

The



LANGUAGE



of FLOWERS.

AND  
FLORAL CONVERSATION

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THE  
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

—AND—

FLORAL CONVERSATION.

—BY—

*UNCLE CHARLIE.*

C. A. REESER, Springfield, O., Publisher.

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FIFTH EDITION.

*Eleventh Thousand.*

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ROCHESTER:  
UNION AND ADVERTISER CO'S PRINT.  
1887.

16. 01905

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1875,  
By C. W. SEELYE,  
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Electrotyped by Jas. Lennox, Rochester, N. Y.



## First Words.



The want of a well arranged and comprehensive collection of the names of Flowers and their Expressions, in a small compass, has prompted the preparation of this little book.

Both the common and the botanical names of plants have been given, for the sake of exactness, whenever it has been thought there might be doubt otherwise.

The best authorities have been examined in relation to the expressions, and where differences were found to exist, the meanings most appropriate or those bearing the best authority have been adopted.

The number of plants mentioned, is greater than in any similar list and, the names of some new ones will be found, the expressions and sentiments of which are here given, for the first time, in accordance with those principles of the philology of this sweet tongue briefly explained in the first few pages.

The selections of poetry introduced are derived from the best sources of English literature and are strictly in illustration of the subject.

Since the issue of the first edition, which has met with a welcome reception, the whole has been thoroughly revised and re-arranged, and much interesting matter added, thus improving its appearance and enhancing its value. In its new form it is again sent on its mission and, if what is here offered may be the means, in any way, of assisting taste in the use of flowers expressively, or, of adding zest to simple pleasures, the end sought will have been attained.

C. W. S.

---

“—not words, for they  
 But half can tell love's feeling ;  
 Sweet flowers alone can say  
 What passion fears revealing,  
 A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,  
 A tow'ring lily broken,—  
 O these may paint a grief  
 No words could e'er have spoken.”



# The Flower Language.



The history of the Language of Flowers like that of spoken language, dates back to the earliest recorded times of our race.

In our sacred writings the Olive branch signifies peace ; in most languages Corn has always been synonymous with riches ; the Willow has meant mourning ever since the time, the captive Israelite, by the rivers of Babylon, uttering his plaints, laid by his harp attuned only to joyful notes and, sighed for the land of his birth.

“By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion, and we hunged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof.”

At equally as remote a period we find the Rose to be the emblem of love, and the Lily of womanly grace ; the Cedar has been typical of excellence and endurance, and Grass of degradation and submission ; “therefore their

inhabitants were of small power, they were dismayed and confounded ; they were as the grass of the field." 2d Kings, ix. 26.

According to Herodotus, the western nations of his time, in order to acknowledge their submission, collected grass and presented it to their conqueror.

The wood of the Cypress was used by the ancient Egyptians in the manufacture of mummy cases, and the Greeks made their coffins of it ; in this way it became associated with the act of mourning, and more modern nations have employed the tree in cemeteries and burial places.

The Laurel with the Romans was an emblem of victory, and was used as a wreath to crown the victor, and was also borne in the hands of the returning soldiery.

Many instances of this kind may be produced, showing the antiquity of the signification of certain plants derived from their uses.

The mythologies of various nations have contributed largely to the attachment of meanings and sentiments to plants.

Narcissus in mythology was the son of a river-god and "remarkable for his beauty, but wholly inaccessible to love. The Nymph, Echo died of grief because he would

not reciprocate her affection. One of his rejected admirers begged Nemesis to punish him, and the goddess caused him to fall in love with his own figure in a spring. Under the influence of this passion he pined away, and after death was changed into the flower which bears his name."

Morpheus was the god of dreams, and was always represented, wearing a crown of Poppies.

The plant, *Andromeda*, receives its language or signification (self-sacrifice) from its name, for *Andromeda* was a mythical, virgin princess who, to satisfy the predictions of an oracle and to avert some calamities, was condemned to be chained to a rock and left a prey to the sea-monster. Most of the species of this genus are confined naturally to bogs or moist earth.

*Philemon* and *Baucis*, his wife, were *Phrygians* and, it was said, they cordially entertained *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, who came to them, one day, while traveling in disguise, and after they had been refused hospitality everywhere along their route.

Afterwards, these gods, in punishment of those who had been so inhospitable to them, caused a deluge to destroy them, but *Baucis* and *Philemon* were saved from the general doom.

In answer to their entreaties to transform their cottage

into a temple, in which they could act as priest and priestess, the gods granted their request.

At last they expressed a wish to die together, and Jupiter gratified them by changing them simultaneously into trees.

Baucis, it is said, was changed into a Linden tree, and Philemon into an Oak.

The names of Baucis and Philemon are used to signify faithful and true married people. Here we perceive why the Linden is the emblem of conjugal love, and the Oak of hospitality.

The language of the common Almond is stupidity or heedlessness.

The foundation for this is, no doubt, from the story told of Demophoon, who, returning from the siege of Troy, encountered a storm, and was thrown upon the coast of Thrace, the realm of the beautiful Phyllis.

The young queen fell in love with the prince, and made him her husband.

The death of his father soon after, caused Demophoon to return to Athens, but he promised Phyllis to be back in a month. When the day for his arrival came, Phyllis ran nine times to the shore, and, as he did not come, she lost all hope and, falling dead of grief, she was changed

into an Almond tree. After three months Demophoon returned.

It is unnecessary to continue further these illustrations which, however interesting they may be, are forbidden by our narrow limits.

Often the meaning of a flower has been attached to it by its name, either its common or its botanical name ; as instances of this sort, may be mentioned Bachelor's Button, Balm, Branch of Thorns, Cardinal Flower, Coronilla, Hawkweed, Heliotrope.

Many others of this kind will readily suggest themselves to the thoughtful student of this pleasant language.

Again the meaning comes from some quality or characteristic of the plant ; the sharpness of the thorns of the Berberry, and the acidity of its berries indicate sharpness of temper, and the unequally-sided leaves of the Begonia, suggest deformity ; the movements of the Sensitive plant almost make our nerves quiver at its apparant sensitive-ness.

Sometimes the meaning is derived from the uses of the plant, as in an instance or two we have already had. Fate for Hemp requires no explanation, nor Frugality for Chicory, nor Health for Iceland Moss, so, also, we find

Prohibition for Privet, since the Privet or Prim has been always used for hedges.

Often the mode of growth of a plant, or, the shape of its leaves or flowers, or, the color or some quality which it possesses, determines its signification.

As a rule, plants with poisonous properties are expressive of bad qualities or sentiments, for example : Hellebore, scandal ; Blue Lobelia, malevolence ; Aconitum napellus, an enemy in disguise ; American Laurel, falsehood, treachery, &c. ; this rule, however, is not invariable and the converse of it is by no means true.

Sometimes, when a plant is named after a person, some strong characteristic of the person is applied to the plant, as in the case of Rondeletia. This plant was named in memory of Wm. Rondelet, a scientific physician of the 16th century, who disgustingly evinced his devotion to anatomy by dissecting the body of his own son after death.

From what has been said, it is evident that the formation of the flower language has been gradual—a growth like spoken languages of all nations, not an arbitrary investiture. In its growth, like spoken languages, too, it has been slow at times and at others when unusual attention and interest have been concentrated upon it, it has increased with greater rapidity.



*THE FLOWER LANGUAGE.*

11

Poets have always found in flowers the highest objects of admiration, and, in their descriptions and allusions to them, the imagination has had free flight. They have attributed to them all the passions and thoughts of the human mind and heart, and made them express almost every human virtue and folly.

“ Round every flower there gleams a glory,  
Bequeathed by antique song or story ;  
To each old legends give a name,  
And its peculiar charm proclaim.  
O'er smiling lawn, through shady grove,  
Our dreaming poets pensive rove,  
And strive to read their language rare,  
And learn the lesson latent there.”



# Flowers by the Poets.

## THE PRETTY ROSE TREE.

BEING weary of love,  
I flew to the grove,  
And chose me a tree of the fairest ;  
Saying, " Pretty Rose Tree,  
Thou my mistress shalt be,  
And I'll worship each bud that thou bearest.  
For the hearts of the world are hollow  
And fickle the smiles we follow ;  
And 'tis sweet when all  
Their witch'ries pall,  
To have a pure love to fly to :  
So my pretty Rose Tree,  
Thou my mistress shalt be,  
And the only one now I shall sigh to."

THOMAS MOORE.

ORIGIN OF THE YELLOW ROSE.

---

ONCE a white Rose-bud reared her head,  
And peevishly, to Flora said :  
" Look at my sister's blushing hue—  
Pray, mother, let me have it too !"  
" Nay, child," was Flora's mild reply,  
" Be thankful for such gift as I  
Have deemed befitting to dispense—  
Thy dower's the hue of innocence."  
When did persuasion's voice impart  
Content and peace to female heart,  
Where baleful jealousy bears sway,  
And scares each gentler guest away ?  
The Rose still grumbled and complained ;  
Her mother's bounties still disdained—  
" Well, then," said angered Flora, " take"—  
She breathed upon her as she spake :  
" Henceforth, no more in simple vest  
Of innocence shalt thou be dressed ;  
Take that which better suits thy mind,  
The hue for jealousy designed."  
The Yellow Rose has, from that hour,  
Borne evidence of Envy's power.

CARDINAL FLOWER.

---

LOBELIA attired like a queen in her pride.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

*FLOWERS BY THE POETS.*

THE FEAST OF ROSES.

---

A HAPPIER smile illumes each brow,  
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,  
 And all in ecstasy,—for now  
 The valley holds its feast of Roses ;  
 The joyous time, when pleasures pour  
 Profusely round and, in their shower,  
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—  
 The flow'ret of a hundred leaves  
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,  
 And every leaf its balm receives.

LALLA ROOKH.

BUDS OF ROSES.

---

BUDS of Roses, virgin flowers,  
 Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers.  
 \* \* \* \*

Rose, thou art the sweetest flower  
 That ever drank the amber shower.  
 Rose, thou art the fondest child  
 Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.

ODES OF ANACREON.

PASSION FLOWER.

---

AND the faint Passion Flower, the sad and holy,  
 Tell of diviner hopes. HEMANS.

## UNDER THE ROSE.

THEY sat in the porch together,  
Angry and pale and still,  
And watched, in gloomy silence,  
The moon rise over the hill.  
The fault of the foolish quarrel  
If his or hers, who knows?  
The strangest things will happen  
Under the rose!

A little stir in the shadow  
Shook down a drop of dew,  
That, out of a bud half open,  
Fell just between the two.  
If both of them turned together  
With a sudden start, who knows?  
There is many a little rustle  
Under the rose!

He pulled from the vines at random  
A cluster over her head,  
Leaning a little nearer—  
To see if the rose was red;  
If other roses reddened  
Within his reach, who knows?  
One dare not say what happens  
Under the rose.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers one day,  
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,—  
 That spirit to whose charge 'tis given  
 To bathe young buds in dews of heaven ;  
 Awaking from his light repose,  
 The angel whispered to the rose :  
 " O fondest object of my care,  
 Still fairest found, where all are fair ;  
 For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me  
 Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."  
 " Then," said the rose, with deepened glow.  
 " On me another grace bestow."  
 The spirit paused, in silent thought,  
 What grace was there that flower had not ?  
 'Twas but a moment,—o'er the rose  
 A veil of moss the angel throws,  
 And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,  
 Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

KRUMMACHER.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

OF love the type, of beauty queen,  
 We own the Rose ; but by her side  
 In spotless purity serene  
 The Lily stands with modest pride.

MISS LONDON.

A KISS.

---

ONLY the roses will hear ;  
Dear,  
Only the roses will see !  
This once—just this !  
Ah, the roses, I wis,  
They envy me !

Here is a half blown spray ;  
Say,  
This shall love's anadem be !  
A rose-strung wreath  
For thy brow, and beneath  
A rose for me !

\*\*\*

HAWTHORN.

---

AND Hawthorn's early blooms appear  
Like youthful Hope upon life's year.

DRAYTON.

HOLLY.

---

GENTLE at home, amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

SOUTHEY.

THE DAY WHEN I FORGET YOU.  

---

Oh, darling ! all the Pansy blooms,  
Lulled into rest by sweet perfumes,  
Will die amid the woodland glooms,  
The day when I forget you.

The stars will falter when they cross  
The blue above, and sudden loss  
Will fill the hours with bitterest dross,  
The day that I forget you.

The sunshine will not touch that day,  
The green hill nor the rippled bay ;  
But all the world will walk in gray,  
The day when I forget you.

For you, if not for those you know,  
The heart will fill and overflow  
In bitter tears that hurt us so,  
The day when I forget you.

But, Oh, love ! that will never be ?  
My heart will hold your memory  
As shells keep singing of the sea ;  
I never shall forget you.



Here's Rosemary leaf and Pansy blue ;  
They'll tell you that I will be true  
To memory, darling, and to you,  
And never will forget you.

Even lying under grass or snow,  
When summer's winds or winter's blow  
Above the heart that lies below,  
I never shall forget you.

Come to my grave and you will see  
A Pansy ; and the bloom shall be  
A message, love, to you, from me,  
That I have not forgot you.

\*\*\*

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MY PANSIES.

---

OPEN your eyes, my Pansies sweet—  
Open your eyes for me,  
Driving away, with face so true,  
The chilling wind and wintry hue.  
That lingers so dearly.

Open your eyes, my Pansies sweet—  
Open your eyes for me.  
Where did you get that purple hue ?  
Did a cloudlet smile as you came through,  
Did a little sunbeam hold  
Kiss on your lips that tint of gold ?  
Tell me the mystery.

In your eyes a story I read—  
A story of constancy.  
After the storms and winter's wind,  
Softly you came with influence kind ;  
Then as I bend with listening ear,  
Your cheerful voice I plainly hear,  
Preaching a sermon to me.

So whisper to me, my Pansies sweet—  
Tell me in rustlings low,  
Of that beautiful land where fadeless flowers  
Brightly bloom in immortal bowers,  
And no blighting wind doth blow.

Tell of the care that is over all—  
That gives you your garments gay ;  
Whose loving hand clothes the floweret small,  
That grows in the field, or by the garden wall,  
Whose life is only a day.

Yes, tell of the love, my Pansies sweet—  
Of the love that knows no end ;  
That through earth's winter safely keeps  
Watch over his children, and never sleeps ;  
The love that paints the violet blue,  
And quenches your thirst with drops of dew,  
The weary heart's faithful friend.

MARIE.

DAISY.

---

WITH little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Sweet Daisy ! oft I talk to thee,  
For thou art worthy.

Thou unassuming common-place  
Of nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace,  
Which Love makes for thee !

\* \* \* \*

Sweet silent creature !  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature !

WORDSWORTH.

---

PANSY.

---

A LITTLE purple flower,  
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

SHAKSPEARE.

---

PRAY you, love, remember  
Ther<sup>e</sup> Pansies—that's for thought.

SHAKSPEARE.

*FLOWERS BY THE POETS.*THE FRINGED GENTIAN.  

---

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

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

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

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

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

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

THE ENCHANTRESS' SONG.

THE Enchantress now begins her spell,  
Thus singing as she winds and weaves  
In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

I know where the winged visions dwell  
That around the night bed play ;

I know each herb and flow'ret's bell  
Where they hide their wings by day.

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies

To visit the bashful maid,

Steals from the Jasmine flower, that sighs

Its soul, like her, in the shade.

The dream of a future, happier hour,

That alights on misery's brow,

Springs out of the silvery Almond flower,

That blooms on a leafless bough.

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

LALLA ROOKH.

ROSEMARY.

There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance

Pray you, love, remember.

SHAKSPEARE.

## THE FORGET-ME-NOT—A LEGEND.

Two lovers, strolling forth one Sabbath e'en,  
Sought the cool river-side, and smiled and talked  
As lovers do ;

When, suddenly, upon a ledge of rock  
O'erhanging them, the bright-eyed lady spied  
A floweret blue.

" Oh, lovely flower !" 'twas thus Lucille exclaimed—

" Tinted with 'heaven's own peculiar hue,'

How sweetly fair !

What can it be ? Could it be gained with ease,  
I'd dearly love to twine a sprig of it  
Within my hair."

" It shall be thine," the daring lover cried,  
And, ere she could prevent the deed, he sprang  
Upon the ledge ;

Selecting some for the pale, trembling maid,  
Who watched with fear that swaying shelf above  
The water's edge.

" Alas !" she cried, " I've periled his dear life  
To gratify my fancy for a flower,

Alas ! I have."

In vain he strove to safely overleap  
What destiny before him placed that day,  
A glassy grave.

