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Quebec:—Published for the Proprietor at 9½ Garden Street.

QUEBEC NEWS DEPOT.

**CHARLES E. HOLIWELL**, Bookseller, Stationer, Printer and Bookbinder, to Her Majesty's Forces in Quebec, opposite the Post Office. 1

**E. C. BARROW**, Broker, No. 6, Buade Street, (Opposite Post Office.) Upper Town. British and American Silver Bought, Sold and Exchanged. 1

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Stock consists of twelve Steamers and fifty Barges, for the Transport of all descriptions of Property, between the above named Ports.

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ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE.

White Lead, in Oil, White Zinc in Oil, Colours in Oil, Patent Driers in Oil.

Window and Ornamental Glass, Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Varnishes, Japans, Gold Size, Gold Leaf, Bronzes, &c.

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(Established by the late Simon Levy—1830.)

**MRS. SIMON LEVY**, Importer of China, Glass, Plate, Plated Ware and Jewellery, No. 1, St. John Street, Quebec.

Good, packed and sent to all parts of America. 1

ST. LOUIS HOTEL,  
ST. LEWIS STREET.

**THIS** well-known House, which, during the past winter, has been not only enlarged, by the addition of an entirely new wing, four story in height, but otherwise much improved, by the completion of a commodious, easily-accessible, airy and well lighted Dining Room, by the introduction of all modern improvements known in similar first-class establishments, Baths, Billiard Rooms, Laundry, &c., and by the complete refurnishing of the whole building, Public Drawing Room, Private Parlours, Bedrooms, Reading Rooms, &c., will be re-opened for the accommodation of the Travelling Public,

ON THURSDAY, 6TH JULY NEXT.

The undersigned proprietors have spared neither pains nor expense to make their Hotel in St. Louis Street fully equal to any establishment of the kind in British North America, with a view to obtain a continuance of that support and encouragement which has been so long extended to them in Quebec, and which it has been their care to merit.

**WILLIAM RUSSELL & SON.** 5  
Quebec, June 30, 1865.

**COLLARD, COLLARD & Co.**, Piano Forte Manufacturers, 243, Hampstead Road, N. W., London, England. 3

**DEXTER'S** Hotel, St. John Street, Upper Town, Quebec. 1

**H. STÖBE**, Importer of Havana Cigars, Tobacco, &c., &c. No. 15, St. John Street, opposite Palace Street.

Always on hand a choice assortment of the best Brands of Cigars and Tobaccos.

Genuine Meerschaum and Briar Pipes in great variety, and all sorts of Tobacconist's fancy goods. 1

**H. & W. BANSLEY**, 10, John Street, Quebec.

Perfumers and Hair Cutters to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, Right Hon. Earl St. Germain's, Gen Bruce, Major Teesdale, Major Cowell, and Suite.

English and French Perfumery, Cutlery, Hair, Tooth, Nail and Shaving Brushes.

Bansley's celebrated Razor Strop and Razor Paste, from 1s. 3d. to 5s.

Gentlemen's and Ladies' Wigs of all sizes and colors kept on hand.

A large stock of English, French and German Toys. 1

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**W. B. JONES**, Importer of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, St. John Street, Within, Quebec. 1

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**J. TEAFFE**, Grocer, Tea, Wine and Spirit Dealer, 20, St. John Street, Quebec. 1

**ALEXR. THOM**, 25, St. John Street, Plumber and Gasfitter, &c. Plumbing and Gasfitting materials always on hand, and fitted up with neatness and despatch.

Gas Stoves for Tailoring establishments on the shortest notice. 1

**ROBERT MORGAN**, Professor of Music, Dealer in Music and Music Goods, St. John Street. 1

ST. LOUIS HOTEL.

**THE BILLIARD ROOM & BAR ROOM** of this Hotel will be opened on **MONDAY**, the 26th instant.  
Quebec, June 24, 1865. 4

JUST RECEIVED AT

**MRS. SIMON LEVY**,  
No. 1, St. John Street.

**A** Fresh supply of Ice Pitchers; Jos Rogers and Howison, Bro.; Table Cutlery, Plate and Plated Ware; Fancy Goods in great variety; China, Glass and Earthenware; Handsome Ornaments and Vases; Dols; Loto; Dominoes; Dice and Dice Boxes; Meerschaum Pipes; Back-Gamon Boards; Pocket Cutlery; Block Tin Dish Covers; Handsome Dinner and Desert Sets.

