

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



The Spirit's Flight.

In the silence of the night,
Lo! the spirit takes her flight
To the misty world of light—
Far away.

Floating on from clime to clime,
Entered not by man nor time,
Till she mounts the Heavens sublime—
Far away.

Where the music of the spheres,
Never heard by mortal ears,
Speaks in tones of other years—
Far away.

Or with fresh'ning midnight breeze,
Speaks along through warring trees
To its hoarse 'er rolling seas—
Far away.

To the Islands of the Blest,
Floating on Atlantic's breast,
Where long-wearied spirits rest—
Far away.

Where fair flowers for ever blow,
Where there come not frost and snow,
And the tropic fervens glow—
Far away.

To old kingdoms of the wise,
Where vast pyramids arise,
Till they pierce the burning skies—
Far away.

Where the ruined city stands
Circled by the desert sands,
In fireburn, lonely lands—
Far away.

And the like-life Perian stems,
Mid great temples overthrown,
Stand in silence, and alone—
Far away.

To the lofty mountain chain,
Where volcanic fumes reign,
Pouring rain on the plain—
Far away.

And eruptions none alight,
Flashing round on the night,
Turning lightning day to night—
Far away.

To the field where warrior lying,
Wounded, and the dead and dying,
See the victor 'er him lying—
Far away.

Or where language in perils dying,
Over dark-veiling times,
As they look her history mine—
Far away.

Where the mighty waters roll,
Till they reach their ice-bound goal,
In the silence of the Pole—
Far away.

Where the monsters of the deep
Their mysterious revolve keep,
And their shipwrecked harvest reap—
Far away.

Or where death in earth is lying,
Heeding not the widow's sighing,
Nor the orphan children crying—
Far away.

Can the soil, gross matter spinning,
With a fire eternal burning,
Be like fire to earth returning—
Far away.

As through acres of sown and mirth,
She thus traverses the earth,
To the region of fire hither—
Far away.

Not as to begin by ancient sages
In their heaven-illuminated pages,
She shall live through endless ages—
Far away.

When earth's orb has ceased to move,
In her lucid blue above,
In the land of light and love—
Far away.

W. C. HILKINSON.

The Vegetable Garden.



THEN, a little over three hundred years ago, Queen Katharine, wife to Henry VIII, wanted a salad she was obliged to go to France to Holland, and a special messenger to procure one for her.

Times are changed since then, and now we no longer need such special messengers for anything we want, for our gardens are well supplied, and vegetables unknown in King Henry's reign are so common now. The cabbage is one of our indigenous plants, growing in the sea-shore, and its yellow blossoms are well known to all rambles. From this small plant have sprung the various cabbages—kales, cauliflower, head, and sprouts of all kinds—which are so largely used both for man and beast. When would the German be without his sauerkraut? And how would the cattle on many farms fare without the great cow-cabbage, which in the Channel Islands grows ten and twelve feet high?

Perhaps some people will be surprised to find how many vegetables are purely English. Thus, horse-radish, without which our roast beef is nearly worthless, by the side of ditch and other waste places, and mustard, also an invaluable accompaniment to our national dish, grows wild in the fields. There are two species, called black and white mustard, but the white is considered the best, and it is the white mustard in a very young stage of growth, which we so much value, and which it is to be widely available, and found in our gardens from an oak knows where.

Ditching also produces oyster, though we never used a favorite remedy in the case of our grandmothers, was prepared from the seeds of one species of fennel.

And last, but not least, ditcher produce of universal favorite the nasturtium, which we use in salad. Getting back to the eastward we find spruce and mace, but the former is now so rare as to be found only in a few places, one of which is a little island off the Cornish coast. Not much so quite fernsampshire, which, though not now cultivated in gardens, as seems to have been the case when John Evelyn published his "Kalendarium," is still reared as a public by some people, as it was in the days when Shakespeare's sampler-patcher hung "halfway down" his cliff by his threadbare train.

Turning again to the field, we come across the carrot, turnip, and parsnip (this latter word not so confounded with the white parsnip, which is a deadly poison), and many of the herbs in ordinary use—marjoram, pennyroyal, basil thyme, wild thyme, and oregano, of peasant and squire. But the herb-leaved plant called wild parley indigenous in every hedge, and known to school-boys as favorite food for their rabbits, the parley we grow in kitchen use is a native of Sardinia. Some come from the South of Europe, and taraxacum, so much liked in French salads, comes all the way from Siberia.

Pars and leeks, now such neighbors in the garden ground, come from widely distant lands; the first is supposed to be a native of Southern Europe, the leek to be a native of the East, but brought by the Romans into England centuries ago. The variety called French or dwarf kidney has come from India; the wild or sea-kale, however, is a native of South America, and it is only within the last fifty years that it has come into general use as a vegetable, having been first cultivated with the British in the earliest flower, and till its succulent seed-bed. It is now found in every garden, and, lasting till late in the autumn, supplies the place of our table that pea and lentils do in the earlier summer months.

The large gourd family come from the East, where from earliest times they have been so used. The children of Israel learneded for the nation and the monuments when leaving the land of Egypt, and other allusions are made in the Old Testament to gourds and cucumbers. But the vegetable-marrow, now the most popular of this family, has not been long an inhabitant of our gardens.

From the East also comes the onion with its allies, shallots, garlic, shallots, and chives.

Indeed, we have sanctioned the whole world, as it seems, to fill our garden beds with varied produce.

Take a salad, for instance, and see from what different parts of the globe the things composing it come. Mustard and watercress we have already named as cultivated; their original home is unknown; indigenous cress and lettuce have been so long in cultivation that their original home is unknown; radishes come from China, and the same distant the produce of the entire; beetroot grows wild in the mountains of the South of Europe, and Italy sends the oilseed without which our dish would be incomplete.

The tomato, an ally of the potato, is also a foreigner, coming from South America, as does also the Jerusalem artichoke (which, as stated in a previous paper on the names of plants, derived its name from the habits of turning its origin), but it has been about a hundred-and-fifty years in cultivation. Curiously enough, the flower of this plant is so very rare that only a few of the specimens were thought worth an engraving, yours ago; a specimen was thought worth an engraving and description in the *Illustrated London News*.

What may be called the artichoke proper, or real artichoke, is of the third tribe, and was originally a native of Italy, being brought over to England in the latter years of Henry VIII, when more attention began to be given to gardening. To speak of all the varieties which cultivation has produced would be endless, but it is hoped enough has been said to make a walk through a kitchen garden more interesting than might at first sight appear possible from a spot devoted, not to planting, but to the eye by beautiful colours, but to the lighter duties of supplying the vegetable wants of mankind.

ELEAN HABELLE TAPPEL.

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