In vain : for soon the crumbling rock gave way  
Beneath his weight, leaving small mark to trace  
The tragic spot ;  
But, ere the waters closed above his head,  
His loved one heard him murmur low the words,  
" Forget me not,"

And saw, through tears, a tiny shower of blue  
Thrown by the hand she never more might clasp.  
Then with sad moan,  
She treasured his last keepsake, which since then,  
Has by the words his dying lips pronounced,  
Been ever known.

MRS. GEORGE R. LEE.

---

A M A R A N T H .

---

IMMORTAL Amaranth ! a flower which once  
In paradise, fast by the tree of life  
Began to bloom. \* \* \* \*

MILTON.

---

H E L L E B O R E .

---

By the watcher's tower,  
Where Hellebore and Hemlock seem to weave  
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower.

CAMPBELL.

## A NEW LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

THE mythological story upon which the following poem is founded is one of unusual interest and is briefly related thus:—Psyche was the daughter of a king and queen, and the youngest of three sisters. Her beauty was wonderful—people came from all parts in throngs to see her, and altars were erected to her, and she was worshipped as a second Venus. At this the Queen of Love was irritated, and ordered her son, Cupid, to inspire Psyche with a passion for some vile wretch. The sisters of Psyche, who were far inferior to her in charms, were married, but she remained single and despised her own beauty. Her father consulted the oracle of Apollo, and was ordered to expose her on a rock, where she would be carried away by a monster. The oracle was obeyed, and while the whole populace wept, Psyche was placed on a lofty crag. Here, while she sat weeping, a zephyr gently raised and carried her to a charming valley. Overcome by grief she fell asleep, and, on awakening, found herself near a fountain in the midst of a grove and in front of a splendid palace. Venturing into the palace she was lost in admiration of its grandeur; when, suddenly, she heard a voice telling her that all there is hers, and that her commands will be obeyed. She bathes, partakes of a rich repast, and is regaled with music by invisible performers. At night she retires, and an unseen youth addresses her in the softest accents, and she becomes his bride. She desires of her invisible spouse that her sisters may come to see her; he consents and an obedient zephyr conveys them there. They become envious of Psyche's happiness, and persuade her that her invisible lord is a serpent, who will finally devour her.



By their advice she attempts to destroy him with a razor, and, when he was asleep, she approached his couch for this purpose ; but there she beheld, instead of a dragon, Love himself. Filled with amazement at his beauty, she leaned in rapture over him, but he awoke and flew away. Psyche caught at him as he rose, and was raised into the air, but fell ; and as she lay, the god reproached her from a Cypress for her breach of faith. The abandoned Psyche now roamed through the world in search of Cupid, and is persecuted and subjected to numerous trials by Venus. This goddess, bent on her destruction, despatches her to Proserpina, with a box in which to procure some of her beauty. Psyche accomplishes her mission in safety ; but, as she is returning, she ventures to open the box to take a portion for herself, and, behold ! instead of beauty there issues from it a black exhalation and Psyche falls to the ground in deep slumber from its effects. In this state she is found by Cupid, who had escaped by the window of the chamber where he had been confined by his mother : he awakens her with the point of one of his arrows, and then proceeds to the palace of Jupiter to interest him in his favor. Jupiter takes pity on her and endows her with immortality ; Venus is reconciled, and the marriage of Psyche with Cupid takes place amid great joy in the skies.

WHEN Psyche lost her love, the Lord of Love,  
Weeping, alone she wandered,  
Listless, by every well known field and grove,  
And on her lost love pondered.

## FLOWERS BY THE POETS.

Lastly by Lethe's stream her footsteps strayed ;  
 And " Oh ! " she said in sighing,  
 " That I might dip, and my past life be made  
 Like dreams with daylight dying ! "

The big tears, from her blue eyes raining down,  
 Fell on earth's pitying bosom ;  
 Sudden there sprang, amid the sedges brown,  
 Blue as her eyes a blossom.

And o'er her head, soft rustling, sweet and low,  
 As though some bird's wing fluttered,  
 In those loved tones whose loss was all her woe,  
 " Forget me not " was uttered.

No more ; no sight, no touch : these words alone  
 And " Ah ! " she cried, " forget thee ?  
 Nay, but half love in our glad life was known--  
 Half love to regret thee."

" Forget thee ? Nay, these flowers my tears begot  
 Shall be to me a token  
 Of love ; they shall be called Forget-me-not.  
 The name to cheer me spoken."

So well, sweet river-flowers, we welcome you,  
 Earth with faint sadness scenting--  
 Born of the tears from Psyche's eyes of blue,  
 For her lost love lamenting.

F. W. B., London Spectator.

WHITE AZALEAS.

---

AZALEAS—whitest of white !  
White as the drifted snow  
Fresh-fallen out of the night,  
Before the coming glow  
Tinges the morning light,  
When the light is like the snow,  
White,  
And the silence is like the light ;—  
Light, and silence, and snow,—  
All—white !

White ! not a hint  
Of the creamy tint  
That a rose will hold  
(The whitest rose) in its inmost fold,  
Nor a possible blush ;  
White as an embodied hush ;  
A very rapture of white,  
A wedlock of silence and light.  
White, white, as the wonder undefiled  
Of Eve just wakened in Paradise :  
Pure as the angel of a child  
That looks into God's own eyes.

HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

## RIVER LILIES.

(After Gæthe's "Haiden-Roslein.")

Saw a boy three Lilies white,  
 Lilies in the river,  
 Half heart open to the light,  
 Full of golden arrows bright,  
 Each a silver quiver.  
 Lilies, Lilies, Lilies white,  
 Lilies in the river.

Said the boy, "I'll pluck you there,  
 Lilies in the river!"  
 Said the Lilies, "If you dare  
 You shall drown, or homeward fare  
 Dripping and ashiver!"  
 Lilies, Lilies, Lilies white,  
 Lilies in the river.

Willful still the boy would clasp  
 Lilies in the river;  
 Tumbled in ere he could grasp,  
 Scrambled out with puff and gasp,  
 Plucked no Lilies ever.  
 Lilies, Lilies, Lilies white,  
 Lilies in the river.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

---

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
By the dusty roadside,  
On the sunny hillside,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

\* \* \* \*

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
You cannot hear me coming  
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;  
For, in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

\* \* \* \*

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
My humble song of praise  
Most joyfully I raise  
To Him at whose command  
I beauty the land,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

---

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

---

THE Lily in whose snow-white bells  
Simplicity delights and dwells.

BALFOUR.

## VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honor!  
 You do bring  
 In the spring,  
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,  
 Fresh and fair;  
 Yet you are  
 More sweet than any.

Y<sup>e</sup> are the maiden posies  
 And, so graced,  
 To be placed,  
 'Fore the Damask Roses.

\* \* \*

ROBT. HERRICK.

## VIOLET.

VIOLET is for faithfulness  
 Which in me shall abide;  
 Hoping, likewise, that from your heart  
 You will not let it slide.

SHAKSPEARE.

## MOSS.

STRANGE tapestry, by Nature spun  
On viewless looms, aloof from sun,  
And spread through lonely nooks and grotts  
Where shadows reign, and leafy rest,—  
O moss, of all your dwelling-spots,  
In which one are you lovelist ?

Is it when near grim roots that coil  
Their snaky black through humid soil ?  
Or when you wrap, in woodland glooms,  
The great prone pine-trunks, rotted red ?  
Or when you dim, on sombre tombs,  
The "requiescats" of the dead ?

Or is it when your lot is cast  
In some quaint garden of the past,  
On some gray, crumbled basin's brim,  
With conchs that mildewed Tritons blow,  
While yonder, through the poplars prim,  
Looms up the turreted chateau ?

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves  
Your emerald films on low, dark eaves,  
Above where pink porch roses peer,  
And woodbines break in fragrant foam,  
And children laugh,—and you can hear  
The beatings of the heart of home.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## HELIOTROPE—DEVOTION.

The name, Heliotrope, is derived from the Greek, Helios, the Sun, and tropo, I turn. The flowers of the Heliotrope, like those of the Sunflower, have a slight motion during the day towards the sun as it passes from east to west.

THE Heliotrope said to the sun,  
 "I love but thee,  
 And evermore I turn my face  
 Where thou may'st be."

The sun sent down a mellow beam  
 Without a care  
 Whether it fell on stream or flower,  
 Or earth so bare.

And the sun said, "I shine serene  
 On every one,  
 I love the earth and all therein,  
 Love me, the sun!"

The Heliotrope bent down its head,  
 "Ah, woe is me!  
 I care not for the earth," it said,  
 "I love but thee."

T. E. D.



JACK IN THE PULPIT.

UNDER the green trees just over the way,  
Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches to-day ;  
Squirrel and song sparrow, high on their perch,  
Hear the sweet Lily-bells ringing to church.

Come hear what his reverence rises to say  
In his queer little pulpit this fine Sabbath day.  
Fair is the canopy over him seen,  
Painted by Nature's hand black, brown and green.  
Green is his pulpit, and green are his bands,  
In his queer little pulpit the little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet, so gorgeous to see,  
Comes with his bass voice the chorister bee ;  
Green fingers playing unseen on wind lyres,  
Bird voices singing, these are his choirs.  
The violets are deacons, I know by this sign,  
The cups that they carry are purple with wine.  
The Columbines bravely as sentinels stand  
On the lookout with all their red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced Anemone drooping and sad,  
Great yellow Violets smiling out glad,  
Buttercups' faces beaming and bright,  
Clovers with bonnets, some red, and some white ;  
Daisies, their fingers half clasped in prayer,  
Dandelions, proud of the gold of their hair.

Innocents, children, guileless and frail,  
Their meek little faces upturned and pale ;  
Wildwood Geraniums all in their best,  
Languidly leaning in purple gauze dressed ;  
All are assembled this sweet Sabbath day  
To hear what the priest in his pulpit will say.

Lo, white Indian pipes on the green mosses lie ;  
Who has been smoking profanely, so nigh ?  
Rebuked by the preacher the mischief is stopped,  
But the sinners in haste have their little pipes dropped ;  
Let the wind with the fragrance of Fern and Black Birch  
Blow the smell of the smoking clear out of the church.

So much for the preacher, the sermon comes next ;  
Shall we tell how he preached it and where was the text ?  
Alas, like too many grown up folks who pray  
Or worship in man-built churches to-day,  
We heard not the preacher expound or discuss ;  
We looked at the people and they looked at us ;  
We saw all their dresses, their colors and shapes,  
The trim of their bonnets, the cut of their capes ;  
We heard the wind organ, the bee and the bird,  
But of Jack-in-the-pulpit we heard not a word.

J. G. WHITTIER.

MIGNONETTE.

“Your qualities surpass your charms.”

I PASSED before her garden gate :  
She stood among her roses,  
And stooped a little from the staté  
In which her pride reposes,  
To make her flowers a graceful plea  
For luring and delaying me.

“When summer blossoms fade so soon,”  
She said with winning sweetness,  
“Who does not wear the badge of June  
Lacks something of completeness.  
My garden welcomes you to-day,  
Come in and gather, while you may.”

I entered in : she led me through  
A maze of leafy arches,  
Where velvet-purple Pansies grew  
Beneath the sighing larches,—  
A shadowy, still, and cool retreat  
That gave excuse for ling’ring feet.

She paused, pulled down a trailing vine.  
And twisted round her finger  
Its starry sprays of Jessamine,  
As one who seeks to linger.  
But I smiled lightly in her face,  
And passed on to the open space.

Passed many a flower-bed fitly set  
In trim and blooming order,  
And plucked at last some Mignonette  
That strayed along the border ;  
A simple thing that had no bloom,  
And but a faint and far perfume.

She wondered why I would not choose  
That dreamy Amaryllis,—  
“ And could I really, then, refuse  
Those heavenly White Lilies !  
And leave ungathered on the slope  
This passion-breathing Heliotrope ? ”

She did not know—what need to tell  
So fair and fine a creature ?—  
That there was one who loved me well  
Of widely different nature ;  
A little maid whose tender youth,  
And innocence, and simple truth,

Had won my heart with qualities  
That far surpassed her beauty,  
And held me with unconscious ease  
Enthralled of love and duty ;  
Whose modest graces all were met  
And symbolled in my Mignonette,

I passed outside her garden-gate,  
 And left her proudly smiling :  
 Her roses bloomed too late, too late,  
 She saw, for my beguiling,  
 I wore instead—and wear it yet—  
 The single spray of Mignonette.

Its fragrance greets me unaware,  
 A vision clear recalling  
 Of shy, sweet eyes, and drooping hair  
 In girlish tresses falling,  
 And little hands so white and fine  
 That timidly creep into mine,

As she—all ignorant of the arts  
 That wiser maids are plying—  
 Has crept into my heart of hearts  
 Past doubting or denying ;  
 Therein, while suns shall rise and set,  
 To bloom unchanged, my Mignonette !

MARY E. BRADLEY.

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EVENING PRIMROSE.

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A TUFT of Evening Primroses,  
 O'er which the wind may hover 'till it dozes ;  
 O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,  
 But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
 Of buds into ripe flowers.

KEATS.

FLOWERS BY THE POETS.

LOVES-LIES-BLEEDING.

You call it, "Love-lies-bleeding,"—so you may,  
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops.

\* \* \* \*

So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew  
Of his death wound, when he from innocent air  
The gentlest breath of resignation drew,  
While Venus in a passion of despair  
Bent weeping over him, her golden hair  
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.

WORDSWORTH.

CELANDINE.

\* \* \* \*

THERE'S a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

\* \* \* \*

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Ill-requited upon earth.

WORDSWORTH.



# Floral Conversation.

Perhaps no one has written more pleasingly and wittily on this subject than Leigh Hunt, in the following lines, called

## THE ALBANIAN LOVE-LETTER.

AN exquisite invention this,  
Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,  
This art of writing *billet-doux*  
In buds, and odors and bright hues,—  
In saying all one feels and thinks  
In clever Daffodils and Pinks ;  
In puns of Tulips, and in phrases  
Charming for their truth, in daisies ;  
Uttering, as well as silence may,  
The sweetest words the sweetest way.  
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom !  
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

What delight, in some sweet spot  
Combining love with garden plot,  
At once to cultivate one's flowers  
And one's epistolary powers !  
Growing one's choicest words and fancies  
In orange tubs and beds of Pansies ;

## FLORAL CONVERSATION.

One's sighs and passionate declarations  
 In odorous rhetoric of Carnations ;  
 Seeing how far one's stocks will reach,  
 Taking good care one's flowers of speech  
 To guard from blight as well as bathos,  
 And watering, every day, one's pathos.  
  
 A letter comes, just gathered. We  
 Doat on its tender brilliancy ;  
 Inhale its delicate expressions  
 Of balm and pea, and its confessions,  
 Made with as sweet a *Maiden's Blush*  
 As ever morn bedew'd on bush,  
 ('Tis in reply to one of ours,  
 Made of the most convincing flowers,)  
 Then, after we have kissed its wit  
 And heart, in water putting it,  
 (To keep its remarks fresh,) go round  
 Our little eloquent plot of ground,  
 And with enchanted hands compose  
 Our answer, all of Lily and Rose,  
 Of Tuberoses and of Violet,  
 And Little Darling, (Mignonette)  
 Of Look-at-me and Call-me-to-you,  
 (Words, that while they greet, go through you)  
 Of Thoughts, of Flames, Forget-me-not,  
 Bridewort, in short the whole blest lot  
 Of vouchers for a life-long kiss,  
 And literally breathing bliss.



THE OLD GARDENER'S STORY.  

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I will tell you, if you please, a simple story—a mere incident, in fact—which occurred many years ago in the family I serve, but which made at the time a great excitement among us, and may still, I hope, prove interesting to you.

Through the solemn avenue of cedars which leads to our mausoleum, I have followed three dukes to the grave. The second of these, at one period of his life, was most austere and haughty. I may speak of his faults, although he is dead, because he lived to hate them, and to cast them from him ; and I have no hesitation in enlarging upon them, as the circumstances of my story prompt. Well, then, he was just the proudest, coldest, most disagreeable duke that ever stalked (“stalk, to walk with high and superb steps,” says Dr. Johnson) over the earth. It was a positive insult to the English language to call so much ungraciousness “your grace.” We gardeners used to declare that the thermometers fell twenty degrees whenever he walked through the houses ; and that the water froze in the tanks and cisterns. We were prepared to

affirm that when he put on his coronet the strawberry leaves turned into ice-plants. Indeed, we all of us found a relief and comfort in this harmless kind of ridicule, just as schoolboys most delight to mimic the master who rules the most unkindly over them. It was a natural and pleasant rebound from the constraint and awful abasement to which his presence reduced us. \* \* \* \*

Now this iron duke, you will be surprised to hear, had actually condescended to marry. Of course, if Cupid had not been blindfold, he would no more have thought of taking aim at him than a schoolboy of shooting his favorite arrow against the wall of a fives-court, and how that promiscuous young archer made his dart to stick in the ducal granite must remain for ever among the "things not generally known." Never since Eve had the world seen such a proof of love's omnipotence, as when he sent our grim lord a-courting. No weaker influence ever could have taught that cold pale face to smile, to smile and to beam with a happy brightness, as the snow sparkles in the sun. But how he ever remembered her name, or brought himself to proffer those little tendernesses, which are usual upon these occasions—those touches of nature which make the whole world kin—is to me a complete perplexity, an unreality as astonishing as though I were to

see the ghost of Hamlet's father with his arm round the waist of Jessica.

