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THE
LANGUAGE AND POETRY
OF FLOWERS,
AND
POETIC HANDBOOK
OF
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PIECES,
ALBUM VERSES,
AND
VALENTINES.

TOGETHER WITH A GREAT NUMBER OF
BEAUTIFUL POETICAL QUOTATIONS
FROM FAMOUS AUTHORS.

NEW YORK :
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LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FLOWER DIALOGUES.

- I love you *A Red Rose.*
I love you, and it causes me }
both pleasure and pain... } *A Dog Rose.*
I love you silently *A Red and White Rose.*
I share your sentiments *Garden Daisy.*
You may hope *Meadow Daisy.*
Speak out *Oxlip.*
You may hope *Snowdrop.*
I am sorry *Purple Hyacinth.*
I share your sentiments *Double China Aster.*
Do you love me? *A Cozcomb.*
If you love me, you will find out. *Maiden-blush Rose.*
I dare not love you *Veronica Speciosa and Rose*
I live for thee *Cedar Leaf.*
I do not love you { *Breaking off and throwing*
away Rose Petals.
I die if neglected *Laurestinus.*
I offer you my friendship *Sprig of Acacia or Ivy Leaves*
Try to forget me *Moonwort.*
Remember me *Forget-me-not.*
Be frank with me *An Osier.* [nium.
I give you the truest friendship. *A Leaf of Oak-leaved Gera-*
Try to save me *Chicory and Narcissus.*
Be assured of my brotherly (or }
sisterly) sympathy } *Syringa.*
Fly with me *Venus' Ear.*
Don't talk nonsense.—I think }
you silly } *Purple Columbine or Pome-*
granate Flowers.
Be my Valentine *Crocus.*
You are always delightful *Cineraria.*

I envy you.....	<i>The Bramble.</i>
You are mistaken.....	<i>Bee Orchis, or Fly Orchis.</i>
I can give you esteem, not love..	<i>Spiderwort and Strawberry</i>
I expect you.....	<i>Anemone.</i> [Tree.
Forget me.....	<i>Moonwort.</i> [Beach Leaves.
I hope you may prosper.....	<i>Flowering Almond, and</i>
Dine with us.....	<i>Oak Leaves.</i>
I am your captive.....	<i>Peach Blossom.</i>
Be silent.....	<i>White Rose.</i>
I declare against you.....	<i>Wild Tansy.</i>
I desire a return of affection..	<i>Jonquil.</i>
I am so much obliged to you..	<i>Mint.</i>
I feel your hospitality.....	<i>Flax.</i>
I offer you my fortune.....	<i>Calceolaria.</i>
I will lend you money.....	<i>Calceolaria.</i>
Give me a kiss.....	<i>Mistletoe.</i>
Do make haste.....	<i>Yellow Balsam.</i>
Pray do.—Please do.....	<i>Burdock Leaf.</i>
I am independent.....	<i>Thistle.</i>
I don't care for it.....	<i>Candytuft.</i>
I know I can't trust you.....	<i>Foxglove.</i>
You are very feeble.....	<i>Dahlia.</i>
I feel very jealous.....	<i>French Marigold.</i>
Are you jealous?.....	<i>Yellow Rose.</i>
Be happy.....	<i>Wood Sorrel.</i>
Keep your promise.....	<i>Petunia.</i>
What shall I do?.....	<i>Aspen.</i>
Let me go.....	<i>Butterfly Weed.</i>
Be merry.....	<i>Shamrock.</i>
Live for me.....	<i>Arbor Vitæ.</i>
I love you.....	<i>Myrtle.</i>
I am forsaken.....	<i>Willow.</i>
Make haste.....	<i>Dianthus.</i>
My regrets will ever follow you.	<i>Asphodel. Rosemary.</i>
Remember me.....	<i>Rosemary.</i>
Will you marry me?.....	<i>American Linden.</i> [mint.
I am very unhappy.....	<i>Dead Leaves. Dark Gera-</i>
You are very clever.....	<i>Clematis.</i>
Your happiness won't last.....	<i>Virginian Spiderwort.</i>
Never despair.....	<i>Watcher by the Wayside.</i>

- Be friends *Sprig of Hazel.*
 Do make up our quarrel..... *A Filbert.*
 I forbid you..... *Sprig of Privet.*
 I promise to protect you..... *Bearded Crepis.*
 Pray for me *White Verbena.*
 Take care *Golden Rod.* [thorn.
 I prophesy you will marry soon. *Marigold, Woodbine, Black-*
 Success crown your wishes.... *Coronella.*
 For shame..... *Peony.*
 We must part *Carolina Jessamin.*
 Such worth is rare *Achimenes.*
 You surprise me *Truffle.*
 I suspect you *Champignon.*
 Accept my sympathy *Balm.*
 Thanks *Agrimony.*
 The variety of your conversation }
 delights me } *Clarkia.*
 Thee only do I love *Arbutus.*
 I will think about you *Pansy.*
 Tell the truth *White Crysanthemum.*
 I can not accept your love *Scabious.*
 Unite against our enemies *Scarlet Verbena.*
 Don't be greedy *Lupine.*
 Watch *Dame Violet.*
 Will you accompany me to the }
 East? } *Stephanotis.*
 Will you dance with me? *White Hyacinth.*
 You are cold *Hortensia.*
 You are my dearest pet..... *Mignonette.*
 I change but in death..... *Bay Leaf.*
 Adieu, but remember me *A broken flower and Pansy.*





BOUQUETS.

I.—Remember our rendezvous, but beware of a false friend.

1. Remembrance.....*Rosemary.*
2. Rendezvous.....*Chickweed.*
3. Beware of false friends...*Franciscea Latifolia.*

II.—Our unexpected meeting left but transient impressions.

Answer.—Vulgar minds soon forget.

1. Unexpected meeting.....*Lemon Geranium.*
2. Transient impressions*Withered White Rose.*
3. Vulgar minds.....*African Marigold.*
4. Forgetfulness.....*Moonwort.*

III.—My fortitude forsook me on your refusal to be mine.

1. Fortitude.....*Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.*
2. Forsaken.....*Laburnum.*
3. Refusal.....*Striped Carnation.*
4. Be mine.....*Four-leaved Clover.*

IV.—Do not refuse to come down and comfort my solitude.

1. Do not refuse.....*Eschscholtzia.*
2. Come down.....*Jacob's Ladder*
3. Comfort.....*Pear-Trec.*
4. Solitude.....*Heath.*

V.—Your affectation and deceit I disdain.

1. Affectation *Coxcomb Amaranth.*
2. Deceit *Flytrap.*
3. Disdain *Yellow Carnation.*

VI.—I love to disappoint your curiosity.

1. Love *Red Rose.*
2. Disappoint *Carolina Syringa.*
3. Curiosity *Sycamore.*

VII.—I am docile and dejected, do not refuse me.

1. Docile *Rush.*
2. Dejected *Lichen.*
3. Do not refuse *Carrot Flower.*

VIII.—I hope you may be happy, and offer you pecuniary aid.

1. Hope *Flowering Almond.*
2. May you be happy *Volkamenia.*
3. Offer pecuniary aid *Calceolaria.*

IX.—Be temperate in your taste.

1. Temperance *Azalea.*
2. Taste *Scarlet Fuchsia.*

X.—Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

1. Bonds *Blue Convolvulus.*
2. Marriage *Ivy.*
3. Unite us *A few whole Straws.*

XI.—Meet me to-night; do not forget.

1. Meet me *Everlasting Pea.*
2. To-night *Night Convolvulus.*
3. Do not forget *Forget-me-not.*

XII.—I weep for your indifference, and am melancholy on account of your coldness.

