

the Advancement of Science, Dr. Boyd Dawkins was at considerable pains to show that the present Esquimaux are of the same stock as the ancient cave-men of Britain. Dr. Beddoe not only accepts this theory, but, after laborious research, in conducting which no portion of the United Kingdom was left unvisited, has obtained what he considers evidence of the survival of the type. As to the existence, in a state of fusion, it is true, but sometimes plainly predominant, of the later Euskarian, or Ibero-Berber blood, he has no doubt whatever. He concludes, therefore, that the invasion of the Angles, Saxons, and Scandinavians did not cause the old elements to vanish, but became a new and dominant constituent in the population as a whole—a population, the remarkable complexity of which has hardly yet been realised.

"*Tantæ molis erat Anglorum condere gentem Celtorum*" would, prosaically, be more correct, but, with the aid of *cæsura*, Virgil's metamorphosed line gives fair and not unmusical expression to the long and painful building-up of that English power which a great writer already mentioned—to the honours of whose high literary reputation Canada, happily, has some claim—has given us the opportunity of comparing with that which is named in the original text. Euskarian, Celt, Roman, Saxon, Angle, Dane, and French-speaking Norman—on the union of all these and more was the mighty fabric to be raised.

And here in Canada we have the very same elements, only in different proportions—descendants of Bretons and Britons, of Normans and of Anglo-Normans, of Gael and Cymry, of Teutons and Scandinavians. Among the first Europeans who landed on our shores were those bold, seafaring Basques, of ancient, much-discussed speech, and uncertain kinship. We have also still with us the aborigines of the continent, and may compare their living speech with the living Euskarian. Nor are there wanting members of our own ancestral races of the fiords of Norway and Jutland, and the river-banks and forests of Germany; while in the Icelandic settlements in the North-west we come face to face with another kindred people, of equal interest to the old world and the new.

Looking backward over the centuries that are gone, we can hardly feel inclined, like Henry of Huntingdon, to ascribe the chances and changes which brought us all together in this land of promise to the anger of Heaven. "A happier calamity," writes the brilliant Parkman, "never befel a people, than the conquest of Canada by the British arms;" and, in the light of events, few French-Canadians will disagree with the historian. Happy calamities, also, were the victory at Hastings of the Norman William, the coming of the Angles, Jutes, Saxons, and Danes, the occupation of Britain by the Romans, and the westward movement of the Aryans, bearing in skilful hands and active brains the seeds of the world's greatest civilisation.

JOHN READE.

### IN AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

Is it not a vain thing to write at all in this June weather? Are not paper, pen, and ink necessities of some gray and dismal time o' the year, passed on with other ameliorations of our sad condition then, to be superfluous now? For surely all that can be imagined of loveliness is written large and small in the weedy fields; all there is to know of grace is framed between the boughs of the apple trees; all that can be thought of truth is apprehended in the great white clouds that sail above them, inspired by a very breath of God. If we try to climb the heights of art, a swallow wheels in the sunlight and makes crescents with our ideas; if we explore current literature, a bee lights on the page; if we venture into the uttermost parts of politics, are there not daisies growing upon the very verge? Let us stay with the siren June; let us dally with her awhile in an old-fashioned garden. She hath wile, but no guile; you cannot attach suspicion to a vegetable nature.

It will be hard to find, in these days of lawns and parterres. We will have to divine its existence behind some high red brick wall, built before the spread of æsthetic philanthropy, and bristling with insult to the community in its plentiful top-garnishing of broken bottles. Provided with a certificate of moral standing from the clergyman of the parish, we must supplicate the probable old lady whose laudable conservatism keeps the wall standing and the garden a-bloom. Everybody knows her by sight, although her quaint personality grows every year more uncommon. It is pleasant to dwell upon her, she is so characterful a relic of the ways and manners that the grass is growing over now. She wears her hair in three curls that bob against her cheeks like Mrs. Browning's. She has wondrous stores of silk aprons and bead purses and elaborate little useless boxes and phenomenal samplers. Her thin gold wedding-ring shines through her netted mitten; ancient seals hang upon her twisted watchchain; she still wears a lace shawl to church, and carries thither a small, heart-shaped

bottle of aromatic vinegar, labelled "Sweet," about which she will joke a little in the spirit peculiar to old ladies. Altogether she is quite an adorable relic; and what we love best about her, perhaps, is her garden.

