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Oliver Optic is the apostolic successor, at the "Hub," of Peter Parley. He has just completed the "Woodville Stories," by the publication of "Haste and Waste." The best notice to give of them is to mention that a couple of youngsters pulled them out of the pile two hours since, and are yet devouring them out in the summer-house (albeit autumn leaves cover it) oblivious to merriment. — *N. Y. Leader.*

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THE

Language of Flowers.

EDITED BY

MISS ILDREWE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION FROM
THOMAS MILLER.

Illustrated by Colored Plates, and Numerous Woodcuts, after
GUSTAVE DORÉ, DAUBIGNY, TIMMS, AND OTHERS.



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TO THE READER.



VACANCY seems to exist in the literature of the present day, which this book, it is hoped, may help to fill. There is no English work on the Language of Flowers which is at all satisfactory, and no foreign one, as far as we are aware, which is either sufficiently complete, or exactly adapted to American wants. The editor has consulted all the flower books

known to her in English, French, and German, and believes this will be found to contain a more copious dictionary, and more appropriate descriptions, than any of its predecessors.

It is designed for all parts of the United States; but if any are disappointed in not finding here some flowers they seek, they must remember that this charming language is not yet perfected, and we have been unwilling to attach arbitrary and unauthorized meanings to many of our native blossoms which certainly deserve and convey a sentiment as well as their older foreign sisters.

Where authorities differed in regard to signification, the most correct has been carefully sought out; and in some instances, where two seemed equally good, both are given.

The quotations from English authors (to say nothing of Latin and other languages) might have been multiplied, and a very large volume written on this delightful subject—for who is ever tired of rambling among flowers? But it was necessary to keep the volume of a convenient size—and this must be our excuse for rejecting much which some may expect to find.

Trusting that any omissions or inaccuracies may meet with indulgence, we commend our new “*Language of Flowers*,” not to the tender mercies of the critics, but to the attention of all who love flowers.

DECEMBER, 1865.



INTRODUCTION.



IT was in that age when the golden mornings of the early world were unclouded by the smoke of cities, — when the odors from thousands of untrodden flowers mingled with the aroma of old forests, and the gentlest wind that ever tried its wings, flapped its way through vast realms of sleeping fragrance, — that Love first set out to discover the long lost Language of the Flowers. For there had been rumors in the olden world, that before the winged lovers of Earth's first daughters left their watch beside the star-beaconed

battlements of Heaven, and gave up all their glory for the heart of woman, — the buds and blossoms held sweet converse together, and that many a time when the nightingale ushered in the twilight with her song, voices from the flowers had made low response, amongst the glades and rose-girded pastures in the Garden of Paradise. Even on Olympus, Love had heard that an immortal language never could die; that, although silent, it still slept somewhere among the flowers; and many a time, whilst resting on some fragrant bed, he had been awakened by low whisperings, and disturbed by the heavy beating of his heart, which ever seemed urging him onward to commence his holy mission, and discover that language, which had been lost ever since the day when Eve went weeping from the angel-guarded gates of Eden.

Love arose and shook the rounded dew in loosened pearls from the feathery silver of his wings, and soared far away over many a hill and valley, alighting when weary, and kneeling lowly, with attentive ear and bowed head, beside the blossoms; but as yet he had only learned what the bees said when they hung murmuring over the honeyed bells, and what words the butterflies whispered as they alighted upon the flowers with subsiding wings. Onward wandered Love for many a day; although he caught the faint breathing of the blossoms,

yet the *meaning* of their lowest words was still to him a mystery. At last, weary and sad at heart, he sat down and wept upon a bed of roses. The rose was his mother's favorite flower; it had ever been saered to Venus, and he heard a sound as of low sighing amongst its leaves; and when he lay down, he felt the drooping petals falling upon his lips and around his neck, as if to catch the tears that fell; and then it was that Love first kissed the Rose and blessed it unawares, for the sweetness and beauty of the flower sank into his heart. And whilst folded upon his lips, she told him that ages ago Jove selected her for the Queen of Flowers and the Goddess of Beauty; that nothing human had ever surpassed her charms; and that when every image of poetry was exhausted, none could equal her own; that, from the first creation of flowers, she had been named "the ornament of the earth, the princess of plants, the eye of the flowers, the blush of beauty, the breath of love;" and that even when her leaves withered, to mark her immortal origin, she gave not up her breath, but still lived in a spirit of invisible fragrance; that she never knew old age, but sank to sleep in perfume, in the full perfection of her beauty, for she was the fairest daughter that was born of the Mother of Love.

So Love found his sweet and long lost sister in the Rose, and she first spoke to him in the old language of

the flowers, giving him a new lesson every day, until not a bell bowed or a bud expanded, nor a blossom opened its beautiful lips, without Love knowing every word it whispered. For days did Love linger with his sweet sister the Rose, before he again set out on his pilgrimage; but his journey was now no longer lonely; he found a companion in every flower by the wayside, and held converse with every bud that dwelt within its green homestead of leaves.

Long did Love brood over the new language which he had discovered, and many a day did he sit pondering to himself, as if hesitating whether or not he should trust Woman with the secret. "She is already armed with beauty," reasoned Love, as he sat with his elbow pillowed on a bed of flowers; "there is a language in her eyes, and a sweet music in her voice, and shall I now teach her to converse through flowers—to give a tongue to the rose, and a voice to the lily, and hang upon the honeysuckle words of love, and turn every blossom she gathers into the language of affection? No: I will again fly abroad, and dropping a bud here and a bell there, see to what purpose she turneth these beautiful secrets. I will but at first teach her a few letters in this new Alphabet of Love."

Then he thought that as the flowers were such holy things, born of beauty and nursed in purity, fed upon

the dews, and seldom looking upon aught less sacred than the stars, as if they were more allied to heaven than to earth—that if the virtue, and goodness, and love, which they represent, were but practised by mankind, they would again make the children of earth what they were in the infancy of the world, and man would again be found only “a little lower than the angels.”

Ages passed away before Love entered the flowery fields and velvet valleys of merry England; his heart had long been light, and his wings unfettered, and he cared not now into what quarter of the world he wandered, for he found that wherever he went upon his flowery errand, man grew more refined, and woman each day bore a closer resemblance to the angels. He visited ancient castles, and humble hamlets, and thronged thorpes, and thatched granges, and taught everywhere this new language of love. If he saw a rustie maiden with her head hanging aside, and her hands clasped, he plucked the fragrant blossom of the Hawthorn, and throwing it at her feet, he whispered into her ear and bade her Hope. As his foot dashed away the dew from the up-coned Lilae, he gathered the topmost sprig, and threw it at her unsuspecting lover, who from that moment dated his first emotions of Love. He pointed out the spot where many a blue-belled flower grew, and there they met, and vowed to be Constant unto death.

So he wandered along; and on wild moorlands, where rude huts rose, and scarce a flower broke the dark brown solitude, Love left the broad Fern as a token of Sincerity; on bleak mountain-tops, where scarce a tree threw down its cheekered shadow, he planted the Harebell and the crimson Heather, to give a charm to Retirement and Solitude. Into the depths of the loneliest woods he went, visiting deep dells and deserted dingles, where the graceful Lilies of the Valley grew, telling them they were not forgotten, but should yet be proudly worn on many a fond breast that sighed for a Return of Happiness. Beside the Marigold, which closed its eyes as if for very Sorrow, he planted the Celandine, and promised that, whilst ever the golden star shone there, it should be the image of Joys to Come. From flower to flower he flew on his peaceful pilgrimage; through them reconciling lovers who had long been estranged, and bringing back many a wandering affection that had long sighed for a fond heart to dwell within.

Thus Love restored a language which for undated centuries had been lost—which the sweet tongue of woman had made music of before the beauty of the early world was submerged beneath the waters. For Time had all but blotted out the few records which told that there ever existed a language between Love and the Flowers.

Amid the broken and crumbling ruins over which Time has marched, he has only left the sculptured capital of some column or shattered pedestal, in which we can trace, among a hundred rude hieroglyphics, the rough outline of some flower, which was either sacred to their religion or to their love. In the ruins of temples, whose origin even antiquity has forgotten, we trace in the life-like marble of the figures brows which are wreathed with blossoms, and in the broken fresco we find groups of maidens strewing the pathway which leads to the holy shrine with flowers; the carven altar is piled high with them; they garland the neck of the victim which their priests are about to sacrifice; and — we know no more.

Ages have passed away since that procession moved — the shadows of two thousand years have settled down over the hills and valleys where those beautiful maidens first gathered the flowers of summer — history has left no record of their existence — the language in which they breathed their loves, their hopes, and their fears, has died away — even their name as a nation is forgotten: and all we know is, that their men looked noble, and their women beautiful; and that flowers were used in their sacred ceremonies; and that all, saving the mute figures upon the marble, have long since

passed away. We sigh, and try in vain to decipher these ancient emblems.

Love turned to the fables of the Heathen Poets, and there he found that those whose beauty the gods could not lift into immortality, they changed into flowers; as if they considered that next to the glory of being enthroned upon Olympus, was to be transformed into a beautiful and fragrant object; one that, so long as sun shone upon the world, and the globed dews hung their rounded silver upon the blossoms, so long should it stand throughout all time

“ A thing of beauty, and a joy forever.”

Thomas Miller.

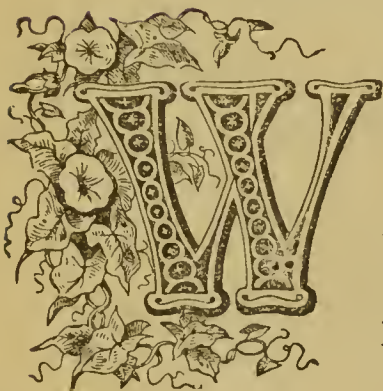


THE
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

SPRING.

MARCH.

GRASSES (*Gramina*). Utility.



HERE is there any plant more useful than the grass of the meadow? It grows without care or culture, all over the earth; sustaining the life of all the animals most serviceable to man. Botanists tell us that more than three hundred varieties of grass exist. Many of them have exceedingly graceful and beautiful blossoms.

WEeping WILLOW (*Salix Babylonica*). Melancholy.

The common willow is sacred to forsaken lovers; but this graceful tree, whose branches seem to droop with an eternal weight of regret, is by universal consent appropriated to the graveyard. There, early in spring, its silvery, flexile branches wave over the resting-places of those dear to us, and seem to murmur continually, with Lafontaine, —

“Absence is the greatest of all evils.”

HORSE-CHESTNUT (*Æsculus hippocastanum*). Luxury.

This gorgeous tree bursts into leaf and bloom with incredible rapidity on the return of spring. When it is growing alone, nothing can equal the symmetry of its pyramidal form, the richness of its foliage, and its superb clusters of flowers. The fruit, however, is bitter, and the wood of little value.

LILAC (*Syringa vulgaris*). First emotion of love.

“O Lilac, in whose purple well
Youth, *in perpetuo*, doth dwell,
My fancy feels thy fragrant spell.

“Of all that morning dews do feed —
All flowers of garden, field, or mead —
Thou art the first in childhood’s creed.

“And, e’en to me, thy breath in spring
Hath power a little while to bring
Back to my heart its blossoming.”

T. W. Parsons.

Van Spaendonck let his brush fall before a bunch of lilacs. Nature seems indeed to have made every cluster

perfect. Around each mass of bloom the light plays and is decomposed into a thousand varying shades, which, all melting into one tint, make that happy harmony which dazzles the beholder and drives the painter to despair.

“The lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if, studious of ornaments,
 Yet unresolved which hues she most approved,
 She chose them all.”

Cowper.

The lilac symbolizes the first emotions of love, because its tender green, its flexible shoots, and its abundant flowers, with their tender and varied colors, all recall those celestial emotions which lend to youth a divine grace.

ALMOND (*Amygdalus communis*). Heedlessness.

Emblem of heedlessness, the almond answers first to the call of spring, and covers itself with a shower of blossoms, like rosy snow, while all the shrubbery is yet leafless. Virgil makes it prophesy of the harvest to come. Fable gives the almond tree this origin. Demophoön, son of Theseus and Phædra, returning from the siege of Troy, was thrown by a tempest on the coast of Thrace, where the beautiful Phyllis then reigned. The young queen welcomed the prince, loved him, and made him her husband. Recalled to Athens by the death of his father, Demophoön promised Phyllis to

come back in a month, and fixed the moment of his return. The tender Phyllis counted every instant of his absence, and when the long-desired day at last arrived, she ran nine times to the shore: but, having lost all hope, believing herself forsaken, she fell there, dead of grief, and was changed into an almond tree. Three months after, Demophoön returned: disconsolate at his loss, he offered a sacrifice on the sea-shore, to appease the *manes* of his beloved. She seemed sensible of his repentance and return, for the almond tree suddenly put forth flowers, proving by this last effort that death itself could not change her.

PERIWINKLE (*Vinca minor*). Sweet memories.

The periwinkle has green, firm, glossy leaves, which, growing on long, trailing stems, weave a fairy net over the grass to imprison the pretty blue flowers which peep out here and there. This plant is dedicated to lasting happiness; its color is that preferred by friendship, and it was for J. J. Rousseau the emblem of the sweetest remembrances.

TULIP (*Tulipa gesneriana*). Declaration of love.

The tulip is a native of Asia, and some writers claim that its name arose from its resemblance to a turban, though Thomas Miller says, "Few know that there is a beautiful fragrant yellow tulip which grows wild

in our own pastoral England. It gives pleasure to me to know that we are neither indebted to Turks nor turbans for the origin of this splendid flower, which was, no doubt, more plentiful in the days of our old Elizabethan poets, and which is mentioned in Ben Jonson's 'Pan's Anniversary' by the very name it still bears." In the East, when a young man presents one to his mistress, it signifies, by its general color, that he is on fire with her beauty, and by its black centre, that his heart is burned to a coal. The Turks almost idolize this flower; and every year, in the seraglio of the Sultan, the Feast of Tulips is celebrated with the utmost splendor. In Europe, also, tulips have had their adorers. Between the years 1644 and 1647, tulips rose to incredible prices in Holland, and enriched many speculators. Those who, for want of ready money, could not engage in this trade, exchanged houses and lands for bulbs. One variety, the Viceroy, is said to have been sold as high as ten thousand dollars! This extraordinary traffic was at last checked by a law that no tulip, or other flower, should be sold for a sum exceeding one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

BUCKBEAN (*Menyanthes trifoliata*). Calmness, repose.

Along that lake whose silvery waters reflect a cloudless sky, do you see those elusters, as white as snow? A light pink just tinges the reverse of these lovely

flowers, and a tuft of very delicate filaments of dazzling whiteness escapes from their alabaster cups. If you have onèe seen this plant, balaneing gently on the edge of the water, you can never forget its elegance and graee. The bog-bean, or water-trefoil, as it is sometimes called, never blooms in stormy weather; it expands only in a calm day.





APRIL.

HAWTHORN (*Crataegus*). Hope.



UR old poets, as if despairing to find a fitting name for this fragrant blossom, have called it May; for to them that word recalled the season of poetry, the month of flowers, and was fraught with associations of all that is bright and beautiful on the earth." The Troglydites, who recalled the golden age by their simple manners, smilingly covered those whom death took from them with branches of hawthorn; for they regarded death as the dawn of a life in which they should part no more. In Athens, young maidens carried boughs of hawthorn at the weddings of their companions; the

altar of Hymen was lighted by torches made of the wood of this shrub, which, as we see, has always been the emblem of hope.

PRIMROSE (*Primula vulgaris*, or *acaulis*). Modest worth.

English literature is filled with allusions to this flower. The primrose, cowslip, polyanthus, and auricula are all members of the same floral family.

“Pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.”—*Shakspeare*.

“Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies.”—*Milton*.

“The primrose, tenant of the glade,
Emblem of virtue in the shade.”—*J. Mayne*, 1609.

MYRTLE (*Myrtus communis*). Love.

The oak from all time was consecrated to Jupiter, the laurel to Apollo, the olive to Minerva, and the myrtle to Venus. In Rome the first temple of this goddess was surrounded by a grove of myrtles; in Greece she was adored under the name of Myrtea or Murtia. When she appeared rising from the sea, the Hours went to meet her, and presented to her a thousand-colored scarf and a myrtle garland. After her victory over Pallas and Juno, she was crowned with myrtle by the Loves. Surprised one day by a troop of Satyrs, she took refuge behind a bush of myrtle: it was also with branches of this tree that she avenged herself on the audacious Psyche, who had dared to compare her charms with

those of the immortal beauty. The *Flora Domestica* says, "Myrtle was the symbol of authority for magistrates at Athens; bloodless victors were crowned with myrtle." Spears, too, were made of its wood.

"The war from stubborn myrtle shafts receives." — *Dryden's Virgil*.

The Arabs have recorded an ancient tradition that Adam bore in his hand a sprig of myrtle when he was driven out from the garden of Paradise. It was formerly much used in medicine and cookery, and also to flavor wines. It flourishes in warm climates, near the sea-coast.

ACANTHUS (*Acanthus mollis*). Art.

The acanthus delights in warm countries and the banks of great rivers. Pliny speaks of its value for decorative purposes. The ancients ornamented their furniture, their vases, and their valuable garments with its beautifully cut leaves. The robe of Helen was bordered by a garland of acanthus in relief. Virgil tells us also of a vase from the hand of Alcimedon, adorned with foliage imitated from the acanthus. This charming model of the arts has become their emblem. If anything is opposed to the acanthus, we see it redouble its forces, and grow with new vigor. Thus genius rises and increases by the very obstacles which seemed insurmountable. It is related that the architect Callimachus, passing by the tomb of a young girl who died within the

year, on the eve of a happy marriage, was moved by a tender pity, and approached to throw flowers on it. But an offering had preceeded his. The nurse of the young girl, taking the veil and flowers which should have adorned her on her wedding day, put them in a little basket; then, having placed it beside the tomb on a plant of aeanthus, she eovered it with a broad tile. The next spring the aeanthus leaves had surrounded the basket; but, stopped by the edges of the tile, they bent back and rounded graeefully towards their extremities. Callimachus, surprised at this rural decoration, which seemed the work of the weeping Graees, made of it the capital of the Corinthian eolumn.

BUGLOSS (*Anchusa officinalis.*) Falsehood.

La Bruyère, the most *spirituel* of French moralists, said, "If women were naturally what they become by art, if they should lose in a moment all the freshness of their eomplexion, if their faees were as glowing or as leady as they make them by the rouge and the paint which they use, they would be ineonsolable." This truth appears ineontestable; and yet, from north to south, from east to west, among savage or polished nations, this strange taste for painting is universal. Duperron relates how a young savage, wishing to attraet his attention, took a bit of eoal and went to pound it in a corner, then, having rubbed her cheeks with it, returned with a triumphant air, as if this had rendered the effect

of her charms more sure. Castellan, speaking of a Greek princess whom he painted, describes her thus: "Her black eyes, well shaped, and on a level with her head, had the brillianey of diamonds, but her stained eyelids spoiled their expression. Her eyebrows, joined by a pencilled line, gave a kind of hardness to her look. Her mouth, very small and highly colored, might have been embellished by a smile, but I never had the happiness of seeing one. Her cheeks were covered with a very deep red, and crescent-shaped patches disfigured her face."

Bugloss has been made the emblem of falsehood, because its root is used in the composition of several kinds of paints. That of which it is the basis is perhaps the oldest and least dangerous of all. But nothing can imitate the natural blush of modesty, and art destroys it irreparably. If we wish to please long, if we wish to please always, let us discard falsehood from our hearts, our lips, and our faces, repeating with the poet, —

"Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable."

REST-HARROW (*Ononis spinosa*). Obstacles.

This plant sometimes stops the labors of the husbandman by its tough network of roots. With its pretty papilionaceous pink flowers, its long thorns, and deeply-struck roots, it is the siren of the fields, and the emblem of the obstacles which vice opposes to virtue.

HONEYSUCKLE (*Lonicera*). Bonds of love.

“ Bid her steal into the pleachéd bower,
 Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter—like favorites
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it.”
Shakspeare.

The poets have repeatedly celebrated this delightful flower under the name of woodbine.

The delicious bank in *Midsummer Night's Dream* was

“ Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine.”

The opposite attributes of inconstancy and fidelity have been ascribed to the honeysuckle by two poets, but the following lines are most certainly a slander on this sweet flower —

“ Inconstant woodbine, wherefore rove
 With gadding stem about my bower?
 Why, with my darling myrtle wove,
 In bold defiance mock my power?”

Carew.

Rather let us believe with good old Dan Chaucer, in the *Floure and the Leafe*,—

“ And those that were chapélets on their hede,
 Of fresh woodbind, be such as never were
 To love untrue in word, in thought, in dede,
 But ay stedfast, ne for plesaunce ne fere,
 Tho' that they shudde their hertis all to tere,
 Would never flit, but evir were stedfast,
 Till that ther livis these assunder brast.”

Sometimes we see a young honeysuckle lovingly wind its slender arms around the knotty trunk of an old oak: one would say that this weak shrub wished, springing aloft, to surpass the king of the forests in height; but

soon, as if its efforts were vain, it falls gracefully down again, and crowns him with perfumed festoons. Thus Love sometimes unites a timid girl to a proud warrior. Unhappy Desdemona! the admiration of strength and courage, and the feeling of helplessness, attached thy heart to the terrible Othello; but jealousy struck thee in the very arms which should have protected thee. And thou, gentle and humble La Vallière, the love of the greatest monarch alone could subjugate thy poor heart, and draw it away from virtue. Poor vine! the wind of inconstancy soon deprived thee of that dear prop; but thou didst never trail on the ground — thy heart, raising its affections to heaven, carried its tender homage to Him who alone is worthy of eternal love.

3 *





M A Y .

LILY OF THE VALLEY (*Convallaria majalis*). Return of happiness.



LOOKING
now
among
the
broad green
leaves, with what

joy do we greet the little ivory bells of

“that modest, pale,
And sweetest nursling of the wood,
Which men call lily of the vale,
Because it dwells in lowly mood”!

Parsons.

“No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale.”

Keats.

“The lily of the vale, whose virgin flower
Trembles at every breeze within its leafy bower.”

Barton.

Wordsworth does not forget

“That shy plant, the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her sweets.”

And Thomson, in his Spring, bids us

“Seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where, scattered wide, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes.”

PRIVET (*Ligustrum vulgare*). Prohibition.

“Why,” said a young matron to the venerable pastor of the village, “have you not planted a strong thorn hedge, instead of that flowering privet which encircles your garden?” The pastor replied, “When you forbid your child some dangerous pleasure, the prohibition is accompanied on your lips by a tender smile; your look is a caress; and if he rebels, your maternal hand immediately offers a plaything to console him: in like manner, the pastor’s hedge ought to keep off the intrusive, and offer flowers even to those whom it repulses.”

HEATH (*Erica*). Solitude.

The common heather, which grows so freely in Great Britain and Germany, is not found wild in this country.

