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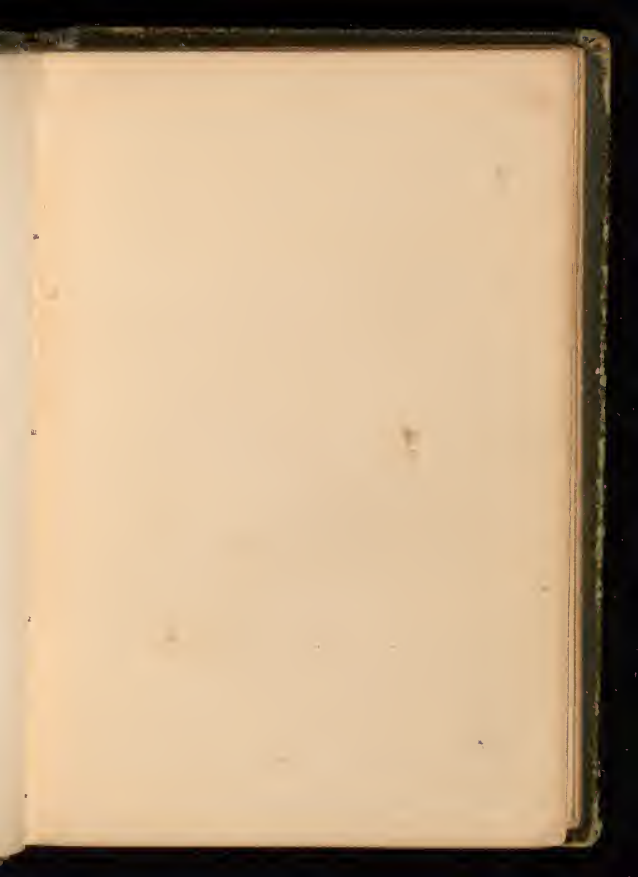
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THE
SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS.

We quote the following Notice of the "SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS," from the *Literary Gazette*, of Jan. 16, 1836. — "A charming little book, from Madame de la Tour's *Langage des Fleurs*, in which all that was eligible for English readers in that popular *tome* is preserved and translated, all that might be objectionable omitted, and much is added of the translator's original matter, which considerably enhances the attraction of the whole. With a dozen of sweet floral coloured plates, it is precisely the thing for a fair lady's boudoir."







SENT

R. T

THE
SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS;

OR,

LANGUAGE OF FLORA.

BY THE
EDITOR OF "WOODLAND GLEANINGS," &c.

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.

WITH TWELVE COLOURED PLATES.

Seventh Thousand.

LONDON:
R. TYAS, 8, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXLI.

16-0069

LONDON :
CLARKE, PRINTERS, SILVER STREET, FALCON SQUARE.

PREFACE.

THE popularity of this little work is now fully established. The improvements in the Second Edition have met the approbation of the public, and confirmed the position of the work as one of its chief favourites.

It is no small gratification to the Editor to know that his most numerous patrons are among "the fairest flowers of the British isles;" — are they "who were born to render life delightful;" and for whose especial use and amusement this little work was originally prepared.

The "Sentiment of Flowers" had its origin in that celebrated publication, "*Le Langage des Fleurs*;" but, though the system of Madame de la Tour has been adopted, it must be understood that this work is not a mere translation. Great care has been taken to add such information as was required to render the work complete, and a discretion has been exercised in the rejection or alteration of those passages not suited to the English taste; while the productions of our poets have been extensively read, in order to select illustrations which would best harmonize with the quality of which the plant is made emblematical.

The Editor does not wish to detract from the merits of other (many of them valuable) publications of a similar character, yet he may be allowed to state that they are generally very expensive, and contain notices of a limited number of plants only. Here, at a price less than that of any similar work,

and within the reach of every admirer of Flora (and who is not so?), is given an account of nearly three hundred different flowers, with their powers in language, and in most cases the reason for their being so appropriated is stated. To acquire a knowledge of the principles on which the floral language is conducted, it is recommended that the Introduction be first carefully perused, and the ingenious will then be enabled to

Gather a wreath from their garden bowers,
And tell the wish of their heart in flowers.

R. T.

London, April, 1841.

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INTRODUCTION.

OF Flowers, so much has been said and sung, that it were impossible to write any thing new. They have been called "the joy of the shrubs which bear them;"—"the stars of the earth;" and the "alphabet of the angels;" and, indeed, as says Mr. Howitt, "of all the minor creations of God, they seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace, and joy. Beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his

eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers. As they become older they would live for ever amongst them. They bound about in the flowery meadows like young fawns; they gather all they come near; they collect heaps; they sit among them and sort them, and sing over them and caress them, till they perish in their grasp.

This sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers. WORDSWORTH.

“ We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields, by the treasures they have gathered and have left behind, lured on by others still greater.

“ As they grow up to maturity, they as-

sume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They become invested, by a multitude of associations, with innumerable spells of power over the human heart; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers; they are, to all nations, the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity."

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

MRS. BARBAULD.

Let Fancy lead us, with her fair imaginings,
and it shall be in pleasant paths, and
through flowery ways;

Go, cull the golden fruits of truth;
Go, gather fancy's brilliant flowers;

and for a brief space let us wander in an

earthly Eden. We will rove, hand in hand, with the ever-youthful goddess of flowers; and Zephyrus, her beloved, shall waft tributary honours from every clime. We will twine fair garlands for many a youthful brow; "we will not let a flower of the spring escape us;" but "crown ourselves with roses ere they be withered." We may roam with Tasso through Syrian lands, "where soft perfumes diffuse from every flower;" or the deserts of Arabia, where

The acacia waves her yellow hair;

or shall we choose the Grecian Isles, and join there a bridal train, "where the young maidens are crowned with fairest flowers? And there on every side are seen a succession of narcissuses, hyacinths, anemones, iris all hues, violets of all sorts, roses of every kind, and every odoriferous plant." These the ancient Greeks scattered in the porticoes of their temples; with them they adorned their altars, and decorated the statues of their gods; they strewed them in the victor's path; and wore wreaths of flowers in their holy ceremonies.

It was the custom there to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veiled in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song.

KEATS.

And at their banquets and festivals they
crowned themselves with

Garlands of every green, and every scent,
From vales deflowered or forest-trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought,
High as the handles heaped, to suit the thought
Of every guest, that each as he did please
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his ease.

KEATS.

If we pass to Italy, we shall find lilies,
and violets, the narcissus, and flowers of the
sweet smelling anise; with cassia, and other
fragrant herbs, the soft hyacinth, and the
saffron marigold. And in Spain we may

rest awhile in the bower,
O'er which the white-leaved orange flower
Breathes its ambrosial sweets.

MELLENDEZ.

Now let us away to the distant lands of
Asia, where we shall not find the glorious

garden of Eden, nor the far-famed gardens of once mighty Babylon; but there we may repose on beds of roses in Cashmere; and with the Persian maidens weave garlands of the violet, jasmine, or lotus flowers; we may trim the odorous night blooming nycanthus, with the drooping mimosa, which seems to do us homage as we approach it; we may cull the rich blossom from the canna, the white arum, the yellow zanthium, and the classic hibiscus; we may rest secure under the bata tree, or recline beneath the dark and gloomy cypresses. Or seeing, should we prefer the plain of various colours, clad with groves and gardens, and watered by flowing rivulets? It is a place belonging to the abodes of heroes. The ground is silky in its appearance, and the air is scented with musky odours; so that you would be led to ask, Is it rose water which glides between the banks? The stalk of the lily bends under the weight of the flower; and the whole grove is charmed with the fragrance of the rose-bud. The pheasant walks gracefully among the flowers; and the

dove and the nightingale warble from the branches of the cypress. From the present time to the latest age, may these banks resemble the bowers of Paradise ! *

In Hindostan, the god of love is known as *Camdeo*. There we may see the fair young child surrounded by gay laughter-loving nymphs. His mother never leaves him,—his spouse is *Retty*, the essence of affection,—and his bosom friend is *Bessent*, or *Spring*. The plains of *Agra* are his favourite resort. His bow is of sugar cane, twined with flowers ; his string is of bees ; his five arrows are each pointed with an Indian flower. The Hindoo nymphs chant the following hymn to the Indian cupid :

God of the flowery shafts, and flowery bow,
Delight of all above and all below !
Thy loved companion, constant from his birth,
Is yeclped *Bessent*, gay spring on earth,
Weaves thy green robes and flaunting bowers,
And from thy cloud draws balmy showers,
He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver,
(Sweet the gift, and sweet the giver,)

* Sir William Jones.

And bids the many-plumed warbling throng
Burst the fresh blossoms with their song,
“ He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string
With bees,— how sweet, but ah! how keen their
sting!

He with five flowerets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which through five senses pierce enraptured
hearts.”

Translation by SIR WILLIAM JONES.

But we will leave this dangerous land, and wander through the ever blooming vales of Japan. Let us deck ourselves with her gorgeous lilies,—her Japonicas,—her flowers so beautiful that even the females are named from them. Where'er we roam we shall find that nature strews the earth with flowers.

We proceed to take a brief survey of the habits of flowers. Many varieties open their flowers in the morning, and close them in the evening; yet all do not open or close at the same hour. Plants of the same species are pretty regular to an hour in equal temperatures; hence the daily opening and shutting of the flower has been called *Horologium Floræ*.

It has been very truly observed that flow-

DIAL OF FLOWERS.

TIME OF OPENING

		h. m.
Yellow Goat's Beard	*T.P.	3 5
Late-flowering Dandelion	Leon.S.	4 0
Bristly Helminthia	H.E.	4 5
Alpine Borkhausia	B.A.	4 5
Wild Succory	C.I.	4 5
Naked Stalked Poppy	P.N.	5 0
Copper-coloured Day Lily	H.F.	5 0
Smooth Sow Thistle	S.L.	5 0
Alpine Agathyrus	Agg.A.	5 0
Small Bind-weed	Con.A.	5 6
Common Nipple Wort	L.C.	5 6
Common Dandelion	L.T.	5 6
Spotted Achyrophorus	A.M.	6 7
White Water Lily	N.A.	7 0
Garden Lettuce	Lac.S.	7 0
African Marigold	T.E.	7 0
Common Pimpernel	A.A.	7 8
Mouse-ear Hawkweed	H.P.	8 0
Proliferous Pink	D.P.	8 0
Field Marigold	Cal.A.	9 0
Purple Sandwort	A.P.	9 10
Small Purslane	P.O.	9 10
Creeping Mallow	M.C.	9 10
Chickweed	S.M.	9 10

* These are the initial letters of the Latin names of the plants; they will be found at length on the next page.

DIAL OF FLOWERS.

TIME OF CLOSING.

	h. m.
Helminthia echioides	B.H. 12 0
Agathysus alpinus	A.A. 12 0
Borkhausia alpina	A.B. 12 1
Leontodon serotinus	L.D. 12 0
Malva caroliniana	C.M. 12 1
Dianthus prolifer	P.P. 1 0
Hieracium pilosella	M.H. 2 0
Anagallis arvensis	S.P. 2 3
Arenaria purpurea	P.S. 2 3
Calendula arvensis	F.M. 3 0
Tagetes erecta	A.M. 3 4
Convolvulus arvensis	S.B. 4 5
Achyrophorus maculatus	S.A. 4 5
Nymphaea alba	W.W.L. 5 0
Papaver nudicaule	N.P. 7 0
Hemerocallis fulva	C.D.L. 7 8
Cichorium intybus	W.S. 8 9
Leontodon taraxacum	C.D. 8 9
Tragopogon pratensis	Y.G.B. 9 10
Stellaria media	C. 9 10
Lapsana communis	C.N. 10 0
Lactuca sativa	G.L. 10 0
Sonchus laevis	S.T. 11 12
Portulaca oleracea	S.P. 11 12

The time here stated is from noon to night.

ers were the first playthings of Linnæus ;
whose motto was,

Tantus amor florum.

This devoted lover of flowers carefully noticed the sensibility of plants, and composed a horologe of flowers. The list is given in his "Philosophia Botanica," which, however, is only valuable to us in giving the names of plants which open and close at stated periods, as the time given is for the meridian of Upsal, and we must therefore, in order to form one for Britain, make our own observations. For the use of our friends we have given a list of twenty-four (all of which may be easily procured), extracted from that magnificent and useful work, the Encyclopædia of Gardening, by J. C. Loudon, Esq., and by observation of the following plants, also the ingenious reader may be enabled to add to the number. Many species of convolvulus and campanula, the marvel of Peru, or belle-de-nuit, broom, tulips, cress, hibiscus, yellow lily, white water lily, and dianthus.

See hieracium's various tribe,
Of plummy seed and radiate flowers,

The blooms of time their course describe,
And wake and sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cap,
The goat's-beard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
The Bethlehem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble arenaria creeps ;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly rayed
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide sun displayed,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour, when, as the dial true,
Chiconium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "wee crimson tipped flower,"
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom at the closing hour,
When night drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike silené, who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light ;
But when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path untrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrances, which tell
How fast their winged moments fly.

SMITH.

The following beautiful lines are by Mrs. Hemans. They celebrate the far-famed dial of flowers constructed by Linnæus.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,

In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

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

So might the days have been brightly told —
Those days of song and dreams, —
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

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

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

And among other poets we often meet with allusions to floral dials.

The dial, hid by weeds and flowers,
Hath told, by none beheld, the solitary hours.

WILSON.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
'Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial by way of warning.

MURRAY.

What a wide field for the imagination is displayed in the succeeding quotation from Hartley Coleridge. We might fancy ourselves luxuriating in a garden of roses, where "every flower that blows" would add to our felicity; where the most agreeable and delightful companions were assembled to pass the hours in heedless pleasure, — where no care, — no sorrow, — no unpleasant recollections of past disappointments, — of hopes destroyed, — or the overthrow of anticipated happiness, — are allowed to interrupt our joy, and mar the beauty of the enchanted scene. Alas! these

are but day-dreams scattered by a breath. The rude realities of life — the continual frustration of long-cherished designs, — and the constant blighting, if not extinction of our fondest hopes, — all prove how utterly fallacious are the projects on which unassisted *man* attempts to construct a durable felicity. Read it! Does it not carry our fancy to an airy Eden?

Shall I sing of happy hours
Numbered by opening and closing flowers?
Of smiles, and sighs that give no pain,
And seem as they were heard in vain —
Softly heard in leafy bowers,
Blent with the whispers of the vine,
The half blush of the eglantine,
And the pure sweetness of the jessamine;
What is it those sighs confess?

But we are extending this part beyond our limits. Flowers afford a certain means of determining the state of the atmosphere. "Many species are admirable barometers. Most of the bulbous rooted flowers contract, or close their petals entirely, on the approach of rain. The African marigold indicates rain, if the

corolla is closed after seven or eight in the morning. The common bindweed closes its flowers on the approach of rain ; but the *anagallis arvensis*, or scarlet pimpernel," which we often call shepherd's weather-glass, "is the most sure in its indications, as the petals constantly close on the least humidity of atmosphere. Barley is also singularly affected by the moisture or the dryness of the air. The awns are furnished with stiff points, all turning towards one end ; which extend when moist, and shorten when dry. The points, too, prevent their receding, so that they are drawn up or forward ; as moisture is returned, they advance, and so on ; indeed, they may actually be said to travel forwards. The capsules of the geranium furnish admirable barometers. Fasten the beard when fully ripe, upon a stand, and it will twist itself, or untwist, according as the air is moist or dry. The flowers of the chick-weed, convolvulus, and oxalis, or wood sorrel, close their petals on the approach of rain.

Gardens have been the delight of poets in all ages. All our poets have sung of flow-

ers. They serve all purposes; and we are reminded of the fable of the flowers, where the rose says, —

What can a poet do without us?

“ But it is not poets alone who half worship flowers. What an enthusiastic devotion is that which sends a man from the attractions of home, the ties of neighbourhood, the bonds of country, to range plains, valleys, hills, and mountains, for a new flower. What a spirit must have animated Hermann, Hasselquist, Tournefort, Linnæus, Solander, Sausure, Humboldt, and hundreds of those who have sacrificed every personal convenience and selfish motive for the sake of illustrating the volume of nature, and opening almost a new existence upon those whose researches are necessarily limited. But the love of flowers is not shared exclusively by the poet and the naturalist. Oh! no, the little child loves the flower garden, and watches with intense interest the early opening buds, such fair types of itself. The young, the middle aged, and the hoary head, silvered with the snows of three-score years and ten; all, all haug

with delight over the blooming parterre. The bud of infancy, the half expanded flower of youth, the perfect blooms of the meridian of life, and the drooping leaves of closing existence, are here all seen and noted. No wonder that man, in the beautiful simplicity of earlier times, loved flowers, and hence formed an eloquent language, that spoke to the heart in a 'still small voice,' more touching than the tenderest accents. No wonder that the most lovely ornament for the young virgin was a chaplet of fair flowers; the most glorious distinction of the warrior a wreath of bays. No wonder that the bier of the early dead was strewed with these passing emblems of a passing existence."

The flowers that we behold each year,
In chequered meads their heads to rear,
Now rising from their tomb,
E'en these do cry,
That though men die,
New life from death may come.

HAGTHORPE.

May-day — May-day, that revives such joy-

ful reminiscences of our childhood — bringing back to us the pleasures of “by-past time,” in remembrance and reality, May-day must not be forgotten.

Hail! thou of ever-circling time,
That gracest still the ceaseless flow!
Bright blossoms of the season's prime,
Aye hastening on to winter's snow!

Hail! thou, the fleet year's pride and prime!
Hail! day, which fame should bid to bloom!
Hail! image of a primeval time!
Hail! sample of a world to come!

LANGHORNE.

“The flowery month of May,” says Peacham, “must be drawn as a youth, with a sweet and amiable countenance, clad in a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodils, hawthorns, and blue bottles; upon his head a garland of white, damask, and red roses; in one hand a lute; upon the forefinger of the other a nightingale; and the sign Gemini in the back-ground.”

May-day festivities are now falling rapidly into disuse ; but in ancient times it was celebrated as was fitting by the young. They rose shortly after midnight, and went to some neighbouring wood, attended by songs and music, there breaking green branches from the trees, and making nosegays, wreaths, and crowns of flowers. They returned home at the rising of the sun, and made their windows and their doors gay with garlands. In the villages they danced during the day round the May-pole, which afterwards remained the whole year untouched, except by the seasons, a fading emblem, and a consecrated offering to the goddess of flowers. Chaucer, in his conclusion of the Court of Love, hath described the feast of May.

Forth goth all the court, both most and least,
To fetch the floures fresh, and branch and blome.—
And namely hawthorn brought both page and grome,
And then rejoysen in their great delite,
Eke ech at others threw the floures bright,
The primrose, violete, and the gold,
With fresh garlants party blue and white.

The twenty-ninth of May, the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles, is celebrated at Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, with much rejoicing among the junior members of the community. Rising early in the morning, they sally forth into the neighbouring woods, and break off large boughs from the oak trees, which they convey into the town, and fix them projecting from the windows. To these they suspend garlands of flowers, ornamented with birds' eggs, which are cruelly taken from the nests found in the hedges around. Garlands are also suspended over the streets by cords passing from one window to another on the opposite side. Boys also deck their hats with a twig of the oak tree, the leaves of which they ornament with gold leaf.

To pass, however, more immediately to the contents of this little work, we would observe, that the sentimental language of Flora is by no means of modern invention. "The hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians abound in floral symbols, and from hence we may surmise that the Greeks became accustomed to

this figurative language. Their poetical fables are full of the metamorphoses of their deities into plants; indeed there was no flower to which their imaginations had not affixed some meaning; even to this day a young Arcadian is seldom seen without his turban full of flowers, presented to him by the beauty he admires, by the silent language of which his hopes are kept alive; and it forms one of the chief amusements of the Greek girls to drop these symbols of their esteem or scorn upon the various passengers who pass their latticed windows."

In the gardens of the East, Flora receives the homage due for her widely-scattered and various gifts. Oh! flowers — flowers — we may well think them the "alphabet of the angels." But how coldly do we look on them; how often are we regardless of their charms here; while in other lands they almost substitute the use of writing, — expressing by a blossom, joy, grief, hope, despair, devotion, piety, and almost every sentiment that fills the mind.

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

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

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

The cypress that darkly shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns its bitter lot ;
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

PERCIVAL.

Lady M. W. Montagu was one of the first to introduce floral language into Europe. When at Pera, she sent a Turkish love letter to a friend in England, from which we extract the botanical emblems.

CLOVE. You are as slender as this clove !
 You are an unblown rose !
 I have long loved you, and you have
 not known it.

JONQUIL. Have pity on my passion !

PEAR. Give me some hope !

A ROSE. May you be pleased, and your sor-
 rows mine !

A STRAW. Suffer me to be your slave !

CINNAMON. But my fortune is yours !

PEPPER. Send me an answer !

Her Ladyship states that there is no flower without a verse belonging to it; and that it

is possible to quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking the fingers.

Happy the young and light-hearted maiden who, ignorant of the silly pleasures of the world, feels no occupation to be more agreeable than the study of plants. She seeks in the field her most touching ornaments; each spring brings to her new joys: and every morning a fresh harvest of flowers repays her diligent cultivation; a garden is to her an inexhaustible source of delight and instruction. By a charming art these beautiful productions of nature are converted into liquid perfumes, precious essences, or valuable conserves. One of the most delightful accomplishments that can be chosen for the fair sex is that of catching the transient shades of beauty which are found upon flowers, and fixing them on paper. The able pencil shows to us the queen of spring with her spherical form, her delicate colours, the beautiful green of her foliage, the thorns which protect her, the dew-drops which bathe her, and the butterfly which skims lightly

over her beautiful form. "The beauty and grace that may be displayed in grouping flowers, united with the gaiety of their colours, and the harmony of their tints, are objects well worthy the attention of those who were born to render life delightful." Nothing is forgotten in depicting them; and when we look upon the faithful representative, even in the depths of winter, we may fancy that we inhale the perfumes of spring. This study, in imparting a taste for all that is beautiful in nature, fills the soul with ravishing emotions, and opens before us the enchanted avenues of a world full of wonders. "Flowers," says Pliny, "are the joy of the shrubs which bear them." This eminent observer of nature might also have added, "and of those who love them and cultivate them."

The interpreters of our sweetest sentiments, flowers lend their charms even to love — to that pure and chaste affection, which, as Plato observes, is an inspiration from the gods. The expression of this divine passion ought to be divine also, and it was to illus-

trate this that flowers were ingeniously made emblematical of our most delicate sentiments; they do, in fact, utter in "silent eloquence" a language better than writing; they are the delicate symbols of the illusions of a tender heart and of a lively and brilliant imagination. In the glorious days of chivalry, the respectful lover oft made use of the sweet language of flowers. Gothic books are full of emblems composed of flowers; and we find, in the romance of *Perceforest*, that a garland of roses is the lover's treasure. We read also in that of *Amadis*, that Oriana, a prisoner who had neither the opportunity of speaking or writing to her lover, apprised him of her misfortune by throwing, from the high tower in which she was confined, a rose bathed in her tears. What a charming expression of sorrow and of love! The Chinese have an alphabet composed entirely of plants and roots; and we may yet read upon the rocks of Egypt the ancient conquests over that people, recorded by foreign plants. This language is as old as the world, but its

characters are renewed in each succeeding spring.

Should a beautiful odalisk wish to avenge herself on a tyrant who has treated her with cruelty, she may, with a single floweret of the lily of the valley, thrown as by chance, inform a young icoglan, that the favourite sultana, weary of her tyrannous lord, wishes to inspire a sentiment of lively and pure affection. If he should return a rose it would be as though he had said that reason was opposed to her projects ; but a tulip, with a black heart, and flame-coloured petals, would assure her that her wishes were understood and partaken of. This is an ingenious mode of correspondence, which can never betray or divulge a secret.

This eloquent language gives a charm to the sweet intercourse of friendship, and to filial and maternal love ; it adds to the delight of youthful affections, and affords an excellent mode of recognition. The unfortunate may even find a faithful messenger in a flower. Rouchier, when in solitary confinement, consoled himself in studying the flowers which

his daughter collected for him ; and a few days before his death, he sent her two dead lilies, to express, at the same time, the purity of his soul and the fate which awaited him.

The poet Saadi, author of "Gulistan, or the Rose Garden," engaged to break his chains by presenting a rose to the man who owned him as his slave. He said, "Do good unto thy servant whilst thou hast it in thy power, for the season of power is often as brief as the existence of this beautiful flower."

The sentiments and emblems found in this volume are chiefly derived from the ancients, and especially from eastern nations. In pursuing the research, it has been found that time, instead of rendering their sentiments less appropriate, has confirmed their fitness, and continually added new charms to the language. Little study is necessary in the science here taught ; nature has been before us. It will suffice that two or three rules be given, which the reader will do well first to learn, and then by reference to the work, which is systematically arranged for the purpose, he will be enabled to converse in the language of flowers.

By the first rule, a flower presented inclining to the right, expresses a thought; reversed, it is understood to convey the contrary of that sentiment. For example:—A rose-bud, with its thorns and leaves, is understood to say, “I fear, but I hope.” The same rose-bud reversed, would signify that, “You must neither fear nor hope.” You may convey your sentiments very well by a single flower. As the second rule, take the rose-bud which has already served us for an example, and strip it of its thorns, it tells you that “There is every thing to hope.” Strip it of its leaves, it will express that “There is every thing to fear.”

The expression of nearly all flowers may be varied by changing their position. Thus, the marigold, for example; placed upon the head, it signifies, “distress of mind;” upon the heart, “the pains of love;” upon the breast, “ennui.” It is also necessary to know that the pronoun *I* is understood by inclining the flower to the right, and the pronoun *thou* by inclining it to the left.

Such are the first principles of this mysterious language. Love and friendship ought

to join their discoveries to render it more perfect; these sentiments, the most delightful in nature, are alone able to perfect what they have originated.

THE
SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS.

A B S E N C E.

WORMWOOD.

WORMWOOD is considered the bitterest of plants. Its scientific name, *Absinthium*, is derived from the Greek, and signifies—without sweetness. It is, therefore, very appropriately made the emblem of absence; which, according to La Fontaine, is the greatest of evils.

To be separated from those to whom we are devotedly attached, is assuredly one of the severest trials of life; and if that separation be involuntary, or only in obedience to those who have the guardianship of our early years, the wretchedness of absence is enhanced three-fold. There is all the anxiety for the health and comfort of the absent, without any opportunity of offering consolation; for though “the heart alone knows its own bitterness,” we feel that the sympathy of a friend can often alleviate the deepest distress.

ACCOMMODATING DISPOSITION.

RED VALERIAN.

THE red flowered valerian has but recently been introduced into our gardens from the Alpine rocks, where it grows naturally. Its appearance is showy, but always disordered. In its cultivated state it still has the bearing of a rustic, which imparts to it somewhat of the air of a *parvenu*; notwithstanding, this wild beauty owes its fortune to its merit. Its root is an excellent remedy for those diseases which produce weakness; an infusion of it strengthens the sight, re-animates the spirits, and drives away melancholy. It continues in flower nearly the whole year, and is much improved by cultivation, though it never disdains its wild origin, but often quits our borders to deck the sides of a barren hill, or to climb over old and ruined walls. The valerians of our woods and our fields possess greater medicinal virtues and as much beauty as this emblem of an accommodating disposition; but they are neglected by the florist because they yield not so gracefully to his training hand as that derived from the Alps. It is difficult to say whence it derives the name of valerian; Linnæus supposes it to be named after a certain king, Valerius, whilst De Théis thinks it altered from the verb *valere* (to heal), on account of its medicinal qualities.

ACTIVITY.

THYME.

The wild bee 'mid a bed of thyme.

H. COLERIDGE.

FLIES of all shapes, beetles of every colour, with the industrious bee and gay butterfly, continually surround the flowery tufts of thyme. It may be that this lowly plant appears to these light-winged inhabitants of the air, whose ephemeral lives cease ere spring closes, as an immense tree covered with eternal verdure, and as old as the earth itself, upon which these sparkling flowers are fixed, like so many splendid vases filled with honey for their use and enjoyment alone.

The ancient Greeks regarded thyme as the symbol of activity. No doubt they had observed that its aromatic perfume was very salutary to the aged, whose exhausted powers it revives, imparting fresh energy and vigour.

Activity is a warlike virtue, and is invariably associated with genuine courage. In the days of chivalry, ladies often embroidered on the scarfs of their knights, a bee hovering around a sprig of thyme. It is said, that he who adopted this two-fold symbol was endowed with the quality of gentleness in all his actions.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

THIS plant begins to put forth its flowers when others are becoming rare. Its hardy nature renders it suitable to any soil or situation; and its beautiful flowers enliven our gardens as the floral season closes. It seems to be the after-thought of Flora, who smiles on our parterres as she leaves them.

AGITATION.

SHAKING SAINTFOIN, OR MOVING PLANT.

LINNÆUS observes that this is a wonderful plant on account of its voluntary motion, which is not caused by any touch, irritation, or movement in the air, as in the sensitive plant, &c. No sooner have the plants, raised from seed, acquired their ternate leaves, than they begin to be in motion this way and that. This movement never ceases during the whole period of their vegetation, nor are they observant of any direction, order, or time. One leaf will frequently revolve, while another on the same petiole is still; and sometimes a few leaflets only will be seen in motion, then

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nearly all move at once. The whole plant is very rarely agitated, and that only during its first year. Swartz observes that the motion is irregular, and that it sometimes ceases entirely; that it is immoveable in a very hot day, being agitated only in the evening, and that slowly. In our climate, the leaves, in general, only make a faint and feeble attempt towards the middle of the day in exerting their extraordinary faculty.

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## AMIABILITY.

### JASMINE.

The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf  
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more  
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.

COWPER.

THERE are some persons endowed with a disposition so happy, that they seem to be sent into the world to be the bond of society. There is so much of grace and ease in their manners, that they adapt themselves to every situation, accommodate themselves to all tastes, and infuse cheerfulness into every company. They flatter none; they affect nothing, and never give offence. This quality is as much the gift of heaven as the lovely countenance which enchants the beholder by

its beauty. In a word, they please, because nature has made them amiable.

The jasmine seems as though it had been created to express the quality of amiability. When first introduced into France by some Spanish navigators, about 1560, it was greatly admired for the lightness of its branches and the delicate lustre of its star-like flowers. It was deemed necessary to place a plant so elegant and apparently tender in the hothouse. It was then tried in the orangery, where it grew marvellously well; and at length it was exposed in the open ground, where now it grows as freely as in its native soil, braving the most rigorous winters without requiring any care or attention.

