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FLOWERS FROM ARCADIA.







TRICHOSTEMA.  
(BLUE CURLS.)

SCARLET LARKSPUR.

# FLOWERS FROM ARCADIA

*A Series of Rondeaux and Verses showing the various Flowers of Affection  
that Blossom by the Wayside of Life*

ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL ENGRAVINGS

AND EMBELLISHED WITH CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS

## A Christmas Greeting



BY

JAMES T. WHITE



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## DEDICATION.

*DEAR friend, though seen by other eyes,  
Your heart must read through all disguise,  
What tender meaning underlies  
This Christmas Greeting:*

*For you these humble flowers grow;  
To you their sweet-breathed greetings go,—  
The message you already know  
Once more repeating.*



PRELUDE.

*A* BOOK of songs, a jar of wine,  
A loaf, and Thou, dear friend of mine,  
Beside me in the Wilderness;—  
Oh! then the Wilderness would be  
Arcadia indeed to me,  
So great would be my happiness.

*Paraphrased from the Persian of Omar Khayyám.*

---

*T*O Arcady hast thou ne'er been?  
Then let me give the mystic key,—  
The password that shall take thee in  
To Arcady.

*LOVE.*—Love that worketh charity;  
That holdeth all mankind as kin;  
That beareth human sympathy.

*Love is the only door therein;  
And Love, the "open sesame"  
Whereby thou may'st an entrance win  
To Arcady.*



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### *L'Envoi.*



FLOWERS FROM ARCADIA.







NEMOPHILA.

ADMIRATION.

*Camöens wrote a sonnet to his sweetheart,  
Catrina, the refrain of which was,  
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."*

ROUNDEL.

"SWEETEST eyes were ever seen."  
    Could the Poet e'er devise  
Daintier praise,—than gave Catrine  
    Sweetest eyes?

And which are the sweetest eyes?  
    Soft and melting, lustrous, keen,  
Merry,—or demure and wise?

Eyes that shine with light serene,  
    Mirrored from Love's happy skies,—  
Like thine own, dear,—are, I ween,  
    Sweetest eyes.



COLUMBINE.

ENTANGLEMENT.

*After Herrick.*

O BEE-KISSED Columbine,  
Tell this sweet friend of mine  
That she,  
Like thee,  
Hath ruby lip  
Where I would sip,  
Like wanton bee.  
And too, like thee,  
She bends her lily head  
And smiles,—but ties  
My heart with subtle thread  
Drawn from her eyes.  
She prisons me,—  
But then, ah me!  
Her dungeon takes from me  
All wish for liberty:  
Her sweet bond blesses me,  
Her smile caresses me,  
And in her gentle heart I lie  
At rest,  
Caressed  
By Love's delicious lullaby.



BRODIÆA.

DEVOTION.

RONDEAU.

IN days gone by these wild flowers fair  
Were made sweet messengers to bear  
My homage and fond thoughts to you,—  
If peradventure they might woo  
Your maiden fancy unaware.

To me these sweet-breathed blossoms are  
Reminders still of that fond care  
For you, which in my bosom grew  
In days gone by.

Your dear familiar face they wear,  
And in their beauty I compare  
The old-time charm they bring anew:—  
I wonder if they bring to you  
The message they were wont to bear  
In days gone by?





BRODIAEA.  
(CALIFORNIA HYACINTH.)

PLATYSTEMON.  
(CREAM CUP.)





PLATYSTEMON.

CONFESSION.

*Can I teach thee, my beloved?  
Can I teach thee?  
Can I bless thee, my beloved?  
Can I bless thee?  
Alas! I can but love thee.*

*—Mrs. Browning.*

THOU *hast* taught me, my beloved;  
Thou *hast* taught me:  
Taught me Life's profounder meaning;  
Taught me honor, virtue,—weaning  
Me from all ignoble things:  
On Imagination's wings  
Taught me how to soar, and find  
Rarest pleasure in the mind:  
Taught me Life's dull incompleteness  
Without Love's renewing sweetness:  
From the height of thy pure soul  
Taught me passion to control;  
And hast brought me  
At thy gentle feet to learn  
What thy clearer eyes discern.