Just received 20 cases cut wines at 6s. 3d. per dozen. 1

**LIBRAIRIE J. E. MATTE**,  
RUE BUADE, 15.

**CHACUN**, 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, d'office et de prières; assortiment complet de paroissiens; Livres de mariage et de première communion; Livres classiques; Editions et Reliures assorties, importées des Principaux Editeurs de Paris.

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

Toutes les marchandises sont marquées en chiffre connu. 1

**ANDREW PEEBLES**, Steam and Gas Fitter, Importer and dealer in Hardware, Gas Lustres, Steam, Gas and Plumbing Materials, Chandeliers, Lamps and Brasswork cleaned, bronzed and lquired. Particular attention given to heating buildings by Steam or Hot Water. No 5, St. John Street, Quebec. 1

**JOHN S. BOWEN**, 14, Buade Street, Chemist and Druggist, Importer of genuine English Chemicals and Drugs, French and English Perfumery, and all genuine Patent Medicines of repute.

Prescriptions dispensed with accuracy and dispatch.

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The subscriber has constantly on hand a choice and well selected stock of Hair, Nail, Tooth, Flesh and Cloth Brushes, from the best Makers.

Combs of every variety; Fine Turkey and Honeycomb Sponges; Farina's Eau-de-Cologne, (genuine); English Distilled Lavender water; Gosnells extract of Elder Flowers; Rowlands Kalydor, Odonto, and Macassar Oil; Bayley's Essence Bouquet; Burnetts Cocaine, Florimel, Kalliston, Oriental Tooth Wash, Toilet Sets, Essences for flavoring.

Agent for **PIESSE & LUNN'S** Toilet articles and Perfumes.

**Bowen's** Dentifrice. Constantly on hand a large assortment of Garden and Flower Seeds, Flower Roots in season. **J. S. BOWEN**, 14, Buade Street. 1

Correspondence between Citiz... Sprite and Lieut.-Colonel  
Lord Alexander Russell.

*Citizen Sprite to Lord Russell.*

Citizen *Sprite* presents his compliments to Lieut.-Colonel Lord Alexander Russell. Citizen *Sprite* regrets to perceive, through the medium of the public prints, certain conduct attributed to Lord Russell, unworthy of an officer and a gentleman. Citizen *Sprite* is not prone to notice *ex-parte* statements relating to the conduct of persons holding Her Majesty's Commission, but he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that some *chevaux de frise*, the property of Her Majesty, have been employed for purposes other than they were originally intended for.

On the Esplanade, a spot of ground long frequented and used by Her Majesty's subjects, without regard to age, sex, quality, or condition, these *chevaux de frise* have been placed; but, notwithstanding the broad insinuations, in some letters, with such signatures as "Schoolboy," "Mechanic," "Citizen," and so forth, Citizen *Sprite* is unwilling to believe that Colonel Lord Russell, who, regardless of expense, maintains horses, carriages, and a large retinue of servants, carrying about with him upwards of 70 tons of private baggage, is so ungracious as to exclude the ladies of Quebec—to say nothing of their babies—from the only semblance of a park within the gates. He perceives that a pony and foal feed upon the grass enclosed by the *chevaux de frise*. Citizen *Sprite* would respectfully enquire if, as alleged, the pony and foal belong to Lord Russell, and if Lord Russell's means are not sufficient to enable him to buy hay?—

9½ Garden Street, Quebec, 1st July, 1865.

*Lord Russell to Citizen Sprite.*

Lieut.-Colonel Lord Russell presents his compliments to Mr. Citizen *Sprite*. Lord Russell is surprized that Mr. *Sprite* should, even for a moment, fancy that he could be actuated by conduct other than that of an officer and gentleman. Colonel Russell owns both pony and foal, and is quite able to buy hay for them to eat. Lord Russell, however, is aware that animals require fresh air and open-air exercise in this very hot weather, and conceived the idea of taking advantage of the nice situation and the luxuriant grass of the Esplanade for the benefit of his mare and foal. The public of Quebec are nothing to Lord Russell. Lord Russell is not a resident of Quebec, but an Englishman and a relative of that distinguished nobleman, who is said to be without moral fear, and ready at a moment's notice to command the channel fleet, to perform the operation for the stone, or to build another Paul's Cathedral. Lord Russell's mare and foal are of more consequence to him than children, or their mothers. Lord Russell begs to assure Citizen *Sprite* that he is commandant of the garrison, and may do as he pleases.

