

in this way. If early in April the hills are made in the open ground, thoroughly enriched by digging in plenty of old compost, and glass placed over them, very much time and increased vigor of growth can be gained.

Of all this class of running vines I always plant four or five times the seed required, since their insect enemies are so numerous and voracious. Let the poets say what they please about Nature, I always will maintain that she did a mean thing in evolving a squash-bug. It has not one redeeming trait. It is pure and unmixed evil. One would think it would die of its own odor, and killing squash-bugs is the most prosaic labor of the garden. I don't believe that Adam and Eve ever saw or smelled one until after they had made the acquaintance of the "serpent."

The seed of fall cabbage and cauliflower should be sown early in May. I prefer a cool, half-shaded place—not the shade of a tree, but the north side of a grape-vine or fence—for this purpose. The seed should not be sown where cabbages or vegetables of like nature were grown the previous year, or the plants will suffer from a destructive

disease called the "club-root." For late planting I recommend Premium Flat Dutch, and Drum-head Savoy cabbage, and Le Normand's and Henderson's Snow-ball cauliflower.

By the middle of May the garden, in the main, will be planted, but from first to last the ancient and unceasing conflict between good and evil must go forward. Nature will both help and hinder. She will give you a fine shower one day, a swarm of bugs another, and weeds all the time. There is original sin in the garden, if not total depravity. Only by planting and careful cultivation have I ever obtained a crop of sweet corn, but without lifting my finger I can raise as much "pusley" as Mr. Warner himself, although I can not turn it to as good account. But, after all, Nature is our best ally. With all her caprices, her sudden frowns of cold, her passionate storms, her small spite in the way of bugs and worms, and her perversity in petting weeds and other ignoble things, she has a great, generous heart, which a little tact and devotion wins, and then she bestows upon one even in the kitchen-garden some surprisingly choice favors.

THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRANDAN.

In story, centuries old, I read
That Eden, in its rainless bloom,
The Flood swept off, and islanded
Until the day of doom.
Its shadowy hints the twilight please,
And mariners on moonless seas
Scent strange, sweet odors on the breeze—
They pass it in the gloom.
And once a monk of Innisfail,
With youthful, yearning eyes
Beheld no more of men, set sail
In quest of Paradise.

The legend haunted me: in sleep
I saw the high-pooped galliot, trim
In sail and ballast for the deep,
Depart at dawning dim.
In fire and foam sank Erin's isle,
As in the rising sun the while
A sweet youth with a heavenly smile
On a gold harp did hymn.
"And what, O youth, on deck so quaint,
Seek those seraphic eyes?
What speaks thy harp?" "Hope!" sung the saint:
"I sail for Paradise."

My vision changed: 'twas noon: the sea
In glaring calm one vessel glassed;
In leaden immobility
The worn sails draped the mast.
The voyager, in manly prime,
I knew; and still that song sublime
I heard, defying tide and time,
Although the morn was past.
"O minstrel, what, when hope seems dead,
Yet holds thine earnest eyes?
What now art hymning?" "Faith!" he said,
"And the isle of Paradise."

I dreamed through shocks of storm and gale:
Again I saw: the day was done;
That bark, a wreck with ragged sail,
Steered for the setting sun.
But, ah! I had not known, in sooth,
Save for those eyes of radiant truth,
And that rich harp, that the sweet youth
And gray-haired sage were one.
"And what, O seer, at close of even,
Enraptures still thine eyes?
What music?" "Love, and yon pure heaven,
The shore of Paradise."

Lo! in smooth sweep of gleaming swell,
The jasper sea! A mighty land,
With many a purple peak and dell,
Soared from the waters grand,
With great woods waved on every slope—
An isle distinct from base to cope;
And over all, in face of hope,
Flashed no repelling brand.
Too soon I lost that glorious sky,
That bark, those solemn eyes;
But my night was filled with harmony
That breathed of Paradise.