Poor Jessica ! she came to us as joyous as a thrush in summer, and she sang awhile blithely and sweetly in the tomb of Hamlet's father. But when he resumed, as he shortly did, his old sepulchral ways, a chill struck the heart of our singing-bird, and all her mirthful music was changed into a plaint and wail. She had come from a home of love and cheerfulness, and she drooped in his arctic atmosphere, as an Orchid would droop in an ice-house.

“ For a trouble weighed upon her,  
And perplexed her night and morn,  
With the burden of an honor,  
Unto which she was not born.”

Six years after her marriage-day, they bore her slowly through the dark avenue of cedars, and the chaplain came in his white surplice to welcome her with words of hope and peace.

Three children were born to them. The marquis, who soon showed himself to be a true “ chip of the old (ice) block,” and a ghostling of amazing promise ; Lord Evelyn and the Lady Alice, who, happily for us all, resembled their mother. Never were two brothers so unlike each

other. I doubt whether the elder ever broke out of a walk or into a laugh in his life, whereas the younger would be scampering all over the place, with his little sister breathless behind, and his merry voice making our hearts glad. Now they were in the conservatory, changing the tallies, and sticking the fallen flowers of the Camellia upon the Euphorbia's thorns; now turning out a lot of sparrows, which they had caught in traps, and adorned with appendages of brilliant worsted, red, green, and yellow, in the immediate neighborhood of the aviary, and so essaying to impose upon us the idea of a general escape and dispersion of all our feathered curiosities; and now "drawing" the shrubberies, with Lord Evelyn at one end as master of fox-hounds, and Lady Alice at the other as an under-whip, waiting, watchful and silent, for the fox to break, which he generally did in the guise of a blackbird; and then announcing his exit with the promptest and shrillest of "tally-hos." Our marquis the while was indoors at his books, having, it was reported, a precocious relish for algebra, and an insight into the science of political economy not often to be found (thank Heaven) in young gentlemen of fourteen.

Years passed. There was some misunderstanding between the marquis and the Cambridge examiners on the

subject of his being Senior Wrangler, and the duke, after hearing his son's statement, was pleased to pronounce that the Dons were "offal." Lord Evelyn went into the Guards, and I shall never forget him on his first return from London, after an absence of six months from the castle. I was at tea in the lodge when his mail-phaeton drove up, and was hardly out of the porch, when his hearty "How are you, Oldacre?" drew my eyes to the handsomest, merriest, kindest face that ever wore a moustache. And sitting by him was a brother officer, just the man you would have expected that my lord would choose for his friend, looking as though he would go at anything from an ox-fence to a redan, and yet would do no wilful hurt, as though his heart, like Tom Bowling's, was brave and yet soft, and he was, in the full beauty of its meaning, a gentle *man*. I went back to my wife, who had Frank Chiswick's wife, a baby, on her knee, and I said to her, "Susan, my lord's come, and has brought home a husband for Lady Alice." "I'll believe it," she answered, "when I see his wings! for the duke must have something more than mortal to suit his fancy in son-in-laws."

The deer having scampered away from the carriage

road, alarmed at the unusual sound of Lord Evelyn's merry laugh, had turned, and were still gazing in astonishment at the phaeton going up the park, when another equipage reached the entrance gates, containing two occupants, almost as upright, and quite as cold, as the pillars through which they passed. These were our noble marquis and a friend of his ("The Viscount," as he was afterwards called by us; Lord Evelyn's friend being known as "The Captain,") very much resembling himself, both in the pallor of his countenance and in the haughty reserve of his demeanor. There they sat, straight and gloomy as a brace of Irish yews, which could not raise a berry—that is, a smile, between them. \* \* \*

After a short visit, the marquis and Lord Evelyn went away with their friends; and rumors reached us from the servants' hall, that the latter had left a brace of hearts behind them, in custody of my Lady Alice. The duke, it was said, regarded with complete approbation the suit of the viscount, who was heir to an ancient and wealthy earldom; but the daughter preferred the guardsman.

That there was some special attraction at the castle for these young gentlemen was evident from the fact that they both revisited it a few months after their departure, to-

gether with a great number of other guests, who were invited to celebrate the coming of age of our marquis. And now comes a chief event in my story. A grand ball was to end the festivities, and all the resources of our immense establishment were to be taxed to the utmost, as they say at the circus, to make the entertainment a success. We gardeners were busily engaged, I can assure you, in collecting and preparing all our eligible plants from the houses, carrying them to the castle, and arranging them in the halls, ball-room, &c. The demand for cut flowers, upon the day of the ball, was (so my father, then the head gardener, pronounced it) murderous; flowers for the reception-rooms, flowers for the supper-table, flowers for the hair, flowers for the hand, and flowers for the gentlemen's coats.

As I was at that time head foreman in the plant department, the care of the great conservatory was entrusted to me during the night of the ball. I was to replace any of the low flowering plants, which formed an edging to the circular beds, and which might be disarranged by the trailing garments of the ladies; to supervise the fountains, which were at times eccentric in their behaviour; to keep an eye upon the colored lamps, &c. When the guests came into the conservatory, I was to retire behind a stage

for plants at the end of the building, where I should be effectually concealed within my leafy bower.

Here, without any attempt or desire to listen, I overheard from time to time the remarks of those who were passing near, and I was specially impressed by the floral instruction which I received for the first time on that occasion. One gentleman informed his partner that the berries of the *Solanum* were "a kind of Siberian crab;" another, that the *Tulip, Rex rubrorum*, was a "double Poppy;" a third, that *Eucharis amazonica* was "one of those lovely orchids;" and a fourth (a lady) exclaimed in admiration, as she gazed upon a bush of *Cytisus*, "What a dear little duck of a young laburnum!" But there were other flowers that night, which, even in Flora's presence, were more admired than ours—Heartsease and Forget-me-nots in the blue eyes of Beauty, Roses blushing and glowing on her cheeks, Lilies and Tulips upon her—

"Hands, lily-white,  
Lips, crimson-red,"

much more fascinating than those which we showed in pots. In foliage we sustained a like defeat. They turned from our *Croton angustifolium* to the shining tresses of some Fair One with the Golden Locks, and they saw no



charms in our *Adiantum Capillus-veneris*, when compared with the maiden-hair of Venus's self.

The ball was nearly over. The carriage-lamps of the departing guests were gleaming amid our ancient oaks, as though some of the planets had come down to earth, and my own special lamps, within their bright pictorial cases, were also beginning to take their departure, when, as I retired to my ambuscade, on hearing voices, the guardsman with Lady Alice on his arm, approached, and stopped close in front of it. I saw them through the leaves, the handsomest man and the most beautiful woman of all who met there that night. It was not only that they were both tall and graceful in figure, with features regular and refined, the eyes bright, and the cheeks glowing with all the healthfulness and hopefulness of youth; but there was in both faces that which I would term heart-beauty; there was goodness, gentleness, and truth. And yet as "these two, a maiden and a youth, stood there, gazing," or seeming to gaze, upon an orange tree covered with its blossoms, I noticed upon both the expression of a strange and sad perplexity. For a while they were silent, and then the soldier said: "I am going in a few hours. I must speak to you. Would you—would you exchange *those*" (and

he looked at the roses in her waving golden hair) ; “would you change them for *these*” (and he touched one of the orange-flowers)—“for my sake—for me?”

I shall never forget that beseeching voice. It thrilled me through with the anxiety which it expressed, and I leaned forward to hear the answer : “I—I—I believe that I am engaged to the viscount.” Then for a few awful seconds there might have been in that conservatory no living soul, for there was no sound save of distant music, faintly heard from the ball. At last he spoke with a great effort : “I have no right to ask you ; but do you love him?” and she, in a tone which cut my heart like a knife, replied, “My father, the duke, wishes me to marry him.” “Not,” he said passionately, “if you do not love him !” and then there was another dreadful silence, broken by these hopeless, whispered words, “I cannot, I dare not, disobey the duke. Some one is coming ; we must go.”

I do not think that the guardsman knew quite what he was doing, but what he did do was this : he plucked a leaf from the orange tree, and gave it to her, and said, “If ever there is hope for me, or I can help you, send me this leaf.”

Then others joined them, and they went their way. I stayed there, mute and motionless, thinking what cruel tyranny it was to crush those young loving hearts, until a footman came to say that the ball was over ; and then I hurried home, weary and sorrowful ; and I remember that before I went to bed that night I prayed that she might send him the leaf. But Mrs. Oldacre, from whom I never had a secret, declined to regard the circumstances as becoming subjects for doubt or petition. She sniffed at my solicitude with a grand disdain, "because I *know*," she said, "that he will have the leaf."

Of course, we kept the secret sacredly ; but Phyllis, my wife's sister, and maid to the Lady Alice, seemed to us to know as much as we did. She was ever sounding the Captain's praise, or speaking of his rival in anything but respectful terms, alluding to him as "that galvanised mummy," and expressing her belief that he had been placed as a boy in a petrifying well, and been imprudently taken out before the process was complete. "And though I dare not speak my mind to his lordship," she said, "I have had the pleasure of telling his valet that we don't intend to marry a snow man."

Nevertheless, we heard, to our great unhappiness, that the wedding-day was fixed. The announcement was pain-

ful to most of us, but it seemed to have the strongest and the strangest influence upon our sister, Phyllis. She would no longer speak of that which had been her one topic of conversation. She had a nervous manner and an anxious look. Sometimes she would laugh almost hysterically, and sometimes, my wife told me, she would come to her in a paroxysm of grief and tears, for which she would assign no cause.

Then another strange incident happened to me. The evening before our annual county flower show, I had been occupied until it was almost dark, in tying and packing a collection of stove and greenhouse plants, which I was going to exhibit, when, in taking a short cut from the kitchen gardens across the park to my home, I passed over the long walk, which is a continuation of the grand terrace, and extends for nearly a mile through our woodland grounds ; ten yards from me, but in such earnest conversation that they never heard my steps, I saw two figures, and, dim as the light was, I was quite certain that I knew them. I almost ran the rest of my way, and, in a fever of excitement, I whispered to my wife, " Lady Alice has sent him the leaf."

She received my information not only with disbelief, but derision, and next day she sent for her sister Phyllis, to

assist her in disbelieving. They said it was simply impossible. \* \* \* Finally, after reiterating for the (as nearly as I can guess) forty-second time, that I had seen nothing, they implored, they insisted, that I should never reveal to living creature that which I had seen ; and I gave them at last my promise to keep a secret, which nothing upon earth could have tempted me to tell. \* \*

The marriage morning came. On the day preceding I had decorated the church as sorrowfully almost as though it had been for her funeral, and at sunrise I had arranged a bouquet ; it was composed of *Stephanotis*, *Pancratium*, *Gardenia*, and white-rose buds, which I had mourned over as if for her coffin. "And so," I sighed to myself, "the leaf went, and the lover came ; and yet there was neither help nor hope."

The events of the day, as we ascertained afterwards, were these : you will see that they require no commentary.

The party at the castle was to assemble in the library at 11 a. m. ; to leave the castle at 11:15, and to meet the Viscount at the church.

At 9 a. m., Lady Alice's favorite cousin, and chief brides-maid, went to see her, and was met at her dressing-room door by Phyllis, who told the young lady that her

mistress had passed a restless night and had just fallen asleep.

At 10 a. m., on a second visit, the cousin was informed by the maid that Lady Alice would rather not see any one until she came down for the marriage.

At 11 a. m., the guests, with the family, met in the library.

At 11:15, a dozen carriages, three of them having four horses, and two with outriders, drew up in front of the castle.

At 11:25, the duke sent a servant to inform the Lady Alice that he hoped she would come down at once.

At 11:30, the servant returned, to inform the duke that "*her ladyship was not to be found!*"

Then the duke calmly requested that her ladyship's maid should be sent to him in his morning-room.

And, after a long interval, the report was brought to him that "*her ladyship's maid was not to be found!*"

Then some one discovered, on Lady Alice's writing-table, a note to her father, the duke. It was, so Phyllis informed us, to this effect: that she had pleaded in vain that she did not love the Viscount—that it could not be right that her whole life should be turned into a lie—that it should be a life of hatred when it might be a life of love

—that she was gone with him, who had won her heart, to be his wife—and that she implored her father to forgive her for her mother's sake.

The duke turned very pale, and the duke sighed very heavily, when he had read the note, as well, with his views, he might. His only daughter was travelling as fast as four horses could take her, and had been travelling for six hours as fast as four horses could take her, to marry a younger son.

Then his grace wrote a few lines to the Viscount, who was waiting for his bride.

“ The church was decked at even tide,  
The morn was bright and fair,  
And priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
But ne'er a bride was there.  
They sought her, baith thro' bower and ha'—  
The ladye was ne'er seen,  
For she's o'er the border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.”

And once “o'er the border” (I may as well state here), they were married in conformity with Scotland's usage, that they might be man and wife, should pursuers overtake, according to secular law, and subsequently, that they might be so according to the laws of their Church and conscience, by an ordained priest.

Three hours after the Viscount had read his note, all the visitors had left the castle : and in it and around "grim silence held her solitary reign." The only person who passed through *our* entrance gates with a cheerful countenance (my wife informed me) was my Lord Evelyn. He was just as beaming with mirth and kindness as ever. "Sad business," he said, "Mrs. Oldacre ; bad business—disgraceful business," with a broad grin on his face. And then he began to sing something (Mrs. O. continued) about a way they had in the army, or words to that effect.

Yes, they all fled from that stern and stricken duke, as though they were seized with a sudden fear that he was going to bark and bite them. True indeed it was that then, and for many after days, his grace was not good company. He was seen only by those who waited upon him, and their report of his melancholy was very pitiful. What think you happened next ?

"My friends," said the good old gardener, with tears in his kind blue eyes, "it pleased God in his goodness, by that great humiliation to change, and, as I believe, to save one of His creatures. Some three weeks after the crisis, the duke left the castle for the first time, and went to the mausoleum. He remained there so long that some of the household were beginning to be alarmed, when he came



quietly home, and sent a note to his chaplain, with whom shortly afterwards he had a two hours' interview. We have always thought that he made then a first and full confession. He was from that time, at all events, an altered man. He sent not only his pardon to his daughter, but a fatherly invitation to her old home ; and she came with her husband, and with gladness for all our hearts."

This reconciliation, the first fruit of that victory which he had won over self, soon brought its great reward, partly in the fact that the handsome guardsman succeeded against all expectation to the headship of his house—a peerage, with large estates—but chiefly in his daughter's grateful love.

We will leave him, if you please, as I once saw him, and as ever since I have liked best to think of him, plucking an orange for his grandchild, little Alice, *from the very tree whereupon grew the leaf.*

REV. S. R. HOLE.



## EXPRESSIONS IN BOUQUETS.

## EXAMPLES.

I.—Foresight and industry beget wealth.

## FLOWERS.

Strawberry blossoms, . . . Foresight.  
 Red Clover, . . . . . Industry.  
 Wheat Stalk, . . . . . Wealth.

II.—Truth is mighty and will prevail.

## FLOWERS.

Bittersweet, . . . . . Truth.  
 Cress, . . . . . Strength.  
 Némophila, . . . . . Success.

III.—Your modesty and moral and intellectual worth  
 inspire my love and devotion.

## FLOWERS.

Sweet Violet, . . . . . Modesty.  
 Mignonette, . . . . . Moral and intellectual worth.  
 Lavender, or Red Rosebud, Confession of love.  
 Heliotrope, . . . . . Devotion.

IV.—Good wishes, remember me.

FLOWERS.

Sweet Basil, . . . . Good wishes.  
 Pansy, . . . . Remembrance.

V.—Your coquetry will bring you to grief.

FLOWERS.

Dandelion, . . . . Coquetry.  
 Harebell, . . . . Grief.

VI.—I disdain a fop.

FLOWERS.