1. **I weep for you** *Purple Verbena.*
2. **Indifference** *Mustard-seed.*
3. **Melancholy** *Dead Leaves.*
4. **Coldness** *Agnus Castus.*

XIII.—Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

1. **Bonds** *Blue Convolvulus.*
2. **Marriage** *Ivy.*
3. **Unite us** *A few whole Straws.*

XIV.—Farewell! Give me your good wishes. Forget me not.

1. **Farewell** *Sprig of Spruce Fir.*
2. **Give me your good wishes** *Sweet Basil.*
3. **Forget me not** *Forget-me-not.*

XV.—Your patriotism, courage, and fidelity merit everlasting remembrance.

1. **Patriotism** *Nasturtium.*
2. **Courage** *Oak Leaves.*
3. **Fidelity** *Heliotrope.*
4. **Everlasting remembrance** *Everlasting, or Immortelles.*

XVI.—Your frivolity and malevolence will cause you to be forsaken by all.

1. **Frivolity** *London Pride.*
2. **Malevolence** *Lobelia.*
3. **Forsaken** *Laburnum.*

The flowers should be bound together with a fading leaf.

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

1. **Be assured of my sympathy** *Thrift.*
2. **Consolation** *Red Poppy.*

XVIII.—By foresight you will surmount your difficulties.

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. Foresight | <i>Holly.</i> |
| 2. You will surmount your }
difficulties | } <i>Mistletoe.</i> |

XIX.—Your insincerity and avarice make me hate you.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Insincerity | <i>Cherry-blossom, or Foxglove.</i> |
| 2. Avarice | <i>Scarlet Auricula.</i> |
| 3. Hatred | <i>Turk's Cap.</i> |

XX.—Beware of deceit. Danger is near. Depart.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 1. Beware | <i>Oleander.</i> |
| 2. Deceit | <i>White Flytrap.</i> |
| 3. Danger is near | <i>Rhododendron.</i> |
| 4. Depart | <i>Dandelion, or Thistle Seed-head</i> |

XXI.—You are fickle, indiscreet, and affected. Therefore you are hated.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Fickle | <i>Abatina.</i> |
| 2. Indiscreet | <i>Almond-blossom.</i> |
| 3. Affected | <i>Cockscomb.</i> |
| 4. Hatred | <i>Basil.</i> |

XXII.—Humility, meekness, and truth have won the love I give to thee only.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Humility | <i>Small Bindweed.</i> |
| 2. Meekness | <i>Birch.</i> |
| 3. Truth | <i>White Crysanthemum.</i> |
| 4. Have won | <i>Parsley.</i> |
| 5. Love for thee only | <i>Arbutus.</i> |





MODIFICATIONS OF THE FLOWER LANGUAGE.



IF a flower be given *reversed*, its original signification is understood to be contradicted, and the opposite meaning to be implied.

A rosebud divested of its thorns, but retaining its leaves, conveys the sentiment, "I fear no longer; I hope." Thorns signifying fears, and leaves, hopes.

Stripped of leaves and thorns, the bud signifies, "There is nothing to hope or fear."

The expression of flowers is also varied by changing their positions. Place a marigold on the head, and it signifies "Mental anguish;" on the bosom, "Indifference."

When a flower is given, the pronoun *I* is understood by bending it to the right hand; *thou*, by inclining it to the left.

"Yes" is implied by touching the flower given with the lips.

"No," by pinching off a petal, and casting it away.

"I am" is expressed by a laurel-leaf twisted round the bouquet.

"I have," by an ivy-leaf folded together.

"I offer you," by a leaf of the Virginian Creeper.

To win—a sprig of parsley in the bouquet.

"May," or "I desire"—an ivy-tendrill round the bouquet,

FLOWER GAME.



TAKE a large bouquet; let each person draw from it a flower, and the meaning attached to it will typify the future consort's character. For example:—Say your bouquet for Spring consists of Violets, Hyacinths, Primroses, Daisies, Heart's-ease, Hawthorn, Daffodils. Then the characters would be—

Violet, modest; Hyacinth, playful; Dark Hyacinth, mournful; Primrose, simple, candid; Daisy, an early riser; Heart's-ease, kind, charitable, or thoughtful; Hawthorn, hopeful; Daffodil, daring.

FOR SUMMER.

Rose, loving; White Rose, secret and canny; Pink, haughty; Jasmine, elegant or amiable; Lily, pure; Mignonette, clever; Tulip, proud, conceited; Stock, hasty; Mezereon, a flirt; Foxglove, deceitful; Myrtle, devoted; Laurel, brave; a Reed, musical; Hollyhock, ambitious; Marigold, rich; Poppy, lazy; Cornflower, extravagant; Dead Leaves, old; Geranium, stupid; Mimosa, nervous; Thistle, patriotic; Thyme, merry; Aster, changeable; Oak-leaf, hospitable.

The profession of the destined lover will be found thus:—Lily, a person of rank; Rose, an artist; Thistle, a Scotchman, and a soldier; Oak-leaf, a farmer; Laurel, a poet; Foxglove, a lawyer; Cypress, a doctor; Tulip, a freeholder; Passion-flower, a clergyman; Marigold, a merchant; Shamrock, an Irishman; Leek, a Welshman.

Of course the persons who draw the flowers are supposed to be ignorant of their meaning; or they may draw blindfolded.



THE VOCABULARY.

PART THE FIRST.

Abatina	<i>Fickleness.</i>
Abecedary	<i>Volubility.</i>
Acacia	<i>Friendship.</i>
Acacia, Rose or White	<i>Elegance.</i>
Acacia, Yellow	<i>Secret love.</i>
Acanthus	<i>The fine arts. Artifice.</i>
Acalia	<i>Temperance.</i>
Achillea Millefolia	<i>War.</i>
Achimenes Cupreata	<i>Such worth is rare.</i>
Aconite (Wolfsbane)	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Aconite, Crowfoot	<i>Luster.</i>
Adonis, Flos	<i>Sad memories.</i>
African Marigold	<i>Vulgar minds.</i>
Agnus Castus	<i>Coldness. Indifference.</i>
Agrimony	<i>Thankfulness. Gratitude.</i>
Almond, Common	<i>Stupidity. Indiscretion.</i>
Almond, Flowering	<i>Hope.</i>
Almond, Laurel	<i>Perfidy.</i>
Allspice	<i>Compassion.</i>
Aloe	<i>Grief. Superstition. Bitterness</i>
Althæa Frutex (Syrian Mallow)	<i>Persuasion.</i>
Alyssum, Sweet	<i>Worth beyond beauty.</i>
Amaranth, Globe	<i>Immortality. Unfading love.</i>
Amaranth (Cockscomb)	<i>Foppery. Affection.</i>
Amaryllis	<i>Pride. Timidity. Splendid beauty</i>
Ambrosia	<i>Love returned.</i>
American Cowslip	<i>Divine beauty.</i>
American Elm	<i>Patriotism.</i>
American Linden	<i>Matrimony. [ful old age.</i>
American Starwort	<i>Welcome to a stranger. Cheer-</i>
Amethyst	<i>Admiration.</i>
Andromeda	<i>Self-sacrifice.</i>
Anemone (Zephyr Flower)	<i>Sickness. Expectation.</i>
Anemone, Garden	<i>Forsaken.</i>
Angelica	<i>Inspiration, or Magic.</i>
Angrec	<i>Royalty.</i>
Apocynum (Dogsbane)	<i>Deceit.</i>
Apple	<i>Temptation.</i>