Thou *hast* blessed me, my beloved,  
Thou *hast* blessed me:  
Blessed me with thy tender eyes,  
Which look on me in such a wise  
My faint soul grows strong again,  
As the flowers after rain:  
And they rest me,  
While they more and more enchain.  
Thou hast blessed me with thy words:  
Sweeter than the song of birds,  
They have soothed my weary brain,  
Banished every care and pain  
That distressed me,



And a new strength put within me  
To resist delights that win me  
From the duty God commands.  
Thou hast blessed me with thy hands,  
Which have ever shared my toil,  
Heeding neither ache nor soil,  
And caressed me,  
Making all my burdens lighter,  
And the sky of hope still brighter.  
Dear hands,—only made for smoothing  
Restless pillows, and for soothing  
Tired hearts,—would they were mine  
To have and hold by right divine!

Dost thou *love* me, my beloved?  
Dost *thou* love me?  
Thou whom I have from afar  
Watched and worshipped, like a star  
That above me  
Shines, and yet may never know  
The blessing that its beams bestow?  
Thou hast taught me, thou hast blessed me,  
And with happiest thoughts possessed me,  
But to *love* me  
Is the crowning of all blessing;  
Making me by thy confessing  
Rich beyond all power to measure,—  
Royal,—crowned by thy sweet pleasure  
Sovereign of a fair domain  
I had never thought to gain.  
Blessing, honor, rest, thou art,  
And with undivided heart,  
Dear, I love thee,—  
Love thee more than words can tell:—  
And I would that my caressing  
Could bring thee so rich a blessing,  
And forever more compel  
Love's peace in thy heart to dwell.







## CEANOOTHUS.

### ABSENCE.

THE day is night when thou art gone; the night  
Is long, and silence, like a roaring sea  
By angry tempest driven, thunders on  
My utter loneliness and solitude.  
O friend beloved, how can I part from thee!  
How can I say farewell to those bright eyes,—  
Those eyes which bless me with their tender light!  
How can I say farewell to those soft hands,—  
Those hands which hold me in their light caress!  
How can I say farewell to those sweet lips,—  
Those lips which teach me Love's divinest law!  
How can I say farewell to that dear heart,—  
That heart which is to me my Heaven, my all!  
No, no, dear love, I cannot part from thee:  
My heart on angel wings will follow thee,  
And find thee, wheresoe'er thou art; will hold  
Thee still in sweet embrace, and whisper Love's  
Unwearied story to thy listening ear.  
My thoughts in sweet companionship will still  
Thy gentle footsteps lead where sunniest skies  
Their azure keep undimmed, and genial climes  
Perpetual fragrance shed. My thoughts, with Love's  
Transforming wand, will touch the wild flowers in  
Thy path, and bid them yield a sweeter breath  
And wear for thee a brighter face and smile.  
They will sweet odors bring of home and friends  
And dear remembered hours, if haply they  
May tempt a restless, wandering thought, and turn  
Remembrance back to homelier scenes—and me.

Sweet heart, my thoughts thy guardian angels be,  
And bring thee safe to home, and love, and me!





## CHLOROGALUM.

### LONGING.

*"And then I know some thought from you  
Has flown across the night and found me.  
And though I love, and though I trust,  
And yet will love and trust forever,  
Ah! dear, I long and yearn for just  
One glance, one touch to still the fever."*

MY OWN DEAR LOVE,

Your tuneful lay  
Has found me weary, sad and lonely;  
The promise of my strife has fled,  
And left me disappointment only.  
Could you have known my weariness,  
Or known how great my heart's depression,  
Your pitying thoughts could not have sent  
More healing balm than this confession.

Yes, dear, my restless thoughts have flown  
Across the night, to you returning  
Like carrier birds at last set free  
Instinctively their home discerning.  
They must have told you, dear, how much  
I want you, need you every hour;  
That life without you is unblest,—  
The perfume gone from every flower.



