

My Wife's Needlewoman ;
OR THE UNPUBLISHED EPIC.

Whenever new shirts were needed by your very humble servant; hemming to be performed on household linen; frills, furbelows, or frocks required for self or children; my wife was in the habit of calling to her aid one of those respectable and useful assistants who, go out to sew. The lady who condescended to assist in the performance, as the official folks say, of these onerous and highly responsible duties in my household—I beg pardon; I mean, of course, my wife's—was a buxom dame, comely and fair to look upon. Her eye was bright and her cheek was rosy, and time—whatever her age—had no more than plumped and mellowed the rather tempting fruit. I must confess to occasionally placing myself by the work-table, but only, I assure you, for the purpose of observing how the work progressed; and, once there, of course, common civility demanded that I should say something; but I am positive that my remarks never went beyond the state of the weather, or a dip into the mysteries of cross-stitch or back-stitch, of gusset and skirt, and I am bound to say I always found the lady polite, attentive, and desirous to initiate me into the more recondite operations of the needle. Thus matters progressed, smooth as a well pressed seam, until one ever-to-be-regretted day, when the thrilling scene which I am about to describe, occurred. I was standing in my usual manner by the work-table, our conversation partaking of all its customary innocency, when—what could have suggested such an inquiry?—the lady of the needle startled me with the following interrogatory:—
“DOES THE SPRITE PAY FOR POETRY?”

Confounded, bewildered, moon-struck, as I was, I managed to gasp out, “I really cannot say, madam, for I never had occasion to enquire, but presume that he does, for he is as liberal as he is wealthy. He has, I know, unlimited credit on the *banks* and *braes* o’ bonnie Doon, and on all other banks and braes whatsoever.”

The lady proceeded, but hearing became indistinct. I distinguished the words—written—long poem—class—epic—subject—CONFEDERATION, and I heard no more, and could no longer see.

When consciousness returned I found myself alone in the most remote room of the house and the door double locked and barred. I immediately enquired of the inward monitor, “Whence the origin and cause of this strange eventful scene?” A sudden light broke in upon me: I had heard sufficient to assure me that our friend and assistant was a poetess—had written a long poem—an epic—and on Confederation—and the apprehension that she was about to ask me to read it, had reduced me to the pitiable condition which I have so very imperfectly described. I can only remark, that once was enough; I never afforded an opportunity for a second attack.

A short time after this most melancholy interruption of a happy intercourse, and in the most explicit and truthful terms, I related the occurrence to my wife, with as much, and as many, of its antecedents as I thought it necessary for her to know. I should have told her all, but I was in a hurry. “Dear me,” said my spouse, when she had heard me out, and with the same distinguished regard and attention which she always bestows on my remarks, “you were quite right in supposing Mrs. Gimp to be a poetess, and that she had written a

a poem,—a long poem—(I forget what she called it), for she has often told me so. And I have no doubt”—here one of the slightest and prettiest of pouts obtruded itself—“that she was about to ask you to read it. She never paid me that compliment, though, and if she had, I should not have complied; for who could relish another’s poetry after reading yours.”

Oh! the false, sly, insinuating puss: but the slice of blarney had quite a nectarish flavour as it went down. Somehow or other—I don’t know how—my little wife got the better of me on this occasion. My habitual stoicism completely disappeared, and a new bonnet soon came upon the scene; and if any one fancied they heard the sound which is very likely to proceed from a conjunction of lips, I really dare not venture to say that they were mistaken or deceived.

Good News.

We infer from the following, and, of course, all Canada will do the same, that Confederation prospects are brightening up. Our English correspondent informs us in his last letter that the Hon. George Brown is negotiating for the purchase of a Court suit, and also for (but this is confidential) a Lieutenant Governor’s uniform.

St. Jean Baptiste—his day.

Our patron saint was not at all annoyed at the delay that occurred in the celebration of his anniversary. He accorded us a very agreeable day, a delightful alternation of sunshine and shade, a balmy atmosphere and an invigorating breeze; and the few tears that he shed were tears of pleasure and of joy. His clients rendered their dutiful homage and devotion in the most approved manner and in excellent taste. Their procession was large, extended, and admirably arranged. It paraded the town under the shade of our own green maples, in perfect order, and to the cheering strains of a capital band, and afterwards proceeded, as all good people should, to church. *Vive St. Jean*, cries the *Sprite*.

It will not be presumptuous—that the *Sprite* cannot be under any circumstances—to address a few words to patron saints in general,—to Jean Baptiste, to George Rose Dragon, to Patrick Shamrock, to Andrew Brose Thistle, and to David Leek. The *Sprite* desires that you, the above-named, should establish a more complete understanding and a closer alliance among yourselves: he wants a common and united action, a total abnegation of all petty, little, local, minor differences and distinctions from and by your saintships; in fact (what a very brilliant idea), he asks for a *confederation*; thus (by your example) you will transform the land inhabited by your many-originated lieges into a fused, homogenous, compact and one Canada. See about this, and quickly; and when you have completed the treaty (we must have no secret articles) send word to the *Sprite* and he will appoint a day—a great, glorious and general day—which, at one and the same time, shall be devoted to each and to all of you, and to which he will give the ever-enduring name of—THE DAY OF CANADA.

The Hon. James Skead’s speech at Toronto.

The *Sprite* saw a report of this, and exclaimed in his jubilation, “Bravo, Skead!” He liked it much, and especially, where Free Trade presented his enlightened countenance. If you keep your stick of timber on that side of the stream, Skead, you may be assured that there is nothing in the (political) market on which a higher value will be placed.