

### The Amateurs of the Royal Fusiliers.

Our limited space will not admit of an extended notice of the performance of Wednesday evening last. The acting, on the whole, was good. The first piece, "Deaf as a Post," although rather antiquated, was creditably put on the stage. The Lancashire Hornpipe would certainly have put some of our Negro Minstrels to the blush. The second piece, "Bombastes Furioso," was well performed; the same may be said of "The Illustrious Stranger." Capt. Cole's songs were capital, and reminded us very strongly of Capt. Bayly in his happiest moods. The solo on the whistle was also well executed.

Now, we intend, brave boys, to give you a few hints:—Rehearse, as often as possible, in the Hall where you intend acting,—thus getting used at once to place and play.—Look more to your dresses, especially those of the female characters—do not attempt to be too funny—and lastly, give us a good old comedy, or a startling melodrama,—farces are "played out" (to use an Americanism). Without doubt, an excellent company can be made up in the regiment.

### Advice

To officers and others who flirt with garrison belles:—Take them to church and ring them there.

### A Rumour.

It is whispered about in fashionable circles that the Hon. George Brown intends leaving off his usual "Swallow-tail coat" after his return, restricting himself to the uniform of the civil service, at least, as long as he may remain in it.

### A Recommendation.

We would strongly recommend to our Executive, if it is their intention to have a Session this summer, that it be held at Cacouna, or some other watering place, as the debates are likely to be heated, and a cool atmosphere might be beneficial to some of our choleric members.

### Post Office Delay.

That nice sense of honour, which guides and governs the *Sprite* in his every word and act, impels him to make known to the public that the recent late deliveries of the mails are, in no respect, attributable to any remissness on the part of the officials of the establishment. All have done their duty, and well. Our friend *Dun*, never appeared in brighter colour: reproach to any would be injustice. The inconvenience has been unavoidable, and has arisen solely from the extraordinary and unparalleled amount of *Sprite* correspondence which has passed through the office. On the average of the last five days, seventeen additional bags have been received each morning, filled with communications, compliments and tribute from every portion of the Province. Athenian Toronto, Bæotian Blankville, Bustling Montreal, Sleepy Hollowtown, Sea-washed Gaspé, and the *terra incognita* above Superior, each appear there in due proportion. How, then, could delay be avoided?—The *Sprite* has been favoured with an intimation from the Postmaster-General, to the effect, that he intends to treble the staff of the department, and that he honours himself by placing one half the appointments at the *Sprite's* disposal. The *Sprite* is gracious; pleased to accept the compliment, and will place the raciest of his wits among the men of letters; not, however, without apprehension that they will find themselves in strange company in a public office.

### Court Circular.

H. E. the G——r G——l dined alone last night. After dinner he smoked two cigars and dissipated three Sherry Cobblers. At ten his boots were pulled off. At eleven he put his night-cap on. Half an hour after he was asleep and,—dare we say it—snoring.

### Quebec Weather.

If any place in the world has had reason to regret the decease of the Clerk of the Weather, (poor Admiral Fitzroy) it certainly is Quebec. Our weather, which at all times has a will of its own, since that lamentable event has indulged in the most capricious vagaries. Small rain, big rain and deluges; mist, haze and fogs; sunshine, sometimes faint and sometimes frying; cloud and thunder; breezes from east and north, south and west, and points uncompassed, some of them stiff as a serjeant of grenadiers, others puffy and variable as a fat and choleric colonel; dead calms and calms at their latest breath; heats, that would stifle a dustman or melt a Guinea-man; chills that would give the ague to a polar bear; frigidity never before met with out of B——r's speeches; a general coolness that made the Hon. Mr. Mc. and some of his friends wish themselves in the more genial atmosphere of the neighbourhood of Downing Street;—these, and other special varieties, have lately been tumbling after and over each other like a string of porpoises in the gulf. In the interest of B. N. A. we pray the elements to come to an understanding. Anything would be better than their present uncertain condition; yes! even an elementary confederation!

### Steps in the Right Direction.

Steps over the *débris* at St. John's Gate.

### The Review.

FRED.—"I say, Charley, what awful muffs the volunteers made of themselves on the Queen's birth-day."

CHARLES—(Of a facetious turn of mind).—"I can't see it, Fred; for surely you would not have them *regular*, when, at the best, they are but *ir-regulars*." (*Fred collapsed*.)

### Notice of Motion [to be] before the House.

Moved by several members, and seconded by the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, that an humble address be presented to his Excellency, the Governor-General, praying that steps be taken to discover the whereabouts of the Commissioner from Canada, the Hon. Mr. McGee, at the Dublin Exhibition, during the visit of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to the Canadian Department of the said Exhibition.

### New Dances.

We learn from private and most reliable sources, that the Hon. George Brown has been learning some new dances, while in England, which he intends introducing into Canada. Among them is the Confederation Gallop, in which a goodly number of Scotch *airs* are introduced, and the Defence Quadrille, to be played with English Instruments at the cost of Canada.

### Ornithological.

Of all birds, which is the most demented?—The *Rave-n*, of course.