I long and yearn for you as well,  
To hold you in Love's fond caresses:  
*One* glance, *one* touch will never fill  
The need my waiting heart confesses.  
I want you in my daily life,—  
My dear companion, fond and tender:  
And you shall be my rest,—my joy,  
And I, your helpmeet and defender.

Whene'er I read your matchless lines,  
Of fond regret and hopeful waiting,  
Their tender longing lifts my heart  
To you in happy contemplating.  
Their music round me weaves a tie,  
Nor distance, age, nor time can sever;  
And, dear, to strengthen this sweet bond,  
Shall be through life my one endeavor.



TRICOSTEMA.

ENTREATY.

RONDEAU.

ABIDE with me, O gentle guest!  
Thy presence brings to me sweet rest;  
Thy hands bring soothing to my brow;  
Thy words such sympathy avow,  
Thy going leaves me all unblest.

Still fairer shall thy bower be dressed;  
Anticipated each request;  
One song thy life shall be, if thou  
Abide with me.

I would not longer have thee *guest*;  
I cannot hold thee uncaressed  
So near my heart: Sweet love, be thou  
My bride; Love's tend'rest name allow,  
And ever in his happy rest  
Abide with me.









SCARLET LARKSPUR.

BETROTHAL.

ROUNDEL.

“ I WILL thy lot and portion share;  
Will love and honor thee, and fill  
The measure of thy need, whate'er  
*I will.*”

This tender flower cherish, till  
In Heaven it blooms more bright and fair,—  
For love in Heaven will blossom still.

And Love's fair flower hath made thee heir  
To a new life beyond death's chill;—  
Eternity hath heard this, dear,  
“*I will.*”



MANZANITA.

MARRIAGE.

RONDEAU,

O HEART, beloved! I dedicate,  
The powers and aims of man's estate—  
The dearest hopes of life to thee;  
Thy happiness my care shall be,  
On every wish my love shall wait.

I sought thee not for wealth nor state;  
Though countless graces on thee wait,  
'Twas thy sweet, loving self made thee,  
O heart, beloved.

If frowning fortune be our fate,  
More tender and affectionate  
My sympathizing love shall be;  
No ills that Heaven may decree  
Our knitted souls can separate,  
O heart, beloved!





MANZANITA.

FLITERARIA RECURVA.



FRITILLARIA.

PATERNITY.

ROUNDEL.

I'M four years old;—and by the way  
That must be why my papa told  
Me not to cry, because to-day  
I'm four years old.

I'll try and not again be told;  
And when I may not have my way  
I'll strive the starting tears to hold.

But when I hurt myself if they  
Do come, and will not be controlled,  
I'll stop, and to myself I'll say,  
“I'm four years old.”





GEYSER LILY.

ANNIVERSARY.

RONDEAU.

THE bells were told to ring in glee  
The day when first thou cam'st to be  
Our home's delight; and in my heart,  
By Love's supreme, mysterious art,  
These bells have rung unceasingly.

And on this day there comes to me  
Anew the tender memory  
Of that sweet joy, which but in part  
The bells were told.

Dear child, in whose sweet eyes I see  
The Heaven that waits above for me,  
How far from me would Heaven depart;  
How comfortless would be my heart,  
If through some darkened day for thee  
The bells *were* tolled!





MARIPOSA LILY.

THURBERIA.



MARIPOSA LILY.

SOLICITUDE.

ROUNDEL.

LIKE one of these, Art hath not made  
Attire that can our eyes so please;  
E'en Solomon was not arrayed  
Like one of these.

Consider how they grow in ease  
And leisure, dancing in the glade  
Like butterflies upon the breeze.

Then be not thou with burdens weigh'd;  
If He a flower's need o'ersees  
Thou too shalt on His care be laid  
Like one of these.

*Mariposa*—Spanish for Butterfly.



THURBERIA.

COMMEMORATION.

THESE wedding bells for fifteen years  
Have rung alternate joys and knells,  
Till now our deepened love endears  
These wedding bells.

These fifteen years, dear wife, have brought  
Much more of happiness than tears,  
While Love has many lessons taught  
These fifteen years.

Love taught us, dear, that hearts are torn  
By words and looks, as millstones tear;  
That burdens shared, are easiest borne,  
Love taught us, dear.

