

colonial and the Grand Trunk, necessarily led before the transfer to having two sets of hands. Now, however, that there is only one interest, that necessity no longer exists, and the Government would not be justified in keeping up two sets of men. But this only applies to a part of the men, and it was not at all proposed to disturb those who were necessary or competent. The Grand Trunk would probably have been able to draft to other portions of their line some of the men who could not have been taken on by the Intercolonial. There might have been cases of hardship, but certainly the worst way to improve them was an insane attempt at riot and stopping the trains on the part of a mere handful of men, instead of simply representing their grievances.

THE Right Honourable Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, it is announced, has been sworn in as a member of the Queen's Privy Council.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OLD NEWS BOY will need no introduction to Montrealers, being known to every man who buys a paper on St. James street.

THE SPECIAL TRAIN.—This squib refers to the remarkably quick time made lately by Mr. McShane from Montreal to Quebec, whereby he secured a majority for the Joly Government.

ALGERIAN VIEWS.—Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Lacroix, of this city, we have a series of beautiful Algerian views, which we shall present to our readers as opportunity offers. A paper from the pen of the same gentleman, who has travelled through the country, will shortly be published.

DISCOVERY OF A MASTODON.—We have not been able to procure the scientific particulars concerning the extraordinary animal just lately discovered in New Jersey, but no doubt remains on the minds who have examined that it is a valuable specimen of the primitive Mastodon species.

FORT MISSISSAUGA.—Fort Mississauga is a small but highly interesting specimen of an old stockade fort. It is now rapidly going to decay. Its situation is on the Canadian side of the Niagara River and commanding the entrance to Lake Ontario, and is about half a mile from the Queen's Royal Hotel.

RUN ON THE BANKS.—We present to-day three views of the late run on the City and District Savings Bank of Montreal, during the panic of the week before last. The pictures will sufficiently explain themselves, and it only remains to say that the bank has come out of the ordeal safer and stronger than ever. From information obtained on reliable authority, it is not too much to say that there is not a sounder monetary institution in Canada. The run lasted from Friday morning, the 8th inst., till Saturday noon, the 9th, or rather the panic was confined to Friday, as early on Saturday the rush completely subsided. On Friday, the large sum of \$418,363 was paid over the counters; on Saturday, \$121,755—a total of \$540,148. While this was going on, \$28,000 in deposits were taken in on Friday and \$35,000 on Saturday, the latter being mainly returns of deposits withdrawn the day before. Not only was the bank most amply supplied with cash to meet any demands, but its assets are now in such order as to be made available for every contingency. This is a matter of satisfaction, because it is the poor man's bank.

PROPOSED NEW BRITISH POLAR EXPEDITION.—Our readers are probably aware that an influential Central Committee has been formed in England, to which forty-nine Provincial Committees are affiliated, for the purpose of organizing an expedition to the North Pole on the plan recommended by Commander Cheyne, R.N., who is strongly of opinion that balloons will form an important element in all future Arctic explorations. Our illustration depicts the three balloons as ready to start from the winter quarters of the ship during the first week in June, their destination being the North Pole. The average temperature in the early part of June is about 25° Fahrenheit. The balloons are named *Enterprise*, *Resolute*, and *Discovery*, each will be capable of lifting a ton in weight, the three carrying a sledge party intact, with stores and provisions for fifty-one days. The ascent will be made on the curve of a roughly-ascertained wind circle, a continuation of which curve will carry them to the Pole, but should the said curve deflect then the required current of air can again be struck by rising to the requisite altitude, as proved by experiments that different currents of air exist according to altitude; this fact Commander Cheyne himself observed when, in charge of the Government balloons in his last expedition, he sent up four at the same moment to different altitudes, being differently weighted; they took four different directions to the four quarters of the compass, giving him his first practical idea of ballooning in the Arctic regions. Captain Temple's experiments with the war balloons from Woolwich Arsenal have fully con-

