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ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF MARYLAND,

AT ITS

THIRD ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION,

JUNE 4th, 1835.

BY

FRANCIS H. DAVIDGE.

BALTIMORE:

PRINTED BY JOS. ROBINSON.

1835.

THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

Gift
Henry Beechiridge Trustee
1921

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BALTIMORE, *June 5th*, 1835.

F. H. DAVIDGE, Esq.

Dear Sir,—As a committee appointed on the part of the Horticultural Society of Maryland, we take pleasure in communicating to you the unanimous expression of thanks by the Society for the interesting and eloquent address delivered by you last evening, and request the favor of a copy for publication.

We remain,

Very truly yours,

JOSHUA I. COHEN,
T. EDMONDSON, JR.,
EDW. KURTZ.

BALTIMORE, *June 5th*, 1835.

GENTLEMEN:

Notwithstanding the fear which suggests itself, that the address of which you request a copy for publication, may not meet with, on the part of the community at large, the friendly and indulgent appreciation entertained for it by the Horticultural Society, I hasten to comply with the desire expressed in your note of this date. Hoping that as a hasty transcript, of thoughts and feelings naturally suggested by the delightful topics of which it proposes to treat, composed in the midst of the constant and perplexing interruptions of professional duty, it may find mercy at the hands of fastidious criticism, I remain, with best wishes for the prosperity of the Society of which you are the representatives, and your individual happiness.

Very truly yours,

F. H. DAVIDGE.

TO JOSHUA I. COHEN, M. D.,
T. EDMONDSON, JR. Esq.,
EDW. KURTZ, Esq.,
Committee.

THE JOURNAL OF THE
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

Subscription prices: Five dollars per annum in advance. Single copies, fifteen cents. Payment in advance. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Entered as second-class matter, June 26, 1902, under post office no. 383, at Chicago, Ill., under special agreement of post office and postmaster. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 16, 1918.

Postmaster: This publication is entered as second-class matter, June 26, 1902, under post office no. 383, at Chicago, Ill., under special agreement of post office and postmaster. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 16, 1918.

Copyright, 1918, by American Medical Association. Printed at the Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Published by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Editor: J. C. Thompson, M.D., 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Business Manager: J. C. Thompson, M.D., 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Advertising Manager: J. C. Thompson, M.D., 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Subscription Agent: J. C. Thompson, M.D., 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

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ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY :

IN accordance with your wishes, expressed through your committee, I propose to discharge the pleasing duty of addressing you on this interesting occasion. It would be affectation on my part to pretend that so great a distinction, coming from such a source, has not gratified me, nor can I shut out the consciousness that, in making your selection, reference has been had more to sentiments of personal regard, than to any peculiar ability in me to descant worthily on subjects, the grace and beauty of which are so entirely at variance with the dullness and monotony of my ordinary pursuits. To find myself so kindly appreciated by you, is the more acceptable, as great indeed must have been the warmth of that regard which could have induced you, in designating me for so honorable a duty, to pass over the claims of many members of the society, whose high intellectual endowments, ripened scholarship, and familiar acquaintance with the topics to be noticed, are far, very far, superior to mine. Relying on the spirit of friendly indulgence which has thus far shewn itself in my behalf, I shall

now proceed to perform my pleasing task, and if in the course of my remarks I shall be so fortunate as to present any thing worthy of the consideration of this enlightened assemblage, or in keeping with the lovely and enchanting scene by which we are surrounded, I shall feel most amply repaid for any exertion which the occasion may have called forth.

Before entering on my subject, I must be permitted, in passing, to advert to the admirable taste displayed in the choice of the season for the celebration in which we are engaged.

The hoary headed dotard *Winter*, after lingering in the lap of *Spring*, has at length wrapped his shrivelled form in the folds of his snowy mantle, and fled, wearing his crown of withered leaves, gemmed with ice drops, to his native regions of the North, there to dwell until he shall be again permitted to direct his desolating march along our fields, and sweep with rufian hand, from the face of Nature, the emblems of *peace* and *joy* and *loveliness*. Summoning around him his grim retinue of tempests, he has gone, amid the howlings of the storm, to visit those Arctic wilds which have, from time immemorial, recognized the potency of his iron sceptre. Ever and anon casting a backward glance, and shaking from his streaming locks the sleety torrents of his baffled wrath, he threatens to return and kill the promise of the growing year. To his throne has succeeded bright eyed *Spring*.

