

PUNCH'S APHORISMS AND OPINIONS.



NE old file can revive an indefinite number of old saws. Thus, Punch is a very old file, yet his saws are sharper than the blades of Damascus, and infinitely better handled. Punch's establishment may be compared to a saw-mill, where a good deal can be turned out in one cut.

Perseverance can do wonders, if properly applied. For instance, the man who practises walking up and down stairs on snowshoes, will never know what it is to want for slippers.

As the tide of Annexation approaches, it brings up with it, from the depths of Democracy, nothing but the blind puppies and drowned rats of Republicanism. If these are the expected pearls, may we not be permitted to wonder what the oysters are like?—and as we apply the essence of loyalty to our offended nostrils, who can blame us for hoping that the tide of Annexation may be particularly well dammed?

The man who bolts his door, keeps out the robber; but he who bolts his dinner, lets in the night-mare.

Who is there that has observed the quantity of white hares with which our markets are supplied, but is immediately struck with the image of Canada sorrowing for the sins of her Separationists? Should annexation eventually take place, the hares of Canada will remain white all the year round; while the autumnal blush of her maple leaf will perennially pervade her forests—the former the emblem of her grief, the latter that of her shame.

One man is said to be “up to snuff,” and immediately the majesty of the people passes an act, forbidding him to be sneezed at. Another man is declared to be “not worth his salt,” and therefore nothing can save him—not even salt-petre.

A temperance *soiree* may be compared to a closet full of damp umbrellas—without the steam.

Many a man who enjoys the hey-day of popularity, is, in reality, not worth a straw.

SONG OF THE LOOSEFISH.

Sung by J. W. Wilson, Esq., M.P.P.

There's nothing like turning ones coat,
When once it begins to look seedy;
There's nothing like selling one's vote,
To ministers when they are needy:
But when I reflect on the changes
By which I have risen to station,
My present position, though strange, is
Good for me, then what care for the nation.

The moment I saw my way clearly,
To advance myself in my profession,
I ratted and hope to be nearly,
The most brilliant star of next session.
I candidly own, I discern it
Is right to be sometimes deceitful,
And as to my coat—I will turn it,
And even my skin—when 'tis needful.

MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INSTITUTION.

It was with high satisfaction that Punch received, here in Toronto, the report of the Montreal Eye and Ear Institution. It appears that 520 patients, who had had much cause to cry “Eye O!” or to vociferate “Ear, ear!” have been gratuitously treated by Dr. Howard, the surgeon of the institution; and Punch is happy to add, they were so well treated, that all but 27 were cured or relieved. The 520 patients above alluded to, do not include Dr. Howard's successful operations on the eyes of numerous potatoes in the course of the year, which he effected with great skill and a most devouring zeal; nor has he been less fortunate in his private practice on ears of corn, which, like

his other patients, he treated well with applications of salt and cold butter. Punch hopes that for the sake of the charity in which Dr. Howard is engaged, that his high standing in society will increase, and that his years may prosper. Then will the Montreal Eye and Ear Institution flourish, and the yearly report continue to be received, as the last has been, with many delighted “aye-ayes” and “hear-hears.”

THE CHURCH-YARD VENDORS.

We hear from an authority in whom we place implicit confidence, that the majority of the Trustees of St. James's Church having resolved on selling the ashes of their sires, are now desirous of disposing of the bones. For this purpose they are about to form themselves into a company of bone-grubbers and grinders, and anticipate finding the remains of their ancestors very valuable as manure. Some little feeling is sacrificed, to be sure; but in these utilitarian days, what is feeling to money? The bodies and the bones must be dug up, or how are the wine-cellars and domestic offices of the new houses to be formed. That portion of the dead which has obeyed the universal law of nature, and gone to dust, is sold—why should not quicklime and the bone-mill anticipate nature, and, reducing all to powder, enable the church-yard vendors to have shot in the locker. They might also keep on hand an assortment of skulls and cross-bones, should a supply be hereafter wanted by Yankee sympathisers; or, in the event of the Irish famine continuing, it is more than probable that a profitable export trade will spring up. Altogether, the worldly prospects of those engaged in the wholesale body-snatching business, promise well; but the hopes of the retail resurrectionists are much depressed.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF LONDON,
CANADA WEST.

The Colonist very justly, in his issue of yesterday, takes occasion to praise the inhabitants of the city of London, C. W., for voluntarily taxing themselves to pay for the erection of a building to be devoted to the use of common schools; but he notices a peculiarity, as belonging to these inhabitants, which has taken Punch by surprise, upset Punch, in fact, and knocked Punch's imagination into a state popularly designated as “a cocked hat.” Punch will quote the matter of fact words in which the *Colonist* gives to the world the miraculous intelligence.

“We are informed that the inhabitants of this rising town, adorned with many public buildings,” &c. &c. &c.

To paraphrase the well known saying of a distinguished old lady, when expressing her approbation of apple dumplings: “Them inhabitants is the jockeys for Punch.” What would they be worth in California? Imagine the astonishment which would be created in the “diggings” by the sudden appearance of “the inhabitants, adorned with many public buildings.” What a price they would fetch! Malcolm Cameron's price would be nothing in comparison. But what is the stature of these inhabitants, and what is the height of the public buildings with which they are ornamented? Are these buildings moveable, or are they fixtures? Can they be converted into private dwelling houses, or not? These are questions which we implore the *Colonist* to answer. What a speculation for a capitalist to buy up these usefully ornamented inhabitants for transport to the gold regions, that is if they can be transported. Oh, what a transporting idea! But Punch cannot say he puts implicit faith in the information of the *Colonist*. He remembers that in the days when, in the streets of the modern Babylon, he exhibited his now venerated person in the gutters,—when he killed the devil, murdered his first born, walloped his Judy, and perpetrated poetical justice on Jack Ketch; he remembers, in those days, that the simple hearted yokels, from whom he collected his largest amount of coppers, believed that the “streets o' Lunnun were paved with gold.” But Punch's wanderings have deprived him of a too great credulity, and, in spite of the *Colonist*, he doubts the fact of the inhabitants of London, C. W., being “adorned with public buildings.”