

GOOSE *versus* EAGLE.

Eagles are going out of fashion—geese are on the advance. This may be news for the lovers of red-coated picturesque, but are happy tidings for the great family of man. The imperial bird, CÆSAR'S AND NAPOLEON'S pet—that swooped upon nations, growing fat on human agony and human wrong, may, like the Phœnix, flutter in a poet's verse—may, poor bedraggled one, languish in menageries, daily fed by southern contract slave butchers upon human flesh; but, a short time, and never again will it strike its beak at the eyes of liberty, or prey upon the entrails of a bleeding land. Its thunderbolt is fast slipping from its talons—it is moulting all its obsolete magnificence!

Step aside with us; there now, what do you see?

A large field, tolerably cleared, but the stumps are still remaining.

Very right; and what—there upon your left, what do you behold?

A goose: yea, a solitary grey goose.

'Tis very true. Uncover to it. Yes; off with your hat; for we tell you, that goose—and great are the gains to humanity by the usurpation—that goose will dethrone the eagle—yes, will knock the flesh-eating bird from its perch of bloody state, and then serenely gagger in its place. Yet is there no pride in the goose. Observe it; mark its movements. How gently it waddles; how its neck undulates like a snake; and now with what a meek sagacity it lays its head on one side, and gazes on you with its small grey eye. But, I see you have a sceptical look; you do not believe in the dethronement of the carnivorous *Aquila*, and the succession of the mild *Anser*. No: we at once interpret your emotions, as with downward gaze you contemplate the bird of benevolence—for so it is—nibbling the grass at your feet. We detect your sensual littleness. Already have you spitted that goose in thought; already a dream of pungent onion, aromatic sage, steals upon your sense—a dream, not all unreal, with apples—savoury sauce! Yes, you are incredulous of the power of the goose over the eagle, for you see not its more potent weapons—its more tremendous thunderbolts!

Thunderbolts! a goose carry thunderbolts?

Look here, for you see we have caught the goose, and for all its uproar and struggling, we will convince you of its marvellous power. Now what is this—what are these?

Why this is its wing; and what should these be but its quills?

Right: the thunderbolt that will kill the eagle, and in due season, leave it not a feather to fly with. Are you not a convert? Feel you not a new-born respect for the goose? Are not the howlings of the North and the South, or the ravings of Canadian Annexationists mere playthings compared to

“The might that slumbers in a goose's wing.”

Henceforth, dear reader, respect and venerate the goose; and, eschewing eagles, wherever you may meet with it, fail not to bow reverentially and touch your hat to the goose.

MAD MARCH.

We have heard of March hares being mad, but March himself has become a lunatic: the pranks he has been playing with the barometer since he made his appearance on the stage of this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty, must have been effected in moments of fierce insanity. There has been a different temperature for morning, noon, and night; so that in suiting our costume to the season, we have been obliged to have our winter, summer and spring wardrobe and boxes always in use and in wear within a few hours. In the morning, with our glass at freezing point, we have sallied forth encased in bear-skin, skates in hand, for the bay, to enjoy the healthful recreation of gliding over the ice in that spirit of philosophy which teaches us to skim the surface of everything: for it is only he who skims the surface of the milk that gets the cream. But by the time we have reached the corporation dirt receptacle, opposite the “Bee-hive,” in King Street, the temperature has changed to that of summer; and as, like *Richard the Third*, we hate to be out of fashion, and “entertain” with promises to pay “a score or two of tailors,” whose scores have been running for some time, we hurry back to habit ourselves in appropriate costume.

The winter morning has been followed by a summer's afternoon, and the bear-skin and linsey-woolsey give place to superfine broad-cloth and gossamer. But scarcely have we completed this arrangement of our toilet, than the fermentation which is always indicative of Nature getting ready her brewing utensils for a storm, sends us rapidly off to our lodgings for the blue, capot-like coat, which for twenty-years has braved the hail-storm and the breeze. Thus in a few short hours are we compelled to adopt as many costumes as are worn by an actor, who goes into three pieces every evening, and through the vicissitudes of fortune which none but the theatrical performer, who is ruined and enriched twice or three times within a night, can possibly experience.

TOO TRUE TO BE FUNNY.

SCENE—*Any where in Yankee-dom.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Enter “*Britisher*” *Annexationist*, on his travels.
Yankee, to hum.

Annexationist.—You'll see, my friend, we Canadians have got to do it; we shall soon be with you; and you'll find then what a fine country we've got, and all that can be done with it; and between us we'll make it something like. You've no idea yet, nor have most of our people either, for that matter, what a place it would be in no time if only you and we were all pulling together to get it up.

Yankee.—Well now—do tell—you don't say. You think tacking on us'll make *men* of you, do you? Well, *we* aire a great nation, that's a fact you'll admit now-a-days, for all you you used to be always a-saying agin it. But I guess we didn't come to beat all natur by hitching on tu a great ready-made nation near by. Now, jist you look here. My advice ain't asked, and may be some of you won't like it when it's given; but no matter for that. I opine you'd do a fine sight better, if you'd go a-head as if you'd a leetle of the rale crittur in you. If you can't manage that ere fine country o' yourn no how you can fix it, why you see, may be, we'll jist step in and show you a thing or two. Only, don't you think you'll have much of the doing a'ter you are shev'n the way. I guess the way we'd take to show you wouldn't leave you much to do, any way. Did ever you hear tell of a Yankee standing still with his hands into his pockets and askin a “*Britisher*” to show him how to take them out? I guess you don't know how to larn; and would'nt larn for any teachin we'd ever give you. When we'd done showin you, you wouldn't be in a corner of your fine country with your hands into your pockets still! No, I don't think you would. I don't think you'd find a corner of it to stand quiet in—I don't.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LAW STUDENT is informed, that an action of trover for the conversion of John Wilson, Esq., M.P.P., would not lie, even admitting that the honourable member would.

A BEWILDERED HUSBAND.—Punch is delighted at being enabled to alleviate the sufferings of his bewildered correspondent. It is by no means an unusual case, as his correspondent supposes, for newly married husbands to form mistaken notions from their insufficient knowledge of the matrimonial vocabulary, wherein many words, although pronounced and spelt precisely as in the ordinary dictionaries, acquire a widely different meaning about the period when the devoted bridegroom becomes a meek and humble husband. Out of the many instances of this alteration which might be given, Punch selects the following, from the modern matrimonial dictionary in use in most families:—

HUSBAND—A male creature, made expressly for paying bills.

BRUTE—A term of domestic endearment for a husband.

LOVER—Anything but a husband.

HIDEOUS—A term of admiration, elicited by the sight of a lovely face, anywhere but in the looking-glass.

WRINKLE—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

TIME—The hour of dressing for a ball.

AGE—The most uncertain thing in the world.