

on its scroll. One thought strikes us very forcibly, and it is this: what would history be like if it were written upon Mr. Morgan's principles? Instead of a few illustrious characters standing out as representatives of their country's greatness in each generation, we should have an innumerable host of the most mediocre individuals, all claiming a share of our attention, and insisting upon our recognizing the "place they had won in history." Precocious boys with their prize poems, and clever students with their medals and diplomas, and muscular youths who had won boat races, and sixth rate painters, and common-place members of distant colonial parliaments, and brave soldiers who had fallen upon this field or that,—all these and countless multitudes besides "from every kindred and tongue and people and nation" would press forward as claimants for our admiration and gratitude. Alas! alas! for the men of Plutarch, and all the other heroes of youthful imaginations; they would all, as Carlyle expresses it, be "swum away" by the resistless flood of Mr. Morgan's "celebrities." Let us be thankful that as yet it is not so, and that there is no serious danger to history from the influence of such men as Mr. Morgan and his flatterers of the Canadian press. Ignorance and impudence are not yet supreme; still they exert a power of their own which ought to be resisted. Mr. Morgan is the visible embodiment of both, therefore we pay our attentions to Mr. Morgan.—(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL SCRAPS FOR "THE BEE."

BY ONE WHO LOVES FUN.

CONUNDRUM.—Of what fish are the Fenians fondest? The Pike.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—A young lady seated in the parlour, languidly turning over the leaves of the last new novel. Enter second young lady, in breathless haste, exclaiming, "Oh Seraphina! I just ran in as I was passing; I was positive that I heard you singing, oh so divinely. And yet you say that you never sing? First young lady, in astonishment, "Singing? I sing?" Enter mamma from the kitchen, just in time to overhear the foregoing remarks. "Oh, never mind, my dears, I looked out into the yard a moment ago to discover the cause of the noise, and it was only the cats."

IMPORTANT TO MUSICAL CRITICS.—Little Susie who has made such astonishing progress in music, that she is already mistress of her scales, denies indignantly that "The Bee" is *B flat*. This young aspirant for musical celebrity, on the contrary, positively affirms that it is none other than *B sharp*. As she is a lady, although in miniature, it would be extremely ungentlemanly for us to gainsay her assertion.

PARENTAL ERUDITION.—A little boy chancing to lift up an edition of Shelley's poetical works, opened it at the following lines in the Chorus from *Hellas*:

"Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep,
Young Cyclops on a sunnier deep."

Which he read aloud; and being puzzled for the meaning of the word Cyclops (pronounced same as *sick lads*) applied to his father for aid, from whom he received the following profound and erudite explanation: "The poet must have meant by that the youths who were stricken by sea sickness, my son!"

NOT SO BAD FOR HIM.—Friend Robinson, of the "Tea Pot," was, the other day, arguing a customer to make acquaintance with some of his wonderful Tea. "Do you not know," he said, "the Latin proverb, *Nosce te (a) ipsum*." The man took a pound of it at once.

OUR REGULAR MARKET REPORT.

Many of our patrons have become so thoroughly disgusted with the falsity and inaccuracy of the market reports as given in the city journals, that they have honored us by requesting that we publish them. They may depend on the following:—

WHISKY—going down every day, but not in price.

BEER—Flat.

FRESH BUTTER—Inclined to be lanky, and goes off quickly—in the sun.

TEA Do—Firm, and some of it very strong.

EGGS—Like the heads of some of our contributors, somewhat addled.

POTATOES—Eyed on all sides, but holders refuse to see anything but 'high figures.

DUCKS—Those in crinoline plentiful, but not in great demand, holders being glad to get rid of them to escape the noise.

GEESSE—Not confined to the market; plenty to be found on the streets, and eagerly sought after by young (would be) house-keepers.

SHEEP—Trotting round; numbers offered, but are declined (by the ladies.)

BEES—Sell well.

MILK—(Of human kindness) very scarce.

RYE—Holders of old lots are lively, and must come down.

INGENIOUS.