The flexible branches of this odoriferous shrub may be trained according to our pleasure. It will climb our palisades, and weave itself around our trellised arches, and cover the dead wall with an evergreen tapestry, and run gaily along our terraces and our walks. It is also obedient to the scissors of the gardener, who forms it into bushy shrubs or grotesque figures; and, in every form, it lavishes upon us an abundant harvest of flowers, which perfume, refresh, and purify the air in our groves.

Then how serene! when in your favourite room,  
Gales from your jasmines soothe the evening gloom.

CRABBE.

These charming flowers offer a rich cup to the gay and painted butterfly, which is never seen to greater advantage than when it is sipping the perfumed honey from the delicate petals of the white jasmine.

This beautiful plant grew in Hampton Court garden at the end of the seventeenth century; but, being lost there, was known only in Europe in the garden of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Pisa. From a jealous and selfish anxiety that he should continue to be the sole possessor of a plant so charming and so rare, he strictly charged his gardener not to give a single sprig, or even a flower, to any person. The gardener might have been faithful if he had not loved; but, being attached to a fair, though portionless damsel, he presented her with a bouquet on her birth-day; and, in order to render it more acceptable, ornamented it with a sprig of jasmine. The young maiden, to preserve the freshness of this pretty stranger, placed it in the earth, where it remained green until the return of spring, when it budded forth and was covered with flowers. She had profited by her lover's lessons, and now cultivated her highly prized jasmine with care, for which she was amply repaid by its rapid growth. The poverty of the lovers had been a bar to their union; now, however, she amassed a little fortune by the sale of cut-

tings from the plant which love had given her, and bestowed it, with her hand, upon the gardener of her heart. The young girls of Tuscany, in remembrance of this adventure, always deck themselves, on their wedding-day, with a nosegay of jasmine; and they have a proverb, that "she who is worthy to wear a nosegay of jasmine, is as good as a fortune to her husband."

Ought we not then to cultivate more generally what love first scattered abroad, for Cotton observes, how numerous are the purposes to which it may be applied :

Here jasmine spreads the silver flower,  
To deck the wall or weave the bower.

Carrington, one of nature's poets, makes it expressive of sympathy; which is a very prominent quality in amiability :

The jasmine droops above the honoured dead.

The seed of the jasmine will not ripen in our climate, but the plant is increased by layering down the branches, which take root in one year; they may then be separated from the parent stock, and be planted where they are to remain. It may also be propagated by cuttings, which ought to be planted in the early part of autumn, and the earth covered with sand, ashes, or saw-dust, to keep the frost from entering the ground.

## ARDOUR.

## CUCKOO PINT; OR WAKE ROBIN.

THE roots of these plants, of which there are more than fifty species, are nearly white. On tasting them they seem to be merely mucilaginous and tasteless; but they soon affect the tongue as if pricked with needles. This disagreeable sensation may be alleviated by milk, butter, or oil. The plant is very abundant in the isle of Portland, where the roots are eaten by the country people. They are also macerated, steeped, and dried to a powder, which is sent to London, where it is sold under the name of Portland sago. The French, also, obtain a powder from them, which is used as a wash for the skin, being sold under the title of Cypress powder.



## ARTIFICE.

## CLEMATIS.

THIS is a climbing shrub of rapid growth, ornamental, and highly fragrant. Its leaves are used by mendicants to produce ulcers, in order to excite commiseration. This infamous artifice is often the cause of real and permanent wounds.

## ARTS (THE).

## ACANTHUS.

— the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and  
 wrought  
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,  
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone,  
 Of costliest emblem.

## PARADISE LOST.

THE acanthus is found in hot countries,  
 along the shores of great rivers.

*Le Nil du vert Acanthe admire le feuillage.*

It grows freely in our climate; and Pliny assures us that it is a garden herb, and is admirably adapted for ornament and embellishment. The ancients tastefully adorned their furniture, vases, and most costly attire, with its elegant leaves. And Virgil writes, that the robe of Helen was bordered with a wreath of acanthus in relief.

This beautiful model of the arts has become their emblem; and he will be talented

indeed, who shall produce any thing to excel its richness. If any obstacle resists the growth of the acanthus, it seems to struggle to overcome it, and to vegetate with renewed vigour. So genius, when acted upon by resistance or opposition, redoubles its attempts to overthrow every impediment.

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

## ASSIGNATION.

## PIMPERNEL.

PLINY states that the Greeks and Romans, mixing the juice of this plant with honey, used the compound for complaints of the eyes. Etmuller, and others, regarded it as a cure for madness; and Quercetanus, who was noted for his ability to cure this disease, administered decoctions of pimpernel after antimonial vomits and laxative medicine. In malignant fevers, accompanied with low muttering delirium, or when the functions of the brain are disturbed, it is said to be an efficacious medicine. Its medicinal qualities, for various other diseases, have been highly extolled by many writers.

The common pimpernel is a beautiful trailing weed, and one of the *Flora horologica*, opening its flowers regularly about eight minutes past seven o'clock, and closing them about three minutes past two o'clock. It serves, also, as a hydrometer; for, if rain fall, or there be much moisture in the atmosphere, the flowers either do not open, or close up again. It is frequently called the shepherd's weather-glass.

Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel,

'Twill surely rain, I see, with sorrow,  
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DR. JENNER.



## ASYLUM, PROTECTION.

## JUNIPER.

THE ancients consecrated this shrub to the Eumenides. The smoke of its green branches was the incense which, in preference, they chose to offer to the infernal gods; and burnt its berries on funereal occasions, to drive away evil spirits. The simple villagers of our own land superstitiously believe that the perfume of its berries purifies the air, and protects them from the malevolence of wicked genii.

The Chinese delight to decorate their gardens with this plant. It groups and combines very well with cypresses, American cedars, and various species of the pine and fir tribe. It is commonly found growing wild on the outskirts of woods and forests, where it often affords a safe retreat to the hunted hare, which, in the last extremity, conceals itself beneath its protecting branches. It is said that the powerful odour emitted by this plant defeats the keen scent of the hound.

Its thick branches, bristling with thorns, are covered with thousands of brilliant insects, which seem to imagine this tree is provided as a protection for their weakness.

## AUSTERITY.

## THISTLE.

THIS prickly, though somewhat graceful weed, has given its title to a Scotch order of knighthood. It might be said *the* Scotch order, *par eminence*; as it also bears the name of St. Andrew, the patron saint of that nation. The collar is of gold, interlaced with flowers of the thistle, and bears the following motto: "*Nemome impune lacessit.*" None shall annoy me with impunity.

[We beg to be understood that we do not intend to prefer austerity as the national characteristic of our northern brethren.—Ed.]

## AVERSION.

## THE CHINA, OR INDIAN PINK.

THIS gaily painted flower we have taken from the fertile soil of the east to decorate our parterres. Its colours are richer than those of the sweet william, and it continues in flower for a longer period; but "its flowers being placed singly on branching stems, like those of the common pink, they never present that fine mass of colour which the large umbel of the sweet william exhibits, and they are entirely deficient of that fragrance for which the pink is so much admired."

## BASENESS.

## DODDER.

THE cuscuta, or dodder, is a genus of parasitical plants, fastening itself to, and deriving its nourishment from others. The seed does not split into lobes, but opens and puts forth a little spiral body, which is the embryo. The stalk twines about some other plant, contrary to the sun's apparent motion; or from right to left, sending out from the inner surface a number of little vesicles, which attach themselves to the bark of the supporting plant. By degrees, the longitudinal vessels of the stalk shoot from their extremities, and insinuate themselves so intimately, that it is easier to break than to disengage them. Like the vile parasite, it draws all the strength from its supporter, until that perishes.

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BEAUTY.

ROSE.

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!

MOORE'S ANACREON.

THIS beautiful flower, and universal favourite of nature, has never been described

in language adequate to convey an idea of its charms, although each poet in turn has made it the theme of song, or introduced eulogiums on its beauty to heighten the attractions of his poesy.

Not one of all the train has, however, been able to do justice to its merits, though they have denominated it the daughter of heaven, the ornament of the earth, and the glory of spring.

When it opens its delicate buds, the eye surveys its harmonious outlines with delight. But how shall we describe the delicate tints of its enchanting colours, or the sweet perfume which it exhales? Behold in the spring it raises itself softly in the midst of its elegant foliage, surrounded by its numerous buds. This, the queen of flowers, and the pride of Flora, seems to sport with the air that fans her, to deck herself with the dewdrops that impearl her, and to smile upon the rays of the sun which cause the expansion of her beautiful form.

Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling.

WORDSWORTH.

In producing this flower, nature appears to have exhausted herself by her prodigality, in attempting to produce so fine a specimen of freshness, of beauty in form, of exquisite perfume, of brilliancy of colour, and of grace.

The rose adorns the whole earth, as it is the commonest of flowers. The same day that its beauty is perfected it dies ; but each spring restores it to us with renewed freshness. Poets have had fair opportunities for singing its praises, yet they have not rendered its eulogy common-place, but its name alone redeems *their* names from forgetfulness. Emblem of all ages,—interpreter of all our sentiments,—the rose mingles in the gaiety of our feasts, in our happiness, and in our sorrows. It is also the ornament of beauty, and lends its soft carnation hues to the blush of modesty. It is given as the prize of virtue ; and is the image of youth, of innocence, and of pleasure. Venus is said to feel that she has a rival in the rose, as it possesses, like her, a grace which is more lovely than beauty itself.

Anacreon, the poet of love, has celebrated the rose ; and, perhaps, he has sung its praise more worthily than any of his successors. Moore has thus translated the Ode :—

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
 Resplendent rose ! to thee we'll sing ;
 Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
 Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers ;
 Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
 Enchants so much our mortal eye.
 When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
 The Graces love to twine the rose ;
 The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
 And flushes like Dione's kiss !

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flow'ret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay !
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale !
Oh ! there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light !
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms ;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm ;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay :
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death !
Oh ! whence could such a plant have sprung ?
Attend — for thus the tale is sung : —
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,

Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
 Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews ;
 When, in the starry courts above,
 The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
 Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,
 The nymph who shakes the martial lance !
 Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
 The earth produc'd an infant flower,
 Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
 And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
 The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
 And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth !
 With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
 The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
 And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
 Of him who sheds the teeming vine ;
 And bade them on the spangled thorn
 Expand their bosoms to the morn.

Jami, an eastern poet, says, " You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale : yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."

Oh, sooner shall the rose of May
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale ;
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay
 Open her bosom's glowing veil,
 Than love shall ever doubt alone
 A breath of his beloved one.

T. MOORE.

And James Montgomery says, in that sweet collection, the Poet's Portfolio.

Where the true love nightingale
Woos the rose in every vale.

The following anecdote is narrated by Mr. Phillips, in his "Sylva Florifera," of the birth of the rose :—"Flora having found the corpse of a favourite nymph, whose beauty of person was only surpassed by the purity of her heart and chastity of her mind, resolved to raise a plant from the precious remains of this daughter of the Dryads, for which purpose she begged the assistance of Venus and the Graces, as well as of all the deities that preside over gardens, to assist in the transformation of the nymph into a flower that was to be by them proclaimed queen of all the vegetable beauties. The ceremony was attended by the zephyrs, who cleared the atmosphere, in order that Apollo might bless the new-created progeny by his beams. Bacchus supplied rivers of nectar to nourish it; and Vertumnus poured his choicest perfumes over the plant. When the metamorphosis was complete, Pomona strewed her fruit over the young branches, which were then crowned by Flora with a diadem that had been purposely prepared by the celestials to distinguish this queen of flowers."

Moore, in his Irish Melodies, gives us a poetical reason for the beauty and delicious perfume of the rose. Others have stated that Love, in a feast of Olympus, in the

midst of a light and lively dance, overthrew,
 with a stroke of his wing, a cup of nectar ;
 which precious liquor, falling on the rose,
 embalmed it with that delightful fragrance
 which it still retains.

They tell us that love in his fairy bower
 Had two blush roses of birth divine ;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds,
 That drank of the floods
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade ;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dyed
 All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid !

MOORE.

The rose is said to have been originally
 white. Catullus has accounted for its change
 of colour in the following beautiful lines : —

While the enamoured queen of joy
 Flies to protect her lovely boy,
 On whom the jealous war-god rushes ;
 She treads upon a thorned rose,
 And while the wound with crimson flows,
 The snowy floweret feels her blood, and blushes !

BEAUTY EVER NEW.

CHINA, OR MONTHLY ROSE.

The patient beauty of the monthly rose.

H. COLERIDGE.

THIS plant, so frequently seen clustering round the cottage porch, as well in the immediate outskirts of busy smoky towns as in the remotest vales, was originally brought to England in 1789. It was then thought so delicate as to require the constant heat of the stove, and small cuttings were sold for several guineas each. This was soon found not to be necessary; and, in a short time, almost every country casement was ornamented by this Chinese beauty; until our cottagers, wanting means to purchase flower pots, planted them in the open ground; where, persevering in the habits of a warmer climate, they quickly surpassed, in strength and beauty, all the inmates of the "gardens in which art supplies the fervour and the force of Indian skies."

This is the earliest flowering rose; and in mild seasons, when planted against a wall, will sometimes flower in the beginning of April; and, being protected by glass in autumn, or aided by artificial heat, may be continued in bloom till Christmas.

BELOVED DAUGHTER.

CINQUEFOIL.

The five-leaved grass, mantling its golden cup
Of flowers. CLARE.

IN rainy weather the leaves of this plant incline themselves over its flowers, forming a kind of canopy or *parapluie*. It is gratifying to see a tender mother watching with anxious care the unfolding of a beloved daughter's mind and character.

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## BENEFICENCE.

## POTATO.

THE potato is emphatically the friend of the poor. As its fruit cannot well be preserved more than one year, it escapes the monopolising spirit of commerce. Humble and unassuming, like true charity, it hides its treasures, which alike gratify the rich and sustain the poor. America has favoured us with this valuable root, which has for ever banished from Europe that most fearful of all scourges — famine.

## BIRTH.

## DITTANY OF CRETE.

WHEN Juno presided at the birth of children, under the name of Lucina, she wore a wreath of dittany. The agreeable fragrance of this shrub, and its medicinal qualities which rendered it so celebrated among the ancients, still procure it much esteem. It was originally introduced from Crete.

## BITTERNESS.

## ALOE.

THE aloe is said to thrive best in the desert, and is only attached to the soil by a very slender fibre. Its taste is very sharp and bitter. So sorrow drives us away from the world, detaches our hearts from the earth, and fills them with bitterness. This plant derives its support almost entirely from the air, and assumes very singular and fantastic shapes. Le Vaillant found many species very numerous in the deserts of Namaquoise; some of them six feet long, which were thick and armed with long spines. From the centre of these a light twig shoots forth to the height of a tall tree, all garnished with flowers. Others exalt themselves like the cactus, bristling with thorns. Others, again, are marbled, and seem like serpents creeping

upon the earth. Brydone saw the ancient city of Syracuse entirely covered by great aloes in flower ; their elegant branches giving to the promontory which bounded the coast, the appearance of an enchanted forest. These plants also prosper well in our gardens. The collection in the museum of Paris is said to be the most complete in the world.

These magnificent and monstrous members of the vegetable kingdom are also found in barbarous Africa. There they grow upon the rocks in arid and sandy soil, in the midst of that burning atmosphere in which scarce aught but tigers and lions can breathe and live. Let us bless Providence, then, for raising in our climate verdant bowers over our heads, and for spreading under our feet the soft carpet of grass, ornamented with saffron, violets, and daisies.

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## BLACKNESS.

### EBONY.

PLUTO, god of the infernal regions, was seated upon a throne of ebony. We say, of one notoriously wicked, "that he has a heart as black as ebony." This proverb originates in the circumstance of the *aubier* of the ebony tree being white, its foliage soft and silvery, its flowers beautiful and brilliant, while the heart, only, of the tree is really black.

## BLUNTNESS.

## BORAGE.

THE leaves of this plant are prickly, hairy, and rugose; but the whole plant is useful. Its rugged appearance, which brings to mind the idea of that bluntness which often accompanies charitable bounty, is forgotten in the enjoyment of its benefits.



## BOLDNESS.

## LARCH.

The swain, in barren deserts, with surprise,  
Sees larch trees spring, and sudden verdure rise.

THIS hardy tree grows rapidly, and thrives better in a poor soil than in rich earth; and is commonly found upon the mountain's side, where it vegetates at an immense elevation.

Within the last thirty years numerous quantities of the larch have been planted in every quarter of this island; and the demand for young trees has been so extensive, that one nurseryman is said to have raised, in 1796, more than five millions. No exotic tree has ever been introduced into England which has so universally embellished the country, and that in so short a time. "Its pale and delicate green, so cheerfully enlivening the dark

hue of the fir and pine, and its elegant spiral shape, contrasting with the broad spreading oak, is a no less happy contrast: while its stars of fasciculate foliage are displayed to additional advantage when neighbouring with the broad-leaved æsculus, the glossy holly, the drooping birch, or the tremulous aspen."



## BONDS OF LOVE.

### HONEYSUCKLE.

That sweet honeysuckle, which  
Is fair as fragrant. CARRINGTON.

The woodbine wild,  
That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote,  
Her wreaths of flowery perfume. MASON.

THE honeysuckle sometimes amorously attaches its pliant branches to the knotted trunk of an ancient oak, and amid the rugged branches of that lordly tree,

The woodbines mix in amorous play,  
And breathe their fragrant lives away.

It was said, that this feeble tree, thus shooting into the air, would overtop the king of the forest: but, as if its efforts were unavailing, it soon recoiled, and with graceful negligence adorned its friendly supporter with elegant festoons and perfumed garlands.

It is a very pleasing ornament to the humble residence of the peasant,

Who rears his cot

Deep in the rural shade, and wreaths around  
His lattice the rath woodbine! CARRINGTON.

The same poet again introduces the woodbine in describing the fair landscapes of England:—

Fair is thy level landscape, England, fair  
As ever nature form'd! Away it sweeps,  
A wide, a smiling prospect, gay with flowers,  
And waving grass, and trees of amplest growth,  
And sparkling rills, and rivers winding slow  
Through all the smooth immense. Upon the eye  
Arise the village and the village spire,  
The clustering hamlet, and the peaceful cot  
Clasp'd by the woodbine.

Love sometimes delights to unite a timid maid to the haughty and lofty warrior.

Unfortunate Desdemona! It was courage and strength which inspired thee with admiration! It was the consciousness of thy own weakness which attached thy affections to the formidable Othello! But jealousy led him, who should have been thy protector, to slay thee. Phillips, speaking of the disposition of this plant, says, "In the wilderness walks it should have liberty to climb the trees and hang its wreathes from branch to branch; and where the ivy gives verdure to the bare trunk, there should the woodbine display its blossoms and shed its odours."



## CALM REPOSE.

## BUCKBEAN.

By that lake whose silvery waters reflect the cloudless sky, do you see those clusters of flowers, white as the drifted snow? The underside of those beautiful flowers is lightly tinged with a rosy hue; and a tuft of filaments, of great delicacy and of dazzling whiteness, springs from each alabaster cup. Language will not convey a just idea of the elegance of this plant; but if once seen waving gently over the water's brink, whose transparency and freshness it seems to increase, it will never be forgotten. The flowers of the buckbean never open in stormy weather, but bloom only in calm and sunshine; and the calm which it enjoys seems to be imparted to every object around it.

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 CALUMNY.

MADDER.

A RED or scarlet dye is procured from madder, and is of very common use amongst dyers. When sheep have browsed on this plant, their teeth appear stained, as it had been in the blood of some victim. The vile calumniator often takes advantage of dubious

appearances to cast a stigma upon innocence itself. It has been observed that the bones of all animals, feeding upon it, become red, the hardest parts changing first, until the whole substance is coloured; and "if the plant be alternately given and intermitted, the bones are found to be coloured in concentric circles."

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### CANDOUR.

#### WHITE VIOLET.

CANDOUR precedes modesty, of which the blue violet is frequently used as the emblem. The white violet is the same flower, still clothed in the robes of innocence.

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CAPRICIOUS BEAUTY.

MUSK ROSE.

And each inconstant breeze that blows
Steals essence from the musky rose.

THIS species of the rose lacks freshness. Its mean flowers would be entirely without effect if they did not grow in panicles, containing from twenty to one hundred or more.

They please by their fine and musky odour, exhaled from their white blossoms in the autumnal months. 'Tis said to be a native of Barbary, and is found wild in the hedges and thickets of the kingdom of Tunis. This plant seems full of caprice. It languishes suddenly in situations which at first appeared to be most favourable to its growth, — one year it displays innumerable bouquets, and the next it may not flower at all.

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CHASTITY.

ORANGE FLOWER.

It is a custom in France for the newly married to wear a head dress of orange flowers. Formerly a dishonoured girl was deprived of this ornament on her wedding-day; and this usage still exists in the neighbourhood of Paris.

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COLDNESS.

TO LIVE WITHOUT LOVE.

AGNUS CASTUS.

DIOSCORIDES, Pliny, and Galen, inform us that the priestesses of Ceres formed their

virginal couch of the fragrant branches of the agnus castus, which is an autumnal shrub with whorled spikes of blue and white flowers, from seven to fifteen inches long. This they regarded as the palladium of their chastity. In modern times the religious orders of France drink a water distilled from its branches, to dispel from their minds, when in solitude, all earthly thoughts. Many orders of monks habitually wear a knife, whose haft is made of the wood of agnus castus, to fortify their hearts against external influence. In fine, this pretty shrub has been from time immemorial the emblem of coldness.

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### CONFIDENCE.

#### HEPATICÆ ; OR NOBLE LIVERWORT.

THE three lobes of the leaves of this plant have been compared to the three lobes of the liver. It is a great favourite of the flower border, both as being evergreen in its foliage, and for its abundant blossoms and great variety of colours and shades. When gardeners see its pretty flowers put forth, they say, "the earth is in love, we may sow with confidence."

## CONJUGAL LOVE.

## LINDEN TREE.

Above, waves wide the linden tree.

HOWITT.

———— And the lime at dewy eve  
Diffusing odours.

COWPER.

BAUCIS was changed into the Linden tree, which has ever since been the emblem of conjugal love. In glancing over the consecrated plants in the mythology of the ancients, we cannot fail to admire their fitness to represent the various qualities of which they are symbolical.

Beauty — grace — simplicity — an extreme softness of manner, and an innocent gaiety, should be, in all ages, the properties and accomplishments of a tender wife. We find all these qualities united in the Linden tree; which, in spring, is ever covered with a soft and delicate verdure, and exhales a very delightful fragrance, while it lavishes the honey of its flowers upon the busy bee.

Who shall attempt to paint the effect of its beautiful foliage as it waves its branches softly under the influence of the breeze? Its young leaves seem to have been cut of softer materials than silk, and are far more brilliant. We can scarce cease to gaze upon its vast

shade; nay, we could wish to be always reposing under it,—to listen to the murmurs of its branches, and breathe its delicious perfumes. The magnificent chesnut, and the slender acacia, have each disputed the right of the Linden tree to hold a place in the public avenues and promenades; but they, and fashion united, have not succeeded in banishing it thence.

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## CONSOLATION.

### SNOWDROP.

THE north wind whistles, and the hoar frost clothes the verdure-despoiled trees; an uniform white carpet covers the earth,—the birds withhold their tuneful song,—and the sealed waters cease to murmur as they roll along; the rays of the sun, enfeebled by the density of our atmosphere, shed a gloomy light over our fields; and the heart of man is sad, while all nature reposes in torpid tranquillity.

Thus Madame de la Tour describes the state of nature, when suddenly a delicate flower pierces through the veil of snow which had concealed it. It has been aptly termed by her countrymen *Perce neige*, from the quality just named; and is with equal pro-

priety called snowdrop in England. Wordsworth thus addresses it :—

Lone flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as  
 they,  
 But hardier far, once more I see thee bend  
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
 Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,  
 Storms, sallying from the mountain tops, waylay  
 The rising sun, and on the plains descend ;  
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend  
 Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed May  
 Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
 With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
 On the soft west wind and his frolic peers ;  
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
 Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of spring,  
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

This herald of spring, said to be despatched by Flora to ascertain whether the frost be mitigated, and to announce the speedy arrival of her floral favours, is also noticed by Mrs. Barbauld :—

Now the glad earth her frozen zone unbends,  
 And o'er her bosom breathe the western winds ;  
 Already now the snowdrop dares appear,  
 The first pale blossom of th' unripened year ;  
 As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,  
 Had changed an icicle into a flower :  
 Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,  
 And winter lingers in its icy veins.

## CONSOLATION OF SLEEP.

## POPPY.

Poppies which bind fast escaping sleep.  
COLUMELLA.

THE poppy yields a narcotic juice in considerable quantity, which is frequently administered to procure sleep and relieve pain; on this account, it has been made the symbol of consolation. The ancients, who regarded sleep as the great physician, and the great consoler of human nature, crowned the god of sleep with a wreath of poppies.

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## CONSTANCY.

## BLUE CANTERBURY BELL.

THIS beautiful flower, from the richness of its colour, has been made the emblem of constancy. It is a very ornamental border-flower, and is of easy culture. The mode of procuring the plants is from seed, which ought to be sown in the spring, and when of a proper size, should be transplanted into another bed, and in the autumn it may be removed to the spot where it is intended to flower the succeeding year.



## COQUETRY.

## YELLOW DAY LILY.

THE flowers of this plant speedily fade, seldom continuing two days in bloom ; for this reason it has been assigned as the emblem of coquetry. As an equivalent for the transient duration of its flowers, it displays its beauty by a continual succession of blossom, and gives out for some time a very agreeable odour ; and this the more powerfully when planted in shady or moist situations.

## COURAGE.

## BLACK POPLAR.

The poplar is by great Alcides worn. — VIRGIL.

THIS tree is consecrated to Hercules, who, according to the fable of the ancients, wore a crown made of its foliage when he descended into the infernal regions. This fable accounts for the different shades which the leaf has on either side in the following manner. The leaves on the side next the head of Hercules preserved their natural colour, or, some say, received that dim and pallid hue from the moisture on his brow ; while the other

side, being exposed to the smoke and vapour of the dismal regions he was visiting, were tinged with a darker shade, which they still retain.



## CRUELTY.

### NETTLE.

THE sting of the nettle causes a pain as violent as that produced by a burn. On examining the plants with a microscope, we observe the "projecting bristles, or prickles, with which they are covered are tubular, and stand on a bag filled with a poisonous juice; they are perforated at the point, and when they are gently pressed vertically, the pressure at once forces the poison to ascend the tube, and enables the point to lodge it in the skin." Its generic name, *Urtica*, is formed from *uro*, to burn, in allusion to its stinging properties.

O'er the throng, urtica flings  
Her barbed shafts, and darts her poisoned stings.

DARWIN.

## DECLARATION OF LOVE.

## TULIP.

Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays  
 Her idle freaks; from family diffused  
 To family, as flies the father dust,  
 The varied colours run; and while they break  
 On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,  
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

THOMSON.

ON the banks of the Bosphorus the tulip is the emblem of inconstancy; but it is also the symbol of the most violent love. The wild tulip is found in the fields of Byzantium, with its crimson petals and golden heart. The petals are compared to fire, and the yellow heart to brimstone; and when presented by an admiring swain to his mistress, it is supposed to declare, that such is the effect of the fair one's beauty, that if he sees her only for a moment, his face will be as fire, and his heart will be reduced to a coal.

The tulip was called *tulipan*, or *turban*, from the similarity of its corolla to the superb head-dress of the barbarous Turks, who almost worshipped its elegant stem and the beautiful vase-like flower which surmounts it. They never ceased to admire the gorgeous hues of gold and silver, of purple, lilac, and violet, of deep crimson and delicate rose colour, with every possible variety of tint, which are harmoniously blended together and

spread over the rich petals of this splendid member of the court of Flora. The resemblance its shape bears to the turban is thus alluded to in Lalla Rookh :—

What triumph crowds the rich divan to-day,  
With turbaned heads of every hue and race,  
Bowing before that veiled and awful face,  
Like tulip beds, of different shape and dyes,  
Bending beneath the invisible west wind's sighs.

Formerly, a feast of tulips was celebrated in the seraglio of the Grand Seignior. Long galleries were erected, with raised seats, covered with the richest tapestry, presenting the appearance of an amphitheatre. On these were placed an almost infinite number of crystal vases, filled with the most beautiful tulips the world produced. In the evening the scene was splendidly illuminated; the wax tapers, as they gave light, emitted the most exquisite odours. To these were added lamps of the most brilliant colours, forming on all sides garlands of opal, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies. Innumerable singing birds, in cages of gold, roused by the splendour of the scene, mingled their warbling notes with the melodious harmony of instruments, whose chords were tuned by invisible musicians. Showers of rose water refreshed the air; and suddenly the doors were opened, and a number of young odalisks entered to blend the brilliancy of their charms

and appearance with that of the enchanted scene.

In the centre of the seraglio a splendid pavilion shaded the Grand Seignior, who negligently reclined on costly skins; while the lords of his court, habited in their richest attire, were seated at his feet to behold the dances of the lovely women of the court in all the luxurious display of their light and dazzling dresses. These sometimes encircled, and at others glided round the vases of tulips, whose beauty they sung. It was not seldom that a cloud rested on the sultan's brow; then he looked upon all around with a stern and severe aspect. What! could chagrin then enter the soul of that all-powerful mortal? Had he lost one of his provinces? Did he fear the revolt of his fierce janissaries? Ah no! two poor slaves alone had troubled his heart. He had observed, during the gaities of the feast, a young page presenting a tulip to a beautiful girl who had captivated him. The sultan was ignorant of their secrets, but a vague feeling of inquietude took possession of his heart — jealousy tormented and beset him. But what is the jealousy of a sultan, or what are bolts and bars, against love? A look and a flower are enough for that wicked god to change a horrid seraglio into a place of delight, and to avenge beauty outraged by chains.

Tulips have had their worshippers in other parts of the world besides Turkey. It was from 1644 to 1647 that the tulipomania exercised its influence in Holland. In those years tulips fetched enormous prices and enriched many speculators. The most precious kind was that called *semper augustus*; this they valued at 2,000 florins. They pretended that it was so rare, that there existed only two flowers of that species, one at Haarlem and the other at Amsterdam. A connoisseur, to procure one root, offered 4,600 florins, with a beautiful carriage, horses, and equipments. Another gave twelve acres of land for a tulip root. We are also told of a person who had a very fine tulip; but, finding that there was a second root of the same nature at Haarlem, he repaired thither, and, having purchased it at a most extravagant cost, pounded it to pieces with his foot, exclaiming with exultation, "Now my tulip is unique!"