Yellow Carnation, . . . . Disdain.  
 Cockscomb, . . . . A fop.

VII.—Your bravery and patriotism deserve our gratitude.

FLOWERS.

Oak leaves, . . . . Bravery.  
 Nasturtium, . . . . Patriotism.  
 White Bellflower, . . . . Gratitude.

VIII.—Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

FLOWERS.

Blue Convolvulus, . . . . Bonds.  
 Ivy, . . . . Marriage.  
 A few whole straws, . . . . Union (unite us).

IX.—The sentence above may be expressed also with the following,

## FLOWERS.

Fuchsia, . . . Proposal of marriage.  
Tendrils of climbing plants, Ties.

X.—Simpler yet, the same sentiment is expressed by a

## LEAF.

Four-leaved Clover, . . . Be mine.

XI.—I Love you.

## FLOWERS.

Red Rose, . . . Love.

XII.—Beware of Deceit. Danger is near.

## FLOWERS.

Oleander, . . . Beware.  
Antirrhinum, . . . Deceit.  
Rhododendron, . . . Danger.

XIII.—Be assured of my sympathy. May you find consolation.

## FLOWERS.

Thrift or Balm, . . . Sympathy.  
White Poppy, . . . Consolation.

XIV.—Your egotism and insincerity will cause you to be forsaken of all.

## FLOWERS.

Narcissus,	.	.	.	Egotism.
Foxglove,	.	.	.	Insincerity.
Anemone,	.	.	.	Forsaken.

The above examples are quite sufficient to show what may be done. Those attempting to express themselves in this way will soon become expert and a greater amount of conversation may be carried on than would appear possible at first thought.

## RULES.

Rule 1.—If a flower be given reversed, its original signification is understood to be contradicted, and the opposite meaning to be implied.

Rule 2.—*Yes* is naturally expressed by touching the flower received with the lips.

Rule 3.—*No* is expressed by pinching off a petal or some small part and casting it away.

Rule 4.—The meaning of a flower may be used as a noun, as a verb or as an adverb, as may be convenient. Example :—The Flowering Almond expresses *hope*, but in connection with some other flower it may be *hopefully* or *to hope* in any tense.

Skill in the use of expressions will be gained by practice.

Most frequently, and probably most effectively, a single flower, or a flower or two and a leaf, will serve the ends of conversation.

In this way the presentation of a little bouquet to be worn in the button-hole of the coat or on the dress or in the hair may have a charming significance unknown except to those interested in it.



In the engraving here of a small button-hole bouquet, we have the Tuberose and a leaf of the the Rose Geranium, expressing a compliment of the highest order.

Almost any sentiment may be distinctly expressed in this simple manner.

A greater number of flowers may be combined in a

very small compass, as in the illustration of the beautiful little bouquet here presented and, of course, its composition must be effected quite as much with a view to unity and distinctness of expression as to harmony of colors and grace of form.



Too great a variety in so small a compass is not desirable nor is

the expression as definite—better to have one or two flowers of positive colors and then form and all else should be merely delicate sprays used to give a light and graceful appearance to the whole.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.  

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

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

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,  
Pure as the light in its native heaven ;  
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,  
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

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



The Cypress, that daily shades the grave,  
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot ;  
And Faith, that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speaks in the blue leaves, Forget-me-not  
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

PERCIVAL.

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SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

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Persons writing to each other may use the flower language as a sort of secret correspondence, by employing the names of the flowers for their equivalent expressions. The following specimen will serve as an example :

Wormwood has no Crown Imperial on Bittersweet Myrtle. You know I have a Mandrake of Bilberry, Musk plant upside down ! Liverwort we are Mountain Ash. Banish all Marigolds, and Pansy only of the Holly of our Nutmeg Geranium.

Translated this will read :

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

Opportunity and ingenuity will devise many uses for the language, and develop methods for its employment yet unknown.



## Floral Decorations.

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Many opportunities are offered for the skilful use of flowers emblematically on certain special occasions.

THANKSGIVING DAY, which is now observed nationally, affords fine scope for floral decorations, and particularly in the churches about the pulpit or altar or other parts of the chancel. At such a time all kinds of bright flowers can be used, but specially appropriate are boquets and decorations of carefully preserved grasses and stalks of grain, such as wheat, barley, oats and rye, and a skilful hand might introduce, in proper places, ears of bright golden corn or maize. The tall stalks of corn, too, with the half-declining partly husked ears, may be brought into use. And so also in the cotton regions very fine effects may be produced with the stems of the cotton plant, with their little sprigs all covered with the opening bolls of white cotton—intermingling with these some bright colored berries and green leaves and a scene almost fairy-like may be produced.

The fact is, ingenuity, skill and taste can force into service what would otherwise pass unnoticed.

Fruit of all kinds can be made up into handsome dishes or shallow baskets and placed in full sight, low down. Whatever is attempted in this way, however, should be on no meagre scale—a poor display instead of admiration would excite only contempt,—the expression should be that of abundance and variety. The feast is a feast of harvests, and the products of the husbandman and the gardener's toil indicate with precision the nature of the celebration.

In reference to this festival Whitier appropriately writes:

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
 O'er richer stores than gems of gold ;  
 Once more with harvest song and shout  
 Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
 Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves !  
 Her lap is full of goodly things,  
 Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?  
 Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?  
 Or sighs for dainties far away,  
 Beside the bounteous board of home ?

Thank heaven, instead, that freedom's arm  
Can change a rocky soil to gold—  
That brave and generous lives can warm  
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars wreathed with flowers  
And piled with fruits, awake again  
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,  
The early and the latter rain !

Very pleasing wreaths may be made by intermingling grain and evergreens ; wheat, barley, oats and rye may be used, either one or all kinds in the same wreath—take about a dozen heads of one kind of grain and plait it into a little bunch, then do the same with each kind used : as the bits of evergreen are wound upon the ring, cord or flexible rod which forms the base of the wreath, the bunches of grain should be woven in, at regular intervals and in proper rotation of each kind, so that when the wreath is suspended the grain hangs out a fringe along the bottom to the widest part—the upper part of the wreath can be tastefully set off with everlasting flowers.

A very handsome “harvest sheaf” may be made by carefully arranging stalks of wheat into little bundles of a handful each, and the same way with oats and barley.

These little bundles should be of different lengths, so that they may be placed with the tallest, which should be the wheat, at the centre of the sheaf and the shortest at the circumference. For convenience each handful should be tied together with a string just under the head.

After all has been placed in position and the sheaf bound about half way down with a wisp of straw, the strings on the bundle should be cut, so that they may open out freely ; trim off the straw at the bottom evenly and dress out the top of the sheaf until the wheat stands out boldly from the centre, while the oats and the barley droop gracefully about.

A recent writer in that excellent English horticultural journal, the Garden, says :—" Church decoration, in connection with the principal festivals, is every year becoming more general, and the part taken by gardeners in the work more extended. I have lately had an opportunity of witnessing a rather tasteful example of church decoration at an annual harvest festival. With the exception of a few groups of Ferns and tropical plants, the materials used are common almost everywhere, and consisted mainly of the various kinds of wild fruits and berries, grapes, cereals, hops, evergreens, and flowers. Some of the wreathing and tracery was exquisitely done by ladies ; one of the

prettiest examples was formed by working a narrow background with flat pieces of *Arbor-vitæ*, on which were arranged the woolly capsules or seed-vessels of the common *Clematis*, intermixed and blending tastefully with *Acorns*, *Hips*, *Haws*, *Sloes*, *Portugal Laurel*, and *Ivy berries*, with just sufficient bright-colored flowers to lighten it up. I have rarely seen common plants so effectively used. There was also considerable ingenuity displayed in selecting the materials for forming the letters of the various biblical extracts adorning the walls of the church. The letters of one of the most effective were formed with the scarlet berries of the *Cratægus Pyracantha*, on a white ground wreathed round with *Ivy leaves*, relieved at intervals with clusters of the almost black *Cherry-like fruit* of the common *Laurel*. In another instance the letters were cut out of cotton wool on a red ground; others, again, were formed with rice and various kinds of grain. In decorating large buildings the interior arrangements of which are sometimes of a gloomy character, a large allowance should be made for the effect of light and shade, and the distance at which it is necessary, in many instances, to place the decorations above the eye. In wreathing arches, heavier materials may be used than would be desirable at a lower level. A large *Dahlia flower* shows but a small

amount of color when placed at a distance above the line of sight—in fact, the most effective flowers I noticed for lofty decorations were Sunflowers and the feathery silver plumes of the Pampas Grass. Perhaps the font, for appropriate and chaste arrangements, was the most effective of anything I saw. The base was covered with Ivy closely arranged, in which were inserted Snowberries, white Roses, and other white flowers, contrasting well with the dark foliage. Masses of *Lycopodium denticulatum* filled the niches between the supporting pillars, while a dense growth of *Sedum carneum variegatum* hung down gracefully from the top, and over all was a circular trellis covered with *Clematis Flemmula* and *Stephanotis*. In the angles, on bases of Ivy, were arranged groups of choice Ferns.”

Another writer in the same journal says:—“What we should chiefly guard against is over-doing the matter. In the rural parish of Middleton Tyas, in Yorkshire, I saw church decoration carried out in an exceedingly interesting manner, the materials used being leaves of the Spanish Chestnut, Oak, Beech, sprigs of Ivy and Birch, a few stalks of Oats, *Perilla Nankinensis*, and one or two wild Grasses, all judiciously worked up, and made into wreaths of the most harmonious and pleasing description. The



shape of each leaf was, as far as possible, preserved, while the stalks of Oak gave a drooping spray-like appearance to the composition. In the window spaces were placed a few green leaves and moss, on which was placed some fruit. A handful of choice heads of Wheat, neatly bound with pink ribbon, served to relieve the heavier portions of the building. The chancel arch was slightly ornamented with sprays of Ivy, placed so as not to detract from the due proportions of its fine old "early English" style. Among fruits, the most effective was the Siberian Crab, small clusters of which were most effective, its color and small size making it invaluable for purposes of decoration. In all these decorations, there was not a flower used larger than a Pompon Dahlia. Fern leaves, ornamented with Rose buds, and pinned here and there to the pillars, were high enough for the eye to catch their full beauty, were much admired. Sprays of Ivy, placed in its natural position, with two or three larger leaves round the base, had an effective appearance. In the wreaths, every leaf was as perfect in its way as could be procured, and as much of the surface was exposed as possible. The scarlet-leaved Oak, and various Maples, together with others that could be named would be found useful for this kind of work. My object is to show what can be done with material to be

found in every green lane, good taste and ready aptitude only being wanted to work it up into designs at once pleasing and effective."

CHRISTMAS is a day to be observed with gladness and hearty good-will, and whatever decorations can give this expression are appropriate. In reference to that stern sentiment which would banish all decorations from places of worship, Wordsworth says :—

" Go seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,  
The counter spirit found in some gay church,  
Green with fresh Holly, ev'ry part a perch,  
On which the linnet or the thrush might sing,  
Merry and loud, and safe from prying search,  
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

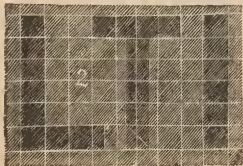
In England the Holly and the Laurel are very generally used, and nothing can be finer. In some parts of our country these are to be found, and in such places, will not fail to be so employed.

Several sorts of *Lycopodium* are serviceable for decorations ; some kinds are dwarf, only growing from four to eight inches in height, and another one, called *running Pine*, grows several yards in length.

The *Arbor-Vitæ* has come into very general use in this country for wreaths and festoons in Christmas trimmings.

and is very appropriate in all respects—it is emblematical of enduring friendship. Some bright berries and light colored everlasting flowers will relieve the hue, which is a little too sombre. Bright flowers at this season of the year impart a cheeriness to the rooms which nothing else could compensate for ; and even if only a few can be had they will not fail to be appreciated.

When mottoes and sentences or initial letters are used in decorating, it is very desirable to be able to make letters skilfully. The following directions will prove valuable. The best material out of which to form letters for wall decorations is straw-board, but if it should happen that this cannot conveniently be procured, then use the heaviest paper to be had, or take common newspapers and paste three or four thicknesses of them together, and when dry they are ready for use. Letters must be made of dif-



ferent sizes according to the positions and the space they are to occupy ; first, determine the length of the letter, and divide this length into six equal parts. The length of one of these parts is

distance from each other at which lines should be drawn

across the paper in two directions, forming squares as in the engraving here presented. If the letters are six inches in height, four inches would be the right width for the letters, B, C, D, H, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, Z; four inches and a half for A, G, K, V, X, Y, &; the letter M should be five inches, W six inches, E, F, L, three and a half inches, J three inches, and I one inch wide.

In this manner, letters of any size can be made by merely dividing the length into six equal parts and taking the measure of four of these parts for the width of the letters first named above, and varying the widths for the others as indicated.

The letters can now be cut out with a sharp knife or shears, and are ready to be covered, as may be desired.



This can be done by tying with dark thread small branches of evergreens over the face of the board, with a few Everlasting Flowers or bright berries to relieve the sombre color. Better letters, however, can

be made with dry moss and Everlasting Flowers, as shown here. Tie the moss over the face of the letter as evenly as possible, then cut the stems of the flowers short, leaving only about half an inch. Dip the stem in a little paste, and insert it in the moss, and when dry it will remain secure.

In the same way, crosses, wreaths and various emblems can be made and ornamented.

EASTER is another season for the use of flow-



ers freely in the church, and affording abundant opportunity for the exercise of skill in displaying them emblematically. Whatever may express love, compassion, purity, joy, hope, faith, truth, goodness of any of the better qualities of the soul may fitly be used.

DECORATION DAY, the day set apart as a national holiday for revering the memory of the patriot dead, is another occasion for the discriminative use of flowers; bouquets, wreaths, crosses, anchors, crowns, harps, initial letters, and other devices admit of the display of skill in the selection of flowers and their arrangement and combination for

proper expression ; in this work the heart may utter its deepest sympathies of which the lips would refuse to speak.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS admit of the use of flowers from the simplest manner to the greatest profusion and of every color, hue and form.

It is unnecessary to go into detail here to describe suitable devices for such an occasion, and one only will be mentioned that is appropriately used, which is the initial letters of the name or a monogram of the initial letters of the person, with or without the figures of the year of birth.

To make this, a background of green can be made by taking card board of the proper size, and covering it with green moss, which may be fastened with a little paste. French moss dyed green is best when it can be had.

In the absence of moss it can be covered with small sprays of *Arbor Vitæ*, which can be fastened on in the same manner with paste. When this ground work is completed, the initial letters can be made of *Immortelles* and *Everlasting* flowers, the stems of which being touched with a little paste will be held secure when placed in the moss. Much skill and taste can be shown in designing the letters or the monogram and performing the work. Another fine effect is produced by having the back-ground of white cotton wool and the letters in green or the reverse,

the back-ground green and the letters of white cotton. On this occasion the particularly expressive designs in bouquets, baskets of flowers, or other devices will be carefully studied and formed.

WEDDINGS are occasions for the use of flowers without stint when directed by good taste—to attempt any instructions for decorations would be quite impossible here—of course they may consist of festooning of various sorts and floral devices unlimited. The bridal bouquet should be constructed of flowers which are as appropriate in their sentiment as in form and color; of these we may mention only a few, such as white Camellias, white Rose buds, pink Rose buds, Moss Rose buds, Orange blossoms, Lemon blossoms, Mignonette, Heliotrope, Tuberose, Lily-of-the-Valley, Rose Geranium leaves, Deutzia, Fabiana, Eucharis amazonica, Jasmine, Myrtle, Ivy-leaved Geranium, Ivy leaves, &c.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES are almost universally celebrated with appropriate floral decorations; at such a time the heart may find consolation by silently breathing its emotions in sweet blossoms.

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

Many a flower is sacred—some to one, some to another in association with the last sad rites of loved ones ; to some person it is a Pansy or a Violet, to another a white Rose or perhaps a white Camellia ; this one cherishes with an affection almost amounting to devotion, a white Lily or a Calla, and that one, the Lily of the Valley, the Forget-me-not, or the Mignonette.

White flowers of all kinds are appropriate, and climbing or trailing vines and a great variety of foliage, either green or green and white variegated, or green and some dark color as we see in some Begonias and Dracenas, and *Cissus discolor*.

What has been said under the head of Decoration Day of suitable devices applies here, and all our remarks are intended merely as suggestive.

Times, seasons, and all circumstances will be carefully considered in every appropriate effort of this kind.