"She moves resplendant thro' the whispering air,
 Bright as the morn descends her blushing car,
 Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
 And gemmed with flowers the silken harness shines,
 The golden bits with flowery studs are deck'd
 And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.

* * * * *

Fair Spring advancing calls her feather'd quire,
 And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;
 Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
 And arms her Zephyrs with the shafts of Love.
 Pleased Gnomes, ascending from their earthy beds,
 Play round her graceful footsteps, as she treads;
 Gay Sylphs attendant, beat the fragrant air,
 On winnowing wings, and waft her golden hair;
 Blue Nymphs emerging leave their sparkling streams,
 And *fiery forms* alight from orient beams,
 Musk'd in the rose's lap, fresh dews they shed,
 Or breathe celestial odours round her head."

Released from their icy fetters by her magic touch,
 the streams pursue their way rejoicing and murmur
 forth their hymn of liberty! The green clad hills up-
 lift their heads in glee, and on their brows are seen
 gay wreaths of flowers that greet the passing breeze
 with balmy fragrance. The labour loving Bee has
 wandered forth to gather sweets, and warblers of the
 wood attune their throats to new born melodies. All
 nature is alive and full of ecstasy. The herd set free,
 now crops the verdant meed in gladness, and proud
 creation's lord himself, acknowledges her sway, and
 feels fresh vigour in his pliant frame. The aged sire
 now sits beside his door, and basking in the genial
 sunshine, loves to see his offspring sport, and hear
 the music of blythe childhood's laugh. Even the
 martyr to disease, whom months have seen the tenant
 of his chamber, now takes his staff and totters forth,

to breathe again the air of Heaven and gaze once more on Nature's loveliness. Is not this, then, I would ask, the time when all hearts are warm and full of gladness,

"When the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing:
While Virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!

* * * * *

When the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters rich festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!"

that we should assemble and meet together to celebrate creation's jubilee? That, like our sires of old, we should gather the first fruits and the earliest flowers, and offer up, in this, the home of our blessedness, on the shrine of our holiest and most grateful affections, the incense of their loveliness, to the all seeing all protecting God of our humble adoration. That we, the creatures of his powers, should spread before him the outpourings of his bounty, and join in paying the tribute of our thankfulness to that Being whose life-time is eternity.

The subject, of which I am about to speak, is so replete with sweetness and abounds with such a variety of beauties, that, like the Epicure who beholds before him the outspread banquet, I am at a loss

where to begin. Even in this age of universal improvement, when the spirit of advancement has fixed its stamp on every department of human knowledge, the notice of the most casual observer must have been attracted by the rapid progress made, within the last thirty years, in that portion of our subject which is connected with the gratifications of the palate, as well as that branch of it, which may be styled ornamental, and makes its appeal to the senses of smell and sight. Plants of the most exquisite taste, flavour and health bestowing qualities, which, until within a few years past, were entirely unknown, or, if seen, were only to be found at the banquets of the most wealthy, have become so domesticated amongst us, and are produced in such rich abundance, as to be no longer strangers at the social board of the most humble. Flowers that but a short time since were cherished and nurtured in the hot houses and conservatories of the rich, for whose enjoyment alone, their endless varieties of tint and sense enrapturing odours were reserved, may now be seen expanding their lovely bosoms to the sunbeams, and exhaling their balmy perfume to the breeze, in the neatly trimmed enclosure of the ordinary citizen.

To the production of a change so welcome, numerous causes have contributed, a passing notice of which may be deemed necessary to a full understanding of the matters of which we are speaking.