Was ever any place so opulent in colour, so rich in a thousand subtle fragrances, so full to overflowing with light and life and gladness of things that fly or creep, or only grow into the joy of a flowering weed, as an old-fashioned garden, out of Paradise? Nay, we will not consider Paradise, for that locality is originally remote, Oriental, invested with historic doubt and prehistoric facts which have resulted unpleasantly for the race. Finally, it is equally remote, equally inconceivable, equally unrelated to the interests of any landed proprietor among us, vaguely constructed out of our imagination to gratify sublimated senses which we only possess prospectively—quite out of comparison with our warm, earthly garden, that hides and sleeps as we do, is subject to like conditions as we are, buds and blooms for the actual man, helping along, perhaps, the potential angel.

Of course there is a summer-house in our old-fashioned garden—a latticed, octagonal summer-house, hid in a labyrinth of honeysuckle. Perhaps when the narrow, box-bordered path that leads to it and around it was devised it had more than a purely decorative purpose. A tryst—who knows!—in the days when she of the curl-triolets wore pointed bodices and leg-o'-mutton sleeves! Love doubtless laughs at ventilation, and the fact that it is hot and stuffy, and leased to the spiders now, did not prevent its being an ideal bower of bliss then. Even now it is more than a mere prop for the exquisite tangle it supports. It is no small thing to have a summer-house to go into if one wants to, even though, from April to November, one never wants to. And outside the summer-house and inside the box-border what should be growing in little, irregular clumps, all leaning their sweet faces toward the sun, but pinks! Not tall red and white carnations, such as one buys in the florists' shops at forty cents a dozen, but modest, home-keeping members of that family, with distinct dark-red markings on their flushed petals, and all the perfumes of Araby the Blest bottled up in their slender calyxes. Ah, how quaintly and primly, daintily and trimly stand the pretty companies, while the lace mittens help themselves to a bunch for their owner's belt, who never will be accustomed, she says, to a *corsage bouquet*. To keep them humble, see the spreading magnificence of the great red peonies, dowagers of the garden, that for years have typified worldly-mindedness to the lace mittens. How their glorious dyes stand the years—the centuries! Did Titian steal his secret, one wonders, from a peony! The bleeding-hearts went with the lilacs, and the few that are left are quite white with exhaustion; but the flags still hang out their royal purple and white and gold, and the cowslips, brown and yellow, are as gay as they can be! And here is a stiff-necked set of fellows in coats like Joseph's, variegated, each tiny separate blossom of the bunch set about with tickling armour, but exhaling withal such tender reminiscences of one's grandmother—sweet Williams. Who christened them, I wonder, and how many times has the name been changed since to suit the varying circumstances of love-lorn maidenhood? Here is "sweet Mary," too, and "old man," blossomless but odoriferous, and ribbon-grass and larkspur and "live for ever," the leaves of which extreme youth used to hold in its mouth until the outer skin was loosened, and then puff out in miniature bladders. And there is the fragrant profusion of the mignonette, and climbing up out of it the sweet peas, pink and purple. Further on the poppies are already long distanced by the hollyhocks. "A pin to see a poppy show!" Does juvenility still divert itself with "poppy shows," I wonder, or is it too mature to find amusement in scattered petals, a piece of glass and a paper screen thereto. It was one of the delights of less unsophisticated youth.

The tiger-lilies are on the way, and so are the tall, bushy, magenta-pink phloxes, racing with the sun-flowers that will presently radiate æsthetic glory over the garden fence, in the corner where the artichokes were planted as an experiment, and forgotten. The plant quite closely resembles that of the sun-flower, which used to produce the pleasing illusion that the future emblem of æsthetic fetishism had vegetable ends, I remember. And already the sun shines through "love in a mist," the red and yellow blossoms of the lowly portulaca open to him every morning, and the pink and white and streaked "four o'clocks" retire into themselves prematurely every afternoon to mourn his westering. Half hidden from the vulgar eye by its own dark-green, glossy leaves, quietly rejoicing in its pale fashion in all the strength and splendour of the garden, is the tiny white flower somebody named so long ago the "Star o' Bethlehem." It is late for the appearing of the "star," but its radiance is not quite yet quenched by the blood-red splendour of the peony petals that are falling over it. Is it not the poet of the immortal breakfast-table trinity who has once and for all fixed the place of this sweet symbol among the flowers of literature!