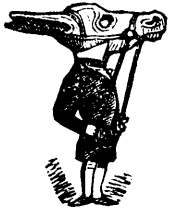


PUNCH'S APHORISMS.



HE man, who in youth, is unwilling to bridle his passions, will find his middle life saddled with a weight of sin, which may eventually break him down in the mud hole of old age, without a bit in his mouth.

Our ancestors are like fire-wood. We are constantly producing them from the dark closet of the past, to throw light and warmth upon our cold present. But in one respect they are unlike fire-wood,—for we never saw them.

The flower of the dahlia is said to possess the property of intoxicating the bee. The bliss, or bee attitude thus obtained, must resemble that conferred upon a sentimental simpleton by a professional flirt: for although the exhilaration for a while may be very delightful, it generally ends in a regular hum.

He who holds a good hand at cards, should know a good deal. But the man who stands upon his own hand, at loo, may sometimes chance to soil his fingers. A lady partner at whist, suggests a parallel with one for life: for although she may undoubtedly turn up a trump, we cannot help thinking that there is such a contingency as the odd trick.

A man's hand-writing is supposed to be indicative of his turn of mind. Thus, if men would rule both their lives and their letter-paper, the crookedness of their designs in either might be less obvious. Napoleon considered a man's nose an index to his thoughts. So might we compare a *gourmand's* face to a sun-dial, with the shadow of his nose perpetually pointing to the hour of dinner.

RANDOM SHOTS FROM A RIFLEMAN AT MICA BAY.

Wite Fish Pint,—(wich is no wheres.)



H! Huggins, "there's more things in Eaven and hurth, than is dremt of in our Filossofy," as the sellybrated Swan of Haven so mew-sicallly sings. Since I last penned a dispatcher to you, enouncing the dekanting of a pizinous viol of rauth upon our devoted edds, a change has come oar the spirit of my drem; my art with love is beating, transpoited by her hize; my dark-aired gurl her inglets decks; and my art, my art is breaking for the love of Se-hou-she-winks, or the

Buxum Flirt; a real princess of the blood royal up here; and the same to whom I eluded in my last, in regard of her resemblance to a mettlesome Tallyony wen plugging on the light plantastick tow; and indeed that her tows is somewhat phantastick I am compelled to admit, seeing that they are perfusely decorated with rings of a curious disposition, and wich, in my mind, goes far to corroborate the Mosaic horigin of the race, as contended for by Mr. Dizzerly and other poplar hentomologists; for if man is but a worm, wich is a hinsect, wy should not his istorian or comentator be called a hentomologist, wich is the istorian and comentator of hinsects? Though, as Denis Flanagan of our company maintains, a hen-tomologist is a fillosofer wich devotes his henergies to the cultivayshun of polltry; but wich is a mere Ibernina subterfewe, and quite below the toan to wich I espire. But I am wandering from the tows of my Deer, whose mockisins I kiss wen she stoops to conker; and what sensayshuns are mine, Huggins, to think that wen I negoshiate for her And, she may possibly present me with her Tow,—sich is the capreese of the Prinsely house, or wigwam, from wich she is sprung. Ah, no!—never shall my bark, tossed as it has been upon the wild Bay of Biskeigho of Veinous, glide swiftly up the Rapids of Cupit, until taken in tow by the a I copper-fitted and fastened Propeller Se-hou-she-winks or the Buxum Flirt. Excuse my wrapsody, Huggins, and the naughtical allewsions in which it is rapped up. Break to Mary Hann the terrible tiedings, to her a lass! a blow in the vitlest scene stunning. Breathe in her hear words of comfitt, and do what you can Huggins, to prevent her eggisistence from being one round of blank cattridge, now that her Rifle has gone off forever. And as you catthee in her hears, Huggins, see if you cannot egtract from them the drop-hearings wich I incerted there at

parting—drops of comfitt, as Peter Quinn said in his brewtal Hirish broag—and wich I boared her hears for, myself, with a red-hot ramrod; but wich now would shed adishonal luster upon the bright copper of my devoated Deer.

And you will hask, peraps, what brings me to Witefish Pint, wen my true love pines in her solingtary Bower beneath the pines of Mike Bay? An inscrewtable Providence, Huggin-, and a seroo Propeller. In my last you had a snopsis (exkewse my logic) of the retched plight to wich we were rejoiced by our contact with the Haboriginals; a plite wich became wuss and wuss, till common pliteness druv us, hoficers and all, to reside in the tops of the ighest trees in that dissolute regent. This is no egzagerated pieter—no phiction of the teaming phancy—no munchorsen tail hung out to entrap the unweary traveller. With rackoons we became as brothers; woodpeckers tapped us on the shoulders with hawful phamiliarity; savige bears, links, and other Denisous of the phorest, jined our mess as onnery members; and it is with a quill borrowed from a porkypine that I indict the present wrighting. But the more we grew savige, the more the Haboriginals became scivilized by our contact—picking up the manners wich *we* lost, and progressing wonderful in littery and hart-stical purshoots. A sketch, drawn upon a sheet of bark by our

Comizary Hoficer, in one of his appier moments, wich is few, will give you a livelier highdear of the march of hintellect amongst these creechers, than any words wich could emanate from my porkypine quill. It represents the barber's stewdio of that henterprising and spirited young man, Gash-away-mi-chiu, or the Keen Shaver. Hobsrve the helegant style of the barber's poll, sirmounted with the edd of a link, and say wether there is not some glimmerings of igh hart in these Superior regents.



Things wore this aspeck, wen one morning our Capten came down his tree to breakfast, as usual; and wile the rashous was going round, he comphided to us a skeme wich he had meditated in all its branches dooring the night. Vizz:—In the fust place, our Comizary Hoficer was to open a keg of sperrits, *cashiered*,—to use a hexpression of these parts,—at the foot of a pettickler old hoak. The Haboriginals has a wonderful keen sense of licker; and the stratigem was to indooce a carooze, wait till bammy sleep had ceiled up the hize of the mails, and then, taking a tender leave of the phemails, according to suckemstances, to shove off the canoes of our debotched copper-cullers, scud down the lake to where the American Propeller Dollarosa lay at hanker, and throwing ourselves upon the mussey of the skipper, give him the halternative of running us into a British Arbour, or having his edd hamputated with a tommy-hawk, an instrewment wich many of our fellers has learned to weald with much hellegance. The thing took wonderful well; midnight came, and the orrible horgies, wich from night-fall had shook the phorest, subsided into the stillness of deth. Bitter was the parting with her for whom my art pants. A and-full of air, separated from her edd with a tommy-hawk, is the only tigh that now remains to me of her so Deer,—the only sooveneer to remind me of her so devoted. We gained the beech; our junior hensing deposited on a stump a box of saidlitz powders, to correct, as he said, any assiduity wich our Haboriginal friends might be troubled with after their debotch; and we shoved along side the Dollarosa just as the skipper was mixing his morning bitters. A few jewdieious words convinced that indivijewel of the policy of acceeding to our wishes,—wich, as our Capten said, was a policy of assurance he never seen equalled, considering our plite. And to Sow St.