

UNFORTUNATE DELAY.

OUR readers may have learned from the local newspapers that "Our Delegates" have been delayed in their intended departure from the "Old Country." Developments of the highest interest to the people of this country, received by the mail lately arrived, have urged upon the *Sprite* the necessity of deferring, for at least one number, the details of their negotiations with Her Majesty's Ministers.

Mr. Cartier, the Canadian Ichthyologist, at Fishmonger's Hall.

Mr. George Etienne Cartier is in many respects an extraordinary man. A lineal descendant of the famous mariner of St. Malo, he is surely partial to the waters of the great deep and all that is therein, and his ideas, so far as progress is concerned, like those of his celebrated ancestor, invariably go no further than Montreal. There Mr. Cartier always flounders. Let the justness of representation by population be urged by some such plodding, persevering personage as his present pious colleague, Mr. George Brown, and Mr. Cartier instantly perceives that, in a pecuniary sense, at least, the codfish of Gaspé are as valuable to the province as the sturdy potato-growing yeomanry of Upper Canada, and the Bank of Montreal a more abiding and reliable institution than the greatest monied concern in the West. His pluck and almost chivalrous bluntness are remarkable. Mr. Cartier may flounder, Mr. Cartier may wriggle, when attacked for some awkward expression, like an eel, about to be stripped of its vest, in the well-sanded fist of a cook-maid. But Mr. Cartier never gives in. Like the electric-eel he is a disagreeable kind of political fish to handle. The London *Saturday Review* thus remarks:

"It is characteristic of the queer old fashions which survive in this country, that the first public recognition offered to the Canadian delegates should take the shape of a banquet in the hall of a company, theoretically, composed of the vendors of fish; but in giving a hearty welcome to Messrs. Cartier and Galt, as on some former occasion, the Fishmonger's Company will, no doubt, be found to have represented, by anticipation, the feelings of the whole community."

Now, the *Sprite* frankly admits that it may be characteristic of certain Englishmen to pay somewhat fishy compliments to Canadian ministers of state, but however characteristic of these people such compliments may be, it is, nevertheless, certainly odd that Messrs. Cartier and Galt (Mr. Brown appears to have been absent) should have obtained their first public recognition in England from the "vendors of fish!" St. Peter himself must have been highly delighted.

A choice morsel for the Fenians.

In a recent issue of the *New York Times* we find a paragraph, said to be copied from an English journal, stating that Ireland is a *settlement* (mark the word) *outlying* the Federal territory. Now, who but a bitter enemy of Ireland could have made such an assertion! In the first place calling Ireland a settlement, and then, which is ten thousand times worse, accusing the ocean gem of *outlying* the kingdom of Andy the Great. We are satisfied to leave the question to any sane individual as to whether it is possible for Ireland, or any country, to *outlie* the Federal territory, as represented in its newspapers and on its platforms?

The Sprite and His Excellency.

By command of His Excellency, Col. Irvine yesterday called upon the *Sprite*, to tender his lordship's special patronage, to request the honour of having our first vol. dedicated to him, and to grant us permission to use the royal arms. This was gratifying, certainly, but we hope his lordship has not mistaken the sign of the shop, nor the nature of the articles in which we deal.

Invasion of Canada!!!

Arrival in Quebec of the Commander in Chief of the invading army!

On Tuesday, the 20th of June, 1865, a steamer might have been seen, by those who happened to be looking at her, steaming down the St. Lawrence, with a portion of the United States Army on board, commanded by Major General Dix. Cautiously the steamer approached the wharf,—she stopped and screeched. The Commanding General, with his army, left the boat, and without more ado, but with a resistless requisition, appropriated a sufficient number of vehicles to contain himself and his command. The unsuspecting Quebecers little knew who that benign looking gentleman, so fierce in proclaiming, was, or what was his object. Like a true and skilful soldier, he commanded his drivers to proceed to Russell's, which was accordingly done. Out jumped the Captor of Quebec, followed by his Army, and took possession of Mr. Russell and his household.—He proceeded to his quarters—leaving his army down stairs to keep an eye on the captured city, and especially, on the gentlemen of the bar. Then, aware that Quebec was at his mercy, he took things as coolly as possible (thermometer 90° in the shade). In the evening, however, he made a reconnaissance on the Mercury Office, and afterwards marched on Spencer Wood, captured the Governor General, and placed him under arrest for several hours, in charge of sentinels from the hill-sides of sunny France. He then departed. We believe that during the various encounters there was no one hurt.

Huron and Bruce.

We have received intelligence, that Mr. James Dickson, M. P. for Huron and Bruce, intends, should the Federation of Canada take place, to make an effort to have his United Counties—those gardens, granaries, and towers of strength to Canada—erected into a distinct principality. He has already applied to the Hon. D'Arcy McGee,—we need not say for what.

Keep Your Seats.

Generally speaking, when a lawyer is elevated to the bench, he finds his seat so comfortable that he is in no hurry to leave it. This, however, has exceptions; and a rather remarkable instance occurred within the last few days. Should the example be followed, we may have to consider whether it would not be advisable to coat the "bench" with pitch or bird-lime, to induce learned, but impetuous gentlemen, to stick to their stations. If it becomes general we shall recommend, for security sake, that the oracles of the law be delivered from the inside of a cage with many bars. To make the matter worse, in this particular case, no sooner was his lordship on the floor than he off with his coat (robe we mean) and showed fight. But we shall say no more about it for the present, except, that it proved there is something—almost truth—in the old legal saw: "The man who pleads his own cause has a fool for his client."