

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Bee, Ottawa:

Prescott, May 30, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I don't know as I have got much to tell you this week, for there ain't much doing here. The twelve foot sidewalk is about done, and don't the girls walk up and down that's all. They do complain sometimes that gentlemen about Campbell's Hotel stare at them too much, and the other night one of them tripped a girl with a walking stick, but then he's a gentleman, so may be let go.

The Volunteer Ball came off the other night, but there was only one stranger there and he came from Ogdensburg; none of the Prescott people went. The supper was got up cheap, by a colored gentleman, as they called him.

We had a great excitement here, a few days ago. Some one asked to be let go over the Fort, and the officer gave him a pass. I don't know as he went, but after that a gentleman was seen talking to the sentry at the fort, and the officer runs up and calls the sentry and says: "Don't tell that man anything, it'll all be in the New York Herald if you do. After that the same party was going up street and met this officer along with another. The other officer stopped and spoke to the gentleman what was in the Fort, when his friend asked who it was? Oh! says he, it's a friend from Ottawa, he is in the Field Battery! I guess the chap felt rather small. He was going to turn him out at first because he thought he was a spy. Pity he didn't; he'd have been took down a peg. No more at present.

QUILL.

WATERY CONUNDRUM.—Why is the member for Carleton like a river? Because he is greatest at the mouth.

In what respect do the Ottawa Field Battery and Napoleon III resemble each other? In admiring A Workman.

A STRANGE EFFECT.—Lord Lorbe, son of the Duke of Argyll, arrived in town a few days ago; and since then the young ladies are all looking for-lorn.

SUPPOSED TO BE JOHN A'S LAST!—"Why are the Anti-Confederates in New Brunswick like the earth? Because they are flattened at the polls!"

Why is a certain medical gentleman in town, when he wears his suit of Canadian tweed, much to be dreaded? Because he is a Wolff in sheep's clothing.

Why is Rideau Street, Ottawa, the widest thoroughfare in the world? Because you may stand at Messrs. Workman and Griffin's and see MILES across.

IMPORTANT RUMOR.—It is said that the gentleman whose name appears as proprietor of the Times of this city, is about to embark in the business of manufacturing VINEGAR. He is sure to succeed.

WELCOME CONFERRER.—The Gridiron is a new comic and satirical paper published in Toronto. It is just two weeks the junior of THE BEE. As it appears to be respectably conducted, may its fate be less hard than its name. It will have to see to it that it don't become too hot, though, at times: As our aim is mutual—stinging and roasting both blister—we welcome the Gridiron as a brother. Look out humbugs.

TORONTO "EVENING JOURNAL"

We have seen the first number of a new paper, issued in Toronto under the above title. And we have also seen several contemporary notices of the same. They almost all speak in high terms of the new aspirant to public favor. If the mission of the Journal be to heap vituperation on the Globe and to expose to the full a one sided version of some private quarrel between the proprietor of the Journal and the proprietor of the Globe, we should say, from the initial number, it will be highly successful. The first number is devoted mainly to an explanation, couched in no measured language, of the reasons for the proprietor of the Journal leaving the Globe office, but we fail to see the clear exposition of political opinions, and the "able editorials" our contemporaries speak of. Such fulsome and lavish commendations do not serve to raise the status of the Canadian press, which in very many cases appears to be drifting to the lowest depths of toadyism. Where praise cannot be truthfully given, and no desire to injure a new contemporary at the moment of its inception is felt, it would be better to say nothing at all. The Journal may become a good paper, but its first number certainly does not warrant any very extravagant encomiums.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAT MALLOY.—Your communication is respectfully declined, the subject of which it treats being out of date.

M. A.—We will try to find room for your communication in another issue.

PORTASTER.—What you call poetry is simply trash, and no such productions have a place in the columns of THE BEE.

AN OLD BACHELOR.—Thinks it a great nuisance to meet so much crinoline on the streets as he returns from his office in the afternoon, and wishes to know if something cannot be done to put a stop to afternoon promenading. We shrewdly suspect "an old bachelor" has been snubbed at some period of his life; but he might try if the Government would order their offices to be closed at 5 o'clock. That would put off the nuisance of which "an old bachelor" complains, for one hour at least.

GRATEFUL READER.—We are much pleased at the good opinion you express of us. It happens that we never drink anything but water; but as some of our friends are more moderate in their temperance, you can send along the "green seal," and we shall never doubt the completeness of your gratitude.

AN ANGRY OWL.—We can but answer your abuse with a Scotch remark: "Hoot, awa!"

HOME FROM SCHOOL.—We do not recollect the author of the "pretty lines,"

"Inwards, outwards, to the skies,  
Men and beasts throw both their eyes."  
Perhaps some of our readers can inform us?

DANDY.—The best physicians recommend you to allow no day to elapse without washing your face and hands. Some persons wash the latter twice in the twenty-four hours; but we can lay down no rule—all depends on your constitution.

QUIZ.—Yes; men wounded by a bomb-shell are wounded mortally.

MISERRIMUS.—We don't see what you have to complain of. The young lady had accepted you and your presents; but finding that

you did not read THE BEE, dismissed you with contempt, and threw your presents out of the window. We do not believe that there is a right-minded girl in Ottawa who would have acted otherwise. The idea of your asking us to intercede!

AVONMORE.—"Stray Thoughts No. 2."—Next week.

LOVING LOUISA.—His remark seems rude; but as it is, upon reflection, capable of a complimentary interpretation, we think that a truly devoted, affectionate and lady-like girl, as you describe yourself, should have preferred accepting it in that sense to emptying the dripping-pan over him. Your hand-writing betokens the thorough lady; but "impudent" is not spelt "imp'ident," and there is only one "e" in beast.

MATRE.—To convince you of the folly of getting married we have only to repeat the argument of a friend of ours who is a confirmed bachelor. He says: "Muslin is a great promoter of laziness. If young men wish to accomplish anything of moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of the institution entirely. A pair of sweet lips, a small waist, a swelling chest, a pressure of two delicate hands, will do as much to unliming a man as three fevers, the measles, a large sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias and the doctor's bill."

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