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DROPS

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FLORASOL

DROPS FROM FLORA'S CUP.

OR THE

POETRY OF FLOWERS,

WITH A

Floral Vocabulary.

BY MISS MARY M. GRIFFIN.

They sent me forth
To oull sweet flowers ; but, alas !
I found the earth a desert place.
I sat me down, and upward gazed,
Weeping that earth could boast no stars ;
When Flora passing, heard my moan,
And stopping, with a pitying glance,
Dropped her richest gems.

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PREFACE.

FLOWERS! those children of Spring; which breathe in their language the sentiments of the heart, in its ever varying vicissitudes; O, let them gather round thy pathway, and shed their fragrance there; they will ever cast a refined perception o'er the soul and impart to it their own sweet freeness.

The study of these bright gems of earth, which delight the senses, is not attended to with the same depth of devotion, that marks the students of Oriental lands, for Percival tells us that

‘ They talk in flowers.’

Their language most truly is eloquent, though silent; and I doubt not, if the sentiments of flowers were more generally understood, that now we oft should be told

‘ The wish of “the” heart in flowers.’

The sacred writers teach, in flowers, rich and hallowed lessons ; and, in the application of those lessons, we interest the sweetest, tenderest sympathies of the soul.

We present in our little work the language, sentiment, and poetry of flowers ; and have endeavored to cull the richest sentiments and select the poetry which breathes FLORA'S truest language. Her followers received, amid ' Autumn's' bounteous days and ' Winter's' chilling blasts, her gifts, and we trust that, in genial Spring, her sweetest, choicest DROPS will be gladly welcomed.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1845.

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Drops from Flora's Cup.

THE SNOWDROP.

The SNOWDROP rears its virgin head amid the storms of February, and comes as the first harbinger of milder seasons, breathing the voice of consolation. Thus beautifully speaks Montgomery : —

Simple snowdrop ! then in thee
All thy sister train I see :
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose ;
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the year ;
All that wreath the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
All to thee their tribute bring,—
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
— Their hues, their odors all are thine !
For while their humble form I view,
The muse's keen prophetic sight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

THE PRIMROSE.

CARRINGTON.

Sweet herald of the ever gentle Spring,
How gently waved o'er the winter's wing!
Around thee blew the warm Favonian gale,
Devonia nursed thee in her loveliest vale;
Beneath she rolled the Plym's pellucid stream,
And heaven diffused around its quickening beam.
But, ah! the sun, the shower, the zephyr bland,
Made thee but fair to tempt the spoiler's hand.
I cannot bear thee to thy bank again,
And bathe thy breast in soft refreshing rain,
Nor bid the gentle zephyr round thee play,
Nor, 'raptured, eye thee basking in the ray;
But snapped untimely from thy velvet stem,
Be thou my daily care, my 'bonnie gem.'
And when thus severed from thy native glade,
The radiance of thy cinque-d-rayed star shall fade,
And pale decay come creeping o'er thy bloom,
A sigh, dear flower, shall mourn thy early doom.

The Primrose, tenant of the glade,
Emblom of virtue in the shade.

JOHN MAYNE.

HEART'S-EASE.

MRS. SHERIDAN.

In gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,
By vulgar eyes unnotieed and unseen ;
In sweet security it humbly blows,
And rears its purple head to deek the green.

This flower, as Nature's poet sweetly sings,
Was once milk-white, and 'heart's-ease' was its
name,
Till wanton Cupid poised its roseate wings,
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous arm the god his arrow drew,
Which she with icy coldness did repel ;
Rebounding thence, with feathery speed it flew
Till on this lonely flower, at last it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd
found ;
No more the nymphs its snowy form possess ;
Its white now ehanged to purple by love's wound,
Heart's-case no more, — 't is love in idleness.

And these are pansies that's for thought.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PERCIVAL.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love,
Young, blushing love in its earliest dawn ;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress, that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow, that mourns her bitter lot ;
And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks to thy blue leaves — forget-me-not.

BRING FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured ;
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and
vale,

Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the
rose,

To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path —
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines he crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day —
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;
Of the free, blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth — bring flowers, wild
flowers !

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,

Her place is now by another's side —
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead !
For this through its leaves hath the white-rose
burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift — bring ye flowers, pale
flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in
prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there* !
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory — bring flowers, bright
flowers !

THE DAISY.

The origin of the DAISY in Mythology is ascribed to Belides, one of the Dryads. Vertumnus, the presiding deity over orchards, beheld her dancing, and, admiring her gracefulness, pursued her. Belides, wishing to escape Vertumnus, was changed into the little flower, called by the Latins, Bellis.

The original English name was Day's Eye, of which Daisy is a corruption. The name is well adapted, for it truly is a watcher of the day; opening its petals at morn and closing them at eve.

MONTGOMERY.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

'T is Flora's page: — In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

THE ORANGE BOUGH.

MRS. HEMANS.

Oh ! bring me one sweet orange bough,
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow ;
One bough, with pearly blossoms drest,
And bind it, Mother ! on my breast !

Go, seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odors I must breathe no more ;
The grove, where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh ! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,
And wild farewell, are lingering there ;
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head ;
And bind it, Mother ! on my breast,
When I am laid in lonely rest.

— The golden boast
Of Portugal, and western India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their polished foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.

COWPER.

Love shut out of the Flower Garden.

MRS. LAWRENCE.

Close the poreh and bar the door !
Onward may thy footsteps stray :
Never more in idle hour
Bend thou here thy treacherous way.
Hearts-ease tremble all around,
As thy wild breath wanders by ;
Roses to thy bosom bound —
Yield their latest, sweetest sigh,

Cruel boy ! — abjured and scorned,
Here thy blushing trophies glow ;
' *Love-lies-bleeding*,' all around —
Speed thee ! dangerous vagrant ; go !
When yon fountain sparkles clear,
Low beneath its willowy shade,
Nurslings of one parent born,
Love-and-idleness played.

When yon *wild-rose* flaunts her flowers,
(Once its garlands bound my hair,)
Changed for me those sunny hours,
Thou thy thorn hast planted there.
Frailest woodbine, all untwined,
Wanders here forlorn and free ;
Emblem of the maiden's mind,
Who has plaecd her trust in thee.

Passion's-flowers are past and gone ;
Still around one lovely spot,
All her turquoise gems unchanged,
Blooms the meek *forget-me-not*.
Once beneath thy fickle power,
Glowed the hour or gloomed the day ;
Now my chastened bosom owns
Wisdom's rule, and reason's sway.

Leave me to my new-found peace ;
Leave me to my late repose :
Here at length my troubles cease —
Here my heart forgets its woes.
Yes, sweet Love ! with tears and grief,
I thy wings receding see ;
Sorrow still on parting waits, —
Hope and joy retire with thee.

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

BYRON.

The spring is come, — the violet is gone,
The first-born child of the early sun ;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower ;
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the spring comes, with her host
Of flowers, — that flower, beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
Her heavenly odors and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald, out of dire December ;
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours ;
And, 'mid the roses, ne'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

Did you but know, when bathed in dew
How sweet the little *violet* grew
Amidst the thorny brake ;
How fragrant the ambient air
O'er beds of many flowers fair,
Your pillows you'd forsake.

J. HEYRICK.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Flowers, fresh flowers, with your fragranee free,
Have you come in your queenly robes to me?
Me have you sought, from your fair retreat,
With your greeting lips and your dewy feet,
And the heavenward glance of your radiant eye,
Like angel-guests from a purer sky?

But where did ye hide when the frost comes near,
And your many sisters were pale with fear?
Where did ye hide, with a cheek as bright
As gleamed amid Eden's vales of light,
Ere the wiles of the Tempter its bliss had shamed,
Or the terrible sword o'er the gateway flamed?
Flowers — sweet flowers — with your words of
 cheer,
Thanks to the friend who hath brought you here;
For this, may her blossoms of varied dye,
Be the earliest born 'neath the vernal sky;
And she be led by thy whispered lore,
To the love of that land where they fade no more.

‘No more, rich rose, on thy heaving breast,
The honey-bee fold his wings to rest!’

WREATHS.

ANON.

Weave thee a wreath of woodbine, child,
'T will suit thy infant brow ;
It runs up in the woodland wild,
As tender and as frail as thou.

I saw him not till his manly brow
Was clouded with thought and care ;
And the smile of youth, and its beauty, now
No longer wanted there

Go, twine thee a crown of the ivy tree,
And gladden thy loaded breast :
Bright days may yet shine out for thee,
And thy bosom again know rest.

Long years rolled on, — and I saw again
His form in hoary age ;
His forehead was deeply furrowed then,
In life's last feeble stage.

O, be thy crown, old man, I said,
Of the yew and the cypress made ;
A garland meet for thy silvered head
Ere it low in the tomb be laid.

THE POPPY.

Fabulous history tells us that the POPPY was sacred to the goddess Ceres ; because, in her distress for the loss of her daughter Proserpine, who was borne away by Pluto, Jupiter gave her poppies to eat, that she might slumber, and forget her sorrows. The palace of Somnus or Sleep (an infernal deity) is represented by Ovid, as a dark and dismal cave, at the entrance of which grew poppies and other somniferous plants. The poppy has been celebrated on account of its narcotic quality ; it yields a juice, which is used to relieve pain and procure sleep ; hence it made the symbol of consolation.

OVID.

Near the Cimmerians, lurks a cave, in steep
And hollow hills, the mansion of dull Sleep.
Before the entrance, fruitful poppy grows ;
With numerous simples, from whose juicy birth
Night gathers sleep, and sheds it o'er the earth.

MURPHY.

Kind sleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel ;
A momentary respite from despair.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

When jocund summer leads her laughing hours,
And decks her zone with odorific flowers,
'T is then thy charms attract the vulgar gaze,
And tempt the view with meretricious blaze ;
Caught by thy glare, with pleasure they behold
Thy glowing crimson melting into gold.

In vain to nobler minds thy love is spread,
Thy painted front, thy eup of glowing red ;
Beneath thy bloom, such noxious vapors lie,
That when obtained, and smelt, we loathe and fly.
Thus pleasure spreads for all her silken joys,
And oft, too late, the painted prospect elays.

CONSOLATIONS OF SLEEP.

YOUNG.

Man's rich restorative ; his balmy bath,
That supple, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn ;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness elog our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.

THE IVY.

BARTON.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight; and then,
As I at thy years might do,
Passed carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view.
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O, smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead?

— Catch the neighbor shrub
With elapsing tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.

COWPER.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

MRS. HEMANS.

O, wear it on thy heart, my love !
Still, still a little while !
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Though faded be their smile.
Yet, for the sake of what hath been,
O, cast it not away !
'T was born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright, golden day.

A little while around thee, love !
Its fragrance yet shall cling,
Telling that on thy heart hath lain,
A fair, though faded thing.
But not even that warm heart hath power
To win it back from fate : —
O, I am like thy broken flower,
Cherished too late, too late.

Ye are the stars of earth, — and dear to me
Is each small twinkling gem, that wanders free,
'Mid glade or woodland, or by murmuring stream.

MISS TWAMLEY.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

A tear, unbidden, starts when we view this emblem of religious fervor, for though we follow not the superstitious, yet we feel a sympathy in tracing in it the mysterious emblem of the Saviour's passion.

ANON.

All beauteous flower! whose centre glows
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows
Ray-like effulgence; next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfringed with an empurpled blue,
And streaked with young Pomona's green.

High o'er the pointal, decked with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold!)

A radiant cross its form expands;
Its opening arms appear to embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuse of all men, in all lands.

— Imperial passion flower!
Whatever impulse first conferred that name,
Or fancy's dream, or superstition's art,
I freely own its spirit-touching claim,
With thoughts and feelings it may well impart.

BARTON.

THE QUEEN OF THE GARDEN.

MOORE.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A *queen* for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And reign the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning, —
Gem, the rest of earth adorning,
Eye of flow'rets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nursed by dawns;
Soft the soul of love it breathes;
Cypria's brow with magic wreathes;
And to the zephyrs warm caresses
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray

Of all flowers,

Methinks a rose is best. * * *

It is the very emblem of a maid;

For when the west wind courts her gently,

How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes! When the north comes
near her,

Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,

She looks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to chase briars.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE LAST WISH.

MRS. HEMANS.

' Well may I weep to leave this world — thee —
all these beautiful woods, and plains, and hills.'

Go to the forest shade —
Seek thou the well known glade,
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie;
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes filled with sleep,
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May, and of the wood's repose;
For I in sooth depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Well know'st thou that fair tree —
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honeyed lime above;
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower —
For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then, from the lattice low

Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,
When by the hamlet last,
Through dim wood-lanes we passed,
While dews were glancing to the glowworm's spark.