THE CHURCH at every service when it is possible should



be supplied with flowers. A pleasant writer says :—“ In adorning the Communion Table or the Font with flowers, we should select those that are bright and gorgeous, as such colors were used by the artists of the middle ages, and from time immemorial there has been a symbolism, especially in religious ceremonies and decorations. Red is the symbol of Divine love ; white, of Divine wisdom ; yellow is a symbol of the revelation of the love and wisdom of God ; blue, of Divine eternity and of human immortality.

It is but little labor for several ladies in each congregation to furnish the flowers.

“If there is any kind of adornment which more than another seems fitted to God’s house, it is that thoughtful use of the ‘ Green things of the Earth.’ ”

Flowers are the painted sculpturings of nature—the shapes and colors of beauty, which the Creator has lavished upon the world—and surely they can never be employed for a better purpose. In the church, flowers suggest thoughts that are in unison with the occasion, and the time and care thus bestowed on the adornment of the church are not without their reward.

Pious thoughts arise while skilful fingers are busy with the work which, as it is done for the sake of God’s honor, must, from its very nature, be linked with good

to all concerned in it. 'Whoso offereth me praise, glori-  
fieth me.' "

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

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#### CEMETERY DECORATIONS.

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It has now become common to decorate the graves of friends with wreaths, crosses, anchors, crowns and other emblematic objects made of Everlasting flowers and Immortelles. This is a beautiful practice and its effects refining and elevating. These objects in fine weather will retain a good appearance for a long time—to protect them during the inclement seasons resort is sometimes had to a glass case which allows them to be seen and yet shelters them from the storms. White and naturally colored flowers of Everlastings and Immortelles, and artificially colored flowers are used for their purpose.

Bouquets of fresh cut flowers are also placed upon

graves, but this is only for the passing hour as they soon fade and wither.

To briefly trace this custom along back to remote periods we can do it in no way better than to quote from Walton in his *Lives of the Anglers*, when, referring to the customs as observed at a funeral he attended in 1631, he says:—  
“To the place of his burial some mournful friends repaired, and, as Alexander did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers.” But it was a natural transition from the strewing of flowers to the sowing of seeds or transplanting plants and so has sprung up the custom of cultivating flowers upon graves, which is by far the most beautiful style of decorating. It appears, from an old inscription at Ravenna, and another at Milan, that the Greeks and Romans often annexed, as a codicil to their wills, that Roses should annually be strewn and planted on their graves. The same custom found its way into England at an early date. An English writer says that, “in 1653 a citizen of London named Edward Rose left the sum of £20 to be laid out in the purchase of an acre of land for the benefit of the poor of the village of Barnes, in the same county, as long as they should keep Rose trees growing upon his grave.”

It is a curious fact to note, in this connection that, in the German part of Switzerland the church-yards are called "Rose Gardens."

Mr. Fortune, the celebrated horticultural traveller, says :—"The flowers which the Chinese plant on or among the tombs are simple and beautiful in their kind. No expensive Camellias, Moutans, or other fine ornaments of the garden, are chosen for this purpose. Sometimes the conical mound of earth—when the grave is of this kind—is crowned with a large plant of fine, tall, waving grass. At Ningpo, wild Roses are planted, which soon spread themselves over the grave, and, when their flowers expand in spring, cover it with a sheet of pure white. At Shanghai a pretty bulbous plant, a species of *Lycoris*, covers the graves in autumn with masses of brilliant purple. When I first discovered the *Anemone Japonica*, it was in full flower amongst the graves of the natives, which are round the ramparts of Shanghai ; it blooms in November, when other flowers have gone by, and is a most appropriate ornament to the last resting place of the dead."

To name some of the best and most valuable flowers for graves we would first notice the Snowdrops, which are quite hardy everywhere, and are the first flowers of spring, peeping even through the snow and displaying their pure white

little bells. Next to the Snowdrop is the Crocus in time of flowering, but lasting a longer time in bloom. These are also, by their hardiness, adapted to every climate—the varieties of them including white, blue, striped and yellow, and the flowers last through several weeks of the early spring when nothing else is in bloom.

The Hyacinth comes next in order of time and in beauty and fragrance it is one of the most desirable of flowers. The varieties of it are very numerous and embrace a great number of colors. The culture of the Hyacinth is very simple, and after they are planted in the fall they may remain year after year and will annually produce their flowers in spring, though after the first year the spikes of flowers are smaller.

The Lily-of-the-Valley is a hardy, low-growing perennial which is exquisitely delicate, graceful and fragrant, and admirably adapted to the purpose under consideration. It blooms early in spring or about with the Hyacinths.

All of the lilies are suitable for grave decorating, but the following sorts are most desirable :—*Lilium candidum* or the common white Lily, which produces freely its clear, waxen-white, sweet-scented flowers ; *Lilium Japonicum longiflorum* with its long, trumpet-shaped, white flowers ; *Lilium speciosum album* with large, showy, pure white

flowers ; *Lilium lancifolium album*, white flowers with green veins ; *Lilium lancifolium rubrum*, white with carmine spots all over the upper surface of the sepals ; *Lilium lancifolium punctatum*, differing but little from the last named but somewhat larger ; *Lilium auratum*, the magnificent gold-banded Japan Lily—the largest of all Lilies This selection of Lilies will produce a succession of flowers until August, and then comes the Day-Lily or Funkia, (*Hemerocallis Japonica*,) just in time to keep up continued bloom with the Lilies. The flowers of the Day-Lily are somewhat trumpet-shaped, pure white and deliciously fragrant.

The *Dicentra Spectabilis* cannot be spared from this list, indeed, its beauty, grace and hardiness make it particularly desirable. Violets and Pansies scarcely require a word to be said for them as they are so well-known—in a word they are indispensable.

The double white, and the pink and salmon colored varieties of the Chinese *Pæonies* are quite desirable and some of them are almost as fragrant as a Rose—all of them are hardy.

The perennial *Phlox* is a hardy plant of a great number of varieties of many shades and markings ; it blooms freely and the different varieties succeed each other from mid-

summer until September. Although this plant will succeed almost everywhere, yet it does best in a humid soil and where it is partially shaded from the sun.

The Daisy is an admirable little plant very much used for grave decorating, and every way suited for it—there are double red, white and pink varieties.

The Astilbe Japonica or Hoteia Japonica is a very pretty hardy herbaceous perennial, producing large branching panicles of small, pure white flowers in the middle of spring.

The Anemone Japonica alba is an invaluable plant for this purpose—it produces in great profusion its large white flowers all through the autumn, commencing the latter part of August and lasting as long as the weather holds mild, even into December. It is in bloom when nearly all other plants have ceased to flower, and prolongs and finishes the season commenced by the Snowdrop, and continued by the Lilies and the Day-Lily.

As a handsome trailing plant the Vinca or Periwinkle must be noticed, as in its particular style it has no compeer. There are several varieties of it—some with white and yellow margined leaves. It is a hardy evergreen plant, always being clothed in rich, shining, dark green leaves, and trailing over the ground.

This list might be prolonged, especially for particular localities, but those mentioned are most serviceable generally, and all of them are hardy, and when once planted may remain for years. To enumerate all the annual and tender plants that would be suitable for the embellishment of graves and cemetery lots, would be a formidable task and in reference to it, it is only necessary to say that, what is desired is to make the spot look bright and cheerful, and the love that prompts us to this sacred care will usually enable us to do what is most befitting.

The hardy plants that can remain year after year are the ones which will be mainly depended upon and with a few flowering shrubs will, in most cases, be all that is planted.

Of flowering shrubs, the most important for this purpose is the Rose. In severe climates it is very desirable to obtain a good, hardy, white Rose and to meet this requirement we will mention two that will always prove satisfactory in every respect ; these are Madam Plantier and Madam Hardy. They are large, pure white, double fragrant and will stand in quite cold localities.

In climates less severe, and with more attention, any of the Hybrid Perpetuals will be valuable, and, as there are so many good varieties of these and so many shades of



colors, it is unnecessary to specify varieties, leaving it to individual taste.

In still milder regions the Bourbons and Noisettes, where they flourish, will be preferred on account of their habit of continuous blooming, and their more delicate structure and finer fragrance. In the warm regions the China and Tea Roses, with their delicate tints and exquisite perfume, will of course be mainly employed—these with some selections from the Bourbons and Noisettes will supply all that can be desired.

*Deutzia gracilis* is a hardy, low-growing shrub, producing a profusion of pure white delicate flowers in spring, and will always occupy a principal place in the list we are naming. *Deutzia crenata flore pleno*, growing four or five feet high, is one of the most beautiful of flowering shrubs. The flowers are double, pure white, except that the back of each petal is slightly and delicately tinged with pink.

*Deutzia crenata candidissima* resembles the preceding, except that it is entirely white.

Without giving further descriptions the following may be mentioned :—*Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, Tree Pæony, *Weigelia* of different varieties, Purple-leaved *Berberis*, *Spiræa*, of different varieties, *Mahonia aquifolia*, dwarf-

flowering Almond. Where it will do well the English Ivy is a very desirable and beautiful plant, and the same may be said of the Holly and the Rhododendron.

This list is far from being a complete one, nor is it intended to refer to those larger shrubs and trees which are properly employed in cemetery embellishment, but it will serve to indicate, to a great extent, the kinds of plants that are suitable and desirable for decoration in close proximity to the graves.

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#### PREPARING SKELETON LEAVES.

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The following method of preparing skeleton leaves is simple, expeditious and reliable:—First dissolve four ounces of common washing-soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slacked quick-lime, and boil for about fifteen minutes. Allow this solution to cool; afterwards pour off all the liquor into a clean saucepan. When the solution is at boiling point, place the leaves carefully in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour. Boiling water ought to be added occasionally, but sufficient only to replace that lost by evaporation. The epidermis and parenchyma of some leaves will more readily separate

than others. A good test is to try the leaves after they have been gently boiling for about an hour, and if the cellular matter does not easily rub off betwixt the finger and thumb beneath cold water, boil them again for a short time. When the fleshy matter is found to be sufficiently softened, rub them separately but very gently beneath cold water, until the perfect skeleton is exposed. The skeletons at first are of a dirty white color ; to make them of a pure white, and, therefore, more beautiful, all that is necessary is to bleach them in a weak solution of chloride of lime. The best solution is a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water ; if a few drops of vinegar are added to the bleaching solution, it is all the better, for then the free chlorine is liberated. Do not allow them to remain too long in the bleaching liquor, or they will become too brittle, and cannot afterwards be handled without injury. About fifteen minutes is sufficient to make them white and clean-looking. Dry the specimens in white blotting paper, beneath a gentle pressure, after they are bleached.

Simple leaves are the best for young beginners to experiment upon ; the Vine, Poplar, Beech, and Ivy leaves make excellent skeletons. Care must be exercised in the selection of leaves, as well as the period of the year and the state of the atmosphere when the specimens are collected,

otherwise failure will be the result. The best months to gather the specimens are July and August. Never collect specimens in damp weather ; and none but perfectly matured leaves ought to be selected.

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DRYING FLOWERS,

WITH NATURAL COLORS AND FORMS PRESERVED.

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Many flowers can be dried so that their natural colors and forms can be perfectly preserved, and they can be kept in perfection a long time. This is done by drying them in sand. White flowers are not very well suited to this purpose, nor those of flimsy texture. Neither are very succulent plants. Single flowers will be found much better than double ones.

It is essential that the sand used should be pure—that is not mixed with vegetable matter, nor any coloring substances. Clean sea sand is nearest pure, but as it contains some salt it must be washed to free it from that. But any fine sand may be used by first washing it in several waters so as to separate from it any organic matter. The sand must be thoroughly dry, and this condition can only be attained by subjecting it to considerable heat such as may

be done in an oven. Having heated it to a high heat and turned it several times until all moisture has been expelled from it, it is ready for use.

This is the only preparation absolutely necessary, except that, as the leaves of some plants are more or less glutinous, the sand will adhere to them with much tenacity and spoil the appearance of the specimens. To prevent this the particles of the sand are coated with stearine in the following manner:—After the sand has been dried in the manner already described, it can be weighed, and to every twelve or thirteen pounds of baked sand take one ounce of stearine. The stearine should be scraped into fine shavings, and having placed a quantity of the sand in a large flat pan over a good fire, heat it to such a degree that a small piece of stearine will immediately melt on it; now scatter the stearine over the sand—the proper quantity for the sand in the pan in the proportion named above. While adding the stearine stir the sand constantly and keep it moving until it has been thoroughly commingled and every particle has been coated. Having prepared all the sand in this way it is fitted for use.

A good sized box to hold the sand will be about six inches deep and eight or ten inches wide, and twelve or fifteen inches long. These proportions can be varied a few

inches either way, to suit the convenience of the operator. In the bottom of the box a half dozen half-inch holes should be bored, and over these, inside, some bits of strong paper pasted.

The flowers to be dried can now be selected. They should be free from dew or moisture. Through a fine sieve sift a layer of sand a quarter of an inch deep into the box ; now lay carefully as many flowers and leaves on the sand as you can ; the space between the larger flowers may be filled up by smaller ones ; on this layer of flowers carefully sift another layer of sand ; the sand should not be pressed down with the hand, as this would spoil the natural shape of the flowers, but knock gently with your fingers at the side of the box until every little space between and under the flowers is well filled up ; then put in another layer of flowers and proceed as before until the box is full. Put on the lid of the box, and tie it on with a strong cord, or, what is better yet, fasten it with a few small screws, and then put the box in a warm place, under or near the stove or on a shelf by the stove where it will be constantly warm.

In three or five days, according to the warmth of the place, the flowers will be perfectly dry. When only exposed to the sun it requires much more time. To remove

the flowers cut through the bits of paper at the bottom and let the sand run out. The flowers at first are so brittle that they cannot be taken out without breaking them, but if the open box is placed in a cool moist cellar for a few hours the contents may be removed with safety.

By this simple process flowers, ferns, etc., are preserved in their proper shape, as well as their natural colors, and are very beautiful for winter bouquets and baskets, and will look well for a long time if protected from dust and the rays of the sun.

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*AUTUMN LEAVES.*

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The bright-hued leaves of autumn can be used in ornamenting in a great variety of ways, and it is desirable to be able to preserve them so that they will be most lasting and serviceable.

Small and medium sized leaves are the best, and they should be of as great variety of form and color as possible. As soon as gathered, the leaves should be pressed between sheets of paper. Old newspapers will answer, or if more convenient, old books may be used. Place the leaf on a page so as to cover it, and then turn over five or six leaves

and place another layer, and so on until they are disposed of. After a day or two the leaves should be shifted into another book, where the dry leaves will again absorb more moisture. After a few days in this way, the books all the time being subjected to pressure, the leaves will be dry. Now procure from the druggists some white wax and place it in a saucer on the stove to melt. When the wax is melted add a few drops of turpentine which softens the wax and makes the waxed leaf more pliable and natural. Try a leaf by dipping it into the wax, face downward, then draw it slowly over the edge of the saucer once or twice, to remove all superfluous wax, and hold it in a horizontal position with the right side of the leaf up, and it will dry in a minute or two. If the wax is too hot it will wither the leaf, and if too cool the wax will show in lumps, if just right it will be perfectly even, and show the colors of the leaf as bright as when first gathered. Sometimes, when there are uneven spots of wax on the leaf they can be removed by slightly scraping them with the thumb-nail.

The wax should not be removed from the stove during the operation, but when it is too hot move it back and forward again when it cools.

By the method here described leaves will retain their



natural shapes and colors for years, and can be employed for decorating in a great variety of ways.

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DRYING SEA MOSSES.

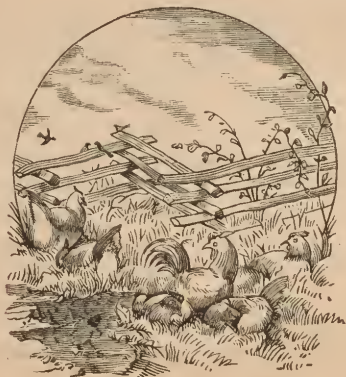
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Sea mosses can be dried by placing them in a soup plate, or any shallow dish filled with fresh water, and a little bit of alum added to it. Float the moss by placing pieces of white paper under it, and then take a camel's hair brush and arrange the fibrous leaves in a natural manner upon the paper or card board. If the moss is very fine, the point of a needle will be useful in preparing it.

When the specimens are placed as desired, raise the paper carefully, so that the moss will not be disturbed, and let it rest in a slanting position, so that the water can run off.

When still damp, place an bit of old soft linen over it, and press in blotting paper. Let it remain under a heavy pressure until dry.

With pink and green sea weeds one can represent lovely moss rosebuds, and also many other flowers if so disposed, but the forms they naturally assume on the paper, when floated, are extremely graceful, and it is almost or quite impossible to imagine anything more delicate or exquisitely beautiful.



