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JUST RECEIVED AT

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**C** H A C U N, selon son gout et ses besoins, trouvera à cette librairie un grand assortiment des meilleurs ouvrages: Littérature, Histoire, Science et Arts; Agriculture et Jardinage; Grand choix de Livres pour étrennes et cadeaux; Livres de piété, l'office et de prières; assortiment complet de paroissiens, Livres de mariage et de première communion; Livres classiques; Editions et Reliures assorties, importées des Principaux Éditeurs de Paris. 1

Aussi une grande variété d'articles pour bureaux, encre, papier français et anglais; enveloppes de toute grandeur et maillage plumes, différentes marques de fabrique; livres blancs, livres de mémoire; cahiers d'exercice, etc., etc. 1

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## UNFORTUNATE DELAY.

**O**UR 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."

## Humbug.

Some poets sing of rosy wine,  
And some, of woman fair;  
A strain, less soft, more free, is mine,—  
Humbug, to sing, I dare !—  
Search round this wide terrestrial ball,—  
'Tis Humbug all.

Humbug, thou art a mighty lord !  
O'er all, more potent thou  
Than widom's pen, than soldier's sword,  
Than friend or lover's vow ;  
The grand, the mean, the great, the small,—  
'Tis Humbug all.

The monarch, on his throne, is great :  
But still is Humbug King !  
He little reck's of might or state,  
O'er Courts he flaps his wing.  
He rules the palace, camp and hall,—  
'Tis Humbug all.

And power and place are glorious dow'rs,  
But Humbug laughs aloud,  
And o'er high dignities and pow'rs  
He casts, unseen, his shroud :—  
The higher rais'd, the greater fall,—  
'Tis Humbug all.

The lordly churchman's scorn of gold,  
The zealot's angry growl,  
The virtuous glance, so stern and cold,  
The cynic's sneering scowl !—  
For Diogenes' lantern call,—  
'Tis Humbug all.

The rich man's doles, the poor man's law,  
The friend, at ten per cent ;  
The wordy patriot's unbought jaw  
To grumbling nations lent ;  
The shrouding curtain let it fall,—  
'Tis Humbug all.

The bashful maiden's snaring smile,  
The oath of deathless love,  
The heiress-hunter's ardent toil,  
And friendship, like a glove,—  
Cast off the heart-deluding thrall,—  
'Tis Humbug all.

The chase that rose-ting'd pleasures lead,  
The gilded glass of mirth,  
The toys, that full-grown babies heed,  
The weakling's pride of birth :  
The garter, star, race, rout and ball,—  
'Tis Humbug all.

The Hopes that crowd the great man's mind,  
The wealth that gilds his state,  
The good we seek but never find,—  
Life is, itself, a cheat :  
We swim to sink, we run, yet crawl,—  
'Tis Humbug all !—

## Johnson.

We believe Mr. Johnson gave up the tailoring business several years ago. His present attempt to PATCH up the American constitution can hardly be considered a renewal of his connection with the trade. At all events, the gentleman must be well aware that such a job cannot be smoothed out by a goose.

## Correct version of John Mitchell's Letter.

New York, June 13, 1865.

To the Hon. Benjamin Wood, Proprietor of the "Daily News."

Dear Sir,—

As my arrival in this city has added to my already burthensome notoriety, and not desiring that that notoriety should, in the slightest degree, be shaded or diminished, I think it desirable to "define my position." Several of the New York papers suggest that I should be hanged : I scarcely need say, that I have no desire to accept such pressing attention.

So long as a Southern Confederacy existed I was a traitor and a secessionist. From the moment of General Johnson's surrender, when I could do nothing else, as a matter of course I resolved to return to New York and become a national citizen. At the same time, let it be known that, should another rebellion break out, it will always find a staunch advocate in me. I was, what people are pleased to term, a traitor, in 1848, and I glory in the recollection. I have been a traitor since 1861 : I glory in that also ; and should another chance occur, I will be a traitor again, and get more glory. I like glory as much as I do whisky. I spurn with contempt the man who has not the spirit to fight against his country.