Haste ! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair,
My hand no more may bind them up at eve —
Yet shall their odor soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer — all that I must leave.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh ! break thou not the spell !)
In the deep wood and by the fountain side ;
Thou must not, my beloved !
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

SIR W. SCOTT.

O, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the eypress-tree !
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the eypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses bought so dear ;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipped in dew ;
On favored Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green —
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the eypress-tree.

' Pity, the offspring of Love and Sorrow, wore
on her head a garland composed of her father's
myrtles, twined with her mother's *cypress*. '

AITKEN.

THE COWSLIP.

This flower probably derived its name from the similitude between its perfume and the breath of the cow. It is a beautiful white and yellow flower and grows luxuriantly in the open fields.

ANON.

Unfolding to the breeze of May,
The cowslip greets the vernal ray ;
The topaz and the ruby gem
Her blossom's simple diadem ;
And as the dewdrops gently fall,
They tip with pearls her coronal.

SHAKSPEARE.

The cowslip's tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favors ;
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go and seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear,
I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.

' It is the same ! it is the very seent —
That bland, yet luscious meadow-breathing sweet.'

The Origin of Night-blowing Flowers.

ANON.

Long ceased had the blackbird's evening hymn,
And daylight had melted to twilight dim,
And hushed each noisy sound, that could mar
The quiet scene — and but one bright star,
Like a sentinel his watch was keeping
O'er the still earth beneath him sleeping.
Drooped had each flower, and sunk to rest,
Close shrouded in its leafy vest,
Through which the thickly-falling dews
Would to its heart themselves infuse,
And by a breeze so balmy and bland
These slumbering flowers were gently fanned,
That a forward bud which sunbeams had nursed
The livelong day, but had not burst
Yet into life when evening fell,
Now felt its leaves begin to swell,
Till at last it bloomed, a childlike flower
Born at the still of evening's hour.
And it opened its eyes to mark the spot,
Which nature had destined to be its lot;
And it looked around on each kindred flower,
But no rival it found at such an hour;
And it looked below, where the glowworm's lamp
Shone on the ground with dewdrops damp;
And it looked above, where that lone star's light
Shone on the blue sky clear and bright,
Till its spirit rejoiced in the quiet night;

And the mild breeze kissed it, and it drew
Deep delight in its bath of dew.
But morn arose — and light came in,
Accompanied by the world's loud din;
And brighter flowers their charms display,
And gone has the star and glowworm's ray,
And all changed the scene, till that flower could bear
No longer to gaze on the glittering glare;
So, beneath its leaves, it folded its eyes
Till the sun should depart, and again arise
That one bright star, and all should be
Hushed in the same tranquillity
As when it awoke to birth and joy,
With no light to dazzle, nor noise to annoy.

Ye are not missed, fair Flowers.

MRS. HEMANS.

Ye are not missed, fair flowers, that late were
spreading

The summer's glow by fount and breezy grot ;
There falls the dew, its fairy favors shedding,
The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
O, lily ! whence thy cup of pearl is gone ;
The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest
daughter,
There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.

And thou, meek hyacinth ! afar is roving
The bee, that oft thy trembling bells hath kissed ;
Cradled ye were, fair flowers ! 'midst all things
loving,
A joy to all — yet, yet, ye are not missed !

Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
And the winds fragrance, wandering where they
list !

O, it were breathing words too deep in sadness,
To say — earth's *human* flowers not more are
missed.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind.

COWPER.

SENTIMENTS.

The gentian 's an emblem of virgin pride,
'And the aster, of beauty retired ;'
The blue-bells, that bloom sweetly in valleys un-
seen,
For constancy 's often admired.

The 'forget-me-not pleads with eloquent looks,'
Her love is ever constant and true,
And I love to roam o'er the sweet sunny banks,
Where the violets of modesty grew.

The holly comes forth with its tokens of bliss,
And the iris, a message for you ;
The lupines in sorrow and sadness pass on,
But the lilac presents something new.

The ivy speaks loud of connubial love ;
The marygold plants jealousy there ;
The moss and the woodbine unitedly show
Their parental love and tender care.

The ash in its grandeur stands forth to our view,
While the birches in gracefulness bend ;
The bind-weed its words of humility speak,
And the bay-leaf 's unchanged to the end.

THE GARDEN DAISY.

LEYDEN.

Star of the mead ! sweet daughter of the day,
Whose opening flower invites the morning ray,
From thy moist cheek, and bosom's chilly fold,
To him the tears of eve, the dewdrops cold !
Sweet daisy, flower of love ! when birds are paired,
'T is sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared,
Smiling, in virgin innocence, serene,
Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.
The lark, with sparkling eye, and rustling wing,
Rejoins his widowed mate in early spring,
And as she prunes his plumes of russet hue,
Swears, on thy maiden blossom, to be true.
Oft have I watched thy closing buds at eve,
Which for the parting sunbeams seemed to grieve,
And, when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,
See them unclasp their folded leaves again ;
Nor he who sung — ' the daisy is so sweet ' —
More dearly loved thy pearly form to greet ;
When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
And dames at tourneys shone, with daisies
 crowned,
And fays forsook the purer fields above,
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A violet blossomed on the green,
With lowly stem, and bloom unseen ;
It was a sweet, low flower.
A shepherd maiden came that way
With lightsome step and aspect gay,
Came near, came near,
Came o'er the green with song.

Ah ! thought the violet, might I be
The fairest flower on all the lea,
Ah ! but for one brief hour ;
And might be plucked by that dear maid,
And gently on her bosom laid,
Ah ! but, ah ! but,
A few dear moments long.

Alas ! the maiden, as she passed,
No eye upon the violet cast ;
She crushed the poor, wee flower ;
It sunk, and dying, heaved no sigh, —
And if I die, at least I die
By her, by her,
Beneath her feet I die.

SWEET LAVENDER.

MRS. STRICKLAND.

Sweet lavender ! I love thy flower
Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the morn and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou 'rt seen,
In simple, touching grace ;
And in the garden of the queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright and peerless bloom,
Attracted many eyes ;
But while her glories and perfume
Expire before brief summer's doom,
Thy fragrance never dies.

O, thou art emblem of the friend,
Who, whatso'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend ;
And, true and constant to the end,
May die, but alters not.

THE IRIS.

The IRIS or flower-de-luce is supposed to be named after Juno's favorite attendant and messenger. She is represented by the ancients, with wings, and encircled by a rainbow, and was sent by Juno to the bedside of dying females, as the messenger of peace and promise to hoar away the departing spirit. Ovid thus speaks of Juno's favored one.

The various Iris, Juno sends with haste.

Louis the Seventh, having distinguished himself in the second crusade, selected, according to the custom of the times, a particular blazon, and, causing the Iris to be emblazoned on the arms of France, it was afterwards called the flower of Louis; 'Louis,' by corruption, became 'Luce.' The bow of promise is not more beautifully tinged than the flower which bears its name.

'Ever varying hue
Of every beautiful thing on earth, — the tints
Of heaven's own Iris, — all are in the west
On this delicious eve.'

TWAMLEY.

But, 'midst them all,
Crowned as the rainbow festival,
A sapphire-colored blossom shone
The loveliest then; no other one
Her jewels wore
So gracefully. Her robe all o'er
Was radiant; yes, deep blue, like twilight sky,
And softly shaded, as when clouds do lie
Upon the deep expanse. 'T was strange none knew
A name for this fair form, so bright and blue;

But sister-flowerets fancifully said,
As they to note her beauty had been led
By its enhancement in the rainbow shower,
They e'en would call her Iris from that hour.

ANON.

How oft have I viewed thee all glorious and bright,
In the pride of thy birthplace, thou vision of light;
Like an angel of gladness, in mercy designed
As a token and herald of love to mankind!

There, too, when the floods of the desert resound,
Thou reignest unmoved by the tumult around;
And the eye may repose on thy soft-smiling beams,
And the fancy may hail thee the nymph of the
streams.

THE DESOLATE ONE.

CAMPBELL.

As wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been ;
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lovely embrace,
For the nightweed and thorn overshadowed the
place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart ;
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart ;
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and
bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of woe and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

EVENING PRIMROSE.

I am more faithful than thou.

He placed within my fair, small hand,
A thistle ; it was bursting forth
In all its roscate beauty, and,
In token of his love, he bade
Me ' ne'er forget the giver.' I
Twined a wreath of the myrtle-bough,
And placing blue-bells ever and
Anon in that ring of hope, I
Set it on his brow, and pledged my
Constant love. Sweet peas around our
Pathway sprung, and cast their fragrance
O'er us. Unwelcome was the tale
They told, for they parted us ; and,
Bidding me a fond adieu, he
Then departed. Months rolled on, and
Many were the vows of love, true,
Constant love, which by his hand were
Traced, and by his lips were breathed.
With love like woman's, I confided
All my fond, trusting heart to him ;
But, alas ! the love which he had
With the bay-leaf pledged, in all its
Deep endurance, now blended with
The larkspur's flush, and whispered
Sadder tales, for he proved false.

THE LILY.

PERCIVAL.

I had found out a sweet green spot
Where a lily was blooming fair ;
The din of the city disturbed it not ;
But the spirit that shades the quiet eot
With its wings of love was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill ;
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a sweet perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day ; —
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked when the leaves were laid
In withering paleness by ;
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There 's many a sweet and blooming maid,
Who will soon as dimly die.

THE AMARANTH.

The ancients associated the AMARANTH with their greatest honors, and adorned the brows of their gods with it.

It is one of the latest flowers of Autumn, and retains after it is dead its rich deep scarlet. Milton, in describing the court of heaven, tells us that angels —

With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold;
Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where it first grew, there
grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of
heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream,
With those that never fade.

' Its flowers of crimson hue bedropped with
Thousand sparkling gems.'

' The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue.
The only lasting treasure truth.'

THE MEZEREON.

ANON.

'Thou hast thy wish ; all love to see
Thy simple bloom, Mezereon tree !
The thrush its sweetest minstrelsy
Is pouring forth to welcome thee ;
Thy store of sweets, the early bee
Hath sought with ready industry ;
And prizing much thy beauty, we
Are come to greet thee joyously.

Long shalt thou hold thy gentle sway :
For when thy wreaths must fade away
Beneath the summer's scorching ray,
Thy stems shall glow in vesture gay
With scarlet berries rich array.
Please then fair plant, through many a day
Till winter stern thy doom shall say,
Whose voice the fairest must obey.'

— Mezereon, too,
Though leafless well attired and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray.

COWPER.

FLOWERS, GOD'S GIFT TO MAN.

‘ We turn from nature, up to nature’s God.’

Never have we been more impressed with the beauty of these words than while perusing Hervey’s sublime ‘ Reflections in a Flower Garden,’ where every plant and flower, the elements, the sky, the earth, all, are made to bow before God, as a Being of goodness and truth. We cannot refrain from inviting our readers to share with us the pleasure of perusing some of his richest words. ‘ See the Imperial Crown, splendid and beautifully grand ! see the Tube Rose, delicate and languishingly fair ! see all the pomp and glory of the parterre ; where paint and perfume do wonders. Yet the inferior animals are neither smitten with their beauties, nor regaled with their odors. The horse never stands still to gaze upon their charms ; nor does the ox turn aside to browse upon their sweets. Flowers are peculiarly designed for man. Flowers were endued with rich enchanting graces for man’s pleasure. To win his attention, and deck his retreat, they hide their deformities under ground, and display nothing but the most graceful forms and engaging colors to his sight. To merit a farther degree of man’s esteem, the generality of them dispense a delightful perfume ; reserving their richest exhalations to embalm his morning and evening walks. Man usually chooses those cool hours, to refresh himself among their blooming

ranks; therefore, at those hours, they are most lavish of their fragrance, and breathe out their choicest spirits. O, man! greatly beloved by thy Creator! The darling of Providence! thou art distinguished by his goodness; distinguish thyself also by thy gratitude.'

'What sweets are these? — They are the breath of flowers, the incense of the garden.'

'What colors are here? — These so nobly bold; and those so delicately languid. What a glow is enkindled in some! what a gloss shines upon others! In one methinks I see the ruby, with her bleeding radiance; in another, the sapphire, with her sky-tinted blue; in all such an exquisite richness of dyes, as no other set of paintings in the universe can boast.'

'Ye flowery nations ye must all decay.'

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Forget thee ! forget thee, how can I forget,
When vows of thy heart, with my own linger yet ?
The vows which you pledged were united with
truth,
As fresh in thy manhood, as strong in thy youth.
Forget thee ! forget thee ! I cannot forget
While the vows of thy heart with my own linger
yet.

Forget thee ! forget thee ! how can I forget,
When not a sigh leaves me which breathes of
regret,
When not a wish passes, but finds in my breast
A hope for thy welfare, a prayer for thy rest.
Forget thee ! forget thee ! I cannot forget,
When not a sigh leaves me which breathes of
regret.