# Plants and Flowers.

## And their Sentiments.

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Abelia,	.	.	.	Gratitude.
Abele, <i>White Poplar</i> ,	.	.	.	Time.
Abronia,	.	.	.	Delicacy. Refinement.
Abutilon,	.	.	.	Grace and Dignity.
Acacia, yellow,	.	.	.	Concealed love.
Acacia, rose,	.	.	.	Friendship.
Acacia, <i>Locust Tree</i> ,	.	.	.	Élégance.
Acacia, green leaves of,				<i>Lo-Mý</i> heart is buried. Affection
<i>cust Tree</i> ,	.	.	.	beyond the grave.
Acanthus,	.	.	.	Artifice.
Achania Malvaviscus,	.	.	.	Reserve.
Achillea millefolium,				<i>Yar-</i>
<i>row</i> ,	.	.	.	Cure for the heart-ache.
Achimines,	.	.	.	Such worth is rare.

- Aconitum Napellus, *Monks-*  
*hood,* . . . An enemy in disguise.  
 Adam's Needle, . . . Natural charms.  
 Adonis, . . . Sad memories.  
 Adlumia, . . . Good nature.  
 Æthiopian Lily . . . Magnificent beauty.  
 African Marigold, . . . Cruelty.  
 Agapanthus, *African Lily* Female loveliness.  
 Agave Americana, *Century*  
*Plant,* . . . Grief.  
 Ageratum, . . . Undying affection.  
 Agrimony, . . . Gratitude.  
 Agrostemma, . . . Gentility.  
 Allamanda, . . . Good disposition.  
 Almond, common, . . . Stupidity. Indiscretion.  
 Almond, flowering, . . . Hope.  
 Aloe, . . . Religious superstition.  
 Alonsoa, . . . Gratitude.  
 Alternanthera, . . . Favoritism.  
 Althea frutex, . . . Consumed by love.  
 Althea officinalis, *Marsh*  
*Mallow,* . . . Beneficence. To cure.  
 Alyssum maritima, *Sweet*  
*Alyssum,* . . . Worth beyond beauty.

- Amaranth, globe, . . . Immortality. Unfading love.  
 Amaranthus caudatus, *Love-*  
*lies-bleeding*, . . . Hopeless, not heartless.  
 Amaryllis, . . . Coquetry. Pride.  
 Ambrosia, . . . Love returned.  
 American Cowslip, . . . You are my divinity.  
 American Laurel, . . . Falsehood. Treachery.  
 Amorpha, *False Indigo*, . . . Imperfection.  
 Ampelopsis quinquefolia,  
*Virginia Creeper or Ameri-* I cling to you both in sun-  
*can Ivy*, . . . shine and shade.  
 Anagallis, *Pimpernel*, *Poor*  
*Man's Weatherglass*, . . . Change. Fickleness.  
 Anchusia, *Bugloss*, . . . Falsehood.  
 Andromeda, . . . Self-sacrifice.  
 Anemone coronaria, *Garden*  
*Anemone*, . . . Forsaken.  
 Anemone nemorosa, *Wood*  
*Anemone*, . . . Anticipation.  
 Anemone pulsatilla, *Pasque* You are without preten-  
*Flower*, . . . sion.  
 Angelica, . . . Inspiration. Magic.  
 Anthemis nobilis, *Garden* Fortitude. Cheerfulness in  
*Chamomile*, . . . adversity.

- Antirrhinum, *Snapdragon*, Deception. I have been flat  
tered with false hopes.
- Apocynum, *Dogbane*, . Deceit. Falsehood.
- Apple blossom, . . . Preference.
- Apple (fruit,) . . . Temptation.
- Apricot blossom, . . . Doubt.
- Aquilegia, red, *Columbine*, Hopes and fears.
- Aquilegia, purple, . . . I cannot give thee up.
- Arbor Vitæ, . . . Thy friend until death.
- Arbutus, trailing, . . . Budding beauty.
- Archangelica, *Angelica*, . Inspiration. Magic.
- Arethusa, . . . I could weep for thee.
- Argemone, . . . Determination. By hook or  
by crook.
- Arisæma triphyllum, *Arum*,  
*Indian Turnip*, . . . Ardor. Zeal.
- Aristolochia, *Birthwort*, . Friendship.
- Armeria vulgaris, *Thrift* . Sympathy.
- Artemisa abrotanum, *South-  
ernwood*, . . . Jesting.
- Artemisia Vulgaris, *Mugwort*,  
*Wormwood*, . . . Good luck. Happiness.
- Artillery Plant, . . . Year shafts are pointless.
- Arum, . . . . . Ardor. Zeal.

SENTIMENTS OF FLOWERS. 105

Asclepias tuberosa, <i>Butterfly</i>	Conquer your love.	Cure for <i>weed</i> , . . . .	the heart-ache.
Ash, . . . .	Grandeur.		
Ashberry, . . . .	Early friendship.		
Ash, Mountain, . . . .	With me you are safe.		
Aspen tree, . . . .	Fear. Excessive sensibility.		
Asperula, . . . .	Agreeableness.		
Asphodel, . . . .	My thoughts will follow thee beyond the grave.		
Aster, garden, . . . .	Afterthought.		
Aster, wild, . . . .	Social worth. Beauty in re- tirement.		
Atropa belladonna, <i>Deadly</i>			
<i>Nightshade</i> , . . . .	Falsehood.		
Auricula, . . . .	Elegance. Painting.		
Azalea, . . . .	Temperance.		
<b>B</b> alm, . . . .	Sympathy.		
<b>B</b> aptisia, . . . .	Deceitfulness.		
Bachelor's Button, . . . .	Celibacy. Single blessed- ness.		
Balm of Gilead, . . . .	Cure. Relief. You have cured my pain.		
Balsam, . . . .	Impatience. Touch me not.		

106      *SENTIMENTS OF FLOWERS.*

Barberry, . . .	Sharpness of temper.
Bartonia aurea, . . .	False pretensions. All is not gold that glistens.
Basil, sweet, . . .	Good wishes.
Bay, . . . .	Glory.
Bay wreath, . . .	Reward of merit.
Beech, . . . .	Prosperity.
Bee Orchis, . . .	Industry.
Begonia, . . . .	Deformity.
Belladonna, . . . ,	Falsehood.
Bellflower, white, . . .	Gratitude.
Bellflower, blue, . . .	Constancy.
Bellis perennis, <i>Daisy</i> , . . .	Innocence.
Betonica, <i>Betony</i> , . . .	Surprise.
Bignonia radicans, <i>Trumpet</i> <i>Flower</i> , . . . .	Separation.
Bilberry, . . . .	Treachery.
Bindweed, small, . . . ,	Humility.
Birch, . . . .	Meekness.
Birthwort, . . . .	Friendship.
Bittersweet, . . . .	Truth.
Black Hellebore, . . . .	Relieve my anxiety.
Bladder Nut, . . . .	Social qualities.
Bladder Senna, . . . .	Conceit.



Blanket Flower,	.	.	Good sense.
Bluebell,	.	.	Constancy.
Borage,	.	.	Bluntness.
Boston Smilax,	.	.	Loveliness.
Botrychium, <i>Moonwort</i> ,	.	.	Forgetfulness.
Boussingaultia, <i>Madeira Vine</i> ,	.	.	Charms.
Bouvardia,	.	.	I am no summer friend.
Box,	.	.	Constancy.
Brachycome,	.	.	Artfulness.
Bramble,	.	.	Envy.
Branch of Thorns,	.	.	Severity. Rigor.
Bridal Rose,	.	.	Happy love.
Broken Straw,	.	.	Dissension. Rupture.
Broom,	.	.	Humility. Neatness.
Broom corn,	.	.	Industry.
Browallia,	.	.	Could you bear poverty?
Brunfelsia,	.	.	Beware of false friends.
Bryony,	.	.	Be my support.
Buck Bean,	.	.	Calm. Repose.
Bud of White Rose	.	.	A heart ignorant of love.
Bugloss,	.	.	Falsehood.
Burdock,	.	.	Importunity.
Buttercup,	.	.	Riches.
Butterfly Weed,	.	.	Cure for the heart-ache.

<i>Scacalia, Tassel Flower,</i>	Adulation.
<i>Nactus</i> . . . . .	Warmth.
<i>Calla Lily, Ethiopian</i> . . . . .	Magnificent beauty.
<i>Calampelis scabra,</i> . . . . .	Quiet enjoyment.
<i>Calandrinia,</i> . . . . .	Fidelity.
<i>Calceolaria,</i> . . . . .	I offer you pecuniary assistance.
<i>Calendula, Garden Mari-</i> <i>gold,</i> . . . . .	Grief. Chagrin.
<i>Calliopsis,</i> . . . . .	Vanity.
<i>Callirhoe,</i> . . . . .	Benevolence.
<i>Calycanthus,</i> . . . . .	Benevolence.
<i>Camellia Japonica, red,</i> . . . . .	Admiration.
<i>Camellia Japonica, white</i> . . . . .	Perfected loveliness.
<i>Campanula, blue,</i> . . . . .	Constancy.
<i>Campanula, white,</i> . . . . .	Gratitude.
<i>Campanula speculum, Venus'</i> <i>Looking-glass,</i> . . . . .	Flattery.
<i>Campion, rose,</i> . . . . .	Only deserve my love.
<i>Canna, Indian Shot,</i> . . . . .	Revenge. Retaliation.
<i>Candytuft,</i> . . . . .	Indifference.
<i>Canterbury Bells,</i> . . . . .	(See Campanula.)

- Cape Jasmine, . . . My heart is joyful.  
 Cardinal Flower, . . . Distinction.  
 Cardiospermum Halicaca-  
 bum, *Love-in-a-puff*, *Bal-*Lovers quarrel. Kiss and  
*loon Vine*, . . . make up.  
 Carnation, white, . . . Innocence.  
 Carnation, red, . . . Alas ! for my poor heart.  
 Carnation, striped, . . . Refusal.  
 Carnation, yellow, . . . Disdain.  
 Carpinus, . . . Ornament.  
 Cassia, . . . Amiability.  
 Castor-oil Plant, . . . Detestation.  
 Catchfly, . . . I am a willing prisoner.  
 Cattleya pinelli, . . . Mature charms.  
 Cedar, . . . Endurance. Fidelity.  
 Celandine, small, *Ficaria*  
*ranunculoides*, . . . Future joy.  
 Celastrus, *Staff Tree*, . . . Fortitude.  
 Celosia, *Cockscomb*, . . . You are a fop.  
 Centaurea cyanus, *Bachelor's*Celibacy. Single blessed-  
*Button*, . . . ness.  
 Centauridium, . . . Blissful ignorance.  
 Centradenia, . . . Abundance.  
 Centranthus, . . . Personal charms.

- Cerastium, *Mouse-ear Chick-*  
     *weed,* . . . . . Simplicity.  
 Cercis, *Judas Tree,* . . . . . Unbelief. Betrayal.  
 Cereus, night-blooming, . . . . . Transient beauty.  
 Cestrum, . . . . . Suspicion.  
 Chamapeuce, . . . . . Handsome but dangerous.  
 Chamomile, . . . . . Fortitude. Cheerfulness in  
     adversity.  
 Chaste Tree, *Vitex,* . . . . . Coldness. Indifference.  
 Chelone, . . . . . Passion.  
 Chenopodium, *Pig-weed,*  
     *Goosefoot,* . . . . . Goodness.  
 Cherry blossoms, . . . . . Native charms.  
 Cherry, Jerusalem, . . . . . Deception.  
 Checkered Lily, . . . . . Persecution.  
 Chestnut, . . . . . Do me justice.  
 Chicory, . . . . . Frugality.  
 Chickweed, . . . . . Let us meet again.  
 Chickweed, mouse-ear, . . . . . Simplicity.  
 Chinese Pink, . . . . . Perseverance. Repulsed but  
     not in despair.  
 Chili Jessamine, . . . . . A snare.  
 Chionanthus, *White Fringe*  
     *Tree,* . . . . . Candor.

SENTIMENTS OF FLOWERS. 111

Chorozema varium,	.	.	You have many lovers.
Christmas Rose,	.	.	Relieve my anxiety.
Chrysanthemum, rose or red,	.	.	Love.
Chrysanthemum, white,	.	.	Truth.
Chrysanthemum, yellow	.	.	Slighted love.
Cineraria	.	.	Always delightful.
Cinquefoil,	.	.	Maternal affection.
Circea, <i>Enchanter's</i>	.	.	I shall beware of your en-
<i>shade,</i>	.	.	chantments.
Cistus or Rock Rose,	.	.	Popular favor.
Clarkia,	.	.	The variety of your conversa-
			tion delights me.
Clematis,	.	.	Mental excellence.
Cleome,	.	.	Good but odd.
Clerodendron,	.	.	Beware.
Clianthus,	.	.	Worldliness. Selfishness.
Clotbur,	.	.	Rudeness. Pertinacity.
Clover, four-leaved,	.	.	Be mine.
Clover, red	.	.	Industry.
Clover, white,	.	.	Think of me.
Coboea,	.	.	Gossip.
Cockscomb,	.	.	You are a fop.
Colchicum, <i>Meadow Saffron,</i>	.	.	My best days are past.
Collinsia	.	.	Domestic virtues.

Colt's Foot, . . .	Justice shall be done you
Columbine, purple, . . .	I cannot give thee up.
Columbine, red, . . .	Hopes and fears.
Colutea, <i>Bladder Senna</i> , . . .	Conceit.
Convolvulus major, blue,	Bonds.
Convolvulus major, pink,	Worth and affection.
Convolvulus minor, . . .	Repose. Night.
Corchorus, . . . .	Impatience of absence.
Coreopsis, . . . .	Always cheerful.
Coriander, . . . .	Hidden worth.
Corn, . . . .	Riches.
Corn, broken, . . . .	Quarrel.
Corn Cockle, . . . .	Gentility.
Corn Flag, <i>Gtadiolus</i> , . . .	Ready armed.
Cornus, <i>Cornel, Dogwood</i> ,	False pretensions.
Coronilla, . . . .	Success crown your wishes.
Cosmelia rubra . . . .	The charm of a blush.
Cotoneaster, . . . .	Sincerity.
Cowslip or Primrose, . . . .	Unconscious beauty. Win- ning grace.
Crab blossom, . . . .	Ill nature.
Cranberry, . . . .	Cure for the heart-ache.
Crape Myrtle, . . . .	Eloquence.
Crepis, . . . .	Pretensions.

Cress,	.	.	.	.	Stability.
Crocus, garden,	.	.	.	.	Cheerfulness.
Crocus sativa, <i>Saffron</i> ,	.	.	.	.	Beware of excess.
Crowfoot,	.	.	.	.	Ingratitude.
Crown Imperial,	.	.	.	.	Majesty. Power.
Cuphea,	.	.	.	.	Oddity.
Currants,	.	.	.	.	You please me.
Cuscuta, <i>Dodder</i> ,	.	.	.	.	Meanness.
Cyclamen,	.	.	.	.	Diffidence.
Cydonia Japonica, <i>Japan</i>					
<i>Quince</i> ,	.	.	.	.	Fairies' fire. Delusion
Cypress,	.	.	.	.	Death. Mourning.
Cynoglossum,	.	.	.	.	Fidelity.
Cypress and Marigold,	.	.	.	.	Despair.
Cypripedium,	.	.	.	.	Capricious beauty.
Cytissus,	.	.	.	.	Modest beauty.
<i>Affodil</i> ,	.	.	.	.	Regard.
<i>Ahlia</i> ,	.	.	.	.	Elegance and dignity.
Daisy, red,	.	.	.	.	Unconscious beauty.
Daisy, white,	.	.	.	.	Innocence.
Daisy, wild,	.	.	.	.	I will think of it.
Daisy, oxeye,	.	.	.	.	Disappointment.
Dandelion,	.	.	.	.	Smiling on all. Coquetry.