Apple-blossom	Preference.	Fame speaks him
Apple, Thorn	Deceitful charms.	[great & good
Apricot-blossom	Doubt.	[for me.
Arbor-vitæ	Unchanging friendship.	Live
Arbutus	Thou only do I love.	
Arum (Wake Robin)	Ardor. Zeal.	
Ash-leaved Trumpet-flower	Separation.	[safe.
Ash, Mountain	Prudence, or	With me you are
Ash-tree	Grandeur.	
Aspen-tree	Lamentation, or	Fear.
Aster, China	Variety. Afterthought.	[grave.
Asphodel	My regrets follow you to the	
Auricula	Painting.	
Auricula, Scarlet	Irratic.	
Auricula, Yellow	Splendor.	
Autumual Leaves	Melancholy.	
Azalea	Temperance.	
Bachelor's-button	Celibacy.	
Balm	Sympathy.	
Balm, Gentle	Pleasantry.	
Balm of Gilead	Cure. Relief.	[solves.
Balsam, Red	Touch me not.	Impatient re-
Balsam, Yellow	Impatienee.	
Barberry	Sharpness of Temper.	
Basil	Hatred.	
Bay-leaf	I change but in death.	
Bay (Rose) Rhododendron	Danger. Beware.	
Bay-tree	Glory.	
Bay-wreath	Reward of merit.	
Bearded Crepis	Protection.	
Beech-tree	Prosperity.	
Bee-orchis	Industry.	
Bee-ophrys	Error.	
Begonia	Deformity.	
Belladonna	Silence. Hush!	
Bellflower, Pyramidal	Constancy.	
Bellflower (Small White)	Gratitude.	
Belvedere	I declare against you.	
Betony	Surprise.	
Bilberry	Treachery.	
Bindweed, Great	Insinuation. Importunity	
Bindweed, Small	Humility.	
Birch	Meekness.	
Birdsfoot (Trefoil)	Revenge.	
Bittersweet (Nightshade)	Truth.	
Black Poplar	Courage. Affliction.	
Blackthorn	Difficulty.	
Bladder-nut Tree	Frivolity. Amusement.	
Bluebottle (Centaury)	Delicacy.	
Bluebell	Constancy. Sorrowful regret.	

Blue-flower Greek Valerian	.. Rupture.
Bonus Henricus Goodness.
Borage Bluntness.
Box-tree Stoicism.
Bramble Lowliness. Envy. Remorse.
Branch of Currants You please all.
Branch of Thorns Severity. Rigor.
Bridal Rose Happy love.
Broom Humility. Neatness.
Browallia Jamisonii Could you bear poverty?
Buckbean Calm repose.
Bud of White Rose A heart ignorant of love.
Buglos Falschood.
Bulrush Indiscretion. Docility.
Bundle of Reeds, with their Panicles } Music.
Burr Rudeness. You weary me.
Burdock Importunity. Touch me not.
Buttercup (Kingeup) Ingratitude. Childishness.
Buttercups Riches.
Butterfly-orchis Gaycty.
Butterfly-weed Let me go.
Cabbage Profit.
Cacalia Adulation.
Cactus Warmth.
Calla Æthiopica Magnificent beauty.
Calceolaria I offer you pecuniary assistance.
Calycanthus Benevolence.
Camellia Japonica, Red Unpretending excellence.
Camellia, White Perfected loveliness.
Campanula Pyramida Aspiring.
Camphire Fragrance.
Canary-grass Perseverance.
Candytuft Indifference.
Canterbury-bell Acknowledgment.
Cape Jasmine I am too happy.
Cardamine Paternal error.
Carnation, Deep Red Alas! for my poor hear ^r
Carnation, Striped Refusal.
Carnation, Yellow Disdain.
Cardinal-flower Distinction.
Catchfly Snare.
Catchfly, Red Youthful love.
Catchfly, White Betrayed.
Cattleya Mature charms.
Cattleya, Pineli Matronly grace.
Cedar Strength.
Cedar of Lebanon Incorruptible.
Cedar-leaf I live for thee.
Celandine, Lesser Joys to come.

Cereus, Creeping	<i>Modest genius.</i>
Centaury	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Chamomile	<i>Energy in adversity.</i>
Chamignon	<i>Suspicion.</i>
Checkered Fritillary	<i>Persecution.</i>
Cherry-tree, White	<i>Good education.</i>
Cherry-blossom	<i>Insincerity.</i>
Chestnut-tree	<i>Do me justice.</i>
Chinese Primrose	<i>Lasting love.</i>
Chickweed	<i>Reckless.</i>
Chicory	<i>Frugality.</i>
China-aster	<i>Variety.</i>
China-aster, Double	<i>Partake of your sentiments.</i>
China-aster, Single	<i>I will think of it.</i>
China or Indian Pink	<i>Aversion.</i>
China-rose	<i>Beauty always new.</i>
Chinese Chrysanthemum	<i>Cheerfulness under adversity.</i>
Chorozema Varium	<i>You have many lovers.</i>
Christmas-rose	<i>Relieve my anxiety.</i>
Chrysanthemum, Red	<i>I love.</i>
Chrysanthemum, White	<i>Truth.</i>
Chrysanthemum, Yellow	<i>Slighted love.</i>
Cineraria	<i>Always delightful.</i>
Cinquefoil	<i>Maternal affection.</i>
Circæa	<i>Spell.</i>
Cistus, or Rock-rose	<i>Popular favor.</i>
Cistus, Gum	<i>I shall die to-morrow.</i>
Citron	<i>Ill-natured beauty. [delights me]</i>
Clarkia	<i>The variety of your conversation</i>
Clematis	<i>Mental beauty. Artifice.</i>
Clematis, Evergreen	<i>Poverty.</i>
Clianthus	<i>Worldliness. Self-seeking.</i>
Clotbur	<i>Rudeness. Pertinacity.</i>
Cloves	<i>Dignity.</i>
Clover, Four-leaved	<i>Be mine.</i>
Clover, Red	<i>Industry.</i>
Clover, White	<i>Think of me. Promise.</i>
Cobæa	<i>Gossip.</i>
Cockscomb (Amaranth)	<i>Foppery. Affectation. Singu-</i>
Colchic, or Meadow-saffron	<i>My best days are past.</i>
Coltsfoot	<i>Justice shall be done.</i>
Columbine	<i>Folly.</i>
Columbine, Purple	<i>Resolved to win.</i>
Columbine, Red	<i>Anxious and trembling.</i>
Convolvulus	<i>Bonds.</i>
Convolvulus Bl., Minor	<i>Repose. Night.</i>
Convolvulus Major	<i>Extinguished hopes. [affection.]</i>
Convolvulus, Pink	<i>Worth, and judicious and tender</i>
Corchorus	<i>Impatient of absence.</i>
Coreopsis	<i>Always cheerful.</i>
Coreopsis Arkansa	<i>Love at first sight.</i>

Coriander	Hidden worth.
Corn	Riches.
Corn, Broken	Quarrel.
Cornbottle	Delicacy.
Corncockle	Gentility.
Cornflower	Delicacy.
Corn-straw	Agreement.
Cornel-tree	Duration.
Coronella	Success crown your wishes.
Cosmelia Subra	The charm of a blush. [beauty.
Cowslip	Pensiveness. Grace. Youthful
Cowslip (American)	Divine beauty.
Crab-blossom	Ill-nature.
Cranberry	Cure for heartache.
Creeping Cereus	Horror.
Cress	Stability. Power.
Crocus	Abuse not. Impatience.
Crocus, Spring	Youthful gladness.
Crocus (Saffron)	Mirth. Cheerfulness.
Crown Imperial	Majesty. Power.
Crowsbill	Envy.
Crowfoot	Ingratitude.
Crowfoot (Aeonite-leaved)	Luster.
Cuckoo-plant	Ardor.
Cudweed, American	Uncasing remembrance.
Current	Thy frown will kill me.
Cuscuta	Meanness.
Cyclamen	Diffidence.
Cypress	Death. Mourning
Daffodil	Regard. Unrequited love
Dahlia	Instability. Pomp.
Daisy	Innocence and Hope.
Daisy, Garden	I share your sentiments.
Daisy, Michaelmas	Farewell, or Afterthought.
Daisy, Parti-colored	Beauty.
Daisy, Wild	I will think of it.
Damask-rose	Brilliant complexion.
Dandelion	Rustic oracle.
Dandelion, or Thistle-head ..	Depart.
Daphne	Glory. Immortality.
Daphne-odora	Painting the lily.
Darnel	Vice.
Dead Leaves	Sadness.
Deadly Nightshade	Falsehood.
Dewplant	A serenade.
Dianthus	Make haste.
Diosma	Your simple elegance charms me
Dipteracanthus Spectabilis ..	Fortitude.
Diplademia Crassinoda	You are too bold.
Dittany of Crete	Birth.