Forget thee ! forget thee ! how can I forget,
While deeply, most deeply, thine image is set ?
And naught from this bosom that image will tear,
Forever ! yes, ever, that image I'll wear.
Forget thee ! forget thee ! I cannot forget,
While deep in my bosom thine image is set.

THE DAHLIA.

MARTIN.

Though severed from its native clime,
Where skies are ever bright and clear,
And nature's face is all sublime,
And beauty clothes the fragrant air,
The Dahlia will each glory wear,
With tints as bright, and leaves as green;
And winter, in his savage mien,
May breath forth storm, — yet she will bear
With all: — and, in the summer ray,
With blossoms deck the brow of day.

And thus the soul — if fortune cast
Its lot to live in scenes less bright, —
Should bloom amidst the adverse blast; —
Nor suffer sorrow's clouds to blight
Its outward beauty — inward light.
Thus should she live and flourish still,
Though misery's frost might strive to kill
The germ of hope within her quite: —
Thus should she hold each beauty fast,
And bud and blossom to the last.

NARCISSUS.

Mythologists tell us that Echo, the daughter of Air and Earth, became enamored of Narcissus ; he however, probably not liking the reversion of custom, despised her and held her in contempt. The non-reciprocity of affections, so afflicted Echo that she pined away, leaving nothing but her voice ; which was condemned by Juno to repeat the last word of every thing she should hear.

Echo being one of the Nymphs, her sisterhood wished that Narcissus might be punished, and entreated Cupid to bring some evil upon him.

The god of love led Narcissus to a fountain, and caused him to gaze upon its waters, where he beheld the reflection of himself. He deemed the image he saw the personification of loveliness, as he had never beheld any thing so beautiful before, and desired above all things to gain possession of the image. But it was a frail passing semblance, and he died broken-hearted, because he could not obtain the reality of his own beautiful self. It is said that from his blood sprung the flower which bears his name. Hence arose the sentiment, 'self-love.' Addison thus translates Ovid's tale of Echo and Narcissus : —

She saw him in his present misery
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she grieved to see ;
She answered sadly to her lover's moan,
Sighed back his sighs, and groaned to every groan ;
' Ah, youth ! beloved in vain,' Narcissus cries —
' Ah, youth ! beloved in vain,' the Nymph replies.

' Farewell,' says he ; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, ere she replied, ' Farewell.'
Then on the wholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian wave itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn !

And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn ;
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crowned.

‘ He fell in love with the fantastie shade,
And o’er the fair resemblance hung unmoved,
Nor knew, fond youth, it was himself he loved.’

EDEN.

MILTON.

Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers: Thus was the
place,
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gum and
balm,
Others whose fruits, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them, lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, where interposed,
Or palmy hillock ; or the flowing lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

THE FLOWER-DIAL.

MRS. HEMANS.

'T was a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colored vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed,
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus — even thus — on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

TO BLOSSOMS.

HERRICK.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay here yet awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'T was pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

MRS. HEMANS.

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut
flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains,
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds o'er the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath
been.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the
chain:—
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,

They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen, —
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye ! — ye are changed since ye met me last !
There is something bright from your features
 passed !
There is that comes over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must
 die !
Ye smile ; but your smile hath a dimness yet —
O, what have you looked on since last we met ?

THE ANEMONE.

Adonis, a youth beloved by the goddess Venus, received a wound from a wild beast, while hunting, in consequence of which he died. The goddess of beauty, mourning his untimely death, transformed him to the Adonis — or Anemone.

ANON.

Look, in the garden blooms the flos Adonis,
And memory keeps of him who rashly died,
Thereafter changed by Venus, weeping, to this
flower.

‘ And Beauty’s Goddess bending o’er his bier,
Breathed the soft sigh, and poured the tender tear.’

OVID.

His sunbeam-tinted tresses drooped unbound,
Sweeping the earth with negligence uncouth;
The white anemonies, that near him blew,
Felt his red blood, and red forever grew.

‘ Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.’

‘ And coy anemone, that ne’er uncloses
His lips until they ’re blown on by the wind.’

THE HAREBELL.

CAROLINE SYMONDS.

In spring's green lap there blooms a flower
Whose cup imbibes each vernal shower,
That sips fresh nature's balmy dew,
Clad in her sweetest, purest blue ;
Yet shines the ruddy eye of morning,
The shaggy woods brown shade adorning.
Simplest flowret ! Child of May !
Though hid from the broad eye of day,
Doomed in the shade thy sweets to shed,
Unnoticed droop thy languid head :
Still nature's darling thou 'lt remain ;
She feeds thee with her softest rain ;
Fills each sweet bud with honeyed tears,
With genial gales thy bosom cheers.
O, then unfold thy simple charms,
In yon deep thicket's sheltering arms,
Far from the fierce and sultry glare,
No heedless hand shall harm thee there ;
Still, then, avoid the gaudy scene,
The flaunting sun, the embroidered green,
And bloom and fade with chaste reserve, unseen.

MOSS.

A Mother's love the richest gem of earth.

Her heart beat not with the fond impatience
Of her youth, when fancy weaved around her
Pathway richly promised joys. Her breast was
Stilled ! Impulsive joy, momentary bliss,
Were strangers to her bosom ; for the loved
Of youth had passed to his resting-place, and
Left her widowed. The ties of earth save one
Were severed ; and that one more sacred in
Its binding than the united strength of
Others. The early dead had left his boy, —
His dark-eyed, noble boy — the sure semblance
Of himself. The love which she had faithful
Given him, now clasped its tendrils, with all
The fervor of a mother's love, around
Her orphaned one. She loved him with a
Love, which only finds its deep endurance
In a mother's breast, a love which causes
Heaven's smile to come and rest on earth.

‘ A mother's love ; — It glows till death.
Lives before life — with death dies not — but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.’

BLESSED BE GOD FOR FLOWERS.

Suggested by seeing my youngest child asleep, with wild flowers grasped
in its hand.

MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Blesséd be God for flowers !

For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts, that breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours !

Lightly upon thine eye
Hath fallen noontide sleep, my joyous bird :
And thro' thy parted lips the breath, scarce heard,
Comes like a summer sigh.

One rosy hand is thrown
Beneath thy rosier cheek : the other holds
A group of sweet field flowers, whose bloom un-
folds
A freshness like thine own.

Around the fragrant prize,
With eager grasp thy little fingers close :
What are the dreams that haunt thy soft repose ?
What radiance greets thine eyes ?

For thou art smiling still ;
Art thou yet wandering in the quiet woods,
Plucking th' expanded cups and bursting buds
At thine unfettered will ?

Yes ! thou wilt learn their power,
When, cherished not as now, thou stand 'st alone,
Compassed by sweetly-saddening memories, thrown
Round thee by leaf or flower !

Shapes thou no more may 'st see ;
The household hearth—the heart-enlisted prayer—
All thou hast loved, and lost, and treasured there,
Where thy best thoughts must be.

Prize them, that when forgot
By all, their old familiar tints shall bring
Sweet thoughts of *her*, whose dirge the deep winds
sing,
And whose love earth holds not !

Prize them, that through all hours
Thou hold 'st sweet commune with their beauty
here ;
And, rich in this, through many a future year,
Bless thou our God for flowers !

Or does some prophet voice,
Murmuring amidst thy dreams, instructive say,
' Prize well these flowers, for thou, beyond to-day,
Shalt in their spells rejoice ?'

THE NARCISSUS.

KEATS.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst of all a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness:
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move,
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's vale.

THE PANSY.

This flower is known by many names; before Cupid aimed the dart, which brought it low, it was called heart's-ease. When it lay 'purple with love's wounds,' its pure whiteness was changed to purple, and it became love-in-idleness.

Tri-colored violet, lady's delight, forget-me-not, and many other names are attached to this beautiful little flower.

But it appears that no name fell with sweeter sound on the poet's ear, than pansy; for to it they have bowed in homage. Pansy from the French, *pensée*, (thought,) hence the sentiment — think of me.

The author of the Garland of Flora, says: — 'Perhaps no flower (not excepting the queenly rose) claims to be so universal a favorite as the *viola tri-color*; none certainly has been honored with so rich a variety of names, at once expressive of grace, delicacy, and tenderness.'

BARTON.

— 'Appealing

To hearts that own our nature's common lot;
Though styled by sportive fancy's better feeling,
A 'thought,' the 'heart's-ease,' or 'forget-me-not!

An anonymous writer, in his sad reminiscences, sings thus of the heart's-ease: —

I used to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly when a boy;
For thou did 'st seem in childhood's hour
The smiling type of childhood's joy.
But now thou only work 'st my grief,
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled;
Give me — give me the withered leaf
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be ;
It looks not back on pleasure's scenes,
But points unto futurity.
I love thee not, thou simple flower,
For thou art gay and I am lone ;
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour —
The heart's-ease from my path has gone.

— Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell ;
It fell upon a little western flower, —
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's
wounds,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower !

SHAKSPEARE.

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

Children of night ! unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark-blue heavens look softest and most
holy,

And glowworm light is in the forest bowers ;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From earth, ye seem allied ;
O dedicated flowers !

Ye, from the gaze of erowds your beauty veiling,
Keep in dim vestral urns the sweetness shrined :
Till the mild moon, on high serenely sailing,
Looks on you tenderly, and sadly kind.

— So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart,
And hut to shades disclose
The inmost thought which glows
With its pure life entwined.

THE PRIMROSE.

MRS. HUNTER.

The sun declines, his parting ray
Shall bear the cheerful light away,
And on the landscape elose :
Then will I seek the lonely vale,
Where sober evening's primrose pale
To greet the night-star blows.

Soft melancholy bloom, to thee
I turn, with conscious sympathy,
Like thee my hour is come ;
Where lengthening shadows slowly fade,
Till lost in universal shade,
They sink beneath the tomb.

By thee I 'll sit, and inly muse.
What are the charms in life we lose,
When time demands our breath.
Alas! the load of lengthened age
Has little ean our wish engage,
Or point the shaft of death.

No, 't is alone the pang to part
With those we love, that rends the heart ;
That agony to save,
Some nameless eause in nature strives ;
Like thee in shades, our hope revives,
And blossoms in the grave.

TO A PRIMROSE.

BARTON.

Flowers of pale but lovely bloom,
Given to grace my humble room,
On my spirit's wakened sense
Pour thy silent eloquence.

Tales it tells of days gone by,
When in spring my boyish eye,
On the bank, or in the grove,
Gazed on thee with joy and love.

Fairer flowers which gardens bear,
Proud exotics reared with care,
Beautiful though they may be,
Never can compare with thee.

Thou art rich, from memory's store,
With the wealth of life's young lore ;
Love by books but poorly taught,
Wealth by riches never bought.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

BARRY CORNWALL.

There the *rose* unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the *violet*, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens; the frail *snowdrop*,
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
Fixed, like a pale and solitary star.
The languid *hyacinth* and pale *primrose*,
And *daisy*, trodden down like modesty;
The *foxford*, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the *narcissus* (named
From him who died for love), the tangled *woodbine*,
Lilacs, and flowering *limes*, and scented *thorns*,
And some from the voluptuous *June*
Catch their perfumings.

THE TULIP.

Declaration of love.

We met, we met, in childhood's hour,
With many a witness nigh,
Ere we had seen life's tempests lower,
Or felt one anguished sigh,
As hand in hand, in purity,
We bowed at classic learning's shrine.
And though our hearts were bound in love,
You ne'er then asked me to be *thine*.

We met, we met ; the glow of youth
Was mantling on thy brow ;
And e'en the smile of candid truth
Seems still to linger now,
As arm in arm, beside some stream
We strayed, or 'neath some clustering vine :
Although thine eye would speak the tale,
You never asked me to be *thine*.

We met, we met ; 't was manhood's hour,
There was no witness nigh,
And though we saw no tempest lower,
'T was then you breathed a sigh.
When in that sacred hour we met,
You bowed at love's most hallowed shrine ;
And where no eye but God's beheld,
You asked, I pledged thee, I'd be *thine*.

Why hangest thou thy maiden head
With such a coyness? Why's the rich
Blush spreading its roseate tints
O'er thy fair cheek? Is 't because I've
Told the tender tale, which within
My heart has, like a hallowed flame,
Been burning, and feeding on its
Inward light, till it no longer
Could the silent smoth'ring keep?
Then bursting forth, laden with its
Long cherished, silent eloquence,
Asking thee but to love the heart,
Which loveth thee so well? If so,
Then am I blest! for by those eyes
Downcast, as if their lids were lade
With tears unshed, I find my hopes
Not blasted — but my heart received.

FLOWERS.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Flowers to the fair ! to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an early spring ;
Flowers, sweet and gay, and delicate like you,
Emblems of innocence and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which Nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.

