A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

(From the London Athenæum.)

In a cleft of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an island inland,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of breakwood and thorn indenses
The steep square slope of the blossoming bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a ship should sound or a wave be shaken,
We shall a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand!
So long have the gray bare walls lain gnestlone,
Through branches and briers if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passages is blind and silted
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the straight waste place that the years have rilled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wastes, the weed that shakes,
These remain.

Not a flower to be proof of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are rent
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not
Could she call, there were never a rose to rent.
Over one meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sun-bird's song
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One patent, bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that live lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were_ they_ the same?—but what end who knows?
Love grows as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-seed sown that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take no thought for the living here then?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are lovelies now as the grass above them
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea
Not a breath of time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a Summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise no more,
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend
Earth, mother, and gives of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the slow cliff crumble,
Till earnace and moonlight see the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink.
Here now it is triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoil that spoilers spoil,
The spent self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

FARM AND OTHER NOTES.

CELERY.

By Alexander Hyde.

Celery (*apium graveolens*) is nothing more nor less than wild smallage—or smallage, as it was sometimes called—civilized by culture. The wild plant grows by the side of ditches and on marshy places, and is a tough shrub with a pungent taste. The modifying influence of culture is manifest in all plants, but is some more than others, and in none more than in celery. When we first tasted the cultivated plant we recognized the flavour of the wild shrub which we occasionally nibbled in our childhood, and the association led us to think that we never could like this vegetable, notwithstanding its inviting look, but each time we tasted we relished it more, and now it occupies as regular a place in our garden as corn, and is a luxury, not indispensable, but very comfortable. The virtue of celery is specific, conspicuous in winter, when green and succulent herbs are scarce, and are, therefore, the more grateful to the stomach. It is a dish, too, which sets off a thanksgiving or Christmas dinner to great advantage, and as it lasts all through the cold months, it serves, as Irving expresses it "to cheat winter of its gloom."

We do not claim for celery any great nutritive power, though it is not deficient in nutrition. Its great virtue is the tone which it gives the stomach, and the consequent general vigour which it imparts to all the system. Dr. Edward Smith, in his valuable book on *Foods*, speaks of this class of vegetables as "less valuable for its direct nutritive elements than for its indirect and medicinal salms (relish). Just what saline matter celery contains we may learn from the analysis of the plant which Prof. Salisbury gives in the twelfth volume of the *Transactions of the New York Agricultural Society*, which we transcribe, omitting the fractional parts, and adding them integers when over one-half: Carbonic acid, 21 per cent.; silica, 8; phosphoric acid, 7; phosphate of iron, 5; lime, 11; magnesia, 1; potash, 7; soda, 29; chlorine, 1; sulphuric acid, 10. From the most cursory glance we must see from the above that celery is rich in those inorganic elements which give tone to the debilitated stomach. This medicinal virtue of food is a point much overlooked by caterers for the table, and is worthy of more consideration. If we are only the right foods, and in the right quantity, there would be less dyspepsia and general debility; and if food must be taken partly with reference to its medicinal virtues, we know nothing more pleasant to take than a dish of celery.

But we took up our pen not so much to discuss the virtues of celery as to point out a more excellent mode for its culture than our fathers practiced. They dug deep trenches, which they filled partly with manure and rich mould, and on this placed their plants. The object of the trench was to assist in the blanching process, but digging trenches by spade power is work. Besides, a deep trench, unless in a correspondingly deep and rich soil, brings to a barren subsoil, and an artificial bed must be made on which to place the plants. This involves additional labor and expense. With every heavy rain also the plants in the trench are liable to be drowned out, or smothered with dirt washed in. The most approved practice, therefore, is to plough as deep as the plough and oxen will allow, and laying off the lands so that the double furrows will be five or six feet apart. In these double furrows place a double dressing of well-rotted compost, of which wood ashes form a component part, and if the compost is not too rich the plants may be set out directly upon it—otherwise heat in some of the ploughed dirt before setting the plants. These should be placed six to ten inches apart, the former distance for the dwarf variety and the latter for the giant. If the transplanting is done in a wet or cloudy day no protection from the sun will be necessary, but if in a dry time water the plants thoroughly and cover them with a board. Few vegetables bear transplanting better than celery, and in two or three days the new rootlets will be growing, and the boards can be removed.

The soil for celery is a rich, deep loam, moist and friable. In clay lands the stalks are apt to become rusty. The situation which they like best is one open to the sun and winds, where they can have a monopoly of the virtues of the soil and air. Land so heavily be too rich for celery, but the richness should be rather from prior manuring than the immediate application of fresh stable excrement, as the latter inclines the stocks to grow rank, soft, and hollow. Both celery, in comparison with solid, is a rag-money compared with gold. The vegetable is moisture, but we should not advise artificial watering. In deep and rich land frequent stirrings of the surface are better than the watering pot, as it keeps the soil to bake and form a crust, thus excluding air and moisture.

Our practice is to plant celery as a second crop after early peas, putting on a thick coat of compost as soon as the pea vines are removed, which we plough in deeply, and in a few days, generally about the 1st of August, plough again, thus incorporating the manure thoroughly with the soil, and at this second ploughing, laying out the lands with double furrows as before mentioned. Good stocky plants, six inches long, set the first of August, will grow till into November and furnish a winter supply. A small crop for early fall use can be started early in the season. Many sow the seed in a hot-bed as early as March, but hot-bed plants are apt to be slim, sickly affairs, sometimes running up to seed, while those sown in an open border, as soon as the ground is warm and dry enough, will be found to be more stocky and robust. In either case they should be picked out and set in a bed, two or three inches apart, to become well rooted and well leaved before being transplanted to their final home. It is important that the plants should not be checked in their growth at any stage of life. A stunted plant, like a stunted animal, will run rooters vigour.

The blanching process may be commenced when the plants are a foot high, or even sooner, and should always be done on a dry day, drawing the earth carefully around the stalks, which may be clasped and pressed gently together with one hand, while the dirt is heaped up with the other. If the mold gets between the stalks, it is apt to induce rust and some times decay. Some cultivators recommend cutting heaping up the earth for blanching till the stalks have nearly attained their growth, and thus making short work of the blanching, but we prefer to commence earlier, and bring up but little earth at a time. The stalks thus treated are more solid, and strike more tender and less delicate. Hoeing and earthing once in ten days or a fortnight make a little more labour, but secure a better crop.

The great trouble with celery growers has been to preserve it from the frosts of winter. Some cover it where grown with leaves or straw, on which boards are placed, and dig it out when wanted for use. Others lay it in a cool cellar, packed in sand, and some bury it in a dry place in the garden, in a way to secure it from the frost. Some place it in a cellar or root house