

Our Ministers Abroad,

Or rather AT HOME, being a faithful account of an interview between CANADA'S DELEGATES, and the DIGNITARIES of DOWNING STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

IN the obscure and untutored community to which the *Sprite* addresses itself, it may not be generally observed that we are in a state of crisis. It is quite true that, in a political sense, the Province has been in a state of *chronic* crisis for some time past. But good old Stadacona looks upon crisis with a coolness only to be surpassed by the frigidity of a stiff January morning. The *Sprite* has frequently, in the innocence of his soul, made attempts to account for such glacial indifference. His pre-conceived opinions, and *couleur-de-rose* hopes, are, however, in all cases, doomed to be blasted and withered.

When it was announced some few weeks ago to the people of Canada by the booming of cannon from the heights of Durham Terrace and the pomp of vice-regal solemnity, that our Ministers were about to confer with the Imperial Government on several great subjects, we naturally anticipated some excitement in Quebecian circles, but again we have to record, that an unusual dullness has pervaded the atmosphere ever since that awful announcement. Circumstances, and advantages over which the *Sprite* has control, enables him to rouse our citizens from that chronic state of apathy into which they appear to be plunged, and to entertain them with the first genuine account of the grand *Conversational Conference* between our Canadian political heroes and the old and tried warriors who recognize PAM as their chief.

The conversation may not be very interesting to Quebecers, because Point Levi is in the case, but other parts of the Province will have an opportunity of judging the merits of the great questions of Confederation, Defence and Armament, Treaties, (whether Ashburton or Reciprocity,) and all the other great and important points, now attracting public attention:

DIALOGUE 1st.

10 o'clock, A. M.—Great excitement in and about the hotel where *our delegates* are quartered.

Brown, Galt, John A., and Cartier appear at a late breakfast, duly attended, of course, by Lieut. Col. Bernard. A deep and mysterious silence prevails. Suddenly Brown exclaims, with that peculiar accent so well known in the vicinity of Bothwell,—

BROWN.—“Cartier, these haddies are not equal to McEwan's cure!”

CARTIER.—“Ma deere Brown, dere are many cures for de gen'ral evils, but de biggest cure of all is de Representation by population.

BROWN.—“Cartier ye're always at politics, can ye no tak yere breakfast, and keep sic things for Maister Cardwell.”

JOHN A.—“Galt, old fellow, how about those codfish.”

GALT.—“Don't annoy Brown, you're at politics too Macdonald, we must be serious.

CARTIER.—“Well Mac, ve shall understand before ve shall leave dis place, who it shall be who shall open de ball.”

JOHN A.—“Why Cartier, you represent the-e-e (codfish,) no, no, Brown does,—I forgot. *He* must open the ball.”

BROWN.—“Now, my freends, let us be serious; I apprehend that we are all here on the same errand, and with the same honest intentions. The great constitutional difficulties that have agitated our unhappy Province for years have been amicably settled; let us shew the Government of Great Britain that we are firm in our purpose, and determined to hold our own.”

COL. BERNARD.—“Bravo, Bravo.”

JOHN A.—“Now, Hewitt, my dear fellow, I admire your patriotic style, but you must really understand that we are not in the armory of the Civil Service Rifles.”

BERNARD.—“My dear Mr. Macdonald, I quite appreciate your friendly caution, and although Secretary to this important Delegation, I feel like Uriah Heep, “werry 'umble.”

CARTIER.—“Of course, since I have been to make one visite at Windsor, it must be suppose dat every man dat is in de bisness, must be very humble.”

GALT.—“Now, gentlemen, a truce to your *badinage*. (Is that a good word, Cartier?) My dear Brown, of course every fool in Canada knows, that, for years, you have denounced us as being as unlike angels as possible, but an important crisis in public affairs has induced you to look upon us as worthy companions. All we now ask is, that in meeting our swell friends of the Colonial Office, you will make an attempt to avoid any and every expression that may compromise your previous opinions. You are of course aware, Brown, that the *Leader* and other newspapers of the same stamp are on your trail: beware of surprises! I merely mention this little matter with the best possible good feeling, because it must be strange for you to be in such company as you now are—the heroes of that memorable event of 1858, which so neatly put out your candle.”

CARTIER.—“Galt, I do not like de severity on de persons who may have been our conquered adversaries. Brown has improved since 1858. Ha, ha!”

JOHN A.—“Gentlemen, our hurried breakfast is now over; we must assume a serious demeanour, and we must meet Downing Street with calm vigor and determination. Our local quarrels must be ignored, and Upper Canada—Clear Grit and Conservative—making common cause with Lower Canadian PLUCK, must decide the future of our hitherto prosperous colony.”

At this juncture, all rose, and prepared to wait upon the dignitaries of the Colonial Office.

(To be continued.)