In 1848, I saw a chance of impoverishing Ireland, and used all my exertions to bring it about, but failed. In 1861, and the four succeeding years, I worked for the destruction of the country which gave me a refuge in my hour of trouble ; and you, Sir, know whether I have succeeded.

The abolition of slavery has taken place—of this I am glad, as it will weaken both North and South. All I wish for now, is, that the whole world may be in rebellion. That would afford me a glorious opportunity for working in my own peculiar calling. I came to New York of my own free will, aware that I should be arrested and made a martyr of. However, if President Johnson offers me a pardon (and I don't think him foolish enough) I will not accept it. I have tried all sorts of projects, and failed in all, and as at the present moment I have nothing better in hand, I shall rejoice to be able to gain experience of prison life. I know a great deal, as you are aware : I may there learn yet more ; and in that wondrous school, arrange and plan, and meet companions fit for further mischief.

Your, &c.,

JOHN MITCHELL.

## I Know a Bank ;

And so does Scroggins—but he does not like it. There's no wild thyme growing there, but he has had more than his due share of the herb ; and he has always preferred nodding over whisky punch to nodding violets, wherever they nodded. Scroggins' bank refused to permit him to recline—on its resources—and ignominiously turned away one of his numerous offspring—his last, his darling little Bill.



## THE AMERICAN FRANKENSTEIN.

FRANKENSTEIN.—*Ye Gods ! What have I done ?—What have I made ?—  
My work affrights me ! would I could unmake—*

**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 tendered 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.



### SCENE—BEAUPORT FLATS.

SPORTSMAN.—(*Just arrived from the Old Country*) *Are bears plentiful hereabouts?—*

What no man has ever heard.

Do you think to deceive me thus, Sir?

It is not so easily done!

And to make the matter much worse, Sir,

You say it was all meant in fun.

You think I observed not her blush, Sir!

Indeed, I have seen it before,—

And I mark'd on your cheek a deep flush, Sir,

And daresay shall many times more.

To bid me be quiet is vain, Sir!

I'll seek my mamma and the law;

You've ruin'd my peace 'tis quite plain, Sir;

My prospects are gone at the core.

But my dowry you'll please to return, Sir;

A settlement, too, you shall make;

Your wheedling advances I spurn, Sir,

Farewell, 'tis the last I shall take!

Fire! Fire! Fire!

This, certainly, is no subject for a joke, however sorry. We assure every one that the *Sprite* deeply sympathizes and shares in the general mourning caused by this our recent and most frightful catastrophe. But still less should the occasion be made an opportunity for quarrelling. For the life of us we cannot see that there was anything out of place in Mr. Forsyth's remarks at the Relief Meeting. If our water-supply arrangements are imperfect, could any time be more appropriate for allusion to the subject than the one selected by that gentleman? Most assuredly not. And yet, one of those big round O's must roll itself into a passion, fume, flame, and threaten another conflagration. Those round O's, rather than be noughts, will be mischief-makers. Never mind. Subscribe for the sufferers! Imitate the *Sprite*! That most noble gentleman had set apart \$400 as a prize for the best *bon mot*. The great affliction came, and he devoted it to the poor and the houseless; it was duly placed to the credit of the Relief Fund by Mr. McGreevy. In consequence of this, the *bon mot* prize will be \$5.





### FOUND,

In the vicinity of the Military School—unable to take care of himself. May be heard of on application at the Office of the *Sprite*.

### A Removal to Ottawa.

Honors, substantial honors, flow in upon the *Sprite* so fast and in such a vast flood—the St. Lawrence is a mere ditch in comparison—that however highly he may appreciate these merited and superb testimonials (and that he does duly appreciate, and more, in most instances, condescends to accept, he begs to notify to all kings, governors, potentates, pretty girls, and M. P. P's.) he is seriously embarrassed by the want of storage room for his precious treasures. Various suggestions have been made; the most practicable is that of the Hon. Mr. Chapais, who has kindly offered to place the government buildings at Ottawa at his disposal, with the assurance that they will not be wanted for a considerable period for any other purpose. After due consideration, the *Sprite* accepts the offer, and will REMOVE TO OTTAWA before the close of navigation. Desirous to honor a distinguished Canadian, and to console him for a recent disappointment, Mr. Paul Denis is hereby appointed custodian. The superintendence of the removal is given to his friend, that prince of removers, Mr. Dickinson.