## DELICACY.

## BLUE-BOTTLE CENTAURY.

THE beautiful blue of this flower, which is of the colour of an unclouded sky, has made it the emblem of a tender and delicate sentiment, nourished by hope. According to an-

cient fable, this plant was called Cyanus, after a youth of that name, whose attachment to corn-flowers was so strong, that he employed his time chiefly in making garlands of them, seldom leaving the fields so long as his favourite flower was to be found, and always dressing himself in the fine blue colour of the flower he so much admired. Flora was his goddess; and, of all her gifts, this was the one he most admired. At last the youth was found dead in a corn-field, in the midst of a quantity of blue-bottles he had gathered. Soon after Flora transformed his body into this flower, in token of the veneration he had for her divinity.



## DECEITFUL CHARMS.

### THORN APPLE.

Too often inflamed by luxury, an indolent beauty languishes all the day, and avoids the cheering light of the sun. At night arrayed in all her charms, she exhibits herself to her lovers. The glaring and uncertain light of candles, accomplice of her artifices, lends her a delusive brilliancy. She attracts and enchants by her appearance, but her heart is insensible to love. Fly, imprudent youth; fly at the approach of this enchantress! Na-

ture teaches us how to love and how to please; art is unnecessary here. Those who employ it are always perfidious and dangerous.

The flowers of the datura, like the nocturnal beauties just named, languish beneath their sombre and drooping foliage, while the sun shines; but at the approach of night they put forth, and are reanimated. Then they display their charms and unfold those immense bell-shaped petals which nature has formed of ivory and stained with purple, and to which she has confided a perfume that attracts and invigorates, but is so dangerous, that it produces ebriety and hysterics, even in the open air, on those who respire it.



## DELUSIVE HOPE.

### FALSE NARCISSUS.

THE flowers of this plant very often fail. It is a native of our meadows, but is cultivated with great care in Holland, and returned to us under the name of Phœnix, or Soleil d'or. After tending the forced plant with much care, we are surprised to find that we possess in it nothing better than the false narcissus.



## DESIRE.

## JONQUIL.

Nor gradual bloom is wanting,  
 Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,  
 Low bent and blushing inward; nor jonquils  
 Of potent fragrance. THOMSON.

THIS species of narcissus is distinguished from others by its rush-like foliage, hence its name, derived from *juncus*, rushy. It is more fragrant than any other species of the plant, and is frequently found too strong for moderate sized rooms. It flowers well in water, is of great beauty, and very popular.

## DESIRE TO PLEASE.

## MEZEREON.

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

THE stem of this plant is covered with a dry bark, which gives it the appearance of dead wood. To hide this, nature has surrounded each of its branches with a garland of purple flowers, which, unrolled in spiral form, and tipped with a small tuft of leaves, seems to assume the form of a pine apple.

This fragrant and much admired shrubby plant frequently flourishes towards the end of January, appearing as it were in the breast of snows, reclad in its charming attire. It is regarded as the emblem of an imprudent and coquettish nymph, who, in the midst of winter, arrays herself in the robes of spring.

The mezereon holds its flowers for some time, not often fading until the delicate petals of the almond have arrived, which also blooms on leafless branches.

“The fruit of the mezereon is a berry of a red colour, that is exceedingly ornamental in June and July, but whose qualities are of a more deadly poison than the arts of the coquette, whose injuries are seldom mortal.” The whole plant is extremely acrid, especially when fresh; and, if retained in the mouth, excites great heat and inflammation.

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## DESPAIR.

### CYPRESS AND MARIGOLD.

HAVING given an account of the cypress tree under Mourning, and of marigold under Inquietude, we shall not enter into any description of them here. Suffice it, that the two united have been made the emblem of despair.

## DIFFICULTY.

## BLACK THORN.

THIS species of the plum tree, from its colour, and from the innumerable thorns which it possesses, has been made the emblem of difficulty. In France, they have a proverb to convey the idea of a difficulty which compares it to a bundle of thorns.

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## DIGNITY.

## CLOVE GILLYFLOWER.

THE aromatic clove came originally from the Molucca Islands; the inhabitants of those islands wear its flowers as a mark of distinction. They say that a chief has two, three, or four cloves, as we say of a distinguished nobleman, that he has many titles, or possesses several honours.

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## DISCRETION, SECRECY.

## MAIDEN HAIR.

BOTANISTS have in vain sought to find out the nature of this plant, which seems determined to conceal from their learned researches the secret of its flowers and its fruit. It con-

fides to zephyr alone the invisible germs of its young family. The Creator of all things selects the cradle for her children : and it pleases him sometimes to form a sombre veil with their waving tresses, which ever conceals from vulgar gaze the cave where the solitary naiad sleeps, and where she has slept from the beginning of ages ; at other times they are borne on the wings of the wind to the summits of lofty towers, or the tottering remnant of an old chateau, where they shine like verdant stars ; and sometimes, disposed in light festoons, they adorn the retired and shady spots which shepherds love. Thus this wild plant is not to be understood by science, but hides its secret origin from our curious inquiries. It is the prettiest of all ferns ; and Pliny states, that though you plunge it in water it will still remain dry.

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DISDAIN.

YELLOW CARNATION.

WE hope that disdain is as scarce among our countrywomen as the yellow carnation is in our native land. As disdainful people generally exact homage, and possess little amiability ; so with this plant, it is the least beautiful and fragrant of its kind, yet requires continual care and attention.

DISSENSION, RUPTURE.

A BROKEN STRAW.

THE custom of breaking a straw, to express that treaties are broken, may be traced to the first days of monarchy ; it may even be said to be of royal origin.

The old chroniclers relate that in 922 Charles the Simple, seeing himself abandoned by the principal lords of his court, had the imprudence to convoke an assembly at the Champ-de-Mai, at Soissons. He sought his friends there, but found only a factious crew, whose audacity was increased by his weakness. Some reproached him with indolence, with his prodigalities, and his blind confidence in his minister Haganon ; others were angry for the dishonour of his concessions to Raoul, chief of the Normans. Surrounded by their foul sedition, he prayed, promised, and thought to escape by the display of new weaknesses, but in vain. When they saw him without moral courage, their audacity had no bounds ; they even declared that he ceased to be their king. At these words, which they pronounced with every sign of violence, accompanied by menaces, they advanced to the foot of the throne, broke some straws which they held in their hands, threw them roughly on the ground,

and retired, after expressing by this action that they broke treaty with him.

This example is the most ancient of its kind that we know; but it proves that for a long time this mode of breaking an oath had been in use, since the vassals did not think it necessary to add a single word of explanation, as they felt sure of being understood.

DISGUISE.

COMMON STRAMONIUM.

THIS plant is of a very dangerous nature, though it clothes itself with an elegant indented foliage, and garnishes its branches with corollas of a graceful and negligent shape, so purely white that it lulls suspicion of its true character to rest. Its charms only allure, that its powerful narcotic poison may more easily destroy. Several instances of its baneful effects upon persons who have endeavoured to chew it are on record. Only a few years back, a child who had amused herself with this poisonous plant was so affected as to be in the greatest danger, from which she was rescued only by the prompt assistance of a medical practitioner. It is therefore necessary to caution children against its malevolent nature.

DOCILITY.

RUSH.

THE custom of strewing floors with rushes is a very ancient one in England, and still prevails in particular places. At Ambleside, in Westmoreland, the ancient ceremony of strewing the church floor is still preserved, though we believe that there, as in most other churches, the plaited mat has superseded the permanent use of strewn rushes. This ceremony is called rush-bearing; and the day on which the festival is held is marked as a holiday in the rustic calendar.

Norwich cathedral is still strewed with rushes on the mayor's day; and this custom is also continued at Rochdale, at Wharton, and several other places in the kingdom.

It is a proverbial saying, "as supple as a rush."

DO ME JUSTICE.

CHESNUT TREE.

Thanks to Benevolus, — he spares me yet
These chesnuts ranged in corresponding lines.

COWPER.

CHESNUTS are enclosed two, three, or four in one husk or shell covered with prickles. Those who are unacquainted with this beautiful tree neglect its fruit in consequence of its rough appearance.

DURABILITY.

CORNELIAN CHERRY TREE.

A huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.

DRYDEN.

THE cornel tree does not grow higher than eighteen or twenty feet. It lives for ages, but grows very slowly; it blooms in the spring, and yields its crimson berries in the winter. They are a very handsome fruit, and were formerly made into tarts and *robs de cornis*. The Greeks have consecrated this tree to Apollo, because it is supposed that that god presides over the works of the mind, which demand much time and reflection. Charming emblem! teaching every one who wishes to cultivate letters, eloquence, and poetry, that to merit the laurel crown, it is necessary to bear for a long time that of patience and meditation. After Romulus had drawn the plan of Rome on the land which gave him birth, he launched his javelin on Mount Palatine; the shaft of the javelin is said to have been of cornel tree; it took root, grew, and became an immense tree; and this prodigy was regarded as the happy presage of the strength and duration of that extraordinary empire.

The wood is very hard, and Evelyn says that when made into wedges it will last like iron.

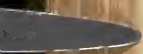
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EARLY YOUTH.

PRIMROSE.

No smiling knot
 Of early primroses, upon the warm,
 Luxuriant, southern bank appears, unmarked
 By him. CARRINGTON.

Amid the sunny luxury of grass,
 Are tufts of pale-eyed primroses, entwined
 With many a bright-lued flower, and shrub that
 scents
 The all-voluptuous air. CARRINGTON.

THE saffron tufts of the primrose announce the return of spring, when we see the snowy mantle of retiring winter ornamented with embroidery of verdure and of flowers. The season of hoar frost has passed, but the bright days of summer have not yet arrived. The period is emblematical of a lovely girl just passing from childhood to youth. The timid Aglae has scarce attained her fifteenth year, and would fain join the romping games of her younger companions, but is unable to do so. She watches them, and her heart burns to follow them. But a distaste for innocent joys, which she cannot vanquish, disturbs the heart of this young beauty. An interesting paleness is spread over her face, her heart languishes, and she sighs, scarce knowing why. She has been told that, as spring succeeds to winter, so the pleasures of love follow those of

infancy. Poor girl! you will learn that those pleasures are mingled with bitterness and tears. The arrival of the primrose announces them to thee to-day; but it also tells thee that the happy period of infancy can never return. Alas! in a few years you will say, when observing the early primrose, the days of love and of youth are fled never to return.

— In dewy glades
The peering primrose, like sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul — yet unregarded fades —
The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness.

H. COLERIDGE.

This plant has been sung by many of our best poets, but by none so well as he from whose delightful poems we have already quoted at the commencement of this article. The following lines are extracted from a piece addressed to a friend with an early primrose:—

Accept this promise, friend; it is a pledge
Of the returning spring. What, though the wind —
The dread east wind, pass'd o'er the shivering earth,
And shook from his deep rustling wings the snows,
And bound the streamlets and the rivers all
In crystal fetters! What, though infancy,
And age, and vigorous manhood, felt the blast
Before which many a human blossom fell!
Yet our fine Devon, in a sunny nook,
Cherish'd this flower; and when the soft west wind
Came with its balmy breath and gentle showers,
With simple grace this first-born of the year
Waved its pale yellow star; and, lo! for thee
I plucked the welcome stranger.

Sometimes, alas ! we see a lady matured in years, whose beauty has been marred by the ravages of time, decking herself in the gay habiliments of youth ; such an one may be compared to the primrose in autumn, whose untimely presence is reproved in the following agreeable sonnet. It is by R. F. Housman, and was originally published in the Athenæum : —

The solitary primrose hath come back
 To haunt the green nooks of her happy spring.
 Alas ! it is a melancholy thing,
 Thus to return, and vainly strive to track
 The playmates of our youth ! Whither have fled
 The sweet companions of her vernal hours ?
 The bee, the infant leaves, the golden flowers,
 That heard the cuckoo's music as he sped
 O'er hill and dale — whither have they departed ?
 And the blithe birds — have *they* too passed away ?
 All save the darkling wren, whose plaintive lay
 Just tells, the hermitess is broken-hearted.
 Go then, pale flower, and hide thy drooping head,
 For all thy spring-time friends are changed, or
 dead.

EGOTISM.

POET'S NARCISSUS.

Narcissus fair
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still.

THOMSON.

THE poet's narcissus exhales a very agreeable perfume; it bears a golden crown in the centre of its pure white petals, which expand quite flat, the stem-slightly inclining to one side. The cup or nectary in the centre, which is very short, is frequently bordered with a bright purple circle, and sometimes the nectary is edged with crimson.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, tells us of the fate of the lovely and coy Narcissus. A thousand nymphs loved the handsome youth, but suffered the pangs of unrequited love. Viewing himself in the crystal fount he became enamoured of his own image.

Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies;
But whilst within the crystal font he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For as his own bright image he surveyed,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmoved,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he loved.

OVID.

In consequence of this error he slighted the love of Echo, who witnessed his fruitless

