you know anything of cricket?" Not, exactly; but I've been frequently stumped.

WANTED TO PURCHASE,

A sample of Mr. Jacob DeWitt's annexation Peas. N. B.—Not more than 2s. 6d. a bushel will be given.