

CHAUNT OF THE GOVERNMENT BUG.

As Punch was taking his usual walk on Thursday evening, passing by the Government offices, now alas deserted, his attention was attracted by a low plaintive cry issuing from one of the lower rooms, and on taking out his spy-glass, he perceived an elderly bug which had evidently been dropped in the hurry of removal, and which was giving relief to its anguish in the following melancholy chaunt:—

The wind beateth coldly;
The day light is departing;
Not a foot treadeth;
Not a voice breatheth;
All is chilly and lonely;
Sad, sad is the heart of the mourner—
The poor melancholy bug of Mr. Leslie's office!

What will become of me?
Where shall I go now that the Council hath departed?
Cameron was fat and oily, so was Lafontaine!
Once I ranged over those magnificent pastures!
When shall I do so again?
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

All, all are gone: Francis Hincks and James Leslie.
Leslie is juicy, but Hincks is horribly skinny;
Who can feed off Hincks's heels and be satisfied?
The past is a magnificent dream: Alas!
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

Where are the clerks of my affections? Himsworth
And Grant Powell?—When shall I taste them again?
Where are Tom Ross and Joe Lee? Alas,
All are departed!
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

Night is coming on; there is nothing for supper!
What shall I do for a breakfast tomorrow?
Ah, there is Punch looking in at the Window;
Punch of the jolly sides; will he take me to his bosom?
But what if he should pass by and leave me?
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

The reason why John Orr signed the Annexation Manifesto is now obvious. The American merchants bribed him with millions of the choicest brands of cigars, which he is now shamelessly selling in his shop in Notre Dame Street. Punch considers this fragrant corruption. The civil and military authorities (on smoking) should at once inspect the importation, as John Orr has long been known as a dangerous man (to offend.)

THE LAST ANNEXATION SCHEME.

We understand that a new scheme for Annexation has been started, by which the Island of Montreal, including Griffintown and its numerous inland seas, is to be joined to "Ham-jam-cram," one of the Teetotum Islands in the South seas. The immediate object of this plan is to secure a monopoly of the immense crops of green spinach which the Teetotum group possess. These crops will be paid for in *étouffe du pays* coats, thus affording an immense field for home manufactures. A large trade might also be carried on in picked parrots, which are a great article of consumption, and would bear exportation. The Ham-jam-cramians are a very intelligent people, and though somewhat given to eating their missionaries, are not vicious. They have a large fleet of bark canoes, and are prepared to send a representative to Quebec, as soon as they can find breeches for him. In the meantime the Committee for drawing up articles of annexation meet daily at the *Herald* Office.

PUNCH'S POETIC DIALOGUE.

SMALL BOY.

Are those men fit to lead us on
From England's cause who fall?—
Will you please to tell me that, dear Punch?

PUNCH.

Fit! youngster,—not at all!

GENEVEEL ENQUIRER.

If they should take away their swords,
Who England's honor slight,
What would you say to that, dear Punch?

PUNCH.

Say!—why sarve 'em right!

THE COMING MAN.

Peter Perry is a candidate for Parliament, and Punch is in extacies. "Wete" and "flowyer" never "roz" more than Punch did when he heard the news. Secret orders were immediately sent to all our friends in the third riding, to exert their utmost influence to secure Peter Perry's return and Punch's fortune.—Punch himself will be in the House to receive him when he is introduced—to hang upon his honied speech, and scrape him for the world's amusement. Oh Peter Perry—Peter Perry—why was not *whinkle* added to thy name?

LINES ADDRESSED TO A GREAT LEGAL LUMINARY.

Little Judge Mondelet
Sing me a roundelay,
Chaunt me a stanza of physic or law;
Anything stupid
Will do you dear cupid,
So chirp up and whistle my pretty jackdaw!

The great Mr. Merlin,
To you my pet starling,
In legal profundity could not compare;
And grave Mr. D'Aguesseau,
All the world sure must know,
Not worthy to stand behind Mondelet's chair!

O genius bewitching!
If your law was catching;
What a strange little world we should have down below.
Then no would be yes,
And as often I guess
The affirmative particle signify "No!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. B., go home and all will be forgiven and forgotten. Your *best friend* Punch thinks you have acted foolishly. Be wise in time.

TO OFFICERS OF MILITIA.

Messrs. Moss & BROTHERS, Army Tailors to the Fortin Dragoons, will give the highest price for British Militia Uniforms to those officers who signed the annexation address. Having sold their country, of course they'll sell their coats.

N.B.—The two Silk Gowns formerly advertised in Punch, are disposed of.

To DEALERS IN CURIOSITIES.—Wanted by an antiquarian, a Receipted Bill of a government clerk.