

PUNCH'S PATRIOTIC SONGS.

The old flag, the old flag,
There's nothing like the old flag;
Let scheming Yankeys boast and brag,
We'll die to keep the old flag.

The old flag, the old flag,
We'll ne'er desert the old flag,
O'er mountain steep, and jutting crag,
We'll march to aid the old flag!

The old flag, the old flag,
Our hearts are in the old flag,—
No Yankey stripes or foreign rag
Shall e'er displace the old flag!

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

July 10, 1867.

Did goe with my wife to-day to call on Squire Moffatt, a nice man though old, who hath been much opposed to ye revolution. He did speak much of ye new republic and ye changes it hath made. Himself hath grown poor, as he doth say, since then, but still hale and stout, with a good leg, as my wife did notice. He hath lately heard of ye death of ye Chief Justice (Stuart) who hath been linched for ye cause (as is said) that he did reprove a citizen that called him "Jim." He doth say that he is ye third judge that has been treated thus, which my wife does think is hard. Also did meet there James Smith, once judge, but now ye crier of ye court—a merrie man, but somewhat light, as I did think. He did ask my wife if she had bought her winter wood, which he did ask to chop and split. At home to dine at four, where found ye groom, John Rose, (who was ye man of law) had quarrelled with ye cook. Did make ye note to send John off, which hath not pleased me much of late; but did after change my mind, so gave him ten cents, which pleased ye poor soul much. At night to see ye new play called "Ye Briton in ye dust." Much company whom my wife did know. Did note that ye old subjects (Frenchmen I do mean) were in ye tier above, most near ye colored folk. John Dougall in ye boxes, drinking cock-tails with ye female slave whom I did see him buy. At home at ten quite sick, and did nearly quarrel with my wife, who is in ye dumps because ye citizens did spit upon her dress.

DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY.

Punch learns that there is a class of men who are "neutrals" in the grand question between the Lion and the Eagle. *Punch* will be death upon those men. He who hesitates upon the point of allegiance is unworthy of any flag. *Punch* despises such men, and shakes his indignant fist at them.

PUNCH'S FLOUROMETER.

A friend of *Punch's* has just invented a new instrument for measuring the changes in the political atmosphere, the main feature of which is that *flour* is used in the place of *mercury*, to show the variations. The scale is somewhat singular, and runs thus:—

Flour at 33s. a barrel..... Loyalty up.
Do. 26s. do. Cloudy, looks queer.
Do, 22s. do. Annexation point.

The same gentleman has made a second instrument, which he calls a "pork-ometer," but it is not found to answer quite so well.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If the gentlemen who lately left their mother's house, and were last seen in very suspicious company, will return, they will be fondly received, and all past errors forgotten.

PUNCH'S INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL, October 16, 1849.

DEAR JANE,—I rites to inform you as there is a new conwulshun bust forth. Sum says it is rebellion, sum say not. Measter says it is all the fault of the Bill, but whether it is Bill the coachman or sum other Bill, I can't say. Our baker is up in arms—getting more crusty every day. He says that all the retailers is against the Queen, which, if true, must occasion a panic at Windsor. My opinion is that they had better fortify the Parliament House, and get the Chelsea pensioners to march down to the mint, as it is rumored that Mr. Mackenzie and some of the other rebels will be over by the next mail to seize the metropolis. If they do, heaven preerve all you poor women, says I. I hear as General Thomas B. Anderson will command the heavy horse, and Mr. Glass take the wictualling department, which being formerly in the groceries, of course he knows all about. I was told yesterday that Mr. Torrence is to lead on the armed barges, and Mr. Molson to keep up the spirits of the troops, vich I have no doubt he can do. Everything looks hostile, and the enthusiasm is a growing. Our young gents has all got handkerchers with stars and stripes on em (what they says is the American colours,) and Missus had a under-petticoat made of the same stuff, but was forced to leave it off on account of its leaving marks upon the back. Even our washerwoman dont know where it will end, but thinks that if it goes on much longer it is all over with the National Debt of England.

Your affectionate

MARY JONES.

P.S.—The last rumer is as *Punch* is gone over to the rebels. If so, hall is lost.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO JACOB DEWITT, ESQ., M.P.P.

You aint got us yet,
Jacob DeWitt,
The devil a bit,—the devil a bit!

Though the Yankey flag fit
You,—Mr. DeWitt,
We won't stomach it,
No, the devil a bit!

We know what you mean,
Sly Jacob DeWitt,
But we're true to the Queen,
And hate all your kit.

If you want to break us,
Now Mr. DeWitt,
Just try to take us,
And—see what you'll git!

We've been loyal and true;
Yes, Jacob DeWitt,
And, in spite of your crew,
We'll die loyal yit!

FLOWERS OF RHETORIC.

With respect to the lengthy Annexation document published in the columns of the *Courier*, *Punch* thinks that although said Manifest is manifestly a Rose, yet it can hardly be imposed upon the public as a posy of remarkably prepossessing odour. In this instance, indeed, it may emphatically be said, that "a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and as *Punch* views the falling leaves of autumn carpeting his path with dreary yellow, dreams of the dark days of a fast-approaching winter flit around him; while he only ventures to indulge in a modest hope, that this "Wreath of Roses" may not eventually turn out a Crown of Thorns.

Why is Canadian loyalty like a heavy shower of rain? D'ye give it up?—Because its lately come down in Torrance, (*Torrents!*)