The various elegant species which are found in conservatories are mostly natives of the Cape of Good Hope. Miller says, "The heath was well chosen as the emblem of solitude. It recalls many a wild landscape; the bleak, broad mountain side, which, throughout the long winter and the slow-opening spring, looked black and barren, till towards the end of summer, when it was clothed everywhere with the rich carpet of crimson and purple heather, looking from the distance as if a sunshine not of earth had come down and bathed the whole mountain steep in subdued and rosy light—it recalls vast plains of immeasurable extent; spots where lovers might sit and sigh away their souls in each other's arms without being disturbed by the foot of the solitary hunter."

POETS' NARCISSUS (*Narcissus poeticus*). Egotism.

This is the most beautiful of its family. A large flower, of pure white, slightly drooping, with a golden cup in the centre, which exhales a strong and pleasant odor. Every one knows the pretty story attached to it; so we confine ourselves to three extracts. Spenser, in describing a garden, says, —

"And round about grew every sort of floure,
To which sad lovers were transformed of yore;—
Foolish Nareisse, that likes the wat'ry shore."

"The pale narcissus, that with passion pure
Still feeds upon itself; but, newly blown,
The nymphs will pluck it from its tender stalk,
And say, 'Go, fool, and to thy image talk.'"

Lord Thurlow.

“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 bright Zephyrus, it would not move,
 But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.”
Keats.

LINDEN, or LIME (*Tilia*). Conjugal love.

“Come forth, and let us through our hearts receive
 The joy of verdure!—see, the honeyed lime
 Showers cool green light on banks where wild flowers weave
 Thick tapestry.”

Mrs. Hemans.

This favorite tree commemorates the beautiful story of Baucis and Philemon. Baucis was turned to a linden, and thus it stands now an emblem of the attributes and graces of a faithful wife. The foliage is very thick and verdant, and the effects of light and shade on it bewitching. The blossoms perfume all the surrounding air. It is a useful tree too; an infusion of its flowers makes a good *tisane*; its bark can be woven into a kind of cloth, and braided into ropes and hats. The Greeks made paper of it, resembling that from papyrus, and specimens made by our modern processes resemble white satin. Its wood furnishes the poorer classes in Europe with fuel, shoes, and furniture. The horse-chestnut and other trees have disputed its place in avenues and public promenades, but nothing can banish it.

STRAWBERRY (*Fragaria vesca*). Perfect excellence.

The illustrious Bernardin de St. Pierre conceived the project of writing a general history of nature, in imita-

tion of the ancient authors. A strawberry plant, which had chanced to grow over his window, turned him from this vast design: he observed this plant, and discovered so many wonders in it, that he clearly saw that the study of a single plant and its inhabitants was enough to fill a lifetime. He then renounced the ambitious title of his book, and contented himself with writing *Studies of Nature*. It is from this book that we must acquire a taste for observation; and it is there, above all, that we must read of the strawberry. All over the world this charming berry, which vies with the rosebud in freshness and perfume, delights the sight, the smell, the taste. It is a welcome luxury on the tables of the rich, and a feast for the children of the poor. The learned botanist Linnæus was cured of frequent attacks of the gout by the use of strawberries. The flowers are delicate and pretty; but who so barbarous as to pluck them?

THYME (*Thymus*). Activity.

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows.”

How many diligent bees sing this song to each other, and swarm about the flowery, fragrant tufts! The Greeks regarded this herb as the symbol of activity; doubtless they had observed that its perfume, strengthening to the brain, is very salutary for old persons. Activity is a warlike virtue, and this is why ladies formerly often embroidered on the scarf of their knights a bee humming round a branch of thyme.

RED VALERIAN (*Valeriana rubra*). Readiness.

This is a native of the Alps. Its root is said to be an excellent remedy against most maladies engendered by luxury, and an infusion of it is strengthening to the eyes, and animating to the spirits. It blooms freely and is improved by culture, though our common valerian is perhaps more attractive, and equally useful. The odor of the root is very enticing to cats, and also, it is stated, to rats.





SUMMER.

JUNE.

THE MONTH OF ROSES.



QUEEN of flowers, who that could sing has not sung thee, enchanting Rose? Yet no expression can exaggerate, or even do justice to, thy perfections. Perhaps the sweetest title of the Virgin Mother, to the heart of many a Catholic maiden, is the one of "Rosa Mystica." Among the Greeks and Romans the rose was the most conspic-

uous ornament of every festival and every solemn saeriffee. Syria, Arabia, and Persia vie in their admiration of it. In the East, indeed, this fairest of flowers attains its greatest perfection. There is distilled the precious Attar, which makes it live forever.

“Its breath
Is rich beyond the rest; and when it dies
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death.”

Barry Cornwall.

The love of the nightingale for the rose is continually mentioned by the Eastern bards, and we find many allusions to it in our English rhymes. Moore says, —

“Though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not?”

And Byron sings, —

“How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odors there!
For there the rose, o'er crag and vale,
Sultana of the nightingale,
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs, is heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden's queen, his rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven,
And grateful yields that smiling sky,
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.”

In France there takes place annually a beautiful ceremony, which originated as follows: Saint Médard,

bishop of Noyon, born at Salency, of an illustrious family, instituted in his birthplace, in 532, a prize for virtue. This prize is a simple crown of roses; but all the young people of the village must acknowledge her who obtains it as the most worthy, modest, and virtuous. The sister of St. Médard was unanimously named the first *rosière*. She received her crown from the hands of its founder, and bequeathed it, with the example of her virtues, to posterity. Time, which has overturned so many empires, and broken the sceptre of so many kings and queens, has respected the rose crown of Salency. It has continued to pass from the hand of one protector and another to the brow of innocence.

Chaucer loved the rose, and crowned Venus with a garland "rosy white and redde." Spenser tells us that, in the contest of beauty, "a rosy girlond was the victor's meed." And after his description of fair Alma, in her rich array, he says, —

" Her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven, and in tresses wrought;
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crownéd with a garland of sweet *rosière*."

In many a festive scene, we find, as Sir Philip Sidney beautifully said, —

" A rosy garland and a weary head."

Thus the rose has often been used to "point a moral or adorn a tale." One of the most pleasing of Waller's poems is the well-known song, "Go, Lovely Rose." Middleton says, —

“I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that like the caterpillar eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book — the rose.”

Herriek sings, —

“Gather the rosebuds while ye may;
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.”

And holy George Herbert, —

“Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.”

The celebrated *Roman de la Rose*, the delight of the court of Philip the Fair, seems to have been written only to teach us how dangerous it is to listen to a seducing voice; and that modesty ought to defend beauty, as thorns the rose.

The order of the Golden Rose was instituted by the Pope of Rome in the twelfth century. It was formerly sent to new sovereigns at their accession, but is now presented annually to some crowned head.

A fine little poem on the rose is attributed to Sappho: —

“Did Jove a queen of flowers decree,
The rose the queen of flowers should be;
Of flowers the eye; of plants the gem;
The meadows' blush; earth's diadem;
Glory of colors, on the gize
Lightning in its beauty's blaze.
It breathes of love: it blooms the guest
Of Venus' ever-fragrant breast:
In gaudy pomp its petals spread;
Light foliage trembles round its head;
With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair,
It laughs to the voluptuous air.”

Anacreon has sung the praises of the rose in two exquisite odes. In one he says, —

“O, lovely rose! to thee I sing,
 Thou sweetest, fairest child of spring!
 O, thou art dear to all the gods,
 The darling of their blest abodes;
 Thy breathing buds and blossoms fair
 Entwine young Cupid’s golden hair,
 When gayly dancing hand in hand,
 He joins the Graces’ lovely band.”

The other one we give entire, sure that our readers will forgive its length for its beauty and appropriateness. The translation is by T. Bourne.

“Thou, my friend, shalt sweep the string,
 I in loftiest strains will sing,
 While its fragrance round us flows,
 The queen of flowers, the lovely rose.
 Its perfumed breath ascends the skies
 On every gentle gale that sighs;
 Its sweets descend to earth again,
 Alike beloved by gods and men.
 When spring awakes the slumbering flowers,
 And music breathes amid the bowers,
 Thee, darling gem, the Graces wear
 Entwined amid their flowing hair;
 And rosy wreaths alone may dress
 The queen of love and loveliness.
 In every song and fable known
 The Muses claim thee as their own;
 Thou bid’st thy blooming sweetness glow
 In thorny paths of pain and woe.
 But O, what joy, when blest we rove
 Through rosy bowers and dream of love,
 While bliss on every breeze is borne,
 To pluck the rose without the thorn;
 With gentlest touch its leaves to press,
 And raise it to our soft caress!
 O, thou art still the poet’s theme,
 And thee a welcome guest we deem,
 To grace our feasts and deck our hair,
 When Bacchus bids us banish care.
 E’en Nature does thy beauties prize —
 She steals thy tint to paint the skies;

For rosy-fingered is the morn
 With which the crimson veil is drawn.
 The lovely nymphs we always deek
 With rosy arms and rosy neck;
 And roseate tints are ever seen
 To bloom the cheeks of beauty's queen.
 Its power to soothe the pangs of pain
 Physicians try, nor try in vain;
 And e'en when life and hope are fled,
 Its deathless scent embalms the dead;
 For though its withering charms decay,
 And one by one all fade away,
 Its grateful smell the rose retains,
 And redolent of youth remains.
 But, lyrist, let it next be sung
 From whence this precious treasure sprung.
 When first from ocean's dewy spray
 Fair Venus rose to upper day, —
 When, fearful to the powers above,
 The armed Pallas sprung from Jove, —
 'Twas then, they say, the jealous earth
 First gave the lovely stranger birth.
 A drop of pure nectareous dew
 From heaven the blest immortals threw;
 A while it trembled on the thorn,
 And then the lovely rose was born.
 To Bacchus they the flower assign,
 And roses still his brows entwine."

Tasso gives us an exquisite description of the rose.

"Deh mira, egli cantò, spuntar la rosa
 Dal verde suo modesta è verginella,
 Che mezzo aperta ancora e mezzo ascosa,
 Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella,
 Eeco poi nudo il sen già baldanzosa
 Dispiega, ecco poi langue, e non par quella,
 Quella non par, che desiata avanti
 Fu da mille donzelle e mille amanti.

"Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno
 Della vita mortale il fiore e'l verde."

Ger. Lib., Canto XVI.

And Ariosto tells us, —

"La verginella è simile alla rosa
 Ch' in bel giardin su la nativa spina
 Mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
 Nè gregge nè pastor se le avvicina :

L' aura soave e l' alba rugiadosa,
 L' acqua, la terra al suo favor s' inchina;
 Gioveni vaghi e donne inamorate
 Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate."

Orl. Fur., Canto I.

The origin of the thorns on the rose is thus fancifully told:—

"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 stooped 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."

ROSEBUD. Confession of love.

"Who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
 To wear it?"

Byron.

Yet to many the rose is lovelier before she "expands her paradise of leaves."

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new."

Scott.

"Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
 Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
 That fairer seemes the less ye see her may."

Spenser.

Thomson praises

"A red rosebud, moist with morning dew,
 Breathing delight,"

WHITE ROSE (*Rosa alba*). Silence.

It was fabled that all roses were originally white; but the authorities differ widely as to how it became red. The legend most generally received is, that it was colored by the blood of Adonis. The ancients represented the god of Silence under the form of a young man, putting one finger on his lips, and holding in the other hand a white rose. A rose was carved on the door of banqueting halls, to signify to the guests that nothing said there should be repeated. Sometimes the rose was painted on, or suspended from, the ceiling. Hence the expression "sub rosâ," for secrecy. Happy age, when a rose was enough to seal the lips of the tale-bearer!

The white rose is connected with more melancholy scenes and thoughts than the brilliant red rose. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," when the sad, anxious Margaret came on her palfrey, —

"White was her wimple and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound."

And at the tomb of Byron's Zuleika, —

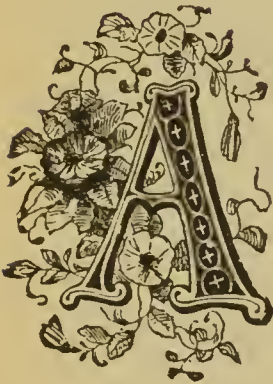
"A single rose is shedding
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale;
It looks as plauted by despair, —
So white, so faint, — the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high."

"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."

"By the garland on the bier,
Weep! a maiden claims thy tear —
Broken is the rose."

Mrs. Hemans.

MOSS ROSE (*Rosa muscosa*). Superior merit. Voluptuousness.



PRETTY translation from the German gives us the origin of this superb rose. The Angel of the Flowers fell asleep one day under a rose tree, which gave him refreshing shade, and on waking, thus in rapture he spoke :—

“‘Thou queen of my bowers,
 Thou fairest of flowers,
 What gift shall be mine,
 And what guerdon be thine?’
 ‘In guerdon of duty
 Bestow some new beauty,’
 She said; and then smiled
 Like a mischievous child.
 In anger he started,
 But ere he departed,
 To rebuke the vain flower
 In the pride of her power,
 He flung some rude moss
 Her fair bosom across;—
 But her new robes of green
 So beame the fair queen,
 That the Angel of Flowers
 Mistrusted his powers,
 And was heard to declare
 He had granted her prayer.”

WILD BRIER, SWEET BRIER ROSE, OR EGLANTINE.

Poetry.

This is, *par excellence*, the flower of the poets. Hear them.

“A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I looked and looked, and still with new delight,
Such joy my soul, such pleasures filled my sight.
And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath
Whose odors were of power to raise from death.”

Dryden, from Chaucer.

Spenser tells us of an arbor

“Through which the fragrant eglantine did spread
His prickling arms, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw.”

“Its sides I’ll plant with dew-sweet eglantine.”

Keats.

“Grateful eglantine regales the smell.”

Cowper

“Here eglantine embalms the air.”

Scott.

“A brier rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey bee.”

“The chestnut flowers are past,
The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast
From every hedge.”

Mrs. Hemans.

“The wild-brier rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning’s tear.”

Miss Landon.

In *Cymbeline* we find *Arviragus* saying that the grave of *Fidele*, while he lives there, shall not lack

“The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath.”

“Eglantine est la fleur que j’aime.”

Clémence Isaure is made to say, in the pretty old romance that bears her name; and a golden eglantine was one of the prizes at the celebrated Floral Games of Toulouse, instituted by her; a fuller account of which will be found immediately after the article on the violet.





JULY.

MUGWORT (*Artemisia vulgaris* or *ponticum*). Good luck.
Happiness.



HERE is a superstition among the French peasantry that a wreath of this plant, gathered and worn on midsummer eve, has power to preserve the wearer from all attacks of evil spirits or men, throughout the year.

With regard to the name of this plant, a quaint old French translation of Pliny tells us, “ La gloire d'imposer les noms aux herbes n'a pas seulement appartenue aux hommes, elle est aussi venue jusqu'à enflammer le cerveau des femmes, qui ont voulu avoir leur part ; car la royne Artemisia, femme du riche Mausolus, roy de Carie, fit tant par son industrie, qu'elle baptisa de son nom l'armoise, qui, auparavant, étoit appelée *parthenis*.

Toutefois il y en a qui tiennent ce nom *d'artemisia* avoir été imposé à l'armoise, à raison de la déesse Artemis Ilithya (*Diana*), parce que cette herbe est particulièrement bonne aux femmes." The fragrant southern-wood belongs to this family, and also the bitter wormwood.

WHITE JASMINE (*Jasminum officinale*). Amiability.

The jasmine seems to have been created as the emblem of amiability. Its supple branches bend gracefully to every caprice of the trainer; and whether in the shape of bush, tree, or arbor, it lavishes on us a shower of fragrant, star-like blossoms. It grows now in all warm climates, but was introduced into Europe from India by Spanish navigators, about 1560. Its fragrance, like the woodbine's, is stronger towards night.

" Many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake while others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds, that keep
Their odors to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out."

Moore.

The Earl of Carlisle is the author of the following pretty stanzas: —

TO A JASMINE TREE.

" My slight and slender jasmine tree,
That bloomest on my border tower,
Thou art more dearly loved by me
Than all the wreaths of fairy bower:
I ask not, while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice, or Syria's rose;
Thy light festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more freshly glows.

My mild and winsome jasmine tree,
 That climbest up the dark gray wall,
 Thy tiny flowerets seem in glee,
 Like silver spray-drops, down to fall :
 Say, did they from their leaves thus peep
 When mailed moss-troopers rode the hill,
 When helméd warders paced the keep,
 And bugles blew for Belted Will ?

My free and feathery jasmine tree,
 Within the fragrance of thy breath
 Yon dungeon grated to its key,
 And the chained captive pined for death.
 On border fray, on feudal erime,
 I dream not, while I gaze on thee ;
 The chieftains of that stern old time
 Could ne'er have loved a jasmine tree."

It is related that a duke of Tuscany, who was the first possessor of the plant in Italy, forbade his gardener to take off a single flower or cutting. The gardener might have been faithful had he not been in love. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her a bouquet containing one sprig of the precious jasmine. She put it in moist earth to keep fresh : it took root, grew, and multiplied under her skilful hands. She was poor, her lover was not rich, and her careful mother forbade their union. But the young girl, by selling her jasmines, soon amassed a little dowry. The Tuscan girls still wear a wreath of jasmine on their wedding day ; and they have a proverb that a maiden worthy to wear this wreath is rich enough to make her husband's fortune.

CARNATION (*Dianthus caryophyllus*). Pure and deep love.

The variety of shades produced in this flower by skilful cultivation is almost infinite, making it a great

favorite with florists. But through all changes it still preserves its beauty and fragrance. The great Condé loved and cultivated carnations, and had the courage to wear one in his button-hole before Louis XIV., whose aversion to perfumes is well known.

Pope says, —

“To the Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.”

And in one of the most enchanting scenes that even Shakspeare ever wrote, he makes sweet Perdita say, —

“The fairest flowers of the season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyflowers.”

VERVAIN (*Verbena hastata*). Enchantment.

Vervain was used among the ancients in various kinds of divination, and among other properties, that of reconciling enemies was attributed to it. When the Romans sent heralds to carry to nations peace or war, one of them carried vervain. The Druids had the greatest veneration for this plant; before gathering it they made a sacrifice to the Earth. The Magi, when adoring the sun, held branches of vervain in their hands. Venus *victrix* wore a crown of myrtle interwoven with vervain, and the Germans to this day give a wreath of vervain to brides, as if to put them under the protection of this goddess. In the northern provinces of France, the shepherds gather it with ceremonies and words known only to themselves.

TARES (*Lolium temulentum*). Vice.

The tare is made to symbolize vice. Its stalk resembles that of wheat; it grows up in the finest harvests. The hand of the wise and skilful cultivator roots it up with care, that it may not be confounded with the good grain. Thus a wise instructor ought diligently to eradicate every inclination to vice which springs up in the youthful heart; but he should beware lest he uproot at the same time the germs of virtue.

MARSHMALLOW (*Althea officinalis*). Beneficence.

The marshmallow, which typifies beneficence, is the poor man's friend. It grows wild along the brook and around the cottage, and sometimes shows its modest head in the garden. It is a soft, silvery-looking plant, with delicate, pretty pink flowers. The flowers, the leaves, the stalk, and the root are all useful. Various pastes and sirups are prepared from its juices, as pleasant to the taste as they are excellent for the health. A lost traveller has sometimes found wholesome nutriment in its root. We need only look around us to discover, everywhere in nature, proofs of love and foresight. But this tender mother often conceals, in plants as in men, the greatest virtues under the most modest exterior.

FLOS ADONIS (*Adonis autumnalis*). Painful recollections.

Adonis was killed by a wild boar. Venus, who had left for him the delights of Cythera, shed tears over his fate: they were not lost; the earth received them, and immediately produced a slender plant covered with flowers like drops of blood.

LOCUST (*Robinia pseudo-acacia*). Platonic love.

This fine tree was carried from America to France, more than a century ago, by the botanist Robin, who gave it his name. Its foliage is exceedingly light and fresh, and its white, drooping flowers very fragrant. The Indians are said to have made bows of its wood, and buried their dead under its shade.





AUGUST.

WHITE LILY (*Lilium candidum*). Majesty. Purity.

“Il est le roi des fleurs, dont la rose est la reine.”

Boisjolin.



EAR to the heart of every one is this regal flower. It stands with ineffable grace on the elegant stem which rises from its circle of long green leaves, and breathes out the richest incense. It is a native of Syria, but has reigned in our gardens from time immemorial. The sovereigns of France have especially honored it. It bloomed in the gardens of Charlemagne. Louis VII. placed it on his coat of arms, coins, and seals. Philip Augustus

sprinkled his standard with lilies. St. Louis wore a ring representing, in enamel and relief, a wreath of lilies and daisies, and on the stone was graven a crucifix with these words: "Hors cet anel pourrions-nous trouver amour?" because, indeed, this ring combined for the pious king the emblems of all he held dear—his religion, his country, and his wife.

"Crowned with a wreath of lilies, breathing cool
Their fragrance o'er his throbbing temples, comes
July, with languid step."

"Long alleys, falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crownéd lilies, standing near
Purple-spikéd lavender." *Tennyson.*

"Nor snow-white lily, called so proudly fair,
Though by the poor man's cot she loves to dwell,
Nor finds his little garden scant of room
To bid her stately buds in beauty bloom."
Mrs. Norton.

GARDEN GILLYFLOWER (*Cheiranthus annuus*).
Lasting Beauty.

The gillyflower, less graceful than the rose, less majestic than the lily, keeps its freshness longer than either. The old English poets loved the gillyflower, and made frequent allusions to it. In Germany, surprisingly fine effects are produced with this flower. Mme. de la Tour says, "At an old chateau near Luxemburg were arranged, along an immense terraced, four rows of vases, of coarse ware, but well shaped, and of the purest white; these were all filled with the finest red

gillyflowers. Towards sunset one would have said that living flames were issuing from these vases, and a balsamic odor filled the air around."

WHEAT (*Triticum vulgare*). Wealth.

This plant seems to have been conferred on man, together with the use of fire, to assure to him the sceptre of the earth. It is one of the first links of society, because its culture exacts mutual labor and services. An Arab, lost in the desert, had eaten nothing for two days. Nearly dead with hunger, in passing by a well where caravans stopped, he saw on the sand a little leather bag. "God be praised," said he, picking it up; "I believe this is a little flour." He hastily opened it, but, seeing what it contained, exclaimed, "Unfortunate that I am! It is nothing but gold dust!"

DAHLIA (*Dahlia*). My gratitude exceeds your cares. Novelty.

This showy plant comes from Mexico, where its roots are eaten, roasted in the ashes. It was first introduced into Europe as an edible, but proved of too strong a flavor, and botanists soon began to cultivate it for its flowers, which were at first only single. It is named from Andrew Dahl, a celebrated Swedish botanist. Cultivation has developed a countless variety of shades, while improving the shape of this flower, and English gardeners hold it in great esteem.

GARDEN MARIGOLD (*Calendula officinalis*). Grief. Chagrin.

“No marygolds yet closed are,
No shadows yet appear.”

Herrick.

“But, maiden, see, the day is waxen olde,
And 'gins to shut in with the marygold.”

Browne.

