

**Mr. Baillairgé.**

Between the grand (admitting there may be a grandeur in crime) and the contemptible there is a certain analogy and connection which is not without interest to the student of human nature. The world has just been startled by a voice, which rose, as from the grave, to throw a half-light on the mysteries of the road murder, and the psychologists are hard at work investigating the phenomena of the case. An affair has transpired among ourselves, almost equally remarkable *in its way*. Mr. Baillairgé was appointed to superintend the completion of the Government buildings at Ottawa, and, at a noble salary—that of a cabinet minister. We may here remark that we derive our conclusions entirely and solely from data supplied, and published to the world, by Mr. Baillairgé himself. Mr. Baillairgé admits, in the most explicit terms, without even attempting disguise or equivocation, that great wrongs and frauds have been perpetrated by those engaged in the direction of the Ottawa buildings—in the thickness of the walls, the depths of the excavations, the quantities of the materials, &c., &c., and he does not hesitate to brand himself guilty of privy to those most nefarious transactions. At present, however, the only evidence of their existence proceeds from Mr. Baillairgé himself.

But what induced Mr. Baillairgé to connive at these doings? Not, it appears, from the promise of any certain reward or share in the plunder: the motive will be found in the letters of Mr. Baillairgé, and there it is as evident as it is discreditable. But the project failed, and then a long bill of charges (unheard of before in architect's practice) is trumped up against the contractors. It is disputed, and hence the exposé. This case presents many extremely curious features, which we leave, in the first instance, to our mind-measurers. We point but to two—to the enormity of the offence, we hope we may add, its singularity, and to the strange way in which it was to be recompensed. The latter, certainly, wears a sort of Jonathan Wild aspect. We presume the case will ultimately reach either a criminal court or a commission of lunacy.

Some one remarked in the Assembly that the Ottawa buildings had ruined the reputations of a host of politicians. Architects and officials, in swarms, have also gone down before them. In that Denmark there must be something very rotten. Now, be it known to all men, that, from this day forward, by letters patent under his own great seal, the *Sprite* constitutes himself sole architect, superintendent, surveyor and director of these unfortunate buildings, and places every body and every thing under his own immediate surveillance. Governed and guided by such a brick, of course, all will go well. Ottawa, rejoice! your tribulation is ended.

**Important to Critics.**

We are given to understand by an original and eminent 'Biographer' of this City, that an amusing work on "sibs and fancies in Acadia," is likely to issue shortly from the pen of a celebrated correspondent to a London *daily* Journal. The author, it is said, once published a graphic and interesting volume of nonsense upon British North America, and is highly spoken of, we believe, in unliterary circles.

**Note for the Almanack Makers.**

The glorious first of June—Earl Howe's victory.—Expunge, and insert,—That ever memorable event, the inception of the *SPRITE*.

**The Fusileers and "The Sprite."**

We accept the graceful homage of our gallant friends of the 7th. A continuous stream of welcomes and congratulations has poured in upon us from the first and ever-memorable hour which proclaimed the advent of the *Sprite*. But of all these, gratifying as they are, not one so stirs our tenderest feelings and tickles our justifiable pride, as the announcement of the appearance of "*The Illustrious Stranger*" on the boards of the Music Hall, introduced by the brave boys who have played their parts so well on many a memorable arena. This great event will take place to-night, and though far above all comparison, and, in itself an epoch, will not be the only incident of the evening, by many. Of course, every body will be there—we mean every body with a proper soul. He who cannot, or will not, appreciate the *Sprite* and the 7th in conjunction, has none better than the leathery soul of a goose.

**Mundane.**

Our boy, a *Sprite*-ly little fellow of some thirteen summers, is responsible for the following:—

"Why is Mr. George Brown the most powerful man in the world?" "Because he directs the *Globe*."

**Our advice to young Merchants.**

In the bright lexicon of youth there should be no such word as *Fail*.—SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM BULWER.

**American Intelligence.**

President Johnson, having caught Jeff. Davis & Co., intends, so *our* "special" at Washington informs us, to come over to Canada, seize Lord Monck, John A. Macdonald, Mr. Carter, the Montreal Evening *Telegraph*, and others, or permitting certain "rebels and traitors" to live in Canada. He will then proceed to England, capture it and its inhabitants, bring both to America, and place them under a glass case in the Central Park of New York, as a warning to other foreign powers who may dare to dispute his high behests.

**Jefferson Davis, Esquire.**

In answer to numerous enquiries as to the probable fate of the above named gentleman, we beg to state that the "Bureau of Military *Justice*," have not yet determined what they will prove him guilty of, and, when they do find him guilty, whether they will hang him on a sycamore or a sour apple tree.

**Booth.**

The journals on the other side at once made Booth a hero. He was beautiful, brave, athletic and accomplished; a veritable Crichton. Depend on it, if Lucifer was to appear on Broadway, there is not a woman of ton in New York who would not wear couleur-de-sulphur nor a man of note who would not wear horns.

**Further from the Seat of War.**

Will some one of our kind readers, who is acquainted with the American language, give us the meaning of the following, which we clipped from the report of the capture of Richmond. "Most of the editors have fled, especially John Mitchell." See "*Chronicle*," of 6th April.

**Don't wear it.**

A killing thing in ties—The Hangman's knot.

**Query.**

Would hail be considered as a nice (an-ice) rain?