vows to the deceitful image. Addison thus translates the passage : —

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

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

For him the Naiads and Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn !
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn ;
When looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crowned.

~~~~~

## ELEGANCE.

### ACACIA ROSE.

ART has produced nothing that may vie in  
freshness and in elegance of appearance with  
this beautiful flowering shrub ; its inclining  
branches, — the gaiety of its verdure, — its  
clusters of rose-coloured flowers, like bows  
of ribands, hung on branches clothed with

hairs of a reddish brown, never fail to excite admiration, and have combined to render it a proper emblem of elegance. Its appearance has been compared to that of an elegant female in her ball dress.

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ELEVATION.

FIR TREE.

Towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies.

PRIOR.

THE fir tree rears its head upon the loftiest mountains, and in the coldest regions of the earth, without the aid of man. The resinous juices of this tree defy the rigorous frost to congeal its sap, while its filiform leaves are well adapted to resist the impetuous winds, which beat with violence on the lofty situations where fir trees are found.

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### ELOQUENCE.

#### WATER LILY.

—— calls the lily from her sleep  
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep.

WORDSWORTH.

THE Egyptians have consecrated to the sun, the god of eloquence, the flower of the

Nymphæa Lotus. This flower closes at evening, and reclines on the bosom of the lake, from the setting of the sun, until the rising of that splendid orb on the succeeding morn. Flowers of the lotus are inwoven in the head-dress of Osiris. The Indian gods also are frequently represented on the waters as seated on this flower ! it is supposed that this allegory may be understood as an allusion to the fable of the world rising from the midst of the waters.



## ENCHANTMENT.

## VERVAIN.

She night-shade strows to work him ill,  
Therewith the vervain and her dill,  
That hindereth witches of their will.

DRAYTON.

IT were well if botanists would attach a moral idea to every plant they describe ; we might then have an universal dictionary of the Sentiment of Flowers—generally understood,—which would be handed down from age to age, and might be renewed, without changing their characters every succeeding spring.

The altars of Jupiter are overthrown ; those ancient forests, that witnessed the mysteries of Druidism, exist no longer ; and the pyramids of Egypt shall one day disappear, buried, like

the sphinx, in the sands of the desert; but the lotus and the acanthus shall ever flower upon the banks of the Nile, the mistletoe will always flourish upon the oak, and the vervain upon the barren knolls.

Vervain was used by the ancients for divers kinds of divinations: they attributed to it a thousand properties; among others, that of reconciling enemies; and when the Roman heralds at arms were despatched with a message of peace or war to other nations, they wore a wreath of vervain. Drayton alludes to this custom:

A wreath of vervain heralds wear,  
Amongst our garlands named,  
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,  
Offensive war proclaimed.

The Druids held this plant in great veneration, and, before gathering it, they made a sacrifice to the earth. Probably they used it for food; and Dryden thus mentions it:—

Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found,  
Which, cultivated with his daily care,  
And bruised with vervain, were his daily fare.

We are told that the worshippers of the sun, in performing their services, held branches of vervain in their hands. Venus Victorious wore a crown of myrtle interwoven with vervain, and the Germans to this day give a hat

of vervain to the new married bride, as putting her under the protection of that goddess. Pliny also tells us that it was made use of by the Druids in casting lots, in drawing omens, and in other magical arts.



## ENTERTAINMENT, FEASTING.

## PARSLEY.

PARSLEY was in great reputation among the Greeks. In their banquets they crowned their brows with its light tendrils, which they thought created gaiety and so increased their appetites. At Rome, in the Isthmian games, the conquerors were crowned with parsley. It is thought this plant came from Sardinia, because that province is represented on ancient medals under the form of a female, near whom is a vase in which is a bouquet of parsley. But this plant grows in all the fresh and shady places in Greece, and in the southern provinces of France. Guy de la Brosse affirms that it grows also near Paris, on Mount Valerian; but it is presumable that the plant he designates is not the true parsley, since its introduction into France is attributed to Rabelais, who, according to the learned, brought it from Rome with the Ro-

man lettuce; if this had been the case, he would probably have attached his name to those modest presents. Rabelais, like queen Claude, would then have been celebrated by the gourmands of every age. However this may be, the beautiful verdure of this plant forms an elegant garnishing to our dishes; it is the luxury of the soup kettle; it adds to the delight of the most splendid dinners. A branch of laurel and a crown of parsley are the attributes we admit as belonging to the god of banquets. These plants have served for nobler uses; but in the age of gastronomy, it is unnecessary to recal what was done in the age of heroism.



## ENVY.

## BRAMBLE.

THE bramble is made the emblem of envy because it interferes so much with the growth of other plants. It produces suckers which spread rapidly, ripen, and drop their leaves one year, and resume their foliage, produce blossom, flower, and fruit, and die the next. Thus also, like envy, it is short-lived, as the envious are usually disappointed, and see the deserving receive their reward.

## ERROR.

## BEE OPHREYS.

THIS plant is singularly beautiful in its appearance, and its flowers so much resemble the bee, that it is frequently mistaken for one resting on the plant. It commonly grows near woods, and in the open meadows. The most successful method of cultivation is by choosing a soil and situation as natural to them as possible, and by suffering the grass to grow around them.



## ESTEEM.

## SAGE.

THIS plant derives its scientific name from *salvere*, to save, from its supposed powers of healing. The genus, which is very large, consists of herbs whose leaves are generally of a rugose appearance, and of a very aromatic smell. In debility of the stomach it is used as a tonic by the Chinese, who consider that it has the effect of strengthening the nervous system; and it is said for these purposes they prefer it to their own tea.

## EXCESS IS DANGEROUS.

## SAFFRON.

A SLIGHT infusion of saffron is agreeably stimulating; but if taken in excess it produces madness. It is said to have been brought to England in the reign of Edward III., and introduced to Walden in Essex, from which that town derives its pre-nomen. It was cultivated there, and in the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, and Herefordshire, in the early part of the seventeenth century. It is now, however, cultivated only in Essex. The flowers are gathered in September; the yellow stigmas and part of the style taken out, and dried on a kiln between layers of paper, under the pressure of a thick board, to form the mass into cakes.



## FALSEHOOD.

## MANCHINEEL TREE.

THE fruit of this tree is of the colour and size of the golden pippin. Its beautiful appearance has tempted many Europeans to eat of it, who have lost their lives in consequence. The tree grows to the size of an oak, and its wood is considered very valuable, being capable of a high polish, and wearing well. In cutting them down, the juice of the bark is generally burnt out before the work is begun, as it will raise blisters on the skin, and burn holes in linen; and the labourers would be in danger of losing their sight, if it were to fly into their eyes. Vegetables are said not to grow under its shade, nor cattle to eat of its foliage; except the goat, which may eat it without sustaining injury.

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FIDELITY IN ADVERSITY.

WALL-FLOWER.

The rude stone fence with wall-flowers gay,
To me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display.
SCOTT.

THIS favourite flower of the cottage garden loves to grow in the crevices of old walls; to

flourish in those of ruined towers, or ornament the mouldering tablet which records the names of those now almost forgotten by surviving relatives ;

For this obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turrets mould,
And, undispersed by tempest, there
They rise in vegetable gold.

LANGHORNE.

Not seldom do we observe a solitary wall-flower growing in the falling towers of an ancient castle, where it seems to place itself to conceal the unheeded injuries which the barbarians of feudal ages had recklessly done to the battlemented pile. Scott says,

And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his round surveyed.

We are told that the minstrels and troubadours of former days carried a branch of wall-flower as the emblem of an affection which continues through all the vicissitudes of time, and survives every misfortune. During the reign of terror in France, the violent populace precipitated themselves towards the abbey of St. Denis, to disinter the ashes of their

kings and scatter them to the winds. The barbarians, after breaking open the sacred tombs, were affrighted at the sacrilege, and went and hid their spoil in an obscure corner behind the choir of the church, where they were forgotten amid the horrors of the revolution. The poet, Treneuil, some time after visited the spot, and found the sculptured fragments covered with the wall-flower. This plant, faithful in misfortune, diffused sweet perfumes in that religious receptacle, which might be likened to an offering of incense ascending towards heaven. This scene produced the following lines from the inspired poet's pen :—

Mais quelle est cette fleur que son instinct pieux
Sur l'aile du zéphyr amène dans ces lieux ?
Quoi ! tu quittes le temple où vivent tes racines,
Sensible giroflée, amante des ruines,
Et ton tribut fidèle accompagne nos rois ?
Ah ! puisque la terreur a courbé sous les lois
Du lis infortuné la tige souveraine,
Que nos jardins en deuil te choisissent pour reine ;
Triomphe sans rivale, et que ta sainte fleur
Croisse pour le tombeau, le trone, et le malheur.

FALSE RICHES.

SUNFLOWER.

Eagle of flowers ! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze ;
With eye like his thy lips expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE helianthus, or sunflower, was originally brought from Peru, where its flowers were used by the ancient Peruvians, worshippers of the god of day. The virgins of the sun, who officiated in their feasts, wore an imitation of this flower wrought in gold ; they had also one on their breasts, and carried others in their hands. The Spaniards were astonished at this display of gold, but were still more amazed when they saw the fields, in May, covered with these flowers, which were so closely imitated by the artificers of the new world, that the workmanship seemed more to be admired by these rapacious conquerors, than the precious metal of which they were formed.

In the days of his power and splendour, the throne of the great Mogul is reported to have been surmounted by a golden palm, with diamond fruits, and the walls of the saloon, where this monarch received the ambassadors, were covered with an enamelled golden vine, whose grapes were made of

amethysts, sapphires, and rubies, to express the different degrees of ripeness. Every year the possessor of these riches was weighed; the weights were little golden fruits, which he threw amongst his courtiers after the ceremony. These courtiers, who were the greatest lords in India, scrambled for their possession.

So false riches are the only things which surprise and charm the vulgar; they are equally degrading to him who possesses them and to him who desires their possession.

Beautiful gardens of Alcinous! You contain neither palms nor vines, nor harvests of gold and diamonds, yet all the treasures of the great Mogul would not be able to purchase one of those beautiful trees, which the divine Homer has covered with eternal flowers and fruits.

It is related that Pythias, a rich Lydian, possessing many mines of gold, neglected the culture of his land, and employed his numerous slaves only in the labours of the mines. His wife, who was full of wisdom and goodness, served him a supper, all the dishes of which were filled with gold. "I give you," said she, "the only thing we have in abundance; you can but reap that which you sow; see, yourself, if gold is so great a blessing." This lesson made a deep impression on the mind of Pythias, who then

acknowledged that Providence had not abandoned true riches to the avarice of men ; but that, like a tender mother, she had reserved to herself the care of distributing them every year to her children, as the reward of their labours.

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### FASCINATION.

#### CIRCÆA, OR ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE.

Thrice round the grave *Circæa* prints her tread,  
And chants the numbers which disturb the dead.

DARWIN.

As the name of this plant indicates, it is celebrated in magical incantations. Its flowers are rose-coloured, and veined with purple ; and commonly grow in damp and shady places, where shrubs fit for the purpose to which this has been applied may be supposed to be found. It is named *Circæa* after the enchantress *Circe*.

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FELICITY.

SWEET SULTAN.

THIS sweet scented species of centaury was introduced into England in the reign of Charles I. It is mentioned by Parkinson, in 1629,—“ as a kinde of these corne-flowers, I must needs adjoyn another stran-

ger of much beauty, and but lately obtained from Constantinople, where because, as it is said, the great Turk, as we call him, saw it abroad, liked it, and wore it himself, all his vassals had it in great regard, and it hath been obtained from them by some that have sent it into these parts." And he adds, "the Turks themselves do call it the sultan's flower, and I have done so likewise, that it may be distinguished from all the other kinds." It is also very commonly called Blackamoor's Beauty. We are told that, in the east, it is made the emblem of supreme happiness.



FINESSE.

SWEET WILLIAM.

Sweet William small has form and aspect bright,
Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight.

COWLEY.

THE brilliant colours of the large compact umbels of this flower, has led Phillips to consider it as "Flora's colour palette, on which she has frolicked, varying her favourite dyes to display all her gayest tints of reds and purples, mingled with pure white and jetty black, disposed in stars, as thickly set, and as bright as the eyes of Argus; so that one stem supports a large and brilliant bouquet."

“The easy culture of this plant, and its hardy nature, have rendered it common to every cottage garden, without lessening its charms ; for its varieties are so infinite, that we scarcely ever meet with the same in any two gardens ; and when large clumps of them are in full flower, their gaiety in mass is such as not to be eclipsed by the proudest plant of the parterre ; whilst their individual beauty exhibits such lovely dyes, and finished pencilling, as to defy imitation.” From its beauty and elegance, it has been made the emblem of finesse.



FIRE.

FRAXINELLA.

WHEN the day has been warm, and the air very dry, this plant, especially when gently rubbed, emits an odour like that of lemon peel, but when bruised it has something of a balsamic scent. This scent is strongest in the pedicles of the flowers, which are covered with glands of a rusty red colour, exuding a viscid juice or resin, which exhales in vapour, and in a dark place may be seen to take fire.

FIRST EMOTION OF LOVE.

LILAC.

The lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
 Studios of ornament, yet unresolved
 Which hue she most approved, she chose them all.

COWPER.

THE lilac is consecrated to the first emotion of love, because nothing is more delightful than the sensations it produces on its first appearance on the return of spring. The freshness of its verdure, the pliancy of its tender branches, the abundance of its flowers, — their beauty, though brief and transient, — their delicate and varied colours ; — all their qualities summon up those sweet emotions which enrich beauty, and impart to youth a grace divine. Anacreon has beautifully expressed this idea in the following lines : —

Beauty's rosy ray
 In flying blushes richly play ;
 Blushes of that celestial flame
 Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.

Albano was unable to blend, upon the palette which love had confided to him, colours sufficiently soft and delicate to convey the

peculiarly beautiful tints which adorn the human face in early youth;

The velvet down that spreads the cheek;

Van Spaendock himself laid down his pencil in despair before a bunch of lilac. Nature seems to have aimed to produce massy bunches of these flowers, every part of which should astonish by its delicacy and its variety. The gradation of colour, from the purple bud to the almost colourless flowers, is the least charm of these beautiful groups, around which the light plays and produces a thousand shades, which, all blending together in the same tint, forms that matchless harmony which the painter despairs to imitate, and the most indifferent observer delights to behold. What labour has Nature bestowed to create this fragile shrub, which seems only given for the gratification of the senses! What an union of perfume, of freshness, of grace, and of delicacy! What variety in detail! What beauty as a whole!

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FLAME.

YELLOW IRIS.

Amid its waving swords, in flaming gold  
The iris towers. C. SMITH.

THE Iris Germanica are rustic plants, which the German peasants love to grow on

the tops of their cottages. When these beautiful flowers are agitated by the breeze, and the sun gilds their petals, tinting them with hues of gold, purple, and azure, they have the appearance of light and perfumed flames, glistening over the rustic dwellings. This appearance has gained the flower the name of "Flaming Iris."

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FLATTERY.

VENUS' LOOKING-GLASS.

As soon as the sun sheds its golden light upon our corn fields, we see shining in the midst, the bright purple corollas of the starry flowers of this pretty species of campanula, which, from its resemblance to a mirror, has been named Venus' looking-glass. If the sun's rays be intercepted by clouds, these beautiful flowers immediately close, as at the approach of night. There is an ancient fable which tells us that Venus accidentally let one of her mirrors fall on the earth. A shepherd found it, and casting his eyes upon the glass, which had the power of adorning the object it reflected, he forgot his mistress, and had no other wish than to admire himself. Love, who feared the consequences of so foolish an error, broke the glass, and transformed the remains into this pretty plant.

FOLLY.

COLUMBINE.

Bring hither the pincke and purple cullambine.

SPENSER.

This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
This is Childhood at her side.

HAWKESWORTH.

THIS graceful flower has long been a favourite inhabitant of the rustic flower border, and is commonly found in the open places of forests, or extensive woods. Why it has been made the emblem of folly it is difficult to say, some affirming that it is on account of the shape of its nectary, which turns over in a similar manner to the caps of the ancient jesters; while others suppose it to be on account of the party colours which it generally assumes.



FORESIGHT.

HOLLY.

Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn.

THOMSON.

THE providence of an all-wise Creator is shown in an admirable manner in this beauti-

ful plant. The great hollies which grow in the forest of Needwood bear leaves bristling with thorns, to the height of eight or ten feet, and above this height the leaves cease to be thorny. There the plant has no need to arm itself against enemies which cannot reach it. This tree, with its dazzling verdure, is the last ornament of our forests, when they are despoiled by the winter's frosts and chilling blasts; its berries serve as food for the little birds which remain with us through the inclement season of winter; and it also offers them a comfortable shelter amid its foliage.

In that delightful work, Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History, the eloquent author, speaking of the holly, says,—“The economy of trees, plants, and vegetables, is a curious subject of inquiry, and in all of them we may trace the hand of a beneficent Creator; the same care which he has bestowed on his creatures is extended to plants; this is remarkably the case with respect to hollies: the edges of the leaves are provided with strong sharp spines, as high up as they are within the reach of cattle; above that height the leaves are generally smooth, the protecting spines being no longer necessary.”

Mr. Southey has noticed this circumstance in the following pretty lines:—

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves ;
 Order'd by an Intelligence so wise
 As might confound an atheist's sophistries.

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



FORGET-ME-NOT.

MYOSOTIS, OR MOUSE EAR.

NOWHERE are the beautiful flowers of this plant found in such great abundance, as on the banks of a brook near the Luxembourg. The peasants call that brook the "Fairy Bath," or the "Cascade of the enchanted Oak ;" these two names are given to it on account of the beauty of its source, whence it issues murmuring at the foot of a very old oak. The waters of the brook at first roll on from cascade to cascade, under a long vault of verdure, and afterward flow gently through an extensive meadow: then they appear to the enchanted eye as a long silver thread. The southern bank alone is covered with a thick tapestry of mouse ear ; its pretty flowers sparkle in July, clad in as bright a blue as

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that of the cerulean sky. Then, they incline as if they took delight in admiring themselves in the crystal waters, whose purity is unequalled. On this spot the young girls frequently assemble to celebrate their birth days, by dancing on the borders of the brook. When crowned with these lovely flowers we might suppose them to be nymphs celebrating games in honour of the naiad of the enchanted oak.

It is related that a young couple, who were on the eve of being united, whilst walking along the delightful banks of the Danube, saw one of these lovely flowers floating on the waves, which seemed ready to carry it away. The affianced bride admired the beauty of the flower, and regretted its fatal destiny. The lover was induced to precipitate himself into the water, where he had no sooner seized the flower than he sank into the flood, but making a last effort, he threw the flower upon the shore, and at the moment of disappearing for ever, he exclaimed, "*Vergils mich nicht,*" since which time this flower has been made emblematical, and taken the name of "Forget-me-not."

FORGETFULNESS.

MOONWORT.

THIS is the same species as the Lunaria. It does not owe its name to the seed, which might commonly be supposed, but to the partition of its large flat pods, which are orbicular, like the moon. This partition, disengaged from its shells, remains brilliant, and has somewhat the resemblance of a medal. Rene, duke of Bar and Loraine, having been made prisoner at the battle of Thoulongear, painted with his own hand a branch of moonwort, and sent it to his vassals to reproach them for their lack of diligence in procuring his deliverance.

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 FORSAKEN.

## GARDEN ANEMONE.

The coy anemone, that ne'er uncloses  
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind.

H. SMITH.

ANEMONE was a nymph beloved by Zephyr. Flora, being jealous, banished her from her court, and changed her into a flower, which always opens at the return of spring. Zephyr has abandoned this unfortunate beauty to the

rude caresses of Boreas, who, unable to gain her love, agitates her until her blossoms are half open, and then causes her immediately to fade. An anemone, with this motto, "*Brevis est usus*,"—"Her reign is short," admirably expresses the rapid decline of beauty.

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FRIENDSHIP.

IVY.

I love the ivy-mantled tower,
 Rock'd by the storms of thousand years.
CUNNINGHAM.

FAITHFUL love secures with a branch of ivy the quickly fading roses which adorn the brow. Friendship has chosen for its device an ivy which clothes a fallen tree, with these words:—" *Rien ne peut m'en detachèr.*" In Greece, the altar of Hymen was surrounded with ivy, a sprig of which was presented by the priest to a new married spouse, as the symbol of an indissoluble knot. The Bacchantes, old Silenus, and Bacchus himself were crowned with ivy. Ingratitude has sometimes been represented by ivy, as when it attaches itself to a young tree it confines the stem, and consequently prevents the free circulation of the sap. The author of a

French work has repelled this calumny. The ivy appears to him to be the emblem of eternal friendship; he says, "Nothing is able to separate the ivy from the tree around which it has once entwined itself; it clothes the object with its own foliage in that inclement season when its black boughs are covered with hoar frost; the companion of its destinies, it falls when the tree is cut down. Death itself does not detach it, but it continues to decorate with its constant verdure the dry trunk it had chosen as its support." Clare says,

The ivy shuns the city wall,
Where busy clamorous crowds intrude,
And climbs the desolated hall
In silent solitude;
The time-worn arch, the fallen dome,
Are roots for its eternal home.

Carrington makes it the symbol of desolation. Alluding to the ruins of Trematon, on the banks of Tamar, he sings,

It is the triumph of resistless time,
Man and his labours must submit to him!
He throws the column from its solid base!
He saps e'en now thy withering remains,
Majestic Trematon! and till the hour,
When he, exulting, on the ground shall dash
Thy walls, now trembling to the western gale,

He clothes them with his spirit-chilling green,
His dark and favourite ivy, cheerless plant,
Sacred to desolation!

But we love it best as the emblem of
friendship. We rejoice to see the ivied oak,
or

“aged elm, in ivy bound;”

and we are sure that none will deny its
claim to this symbol, since it yields shelter
to some of our smaller birds. Wordsworth
shall tell us how they harbour 'mid its fo-
liage;—

From behind the roof

Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
Blending their diverse foliage with the green
Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight
For wren and redbreast, where they sit and sing
Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.

It is a popular error that the ivy is a para-
sitical plant, deriving its support from the
tree which it environs, when in fact it is sus-
tained by its own vital powers; its roots are
fixed in the earth, and the sap is conveyed
into its branches by the same laws which
regulate the vital functions of other mem-
bers of the vegetable kingdom.

FRIVOLITY.

LONDON PRIDE.

THIS pretty and almost universal border plant, is a species of saxifrage. It has received the name also of none-so-pretty; and, if we view it with attention, we shall acknowledge that its prettily spotted petals, which are painted with so much delicacy, fully deserve this appellation. Notwithstanding its beauty, it has been made the emblem of a light and frivolous sentiment, for a lover would think it an insult to his mistress, to present her with a nosegay of its flowers.



FRIVOLOUS AMUSEMENT.

BLADDER NUT TREE.

THE fruit of the bladder nut tree detonates, when pressed between the fingers. Idle people sometimes partake with children of the frivolous amusement which this effect affords.

FRUITFULNESS.

HOLLYHOCK.

ALL the world knows this superb plant, which is supposed to be a native of China, or rather of Syria, whence it is said to have been brought to Europe in the time of the crusades. From its extreme fecundity in the production of flowers, it has been made the emblem of fruitfulness. The Chinese represent nature crowned with its flowers. Pliny mentions it as a rose growing on stalks like the mallow; and Miller states that he received seeds from Istria, where they were gathered in the fields; these seeds produced only single red flowers, while seeds received from Madras yielded plants with double flowers of a variety of colours. H. Smith tells us, that

From the nectaries of hollyhocks
The humble bee e'en till he faints will sip.

“There are few flowers that contribute more to the embellishment of large gardens than the hollyhock, although their hardy nature and easy propagation have rendered them so common that they are much less regarded by the generality of florists than they deserve.”

GALLANTRY.

NOSEGAY.

Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind.

POPE.

A WELL arranged bouquet of flowers is the most delicate mode of paying attention to the fair sex that we can well imagine. Though the flowers themselves will soon fade in the possession of the fair being to whom they may be presented, the recollection of the tender regard with which they were offered, will be a source of lasting gratification.



GAME, PLAY.

HYACINTH.

THE hyacinth, so celebrated in the songs of the poets, from the time of Homer to the present day, is made emblematical of games, or play, in allusion to the fabulous origin of this flower, which, according to mythologists, sprung from the blood of Hyacinthus, who was killed by a quoit, through the agency of

Zephyr, who blew it from its course as it passed from the hand of Apollo, and smote the unfortunate youth on the head. Hurd mentions

The melancholy hyacinth that weeps
All night, and never lifts an eye all day ;

probably in allusion to the melancholy fate of Hyacinthus.

The following address to the hyacinth is extracted from Tait's Magazine. The lines were sent to the editor of that talented periodical as the production of a young country girl in the north of Ireland. We agree with him in saying (if that statement be true), that they are indeed more than wonderful. They are introduced here with great propriety, as they refer to the fate of Hyacinthus as detailed in the preceding paragraph.

Oh! mournful, graceful, sapphire-coloured flower,
That keep'st thine eye for ever fixed on earth!
Gentle and sad, a foe thou seem'st to mirth —
What secret sorrow makes thee thus to lower?

Perhaps 'tis that thy place thou canst not change,
And thou art pining at thy prison'd lot;
But oh! where couldst thou find a sweeter spot,
Wert thou permitted earth's wide bounds to range?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No, gentle Hyacinth, thou canst not grieve,
 When things so lovely worship in thy train —
 The sun, the wind, the wave — Oh! it were vain
 To sum the homage which thou dost receive.

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

ANN.

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## GENEROSITY.

### ORANGE TREE.

THIS is a very ancient genus, and combines many excellencies in its species; it is a handsome evergreen; it has most odoriferous flowers, and brilliant, fragrant, and delicious fruits. Loudon observes that "it is one of the most striking of fruit-bearing trees, and must have attracted the notice of aboriginal man long before other fruits of less brilliancy, but of more nutriment or flavour. The golden apples of the heathens, and forbidden fruit of the Jews, are supposed to allude to this family, though it is remarkable that we have no authentic records of any species of citrus having been known; certainly none were cultivated by the Romans." In the latter part of the seventeenth century, it was a very fashionable tree in conservatories, where

few exotics of other sorts were at that time to be found. It has been likened to a generous friend, who is ever loading us with favours.



## GENIUS.

### PLANE TREE.

THE plane tree has been appropriated as the symbol of genius, because the ancient Athenian philosophers generally held their discourses, or retired to study under the agreeable shade of its wide spreading branches, for which it was greatly esteemed at Athens. Xerxes is said to have been so attracted by the charms of a plane tree, that he caused his army of 1,700,000 men to halt, while he adorned the tree with all his jewels, and with those of his concubines, and the principal lords of his court, until the branches were loaded with ornaments of every kind. He called it his mistress and his goddess; and it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to leave the tree of which he had become so extraordinarily enamoured. He commanded its figure to be struck on a gold medal, which he constantly wore. Herodotus relates, that he raised a golden fence around it, and appointed one of his guards to protect it.

## GLORY.

## LAUREL.

THE Greeks and Romans consecrated crowns of laurel to glory of every kind. With them they adorned the brows of warriors and of poets, of orators and philosophers, of the vestal virgin and the emperor.

This beautiful shrub is found in abundance in the island of Delphos, where it grows naturally on the banks of the river Peneus. There its aromatic and evergreen foliage is borne up by its aspiring branches to the height of the loftiest trees; and it is alleged that by a secret and peculiar power they avert the thunderbolt from the shores they beautify. The beautiful Daphne was the daughter of the river Peneus. She was beloved by Apollo: but, preferring virtue to the love of the most eloquent of gods, she fled, fearing that the eloquence of his speech should lead her from the paths of virtue. Apollo pursued her; and as he caught her, the nymph invoked the aid of her father, and was changed into the laurel.

In our free land, where letters are so extensively cultivated, they who succeed in exciting popular favour meet with more remuneration than in ancient days; but how few have been honoured so highly as their

merits demand, until the last debt of nature has been paid, and then the marble bust, wreathed with bay, is raised to immortalise his fame, when his ears are become deaf to praise. He seldom receives his honours due while he enjoys the beauties of this terrestrial globe, and Clare has said, in his address to a Poet,

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

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## GOOD EDUCATION.

### CHERRY TREE.

It is generally believed that the cherry tree was first introduced into Italy, 73 A. C., by Lucullus, who obtained it from a town in Pontus, in Asia, called Cerasus, from whence it derives its specific name. The Romans brought it to England, though it is supposed that these have all been lost. There is no proof that cherries were in England at the period of the Norman conquest, nor for some time after: but Lydgate, who wrote about 1415, or before, says that cherries were then



exposed for sale in the London market, as they are now in the early season. It is a very ornamental tree in the shrubbery and in woods, and is esteemed valuable, as encouraging the various species of thrush.

The wild cherry tree, by careful cultivation, will yield agreeable and excellent fruit, in lieu of the dry berries which it bears naturally. So the human intellect, if uncultivated, will be filled with tares and weeds; but, if trained with the hand of tender solicitude, and just sentiments and opinions sown upon the soil, it will bring forth the fruit of uprightness, and integrity, and obtain for the individual consequent respect and esteem.

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### GOODNESS.

#### BONUS HENRICUS, OR GOOSE FOOT.

THE French people have given the name of their beloved king, Henry IV., to a beneficent and useful plant, which grows for the poor, and indeed seems exclusively to belong to them. In France it flourishes without any cultivation, and forms the asparagus and spinach of the poor; in England it is known also as wild spinach. The leaves are said to be of great service when applied to wounds. Happy is that king who deserves a homage so universal and so simple!

## GRACES.

## HUNDRED-LEAVED ROSE.

THIS tree bears a very double fine flower, of a deep crimson colour; its perfume, however, is weak.

It is mentioned by Pliny as growing around Campania, in Italy, and in the neighbourhood of Philippi, in Greece, and its flowers are so double that they have a hundred leaves. This rose does not, however, grow there naturally, but near to Mount Pangæus, and when transplanted from thence to Philippi, they yield finer flowers than on their native mountain. It is recorded, that when the Graces accompany Venus and her ministering Cupids, they are crowned with myrtle: and when they follow the Muses they are crowned with wreaths of the hundred-leaved rose.

## GRANDEUR.

## ASH.

— ash far stretching his umbrageous arm.

COWPER.

The towering ash is fairest in the woods.

VIRGIL.

THERE is a singular allegory in the Edda, which states that the gods hold their court under the shade of a miraculous ash, whose extensive branches shadow the whole surface of the earth; the top of the tree touches the heavens, and its roots descend to the regions of Pluto. An eagle constantly reposes on the tree, to observe every thing, and a squirrel continually ascends and descends to make report. Beneath its roots flow two fountains. In the one wisdom is concealed, and in the other is found the knowledge of things to come. Three virgins are entrusted with the charge of this sacred tree, who ever remain under its branches to refresh the tree with these salutary waters, which, on falling back on the earth, form a dew that produces honey. This effect has been ingeniously compared to the results of inventive science.

## GRATITUDE.

## CAMPANULA, OR PYRAMIDAL BELL-FLOWER.

THIS was a very fashionable plant some thirty years ago, and is still cultivated. It is used in Holland as an ornament to halls and staircases, and for placing before fire places in the summer. For this purpose it is planted in large pots, and is trained in such a manner as to cover a large surface, and continues to flower for two or three months in shady places. When in full flower it is a very magnificent plant, rising in a pyramidal shape, not unlike that of the towering pagoda. It may be trained to almost any shape, and we presume that on this account it has been made the emblem of gratitude.

## HATRED.

## BASIL.

POVERTY is sometimes represented under the figure of an old woman covered with rags, seated near a plant of basil. It is commonly said that hate has the eyes of a basilisk, because this name has been given to a fabulous animal, which is stated to produce death by a single glance. Basil, however, is a name derived from the Greek, which signifies royal, and indicates the excellence of this fragrant plant.



## HAUGHTINESS. PRIDE.

## AMARYLLIS.

GARDENERS say that the amaryllis, of which there are numerous varieties, is a proud plant, because it frequently refuses its flowers to their most earnest cares. The Guernsey lily is a charming flower, and closely resembles the tuberose in appearance and size; it is of a cherry red colour, and, when the sun shines upon it, it seems studded with gems of gold. The name of this plant is derived from a Greek word, which has been not inappropriately translated, by Monsieur Piroille, as

significant of splendour, and, perhaps, we have no flowering plant more beautifully gay than the amaryllis.



## HEALING.

## BALM OF GILEAD.

THIS exquisite balm was justly esteemed by the ancients, and seems to have been prepared by nature to soften our pains. We often employ the word balm in a moral sense, to express that which tempers and soothes our sorrows. Beneficent virtue and tender friendship are true balms which heal the wounds of the heart, — wounds a thousand times more insupportable than all physical ills.



## HIDDEN MERIT.

## CORIANDER.

WHEN fresh gathered, this plant has a powerful and very disagreeable smell. It is extensively cultivated in Essex; the seeds, which are slightly aromatic, are used to cover the taste of senna, and in spices, as curry powder. They are also believed to possess considerable medicinal properties of great value.

## HOPE.

HAWTHORN.

Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring.  
POPE.

Now, all nature is enlivened with hope and with joy; the swallow has returned to us once more, and the nightingale warbles her enchanting songs in the neighbouring thickets, announcing the duration of fine weather, —

Around the hawthorn flings its rich perfume!

Poor vine-dressers! now be assured the cold frosts shall not again destroy the tender vine buds, the hope of your long and careful labours. Happy labourers! the rude north wind shall not blight your verdant plains; but the sun shall gild them with his genial rays, and ripen the fruit ye seek for.

The hawthorn has been made the emblem of hope, because the young and beautiful Athenian maids brought its branches, covered with flowers, to decorate their companions on their nuptial day, whilst they bare larger boughs of it to the altar. The altar of Hymen was lighted by torches made from the wood of this tree; and it also formed the flambeaux which illuminated the nuptial chamber. We are told that the Troglodytes, in the simplicity of their minds, tied haw-

thorn branches to the dead bodies of their parents and friends ; and at the interment of the corpse they strewed its branches upon the body, and afterwards covered it with stones, laughing through the whole of the ceremony. They considered death as the dawning of a life which should never cease.

The hawthorn boughs were used in England as one of the principal decorations of the Maypole in our ancient village amusements ; and this circumstance, together with its flowering in May, have obtained for it more commonly the name of that month. What more delights the young and the light-hearted, than to gather from our hedge-rows a branch of this tree filled with its delicate flowers, whose petals are not unfrequently tinged with a beautiful delicate pink ! and, as we read in the deathless works of Shakspeare,

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?  
O ! yes, it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.



## HORROR.

## SERPENTINE CACTUS.

EVERY kind of serpent or snake, until naturalists discovered that the common English snake is innoxious, was believed to be hurtful to man ; and it must yet be allowed, that even the latter species is viewed by most people with distrust and horror. The cactus has been the emblem of the latter sentiment, from the similarity of its long trailing prickly branches, which are thrown in knotted curls around the root, to the coils of serpents.

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HOSPITALITY.

OAK.

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.
SHAKSPERE.

THE ancients believed that the oak, created with the earth, offered food and shelter to the first parents of our kind. This tree is said to have shaded the cradle of Jupiter, to whom it was consecrated, after his birth upon Mount Lycæus, in Arcadia. The oaken crown was less esteemed by the Greeks than the crown of gold ; but the Romans considered it the most desirable of all rewards. In order to

obtain it the candidate must be a citizen, — he must have killed an enemy, — restored a lost victory, — and have saved the life of a Roman. Scipio Africanus refused the civic crown after having saved his father's life at the battle of Trebia ; he refused the crown because the consciousness of having discharged a sacred duty appeared to him to be a sufficient reward. In Epirus the oaks of Dodona gave out oracles ; while the wide-spreading foliage of the Gallic oak concealed the mysterious sacrifices of the ancient Druids. With the Celts, who adored this tree, it was the emblem of hospitality, a quality so highly esteemed by them, that, next to their claims to bravery, they considered the title of "friend to the stranger" as the most to be desired.

Hamadryads, fairies, and genii, no longer enchant our sombre forests ; but the aspect of a majestic oak still fills us with admiration, and inspires us with respect and awe. When, full of youth and strength, it elevates its lofty head, and extends its immense branches, assuming the character of a protector. Deprived of its verdure by the power of a thunder shock, it resembles an old man, who, having outlived his generation, no longer takes an interest in the passing events of the world. The impetuous winds oft wrestle for the mastery with

The monarch oak, the sturdy growth
Of ages;

but he yields not to the howling tempest,
and is

Long triumphant o'er decay.

If this tree had no other claim to be made
the emblem of hospitality, it surely would
merit that honour for the service rendered by
one of its kind to the unfortunate Charles
II., when a fugitive in the heart of his own
kingdom.



HUMILITY.

BINDWEED.

The cumbrous bindweed, with its wreaths and bells.
WORDSWORTH.

THIS perennial twiner is a species of convol-
vulus, and is a very troublesome plant in the
cornfield, where it is very commonly found.
It is a simple flower; and, probably, on ac-
count of this quality it has been made the
emblem of humility.

I ATTACH MYSELF TO YOU.

SCARLET IPOMŒA, OR INDIAN JASMINE.

THIS beautiful twining plant is a species of bindweed, or something analogous; like the convolvulus, it requires something to support its light tendrils; and, without fatiguing that support, wreaths it with verdure and flowers.



I DIE IF NEGLECTED.

LAURUSTINUS.

THIS is one of the prettiest of evergreen shrubs, and is the gift of Spain to our highly favoured land. In winter it is the ornament of our groves, displaying its shining leaves and snowy white flowers when other trees have ceased to bloom.

Neither the hot breath of summer nor the cold kiss of winter can rob it of its charms; but to preserve it we must tend it with assiduous care. The symbol of a constant and delicate friendship, it ever seeks to please, yet dies if neglected.

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I WILL NOT SURVIVE YOU.

BLACK MULBERRY TREE.

THE fruit of the mulberry tree, like that of the strawberry and raspberry, is said not to undergo the acetous fermentation in the stomach, and therefore may be safely eaten. As the tree becomes older, it increases in fruitfulness; and, when fully grown, its fruit is much larger and better flavoured than that of the young ones.

From the circumstance of this tree being mentioned in the affecting story of Pyramus and Thisbe, narrated by La Fontaine, and which nearly all the world has read, it has been selected by the French floral linguist to express the sentiment at the head of this article. Pyramus, fearing that his beloved Thisbe had been devoured by an enraged lion, killed himself in despair. Thisbe, having been alarmed, had fled from the appointed place of meeting, and returned only in time to see Pyramus expire. She would not survive him, but taking the poniard he had so effectually used, she destroyed her own existence. Thus in death these two lovers were re-united.

I PARTAKE YOUR SENTIMENTS.

GARDEN DAISY.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE daisy, like many other plants, undergoes a considerable change, when transplanted from its native field to the cultivated parterre. To preserve them, however, in their altered state, it seems necessary to divide the roots and transplant them every year. They thrive best in a moist loamy soil, without any admixture of manure; and continue in flower for a longer period if shaded from the heat of the mid-day sun.

The garden daisy has been adopted to express reciprocity of feeling, in reference to an ancient custom in the days of chivalry. When the mistress of a knight permitted him to engrave this flower on his scarf, it was understood as a public avowal that she partook of his sentiments. Leyden has favoured us with some beautiful lines on the daisy, in which he alludes to this custom:—

Star of the mead! sweet daughter of the day,
Whose opening flower invites the morning ray,

From thy moist cheek, and bosom's chilly fold,
 To kiss the tears of eve, the dew-drops cold !
 Sweet daisy, flower of love ! when birds are paired,
 'Tis sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared.
 Smiling, in virgin innocence, serene,
 Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.
 The lark, with sparkling eye, and rustling wing,
 Rejoins his widowed mate in early spring,
 And as she prunes his plumes of russet hue,
 Swears, on thy maiden blossom, to be true.

Ofthave I watched thy closing buds at eve,
 Which for the parting sunbeams seemed to grieve,
 And, when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,
 Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again ;
 Nor he who sung — " the daisy is so sweet " —
 More dearly loved thy pearly form to greet ;
 When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
 And dames at tourneys shone, with daisies crowned,
 And fays forsook the purer fields above,
 To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

We might almost suppose that Wordsworth had been aware of the daisy's power of language, when he introduced it in his description of a deserted flower garden ; where it seems to accord in sentiment with the various plants that once in beauty shone, but now, neglected, droop and hang " their languid heads : "

Daisy-flowers and thrift
 Had broken their trim lines, and straggled o'er
 The paths they used to deck.

And did not our countryman, James Montgomery, illustrious in the annals of poetry,

partake warmly of the sentiments of that learned Baptist missionary, Dr. Carey, when he composed those beautiful lines, entitled "The Daisy in India," and which we here present to the reader, as they must awaken a kindred feeling in every heart where sensibility is not entirely extinguished? Dr. Carey had expressed, in a letter to a botanical friend in England, the pleasure he felt on observing a daisy spring up, unexpectedly, in his garden at Serampore, where he was stationed on his important duty. It had been borne over the waters in some English earth, in which other seeds were conveyed; and now in another clime it opened its "crimson tipped flower" to the warm air of the east; we can conceive the welcome surprise with which the little flower was greeted! Aye!