firmed this important desideratum in aerostation. About thirty hours would suffice to float our aeronauts from the ship to the Pole, should all go well. We asked Commander Cheyne how he was going to get back; his answer was cautious—"According to circumstances," he said. "My first duty is to get there. When there, leave it to us to get back. We have many uncertainties to deal with, and a definite programme made now might be entirely changed when the time came to carry out the journey south. Condensed gas would be taken in steel cylinders, hills would be floated over by expansion and contraction of the balloons, and in the event of any accident occurring, we always have our sledge party with sledge, boat, stores, and provisions for fifty days intact and ready for service." Scotland has taken up this novelty in Arctic exploration with avidity, and England, though more cautious in the matter, has at last given her adhesion to the project being carried out. Canada is likely to join, and Commander Cheyne has received an invitation from the Canadian Minister of Finance, Sir Samuel Tilley, K.C.B., to deliver his lectures in Canada, with the promise of a warm reception.

FAVOURITE FLOWERS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

Verses of the oriental poets are heavy with the perfume of flowers. Excess follows upon excess till one is wearied to faintness. Too much of a good thing is just enough for the extravagant taste of the East, while the West, more temperate in its habits, does not choose to gild refined gold or paint the violet. English poets are enthusiastic lovers of flowers. Their entire country is one beautiful garden, and while the humblest wayside flowers, as well as their prouder sisters, find a place in English poetry, they do not usurp the place of thought and run riotously beyond all limits. They serve to deck the idea, to crown it with grace and beauty, but never in anywise to conceal it.

Of all the flowers of England, there is no greater favourite than the daisy (Day's Eye). Almost every poet has sung its praises, but none more lovingly than the first poet, Chaucer:

Of all the flowers in the mede
Then love I most these flowers of white and rede,
Such that men call daisies in our town;
To them I have so great affection
That I get up and walking in the mede
To see this flower against the sunn apreade;
And soon as ever the sunn ginneth West
To seen this flower how it will go to rest.

Nowhere more than in this passage does Chaucer show his beautiful child-like spirit. He is no sentimentalist. He makes no reflections. He is a child with the five senses of a child all bathed in morning dew, and no wonder he loved the daisy, which well deserves the name which the Scotch have given it, Bairn-wort, or Child's flower.

The lily was the favourite flower of the author of the "Faerie Queene." Pure as its own white blossoms, Spencer sang of temperance, of chastity, and of all the virtues which become a brave knight. He gathered many flowers, roses, kingcups, but lilies were his heart's choice. "Loved lilies," he says of them.

Who shall tell us what was the favourite flower of Shakespeare? Impartial and non-committal as Nature herself, he gave us a picture garden: "Banks whereon the wild thyme grows," "Violets sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," "Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one," pansies for thoughts, rosemary for remembrance. Shakespeare has no favourite. The fennel, the columbine, the dandelion, rank fumitory, thorns and briars, hemlocks and mandragora, all have a place in his world, as they have in nature. He finds everything good after its kind.

Milton's flowers bear no more comparison to Shakespeare's than the artificial roses of a French milliner bear to the wild mountain rose, glistening with the early dew. Milton offers a bouquet in "Lycidas"—the white pink, pale jasmine, pansy fringed with jet, well attired woodbine, and every flower that sad embroidery wears. In "Paradise" the fruits take Milton's eye more than the flowers—"the purple grape," "nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs yielded," "savory pulp." Keats has hinted that Milton was a bit of an epicure. Certainly he knew how to spread a table so as not to mix tastes.

But bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.

After his blindness Milton was peculiarly sensitive to the odour of flowers. Dryden was too heavy with learning and Pope too didactic to sing of flowers; yet, if rumour be correct, we are indebted to Pope for introducing into England the weeping willow. It is said that the poet received a present of a basket of figs from Turkey, and observed a twig from the basket putting out a shoot. He planted it; from this sprung the weeping willow of England.

Dr. Johnson, although no poet, was a friend of the poets. He said that of all the flowers there was none equal to the cauliflower.

Cowper loved the grateful shade trees. Our "favourite elms" were his delight. He enjoyed, too—

The time at dewy eve diffusing odours,
and the
Poplar that with silver lines his leaf.

