

cept, is a prime necessity to poetry. Swinburne, whose wonderful command over words makes him perhaps a prejudiced witness, speaks of

"Strength and beat of spirit to pierce
All forms of cloud and color, that disperse
And leave the spirit of beauty to remould
In types of clear, chryselephantine verse."

and again of

"Words more golden than fine gold
To carve in shapes more glorious than of old
.....
Wrought with fire of joy and light of tears
In words divine, as deeds that grow thereof,
Such music as he swoons with love who hears."

From the utterances of the poets themselves it would seem that metre is a prime necessity and that the language must be excellently well chosen. The poet must be true to Nature, fearless in utterance and with a heart tender yet severely just to all human weakness. He may, it appears, abstain from comment in his presentation of life or nature, yet in his heart of hearts should have for his purpose the glorification of beauty and the purpose of teaching that "as men sow men reap." He must feel that sin is disease, repentance convalescence, and virtue health. He must be far and deep seeing, reading not merely the future but the truths that lie hidden from his fellow-men in humble things. To him the realm of the ideal should be open, "where thought and truth are one and manifold," and we should be able to arise from a perusal of his work with a soul encouraged to accept its round of daily duties, and a mind made glad with a vision of beauty or more profoundly instructed in the workings of the Creator who works towards perfection in us all. No single phrase can attempt a definition of poetry without failing. Wherever nature is, there lies poetry asleep, and with each new truth discovered a new stop is added to the majestic organ of harmony. All that can be said is that poetry is the mirror of the world, which by some magic art reflects an image more beautiful than fact and yet none the less true in its deepest meaning. In the beautiful body it shows us the beautiful soul, and it possesses the power also of showing us the soul of beauty which dwells behind the substance scarred and aged by the warfare of life and the passage of years.

Montreal.

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SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.

Read at a meeting of the Folk-Lore Society.

A competent authority has stated that of the English wild flowers, Shakespeare mentions about fifteen, some of them several times. Of exotic flowers, such as were cultivated in the scanty gardens of his

period, he mentions nine or ten. Of trees and shrubs, exotics included, there are notices of about twenty-five. Of fruits, whether ripened in England, or imported from foreign countries, about thirty. Vegetables are spoken of in about the same proportion.

It would not be fair to take these as constituting the whole of the Flora of the Elizabethan time as known to Shakespeare, since many other trees and flowers might have been familiar to him without receiving mention in his works. Still, we know, that in comparison with our day, the gardens, hedge-rows and meadows,—aye, and even the orchards, must have presented a very scanty aspect.

The best idea of the matter is furnished by the present garden of New Place, at Stratford-upon-Avon, the retreat in which the poet designed to pass the "remainder end" of his days, had they not been cut short by an unskilfully-treated fever,—where Mr. J. O. Halliwell (Phillips) has planted all the flowers which might have been there in Shakespeare's time, not, we believe, restricting himself to those actually mentioned in the poet's works.

How greatly Shakespeare's garden must have differed from the garden of modern times may there be seen. Since his day the floral treasures of the country have been lost in the blaze and glory of an innumerable influx of novelties from all quarters of the globe. We have entered on the development of a new species of floriculture, if we may give it the name. Exhausting flowers, we have betaken ourselves to the culture of leaves, and the modern garden is partly made up of variegated foliage in all its capricious splendour.

A greater change still is that which has come over us in the arrangement of what we possess. It is not, of course, possible to realize with any certainty the sort of garden to which the poet inclined. It might have been of the Italian style, and laid out with a certain formality and pedantic exactness, for such retreats were the vogue of the day. But even supposing this, it must have been a very different thing to the formal gardening of to-day. Dutch taste had not then invaded England, nor had there been experienced any of those influences which have resulted in what has been happily termed the *kamptulicum* variety with which we are familiar. A geometrical figure, wrought in colours, with a severity that admits not of the faintest deviation from the most rigid exactness—this is the model garden of to-day, more resembling confectioner's work than anything pertaining to the gardener's calling. This is the highest triumph of the art as now practised in which nature is dispensed with as a superfluous factor, and the "loves of the plants" and the "loves of the triangles" seem to have become somehow identical.

For very good reasons gardens may be divided