The celebrated Mme. Lebrun painted a pretty little picture, representing Grief under the form of a young man, pale and languishing, whose head seemed bent under the weight of a wreath of marigolds. It blooms nearly all the year round; therefore the Romans called it the Flower of the Calends. It is open only from nine A. M. till about three P. M., but turns towards the sun, and follows his course from east to west. In July and August it emits luminous sparks by night, like the nasturtium and a few other plants of the same color. Margaret of Orleans, the maternal grandmother of Henry IV., took for her device a marigold turning to the sun, with the motto, “Je ne veux suivre que lui seul.”

The older poets called it simply *gold*. Chaucer devotes the marigold to jealousy.

“and jalousie,
That weved of yelwe goldes a girlonde.”

Spenser associates it both with bridals and funerals. Chatterton mentions

“The mary-budde, that shutteth with the light.”

Shakspeare evidently cherished this flower.

“The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.”

“like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.”

“Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven’s gate sings,
And Phœbus ’gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking mary-budds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!”

The practical Gay tells us, —

“Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet.”

The more poetical Keats sings, —

“Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture of your golden lids;
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises shall be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.”

We end with part of a fine piece by George Wither.

“When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk;
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedewed as ’twere with tears till he returns;

And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
 As if she scornéd to be lookéd on
 By an inferior eye, or did contemn
 To wait upon a meaner light than him;—
 When I thus meditate, methinks the flowers
 Have spirits far more generous than ours,
 And give us fair example to despise
 The servile fawnings and idolatries
 Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
 Which merit not the service we bestow.”

MIGNONETTE (*Reseda odorata*). Your qualities surpass your charms.

“No gorgeous flowers the meek Reseda grace,
 Yet sip with eager trunk yon busy race
 Her simple eup, nor heed the dazzling gem
 That beams in Fritillaria’s diadem.”

Evans.

Cowper says in the Task, —

“What are the easements lined with ereeping herbs,
 The prouder sashes fronted with a range
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
 The Frenchman’s darling!”

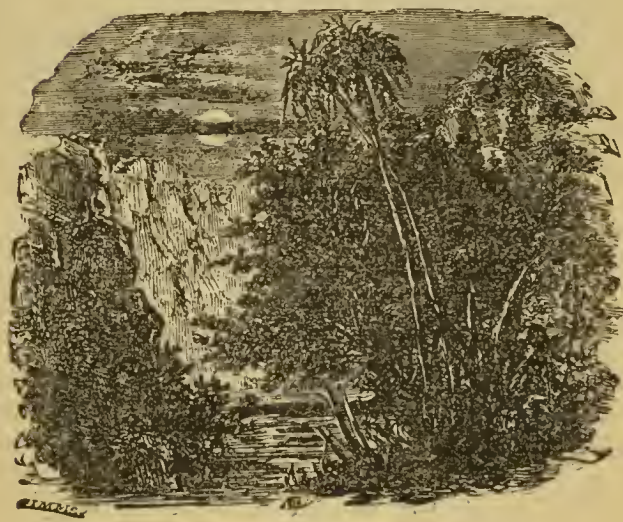
We owe the reseda to Egypt. Linnæus compared its perfume to that of ambrosia. At sunrise and sunset it is sweetest and most penetrating. Flowering from spring till autumn, in doors or out, it is a universal favorite. By keeping it in a temperate, even atmosphere, it grows woody, and becomes a little tree, living several years.

DATURA (*Datura arborea*). Deceitful charms.

The foliage of this plant seems faded and languishing in the daytime, but at night appears reanimated, and its beautiful flowers exhale an intoxicating

but dangerous perfume. One of Hoffman's wonderful stories was suggested by it; and Mrs. Hemans wrote the following sonnet upon it:—

“Majestic plant! such fairy dreams as lie
Nursed where the bee sucks in the cowslip's bell,
Are not thy train: those flowers of vase-like swell,
Clear, large, with dewy moonlight filled from high,
And in their monumental purity
Serenely drooping, round thee seem to draw
Visions linked strangely with that silent awe
Which broods o'er Sculpture's works. A meet ally
For those heroic forms, the simply grand,
Art thou; and worthy, carved by plastic hand,
Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine
In spotless marble; honoring one whose train
Soared, upon wings of thought that knew no stain,
Free through the starry heavens of truth divine.”





AUTUMN.

SEPTEMBER.

FORGET-ME-NOT (*Myosotis palustris*). Forget me not.



HERE is a flower, a lovely flower,
Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging
hue,

Pure as the ether in its hour
Of loveliest and serenest blue.

The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded grot,
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
Forget me not, forget me not!

Halleck. (Trans. from the German.)

A story is told in Germany, that two young lovers were walking on the banks of the Danube, when a

cluster of flowers of celestial blue floated by on the stream. Struck by their beauty, the girl admires and regrets them. Her lover springs into the water, seizes the flowers, and has just time to throw them at her feet, crying, "Love, forget me not," before he disappears in the swift current.

CHINA-ASTER (*Aster sinensis*). Variety.

This beautiful aster comes from China, where it is cultivated in great perfection, and extensively used as a decoration. They are planted in pots, and arranged according to their colors in charming lines and masses, the effect of which is often heightened by their reflection in a stream or sheet of water. The china-aster owes its variety to skilful culture. Thus study can vary continually the graces of the mind.

TUBEROSE (*Polianthes tuberosa*). Voluptuousness.

The tuberose seems to be first mentioned by a European writer in 1594. There has been some doubt whether it came from the East Indies or from Mexico; but the latter country seems to have most evidence in its favor. Father Camell says it was imported from Mexico to the Philippine Islands by the Spaniards, who called it *Vara de S. José*, or St. Joseph's wand.

It was carried from Persia to France in 1632. It was single then, but its petals were doubled under the hands of a skilful florist of Leyden named Lecour;

thence it spread all over the world. In Russia it blooms only for czars and courtiers, but in Peru it is naturalized. Its lovely spires terminate a tall, slender stem, and exhale a strong, sweet perfume, which is oppressive if inhaled too closely.

Moore tells us of

“The tuberose with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is called the ‘mistress of the night,’
So like a bride scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun’s away.”

MORNING GLORY (*Convolvulus purpureus*). Coquetry.

“Convolvulus, in streakéd vases flush.”

Keats.

“Yes, thou canst smile and be as gay
As though no heart thy guile had broken,
While every step along my way
Brings up of thee some painful token.

Thou breathest in a dozen ears
The same fond words once breathed to me;
While I, alas! in secret tears,
Can only think and dream of thee.”

The Flower Vase.

“Aux feux dont l’air étincelle
S’ouvre la belle-de-jour;
Zéphyr la flatte de l’aile:
La friponne encore appelle
Les papillons d’alentour.

Coquettes, c’est votre emblème:
Le grand jour, le bruit vous plaît.
Briller est votre art suprême;
Sans éclat, le plaisir même
Devient pour vous sans attrait.”

Ph. de la Madeleine.

HELIOTROPE (*Heliotropium peruvianum*). I adore you.
Intoxication.

“Heliotrope, whose gray and heavy wreath
Mimies the orchard blossom’s fruity breath.”

Mrs. Norton.

One day, the celebrated Jussieu, botanizing in the Cordilleras, felt himself almost intoxicated with a most delicious perfume: he expected to discover some brilliant flower, but found only pretty bushes of a soft green, crowned with clusters of a pale, lustreless purple. He approached these bushes (which were six feet high), and saw that the flowers with which they were loaded, all turned to the sun. Struck with this circumstance, he gave it the name of heliotrope, from the Greek words *helios*, sun, and *trope*, turn. Elated with his new conquest, he hastened to gather some seeds of it, and send to the *Jardin du Roi*. The ladies of Paris received the new plant with enthusiasm; they placed it in the most precious vases, called it "herb of love," and received with indifference a bouquet which did not contain it. It was cultivated for the first time, in Europe, in 1740, and immediately took its place as a favorite in fashionable society.

SUNFLOWER (*Helianthus annuus*). False riches.

"The gaudy orient sunflower from the crowd
Uplifts its golden circle."

Maturin.

"Sunflowers, planted for their gilded show,
That scale the window's lattice ere they blow;
Then, sweet to habitants within the sheds,
Peep through the diamond panes their golden heads."

Clare.

"Uplift, proud sunflower, to thy favorite orb,
That disk whereon his brightness seems to dwell;
And as thou seem'st his radiance to absorb,
Proclaim thyself the garden's sentinel."

Barton.

The sunflower, too, is a native of Peru, where it was formerly honored as the image of the star of day. The Virgins of the Sun, in their religious festivals, wore a golden crown, representing this immense flower, which also glittered on their breasts and in their hands. Poets have wrongly imagined this plant to turn towards the sun, and sometimes confounded it with the heliotrope, though so unlike it.

Lord Thurlow crowns Jealousy with the sunflower, — yellow being her appropriate color.

It is said that Pythius, a rich Lydian, possessing several gold mines, neglected the culture of his estates, and only employed his numerous slaves in the mines. His wise wife one day ordered a supper to be served up to him, at which all the dishes were filled with gold. "I give you," said she, "the only thing we have in abundance; you can reap only what you sow; see yourself whether gold is so great a good!" This lesson made the desired impression, and he acknowledged that Providence had not abandoned true riches to man's avarice.

WALL-FLOWER (*Cheiranthus cheiri*). Fidelity in misfortune.

"The yellow wall-flower stained with iron brown."

Thomson.

"With cloudy fire the wall-flowers burned."

"Wall-flowers in fragrance burn themselves away

With the sweet season on her precious pyre."

Massey.

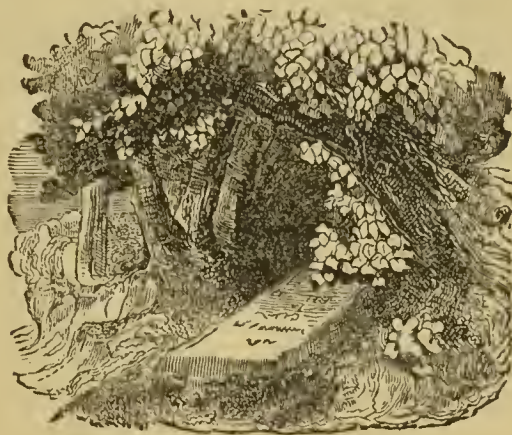
“Flower of the solitary place!
 Gray Ruin’s golden crown,
 That lendest melancholy grace
 To haunts of old renown.”

Moir.

“An emblem true thou art
 Of love’s enduring lustre, given
 To cheer a lonely heart.”

Barton.

Minstrels and troubadours formerly wore a sprig of wall-flower as the emblem of an affection which resists time and survives misfortune. During the reign of terror in France, the sepulchres of the kings in the Abbey of St. Denis were broken open and violated, and the remains thrown into an obscure court behind the choir of the church. There the revolution forgot them. The poet Treneuil, going to visit this sad spot, found it brilliant with the blossoms of the wall-flower. This plant, true to its character, breathed out its perfume, like incense rising to heaven, and inspired the poet with a fine apostrophe to it.





OCTOBER.

IVY (*Hedera helix*). Friendship.



RIENDSHIP has chosen for its device an ivy surrounding a fallen tree, with the motto, "Nothing can detach me." In Greece the hymeneal altar was wreathed with ivy, and a branch of it was presented to the bridal pair, as the symbol of indissoluble union. The Bacchantes, old Silenus, and Bacchus himself, were crowned with ivy. In Egypt it was consecrated to Osiris. The fadeless green of the ivy made it a suitable crown for the poet.

"An ivy wreath, the poet's prize,
Would lift Mæcnas to the skies."

Horace.

It was a favorite with Milton. Eve bids Adam

“Direct the clasping ivy where to climb.”

Wordsworth, speaking of an old church, overgrown with ivy, gives us this pretty picture : —

“Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
The building seems, wall, roof, and tower,
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.”

“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?”

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 not the dead?”

Barton.

With the Ivy Song of Mrs. Hemans, we end.

“O, how could fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Ivy! thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o’er,
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more.
Where long fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadowed the victor’s tent.

Though shining there in deathless green,
 Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
 Better thou lov'st the silent seeue
 Around the victor's grave :
 Uru and sculpture half divine
 Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
 Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,
 Where hollow sounds the lightest tread —
 Ivy ! they know thee well !
 And far above the festal viue
 Thou wav'st where once proud banners hung,
 Where mouldering turrets erest the Rhine,
 The Rhine, still fresh and young !
 Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
 Ivy ! all are thine !

High from the fields of air look down
 Those eyries of a vanished race,
 Where harp, and battle, and renown
 Have passed and left no trace.
 But thou art there ! serenely bright,
 Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 Or crown the lowliest tomb.
 Ivy, Ivy ! all are thine —
 Palace, hearth, and shrine !

'Tis still the same ; our pilgrim tread
 O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
 On the mute path of ages fled,
 Still meets decay and thee.
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August in beauty, stern in power, —
 Days pass — thou 'Ivy never sere ;'
 And thou shalt have thy dower.
 All are thine, or must be thine —
 Temple, pillar, shrine ! "

MEADOW SAFFRON (*Colchicum autumnalis*). My best days
 are past.

The ancients believed that this plant, from the fields
 of Colchis, owed its origin to some drops of the magic

liquor which Medea prepared to make old Æson young. This caused it to be regarded as a preservative against all sorts of maladies. It is still used in gout and rheumatism. The seed does not ripen until the following spring. The melancholy nymph weaves herself a crown of its pale violet flowers, and consecrates it to the happy days which have fled to return no more.

FOUR O'CLOCK, or MARVEL OF PERU (*Mirabilis jalapa*). Timidity.

This plant, known also as jalap, princess's leaf, and belle-de-nuit, is a native of the Malay Isles, and in its own climate is an elegant shrub. It opens its timid bells at four in the afternoon, closing them again at four in the morning.

We cannot refrain from transcribing here the following graceful lines of Constant Dubos : —

“ Solitaire amante des nuits,
 Pourquoi ces timides alarmes,
 Quand ma muse au jour que tu fuis
 S'apprête à révéler tes charmes ?
 Si, par pudeur, aux indiscrets
 Tu caches ta fleur purpurine,
 En nous déroband tes attraits,
 Permets encore qu'on les devine.

Lorsque l'aube vient réveiller
 Les brillantes filles de Flore, —
 Seule tu sembles sommeiller,
 Et eraindre l'éclat de l'aurore.
 Quand l'ombre efface leurs couleurs,
 Tu reprends alors ta parure,
 Et de l'absence de tes sœurs,
 Tu viens consoler la nature.

Sous le voile mystérieux
 De la craintive modestie
 Tu veux échapper à nos yeux,
 Et tu n'en es que plus jolie;
 On cherche, on aime à découvrir,
 Le doux plaisir que tu recèles;
 Ah! pour encore les embellir,
 Donne ton secret à nos belles."

FRAGRANT COLTSFOOT (*Tussilago fragrans*). Justice shall be done you.

Genius, concealed under a modest exterior, does not strike the vulgar. But if the eye of a discriminating judge meets it, immediately it obtains the acclamations of those whose stupid indifference could not comprehend it. Plants have the same fate as men, and often require a patron to be appreciated. The fragrant coltsfoot, in spite of its sweet odor, lived a long time unknown at the foot of Mount Pila, where it would doubtless flourish ignored to this day, if a learned botanist, M. Villau, of Grenoble, had not appreciated its merits, and given it a prominent place in his works. It is very welcome in the drawing-room, as it comes at a season when other flowers are scarce.

SCARLET GERANIUM (*Pelargonium inquinans*). Silliness.

Mme. de Stael was always angry when a man of no intellect was introduced into her circle. One day, however, a friend risked presenting a young Swiss officer, of most amiable appearance. Deceived by appearances, the lady grew animated, and said a thousand flattering

things to the new-comer, who seemed at first mute with surprise and admiration. At last, after he had listened nearly an hour without opening his mouth, she began to mistrust his silence, and asked him some questions so direct that he was forced to reply. But, alas! he gave only the silliest answers. Mme. de Stael, angry at having thrown away her trouble and her wit, turned to her friend and said, "Truly, sir, you resemble my gardener, who thought to please me this morning by bringing me a pot of scarlet geranium; but I sent him away, begging him never to let me see it again." "Why so?" asked the young man, confounded. "Because, sir, since you wish to know, this geranium is finely dressed in red; so long as you only look at it, it is pleasing; but the moment you press it slightly, it gives out only a disagreeable odor." Saying these words, she rose and went out, leaving the young man with cheeks as red as his coat, or the flower to which he had been compared.

CYPRESS (*Cupressus*). Mourning.

"Peace to the dust that in silence reposes
Beneath the dark shades of the cypress and yew."
Pierpont.

"And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom,"
Byron.

"The nodding cypress formed a fragrant shade."
Pope.

"In cypress chests my arras counterpanes."
Shakspeare.

The cypress is a tall, straight, evergreen tree, of a fragrant smell—the leaves bitter. Its wood is almost imperishable. The Romans devoted it to funereal uses, and the Orientals plant it in their cemeteries. Spenser tells us that in the garden of Proserpina —

“There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store.”





NOVEMBER.

OAK (*Quercus*). Hospitality.

“The builder oake, sole king of forrests all.”

Spenser.



HE ancients believed that the oak, born with the earth, gave shelter and sustenance to the first men. This tree, consecrated to Jupiter, shaded his cradle in Arcadia. The civic crown of oak leaves appeared to the Romans the most desirable of rewards. In Epirus, the oaks of Dodona gave oracles; those of Gaul covered the mysteries of the Druids. An account of all the celebrated oak trees in history would fill a volume. Tennyson has sung the “Talking Oak,” and

Millevoye "La feuille de chêne." Bryant eloquently wrote, —

"This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince
In all the proud old world beyond the deep
Ere wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him."

AMARANTH (*Amaranthus*). Immortality.

"Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date."

The amaranth is one of the last gifts of Autumn. The ancients associated it with supreme honors, and adorned with it the foreheads of the gods. In the "Jeux Floraux," at Toulouse, the prize for the best lyric was a golden amaranth. It has, for some reason or other, been a favorite of the poets; and Milton, in Book III. of his great poem, pays it this homage: —

"To the ground,
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 first it 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 these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent looks inwreathed with beams."

And again in Lycidas, —

"Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed."

There are many species of amaranth. That which is called cockscomb (a corruption of *cock's comb*) is very handsome, and is said to grow to a great size in Japan. Another variety is popularly called Love-lies-bleeding. In Campbell's poem of "O'Connor's Child," he makes the heroine say, —

"This purple flower my tears have nursed
 A hero's blood supplied its bloom :
 I love it, for it was the first
 That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb."

* * * *

"Nor would I change my buried love
 For any heart of living mould.
 No, for I am a hero's child —
 I'll hunt my quarry on the wild,
 And still my home this mansion make,
 Of all unheeded and unheeding,
 And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
 The flower of love-lies-bleeding."

PARSLEY (*Apium petroselinum*). Festivity.

Parsley was in great repute among the Greeks. At banquets they crowned themselves with it, to excite gayety and appetite. In the Nemean games the victor received for prize a wreath of parsley. It was supposed to be a native of Sardinia, because on old medals that province was represented by a woman at whose side is a vase of parsley; but it is found in cool, shady places throughout the south of Europe. The beautiful verdure of this plant heightens the elegance of the dishes it adorns.

CORNELIAN CHERRY (*Cornus mascula*). Continuance.

This tree rises only to the height of eighteen or twenty feet, but is slow of growth, and lives for centuries. It blossoms in Spring, and in Autumn produces its brilliant red fruit. The Greeks consecrated it to Apollo, doubtless because this god presided over intellectual labors, which demand much time and reflection. This tree is the emblem of patience to all those who would win the laurel crown for poetry or eloquence.

A HEAP OF FLOWERS. We will die together.

A pile of flowers and fruit decomposes the air, and renders it unfit for respiration. This sad property inspired the German poet Freiligrath to write a striking little piece called "The Vengeance of the Flowers."





W I N T E R .

DECEMBER.

SERVICE TREE (*Pyrus domestica*). Prudence.



EACH plant and tree has a character of its own. The giddy almond hastens to give her flowers to the Spring at the risk of having no fruit for the Autumn, while the service tree, which grows slowly, only bears fruit when it has

attained its full strength ; but then the harvest is certain. This is why it is called the type of prudence. Handsome and durable, it keeps its bright red berries all winter — a food provided in the midst of the snow for the little birds.

MISTLETOE (*Viscum verticillatum*). I surmount everything.

The following legend has come down to us from the days of the Druids. The god Balder having dreamed that he should die, his mother, Frigga, conjured fire, metals, maladies, water, animals, serpents, and plants, not to harm her son, and her conjurations were of such power that nothing could resist. Loke, the enemy of Balder, wished to know the cause of his invulnerability, and disguising himself under the form of an old woman, went to ask Frigga. He learned that everything in nature was sworn not to hurt Balder, except one little plant, which seemed too insignificant to harm, having not even a root of its own. It was the mistletoe. Loke immediately ran to find some, and, coming where the gods were fighting against the invulnerable Balder, asks the blind Heder, “Why dost not thou, too, throw arrows at Balder?” “I am blind,” replied Heder, “and have no arms.” Loke presented the mistletoe to him, and said, “Balder is before thee.” It is thrown, and Balder falls lifeless. Thus the invulnerable son of a goddess is slain by a branch of mistletoe thrown by a blind enemy.

The mistletoe is a little evergreen shrub, growing on the tops of the tallest trees; even the proud oak becomes its slave, and feeds it with his own substance. It was regarded as peculiarly sacred by the Druids. Every one is familiar with the English customs connected with it as a Christmas decoration.

“Bright-headed as the merry May dawn
 She floated down the dance;
 I thought some angel must have gone
 Our human way by chance.
 I held my hands and caught my bliss:
 Children, I'll show you how!
 And earth touched heaven in a kiss
 Under the mistletoe bough.”

Massey.

MOSS (*Cryptogamia*). Maternal love.

Like those friends repulsed neither by misfortune nor ingratitude, the mosses, banished from cultivated fields, advance towards dry, uncultivated lands, to cover them with their own substance, which is by degrees changed into fertile soil. They extend over marshes, and soon transform them into useful meadows. They form, in the forest shade, a turfy carpet, where the shepherd, the lover, and the poet love to repose. Without these plants, so little regarded by us, a part of the globe would be uninhabitable. In Lapland, the families cover with moss the subterranean huts, where they brave the longest winters. Their numerous herds of reindeer know no other food, yet they supply their masters with delicious milk, eatable flesh, and warm furs.

LAURESTINE (*Viburnum tinus*). I die if neglected.

This pretty shrub, improperly called *laurustinus*, comes to us from Spain, and is brilliant with verdure and flowers when other plants are stripped of them. It always requires assiduous attention, which, however, it well repays.





JANUARY.

LAUREL (*Laurus nobilis*). Glory.

“Yield me one leaf of Daphne’s deathless plant.”

Byron.



THE laurel or bay tree has been the symbol of glory and victory in every age and among every people. The lovely Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, was loved by Apollo; but she fled from his proffered caresses. He pursued her, and as he began to gain on her, she invoked her father’s aid, and was changed into the laurel. Apollo crowned his head with the leaves, and ordered that it should be esteemed sacred to him. It grows in great profusion on the banks of the Peneus, and its aromatic

evergreen branches rise there to the height of the tallest trees. The property of resisting lightning was anciently ascribed to it.