Dittany of Crete, White	Passion.
Dock	Patience.
Dodder of Thyme	Baseness.
Dogsbane	Deceit. Falsehood.
Dogwood	Durability.
Dragon-plant	Snare.
Dragonwort	Horror.
Dried Flax	Utility.
Ebony-tree	Blackness.
Echites Atropurpurea	Be warned in time.
Eglantine (Sweetbrier)	Poetry. I wound to heal.
Elder	Zealousness.
Elm	Dignity.
Euchanter's Nightshade	Witchcraft. Sorcery.
Endive	Frugality.
Eschsholtzia	Do not refuse me.
Eupatorium	Delay.
Evening Primrose	Silent love.
Ever-bowing Candytuft	Indifference.
Evergreen Clematis	Poverty.
Evergreen Thorn	Solace in adversity.
Everlasting	Never-ceasing remembrance.
Everlasting Pea	Lasting pleasure.
Fennel	Worthy all praise. Strength.
Fern	Fascination. Magic. Sincerity.
Ficoides (Iceplant)	Your looks freeze me.
Fig	Argument.
Fig-marigold	Idleness.
Fig-tree	Prolific.
Filbert	Reconciliation.
Fir	Time.
Fir-tree	Elevation. [your kindness.
Flax	Domestic industry. Fate. I feel
Flax-leaved Golden-locks	Tardiness.
Fleur-de-lis	Flame. I burn.
Fleur-de-luce	Fire.
Flowering Fern	Reverie.
Flowering Reed	Confidence in Heaven.
Flower-of-an-hour	Delicate beauty.
Fly-orchis	Error.
Flytrap	Deceit.
Fool's Parsley	Silliness.
Forget-me-not	Forget-me-not.
Foxglove	Insincerity.
Foxtail-grass	Sporting.
Franciscea Latifolia	Beware of false friends.
French Honeysuckle	Rustic beauty.
French Marigold	Jealousy.
French Willow	Bravery and Humanity.

Frog-o-phrys	<i>Disgust.</i>
Fuller's Teasel	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Fumitory	<i>Spleen.</i>
Fuchsia, Scarlet	<i>Taste.</i>
Furze, or Gorse	<i>Love for all seasons. Anger.</i>
Garden Anemone	<i>Forsaken.</i>
Garden Chervil	<i>Sincerity.</i>
Garden Daisy	<i>I partake of your sentiments.</i>
Garden Marigold	<i>Uncasiness.</i>
Garden Ranunculus	<i>You are rich in attractions.</i>
Garden Sage	<i>Esteem.</i>
Gardenia	<i>Refinement.</i>
Garland of Roses	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Gentian	<i>I love you best when you are sad</i>
Germander Speedwell	<i>Facility.</i>
Geranium	<i>Deceit.</i>
Geranium, Dark	<i>Melancholy.</i>
Geranium, Horseshoe-leaf	<i>Stupidity.</i>
Geranium, Ivy	<i>Bridal Favor.</i>
Geranium, Lemon	<i>Unexpected meeting.</i>
Geranium, Nutmeg	<i>Expected meeting.</i>
Geranium, Oak-leaved	<i>True friendship.</i>
Geranium, Penciled	<i>Ingenuity.</i>
Geranium, Rose-scented	<i>Preference.</i>
Geranium, Scarlet	<i>Comforting.</i>
Geranium, Silver-leaved	<i>Recall.</i>
Geranium, Wild	<i>Steadfast piety.</i>
Gillyflower	<i>Bonds of affection.</i>
Gladioli	<i>Ready armed.</i>
Glory-flower	<i>Glorious beauty.</i>
Goat's-rue	<i>Reason.</i>
Golden-rod	<i>Precaution.</i>
Gooseberry	<i>Anticipation.</i>
Gourd	<i>Extent. Bulk.</i>
Grammanthus Chloro-flora	<i>Your temper is too hasty.</i>
Grape, Wild	<i>Charity.</i>
Grass	<i>Submission. Utility.</i>
Guelder-rose	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
Handflower-tree	<i>Warning.</i>
Harebell	<i>Submission. Grief.</i>
Hawkweed	<i>Quick-sightedness.</i>
Hawthorn	<i>Hope.</i>
Hazel	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Heartsease, or Pansy	<i>Thoughts.</i>
Heath	<i>Solitude.</i>
Helenium	<i>Tears.</i>
Heliotrope	<i>Devotion; or, I turn to thee.</i>
Helibore	<i>Scandal. Calumny.</i>
Helmet-flower (Monkshood)	<i>Knight-errantry.</i>

Hemlock	<i>You will be my death.</i>
Hemp	<i>Fate.</i>
Henbane	<i>Imperfection.</i>
Hepatica	<i>Confidence.</i>
Hibiscus	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Holly	<i>Foresight.</i>
Holly Herb	<i>Enchantment.</i>
Hollyhock	<i>Ambition. Fecundity.</i>
Honesty	<i>Honesty. Fascination</i>
Honeyflower	<i>Love sweet and secret.</i>
Honeysuckle	<i>Generous and devoted affection.</i>
Honeysuckle, Coral	<i>The color of my fate.</i>
Honeysuckle, French	<i>Rustic beauty.</i>
Hop	<i>Injustice.</i>
Hornbeam	<i>Ornament.</i>
Horse-chestnut	<i>Luxury.</i>
Hortensia	<i>You are cold.</i>
Houseleek	<i>Vivacity. Domestic industry.</i>
Houstonia	<i>Content.</i>
Hoya	<i>Sculpture.</i>
Hoyabella	<i>Contentment.</i>
Humble-plant	<i>Despondency.</i>
Hundred-leaved Rose	<i>Dignity of mind.</i>
Hyacinth	<i>Sport. Games. Play.</i>
Hyacinth, Purple	<i>Sorrowful. I am sorry.</i>
Hyacinth, White	<i>Unobtrusive loveliness.</i>
Hydrangea	<i>A boaster.</i>
Hyssop	<i>Cleanliness.</i>
Iceland-moss	<i>Health.</i>
Iceplant	<i>Your looks freeze me. [honor.</i>
Imbricata	<i>Uprightness. Sentiments of</i>
Imperial-montague	<i>Power.</i>
Indian-crest	<i>Wartlike trophy.</i>
Indian-jasmine (Ipomœa)	<i>Attachment.</i>
Indian-pink (double)	<i>Always lovely.</i>
Indian-plum	<i>Privation.</i>
Iris	<i>Message.</i>
Iris, German	<i>Flame.</i>
Ivy	<i>Friendship. Fidelity. Marriage.</i>
Ivy, Sprig of, with Tendrils	<i>Assiduous to please.</i>
Jacob's Ladder	<i>Come down.</i>
Japan-rose	<i>Beauty is your only attraction.</i>
Japanese Lilies	<i>You can not deceive me.</i>
Jasmine	<i>Amiability.</i>
Jasmine, Cape	<i>Transport of joy.</i>
Jasmine, Carolina	<i>Separation.</i>
Jasmine, Indian	<i>I attach myself to you.</i>
Jasmine, Spanish	<i>Sensuality.</i>