Not that the flowers were by any means forgotten. "Laburnum, rich with streaming

gold;" "Althea, with the purple;" the jasmine and a great variety of wild flowers he mentions. Cowper loved a greenhouse, too, which was very appropriate in the poet who first revealed to us the charms of a Northern winter. It is said that a gloomy religion led Cowper to a love of nature. This may be true, and if it were so, could wish that gloomy religious might bud and blossom into the fresh beauty of nature's loveliness and never take the shape of hidden monstrosities.

Wordsworth loved the daisy, as all poets do; but because the modest little celandine was ignored by all he took its part, declaring—

There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

And here we have a key to Wordsworth's inner self. What others found homely or commonplace to him would oftentimes awaken "thoughts too deep for tears." "A primrose by the river's brim" was to him something more than a primrose. Wordsworth was nature's great high priest proclaiming a gospel of pantheism. In earth and sky, in flower and weed, everywhere he saw divinity. Serene of soul, full of spirituality, few priests in their daily lives conform as closely to their teaching as did William Wordsworth.

Byron with all his magnificent nature cared little for flowers. He mentions the rose, but even here he betrays the sensualist rather than the lover—

Who can view the ripened rose nor seek to wear it!

Coleridge touches flowers with exquisite grace, but his choicest is found in the Vale of Chamouni, at the foot of Mount Blanc "living flower of loveliest blue"—the fringed gentians. The birch owes a debt of gratitude to Coleridge for the passing compliment he gave it—

Most beautiful of forest trees, the Lady of the Woods.

Shelley has pronounced the tuberose—

The sweetest flower for scent that grows,

but Shelley was almost too ethereal to care for perfumes, and his own "Sensitive Plant" best represents him.

Keats does not conceal his love, but pays homage to the lily of the valley as the queen of flowers, but, nevertheless, he has his other loves.

Sweet peas on tip-toe for a flight,

rare exotics with rich perfumes, ripe fruits, too, he offers, and fresh cream, fruits and flowers, till from very excess we fall asleep and "dream deliciously," then suddenly we wake in the sad words of the dying poet—

I feel the daisies growing over me.

Elegant and elaborate as Tennyson is, and knowing that his own country home on the Isle of Wight is a stately mansion, surrounded by a lawn smooth as velvet, that rare exotics scatter their charms, and graceful vines lend their beauty to gladden the eye of the most artistic of poets—knowing this, we would expect Tennyson's poems to abound in grottoes, bowers—

Planted alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies.

We do find Tennyson an elegant landscape gardener. Well does he know how to surround a palace of art within a garden meet for royal tastes, but never in treating of flowers does his art tend to artifice. He bends nature to his purpose, but never distorts her.

The long walks and drives which Tennyson is accustomed to take have made him well acquainted with the flora of England, and he has not failed to notice its peculiar beauty, but the flower which is Tennyson's own is not an English flower. It is not known in England where the busy hum of wheels is heard all day, nor in America where the spirit of materialism is rife. The lotus blooms in lands far more enchanted than these, and Tennyson has sung its potent charms so sweetly that listening to him we are tempted to believe—

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and
oar.
Oh I rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more

BURLESQUE.

A POETIC MENTOR.—He was a tall, slim man with leonine hair and a nose like the bow of a steam yacht. His clothes were covered with grease spots and feathers, and he wore a generally demure look.

He approached the keeper of the saloon, placed his elbows on the bar, looked calmly in the face of the man behind the bar and warbled:

"I see you have an intelligent look; now if you were commissioned to write a poem to be read before a Phi Beta Kappa society would you choose pentameter or choriambic meter?"

"I don't vast acquainted mit him."

"Do you keep a good library of modern and ancient literature?" inquired the shabby individual plaintively.

"Not me know, but I have some good beer mid der dap."

"Yes, yes, I see," the visitor went on reflectively, "and I thought I'd drop in. May I sit down at one of your tables?"

"Yes."

He took a seat, and the proprietor walked over and inquired:

"What will you have?"

"Let me have a glass of water, a toothpick and a fan. If you have a fan covered with deli-

cate pictures of the loves nestling in roses and a snowy marginal floss I should prefer it."

"Did you come here to drink?"