ANON.

No marvel woman should love flowers : they bear
So much of fanciful similitude
To her own history ; like herself repaying
With such sweet interest all the cherishing
That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth ;
And like her, too, dying beneath neglect.

' Flowers are the alphabet of angels — whereby
They write on hills and fields mysterious truths.'

Flowers, too, are stars of earth, the
Joy of every shrub that bears them.

THE ROSE.

REV. ROBERT CAUNTER.

How beautiful the rose, as it unfolds its vernal
dyes,
And breathes a holy fragrance round, like incense
from the skies ;
Cast to the breeze the sparkling dewdrops that glitter
on its stem,
And wreaths around its blushing brows a crystal
diadem.

But while the bee with honeyed lip salutes the
vernal flower,
That 's daily brightened by the sun, and cherished
by the shower,
The blast of desolation comes and sweeps it to the
dust,
When all its beauties perish, as all mortal beauties
must.

Behold that gentle maiden, in the fair fresh morn
of youth,
Upon her cheek the holy glow of innocence and
truth ;
The sudden shock of sorrow strikes — the blush no
longer glows,
But verifies the fate of her fragile type, the rose.
Destruction comes alike to all, the meanest and
the best,

'T is oft the harbinger of woe, as suffering is to
rest;
Here beauty is the sure but smiling herald of
decay,
As oftentimes the darkest night succeeds the
brightest day.

To a White Chrysanthemum.

MRS. DENNIES.

Fair gift of friendship ! and her ever bright
And faultless image ! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness, thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart ;
Unseathed by heats — by wintry blasts unmoved, —
Thy strength thus tested, and thy charm improved.

Emblem of innocence, which fearless braves
Life's dreariest scenes, its rudest storm derides,
And floats calmly on o'er troubled waves,
As where the peaceful streamlet smoothly glides ;
Thou 'rt blooming now, as beautiful and clear
As other blossoms do when springth is here.

Symbol of hope, still banishing the gloom
Hung o'er the mind by stern December's reign !
Thou cheer'st the fancy by the steady bloom,
With thoughts of summer and the fertile plain ;
Calling a thousand visions into play,
Of beauty redolent, and bright as May.

THE ACANTHUS.

The Acanthus is a native of Italy, and was introduced into England nearly three hundred years ago. It blossoms in July, and continues to put forth its blue flowers until the Autumn.

If any thing obstructs its ready growth it will strive to overcome and vegetate with increased vigor. An elegant English work, 'The Sentiments of Flowers,' gives the following beautiful anecdote.

The architect, Callimach, passing near the tomb of a young maiden who had died a few days before the time appointed for her nuptials, moved by tenderness and pity, approached to scatter some flowers on her tomb. Another tribute to her memory had preceded his. Her nurse had collected the flowers which should have decked her on her wedding day; and, putting them with the marriage veil, in a little basket, had placed it near the grave upon a plant of acanthus, and then covered it with a tile. In the succeeding spring, the leaves of the acanthus grew round the basket: but, being stayed in their growth by the projecting tile, they recoiled and surmounted its extremities. Callimach, surprised by this rural decoration, which seemed the work of the Graces in tears, conceived the capital of the Corinthian column; a magnificent ornament, still used and admired by the whole civilized world.

MILTON.

She died as fair ones
Often die, when bridal flowers
Spring around their pathway but to
Deck their graves. Genius, stooping o'er
Her silent resting-place, learned of
Italy's *Acanthus*, the arts
Which Corinth claims.

THE MOSS ROSE.

Milton concurs with the sentiment, 'pleasure without alloy,' when he terms the elegant MOSS-ROSE 'without thorn the rose.'

An anonymous writer thus sweetly sings in preference : —

O, I love the sweet-blooming, the pretty moss-rose,
'T is the type of true pleasure, and perfected joy ;
O, I envy each insect that dares to repose
'Midst its leaves, or among its soft beauties to toy.

I love the sweet lily, so pure and so pale,
With a bosom as fair as the new fallen snows ;
Her luxuriant odors she spreads through the vale,
Yet e'en she must yield to my pretty moss-rose.

O, I love the gay heart's-ease, and violet blue,
The sun-flower and blue-bell, each flowret that
 blows ;
The fir tree, the pine tree, acacia, and yew,
Yet e'en these must yield to my pretty moss-rose.

Yes, I love my moss-rose, for it ne'er had a thorn,
'T is the type of life's pleasures, unmixed with its
 woes !

'T is more gay, and more bright, than the opening
 morn —

Yes, all things must yield to my pretty moss-rose.

BAY LEAF.

G. W. DOANE.

In bower and garden rich and rare
There 's many a cherished flower,
Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flits
Within the flitting hour.
Not so the simple forest-leaf,
Unprized, unnoticed lying —
The same through all its little life —
It changes but in dying.

Be such, and only such, my friends ;
Once mine, and mine forever ;
And here 's a hand to clasp in theirs,
That shall desert them never.
And thou be such, my gentle love ;
Time, chance, the world defying ;
And take, 't is all I have, a heart
That changes but in dying.

No, let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom,
But ties round this heart were spun
That could not, would not be undone.

CAMPBELL.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

WORDSWORTH.

There is a flower, the lesser celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from eold and rain ;
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
Brlght as the sun itself, 't is out again.

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on
 swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distressed,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In elose self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this flower I passed,
And reeognized it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said, with inly-muttered voiec,
' It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old

The sunshine may not bless it, nor the dew ;
It cannot help itself in its deeay ;
Stiff in its members, withered, ehanged of hue.'
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

BRYANT.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
Thou openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dress,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

A FLOWER FROM MOUNT VERNON.

MISS L. P. SMITH.

Bright blossom ! thou hast breathed the air
Around our hero's tomb —
What do the night-winds murmur there,
When skies are wrapt in gloom ?
A dirge above the sleeping one,
Of giant heart and arm ?
Above a race of glory run,
Whose memory has a charm
To thrill young hearts, and lift them up
To thirst for glory's gilded cup ?

Sheds not the moon in radiance there
A brighter, holier light ?
Look not the stars with smiles more fair,
From off the brow of night ?
Send not the dews, which bathe that steep,
A fragrant incense round,
As they were sacred tears, to weep
O'er fame that death has crowned ?
Didst thou not bow thy head, bright gem
Of Nature's peerless diadem,
O'er him who sleeps in glory there,
Beneath a nation's grateful prayer.

The Wanderer and the Night Flowers.

MRS. HEMANS.

Call back your odors, lovely flowers,
From the night-winds call them back,
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth in the sunbeam's track.

The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest,
Why watch ye here alone?

Is not your world a mournful one
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone
Of song in the starry skies?

Take ye no joy in the day-spring's birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew,
And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child, with a fairy shout,
Goes dancing on its way.

THE FLOWER GIRL OF POMPEII.

BULWER.

Buy my flowers — O buy, I pray !

The blind girl comes from afar ;

If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,

These flowers her children are !

Do they her beauty keep ?

They are fresh from her lap, I know ;

For I caught them fast asleep

In her lap an hour ago,

With the air, which is her breath,

Over them murmuring low !

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,

As their cheeks with tender tears are wet :

For she weeps — that gentle mother weeps,

As morn and night her watch she keeps

With a yearning heart and passionate care.

I see the young things grow so fair ; —

She weeps — for love she weeps

From the well of a mother's love !

Ye have a world of light,

Where love in the loved rejoices ;

But the blind girl's home is the home of night

And its being are empty voices.

As one in the realm below,

I stand by the stream of woe ;

I hear the vain shadows glide,

I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst the loved forms to see.
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy, come buy !

Hark ! how the sweet things sigh !
(For they have a voice like ours.)

'The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses.
We are tender, we are sons of light,
We shrink from this child of night :
From the grasp of the blind girl free us
We yearn for the eye that sees us ;
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day,
O buy, O buy these flowers !'

TO THE WILD AMARANTH.

ANON.

The rose that gave its perfume to the gale,
And triumphed for an hour, in gay parade,
Pride of Damascus, bright imperial flower,
Was born to fade !
Shorn of its bloom, and rifled of its power,
Seared by the blast, and scattered in the vale !

So youth shall wither, beauty pass away !
The bloom of health, the flush of mantling pride,
Nor wealth, nor skill, nor eloquence can save
From swift decay !
Beauty and youth are dust to dust allied,
And time returns its tribute to the grave !

Fair emblem art thou of the spotless breast !
Like thee, unfading flower, shall virtue bloom,
When youth, with all its bustling pride, repose
Deep in the tomb !
When beauty's cheek shall wither like the rose,
And beauty's sparkling eye shall be at rest.

THE LILY.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

Imperial beauty ! fair, unrivalled one !
What flower of earth has honor high as thine, —
To find its name on *His* unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven ?

In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
Thou hast received ; and which will ever sound
Long as the page of inspiration shines —
While mortal songs shall die as summer winds,
That, wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep !
I will not praise thee, then ; but thou shalt be
My hallowed flower ! The sweetest, purest
thoughts

Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
On the green polished stalk, that puts them forth !
I will consider thee, and melt my cares
In the bland accents of *His* soothing voice,
Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
For a specimen of skill divine ;
And, pointing out the *Lily of the field*,
Declared, the wisest of all *Israel's* kings,
In his full glory, not arrayed like thee !

THE LAUREL.

The ancients consecrated the LAUREL-WREATH to glory. The crown of laurel alike adorned the brow of poet, orator, philosopher, and warrior. The beautiful Apollo consecrated the laurel to himself, and is represented with a crown of laurel leaves encircling his brow. He became enamored of Daphne, the virgin daughter of Penous, of Thessaly; but she, rejecting his suit, fled from him. Apollo pursued her; and Daphne, invoking the assistance of her father, was transformed into a laurel.

The god of beauty immediately gathered the leaves to adorn his brow, and the laurel became the reward of poesy. Those who attended the Roman games and Thebean festivals, celebrated in honor of Apollo, were crowned with laurels; and bore laurel branches in their processions. A branch of laurel placed near the entrance of a house signified sickness. The Cesars are often represented with crowns of laurel. The ill-fated Julius, however, was the first to be thus honored, and the laurel was worn till the time of Justiuian, who changed it to the bonnet-crown.

In 1340, Plutarch received invitations from Rome and Paris to accept the laurel-wreath. In 1341, one of the Roman senators placed the crown of glory upon the poet's brow, saying, 'this crown is the meed of virtue.'

Tasso thus addresses a laurel which his lady wore in her hair:—

O, glad, triumphal bough,
That now adornest conquering chiefs, and now
Clippest the brows of overruling kings;
From victory to victory
Thus climbing on, through all the heights of story,
From worth to worth, and glory unto glory;
To finish all, O gentle and glorious tree,
Thou reignest now upon the flourishing head,
At whose triumphant eyes, love and our souls are
led.

GLYNN.

Behold the mighty murderers of mankind;
Who to the tottering pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they
Curse the madness of ambition! how lament
Their dear-bought laurels, when the widowed
 wife,
The childless mother, at the judgment-seat
Plead trumpet-tongued against them.

The bard his glory ne'er receives,
 Where summer's common flowers are seen,
But winter finds it, when she leaves
 The laurel only green;
And time, from that eternal tree,
Shall weave a wreath to honor thee.

CHASE.

On a Leaf from the Tomb of Virgil.

MRS. HEMANS.

And was thy home, pale, withered thing,
Beneath the rich blue southern sky?
Wert thou a nursling of the spring,
The winds and suns of glorious Italy?

Those suns in golden light e'en now,
Look o'er the poet's lovely grave,
Those winds are breathing soft, but thou,
Answering their whisper, there no more shalt
wave.

The flowers, o'er Posilippo's brow,
May eluster in their purple bloom,
But on the o'ershadowing ilex-bough,
Thy breezy place is void by Virgil's tomb.

Thy place is void; oh! none on earth,
This crowded earth, may so remain,
Save that which souls of loftiest birth
Leave, when they part their brighter home to gain.

Another leaf, ere now, hath sprung
On the green stem which once was thine;
When shall another strain be sung
Like his whose dust hath made that spot a shrine?

FLOWERS.

MARY HOWITT.

Buttereups and daisies —
O, the pretty flowers !
Coming ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttereups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttereups are bright ;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like the children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door ;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold ;
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies —
Are these human flowers?
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Give them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome yellow buttercups,
Welcome daisies white,
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned a delight!
Coming in the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell —
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth *all things well*.

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY

MISS H. F. GOULD.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown.
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up and my roots shall run down
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
All be will joyful to see me.

Gayly arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower,
This lesson may borrow —
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow!

THE VIOLET.

The white violet has been made the emblem of 'candor.' It is said that this flower when planted in rich soil, and cultivated, loses its purity and becomes the purple violet; gaining, however, in fragrance what it loses in simplicity, it becomes the emblem of modesty. Thus, candor precedes modesty.