Perhaps no portion of the globe is more highly favoured, in point of geographical situation and advantages of climate, than the region by which we are surrounded. Forming the proper middle ground between the intense and long continued heats of more southern, and the pinching cold of more northern latitudes, our State partakes of the advantages belonging to each without being liable to the objections attaching to either. With a summer sufficiently long and warm to bring vegetation to full maturity, we have a winter, of such duration and severity as to prevent the exhaustion consequent upon protracted demands upon the earth, by vegetation too long continued, furnishing its mantle of snows for the protection of those plants, which without such a covering, would fall victims to the intensity of the frost. In addition to these local advantages, Providence has kindly furnished, for our benefit, a soil which although, originally, not extremely fertile, is warm and generous, and containing within it properties eminently adapted to excite and mature vegetable growths, offers, even without the aid of cultivation, a botanical product, the richness and variety of which have attracted the observation and commanded the admiration of all foreigners. It is not strange then, that, under circumstances such as these, combined with some others to which I shall merely advert, the active energies of our people sedulously applied,

should have procured results so valuable and so worthy of remark.

All who are here present are of course acquainted, from memory or historical tradition, with the melancholy events which, not very many years since, converted one of the most lovely of the West Indian Isles into a vast field of bloodshed, and compelled such of the unfortunate inhabitants as escaped the general carnage, to seek, in utter destitution, an asylum in foreign lands. To those scenes of horror, the bare mention of which is calculated to call forth a shudder, are we, strange as it may seem, in a great measure indebted for the improvements of which we are so justly proud. In looking for a place of refuge, the wretched outcasts from this modern Eden, guided by chance, or, perhaps we should say, a higher Power, sought our city and its vicinity as their haven of rest, bringing with them the only riches upon which barbarian rapaciousness had not laid its grasp, their intelligence, their moral worth, and that indomitable spirit which makes even misfortune contribute to human happiness. Compelled to labour for a livelihood, men of rank and learning, of elegance and refinement, made what had previously been a source of pleasure and recreation, tributary to their support, and, by introducing the culture of those fruits with which observation had made them acquainted in the land "where the citron and orange are sweetest of fruit," conferred upon us

blessings as lasting as they are invaluable. These circumstances, in connexion with the influx of strangers from every part of Europe, who have been forced to leave the places of their nativity by civil commotions, political revolutions, or a desire to worship their Maker in the manner pointed out by their own consciences, and who have brought with them the lights of scientific research or practical experience, have tended to enlarge, in so surprising a degree, the stock of vegetable products, remarkable for their beauty or desirable on account of their usefulness.

It must be admitted that the present excellence of our kitchen and flower gardens is to be attributed, so far as man is concerned, to individual enterprize, but it must not be forgotten that the primary source of these benefits is one to which man's agency is subordinate and infinitely inferior. The fountain head from which these blessings spring is to be found in the Giver of Light, the Great First Cause. Yes, my friends, let us ascend, if you will, the giddy heights of our mountain precipices, untrodden, save by the foot of the fearless hunter or the hardy woodman, and I will shew you, in each crevice of the riven rock, myriads of lovely flowerets trembling in the summer breeze,

“ That bloom to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.”

Come, dive with me into the depths of our primæval forests, late the abode of the rude, untutored

Indian, and you shall behold the wild Honeysuckle twining its delicate branches around the gnarled oak, and loading the Zephyrs with its sweetness, whilst, at its side, the graceful grapevine bears its blushing honours thick, but unheeded, save by the feathered songsters of the grove. Let us wander over the widely extended prairie, and you shall find the dewberry and the wild strawberry courting the taste with their blushes at every step. Or, if you will rove by the side of the sparkling rivulet, that dances dazzlingly along its pebbled course, you may pluck hundreds of moisture loving plants, each possessing qualities of rarest worth, where the hand of cultivation never toiled. These are the outpourings of the Almighty's wealth, that, unnurtured by the care of man,

"Return the sweets by Nature given
In softest incense back to heav'n."

Yes my friends, if there be a spot upon the globe where the vegetable kingdom displays its hordes of richest fruits and stores of sweetest flowers, in their fullest and most varied luxuriance, it is the land of our birth, "the loveliest land on the face of the earth." It is here that the Lilac of Persia, the Lily of France, the Rose of England, the golden Broom of Scotland, and, I might almost say, the flowers of every clime may live in sweet companionship together,—whilst the hardy Pine of the North, the Magnolia of the South, the Pride of eastern China and the Acacia of the

western forest, may revel in the glorious sunshine and wave their verdant crests, in amorous dalliance with the summer winds.