Jasmine, Yellow	Grace and elegance.
Jonquil	I desire a return of affection.
Judas-tree	Unbelief. Betrayal.
Julienne, White	Despair not; God is everywhere
Juniper	Succor. Protection. [ness.
Justicia	The perfection of female loveli-
Kennedia	Mental beauty.
Kingcups	Desire of riches.
Laburnum	Forsaken. Pensive beauty.
Lady's Slipper	Capricious beauty. Win me and
Lagerstræmia, Indian	Eloquence. [wear me.
Lantana	Rigor.
Lapageria Rosea	There is no unalloyed good.
Larch	Audacity. Boldness.
Larkspur	Lightness. Levity.
Larkspur, Pink	Fickleness.
Larkspur, Purple	Haughtiness.
Laurel	Glory.
Laurel, Common (in flower) ..	Perfidy.
Laurel, Ground	Perseverance.
Laurel, Mountain	Ambition.
Laurel-leaved Magnolia	Dignity.
Laurestina	A token.
Lavender	Distrust.
Leaves, Dead	Melancholy.
Lemon	Zest.
Lemon-blossoms	Fidelity in Love.
Leschenaultia Splendens	You are charming.
Lettuce	Cold-heartedness.
Lichen	Dejection. Solitude.
Lilac, Field	Humility.
Lilac, Purple	First emotions of love.
Lilac, White	Joy of youth.
Lily, Day	Coquetry.
Lily, Imperial	Majesty.
Lily, White	Purity. Sweetness.
Lily, Yellow	Falsehood. Gayety.
Lily of the Valley	Return of happiness. Uncon-
Linden or Lime Trees	Conjugal love. [scious sweetness
Lint	I feel my obligations.
Live-oak	Liberty.
Liverwort	Confidence.
Liquorice, Wild	I declare against you.
Lobelia	Malvolence.
Locust-tree	Elegance.
Locust-tree (green)	Affection beyond the grave.
London Pride	Frivolity.
Lote-tree	Concord.
Lotus	Eloquence. Repose.

Lotus-flower	<i>Estranged love.</i>
Lotus-leaf	<i>Recantation.</i>
Love-in-a-mist	<i>Perplexity.</i>
Love-lies-bleeding	<i>Hopeless, not heartless.</i>
Lucerne	<i>Life.</i>
Lupin	<i>Voraciousness.</i>
Madder	<i>Calumny.</i>
Magnolia	<i>Love of Nature. Magnificence.</i>
Magnolia, Swamp	<i>Perseverance.</i>
Mallow	<i>Mildness.</i>
Mallow, Marsh	<i>Beneficence.</i>
Mallow, Syrian	<i>Consumed by love.</i>
Mallow, Venetian	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Malon Creeana	<i>Will you share my fortunes?</i>
Manchineal-tree	<i>Falschood.</i>
Mandrake	<i>Horror.</i>
Maple	<i>Reserve.</i>
Marianthus	<i>Hope for better days.</i>
Marigold	<i>Grief.</i>
Marigold, African	<i>Vulgar minds.</i>
Marigold, French	<i>Jealousy.</i>
Marigold, Prophetic	<i>Prediction.</i>
Marigold and Cypress	<i>Despair.</i>
Marjoram	<i>Blushes.</i>
Marvel of Peru	<i>Timidity.</i>
Meadow-lychnis	<i>Wit.</i>
Meadow-saffron	<i>My best days are past.</i>
Meadowsweet	<i>Uselessness.</i>
Mercury	<i>Goodness.</i>
Mesembryanthemum	<i>Idleness.</i>
Mezereon	<i>Desire to please.</i>
Michaelmas-daisy	<i>Afterthought.</i> [charms.
Mignonette	<i>Your qualities surpass your</i>
Milfoil	<i>War.</i>
Milkvetch	<i>Your presence softens my pains</i>
Milkwort	<i>Hermitage.</i>
Mimosa (Sensitive-plant)	<i>Sensitiveness.</i>
Mint	<i>Virtue.</i>
Mistletoe	<i>I surmount difficulties.</i>
Mitrasia Coccinea	<i>Indolence. Dullness.</i>
Mock-orange	<i>Counterfeit.</i>
Monarda Amplexicaulis	<i>Your whims are unbearable.</i>
Monkshood	<i>A deadly foe is near.</i>
Monkshood (Helmet-flower)	<i>Chivalry. Knight-errantry.</i>
Moonwort	<i>Forgetfulness.</i>
Morning-glory	<i>Affectation.</i>
Moschatel	<i>Weakness.</i>
Moss	<i>Maternal love.</i>
Mosses	<i>Ennui.</i>
Mossy Saxifrage	<i>Affection.</i>

Motherwort	Concealed love.
Mountain Ash	Prudence. [lost all.
Mourning Bride	Unfortunate attachment. I have
Mouse-eared Chickweed	Ingenuous simplicity.
Mouse-eared Scorpion-grass	Forget-me-not.
Moving-plant	Agitation.
Mudwort	Happiness. Tranquility.
Mulberry-tree, Black	I shall not survive you.
Mulberry-tree, White	Wisdom. [trust you.
Mushroom	Suspicion; or, I can't entirely
Musk-plant	Weakness.
Mustard-seed	Indifference.
Myrobalan	Privation.
Myrrh	Gladness.
Myrtle	Love.
Narcissus	Egotism.
Nasturtium	Patriotism.
Nemophila	Success everywhere.
Nettle, Common Stinging	You are spiteful.
Nettle, Burning	Slander.
Nettle-tree	Conceit.
Night-blooming Cereus	Transient beauty.
Night Convolvulus	Night.
Nightshade	Falschood.
Oak-leaves	Bravery.
Oak-tree	Hospitality.
Oak, White	Independence.
Oats	The witching soul of music.
Oleander	Beware.
Olive	Peace. [ness.
Orange-blossoms	Your purity equals your loveli-
Orange-flowers	Chastity. Bridal festivities. .
Orange-tree	Generosity.
Orchis	A belle.
Osier	Frankness.
Osmunda	Dreams.
Oxeye	Patience.
Oxlip	Speak out.
Palm	Victory.
Pansy	Thought.
Parsley	Festivity. To win.
Pasqueflower	You have no claims.
Passionflower	Superstition (when reversed), or
Patience Dock	Patience. [Faith if erect.
Pea, Everlasting	An appointed meeting. Lasting
Pea, Sweet	Departure. [pleasure.
Peach	Your charms are unequalled,