Poets have sung loudly in praise of this little flower, and some deem it a rival to the queenly rose; so thought Cornwall:—

It has a scent as though love, for a dower,
Had on it all its odorous arrows tost;
For though the rose has more perfuming power,
The violet (haply 'cause 't is almost lost,
And takes us so much trouble to discover,)
Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

No flower is more universally admired, and nature has spread none more profusely abroad.

In 1324, a golden violet was offered as a poetical prize to the author of the best poem in the Provencal language.

'And in that golden vase was set
The prize—the golden violet.'

SMITH.

Sweet violets stay, till hardier flowers
Prepare to meet the lovely May;
Then from your mossy shelter come,
And rival every richer bloom;
For though their colors gayer shine,
Their odors do not equal thine.
And thus real merit still may dare to vie
With all that wealth bestows, or pageant heraldry.

VIOLETS.

BARTON.

Beautiful are you in your lowliness ;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent ;
Lovely your modest blossoms, downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer-by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely eloquent,
Are unobtrusive worth and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
Delightful flowerets ! at the voice of spring
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright ;
And though your blossoms soon shall fade from
sight,
Above your lowly birthplace birds shall sing,
And from your clustering leaves the glowworm
fling
The emerald glory of its earthborn light.

TO THE ROSEMARY.

H. K. WHITE.

Sweet-scented flower! who 'rt wont to bloom
On January's frost severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And, as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale eorse in the lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet, decaying smell;
Come, press my lips and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree:
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.

Sweet flower, that requiem wild is mine ;
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead ;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

HERRERA.

With purple flowers, O, Muse ! each morn,
The freshest flowers in bloom,
Scattered with pious hands, adorn
Thy *Lasso's holy tomb*.
As burns the bird whose perished frame
Arabian herbs inter,
Your broken boughs give to the flame
With rosemary and myrrh ;
And O, for his lamented sake,
Apollo, to thy temple take
The wreath of funeral fir ;
And sadly to the solemn string,
His glory and his sorrows sing.

THE FADED FLOWER.

EDWARD EDDISON.

A child wept o'er a grave ;
Its father's corpse lay there ;
His beauteous form was bent
In sad and silent prayer.

A eypress gently waved
Its leaves o'er its bowed head :
He did not hear their sound ;
His thoughts were with the dead.

On that loved spot each morn,
Breathing his soul in prayer,
He pleaded Heaven's high King,
To join his parent there.

His suppliant prayer was heard ;
He faded fast away :
Alas ! so sweet a flower
Had bloomed but to decay.

Another eypress weeps
Above that hallowed bed ;
And son with father sleeps
Amid the lonely dead !

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Meek dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs !
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye ? Did some white-winged messenger,
ger,

On *Mercy's* missions, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows,
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops inuse ye ?

Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere ; no poplar pine
Uprears a veteran front ; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched, amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Into eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness —
Fearless, yet frail — and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing to the sky,
And chaining the wrapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

APRIL.

MISS LONDON.

Of all the months that fill the year,
Give April's month to me ;
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety !

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,
The pear-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odors shed.

The wild-brier rose, a fragrant eup
To hold the morning tear ;
The bird's-eye like a sapphire star,
The primrose pale, like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guildrose ;
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his war-note blows.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower ;
But seareely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine ;
Then clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's colored line.

Ay, this, this is the month for me !
I could not love a seene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

It is like love ; O, love should be
An ever-ehanging thing, —
The love that I could worship must
Be ever on the wing.

Sweet April ! thou the emblem art
Of what my love must be ;
One varying like the varying bloom
Is just the love for me.

THE CYPRESS TREE.

This tree speaks to us of death, and is universally the emblem of sorrow and mourning. The Romans used it at their funerals. The Latins, on the death of their friends, placed a branch of the cypress tree in front of the house.

The Turks still adhere to the custom of planting the cypress over the graves of the departed. This custom is religiously observed by them; and as they gaze upon this tree, and mourn for the loved and lost, its upward pointing branches tell them that they remain not in the grave, but have ascended on high.

Cyparissus, the son of Telephus, a favored friend of the god Apollo, died of grief because he had killed Apollo's favorite stag, and was transformed by the god into a cypress tree.

Harris tells us that the gates of St. Peter's church at Rome, which had lasted from the time of Constantine, to that of Pope Eugene, the Fourth, eleven hundred years, were of cypress wood, and had in all that time suffered no decay.

WIFFIN.

O'er ruined shrines and silent tombs,
The weeping cypress spreads its glooms,
In immortality of woe;
Whilst other shrubs in gladness blow,
And fling upon the passing wind
Their liberal treasures unconfined;
And well its dark and drooping leaf,
May image forth the gloom and grief,
Which, when we parted, gave reply
From heaving heart and dewy eye;
Then, lady, wear this wreath for me,
Plucked from the faithful cypress tree.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

MRS. WHITMAN.

Pale flower — pale, fragile, faded flower —
What tender recollections swell,
What thoughts of deep and thrilling power
Are kindled in thy mystic spell?

A charm is in thy faint perfume,
To call up visions of the past,
Which, through my mind's o'ershadowing gloom,
'Rush like the rare stars, dim and fast.'

And loveliest shines that evening hour,
More dear by time and sorrow made,
When thou wert eulled, ('love's token flower!')
And on my throbbing bosom laid.

On eve's pale brow, one star burned bright,
Like heavenward hope, whose soothing dream
Is veiled from pleasure's dazzled sight,
To shine on sorrow's diadem.

Bright as the tears thy beauty wept,
The dewdrops on thy petals lay,
Till evening's silver winds had swept
Thy cheek, and kissed them all away.

THE WHITE CLOVER.

MISS S. SMITH.

There is a little perfumed flower,
Which well might grace the loveliest bower;
Yet poets never deigned to sing
Of such a humble, rustle thing:
Nor is it strange, for it can show
Scarcely one tint of Iris's bow.
Nature, perchance, in careless hour,
With pencil dry might paint the flower—
Yet instant blushed her fault to see,
And gave it double fragrancy.

Rich recompense for aught denied:
Who would not homely garb abide,
If gentlest soul were breathing there—
Blessing, through all their little sphere.
Sweet flower! the lesson thou hast taught
Shall check each proud, ambitious thought—
Teach me internal worth to prize,
Though found in lowliest, modest guise.

THE SUMMER FLOWER.

J. L. H.

Sweet summer flower, thou, too, must fade !

The soft refreshing dew,
That on thy breast has crystals made,
Must dry and vanish too.

The zephyrs soft that round thee play,
The showers that make thee bloom ;
The sun, whose rays first made thee gay,
Must have with them a tomh.

Sweet summer flower — the lips that breathe

A sorrowing sigh on thee ;
Or plucked to deck fair beauty's wreath,
All, all but wither thee :
Full many a flower by thee outgrown
Now easts thee in the shade,
And yet your ease will be their own,
And they like thee must fade.

But ah, alas ! how like our fate

Is thus a fading flower ;
How many a weary, sick'ning state
Has followed pleasure's hour :
How oft the sun auspicious rose,
And we were happy blest,
And yet before the evening's close,
It saw an aching breast.

How oft, by innoeeneo deceived,
The pure ingenuous mind,
Has some reward on earth eoneeived,
It's never doomed to find.
How oft does scandal's withering blast
Congeal our pleasure's spring,
And though not long its hold can last,
It still will leave a sting.

But if our pleasure like the flower,
At best must soon deeay ;
The breeze which blows a happy hour
The next may blow away : —
O, let the soul superior rise
To ev'ry human ill —
Just as the flower that, dying, sighs
Its lovely perfume still.

THE JASMINE.

This fragrant climber was introduced into England in 1548, and twelve years afterwards into France, where it became a favorite on account of its slender branches and delicate fragrant flowers.

It was first trained in the hot-house, but was found afterwards to flourish luxuriantly in the open air.

It grows in all its native loveliness at the south ; but is cultivated with difficulty at the north.

We copy the following beautiful anecdote from 'The Sentiment of Flowers' : —

This beautiful plant grew in Hampton Court garden at the end of the seventeenth century ; but, being lost there, was known only in Europe in the garden of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Pisa. From a jealous and selfish anxiety that he should continue to be the sole possessor of a plant so charming and so rare, he strictly charged his gardener not to give a single sprig, or even a flower, to any person. The gardener might have been faithful if he had not loved ; but being attached to a fair, though portionless damsel, he presented her with a bouquet on her birthday ; and, in order to render it more acceptable, ornamented it with a sprig of jasmine. The young maiden, to preserve the freshness of this pretty stranger, placed it in the earth, where it remained green until the return

of spring, when it budded forth and was covered with flowers.

She had profited by her lover's lessons, and now cultivated her highly-prized jasmine with care, for which she was amply repaid by its rapid growth. The poverty of the lovers had been a bar to their union; now, however, she had amassed a little fortune by the sale of cuttings from the plant which love had given her, and bestowed it, with her hand, upon the gardener of her heart. The young girls of Tuseany, in remembrance of this adventure, always deck themselves, on their wedding-day, with a nosegay of jasmine; and they have a proverb, that 'she who is worthy to wear a nosegay of jasmine is as good as a fortune to her husband.'

TO THE JASMINE.

JANE TAYLOR.

Sweet jasmine, long may thy elegant flower
Breathe fragrance and solace for me :
And long thy green sprigs overshadow the bower
Devoted to friendship and thee.

The eye that was dazzled where lilies and roses
Their brilliant assemblage displayed,
With grateful delight on thy verdure reposes,
A tranquil and delicate shade.

But, O, what dejection that foliage expresses,
Which pensively droops on her breast !
The dew of the evening has laden her tresses,
And stands like a tear on her crest.

I'll watch by thy side through the gloom of the
night
Impatient till morning appears :
No charm can awaken this heart to delight,
My jasmine, while thou art in tears.

But soon will the shadows of night be withdrawn,
Which ever in mercy are given ;
And thou shalt be cheered by the light of the morn,
And fanned by the breezes of heaven.

And still may thy tranquil and delicate shade
Yield fragrance and solace to me ;
For though all the flowers in my garden should
fade,
My heart will repose upon thee.

'T was midnight — through the lattice wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep ;
From timid jasmine buds that keep
Their odor to themselves all day ;
But when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about.

MOORE.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

S. E. K.

Emblem of friendship, lovely flower,
(Meet gift from friendship's hand,)
Like thee, when skies autumnal lower,
Her brightest charms expand.

Her friends, like thine, in Flora's bowers,
Long faded from the view,
Have fled, perchance, with summer hours,
As bright and transient too.

But o'er these scattered relics sere,
Thy perfumed sweets are shed,
As friendship's sympathetic tear
Embalms the lovely dead.

Sweet flower — though verdant — fragrant — fair,
'Midst winter's cheerless gloom,
Death must, at length, these charms impair,
And give them to the tomb.

But friendship shall the blighting frost,
Of death itself defy,
And *renovated beauty* boast,
In climes beyond the sky.

On Seeing a Tuft of Snowdrops in a Storm.

WORDSWORTH.

When haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and fortune's utmost anger try ;
Like these frail snowdrops, that together eling,
And nod their helmets smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirlblast sweeping by.
Observe the faithful flowers ! if small to great
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to
stand

The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate ;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom unset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,
Might overwhelm but could not separate.

Already now the snowdrop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of th' unripened year ;
At Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower.
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins.

BARBAULD.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

HORACE SMITH.

Day-stars! that open your eyes with man, to twinkle
From rainbow-galaxies of Earth's creation,
And dewdrops on her lonely altar sprinkle
As a libation: —

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high: —

Ye bright mosaics! that, with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate;
What numerous emblems of instructive duty,
Your forms create!

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Flora's apostles! that, in dewy splendor,
'Weep without woe, and blush without a crime;'
O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime.

'Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed,' the lilies cry, 'in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!'

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread
hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for
pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Posthumous glories — angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

WORDSWORTH.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat relined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

'To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven is sent,
If such be nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

THE SEASON OF FLOWERS.

MRS. HARRISON SMITH.

Glad earth a verdant altar rears,
Where spring and all her train appears;
Her balmy airs — her sunny hours —
Her freshening dews — her od'rous flowers;
Thence, fragrant exhalations rise,
Like holy incense to the skies.

The early birds in choral lay,
By love attuned, their homage pay;
Soft winds harmoniously unite
To breathe forth accents of delight;
While streamlets, bursting winter's chain,
Seek their far way o'er mead and plain,
Murmuring, as they glide along,
A cheerful and melodious song.

Small things material thus proclaim
The wise Creator's gracious aim,
And man be mute — nor fervent raise
His voice in gratitude and praise?
O, shall not human bosoms swell,
With raptures, language cannot tell;
In sympathetic ardor glow,
With all above and all below:
And in this gladsome season vie
With water, air, and earth, and sky?