It may be thought strange, that, in the midst of such advantages, in the very home of fruits and flowers, there should not have been established, until so late a period, an institution devoted to the advancement of so interesting a branch of knowledge, whilst other sections of our country, to which Nature has been less bountiful of her charms, have for many years cherished and sustained associations formed for that purpose. Be that as it may, the Horticultural Society has been at last established, and I may be permitted to add, in adverting to the salutary effects of its institution, already so strongly manifested in the interest which has been excited in its behalf, that no success which may have thus far attended, or may hereafter await the exertions of those who compose it, can ever repay them the for benefits which must accrue to the community from their laudable undertaking.

In the old world, where the many toil for the few, where the lives of the great are spent in catering to the gratification of their tastes, and, where millions, wrung from the brow of hardy toil, are expended in adorning the luxurious villas of the opulent, or purchasing dainties for their tables, the science of fruits and flowers has, from a remote era, been fostered and

promoted by the great, in the foremost rank of whom may be seen royalty itself. René, king of Anjou, called the Henry the Fourth of Provence, was the first to introduce to garden culture the Carnation and the Red Rose, whose praises are thus sung by Love's own bard, Anacreon,

“ While we invoke the wreathed Spring,
 Resplendent Rose ! to thee we'll sing ;
 Resplendent Rose ! the flower of flowers,
 Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers ;
 Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye
 Enchants so much our mortal eye.
 Oft has the poet's magic tongue
 The Rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
 And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
 Have reared it in their tuneful shades.
 When, at the early glance of morn,
 It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
 'Tis sweet to dare the langled fence,
 To cull the timid flow'ret thence,
 And wipe, with tender hand, away
 The tear that on its blushes lay !
 'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
 Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
 And fresh inhale the spicy sighs,
 That from the weeping buds arise.
 When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
 And Bacchus beams in every eye,
 Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
 And fill with balm the fainting gale !
 Oh, there is nought in Nature bright,
 Where roses do not shed their light !
 When morning paints the Orient skies,
 Her fingers burn with roseate dyes !
 And when at length, with pale decline,
 Its florid beauties fade and pine,
 Sweet as in youth its balmy breath
 Diffuses odour ev'n in death !”

Henry the Fourth of France, at whose nod kingdoms trembled, wished to connect his people with other nations by a chain of flowers, when he founded the celebrated Garden of Plants at Paris, and it is

thus to the zeal of that great monarch, as writers inform us, that we are indebted for the introduction into Europe, of the China Aster, the Indian Pink, the Mignonette of Egypt, the Eastern Tube Rose, the Heliotrope, the Nasturtian, the Persian Jasmine and many other lovely flowers that enrich the autumnal Flora of the present age, which had previously been limited, to use their own expression, to "the verdant chaplet of vine leaves."

In this new world of ours, where free institutions forbid the existence of the tree of Royalty, under whose chilling shade man droops and declines, where the accumulation of overgrown fortunes and its necessary attendant, privileged rank, is prevented by the policy of our political establishments, it is peculiarly proper that, so far as the encouragement of the arts and sciences is concerned, their place should be supplied by the institution of societies whose collected intellect and pecuniary ability may be adequate to enterprizes exceeding the scope of private means. Societies that may hold out to ambitious toil suitable rewards, and cherish, by their fostering care, those departments of knowledge, which, without their aid, would sink into a state of lethargy, for the want of sufficient stimulus to activity.

It is now two or three years since a few of our public spirited fellow citizens, acting in accordance with the sentiments I have just expressed, associated

themselves under the appellation of “The Horticultural Society of Maryland.” In the organization of this Society there is one feature which I must be permitted to notice, as honorable to the liberality of its founders, and indicative of their just appreciation of that portion of our race to which we are in fact indebted for all the refinement we may possess,—I allude to the introduction of those who form “fair creation’s fairest part,” as fellow labourers in the cause of beauty and of taste. If reference be had to the useful part of horticulture, it must be admitted, that those, to whom our social economy has assigned the management of our domestic concerns; including the art of preparing for the gratification of the palate the gifts which Nature has furnished for our use; should possess a knowledge of the respective qualities belonging to the products of the kitchen garden. So, if, on the other hand, we look to that portion of our subject which treats of flowers, I appeal to the gallantry of every gentleman within the sound of my voice, whether it be not right that they, whose peculiar province is beauty and refinement, should join with us in promoting the progress of elegance and taste,—that they, whose presence diffuses light and life throughout the social circle, whose smile gladdens and whose sympathies soothe, soften down, and subdue the asperities of our sterner nature, should unite with us, in arraying the earth in the mantle of its beauties, and

spreading before the eye of the Creator, in their most varied luxuriance, the gifts which his goodness has provided for our support or gratification.