As years go by, with ruddier glow  
Shall Love adorn our sunset sky;  
And closer still our hearts shall grow,  
As years go by.









## CALIFORNIA AZALEA.

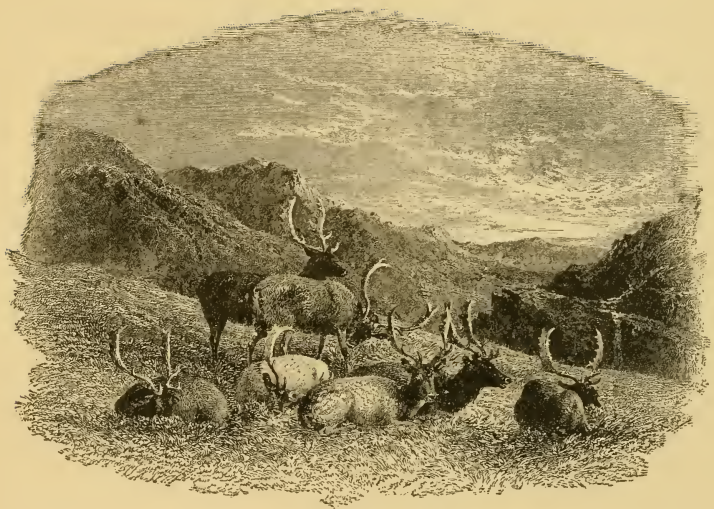
### RETROSPECTION.

THE Christmas Bells from hill and tower  
To-night their benedictions shower;  
And on the waves of their sweet chimes,  
Fond thoughts of home and olden times  
Set sail through memory's Golden Gate:  
Deep laden with love's precious freight,  
They speed their homeward course to-night  
Across the sea with Ariel flight.

O you, who wait returning sails,  
Whose eyes hope long-deferred o'er veils  
With lowering clouds, take heart again!  
For lo! unseen through mist and rain  
Of tears, a thousand white-winged keels,  
Afloat on billowy Christmas peals,  
Seek haven in your hearts to-night,  
Home guided by love's beacon light.

Dear friends, though sundered far and wide;  
Though varied quests our thoughts divide,  
May these rich argosies of love  
My tender, faithful memory prove;  
May they to-night new love awake,  
And in this festive season make  
Your hearts forget the old farewells,  
In greetings brought by Christmas Bells.







ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

TWILIGHT.

AS children, when the day is done  
And twilight deepens, one by one  
Around the evening fireside come  
With happy faces;  
Brightening the home with quiet cheer,  
And drawing every heart more near  
In perfected affection's dear  
And fond embraces:

So may sweet memories come to you;  
And whisp'ring the old love anew  
May thoughts of those long lost to view  
Around you cluster:  
May their fond greetings so delight  
That you forget the gathering night,  
While earth's horizon grows more bright  
With heavenly luster.

Without a thought of vain regret,  
Then may these latter days be set  
In Joy's completed coronet,  
Heaven's richest dower:  
May they with blessings be replete;  
And be, in Love's reunion sweet,  
A season when loved memories meet,—  
*Life's* twilight hour.









CLEMATIS.

TRUST.

RONDEAU.

IF hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,  
And somewhere, far above the plane  
Of earthly thought, beyond the sea  
That bounds this life, they will meet thee  
And hold thee face to face again.

And when is done Life's restless reign,  
If I hereafter but regain  
Heart's love, why should I troubled be,  
If hearts *are* dust?

By Love's indissoluble chain,  
I know the grave does not detain  
Heart's love. The very faith in me  
Is pledge of an eternity,  
Where I shall find heart's love again,  
If hearts *are* dust.



L'ENVOI.

*T*HAT I might share with thee, dear friend, the sweet  
    *Enjoyment Memory brings, I've sought to lay*  
*On these fair pages little bits of tint*  
*And color—here and there a study, worked,*  
*Sometimes in smiles, sometimes in tears,—if they*  
*Perchance might hold thy wandering thoughts awhile,*  
*And lead thee back to Arcady—and me.*

*Tracy*









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