



## REVIEW.

THE PLACE BRITISH AMERICANS HAVE WON IN HISTORY.—A Lecture delivered at Aylmer, L. C., on Thursday evening, 22nd February, 1866, by Henry J. Morgan, corresponding member of the New York Historical Society.

In the last number of the BEE we remarked upon the claims to historical fame, put forth by Mr. Morgan in his lecture, on behalf of the British North Americans (?) therein named. To-day we propose to inquire, and find out, if possible, what the conditions are, which in the estimation of the distinguished lecturer, entitles a person to the glory of being an American Brittitler. Most men hold the orthodox creed that being born in a stable does not constitute children colts, or when grown, horses,—though it is undoubtful true that many persons born in noble stables have turned out mules and asses. Mr. Morgan, however, is magnificently independent of axioms, and lays it down squarely that if a papoose opens his blinkers to the sun in British America, though he be the offspring of a German emigrant on his way to Illinois, or the son of a British soldier here to-day and gone to-morrow, or the seed of an Ethiopian run-a-way from the South, or the progeny of a peripatetic mountebank come to flech our cash, he is to all intents and purposes a British American, and, ergo, if such child should afterwards become famous—or infamous—British Americans take the glory or the shame. It is of no consequence whatever that the progenitors were aliens, or that they removed before the picaniny had well learned how to suck: he had first filled his lungs and agitated his diaphragm with the magic air of Canada, and must, perforce, be indebted to that happy circumstance for his after greatness. Nay more, the British American need not even have been born in British America, or born of British American parents, possibly not born at all; it is enough that he squinted at us as a full grown tourist, a famous English engineer, a celebrated geologist, a distinguished Governor, or, if you please, a first-class acrobat! By the same rule, as he proceeded westward, he became a Michigander; eastward, a whittling Yankee; southward, an all-fired "old chevalry" man, and north, an Esquimaux. The rule is, we must say a very Catholic and generous one, for by it the merits of greatness may be appropriated to all the nations of babbling mother earth.

Seven cities gloried in the fame of Homer, and claimed each, to have given him birth; but the world did not then understand the Morganic theory for winning places in history, else they never would have quarrelled about such a trifle. Why! by the celebrity-made-easy system of our erudite lecturer, combined with his patent general-appropriation plan, we convert every soldier of distinction who ever trod our soil from Wolfe, every statesman from Lord Durham, every engineer from Stevenson, every visitor from Dickens, every correspondent from Russell,

and every sneak from Doyle of the New York Herald, into British Americans. More than that,—we may claim the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred and Prince Napoleon, who each gave us a peep, as Canadians! We could enumerate scores of eminent men who, having come to brace their nerves, shoot our deer, catch our salmon, and see our waterfalls, must now of necessity be included on the roll of our celebrities. Mr. Seward and the naturalist Audubon were in Quebec a few years ago; General Grant was there last summer, and George Peabody was lately in St. Catherines, syllogistically they are British Americans. The thing is as visible as that Mr. Morgan is a great man—in his boots. A British American is a man who lives in British America. The Duke of Newcastle lived in British America (a few days) ergo, he was a British American. Deny that who can! We need not pursue the subject, nor give illustrations from the lecture which all can read for themselves; but if any one prefers taking our word on trust, we tell him that "the British Americans who have won places in history" are all of them about as much entitled to the distinction of being British Americans, as they are to that of being historical characters, and at the very least, as much as Mr. Morgan is entitled to the credit of writing English.

CONFUSION OF METAPHORS.—The Toronto Leader, speaking of the course taken by the American Government towards Fenianism, says:

"Those who fostered the noxious plant until it obtained strength enough to do harm cannot be held innocent of the effects which it has of late been the cause of producing."