Peach-blossom	<i>I am your captive.</i>
Pear	<i>Affection.</i>
Pear-tree	<i>Comfort.</i>
Pentstemon Azureum	<i>High-bred.</i>
Pennyroyal	<i>Flee away.</i>
Peony	<i>Shame. Bashfulness.</i>
Peppermint	<i>Warmth of feeling.</i>
Periwinkle, Blue	<i>Early friendship.</i>
Periwinkle, White	<i>Pleasures of memory.</i>
Persicaria	<i>Restoration.</i>
Persimmon	<i>Bury me amid Nature's beauties</i>
Peruvian Heliotrope	<i>Devotion.</i>
Petunia	<i>Your presence soothes me.</i>
Pheasant's-eye	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Phlox	<i>Unanimity.</i>
Pigeon-berry	<i>Indifference.</i>
Pimpernel	<i>Change. Assignment.</i>
Pine	<i>Pity.</i>
Pineapple	<i>You are perfect.</i>
Pine, Pitch	<i>Philosophy.</i>
Pine, Spruce	<i>Hope in adversity.</i>
Pink	<i>Boldness.</i>
Pink, Carnation	<i>Woman's love.</i>
Pink, Indian Double	<i>Always lovely.</i>
Pink, Indian Single	<i>Aversion.</i>
Pink, Mountain	<i>Aspiring.</i>
Pink, Red Double	<i>Pure and ardent love.</i>
Pink, Single	<i>Pure love.</i>
Pink, Variegated	<i>Refusal.</i>
Pink, White	<i>Ingeniousness. Talent.</i>
Plantain	<i>Whiteman's footsteps.</i>
Plane-tree	<i>Genius.</i>
Plum, Indian	<i>Privation.</i>
Plum-tree	<i>Fidelity.</i>
Plum, Wild	<i>Independence.</i>
Plumbago Iarpenta	<i>Holy. Vicious.</i>
Polyanthus	<i>Pride of riches.</i>
Polyanthus, Crimson	<i>The heart's mystery.</i>
Polyanthus, Lilac	<i>Confidence.</i>
Pomegranate	<i>Foolishness.</i>
Pomegranate-flower	<i>Nature. Elegance.</i>
Poor Robin	<i>Compensation, or an equivalent.</i>
Poplar, Black	<i>Courage.</i>
Poplar, White	<i>Time.</i>
Poppy, Red	<i>Consolation.</i>
Poppy, Scarlet	<i>Fantastic extravagance.</i>
Poppy, White	<i>Sleep. My banc.</i>
Potato	<i>Benevolence.</i>
Potentilla	<i>I claim at least your esteem.</i>
Prickly-pear	<i>Satire.</i>

Pride of China	<i>Dissension.</i>
Primrose	<i>Early youth and sadness.</i>
Primrose, Evening	<i>Inconstancy.</i>
Primrose, Red	<i>Unpatronized merit.</i>
Privet	<i>Prohibition.</i>
Purple Clover	<i>Provident.</i>
Pyrus Japonica	<i>Fairies' fire.</i>
Quaking-grass	<i>Agitation.</i>
Quamoclit	<i>Busybody.</i>
Queen's Rocket	<i>You are the queen of coquettes.</i> [Fashion.
Quince	<i>Temptation.</i>
Ragged-robin	<i>Wit.</i>
Ranunculus	<i>You are radiant with charms.</i>
Ranunculus, Garden	<i>You are rich in attractions.</i>
Ranunculus, Wild	<i>Ingratitude.</i>
Raspberry	<i>Remorse.</i>
Ray-grass	<i>Vice.</i>
Red Catchfly	<i>Youthful love.</i>
Reed	<i>Complaisance.</i> Music.
Reed, Split	<i>Indiscretion.</i>
Rhododendron (Rosebay)	<i>Danger. Beware.</i>
Rhubarb	<i>Adrice.</i>
Rocket	<i>Revelry.</i>
Rosa-mundi	<i>Variety.</i>
Rose, Austrian	<i>Thou art all that is lovely.</i>
Rose, Bridal	<i>Happy love.</i>
Rose, Burgundy	<i>Unconscious beauty.</i>
Rose, Cabbage	<i>Ambassador of love.</i>
Rose, Champion	<i>Only deserve my love.</i>
Rose, Caroline	<i>Love is dangerous.</i>
Rose, China	<i>Beauty always new.</i>
Rose, Christmas	<i>Tranquilize my anxiety.</i>
Rose, Daily	<i>Thy smile I aspire to.</i>
Rose, Damask	<i>Brilliant complexion.</i>
Rose, Deep Red	<i>Bashful shame.</i>
Rose, Dog	<i>Love, pleasure, and pain.</i>
Rose, Guelder	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
Rose, Hundred-leaved	<i>Pride.</i>
Rose, Japan	<i>Beauty is your only attraction.</i>
Rose, Maiden-blush	<i>If you love me you will find out.</i>
Rose, Montiflora	<i>Grace.</i>
Rose, Musk	<i>Capricious beauty.</i>
Rose, Musk, Cluster	<i>Charming.</i>
Rose, Red	<i>Love.</i>
Rose, Single	<i>Simplicity.</i>
Rose, Thornless	<i>Early attachment.</i>
Rose, Unique	<i>Call me not beautiful.</i>
Rose, White	<i>I am worthy of you.</i>

Rose, White (withered).....	<i>Transient impressions.</i>
Rose, Yellow.....	<i>Decrease of love. Jealousy</i>
Rose, York and Lancaster... ..	<i>War.</i>
Rose (full-blown, over two buds).....	<i>Secrecy.</i>
Rose, White and Red together.....	<i>Unity.</i>
Roses, Crown of.....	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Rosebud, Red.....	<i>Pure and lovely.</i>
Rosebud, White.....	<i>Girlhood.</i>
Rosebud, Moss.....	<i>Confession of love.</i>
Rose-leaf.....	<i>You may hope.</i>
Rosemary.....	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Rudbeckia.....	<i>Justice.</i>
Rue.....	<i>Disdain.</i>
Rush.....	<i>Decility.</i>
Rye grass.....	<i>Changeable disposition</i>
Saffron.....	<i>Beware of excess.</i>
Saffron Crocus.....	<i>Birth.</i>
Saffron, Meadow.....	<i>My happiest days are past</i>
Sage.....	<i>Domestic virtue.</i>
Sage, Garden.....	<i>Esteem.</i>
Sainfoin.....	<i>Agitation.</i>
Saint John's Wort.....	<i>Animosity.</i>
Salvia, Blue.....	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Salvia, Red.....	<i>Energy.</i>
Saxifrage, Mossy.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Scabious.....	<i>Unfortunate love.</i>
Scabious, Sweet.....	<i>Widowhood.</i>
Scarlet Lychnis.....	<i>Sunbeaming eyes.</i>
Schinus.....	<i>Religious enthusiasm</i>
Scotch Fir.....	<i>Elevation.</i>
Sensitive-plant.....	<i>Sensibility.</i>
Seny.....	<i>Indifference</i>
Shamrock.....	<i>Light-heartedness.</i>
Shepherd's Purse.....	<i>I offer you my all.</i>
Siphocampylos.....	<i>Resolved to be noticed.</i>
Snakesfoot.....	<i>Horror.</i>
Snapdragon.....	<i>Presumption. Also. "No."</i>
Snowball.....	<i>Bound.</i>
Snowdrop.....	<i>Hope.</i>
Sorrel.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Sorrel, Wild.....	<i>Wit ill-timed.</i>
Sorrel, Wood.....	<i>Joy.</i>
Southernwood.....	<i>Jest. Bantering.</i>
Spanish Jasmine.....	<i>Sensuality.</i>
Spearmint.....	<i>Warmth of sentiment</i>
Speedwell.....	<i>Female fidelity.</i>
Speedwell, German.....	<i>Facility.</i>
Speedwell, Spiked.....	<i>Resemblance.</i>
Spider-ophrys.....	<i>Adroitness.</i>

Spiderwort	Esteem, not love.
Spiked Willow-herb	Pretension. [my heart.
Spindle-tree	Your charms are engraven on
Star of Bethlehem	Purity.
Starwort	Afterthought.
Starwort, American	Cheerfulness in old age.
Stephanotis	Will you accompany me to the
St. John's Wort	Superstition. [East?
Stock	Lasting beauty.
Stock, Ten-week	Promptness.
Stoncrop	Tranquillity.
Straw (broken)	Rupture of a contract.
Straw (whole)	Union.
Strawberry-blossoms	Foresight.
Strawberry-tree	Esteem, not love.
Sultan, Lilac	I forgive you.
Sultan, White	Sweetness.
Sultan, Yellow	Contempt.
Sumach, Venice	Splendor.
Sunflower, Dwarf	Adoration.
Sunflower, Tall	Haughtiness. False riches.
Swallow-wort	Cure for heartache.
Sweet Basil	Good wishes.
Sweetbrier, American	Simplicity.
Sweetbrier, European	I wound to heal.
Sweetbrier, Yellow	Decrease of love.
Sweet Pea	Delicate pleasures.
Sweet Sultan	Felicity.
Sweet Sedge	Resignation.
Sweet-william	Gallantry. Dexterity.
Sycamore	Curiosity.
Syringa	Memory. Fraternal sympathy.
Syringa, Carolina	Disappointment.
Tamarisk	Crime.
Tansy, Wild	I declare war against you.
Teasel	Misanthropy.
Tendrils of Climbing-plants	Ties.
Thistle, Common	Austerity. Independence.
Thistle, Fuller's	Misanthropy.
Thistle, Scotch	Retaliation.
Thornapple	Deceitful charms.
Thorn, Branch of	Severity.
Thrift	Sympathy.
Throatwort	Neglected beauty.
Thyme	Activity, or Courage.
Tiger-flower	For once may pride befriend me
Traveler's joy	Safety.
Tree of Life	Old age.
Trefoil	Revenge.