### On Dit.—Disputed and Refuted.

It is no use endeavouring to persuade the *Sprite* the moon is made of green cheese; and as well this as the other! We won't, we can't, we shan't believe it!—It has, actually, been said that the Hon. D'Arcy McGee is about being appointed successor to the late lamented Cardinal Wiseman. Preposterous!! To say nothing about the difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, is it likely, we ask, that if such a step had been contemplated, we should have seen our eloquent countryman the honoured guest of the orthodox bishop of Oxford. Take the word of the *Sprite* for it, the thing is a myth, and something less. If it is desired to honor the honorable gentleman (this hint is intended for the British government, and not for Griffintown, where widely different views may prevail) for his celebrated Wexford speech, which, by the bye, the wicked Wexford newspapers assert was not *spoken* at all, the *Sprite* suggests that he should be appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

### A Card.

The *Sprite* begs to announce that he was present at the evening performance of the band of the Fusiliers, and was very much delighted; and so were his sweet friends, the peerless ladies of Quebec. When the *Sprite* and the ladies are pleased, the opinion of the residue of creation is only of infinitesimal importance. He trusts that he shall often be afforded similar delicious treats, and in the same appropriate hours, for they are open to all, and the *Sprite* is one of the few to whom happiness is ensured, for he desires the same for others, in the most liberal and extended sense. Thanks, gallant Fusiliers, for self and the ladies.

He would respectfully suggest to the authorities that a few seats, placed under the rampart, would be an agreeable boon and a pleasant convenience.

### Impromptu.

(Rather clever, considering—'tis a Governor General's) Occasion—a recent dinner.

To the health of the great Yankee nation,—

May they give us more kisses than kicks:

Since we know they can lick (or) creation,—

Let us toast the redoubtable Dix!

And toasted he was accordingly.

### Head-Dresses.

If a certain very graceful appendage adopted by ladies—everything, of course, is graceful about a pretty woman, and none other are to be seen hereabout—is termed a water-fall, we should be glad to know the name of the gauzy eccentricities that flutter around the heads or the hats (much the same thing) of our young fashionables of the other sex. Believing that they have no legitimate patronymic, the *Sprite* will become their sponsor, and as the ladies' novelty has an aqueous appellation, the gentlemen's shall have the same. Taking into account the *mist-erious* appearance, nature, and purpose of the latter, he ordains, and it is hereby ordained, that they be, now and henceforward, called, named, and designated—MISTS.

### Played out—(too often).

The Rifle Brigade Marches.

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

Advertisers will find THE SPRITE one of the most valuable mediums for communicating with the public which exists in the Province. Its circulation is very large; it is to be everywhere read and preserved; which last is of the first importance to advertisers; and it goes amongst every class of society. Our space, in this department, is very limited, and early applications will be necessary.

Terms:—10 cts. per line for short advertisements, if over ten lines, 8 cts. per line. For second insertions, 5 cts. per line. Special contracts can be made.

Subscriptions will be received for the *Sprite* from the rural districts, (\$2.50 per annum,) but, in all cases, they must be paid in advance. Cash or P. O. Orders addressed to Editor, will be duly acknowledged.

We shall be happy to receive contributions; but it is almost needless to remark that they must be of excellent quality, and suitable for a publication of a high order. Respectability is a *sine qua non*. In a short time we shall pay, and liberally, for articles of sterling merit.

All communications to be addressed to the "Editor of the *Sprite*, Post Office, Quebec." We shall strictly adhere to the rule of rejecting unpaid letters. Books for review, &c., can be left with our publisher, Mr. Howell, Buede Street, (opposite the post office,) Quebec.