Citadel, Quebec, 2nd July, 1865.

*Citizen Sprite to Lord Russell.*

Citizen *Sprite* presents his compliments to Lieut.-Colonel Lord Russell, Rifle Brigade, Commandant of the Garrison. Mr. *Sprite* apologizes to Lord Russell for having, inadvertently, omitted any allusion to an official position, held at different periods by several distinguished officers in Her Majesty's service, as well as by Lord Russell, and in a manner not at all calculated to give offence to the permanent residents of Quebec. Mr. *Sprite*, to return to the subject of his first note, does not

perceive that Lord Russell exonerates himself from blame in the matter of the mare, foal, and *chevaux de frise*. In some things, Lord Russell may do as he pleases. In others, he cannot. Lord Russell cannot offend good taste. Lord Russell cannot, for his private ends, legitimately make use of public property. Lord Russell cannot appropriate to himself the perquisite of the commanding officer of the Royal Artillery, any more than he can that of the officer commanding the Royal Engineers. To the one, the grass within the batteries belongs by courtesy; to the other, that on the slopes and glacis without. Lord Russell is not an officer of Artillery nor a Royal Engineer. Citizen *Sprite* begs further to remind Lord Russell that he may, if he chooses, enclose the powder magazine on the Esplanade by *chevaux de frise*, and feed his pony and foal within the walls of that edifice. Citizen *Sprite* is surprized at the position in this matter assumed by a member of one of the noblest families in Great Britain, some of whose ancestors sacrificed their lives in the cause of public rights.

9½ Garden Street, 3rd July, 1865.

*Lord Russell to Mr. Sprite.*

Lord Russell presents his compliments to Mr. Citizen *Sprite*. Lord Russell is not accustomed to be spoken to in the manner in which Mr. *Sprite* indulges. Lord Russell begs to reiterate that he will do as he pleases, and that threats, such as he has heard indulged in, of pitching pony, foal, and *chevaux de frise* into the dry-ditch outside of the mortar battery, will be resisted by all the force under his command. Lord Russell is not to be intimidated by Mr. Citizen *Sprite* or by any other citizen of Quebec.

Citadel, 4th July, 1865.

Throwing the Hammer.

We have had a great deal of this sport lately among celebrated players, and genuine Scotchmen. By the bye, is this national skill with the hammer to be attributed to the prevalence of *hard nails* in the land o' cakes? But the monotony begins to tire, and it would be desirable to introduce a little variety in the game. Should this suggestion be entertained, the *Sprite* is willing to back himself for a few thousands, to produce ten men—and they shall all of them be M. P. P's.—who shall beat the world at *throwing the hatchet*.

The Fourth of July.

It is to be expected, after the tumultuous and bloody scenes of the last four years, that the great American anniversary will have been celebrated with unusual enthusiasm, and with more than usual earnestness and sincerity. Let this present day be famous for all time as one of mercy as well as of thanksgiving and rejoicing. Pardon Jeff. Davis, unconditionally; and pardon all those who have fought bravely in the field or honestly advised in the council. The time is fitting; the act would be inexpressibly graceful.

The Courts of Military Justice.

Long may these courts continue to sit, for they are likely to prove a blessing to us. It appears that the prosecution require witnesses of a peculiar order. They have found some of the necessary article in Canada, and if they go on as they have commenced, they will soon relieve the province of all its scoundrelry.

TORONTO, June 30th, 1865.