The *Flora Domestica* says, "The bay or laurel was in great esteem with physicians. The statue of Æsculapius, in allusion, perhaps, to his father, Apollo, was adorned with its leaves. From the custom which prevailed in some places of crowning the young doctors in physic with this laurel in berry, the students were called *baccalaureats*, or bachelors."

Every poet has sung the laurel. Byron said of Petrarch, —

"Watering the tree which bore his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

Though the laurel be the "meede of mighty conquerors," Oglevie bids us remember that

"Short is Ambition's gay, deceitful dream;
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow,
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough."

This classic tree is not a native of our country; but we have the beautiful *kalmia*, or American sheep laurel, which can challenge comparison with any shrub of Europe.

HOLLY (*Ilex*). Forethought.

"Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,"

Wordsworth.

The holly brings to mind delightful scenes of Christmas festivities and family joys. Its curiously cut,

shining leaves, and rich clusters of scarlet berries, make it an unequalled ornament for church, palace, or cottage. Among the best lines Southey ever wrote are the following:—

THE HOLLY TREE.

“ O reader, hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly tree:
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
 As might confound the atheist’s sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing eattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize;
 And in this wisdom of the holly tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme —
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude, —
 Gentle at home amid my friends I’d be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show, —
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And, as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly leaves their fadeless hues display—
 Less bright than they;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.”

ALOE (*Aloe*). Grief. Bitterness.

The aloe holds to the soil only by weak roots; it loves to grow in the desert; its taste is very bitter. Thus grief withdraws us from the world, detaches us from the earth, and fills our hearts with bitterness. These plants live almost entirely on air, and affect grotesque and wonderful forms. Mexico and the sands of Africa are their native climes.

AGNUS CASTUS. Coldness. Life without love.

Dioscorides, Pliny, and Galienus inform us that the priestesses of Ceres formed their virginal couch of the fragrant branches of this shrub, which covers itself with long tufts of white or violet flowers, and that they regarded it as the palladium of their chastity. Nuns used to drink a water distilled from it, to banish terrestrial thoughts from their solitary cells; and several orders of monks wore a knife whose

handle was made of the wood of the agnus castus, as a sure means of rendering their hearts insensible. In Dryden's version of the Flower and the Leaf,—

“Wreaths of agnus castus others bore;
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dressed,
Appeared in higher honor than the rest.”

And their queen carried a branch of it for a sceptre.



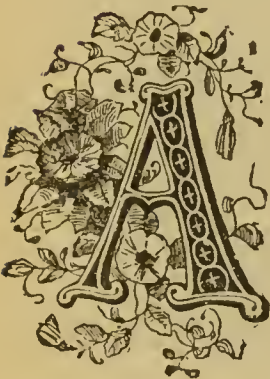


FEBRUARY.

SNOWDROP (*Galanthus nivalis*). Consolation. A friend in adversity.

“Lone flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they.”
Wordsworth.

“Thou timid snowdrop, raise thy lovely head.”
Barton.



DELICATE blossom suddenly appears breaking through the snowy veil which covers the earth, and shows to our wondering eyes its pure cups, tipped with green, as if Hope had marked them for her own. Expanding amid wintry scenes, this lovely flower seems to smile at all the rigors of the season,

and says, "I come to console you, and whisper the return of the long, bright, sunny days."

"Already now the snowdrop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of the unripened year;
As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower."

Mrs. Barbauld.

"Nature — deep and mystic word!
Mighty mother, still unknown!
Thou didst sure the snowdrop gird
With an armor all thine own.
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone
To the cold and sullen season
(Like a thought at random thrown),
Sent it thus for some grave reason."

Barry Cornwall.

JUNIPER (*Juniperus communis*). Asylum. Aid.

This tree was anciently consecrated to the Eumenides; the smoke of its green branches was the incense which was most preferred to offer to the infernal deities. The berries were burned at funerals to keep off witchcraft. In Holland they are extensively used now to flavor gin. The Chinese and the English like to adorn their gardens with this wild tree, which accustoms itself with difficulty to cultivation. Free, it loves to grow on the edge of the forest; weak and timid creatures often seek an asylum under its long, low boughs. The hunted hare crouches there, as its strong odor sets the dogs at fault; the thrush often confides her family to it, and fattens on its berries; while the entomologist studies around its prickly branches a thousand brilliant insects, which have

no other defence, and seem to guess that this tree is destined to protect them.

YEW (*Taxus baccata*). Sadness.

The Greeks, affected, like us, by the sad aspect of this tree, imagined that the unhappy Smilax, who saw her love despised by the young Crocus, was imprisoned in the bark of a yew. Its black, gloomy foliage, and ugly form, seem to warn us against reposing under it. It is said that its juice is poisonous to horses and asses, and that if one sleeps under a yew tree, the head grows heavy, and suffers violent pain. Our ancestors liked to see it in their cemeteries. Its wood was used for bows, lances, and cross-bows. In Dutch gardens one may still see yews clipped into fantastic forms, which recall the masterpieces of Le Nôtre and La Quintinie.

FIELD DAISY (*Bellis perennis*). I will think of it.

“Si douce est la marguerite.”

Chaucer asserts that Aleeste, a fair queen, who sacrificed her own life to preserve her husband's, was transformed into a daisy. What poet has not written of the daisy? But one stands preëminent. Few will disagree with Mr. Thomas Miller, that the daisy ought to be known as “Chaucer's flower.” He all but worshipped it.

“Love I most these floures white and rede,
Such that were callen Daisies in our town;

So hence I have so great affection,
 As I sayd erst, when eomen is the Maie,
 That in my bedde there daweth me no daie
 That I am up and walking in the mede,
 To see this flower against the sunne sprede;
 When it up riseth early by the morrow,
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow,
 So glad am I that when I have presence
 Of it to done it alle reverence,
 As she that is of all floures the floure,
 Fulfilled of all vertue and honoure,
 And ever ylike faire aud fresh of hewe,
 Aud ever I love it, and ever ylike newe,
 And shall till that mine herte die."

In the times of chivalry, when a lady neither accepted nor rejected a wooer's suit, she expressed, by a wreath of single white daisies, the sentiment, "I will think of it."

"The band of flutes began to play,
 To which a lady sung a virelay,
 And still at every elose she would repeat
 The burden of the song, *The Daisy is so sweet.*
The Daisy is so sweet when she begun,
 The troops of knights and dames continued on
 The concert, and the voice so eharmed my ear
 And soothed my soul, that it was heaven to hear."

Dryden from Chaucer.

"The daisie scattered on each meade and downe,
 A golden tuft within a silver eroune;
 Fayre fall that dainty floure! and may there be
 No shepherd graeed, that doth not honor thee!"

W. Browne.

The daisy (or *day's eye*) is the *gowan* of Burns and the other Scotch bards. The beautiful "Lines to a Mountain Daisy" are so well known and so often quoted, that we forbear to give them. A few stanzas from a poem by Wordsworth in praise of the daisy find their place here.

"When Winter decks his few gray hairs,
 Thee in the scanty wreath he wears;
 Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
 That she may sun thee;
 Whole summer fields are thine by right;
 And Autumn, melancholy wight!
 Doth in thy crimson head delight
 When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
 Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
 If welcome once thou count'st it gain;
 Thou art not daunted,
 Nor car'st if thou be set at nought,
 And oft alone, in nooks remote,
 We meet thee like a pleasant thought,
 When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
 The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
 Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head inpearling;
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
 Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
 The poet's darling.

* * *

When, smitten by the morning ray,
 I see thee rise, alert and gay,
 Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness;
 And when at dusk, by dews oppressed,
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
 Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness."

DOUBLE GARDEN DAISY. I share your feelings.

When the lady of a knight allowed him to engrave
 this flower on his arms, it was a public avowal that his
 affection was returned.

If left too long in one spot, the garden daisy is apt

to degenerate. The roots should be taken up in the autumn and divided.

“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 kiss the tears of eve, the dew-drops cold!
Sweet daisy, flower of love! when birds are paired,
’Tis 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 he 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,
Seen them unelasp 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.”

Leyden.

The following beautiful tribute is by Montgomery:—

THE DAISY.

“There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield;
They flourish and decline.

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.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
 To sultry August spreads its charms,
 Lights pale October on its way,
 And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
 On moory mountains catch the gale;
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume;
 The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
 Plays on the margin of the rill,
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
 It shares the sweet carnatiou's bed,
 And blooms on consecrated ground
 In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
 The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
 The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
 Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page ; in every place,
 In every season, fresh and fair,
 It opens with perennial grace,
 And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
 Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
 The rose has but a summer reign,
 The daisy never dies."

VIOLET (*Viola*). Modesty.

Ovid tells us that violets were strewn as offerings at the Roman feast of the Feralia, kept for their dead.

"The violet in her greenwood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
 May boast itself the fairest flower
 In gleu, or copse, or forest dingle."

Scott.

"There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet."

London.

Fairest and sweetest of flowers! What more praise can be given? If some invisible power should suddenly sweep away from the earth every tuft of violets, could any flower, of garden, field, or copse, replace them? Ah, no! the very soul of Spring would have passed away with them.

There is no fragrance like that of the violet. A peculiar freshness and purity make it stand alone among all the odors of the floral kingdom. Shakspeare felt it when he wrote of

"violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

The Duke in Twelfth Night commands, —

"That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

And at Ophelia's grave Laertes cries, —

"Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

Barry Cornwall says, —

"Dost see yon bank
The sun is kissing? Near — go near! for there
(Neath those broad leaves, amidst yon straggling grasses)
Immaculate odors from the violet
Spring up forever! Like sweet thoughts that come

Winged from the maiden fancy, and fly off
In music to the skies, and there are lost,
These ever-steaming odors seek the sun,
And fade in the light he scatters.”

We close in the grateful words of Langhorne:—

“That lavish hand
Which scatters violets under every thorn,
Forbids that sweets like these should be confined
Within the limits of the rich man’s wall.”





ARDON, fair reader, if we weary you ; but it seems fitting here to give a brief account of the celebrated Floral Games of Toulouse. The south of France was, perhaps, the cradle of all our modern poetry ; for while the language of the surrounding nations was scarcely formed, the Provençal was already a copious, expressive, and elegant tongue. The love for polite literature made such progress in Toulouse during the reign of the house of Raymond, that one of the old writers calls it “ the flower and rose of all cities.”

The origin of the Troubadours goes back to obscurity ; but we know that through the middle ages poetical courts, called *Puys d'Amour*, were of frequent

occurrence. The word *puy* comes from a supposed Celtic root, and signifies *tribunal*. It was one of these courts which was established at Toulouse in 1324, by a company of seven Troubadours. They called it the court of the *Gai Saber*, and poets from Provence, Languedoc, and Catalonia were invited to compete for the prize, which was a violet "of fine gold." The court assembled annually in a garden, and under a spreading elm made their award. This gave such an impetus to the "joyous science," that, in 1388, King John, of Arragon, sent an embassy to Charles VI., asking for French Troubadours to establish academies of the *Gai Saber* in his dominions.

But, in the next century, wars, and other circumstances unfavorable to the quiet pursuits of literature and the peaceful pleasures of the garden, caused such a decline in the spirit of the age, that this pretty custom fell into disuse. Then, when a night of ignorance and mental indolence seemed settling down upon these fair southern fields, Clémence Isaure suddenly steps upon the scene, and rescues her native land from the demoralizing influence of material force by encouraging once more the cultivation of eloquence and belles-lettres.

This famous lady was of an ancient and illustrious Toulousan family. She is represented to have possessed all graces, both of mind and person, and to have encouraged in every way the revival of letters.

She caused the *Jeux Floraux* to be celebrated again each year, with renewed splendor, and with her own hand bestowed a golden eglantine on a competitor of her own sex, Antoinette Villeneuve.

Clémence, in spite of the most brilliant offers, never married. She died, aged about fifty, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and by her will left nearly all her property to her native city, to be applied to the encouragement of intellectual development. She ordained three golden flowers as prizes — the violet, the eglantine, and the marigold. As the old romance prettily says, —

“Eglantine est la fleur que j’aime,
La violette est ma couleur;
Dans le souci tu vois l’emblème
Des chagrins de mon triste cœur.”

This Festival of Flowers, as it is called, survives still, four hundred years after its foundation; though the contests of the present day are in modern French, which scarcely equals, for poetical purposes, the more flexible and impassioned Provençal. It is celebrated on the third of May. The ceremonies begin with a eulogy of Clémence Isaure, after which the commissioners go in pomp to take the prize flowers from the high altar of the church of Our Lady de la Daurade, where Isaure was interred. Meantime the Secretary reports on the pieces offered by the competitors, and on the return of the commissioners the

prizes are awarded. Formerly it was the custom for the victors to go in procession to the church, and cover with a shower of roses the marble tomb of Clémence, in compliance with a request in her will. The statue which adorned this tomb was removed to the town hall in 1557, and a few years later its coronation with roses was substituted for the strewing on the grave, the religious authorities objecting to that as a relic of pagan rites.

Four flowers have been added to the first three, since the time of Isaure; and the amaranth now usurps the place of the violet as the *flor sobrana* or sovereign flower. The prizes at the present day are as follows:—

A golden amaranth for the best ode.

A golden eglantine for the best piece of prose.

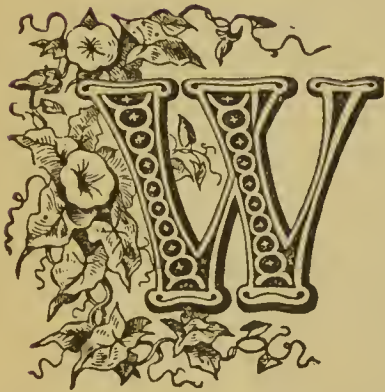
A silver violet for the best heroic poem, or epistle in verse.

A silver marigold for an eclogue, idyl, elegy, or ballad.

A silver primrose for the best fable or apologue.

A silver lily for a sonnet or hymn in honor of the Virgin Mary.

A silver pink is given as a prize of encouragement under either head.



WE must say a few words, too, about the celebrated Garland of Julia. Madame de Genlis informs us that the *Guirlande de Julie* was a piece of gallantry imagined by the austere Due de Montausier, for the beautiful Julie de Rambouillet. After her hand was promised him, it became his duty, in conformity to an old custom, to send his future bride a bouquet every day until the wedding. But he did not stop here. He caused to be painted on vellum, in a large folio volume, by the best artists, the most beautiful flowers cultivated; and the most distinguished poets of the time wrote verses on each flower. The volume,

magnificently bound, was placed upon the bride's dressing table on the wedding day. This interesting monument of the delicate gallantry of the seventeenth century passed into foreign hands during the Revolution, and in 1795 was at Hamburg. Its present possessor is unknown.





DIRECTIONS IN THE USE OF FLOWERS.



HERE follows a brief summary of directions for the use of the floral language.

Any noun can be changed to a verb or adjective when necessary. The present tense is expressed by holding the flower as high as the heart; the past, by presenting it with the arm towards the ground; the future, by raising it as high as the eyes. There are three persons; first, second, and third. For the first, present the flower horizontally, with the right hand. For

the second, with the same hand, but held to the left. For the third, present it with the left hand. Two flowers indicate the plural; a flower upside down, negation.

There are some amusing examples of the application of this language in winter, when flowers are scarce, in “*Les Fleurs Animées* ;” as for instance in this note :—

“Wormwood has no crown imperial on bitter-sweet myrtle. You know I have a serpent cactus of whortleberry. Musk plant upside down! Liverwort, we are cistus. Banish all marigolds, and pansy only of the sweet sultan of our pimpernel.

Myrtle as high as the heart, and myrtle as high as the eyes forever.”

Jacobus.

Translated it reads, —

Absence has no power on true love. You know I have a horror of treachery. No weakness! Confidence, we are secure. Banish all griefs, and think only of the happiness of our meeting.

I love you, and shall love you forever.

Jacobus.

The colored plate gives an idea of the arrangement of a floral sentence. It is a translation of some verses by the Chevalier Parny.

“Fairies use flowers for their charactery.”

Shakspeare.

“The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was new.”

Hoffman.

“Souvent, d'une amante offensée,
Quelques fleurs ealment le courroux;
Souvent, du fils de Cythérée,
Flore sert à eacher les coups.”

Old French Poet.



DICTIONARY
OF THE
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



Abruptness, *Borage.*

Absence, *Wormwood.*

Accommodating disposition, *Valerian.*

Activity, *Thyme*. See p. 34.

A friend in adversity, *Snowdrop*. See p. 86.

Afterthought, *Large-flowered Aster*.

The large-flowered aster begins to bloom when other flowers become scarce. It is, as it were, the afterthought of Flora, who smiles while leaving us.

Agitation, *Rhododendron*.

Honey made from the flowers of the rhododendron was anciently supposed to cause delirium, and very probably some of the species possess poisonous qualities. Undoubtedly this is the most brilliant of all American shrubs. The less showy but beautiful azaleas belong to this family.

Always cheerful, *Coreopsis*.

Always remembered, *Everlasting*.

Ambition, *Hollyhock*.

Amiability, *Jasmine*. See p. 48.

Anger, *Gorse*, or *Furze*.

The furze blossom resembles the broom, but the plant is very prickly. It grows in greater profusion in England than in any other country. It is said that Linnæus, when he saw it for the first time, near London, fell on his knees enraptured; and, carrying some plants to Sweden, tried to raise them in a hot-house. Virgil mentions the furze. Keats speaks of

“downs, where sweet air stirs
Blue harebells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold.”

“Here the furze,
Enriched among its spires with golden flowers,
Scents the keen air.”

Charlotte Smith.

Animosity, *St. John's Wort*.

“Hypericum beneath each sheltering bush
Its healing virtue modestly conceals.”

Dodsley.

Artifice, *Clematis*.

To excite commiseration, beggars sometimes produce on themselves, by applying the juice of the clematis, factitious sores. This infamous artifice sometimes results in real ulcers.

Arts, *Acanthus*. See p. 25.

Asylum, **Aid**, *Juniper*. See p. 87.

Audacity, *Larch*.

Austerity, *Thistle*.



Beauty ever new, *Monthly Rose*.

Be my support, *Black Bryony*.

Beloved daughter, *Cinquefoil*.

Beneficence, *Marshmallow*. See p. 51.

Benevolence, Potato.

The reader is referred to Humboldt for the history of the potato. In England, in the reign of James I., it was considered a great delicacy, and provided only in very small quantities for the queen's household. Bradley, an extensive writer on horticultural subjects at the beginning of the eighteenth century, says of potatoes, "They are of less note than horseradish, radish, scorzonera, beets, and skirret; but as they are not without their admirers, I will not pass them by in silence." It was unknown in Saxony as late as 1740, but cultivated earlier in Switzerland.

Parmentier, by the most persevering labors, succeeded in introducing the cultivation of this useful vegetable into France, in the reign of Louis XVI. It had been known in Italy long before.

Benevolence, Hyacinth.

The poets are not agreed whether the hyacinth sprung from the blood of Ajax or that of Hyacinthus; but the flower they so designate was probably a kind of lily, and not our modern hyacinth. This, however, does not lack praise.

Hyacinths, with their graceful bells,
Where the spirit of odor dwells."

Miss Landon.

"The hyacinth, purple, white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense."

Shelley.

"Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May."

Keats.

In the bower of Eve, —

"hyacinth, with rich inlay,
Broidered the ground, more colored than with stone
Of costliest emblem."

The curling petals furnished Milton with a simile in describing Adam.

“Hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering.”

Collins, too, speaks of

“The youth whose locks divinely spreading
Like vernal hyacinths.”

The poetical Hyacinth of the ancients was supposed to wear

“His bitter sorrows painted on his bosom.”

“As poets feigned, from Ajax’ streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscribed, a mournful flower.”
Young.

“In the flower he weaved
The sad impression of his sighs; which bears
Ai—Ai—displayed in funeral characters.”
Sandys’s Ovid.

“Camus, reverend sir, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.”
Milton.

Beware, *Oleander.*

Birth, *Dittany of Crete.*

When Juno, under the name of Lucina, presided at the birth of children, she wore a wreath of dittany. Its good odor and medicinal qualities, which caused it to be esteemed by the ancients, make it still valued. It is a native of the isle of Crete.

In Martyn’s Botany we read, “Dittany of Crete has the small purple flowers collected in loose, nodding heads; the stalks are pubescent, purplish, and send out small branches from their sides by pairs; the leaves are round, thick, and so

woolly as to be quite white; the whole plant has a piercing, aromatic scent and biting taste." Woodville, in his Medical Botany, gives a figure of it, and says, "Both the Greek and Roman writers have fabled this plant into great celebrity; of which a single instance, related by the Latin poet, affords a beautiful illustration." See *Æneid* XII. 411-416.

Bitterness, *Aloe*. See p. 84.

Blackness, *Ebony Tree*.

Blemish, *Henbane*.

Boldness, *Larch*.

The larch is often found at a prodigious elevation on mountains.

Bonds of love, *Honeysuckle*. See p. 28.



Calmness, *Buckbean*. See p. 21.

Calumny, *Madder*.

Candor, *White Violet*.

Capricious Beauty, *Musk Rose*.

This capricious rose will languish in situations which at first appeared most favorable to it. One year it will be loaded with flowers, and the next it will refuse to blossom at all.

Chagrin, *Marigold*. See p. 56.**Change**, *Pimpernel*.

Always closing before rain, it denotes a change of weather.

Chastity, *Orange Blossom*.**Coarseness**, **Grossness**, *Pompion*, or *Pumpkin*.**Coldness**, *Agnus Castus*. See p. 84.**Compassion**, *Elder*.

The elder is said to furnish quack doctors with many of their most successful remedies. The great Boerhaave is said to have held the medicinal qualities of the elder in such reverence, that he would take off his hat when passing it. Elder berries make a very excellent wine.

Conceit, *Pomegranate*.

A pomegranate in Spanish is *granada*; and the kingdom of Granada is said to have derived its name from the pomegranate trees planted there by the Moors; which is quite probable, from a cleft pomegranate being represented on its arms.

Confession of love, *Rosebud*. See p. 42.**Confidence**, *Liverwort*.**Conjugal love**. *Linden*, or *Lime*. See p. 33.

Consolation, *Snowdrop. Corn Poppy.*

Cowley says, —

“Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
And to adorn the teeming earth
She bade the poppy blow.”

Constancy, *Canterbury Bell.*

Coolness, *Lettuce.*

Coquetry, *Morning Glory.* See p. 62.

Courage, *Black Poplar.*

The tree is consecrated to Hercules.

Cruelty, *Nettle.*

The sting of the nettle causes a pain like a burn. The mechanism of the sting is similar to a bee's, as may be seen by looking at a leaf under the microscope.



Deceitful charms, *Datura.* See p. 58.

Declaration of love, *Tulip.* See p. 20

Dejection, Lupine.

“Tristes lupini.”

Virgil.

A beautiful white lupine is found wild in North America. All the species have rich, velvety leaves, and the variety of color in their flowers is very great.

Delicacy, Bluebottle.**Departure, Sweet Pea.**

The dark sweet pea is a native of Sicily; and the light, of Ceylon.

“Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers eatching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.”

Keats.

Desertion, Anemone (Windflower).

Anemone was a nymph beloved by Zephyr. Flora, jealous, banished her from her court, and metamorphosed her into a flower which always expands before Spring has really returned. Zephyr abandoned this unhappy beauty to the rough caresses of Boreas, who shakes the blossom, rudely opens it, and soon destroys it.

Desire, Jonquil.

Thomson speaks of

“Jonquils of potent fragrance.”

And Bidlake, —

“The jonquil loads with potent breath the air,
And rich in golden glory nods.”

Prior, too, —

“The smelling tuberoses and jonquil declare
The stronger impulse of the evening air.”

Of the same family are Shakspeare's daffodils,—

“That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.”

Desire to please, *Mezereon.*

Devotion, *Passion Flower.*

Difficulties, *Black Thorn.*

Discretion, *Maiden Hair.*

Disdain, *Rue.*

“There's rue for you; and here's some for me:— we may call it herb
of grace o' Sundays:— you may wear your rue with a difference.”

“Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.”

Shakspeare.

Before the Reformation, priests used to sprinkle the people
in church with bunches of rue dipped in the holy water;
hence the name of Herb of Grace o' Sundays.

Disguise, *Thorn Apple.*

Distinction, *Cardinal Flower.*

The cardinal flower, or scarlet lobelia, is one of the most
splendid American flowers. It was introduced into Great
Britain in 1629, and Justice says of it, “A flower of most
handsome appearance, which should not be wanting in curious
gardens, as it excels all other flowers I ever knew in the rich-
ness of its scarlet color.”

Docility, *Rush.*

Do me justice, *Chestnut.*

Do not abuse me, *Saffron Crocus.*

Duration, Continuance, *Cornelian Cherry.* See p. 76.



Egotism, *Poet's Narcissus.* See p. 32.

Elegance, *Rose Acacia.*

Elevation, *Fir.*

Eloquence, *Water Lily.*

“ Brilliant thyself in store of dazzling white,
 Thy sister plants more gaudy robes unfold :
 This flames in purple ; that, intensely bright
 Amid the illumined waters, burns in gold.

To brave Osiris' fiery beam is thine,
 Till in the distant west his splendors fade ;
 Thou, too, thy beauties and thy fire decline,
 With morn to rise, in lovelier charms arrayed.

Thus from Arabia, borne on golden wings,
 The phoenix on the sun's bright altar dies,
 But from his flaming bed refulgent springs,
 And cleaves with bolder plume the sapphire skies.”

T. Maurice.

The Egyptians consecrated the lotus to the god of eloquence, and it forms part of the head-dress of Osiris. The East Indian gods are often represented in the midst of water,

seated on a lotus flower. Perhaps it may be an emblem of the world issuing from the deep.

In Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, we read of

“Those virgin lilies, all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,
 That they may rise more fresh and bright
 When their beloved sun's awake.”

Camdeo, or Cáma, the Indian Cupid, has his nest “in the water lily's breast,” and floats on its leaves.

The true lotus is the red nymphæa of Hindustan. The blue lotus, according to Sir William Jones, grows only in Cashmere and Persia. The rose-colored water lilies of Bengal resemble our own white ones, except that they are of larger size.

We give Mr. Caldwell's translation of the pretty lyric of Geibel, “Die stille Wasser rose.”

“The quiet water lily
 Floats on the lakelet blue;
 Its soft leaves glow and glisten,
 Its cup of snowy hue.

The fair moon smileth on her,
 Through all the summer night,
 And on her fragrant bosom
 Pours all her golden light.

Over the rippling water
 Glideth a snow-white swan;
 He singeth sweet and softly,
 The lily gazing on.

He singeth sweet and softly;
 Thus will his death-song flow;
 O flower, snow-white flower,
 Dost thou its meaning know?”

Enchantment, *Vervain*. See p. 50.

Encouragement, Golden Rod.

This flower, so common in the autumn, was anciently much valued, and used in medicine. Gerarde says, after alluding to the high price it brought till discovered growing near London, "This verifieth our English proverbe, 'Far feteht and deere bought is best for the ladies.' Thus much I have spoken to bring these new-fangled fellows back againe to esteeme better of this admirable plant."

Endurance, Pine.

The pine disdains the peaceful quiet of the garden; it loves to bathe its head in the dew of the clouds, and feel its foliage beaten by the winds. Stripped of its branches, it floats on the ocean, to brave the tempests there.

Energy in adversity, Camomile.

Camomile grows the more by being trampled on. Its bitter aromatic flowers are well known for their virtues.

♦ "He the root
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower
Of creeping camomile, impregnates deep
With powers carminative."

Dodsley.

Envy, Briers.**Error, Bee Orchis.**

This flower bears so striking a resemblance to a honey-bee, as to frequently deceive.

Esteem, Sage.

The sage is justly esteemed for its medicinal and culinary virtues. The flowers of some of the species are exceedingly brilliant and beautiful.

The ancients have left us several proverbs showing their

appreciation of this herb. Among them we find the following:—

“*Salvia cum ruta faciunt tibi pocula tuta.*”

“*Salvia salvatrix, naturæ conciliatrix.*”

“*Cur moriatur homo cui salvia crescit in horto?
Contra vim mortis non est medicamen in hortis.*”



Faith, *Passion Flower.*

The different species of the passion flower are natives of South America. The name was given by the missionaries who first discovered it, as they saw in it the emblems of our Saviour's passion. The ten petals were supposed to indicate the ten faithful apostles; the stamens, a glory; the purple thread around the style, the crown of thorns; the style, the pillar of scourging; the tendrils, the cords; the leaves, the hands; the three divisions of the style, the three nails; one of the five stamens, a hammer; the other four, the cross. The time of three days between its opening and closing,

completed the parallel, in the eyes of the simple and pious fathers.

Falsehood, *Bugloss*. See p. 26.

Falseness, *Manchineel Tree*.

Its fruit looks very good, and, by its agreeable odor, invites one to taste; but its soft, spongy flesh contains a milky, perfidious juice, which is at first insipid, but soon becomes so caustic as to burn the lips, the palate, and the tongue. Travellers say that the best remedy against a poison so violent, is the water of the sea, on whose shores this tree always grows.

False Riches, *Sunflower*. See p. 63.

Fecundity, *Hollyhock*.

The Chinese represent Nature crowned with these flowers. The hollyhock was brought from Syria, in the time of the crusades.

Festivity, *Parsley*. See p. 75.

Fidelity, *Speedwell*, or *Veronica*.

One of the loveliest flowers in all the realm of nature. Tennyson does not forget

“The little speedwell’s darling blue.”

And Dupont, in his charming piece, *La Véronique*, says that it is a dewdrop tinged by reflected light, which Aurora has transformed to a flower. He goes on to say,—

“O fleur insaisissable et pure,
Saphir dont nul ne sait le prix,
Mêlez-vous à la chevelure
De celle dont je suis épris;

Pointillez dans la mousseline
 De son blanc peignoir entr'ouvert,
 Et dans la porcelaine fine
 Où sa lèvre boit le thé vert.

* * *

O véroniques, sous les chênes
 Fleurissez pour les simples cœurs,
 Qui, dans les traverses humaines,
 Vont cherchant les petites fleurs."

Fidelity in misfortune, *Wall Flower*. See p. 64.

Finesse, *Sweet William*.

Fire, *Fraxinella*.

In a warm, dry day, a gas exhales from the fraxinella, which forms an inflammable atmosphere around it, easily ignited by the approach of a lighted candle.

First emotions of love, *Lilac*. See p. 18.

Flame, *German Iris*.

The German peasants sometimes plant this flower on the roofs of their cottages. The sun, gilding the petals as they wave in the breeze, produces a flame-like appearance.

Flattery, *Venus's Looking Glass*.

It is related that Venus dropped one of her mirrors. A shepherd picked it up, and as soon as he looked in it, forgot his mistress, and thought only of admiring himself, for the mirror had the gift of making beautiful all who looked in it. Love, fearing the consequences of such a silly error, broke the toy, and changed its fragments into this pretty campanula, which still retains its name.

Folly, *Columbine*.

Its flowers, resembling a fool's-cap, gave rise to this emblem.

Foresight, *Holly*. See p. 82.

Forgetfulness, *Satin Flower*, or *Honesty*

René, Duke of Bar and Lorraine, having been taken prisoner at the battle of Thoulougeau, painted with his own hand a branch of this plant, and sent it to his people to reproach them for their tardiness in delivering him from captivity. It seems to have been used in magical incantations, for we find in Drayton, —

“Enchanting Lunarie here lies,
In soceries excellling.”

And in Lalla Rookh, Namouna puts in the chaplet of Nourmahal

“the white moon-flower, as it shows,
On Serendib's high crags, to those
Who near the isle at evening sail.”

Forget me not, *Forget-me-not*. See p. 60.

Forgiveness of injuries, *Cinnamon Tree*.

“The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles with the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.”

Moore.

The cassia of commerce must not be confounded with the cassia which bears a beautiful yellow flower in our green-houses.

Forsaken, *Common Willow*.

Fragility, *Fuchsia*.

Frankness, *Osier*.

Fraternal love, *Syringa*.

A king of Egypt, one of the Ptolemys, was celebrated for

his love to his brother. His surname, Philadelphus (*loving his brother*), was given to this species of syringa, which was consecrated to his memory.

Friendship, Ivy. See p. 66.

Frivolous amusement, Bladder Tree.

Frugality, Succory, Endive, or Chiccory.

This plant is mentioned by Horace : —

“me pascunt olivæ,
Me cichorea, levesque malvæ.”

It is useful in medicine, being of cooling and antiscorbutic properties.



Genius, Plane, or Platane.

Giddiness, Almond Tree. See p. 19.

Glory, Laurel. See p. 81.

Good education, Cherry Tree.

Good fortune, *Mugwort*. See p. 47.

Goodness, *Snowball*, or *Guelder Rose*.

Grace, *Birch*.

Coleridge calls the birch the "lady of the woods;" and Gerald Massey writes, —

" Lady of the forest
Is the silver birk;
Shimmering in the sunshine,
Shivering at the mirk:
* * *
'Mid the dance of colors
And semitones of green,
Gleams this daintier spirit
That in leafdom is the queen."

A wine made from the juice of the birch was once highly esteemed. The fragrant Russia leather used in bookbinding is prepared with the empyreumatic oil of the birch.

Grandeur, *Ash*.

The miraeulous tree Ygdrasil of the Edda, with its top reaching to heaven and its roots to hell, was an ash.

Gratitude, *Camellia*. *Agrimony*.

The *camellia japonica*, as its name shows, comes to us from Japan, and is the ornament of every garden in that country and in China. It well repays careful cultivation.

The name *camellia* is from George Camellus, a missionary, and author of a work on botany.

Agrimony has a bitter and slightly aromatic taste. Cattle dislike it, but it is thought to have some useful medicinal qualities.

Grief, *Garden Marigold*. See p. 56.



Happiness, Sweet Sultan.

A native of Turkey.

Hatred, Basil.

The Greek name of this herb signifies *royal*; but its identity with, or similarity to, that of a fabulous creature supposed to kill by a single glance, has caused basil to become the emblem of hate, hatred being said to have eyes like the basilisk. Poverty is sometimes figured as a woman covered with rags, seated beside a plant of basil.

Healing, Balm of Gilead.

The true balm of Gilead, produced by the *Amyris Gileadensis*, is never to be met with pure, except in the East; and therefore its place is usually supplied by the American balm of Gilead, which exudes from a beautiful species of fir, and resembles the Oriental balm in most of its essential qualities.

Heart left to desolation, Chrysanthemum.

The pretty flowers that enliven the autumn with their varied

hues ought surely to be emblems of some more cheerful sentiment than this. China is the native country of the chrysanthemum, as of many other of our most valued flowers, whence it was introduced into Europe in 1789. It is a favorite with gardeners throughout India, and very beautiful dwarf plants of it are reared for in-door decoration.

Hidden merit, *Coriander.*

The aromatic seeds of this plant are much used by confectioners and physicians; but the odor of fresh coriander is insufferable, as the name *koris* expresses.

Hope, *Hawthorn.* See p. 23.

Horror, *Serpent Cactus.*

Hospitality, *Oak.* See p. 73.

Humility, *Bindweed.*



I adore you, *Heliotrope.* See p. 62.

I am your captive, *Peach Blossom.*

I cling to thee, *Vetch*, or *Chick Pea*.

I die if neglected, *Laurestine*. See p. 80.

I feel your benefits, *Flax*.

Linen, lace, and paper remind us every instant of this useful plant. The seeds are used in preparing poultices, and also make a useful drink; while the oil expressed from them is invaluable to painters.

Illness, *Garden Anemone*.

In some provinces the anemone is thought to poison the air, and cause various maladies. Ovid makes the anemone spring from the blood of Adonis.

“ ‘ Could Pluto’s queen with jealous fury storm,
 And Menthe to a fragrant herb transform?
 Yet dares not Venus with a change surprise,
 And in a flower bid her fallen hero rise?’
 Then on the blood sweet nectar she bestows;
 The scented blood in little bubbles rose,
 Little as rainy drops which fluttering fly,
 Borne by the winds along a lowering sky.
 Short time ensued, till where the blood was shed
 A flower began to rear its purple head;
 Such as on Punie apples is revealed,
 Or in the filmy rind but half concealed.
 Still here the fate of lovely forms we see,
 So sudden fades the sweet anemone.
 The feeble stems to stormy blasts a prey,
 Their sickly beauties droop and pine away;
 The winds forbid the flowers to flourish long,
 Which owe to winds their name in Greecian song.”

Tr. by Eusden.

Immortality, *Amaranth*. See p. 74.

Impatience, *Balsamine*.

The impatient seed-vessels of the balsamine burst open suddenly at the slightest touch.

Importunity, Burdock.

The burdock takes possession of good ground, from which it is very difficult to extirpate it. The attachment of the burrs to clothing is familiar to all. Unprepossessing as the burdock appears, it seems to be a useful plant. The roots and stalks are said to be eatable, either boiled or in salad. Snails feed on its rough leaves, which are also used as a poultice; and the seeds are recommended as good to fatten poultry.

Independence, Wild Plum.

This indocile tree dislikes to be pruned or transplanted.

Indifference, Candy Tuft.**I never trouble, Rose Leaf.**

The well-known reply of Dr. Zeb to the academicians of Amadan illustrates this sentiment.

Infidelity, Yellow Rose.**Injustice, Hop.****Innocence, Innocence, or *Houstonia cœrulea*.**

“It comes when wakes the pleasant spring,
When first the earth is green;
Four white or pale blue leaves it hath,
With yellow heart between.

It grows about a heap of stones,
For there the dew will stay;
It springs beside the dusty road,
Where children are at play.

It dots with stars the grassy bank
That slopes adown the brook,
And there it takes a deeper blue,
And there a fresher look.

* * * *

We call thee Innocence, sweet one;
 And well it thee becoms,
 For thou art cherished in the heart,
 With childhood's sinless dreams."

Mrs. Seba Smith.

Inspiration, *Angelica.*

This beautiful plant, which grows in the remotest countries of the north, forms a crown for the Lapland poets, who believe that its sweet odor gives inspiration.

The *Flora Medica* says, "The leaf and seeds, when recent, and the root, both fresh and dried, are tonic and carminative, and may be considered the most elegant aromatic of our northern climes. By the Laplanders and Icelanders *angelica* is much in request, both as an article of food and for medicinal purposes. The former use it for many catarrhal and pectoral affections; the stalks, roasted, are used by them as an article of food; and we are told by Sir George Mackenzie, that the Icelanders eat the stems and roots raw with butter. In this country [England,] the tender stems are cut in May, and made into an agreeable sweetmeat. By Gerarde *angelica* is extolled as a panacea for all the ills of life."

Intemperance, *Grape.*

Pliny mentions a vine six hundred years old.

The vine at Hampton Court, in the year 1816, produced a ton of grapes.

Intrinsic worth, *Gentian.*

The name is said to be derived from Gentianus, a king of Illyria. Some varieties of the gentian are used in medicine, the root being an excellent bitter. Bryant has sung the praises of the beautiful fringed gentian, and we quote

a sonnet, new, perhaps, to some of our readers, on this most lovely flower.

SONNET

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

“ Oft had I heard thy beauty praised, dear flower,
 And often sought for thee through field and wood;
 Yet could I never find the secret bower
 Where thou dost lead, in maiden solitude,
 A cloistered life, until, this autumn day,
 Beside a tree that shook her golden hair
 And laughed at death, flaunting her rich array,
 I found thee, blue as the still depths of air
 Seen leagues away, between the pine-wood boughs.
 O, never yet a gladder sight hath met
 These eyes of mine! Depart, before the snows
 Of hastening winter thy fringed garments wet!
 Thine azure flowers should never fade nor die,
 But bloom, exhale, and gain their native sky.”

The New Path, Oct., 1865.

I prefer you, *Rose Geranium.*

Irony, *Sardonia.*

This plant, of the ranunculus family, has some resemblance to parsley. It contains a poison, which contracts the mouth so strangely, that the person appears to laugh while dying. Hence the expression, a *sardonic laugh*.

I shall not survive you, *Black Mulberry.*

The reader is referred to the history of Pyramus and Thisbe, in La Fontaine.

I share your feelings, *Double Daisy.* See p. 90.

I surmount everything, *Mistletoe.* See p. 78.

I will think of it, *Single Field Daisy.* See p. 88.



Joy, *Wood Sorrel*, or *Oxalis*.

Justice shall be done you, *Fragrant Coltsfoot*. See p. 70.



Keep your promises, *Plum Tree*.

This tree blossoms profusely every year ; but unless some of this useless ornament is removed, it bears fruit only every third year.



Lasting beauty, *Common Gillyflower.* See p. 54.

Levity, Lightness, *Larkspur.*

Life, *Lucern.*

Love, *Myrtle. Red Damask Rose.* See pp. 24, 36.

Luxury, *Horse-chestnut.* See p. 18.



Majesty, *White Lily.* See p. 53.

Maternal love, *Moss.* See p. 79.

Meanness. *Dodder.*

The seed of the dodder germinates in the ground; but as soon as its stem encounters that of another plant, it fastens itself to it; the root dries up, and it lives entirely at the expense of the other. Like a vile parasite, it absorbs all the juices of its supporter, and soon kills it.

Melancholy, *Weeping Willow. Dead Leaves.* See p. 18.

“The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit’s tread.”

Bryant.

A modern French poet, V. de Laprade, has also written a beautiful poem, beginning *Feuilles, tombez.*

Message, *Common Garden Iris.*

There are more than thirty varieties of the iris. Its varied and beautiful colors have caused it to be named from the lovely messenger of the gods. Orris root is the root of the Florentine iris. The Persian iris is very fragrant.

Misanthropy, *Teasel.*

Mistrust, *Lavender.*

It was formerly believed that asps had their lurking-places under lavender, and therefore this plant was approached with mistrust. Lavender is a grateful perfume, and a specific for headaches and nervousness.

Modest Worth, *Primrose*. See p. 24.

Modesty, *Blue Violet*. See p. 92.

Mourning, *Purple Scabious*, or *Mourning Bride*. *Cypress*. See p. 71.

Music, *Reeds*.

Pan formed the Arcadian pipe from the reeds into which Syrxinx was transformed.

My best days are past, *Meadow Saffron*. See p. 68.

My gratitude exceeds your cares, *Dahlia*. See p. 55.



Naïveté, *Silver Weed*.

Native grace, *Cowslip*.

Shakspeare makes the servant of the fairy queen say,—

“The cowslips 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 seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.”

Neatness, Broom.

The broom is found wild in Europe. It is a fragrant, papilionaceous, yellow flower. Burns says in his *Caledonia*,—

“Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o’ green breckan,
Wi’ the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.”

And Shakspeare mentions

“broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn.”

Novelty, Dahlia. See p. 55.



Obstacle, Rest-harrow. See p. 27.

Occupation, Foxglove.

Rhind says, “The beauty of this plant has recommended it to the notice of the florist, and it is accordingly often found in the garden parterre. It also forms an ornamental and conspicuous object in many woodland and mountain scenes in Scotland and Wales. Among the country people it has

received various names. In the south of Scotland it is still called 'bloody fingers;' in the north, 'dead man's bells.' In Wales it is called 'fairies' gloves.' Fairies were often called 'folks;' hence, no doubt, the origin of the common name 'folk's glove,' and not, as misspelled, *foxglove*." The foxglove has very powerful medicinal qualities, especially in dropsy, and to retard the circulation. It requires to be administered with great caution, being a violent poison. The Italians value it so highly that they have a proverb, "*Aralda tutte le piaghe sana*" (Foxglove cures all hurts). There are two kinds, the purple or red, and the white. A poet writes, —

"Here the spotted foxglove dwells,
 Ringing oft its fairy bells;
 And its sister, purely white,
 Makes the shady places bright,
 Like that maiden mild and young
 By Spenser's magic numbers sung."

Oracle, Dandelion.

The dandelion is used as a salad, as greens, as a bitter, and to prepare a kind of coffee. Its feathery seed-globes are made to give various prophecies; hence its meaning, *oracle*.

Ornament, Hornbeam.

Under the name of *charmille*, this fine tree was formerly the principal ornament of the great gardens of France; and one can still see at Versailles how the famous Le Nôtre employed it in his compositions. Father Rapin has eulogized it in verse.

Ostentation, Peony.

The peony was called from the Greek Pæon, who is said to have used it in medicine, and cured Pluto, by its means, of a

wound inflicted by Hercules. There are two kinds of the peony. The herbaceous one is found native in Europe and Asia; the shrubby one comes from China and Japan.



Painful recollections, *Flos Adonis*. See p. 52.

Patience, *Patience*.

A kind of dock.

Patriotism, *Nasturtium*.

Peace, *Olive*.

Neptune disputed with Minerva about naming the new city of Athens, and it was agreed that the one who gave the best gift to man should give the name. Neptune produced the horse, Minerva the olive tree, and she was victorious.

An English author says of the olive tree, "It has been compared to a willow; it differs, however, very materially

in its color, having none of that sickly hue of bluish green which gives such a peculiar coldness to the landscapes of some of the Dutch painters. The upper side of the leaf has precisely that tint familiarly known by the name of olive. The under side is of shining whiteness, and as the foliage is turned up by the lightest breeze, its progress over the valleys covered with olive gardens becomes visible in the form of a silver cloud gliding across the landscape. The inhabitants of the south of Europe employ the oil expressed from the fruit of this tree for the same purposes as we employ butter, and feel at least as much dislike to the produce of the dairy, as an article of food, as we may feel to the use of oil." Ruffini has set this last fact charmingly before his readers in the beautiful story of "Doctor Antonio."

Pensive beauty, *Laburnum.*

Pensiveness, *Cowslip.*

Perfect excellence, *Strawberry.* See p. 33.

Perpetual pleasure, *Everlasting Pea.*

Perseverance, *Magnolia.*

The *magnolia grandiflora* is the most superb vegetable production of the New World. Its region is from South Carolina to the Isthmus of Darien. We are also told that it is found in China. The peculiar and fascinating odor of the magnolia flower can never be forgotten if once inhaled.