Now we would respectfully ask of our big contemporary whether he clearly remembered that it was a "noxious plant" he had before mentioned when he went on to describe it as obtaining "strength enough to do harm." We rather think his mind was running on the story of the man who, to his sorrow brought up a young lion in his household. At least we are very sure of this, that it is not customary to talk of plants being allowed to obtain strength enough to do harm. We might also, perhaps, hint to the Leader that to talk of "the effects which it has been the cause of producing" is a very cumbersome, not to say blundering form of expression. Would not "the effects which it has produced" do just as well, and be a great deal better.

RIGHT.—It has been suggested that instead of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, to catch the Fenians, who "live and move and have their beans" in our midst, the Legislature might have more properly suspended the Fenians already caught, and the rest would very probably suspend their treasonable practices for a time. A good suggestion this.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.—No. 3.

BY AVONMORE.

I am pleased to observe that an old custom of great men of ancient times is being revived by the great men of modern days; that is, their reading their own productions for the public. There is nothing in the practice to object to, but everything to commend, for the author of a poem, essay, or editorial, as the case may be, is supposed to be better able duly to emphasise and display the spirit of the production than the ordinary reader. Homer recited his great epic, the Iliad, throughout the lovely isles of Greece, and in breathing into it the noble spirit in which it was conceived, no doubt, invested it with a peculiar interest that no subsequent reader could hope to awaken, with equal force, in the minds of an auditory. At the present time Mr. Charles Dickens, who, while refusing to read for the Queen, condescends to honor the mediocrity with a display of his elocutionary powers, is raising quite a *furor* in England. This very day I was pleased to discover that a certain City editor from the East end—a great man—has landably entered on the avocation of trumpeter and interpreter to his own articles, and that henceforth he will not only write, but read them for the public. The productions are novel and abstruse, and as the sheet that contains them is obscure, they seldom meet the public gaze. To have them read, then, by the author, will be a blessing. The discovery was purely accidental. I was going down Sussex street, and in an archway I observed a gentleman with a newspaper in his hand; his facial abductors were in violent motion, and his head ever and anon bowed forward, like that of a painted mandarin in a grocer's window. On taking a close look I discovered it to be our friend, the editor, reading in a most marked, and peculiarly emphatic manner his morning article, and in such eloquent style that his sole auditor, our much respected fellow-citizen of the Streets Department, Mr. Thos. K-n-e-l-a, was entranced to the ground, with look intent and lips apart, which latter permitted freely the Heliconian draught that flooded on them to descend uninterrupted to his yearning bowels. On subsequent enquiry I have learned that archway display was simply an experiment, and that your Daly St. contemporary intends shortly to read his editorials in the lecture room of the Mechanics' Institute. The Confederation series will be the first, and for these the members of the Government, I learn, are already furnished with tickets. The Hon. John A. McDonald is expected to preside at the opening of the reading. The treat will be a rare one, and may nothing prevent me from being present, for I love occasionally to take a step from the ridiculous to the sublime.

BRAVERY.—Why are Robinson & Rowsell supposed to be very brave men? Because they can face a dozen regimental coats without ever flinching.

**Business Notice.**—A few lines will find **THE BEE** one of the most reliable mediums for communicating with the public. Its circulation is very large, and it goes straight every class of society. Our space is limited, and early application will be necessary.

Subscriptions will be received for **THE BEE** from the rural districts at \$1 per annum.

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. It especially is a sine qua non. The author's name must in every case accompany the contribution, and no necessity for publication, but as the guarantee of good faith.

All letters must be pre-paid.  
All communications to be addressed to the Editor of **THE BEE**, Drawer G, Ottawa Post Office.

**OUR AGENT.**

Parties throughout Canada wishing to act as Agents for the **BEE**, will please advise us.  
At present the **BEE** may be obtained from Messrs. DEWE & SON, Stationers, Mr. J. H. BAKER, News Agent, and of the Newsboys, Ottawa; and Messrs. GIBBS AND BROTHERS, Prescott.



*"Athibenda est in jocando moderatio."*

**The Bee.**

SATURDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1866.