My Dear Mr. Sprite,—

Do help me in my difficulty,—there's a dear creature. I'm sure my will, though, because I noticed your first words in the world were, "To the fair ladies of Canada." So I will tell you all my troubles. But first I must introduce myself: my name is Isabel—that's enough for you. I'm about twenty-five, pretty and rather stout; and people say I'm a very jolly girl. I never get out of temper, and am not at all susceptible; but if you help me, perhaps I may love you a little, although you are such a vain little wretch, and tell everybody you're an Adonis. I live with mamma, who is a very crotchety old lady, and rather eccentric, and can't bear any one to be attentive to me. Isn't that too bad? Now do you know, there is a very nice fellow here, his name is George, and he is very fond of me. I know he is, for he has told me so, so very often; and I'm not very very fond of him, and I've told him so very often. But I like him very much as a friend, you must know. Well, we've been seen walking together two or three times and he's been seen calling at our house now and then, and so, forsooth, a lot of married people—I can't say ladies: most of them merely casual acquaintances—have set us down as engaged, and have actually settled the month we're to be married in, the horrid creatures: and they come and bore me with warnings and congratulations—but most of the first. One comes and says, "My dear Isabel, hope you won't be angry at what I am going to say, but I hear that Mr. ——— is very attentive to you, and do you know, he's dreadfully wild." Another congratulates me, sarcastically, upon my approaching marriage, and one vile creature told me George didn't love me a bit: that he had heard I had money and that's all he wanted. They're all dreadful stories, my dear *Sprite*. He isn't a bit wild; I'm not going to marry him; he's very very fond of me, and he would marry me to-morrow if I were begging from door to door; so there. And what do you think the up shot of all this is! Why mamma has asked him to dine with us two or three times, just to get a chance to have him alone, and to ask him *his intentions*, and I have such fusses with her, and when I am down stairs and the hall bell rings, she actually creeps down and peeps behind the door to see if it is him; and that's not right, for I never conceal anything from mamma. Now what shall I do? I've told *Will* all about it, and he's sadly vexed, poor fellow, because he says he has got me into a scrape, and he won't come to the house. And he says, "he wishes those infernal women were men, that he might *tan* the whole pack." It was a very shocking thing to say, but I wish so to. Tell me what to do, there's a dear, and do give it to those tiresome married plagues who won't allow us girls to have a male friend without getting up all sorts of stupid stories about us, and spoiling our fun. Good-bye, and don't forget to answer, your

Expectant and distressed

ISABEL.

We should be very happy to oblige Isabel, but, most certainly, we shan't prescribe until we are informed who is the *Will* who won't come to the house.—*Sprite*.

#### The Return of the Delegates.

We beg to announce that, in the order of procession, as given by us in our issue, No. 3, we were in error in stating that the Delegates would *drive* up from the wharf: the gentlemen will ride *on their respective hobbies*.

(To the Editor of the *Sprite*.)

HAMILTON, July 1st, 1865.

Dear Sir,—

Thinking perhaps that a few lines from me might benefit your paper, I write to inform you that for the last twenty-five years of my life I have never been known to smile.† Last week, however, I was induced to purchase a *Sprite*, and looking into it, at once felt a new and strange sensation. I shut up the neat little sheet and went home, not without serious misgivings. I reached my house and again, in the presence of my wife, opened the paper. The same sensation was followed by a regular guffaw. My wife looked up, and screamed out, "Why, Isaac, you're actually laughing."

I have repeated the dose, over and over again, with the same result, and have fully recovered my spirits,‡ and feel quite "*sprite*-ly." (The first joke I ever perpetrated.)||

Yours, in mirth and happiness,

ISAAC B-C-N-N.

P. S.—I am pleased to see that you do not further molest poor M. §

\* Singular notion, that. Slightly presumptuous as well. *Sprite*.

† In what does that concern us? We have smiles enough and to spare. *It*.

‡ And may they *rap* you, Isaac, for writing such a stupid letter. *It*.

|| And decidedly the last, so far as the *Sprite* is concerned. But how about the white and yellow currency, and the safety of society depending on your presence in Parliament, Isaac? *It*.

§ No thanks. What was done was worse than an error—it was a folly. He is not big enough for us. *It*.

#### Gross Injustice!!!

At the meeting called for the purpose of raising fun<sup>7</sup>, in aid of the sufferers by the late fire in Champlain street, the Hon. M. C—m—r—n was refused an opportunity to expatiate on a subject which has been his favorite theme for years—"The introduction of a larger supply and use of Water." Shame! He was, as usual, *temperate*, but he was surrounded by those to whom common sense is the weakest of all *stimulants*.

