

A MOVING SCENE.

THREE HUNDRED GOVERNMENT CLERKS, WITH THEIR WIVES AND BAGGAGE, ALL BOUND FOR TORONTO.

A POPULAR DUETT!
Much sung during this week.

MELANCHOLY GROCER, Must you leave me, must you leave me,
Oh no, oh no, no, no, no!
Won't you pay me, won't you pay me
That small trifle that you owe;
Surely tea like that I sold you
Can't have made your heart so stern;
Cruel monster e'er you leave me
Tell me, when will you return?

CLERK. When the cock-a-doodle do, sir,
Sings the song of linnet gay;
When the worthy Mr. Seeley
Cometh back his debts to pay;
Then, oh then, thou surly grumbler,
Mourner for thy figs and tea,
Then, but not till then, thou sold one,
Will this child return to thee!

BOTH VOICES..... Oh no never, gone forever,
All my hopes are lost in thee;
Half distracted; cheese abstracted;
Wines, and candles, figs and tea!
Who'd have thought it, when he bought it,
So polite he seemed to be:
Now he's going, laughing, crowing.
And not a sou is left for me!

CLERK. Not a sou is left for thee!

GROCER.....Not for me!

CLERK. For thee!

BOTH VOICES..... Oh no never, gone for ever!
What a fool the man must be!

We understand that an unusual number of enquiries have been made of "ye learned profession," this week, respecting the nature of a *capias*, and whether a tradesman can prevent his groceries and dry goods and bakeries from moving off bodily, under the pretence (as urged by the parties) that their presence is required West. On learning that there was no such remedy, three unfortunate washerwomen immediately committed suicide by drowning themselves in their own suds, and a melancholy baker walked into his oven, and has not been seen since.

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

AUGUST 1, 1867.—To-day ye opening of ye Assembly, to which I did goe. My wife did wear her crimson bonnet, with ye feathers, which I doe think doth become her mightilie. There was much companie to hear ye Governor, John Tully, make ye speech. Methoughte John did doe well. He did propose ye duty on ye bricks, at which there was much laughter. I did notice how ye door-keepers (which are Tom Anderson and one Mackenzie,) did lift their hats when John did pass. Did mete there Robt. Jones, which other times was ye honorable—a weak old man, quite in his dotage, who did sell apples at ye door. My wife did almost cry to hear him cry "ye pippins, six a penny," as she did pass. Also did note ye citizen Dolly in ye crowd. He hath grown thin, methinks, and wears his collar down; also much hair beneath ye chin, as is ye fashion here. He did say his legs hath fallen away since ye revolution, and that he hath ni ye belly, ni ye calf he had of yore, which I do think is true. After to ye Shakespeare Club which was, but now ye "Bunkum Hall;" my wife did see much change.

since ye year '49: all ye pictures gone, and myself did notice ye portrait of ye President (Joe Lee) hanging for ye sign of "ye Turk's-head," though more like ye head of cabbage than ye Turk methought. Himself is dead, I hear, ye night they sold "ye shadow of ye mighty name," to buy ye spitting box for chewing members. In ye evening for a drive to see Hugh Taylor, who doth keep ye bake-house in ye suburbs. Himself much out of sorts because ye dough would not rise. He hath for journeyman Chas. Henry Day, whom I do recollect ye judge—a snappish man, but handy, as Hugh says, to heat ye oven. Did pass ye pleasant hour in talking of ye past, which Hugh doth much regret. All home by ten, where I did find much companie conversing of John Dougall and ye female slave: myself to listen, not to speak: but still do find much force in what ye proverb says "ye greater saint, ye greater sinner," and so I think of John.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Widow Pontine presents her compliments to Punch. She, at present, presides over a snuggerie in Saint Francois Xavier Street, which she has had named the "Rose and Crown." She begs to acquaint Punch that every thing she sells is constitutionally good, and that her measures are not half and half; therefore she was puzzled about her sign. She felt if she stuck to the Rose she must give up the Crown, and that she could not retain the Crown without abandoning the Rose, and she loved her Rose; however, duty has triumphed over affection, and she intends sticking to the Crown, under which sign she hopes her house will flourish.

St. Francois Xavier Street, Oct. 25, 1849.

PUNCH'S REPLY.

Punch presents his compliments to Widow Pontine. He considers her decision just the decision a just woman would come to. He is delighted that her loyalty, like the head on her porter, is perfectly sound.

Montreal, October 26, 1849.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Punch desires to rescue from obscurity an unobtrusive individual, who under the signature of "Anti Leaguer," wrote a letter to the *Courier of Annexation*, dated October 17, 1849. This amazing specimen of Epistolary Correspondence, occupies the space of twenty-two lines in one of the columns of that celebrated Journal. The first two lines are as follows:

"The question constantly asked is 'what is it we want, and how are we to proceed to obtain it?'"

Then follows eighteen lines of detail, and the wonderful production concludes with a most refreshing bit of modest assurance:—Listen, ye statesmen of England, to the words of the oracle "Anti Leaguer:

"The above will indicate pretty much all we desire and the methods by which they are to be ascertained."

"Anti Leaguer" may be pretty much of a statesman but he is certainly ugly much of a grammarian; nevertheless in eighteen lines he settles the whole question as to the "method" of bringing about annexation. Wonderful Anti Leaguer study the poet's moral embodied in the line,

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

We are requested by Miles' boy, to state he is not THE Mr. Brown who signed the Anti-Annexation Protest.