Tremella Nestoc	Resistance.
Trillium Pictum	Modest beauty.
Triptilion Spinorum	Be prudent.
Truffle	Surprise.
Trumpet-flower	Fame.
Tuberose	Dangerous pleasures.
Tulip, Red	Declaration of love.
Tulip, Variegated	Beautiful eyes.
Tulip, Yellow	Hopeless love.
Tulip	Charity.
Tussilage, Sweet-scented	Justice shall be done you.
Valerian	An accommodating disposition.
Valerian, Greek	Rupture. [dor.
Venice Sumach	Intellectual excellence. Splen-
Venus's Car	Fly with me.
Venus's Looking-glass	Flattery.
Venus's Trap	Deceit.
Verbena, Pink	Family union. [unity.
Verbena, Scarlet	Unite against evil; or, Church
Verbena, White	Pray for me.
Vernal-grass	Poor, but happy.
Veronica	Fidelity.
Veronica Speciosa	Keep this for my sake.
Vervain	Enchantment.
Vine	Intoxication.
Violet, Blue	Faithfulness.
Violet, Dame	Watchfulness.
Violet, Sweet	Modesty.
Violet, Yellow	Rural happiness. [and shade.
Virginia Creeper	I cling to you both in sunshine
Virgin's Bower	Filial love.
Viscaria Oculata	Will you dance with me?
Volkamenia	May you be happy.
Wallflower	Fidelity in adversity.
Walnut	Intellect. Stratagem.
Watcher by the Wayside	Never despair.
Water-lily	Purity of heart.
Watermelon	Bulkiness.
Waxplant	Susceptibility.
Wheat-stalk	Riches.
Whin	Anger.
White Flytrap	Deceit.
White Jasmine	Amiability.
White Lily	Purity and modesty.
White Mullein	Good-nature.
White Oak	Independence.
White Pink	Talent.
White Poplar	Time.

White Rose (dried).....	Death preferable to loss of in-
Whortleberry	Treason. [nocence.
Willow, Creeping	Love forsaken.
Willow, French	Bravery and humanity.
Willow, Herb	Pretension.
Willow, Water	Freedom.
Willow, Weeping	Mourning.
Winter Cherry	Deception.
Wisteria	Welcome, fair stranger.
Witch Hazel	A spell.
Woodbine	Fraternal love.
Wood Sorrel.....	Joy. Maternal tenderness.
Wormwood	Absence.
Xanthium	Rudeness. Pertinacity.
Xeranthemum.....	Cheerfulness under adversity.
Yew	Sorrow.
Zephyr-flower	Expectation.
Zinnia	Thoughts of absent friends.

PART THE SECOND.

Absence	Wormwood.
Abuse not.....	Crocus.
Acknowledgment	Canterbury-bell.
Activity, or Courage	Thyme.
A deadly foe is near	Monkshood.
Admiration.....	Amethyst.
Adoration	Dwarf Sunflower.
Adroitness	Spider-ophrys.
Adulation	Cacalia.
Advice	Rhubarb.
Affection	Mossy Saxifrage.
Affection	Pear.
Affection	Sorrel.
Affection beyond the grave	Green Locust.
Affection, Maternal	Cinquefoil.
Affectation	Cockscomb Amaranth.
Affectation	Morning-glory.
Affliction	Black Poplar.
Afterthought	Michaelmas Daisy.
Afterthought	Starwort.
Afterthought	China Aster.
Agreement	Straw.
Age.....	Guelder Rose.
Agitation	Moving-plant.
Agitation	Sainfoin.

Alas! for my poor heart.....	<i>Deep-red Carnation.</i>
Always cheerful	<i>Coreopsis.</i>
Always delightful.....	<i>Cineraria.</i>
Always lovely	<i>Indian Pink (double).</i>
Ambassador of Love	<i>Cabbage Rose.</i>
Amiability	<i>Jasminc.</i>
Anger	<i>Whin.</i>
Anger	<i>Furze.</i>
Animosity	<i>St. John's Wort.</i>
Anticipation	<i>Gooseberry.</i>
Anxious and trembling	<i>Red Columbine.</i>
Ardor, Zeal	<i>Cuckoo-point. Arum.</i>
Argument	<i>Fig.</i>
Arts	<i>Acanthus.</i>
Artifice	<i>Clematis.</i>
Assiduous to please	<i>Sprig of ivy, with tendrils.</i>
Assignation	<i>Pimpernel.</i>
Attachment	<i>Indian Jasmine.</i>
Audacity	<i>Larch.</i>
Avarice	<i>Scarlet Auricula.</i>
Aversion	<i>Chinese or Indian Pink.</i>
Bantering	<i>Southernwood.</i>
Baseness	<i>Dodder.</i>
Bashfulness	<i>Pcony.</i>
Bashful shame	<i>Deep-red Rose.</i>
Be prudent	<i>Triptilion Spinosum.</i>
Be warned in time	<i>Echites Atropurpurea.</i>
Beautiful eyes.....	<i>Variegated Tulip.</i>
Beauty	<i>Particolored Daisy.</i>
Beauty always new	<i>China Rose.</i>
Beauty, Capricious.....	<i>Lady's-slipper.</i>
Beauty, Capricious.....	<i>Musk-rose.</i>
Beauty, Delicate	<i>Flower of an hour.</i>
Beauty, Delicate	<i>Hibiscus.</i>
Beauty, Divine	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
Beauty, Glorious	<i>Glory-flower.</i>
Beauty, Lasting	<i>Stock.</i>
Beauty, Magnificent.....	<i>Calla Æthiopica.</i>
Beauty, Mental.....	<i>Clematis.</i>
Beauty, Modest	<i>Trillium Pictum.</i>
Beauty, Neglected	<i>Throatwort.</i>
Beauty, Pensive	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Beauty, Rustic	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Beauty, Unconscious	<i>Burgundy Rose.</i>
Beauty is your only attraction	<i>Japan Rose.</i>
Belle	<i>Orchis.</i>
Be mine	<i>Four-leaved Clover.</i>
Beneficence	<i>Marshmallow.</i>
Benevolence	<i>Potato.</i>