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
 Thy mother country's white and red,
 In rose or lily, till this hour,
 Never to me such beauty spread:
 Transplanted from thine island-bed,
 A treasure in a grain of earth,
 Strange as a spirit from the dead,
 Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
 Whose tribes beneath our natal skies
 Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
 But when the sun's gay beams arise,

With unabash'd but modest eyes
 Follow his motion to the west,
 Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
 Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 To this resplendent hemisphere,
 Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
 In gorgeous liveries all the year :
 Thou, only Thou, art *little* here,
 Like worth unfriended or unknown,
 Yet to my British heart more dear
 Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 Of early scenes beloved by me,
 While happy in my father's bower,
 Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;
 The fairy sports of infancy,
 Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
 Home, country, kindred, friends, — with thee,
 Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 I'll rear thee with a trembling hand :
 O for the April sun and shower,
 The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
 Where daisies, thick as star-light, stand
 In every walk ! — that here might shoot
 Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
 A hundred from one root !

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 To me the pledge of hope unseen :
 When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
 For joys that *were*, or *might have been*,

I'll call to mind, how — fresh and green, —
 I saw thee waking from the dust,
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
 And place in God my trust.



I FEEL YOUR KINDNESS.

FLAX.

Then on the rock a scanty measure placed
 Of vital flax, and turned the wheel apace,
 And turning sung. DRYDEN'S OVID.

TRULY we ought to be grateful to this useful plant! It yields us the linen we wear, the paper we write upon, and the lace which adorns our fair countrywomen. Nowhere can we cast our eyes but we see evidence of its utility. It has been cultivated from time immemorial for the lint and tow it affords, and it was formerly the chief occupation of our cottagers' wives to spin this into yarn and linen cloth. It is grown pretty generally in the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire. Our Devonian bard, Carrington, mentions it in "Dartmoor," where its cultivation has been attempted by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt and others with partial success: —

How sweetly blooms
 Upon the slopes the azure blossom'd flax !
 How wave the grassy seas of sheltered fields,
 Triumphant o'er the solitudes around,
 Less happy, where the cultivator's hand,
 Creating, comes not. If to him belongs
 The name of benefactor of mankind,
 " Who makes two blades of cheerful grass to grow
 Where but one grew before," what meed is thine,
 Tyrwhitt, who, for the unprofitable heath,
 The lichen, and the worthless moss, that erst
 Crept o'er the hill, hast round thy highland home,
 A belt of generous verdure thrown, and bade
 A sweet oasis in the desert rise
 Upon the traveller's admiring eye ?

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I SURMOUNT ALL DIFFICULTIES.

MISTLETOE.

All your temples strow  
 With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.

GAY.

THE mistletoe is a parasitical plant, growing chiefly on the summit of fruit trees, though the proud oak sometimes becomes its slave, and yields its own substance to support it. " The Druids sent round their attendant youths with branches of the mistletoe, to announce the entrance of the new year ;" and something like this custom is said still to be continued in France ; and our English

friends, who maintain the Christmas customs and gambols of our ancestors, need not that we should remind them of the part it plays in those festivities. The Druids had a species of adoration for a weakness so superior to strength. The tyrant subjugator of the oak appeared to them alike formidable to men and gods; and they related the following story in support of their opinion:—“One day, Balder told his mother Friga, that he had dreamed he should die. Friga conjured the elements—earth, air, fire, and water; metals, maladies, animals, and serpents, that they should do no evil to her son; and her conjurations were so powerful that nought could resist them. Balder, therefore, went to the combat of the gods, and fought in the midst of showers of arrows without fear. Loake, his enemy, wished to know the reason; he took the form of an old woman, and sought out Friga. He addressed her thus: ‘In the midst of our fight, the arrows and rocks fall on your son without hurting him.’ ‘I believe it,’ replied Friga, ‘all those substances are sworn to me; there is nothing in nature which can hurt him. I have obtained this favour from every thing which has power. There is only one little plant that I cared not to ask, because it appeared too feeble to injure; it was growing upon the bark of an oak, with scarcely any root; it lives without soil, and is called mis-



tletoe.' So spake Friga. Loake immediately ran and found the plant, and entering the assembly of the gods, while they were fighting against the invulnerable Balder (for their games are combats), he approached the blind Heda. 'Why,' said he, 'do you not contend with the arrows of Balder?' 'I am blind,' he answered 'and have no arms.' Loake presented to him the mistletoe, and said 'Balder is before thee.' The blind Heda discharged the arrow, and Balder fell pierced and slain. Thus, the invulnerable offspring of a goddess was killed by an arrow of mistletoe, shot by a blind man." Such is the origin of the respect borne by the Gauls towards this shrub.

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I LOVE YOU. INFATUATION.

PERUVIAN HELIOTROPE.

THIS evergreen trailer is a native of Peru, and bears beautiful lilac-coloured flowers; and, in the greenhouse, continues in bloom nearly the whole of the year.

The Orientals say that the perfumes of the heliotrope elevate their souls towards heaven; it is true that they exhilarate us, and produce a degree of intoxication. The sensation produced by inhaling them, may, it is said, be renewed by imagination, even though years

have passed away after the reality was experienced.

The Countess Eleanora, natural daughter of Christian IV., king of Denmark, who became so notorious by the misfortunes, crimes, and exile of Count Ulfeld, her husband, offers to us a striking proof of the power of perfumes on the memory. This princess, at the age of thirteen, had become attached to a young man to whom she was subsequently affianced. This young man died in the castle where they were making preparations for the marriage. Eleanora, in despair, wished to take a long last look at the object of her love; and, if alive, to bid a last adieu. She was conducted into the chamber where he had just expired. The body was already placed on a bier, and covered with rosemary. The spectacle made such a deep impression upon the affianced maiden, that though she afterwards exhibited courage equal to her misfortunes, she never could breathe the perfume of rosemary without falling into the most frightful convulsions.

The celebrated Jussieu, while botanising in the Cordilleras, suddenly inhaled the most exquisite perfumes. He expected to find some brilliantly coloured flowers, but only perceived some pretty clumps of an agreeable green, bearing flowers of a pale blue colour. On approaching nearer, he observed that the flowers

turned gently towards the sun, which they appeared to regard with reverential love. Struck with this peculiar disposition, he gave the plant the name of heliotrope, which is derived from two Greek words, signifying "sun," and "I turn." The learned botanist, delighted with this charming acquisition, collected a quantity of the seeds, and sent them to the Jardin du Roi, at Paris, where it was first cultivated in Europe. The ladies collected it with enthusiasm, — placed it in their richest vases, — called it the flower of love, — and received with indifference every bouquet in which their favourite flower was not to be found.

An anonymous writer has made it emblematical of flattery, as it is said that when a cloud obscures the sky, it droops its head. We would rather suppose that, like the lover, whose heart is sad when absent from his mistress, so the heliotrope droops because it is deprived of the cheering rays of the sun that it seems to adore.

There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
 False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
 Let but an adverse cloud appear,
 And thou art faithless as the flower!



INTOXICATION.

VINE.

But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
 Their blushing tendrils round the bowl.

ANACREON.

THE grateful juice of the vine has been given to cheer the heart of man, and though, alas! it is too often used as the excitement to unseemly revelry, where men degrade themselves to the condition of the brutes, over which they were created lords, we confess we like to see

Depending vines the shelving caverns screen,
 With purple clusters blushing through the green.

POPE.

I NEVER IMPORTUNE.

A ROSE LEAF.

THERE was an academy at Amadau, whose statutes were couched in these terms,—
“The academicians think much, write little, and talk less!” Dr. Zeb, celebrated all over the east, being informed of a vacancy in that academy, hastened to obtain it, but unfortunately arrived too late. The academy was in despair; it had just granted to power that which belonged to merit alone. The president, not knowing how to express a refusal which reflected so much discredit on the assembly, commanded a cup to be brought, which he so exactly filled with water, that one drop more would have caused it to overflow. The learned candidate understood by this emblem that there was no place in the academy for him. He was retiring in disappointment, when he perceived a rose leaf at his feet. At this sight hope revived; he took the rose leaf, and placed it so gently upon the water which filled the cup, that not a single drop was lost. At this ingenious feat every one clapped their hands, and the doctor was received by acclamation among the members of the silent academy.

I WILL THINK OF IT.

WHITE DAISY.

IN the by-gone days of chivalry, when a lady wished to intimate to her lover that she was undecided whether she would accept his offer or not, she decorated her head with a frontlet of white daisies, which was understood to say, "I will think of it."

An unknown poet has sung the daisy's offering in verses so agreeable to our ears that we must e'en let our readers share the pleasure.

Think of the flowers culled for thee,
 In vest of silvery white,
 When other flowers perchance you see,
 Not fairer, but more bright.

Sweet roses, and carnations gay,
 Have but a summer's reign;
 I mingle with the buds of May,
 Join drear December's train.

A simple unassuming flower,
 'Mid showers and storms I bloom;
 I'll decorate thy lady's bower,
 And blossom on thy tomb.

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IMMORTALITY.

AMARANTH.

THE amaranth is one of the latest gifts of autumn, and when dead its flowers retain their rich scarlet colour. The ancients have associated it with supreme honours; choosing it to adorn the brows of their gods. Poets have sometimes mingled its bright hue with the dark and gloomy cypress, wishing to express that their sorrows were combined with everlasting recollections. Homer tells us, that at the funeral of Achilles, the Thessalians presented themselves wearing crowns of amaranth.

Milton, in his gorgeous description of the court of heaven, mentions the amaranth as being inwoven in the diadems of angels—

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

Pope mentions this flower in his Ode for

St. Cecilia's day; imagining it to be found
in celestial bowers;—

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls that dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers.

Love and friendship are adorned with amaranth. In the garland of Julie, we find the four following lines:

Je suis la fleur d'amour qu'amarante on appelle,
Et qui viens de Julie adorer les beaux yeux.
Roses, retirez-vous: j'ai le nom d'immortelle,
Il n'appartient qu'à moi de couronner les dieux.

Christina, queen of Sweden, who wished to immortalise herself by renouncing the throne to cultivate letters and philosophy, instituted the order of "knights of the amaranth." The decoration of that order is a medal of gold, enriched with a flower of the amaranth in enamel, with this motto:—"Dolce nella memoria."

In the floral games at Toulouse, the prize for the best lyrical verses is a golden amaranth.

IMPATIENCE.

BALSAM.

THIS plant, which is one of the most beautiful and delicate of popular annuals, is a native of East India, and forms a showy cone of carnation-like flowers finely variegated. It possesses the peculiar property of retaining, during the hottest months of summer, all its freshness and beauty, while many other plants are withered before they have flowered. It has been named *Nolitangere* and *Impatiens*, from the curious fact that when the seeds are ripe, they are thrown with considerable force out of the capsules on their being slightly touched; on this account it has been made the emblem of impatience. The Turks use it to represent ardent love.

IMPORTUNITY.

BURDOCK.

THE burdock is an inhabitant of roadsides and ditch-banks, and is equally common in Europe and Japan. When once it has become transplanted into good ground, it is very difficult to be eradicated; every one knows its bristly fruit, which attaches itself to our clothes in an importunate manner.

INCONSTANCY.

EVENING PRIMROSE.


It is uncertain when this beautiful flower was first introduced into England, though we know that it was brought from Virginia to Padua in the year 1619. It is a general favourite with our poets, who give it a very different character to that we have assigned to it in floral language. We presume that it has been made the emblem of Inconstancy on account of the transient duration of its flowers. It opens between six and seven o'clock in the evening. We extract the following lines on this flower from Clare's Rural Muse :—

When once the sun sinks in the west,
 And dew-drops pearl the Evening's breast;
 Almost as pale as moon-beams are,
 Or its companionable star,
 The evening primrose opes anew
 Its delicate blossoms to the dew;
 And, hermit like, shunning the light,
 Wastes its fair bloom upon the Night,
 Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
 Knows not the beauty he possesses.
 Thus it blooms on while Night is by;
 When Day looks out with open eye,
 'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
 It faints, and withers, and is gone.

INDEPENDENCE.

WILD PLUM TREE.

THE wild plum is the least docile of our indigenous trees. It will not bear training, nor can we transplant it with success. We therefore engraft the domestic plum upon the stock of an apricot tree. For these reasons the wild plum has been considered the emblem of independence; and, also, because it is said to love lofty situations.



INDIFFERENCE.

CANDY-TUFT.

THE iberis continues in blossom nearly the whole year, ever presenting to us its bright green foliage, and its scentless blossoms white as snow. The first specimens of this plant were brought from Candia, whence its English name candy-tuft. This plant is well adapted to enliven the sombre appearance of our evergreen plantations during the winter months, if not placed near the Laurustinus, which requires no aid of this kind; for that beautiful shrub, like the iberis, seems

awake while the rest of vegetable nature sleeps.

The warmth of our summers has very little apparent effect upon the candy-tuft; the gardener is frequently obliged to tear away the flowery veil which persists in concealing its seed.

It braves all the inclemencies of winter; and if we are reminded by its brilliancy of that of other flowers, we are less consoled for their absence, than led to regret their graces and sweet perfumes.

It is doubtless by reason of its unvarying appearance that the eastern ladies, who first ascribed the power of language to flowers, have made the iberis the emblem of indifference.

INDISCRETION.

ALMOND TREE.

Like to an almond tree, mounted high
 On top of green Selinis, all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
 At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

FAERY QUEENE.

EMBLEM of indiscretion, the almond tree is the first to answer to the call of spring. Nothing is more lovely and fresh in its ap-

pearance than this beautiful tree, when it appears in the early days of March, covered with flowers in the midst of our groves, not yet clad in their summer foliage. The later frosts not unfrequently destroy the too precious germs of its fruits; but it is remarkable that the beauty of its flowers, far from being injured, is increased in brilliancy. An avenue of almond trees, all white in the evening, struck with the frost in the night, will be of a rose-colour the following morning, and will retain this new attire for more than a month, the flowers never falling until the tree is covered with verdure.

The early appearance of the almond tree seems formerly to have afforded an omen to the agriculturist; Dryden mentions it as such:

Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood:
If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign;
Great heats will follow and large crops of grain.

Fiction gives us an affecting account of the origin of the almond tree; it relates, that Demophoon, the son of Theseus and Phædra, when returning from the siege of Troy, was cast by a tempest on the coasts of Thrace, where the beautiful Phyllis then reigned. The young queen welcomed the prince, and becoming enamoured of him, at

length married him. Demophoon was recalled to Athens by the death of his father; but promised to return to his beloved Phyllis at the expiration of a month, and fixed the day. The tender Phyllis counted every minute during his absence, until the longed-for period arrived. Phyllis ran to the shore nine times; but, having lost all hope, she died of grief, and was changed into an almond tree. Demophoon returned three days afterwards in despair; he offered a sacrifice on the sea-shore to appease the manes of his beloved. She appeared sensible of his repentance and his return, for the almond tree, which enclosed her in its bark, blossomed instantaneously; proving by this last effort that death had wrought no change in her affections.

INFIDELITY.

YELLOW ROSE.

LUDOVICO VERTHEMA tells us that, in the year 1503 he saw great quantities of yellow roses at Calicut, whence it is believed that both the single and double varieties were brought into Europe by the Turks, as Parkinson mentions that it was introduced into England by one Master Nicholas Lete, a

worthy merchant of London, and a great lover of flowers, from Constantinople, which was first brought thither from Syria. It perished with Lete, but afterwards others were transmitted to Master John de Frangueville, also a merchant of London, and a great lover of all rare plants, as well as flowers, from which sprung the many varieties now flourishing in this kingdom.

It is well known that yellow is the colour of infidelity. The yellow rose also seems to appertain to the unfaithful in love or friendship. Water injures it; the sun scorches it: and this scentless flower, which profits neither by attention nor liberty, seems only to prosper when under restraint. When we wish to see them in their full brilliancy, it is necessary to incline the buds towards the earth, and keep them in that position by force.

INGRATITUDE.

BUTTERCUPS.

THIS plant contains many virulent qualities, which are said to affect cattle, especially sheep, and particularly the root, which has the property of inflaming and blistering the skin. Shakspeare mentions it as the cuckoo flower in King Lear, —

Nettles, cuckoo flowers,
Darnel, and all the wild weeds.

And Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, alludes to its ungrateful qualities in some lines on the "Eternity of Nature;" detailing his morning's walk, he says, —

I wander out and rhyme ;
What hour the dewy morning's infancy
Hangs on each blade of grass and every tree,
And sprengs the red thighs of the humble bee,
Who 'gins betimes unwearied minstrelsy ;
Who breakfasts, dines, and most divinely sups
With every flower save golden buttercups, —
On whose proud bosoms he will never go,
But passes by with scarcely "How do ye do,"
Since in their showy, shining, gaudy cells,
Haply the summer's honey never dwells.

INJUSTICE.

HOP.

THIS plant will grow only in rich soils. It is called *lupulus* by naturalists; and, according to Pliny, was so named because it grew among the willows; to them, by twining round and choking them up, it proved as destructive as the wolf to the flock.

INNOCENCE.

DAISY.

THE English name of daisy is derived from a Saxon word, meaning day's eye, in which way Ben Jonson writes it; and Chaucer calls it the "eie of the daie." We presume that it is called day's eye, from the nature of its blossom, which opens at day-break, and closes at sunset:

The little daizie, that at evening closes.

SPENSER.

The following address to the daisy is from Wordsworth, and we think that it will excite in all minds agreeable reminiscences of days of childhood.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
 From hill to hill in discontent,
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,
 Most pleased when most uneasy;
 But now my own delights I make,—
 My thirst at every rill can slake,
 And gladly Nature's love partake
 Of thee, sweet daisy!

When Winter decks his few grey hairs,
 Thee in the scanty wreath he wears:
 Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
 That she may sun thee;

Whole summer fields are thine by right,
And autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight,
When rains arc on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greetest the traveller in the lane;
If welcomed once thou comest again;
Thou art not daunted;
Nor carest if thou be set at nought;
And oft alone, in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such arc wanted.

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

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April's sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly;
And wearily at length should fare;
He need but look about, and there
Thou art! — a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension.

Some steady love ; some brief delight ;
Some memory that had taken flight ;
Some charm of fancy, wrong or right ;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humble urn
A lowlier pleasure ;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds ;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

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

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing ;
An instinct call it, a blind sense,
A happy genial influence,
Coming, one knows not how, or whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the year ! that round dost run
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful, when the day's begun,
As morning leveret, —

Thy long lost praise thou shalt regain,
 Dear shalt thou be to future men,
 As in old time ; — thou, not in vain,
 Art Nature's favourite.

In Yorkshire, this plant is called dog daisy; and, in Scotland, gowan, a name which, in that country, is also applied to the dandelion, hawkweed, &c.

The opening gowan, wet with dew.

We find it recorded in Milton's *Comus*, that,

By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.

We cannot reject the following beautiful lines by Wordsworth, though we have quoted pretty largely from him on the same flower before :

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 !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similies,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising ;
And many a fond and idle name,
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port,
Or sprightly maiden, of love's court,
In thy simplicity the spórt
Of all temptations ;
A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
A starveling in a scanty vest ;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye,
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next — and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish, and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold,
In flight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar ; —
And then thou art a pretty star ;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee !
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air, thou seem'st to rest ; —
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee !

Sweet flower ! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature !
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do then, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature !

“Malvina, leaning o'er Fingal's tomb,
mourns for the valiant Oscar, and his son
who died before he had seen the light.

“The virgins of Morven, to calm her grief,
walk often around her, celebrating, by their
songs, the death of the brave and the new-
born.

“‘The hero is fallen,’ say they; ‘he is
fallen ! and the sound of his arms echoes over
the plain ; disease, which takes away courage ;
age, which dishonours heroes, can no longer
touch him ; he is fallen ! and the sound of
his arms echoes over the plain !

“‘Received into the heavenly palace in-
habited by his ancestors, he drinks with them
the cup of immortality. Oh ! daughter of
Oscar, dry thy tears of grief ; the hero is
fallen ! he is fallen ! and the sound of his
arms echoes over the plain.’

“Then, in a softer voice, they said again
to her, ‘The child who has not seen the light
has not known the bitterness of life ; its young
soul, borne on glittering wings, arrives with

the diligent Aurora in the palace of day. The souls of children, who have, like it, broken the chains of life without sorrow, reclining on golden clouds, present themselves, and open to it the mysterious portals of Flora's cabinet. There this innocent troop, ignorant of evil, are for ever occupied in enclosing, in imperceptible seeds, the flowers that blow in each spring; every morn they scatter these seeds upon the earth with the tears of Aurora; millions of delicate hands enclose the rose in its bud, the grain of wheat in its folds, the vast branches of the oak in a single acorn, and sometimes an entire forest in an invisible seed.'

“ We have seen, oh ! Malvina ! we have seen the infant you regret, reclining on a light mist ; it approached us, and has shed on our fields a harvest of new flowers. Look, oh Malvina ! among these flowers we distinguish one with a golden disk, surrounded by silver leaves ; a sweet tinge of crimson adorns its delicate rays ; waved by a gentle wind, we might call it a little infant playing in a green meadow. Dry thy tears, oh Malvina ! the hero is dead, covered with his arms ; and the flower of thy bosom has given a new flower to the hills of Cromla.’

“ The sweetness of these songs relieved Malvina's grief ; she took her golden harp, and repeated the hymn of the new-born.

“ Since that day the daughters of Morven
have consecrated the daisy to infancy ; it is,
said they, the flower of innocence, the flower
of the new-born.”

— that old favourite — the daisy — born
By millions in the balmy, vernal morn —
The child’s own flower.

CARRINGTON.

Trampled under foot,
The daisy lives, and strikes its little root
Into the lap of time : centuries may come,
And pass away into the silent tomb,
And still the child, hid in the womb of time,
Shall smile and pluck them, when this simple
rhyme

Shall be forgotten, like a church-yard-stone,
Or lingering lie unnoticed and alone,
When eighteen hundred years, our common date,
Grow many thousands in their marching state,
Aye, still the child, with pleasure in his eye,
Shall cry — the daisy ! — a familiar cry —
And run to pluck it, in the self-same state
As when Time found it in his infant date ;
And, like a child himself, when all was new,
Might smile with wonder, and take notice too ;
Its little golden bosom, frilled with snow,
Might win e’en Eve to stoop adown, and show
Her partner, Adam, in the silky grass,
The little gem, that smiled where pleasure was,
And loving Eve, from Eden followed ill,
And bloomed with sorrow, and lives smiling still ;
As once in Eden, under heaven’s breath,
So new on earth, and on the lap of death,
It smiles for ever.

CLARE.

INQUIETUDE.

MARIGOLD.

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

MADAME LEBRUN in one of her charming pictures has represented grief as a young man pale and languishing; his head appears to be bowed down by the weight of a garland of marigolds. All the world knows this gilded flower, which has been made the emblem of distress of mind; or rather, we should say of that inquietude which is caused by uncertainty as to the sentiments of the *one* we love with a peculiar affection. The lover longs to know whether there be a reciprocal feeling in the heart of his mistress towards himself, or whether he has been buoying himself up with false hope. We verily believe that there are few who would not prefer to receive the dread intelligence that his suit is rejected, than remain in this uncertain state. Anon he speculates on the glance of kindness he thought she gave him as she passed, for, as Byron says,

Glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
Which fly on wings of light-heeled Mercuries,
Who do such things because they know no better.

And, then, anon he sees her pass without a look, — without a glance, — his heart droops, and he is almost disposed to yield himself to despair.

The marigold continues in flower the whole of the year, hence its scientific name *calendula*. Its flowers open at nine o'clock in the morning, and close again at three o'clock in the afternoon. Like the heliotrope, it always turns towards the sun, following his course from east to west.

During the months of July and August, the marigold emits small luminous sparks during the night. This quality it possesses in common with the *pasturtium* and many other flowers of the same colour.

The mournful signification of the marigold can be modified in various ways. United with roses it is the emblem of the sweeter pains of love; alone it expresses inquietude or ennui. Woven with other flowers it represents the inconstant chain of life, ever good and evil interwoven. In the east a bouquet of marigolds and poppies expresses this thought, "I will allay your pains." It is especially by these modifications that the Sentiment of Flowers renders the interpretation of our thoughts understood.

Margaret of Orleans, maternal ancestor of Henry IV., had for her device a marigold turning towards the sun, with these words,

“*Je ne veu suivre que lui seul.*” That virtuous princess wished to express by this device that all her thoughts and all her affections turned towards heaven, as the marigold does to the sun.



INSPIRATION.

ANGELICA.

This plant is named angelica in allusion to its agreeable smell and medicinal qualities. It has winged leaves divided into large segments; its stalks are hollow and jointed, the flowers grow in an umbel upon the tops of the stalks, and consist of five leaves, succeeded by two large channelled seeds. Archangelica is sometimes cultivated in gardens for its leaf-stalks, to be blanched and eaten as celery, or candied with sugar. In Lapland, where it is also found, it is used to crown poets, who fancy themselves inspired by its agreeable odour.

IRONY,

SARDONY.

SARDONY has some resemblance to parsley; it contains a poison which is said to contract the mouth in so peculiar a manner, that the individual affected seems to laugh in expiring. This horrible laugh has been named Risus Sardonicus, or Sardonic laughter. It is that which we see playing on the lips of Satire, and on those of cold irony.



JOY.

WOOD SORREL.

THE wood sorrel, vulgarly called "cuckoo's bread," flowers very freely about Easter. This pretty little plant shuts its leaves, closes its corollas, and the flowers hang pendent and drooping from the stems. They seem to yield themselves to sleep; but at the first dawn of day we may say that they are filled

with joy, for they throw back their leaves, and expand their flowers: and we doubt not it is on this account that peasants have said that they sing the praises of their Creator.



JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE YOU.

SWEET SCENTED TUSSILAGE, OR COLTSFOOT.

GENIUS, hid under a modest appearance, strikes not the eyes of the vulgar. But if the glance of an enlightened judge chances to observe it, its strength is immediately revealed, and it receives the admiration of those whose stupid indifference had not observed it. A young Dutch miller, having a taste for painting, amused himself, in his leisure hours, by representing the landscapes amidst which he lived. The mill, the cattle of his master, the beautiful verdure, clouds, smoke, light and shade, were all portrayed with an exquisite truth. As soon as a picture was finished, he took it to a colour dealer, who gave him its value in materials to produce another. One feast day, the innkeeper of the place wishing to ornament the hall where he received his guests, bought two of these pictures. A celebrated painter stopped at his

inn, and, admiring the truth of the landscapes, offered and gave a hundred florins for that which had not cost a crown, and promised, at the same time, to take all the artist could produce. Thus the reputation of the painter was established, and his fortune made. As wise as happy, he never forgot his dear mill; we find the representation of it in all his pictures, which are so many master pieces. Who would believe that plants have the same fate as men, and that they require a patron to appreciate them?

Coltsfoot, notwithstanding its sweet smell, had remained a long time unknown at the foot of Mount Pila, where no doubt it would still have bloomed in obscurity, if a learned botanist, M. Villau de Grenoble, had not appreciated its beneficent qualities. This perfumed plant appears at a season when all others have disappeared. As the great artist eulogised the poor painter, [so did M. Villau the humble flower; he gave it a distinguished rank in his works: and, since then, the tusilage has been cultivated with care, and perfumes our brilliant saloons.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

PLUM TREE.

EVERY year the plum tree is covered with an immense quantity of flowers, but unless trained and pruned by the hand of an able gardener of all its superfluous wood, it will only yield fruit once in three years.



LASTING BEAUTY.

GILLYFLOWER.

Fair is the gillyflower of garden sweet.

GAY.

THE Greeks, who cherished flowers, never acquired the art of cultivating and improving them. They simply planted them in the fields and received as nature yielded them. The Romans, with the arts of Greece, also received a taste for flowers; and such was their passion for floral crowns that they were obliged to confine their use to a favoured few. These masters of the world cultivated no-

thing but violets and roses, — the fields were covered, and flowers seemed to be encroaching rapidly on the rights of Ceres.

The Gauls were long ignorant of every delicacy. Their warlike hands disdained the handle of the plough. With them, the garden, under the charge of the mistress of the family, contained only aromatic plants, and such as were useful for culinary purposes. At length, their manners became softened, and Charlemagne, who was the terror of the world, and the father of his people, delighted in flowers, and recommended the culture of lilies, roses, and gillyflowers. Foreign flowers were not introduced among us until the thirteenth century. During the crusades European warriors brought us many new species from Egypt and Syria, of which the monks, at that time the only able cultivators, took charge. They were at first the charm of their peaceful retreats; since then they are scattered over every flower bed; they are become the companions of our pleasures, and add to the luxuries of our mansions. Still the rose is the queen of our groves, and the lily the king of our valleys. The rosebuds are transient; and the lily, though it flowers more tardily, passes away almost as rapidly. The gillyflower, — less graceful than the rose, — less superb than the lily, — has a splendour more durable. Con-

stant in its benefits, it offers to us, all the year, its beautiful red and pyramidal flowers, which always diffuse an agreeable odour. The finest gillyflowers are red; they derive their name from their colour, which rivals in brilliancy the far-famed purple of Tyre. White, violet, and variegated gillyflowers have also their charms; but since America, Asia, and Africa, have sent their brilliant tributes, we have neglected the beautiful daughter of our own climate, so dear to our forefathers. Towards the setting of the sun a delightful fragrance is exhaled from the

Lavish stock that scents the garden round.

THOMSON.

This beautiful flower may be said to grow in our parterres, like a blooming and lovely beauty, who scatters health around her; health, that chief of blessings, without which there can be neither happiness nor lasting beauty.

LIFE.

LUCERN.

LUCERN occupies the same ground for a long period, but when it forsakes it, it is forever. On this account it has been made the emblem of life. Nothing is more charming than a field of lucern in full flower. It seems spread before our eyes like a carpet of green and violet. Cherished by the husbandman, it yields him an abundant crop without much care; and, when mowed, it springs up again. The cattle rejoice at its appearance; it is a favourite plant with the sheep, and the goat receives it as a delicacy; while the horse also eats it with avidity. This precious gift is showered upon our favoured land direct from heaven. We possess it without trouble,—enjoy it without reflection,—and without gratitude. We frequently prefer to it a flower whose only merit is its transient beauty. So do we often leave a certain happiness to pursue vain pleasures which continually elude our grasp.

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LOVE.

MYRTLE.

See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
 The unendangered myrtle, decked with flowers,
 Before the threshold stands to welcome us !

WORDSWORTH.

THE oak has ever been consecrated to Jupiter, — the laurel to Apollo, — the olive to Minerva, — and the myrtle to Venus. Among the ancients the myrtle was a great favourite, for its elegance, and its sweet and glossy evergreen foliage. Its perfumed and delicate flowers seem destined to adorn the fair forehead of love, and are said to have been made the emblem of love, and dedicated to beauty, when Venus first sprang from the sea. We are informed by mythological writers that when the fair goddess first appeared upon the waves, she was preceded by the houris, with a scarf of a thousand colours, and a garland of myrtle.

Wordsworth appropriates myrtle wreaths to youthful heads, and conjures them to drop from those of declining years :

Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !
 Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
 Around a younger brow !

And Hartley Coleridge, in a paraphrase on Horace, thus introduces the myrtle as a fit decoration for the brow of youth :

Nay, nay, my boy — 'tis not for me,
 This studious pomp of eastern luxury ;
 Give me no various garlands, — fine
 With linden twine ;
 Nor seek, when latest lingering blows
 The solitary rose.

Earnest I beg — add not with toilsome pain, —
 One far sought blossom to the myrtle plain,
 For sure, the fragrant myrtle bough
 Looks seemliest on thy brow ;
 Nor me mis-seems, while, underneath the vine,
 Close interweaved, I quaff the rosy wine.

At Rome, the first temple dedicated to Venus was surrounded by groves of myrtle ; and after the victory that goddess achieved over Pallas and Juno, she was crowned with myrtle by Cupids. Surprised one day, on going out of a bath, by a troop of satyrs, she took refuge behind a myrtle bush ; she also avenged herself with myrtle branches on the audacious Psyche, who had dared to compare her own transitory graces to those of an immortal beauty.

Although triumphs are no longer celebrated in the Roman capitol, the Italian ladies have preserved a very lively passion for this lovely shrub ; preferring its odour to that of the most precious essences, and throwing into their baths water distilled from its leaves,

being persuaded that the tree of Venus is favourable to beauty. If the ancients had that idea,—if the tree so consecrated to Venus were to them the tree of love,—it was from the true analogy between its power and that of love; for wherever the myrtle grows it spreads itself around to the exclusion of all other shrubs. So love, once master of a heart, leaves no room for any other sentiment. Scott has borne his testimony to the universality of love :

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green ;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

LIVELY AND PURE AFFECTION.

PINK.

Each pink sends forth its choicest sweet,
Aurora's warm embrace to meet.

MARY ROBINSON.

THE primitive pink is simple red or white,
and perfumed. We occasionally observe where

the wild pink crowns the garden wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.

WORDSWORTH.

Cultivation has doubled the petals of this favourite flower, and procured for it an infinite variety of colouring, so that it is painted with a thousand shades, from the delicate rose colour to the perfect white; and from a deep red to a brilliant scarlet. In some varieties we observe opposite colours placed together on the same flower; the pure white is tipped with crimson, and the rose coloured is streaked with lively and brilliant red. We also see these beautiful flowers marbled, speckled, and at other times bisected in such a manner that the deceived eye leads us to imagine that the same cup contains a purple flower, and one of palest alabaster. Nearly as varied in form as in colour, the pink always preserves

its delicious perfumes, and continually labours to shed its foreign costume, and renew its native attire. For though the hand of the gardener can double and triple, and variegate its dress, it cannot render its acquired qualities permanent. Thus nature has deposited in our hearts the germs of the most excellent sentiments. Art and society cultivate and develop these, embellishing, enfeebling, or exalting them. A variety of causes uniting are able to render their effects inconstant and changeable; but, in spite of the caprices, errors, and incomprehensible sports of the human heart, nature always brings back affection to its primitive simplicity. La Rochefoucauld has said that, "True love is like the apparition of spirits; all the world speaks of it, but few have seen it." What does the gloomy moralist mean by true love? Would he persuade us that it is a chimera? Ah! no! we find

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

* * * * *

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver cord, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. scott.

There is an anecdote connected with the pink, which shows how far the mind may be

led away and debased by the arts of flattery.

“The young duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis the Fifteenth, being fond of cultivating these flowers, a flatterer persuaded him, by substituting other pots of pinks for those which the prince had reared, that the pinks which he planted came up and flourished in one night. Thus persuaded, the youthful prince believed that Nature obeyed his will. One night, not being able to sleep, he expressed a wish to get up, but was told that it was then the middle of the night; ‘Well,’ replied he, ‘I will have it be day.’”

LUXURY.

HORSE CHESNUT.

THIS magnificent tree was originally brought from India, and has been naturalised in Europe for more than two centuries, but yet we do not see it raise its gorgeous head among our forest trees. It is well suited to be an ornament in parks; to adorn the castles of our nobility; and to shade the residence of kings; and when the geometric style of architecture was in vogue in this country a good deal was planted, as at Bushey Park, Canons, Castle

Howard, &c. It luxuriates at the Tuileries, where it rises around the great lake in masses of incomparable beauty. At the Luxembourg it spreads its branches in accordant pomp and splendour :

There avenues of chesnuts high
With vaulted roofs conceal the sky.

In the beginning of spring, one rainy day is sufficient to cause this beautiful tree to cover itself with verdure. If it be planted alone, nothing surpasses the elegance of its pyramidal form, the beauty of its foliage, or the richness of its flowers, which sometimes make it appear as an immense lustre or chandelier, all covered with pearls. Fond of ostentation and richness, it covers with flowers the grass which it o'ershadows, and yields to the idler a most delightful shade. To the poor man it is of little service, supplying him with nothing more than a light and porous timber, and a bitter fruit. Naturalists and physicians have attributed to this child of Asia a thousand good qualities which it does not possess.

MAJESTY.

CROWN IMPERIAL.

Bold oxlip,¹ and
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds;
 The flower' de luce being one.

WINTER'S TALE.

THIS noble flower is said to have been introduced into England in the time of Shakspeare, who has introduced it as above in his Winter's Tale.

On this family of plants modern botanists have bestowed the name of *Fritillaria*, of which this, from its commanding deportment and brilliant colours, is considered the sovereign.

The lily's height bespoke command,
 A fair imperial flower;
 She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
 The sceptre of her power.

We have therefore elevated this distinguished member of Flora's kingdom to be the emblem of majesty, and the representative of power in our floral sentiments.

MATERNAL LOVE.

A TUFT OF MOSS.

J. J. ROUSSEAU was ardently fond of the study of botany; and of all plants the family of mosses delighted him most. He would often remark that they gave an air of youth and freshness to our fields, adorning nature when flowers had vanished. The stunted stems of dead and leafless trees are oft clad with a mossy verdure. Wordsworth reminds us of this in some lines entitled "The Thorn:"—

Not higher than a two years' child
It stands erect, this aged thorn.
No leaves it has, no thorny points,
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens it is overgrown.

Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss.

* * * *

And, close behind this aged thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
Just half a foot in height.

All lovely colours there you see,
All colours that were ever seen;

And mossy network too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been ;
And cups the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermillion dye.

Ah me ! what lovely tints are these,
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white !

Like to those friends whose affection ceases not when misfortune assails us, and whose kind services even ingratitude cannot repel, the mosses exiled from cultivated fields advance towards the barren and untilled land, which they cover with their own substance, and by degrees transform it into a fruitful soil. In winter it is said that they are charged with hydrogen and carbon so as to infect the air ; but in summer, beds of moss are formed in the umbrageous shades of forests and plantations, where the shepherd, the lover, and the poet, are equally delighted to repose ; and we may add, with Carrington, the traveller, too.

Here, traveller, rest thee, for the sun is high
And thou art old and weary. It is sweet
To find, at noon, a moorland bank like this,
To press its luxury of moss, and bid
The hours flect by on burning wing. Awhile
Repose thou in the shade, this stunted tree
Grasp'd by the choking ivy — of his race
The last, has foliage yet enough to screen

Thine ardent brow ; and just below, a brook
Fresh from the ever-living spring, presents
Its purest crystal to thy lip.

The little birds use the delicate moss in the formation of their nests. Is this instinct? Yea, truly the instinct of maternal care and maternal tenderness, implanted by nature in the light winged inhabitants of the air. Clare shall tell us of the thrush preparing her nest.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhangs a molehill large and round,
I heard, from morn to morn, a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound
With joy; and, often an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day —
How true she warped the moss, to form a nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay;
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of greeny blue;
And then I witnessed, in the sunny hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as that sunshine, and the laughing sky.

The squirrel also uses it in the construction of its circular abode.

The Laplanders, we are told, protect themselves from the rigours of winter by covering their subterraneous dwellings with moss; their numerous herds of rein-deer

know no other food; yet they yield their owners a delicious milk, a succulent flesh, and warm furs; affording the poor Laplander all the benefits we derive from the cow, the horse, and the sheep. On the appearance of the aurora borealis, which cheers their long nights, the Laplanders assemble around poles, and celebrate, to the beating of the tambour, the virtues, or warlike deeds of their forefathers; whilst their wives are seated near them, cherishing, in moss cradles, their little infants, enveloped in ermine.

Beneficent nature, in those dreary climes, surrounds every thing with mosses, to preserve her children from the biting frosts, and to nourish them upon her maternal bosom.

MELANCHOLY.

WEEPING WILLOW.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion! As for our harps we hanged them up upon the willows that are therein.

PSALMS.

WE cannot conceive a more touching appeal to human sympathy, than the mournful complaints of the daughters of Jerusalem. Their Babylonish conquerors having led them away captive, required of them "a song, and melody in their heaviness; 'Sing us one of the songs of Sion.'" But the hearts of her children were surcharged with grief, and they asked, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" They were oppressed with sorrow,—they were bowed down with affliction,—they "hanged their harps upon the willows, and sat down and wept." Is not then the weeping willow a sacred emblem of melancholy?