Petulance, *Barberry.*

The flowers of this shrub are so irritable, that at the slightest touch the stamens contract around the pistil.

Platonic love, *Locust.* See p. 52.

Pleasantry, *Balm Mint,* or *Lemon Balm.*

An infusion of it tends to exhilarate.

Poetry, *Eglantine.* See p. 45.

Power, *Crown Imperial.*

Preference, *Apple Blossom.*

Presage, *Rainy Marigold.*

This flower, in dry weather, opens at seven and closes at four. If it does not open, or closes before its hour, it is considered a sure sign of rain.

Presumption, *Snapdragon.*

Pretension, *Willow Herb.*

This pretty plant seems to take delight in viewing itself in the water; like a pretentious woman enamoured of her own charms.

Pride, *Amaryllis.*

Gardeners call this beautiful plant proud, because it often refuses to flower under careful culture. The name of these plants is derived from a Greek verb signifying to shine.

Privation, *Indian Plum,* or *Myrobolan.*

The fruit has the color and look of a fine cherry, but contains only an insipid, sickening juice. Even the birds refuse to eat them.

Profit, *Cabbage.*

Prohibition, *Privet,* or *Prim.* See p. 31.

Promptness, *Stock Gillyflower.*

Prosperity, *Beech.*

Gilbert White calls the beech "the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful, pendulous boughs." Old Evelyn says, "They make spreading trees, and noble shades with their well-furnished and glistening leaves." And Miller writes, "Not that the color of the oak is to be compared to the rich orange hue of the beech, which is, beyond question, the most beautiful of all autumnal colors to an eye that loves a deep blaze." In the olden times, beds, light and fragrant, were made from beech leaves. The oil from beech nuts is said to be but little inferior to olive oil.

Prudence, *Service Tree. Lemon.* See p. 77.

The lemon tree is proverbial for its fertility. In 1812, a wager was laid between a gentleman of Massa and the Marchese Calani of Spezzia, that a lemon tree at Cresullo, half a mile from Massa, would produce fourteen thousand lemons. It exceeded that number.

Pure and deep love, *Carnation.* See p. 49.

Pure love, *Red Pink.*

Purity, *Star of Bethlehem. White Violet. White Lily.* See p. 53.



Rarity, Mandrake.

“Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy sirups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.”

Shakspeare.

The ancients attributed great virtues to the mandragora ; but as they have left us no exact description of the plant, we are ignorant to what species they gave the name. Charlatans, by a gross artifice, sometimes make several roots assume the shape of a man, and tell the credulous that they are true mandrakes, found only in an almost inaccessible part of China. They are fabled to utter cries when pulled up, and the person who uproots them is supposed to die soon after. To procure this root, they say it should be carefully uncovered, and pulled up by means of a string attached to a dog, which then bears the penalty of the impious deed.

Reason, Goat's Rue.

This plant is thought useful in cases of disordered intellects.

Reconciliation, Hazel.

“Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank,
 Where down yon dale the wildly winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade,
 And where they burnish on the topmost bough
 With active vigor crushes down the tree,
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk.”

Thomson.

The hazel was said to have been imported into Italy from Pontus; hence the Roman name, *nux pontica*, which was changed later to *nux avellana*, from a Neapolitan city where it was cultivated. The filbert is not a distinct species, but a mere variety of hazel.

Gower tells us, —

“Phillis
 Was shape into a nutte-tree,
 That all men it might see;
 And after Phillis, *Philberd*
 This tree was eleped.”

But Rhind says filbert is a corruption of *full-beard*, a word applied to designate the large, fringed husk. As the wood of the hazel is very flexible, it is applied to various uses. Of it are made hoops for barrels, hurdles, fishing-rods, crates, poles, and walking-sticks. In Italy the chips are used to clear turbid wine. Withering informs us that in some places the twigs take the place of yeast. Hazel charcoal is prized by artists, as it draws freely, and rubs out easily. The caduceus of Mercury was supposed to be a hazel wand, given him by Apollo.

Regret beyond the tomb, Asphodel.

The ancients planted this flower beside tombs, and believed

that beyond Acheron the spirits walked in a vast field of asphodel, drinking the water of Lethe.

Remembrance, Rosemary.

“ There’s rosemary — that’s for remembrance; pray you,
love, remember.”

“ For you, there’s rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be to you both.”

“ Stick your rosemary
On this fair corse.”

Shakspeare.

Rosemary is used at christenings, weddings, and funerals. It blossoms about Christmas, and our ancestors used to stir up with a branch of rosemary the spiced Christmas tankard. Herrick, in allusion to its different uses, says that it

“ Grows for two ends; it matters not at all
Be it for my bridal, or my burial.”

This aromatic plant has had a merited reputation, from the most ancient times, as a remedy in headaches and nervous disorders. It forms the principal ingredient in the celebrated *Eau de la Reine de Hongrie*, or Hungary Water.

Henry Kirke White wrote, —

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

“ Sweet-scented flower! who ’rt wont to bloom
On January’s front 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 corse in lonely tomb,
 And throw'st 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."

Remorse, *Raspberry*.

Rendezvous, *Pimpernel*.

Its punctuality in opening and closing makes it a fit emblem for an appointment.

Repose, *Buckbean*. See p. 21.

Reserve, *Maple*.

The maple has been made the emblem of reserve, because its flowers are slow to open, and very long in falling.

Resistance, *Tremella Nostoc*, or *Nostoc Commune*.

Nothing positive is known about this gelatinous plant, which seems a link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It was celebrated among the alchemists, who thought it an emanation from the stars, and used it in searching after the philosopher's stone and the universal panacea.

Retirement, *Harebell*.

The Lady of the Lake says, as she plucks a harebell, —

" This little flower, that loves the lea,
 May well my simple emblem be;
 It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
 That in the king's own garden grows;
 And when I place it in my hair,
 Allau, a bard is bound to swear
 He ne'er saw coronet so far."

“Have ye ever heard, in the twilight dim,
 A low, soft strain,
 That ye fancied a distant vesper hymn,
 Borne o'er the plain
 By the zephyrs that rise on perfumed wing,
 When the sun's last glances are glimmering?

* * * *

The source of that whispering strain I'll tell;
 For I've listened oft
 To the music faint of the blue harebell,
 In the gloaming soft;
 'Tis the gay fairy folk the peal who ring
 At eventime for their banqueting.

And gayly the trembling bells peal out
 With gentle tongue,
 While elves and fairies career about,
 'Mid dance and song:
 O, roses and lilies are fair to see,
 But the wild bluebell is the flower for me.”

Wild Flowers.

Return of happiness, *Lily of the Valley.* See p. 30.

Reverie, *Osmunda.*

No one can form an adequate idea of the beauty of the *osmunda regalis*, according to Curtis, who has not seen this fern growing in the southern part of England, where, sheltered by alders, it grows to the height of five feet, bearing at the extremities a mass of fructification so conspicuous as to have caused it to be commonly known as *flowering fern*. Its virtues are highly extolled by ancient authors. “Osmonde,” says the translator of Dodonæus, “is hoate in the first degree, and dry in the second. The harte of the root of osmunde is good against squattes or bruises, heavie or greevous falles, and whatever hurt or dislocation soever it be.”

Riches, *Corn.*

Roughness, *Scratchweed.*

Rupture, *Greek Valerian*, or *Polemony*.

The name is from *Polemos*, which means war, because, as Pliny assures us, several kings disputed for the honor of having discovered it.



Sadness, *Yew*. See p. 88.

Sensibility, *Verbena*.

The original of all the numerous verbenas now cultivated was the *verbena melindres*, or common scarlet, carried from South America to England. These flowers are of such varied and beautiful tints, and so easy of cultivation, that we could ill spare them from the flower bed or window.

Sensitiveness, *Sensitive Plant*, or *Mimosa*.

Serenade, *Dew Plant*.

The resemblance to dew-drops of the little transparent vesicles in the leaves of this plant probably caused the connection of ideas with evening music.

Sighing, *Aspen*.

Silence, *White Rose*. See p. 43.

Silliness, *Scarlet Geranium*. See p. 70.

Simplicity, *Wild Single Rose*.

Sincerity, *Fern*.

Thomas Miller says, "The very name of the fern calls up the forest, where it still lives on, though ages ago the mighty oaks have been felled—there it still spreads, true to its native soil, the hardy image of deep-rooted sincerity. It is associated with our oldest fairy legends, and our simple ancestors believed that they had but to find the true fern seed, and carry it about with them, to become invisible."

Skill, *Spider Orchis*.

This flower resembles the insect into which Arachne was transformed by Minerva, and which, under its hideous form, has lost nothing of her skill.

Sleep, *White Poppy*.

The palace of Somnus was a cave near the Cimmerians. Poppies grew before the entrance, and Morpheus, his prime minister, watched over his couch, a vase in one hand and poppies in the other. The poets have drawn many fine similes from this flower, as for instance,—

"As full-blown poppies, overcharged with rain,
Decline the head, and, drooping, kiss the plain,
So sinks the youth."

Pope's Homer.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

Burns.

Solitude, *Heath*. See p. 31.

Sorcery, *Enchanted Nightshade.*

Sourness, *Barberry.*

Stoicism, *Box.*

Strength, *Fennel.*

The gladiators mixed it with their food to give them strength; and after the games of the arena, the victor was crowned with fennel.

Milton speaks of the "smell of sweetest fennel;" and Longfellow says, in the "Goblet of Life,"—

"Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers;
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore."

Superior merit, *Moss Rose.* See p. 44.

Surety, *Cistus.*

Aristotle assures us that this plant preserves those who hold it in their hands from spirits and phantoms.

Suspicion, *Mushroom.*

Some kinds of mushrooms are edible, and others, resembling them closely, are very poisonous.

Sweet disposition, *Lavatera.*

The lavatera is an extremely delicate and lovely garden mallow. It is called after the celebrated physiognomist Lavater.

Sweet memories, *Periwinkle.* See p. 20.

Sympathy, *Thrift.*



Taste, *Fuchsia*.

This graceful plant is a native of Mexico, and was named from L. Fuchs, a German botanist.

Tears, *Elecampane*, or *Helenium*.

It was fabled to have sprung from the tears of Helen.

Temptation, *Quince*.

The quince is found in a wild state in Austria. Pliny says it was brought into Italy from Cydon, in Crete; hence its botanical name, *malus cydonia*. It is also described under the names of *pyrus cydonia* and *cydonia vulgaris*. The far-famed apples of the Hesperides were most probably quinces. The French call the quince tree *coignassier*, because, according to Du Hamel, the unpleasant odor of the fruit caused it to be planted in a remote corner (*coin*) of the orchard or garden. In New England, the smell is generally considered rather pleasant than otherwise. In the south of France, the marmalade called *cotignac* is prepared from this fruit. The word

marmalade is said to come from the Portuguese name of the quinee, *marmelo*. The seeds are used for jelly, bandoline, and mucilage, though these last preparations do not keep long.

Quinee pie was anciently esteemed a delicacy. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the nurse tells Lady Capulet, —

“ They call for dates and quinees in the pastry.”

The Graces, *Hundred-Leaved Rose.*

When the Graces attend the Muses, they wear wreaths of this rose.

Thought, *Pansy.*

“ And there is pansies; that’s for thoughts.”

Shakspeare.

“ Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron’s head,
Violets for a maiden dead;
Pansies let my flowers be.”

Shelley.

There is no end of fanciful names for this flower, such as, three faces under a hood, heart’s-ease, kiss-me-quick, ladies’-delight, love-in-idleness, and, among the Germans, little step-mother. Shakspeare’s famous compliment to Queen Elizabeth gives us its origin: —

“ That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, thronéd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress 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 wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.”

Time, *White Poplar*.

This was made the emblem of time, because its leaves, dark on one side and bright on the other, represent day and night.

Timidity, *Four o'Clock*, or *Marvel of Peru*. See p. 69.

Tranquillity, *Gold Basket*.

This plant has been supposed to have the power of curing madness.

Treachery, *Whortleberry*, or *Huckleberry*. *Monkshood*, or *Aconite*.

Œnomaüs, father of the fair Hippodamia, had for a groom Myrtilus, the son of Mercury. Proud of this advantage, he required all the pretenders to his daughter's hand to compete with him in a chariot race. Pelops, who wished to obtain Hippodamia, promised Myrtilus a great reward if he would take out the pin which held his master's chariot wheels. He did so; the car was upset, and Œnomaüs was killed; but, expiring, he besought Pelops to avenge him, which he did by throwing Myrtilus into the sea. Thrown back on the shore, Mercury changed him to this shrub, which resembles a little myrtle. Its pretty, bell-shaped flowers are succeeded by dark berries of an agreeable flavor.

Professor Burnett says of aconite, "Its deleterious effects were well known to the ancients, who regarded it as the most violent of all poisons, — being unacquainted with those of mineral origin, — and fabled it to be the invention of Hecate, who caused it to spring from the foam of Cerberus. Aconite is said to have been the principal ingredient in the poisonous cup that was mingled by Medea for Thescus; and it was the

poison employed to execute the barbarous law in the island of Ceos, which condemned to death all who were no longer useful to the state." It is now used as a powerful remedy in gout, rheumatism, paralysis, and intermittent fevers.

Truth, Bittersweet, or Woody Nightshade.



Uncertainty, Mock Orange.

Unchanging friendship, Arbor Vitæ.

United hearts, Phlox.

Uselessness, Queen of the Meadow, Meadow Sweet, or Spiræa.

Uselessness is the universal signification of this pretty flower; but Mr. Miller well suggests that it be changed to Neglected Beauty.

Utility, Grass.. See p. 17.



Vain-glory, *Hydrangea*, or *Hortensia*.

A shrub from the East Indies, whose showy corymbs of changeable flowers, and handsome green leaves, formerly made it a great favorite.

Vain is beauty without merit, *Cockle*, and *Rose Campion*.

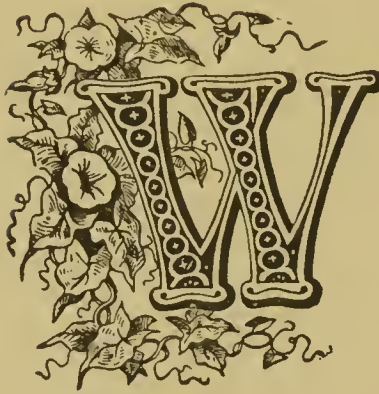
Pretty, but scentless flowers, growing in or near corn-fields. We read in Job xxxi. 40, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."

Variety, *Double German Aster*. See p. 61.

Vice, *Tares*. See p. 51.

Victory, *Laurel*. See p. 81.

Voluptuousness, *Tuberose*. *Moss Rose*. See pp. 61, 44.



War, *Milfoil, or Yarrow.*

Achilles, whose name this plant bears in botany, used it to heal the wounds of Telephus.

Warmth of feeling, *Peppermint.*

Proserpina surprised Menthe in the arms of Pluto, and, justly irritated, changed her to a plant, whose double savor seems to contain the chill of fear and the warmth of love.

Weakness, *Musk Plant.*

Wealth, *Wheat.* See p. 55.

Welcome, *Trailing Arbutus, Mayflower, or Ground Laurel.*

“ Art thou not dearer in Spring’s first prime
Than the fairest rose of the Summer time? ”

“ A charm hast thou no forest flower can boast,
Thou little beaming herald of the Spring!
How thrilled thy smile when on our rock-bound coast
The wearied pilgrims found thee blossoming!

* * * *

A blessing on thy graceful, perfumed bell,
 That bloomed in roseate tints for years unknown,
 And peered above the withered leaves to tell
 How in the wilderness God's love is shown."

H. N. Jenks.

Wisdom, *White Mulberry.*

Without pretension, *Cinnamon Rose.*

There is a peculiar look of incompleteness and want of finish about this rose. Its color is very dull, compared with the rest of its glowing sisterhood, and the bush has an irregular, ragged growth. Yet it is often quite fragrant, and the leaf is sometimes very pretty. It should always be gathered in bud.

Words, though sweet, may deceive, *American Laurel.*

The great beauty of this shrub does not prevent farmers from exterminating it on their lands, because it is so poisonous to their sheep.



You are perfect, *Pine-Apple.*

This fragrant fruit was introduced into Holland, from South

America, about the middle of the seventeenth century; and the Earl of Portland carried it to England in 1690.

Thomson thus apostrophizes it: —

“Thou, the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imaged in the golden age, —
Quick, let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove.”

You are radiant with charms, *Garden Ranunculus.*

Your beauty is vain, *Hibiscus.*

“I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud.”

Wolton.

“Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But, when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.”

Herbert.

“The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour;
And death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.”

Lord Vaux.

The African hibiscus is a well-known annual in the flower garden, and those who have ever seen in some conservatory the superb variety *rosa sinensis*, or Chinese hibiscus, will not be likely to forget its exquisite richness of color. The Chinese are said to use the petals for blacking shoes.

Your charms are graven in my heart, *Spindle Tree.*

The spindle tree makes pretty hedges. Its wood is used for spindles and pencils. Sculptors and turners also prize it.

Your looks freeze me, *Ice Plant.*

Your presence revives me, *Rosemary.*

The Hungary Water, so refreshing a toilet article, is made from rosemary.

Your qualities surpass your charms, *Mignonette.* See p. 58.

Youth, *White Lilac.*

By its purity and short duration, this flower typifies youth.

Youthfulness, *Crocus.*

“The spendthrift crocus, bursting from the mould,
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.”

Holmes.





DICTIONARY

FOR

TRANSLATING A BOUQUET.



- Acacia (Common), . . . v. Locust.
Acacia (Rose), Elegance.
Acanthus, Art.
Adonis (Flos), Painful recollections.
Agnus Castus, Coldness; life without love.
Agrimony, Gratitude.
Almond, Giddiness; heedlessness.

Aloe,	Bitterness.
Amaranth,	Immortality.
Amaryllis,	Pride.
Anemone (Garden),	Illness.
Anemone (Windflower),	Desertion.
Angelica,	Inspiration.
Apple Blossom,	Preference.
Arbor Vitæ,	Unchanging friendship.
Ash,	Grandeur.
Aspen,	Sighing.
Asphodel,	Regret beyond the tomb.
Aster (Double German),	Variety.
Aster (Large-flowered),	Afterthought.



Bachelor's Button,	<i>v.</i> Bluebottle.
Balm Mint,	Pleasantry.
Balm of Gilead,	Healing.
Balsamine,	Impatience.
Barberry,	Petulance ; sourness.
Basil,	Hatred.
Bay,	<i>v.</i> Laurel.
Beech,	Prosperity.
Bee Orchis,	<i>v.</i> Orchis.
Bindweed,	Humility.
Birch,	Grace.

Bittersweet Nightshade, . . .	Truth.
Black Bryony,	<i>v.</i> Bryony.
Black Mulberry,	<i>v.</i> Mulberry.
Black Poplar,	<i>v.</i> Poplar.
Blackthorn, or Sloe,	Difficulties.
Bladder Tree,	Frivolous amusement.
Bluebottle,	Delicacy.
Blue Passion Flower,	<i>v.</i> Passion Flower.
Blue Violet,	<i>v.</i> Violet.
Borage,	Abruptness.
Box,	Stoicism.
Briers,	Envy.
Brompton Stock,	<i>v.</i> Gillyflower.
Broom,	Neatness.
Bryony (Black),	Be my support.
Buckbean,	Calmness ; repose.
Bugloss,	Falsehood.
Burdock,	Importunity.
Buttercup,	<i>v.</i> Crowfoot.



Cabbage,	Profit.
Calla,	Feminine delicacy.
Camellia,	Gratitude.
Camomile,	Energy in adversity.
Candytuft,	Indifference.

Canterbury Bell,	Constancy.
Cardinal Flower,	Distinction.
Carnation,	Pure and deep love.
Celery Crowfoot,	<i>v.</i> Crowfoot.
Cherry,	A good education.
Chestnut,	Do me justice.
Chicory,	Frugality.
Chickpea,	<i>v.</i> Vetch.
Chickweed (Red),	<i>v.</i> Pimpernel.
Chrysanthemum,	A heart left to desolation.
Cinnamon Tree,	Forgiveness of injuries.
Cinquefoil,	A beloved daughter.
Circe,	<i>v.</i> Nightshade.
Cistus,	Surety.
Clematis,	Artifice.
Cockle,	Vain is beauty without merit.
Coltsfoot,	Justice shall be done you.
Columbine,	Folly.
Coreopsis,	Always cheerful.
Coriander,	Hidden merit.
Corn,	Riches.
Corn Flower,	<i>v.</i> Bluebottle.
Corn Poppy,	<i>v.</i> Poppy.
Cornelian Cherry,	Continuance ; duration.
Cowslip,	Native grace ; pensiveness.
Crocus,	Youthfulness.
Crowfoot,	Ingratitude.
Crown Imperial,	Power.
Cypress,	Mourning.



Dahlia,	} My gratitude exceeds your cares; novelty.
Daisy (Garden),	
Daisy (Single Field),	I share your feelings.
Dandelion,	I will think of it.
Datura,	Oracle.
Dew Plant,	Deceitful charms.
Dittany of Crete,	Serenade.
Dodder,	Birth.
	Meanness.



Ebony Tree,	Blackness.
Eglantine,	Poetry.
Elder,	Compassion.
Elecampane,	Tears.
Enchanter's Nightshade,	<i>v.</i> Nightshade.
Everlasting,	Always remembered.
Everlasting Pea,	Perpetual pleasure.



Fennel,	Force ; strength.
Fern,	Sincerity.
Filbert,	<i>v.</i> Hazel.
Fir,	Elevation.
Flax,	I feel your benefits.
Flos Adonis,	Painful recollections.
Forget-me-not,	Forget me not.
Four o'Clock,	<i>v.</i> Marvel of Peru.
Foxglove,	Occupation.
Fraxinella,	Fire.
Fuchsia,	Taste ; fragility.



Gentian,	Intrinsic worth.
Geranium (Oak),	A melancholy mind.
Geranium (Rose),	I prefer you.
Geranium (Scarlet),	Silliness.
Gillyflower (Common),	Lasting beauty.
Gillyflower (Stock),	Promptness.
Goats' Rue,	Reason.

Gold Basket,	Tranquillity.
Grape Vine,	Intemperance.
Grass,	Utility.
Greek Valerian,	Rupture.
Golden Rod,	Encouragement.
Gorse, or Furze,	Anger.



Harebell,	Retirement.
Hawthorn,	Hope.
Hazel,	Reconciliation
Heart's-case,	<i>v.</i> Pansy.
Heath,	Solitude.
Heliotrope,	Intoxication ; I adore you.
Henbane,	Blemish ; fault.
Hibiscus,	Beauty is vain.
Holly,	Foresight.
Hollyhock,	Fecundity ; ambition.
Honesty,	<i>v.</i> Satin Flower.
Honeysuckle,	Bonds of love.
Hop,	Injustice.
Hornbeam,	Ornament.
Horse-chestnut,	Luxury.
Houstonia,	<i>v.</i> Innocence.
Hyacinth,	Benevolence.
Hydrangea,	Vain-glory ; heartlessness.



