

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## CANADA'S FUTURE.

Not mine to sing of martial episode,  
Or sweep the strings with wild heroic fire.  
Raising toward heaven the loud triumphal ode.—  
A lowlier Muse attunes my humbler lyre.

Not ours the tale of strife and conquest glory,  
Of deeds of valour, or of slaughter dire.  
Learn we from ancient lays of minstrels hoary,  
How to more peaceful fame we may aspire.

Not ours to boast in legend or tradition  
Of chivalrous deeds of warlike days of yore;  
Not vainly vaunting a fulfilled ambition,  
But rather humble that we are not more.

Leave us to others to record our praises,  
To our own merits still remaining dumb.  
Fired by the nobler stimulus, which raises  
Our soaring thoughts to what we may become.

Still, humbly from our past experience learning,  
Not unforgetful of our Nation's youth,  
In life's great contest still fresh laurels earning,  
Press forward in the cause of God and Truth:

That day by day our lives may form a story  
Fruitful in lessons, where each future age  
May trace fair footprints on the path of glory  
In every line of the unsullied page.

Striving the nobler features of each Nation,  
Still not to envy but to emulate,  
Till, in Time's fulness, we may win our station  
In the illustrious annals of the great.

Thus by achievement, or sublime enduring:  
Each stalwart son may do his earnest part  
To Canada a glorious name assuring,  
The Mart of Commerce and the Home of Art.

NEO P. MAU.

MONTREAL.

## CURIOUS FLOWERS.

To begin with a plant brought from New Grenada, an extensive country in South America, now part of Columbia, and which is called the *Coriaria thymifolia*, or Ink Plant! The juice which is extracted from it, and which is called "cauchi," is at first of a reddish tint, but in the space of a few hours assumes a hue of the deepest black, and can be used in its natural state without preparation. The merit of this cauchi consists in its not affecting steel pens as the ordinary ink does, and besides it will resist the action of time, and the influence of chemical agencies. During the Spanish régime, all the public documents were written with this ink, otherwise they would have been rendered illegible by the action of sea-water. Some of our botanists are engaged in the acclimatization of this plant, which will enter into competition with our own ink manufacturers. An extremely curious flower has been recently described by an eye-witness at Constantinople, at which place it is said the vegetable treasures of the Eastern world were first collected. This flower belongs to the Narcissus kind of bulbs, and bears the botanical name of *Ophrys mouche*. There were three naked flowers on the stalk, hanging on one side; the underneath one was fading, but the other two were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak, and eyes, are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body, and the two outstretched wings, are bright rose colour; and the under part of the flower is of a deep brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gad-fly, and here the seeds are found. Another extraordinary plant is a native of Sumatra, an island in the Indian Ocean, and was discovered in 1813 by Sir Stamford Raffles, but is very little known, as it has never been cultivated in any European gardens. The dimensions of this flower exceeds any that have ever been heard of, and is truly astonishing. The whole flower was of a very thick substance, the petals being one-quarter of an inch thick, and in some parts three-quarters of an inch thick. It had a very disagreeable smell. There were five petals, covered with yellowish-white protuberances, which were thick, and of a brick-red colour. Each flower measured a full yard across; the petals being of a roundish shape, growing wider in the middle, and rounding off towards the top; the base of each petal where it joined the centre part (called the nectarium) was about a foot across. The hollow nectarium held about twelve pints, and the weight of this prodigy was fifteen pounds! Before the flowers open they look like a very hard cabbage. These enormous flowers are what is called parasitical, like the mistletoe, growing on another plant, which is a trailing vine, so they cover the ground and show no leaves or stem at all. This plant has been named the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, and there is a beautiful coloured engraving of it in the fifth part of "Nature and Art." Another immense plant is the famous tropical water-lily, named the *Victoria Regia*, discovered in 1837, in the river Berice, South America. The round light green leaves of this queen of the water plants measure no less than six feet in diameter, and are surrounded by an elevated rim several inches high, and show the pale carmine-red of the under surface. The sweet white blossoms, deepening into roseate hues, are composed of several hundred petals; and, measuring no less than fourteen inches in diameter, they rival the proportions of its immense leaves. One more flower, to be seen nearer home. A gentleman amateur floriculturist, well known in Wimbledon, has succeeded in raising a new species of geranium, and such is its rarity that he estimates its worth at £1,000, and hopes to make at least that sum of it. This precious plant is of a pure white—stem, leaves, and flowers. It looks almost like wax, and is of a bright transparency. Never was such a thing heard of before, and, no doubt, if the owner is fortunate, there will be a great demand for it.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*.