Let no heart faint in the slow course
Of effort, if it would achieve;
There lives indomitable force
In simply—to believe.
Hope tunes thy harp, boy-poet pure;
Teach faith with all thy might mature;
Sing heavenly love—its promise sure
To give and to receive;
The purest good, the loftiest goal,
Seek with undrooping eyes,
And life's long day, O dauntless soul,
Shall set on Paradise.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

TO rightly understand an author, and the place he occupies in the literature of his country, we must not only understand the events of his life and the order in which his works were written, we must also understand the literary conditions under which they were produced, and which conspired to make them what they were. To judge the authors of the last century by the standards of the present century is to judge them uncritically and unjustly; they wrote according to their light, and whether it was greater or lesser, it was certainly other than our light. They belonged to their day and generation, as we belong to ours, and if we cherish the hope of being appreciated by those who come after us, we should seek to appreciate those who came before us, and who made what we are possible. It is a fashion among young writers to sneer at their elders, as if they were unworthy of serious consideration. I have heard these confident gentlemen declare that the prose of Irving was poor, and the poetry of Bryant dull and monotonous. I have asked them if they were familiar with early American literature, if they had read the prose writers who preceded Irving and the poets who preceded Bryant, and they have generally admitted that they had not, thereby placing themselves out of court. If a crass ignorance prevails in regard to these writers, who are among the most distinguished that we have, what instrument yet invented can measure the ignorance which prevails in regard to others of less note—such men, for example, as Richard Henry Dana? That he wrote something once upon a time a well-informed reader might possibly recollect, but precisely what it was not one in a hundred could tell. And yet he ranked in his day (and justly) among the foremost writers in America. Davenant was right when he sang of Fame,

"She seldom is acquainted with the young,
And weary is of those who live too long."

Ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims there came to America an English gentleman named Thomas Dudley. He had been educated in the family of the Earl of Northampton, had served with the army in Flanders, and had been for a number of years steward to the Earl of Lincoln. He was succeeded in his stewardship by Mr. Simon Bradstreet, of Emanuel College, who had been steward to the Countess of Warwick, and who had married his daughter, Anne Dudley, in the sixteenth or seventeenth year of her age. They emigrated to America in 1630, as I have said, and were received with distinction, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Bradstreet both being chosen Governors of Massachusetts. It is not with these wor-

thy gentlemen, however, that we are concerned now, but with the wife of the latter, who shares with George Sandys the honor of baptizing the shores of the New World with Heliconian dew. She was well read in the literature of the time, poetical, theological, and other, and without possessing genius, was a young woman of talents. It was the fashion to admire Sidney's "Arcadia," so she admired it, and wrote an elegy upon its chivalrous author, whom his contemporaries insisted on idolizing. She also admired Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which was more read in the first half of the seventeenth century than it ever has been since; and she may be said to have doted upon Du Bartas, whom every body was reading then, through the lumbering version of Sylvester, though nobody can be persuaded to read him now. Her master was Du Bartas, whose "sugared lines" she read over and over, grudging that the Muses did not part their overflowing stores betwixt him and her:

"A Bartas can do what a Bartas will,
But simple I according to my skill."

Whether Mrs. Bradstreet was addicted to literary pursuits before leaving England we are not told. Her education is said to have been completed in America under the care of her husband, who was college-bred, as we have seen, and of his friends among the learned men who presided over the society of Cambridge and Boston. Such, at least, is the statement of Dr. Griswold, who adds that her poems seem to have been suggested by her experiences and observations in this country—an opinion which is not borne out by her verse, which is bookish and pedantic. We have her own words that she was a good wife and a careful mother; for in one of the poems which she addressed to her husband she sang:

"If ever two were one, then surely we;
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife were happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if ye can."

And she wrote concerning her children:

"I had eight birds hatched in the nest;
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest;
I nursed them up with pain and care,
For cost nor labor did not spare;
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the trees, and learned to sing."

The hatching and nursing of her birds and the care of her nest did not prevent Mistress Anne Bradstreet from wooing the Muses, greatly to the edification of her polite contemporaries, who were in raptures with her effusions, which were doubtless handed round in manuscript. They were collected and published without her knowledge, with a preface which Dr. Griswold thinks was written by her brother-in-law, John Woodbridge, of Andover, who affects to believe that the reader will ask whether it was pos-