Ice Plant,	Your looks freeze me.
Indian Plum,	Privation.
Innocence,	Innocence.
Iris (Common Garden),	Message.
Iris (German),	Flame.
Ivy,	Friendship.



Jasmine (White),	Amiability.
Jonquil,	Desire.
Juniper,	Asylum ; aid.



Laburnum,	Pensive beauty.
Larch,	Boldness ; audacity.
Larkspur,	Lightness ; levity.

Laurel (American),	{ Words, though sweet, may de- ceive.
Laurel,	Glorious ; victory.
Laurestine,	I die if neglected.
Lavatera,	Sweet disposition.
Lavender,	Mistrust.
Lemon,	Prudence.
Lettuce,	Coolness.
Lilac (Purple),	First emotion of love.
Lilac (White),	Youth.
Lily (Water),	Eloquence.
Lily (White),	Majesty ; purity.
Lily of the Valley,	Return of happiness.
Linden, or Lime,	Conjugal love.
Liverwort,	Confidence.
Locust,	Platonic love.
Lucern,	Life.
Lupine,	Dejection.



Madder,	Calumny.
Magnolia,	Perseverance.
Maiden Hair,	Discretion.
Manchineel Tree,	Falseness.
Mandrake,	Rarity.
Maple,	Reserve.

Marigold (Garden),	Grief; chagrin.
Marigold (Rainy),	A storm.
Marigold and Cypress, . . .	Despair.
Marshmallow,	Beneficence.
Marvel of Peru,	Timidity.
Mayflower,	Welcome.
Meadow Saffron,	My best days are past.
Mezereon,	Desire to please. [charms.
Mignonette,	Your qualities surpass your
Milfoil,	War.
Milkweed,	Hope in misery.
Mistletoe,	I surmount everything.
Mock Orange,	Uncertainty.
Monkshood,	Treachery.
Morning Glory,	Coquetry.
Moss,	Maternal love.
Mugwort,	Good luck ; happiness.
Mulberry (Black),	I shall not survive you.
Mulberry (White),	Wisdom.
Mushroom,	Suspicion.
Musk Plant,	Weakness.
Myrtle,	Love.



Narcissus,	Egotism.
Nasturtium,	Patriotism.

Nettle, Cruelty.
 Nightshade (Enchanter's), Sorcery.



Oak, Hospitality.
 Oleander, Beware.
 Olive, Peace.
 Orange Flower, Chastity.
 Orchis (Bee), Error.
 Orchis (Spider), Skill.
 Osier, Frankness.
 Osmunda, Reverie.
 Oxalis, *v.* Wood sorrel.



Pansy, Thought.
 Parsley, Festivity.
 Passion Flower, Devotion ; faith.
 Patience, Patience.
 Peach Blossom, I am your captive.
 Peony, Ostentation.

Peppermint,	Warmth of feeling.
Periwinkle,	Sweet memories.
Phlox,	Our hearts are united.
Pimpernel,	Rendezvous ; change.
Pine,	Endurance.
Pine-apple,	You are perfect.
Pink (Red),	Pure love.
Plane, or Platane,	Genius.
Plum,	Keep your promises.
Plum (Indian),	<i>v.</i> Indian Plum.
Plum (Wild),	Independence.
Polcmony (Blue),	<i>v.</i> Greek Valerian.
Pomegranate,	Conceit.
Pompion, or Pumpkin,	Grossness ; coarseness.
Poplar (Black),	Courage.
Poplar (White),	Time.
Poppy (Corn),	Consolation.
Poppy (White),	Sleep.
Potato,	Benevolence.
Primrose,	Modest worth.
Privet, or Prim,	Prohibition.
Purple Scabious,	Mourning.



Queen of the Meadow,	Uselessness.
Quince,	Temptation.



Ranunculus (Garden), . . .	You are radiant with charms.
Reeds,	Music.
Rest-harrow,	Obstacle.
Rhododendron,	Agitation.
Rose Acacia,	<i>v.</i> Acacia.
Rosebud,	Confession of love.
Rose (Cinnamon),	Without pretension.
Rose (Guelder),	<i>v.</i> Snowball.
Rose (Hundred-leaved), . . .	The Graces.
Rose Leaf,	I never trouble.
Rose (Monthly),	Beauty ever new.
Rose (Moss),	Superior merit ; voluptuousness.
Rose (Musk),	Capricious beauty.
Rose (Red Damask),	Love.
Rose (White),	Silence.
Rose (Wild Single),	Simplicity.
Rose (Yellow),	Infidelity.
Rosemary,	{ Remembrance ; your presence revives me.
Rue,	Disdain.
Rush,	Docility.



Saffron Crocus,	Do not abuse me.	
Sage,	Esteem.	
Saint John's Wort,	Animosity.	
Sardonia,	Irony.	
Satin Flower,	Forgetfulness.	
Scratchweed,	Roughness.	
Sensitive Plant,	Sensitiveness ; modesty.	
Serpent Cactus,	Horror.	
Service Tree, or Sorb,	Prudence.	
Silverweed,	Naïveté.	
Snapdragon,	Presumption.	
Snowball,	Goodness.	[sity.
Snowdrop,	Consolation ; a friend in adver-	
Speedwell,	Fidelity.	
Spider Orchis,	<i>v.</i> Orchis.	[heart.
Spindle Tree,	Your charms are graven on my	
Spiræa,	<i>v.</i> Queen of the Meadow.	
Star of Bethlehem,	Purity.	
Stock,	<i>v.</i> Gillyflower.	
Strawberry,	Perfect excellence.	
Suceory,	<i>v.</i> Chiccory.	
Sumach,	Splendid misery.	
Sunflower,	False riches.	
Sweet Basil,	<i>v.</i> Basil.	

Sweet Brier,	v. Eglantine.
Sweet Pea,	Departure.
Sweet Sultan,	Happiness.
Sweet William,	Finesse.
Syringa,	Fraternal love.



Tare,	Vice.
Teasel,	Misanthropy.
Thistle,	Austerity.
Thorn Apple,	Disguise.
Thrift,	Sympathy.
Thyme,	Activity.
Trailing Arbutus,	v. Mayflower.
Tremella,	Resistance.
Tuberose,	Voluptuousness.
Tulip,	Declaration of love.



Valerian (Common),	Accommodating disposition.
Valerian (Red),	Facility.

Venus's Looking-glass, . . .	Flattery.
Verbena,	Sensibility.
Veronica,	<i>v.</i> Speedwell.
Vervain,	Enchantment.
Vetch,	I cling to thee.
Vine,	<i>v.</i> Grape Vine.
Violet (Blue),	Modesty.
Violet (White),	Purity ; candor.
Virgin's Bower,	<i>v.</i> Clematis.



Wall Flower,	Fidelity in misfortune.
Water Lily,	<i>v.</i> Lily.
Weeping Willow,	Melancholy.
Wheat,	Wealth.
White Lily,	<i>v.</i> Lily.
White Mulberry,	<i>v.</i> Mulberry.
White Poplar,	<i>v.</i> Poplar.
White Poppy,	<i>v.</i> Poppy.
White Rose,	<i>v.</i> Rose.
White Violet,	<i>v.</i> Violet.
Whortleberry,	Treachery.
Wild Plum,	<i>v.</i> Plum.
Wild Rose,	<i>v.</i> Rose.
Willow (Basket),	<i>v.</i> Osier.
Willow (Common),	Forsaken.

Willow Herb,	Pretension.
Windflower,	<i>v.</i> Anemone.
Wood Sorrel,	Joy.
Wormwood,	Absence.



Yarrow,	<i>v.</i> Milfoil.
Yew,	Sadness.
Yoke Elm,	<i>v.</i> Hornbeam.



Zinnia,	I mourn your absence.
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“ I must fill up this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious juicéd flowers.

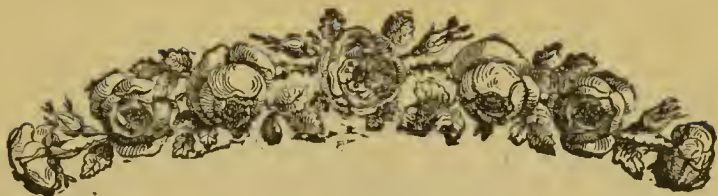
* * * *

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.”

Shakspcare.

“ Flowers fresh in hue and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass.”

Byron.



APPENDIX



WE introduce under this head a few plants, which, although they have not a meaning assigned them as yet in Flora's vocabulary, are still worthy of mention on account of their beauty, usefulness, or the allusions made to them by various authors.



American, or False Cowslip. *Dodecatheon media.*

The name signifies *twelve divinities*, and the flower is so beautiful that a botanist might well fable that the whole circle of the Grecian gods conspired to create it. Another plant, the *caltha palustris*, is also called the American cowslip, but its more general name is marsh marigold. It is a brilliant yellow flower growing in wet places, but quite unlike our elegant dodecatheon, which blooms a little later.

Apples of Sodom. *Solanum sodomcum.*

The famous

“Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips,”

mentioned by Josephus, yet often regarded as fabulous, are at last ascertained to be a kind of purple egg-plant. An insect usually punctures the skin of the fruit, causing it, while outwardly fair, to gangrene and turn to dust within. In the Diary of Henry Teonge, an English fleet chaplain, he writes in December, 1675, “This country (around the Dead Sea) is altogether unfruitfull, being all over full of stones, which looke just like burnt syndurs. And on some low shrubbs there grow small round things, which are called apples, but no witt like them. They are somewhat fayre to look at; but

touch them, and they moulder all to black ashes, like soote, boath for looks and smell."

Milton makes the fallen angels, changed to serpents, when their penance was aggravated by an image of the forbidden tree, pluck greedily

"The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;
This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected; oft they essayed,
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugged as oft,
With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,
With soot and cinders filled; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion."

Par. Lost, Book X.

Arum, Wakerobin, Wild Turnip, Jack-in-the-Pulpit. *Arum maculatum.*

This curious plant, found blooming in May in wet, shady places, bears spikes of scarlet berries late in the summer. The name *arum* is said to come from its leaves, shaped like an arrow or dart. The root, when fresh, contains a milky juice, very acrid, which is used in medicine as a stimulant. The acrimony is dissipated by drying and the application of heat, when the substance of the root becomes a bland farinaceous matter resembling arrow-root. Powdered it is said to have a saponaceous quality. It is also used by the Parisians, under the name of cypress powder, as a cosmetic for the skin.



Belladonna, or Deadly Nightshade. *Atropa belladonna.*

It is called *Atropa*, from Atropos, the goddess of destiny, in allusion to its fatal effects; and *belladonna*, because the fair ladies of the Continent formerly made use of it as a cosmetic. As a medicine it has great repute among the homœopathic practitioners. Sauvages supposes it to be the plant which produced such strange and dreadful effects upon the Roman soldiers, during their retreat, under the command of Antony, from the Parthians. A Scotch historian relates that the Scots treacherously mixed its juice in the bread and drink with which the conditions of a truce bound them to supply the Danes. They were so intoxicated by it that the Scots killed the greater part of them before they had recovered consciousness. Dr. Woodville quotes the passage in Shakspeare where Banquo says, —

“ Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner? ”

Blackberry. *Rubus trivialis* or *villosus.*

Pliny speaks of a “mulberry growing upon briars,” by which the blackberry is thought to be intended. The delicious flavor of this fruit, and the virtues of the cordial made from it, are known to every good housekeeper; and the plant, if attentively examined, will be found very beautiful. Although they may be familiar, we cannot resist giving here the lines of Elliot.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

" Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
 Wild bramble of the brake!
 So put thou forth thy small white rose;
 I love it for his sake.
 Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
 O'er all the fragrant bowers,
 Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
 Thy satin-threaded flowers;
 For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
 That cannot feel how fair,
 Amid all beauty beautiful,
 Thy tender blossoms are!
 How delicate thy gauzy frill!
 How rich thy branched stem!
 How soft thy voice when woods are still,
 And thou sing'st hymns to them!
 When silent showers are falling slow,
 And 'mid the general hush,
 A sweet air lifts the little bough,
 Lone whispering through the bush!
 The primrose to the grave is gone;
 The hawthorn flower is dead,
 The violet by the mossed gray stone
 Hath laid her weary head;
 But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
 In all thy beauteous power,
 The fresh, green days of life's fair spring,
 And boyhood's bloomy hour.
 Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
 Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
 To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
 In freedom and in joy."

When Titania gives Bottom in charge to the fairies, she commands them to

" Feed him with aprieocks and dewberries."

Dewberries are the fruit of one species of the bramble — the *rubus cæsius*, according to Brande.

Buckthorn. *Rhamnus catharticus.*

The juice from the berries of the buckthorn, mixed with alum and gum arabic, makes the sap green used in water colors. These berries are a violent medicine, and have a very unpleasant taste. The bark produces a fine yellow dye.

**Calceolaria.**

There seems to be an infinite variety of calceolarias, and they are favorite florists' flowers. They are all natives of Chili and Peru. The name comes from *calceolus*, a slipper, owing to the shape of the flowers.

Canary-bird Flower. *Tropæolum peregrinum.*

This graceful climber, known to the Spaniards as "*pajaritos amarillos*," also comes from Peru. It blossoms profusely, and, twisted around slender columns, makes a charming effect.

Carrot. *Daucus carota.*

The ancient Greeks seem to have cultivated the carrot, and it has appeared on the tables of all the civilized nations ever since their time. Parkinson, who was botanist to King James I., tells us that in his time ladies wore the delicate, feathery leaves of the carrot in their head-dresses, instead of plumes.

Catalpa. *Catalpa cordifolia.*

The name catalpa is of Indian origin. The showy flowers of this elegant tree grow similarly to those of the horse-chestnut. We have but one species indigenous to America.

Celandine, or Swallow Wort. *Chelidonium majus.*

This acrid plant was long considered a most effectual remedy for jaundice. It was also recommended for other diseases; but an eminent author says, "We have little doubt but that the virtues of celandine have been greatly exaggerated; in certain cases, however, we should expect to find it a useful remedy, for it evidently possesses active powers." It grows commonly along the roadside, and wherever the stem is broken sends out a yellow, milky juice, which stains like iron rust all it falls upon. The celandine which Wordsworth has complimented with a poem, was not this plant, but a flower, known as the *lesser celandine*. (*Ranunculus ficaria*.)

Centaury. *Chironea centaurea, or Erythræa centaurium.*

"Wormwood and centaury their bitter juice
To aid digestion's sickly powers refine."

Dodsley.

The centaur Chiron is said to have cured a wound in his foot with this plant; hence its name. It is inodorous, but so bitter that it was called by the ancients *fel terræ*, or gall of the earth. It has antiseptic properties, and before the discovery of the Peruvian bark, was in great esteem as a febrifuge.

Christmas Rose, or Black Hellebore. *Helleborus niger.*

A native of Austria and Italy. It was introduced into Britain in 1596, and is called the Christmas Rose, because, in mild weather, it usually blooms at the end of the year.

The blossom is very handsome, having five large white petals, tipped with rose. The root was used by the ancients as a remedy for madness.

Coffee. *Coffea arabica.*

The coffee berries, which we roast to make a beverage, grow on an evergreen, fifteen or twenty feet high, which is a native of Arabia and Ethiopia. The flowers are white and sweet-scented. The use of coffee as a drink is said to have begun in Constantinople in 1554. It was used in Marseilles in 1644. The first coffee-house in Paris was established by an Armenian named Pascal, in 1672; but he met with so little encouragement that he removed to London, where it had been previously introduced in 1652. According to a recent traveller, Mr. Palgrave, we can never know the real excellence of coffee—the nectar in its perfection—till we go to Arabia.

Cuckoo Bud.

Simply the old name for the buttercup.



Deutzia.

Early in spring every greenhouse displays this pretty plant covered with a profusion of white blossoms. It is a native of China and Japan, and was called by Thunberg after John Deutz, a senator of Amsterdam, who furnished him with means for exploring those countries.



Euphrasy, or Eyebright. *Euphrasia officinalis.*

Milton wrote that,—

“ Michael from Adam’s eyes the film removed
Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see.”

Eyebright was formerly applied externally and taken internally, as a sovereign remedy for all affections of the eyes. As it is clearly impossible that one thing could cure so many different diseases, arising from various causes, endeavors have been made to ascertain the real virtues of the plant. The result seems to be, that it is valuable in cases of weakness of the eyes, produced by over-exertion, or in old age.



Fennel Flower, Love in a Mist, Lady in the Green. *Nigella damascena.*

The seeds of this curious flower (which gave it the name of *nigella*, from their blackness) are very pungent in the East, and

are used instead of pepper. We are told that they were probably the cumin, to which our Lord alluded when reproving the Pharisees.

Fuchsia-flowered Gooseberry. *Ribes speciosum.*

Among the wonderful vegetable productions of California is this magnificent gooseberry. It grows to the height of five feet, and is sometimes covered for six weeks with brilliant scarlet flowers, whose long, drooping stamens have caused it to receive the appellation of *fuchsia-flowered*.



Giant Fennel. *Ferula villosa.*

Prometheus is fabled to have brought fire from heaven in a stalk of this plant. Its stems grow ten or twelve feet high, and contain a pith, which, in the interior of Sicily, is still used for tinder. A Persian species of ferula produces the *assafetida* of medicine.

Ground Nut, or Earth Nut. *Bunium bulbocastanum.*

This is an umbelliferous plant, with a root resembling a chestnut. Another kind of ground nut, the *apios tuberosa*, or *glycine apios*, is common in America, and very nutritious. The Indians made great use of them in their simple diet.



Hemlock. *Conium maculatum* and *Cicuta virosa*.

Both the common hemlock and the water hemlock were probably known to the ancients, and both are poisonous. We are ignorant which kind was given to Socrates. The Greek and Arabian physicians were in the habit of using the hemlock juice externally for swellings and pains in the joints. Baron Stoerck, among the moderns, has recommended it for cancers, &c.

Horseradish. *Cochlearia armoracia*.

Horseradish is a most excellent and wholesome condiment. It is a strong stimulant, and has sometimes been used in place of mustard, in poultices. A sirup of this root is an excellent remedy for hoarseness and sore throat. Dr. Withering says, that an infusion of horseradish in milk is one of the safest and best cosmetics.



Jerusalem Artichoke. *Helianthus tuberosus*.

The word Jerusalem is, in this case, a curious corruption of the Italian *girasole*, turning to the sun. It is a kind

of sunflower, and was very common in old-fashioned gardens. The roots, about the size of a potato, are thought to resemble artichokes in their taste.

Judas' Tree, or Red-bud. *Cercis canadensis.*

The brilliant clusters of crimson flowers which adorn this tree in the spring, and its large heart-shaped leaves, render it a very attractive object. A botanist tells us, "I have often observed hundreds of the common humble bees lying dead under these trees while in flower." Its fatality to insects gives it the appellation of Judas' tree. There is also a tradition that Judas hung himself upon it.



Ladies' Slipper. *Cypripedium.*

A great many varieties of this curious and beautiful orchid are found wild in America. Some are yellow, some white, some purple.

Lady's Smock. *Cardamine.*

Frequent allusions to this flower are found in the early English poets. The name was given from the pure whiteness of the flowers, in the variety most common. It was also, for the same reason, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and called Our Lady's Flower. Another name is Cuckoo-flower.

Lychnis.

This family of plants comprises several with handsome flowers; as the scarlet lychnis, or London pride, the ragged robin, &c. The cottony leaves of some varieties have been used as substitutes for lamp-wicks.

**Marjoram.** *Origanum vulgare* and *majoranum*.

The common wild marjoram is found native here; the sweet marjoram, used in cookery, came originally from Portugal. This herb is supposed to be the *amaracus* of the ancient poets. Thus Virgil:—

“ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra,”
Æneid, Book I, l. 698.

And Catullus:—

“Cinge tempora floribus
Suave olentis amaraci.”

Mountain Ash. *Pyrus aucuparia*, and *Sorbus americana*.

The Scotch call this brilliant tree the *rowan*. In some places the peasantry use its branches to avert witchcraft. The elegant clusters of orange-red berries which succeed the white flowers, and the handsome pinnate leaves, render it one of the greatest ornaments to a shrubbery. Wordsworth, in the *Excursion*, speaks of

“ the mountain ash
 No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
 Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head,
 Decked with autumnal berries that outshine
 Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,
 By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
 How she her station doth adorn;— the pool
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
 Are brightened round her.”

Mullein. *Verbascum thapsus.*

Every reader is probably familiar with the white, soft, downy leaves, and slightly fragrant yellow flowers, crowded together on a large, clumsy stalk, which distinguish the mullein. It is emollient and gently astringent, and great use is made of the leaves in the country for fomentations and cataplasms. Gerarde calls it “Cow's Lungwort,” as it was thought to be of great use in pulmonary complaints of cattle. One species of mullein is said to be a strong anodyne, and to intoxicate fish.



Onion. *Allium cepa.*

There is evidence to show that the onion was known and esteemed in Egypt two thousand years before Christ. Rhind says, “Hasselquist, in a panegyric on the exquisite flavor of the Egyptian onion, remarks that it is no wonder the Israelites, after they had quitted their place of bondage, should have regretted the loss of this delicacy. The Egyptians divide them into four parts, and eat them roasted together

with pieces of meat; which preparation they consider so delicious that they devoutly wish it may form one of the viands of Paradise." The onions of warm countries are immeasurably superior to those of colder climes, being larger and milder in flavor. This vegetable possesses healing qualities, and many a mother can testify to the efficacy of onion sirup.



Petunia.

The different varieties of this showy flower, so ornamental in the house or garden, come to us from South America. They are annuals out of doors, but perennial under shelter.

Purple Loosestrife. *Lythrum salicaria.*

In July, around the edge of wet meadows, we find a tall plant with long, loose spikes of very delicate and brilliant flowers. The color is a fine purple, tinged with red, which has obtained for it in some places the name of *fireweed*. This is the purple loosestrife. Transplanted to the garden, it is a fine perennial border flower.



Rice. *Oryza sativa.*

Rice was cultivated from the earliest times in Asia and Africa. Its introduction into America is of very modern date. According to one account, Mr. Ashby, an English merchant, at the close of the seventeenth century, sent a hundred weight of rice from India to Carolina, which was the seed of all the future harvests. Another authority says, "A brigantine from the island of Madagascar, happened to put in at Carolina, having a little seed rice left, which the captain gave to a gentleman of the name of Woodward. From part of this he had a very good crop, but was ignorant for some years how to clean it. It was soon dispersed over the province, and by frequent experiments and observations, they found out ways of producing and manufacturing it to so great perfection, that it is thought to exceed any other in value. The writer of this has seen the said captain in Carolina, where he received a handsome gratuity from the gentlemen of that country, in acknowledgment of the service he had done the province."

On the Importance of the British Plantations in America.

(London, 1701.)



Samphire. *Crithmum maritimum*, and *Salicornia herbacea*.

The first of these is the English samphire; the second the American. Both grow on the sea-coast, and are used as pickles. The *salicornia* is also found in great quantities on the coast of the Mediterranean, where its ashes are used in the manufacture of soda. The word samphire is a corruption of the French *Saint Pierre*. On Dover heights Edgar exclaims to Gloster,—

“Stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.”

