

Or the tributes borne by the grander and severer Milton, with his angelic host—

"Their crowns in wove with amaranth and gold."

(Applause.) No one can be a congenial reader of our English classics who has not some knowledge of flowers and their peculiarities, and perhaps there are few better tests of the state of civilization, especially in a Northern country and climate like ours, than the extent to which knowledge of that description may be exemplified and cultivated. For even, as man's first great idea of unhappiness must forever be associated with a lost garden of delights, so no resource of the civilized man's leisure more wholesomely improves either mind or body, or contributes more to give him serenity of soul, than this of gardening. To the body it is medicine and discipline; to the mind an unfailling spring of thought and reflection—

"Spoke full well, in language, quaint and olden,
One who lives beside the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers the blue and golden
Stars, that in Earths' firmament do shine!"

(Applause.) A strong hold in all ages has this occupation had on the imagination of the world; from age to age we find botany and horticulture struggling downward and onward, from the dawning days of Theophrastus and Pliny, through the gloom and storm of the middle age, finding refuge in the Monk's cell and the Abbott's Garden, until at length it became the peaceful passion of Kings and Nobles, in which at Versailles and elsewhere, they waged a splendid and a most innocent rivalry. (Applause.) In one respect, though the science has generally advanced, I think there is still room for improvement,—I mean in the fashion of naming new varieties after obscure persons, accidentally connected with their production. Every one acknowledges the Imperial fitness of the *Victoria Regia*; but for my own part, I confess to a weakness for the good old usage, when one variety of the *Amaryllis* was known as St. James' Cross, and another as St. Remis Lily, when the *Hypericum* was St. John's Wart, and the *Iris* the Fleur de St. Louis; when the *Tremela Deliquiscens* was known as St. Gudula's Lamp, and the *Riscinis* bore the better name—*Palma Christi*. (Applause.) As to any new variety of the dahlia or the rose, bearing the definitions *Jenkinsonia* or *Robinsonia*, for me, I own, "a rose by any other name" would smell just as sweet. (Laughter.) Ladies and gentlemen, having presented to you these few remarks, compounded like a salad of bitter and sweet, I shall ask my friend Dr. Hamilton, M. P. for King's County, in Nova Scotia—the garden of that Province—who takes a lively interest in agriculture and horticulture, to address you. (Cheers.) I thank you for your attention, and I beg to suggest that every citizen of Montreal, who possibly can, should, to encourage the Society, become, if not a life member, at least an ordinary member.

The President said,—We are honored this evening with the presence of a representative of Horticultural Societies of Nova Scotia, a gentleman who has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of that Province. He had great pleasure in introducing Dr. Hamilton of N. S. —

Dr. HAMILTON on coming forward said,—That if ever an humble individual, like myself, would feel embarrassed in addressing an audience it would be on the present occasion, especially when I know that I am following so distinguished a person as the Hon. Mr. McGee, the Minister of Agriculture of Canada, of wide world fame as an orator and speaker—being but a plain man I claim no pretensions as a speaker or an orator. I came to Canada on a friendly visit, to see the extent and beauty of your country, the fertility of the soil, the skill and art displayed in your manufactories, the superiority of your stock, and of your Agricultural