

## APPENDIX.

From the *Montreal Herald*, Sept. 30th, 1865.

The closing ceremonies of the Annual Exhibition of the Montreal Agri-Horticultural Society took place last evening, when after the large audience, composed of ladies and gentlemen, had listened for some time to the fine music of the Band, the President, S. J. Lyman, Esq., called the meeting to order, and with a few appropriate remarks, introduced the Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee, Minister of Agriculture. After the cheering had subsided,

Mr. McGEE said,—I have been requested, ladies and gentlemen, by the President and officers of this Society, to say a few words in my capacity, as Minister of Agriculture, in relation to the close of their Twentieth Annual Exhibition. It ought to be, I think, a source of congratulation to us all, that this, as well as the Industrial Exhibition, and the Agricultural Exhibition proper, has been (to use the current phrase) a great success; a success not only pecuniarily, and in point of attendance, but also—as every one loudly complains—in the variety, number, and excellence of the products of the field, the garden, and the greenhouse, this year exhibited. In registering this unanimous opinion, I cannot omit alluding to our obligations to this Society. For twenty years the devotion of the members of the Society, aided by such indefatigable officers as the President and Mr. Pell, have brought the Society into a flourishing condition, and laid the public under annual obligations, more especially by the services rendered to horticulture. (Applause.) I am not skilled, ladies and gentlemen, in the language of flowers, but I should feel myself no better than a barbarian, if I were to feel indifferent to such a spectacle, as this room has presented, during the past week. It is assuredly a hopeful sign of our civilization, that so many thousands of adults and of young people, should have taken so keen and intelligent an interest in such an Exhibition as this. If you will permit me to enlarge a moment on the civilizing influences of the cultivation of horticultural and botanical tastes, I would venture to say, that no one can be a lover of flowers who is not thoughtful, gentle-minded, neat-handed and punctual. The flowers are Nature's clock; the Dominical letters of the year; the sacred calendar of the revolving seasons. (Applause.) All prose falls in their panegyric, and we must resort to the Poets for due terms of admiration. Perhaps no language is more full of beautiful and original expressions in praise of flowers than our own Chaucer, and Shakspeare, abound with them: Edmund Spencer, the "morning star of English poesie," revels in fanciful impersonations of trees, and shrubs, and flowers. Who can ever forget—

"The Lily, lady of the flowering field,"

as described by Spencer?

"Who neither spins, nor cards, ne cares, nor frets,  
But to her Mother Nature, all her care she lets!"

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(Applause.)  
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