Whilst, however, we award to these gentlemen the credit which so justly belongs to them, it must in candour be confessed, that selfishness may have mingled itself with their motives. They must have been aware, that, without the aid of the softer sex, their efforts would have lost half of their efficiency, and must have felt that in this, as well as every other laudable pursuit, the applauding smile of lovely woman is the highest reward for which man can contend.

It may possibly be supposed, by the casual observer, that horticulture does not present to the inquisitive mind a field of research sufficiently extended, or, subjects for examination sufficiently dignified, to justify the formation of societies, or enlist the energies of highly endowed intellect. If there be in this assemblage a single individual who entertains such a sentiment, let me beseech him to dismiss it from his mind as an error too gross to receive, for an instant, his sanction. I would say to him, without the fear of contradiction, that, however interesting it may be to the mineralogist to search after the earth's hidden treasures,—to the geologist, to become versed in the various soils of which the vast globe on which we live is composed,—to the chemist, to ascertain the mysteries of those wonderful affinities that bind together

matter in its infinitely diversified forms,—or, to the natural philosopher, to make himself acquainted with the laws by which the *Great First Cause* controls the elements and directs the arcana of creation; neither collectively nor singly do they present more noble aliment for thought, than does the science that treats of vegetable growths, as forming the medium through which the subjects of the sister sciences are made available to life; constituting, as it were, the link that connects the earth with the animated beings by which it is inhabited, and man with the Power whose fiat called him into existence.

It must not for a moment be supposed, that the small portion of ground, enclosed with its tidy fence, along which the Jessamine and the Honeysuckle entwine themselves so gracefully, and its walks and borders, laid out with so much neatness and precision; or the hot house with its pyramids of shelves, its heated air, and its transparent walls, form the limits of the horticulturist's inquiries. They are but the humble means that serve to display, at a glance, the nucleus from which arise reflections and imaginings which are coextensive with wide creation's widest range, and mingle themselves with the aspirations of that principle which assimilates man to his Creator, and constitutes him a candidate for *immortality*. The learning of the horticulturist should comprehend a knowledge of mineralogy, that he may be aware of

the effects produced by the presence of minerals in the soil he cultivates,—of geology, that he may understand what earth is best adapted to the growth and expansion of his charge,—and of natural philosophy, that he may know the laws which govern the elements as component parts of the atmosphere from which the endless varieties of vegetables derive their sustenance. —In a word, he should study Nature's mighty plan, in all its parts, that he may comprehend, first, the way in which vegetation may be best promoted, and secondly, the objects to which it may be most advantageously applied.

For even the most ignorant, the garden has irresistible attractions; whether it be as the furnisher of the means of life, in the humble Potato, the poor man's never failing friend, the luxurious Melon, or the luscious Grape,—of gratification to the sight, in the mellow tints of the lowly Heart's ease, the spotless whiteness of the Lily, and the gorgeous colouring of the *Cactus Speciosissimus*,—or of fascination to the sense of smelling, in the softly breathed odours of the modest Mignonette and the gentle Violet, or the gushing fragrance of the Queen of Flowers, the banquet loving Rose. Yes! these delights are open to the enjoyment of the most uninformed, they spring from instincts of our nature and require no scholarship to give them strength.

To the educated gardener, those objects are sources of a purer, a nobler gratification. They carry with them associations that beguile him of the present, and lead him captive, along the avenues of time, to the deepest recesses of antiquity. They conduct him through the shadowy forms of men and things, long since departed, and connect themselves with the choicest and holiest emanations of his spirit. They present to his mental vision those sublime truths of which, fragile as they may be, they have, for ages, been regarded as the lovely emblems, and form the ground work of scientific researches involving the organization of universal being.