My gentle harp! once more I waken
 The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
 In tears our last farewell was taken,
 And now in tears we meet again.
 No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
 But—like those harps, whose heav'nly skill
 Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
 Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

The weeping willow is a native of the east, and is greatly admired for its drooping pendulous branches, waving over our lakes and streams.

Thus o'er our streams do eastern willows lean
In pensive guise ; whose grief inspiring shade,
Love has to melancholy sacred made.

DELILLE.

It grows wild on the coast of Persia, and is common in China. The celebrated specimen in Pope's garden at Twickenham is said to have been the first introduced into England ; but this we believe to be erroneous. The poet chanced to be present on the opening of a package which came from Spain, and observing that the sticks had some vegetation, fancied they might produce something which we did not possess in England. With this idea he planted a cutting, from whence sprang the parent tree of many of our finest and most admired specimens.

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MELANCHOLY SPIRIT.

SORROWFUL GERANIUM.

Few know that elegance of soul refined,
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
 From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
 Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
 Can e'er afford. WARTON.

THIS charming geranium, like a melancholy spirit, shuns the light of day; but it enchants those who cultivate it by the delightful perfumes it exhales. Its appearance is sombre, though unaffected; and, altogether, it forms a striking contrast to the scarlet geranium, which is the emblem of stupidity.

MESSAGE.

IRIS.

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

THIS plant is supposed to have been named after Juno's attendant, because its colours

194 MILD, OR SWEET DISPOSITION.

are similar to those bestowed on the messenger of that goddess, by poets and mythological writers.

The various Iris, Juno sends with haste.

OID.

Iris is usually portrayed as descending from a rainbow; and the eye of heaven (Plutarch says that is the meaning of the word Iris) is not more variegated than the flower that has been honoured by her name.

Iris, on saffron wings arrayed with dew
Of various colours, through the sunbeams flew.

VIRGIL.

In England there are above fifty species of this plant, many having bulbous roots. The beautiful Iris has ever been considered to be the bearer of agreeable intelligence.

MILD, OR SWEET DISPOSITION.

MALLOW.

Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper
roots for their meat.

JOB xxx. 4.

FROM the above passage we learn that the mallow was used for food by those nomadic

tribes who have always pitched their tents in the desert in preference to dwelling in fixed habitations, where it would have been their duty to cultivate the earth in order to multiply the benefits of nature.

This plant was also eaten, boiled, by the Greeks and Romans, and in salads, with lettuce and other vegetables; it is still used by the Chinese and the Egyptians.

It grows, naturally, by the rivulet's side; and is of easy culture in any common garden soil. Its appearance is graceful and pleasing; and its rose-coloured flowers harmonise with its leaves and branches, the whole plant being covered with a silver-coloured silky down. It is equally agreeable to the sight as to the touch. Its flowers, its stalks, its leaves, and its roots, are all useful. We procure from them various juices, syrups, pastilles, and pastes, alike beneficial to health, and agreeable to the palate. The Romans used it on account of its medicinal qualities.

Shards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosened body sound.

DRYDEN.

MISANTHROPY.

TEASEL.

THE flowers of the teasel are bristled with long sharp thorns, and the whole plant has an air of severity ; yet it is useful and beautiful. The clothiers use it to raise the nap upon woollen cloths, by means of the crooked awns or chaffs upon the heads.



MODESTY.

BLUE VIOLET.

Violets, whose looks are like the skies.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THIS beautiful flower is known to all who have breathed the pure air of British fields. They could not pass along our hedge rows in spring without inhaling its fragrant perfume, though its tiny head is so completely hid beneath its humble foliage that it seldom meets the eye of the careless passer by. Yet, although unheeded,

Gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
These balmy spoils. MILTON.

Let us entreat our friends who would seek for the purest and most healthy pleasures, to rise with the sun, and accept the invitation of Elliott to

Walk where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane;

and then — but Howitt, in all his freshness, shall tell you what delight you will meet with. — “All unexpectedly, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odour of violets, those sweetest of Flora’s children, which have furnished so many beautiful allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted; they are like true friends, we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness; and, again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful. In March they are seen in all their glory — blue and white — modestly peering through their thick clustering leaves.”

Barry Cornwall places the violet before the rose in the following lines. True it is that modesty, of which quality it is the universal emblem, is more to be desired than beauty, but we must ever acknowledge the rose as the queen of flowers.

It has a scent as though Love, for its dower,
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost;

For though the rose has more perfuming power,
The violet (haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,
And takes us so much trouble to discover,)
Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

It is interesting to notice how widely the violet is distributed over this blooming world. They spring at the foot of the Alps, and bloom on the very summit of the Alleghanies :—their sweets are borne upon the spicy gales of Araby the blest ; and they put forth their cerulean flowers in the Persian gardens of roses. Humboldt gathered them in the valleys of the Amazon, and on the sides of the lofty Andes. The most lovely flowers are the most simple, and plainly the favourites of nature, for they are the most widely diffused.

It was a thought, as delicate as it was beautiful, which suggested the modest violet as a poetical reward. A golden violet was announced as the prize to be decreed to the author of the best poem in the Provençal language, in 1324.

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

THE TROUBADOUR.

MOURNING.

CYPRESS.

The mournful cypress rises round,
Tapering from the burial ground.

LUCAN.

THE cypress is the universal emblem of mourning, and is the funeral tree in the eastern world, from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea; it is also dedicated to the dead, from Mazanderan to Constantinople, as well as to the utmost bounds of China's fruitful shores.

Ovid gives us a traditionary account of the mournful origin of the cypress tree, and we always find it devoted to mournful thoughts, or sad solemnities. Cyparissus, son of Telephus of Cea, was beloved by Apollo. Having killed the favourite stag of his friend, he grieved, pined, and, dying, was changed by Apollo into a cypress tree. Calmet describes it to be a tall, straight tree, having bitter leaves. The shade and smell were said to be dangerous; hence the Romans looked on it as a fatal tree, and made use of it at funerals. It is an evergreen; the wood is heavy, of rather a fragrant smell,—is not liable to be attacked by insects, and docs not speedily decay. Shlaksperc says that cypress is the emblem

of mourning; and we are told by Irving that, in Latium, on the decease of any person, a branch of cypress is placed before the door. It is strictly the "sorrowing tree," nor do we ask with Prior,

Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?

For there is scarcely any poet who does not write of it in mournful sadness. Spenser records it as "the cypress funeral;" and Miss Landon observes,

A funeral train
Will in a cypress grove be found.

And again,

The moon is o'er a grove of cypress trees
Weeping like mourners.

And Byron asks,

Ah! why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy
bowers?

Mournful as is the wreath, we find it bestowed, a sad memorial, by the hand of friendship:

O'er ruined shrines and silent tombs,
The weeping cypress spreads its glooms,
In immortality of woe,
Whilst other shrubs in gladness blow,
And fling upon the passing wind
Their liberal treasures unconfined.

And well its dark and drooping leaf,
 May image forth the gloom and grief.
 Which, when we parted, gave reply,
 From heaving heart and dewy eye :
 Then, lady, wear this wreath for me,
 Plucked from the faithful cypress tree.

WIFFEN.

In Turkey, the custom of planting the cypress tree over the tombs of departed friends is still religiously adhered to ; and in performing this duty they are careful to select the upright variety, as they suppose it to indicate that the soul of their friend has ascended to the regions of bliss.

Peace to the dust that in silence reposes
 Beneath the dark shades of cypress and yew ;
 Let spring deck the spot with her earliest roses,
 And heaven wash their leaves with its holiest dew.

PIERPONT.

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 MUSIC,

## REEDS.

Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes. MILTON.

PAN, being enamoured of the beautiful Syrinx, pursued her one day to the borders of the river Ladon, in Arcadia. The nymph implored the help of the river, which received

her into its waters, and metamorphosed her into reeds. It is recorded that Pan cut several of these reeds of different sizes, and formed thereof the first shepherd's pipe.

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## MY BEST DAYS ARE PAST.

### MEADOW SAFFRON.

WHEN summer is rapidly departing, this flower, which closely resembles the spring saffron, is seen in bloom amid the verdure of our meadows. It is the autumnal colchicum; and though like the spring saffron in appearance, how unlike in its import; the former brings us joy and hope, while the latter announces the speedy termination of the bright and lovely days of summer.

The ancients believed that, coming from the fields of Colchis, it owed its birth to some drops of the magic liquor Medea is said to have prepared, in order to restore the aged Æson to the vigour of youth. This fabulous origin led many to suppose, for a long period, that the plant was a sure preservative against all manner of diseases. The Swiss encircle the necks of their children with this flower, and believe that they protect them from every evil. The false opinion of the marvel-

lous virtues of this plant has misled the wisest men; and it required all the experience of Haller to dissipate the vain superstitions of the ignorant.

The flower has neither leaves nor stalks. A long tube, white as ivory, is its only support; the flowers die off in October, and leave no external appearance of seeds. "These lie buried all the winter within the bulb; in spring they grow up on a fruit stalk, and are ripe about the time of hay-harvest." "As this plant blossoms late in the year, and probably would not have time to ripen its seeds before winter, Providence has so framed its structure, that it may be performed at a depth within the earth, out of the reach of the usual effects of frost; and as seeds buried at such a depth are known not to vegetate, a no less admirable provision is made to raise them above the surface when they are perfected, and to sow them at a proper season." It thus mingles its fruits with the flowers of spring, and its flowers with the fruits of autumn; at all times the lambs shun it, and the young shepherdess becomes melancholy at the sight of it; so the melancholy-hearted oft weaves a wreath of its pale blue flowers, consecrating it to the memory of happy days which have fled to return no more.

MY REGRETS FOLLOW YOU TO  
THE GRAVE.

ASPHODEL.

THE yellow and white species of this elegant plant are old inhabitants of our gardens, are of very easy culture, and increase rapidly. The latter species covers immense tracts of land in Apulia, and affords very good nourishment to the sheep. It was sacred to Proserpine, and anciently used in funeral ceremonies; and it was believed that beyond the Acheron, the shades of the departed walked in vast meadows of Asphodel, where they drank the waters of oblivion.



NEATNESS.

BROOM.

'Twas that delightful season, when the broom,  
Full flowered, and visible on every steep,  
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.

WORDSWORTH.

WE presume that this plant has been made  
the emblem of neatness from the uses to



which, in Europe, it is constantly applied. In our country villages, and throughout the provinces, it is known to every thrifty housewife as affording besoms for sweeping, whence originated the name of "broom" for those domestic cleansers.

There are many useful species of it. "The broom," says Mr. Martyn, "converts the most barren spot into an odoriferous garden." Wordsworth notices it in the following natural and beautiful lines:—

On me such beauty summer pours,  
That I am covered o'er with flowers;  
And when the frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay,  
That you might look at me and say,  
This plant can never die.  
The butterfly, all green and gold,  
To me hath often flown,  
Here in my blossoms to behold  
Wings lovely as his own.

Burns introduces the yellow broom in his Caledonia.

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

It is said that when Linnæus came to England, in 1736, he was so much delighted

with the golden bloom of the furze, which he saw for the first time on the commons near London, that he fell on his knees enraptured at the sight.

The Spanish broom is cultivated with us for the beauty and perfume of its flowers. It approaches nearer to the size of a tree than a shrub, and continuing in blossom from July to October, it is a great enliverer of our gardens, which, at the latter season, are but scantily provided with gay flowers.

Cowper has, with many other fine plants, also noticed the broom.

Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm  
Of flowers, like flies, clothing her slender rods,  
That scarce a leaf appears; mezereon too,  
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset  
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;  
Althea, with the purple eye; the broom,  
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,  
Her blossoms.

Sweet blooms genista in the myrtle shade.

DARWIN.

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NIGHT.


NIGHT CONVULVULUS.

THERE are several species of this beautiful plant which open only at night. They are chiefly natives of hot countries.

OBSTACLE.

REST HARROW.

THIS is called *ononis*, from *onos*, an ass, because asses only feed upon this prickly plant. "It was formerly very troublesome in corn fields, on account of its long ligneous roots obstructing the progress of the plough, and its thorny branches the harrow;" and on this account it has been made the emblem of obstacle; "but in all properly cultivated lands the plant has disappeared."



ORNAMENT.

HORNBEAM.

THE introduction of so many exotic shrubs and trees within the last century has banished some of our native plants from the grove, while fashion has entirely removed the hornbeam, of which the labyrinth, the maze, the alleys, the verdant galleries, arcades, porticoes, and arches of our forefathers were made.

The French have made it the emblem of ornament, from the splendid effect produced

by its judicious training in the hands of Le Notre, in the gardens of Versailles. "These gardens," says Mr. Phillips, "which cost Louis the Fourteenth between eight and nine hundred thousand pounds sterling, are well calculated to display courtly pomp, and that kind of magnificent revelry which this monarch indulged in. But to us this heavy grandeur appears more gloomy than the thickest forest, except when the alleys and walks are crowded with company, and the water-works are in full action. Then every beholder must be struck with the splendour of the scene, which the dress of the French ladies is particularly calculated to improve; for the gaiety of their costume relieves the sombre appearance of the trained hornbeam and clipped elm. Their light gauze, gay ribands, feathers and flowers, substitute blossoms; for, whilst one seems to display a basket of roses on her head, others carry nodding thyrsuses of lilac, or waving laburnum; and with the mixture of poppies, nasturtiums, and sunflowers, with which they are bedecked, you forget that the trees are without blossom, for here you see the gay rank of scarlet soldiers, and there files of green elms; here wave the winged leaves of the acacia, there bows the no less pliable head of the courtier; here dances the jet d'eau in air, there drops to the earth the well-taught curtseying belle; here

monsters spout out water to cool the air, while flattery as abundantly sends forth her streams to refresh the vain. In one spot we see the proud officer flaunting round the brazen image of Venus, whilst the opposite angle shows the sentimental dame reclining on the pedestal of Mars, or Jupiter. Agricola, a German author, says this scene gave him a foretaste of Paradise."

ORACLE.

DANDELION.

LINNÆUS has given the dandelion a deserved place in the horologe of Flora. It is one of the plants that may be most certainly depended upon as to the hour of opening and closing its flowers. The flower, if we well examine it, we shall discover to be fully as handsome as the fine garden anemone; and it only needs to be as rare, to be prized as much. This plant blossoms early in the spring, and continues through the summer.

Thine full many a pleasing bloom
Of blossoms lost to all perfume;
Thine the dandelion flowers,
Gilt with dew like sun with showers.

CLARE.

The dandelion flower is used for Love's oracle. If you are separated from the object of your affection, gently detach one of these transparent spheres,—each little feather that composes it is charged with a tender thought. Turn towards the spot inhabited by your beloved: blow softly, and every little winged traveller, like a faithful messenger, shall bear your secret homage to her feet. If desirous of knowing whether the object so dear thinks of you now you are absent, blow again, and if there remain one tuft, it is a sign you are not forgotten. But the second charm should be done with care; blow very gently; for at any age, even at that age which is most congenial to love, it is not well for our peace that we should too rudely disperse the pleasing illusions which embellish life.

Miss Landon wrote some very beautiful lines on seeing an illustration of the garden scene in Goethe's Faust, where Margaret plucks a star-like flower to divine the real sentiments of her lover. They are called "The Decision of the Flower."

And with scarlet poppies around, like a bower,
The maiden found her mystic flower;
"Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well;
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.
Now I number the leaves for my lot—
He loves not—he loves me—he loves me not—

He loves me — yes, thou last leaf, yes —
 I'll pluck thee not for that last sweet guess!
 He loves me!" "Yes," a dear voice sighed,
 And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

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### PATIENCE.

REDSHANKS; OR PATIENCE DOCK.

THIS has been made the emblem of patience because of its name. It is often substituted in Lancashire for greens: and in the north of England, where it is known by the name of Easter giant, its young shoots were formerly eaten in herb puddings.

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PEACE.

OLIVE BRANCHES.

To thee the heavens, in thy nativity,
 Adjudged an olive branch, and laurel crown,
 As likely to be blest in peace and war.

SHAKSPERE.

THIS tree has been celebrated in all ages as the bounteous gift of heaven, and as the emblem of peace and plenty. Peace — wis-

dom — concord — clemency — joy — and the graces have ever been crowned with olive.

The dove sent out of the ark by Noah to ascertain if the waters were assuaged, returned bearing a branch of olive as a symbol of that rest which heaven was about to restore to the earth.



PERFECT EXCELLENCE.

STRAWBERRY.

AN illustrious French writer conceived the design of compiling a general history of nature, in imitation of the ancients, and of some moderns. A strawberry plant, which chanced to grow by his window, dissuaded him from this design. On minutely observing it, he discovered so much to learn and to admire, that he felt convinced that the study of a single plant, with its habits, would suffice to employ the life of many learned men. He therefore abandoned his design, and the ambitious title he had selected, and gave to his work the simple title, "Studies from Nature." In this book, which is worthy of Pliny or of Plato, we find the best history of the strawberry. This humble plant delights to grow in our woods, and cover their borders with de-

licious fruit, which are the property of any one who chooses to gather them. It is a charming gift that nature has withdrawn from the operation of those laws which render property exclusive; and this she is pleased to bestow on all her children.

The flowers of the strawberry form pretty bouquets; but what barbarous hands would wish to gather them, and so destroy the promised fruit? Let us hear Wordsworth's plea for the Strawberry Blossom.

That is a work of waste and ruin —
Do as Charles and I are doing —
Strawberry blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them, — here are many —
Look at it, — the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any;
Do not touch it! — summers two
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the Primrose, sister Anne,
Pull as many as you can.
Here are daisies, take your fill;
Pansies, and the cuckoo flower:
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed and make your bower;
Fill your lap and fill your bosom;
Only spare the strawberry blossom!

Primroses, the spring may love them, —
Summer knows but little of them.
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie;
Daisies leave no fruit behind,
When the pretty flowerets die;

Pluck them, and another year
As many will be growing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured strawberry flower,
When the months of spring are fled,
Hither let us bend our walk ;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower ;
And for that promise spare the flower.

It is, however, most delightful to find the fruit of the strawberry, at all seasons of the year, amid the glaciers of the lofty Alps. When the sun-burnt traveller, oppressed with fatigue upon those rocks, which are as old as the world,—in the midst of those forests, half destroyed by avalanches, he vainly seeks a hut to rest his weary limbs, or a fountain to refresh himself. Unexpectedly he sees, emerging from the midst of the rocks, troops of young girls, who advance towards him with baskets of perfumed strawberries ; they appear on all the heights above, and in every dell below. It seems as though each rock and each tree were kept by one of these nymphs, as placed by Tasso at the gate of the enchanted gardens of Armida. As seducing, though less dangerous, the young Swiss peasants, in offering their charming baskets to the traveller, instead of retarding his progress, give him strength to pursue his

journey. The strawberry has the property of not undergoing the acetous fermentation in the stomach. The learned Linnæus was cured of frequent attacks of gout by the use of strawberries. This fruit, it is said, has often restored to health patients given over by every physician. They will compose a thousand delicious sherbets, they are the delight of our tables, and the luxury of our rural feasts. Everywhere these charming berries, which dispute in freshness and in perfume the buds of the most beautiful flowers, please the sight, the taste, and the smell. Yet there are some unfortunate enough to hate strawberries, and to swoon at the sight of a rose. Ought it to astonish us, since we see certain persons grow pale at the relation of a good action, as if the inspiration of virtue were a reproach to them. Happily, these sad exceptions take nothing from the charm of virtue,— from the beauty of the rose,— nor from the perfect excellence of the most charming of fruits.

PERFIDY.

ALMOND LAUREL.

IN the environs of Trebizond, on the borders of the Black Sea, we find the treacherous laurel growing naturally. It conceals under its sweet and brilliant verdure the most deadly poison we are acquainted with. In winter it adorns our groves; and is loaded in the spring with numerous pyramids of white flowers, which are succeeded by a black fruit, resembling small cherries; its flowers, fruit, and leaves, have the taste and smell of the almond. It is related that a tender mother, on the birth-day of one of her children, wishing to prepare something nice for her family, threw some pounds of sugar and a handful of almond laurel leaves into a cauldron of boiling milk. At the prospect of the approaching feast, an innocent joy sparkled in every eye. O! surprise! Scarcely had they tasted the fatal dish, when every countenance changed, their hair became erect, their breathing quickened, a thousand confused noises issued from their chests, a horrible fury possessed, agitated, and disordered their senses. The desolate mother wished to call for succour; but, seized with the same disease, she partook of the insensible delirium, for which she could

offer no remedy. Calm sleep at length relieved them from this sad inebriation. But what were the feelings of the poor mother, when informed, on the morrow, that she had given to her children a poison like that of the viper. This poison, concentrated in the distilled water, or the essential oil of the almond laurel, is so violent, that it is sufficient, when it comes in contact with the slightest wound, to kill the most robust man. The sale of this deadly poison is strictly forbidden in Italy; yet, notwithstanding, some greedy distillers have sold it under the name of extract of bitter almond. We should therefore caution all persons against its use. It was formerly much used to give a flavour to puddings, custards, &c.; but this practice is much less frequent since it has been ascertained to be so poisonous in its effects.

PLEASURE WITHOUT ALLOY.

MOSS ROSE.

The rose that hails the morning,
 Arrayed in all its sweets,
 Its mossy couch adorning,
 The sun enamoured meets.

THE elegant moss rose is commonly supposed to be the offspring of the Provence rose, though some consider it to belong to the family of hundred-leaved roses. It has ever been made the emblem of perfected joy; Milton mentions it as "without thorn, the rose;" and an anonymous writer has sung of it in that character.

Oh! I love the sweet blooming, the pretty moss rose,
 'Tis the type of true pleasure, and perfected joy;
 Oh! I envy each insect that dares to repose
 'Midst its leaves, or among its soft beauties to toy.

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

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

Yes, I love my moss rose, for it ne'er had a thorn,
 'Tis the type of life's pleasures, unmix'd with its
 woes;
 'Tis more gay, and more bright, than the opening
 morn —
 Yes, all things must yield to my pretty moss rose.

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PLATONIC LOVE.

ACACIA.

THE savages of America have consecrated the acacia to the genius of chaste love; their bows are made from the incorruptible wood of this tree, their arrows are armed with one of its thorns. These fierce children of the desert, whom nothing can subdue, conceive a sentiment full of delicacy; perhaps what they are unable to express by words, but they understand the sentiment by the expression of a branch of blooming acacia. The young savage, like the city coquette, understands this seducing language, and receives blushing the homage of him who has won her heart by respect and by love.

It is not more than a century since the forests of Canada yielded us this beautiful tree. The botanist Robin, who first brought it us, gave it his name. The acacia, when spreading its light shade in our groves, with its scented

flowers, and sweet and fresh verdure, seems to prolong the spring. The nightingale loves to confide its nest to this new inhabitant of our climate; the lovely bird, assured by the long and strong thorns which protect its family, sometimes descends upon the lowest branches of the tree, to make its ravishing notes the better heard.

The acacia has been made the emblem of domestic beauty by an anonymous writer, who thus speaks of it: — "Tints of the white, the golden, and the red rose are beautifully intermingled with the rich blossoms of the acacia. It is found in the most retired places, and it blooms the fairest in the closeness of its own foliage. It loves the mossy rock and the solitary grove, and pines away in the gay garden and crowded parterre. Nourmahal sings,

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
The acacia waves her yellow hair,  
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flowering in a wilderness —  
Then come — thy Arab maid will be  
The loved and lone acacia tree.

There could be no fitter emblem of a beautiful woman flourishing in the retirement of her home, secluded from the vanities of 'crowded life,' and adorning with her bloom the abode of domestic affection."



## PLEASANTRY.

## BALM GENTLE.

THE scientific name of this plant is Melissa, which is synonymous with the Greek word for bee, being derived from *μελι*, honey, which is sought for in these flowers with avidity. "The recent plant has the agreeable odour of lemons." "It was formerly prized as a corroborant in hypochondriacal and nervous affections." It is on account of the soothing qualities of the waters distilled from this plant that it has been made the emblem of pleasantry.

## POETRY.

## EGLANTINE, OR SWEET BRIAR.

O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine.

SHAKSPERE.

THE eglantine, or wild briar rose, more commonly called sweet briar, has ever been considered the poet's flower. It is not loved for its fair delicate blossoms only; but its fragrant leaves, which perfume the breeze of

dewy morn, and the soft breath of eve, entitle it to its frequent association with the woodbine or honeysuckle.

Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine,  
And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.

KEATS.

Yonder is a girl who lingers  
Where wild honeysuckle grows,  
Mingled with the briar rose.

H. SMITH.

Burns says, "I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the wild briar rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn."

We eye the rose upon the briar,  
Unmindful that the storm is near.

The fragrance exhaled by the sweet briar, especially after a gentle shower, is so agreeable and refreshing, that we do not think it can be too thickly planted amidst our plantations and thickets. Dryden, from Chaucer, thus celebrates its delightful fragrance :

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









## PREFERENCE.

## APPLE BLOSSOM.

What virgin's cheek  
Can match this apple bloom?

ELLIOTT.

WHAT is more enchanting to the lover of nature than the apple tree when clad with its beautiful bloom in the early spring? and the more, that they hold forth the promise of an abundance of delicious fruit. The apple bloom is indeed a charming flower, and by some is preferred before the rose.

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## PREFERENCE.

## ROSE-SCENTED GERANIUM.

OF the geranium there are many species; some drooping, others brilliant, some perfumed, and others again inodorous. That which emits a rose-like odour is distinguished by the softness of its leaves, its sweet odour, and the beauty of its purple flowers.

## PRESAGE.

## SMALL CAPE MARIGOLD.

THE French have named this flower *souci pluviatile*, and in England it is distinguished by the name of *pluvialis*, because of its flowers closing on the approach of rain. It constantly opens at seven o'clock in the morning, and remains so until four P. M., if the weather be dry. If it does not open, or if it close before the usual hour, we may be sure that there will be rain ere nightfall.



## PRETENSION.

## WILLOW HERB.

THIS beautiful plant, which flourishes by the water's side, seems to take pleasure in admiring itself in the crystal stream. For this reason it is compared to a vain woman, proud of her own charms. Mr. Loudon says that it is a thriving plant, and will grow anywhere, under the drip of trees, and in smoky cities, parks, &c., and is very showy when in flower.



## PRESUMPTION.

## SNAP-DRAGON.

THE flowers of the snap-dragon are sometimes of so vivid a scarlet colour that we cannot look upon them with a fixed eye. We have introduced them into our gardens on account of their beauty; but frequently, like the presumptuous, it is so importunate in spreading itself that we are obliged to banish it for ever.



## PRIVATION.

## MYROBALAN.

THE myrobalan is a species of plum tree, and produces a fruit which has the appearance of a very beautiful cherry. This fruit contains a faint juice, so disagreeable, that even the birds refuse to eat them.

## PROMPTITUDE.

## TEN-WEEK STOCK.

THIS is a most valuable variety of the stock, for no sooner is the seed sown than it germinates, and after forty days it is seen loaded with flowers. These are very transient in their duration, and if we wish to have them throughout the summer season, we must sow them at three different periods, at intervals of about a month from each other. Nothing has more of freshness or variety than the shades of lilac, rose colour, and white, which are observed on these flowers; they also diffuse a charming odour.



## PROSPERITY.

## BEECH.

Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood.

DRYDEN.

THE beech may perhaps be regarded as the rival of the oak, from the beauty of its proportions and the utility of its wood; it will grow everywhere, though it seems to prefer a chalky soil, and thrives so rapidly that it is proverbially said it may be seen to prosper.

## PROHIBITION.

## PRIVET.

"THIS native shrub," says Mr. Phillips, "is one of the prettiest ornaments of our hedge-rows, which it continues to embellish for a longer period than most other plants; for, although it is deciduous, the leaves seldom fall until thrust off by those of the succeeding spring. And its spike-formed thyrsi of white monopetalous flowers, which in shape resemble those of the lilac in miniature," agreeably perfume the hedges during the months of May and June; while its "deep purple shining berries garnish the spray of this shrub during the whole winter, affording food to the bullfinch and thrush, and a

Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,  
Who pay their quit-rents with a song.

GREEN.

"Why," said a young mother of a family to the pastor of the village, "why did you not plant a strong palisade of thorns in the place of this hedge of flowering privet which surrounds your garden?" The pastor replied, "when you prohibit your son from joining in dangerous pleasures, the prohibition issues from your lips with a tender smile; your look caresses him; and, if he

murmur, your maternal hand offers him a toy to console him ; so the pastor's hedge ought not to injure, but while it keeps off those who would intrude, it should offer flowers though it repels them."

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## PRUDENCE.

### SERVICE TREE.

October is drawn in a garment of yellow and carnation ; in his left hand a basket of services, medlars, and other fruits that ripen late. PEACHAM.

EVERY tree and every plant has a physiognomy which is proper to itself, and which seems to give it a character. The giddy almond tree profusely puts forth its flowers in spring, at the risk of having no fruit for the autumn, whilst the service tree never bears its fruit until it has acquired full strength, and then its harvest is certain. For this reason it is made the emblem of prudence. This beautiful tree retains its dazzling scarlet fruit throughout the winter ; when we see it shining a brilliant contrast to the white mantle of snow which covers the earth. Its harvest can only be gathered in winter, and for that season Providence has reserved it for the use of the smaller birds.

## PURITY AND MODESTY.

## WHITE LILY.

Ye loftier lilies, bathed in morning's dew  
Of purity and innocence, renew  
Each lovely thought.

BARTON.

THIS delicate and beautiful flower has for centuries received its tribute of admiration from the lovers of nature. Who has not felt a glow of delight in perusing that gorgeous description of the lily which Christ himself gave to his disciples? "Of all the poetry ever drawn from flowers none is so beautiful, none is so sublime, none is so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made, as that of our Lord. 'And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!' The sentiment built upon this entire dependence on the goodness of the Creator is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ; but we

have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created—a spirit so boundless and overflowing that it delights to enliven and adorn with these riant creatures of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them by myriads over the very desert ‘where no man is, on the wilderness where there is no man;’ sending rain ‘to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth.’ ”

It is generally admitted that the white lily is a native of Palestine. The Heathen nations consecrated it to Juno, contending by their fable that it sprang from the milk of that goddess; as we read that Jupiter, being desirous of raising Hercules to the rank of a divinity, induced Juno to drink deep of a cup of nectar, which threw the queen of the gods into a profound sleep. Jupiter placed Hercules at her breast, that the divine milk might enter his frame, and thus work his immortality. The infant was not able to swallow so rapidly as he drew the milk from her celestial breast, some drops of which falling on the earth, this flower sprung up from it; hence it has been called Juno’s rose.

In the Hebrew language the name Susannah signifies a lily; and all nations agree in considering it the symbol of purity and mo-

desty. The following beautiful lines, from the pen of Mrs. Henry Tighe, admirably illustrate the lily as the emblem of purity.

How withered, perished seems the form  
Of you obscure unsightly root !  
Yet from the blight of wintry storm  
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,  
No beauty in the scaly folds,  
Nor see within the dark embrace  
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,  
The lily wraps her silver vest,  
Till vernal suns and vernal gales  
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap  
The undelighting slighted thing ;  
There, in the cold earth, buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close  
In gloom upon the barren earth,  
While still, in undisturbed repose,  
Uninjured lies the future birth ;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,  
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;  
Or mock her fond credulity,  
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !  
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;  
The promised verdant shoot appear,  
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring !  
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,  
Bursting thy green shade's silken string,  
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,  
Unsullied from thy darksome grave,  
And thy soft petals' silvery light  
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust  
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,  
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,  
And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,  
And bear her own degraded doom,  
And wait till heaven's reviving light,  
Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

When and by whom this lily was introduced into England we cannot ascertain ; we have, however, reason to believe that it was amongst the earliest exotics that graced our gardens, and, perhaps, it was brought from the Holy Land by some of the Crusaders, as it is noticed by Chaucer in armorial bearings.

Upon his crest he bore a tour,  
And therein stiked a lily flour.



Also, in the "Siege of Caerlaverock" (1300), we find it used as an emblem in describing the arms of Henry, Lord Tyas :

Baniere ot Henri li Ties,  
 Plus blanche de un poli lois  
 ☉ un chebron vermeil en mi.

"Henry le Tyas had a banner whiter than a smooth lily, with a red chevron in the middle."

The star of Bethlehem, than the appearance of which nothing is more sweet, more pure, or more agreeable, has also been made the emblem of purity. In the month of June it puts forth its long tuft of star-like flowers, white as the drifted snow.



## RARITY.

## MANDRAKE.

THE ancients attributed great virtues to this plant; but as they have not left any accurate description of it, we are ignorant what species they gave that name to. Our charlatans and mountebanks, profiting by the ignorance of the people, frequently made different roots into the form of a little man, which

they exhibited to the credulous, and sought to persuade them that these marvellous roots were the true mandrake, which are found only in one quarter of China, nearly inaccessible. They added that these mandrakes uttered the most lamentable cries, closely resembling those of a human being, when their leaves were plucked after the night-dew had descended; and that whosoever ventured to do it was struck by death.

The phantom forms — oh! touch not them,  
That appal the murderer's sight;  
Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,  
That shriek when torn at night.

Old medical impostors have told us that the proper way to take up the roots of this plant is to pass a cord cautiously round it, and then attach it to the tail of a dog, which then alone bears the judgment due to an action so impious.

We are told by Pliny that they who took up this root were directed by superstition to turn their backs to the wind; and before they began to dig they were to make circles round the plant with the point of a sword, and then turning to the west, proceed to take it up.

Many absurd and superstitious ideas have arisen from the supposed virtues of this plant, which probably never existed.

## RECONCILIATION.

## HAZEL.

Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade  
Which hazels, intermixed with elms, have made?

DRYDEN.

THERE was a time when men were not united by any common tie. When the mother would deprive her son of the wild fruit with which he wished to appease his hunger, and if misfortune united them for a moment the sudden sight of an oak laden with acorns, or a beech covered with beech mast, rendered them enemies. At that period the earth was filled with horror; there was no law, no religion, no language; man was utterly ignorant of his nature—his reason slept, and he was often seen more cruel than the ferocious beasts whose frightful howling he imitated.

According to ancient mythology the gods had pity on the human race. Apollo and Mercury exchanged presents, and came down upon the earth. The god of harmony received from the son of Maia a tortoise-shell, of which he had made a lyre, and gave in return a branch of hazel, which had the power of making virtue beloved, and of re-uniting hearts divided by hatred and envy. Thus armed, the two sons of Jupiter presented

themselves to men. Apollo first sang that eternal wisdom which had created the universe; he told how the elements were produced, and how every part of nature was united by the sweet bonds of love; and, finally, he taught men that they should appease the anger of the gods by adoration and praise. At his voice pale and trembling mothers were seen advancing with their little children in their arms; hunger was suspended, and the thirst for vengeance fled from every heart. Then Mercury touched mankind with the wand Apollo had given to him. He loosened their tongues, and taught them to express their thoughts by words: he afterwards told them that union made strength, and that nothing could be derived from the earth without mutual labours. Filial piety and patriotic love were brought into action, by his eloquence, to unite the human race; and commerce he made the bond of the world. His last thought was the most sublime, for it was consecrated to the gods; and he told mankind that they might become equal with the gods by deeds of love and beneficence.

Ornamented with two light wings, and serpents entwining themselves around it, the hazel wand, presented to the god of eloquence by the god of harmony, is still, under the name of Mercury's wand, the symbol of peace, commerce, and reconciliation.

## RESERVE.

## MAPLE.

THE maple is made the emblem of reserve because its flowers are very slow in opening, and also fall with extreme tardiness. Hanbury observes, that when the flowers, which are of a fine yellow colour, are out in the spring, the tree has great beauty; and in the autumn, the leaves die to a golden yellow hue, which produces a good effect when the various tints of the fading vegetable world are so universally displayed.

## RESISTANCE.

## TREMELLA NOSTOC.

THE tremella is a gelatinous plant, which has occupied much of the naturalist's attention but as yet it has baffled research. It was very celebrated among the alchemists of old, who used it in the preparation of the philosopher's stone and universal panacea, considering it as a fallen star. Other sages have fancied it to be the returned food of hawks which had devoured frogs, while others supposed it to be an animal. It seems, however, to

render research fruitless, by being continually found in various analogous forms, which again resume their previous appearance. They are generally found in the alleys of gardens, and in moist pasture; and sometimes, after a wet and rainy night, the earth in the thickets of the Tuileries has been observed to be entirely covered. A few hours after sunrise they entirely disappear. In short, we know nothing certain about this singular plant; it is a secret of nature which resists our most persevering inquiries.

## RETURN OF HAPPINESS.

### LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Sweet flower o' the valley, wi' blossoms of snow,  
 And green leaves that turn the cauld blast frae  
     their stems;  
 Bright emblem o' innocence, thy beauties I lo'e,  
 Aboon the king's coronet circled wi' gems!

There's no tinsel about thee, to make thee mair  
     bright,  
 Sweet lily! thy loveliness a' is thine ain,  
 And thy bonny bells, danglin' sae pure and sae light,  
 Proclaim thee the fairest o' Flora's bright train.

THIS lowly plant loves the shelter of the hollow valleys, the shade of oaks, or the cool banks of streams.



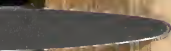
THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
VOLUME I  
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The lily, screened from every ruder gale,  
 Courts not the cultured spot where roses spring.

Ogilvie.

In the earliest days of May its snowy flowers expand themselves, and scatter their perfume in the air. Barton says,

The lily, whose sweet beauties seem  
 As if they must be sought.

And Thomson gives us a glimpse of a "fair and bonnie spot" where fairies might hold their revels :

Seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,  
 Where, scattered wide, the lily of the vale  
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
 With all the lovely children of the shade.

Wordsworth, who delights to wander 'mid the green and flowery fields, to explore the valley, or scale the mountain's loftiest height, has not forgotten this sweet flower :

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

And at this season the nightingale quits our hedges and bushes, and seeks his consort in the depths of the forest, where the echo in the solitude answers to his voice. Guided by the perfume of the lily of the valley, this

charming bird soon chooses his retreat. There it celebrates, in its melodious song, the delights of solitude and of love ; and the flower which every successive year announces to him the return of happiness.

The "Naiad-like lily of the vale, whose tremulous bells are seen through their pavilions of tender green," should form a part of every wreath that crowns the happy, the innocent, and the gay.

Keats has assigned a diadem to this lowly plant :

No flower amid the garden fairer grows  
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,  
The queen of flowers.

But we must not forget that, like a delicate maiden, it ever loves retirement :

In the lone copse or shadowy dale,  
Wild clustered knots of hare-bells blow,  
And droops the lily of the vale.

SMITH.

## REVERIE.

## FLOWERING FERN.

THERE are great varieties of fern in different parts of the world, but they are seldom cultivated in gardens. The flowering fern is the finest of all our native species. Mathirole attributes to this, which grows principally in shady and humid places, the virtue of inspiring prophetic dreams.

## REWARD OF VIRTUE.

## A GARLAND OF ROSES.

Let us crown ourselves with roses ere they be withered.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

AT Salency, in France, there is a festival of roses, instituted by St. Medard, bishop of Noyon. There is an annual assemblage of young people of both sexes, who elect for their queen of the day that maiden who is most worthy (and her worth must consist in the practice of social and domestic virtues); then they crown her amidst loud rejoicings, and with solemn ceremony. The simple splendour of those flowers, which are the

crown of innocence, is at once its reward, encouragement, and emblem. It is a gentle ambition, whose utmost aim is a garland of roses. Chaucer says —

And everich had a chapelet on her hed  
Makid of goodly floures white and red.

Roses seem to have been used in garlands amongst the ancient Egyptians; for we read that when Ptolemy and Cleopatra entertained Cæsar, and the noble Romans who attended him,

With wreathes of nard the guests their temples bind,  
And blooming roses of immortal kind.

ROWE'S LUCAN.