#### A Horse! A Horse!—on the Esplanade.

Witty *Sprite*, who writes so well,

Making all so blythe and gay,

Strike thy bosom, Gnome, and tell

Why our play ground's ta'en away?

Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,

Scarcely repressed the starting tear;—

When the wond'rous Gnome replied—

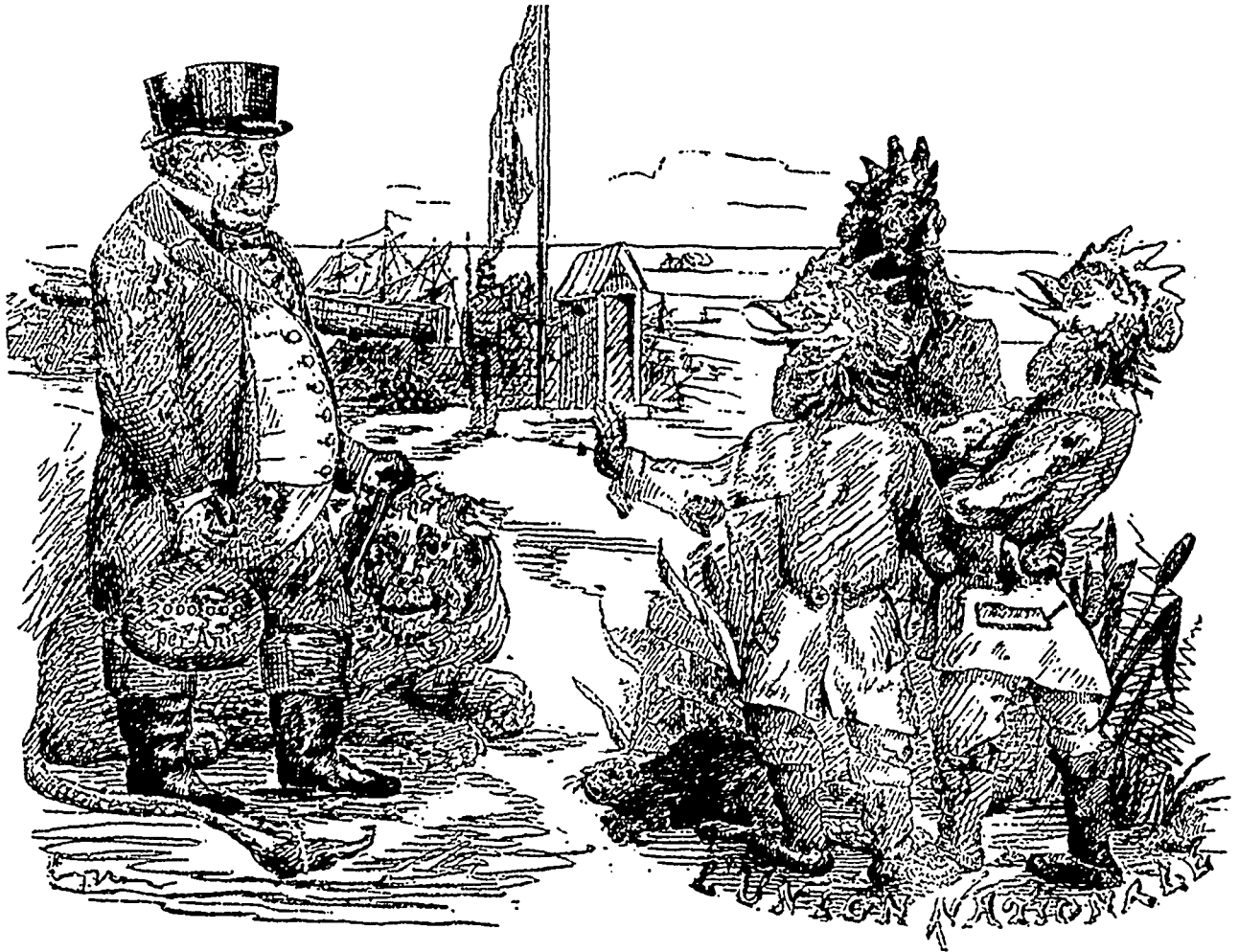
'Cos', my lad, that hay's so dear!

and the owner of horse is too poor to buy it, being exhausted by the heavy legacy duties on the great succession he has lately inherited.