Say, shall not intellectual powers
A purer incense waft than flowers?
And pour forth tones of holier love,
Than warbling songsters of the grove?
Shall lowing herds and bleating flocks,
Echoes from the hills and rocks,
Flowing streams and gushing fountains,
Winds among the woods and mountains,
Make music of a sweeter kind,
Than the rich melodies of mind?

Forbid it, every nobler power
That constitutes the immortal dower,
Which to mortals has been given
For highest purposes, by heaven.
Let ardent souls, on wings sublime,
Soar far beyond the bounds of time,
With universal nature join
In hymning goodness so divine;
Leaving created things behind.
To adore the uncreated Mind.

THE MYRTLE.

This evergreen, like many of Flora's favored children, has a classic origin. It was named from Myrsino, a Grecian priestess, who served in the temple of Venus. She was beloved by Minerva and Venus, and the latter changed her after death into a myrtle, which she commanded to remain green and odorous through the year.

The goddess Discordia, at the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, throw amidst the company a golden apple, inscribed, 'Let the fairest take it.' Juno, Venus, and Minerva were the competitors; Venus, achieving the victory, was crowned by Cupid with a myrtle-wreath.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

F. W. THOMAS.

'T is said that absence conquers love !
But, oh ! believe it not ;
I've tried, alas, its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fixed in this devoted heart
As when I clasped thee here.
I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name ;
And yet as if I thought aloud,
They knew me still the same.
And when the wine cup passes round,
I toast some other fair —
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE.

MRS. HEMANS.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal day — the festival — the tomb, —
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower;

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love and grief,
Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first,
In the clear light of Eden's golden day!
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gathered and the bier!
Rose! colored now by human hope or pain;
Surely where death is not — nor change, nor fear,
Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower, again.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

WORDSWORTH.

'The ancient oak of GUERNICA, says Laborde, in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following.'

Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a volee divine
Heard from the depths of its aerial bower,
How eanst thou flourish at this blighting hour?
What hope, what joy ean sunshine bring to thee,
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower?
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and Lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

THE THREE FLOWERS.

PERCIVAL.

A tulip blossomed, one morning in May,
By the side of a sanded alley ;
Its leaves were dressed in rich array,
Like the clouds at the earliest dawn of day,
When the mist rolls over the valley.
The dew had descended the night before,
And lay on its velvet bosom,
And its spreading urn was flowing o'er,
And the crystal heightened the tints it bore
On its yellow and crimson blossom.

A sweet red rose, on its bending thorn,
Its bud was newly spreading ;
And the flowing effulgence of the early morn
Its beams on its breast was shedding.
The petals were heavy with dripping tears,
That twinkled in pearly brightness ;
And the thrush in its covert filled my ears
With a varied song of lightness.

A lily, in mantle of purest snow,
Hung over the silent fountain,
And the wave, in its calm and quiet flow,
Displayed its silken leaves below,
Like the drift on the windy mountain :

It bowed with the moisture that the night had
wept

When the stars shone over the billow,
And white-winged spirits their vigils kept,
Where beauty and innocence sweetly slept
On its pure and thornless pillow.

FLOWERS.

WORDSWORTH.

Ere yet our course was graced with soeal trees,
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
Where small blrds warbled to their paramours ;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees ;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness ;
The trembling eye-bright showed her sapphire
blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of even ;
And, if the breath of some to no earress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favorites of heaven.

SEPTEMBER.

WORDSWORTH.

Departing summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring ;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely red-breast pays !
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough : —
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !
Ye myrtle-wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow !

ROSES.

The ROSE has ever been associated with beauty. Its beauty, however, passes with its perfection, and when we have watched a choice bud, till it has burst forth and become perfect, we have only to gaze upon its beauty and enjoy its fragrance for a few hours and its freshness has gone, and we sigh that such loveliness, such fragrance, should be so transient so evanescent. How touchingly beautiful the custom in other climes of strewing roses over the bier of the early dead! a true emblem of their youth, their fading loveliness. The rose is supposed to burst into bloom at the nightingale's song, and Eastern writers have associated the most beautiful of flowers with the sweetest of birds. 'The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose.' Sir Robert Porter remarks, 'that in no country in the world, the rose grows to such perfection as in Persia,' and in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens, courts, and apartments, are ornamented with them, and every bath is strewn with the full-blown flowers. The ear too, is enchanted with the beautiful notes of the nightingales. Here, indeed, the stranger is powerfully reminded, that he is in the genuine country of the nightingale and the rose.'

Varied and beautiful origins have been given to

the rose. We are told that the red rose was once white ; and many writers give very pretty reasons for its losing its paleness, and receiving a blushing cheek. Carey tells us, that

— ‘ In Eden’s blissful bowers,
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers ;
An opening rose, of purest white,
She marked with eye that beamed delight ;
Its leaves she kissed and straight it drew
From Beauty’s lip the vermeil hue.’

Herriek, gives a later origin to the bud with rosy hue.

— ‘ As Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which on the *white rose* being shed
Made it forever after *red*.

Mr. Phillips, in his ‘ *Sylva Florifera*, ’ narrates the following pretty anecdote of the birth of the rose. ‘ Flora having found the corpse of a favorite nymph, whose beauty of person was only surpassed by the purity of her heart and chastity of her mind, resolved to raise a plant from the precious remains of this daughter of the Dryads ; for which purpose she begged the assistance of Venus and the Græes, as well as of all the deities that preside over gardens, to assist in the transformation of the nymph into a flower, that was to be by them proclaimed queen of all the vegetable beauties.’

The ceremony was attended by the Zephyrs, who cleared the atmosphere, in order that Apollo might bless the new-created progeny by his beams. Bacchus supplied rivers of nectar to nourish it ;

and Vertumnus poured his choicest perfumes over the plant. When the metamorphosis was complete, Pomona strewed her fruit over the young branches, which were then crowned by Flora with a diadem, that had been purposely prepared by the celestials, to distinguish this queen of flowers.'

ANACREON.

With nectar drops a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom ; the flowers divine,
On him who sheds the teeming vine.
Rose ! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower !
Rose ! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring ! the wood-nymph wild.

ORIGIN OF THE THORNY RED ROSE.

LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

— Ah, lady ! list my tale,
I was the summer's fairest pride,
The nightingale's betrothed bride ;
In Shiraz's bowers I sprang to birth
When love first lighted on the earth ;
And then my pure inodorous blossom,
 Blooming on its thorny tree,
Was snowy as its mother's bosom,
 Rising from the emerald sea.
Young love rambling through the wood,
Found me in my solitude ;
Bright with dew and freshly blown,
And trembling to the zephyr's sighs.
But as he stood, to gaze upon
The living gem with raptured eyes,
It chanced a bee was busy there,
Searching for its fragrant fare ;
And Cupid stooping, too, to sip,
The angry insect stung his lip —
And gushing from the ambrosial cell,
One bright drop on my bosom fell !
Weeping, to his mother he
Told the tale of treachery ;
And she her vengeful boy to please,
Strung his bow with captive bees ;

But placed upon my slender stem
The poisoned sting she plucked from them,
And none, since that eventful morn,
Have found the flower without a thorn.

AUTUMN.

NATHANIEL A. HAVEN.

Autumn! I love thy bower,
With faded garlands dressed ;
How sweet, alone, to linger there,
When tempests drive the midnight air,
To snatch from mirth a fleeting hour,
The Sabbath of the breast.

Autumn! I love thee well,
Though bleak thy breezes blow ;
I love to see the vapors rise,
And elouds roll wildly round the skies,
When from the plains the mountains swell,
And foaming torrents flow.

Autumn! thy fading flowers
Droop but to bloom again ;
So man, though doomed to grief awhile,
To hang on fortune's fickle smile,
Shall glow in heaven with nobler powers,
Nor sigh for peace in vain.

THE ROSE.

WALLER.

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time on me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;
And teach the maid
That goodness time's rude hand defies ;
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

To a Snowdrop appearing very early in the Season.

WORDSWORTH.

Lone flowers, hemmed in with snows, and white
as they,
But hardier far, though modestly thou bend
Thy front — and if *such* presence could offend!
Who guards thy slender stock while, day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend?
Accept the greeting that befits a friend,
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquills, their odors lavishing
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers;
Yet will I not thy gentle grace forget,
Chaste snowdrop, vent'rous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years.

First in bright Flora's train *Galantha* glows,
And prints with frolic step the melting snows:
Chides with her dulcet voice the tardy spring,
Bids slumbering Zephyr stretch his folded wing;
Wakes the house-cuckoo in his gloomy cave,
And calls the wandering dormouse from his grave;
Bids the mute red-breast cheer the budding grove,
And plaintive ring-dove tune her notes to love.

DAUVIN.

FLOWERS LOVE'S TRUEST LANGUAGE.

PARK BENJAMIN

Flowers are love's truest language ; they betray,
Like the divining rods of Magi old,
Where priceless wealth lies buried, not of gold,
But love, strong love, that never can decay.
I send thee flowers, O dearest, and I deem
That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet words,
Whose music, clearer than the voice of birds,
When breathed to thee alone, perchance, may
seem
All eloquent of feelings unexpressed.
O, wreath them in those tresses of dark hair,
Let them repose on thy forehead fair,
And on thy bosom's yielding snow be pressed ;
Thus shall thy fondness for my flowers reveal
The love that maiden coyness would conceal.

THE DESERTED.

Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow-branches bear,
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth ;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

CILANGE.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

Where are the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
That haunted your homes and your hearts in the
spring?

Where is the sunshine of earlier hours?

Where is the music the birds used to bring?

Where are the flowers? — why, thousands are
springing,

And many fair strangers are sweet on the air;
And the birds to the sunshine their welcome are
singing —

Look round on our valley, and then question
Where?

Alas! my heart's darkness! I own it is summer,
Though little 't is like what it once used to be:

I have no welcome to give the new comer;

Strangely the summer seems altered to me.

'T is my spirits are wasted — my hopes that are
weary;

These made the gladness and beauty of yore:
To the worn and the withered even sunshine is
dreary;

And the year has its spring, though our own is
no more.

— 'How often in our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it: but whose course

Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours : yet far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image !

GRASS.

Surely nothing in the vegetable kingdom grows more profusely, and eventually proves more beneficial, than the grass of the field, which, 'to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down.'

God has given it a conspicuity among the works of his hands, which came from chaos at his 'creating nod.' After the 'light was divided from the darkness,'—the heavens and the earth were formed ; Omnipotence, as if anticipating the necessities of the creatures he should soon create to inhabit the earth, said, 'let the earth bring forth grass.' David tells us, that 'He causeth grass to grow for the cattle.'

In holy writ man's fleeting days are compared to grass, — 'the wind passeth over it and it is gone.' Peter, in his first general epistle, tells us, that 'all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.' Isaiah, when comforting the people of Jerusalem, concerning the coming of him who should 'cry in the wilderness,'

presents, as encouragement to trust in God, a comparison between the stability of God's word and the instability of frail, passing man. 'All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field : The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; but the word of our God shall stand forever.'

MILTON.

Let the earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb, yielding seed,
And fruit tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth,
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green ;
Then herbs of every leaf that sudden flowered
Opening, their various colors, and made gay
Her bosom, smiling sweet.

THE ROSE.

D. EVERETT ROSE.

Loved daughter of the laughing May !

The light of all that 's pure is thine ;
The rosy beams that wake the day,
Upon thy cheeks of velvet shine.
Thy beauty paints the evening skies,
It mingles with the rainbow's dyes,
In love's own light its blushes speak
On ruby lip and vermeil cheek.

No wooing zephyrs ever strayed

To whisper love or steal a kiss,
Or dancing sunbeam ever played
Upon a sweeter flower than this.
The night fays o'er thy bosom strew
The sparklet of the nectar dew ;
And on their shrine the pearls have slept,
Like tears the dying stars have wept.

Many a pouting lip has flushed

In rival beauty by thy side ;
Many a maiden cheek has blushed
In vain to match thy crimson pride.
The pink may burst its varied hue,
The violet its azure blue,
The lily claim the snow its own ;
But still thou reign'st undimmed alone.

Thou hast the tale of love expressed,
In words the faltering tongue forebore ;
And answering from the heart confessed,
What eye and cheek had told before.
Young hearts have whispered to thy ears
The secret of thy hopes and fears ;
When nestled in a gentle breast,
Thou had'st thy tender folds earest.

Ah ! anxious hope long watch has kept,
Despairingly beneath thy cover ;
While fond heart sighed and bright eye wept
The absence of a faithless lover.
And many a vow of love is made,
And fond heart pledged beneath thy shade ;
While friendly moonbeams light thy bower,
And glide too soon the stolen hour.