**THE RESULT.**

The New York *World* speaking of the explanations given by the Hon. Geo. Brown of his retirement from the Cabinet, says: "Those who pretend to understand matters thoroughly, affirm that Mr. Brown was in favor of annexation, and even went so far as to broach the subject in the Cabinet; but, finding that he was premature with the measure, he found it expedient to adopt the apparently opposite policy indicated in his explanation before the House, in order to retain some portion of his former political power in the government." Who those are "who pretend to understand matters thoroughly," we know not. It may be the *World* newspaper, but we cannot but think that the world at large might be justified in coming to any such erroneous conclusion from the very unsatisfactory explanations given by Mr. Brown. This is only the result, or, perhaps one of the results, of such a miserable sham as the "explanations," so much talked of and so much looked for. When a man in Mr. Brown's position pretends to justify himself in taking such an important step as he did, in leaving the Cabinet, by such a shallow artifice, he must submit to be misjudged, and must expect to have his reasons misconstrued. It would have been far better for Mr. Brown to have come out boldly and said the cause was "personal grievances." People would have believed him and have given him credit for it.

**THOSE EXPLANATIONS.**

The agony is over and we breathe again! But we have had a dreadful time of it. Indeed it is a mercy we were not asphyxiated! What we have passed through! Well it's nobody's business. The alarming labour of the mountain, with its portentous throes and fits, followed by the illustrious birth of a tremendous mouse, was a grand historical event compared with the petty, peddling product of the explanations. Think of it grave, thoughtful reader, think well of it. Here is a population of three millions thrown into a state of anxiety and bewilderment, bordering on frenzy, and at a most critical time too, by the resignation of a leading minister of the Crown, who, for many years, has claimed a monopoly of the public virtues, and has been looked upon as the incarnation of the purest patriotism. Surely there was an adequate cause. There must have been some gigantic swindle afoot, some foul conspiracy against the liberties of the Canadian people; and the peculiar infamy of the contemplated or consummated crime was, that the whole Administration, one alone excepted, were involved—"among the faithless faithful he alone." What could it be? When would the iniquity be cleared up? These were the questions; and how they racked the brain and tortured the heart of universal Canuckdom! Well the day of revelation came. Dies Ira! Ha! retribution was about to overtake the guilty. The great expounder arrived. He rose in towering majesty, he spoke, and—he fizzled! The unpardonable sin, the monster crime was, that Canada, by its Minister of Finance, in the absence of the great man, had sought a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty; whereas the American people should have been condemned to come to us and to sue for it in *forma pauperis*! He could not stomach the indignity—why, or wherefore, deponent saith not, but of course the vulgar surmise that it was a small piece of spite is too contemptible to be entertained. O Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown! You've let yourself muchly down, muchly down, muchly down.

**A NEW BATTALION.**—It is intended, we believe, to organize the extra messengers of the two Houses of Parliament into a Volunteer Infantry Battalion. This battalion will consist of eight companies, to be designated by the following letters of the alphabet, L. O. U. N. G. E. R. S., respectively. The names of the Officers will, as the *Citizen* would say, be published when they are gazetted.

**REGULAR INFANTRY.**—The Cadet Corps.

**PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.**

Reported specially for the **BEE**.

On Monday the Speaker hid himself in the Chair at one and-a-half minutes after three, precisely.

Considerable time was lost in bringing the honorable members to order.

**MR. FRANCIS JONES**, the distinguished orator, rose majestically to his legs, and stretching forth his hand said, Mr. Speaker, having, as this house well knows, a large quantity of a very useful metal in my composition, to which I mainly owe what success in life I have met with, I am moved to seek after that which is materially valuable to me. I therefore ask this House to grant a committee to enquire how the copper mines north of Lake Superior can best be worked.

**Hon. J. S. McDONALD** wished to know whether that portion of his hon. friend's composition which was allied to copper was in danger of becoming exhausted. If so he would suggest that his hon. friend be re-lacquered.