## SHORT SPEECHES AND CURT CORRESPONDENCE.

When people are driven half distracted with long speeches in and out of parliament, and sigh for brevity, it is delightful to call up recollections of the possibility of saying much to the point in few words. We sometimes wish that our accomplished legislators would take a lesson from the first speech of the Maori member of the New Zealand General Assembly: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wangunui. I have done." This was sufficiently brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Con-

gress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?" In a similar strain, Peggy Potts, a fish-dealer, made her debut as a public speaker on the opening of a new fish-market at Sunderland, and, considering all things, did not acquit herself badly, for this was her speech: "God bless our fishermen, pilots, and sailors, and when they return from the deep waters may they reach the port in safety. God bless our workmen, and may they have plenty of work and good wages to buy fish and support their families. God bless the Prince of Wales and all the royal family. God save the Queen!"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A more modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in a good cause may be cited. M. Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions-in-arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: 'My good friends, I am your king; you are Frenchmen. You are the enemy; let us march!' I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. You are not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succour!" The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds. Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest of sermons, his text being: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."—"I shall consider this discourse under three heads. First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world; and

First—Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare.  
Secondly—His progress through the world is trouble and care.  
Lastly—His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.  
If we do well here, we shall do well there;  
I can tell you no more if I preach for a year."

The last time Justice Foster went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the grand-jurymen to their work with: "Gentlemen,—The weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty—practise it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the Irish judge, who, after his two brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said: "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I can be brief. I agree with my brother J—, from the irresistible force of my brother B—'s arguments." In an action for slander, Justice Crosswell put the case to the jury in the emphatic words: "Gentlemen,—The defendant's a foul-mouthed fellow. What damages?"—An example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge sternly and coldly said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is that you be transported for the term of twenty years." An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing, from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaure. The latter, passing in haste through Lyon, was hailed by the bishop with: "Hi! hi!" The Duke stopped. "Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate. "Paris," said the duke. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green Pease." "But what were the people saying when you left?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man!" broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaure.—Drive on, postillion!"

## NOODLES.

Everybody knows that a noodle is not a gem of intelligence yet in his way he is a very useful man—that is, his presence serves well for grouping a contrast. He is an instrument out of which you can get no sound of harmony. Is it not better than to be bored with bad music, for the heart of a noodle is not tuned to the finer issues of life? Yet, like the guitar, which, though silent and without strings, is often a treasure for a painter, he helps to make a good picture. Many carry with them mysterious probabilities of descent, and recall to the mind Darwin's theory—many are to be seen at flower shows, exhibitions, and in Rotten Row. A noodle is a very harmless individual, after all, and amusing sometimes; for instance,