"No, sir, I came here to get your advice on a Phi Beta Kappa poem, and I feel so chagrined at your ignorance that I shall have to read Tasso for two hours to work the feeling off. Will you kindly remove that plate of cold beef from the table? I should like to lay my foot there. I can never enjoy the music of the sweet Tuscan bard unless my feet are cocked up on a table."

The Dutchman regarded him with astonishment.

"Do you keep good roast beef?"

"Yes."

"Nice and rare and juicy?"

"Der best."

"Have you got spring lamb?"

"I'll go and see."

In a few minutes he returned, and informed the poet that the lamb was just ready.

"Is it the best in the market?"

"It is."

"Warranted not to be goat?"

"Yes, sir, will you have a plate?"

"No, sir; I will not. If you only had some roast goat I'd take seven plates of it. I am very fond of goat. It contains properties which go to make poetic faucy. Will you just pull my boot off a little? I have a corn that palpitates like the heart of a nightingale."

"I won't pull him off."

"All right, sir, I shall move on. If you are too mean to pull off my boot a little I'll get out. I can't enjoy Tasso in the establishment of a mean man. Tasso should be read beneath the stars when the nightingales fill the hollow of night with divinest melodies. Au revoir."

GIVING ADVICE TO A BANK.—A seedy individual, rural in his general appearance and make-up, strolled into the Third National Bank yesterday during business hours, and observing Fab. Lawson, receiving teller, counting a package of money, nodded pleasantly and said, "Still a handin' of it out?"

"Yes," replied Lawson, "still crowding it on the people."

"Ain't you a leetle too handy here?" continued the stranger.

"How so?" said Fab.

"Why, strangers passin' 'long on the sidewalk and seein' your sign so conspicuous like, must be runnin' in every few minutes to borrow money."

"So they do," returned Lawson.

"Ain't it a good deal of bother waitin' on 'em? Must take up a good deal of your time."

"Yes, it is some bother, that's a fact, but we like to accommodate everybody, you know. Can't turn away a stranger just because we ain't acquainted with him."

"Lose some, I suppose?" interrogated the stranger.

"Oh, yes."

"Folks drop in and get whet money they want and then forget all about it. Or perhaps they send it in a letter and misdirect it. Awful careless, some people are, about borrowin' money," said the man.

"Awful careless."

"Owin' a good deal to keepin' your bank close on the sidewalk. Folks goin' by look up and see you countin' money, and then they suddenly recollect they hadn't got quite enough to see 'em through, and so, quite naturally, they steps in and borrows some of you. You can't very well refuse—hate to hurt their feelins, and so they git away with you. Some mean folks in this world. Now, I wouldn't do it."

"No, you wouldn't do it."

"No, sir-ee, I never borrowed a cent of no bank that I didn't pay."

"I'll bet you didn't," said Lawson, with emphasis.

"Now, if I was runnin' a bank like you are," continued the stranger, "I'd keep it back in an alley where there wasn't so many strangers passin'." "I wouldn't make no difference with me, 'cause I know how banks are pestered. I never bothers 'em. Tain't my style. I could walk right past a mile on 'em and never even look in the window. But everybody ain't that way. What, ten cents?"

"Yes," said Fab, "that's all I can let you have to-day. You see there have been so many strangers in ahead of you this morning that our funds are running low. Ta-ta. Don't trouble yourself to send it back in a letter. When the bank wants it the bank will notify you."

The stranger thanked him, and again urging upon him the expediency of moving the bank on to some back street or alley, so as not to attract the attention of passing strangers so readily, the seedy man took his departure.

The remarkable article which we published last week from a Montreal contributor, on the close relationship between the English Royal Family and Prince Jerome Bonaparte, should read as follows in the last paragraph but one: "These extracts from Mr. Green's work show the remarkable fact that, while three of the pallbearers at the funeral of the late Prince Imperial, viz., the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught, were great-grandsons of George III., the three chief mourners were relatives also, viz., Prince Jerome Napoleon, a great-grand-nephew, and Princes Victor Napoleon and Louis Napoleon, his sons, great-great-grand-nephews of George III., being descendants of Augusta of England, his eldest sister."