**Mr. McKELLAR** thought that his hon. friend had laced up enough already.

**Mr. W. F. POWELL** considered that if there was the slightest probability of the supposition of the hon. member for Cornwall proving correct, the House ought to grant the committee, and thus avert the threatened danger to the House in the loss of the hon. member for North Leeds, whose present peculiar composition was of the greatest service to his party.

**Mr. DUNKIN**, as usual spoke three times on this question; but as his remarks were, as usual, of no pith or moment, it is unnecessary to give them.

The committee was granted, much to the relief of the member.

After some desultory talking, the House adjourned, and met again on Tuesday, when they did nothing; but feeling rather tired from their extraordinary exertions thereat, and wisely remembering that the country had to foot the bill, adjourned at an early hour.

On Wednesday the House met again, when the following bills were introduced.

**Hon. J. H. CAMERON**—To incorporate the Canada Wine Growers' Association.

By the same—To amend the Act respecting the Supreme Courts of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction in Up-paw Canada.

By ditto—To amend the Common Law Prowcejaw Act of Up-paw Canada.

By ditto—To amend the law relating to Crown Debtlaws in Up-paw Canada.

(The **BEE** respectfully begs to ask if the hon. gentleman is one of the Crown Debtors, and whether he desires to have the law amended so that these debts may be cancelled.)

**Hon. GEORGE BROWN**—presented a petition for an Act to incorporate the *Globe* Printing Company.

The hon. gentleman explained, or intended to do so, that having struck "ile," he considered that, slippery as it was, a much surer way of making a fortune than by carrying on so slippery and shifting a thing as the *Globe*.

**Mr. POPE** introduced a bill to amend the Fishery Act, to allow of certain fish being caught in Lower Canada at any season of the year.

**Hon. J. S. McDONALD** thought that in view of the approaching election, if the bi

could be made so as to allow of some of the loose fish in the Lower Province being caught and put out of the way, it might be good.

Hon. J. D. McGEE suggested that the provisions of it be extended to Upper Canada, for then, if the bait were a golden one, the lion member for Cornwall would be the first loose fish caught.

These loose fishy jokes so excited the risibility of the House that it had to rise and adjourn till next day.

On Thursday the House was found in the same place as the day before. Some of the members came in about three o'clock, took their seats, and tried to look very wise, but, of course, failed. After occupying a long time in doing nothing, a motion to adjourn was brought in, but

Mr. POWELL thinking the hon. members were acting too much like schoolboys in striving to get away as soon as possible, asked the house to consent to the reading a second time, of a bill to patent some kind of fuel of American invention, upon which a desultory discussion took place.

Mr. MACKENZIE thought that parties that *is* interested should not act as they were doing, but admitted that there *is* considerations under which such a bill might be granted.

The discussion then touched upon the Patent laws, glanced at the various phases and arguments on Free Trade, and wound up upon the action of the United States Government in regard to the late Fenian invasion, in the course of which,

Mr. POPE said he admired the straightforward action of the American Government in the matter. (We suppose he meant in their allowing the Fenians a clear road into this country.)

The discussion clearly proved that "eases trifling in themselves are adequate to the most startling results."

The House getting somewhat beyond its depth in the matter, abruptly terminated the discussion, and adjourned to Shaver's to get a sherry cobbler in order to cool their ardour, which the warmth of discussion had generated, where our reporter left them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"STUPIDITY."—This correspondent wants to know if the fact of the House adjourning each evening at six o'clock effects a saving in gas and fuel at the Parliament Buildings. Decidedly yes; in every sense. The country is spared not only the expense of gas but its infliction, and the accompanying *fuelish* speeches.

"BACHELOR."—Your question is perplexing. As we have heard it, the soliloquy of a young lady, detaching her hair before retiring is, "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil."

"THOMAS."—Declined.

"CIVIC."—Yes; our new policemen are to wear brass coats with blue buttons.