Sassafras. *Laurus sassafras*.

This fragrant shrub or tree became known to the old world on the discovery of Florida, and was sold at enormous prices when first introduced into Europe, on account of the great medicinal virtues attributed to it. It was cultivated in England before 1633. A tincture of the bark is still in vogue for the cure of rheumatism, gout, &c., though it is generally used in a combination with sarsaparilla.

Snakeroot, Seneca and Virginia. *Polygala senega*, and *Aristolochia serpentaria*.

Very dangerous consequences have sometimes ensued from confounding these two plants. Dr. Tennent first called the attention of physicians to the fact that the Indians possessed a specific for the bite of the rattlesnake, which was ascertained to be the Seneca snakeroot. It is also prescribed in pleurisy and dropsy. The Virginia snakeroot is likewise considered a remedy for the bites of serpents. It is strongly aromatic, and was at one time thought to be of marvellous efficacy in various diseases; but its fame has declined in modern practice.

Solomon's Seal. *Convallaria bifolia*, *racemosa*, *multiflora*, &c.

The name of Solomon's seal was given on account of certain marks on the root. There are many varieties of it found in the spring in shady woods. The mucilaginous roots make an excellent poultice for tumors, bruises, &c.

Old Gerarde says, "The root of Solomon's seal, stamped, while it is fresh and greene, and applied, taketh away in one night, or two at the most, any bruse, black or blew spots gotten by fals, or woman's wilfulness in stumbling upon their hasty husband's fists, or such like."

Sugar-cane. *Saccharum officinarum*.

Sugar, like that which appears every day upon our tables, seems to have been a luxury unknown to the old Greeks and Romans, though some have thought they found an allusion to it in Theophrastus. Father Hennepin found this priceless cane growing near the mouth of the Mississippi, and Ximenes mentions that it grew wild near the Rio de la Plata. The plants introduced from Java, Isle of Bourbon, &c., are said

to be superior to the native variety. Before the Indies were discovered, sugar was made in considerable quantities in the islands of Sicily, Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus, where it was supposed to have been carried by the Saracens.

Sundew. *Drosera.*

The word *drosera* means *dewy*. It is found in blossom late in the summer, in moist ground. In Crabbe's Borough,—

“ Our busy streets and sylvan walks between
Fen, marshes, bog, and heath, all intervene;
Here pits of crag, with spongy, plashy base,
To some enrich th' uncultivated space;
For there are blossoms rare, and curious rush,
The gale's rich balm, and sundew's crimson blush,
Whose velvet leaf, with radiant beauty dressed,
Forms a gay pillow for the plover's breast.”



Tansy. *Tanacetum vulgare* and *crispum*.

The French anciently called this plant by the name of *Athanasie*, which became by corruption tansy. The curled leaves are not destitute of beauty, and send forth a strong but pleasant odor. On account of its intense bitterness, it was formerly eaten in puddings and otherwise at Easter, to symbolize the bitter herbs which the Jews were commanded to eat at the Passover.

Tea. *Thea viridis* and *bohea*.

Tea is a small evergreen shrub, belonging to the same family as the camellia. Owing to the Chinese policy in regard to foreigners, we know very little about the plant, or the method of preparing the leaves; as one may ascertain by reading various elaborate accounts, which are very far from agreeing with one another. It was first introduced into England, in 1666, from Holland, and sold at a very high price. In view of the present enormous consumption of tea, it is a curious question what people drank before it came into use.

Thorn Apple, Apple of Peru, or Jamestown Weed. *Datura stramonium*.

Almost every one must know this peculiar looking plant as a violent narcotic poison. Even the odor of it is said to induce dizziness and stupor. Yet, in skilful hands, it proves a most valuable medicine. The old Greek physicians apparently knew its properties; and in our time it is used in epilepsy and mania. The root is smoked for asthma, and an extract of the leaves is sometimes applied to burns and inflamed tumors. Such dangerous remedies, however, should be given only by physicians.

Toad Flax. *Antirrhinum linaria*.

A common flower in summer, with rather fine bluish leaves, and yellow and orange flowers, shaped like those of its brother, the snapdragon. Country people give it the descriptive name of *butter-and-eggs*. Linnæus says it was used to poison flies. Like many common plants, it has healing virtues. An infusion of the flowers is highly recommended for skin diseases,

and the leaves in dropsy. Both leaves and flowers are used in compounding ointments and poultices.

Tobacco. *Nicotiana tabacum.*

Tobacco was imported into Spain and Portugal from America, by Hernandez de Toledo, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Nicot, who was ambassador of France at Lisbon, carried it to Catherine de Médicis, in 1560, as a plant possessing wonderful virtues. The generic name was given in his honor; and the English name, tobacco, is either from Tobago in the West Indies, or Tobasco in Mexico, or, as one authority says, from a South American word for a pipe. In spite of the hundred or more volumes written against its use, smoking, and, we regret to say, chewing, are still practised, though snuff-taking seems to have gone out of fashion, except with a few old women.

Burnett says, "It is supposed that the 'juice of cursed hebenon,' by which, according to Shakspeare, the king of Denmark was poisoned, was the essential oil of tobacco." *Hebenon* undoubtedly meant *henbane*, and as our author continues, "it appears from Gerarde that tobacco was commonly called 'henbane of Peru.' No preparation of hyoscyamus with which we are acquainted, would produce death by an application to the ear; whereas the essential oil of tobacco might without doubt occasion a fatal result."

Trumpet Flower. *Bignonia radicans.*

The elegant climbing plant which produces this brilliant flower is the pride of southern gardens, though rarely seen at the north. The name *Bignonia* is in honor of the Abbé Bignon.

Tulip Tree. *Liriodendron tulipifera*.

A magnificent flowering tree, known also as white-wood and canon-wood, which surpasses almost every other in America in height as well as beauty. The flowers are fragrant, and the bark, which has an aromatic odor, has been used as a tonic and febrifuge. The wood is valuable for many purposes. The name *liriodendron* signifies a lily tree.





THE air of cities, heavy with smoke and poisonous exhalations, is fatal to many flowers ; and all true poets have sung the charms of country life.

Cowley prayed, —

“ Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have ! ” —

And longingly cried, —

“ O fields, O woods ! when, when shall I be made
 The happy tenant of your shade ?
 Here’s the spring-head of Pleasure’s flood,
 Where all the riches lie, that she
 Has coined and stamped for good.”

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, sings, —

“ Give me, O indulgent Fate,
 Give me yet, before I die,
 A sweet but absolute retreat
 ’Mong paths so lost and trees so high,
 That the world may ne’er invade,
 Through such windings and such shade,
 My unshaken liberty.

* * * *

Fruits indeed would Heaven bestow,
 All that did in Eden grow,
 All but the forbidden tree
 Would be coveted by me:
 Grapes with juice so crowded up,
 As breaking through the native cup;
 Figs yet growing, candied o’er
 By the sun’s attracting power;
 Cherries, with the downy peach,
 All within my easy reach;
 While creeping near the humble ground
 Should the strawberry be found,
 Springing wheresoe’er I strayed
 Through those windings and that shade.”

We find Pope writing, at a very early age, —

“ Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blessed who can unconcernedly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day, —

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
 Together mixed, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.”

A poem by Warton runs as follows : —

“ On beds of daisies idly laid,
 The willow waving o'er my head,
 Now morning on the bending stem
 Hangs the round and glittering gem.
 Lulled by the lapse of yonder spring,
 Of nature's various charms I sing :
 Ambition, pride, and pomp, adieu,
 For what has joy to do with you ?

Joy, rose-lipped dryad, loves to dwell
 In sunny field or mossy cell ;
 Delights on echoing hills to hear
 The reaper's song, or lowing steer,
 Or view, with tenfold plenty spread,
 The crowded cornfield, blooming mead ;
 While beauty, health, and innocence
 Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

* * * *

Nymphs of the groves, in green arrayed,
 Conduct me to your thickest shade,
 Deep in the bosom of the vale,
 Where haunts the lonesome nightingale ;
 Where Contemplation, maid divine,
 Leans against some aged pine,
 Wrapped in solemn thought profound,
 Her eyes fixed steadfast on the ground.

O, Virtue's nurse, retired queen,
 By saints alone and hermits seen,
 Beyond vain mortal wishes wise,
 Teach me St. James's to despise ;
 For what are crowded courts but schools
 For fops, or hospitals for fools ?
 Where slaves and madmen, young and old,
 Meet to adore some calf of gold !”

In a similar strain Dyer says, —

“ Be full, ye courts, be great who will ;
 Search for Peace with all your skill ;
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor ;

In vain you search ; she is not there ;
 In vain you search the domes of Care !
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads ;
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,
 Ever by each other's side."

But perhaps one of the best things of this kind is Cunningham's Town and Country Child. He begins, —

" Child of the country ! free as air
 Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;
 Born like the lily, where the dew
 Lies odorous when the day is new ;
 Fed 'mid the May-flowers, like the bee ;
 Nursed to sweet music on the knee ;
 Lulled on the breast to that glad tune
 Which winds make 'mong the woods of June ;
 I sing of thee ; — 'tis sweet to sing
 Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town, for thee I sigh ;
 A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
 A carpet is thy daisied sod,
 A narrow street thy boundless road.

* * * *

Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
 And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines ;
 I sing of thee in sadness ; where
 Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair ?"

* * * *

And ends, —

“Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth’s fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.”





IF we should begin to expatiate on the subject of gardens, it would be difficult to stop ; for, as Sir Thomas Browne has said, “ Gardens were before gardeners, and but a few hours after the earth ;” and from the earliest days descriptions, in prose and verse, of gardens real or imaginary, have come down to us. We shall confine ourselves, then,

to three descriptions, not so hackneyed as many others. The first is from Giles Fletcher.

“ All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
 In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
 As if the snow had melted into flowers,
 Which their sweet breath in subtle vapors threw,
 That all about perfuméd spirits flew.
 For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
 In all the world, or please the appetence,
 Here it was pouréd out in lavish affluence.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
 That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut ;
 The azure fields of heaven were sembled right
 In a large round, set with the flowers of light ;
 The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
 That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
 Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
 On which the bower of Vain-delight was built.
 White and red roses for her face were placed,
 And for her tresses marigolds were spilt ;
 Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,
 Till in the ocean the glad day were drowned :
 Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
 And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.”

The next is from Langhorne :—

“ A bower he framed (for he could frame
 What long might weary mortal wight,
 Swift as the lightning’s rapid flame
 Darts on the unsuspecting sight).

Such bower he framed with magie hand,
 As well that wizard bard hath wove
 In scenes where fair Armida’s wand
 Waved all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in simple show ;
 Nor Indian mines nor Orient shores
 Had lent their glories here to glow,
 Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar’s trembling arms
 The wild rose wound her damask flower
 The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
 That loves to weave the lover’s bower.

The ash that courts the mountain air,
 In all her painted blooms arrayed,
 The wilding’s blossom blushing fair,
 Combined to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill’s breast,
 The cowslip’s sweet reclining head,
 The violet of sky-woven vest,
 Was all the fairy ground bespread.”

Andrew Marvell's exquisite Garden comes last, — unabridged, — though we think the last stanza but one contains a heresy against truth.

THE GARDEN.

“ How vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
 And their incessant labors see
 Crowned from some single herb or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid !
 While all the flowers and trees do close,
 To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow ;
 Society is all but rude
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So amorous as this lovely green.
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name ;
 Little, alas ! they know or heed
 How far these beauties her exceed !
 Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;

There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers ? ”





Index.



A

	PAGE		
Acanthus,	25	Anemone (Windflower), . .	113
Aconite,	150	Angelica,	128
Agnus Castus,	84	Appendix,	175
Agrimony,	123	Apple of Peru,	194
A Heap of Flowers,	76	Apples of Sodom,	176
Almond,	19	April,	23
Aloc,	84	Artichoke, Jerusalem, . . .	185
Amaranth,	74	Arum,	177
Amaryllis,	138	Ash,	123
American Cowslip,	176	Ash, Mountain,	187
Anemone, Garden,	126	Asphodel,	141

B

Balm Mint,	138
Balm of Gilead,	124
Balsamine,	126
Barberry,	137
Basil,	124
Bay,	81
Beech,	139
Bee Orchis,	117
Belladonna,	178
Birch,	123
Blackberry,	178
Black Hellebore,	181
Black Mulberry,	129
Black Poplar,	112
Bogbean,	21
Broom,	133
Buckbean,	21
Buckthorn,	180
Bugloss,	26
Burdock,	127
Butter and Eggs,	194

C

Calceolaria,	180
Camellia,	123
Camomile,	117
Canary-Bird Flower,	180
Cardinal Flower,	114

Carnation,	49
Carrot,	180
Catalpa,	181
Celandine,	181
Centaury,	181
Cherry, Cornel,	76
Chicory,	122
Christmas Rose,	181
Chrysanthemum,	124
Cinnamon Rose,	154
Cinnamon Tree,	121
Cistus,	147
Clematis,	107
Cockle,	152
Coekseomb,	75
Coffee,	182
Columbine,	120
Coriander,	125
Cornelian Cherry,	76
Country Life,	197
Cowslip,	133
Cowslip, American or False,	176
Crocus,	156
Cuckoo Bud,	182
Cuckoo Flower,	186
Cypress,	71

D

Dahlia,	55
Daisy, Single,	88
Daisy, Double,	90
Dandelion,	135

Darnel,	51
Datura,	58
Dead Leaves,	132
December,	77
Deutzia,	182
Dewberries,	179
Dew Plant,	145
Dictionary of the Language of Flowers,	105
Dictionary for Translating a Bouquet,	157
Directions,	101
Dittany of Crete,	109
Dodder,	132

G

Eglantine,	45
Elder,	111
Elecampane,	148
Endive,	122
Euphrasy, or Eyebright,	183

F

February,	86
Fennel,	147
Fennel, Giant,	184
Fennel Flower,	183

Fern,	146
Fireweed,	189
Flax,	126
Floral Games,	95
Flos Adonis,	52
Forget-me-not,	60
Four o'Clock,	69
Foxglove,	134
Fragrant Coltsfoot,	70
Fraxinella,	120
Fringed Gentian,	128
Fuchsia,	148
Fuchsia-Flowered Gooseberry, 184	
Furze,	106

G

Gardens,	202
Garland of Julia,	99
Geranium, Scarlet,	70
German Iris,	120
Gentian,	128
Giant Fennel,	184
Gillyflower,	54
Goat's Rue,	140
Gold Basket,	150
Golden Rod,	117
Gooseberry, Fuchsia-Flowered, 184	
Gorse,	106
Grape,	128
Grasses,	17
Greek Valerian,	145
Ground Nut,	184

H

Harebell,	143
Hawthorn,	23
Hazel,	141
Heart's-ease,	149
Heath,	31
Heliotrope,	62
Hellebore, Black,	181
Hemlock,	185
Hibiscus,	155
Holly,	82
Hollyhock,	119
Honesty,	121
Honeysuckle,	28
Hornbeam,	135
Horse-Chestnut,	18
Horseradish,	185
Houstonia,	127
Huckleberry,	150
Hundred-Leaved Rose,	149
Hyacinth,	108
Hydrangea,	152

I

Indian Plum,	138
Innocence,	127
Introduction,	7
Iris,	132
Iris, German,	120
Ivy,	66

J

Jack-in-the-Pulpit,	177
Jamestown Weed,	194
January,	81
Jasmine,	43
Jerusalem Artichoke,	183
Jeux Floraux,	95
Jonquil,	113
Judas Tree,	186
July,	47
June,	36
Juniper,	87

K

Kalmia,	154
-------------------	-----

L

Ladies' Slipper,	186
Ladies' Smock,	186
Lady-in-the-Green,	183
Larch,	110
Large-Flowered Aster,	106
Laurel, Bay,	81
Laurel, Mountain,	154
Laurestine,	80

Lavatera,	147
Lavender,	132
Lemon,	139
Lilac,	18
Lily, Water,	115
Lily, White,	53
Lily of the Valley,	30
Lime, or Linden,	33
Locust,	52
London Pride,	187
Love in a Mist,	183
Love-lies-bleeding,	75
Lupine,	113
Lychnis,	187



Magnolia,	137
Maunchieel Tree,	119
Mandrake,	140
Maple,	143
March,	17
Marigold,	56
Marigold, Rainy,	138
Marjoram,	187
Marshmallow,	51
Marvel of Peru,	69
May,	30
Mayflower,	153
Meadow Saffron,	68
Meadow Sweet,	151
Mignonette,	58
Milfoil,	153

Mistletoe,	78
Monkshood,	150
Morning Glory,	62
Mosses,	79
Moss Rose,	41
Mountain Ash,	187
Mountain Laurel,	154
Mugwort,	47
Mulberry,	129
Mullein,	188
Mushroom,	147
Musk Rose,	111
Myrtle,	24



Nettle,	112
Nightshade, Deadly,	178
November,	73



Oak,	73
October,	66
Olive,	136
Onion,	188
Orchis, Bee,	117
Orchis, Spider,	146
Osmunda,	144
Our Lady's Flower,	186

P

Pansy,	149
Parsley,	75
Passion Flower,	118
Patience,	136
Peony,	135
Peppermint,	153
Periwinkle,	20
Petunia,	189
Pimpernel,	111
Pine,	117
Pine-Apple,	154
Plum,	130
Plum, Indian,	139
Plum, Wild,	127
Poet's Narcissus,	32
Polemony,	145
Pomegranate,	111
Poplar, Black,	152
Poplar, White,	150
Poppy,	146
Potato,	109
Preface,	5
Primrose,	24
Privet,	31
Purple Loosestrife,	189

Q

Queen of the Meadow,	151
Quince,	148

R

Ragged Robin,	187
Rainy Marigold,	138
Red Bud,	186
Red Valerian,	35
Reeds,	133
Rest-Harrow,	27
Rhododendron,	106
Rice,	190
Roses,	36
Rosebud,	42
Rose Champion,	152
Rose, Cinnamon,	154
Rose, Hundred-Leaved,	149
Rose Leaf,	127
Rose, Moss,	44
Rose, Musk,	111
Rose, White,	43
Rose, Wild Brier,	45
Rosemary,	142
Rue,	114

S

Sage, or Salvia,	117
Samphire,	191
Sardonia,	129
Sassafras,	191
Satin Flower,	121
Scarlet Geranium,	70
Scarlet Lobelia,	114

Scarlet Lychnis,	187
Scarlet Pimpernel,	111
September,	60
Service Tree,	77
Sheep Laurel,	154
Suakeroot, Seneca and Vir- ginia,	192
Snowdrop,	86
Solomon's Seal,	192
Speedwell,	119
Spider Orchis,	146
Spindle Tree,	155
Spiræa,	151
Spring,	17
Strawberry,	33
Succory,	122
Sugar-Cane,	192
Summer,	36
Sundew,	193
Sunflower,	63
Sweet Basil,	124
Sweet Brier,	45
Sweet Marjoram,	187
Sweet Pea,	113
Sweet Sultan,	124
Syringa,	121

T

Tansy,	193
Tares,	51
Tea,	194
Thorn Apple,	194

Thyme,	34
Toad Flax,	194
Tobacco,	195
Trailing Arbutus,	153
Tremella,	143
Trumpet Flower,	195
Tuberose,	61
Tulip,	29
Tulip Tree,	196

U

Valerian,	35
Venus' Looking-Glass,	120
Verbena,	145
Veronica,	119
Vervain,	50
Violet,	92
Virgin's Bower,	107

V

Wallflower,	64
Water Hemlock,	185
Water Lily,	115
Water Trefoil,	21
Weeping Willow,	18
Wheat,	55
White Jasmine,	48

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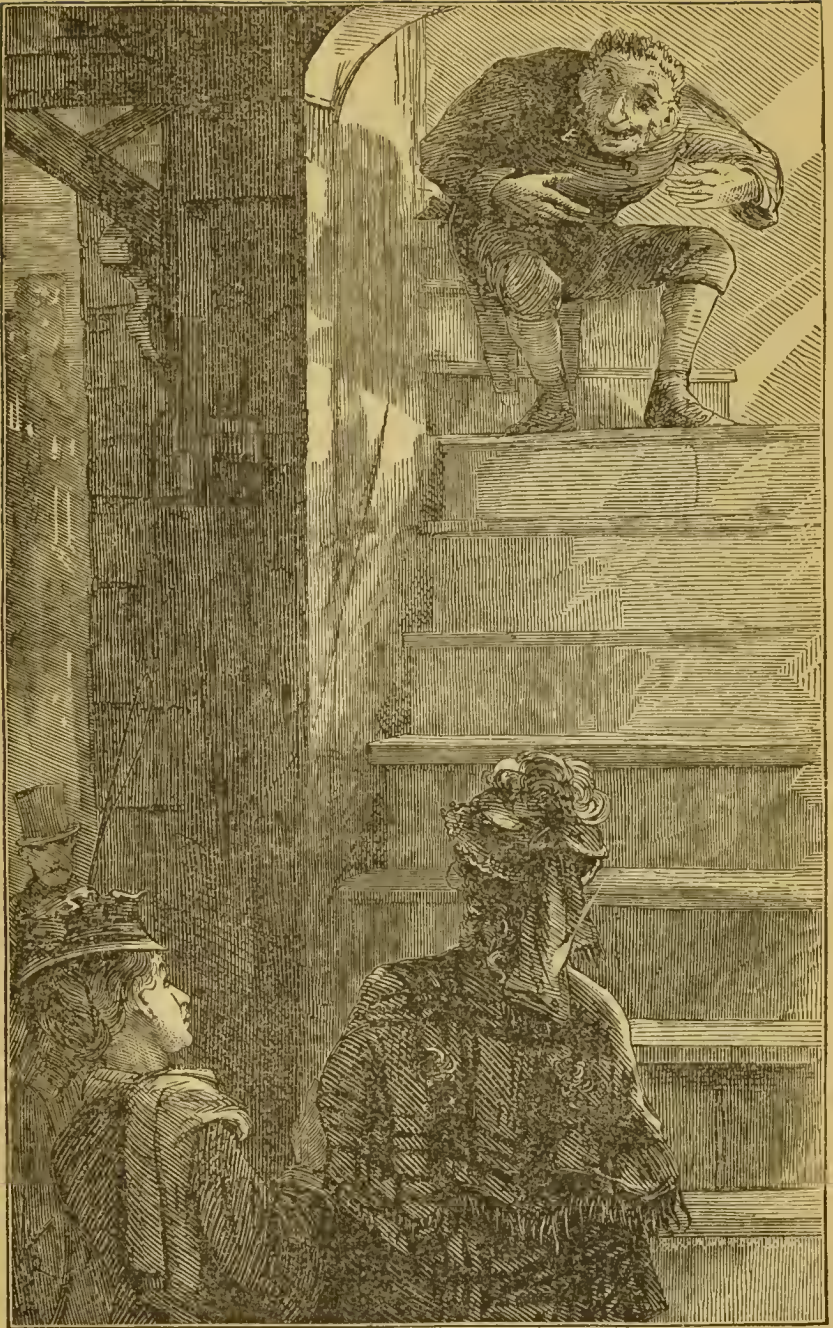


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