

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

1st June, 1868.—Did read last night in a merri book of jests, one of a certain Justice Draper, who affirmed unto a jury that Heifers do give milk, and, saith the jest-book, that Judge's Heifer did prove to be a monstrous Bull, which methought a pretty conceit, and pastoral withal. Another witty jest of one who did compare an appointment on the Bench to Holloway's Ointment, because, said he, it is good for Burns, that being the name of ye successful candidate. And so taken with these conceits, that all night I did dream of quips and queer fancies, and many faces well known in former days did appear to me. Henry Sherwood and H. J. Boulton wringing their hands, as though grievously afflicted with Burns, and then Judge Draper's Bull did rush in and put them all to flight, whereupon did wake with laughing at the queer figures made by them, and did hit my wife on ye nose in trying to get away from the Judge his Bull; then she cross and would not be pacified. So did rise and to shave by candle-light, and had great comfort in wiping my razor with a nice soft paper called ye Independent, whereof did lay by a file in former days for that purpose, and do find my razors made wonderful sharp by that file.

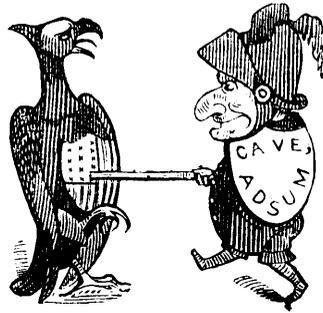
4th June, 1868.—Up at crow of rooster, as they do call ye hen's husband now in this land of liberty, and did walk forth to note the ways of the people in the city of Whiskeyandwaterville, and particularly the signs with which the houses are bedaubed from bottom to top, making them like newspapers growing out of ye dirt, which many do, and much dirt here to grow from. In Church Street here a curious monument to one Gurnett, formerly Mayor, but lost in a great mud-hole, vainly attempting to navigate this street in his state coach, whereof Mayor nor horses ever did appear again, but sunk to rise no more, whereupon this monument erected, and buoys placed upon all the mud-holes, of which the charge given to one Dutton or Button, much renowned for his minding of boys. But of all sights none more strange to me than the number of churches here of sects with queer names. Ranters and Latter-day Saints, and followers of ye Rev. Mr. Suchaone and brother Thingumbob, who do paste up great posters on the walls in much rivalry, calling attention to the performances at each his church, as at a playhouse or the booths which I have seen at fairs and merry meetings. And this in the city of Whiskeyandwaterville, where I do call to mind the most orderly and church-going people I ever witnessed, in the days of the good old Bishop Strachan. And do think republican institutions the cause of all this, and the false cry of liberty extending itself to shaking off the fear of God; and so churches become a trade, and much stratagem resorted to for drawing of good houses, as the play folk do call it. And by and by expect to see ye clergyman announced to go through a sermon on four horses at once, after the fashion of the circus, and will think it pity that Ducrow, whom I remember when a boy, is now dead, else he had surely been a bishop.

6th June, 1868.—Over with my wife and some pretty ladies to the great cataract of Niagara; but to see how changed! and roaring like a mad lion, as if angry to be caged up with buildings of stone and brick, which on all sides do now surround it. Here a great mill for the grinding of Bowie-knives, whereof now a great demand; and many fine hotels over the Falls, where Congress men do sit in the porches and spit down into the wild cascade for wagers; so the waters now quite brown, and considered good for mange in dogs, being ye strongest essence of tobacco ever yet distilled; so that, as one from Ireland did somewhat unthoughtfully say, even a red herring could not live therein. But great sport going under the cataract, where my wife would not; so I did lead there two of the pretty belles, who much frightened, which did avail me well to kiss them both, knowing it safe from my wife's ears, because of the roar of the falling waters. Then to dinner at the smallest hotel, where did eat at the same table with fifteen hundred American men and women, and indeed the clatter of knives and forks and trenchers did well nigh drown the hoarse voice of old Niagara. Back in Hiram Swindle's Express, Aerial, Locomotive Washing-tub, and to Whiskeyandwaterville, through, as Hiram did say, in thirty-eight minutes.

7th June, 1868.—To the Club-house, where have tasted good beer of old, when living here a faithful subject of the good

Queen of Britain; which am still, and many others too, who now sorrow for the change. The Club-house now called Henker Hall, and there, in what formerly the reading-room, did see nine Yankees playing at ye game of bluff; to whom presently came H. B. Willson, and did seek to join in the game. But one did oppose him, saying that he did never have ten cents; whereupon H. B. did with much flourish pull out and shew eleven, thus gainsaying his enemy with much honor. Then much drinking of brandy-and-sugar, and a brewage called stone-fence. Afterwards a brawl, wherein many killed and wounded, and much terrible but ingenious blasphemy squandered. And so passed my evening at ye Club, but did miss the gentlemen who resorted there of old, and did account ye Yankee drinks and blasphemy but a poor substitute for ye good old English ale and honesty.

HUMOURS AMERICAN.



OW pleasant it is to peruse
in the papers,—
The Yankee-land journals,
I mean;—
Of the stickings and stabbings
and cutting of capers,
Detailed with a humour so
keen.

In Pittsburg, Pa., they've
elected their magistrate
Inside the walls of the gaol;
So, before a municipal ban-
quet they agitate,
Out they must get him on
bail.

But this, I presume, is a bond Pennsylvanian,—
The Mayor of the City in limbo!
No Tartars, nor Yankees, nor robbers Albanian,
For a chief, could have better than him though.

Then southwards we read, from a thriving slaveholder,
"Six able mechanics for sale,
"Which, for cash, I'll dispose of."—Can ice freeze much colder
Than hearts in a slave-cultured vale?

These little traits are intended to warn you,—
Rambler in Jonathan's land:
From pine-shadowed Maine down to red California
You'll find plenty of such on hand.

For these are but samples of humours American;—
Another time, may be, we'll bring,—
If you think it worth while to the strain to recur again,—
Fresh moults from the Eagle's wing.

THE POST OFFICE AUTHORITIES.

The Post Office authorities for the City of Toronto appear to be a grey headed gentleman of venerable exterior, and a light-haired youth of prepossessing appearance. Punch has no doubt that the Post-Master-General knows the amount of duty they have to perform, and therefore that his Toronto staff of a man and a boy is sufficient, but Punch must say the performance is very slow. It may be asserted that Toronto is too fast, and a high moral lesson is inculcated on the citizens by the deliberate proceedings of its Post Office. The peep into the interior through the letter boxes, is most admirably designed for the amusement of the vulgar herd who congregate at all hours of the day, in what may be emphatically called the waiting room: as through this medium they can watch the calm and dignified progress of the not-to-be-hurried officials. There is a coolness in the whole of the Post Office arrangements, which in the summer months must be highly refreshing.