The apparently insignificant Mignonette transports the lover of historical lore, to its own native Egypt, and leads him, in fancy, to rove along the prolific borders of the seven mouthed Nile. The land of Cleopatra arises to his imagination, with its long train of departed kings and heroes,—its pyramids that tell of greatness now no more,—its ruined temples and symbolical emblems, the reliques of a religion as imposing as it has been transitory. A shadowy creation bursts upon his vision, and he is made to behold, reflected in the dusky mirror of antiquity, the scenes described in Holy Writ,—he is with God's peculiar people in the house of bondage, and loves to gaze with the deepest veneration on the birth place of the arts and sciences, the hallowed source whence the rivers of know-

ledge, which in after times have served to quench the intellectual thirst of man, take their origin.

Should the majestic Lily,

“in its vest of lawn,
Whiter than foam upon the crested wave,
Pure as the spirit parted from its grave,
When every stain that earth had left is gone,”

be seen rearing its head above surrounding plants, he is at once hurried away to the times of a Charlemagne, or a Clovis, and sees unrolled before him the historic scroll of that gallant nation, whose armorial device it has been for so many ages.

The Red and the White Rose speak of the rivalry of the Houses of York and Lancaster for the British throne, and are mingled with the proudest recollections of our fatherland ; whilst the Sun Flower brings to mind, the sad narrative of the cruelty and oppression with which a nation, boasting the mild and affectionate precepts of the religion of the cross, overwhelmed the mighty empires of the southern portion of our own continent, and sacrificed millions of fellow beings, to gratify its lust for power and wealth.

In the bed of flowers, as well as the assemblage of the proud offspring of the forest, the lover of classic lore finds innumerable remembrancers of the delightful fictions, traced by the pen of an Ovid, or the lovely descriptions of the economy of rural life, so sweetly sung in the Georgics of a Virgil.—He sees in the attitudes and colorings of the most common plants,

analogies, connected with the imaginings of the most gifted Poets, and closely allied to the mythological traditions, so venerated by the revered philosophers and sages of heathen antiquity.

To the lover of natural science, what a field of enquiry is presented in the growth and economy of the simplest flower, the process by which the atmosphere imparts to it health and strength, and the manner in which the peculiar qualities of the soil, wherein it grows, are borne through all its branches, modifying the tints of its blossom, the hue of its leaf, or the glassy smoothness of its stem! It is for him to ascertain what the peculiar something is, of which the atmosphere is deprived, in furnishing sustenance to vegetation,—to learn what ingredient of the soil has served to paint the flowret's leaf, or what other portion of matter has yielded the glossy polish to its stalk.—Of the great principle which governs these nice processes, man knows and can know nothing, the secret of *life* must remain hidden with *Him* who is the *Life of life*.

Did the time permit, I might extend these illustrations still further, but we will now turn for a moment to the moralist, to whom the charms of Horticulture address themselves, with, if possible, a more immediate and touching appeal. As he looks from his casement, to inhale the freshness of the morning air, his senses are regaled by all that is lovely to the sight, or

grateful to the smell. Gazing around to ascertain the sources of such exquisite delight, he beholds the Honeysuckle and the Jessamine, intertwining their tendrils with those of the Morning Glory and the Passion Flower,—near him he espies the Carnation and the Violet nestling among the rank grass,—the Linden Tree is spreading its delicate foliage, yet dripping with dew, and the stately Oak is waving its verdant boughs, and seems to court the coming breeze. The Tulip Tree uplifts its graceful form, whilst the humble shrubs stretch forth their tiny branches in the attitude of praise and thanksgiving—Yes! they are offering up to their Creator, in silent gratefulness, the incense of their loveliness! To the moralist, each plant conveys its peculiar lesson, but taken collectively, they breathe to him a language which sinks deep into the recesses of his heart. They tell of that love which can alone sweeten existence; which clings to the cherished object of its affections, in joy and in sorrow, with untiring, ever growing fondness; expanding its delicate arms to shelter the beloved being on which it depends for support, and cheering with its close embraces, the idol of its affections amid all the changes and vicissitudes of fickle fortune. They speak of married love, ardent but delicate, tender, devoted and self-forgetting,—of genuine merit, unobtrusive, retiring and bashful, but, by its excellences, attracting the regard it seems to shun,—of warm-

hearted, open-handed hospitality, that knows no bounds to its munificence, and of rural happiness, with which it loves to dwell.