I love thee, emblem of my youth !
Thou bring'st to mind fond memories ;
When fancy wore the garb of truth,
And love made earth a paradise.
But as those dreamy hours have fled
Before the light stern truth has shed,
So will thy fleeting beauty fade,
And join the wreck that time has made.

THE DEAD LEAF.

MONTGOMERY.

Were I a trembling leaf,
On yonder stately tree,
After a season, gay and brief,
Condemned to fade and flee;
I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurned by all,
Till trodden down to clay.
Nor would I choose to die
All on a bed of grass;
Where thousands of my kindred lie
And idly rot in mass.
Nor would I like to spread
My thin and withered face
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.
No! on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not and I heed not where,
A waif of earth and sky;
Or flung upon the stream,
Curled like a fairy boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end to float.
Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?

Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?
On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
It is not quenched, but gone.

THE LILY.

The Saviour, in the sermon on the mount, uses the language which is so often quoted, and which falls at each hearing with newer, sweeter interest upon the ear.

The King of glory points not to the vast assemblage of worlds, which are rolling on in their course above; he tells not of their peopled isles, nor of the powers exerted by his all-powerful hand, in keeping those countless ones in place, but points to the simple lily of the field, sweet emblem of the purity which should reign in every breast, and bids the erring sons of man learn lessons from that simple flower. 'Consider,' is his touching language, 'the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.'

The lily of the valley, with its snow-white,

drooping bells, emblems 'returning happiness.'
It is one of Flora's sweetest, chastest children,
seeking the shade, as if it feared the glances from
the king of day might cause a blush to spread its
pale cheek.

ANON.

There is a pale and modest flower,
In garb of green arrayed,
That decks the rustic maiden's bower
And blossoms in the glade ;
Though other flowers around me bloom,
In gaudy splendor drest,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
I love the lily best.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

ANON.

Swept from thy parent bough,
Poor withered leaf ! where tendest thou ?
 ' Forsooth, I cannot say !
The fickle storm's relentless stroke
Has overcome the aged oak,
 My sole and only stay.

Westward and north since morning's dawn,
The sport alike of every gale,
I 've crossed the forest and the lawn,
The mountain's summit, and the dale —
I go where lists the wind.'

LOVE'S WITHERED FLOWERS.

WALTER COLTON.

These faded flowers a softer grief
Than blooming ones beget ;
More tender now on each pale leaf
The tints that linger yet ;
For all the charms that cheered the past,
Hang round these hues that fade the last.

The morn they had their fragrant birth,
The wild shrubs where they grew,
The bee, that in its matin mirth,
Hung o'er their pearls of dew,
Must share alike the floweret's lot,
And be with frailer things forgot.

Not thus with thee in that dim day,
When like the breath of flowers,
The spirit leaves its vase of elay ;
For love in those lone hours,
Shall treasure up thy gentle worth,
And warm remembrance call it forth.

And in a brighter, purer sphere,
Beyond the sunless tomb,
The virtues that have charmed us here,
In fadeless life shall bloom ;
And win from faith the fervid prayer,
To meet thy sainted spirit there.

SONNET TO SEPTEMBER.

WORDSWORTH.

While not a leaf seems faded — while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask, — this nipping air,
Sent from some distant elime where winter wields
His icy scymitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change — and bids the flowers beware ;
And whispers to the silent birds, ' Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields.'
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful choir, this rustling dry
Through the green leaves, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song, —
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

MRS. JEWSBURY.

Faded flowers,
Sweet faded flowers,
Beauty and death
Have ruled your hours ;
Ye woke in bloom but a morn ago,
And now your blossoms in dust laid low.

ROSE BUD.

MRS. NORTON.

Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay,
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers:
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not! love not! The things you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth —
The silent stone, the blue and smiling sky,
Beams on its grave, as once upon its birth.

Love not! love not! The thing you love may
change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat yet not be true.

Love not! love not! O, warning vainly said:
In present hours, as in years gone by,
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.

THE FORGT-ME-NOT.

The myosotis, or mouse-ear, is so called from the resemblance of its little oval leaves to the ear of a mouse. It is, however, generally now known by the prettier name of forget-me-not.

A gentleman and lady who expected soon to be united in marriage were one day walking along the banks of the Danube, and saw one of the flowers which grew upon its bank floating upon its waters. The lady expressed her admiration of the flower, and regretted that it should be lost. Whereupon the lover, wishing to secure it for his lady, cast himself into the water and seized the flower. He was unable to regain the shore, and, with a last and desperate effort, threw it at her feet, exclaiming, '*Virgils mich nicht,*' and sunk to rise no more. The name and emblem since that time has been — forget-me-not.

BERNARD BARTON.

Blossoms more rich and rare than thou
May twine round beauty's graceful brow

In moods of sunny mirth ;
The rose's or the myrtle's flower
Might more beseem her festive hour,
And give in pleasure's careless bower,
To brighter fancies birth.

But in these moments sad, yet dear,
When parting wakes affection's tear

Thy stainless blossoms braid,
Whose name forbids us to forget,
Would be the chosen coronet,
Love on the loveliest brow would set
To crave fond memory's aid.

When 'earth to earth' and 'dust to dust,'
The loved, lamented, we intrust,
What flower may grace the spot,
Where sleeps the relics of the dead,
For whom the frequent tear is shed,
Like thine — which, from the grave's cold bed,
Repeats, 'forget-me-not.'

ANON.

How many bright flowers around me are glancing,
Each seeking its praise, or its beauty enhancing!
The rose-buds are hanging like gems in the air,
And the lily-bell waves in her fragrance there.

Alas! I can claim neither fortune nor power,
Neither beauty nor fragrance are cast in my lot;
But contented I cling to my lowly bower,
And smile while I whisper, 'forget-me-not.'

THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER.

MRS. HEMANS.

'T was a dream of olden days,
That Art, by some strange power,
The visionary form could raise
From the ashes of a flower.

That a shadow of the rose,
By its own meek beauty bowed,
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, uncloze,
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyaeinth to graee,
As a second rainbow, spring ;
Of summer's path a dreary trace,
A fair, yet mournful thing !

For the glory of the bloom
That a flush around it shed,
And the soul within, the rich perfume,
Where were they ? — fled, all fled !

Nought but the dim faint line
To speak of vanished hours
Memory ! what are joys of thine ?
Shadows of buried flowers !

WHITE ROSE.

MRS. LOUISA S. P. SMITH.

They were gathered for a bridal !
I knew it by their hue ;
Fair as the summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.
From their fair and fairy sisters
They were borne without a sigh,
For one remembered evening
To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal !
And fastened in a wreath ;
But purer were the roses
Than the heart that lay beneath ;
Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer looked and asked not
For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal !
Where a thousand torches glistened,
Where the holy words were spoken,
And the false and faithless listened
And answered to the vow
Which another heart had taken,
Yet he was present there —
The once loved, the forsaken.

They were gathered for a bridal !
And now, now they are dying ;
And young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing.
Their summer life was stainless,
And not like her's who wore them ;
They are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them !

THE ROSE.

SPENSER.

Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her way !
Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free
Her baréd bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

THE WILLOW.

How beautifully touching the lament of the captive daughters of Jerusalem. Those who led them captive from their hallowed clime, the city of their God, asked of them one of Zion's songs : but their hearts were too sad for melody, their joys had departed, their native songs were hushed.

They hung on the drooping willow's bough the harps of Israel, and sitting beneath its shade, ' wept when ' they ' remembered Zion.'

MRS. HEMANS.

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree !
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent ;
Willow, sighing willow !

Therefore, wave and murmur on !
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for love whose heart hath bled,
Ever, willow, willow !

THE HYACINTH.

According to mythologists, the HYACINTH sprung from the blood of Hyacinthus, who was beloved by Apollo and Zephyr, but, preferring the regard of the former, incurred the jealous envy of the latter. Zephyr applied his strongest breath to a quoit, which turned from its course as it passed from Apollo's hand, smiting the head of Hyacinthus. Apollo mourned his loss, and changed his blood into the flower which bears his name. A pretty poetic effusion comes under our notice, under the simple signature of 'Ann,' said to be a production from the pen of a 'country girl in Ireland.'

O! mournful, graceful, sapphire-colored flower,
That keepest thine eye forever fixed on earth!
Gentle and sad, a foe thou seem'st to mirth —
What secret sorrow makes thee thus to lower?

Perhaps 't is that thy place thou can'st not change,
And thou art pining at thy prisoned lot:
But, oh! where could'st thou find a sweeter spot,
Wert thou permitted earth's wide bounds to range?

In pensive groves, meet temple for thy form,
Where, with her silvery music, doth intrude
The lucid stream, where nought unkind or rude
Durst break of harmony the hallowed chain,

Thy beauties, all unseen by vulgar eyes,
Sol, in his brightness, still delights to view;
He clothes thy petals in his glorious hue,
To show how much of old he did thee prize.

And what the sighing zephyr hither brings,
To wander in these muse-belovéd dells —
It is to linger 'midst thy drooping bells,
While vain repentance in thine ear he sings.

And, sweetest flower, methinks thou hast forgiven
Him, who unconsciously did cause thy death :
For soon as thou hadst yielded up thy breath,
With grief for thee his frantic soul was riven.

And thou wert placed where mingle wave and
breeze
Their dreamy music with the vocal choir,
Whose varied harmonies might seem a lyre,
Striving with dying notes thy soul to please —

Where winter ne'er ungraciously presumes
To touch thee with his sacrilegious hand —
Where thy meek handmaids are the dews so
bland —
Where spring around thee spreads her choicest
blooms.

'T is not revenge nor pining wretchedness,
Thy head in pensive attitude that throws —
'T is extreme sensibility, that shows
In gesture, gratitude speech can't express.

E'en, while I pay this tributary praise,
Methinks a deeper tinge thy cheek doth flush ;
What, lovely one, need make thee thus to blush
And turn away from my enraptured gaze !

No gentle hyacinth, thou can'st not grieve,
When things so lovely worship in thy train —
The sun, the wind, the wave — O, it were vain
To sum the homage which thou dost receive.

The sad and musing poetess you cheer —
At sight of thee Memory's elcetrie wings
Waft to her soul long, long forgotten things —
Loved voices hushed in death she seems to hear.

PERCIVAL.

A hyacinth lifted its purple bell
From the slender leaves around it ;
It curved its cup in a flowing swell,
And a starry circle crowned it ;
The deep blue tincture that robed it, seemed
The gloomiest garb of sorrow,
As if on its eyes no brightness beamed,
And it never in clearer moments dreamed
Of a fair, a calm to-morrow.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

MRS. HEMANS.

‘Consider the lilies of the field.’

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty — when from you
That heavenly lesson from all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky —
Then in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you
by
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste,
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed
hour,
Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus and graced!

Floral Vocabulary.

<i>Acacia, Yellow</i>	Coneealed Love.
<i>Acacia, Rose</i>	Elegance.
<i>Acalea</i> ,.....	Temperanee.
<i>Acanthus</i> ,.....	The Arts.
<i>Aconite-leaved Crowfoot</i> ,.....	Lustre.
<i>Agnus Castus</i> ,.....	Coldness without Love.
<i>Agrimony</i> ,.....	Thankfulness.
<i>Alysum, Sweet</i>	Worth beyond Beauty.
<i>Althea Frutex</i> ,.....	Consumed by Love.
<i>Almond</i> ,.....	Hope.
<i>Aloe</i> ,.....	Bitterness.
<i>Ambrosia</i> ,.....	Returned Affection.
<i>Angelica</i> ,.....	Inspiration.
<i>Amaranth</i> ,	Immortality.
<i>Amaranth, Globe</i> ,.....	Unchangeable.
<i>Angrec</i> ,.....	Royalty.
<i>Anemone</i> ,.....	Frailty.
<i>Apple-Blossom</i> ,	Fame speaks him good and great.
<i>Apocynum</i> ,	Falsehood.
<i>Ash</i> ,	Grandeur.
<i>Aspen Tree</i> ,	Sensibility.
<i>Aster</i> ,	Beauty in Retirement.
<i>Amaryllys</i> ,.....	Beautiful, but timid.
<i>Auricula, Scarlet</i> ,.....	Pride.
<i>Arum</i> ,	Ferocity and Deceit.
<i>Asphodel</i> ,.....	My Regrets follow you.