#### University Honors.

The University of Oxford have created John A. Doctor of Civil Law. At a private convocation, John Sandfield was made a Master of *Arts*.

The *Sprite* suggests, respectfully, of course, that these honors were very little needed. John A. was always pretty 'smart' at *Doctoring* legislation; and, making John S. still more *art-full*, was 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' as the Prince of Wales was the first to remark.



### Le Jeune Canada ou l'Union Nationale.

YOUNG CANADA.—“Monsieur Johnny Bull, we've had quite enough of you! We are able to take care of ourselves; and we don't want your money, (the crow here was pitched in the *falsetto*,) we don't want your protection, we don't want your trade; so please pack up and be off, or we'll——.”

MR. BULL.—“Ye stupid young bantams, for all your cock-a-doodle-doo, ye havn't wing enough to fly over a gooseberry bush. I have a tarnation good mind to take you at your word, and leave you to shift for yourselves;—and what then? Look there!—You don't see him, but I do. There's a big old fox—they call him Jonathan—who has long had his eye fixed on you, and if it was not for me he'd gobble both you and your hobbies up before you had time to say, *Nap*. You're very small fish, to be sure, but that chap's net will take anything; and as the sailors say of the sea and the gallows, nothing comes amiss to him!”





Caught in the Act.

(Old gentleman, who has missed his "Daily News" for some time past, lies in wait and catches the thief in the act.)

OLD GENT.—Boy, why don't your father take the paper.

BOY.—Please, Sir, father is sick this morning, so he sent me.

The Song of the Monument.

I.  
Take me down quietly,  
Bury me low!  
Let me not piecemeal  
Be crumbling so.

II.  
If no veneration  
Quebecers can give,  
Their historical monument  
Cease should to live.

III.  
Wolf and Montcalm stand firm  
On hist'ry's page;—  
My blocks, for the want of lime,  
Fast disengage.

IV.  
But, rather than startle  
Quebec by my fall,  
I give you fair warning,  
Citizens all,—

V.  
To take me down quietly:  
Bury me low;  
Let me not piecemeal  
Be crumbling so.

A veritable and, well-plumed,  
Phoenix.

The Montreal Transcript.

Sport in Earnest.

Prior says—

"Odzoos, can we look for truth in a song?"—

We beg to inform our readers that they may look for the sterling article in a joke—when it graces the pages of the *Sprite*. Parliament is to meet on or about the 1st of August! There is more of fact than fiction in this announcement, good Sir. Hurrah for the approaching fun! Won't there be lots of it? We beg to announce, and in time, that we shall not hold ourselves responsible for injuries arising from excess of hilarity, immoderate cachinnation, irrepressible screams of delight, or from any other similar cause whatsoever, caused by and through anything in or about these our columns, at the time aforesaid and approaching. Let this warning suffice; and furthermore, we recommend to every one perusing these pages, at or about the time and period indicated, always to have at hand a dose of *Chronicle*; which said remedial agent acts as an immediate and infallible sedative; it unsuffocates the laughter-choked, and lowers the temperament to a point of frigidity equal to its own; and in that lowest depth there is no lower still. We have also to announce that, consequent on the skilful arrangements of the *Sprite*, commander in chief and dictator, the Ottawa Buildings will be, in every respect, ready for occupation by the time parliament may be expected to rise. These oracles, if not Delphic, are something better: for Ottawa, at least, they must be—as they are—very *Sprite*-ly.

The Hon. the Minister of Agriculture.

This hon. gentleman sailed to Europe on a side wind; with small display, and on a comparatively unimportant errand. But once there, a very favorable breeze filled his sails, and he went ahead like jingo. Indeed, it is a question if, among all his compeers, he has not played the first fiddle. We sincerely trust this will not create a feeling of jealousy in ministerial bosoms. If such a misfortune should arise, consolation may be found at home. The three tailors of Montreal, (they call themselves, Fenians) who stand, shears in hand, determined to cut up the British Empire, are dissatisfied and indignant. However much we may admire the spirit of these formidable gentlemen, and however much we may laugh at their *fuss*, we cannot bring ourselves to look with an approving eye on their *forgeries*.