Daphne Mezereum,	. . . . .	Glory. Immortality.
Darnel,	. . . . .	Vice.
Datura Stramonium,	<i>Thorn</i>	
<i>Apple,</i>	. . . . .	Deceitful charms.
Day Lily, blue,	. . . . .	Coquetry.
Day Lily, white,	. . . . .	Fleeting beauty.
Dead leaves,	. . . . .	Sadness.
Deadly Nightshade,	. . . . .	Falsehood.
Deutzia,	. . . . .	Joyful innocence.
Devil-in-a-bush,	. . . . .	Perplexity.
Dew Plant,	. . . . .	Serenade.
Dianthus barbatus,	<i>Sweet</i>	
<i>William,</i>	. . . . .	Gallantry.
Dianthus Chinensis,	<i>Chinese</i>	Perseverance. Repulsed, but
<i>Pink,</i>	. . . . .	not in despair.
Dicentra spectabilis,	<i>Bleeding</i>	
<i>Heart,</i>	. . . . .	Compassion.
Dicentra cucullaria,	<i>Dutch-</i>	
<i>man's Breeches,</i>	. . . . .	Family authority.
Dicentra Canadensis,	<i>Squir-</i>	
<i>rel Corn.</i>	. . . . .	Pleasant emotions.
Dictamnus fraxinella,	. . . . .	Fire.
Dionea muscipula,	<i>Venus'</i>	Deceit. Have I caught you
<i>Fly Trap,</i>	. . . . .	at last ?



SENTIMENTS OF FLOWERS. 115

Diosma,	. . .	Your simple elegance charms me.
Dipladenia crassinoda,	. . .	Boldness. You're too bold.
Dittany of Crete, pink,	. . .	Birth.
Dittany of Crete, white,	. . .	Passion.
Dock, <i>Burdock</i> ,	. . .	Do not come near me.
Dodder,	. . .	Meanness.
Dodecatheon, <i>American Cow-</i> <i>slip, Ohio Beauty</i> ,	. . .	You are my divinity.
Dogsbane,	. . .	Deceit. Falsehood.
Dogwood,	. . .	False pretensions.
Dolichos,	. . .	Rustic beauty.
<b>E</b> chites atropurpurea.	. . .	Be warned in time.
<b>E</b> glantine, <i>Sweet Brier</i> ,	. . .	I wound to heal.
Echites suaveolens, <i>Mande-</i> <i>villea</i> ,	. . .	A snare.
Elder,	. . .	Compassion.
Elecampane,	. . .	Tears.
Elm, English,	. . .	Dignity.
Elm, American,	. . .	Patriotism.
Enchanters' Nightshade	. . .	I shall beware of your en- chantments.
Endive,	. . .	Frugality.

Epigæa repens, <i>Trailing Ar-</i> <i>butus, May Flower,</i>	. . .	Budding beauty.
Erysimum,	. . .	Neglected beauty.
Erythrina, <i>Coral Plant,</i>	. . .	Pride.
Eschscholtzia,	. . .	Do not refuse me.
Eucharis Amazonica,	. . .	A maiden's charms.
Euonymus, <i>Spindle Tree,</i>	. . .	Your image is engraven on my heart.
Eupatorium,	. . .	Delay.
Euphorbia,	. . .	Deception.
Euphorbia marginata, <i>Snow-</i> <i>on-the-Mountain,</i>	. . .	Coldness.
Eutoca,	. . .	Cheerfulness
Everlasting Flower,	. . .	Unceasing remembrance.
Everlasting Pea,	. . .	Lasting pleasure.
Evening Primrose,	. . .	Inconstancy.
<i>J</i> abiana,	. . .	Constancy.
<i>J</i> ennel,	. . .	Worthy of all praise.
Fenzlia,	. . .	Delicacy of feeling.
Fern,	. . .	Fascination.
Fig,	. . .	Argument.
Filbert,	. . .	Reconciliation.
Flax,	. . .	Domestic industry.

Flos Adonis, . . .	Sad memories.
Flower-de-luce, <i>Fleur-de-lis</i> ,	A message for you.
Fly Trap, . . .	Deceit. Have I caught you at last?
Forget-me-not, . . .	True love.
Forsythia, . . .	Foretaste. Anticipation.
Four-o'clock, . . .	Timidity.
Foxglove, . . .	Insincerity.
Fragaria Indica, <i>Indian</i> <i>Strawberry</i> ,	Desire to please.
Franciscea or Brunfelsia . . .	Beware of false friends.
Fraxinus, <i>Ash</i> , . . .	Grandeur.
Fraxinella, . . .	Fire.
French Honeysuckle, . . .	Rustic beauty.
French Marigold, . . .	Jealousy.
Fritillaria, <i>Chequered Lily</i> ,	
<i>Guinea Hen Flower</i> , . . .	Persecution.
Fuller's Teasel, . . .	Misanthropy.
Fumitory, . . .	Spleen.
Fuchsia, . . .	Proposal of marriage.
<i>Maillardia</i> , <i>Blanket flower</i> ,	Good sense.
<i>Azania</i> , . . .	Riches. Wealth.
Gardenia florida, <i>Cape Jas-</i> <i>mine</i> ,	My heart is joyful.

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Geissomeria,	. . .	Duplicity.
Genista, <i>Broom</i> ,	. . .	Humility. Neatness.
Gentian,	. . .	Hope.
Geranium, Apple,	. . .	Present preference.
Geranium, horseshoe,	. . .	Thou art changed.
Geranium, Ivy-leaved,	. . .	Bridal decoration.
Geranium, Nutmeg,	. . .	I expect a meeting.
Geranium, Oak-leaved,	. . .	True friendship.
Geranium, rose-scented,	. . .	Many are lovely, but you excel all.
Geranium, scarlet,	. . .	Silliness.
Geranium, silver-leaved,	. . .	Recall.
Geranium, wild, <i>Herb Robert</i>	. . .	Aversion.
Gesneria,	. . .	Excellence.
Gilia,	. . .	Sociability.
Gilliflower,	. . .	Bonds of affection.
Gladiolus, <i>Corn Flag</i> ,	. . .	Ready armed.
Gloxinia,	. . .	Love at first sight.
Gnaphalium, <i>Everlasting</i> ,	. . .	Never-ceasing remembrance.
Goat's Rue,	. . .	Reason.
Golden-rod,	. . .	Precaution.
Goldfussia,	. . .	Fame.
Gomphrena <i>globosa</i> , <i>Amaranth</i> .	. . .	Immortality. Unfading love.

Grammanthes chloræflora,	Hasty temper.
Gooseberry, . . .	Anticipation.
Goosefoot, . . .	Goodness.
Gorse or Furze, . . .	Endearing affection.
Gourd, . . .	Bulk.
Grape, wild, . . .	Charity.
Grass, . . .	Submission. Utility.
Greek Valerian, . . .	Rupture.
Guelder Rose, <i>Snowball</i> ,	Age. Thoughts of Heaven.
Guinea-hen Flower, . . .	Persecution.
<b>H</b> abrothamnus, . . .	Cheerfulness in adversity.
Halesia, <i>Silver Bell</i> , . . .	Good news.
Hamamelis, <i>Witch Hazel</i> ,	A spell.
Harebell, . . .	Submission. Grief.
Hawkweed, . . .	Quick-sightedness.
Hawthorn, . . .	Hope.
Hazel, . . .	Reconciliation.
Heartsease, <i>Pansy</i> ,	Thoughts. Remembrance.
Heath, . . .	Solitude.
Hebeclinium, . . .	Gentleness.
Hedysarum coronarium,	
<i>French Honeysuckle</i> , . . .	Rustic beauty.
Helianthemum, <i>Rock Rose</i>	Popular favor.

Helitrope,	. . .	Devotion.
Hellebore,	. . .	Scandal. Calumny.
Helleborus niger,	<i>Black</i>	
<i>Hellebore.</i>	. . .	Relieve my anxiety.
Hemlock,	. . .	You will cause my death.
Hemp,	. . .	Fate.
Henbane,	. . .	Imperfection.
Hepatica,	<i>Liverwort,</i>	Confidence.
Herb Robert,	. . .	Aversion.
Hesperis matronalis,	Rivalry.	Thou vain co-
<i>Rocket,</i>	. . .	quette.
Heterocentron . . .	. . .	The bright side.
Hibiscus,	. . .	Delicate Beauty.
Hieracium,	<i>Hawkweed,</i>	Quick-sightedness.
Hoarhound,	. . .	Imitation.
Holly,	. . .	Domestic happiness.
Hollyhock,	. . .	Ambition.
Honesty,	. . .	Honesty. Fascination.
Honeysuckle,	. . .	Faithful affection.
Honeysuckle	French,	Rustic beauty,
Hop,	. . .	Injustice.
Hornbeam,	. . .	Ornament.
Horse Chestnut,	. . .	Luxury.
Houseleek,	. . .	Domestic economy.

Houstonica, . . .	Contentment.
Hoya, <i>Wax Plant</i> , . . .	Susceptibility.
Humea elegans, . . .	Elegance and dignity.
Hunnemania, . . .	Insincerity.
Hyacinth, purple, . . .	Sorrow.
Hyacinth, red and rose, . . .	Sport. Game. Play.
Hyacinth, white, . . .	Unobtrusive loveliness.
Hyacinth, yellow, . . .	Jealousy.
Hydrangea, . . .	Assuming. Heartlessness.
Hyoscyamus niger, <i>Henbane</i> , . . .	Imperfection.
Hypericum, <i>St. Johnswort</i> , . . .	Superstition.
Hyssop, . . .	Cleanliness.
Ice Plant, . . .	Frigidity. Your looks freeze me.
Iberis, <i>Candytuft</i> , . . .	Indifference.
Impatiens balsamina, <i>Bal-</i> <i>sam</i> , . . .	Repulsion. Touch me not! Approach not!
Indian Jasmine, . . .	Timid worth.
Indian Shot, . . .	Revenge. Retaliation.
Indian Strawberry, . . .	Desire to please.
Indian Turnip, . . .	Ardor. Zeal.
Indigo, false, . . .	Imperfection.
Inula helenium, <i>Elecampane</i> , . . .	Tears.

Ipomœa,	. . .	Attachment.
Ipomopsis,	. . .	Excellence.
Iris,	. . .	A message for you.
Ironwood,	. . .	Ornament.
Ivy,	. . .	Friendship. Fidelity. Marriage.
Ixora,	. . .	Refinement.
Japan Quince,	. . .	Delusion. Fairies Fire.
Jasmine,	. . .	Amiability.
Jasmine, yellow,	. . .	Grace. Elegance.
Jasmine, Indian,	. . .	Timid worth.
Jerusalem Cherry Tree,	. . .	Deception.
Jessamine, Chili,	. . .	A snare.
Jonquil,	. . .	Affection returned.
Judas Tree,	. . .	Unbelief. Betrayal.
Juniper,	. . .	Protection. I live for thee.
Justicia,	. . .	Perfection of loveliness.
Malma, <i>American Laurel</i> ,	. . .	Falsehood. Treachery.
Maulfussia.	. . .	Happiness in humble life.
Kennedy,	. . .	Mental beauty.
Kerria Japonica,	. . .	Impatience of absence.







Laburnum, . . . .	Pensive beauty.
Lantana, . . . .	Rigor.
Lady's Slipper, <i>Cypripedium</i>	Capricious beauty.
Lagerstroemia, <i>Crape Myrtle</i>	Eloquence.
Lapageria rosea, . . . .	Imperfection. There is no unalloyed good.
Larch, . . . .	Audacity. Boldness.
Larkspur, pink and white,	Fickleness.
Larkspur, purple, . . . .	Haughtiness. . . .
Laurel, . . . .	Glory.
Laurel, American, . . . .	Falsehood. Treachery.
Laurustinus, . . . .	A token of love.
Lavender, . . . .	Confession of love.
Leaves, dead, . . . .	Melancholy.
Lechenaultia splendens,	You are charming.
Lemon, . . . .	Discretion.
Lemon blossoms, . . . .	Fidelity in love.
Leonura, <i>Motherwort</i> ,	Secret love.
Leptosiphon, . . . .	Hope.
Lettuce,	Cold-hearted.
Libonia, . . . .	Admiration.
Lichen, . . . .	Solitude.
Lilac, . . . .	First Love.

Lily, chequered, . . .	Persecution.
Lily, water, . . .	Purity of heart.
Lily, white, . . .	Purity. Sweetness.
Lily, yellow, . . .	False and gay.
Lily of the valley, . . .	Delicacy. Unconscious sweetness.
<i>Linaria cymbalaria, Kenil-</i>	
<i>worth, Ivy, Coliseum Ivy,</i>	
<i>Ruins of Rome, . . .</i>	Remember me.
Linum, <i>Flax, . . .</i>	Domestic industry.
Linden or Lime, . . .	Conjugal love.
Live Oak, . . .	Liberty.
Liverwort, . . .	Confidence.
Loasa, . . .	Fair but false.
Lobelia, blue, . . .	Malevolence.
Lobelia cardinalis, . . .	Distinction.
Locust blossoms, . . .	Elegance.
Locust leaves (green,) . . .	Affection beyond the grave.
Lolium perenne, <i>Darnel, . . .</i>	Vice.
London Pride, . . .	Frivolity.
Lopezia, . . .	True in trouble.
Lotus, . . .	Eloquence.
Love-in-a-mist, . . .	Perplexity.
Love-les-bleeding, . . .	Hopeless, not heartless.

Lucerne,	.	.	.	Life.
Lunaria,	<i>Honesty,</i>	<i>Satin</i>		
<i>Flower,</i>	.	.	.	Honesty. Fascination.
Lungwort,	.	.	.	Thou art my life.
Lupine,	.	.	.	Dejection.
Lychnis, scarlet,	.	.	.	Wit.
Lysimachia, <i>Moneywort,</i>	.			Acquisitiveness.
<b>M</b> adder,	.	.	.	Calumny.
<b>M</b> adeira Vine,	.	.	.	Charms.
Magnolia,	.	.	.	Nobility of character.
Mahonia, <i>Ashberry,</i>	.			Early friendship.
Malcomia maritima, <i>Virginia</i>				
<i>Stock,</i>	.	.	.	True friendship.
Mallow,	.	.	.	Mildness.
Mallow, marsh,	.	.	.	Beneficence, Kindness.
Malope,	.	.	.	Good nature.
Mandrake,	.	.	.	Horror. Rarity.
Mandevillea, <i>Chili Jasamine,</i>				A snare.
Manettia,	.	.	.	Fickleness.
Maple,	.	.	.	Reserve.
Marigold, African,	.	.	.	Cruelty.
Marigold, French,	.	.	.	Jealousy.
Marigold, garden,	.	.	.	Grief. Chagrin.

- Marigold and Cypress, . . . . . Despair.  
 Marjoram, . . . . . Blushes.  
 Martynia, . . . . . Indifference.  
 Marvel of Peru, . . . . . Timidity.  
 Matthiola annua, *Ten weeks*  
     *Stock*, . . . . . Promptness.  
 Matthiola incana, *Common*  
     *Stock*, . . . . . Lasting beauty.  
 Maurandya, . . . . . Devotion. Constancy.  
 May Flower, . . . . . Budding beauty.  
 Meadow Saffron, . . . . . My best days are passed.  
 Melaleuca, . . . . . Truth.  
 Melia azerdarach, *Pride of*  
     *India*, . . . . . Dissension.  
 Melissa officinalis, *Balm*, . . . . . Sympathy.  
 Menyanthes trifoliata, *Buck*  
     *Bean*, . . . . . Calm. Repose.  
 Mesembryanthemum crystal-  
 linum, *Ice Plant*, . . . . . Your looks freeze me.  
 Mesembryanthemum tricolor,  
     *Dew Plant*, . . . . . A serenade.  
 Metrosideros, . . . . . Mental brilliancy.  
 Millefoil, . . . . . To heal a wounded heart.  
 Mimosa, *Sensitive Plant*, . . . . . Sensitiveness.

Mignonette,	.	.	Moral and intellectual worth. Your qualities surpass your charms.
Mimulus,	.	.	Fun. Jollity.
Mimulus moschatus,	.	.	Weakness.
Mint,	.	.	Virtue.
Mirabilis Jalapa,	<i>Four o'clock</i>		Timidity.
Mistletoe,	.	.	I surmount difficulties.
Mitraria coccinea,	.	.	Indolence. Dullness.
Mock Orange,	.	.	Deceit. I cannot trust you.
Monarda,	.	.	Whims.
Moneywort,	.	.	Acquisitiveness.
Monkshood,	.	.	An enemy in disguise.
Moonwort,	.	.	Forgetfulness.
Morning Glory,	.	.	Bonds.
Moss,	.	.	Maternal love.
Motherwort,	.	.	Secret love.
Mourning Bride,	.	.	Unfortunate attachment.
Mouse-ear Chickweed,	.	.	Simplicity.
Mugwort,	.	.	Good luck. Happiness.
Mulberry, black,	.	.	Despair. I will not survive you.
Mulberry, white,	.	.	Wisdom.
Mullein,	.	.	Good nature.