"RUDOLPH."—There is no accounting for tastes. We once heard of a wealthy lady, fond of concord of sweet sounds, who eloped with a negro minstrel who played the bones!

"MORALITY."—It is not as you state, we think. If the great Morison prophet, Brigham Young, has been appointed to the Inspectorship of the Fisheries here, we have not been made acquainted with the fact. There are other Youngs than Brigham in the world, but,

\* What's in a name  
When conduct's the same?"

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

We find there is some curiosity in the public mind to know what are the educational qualifications required of candidates for appointment to the Civil service. We therefore make room in this number for the following statement of the subjects of examination, which although not copied from official papers, our readers may rely on as being pretty nearly correct.

1. *Reading*.—Candidates are required to read, *visa voce*, any English book which may be presented to them, and without spelling each syllable separately. Mistakes in pronunciation, however, in words over three syllables are not counted.

2. *Writing*.—Must be legible. Gentlemen are not allowed to cross their 't's' with a ruler.

3. *Spelling*.—It is deemed advisable that candidates should possess a certain acquaintance with this branch of knowledge, but as the orthography of the English language is somewhat arbitrary, great allowance will be made in such cases as may be recommended by ministers or influential members of Parliament for special consideration.

4. *Arithmetical*.—The multiplication table up to 10 times. Those gentlemen who can say it up to 12 times will receive honorable mention.

5. *Book-keeping*.—Candidates will be required to show how they would proceed to open an account—with a tailor for example; also to give their views on the comparative advantages of the cash and credit systems.

6. *Grammar*.—Candidates must be able to point out the articles, definite and indefinite, which may occur in a given sentence.

7. *Geography*.—The names of the continents, and of the chief countries and capitals of Europe.

8. *History*.—Such questions as any of the Examiners can think of, and know the answers to. Up to the present, however, no questions in this department have ever been asked.

The above is a formidable list of subjects, and it is no wonder that some over-ambitious young men, as badly off for political friends as for education, are always coming to grief under these searching examinations. We can hardly, however, pity those who venture up so wholly unqualified for success. If it was only education they lacked there would be some hope in their case, but with neither education nor influence—why, what *can* they expect?

RAILWAY INCONVENIENCES.

We have before us a long letter bitterly pitching into the arrangement adopted by the Superintendents of the Ottawa and Prescott railway for running the night's train between this city and Prescott. The writer says he laid at the Junction recently over four mortal hours waiting for the up train on the Grand Trunk. He asks why might not the train leave Ottawa at ten, or later, as well as at six; and also begs to be informed why the train from Prescott might not depart immediately on arrival of the trains from the West at half-past five. This is a subject with which we have nothing to do. We advise our correspondent to lay the matter before the public through the columns of some of our daily contemporaries, and we are satisfied that when Mr. Detlor, the superintendent, sees the really inconvenient state of affairs to the travelling public, he will at once study a remedy.

CONSIDERUM.—What key was used in opening the first parliament in Ottawa? A. Monck (key.)

The following memorandum was picked up near the Parliament Buildings. The owner can have it by sending his address to the editor of the BEE, Drawer G, Post Office.

R. Davis in acct. current with Geo. Cotton.

1863. Dr.		
Nov.	To Cash at Quebec to retire note.....	151 00
Jan. 24	" Cash.....	50 00
	" Check on Bank.....	50 00
	" Do. do.....	50 00
May 4	" Cash.....	150 00
	" Paid board bill.....	100 60
		<hr/>
		\$667 55
1866. Cr.		
May 4	By 20 weeks' and 4 days salary, at \$25.....	514 25
	" One week's salary, on return iron	
	West.....	25 00
	" Cash lent by you to Mr. Jacques.....	16 00
		<hr/>
		\$555 25
	Balance over, paid Davis.....	112 10
		<hr/>
		\$667 35

NOTE.—Black mail for flax seed not included.

A French physician recommends gargling the throat with lemonade as a cure for diphtheria. The same gargle is extensively used in Ottawa—with a stick in it.

