Mrs. B. says she is not certain that ever a transmution took place. In the Four Humours of Man the blood is not described as circulating through our veins and arteries.

The poetess says,—"To play philosopher I have no list nor yet physician, nor anatomist." Yet here are two lines expressing a great fact of science according to the evolutionsts. "What is there living which don't first derive his life now animal, from vegetive?" She thinks the human soul resides in the brain with reason, fancy, memory, and the five senses. The gentleness and gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney were very much admired by her; but I think his Dudley blood also claimed and gained her affection. She calls him a "miracle of wit," and a "brave Achilles" in arms. Sidney fought on Flanders coast and was wounded unto death at Zutphen. She calls him,

> "Heir to the Muses, son of Mars in truth,
> Learning, valor, wisdom, all in virtuous youth."

There are many verses in Mrs. Bradstreet's "Contemplations," and the piece called "The Flesh and the Spirit," which no ladies before her time had ever excelled. Her apostrophe to the sun is very fine, both as to figures and rythm. The rhyme and melody are perfect. The apparent motions of the heavenly bodies were all that she had learned. Had the great truths of astronomy, as now understood, been known to her, the poem might have been more sublime. Her genius would have made the picture worthy of the theme.

"Phœbus" (the sun) "wanted but one hour to bed." The insects "seemed to glory in their little art." These and the following are her bright expressions:

> "While on the stealing stream I fixed mine eye,
> Which to the longed for ocean held its course."

This is made a simile of life's course to heaven. She sings,—

> "A hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet,"
> And "hand in hand along with thee they glide."

Thus, "Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm," the poetess mused, as she sat by the Merrimack river near her home in Andover. So thinks Mr. Ellis, her last editor.

The smoothness and harmony of these numbers came from reading Spenser's poems. In the "Bower of Bliss of the Faery Queen" there are lines of such a style. I see no indications that she had ever read Shakespeare's sonnets or dramas. In them