~~~~~

RICHES.

CORN.

WE are assured by botanists that corn is no where found in its primitive state. It seems to have been confided by Providence to the care of man, with the use of fire, to secure to him the sceptre of the earth. With corn and with fire, all other gifts may be dispensed with or acquired. With corn alone we could

nourish every domestic animal which affords flesh for our sustenance, shares our labours, and is in various ways serviceable to us. The pig, the hen, the duck, the pigeon, the ass, the sheep, the goat, the horse, the cow, the cat, and the dog; each renders him something in return for his care. We receive from each, according to nature, either eggs or milk, bacon or wool, various meats, or services. Corn is the first bond of society, because its culture and preparation for our use require great labour and reciprocal services. From its inestimable value, the ancients called the good Ceres the legislatrix.

There are occasions when food is much more highly esteemed than the possession of riches. An Arab, wandering in the desert, had not tasted food for the space of two days, and saw that he had reason to apprehend famine. In passing near a well, where the caravans stopped, he perceived a little leathern sack on the sand. He took it up, saying, "God be praised, it is, I think, a little flour." He hastened to open the sack, but at the sight of its contents, he cried, "How unfortunate I am! it is only some gold powder!"

We shall extract from that delightful work, Howitt's "Book of the Seasons," a slight sketch of the harvest in England. "The harvest is a time for universal gladness of the heart. Nature has completed her most im-

portant operations. She has ripened her best fruits, and a thousand hands are ready to reap them with joy. It is a gladdening sight to stand upon some eminence, and behold the yellow hues of harvest amid the dark relief of hedges and trees, to see the shocks standing thickly in a land of peace; the partly reaped fields and the clear cloudless sky shedding over all its lustre. There is a solemn splendour, a mellowness and maturity of beauty thrown over the landscape. The wheat-crops shine on the hills and slopes, as Wordsworth expresses it, 'like golden shields cast down from the sun.' For the lovers of solitary rambles, for all who desire to feel the pleasures of a thankful heart, and to participate in the happiness of the simple and the lowly, now is the time to stroll abroad. They will find beauty and enjoyment spread abundantly before them. They will find the mowers sweeping down the crops of pale barley, every spiked ear of which, so lately looking up bravely at the sun, is now bent downward in a modest and graceful curve, as if abashed at his ardent and incessant gaze. They will find them cutting down the rustling oats, each followed by an attendant rustic who gathers the swarth into sheaves from the tender green of the young clover, which, commonly sown with oats to constitute the future crop, is now showing itself luxuriantly. But

it is in the wheat field that all the jollity, and gladness, and picturesqueness of harvest are concentrated. Wheat is more particularly the food of man. Barley affords him a wholesome but much abused potation; the oat is welcome to the homely board of the hardy mountaineers; but wheat is especially and everywhere the 'staff of life.' To reap and gather it in, every creature of the hamlet is assembled. The farmer is in the field like a rural king amid his people.

Around him ply the reaper band
With lightsome heart and eager hand,
And mirth and music cheer the toil, —
While sheaves that stud the russet soil,
And sickles gleaming in the sun,
Tell jocund autumn is begun.

“The labourer, old or young, is there to collect what he has sown with toil, and watched in its growth with pride; the dame has left her wheel and her shady cottage, and, with sleeve-defended arms, scorns to do less than the best of them; the blooming damsel is there adding her sunny beauty to that of universal nature; the boy cuts down the stalks which over-top his head; children glean amongst the shocks; and even the unwalkable infant sits propt with sheaves, and plays with the stubble, and

With all its twined flowers.

Such groups are often seen in the wheat field as deserve the immortality of the pencil. There is something too about wheat-harvest which carries back the mind and feasts it with the pleasures of antiquity. The sickle is almost the only implement which has descended from the olden times in its pristine simplicity — to the present hour, neither altering its form, nor becoming obsolete amid all the fashions and improvements of the world. It is the same now as it was in those scenes of rural beauty which the scripture history, without any laboured description, often by a single stroke, presents so livingly to the imagination, as it was when tender thoughts passed

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

when the minstrel-king wandered through the solitudes of Paran, or fields reposing at the feet of Carmel; or, 'as it fell on a day, that the child of the good Shunamite went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sate on her knees till noon, and then died.' 2nd Kings, iv., 18—20. Let no one say it is not a season of happiness to

the toiling peasantry ; I know that it is. In the days of boyhood I have partaken their harvest labours, and listened to the overflowings of their hearts as they sate amid the sheaves beneath the fine blue sky, or among the rich herbage of some green headland beneath the shade of a tree, while the cool keg plentifully replenished the horn ; and sweet after exertion were the contents of the harvest-field basket. I know that the poor harvesters are amongst the most thankful contemplators of the bounty of Providence, though so little of it falls to their share. To them harvest comes as an annual festivity. To their healthful frames, the heat of the open fields, which would oppress the languid and relaxed, is but an exhilarating glow. The inspiration of the clear blue sky above, and of scenes of plenty around them ; and the very circumstance of their being drawn from their several dwellings at this bright season, open their hearts, and give a life to their memories ; and many an anecdote and history from the 'simple annals of the poor' are there related, which need only to pass through the mind of a Wordsworth or a Crabbe, to become immortal in their mirth or woe."

SADNESS.

DEAD LEAVES.

As winter advances, the trees lose their verdure, after being despoiled of their fruits. The "fall of the leaf" is a pleasing period to all who love the study of nature, and seek to derive profit therefrom. James Montgomery has sung the falling leaf, and the lines contain sentiments so just that we introduce them here for the delight of our readers.

Were I a trembling leaf
 On yonder stately tree,
 After a season, gay and brief,
 Condemned to fade and flee;
 I should be loth to fall
 Beside the common way,
 Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all
 Till trodden down to clay.

Nor would I choose to die
 All on a bed of grass;
 Where thousands of my kindred lie
 And idly rot in mass;
 Nor would I like to spread
 My thin and wither'd face,
 In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
 A mummy of my race.

No! on the wings of air
 Might I be left to fly,
 I know not and I heed not where;
 A waif of earth and sky!

Or flung upon the stream,
Curl'd like a fairy boat;
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end to float.

Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?
On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on:
It seems to die, yet, like Heav'n's fire,
It is not quenched but gone.

The sun now sheds on the foliage a pale yellow hue, and the poplar is tinged with discoloured gold, whilst the acacia folds up its bright foliage, which the sun's rays will expand no more. The birch tree waves its long branches, already stripped of ornament; and the fir, which preserves its green pyramids, balances them proudly in the air. The oak is immovable — it resists the efforts of the wind to strip its stately head; and the king of the forest refuses to shed its leaves until the ensuing spring. We are told that all these trees are moved by different passions; one bows profoundly as if it wished to render homage to him whom the tempest cannot move; another seems desirous of embracing its companion, the support of its weakness; and while they mingle their branches together, a third seems universally agitated as though it were

surrounded by enemies. Often do we see fallen on the earth, having already lost their bright green verdure, clouds of dead leaves that cover the ground with a restless garment. We love to contemplate the storm that chases, agitates, disperses, and torments these sad remains of a spring which can never return.



SECRET LOVE.

MOTHERWORT.

THE clandestina grows at the foot of large trees, in moist and umbrageous places. Its pretty purple flowers are nearly always hidden under moss or dry leaves.



SEPARATION.

VIRGINIAN JESSAMINE.

How many ravishing harmonies spring up on every side, from the association of plants with the animal creation! The butterfly embellishes the rose; the nightingale sings in our groves; and the industrious bee enlivens the flower which yields its sweet treasures.

Throughout nature, the insect is associated with the flower; the bird with the tree; and the quadruped with plants. Man alone is able to enjoy all these things; and he alone can break the chain of concord and of love, by which the whole universe is bound together. His greedy hand bears off an animal from its native clime without thinking of its habits and its wants; and yet more unfrequently neglects the plant, which is made to forget in its new slavery the attractions of its own country. Does he import a plant? He neglects the insect which animates it, the bird which adorns it, and the quadruped which is nourished by its leaves and reposes under its shade. Behold the Virginian jessamine, with its beautiful verdure and purple flowers; it always remains a stranger amongst us. We always prefer our lovely honeysuckle before it; from the woodbine the bee gathers honey, the goat browses its verdure, and its fruit is the food of legions of the feathered tribe. Could we see the humming bird of Florida hopping about its slender branches (for in the vast forests of the new world it prefers its beautiful foliage to that of every other shrub), we should doubtless regard with greater admiration and pleasure the rich Virginian jessamine. The humming bird makes its nest in one of the leaves, which it rolls into the shape of a horn; it finds its sustenance in the nectareous vessels

of its red flowers, which are similar to those of the fox-glove: and its little body, when resting on the jasmine flower, appears like an emerald set in coral. It is sometimes so tame or fearless that it may be taken with the hand. This little being is the soul and the life of the plant that cherishes it. Separated from its ærial guest, this beautiful twining plant becomes as a desolate widow who has lost all her charms.



SICKNESS.

FIELD ANEMONE.

IN some countries it is believed that the flower of the field anemone possesses qualities so pernicious as to infect the air; and that those who inspire its exhalations are subject to the most frightful maladies. In olden times the magicians, attributing extraordinary medical properties to this plant, ordered every person to gather the first anemone he saw in the year, repeating at the time, "I gather thee for a remedy against disease." It was then carefully preserved, and if the gatherer became indisposed it was tied round his neck or arm.

SILENCE.

WHITE ROSE.

THE god of silence was represented under the form of a young man, with one finger placed on his lips, and holding a white rose in the other hand. We are told that Love gave him this rose to secure his favour. The ancients sculptured a rose over the doors of their festive halls to interdict the guests from repeating anything that was spoken. Byron has rendered it sacred to the silence of the tomb. In the "Bride of Abydos," he says, that o'er the tomb of Zuleika

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

SIMPLICITY.

WILD, OR DOG ROSE.

THE wild, or common dog rose, has been made the emblem of simplicity. It forms one of the principal flowers in the rustic's bouquet.

The wild rose scents the summer air,
 And woodbines weave in bowers,
 To glad the swain sojourning there,
 And maidens gathering flowers.

CLARE.

Clemence Isaure, who instituted the floral games, awarded a single rose as the prize for eloquence.

The standards of the houses of York and Lancaster were charged with the bearing of the wild rose. This flower was also stamped on the current coin of those days.

Thou once was doomed,
 Where civil discord braved the field,
 To grace the banner and the shield.

FABLE OF THE ROSE.



SINCERITY.


FERN.

“FERN often affords an agreeable seat to lovers; its ashes are used in the manufacture of glasses for the convivial party; and all the world knows that love and wine make men sincere.”

SHARPNESS.

BARBERRY.

THE fruit of the barberry is so very acid that birds will seldom eat them. The tree is armed with thorns, and the flowers are so irritable, that at the slightest touch all the stamina close around the pistil. Thus this tree bears all the characteristics of persons whose temper is sharp and irritable.



SKILL.

SPIDER OPHRYS.

ACCORDING to ancient fable Arachne was very skilful in spinning and weaving, and dared to defy Minerva in the exercise of those arts. The offended goddess changed the imprudent Arachne into a spider, which, according to Guillim, is free of the Weavers' Company. The spider ophrys closely resembles the insect which, under an hideous form still retains its skill and address.

SLEEP OF THE HEART.

WHITE POPPY.

There poppies white, and violets,
 Alcippus on the altar sets
 Of quiet sleep; and weaves a crown
 To bring the gentle godhead down.

FRACASTORO.

AN insipid oil is expressed from the grains of the white poppy, which calms the senses and provokes sleep. Would not the unhappy lover, who dreads that the object of his love has no reciprocal feeling, thus express himself in the words of H. Smith? —

O gentle sleep!
 Scatter thy drowsiest poppies from above;
 And in new dreams, not soon to vanish, bless
 My senses.

Yea, gladly would he become insensible to the agonies of unrequited love.

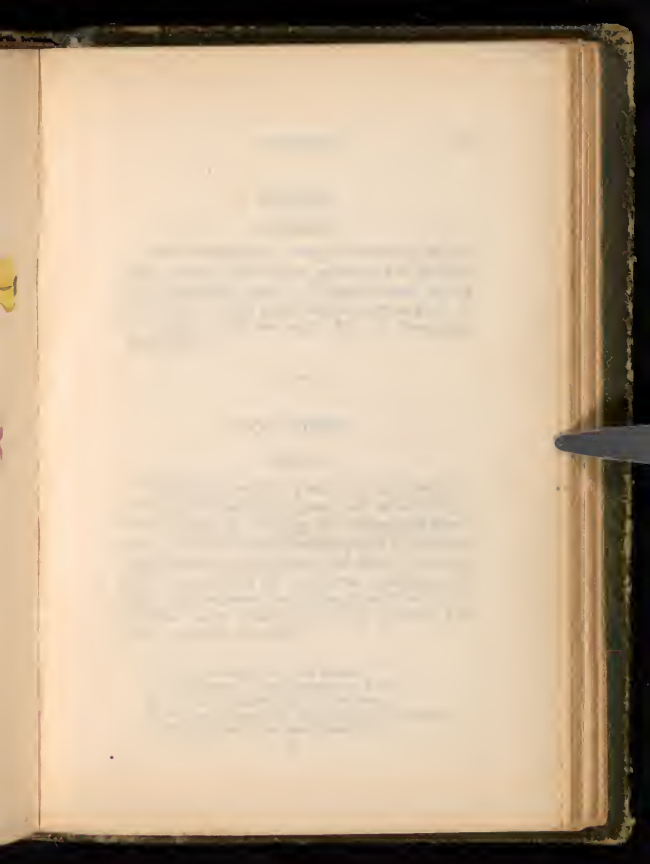
The palace of Somnus, who presided over sleep, was represented as a dark cave, into which the sun's rays never penetrated; at the entrance grew poppies and other somniferous herbs; the Dreams watched over his couch, attended by Morpheus, his prime minister, holding a vase in one hand, and grasping poppies in the other.

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SNARE.

CATCHFLY.

THE catchfly is a simple emblem of the gross snares which vice spreads for unwary and imprudent youth. Flies attracted by the evil odour of this plant become entangled in its leaves, and are not able to disengage themselves.

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 SOLITUDE.

## HEATH.

THE foliage of this plant is ever-green, of varied and beautiful shapes, and on examination is found as pleasing as its singular blossom. In our floral hieroglyphics it is made emblematical of solitude; and thus, when the rustic lover offers his mistress a bouquet of heath and pansies, she understands that if his solitude were charmed by her society his heart would be at ease.

Oh! to lie down in wilds apart,  
 Where man is seldom seen or heard,  
 In still and ancient forests, where  
 Mows not his scythe, ploughs not his share,  
 With the shy deer and cooing bird!

To go, in dreariness of mood,  
O'er a lone heath, that spreads around  
A solitude like a silent sea,  
Where rises not a hut or tree,  
The wide embracing sky its bound !

Oh! beautiful those wastes of heath,  
Stretching for miles to lure the bee,  
Where the wild bird, on pinion strong,  
Wheels round and pours his piping song,  
And timid creatures wander free.

MARY HOWITT.

There are now about four hundred different species of heath, of such variety of colours and forms that no pen can describe them. On some we observe little wax-like flowers, and others present us with pendent pearls; some are adorned with coralline beads, whilst others seem to resemble the golden trumpet, or tempting berries, or porcelain of bell or bottle shape. Globes of alabaster hang on the slender spray of some, and others, again, remind us of Lilliputian trees, bedecked with Turkish turbans in miniature. "Their colours are not less varied than their shape, whilst the foliage is equally beautiful in its apparent imitation of all the mountainous trees from the Scottish fir to Lebanon's boasted cedar."

A heath's green wild lay present to his view,  
With shrubs and field-flowers decked, of varied hue.

## SORROW.

## YEW.

Beneath that yew tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering  
 heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

GRAY.

THERE is in every plant something which either attracts or repels us. The yew tree is considered by all nations to be the emblem of sorrow. Plants are said to die under its shade, and if the weary traveller should sleep under its umbrageous branches his head becomes affected, and he soon feels violently ill. It also exhausts the earth which yields it nourishment. Our ancestors, guided by a natural sentiment, thought it a fit resident in the cemetery, and so destined it to o'ershade the tomb. They used its wood for bows, lances, and cross-bows; and the Greeks also employed it for the same purposes. For a long time it appeared in our gardens, where it was trained in the most fantastic forms; but now its culture is entirely abandoned. In Switzerland the peasants have a great veneration for it; they call it "William's bow," and its branches are preserved from spoliation. In the gardens of Holland, which owe every-

thing to art, it is often seen at the four corners of a perfect square. The Greeks, who had true conceptions of the beautiful in nature, were affected like ourselves by the sorrowful aspect of this tree, and imagined that the unfortunate Smilax, when rejected by young Crocus, was changed into a yew.

Nature presents us among plants with corals for our infancy, crowns for our youth, and valuable fruits for every age. Are we melancholy? The murmuring willow affords us sympathy. Do we love? The myrtle offers up its flowers. Are we wealthy? The chestnut yields us its luxuriant and pompous shade. And if we are sorrowful the yew seems to address us thus: "Fly, sorrow! it cankers the heart as I exhaust the earth that affords me nourishment. Sorrow is as dangerous to man as my shadow is to the traveller!"

## SORROWFUL REMEMBRANCES.

## PHEASANT'S EYE; OR FLOS ADONIS.

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

ADONIS was killed by a boar when hunting. Venus, who had quitted the pleasures of Cythereus for his sake, shed many tears at his melancholy fate. The fable tells us that these were not lost, but mingling with the blood of Adonis, the earth received them, and forthwith sprang up a light plant covered with purple flowers. Brilliant and transient flowers; alas! too faithful emblems of the pleasures of life! you were consecrated by the same beauty as the symbol of sorrowful remembrances.

By this the boy, that by her side lay killed,  
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight;  
 And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,  
 A purple flower sprang up, chequered with white.

SHAKSPERE.

This plant is very common in our corn fields, more particularly in the west of England.

## STRENGTH.

## FENNEL.

A savoury odour blown, more pleased my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe, or goat, dropping with milk at ev'n.

MILTON.

