

A FRAGMENT.

—From Days of "Modern Canada."—

"O H, Satan! Father Satan!
To whom all rebels pray,
Thy children, and thy children's cause,
Take thou in charge this day."
From East to West, from North to South,
Strange murmurs fill the air,
And presage dire and omen dread
The coming storm declare.

From Gaspé's rugged shore they come;
They come from green St. Clair;
And echoing from the banks of Thames,
From London's city fair;
In old Glengarry's far off hills,
The gathering pibroch lulls,
And twice a thousand Highland lads
Are strapping on their kilts.

The sound of woodman's axe hath ceased
By Ottawa's dark wave;
And where old Kingston's turrets grey
Ontario's waters lave,
Brave hearts are gathering for the fray.
The men of Gore are mustering
Their ranks, a gallant band,
Around their standard waving
Their ancient Chief's command;
Toronto sends her children,
A stern and stout array,
They never yet were last to meet
Upon the trusting day.

O'er Erie's placid waters,
From Huron's distant shore,
A voice is heard in tones that drown
Niagara's thunder roar;
A solemn voice that peneth,
O'er hill and plain and sea,
That says in accents terrible,
We will, we will, be free!

You shall not tax our earnings,
Our goods you shall not spoil;
We will not give to rebel dogs
The fruit of years of toil:
We swear it, by the memory
Of deeds done long ago;
By every thought, by every tie,
That's dear to man below.

No, by the flag that o'er us waves,
Old England's cross of red,
It shall not so dishonoured be,
The memory of the dead!
For this did gallant MOONRAJ die?
For this did CHARTRAND bleed?
For this doth WELLS from bloody grave
On us for vengeance cry,
And mangled HUKK, on Erie's banks,
In gory ceremonies lie?

No! by the soul of WOLFE,
By the triumphs that are past,
We will not yield an inch,
Nor bend before the blast.
When saucy Frenchmen hurl their threats
Into our very teeth,
'Tis time that now, as in past days,
Our swords should leave the sheath;

The mark of English heels is stamp'd
On many a Frenchman's neck,
'To stamp that shameful brand again,
No Englishman will reck.

Spirits of the mighty dead!
They who died for England's glory;
Ancient heroes, ne'er forgotten;
Names that live in England's story!
Men who scaled the Diamond Rock!
Who at Queenston died with Brock!
Lo! 'e'en now in fancied vision,
See their ranks, a ghostly band,
Spectral banners o'er them flapping,
Weapons in each fleshless hand!
At their head, a shadowy chieftain
Marcheth solemnly along,
And hollow drums roll mournfully,
Those awful ranks among!
These be the spirits of the brave,
The great, the mighty dust,
Of those for us who won this land,
To guard with jealous trust;
Their blood on Abraham's Plain
"Fell, like warm human rain."
They found on Abraham's Plain a grave,
Far from their home beyond the wave.

On us, their sons, the phantom warriors
Fiercely look with kindling eye;
They bid us think of them and learn
How in England's cause to die.
And we will show, by deeds, not words,
That we are worthy of our sires,
Now that insult heaped on wrong
All a Briton's courage fires.

The land our fathers won,
We hold and mean to hold,
A heritage of glory,
To us more dear than gold.

We know no lord but England's Queen,
We know no laws but England's laws,
And by God's blessing, will maintain
That which we think a righteous cause.

NO PAY TO REBELS!! Let that be
Inscribed upon our standards free!
Shoutings in our valleys,
O'er our forest glades;
Beacon blazes fiercely flashing,
Gleaming on ten thousand blades,
Tell that we will not surrender
Rights our blood hath dearly bought;
Tell that England's sons will ne'er, by
Their own act to shame be brought.

Tell these vaunting, blustering Frenchmen,
And their treacherous allies,
That noisy boasts and vaporing threats,
Honest English hearts despise.
Bid these Frenchmen pray their saints,
If they really mean to fight,
For better swords than traitors wield
To meet us in our English might.
Englishmen their stand have taken
And they'll ne'er be found to flatter,
They'll pay the Rebels, yes—but then,
They'll pay them with—a halter!"

A USEFUL HINT.

We take the following interesting extract from a speech—in allusion to the late Rebellion—delivered by plain John Prince:

"One Robert Baldwin, a good-natured man, supposed to be a Quaker from his quiet looks, coiled himself up in his carpet and was not seen during the time of danger, but waited quietly till all was safe to return."

If Mr. Baldwin had made known his successful experiment during the late revolutionary mania in Europe, poor Louis Philippe might be now comfortably reposing in Brussels, and various foreign monarchs be quietly slumbering in Turkey or Kildermünster; the Royal Refugees would have been saved a great amount of travelling expenses, and the Carpet trade considerably increased; we would suggest to the admirers of Mr. Lafontaine the importance of presenting him with a strong specimen of that compound of thread and old rags, which adorns the houses of the French Canadian aristocracy, and is a credit to the "native manufacture of the Province."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

William Lyon Mackenzie left his card at the Punch Office.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.



Anna Maria. Which style do you prefer, Tilda dear, curls or waves?

Tilda. Curls are bewitching, but waves are flowing, love.

A NEW GOVERNMENT SITUATION.

COL. GUGY proclaimed a few nights back, in the House, that the *responsibles* had in an underhand manner, created a new birth under the title of Court-fool, and that the Hon. Member for Montmorenci had received the appointment. The prevailing desire to introduce all French customs, was no doubt the reason for this appointment, as the Kings of France, (when Frenchmen stood such a humbug as royalty) always kept a fool for their private amusement. Punch has been informed that the number of applicants for the place was very numerous, but he admires the judgment of the "powers that be" in making their selection from the House of Assembly. If Mr. Cochon has got the situation, we congratulate him; it is only the reward of merit, and the Canadians owe much to Cochon. Cochon has done much for Canada and is the bosom friend of all Canadians; without Cochon the Canadians would be badly off, and Cochon is very properly admitted to the house and table of every true Provincial. It is really too bad of Col. Gagy to grunt about the matter. Let Cochon hold the office if he likes, and let no man keep him in a pickle by constantly roasting him.

NEWS FROM INDIA.

Our overland advices from India have not arrived, simply because there is no way of getting over land from there; but the important news of the sack of Moulton is to be found in the English papers. We hope it may turn out a sack full of gold, for the benefit of the brave bombardiers. Moolraj's behaviour was marked by the grossest insolence. When General Whist called upon him to surrender, he punningly replied "don't you *wisht* you may get it," at the same time taking a sight at him from behind a masked battery. The General subsequently called upon Moolraj's mother, and blew her up for countenancing her son's delinquencies.

The most brilliant ball of the season was given by a Bombardier whose name has not transpired. It went off amidst the blaze of 800,000 lbs. of gunpowder, and was acknowledged by all to have been a decided hit. There were hopes of an amicable adjustment of all difficulties, as, by the latest advices, Moolraj had proposed to treat!

COCHON'S FIRST JOKE.

Punch is happy to state that he has made an arrangement with the Honorable Member for Montmorenci to contribute the Jokes he utters in his newly acquired dignity of "Jester to the honorable House." The following is Joke, No. 1. If No. 2, is not better, we beg the Honorable Member will keep it to himself.

"Why is the House of Assembly like a piece of bad music?"

Because there are flats, sharps, and naturals within the same bar, which produce little harmony and much discord, a great many crotchets set to false measures, too much bass with too little of the even tenor, and because the Major Key prevails throughout the strain.