The crowd of shop-boys and other gents who aspire to Government appointments have hit on a clever idea. Finding individual application perfectly useless, they propose organizing themselves into a Mutual Assistance Society, in which a modification of the tontine principle will be adopted. A ballot will take place, and to the person who is fortunate enough to get the ticket, the entire united strength, influence and impudence of the Corporation will be given to further his aims. When he is disposed of (but not till then) another ballot will take place, and the same course pursued. In this way it is hoped that in time all may be comfortably settled. The forthcoming *Gazette* will contain the usual notice of an application to Parliament for an Act of Incorporation.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Those products of nature who wear their clothing for their nether limbs a la "Knickerbocker," and muslin wisps around their hats, are looking very verdant, in fact are growing greener every day. Many of them are ever-greens, but just at this season of the year they assume a fresher appearance, and make desperate efforts to vie with the younger and less hardy class in verdancy. But so far, some of the bucolic species carry off the palm, though their heads are yet in many instances white, as if they had been affected by frosts.

The flowers also are beginning to look gay and blooming, though some are beginning to droop a little for want of training. During the day they come out in all their glory, and, doubtless, could they speak, would call for admiration. A great many of them, however, are only showy and expensive ornaments, being of no use whatever, other than as decorations. The sun appears to have a considerable effect upon them, as about four o'clock they are out in great abundance. This must afford great pleasure to the stronger and harder class, who are also to be seen about that hour. Indeed it not unfrequently happens that some fair flower may be seen twining itself around some tall and verdant plant. This most certainly be the effect of the sun's rays, as they are sure to separate before the going down of that luminary. An examination into this strange

phenomenon might prove highly interesting to a member of the Natural History Society. Bees are found swarming all over the country.

LOOK OUT FOR TRAPS.

The BEE would respectfully advise the City Fathers to put up a notice at each end of Sappers Bridge, to the effect that there are certain traps upon it in the shape of extensive holes. It is decidedly unfair to provide such traps without giving the public warning of the danger they may unwarily run into. It is also not at all consonant with the care parents should have over their children. Warn them in time dear fathers.

THE LAST.—We understand that an unknown friend has presented the Natural History Society, with an interesting specimen of the *Pediculus Vivic*. In a letter which he addressed to the Secretary of the Society, the donor states that he caught it in a well known hair-dresser's saloon in this city, where, he asserts, some further specimens might be obtained. The Curator of the Museum has pronounced the animal to be the finest of its kind that ever came under his notice; and he has sent it down to Montreal to be stuffed. If things go on in this way, Ottawa will soon have reason to be proud of its Natural History Society.

We overheard the following conversation between two of our devils the other day:

"Which of the officers of the P.C.O. Rifles is the most observant man in Ottawa?"

"Don't know."

"Captain Percival, (perceive-all)!"

The laugh that accompanied this was really satanic. The other, however, immediately rejoined: "Who can beat him?"

"Give it up."

"Why Seymour, (see more) you fool!"

PUN-Y.—"What is the general character of a University College Student?" said a young lady to a very young gentleman, as the two were driving through Sparks Street the other day.

"Can't say," replied the very young gentleman.

"Why—*Hamyable* (amiable) to be sure," was the lady's rejoinder.

"It *Hill* becomes you to be so very personal," said the very young gentleman, as he whip't up his horse Paddy, and looked as if he had made a pun,—[*Com.*]

CHANGE OF NAME.—We understand that the Natural History Society of this city intends to apply, during the next session of the Legislature, for an Act of Incorporation, under the new and appropriate name of the "Mutual Admiration and Adulation Society, (unlimited)." The motto of the Society is to be "Scratch me and I'll scratch you."

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—At the close of the recent ethnological head lecture, the craniums of the lecturer, the president, and the committee, were severally and judiciously examined. After long and patient investigations, the verdict returned in each and every case was M T.

A stupid fellow wants to know why **THE BEE** resembles a miser?

We give it up, unless the answer is to be found in the fact of its being constantly after more gain (Morgan.)

The writer of the following must have been pretty far gone:

Why is the editor of a city paper like a drunken man?

Because he supports himself by the *Post*.