

"The Sprite"—His Introduction.

TO the fair ladies of Canada, and to that inferior portion of creation denominated men, together making up the conglomerate known as the generous and enlightened public, greeting:

Permit the *Sprite* to present his compliments, to make his bow, and to consider himself fairly and fully introduced into every circle of polite society.

Put—remarks that same generous and enlightened public, in a tone of doubt and alarm, natural enough to one so often deluded by shams, and so frequently deceived by impostors—Who is the "Sprite?"

Thank you, gentle lady—thank you, noble sir, for that same query; it confers a much-coveted opportunity. The *Sprite*, though bold as a lion, is modest and retiring, and would not have ventured to speak of himself had he not been commanded by so goodly a company. Glance then at his portrait, mental and physical. Should it, however, prove but a *silhouette*, ample amends shall be made, for in his works will be found a likeness, full lengthed and full faced, at which a wondering world will gaze and admire.

THE *SPRITE* is good looking, of course—spare his blushes—in truth, he may say, beautiful: a very Adonis!—and what is more, he tolerates nothing about him that is not the same. His servants, ministers, and craftsmen are specimens of perfect humanity, and their works are without stain or flaw. The higher departments have exalted occupants. The muses are never absent from his bower; Minerva directs his household affairs; Venus and the Graces do the tittivating; and Juno, and her handmaid Hebe, have the general superintendence of his cellar.

THE *SPRITE* is good natured—good natured almost to a fault. He never remembers an injury—to himself—duty impels him to a different course in the case of his clients, the public. He loves his enemies even while he whips them. His constant endeavour is to make universal nature smile; a tear—the genuine pearl of sorrow or of pity—suffuses his own bright eyes and bedews his own fair cheeks.

THE *SPRITE* is wise and witty. To say that he is amusing and instructive would be but tame and commonplace, and convey no idea of his prodigious powers. He has all the learning of the ancients at his finger's ends; his brain is a royal library, in which is stored all that mediæval and modern wisdom has produced. All the big lights of learning are burning brightly there.

Even that recondite, mysterious tome, so little heeded by our public men and biographers, and yecept Lindlay Murray, has a place in the same ample storage. His wit is something incomparable and far above definition. When he smiles, laughter will prevail from the northern to the southern pole, and illumine alike the hut and the palace; and, so minded, not all the steam-fire engines that ever squirted at the moon, nor all the firemen who have made night hideous in New York, could prevent him

from setting the St. Lawrence on fire and treating the divinities of the stream to roast sturgeon in their own oozy Olympia. Moreover, he is a benificent patron, a Macenas of a thousand horse power. His inaugural ordains that wisdom leaves the attic (taking with it the salt) and descends, henceforward to occupy the cheeriest nook of the drawing-room. From this time forward, not a wit in all the land shall dream on a supperless pillow.

THE *SPRITE* is liberal and generous. Extremely forbearing to the failings of others—while they are kept in the shade. Tolerant—immensely so—to the opinions of all men, in all respects, whether political, religious, moral, or social; and what he yields to others he claims for himself. But let him not be misunderstood. He advocates and will fight to the last for decency and order, for good manners and gentlemanly usages: without these life would not be tolerable. The *Sprite* does not care to discriminate among political nick-names, but this, he must say, he is not a Democrat. He does not like democracy, and for a very good reason. He adopted the suggestion of the old philosopher and tried the system in his own household, and the result was anything but satisfactory. His wise men quarrelled through the live-long day, and went to bed amidst kicks and cuffs; his wits turned on each other, and scratched and clawed and bit; the muses sulked, and hid each her several charm; Madame Minerva gave him notice to quit; Venus and her department had no time for attention to anything but their own sweet selves; Juno ordered Hebe to lock up the cellar, and, in that imperious mood she can so well assume, commanded the distracted *Sprite* to Dunkinise and sign the pledge. No! no! he doesn't like democracy. In matters of the purse and pocket the *Sprite* is princely; and what prince so rich as he. He has wealth without limit for those who serve him well. But he has other than these softer qualities.—He is always just, and can be stern; meanness and villainy make him savage. If he detects a scoundrel pandering to the baser instincts, for him his fairy wand becomes a spear, steel-armed, and the wretch shall twirl on it as the beetle twirls on the School boy's pin. The slanderer of private character, the anonymous assassin, had better not come within his reach; he will place him in a pillory, the like of which has not yet been seen, and from it he shall howl in vain for mercy. But, worst of ail, he who would blacken the fair fame of innocence and beauty. For such the *Sprite* has no quarter: he will whip him round the world till he expires beneath the weight of good men's contempt. In a word, for the whole black tribe of sneaks and cowards, of libellers and slanderers, the *Sprite* has annihilating thunder in his frown.

Lastly, THE *SPRITE* is a Canadian *Sprite*; but British in thought, British in feeling, and will endeavour to be British in expression. He is a lineal descendant of the *Sprites* of Shakspeare and Milton, and Burns and Moore, and he will not discredit his illustrious ancestry. He