I have thus attempted to give a faint outline of some of the subjects, coming directly or indirectly within the range of the studies and observation of the well informed Horticulturist. That they form a portion, although small, of the vast field of investigation naturally connected with the culture of fruits and flowers, cannot, I think, be doubted by any reflecting mind. Will it be said that such subjects as these are not of sufficient dignity to enlist in their service all of our energies, physical and intellectual? I fearlessly answer No. Let then the members of this association press forward in the noble work, which they have so worthily commenced. Let their watchword ever be, *onward*, and although the results of their labours may be, at first, comparatively small, it will be the province of futurity to declare, in all their fullness, the benefits of which they will have been the originators. With such a soil and such a climate as we possess, and a vegetable product of such unbounded variety as that offered by our own country alone, no adequate estimate can at present be made of the advantages to accrue from well concerted, harmonious, action on the part of even the limited number now composing this society. The discovery of America has already introduced to the knowledge of what may be termed the civilized

world, a single plant, the Potato, which has deprived famine of half its victims and penury of half its horrors. Who then will undertake to say that, inasmuch as almost all of the powerful assuagers of human misery have been found allied to the vegetable kingdom, there may not remain, among the countless myriads of plants decorating our hills, the names of which are yet unknown, some one that will alleviate still further the "ills that flesh is heir to," and restore man, in some measure, to his primitive exemption from pain? Nay more, is it not possible that, among the bright intelligences roused into activity by the honors conferred by this very society, there may be an American Linnæus, who will present to the world, discoveries of greater importance far, than those which have conferred immortality on the celebrated Swedish naturalist of that name?

In conclusion let me remark, that, as yet, this Association is in the spring tide of its existence, and that, although the dews of public favor have descended softly and refreshingly upon its growth, causing the seeds of future benefits to shoot luxuriantly, and put forth blossoms which promise the richest fruits, it will require the continued sunshine of ardent zeal, to bring these products to their full maturity. Should the chilling air of neglect be permitted to visit too harshly the lively interest and sincere esteem now entertained for its prosperity and utility, or should the

weeds of jealousy and distrust be suffered to rear their noxious heads, within the circle of its policy, there is too much reason to fear that all our hopes may be blasted, and the result of our labours be nothing better than the *tares* of deceitful promise. To prevent consequences so deplorable, it becomes the duty of every fellow laborer at the task, to guard with unceasing watchfulness, against evils which, if permitted to take root, must require infinite pains to eradicate them, and may, after all our efforts, mar the lovely prospect of our hopes.

At present, every thing looks well. The Rose of Beauty uplifts its head, and cheers us with its full blown blushes, and its budding charms,—the Orange Tree of Generosity is holding forth its golden treasures,—the Strawberry of Perfection is already seen in lovely groups, whilst the absence of the Columbine of Folly, leaves room for the Hawthorn of Hope, and the Fig of Longevity,—the Potato of Benificence is abundant, and we see nothing of the Narcissus of Selfishness, or the Skirrett of Coldness,—the Cabbage of Profit excludes the Dead Leaves of Melancholy, and the Hops of Injustice. It is true, that the Musk Rose of Capricious Beauty adorns our collection, but, as it is accompanied by the Grass of Utility, and as neither the Marigold or Cypress of Despair shew themselves, we may fondly hope, that the future has in store for us the Perriwinkles of Sweet Recollections.

Here I must bid you, adieu! and, if my zeal for the cause I advocate, has outstripped my ability to reward the attention so kindly extended to me, or if, forgetful of the lapse of moments, I may have descanted too much at length on subjects whose charms so far transcend the powers of even the most gifted, adequately to describe them—If, like the benighted Bee, led on from sweet to sweet,

“Too late I’ve staid, forgive the crime!
Unheeded fly the hours,
And noiseless falls the foot of time,
That treads o’er fruits and flowers.”

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