Advertisement.

The 'gentleman' who borrowed two umbrellas from the news-room at the parliament buildings, is respectfully requested to return them at his earliest convenience. If this is asking too much, he will, perhaps, be kind enough to restore, *one*. Umbrellas are generally opened in the singular number, and any one, not satisfied with the arrangement, must, surely, be either pluralist or prig. In this case, there is something *very singular*, viz: the method of appropriation! If the party will be so obliging as to make known his address, the umbrellas will be called for, and a stout stick given in return.





#### Our Gas Company

Taking advantage of a fire that is raging in the neighbourhood.

#### A New (and a happy) Invention.

The last arrivals from Europe bring intelligence of a new invention, which has been christened a Pick-pocket Trap. Some ingenious snip has designed a pocket, on the plan of an eel-trap, which, at one and the same time, holds the purse of those who are fortunate enough to be the possessor of such 'trash,' and also holds the person of him who would surreptitiously seek to make it his. Surely, it must be very capacious. We may, however, reasonably doubt its effectiveness, for thieves are much more slippery than eels. Be this as it may, it is likely to come into very general use, for some of its earliest results were of the most agreeable nature. Among other instances, we read, that a man captured a *very beautiful young girl in an omnibus*. We should be pleased to learn how he secured the pretty culprit; whether by a chain, or by a ring, or by both.

#### New Idea.

Annexation of the North (west) having failed, our confederates contemplate, it is said, that (*sub rosa*) of the South.

It is Mr. Brown, they say, who has given colour to the report. The scheme is black indeed.

(Subsequently received.)

#### DIED.

In London, (England), on the 31st ult., of apoplexy, "NORTH-WEST," last surviving "issue" of the Reverend George Brown, D.D., LL.D., Toronto, Canada West.

"The hopes are fled—the garland's dead  
And all but me departed."  
Ichabod! Ichabod!

\* We implore our readers not to be deceived by the spurious intelligence received from England. The above is the 'correct card.' *Sprite*.

#### Cricket.

The return match between the Fusiliers and the Q. C. C., came off on Thursday. The military star was again in the ascendant. It is generally believed that several of the Quebecers had, before entering the field, taken a vow of total abstinence—in the article of runs. It certainly looked very much like it, for the first four men who went in earned the duck's eggs with neatness, celerity and despatch, as Mr. Reade hath it. One of the principal features of the match was the extremely good bowling of Mr. Steele. Mr. Barton and Sergeant Wright were also very much on the spot; Mr. White did good work in the second innings. With one or two exceptions, the least said about the *battery*, the better. The fielding, on both sides, was, generally, pretty good. We noticed a very neat bit of stumping by Mr. Crombie, which disposed of Mr. Hynd, one of the most dangerous men of the Fusiliers, and an extremely good catch at point, by Mr. Lemesurier, which got rid of Major Waller, another teaser. It promised to be a very close thing at the finish; the 7th lost six wickets, for a little over 20 runs, and but for one or two mistakes in the field the match might have had a different result.

Another word or two of admonition. The *Sprite* hears, with regret, that the Q. C. C. is not in that state of organization and discipline which leads to victory; that there are no regular periods set apart for practice; that the attendance of members in the field is uncertain and intermittent, that a lamentable state of indifference prevails, &c., &c. Reform this, and go to work in earnest. The raw material exists in abundance. There is another point, on which the *Sprite* is *really angry*:—why should well-conducted people be excluded from the field? It is something quite new to make a cricket match an exclusive or a hole-and-corner affair. On Thursday (fact!) three carriages, with ladies and gentlemen, visitors from the 'States,' drove to the field and were denied admission. They went away, no doubt, with some singular ideas respecting the politeness and courtesy of the Quebec Cricketers and Quebecers in general. This won't do.

#### Notices to Correspondents.

W.—Thanks for the idea.

"In the dead hours of the night." Paper so commencing, in our next. Lord A. Russell, &c., &c.—Should your lordship again have occasion to address the *Sprite*, please pay the postage.

RETROSCORN.—You may place implicit confidence in the *Sprite*. As the best proof we can give of this, we shall never insert a line of which a man has reason to be either afraid or ashamed.

#### 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 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, Puade Street, (opposite the post office,) Quebec.