when he gets in a passion, and utters his broken sentences, and looks as if he feels he were one of nature's noblemen. The poetical noodle is less amusing; he will tell you a long story about the stars, and compare women to everything in the sky—sun, moon, stella, &c.—the same story to everyone that he meets. A noodle never changes, and never improves—he is born so. It will not be said of him that he is a new creation every day. The noodle of the period may be a strong word, but no word expresses better that class of weak specimens of the "genus homo." A noodle is not a snob—far from it. I would not undertake to describe a snob after Thackeray. A snobapes gentility; the other is gentility itself, although a simpleton. Why could not a simpleton look genteel! Do not confound again the noodle with the "squire"—a strong word very graphically applied to a man with fluent speeches but no basis of education—a babler with some show of power in ejecting a volley of words, too often without significance whatever. Yet where there are noodles there is always a "squire," for it is only simpletons who can have the patience to listen to such a compound of ignorance and vanity. Our noodle of the period only utters broken sentences, and haws and yaws with a drawing finish. "Confound the fellow!" is about the strongest of the expressions of this exquisite individual. As I say, a man born a noodle remains invariable. Eton, Rugby, Oxford, and Cambridge are full of them. They take apparent polish—they do not look common by any means—and a silent noodle may be a picture to look at, that fills its place in society. In a word, they are the coryphæes of this immense stage called "society." The Duchess de M—, the queen of good manners and the best salons in London, never invites snobs, but she loves silent noodles to serve as foils for the stars of her parties. To enter a reception or a conversation where this silent element is not prominent is perfect torture, for the buzz of voices talking all together does not bring much harmony of sound. Therefore a noodle is a useful fellow after all, and if he is not vain of imaginary talent he is tolerable. It is not his fault if brought up in idleness, the sparks of his intelligence were smothered in the cradle of luxury. "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" is a good old saying, yet one can always educate stupidity into a semblance of wisdom. The noodle in love is a curiosity worth looking at; his appearance is then like a porcelain figure—one invariable smile fixed on his features. He is not vain; generally good-natured, he is liable to be made "pigeon pie" of. Nothing in God's creation is more unchangeable than the noodle. Like his love smile, he is always the same—*toujours au beau fixe*. Such natures are happy, and to many women a noodle is an exquisite. The way that eye-glass drops when his lavender holds the tiny hand of the girl he thinks he loves, is certainly a picture. Of course birds of a feather flock together, and exquisites, "with souls so dead," should be happy together. I hope that the entire nation is not judged by the family of noodles, for they flock largely abroad—I should say, in the language of exquisites, "abwaid." I have seen them the ornaments in the Bois du Boulogne in Paris, on the Pincio in Rome, in the Prado in Madrid, in the Central Park in New York. In the spring they appear in force, and look very fresh indeed. I saw many in Rotten Row the other morning; and how dandified and supercilious they looked. One would think they felt that they were born to be adornments; and why not? I can assure you I felt quite pleased with my morning stroll. There was nothing vulgar. The clay of which they are made is refined, and the immovable physiognomies of these noodles put me in mind of a fine collection of Dresden statuettes, and great ornaments to the park.—*Cosmopolitan*.

## Miscellaneous.

The annual contingent of the Belgian army is to consist of 14,000, and the army on the war footing of 110,000 men.

Sir John Lubbock's tame wasp, the hero of the Brighton meeting of the British Association, is dead. It has been interred in the British Museum.

There will be a grand carrier pigeon match at Brussels on the 8th of June. 3,000 pigeons will take part in the contest, the first prize for which will be 1,000 francs.

"A dowry of £8,000, good expectations, and a very old and sick father," are amongst the recommendations of a young lady of good family advertising for a husband in a Continental newspaper.

Two great reviews will be held at Vienna on the 14th and 15th of June by the three Emperors. All the troops garrisoned about Vienna and the military students will participate, thus making a force of from 40,000 to 50,000 men at each review.

The *foyer de la danse* of the New Grand Opera House, in Paris, is to be adorned with portraits of twenty of the most famous danseuses, beginning with Mdlle. Lafontaine (1681), and ending with Mdlle. Rosati (1845). Madame Tagliani, who now resides in London, will, of course, be included in the list.

NEW METHOD OF HEATING RAILWAY CARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.—A new invention for the purpose of heating railway carriages has been tried on the Caledonian Railway. The new apparatus is simply a small oblong copper casing placed under the floor of each apartment, and filled with a patent composition for fuel. This composition is in cakes of different sizes, some of which on being ignited undergo a slow process of combustion for twenty hours, while smaller ones burn for ten or twelve hours.

A most melancholy thing recently happened to a young gentleman in Paris. He had been dining out and winning pretty freely, and as he was going to the *bal d'opéra*, he submitted himself to the operations of a street shoeblack. Leaning back in his chair, he was asleep before the polishing was concluded; but when the juvenile artist found out the condition of his customer, he hastened to improve it. He gently drew off the boots, added his victor's purse and watch to the booty, gathered up his brushes and departed. The gentleman was at last aroused by his cold feet, and ignominiously made the best of his way home. There was no dancing for him that night.

Conjugal statistics are the last mania of the Paris *Figaro*, and if we are to believe the figures of an industrious collaborateur, married life is anything but happiness for a Parisian. Out of 4,618 persons married last April, 58 wives have run away from their husbands, and 90 husbands from their wives; 342 couples are separated, 698 living together at "dangers drawn," 596 covertly disliking each other, 1,868 are mutually indifferent, 761 spouses are dead, 192 couples are reported nearly content with their state, and only 16 are "really happy." When the chances of being "really happy" a year after marriage are 4 per 1,000, persons about to marry would do well to take *Punch's* famous word of warning,—"Don't."