

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRESOTT, June, 1866.

Dear Bee,

I've got the jolliest conundrums for you: "Which Ottawa Lieutenant eats fish with a knife, and gravy with a fork?" Aint that bully; I bet you.

"Which Lieutenant after meals picks his two or three ivories bareheaded on the new side-walk, with a jack-knife, and doesn't return the men's salute?" You give it up, I reckon. (For particulars apply at Campbell's Hotel.)

The officers had a trot out lately for about fifteen miles and less, and the men too, led by Galwey's Minstrels, *alias* the Shectiron Melodists, and other soul-stirring, courage-inspiring music bands. We all turned out to watch them, and we did, an' it was more'n gay I tell you; and "the Captains with their whiskers threw a few sly looks at the girls," crowdin' the housesets an' windows; and to judge from the amount of linen hung out thereabouts, you'd imagine washing was this week dun on Sunday. There wasn't more'n 17 inches of mud in some places the men paddled thro', so that an officer, who, by the way, took the side-walk himself, was perfectly right in remarking on their return, that, "Them dem Wollunteers never end keep twidy two hovers consecutively." Tell your Relief Committee when they send boots to the Lieutenants and Ensigns again to put spikes in the soles, as the sidewalks and floors, and stairs in some of our taverns is very slippery about the midnight—de ye take, as Terry Finnigin, R.I.P., used to say; and they might stick in under dinner hats, and I will furnish *quill* toothpicks, lest the new sidewalk be chipped up entirely, unless the Town Council donate the condemned virandas.

Say, I've a goke: Some nights since a Cornel approached a sentinel posted within smiling distance of one of Halliday's licensed canteens, when the ever vigilant and humorous outpost challenged—"Who come dare?" A hoarse soprano replies, "Cornel unmentionable. A bang (that's French, that is), Cornel medicent or no oder else pass ere for say "Kingston." Can't fule yer tadder, ya can't. The Cornel said such a state of things was *bestly*, so I took the hint.

On Sunday *every man*, except them who was otherwise engaged, and a few of the officers, was paraded for church, and the bands was the choir, as they led the *hims*, (another gok), etc., and they all looked purty clean, and church-like, includin' sum of the officers. Isn't that Belleville battal-ion the lunkydory boys, and perhaps a few of them don't know it, that's all. And the Hawesberries are no gooseberries, and will prove as sour a dish as the Finnegans could wish (no attempt at rhyme that aint). Just think, didn't I see on a hotel book, signed Lieutenant —, H.M.S. *Hercules*. Now, in the name of the twelve labours of Hercules, what does H.M.S. mean? Her Majesty's scow, or Hinglish for Hiron-clad-man of war-sloop, or a sinohnin for R.I.P. Shure, when he took up two lines he might have found room for an explanation, with a corner for a sketch of the vessel herself.

You didn't know the Town Council never met now, did you? I mean in the old Court House, for they have other nightly meetings, when not a few bills are passed. Well, at the last meeting there was a lively time, and some hard hitting one Striker gettin' purty well dun up; but altogether I agree with a military friend in saying, "I am no longer proud on ye—I aint, I aint. One of the city fathers was going up Main St. yesterday, and remarked that old sol was

terribly hot to-day, when flash from an open door came the sage remark, "bad luck to ye, it wasn't so hot when me veranda was over ye;" and then I caught something like Scriptural phrases, but I'm hard of hearing betimes, so I wouldn't be positive. Say, it was a mistake to think the takin' down the signboards was a Government hit at Halliday, and would hurt the hotel b'ness, for I havent seen a man yet mistake his old roost; and, moreover, it wasn't through spite of any liquor dealers, because some of the Council did'n have licenses themselves, and other people had. Oh no, perhaps not. I could write this witty way all night, but won't ju a now; and if you could just now send me the \$5.00 for the last two letters, I might be more prompt in my next, for do you see that gentleman you referred me to wouldn't cash his due bill, and the landlord of Campbell's Hotel says he won't advance any longer.—Thine sweetly,

QUILL.

SOUR GRAPES.

Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, "who represents Lambton," took occasion recently to pitch acrimoniously into the construction, cost and condition of the new Parliament Buildings. He considered them a "magnificent failure." Wonder how they would have suited had Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, "who represents Lambton," had been awarded the contract for their construction? He tendered you know, and the fun of the thing is, had his tender been accepted, the buildings would have been constructed on the same plan as followed out by Mr. McGreevy. A friend of ours used to observe: "Blessed are they who expect little, for they shall not be disappointed." Mr. Mackenzie expected much, was disappointed, and the consequence is all is wrong. He dwelt strongly on the fact that the arrangements for sound had failed. This is true, but from Mr. Mackenzie the statement itself does not sound well. Because Mr. Mackenzie's tender was a failure, it does not follow that the buildings are.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN.

Mr. Mackenzie (Lambton) asked leave the other day to introduce a bill to provide increased means of ingress to the public Buildings. Is he afraid of the result to himself of the coming election; and does he wish to have some modification of election act to make his ingress to the Legislative more easy and certain than it is likely to be?

Tree.—A correspondent says:—Dear Bee, small blame to you for not having made a fuller and more accurate report of the debates in the Lower House, if its construction resembles that of the Legislative Council chamber. I have been told by an M. L. C. that, in the latter, even Sir N. F. Belleau (ow) fails to make himself heard!

A REMARKABLE VESSEL.—The *Aylmer Times* of Wednesday, in referring to the trial trip of the steamer *Monitor* says: "She is a fine boat, and glides thro' the water without perceptible motion, at a rate of speed that is really surprising." This is really the most wonderful thing we ever read of,—that a vessel should go through the water at a high rate of speed *without any perceptible motion*. It almost defies belief; but yet the *Aylmer Times* makes the statement so positively that there is no getting over it. We commend this fact to the notice of the learned world, and will be extremely obliged to any one who will give us an explanation of it. At present we are hopelessly bewildered.

ANOTHER FOR MORGAN.—We hope Mr. Morgan has not failed to note the fact that another Canadian (vide *Times* of the 19th), has undergone the usual examination in a highly creditable manner, and obtained his diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons, England. How the "places in History" are going!

VERY PROBABLE.—It is said that the worshippers in a certain church in this city were somewhat startled on Sunday morning last by seeing a cat suddenly run across the space in front of the pulpit. Everybody wondered what could have brought the beast there. The best suggestion we have heard is, that she probably was in chase of the traditional *church-mouse*. It would be a pity, however, if the latter well-conducted and inoffensive animal were to come to an untimely end. Let the cat be looked after.

A DIFFERENCE.—An ornithological member of the Ottawa N. H. S. states that bats fly only in twilight. We have seen bats flying about in a very lively manner at mid-day. They were of the species known as brick-bats.

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Ottawa, May 12, 1866.

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