<i>Bachelor's Button</i> ,.....	Hope in Misery.
<i>Balsam</i> ,.....	Impatience.
<i>Balm</i> ,.....	Social Intercourse.
<i>Barberry</i> ,.....	Sourness.
<i>Basil</i> ,.....	Hatred.
<i>Beech</i> ,.....	Prosperity.
<i>Blue Bell</i> ,.....	Constancy.
<i>Bay Leaf</i> ,.....	I change but in dying.
<i>Bay Wreath</i> ,.....	The Reward of Merit.
<i>Betony</i> ,.....	Surprise.
<i>Bindweed</i> ,.....	Humility.
<i>Birch</i> ,.....	Gracefulness.
<i>Black Poplar</i> ,.....	Courage.
<i>Black Thorn</i> ,.....	Difficulty.
<i>Borage</i> ,.....	Bluntness.
<i>Box</i> ,.....	Stoicism.
<i>Broom</i> ,.....	Neatness.
<i>Buck Bean</i> ,.....	Calm Repose.
<i>Burdock</i> ,.....	Importunity.
<i>Buttercup</i> ,.....	Ingratitude.
<i>Calla</i> ,.....	Feminine Modesty.
<i>Calycanthus</i> ,.....	Benevolence.
<i>Candy Tuft</i> ,.....	Indifference.
<i>Canterbury Blue Bell</i> ,...	Gratitude.
<i>Cardinal's Flower</i> ,.....	Distinction.
<i>Carnation</i> ,.....	Disdain.
<i>Catchfly</i> ,.....	Artifice.
<i>Cedar Tree</i> ,.....	Strength.
<i>Chamomile</i> ,.....	Energy in Adversity.
<i>Cherry Blossom</i> ,.....	Spiritual Beauty.
<i>Chestnut</i> ,.....	Render me Justice.
<i>China Aster</i> ,.....	Variety.

<i>China Pink</i> ,	Aversion.
<i>Chrysanthemum</i> ,	Cheerfulness.
<i>Clematis</i> ,	Mental Beauty.
<i>Columbine</i> ,	Folly.
<i>Coltsfoot</i> ,	Maternal Care.
<i>Coriander</i> ,	Concealed Worth.
<i>Coreopsis</i> ,	Ever cheerful.
<i>Cowslip</i> ,	Native Grace.
<i>Crocus</i> ,	Youthful Gladness.
<i>Crown Imperial</i> ,	Majesty.
<i>Cypress</i> ,	Mourning.
<i>Daffodil</i> ,	Delusive Hope.
<i>Dahlia</i> ,	Dignity and Elegance.
<i>Daisy</i> ,	Innocence.
<i>Dandelion</i> ,	Oracle.
<i>Dew Plant</i> ,	Serenade.
<i>Dogwood</i> ,	Durability.
<i>Dragon Plant</i> ,	Snare.
<i>Eglantine</i> ,	Poetry.
<i>Elder</i> ,	Compassion.
<i>Elm</i> ,	Dignity.
<i>Enchanter's Nightshade</i> ,	Fascination.
<i>Evergreen</i> ,	Poverty.
<i>Everlasting</i> ,	Unceasing Remembrance.
<i>Fennel</i> ,	Strength.
<i>Fern</i> ,	Sincerity.
<i>Fir</i> ,	Time.
<i>Flax</i> ,	Acknowledged Kindness.
<i>Flowering Reed</i> ,	Confidence in Heaven.
<i>Flower of an Hour</i> ,	Delicate Beauty.
<i>Forget-me-not</i> ,	True Love.

<i>Foxglove</i> ,	I am ambitious for your sake.
<i>Fuchsia</i> ,	Confiding Love.
<i>Geranium</i> , <i>Nutmeg</i>	I shall meet you.
“ <i>Lemon</i>	A Tranquil Mind.
“ <i>Oak</i>	True Friendship.
“ <i>Rose</i>	Preference.
“ <i>Scarlet</i> ,.....	Consolation.
“ <i>Silver-leaved</i> ,.....	Recall.
“ <i>Ivy</i> ,	Bridal Favor.
<i>Gilly Flower</i> ,	Lasting Beauty.
<i>Glory Flower</i> ,	Glorious Beauty.
<i>Golden Rod</i> ,.....	Encouragement.
<i>Grape</i> , <i>Wild</i>	Charity.
<i>Grass</i> ,.....	Utility.
<i>Harebell</i> ,	Grief.
<i>Hawthorn</i> ,.....	Hope.
<i>Hazel</i> ,	Reconciliation.
<i>Heath</i> ,	Solitude.
<i>Heart's-ease</i> , or <i>Pansy</i> ,	Think of me.
<i>Heliotrope</i> ,	Devotion.
<i>Hellebore</i> ,	Calumny.
<i>Holly</i> ,	Domestic Happiness.
<i>Hollyhock</i> ,.....	Fruitfulness.
<i>Honesty</i> or <i>Satin Flower</i> ,	Honesty.
<i>Honeysuckle</i> ,	Bonds of Love.
<i>Hops</i> ,.....	Injustice.
<i>Horse Chestnut</i> ,	Luxurianey.
<i>Horn Bean</i> ,.....	Ornament.
<i>House Leek</i> ,	Vivacity.
<i>Houstonia</i> ,	Content.

<i>Hyacinth</i> ,	Game. Play.
<i>Hydrangea</i> ,	Heartlessness
<i>Ice Plant</i> ,	Your looks freeze me.
<i>Iceland Moss</i> ,	Health.
<i>Iris</i> ,	A Message for you.
<i>Ivy</i> ,	Friendship.
<i>Jasmine</i> , <i>White</i>	Amiability.
" <i>Yellow</i>	Elegant Gracefulness.
<i>Jonquil</i> ,	Desire.
<i>Judas Tree</i> ,	Unbelief.
<i>Juniper</i> ,	Protection.
<i>Kennedia</i> ,	Mental Excellence.
<i>King-Cup</i> ,.....	I wish I was rich.
<i>Larburnum</i> ,	Pensive Beauty.
<i>Lady's Slipper</i> ,	Capricious Beauty.
<i>Larkspur</i> ,	Fickleness.
<i>Larch</i> ,	Boldness.
<i>Laurel</i> ,	Glory.
<i>Laurustinus</i> ,	I die if neglected.
<i>Lavender</i> ,	Acknowledgment.
<i>Lemon-Blossom</i> ,.....	Discretion.
<i>Lettuce</i> ,.....	Cold hearted.
<i>Lilac</i> ,.....	First Emotions of Love.
<i>Lily</i> , <i>White</i>	Purity and Modesty.
<i>Lily of the Valley</i> ,.....	Return of Happiness.
<i>Linden Tree</i> ,	Matrimony.
<i>Lobelia</i> ,	Malevolence.
<i>Locust</i> ,	Affection beyond the grave.
<i>London Pride</i> ,.....	Frivolity.

<i>Lotus</i> ,	Estranged Love.
<i>Love-in-a-mist</i> ,	Perplexity.
<i>Love-in-a-puzzle</i> ,	Embarrassment.
<i>Love-lies-a-bleeding</i> , ..	Hopeless, not heartless.
<i>Lucern</i> ,	Life.
<i>Lupine</i> ,	Sorrow, Dejection.
<i>Madwort, Rock</i> ,	Tranquillity.
<i>Maize</i> ,	Plenty.
<i>Mallow</i> ,	Sweet Disposition.
<i>Magnolia</i> ,	Love of Nature.
<i>Mandrake</i> ,	Rarity.
<i>Maple</i> ,	Reserve.
<i>Marvel of Peru</i> ,	Timidity.
<i>Marigold</i> ,	Inquietude.
<i>Meadow Saffron</i> ,	My best days are past.
<i>Meadow Sweet</i> ,	Uselessness.
<i>Mercury</i> ,	Goodness.
<i>Mezereon</i> ,	Desire to please.
<i>Mignonette</i> ,	Excellence and loveliness.
<i>Mimosa</i> ,	Sensitiveness.
<i>Mint</i> ,	Virtue.
<i>Missletoe</i> ,	I surmount all obstacles.
<i>Moonwort</i> ,	Forgetfulness.
<i>Motherwort</i> ,	Secret Love.
<i>Moss, Tuft of</i>	Maternal Love.
<i>Mulberry Tree</i> ,	Wisdom.
<i>Mushroom</i> ,	Suspicion.
<i>Mouse Ear</i> ,	Forget-me-not.
<i>Myrtle</i> , ...?	Love in absence.
<i>Narcissus</i> ,	Egotism.
<i>Nasturtium</i> ,	Patriotism.

<i>Nettle</i> ,	Slander.
<i>Nightshade</i> ,	Dark Thoughts.
<i>Night-Blooming Cereus</i> ,	Transient Beauty.
<i>Nosegay</i> ,	Gallantry.
<i>Oak</i> ,	Hospitality.
<i>Oats</i> ,	Musie.
<i>Oleander</i> ,	Beware.
<i>Olive Branch</i> ,	Peace.
<i>Orange Tree</i> ,	Generosity.
<i>Orange Flower</i> ,	Chastity.
<i>Orchis</i> ,	A Belle.
<i>Osier</i> ,	Frankness.
<i>Ox-Eye</i> ,	Obstacle.
<i>Palm</i> ,	Victory.
<i>Pansy, or Heart's-ease</i> ,	Think of me.
<i>Parsley</i> ,	Entertainment.
<i>Passion Flower</i> ,	Religious Superstition.
<i>Pea, Everlasting</i> ,	Wilt thou go with me.
<i>" Sweet</i> ,	Departure.
<i>Peach-Blossom</i> ,	I am your Captive.
<i>Pemyroyal</i> ,	Flee away.
<i>Peony</i> ,	Ostentation.
<i>Periwinkle</i> ,	Sweet Remembrances.
<i>Peruvian Heliotrope</i> , ...	Infatuation.
<i>Phlox</i> ,	We are united.
<i>Pimpernel</i> ,	Assignation.
<i>Pine Apple</i> ,	You are perfect.
<i>Pine</i> ,	Pity.
<i>Pink</i> ,	Purity of Affection.
<i>Plane Tree</i> ,	Genius.
<i>Plum Tree</i> ,	Keep your Promises.

<i>Rush</i> ,	Docility.
<i>Rue</i> ,	Purification.
<i>Saffron</i> ,	Excess is dangerous.
<i>Sage</i> ,	Domestic Virtues.
<i>Scabious</i> ,	Unfortunate Attachment.
<i>Scarlet Ipomœa</i> ,	Attachment.
<i>Sensitive Plant</i> ,	Sensitiveness.
<i>Serpentine Cactus</i> ,	Horror.
<i>Snap Dragon</i> ,	Presumption.
<i>Snow-Ball</i> ,	Thoughts of Heaven.
<i>Snowdrop</i> ,	Consolation.
<i>Spider Wort</i> ,	Transient happiness.
<i>Southern Wood</i> ,	Jesting.
<i>St. John's Wort</i> ,	Animosity.
<i>Star of Bethlehem</i> ,	The light of our path.
<i>Strawberry</i> ,	Perfect excellence.
<i>Striped Pink</i> ,	Refusal.
<i>Sumach</i> ,	Splendor.
<i>Sun-Flower</i> ,	False riches.
<i>Sweet Brier</i> ,	Poetry.
<i>Sweet Flag</i> ,	Fitness.
<i>Sweet Sultan</i> ,	Felicity.
<i>Sweet-scented Tussilage</i> ,	Justice shall be done you.
<i>Sweet William</i> ,	A Smile.
<i>Syringa</i> ,	Memory.
<i>Tamarisk</i> ,	Crime.
<i>Tansy</i> ,	Resistance.
<i>Teasel</i> ,	Misanthropy.
<i>Thistle</i> ,	I will never forget thee.
<i>Thorn Apple</i> ,	Deceitful Charms.
<i>Thyme</i> ,	Activity.

<i>Tremella</i> ,.....	Resistance.
<i>Trumpet Flower</i> ,.....	Separation.
<i>Tulip</i> ,.....	Declaration of love.
<i>Valerian</i> ,.....	Accommodating disposition.
<i>Venus's Looking-glass</i> , .	Flattery.
<i>Venus's Fly-trap</i> ,.....	Deceit.
<i>Verbena</i> ,.....	Sensibility.
<i>Vine</i> ,	Intoxication.
<i>Violet, White</i>	Candor.
" <i>Blue</i>	Modesty.
" <i>Yellow</i>	Rural happiness.
<i>Virgin's Bower</i> ,.....	Filial Love.
<i>Wall Flower</i> ,.....	Fidelity in misfortune.
<i>Wake Robin</i> ,	Ardor.
<i>Water Lily</i> ,.....	Purity of heart.
<i>Willow, Weeping</i>	Forsaken.
<i>Wax Plant</i> ,.....	Susceptibility.
<i>Wheat</i> ,	Riches.
<i>Winter Cherry</i> ,.....	Deception.
<i>Witch Hazel</i> ,.....	A spell.
<i>Wood Sorrel</i> ,	Joy.
<i>Woodbine</i> ,	Fraternal love.
<i>Wormwood</i> ,	Absence.
<i>Yarrow</i> ,	Thou alone can'st cure.
<i>Yew</i> ,	Sorrow.
<i>Zinnia</i> ,.....	Absence.