

IN A FINE FRENZY.



critics of Poetry, when they warm with their subject, are apt to degenerate into desperate "highfalutin." *Diogenes* draws attention to the following hysterical rhapsodies in which the *Athenaeum* lately eulogized some poems by the Hon. Roden Noel: "In a softly-tinted sentiment closely akin to his delicately sensuous feeling for natural colour, Mr. Noel has no rival. He sings with fairy-like and subtle power."

Again, speaking of some blank verse on the god PAN, the critic calls it "a poem very striking

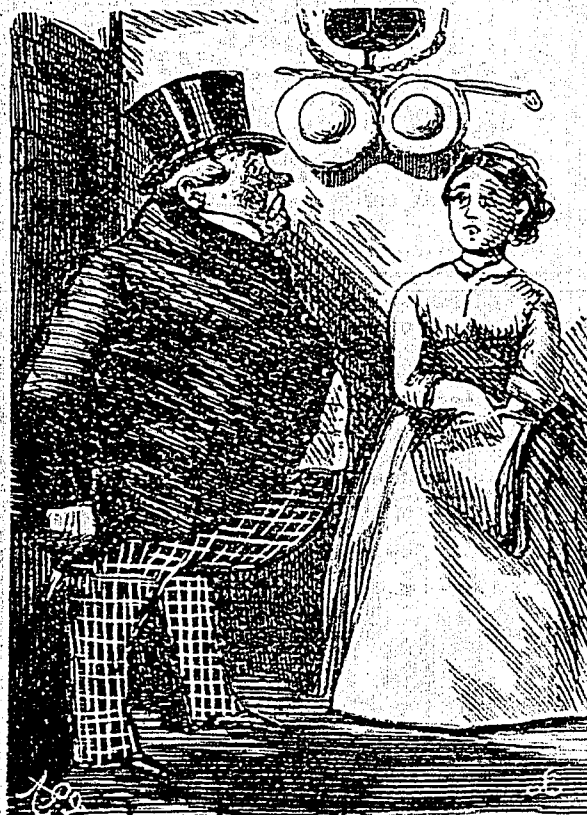
and quite original,—forming a sort of grandiose, pantheistic hymn to Nature. As mere blank verse it is very striking—resonant, grandiose, and full of motion." The word *pantheistic* in this passage, which, be it remembered, is on the subject of the god *Pan*, looks very like an atrocious attempt at a joke—but as the critic has already enough sins to answer for, the Cynic cheerfully acquits him of the crime. He cannot, however, quite forgive him for having written the following *galimatias*.—"Ganymede is an idyl thoroughly and tremendously Greek, a bit of work which reads like Theocritus in the original; too Greek, too worthy of Theocritus, some will say, but artistically a finished gem. It remains in the eye like a small Turner,—the youth in the green dale, the "imperial eagle amorous" miraculously descending, a golden haze of dreamy sunlight irradiating all into a picture not to be forgotten."



NEWFOUNDLAND IS COMING.

In every respect Newfoundland will prove an invaluable acquisition to the New Dominion, but eminently so in a

financial sense. Its Banks, at once the most extensive, the most celebrated, and the most productive, in the world, are always solvent; and though much exposed and subject to diurnal fluctuations, have never yet gone into liquidation. The floating capital of these Banks is immense, and never idle, and by a natural process always increasing. Their assets are always available—with a hook. Nor are their managers, accustomed as they are to great transactions and vast sources of profit, indifferent to minor interests. Nothing is forgotten, omitted, or neglected, that can bring fish to their net—however small. The dead sometimes cut up well, but these men get *it* from livers. It is only the supremely perverted who would say that the whole affair is fishy: there is nothing about it, inside or out, in its management or managers, in its men or its maids, that can be called *scaly*.



SERVANT GIRL, *log*.—"Please, sir, Missus told me to say, if you was to come in, that they 've been and enrolled you for the militia, sir."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled this week to curtail literary matter, and give additional wood-cuts. This has been forced upon us by the printers' strike.

For the same reason we have had to omit the advertisements of

Mr. D. Crawford (late Baird & Crawford),
The Commercial Union Assurance Company,
Messrs. Burland, Lafricain & Co.,
Mrs. Muir, 399 Notre Dame Street,
Messrs. Simpson & Bethune's Card,
The Montreal Milk Company,
The India & China Tea Company, and
Mr. Grant's Views of the Flood.

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