THE gladiators mingled this plant with their food, from a supposition that it tended to increase their strength. After the games were over, the conqueror was crowned with a wreath of fennel. The Romans named the plant anethum.

~~~~~

STOICISM.

BOX.

THE tree box loves the shade, and will grow under the drip of trees. It maintains its verdant appearance in winter as well as summer. It requires no care, and endures for centuries. On account of its resistance to the changes of the seasons, and the power of time, it has been made the emblem of stoicism.

SURPRISE.

TRUFFLE.

THIS singular substance, so celebrated in the annals of cookery, has always been an object of surprise to the observer. It has neither branches, nor root, nor leaves. It is generated under the earth, where it remains during its existence. Pigs and dogs are taught to find them; and when gathered, they are brought to table either boiled or stewed.



SUSPICION.

MUSHROOM.

MANY species of mushroom are known to be deadly poison. The Ostiacks, a Siberian tribe, make a preparation from the *Agaricus muscarius*, which will kill the most robust man in twelve hours. Several mushrooms in our country are almost as dangerous; as there is a liquid hid within them of a nature so acrid, that a single drop put on the tongue will produce a blister. The Russians, during their long fasts, live entirely on mushrooms; and are often thrown into violent convulsions

in consequence. We regard them as a dainty dish, but we ought to use them with great caution. Before using them they should be exposed to the heat of boiling water; this will ascertain their quality, as if they are not of a good kind their perfume will be evaporated.



SWEET REMEMBRANCES.

PERIWINKLE.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air that breathes.

WORDSWORTH.

THERE is an agreeable softness in the delicate blue colour of the periwinkle, and a quietness in the general aspect of the flower, that appears to harmonize with the retired situations where it loves to grow. It prefers the shady banks of the grove rather than to meet the meridian sun in the society of the gay plants of the parterre.

In France the flower has been made emblematical of the pleasures of memory, from the circumstance of Rousseau's saying, in one of his works, that as he and Madame Warens were proceeding to Charmettes, she

was struck by the appearance of some blue flowers in the hedge, and exclaimed, "Here is the periwinkle still in flower." He then tells us, that thirty years afterwards, being at Gressier, with M. Peyron, climbing a hill, he observed some in blossom among the bushes, which bore his memory back at once to the time when he was walking with Madame Warens, and he inadvertently cried, "Ah! there is the periwinkle." Rousseau relates this anecdote as a proof of the vivid recollection he had of every incident which occurred at a particular time of his life, and hence this flower is made to represent, "*Les doux Souvenirs.*"

Oh! Memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

GOLDSMITH.

This plant attaches itself strongly to the earth, which it adorns; it encloses itself entirely with its flexible branches, which are covered with flowers that seem to reflect the colour of the sky. Thus our first senti-

ments are so lively, so pure, so innocent, that they seem to have a celestial origin; they mark a period of momentary happiness, and they ought to be treasured up among our most endearing recollections.

SYMPATHY.

THRIFT.

The marigold above, to adorn the arched bar;
The double daisy, thrift, the button batcheler.

DRAYTON.

THE scientific name of this plant, *statice*, is derived from the Greek word *statikos*, which expresses that which has the power to stop, unite, or retain. Next to box it forms the prettiest border plant we know. The flowers of the thrift are small, numerous, turning towards the sun, and form pretty blue cups. To be seen to advantage, they should be viewed through a microscope. The plant is cultivated for its modest beauty, but it grows naturally in marshy places, and especially by the sea-shore, where it binds the sands together by its numerous roots. This quality is the bond which unites man to his fellow man, and, without it, each indivi-

THE HEART THAT KNOWS NOT LOVE. 267

dual would be a distinct species by himself. Dryden makes it one of the noblest qualities in human nature :

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied ;
For noble souls in nature are allied.

Locke observes, " There are such associations made in the minds of most men, that to this might be attributed most of the sympathies observable in them."

THE HEART THAT KNOWS NOT
LOVE.

WHITE ROSE-BUD.

Untouch'd upon its thorny stem,
Hangs the pale rose unfolding.

HURDIS.

BEFORE the breath of love animated the world, all the roses were white, and every heart was insensible. Herrick says, that

As Cupid danced among
The Gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

Another poet makes the rose to say, that it

borrowed its purple hue and sweet perfume
from Love :

'Twas from Love, I borrowed, too,
My sweet perfume, my purple hue.

The white rose-bud may be an appropriate emblem of the heart of one too young to love, but it is far too delicate for those who are insensible from another cause, and of whom it may be said in the language of Thomson,

E'en Love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never cloyed desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.

TIME.

WHITE POPLAR.

THE white poplar is one of the most valuable of our indigenous trees, and grows to the height of more than ninety feet, towering its superb head upon a straight silvered trunk. The ancients consecrated it to time, because the leaves are in conti-

nual agitation; and being of a blackish green on the upper side, with a thick white cotton on the other, they were supposed to indicate the alternation of day and night.



TIMIDITY.

MARVEL OF PERU.

THIS plant is called *mirabilis*, and with some degree of reason, for it is a most admirable flower; it expands its richly-dyed corollas at night, whence it has been named by the French, *belle-de-nuit*.

It is universally considered to be the emblem of timidity from its shunning the brilliant light of day, and only venturing to display its charms in the cool of the evening.

The mimosa, or sensitive plant, has been assigned as the symbol of chastity and prudery, but we think it may be more properly used as the sign of timidity; as it seems to fly from the hand that would touch it. At the least approach the leaves shrink within themselves. The petiole then droops, and if the plant be low, it touches the earth. Even a cloud passing between it and the

rays of the sun, is sufficient to change the situation of its leaves and the general aspect of the plant.

Timidity, of all afraid,
Her wreath of the mimosa braid.

THANKFULNESS.

AGRIMONY.

AGRIMONY is a pretty species of campanula, whose flowers of the most delicate lilac colour are suspended from the plant like little bells. The French commonly call it "Religieuse de Champs;" and Madame de Chastenev says, in her Calendar of Flora,— "It is suspected that this has been called agrimony from the resemblance of its flowers to the hermit's bell. For my own part I think that gratitude has given it the name of 'Religieuse de Champs,' in honour, probably, of some kind, tender, and beneficent Sister of Charity."

THINK OF ME.

PANSY, OR HEART'S EASE.

—— pray you, love, remember,
There's pansies — that's for thoughts.

SHAKSPERE.

THE tints of this flower are scarce less varied than the names that have been bestowed upon it. That of pansy is a corruption of the French name, *pensée*, thought.

Leigh Hunt introduces the heart's ease into his verses.

The garden's gem,
Heart's ease, like a gallant bold,
In his cloth of purple and gold.

Phillips observes that the most brilliant purples of the artist appear dull when compared to that of the pansy; our richest satins and velvets coarse and unsightly by a comparison of texture; and, as to delicacy of shading, it is scarcely surpassed by the bow of Iris itself.

Pansies are among the flowery gifts of the simple shepherds to the metamorphosed nymph Sabrina.

The shepherds at their festivals
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

COMUS.

TRANQUILLITY.

ROCK MADWORT.

There is a gentle element, and man^r
May breathe it with a calm unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters, till his heart
Is pure, and this is living happiness.

WILLIS.

THIS plant was esteemed by the ancients on account of its supposed power to allay anger. The species generally are showy plants, and of easy culture. The rock madwort is very ornamental early in the season.



TRANSIENT HAPPINESS.

SPIDERWORT.

THIS plant is generally admitted as a border flower. The French have called it *Ephémérine de Virginie*, because its flowers fade rapidly; they have also made it the emblem of transient happiness. The dead flowers are quickly succeeded by others, from April to the end of October.

TREACHERY.

BILBERRY.

THIS species of whortle-berry is an elegant and also a fruit-bearing plant. "The young fresh green leaves, and wax-like red flowers appear in May, and towards autumn the leaves grow darker and firm, and the ripe berries are gathered in the north for tarts;" and in the Highlands they are eaten with milk; and also in Derbyshire, where they are found in great quantities.

The bilberry has been made the symbol of treachery from the following fable:—"Cenomaüs, father of the beautiful Hippodamia, had for his charioteer the young Myrtilus, son of Mercury. Cenomaüs offered the hand of his daughter to any one who should outdo him in a chariot race. Pelops, anxious to obtain Hippodamia, bribed Myrtilus to overthrow his master's chariot, and Cenomaüs was killed. In dying, he cried for vengeance, when Myrtilus was changed into the shrub which has ever since borne his name."

TRUTH.

BITTER-SWEET NIGHTSHADE.

THE ancients thought that truth was the mother of the virtues, the daughter of time, and the queen of the world. We moderns say that that divinity hides herself at the bottom of a well, and that she always mingles some bitterness with her sweets; and we appoint for her emblem an useless plant that loves the shade and is ever clothed in green. The bitter-sweet nightshade is, we believe, the only plant in our climate, that sheds and reproduces its foliage twice in one year. Its roots smell somewhat like the potato, and being chewed, produce a sensation of bitterness on the palate, which is succeeded by sweetness. From this singular fact it derives its specific name "bitter-sweet."

UTILITY.

GRASS.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth. PSALM CIV. 14.

It will be admitted that what is the most useful is in nature the most common; and of all vegetable productions, what is there more common than grass? It clothes the earth with a verdant carpet, and it yields food,—nay, it “grows for the cattle,” in obedience to the Creator’s word.

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

Howitt observes,—“ When grasses of the larger species are collected and disposed tastefully, as I have seen them by ladies, in vases, polished horns, and over pier-glasses, they retain their freshness through the year,

and form with their elegantly pensile panicles, bearded spikes, and silken plumes, exceedingly graceful ornaments."

USELESSNESS.

MEADOW SWEET.

THIS plant, called by the French "Reine de prés," is deemed an useless herb, because herbalists have not discovered any medical properties in it; and, also, because animals reject it as food. It is, however, a highly ornamental flower, and, surely that ought to be accounted something.

VARIETY.

CHINA ASTER.

EUROPE is indebted to the missionary, Father d'Incarville, for this beautiful various-coloured flower; he having first sent it to the "Jardin du Roi," at Paris, about 1730. At first it produced only simple flowers of one

uniform colour; but, by cultivation, they became so doubled and quadrupled in form, and so varied in colour, that it now forms one of the principal ornaments of our parterres from July to November. The Chinese, who have favoured us with this plant, make admirable use of it in decorating their gardens. To prepare them, they first raise the plants in pots; then, separating the colours, they dispose them with such infinite art as to produce one splendid and harmonious whole. This effect is often increased by planting them near the side of a lake.

The China aster is made the emblem of variety; and owes its principal charms to a careful culture of the skilful gardener, who has surrounded its golden disks with every colour of the rainbow. So study produces an endless variety in the refinement of the human mind. Though majestic and brilliant, the China aster is not the imprudent rival of the rose, but succeeds it, and consoles us for its absence.

WAR.

YARROW.

The yarrow, wherewithal he stops the wound-made gore.

DRAYTON.

MILFOIL, or yarrow, cicatrizes all wounds made by iron. It is said that Achilles, whose name it bears, used it to cure the wounds of Telephus. From this Achilles, who was a disciple of Chiron, it has received its scientific name. There is one species which is an excellent sudorific and aromatic.



WEAKNESS.

MOSCHATEL.

THIS plant, commonly called musk-crow-foot, emits an odour so light and agreeable, that it pleases even those who have a particular dislike to musk. It is minute, and by no means beautiful, and grows in obscure places. Its generic name is *adoxa*, which is derived from the Greek, and signifies inglorious.

WISDOM.

WHITE MULBERRY.

O sacred solitude ! divine retreat !
 Choice of the prudent ! envy of the great !
 By thy pure stream, or in the waving shade,
 We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid !

YOUNG.

THE ancients named the white mulberry the tree of wisdom, because of its tardiness in putting forth its leaves. We say, "foolish almond, wise mulberry," because the almond is the first to flower. A branch of almond, joined with a branch of white mulberry, expresses that wisdom should temper activity.

"This species of mulberry is commonly cultivated in France and other countries for its leaves, to feed silk-worms ; and in many parts of the continent, when the leaves are wanted for the worms, they are stript off the young shoots, which are left naked on the tree ; in other places the shoots are cut off, which is not so injurious to the tree, while the points of the shoots as well as the leaves are eaten by the worms."

YOUNG GIRL.

ROSE-BUD.

WHO can say whether the white rose, or the red, the budding, or the full blown, has been most celebrated? Oft, indeed, have all been sung; and the rose-bud, from its grace, and gradually maturing beauty, has not been inappropriately made emblematical of a young girl.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with morning beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold,
In its fair leaves, and less seen, fairer seems;
And after spreads them forth, more fair and bold.

FAIRFAX.

Alas! "all that's bright must fade!" How true a picture of human life, and of the growth and decay of human beauty, is exhibited in the following lines by Jeremy Taylor. — "But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood; and, at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a rude breath had forced open its modesty, and dismantled its youthful retirement, it began to put on darkness, and decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sick-

ly age came on ; it bowed its head and broke its stalk ; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell with the portion of weeds and outworn faces."

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

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

WALLER.

The just opening rose-bud has been a favourite theme, and certainly its beauty has no rival.

A red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight.

THOMSON.

Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first put forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see her may.

SPENSER.

YOUTH.

WHITE LILAC.

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing :
E'en now upon my senses first,
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

ON account of the purity and short duration of the delicate flowers of the white lilac, it has been made the symbol of youth ; of that fleet and enchanting period which no wealth can purchase, nor power retain or restore.



YOUR IMAGE IS ENGRAVEN ON
MY HEART.

SPINDLE TREE.

THIS shrub bears the name of spindle, because that article is most commonly made of its wood ; it is also used in the preparation of crayons. The sculptor and the turner value it highly. If the wood be useful to the arts, the shrub has claims to the esteem of the cultivator. The hedges which they ornament with rosy fruit have a very pretty effect in the autumn.









YOUR LOOKS FREEZE ME.

FICOIDES, OR ICE PLANT.

With pellucid studs the ice flower gems
His rising foliage, and his candied stems.

DARWIN.

THE leaves of this singular plant are covered with transparent vesicles full of water. When in the shade it seems to be gemmed with dew-drops; but when exposed to the burning sun, it appears scattered over with frozen crystals, which reflect with great brilliancy the rays of the sun: on this account it is commonly called ice plant.

YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR
CHARMS.

MIGNONETTE.

No gorgeous flowers the meek reseda grace,
Yet sip with eager trunk yon busy race
Her simple cup, nor heed the dazzling gem
That beams in Fritillaria's diadem.

DR. EVANS.

WE have possessed this Egyptian weed,
called mignonette, or little darling, by the

French, for nearly one hundred years, and it has so far become naturalized in "our climate, that it springs from seeds of its own scattering," and its delightful odour has thus been conveyed from the parterre of the prince to the humble garden of the cottager.

"The odour exhaled by this little flower is thought by some to be too powerful for the house; but even those persons, we presume, must be delighted with the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving something like a breath of garden air to the 'close pent man,' whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of the fashionable part of the town."

What, are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling?

Linnæus compares its perfumes to those of ambrosia: and it is sweeter and more penetrating at the rising and setting of the sun than at noon.

The mignonette has found its way into the armorial bearings of an ancient Saxon family; and the following romantic story is said to have introduced this fragrant little flower to the Pursuivant at Arms; —

"The Count of Walstheim was the favoured aspirant for the hand of Amelia de

Nordbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms requisite for the heroine of a modern novel, excepting that she delighted in exciting jealousy in the breast of her intended lord. As she was the only child of a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but little personal beauty, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion, and as a stimulus to her education. The humble and amiable Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay cousin shone with so much splendour, which gave her frequent opportunities of imparting a portion of that instruction she had received to the more humble class of her own sex. Returning from one of these charitable visits, and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her exit or entrance was scarcely noticed, she found the party amusing themselves in selecting flowers, whilst the Count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was requested to make her selection of a flower; the sprightly Amelia had taken a rose, others a carnation, a lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth a compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte, in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of mignonette in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her cousin

with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing-room than the battle-field, attracted the notice of the Count, so as to make his uneasiness visible, which the amiable Charlotte, ever studious of Amelia's real happiness, wished to amuse, and to call back the mind of her cousin, demanded the verse for the rose. The Count saw this affectionate trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the rose,

Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plait qu'un moment,

which he gave to the gay daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the mignonette :

Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes.

Amelia's pride was roused, and she retaliated by her attention to the colonel, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The Count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability: and rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the sweet reseda to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto,

Your qualities surpass your charms.

YOUR PRESENCE REVIVES ME.

ROSEMARY.

THIS shrub yields by distillation a light pale essential oil of great fragrance, which is imparted to rectified spirit. It was formerly recommended for strengthening the nervous system, headachs, &c., as well as to strengthen the memory. Rosemary has also been made the emblem of fidelity, and used accordingly to be worn at weddings, and, on the same principle, at funerals. It is the principal ingredient in Hungary water, and is drunk at tea for headachs, and by nervous persons.

YOU ARE COLD.

HORTENSIA.

WE have possessed this plant only for a short time. Although its corymbose flowers be alternately of white, purple, and violet colour, they have a brilliant effect in our drawing-rooms; its cold and stately beauty quickly fades;—it is the image of a coquette who, without grace and without the power which intellect confers, seeks to please only by her attention to her toilet.

YOU ARE RADIANT WITH
CHARMS.

ASIATIC RANUNCULUS.

From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones, auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
And full ranunculus of glowing red.

THOMSON.


THE Asiatic ranunculus blooms amid our parterres in the earliest days of spring, spreading forth its varied lustrous flowers, which, shining with innumerable hues, are radiant with attractions. No other plant offers so rich a variety of colour to amateurs, "from a black down to white, through all the shades of reds, yellows, browns, and indeed, excepting blue, every colour may be found in these gaily painted flowers."

Though this is one of the most hardy of the garden ranunculuses, and makes the most brilliant appearance by its vivid scarlet colour, it is almost lost in the country, or so little esteemed in comparison with the Persian ranunculus, that it is seldom cultivated by the Epicurean florist. We have sometimes met with this variety in the cottage gardens, which border the sandy commons of Sussex and Surrey, where meeting with a congenial soil, it seems to linger like an expiring flame.

YOU ARE PERFECT.

PINE APPLE.

THE fruit of the pine apple, surrounded by its beautiful leaves, and surmounted by a crown in which the germ of a plant is concealed, seems as though it were sculptured in massy gold. It is so beautiful that it appears to be made to please the eyes; so delicious that it unites the various flavours of our best fruits; and so odoriferous that we should cultivate it if it were only for its perfume.



YOU ARE WITHOUT PRETENSION.

PASQUE FLOWER ANEMONE.

THE pasque flower, which bears the Italian name of *pulsatilla*, because its downy seeds are driven about by the winds, is covered, during the whole summer, with an infinite number of little purple or violet-coloured flowers, which closely resemble carnations. It loves open places, and is well adapted to ornament hilly situations; and requires no attention. There is a variety of this species with white petals, and another with double flowers.

YOU ARE MY DIVINITY.

AMERICAN COWSLIP.

Smile like a knot of cowslips on the cliff.

BLAIR.

THE elegant stem of a single root of this plant springs from the centre of a rosette of large leaves couched on the earth. In April it is crowned with twelve pretty flowers with the cups reversed. Linnæus has given it the name of "Dodecatheon," which signifies "twelve divinities," a name perhaps somewhat too extravagant for a small plant so modest in its appearance. An American writer says that, in their indigenous soil, they resemble a cluster of bright yellow polyanthuses. "Our gold cowslips," he adds, "look like a full branch of large clustering king-cups; they carelessly raise themselves on their firm stalks, their corollas gazing upward to the changing spring sky, as they grow amidst their pretty leaves of vivid green. They adorn almost every meadow, and shed a glow of beauty wherever they spring."

LIST OF PLANTS,

WITH

THE QUALITY THEY SEVERALLY EXPRESS.

ACACIA.	Platonic love.
Acacia Rose.	Elegance.
Acanthus.	Arts (the).
Agnus Castus.	Coldness. To live with- out love.
Agrimony.	Thankfulness.
Aloe.	Bitterness.
Almond Tree.	Indiscretion.
Almond Laurel.	Perfidy.
Amaranth.	Immortality.
Amaryllis.	Haughtiness. Pride.
American Cowslip.	You are my divinity.
Anemone, Field.	Sickness.
———, Garden.	Forsaken.
Angelica.	Inspiration.

Apple Blossom.	Preference.
A Rose Leaf.	I never importune.
Arum, or Wake Robin.	Ardour.
Ash.	Grandeur.
Asphodel.	My regrets follow you to the grave.
Balm Gentle.	Pleasantry.
Balm of Gilead.	Healing.
Balsam.	Impatience.
Barberry.	Sharpness.
Basil.	Hatred.
Beech.	Prosperity.
Bee Ophrys, or Orchis.	Error.
Bilberry.	Treachery.
Bindweed.	Humility.
Black Thorn.	Difficulty.
Bladder-Nut Tree.	Fivolous Amusement.
Blue-Bottle Centaury.	Delicacy.
Bonus Henricus.	Goodness.
Borage.	Bluntness.
Box.	Stoicism.
Bramble.	Envy.
Broken Straw.	Dissension. Rupture.
Broom.	Neatness.
Buckbean.	Calm repose.
Burdock.	Importunity.
Buttercups.	Ingratitude.

Campanula.	Gratitude.
Candy Tuft.	Indifference.
Canterbury Bell, Blue.	Constancy.
Carnation, Yellow.	Disdain.
Catchfly.	Snare.
Cherry Tree.	Good education.
Chesnut Tree.	Do me justice.
China Aster.	Variety.
China, or Indian Pink.	Aversion.
China, or Monthly Rose.	Beauty ever new.
Cinquefoil.	Beloved daughter.
Circæa.	Fascination.
Clematis.	Artifice.
Clove Gillyflower.	Dignity.
Colt's-foot.	Justice sha'll be done you.
Columbine.	Folly.
Coriander.	Hidden merit.
Corn.	Riches.
Cornelian Cherry Tree.	Durability.
Crown imperial.	Majesty.
Cuckoo Pint.	Ardour.
Cypress.	Mourning.
———— and Marigold.	Despair.
Daisy.	Innocence.
—, Garden.	I partake your sentiments.
—, White.	I will think of it.
Dandelion.	Oracle.

Dead Leaves.	Sadness.
Dittany of Crete.	Birth.
Dodder.	Baseness.
Ebony.	Blackness.
Eglantine, or Sweetbriar.	Poetry.
Enchanter's Night-shade.	Fascination.
Fennel.	Strength.
Fern.	Sincerity.
—, Flowering.	Reverie.
Fir Tree.	Elevation.
Flax.	I feel your kindness.
Flora's Bell.	You are without pretension.
Fraxinella.	Fire.
Geranium, Sorrowful.	Melancholy spirit.
Gillyflower.	Lasting beauty.
Goose-foot.	Goodness.
Grass.	Utility.
Hawthorn.	Hope.
Hazel.	Reconciliation.
Heart's-case, or Pansy.	Think of me.
Heath.	Solitude.
Helenia.	Tears.
Hepatica, or Noble Liverwort.	Confidence.
Holly.	Foresight.
Hollyhock.	Fruitfulness.

Honeysuckle.	Bonds of love.
Hop.	Injustice.
Hornbeam.	Ornament.
Horse Chesnut.	Luxury.
Hortensia.	You are cold.
Hyacinth.	Game. Play.
Ice Plant.	Your looks freeze me.
Indian Jasmine.	I attach myself to you.
Indian, or China Pink.	Aversion.
Iris.	Message.
—, Yellow.	Flame.
Ivy.	Friendship.
Jasmine, Virginian.	Separation.
Jessamine, or Jasmine.	Amiability.
Jonquil.	Desire.
Juniper.	Asylum. Protection.
Larch.	Boldness.
Laurel.	Glory.
Laurustinus.	I die if neglected.
Lilac.	First emotion of love.
—, White.	Youth.
Lily, White.	Purity and Modesty.
Lily of the Valley.	Return of happiness.
Linden Tree.	Conjugal love.
London Pride.	Frivolity.
Lucern.	Life.
Madder.	Calunny.

Maiden Hair.	Discretion. Secrecy.
Mallow.	Mild or sweet disposition.
Manchineel Tree.	Falsehood.
Mandrake.	Rarity.
Maple.	Reserve.
Marvel of Peru.	Timidity.
Madwort, Rock.	Tranquillity.
Marigold.	Inquietude.
———, Small Cape.	Presage.
Meadow Saffron.	My best days are past.
Meadow Sweet.	Uselessness.
Mezereon.	Desire to please.
Michaelmas Daisy.	Afterthought.
Mignonette.	Your qualities surpass your charms.
Mistletoe.	I surmount all difficulties.
Monthly or China Rose.	Beauty ever new.
Moonwort.	Forgetfulness.
Moschatel.	Weakness.
Moss Rose.	Pleasure without alloy.
Moss, Tuft of.	Maternal love.
Motherwort.	Secret love.
Moving Plant.	Agitation.
Mulberry Tree, Black.	I will not survive you.
———, White.	Wisdom.
Mushroom.	Suspicion.
Musk Crowfoot.	Weakness.

Musk Rose.	Capricious beauty.
Myrobalan.	Privation.
Myrtle.	Love.
Myosotis, or Mouse Ear.	Forget-me-not.
Narcissus, False.	Delusive hope.
Nettle.	Cruelty.
Night Convolvulus.	Night.
Nightshade, Bitter-Sweet.	Truth.
Nosegay.	Gallantry.
Oak.	Hospitality.
Olive Branches.	Peace.
Orange Flower.	Chastity.
Orange Tree.	Generosity.
Pansy, or Heart's-ease.	Think of me.
Parsley.	Entertainment. Feasting.
Patience Dock.	Patience.
Pasque Flower.	You are without pretension.
Periwinkle.	Sweet Remembrances.
Peruvian Heliotrope.	I love you. Infatuation.
Pheasant's Eye.	Sorrowful remembrances.
Pimpernel.	Assignment.
Pine Apple.	You are perfect.
Pink.	Lively and pure affection.
Plane Tree.	Genius.
Plum Tree.	Keep your promises.
-----, Wild.	Independence.

Poet's Narcissus.	Egotism.
Potato.	Beneficence.
Poplar, Black.	Courage.
——, White.	Time.
Poppy.	Consolation of sleep.
——, White.	Sleep of the heart.
Primrose.	Early youth.
——, Evening.	Inconstancy.
Privet.	Prohibition.
Pyramidal Bell Flower.	Gratitude.
Ranunculus.	You are radiant with
Red Shanks.	Patience. [charms.
Red Valerian.	Accommodating disposi-
Reeds.	Music. [tion.
Rest Harrow.	Obstacle.
Rose.	Beauty.
——, Monthly.	Beauty ever new.
——, Wild.	Simplicity.
——, White.	Silence.
——, Hundred-leaved.	Graces.
Rosebud.	Young girl.
——, White.	The heart that knows not love.
Rosemary.	Your presence revives me.
Rose-scented Geranium.	Preference.
Roses, a Garland of.	Reward of virtue.
Rush.	Docility.

Saffron.	Excess is dangerous.
Sage.	Esteem.
Sardony.	Irony.
Scarlet Ipomœa.	I attach myself to you.
Sensitive Plant.	Timidity.
Serpentine Caetus.	Horror.
Service Tree.	Prudence.
Shaking Saintfoin.	Agitation.
Snap Dragon.	Presumption.
Snowdrop.	Consolation.
Spider Ophrys.	Skill.
Spiderwort.	Transient happiness.
Spindle Tree.	Your image is engraven on
Stock, Ten-week.	Promptitude. [my heart.
Stramonium, Common.	Disguise.
Strawberry.	Perfect excellence.
Sun-flower.	False riches.
Sweetbriar, or Eglantine.	Poetry.
Sweet-scented Tussilage.	Justice shall be done you.
Sweet Sultan.	Felicity.
Sweet William.	Finesse.
Teasel.	Misanthropy.
Thistle.	Austerity.
Thrift.	Sympathy.
Thorn Apple.	Deceitful charms.
Thyme.	Activity.
Tremella Nostoc.	Resistance.

Truffle.	Surprise.
Tulip.	Declaration of love.
Venus' Looking-glass.	Flattery.
Vervain.	Enchantment.
Vine.	Intoxication.
Violet, Blue.	Modesty.
——, White.	Candour.
Wake Robin.	Ardour.
Wall-flower.	Fidelity in adversity.
Water Lily.	Eloquence.
Weeping Willow.	Melancholy.
Wild or Dog Rose.	Simplicity.
Willow Herb.	Pretension.
Wood Sorrel.	Joy.
Wormwood.	Absence.
Yarrow.	War.
Yellow Day Lily.	Coquetry.
Yellow Rose.	Infidelity.
Yew.	Sorrow.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES,

DESIGNED BY

JAMES ANDREWS.

PLATE I. — FRONTISPIECE.

Rose. — Ivy. — Myrtle.

To Beauty, Friendship, and Love.

PLATE II. — PAGE 37.

Jasmine. — Strawberry. — Tulip.

Your amiability, and the excellence of your character, have compelled me to declare my love.

PLATE III. — PAGE 85.

Primrose. — Honeysuckle. — Marigold.

Be not too early entangled in the chains of love, or yours will be a life of inquietude.

PLATE IV. — PAGE 110.

Forget-me-not. — Cypress. — Pimpernel.

Forget me not, for, alas! we may never meet again.

PLATE V. — PAGE 136.

Scarlet Geranium. — Scarlet Ipomœa. — Laurustinus.

In preference, I attach myself to you, but shall die if neglected.

302 EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE VI. — PAGE 150.

Balsam. — White Daisy.

Be not impatient, I will think of it.

PLATE VII. — PAGE 178.

Myrtle. — Sweetbriar. — Lucern.

Love is the poetry of life.

PLATE VIII. — PAGE 193.

Purple and Yellow Iris. — Hawthorn.

I send you a message of love on the wings of hope.

PLATE IX. — PAGE 223.

Blue Violet. — Daisy. — Apple Blossom.

Your modesty and innocence secure you the preference.

PLATE X. — PAGE 238.

Crown Imperial and Turk's Cap Lilies. — Lily of the Valley.

You have the power to restore me to happiness.

PLATE XI. — PAGE 257.

Pansies. — Broom.

My heart would be at ease, if my solitude were blessed with your society.

PLATE XII. — PAGE 283.

Mignonette. — Heliotrope. — Pink.

Your qualities surpass your charms; I love you with a pure and devoted love.

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