Mushroom, . . .	Suspicion.
Musk plant, . . .	Weakness.
Mustard Seed, . . .	Indifference.
Myosotis, <i>Forget-me-not</i> , . . .	True love.
Myrtle, . . .	Love.
Myrtle, withered, . . .	Love betrayed.
Myrsiphyllum asparagoides, <i>Boston Smilax</i> , . . .	Loveliness.
 arcissus, . . .	Egotism. Over-confidence.
 asturtium, . . .	Honor the brave.
Nelumbium speciosum, <i>Lotus</i> ,	Eloquence.
Nemophila, . . .	Success.
Nettle, . . .	Cruelty. Slander.
Nierembergia, . . .	Timid worth.
Night-blooming Cereus, . . .	Transient beauty
Nightshade, . . .	Suspicion. Artifice.
Nigella, . . .	Perplexity.
Nolana, . . .	Promptness.
Nyctanthus, <i>Indian Jasmine</i> ,	Timid worth.
 ak, . . .	Hospitality.
 ak Leaves, . . .	Bravery.
Oak, live, . . .	Liberty.

Oats, . . . .	Music.
Obeliscaria, . . . .	Wealth and distinction.
(E)nothera, <i>Evening Prim-</i>	
<i>rose</i> , . . . .	Inconstancy.
Ohio Beauty, . . . .	You are my divinity.
Oleander, . . . .	Beware. Discretion is the better part of valor.
Olive, . . . .	Peace.
Opuntia, <i>Prickly Pear</i> , . . . .	Satire.
Orange blossoms, . . . .	Bridal festivity.
Orange, fruit, . . . .	Generosity.
Orchis, . . . .	Beauty.
Orchis, Bee, . . . .	Prosperity.
Origanum dictamnus, <i>Pink</i>	
<i>Dittany of Crete</i> , . . . .	Birth.
Origanum dictamnus, <i>White</i>	
<i>Dittany of Crete</i> , . . . .	Passion.
Ornithogalum, <i>Star of Beth-</i>	
<i>lehem</i> , . . . .	Reconciliation.
Osier, . . . .	Frankness.
Osmunda, <i>Flowering Fern</i>	Dreams. Revery.
Oxalis, <i>Wood Sorrel</i> , . . . .	Joy.
Oxyura, . . . .	Gaiety.

Alafoxia,	.	.	.	Admiration.
Palm,	.	.	.	Victory.
Parsley,	.	.	.	Festivity. Entertainment.
Pasque-flower,	.	.	.	You have no pretensions.
Passion flower,	.	.	.	Devotion.
Pea, garden	.	.	.	An appointed meeting.
Pea, perennial	.	.	.	Wilt thou go with me?
Pea, sweet	.	.	.	Departure.
Peach blossom,	.	.	.	Preference. I am yours.
Pelargonium zonale,				<i>Horse-</i>
<i>shoe Geranium,</i>	.	.	.	Thou art changed.
Pennyroyal,	.	.	.	Flee, temptation.
Pentas carnea,	.	.	.	Bewitching.
Pentstemon,	.	.	.	Well-bred.
Pæony,	.	.	.	Ostentation.
Pepper,	.	.	.	Your wit is too keen for your friendship.
Peppermint,	.	.	.	Warmth of feeling.
Perilla,	.	.	.	Personal worth.
Periwinkle,	.	.	.	Remembrance of early friend- ship.
Persicaria,	.	.	.	Restoration.
Persimmon,	.	.	.	Bury me amid nature's beau- ties.



Petunia,	.	.	.	Your presence soothes me.
Phacelia,	.	.	.	Sociability.
Phaseolus, <i>Scarlet Runner,</i>				Winsome ways.
Philadelphus, <i>Syringa,</i>	.	.	.	Deceit. I cannot trust you.
Phlox,	.	.	.	Unanimity. Our souls are one
Physianthus albus,	.	.	.	Good aspirations.
Pigweed,	.	.	.	Goodness.
Pilea muscosa, <i>Artillery Plant,</i>				Your shafts are pointless.
Pimpernel,	.	.	.	Change.
Pine,	.	.	.	Hope in adversity. Time will cure. Time and philosophy.
Pine, apple	.	.	.	You are perfect.
Pink, Chinese	.	.	.	Perseverence. Repulsed but not in despair.
Pink, red	.	.	.	Pure and ardent love.
Pink, variegated	.	.	.	Refusal.
Pink, white	.	.	.	Artlessness.
Pink, yellow	.	.	.	Disdain.
Platystemon,	.	.	.	A favorite.
Plum tree,	.	.	.	Keep your promises.
Plum tree, wild	.	.	.	Independence.
Plumbago,	.	.	.	Holy wishes.
Poinsettia,	.	.	.	Vanity.
Poker, red-hot	.	.	.	Forewarned is fore-armed.

- Polemonium, *Greek Valerian*, Rupture.
- Polyanthus tuberosa, *Tube-rose*, . . . . Personal charms.
- Polyanthus Narcissus, . . . . Over-confidence.
- Polygala, . . . . Always charming.
- Pomegranate, . . . . Mature elegance.
- Poor man's weather-glass, . . . . Change.
- Poplar, black . . . . Courage.
- Poplar, white . . . . Time.
- Poppy, red . . . . Evanescent pleasure.
- Poppy, variegated . . . . Beauty without loveliness.
- Poppy, scarlet . . . . Fantastic extravagance.
- Poppy, white . . . . Consolation. Forget the past  
and hope for the future.
- Populus tremuloides, *Aspen tree*, . . . . Lamentation. Fear. Excessive sensibility.
- Portulaca, . . . . Love in a cottage.
- Potato, . . . . Benevolence.
- Potentilla, . . . . I claim, at least, esteem.
- Prickly Pear, . . . . Satire.
- Pride of India, . . . . Dissension.
- Pride of the meadow, . . . . Uselessness.

Primrose or Cowslip,	.	Unconscious beauty.	Win-
		ning grace.	
Primrose, Chinese	.	Lasting love.	
Primrose, evening	.	Inconstancy.	
Privet,	.	Prohibition,	
Prunus triloba,	.	Pure affection.	
Pulmonaria, <i>Lungwort</i>	.	Thou art my life.	
Pychnostachys,	.	Hope.	
Pyrethrum, <i>Feverfew</i>	.	Consolation.	
Pyrus Japonica,	.	Delusion. Fairies' fire.	
Quaking Grass,	.	Agitation.	
Queen Plant,	.	Supremacy. Born to rule.	
Quince, common	.	Temptation.	
Quince. Japan	.	Delusion. Fairies' fire.	
Ranunculus, garden	.	Radiant with charms.	
Ranunculus, wild	.	Ingratitude.	
Ragged Robbin, <i>Scarlet Ly-</i>			
<i>chnis,</i>	.	Wit.	
Raspberry,	.	Remorse.	
Red Bud, <i>Judas-tree</i>	.	Unbelief. Betrayal.	
Red-hot Poker,	.	Forewarned is forearmed.	
Rhododendron,	.	Danger. Beware.	

Rhus cotinus, <i>Purple fringe</i> ,	Intellectual excellence.
Rhus glabra, <i>Sumac</i> ,	Splendid misery.
Richardia Africana, <i>Calla</i> ,	Magnificent beauty.
Ricinus,	Detestation.
Robinia hispida, <i>Rose Acacia</i>	Friendship.
Robinia pseud-acacia, <i>Locust</i>	
<i>tree</i> ,	Elegance.
Robinia pseud-acacia, (green	
leaves)	Affection beyond the grave.
Rocket, sweet	Rivalry. Thou vain coquette.
Rock Rose,	Popular favor.
Rondelctia,	Intellectual but heartless.
Rosebud, red	Confession. Thou has stolen my affections.
Rosebud, moss	Confession of love.
Rosebud, white	Girlhood.
Rose, dog or wild	Simplicity—Let not this false world deceive you.
Rose, red	Love.
Rose, tea	Always lovely.
Rose, white	My heart is free.
Rose, white, withered	Transient impressions.
Rose, yellow	Jealousy.
Rose Bay	Danger. Beware.

Rose, bridal	. . .	Happy love.
Rose, Champion	. . .	Only deserve my love.
Rosemary,	. . .	Remembrance. Remember me.
Rudbeckia,	. . .	Pure-minded.
Rue.	. . .	Disdain.
Ruellia,	. . .	Constant remembrance.
Rumex, <i>Wild Sorrel</i>	. . .	Wit ill-timed. He makes a foe who makes a jest.
Rush,	. . .	Docility.
§affron,	. . .	Beware of excess.
§affron, meadow	. . .	My best days are past.
Sage,	. . .	Domestic virtues.
Saint Johnswort,	. . .	Superstition.
Salpiglossis,	. . .	Political distinction.
Salvia, blue,	. . .	Wisdom.
Salvia, red	. . .	Energy.
Sambucus, <i>Elder</i>	. . .	Compassion.
Sanvitalia,	. . .	Contentment.
Saponaria,	. . .	Humility.
Satin Flower,	. . .	Honesty. Fascination,
Saxifraga umbrosa,	. . .	Frivolity.
Scabiosa, <i>Mourning bride,</i>	. . .	Unfortunate attachment.

Scarlet Lychnis,	. . .	Wit.
Scarlet Runner,	. . .	Winsome ways.
Schizanthus,	. . .	Coquetry.
Scypanthus.	. . .	Light-hearted.
Sensitive Plant,	. . .	Sensitiveness. Timidity.
Sensitive Rose, <i>Shrankia un-</i>		Fearfulness. O'er young to
<i>cinata,</i>	. . .	leave my mother yet.
Service Tree,	. . .	Prudence.
Shad flower,	. . .	Prudence.
Silene armeria, <i>Catchfly</i>	. . .	I am a willing prisoner.
Silver Bell,	. . .	Good news.
Siphocampylos,	. . .	Resolved to be noticed.
Sloe,	. . .	Honesty.
Smilax, Boston	. . .	Loveliness.
Snapdragon,	. . .	Deception. I have been flat- tered with false hopes.
Snowball,	. . .	Age. Thoughts of heaven.
Snowdrop,	. . .	Faithfulness. I am no sum- mer friend.
Snow-on-the-mountain,	. . .	Coldness.
Solandra,	. . .	Generosity.
Solanum dulcamara, <i>Bitters-</i>		
<i>sweet.</i>	. . .	Suspicion. Artifice.

- Solanum pseudo-capsicum,  
*Jerusalem cherry*, . . . Deception.
- Solidago, *Golden Rod* . . . Precaution.
- Sollya, . . . . A souvenir.
- Sorbus aucuparia, *Mountain* Prudence. With me you are  
*Ash*, . . . . safe.
- Sorrel, wild !. . . . Wit, ill-timed. He makes a  
 foe who makes a jest.
- Sorrel, wood . . . . Joy.
- Southernwood, . . . . Jestng.
- Spearmint, . . . . Warmth of sentiment.
- Speedwell, . . . . My best wishes.
- Spiderwort, . . . . Esteem—not love.
- Spindle Tree, . . . . Your image is engraven on  
 my heart.
- Spirea filipendula, *Pride of*  
*the Meadow*, . . . . Uselessness.
- Spirea prunifolia, *Bridal*  
*Wreath* . . . . Plighted love.
- Spironocema, . . . . Modest merit.
- Staff Tree, . . . . Fortitude.
- Staphyllea, *Bladder Nut* . . . Social qualities.
- Star of Bethlehem, . . . . Reconciliation.
- Statice, . . . . Formality.


Stellaria media, <i>Chickweed</i> ,	Let us meet again.
Stephanotus, . . . .	Do you desire 'to travel?
Stock, Ten-weeks . . . .	Promptness.
Stock, common . . . .	Lasting beauty.
Stonecrop, . . . .	Tranquility.
Stramonium (Datura), <i>Thorn</i> <i>Apple</i> , . . . .	Deceitful charms.
Straw, broken . . . .	Rupture of a contract.
Straw, whole . . . .	Union.
Strawberry blossoms, . . . .	Foresight.
Strelitza Reginae, <i>Queenplant</i> ,	Supremacy. Born to rule.
Sumach. . . . .	Splendid misery.
Sunflower, . . . .	Adoration.
Sweet Alyssum, . . . .	Worth beyond beauty.
Sweet Basil, . . . .	Good wishes.
Sweet Briar, . . . .	I wound to heal.
Sweet Pea, . . . .	Departure. Must you go?
Sweet Rocket, . . . .	Rivalry. Thou vain coquette.
Sweet William, . . . .	Gallantry.
Sycamore, . . . .	Curiosity.
<b>J</b> ansy, . . . .	I declare war against you.
are, . . . .	Vice.
Tassel flower, . . . .	Adulation.



Teasel, . . . .	Misanthropy.
Tendrils of climbers, . .	Ties.
Tephrosia Virginia, <i>Goat's</i> <i>Rue</i> , . . . .	Reason.
Thalia dealbata, . . . .	Good-will.
Thistle, common . . . .	Austerity.
Thistle, Scotch . . . .	Retaliation.
Thorn-apple, . . . .	Deceitful charms.
Thrift, <i>Armeria vulgaris</i> ,	Sympathy.
Thunbergia, . . . .	Elegance of manners.
Thuya, <i>Arbor vita</i> , . . . .	Unchanging friendship.
Thyme, . . . .	Activity, courage.
Tigridia <i>Tiger-flower</i> , . .	For once may pride befriend me.
Tradescantia, <i>Spiderwort</i> ,	Esteem—not love.
Tricyrtis, . . . .	Surprise.
Trillium, <i>Wake-robin</i> , . .	Modest beauty.
Triptilion spinosum, . . . .	Be prudent.
Tritoma, <i>Red-hot poker</i> , . .	Forewarned is forearmed.
Tropaeolum, . . . .	Patriotism. Honor to the brave.
Trumpet flower, . . . .	Separation.
Tuberose, . . . .	Personal charms.
Tulip, red . . . .	Declaration of love.

Tulip, variegated	. . .	Beautiful eyes.
Tulip, yellow	. . .	Hopeless love.
Tulip tree,	. . .	Rural happiness.
Turnip,	. . .	Charity.
Tussilago, <i>Colt's foot</i> ,	. . .	Justice shall be done you.
Tweedia,	. . .	Faithful affection.
<b>B</b> ivularia, <i>Bellwort</i> ,	. . .	Modesty.
<b>N</b> enus' Fly Trap,	. . .	Have I caught you at last.
<b>N</b> enus' Looking Glass,	. . .	Flattery.
Valerian,	. . .	An accommodating disposition.
Verbena,	. . .	Sensibility.
Vernal Grass,	. . .	Poor, but happy.
Veronica, <i>Speedwell</i> ,	. . .	My best wishes.
Viburnum opulus, <i>Snowball</i> ,	. . .	Age. Thoughts of heaven.
Viburnum tinus, <i>Laurustinus</i> ,	. . .	A token.
Vinca,	. . .	Remembrance of early friendship.
Vine, Grape,	. . .	Intoxication.
Viola tricolor, <i>Pansy</i> ,	. . .	Thoughts. Remembrance.
Violet, blue,	. . .	Faithfulness.

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Violet, white, . . .	Retirement. I must be sought to be found.
Violet, yellow . . .	Rural happiness.
Violet, sweet . . .	Modesty.
Virginia Creeper, . . .	I cling to you both, in sun- shine and shade.
Virginian Stock, . . .	True friendship.
Virgin's Bower, . . .	Filial affection.
Volkameria, . . .	Good wishes. May you be happy.
 ake Robin . . .	Modest beauty.
Wall Flower, . . .	Fidelity in adversity.
Walnut, . . .	Stratagem.
Water Lily, . . .	Purity of heart.
Wax Plant, . . .	Susceptibility.
Weigela, . . .	Maiden beauty.
Wheat Stalk, . . .	Riches.
White Fringe Tree, . . .	Candor.
Whitlavia, . . .	Constancy.
Whortleberry, . . .	Treachery.
Willow, weeping, . . .	Mourning.
Winter Cherry, . . .	Deception.
Wisteria, . . .	Welcome, fair stranger!

Witch Hazel,	.	.	A spell.
Wolfsbane,	.	.	Misanthropy.
Woodbine,	.	.	Fraternal love.
Wood Sorrel	.	.	Joy.
Wormwood,	.	.	Absence.
Wreath, bridal, <i>Spirea</i> ,	.	.	Plighted love.
<i>X</i> anthium, <i>Clotbur</i> ,	.	.	Rudeness. Pertinacity.
<i>X</i> eranthemum, <i>Chamomile</i>	.	.	Cheerfulness in adversity.
<i>Z</i> arrow,	.	.	To heal a wounded heart.
<i>Z</i> ew,	.	.	Sorrow.
<i>Z</i> ucca, <i>Adam's Needle</i> ,	.	.	Natural charms.
<i>Z</i> innia,	.	.	Thoughts of absent friends.



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