THAT "TIMES."—Of all the extraordinary suggestions ever made by any one not an acknowledged madman, we think that made by the *Times*, on the 18th inst., the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo—that all the flags in the city should be hung at half-mast—is altogether the most unaccountable. It hoped to see this done, it said "as a mark of respect to the memory of that noble son of Erin who led the armies of England to glorious victory." Beat this who can! We should show our respect to the Duke of Wellington's memory by exhibiting the signs of the deepest public mourning on the anniversary of his greatest victory! Probably when the 14th of September comes round, the anniversary of the great Duke's death, the *Times* will recommend that the city do be made gay with hunting as a fitting mode of commemorating the day. It would be exactly the same kind of proposition as that which it gravely submitted to our citizens on Monday last.

QUERY.—Why do the city constables continually bring people before the Police Court for infraction of the law because they know those parties can and will pay the fine, while they steadily refrain from noticing the hundred others who are "more wilful in the breach," and far more disgraceful in their sin? We will answer for them? Because they get half the fine, and in the one case they make money, while in the other they would lose their time and trouble. Such disgraceful acts on the part of the Constables are sufficient to make disciples to the police force question of every person in the city.

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'nt 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.

RUSSELL HOUSE, Ottawa, James A Gouin, Proprietor. 1

OTTAWA BILLIARD ROOMS, in connection with the Russell House, James Bouclette, Proprietor. 1

OMEARA'S RESTAURANT, corner George and William streets, Ottawa, F. O'Meara, Proprietor. 1

JOSE LABATT'S PRES-COTT ALES and PORTER, J. Dowdley & Co., Agents, Elgin Street. 1

CITY HOTEL, Clarence Street, William Graham, Proprietor. 1

J. N. RANKIN, Importer of Cigars, Pipes, Tobacco, &c., Ac., 25, Sparks Street. 1

THE LION HOTEL, Little Sussex Street, Ottawa, R. Gilpin, Proprietor. ☞ The best of Wines and Liquors. 1

THE "QUEEN RESTAURANT," Wellington Street, opposite the Main Entrance to the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, M. K. vanagh, Proprietor. 1

THE SHEFFIELD HOUSE, 24, Sparks Street, Ottawa, E. K. MacGillivray & Co., Importers of F. & G. Hargreave's and other celebrated Watches. 1

THOMAS BEAMONT, Ottawa Shirt Store, 25, Sparks Street. Ties, Collars, Gloves, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c. 1

ROBERTSON & BOWSELL, Merchant Tailors, and General Outfitters and Custom and Military Tailors. The best stock of Tweeds, and Cloths in the city; Sparks Street. 1

PARLIAMENT HAIR DRESSING SALOON, Angus' Block, Rideau Street, E. Miles Proprietor. Hair work, &c., for sale. ☞ Agency for R. S. Williams celebrated Melodions and Victoria Organs. 1

PISTOLS! PISTOLS! In stock: Smith & Wesson's revolvers, Colt's Improved Revolvers, Spencer's patent 7 shot breech loading rifle, the same as furnished to Canadian Volunteers, Ballard's Rifle, Eagle's Pistols, at reduced prices. 20,000 cartridges for the above. WORKMAN & GRIFFIN. 1

Ottawa, May 12, 1866. 1

P. SPENCER, Photographer, 24, Sparks Street, Central Ottawa. Photographs made all sizes, from miniature gem to size of life. ☞ Particular attention paid to *Cartes de Visite*. Stereoscopic and other views of Parliament Buildings and Ottawa scenery constantly on hand and for sale. 1

J. G. RYAN, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur, dealer in Drugs, Perfumes, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Combs, &c. Office and place of business corner Rideau and Sussex Streets. Residence, Rideau St., nearly opposite Matthews' Hotel. 1

N.B.—Prescriptions carefully dispensed. Advice to the poor free of charge. 1