

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Sprite.

MONTREAL.

Sir,—I was driving a few days ago with a young cousin of mine, and our conversation, for some time, (fact, I assure you) was about political affairs; but it suddenly turned to a more congenial topic:—now, said I to Annie, it seems strange to me that you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone. O! dear no, she remarked; not the brimstone; only the *spark*.

Yours, truly,

TEDDY MILES.

If Mr. Teddy Miles would insinuate, that he, like his cousin, is young, we don't believe him. Evidently he is a relic of the era of tinder-boxes. Ed.

TORONTO.

Sweet Sprite,—You expect me to write to you, and who could have the heart to disappoint such a darling. The heat here is intense; there is nothing stirring, not even news, or, what ladies value (so the horrid men say) much more than news. If anything happens you shall hear from me again. In the meantime, believe me,
Your devoted admirer, AGNES.

P. S.—Is'nt it strange; but, certainly, that which we think most about we are most likely to forget. Society here is agitated and distressed beyond description at an incident which occurred last week. You must know that there was a very agreeable and, I may say, distinguished evening party given by the Colonel of the 17th, at which most of the celebrities, civil and military, of the neighbourhood were present. I was there; so was my cousin Emily, and Capt. Fitzkillankum, of the Skibbereens. It is said, and, I believe, with truth, that there is *something between* poor Emily and the gallant captain. In the course of the evening the madcaps proposed a game at blind-man's-buff. We all joined in it. It was poor Emily's turn to be blinded, and, being very active, she made great sport for us; we knocked over chairs and tables, and some of us got knocked over ourselves, in the most delightful way imaginable. This went on for some time, but at last Capt. Fitz., out of compassion, I believe, for poor Emily, placed himself in a position to be caught. Poor Emily caught him with one hand by the epaulet (the Skibbereens always wear epaulets) and with the other by ——— wait a moment; you will, alas! know too soon. "I have you! I have you, Fitz.!" cried poor Emily, delighted. Some of the romps pulled the captain away, and she had'nt him at all;—*she had only—only—HIS WIG!* Imagine the result, *sweet Sprite!* I can write no more!

P. S.—Poor *fidele* shares my sorrow. This morning she refused her cream, and, at dinner, looked at a liver wing, shook her head, turned round, and left it untouched.

P. S.—Poor Emily has just informed me that the loss of a wig will not, necessarily, entail the loss of a rib.

Applications to Parliament.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next session of Parliament for a Bill to abolish examinations for Candidates for admission to the Study of the Law, and, for a Bill to abolish the examination for permission to practise. We sincerely believe that the result of this will be a very considerable improvement.

To Ann.

It is not for thy dark brown eye,
Nor for thy damask cheeks, Ann,
(Tho' both with any beauty's vie,
That thee, my fond heart seeks, Ann.

Nor is it for thy flowing locks,
That shame the raven's wing, Ann,
Nor those small hands, just made to box
The ears of some poor thing, Ann.

Nor is it for thy faultless form,
Nor for thy love-like whisper,
My Ann, to you, my heart grows warm;
In truth, 'tis for—*Thy Sister.*"

* These verses are inserted with the idea that the publicity we give may lead to the detection and exposure of the cruel deceiver. We have reason to believe that he is conspiring in Cornwall.—Ed.

Opinions of the Press.

For a man to repeat his own praises is not exactly the thing; it may fairly be regarded as the puff direct, and should be specially reserved for itinerating professors and other quacks and mountebanks. But how different the question when a *Sprite* is in the case. He, like other monarchs, can do no wrong, and, moreover, is to be commended for rejoicing in the praises and homage of his subjects and liegemen. He draws the following from his archives, in which hundreds of similar testimonials of friendship and amity remain for the delectation of his friends and the inspection of the curious:

"This seems to us the worthiest successor our much lamented and ever-beloved *Punch in Canada* ever had. We wish the *Sprite* a long and prosperous life."—*Montreal Gazette*.

"It bears the name of Mr. C. E. Holliwell, as Publisher, and that of Mr. G. E. Desberats, as Printer. This fact, we should say, gives sufficient guarantee to the public that the columns of the *Sprite* will be devoted only to the sphere of action which properly belongs to a well conducted comic or satirical paper."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The appearance of the *Sprite* is very good, and the illustrations neatly executed.—The articles in this number are racy and original."—*Ottawa Citizen*.

"The contents of the first number promises well for the management of the sheet. There are several excellent hits, and care has been taken, in selecting the contributions, to exclude all purely personal matters."—*Montreal Transcript*.

"Its contents are what is needed in Canada, wit without personality. It is got up in a manner that does credit both to the originator and to the printers."—*Quebec Daily News*.

"The literary merits of this number are also respectable; and some of the articles possess a piquancy and spriteliness which afford a good promise of future success."—*Quebec Gazette*.

"It promises to be worthy of support, and is in careful hands."—*Ottawa Union*.

"It is more after the style of "*Punch*" than anything that has as yet been issued in Canada, and presents a very creditable appearance. The articles in the number before us are racy and original."—*Dundas Courier*.

"The style of the paper is neat and the articles racy; we expect soon to see it become a favorite."—*Daily Prototype*.