Betrayed	<i>White Catchfly.</i>
Beware	<i>Oleander.</i>
Beware	<i>Rosebay.</i>
Beware of a false friend.....	<i>Franeisca Latifolia.</i>
Bitterness ..	<i>Aloe.</i>
Blackness	<i>Ebony-tree.</i>
Bluntness	<i>Borage.</i>
Blushes	<i>Marjoram.</i>
Boaster	<i>Hydrangea.</i>
Boldness	<i>Pink.</i>
Bonds	<i>Convolvulus.</i>
Bonds of affection	<i>Gillyflower.</i>
Bravery	<i>Oak-leaves.</i>
Bravery and humanity	<i>French Willow.</i>
Bridal favor	<i>Ivy-geranium.</i>
Brilliant complexion.....	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Bulk	<i>Watermelon.</i>
Bulk	<i>Gourd.</i>
Busybody	<i>Quamoclit.</i>
Bury me amid Nature's beauties..	<i>Persimmon.</i>
Call me not beautiful.....	<i>Rose Unique.</i>
Calm repose	<i>Buckbean.</i>
Calumny	<i>Hellebore.</i>
Calumny	<i>Madder.</i>
Change	<i>Pimpernel.</i>
Changeable disposition	<i>Rye-grass.</i>
Charity	<i>Turnip.</i>
Charming.....	<i>Cluster of Musk-roses.</i>
Charms, Deceitful	<i>Thorn-apple.</i>
Cheerfulness	<i>Saffron Crocus.</i>
Cheerfulness in old age.....	<i>American Starwort.</i>
Cheerfulness under adversity,	<i>Chinese Crysanthemum</i>
Chivalry	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Cleanliness.....	<i>Hyssop.</i>
Cold-heartedness.....	<i>Lettuce.</i>
Coldness	<i>Agnus Castus.</i>
Color of my life.....	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
Come down	<i>Jacob's Ladder.</i>
Comfort	<i>Pear-tree.</i>
Comforting	<i>Searlet Geranium.</i>
Compassion	<i>Allspice.</i>
Concealed love	<i>Motherwort.</i>
Concert	<i>Nettle-tee.</i>
Concord	<i>Lote-tree.</i>
Confession of love	<i>Moss Rosebud.</i>
Confidence	<i>Hepatica.</i>
Confidence	<i>Lilae Polyanthus.</i>
Confidence	<i>Liverwort.</i>
Confidence in Heaven	<i>Flowering Reed.</i>

Conjugal love	<i>Lime or Linden Tree.</i>
Consolation	<i>Red Poppy.</i>
Constancy	<i>Bluebell.</i>
Consumed by love	<i>Syrian Mallow.</i>
Contentment	<i>Hoyabella.</i>
Could you bear poverty? ..	<i>Browallia Jamisonii.</i>
Counterfeit	<i>Mock-orange.</i>
Courage	<i>Black Poplar.</i>
Crime	<i>Tamarisk.</i>
Cure	<i>Balm-of-Gilead.</i>
Cure for heartache	<i>Swallow-wort.</i>
Curiosity	<i>Syeamore.</i>
Danger	<i>Rhododendron. Rosebay.</i>
Dangerous pleasures	<i>Tuberose.</i>
Death	<i>Cypress.</i>
Death preferable to loss of innocence	} <i>White Rose (dried).</i>
Deceit	<i>Apocynum.</i>
Deceit	<i>White Flytrap.</i>
Deceit	<i>Dogsbane.</i>
Deceit	<i>Geranium.</i>
Deceitful charms	<i>Thorn-apple.</i>
Deception	<i>White Cherry-tree.</i>
Declaration of love	<i>Red Tulip.</i>
Decrease of love	<i>Yellow Rose.</i>
Deformed	<i>Begonia.</i>
Dejection	<i>Lichen.</i>
Delay	<i>Eupatorium.</i>
Delicacy	<i>Bluebottle. Centaury.</i>
Delicacy	<i>Cornflower.</i>
Depart	<i>Dandelion-seeds in the ball.</i>
Desire to please	<i>Mezereon.</i>
Despair	<i>Cypress.</i>
Despair not, God is everywhere,	<i>White Julienne.</i>
Despondency	<i>Humble-plant.</i>
Devotion, or, I turn to thee.	<i>Peruvian Heliotrope.</i>
Dexterity	<i>Sweet-William.</i>
Difficulty	<i>Blackthorn.</i>
Dignity	<i>Cloves.</i>
Dignity	<i>Laurel-leaved Magnolia.</i>
Disappointment	<i>Carolina Spring.</i>
Disdain	<i>Yellow Carnation.</i>
Disdain	<i>Rue.</i>
Disgust	<i>Frog-ophrys.</i>
Dissension	<i>Pride of China.</i>
Distinction	<i>Cardinal-flower.</i>
Distrust	<i>Lavender.</i>
Divine beauty	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
Docility	<i>Rush.</i>

Domestic industry	<i>Flax.</i>
Domestic virtue	<i>Sage.</i>
Do not despise my poverty	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>
Do not refuse me	<i>Eschscholtzia, or Carrot-flower.</i>
Doubt	<i>Apricot-blossom.</i>
Durability	<i>Dogwood.</i>
Duration	<i>Cornel-tree.</i>
Early attachment	<i>Thornless Rose.</i>
Early friendship	<i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>
Early youth	<i>Primrose.</i>
Elegance	<i>Locust-tree.</i>
Elegance and grace	<i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>
Elevation	<i>Scotch Fir.</i>
Eloquence	<i>Lagerstrœmia, Indian.</i>
Enchantment	<i>Holly Herb.</i>
Enchantment	<i>Fervain.</i>
Energy	<i>Red Salvia.</i>
Energy in adversity	<i>Camomile.</i>
Envy	<i>Bramble.</i>
Error	<i>Bee-orchis.</i>
Error	<i>Fly-orchis.</i>
Esteem	<i>Garden Sage.</i>
Esteem, not love	<i>Spiderwort.</i>
Esteem, not love	<i>Strawberry-tree.</i>
Estranged love	<i>Lotus-flower.</i>
Excellence	<i>Camellia-Japonica.</i>
Expectation	<i>Anemone.</i>
Expectation	<i>Zephyr-flower.</i>
Expected meeting	<i>Nutmeg-geranium.</i>
Extent	<i>Gourd.</i>
Extinguished hopes	<i>Convolvulus-major.</i>
Facility	<i>Germander Speedwell.</i>
Fairies' fire	<i>Pyrus-japonica.</i>
Faithfulness	<i>Blue Violet.</i>
Faithfulness	<i>Heliotrope.</i>
Falsehood	<i>Bugloss. Deadly Nightshade.</i>
Falsehood	<i>Yellow Lily.</i>
Falsehood	<i>Manchineal-tree.</i>
False riches	<i>Tall Sunflower.</i>
Fame	<i>Tulip.</i>
Fame speaks him great and good	<i>Apple-blossom.</i>
Family union	<i>Pink Verbena.</i>
Fantastic extravagance	<i>Scarlet Poppy.</i>
Farewell	<i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>
Fascination	<i>Fern.</i>
Fascination	<i>Homesty.</i>
Fashion	<i>Queen's Rocket.</i>
Fecundity	<i>Hollyhock.</i>

Felicity	<i>Sweet Sultan.</i>
Female fidelity	<i>Speedwell.</i>
Festivity	<i>Parsley.</i>
Fickleness	<i>Abatina.</i>
Fickleness	<i>Pink Larkspur.</i>
Filial love	<i>Virgin's-bower.</i>
Fidelity	<i>Veronica. Ivy.</i>
Fidelity	<i>Plum-tree.</i>
Fidelity in adversity	<i>Wallflower.</i>
Fidelity in love	<i>Lemon-blossoms.</i>
Fire	<i>Fleur-de-luce.</i>
First emotions of love	<i>Purple Lilac.</i>
Flame	<i>Fleur-de-lis. Iris.</i>
Flattery	<i>Venus's Looking-glass.</i>
Flee away	<i>Pennyroyal.</i>
Fly with me	<i>Venus's Car.</i>
Folly	<i>Columbine.</i>
Foppery	<i>Cockscorb. Amaranth.</i>
Foolishness	<i>Pomegranate.</i>
Foresight	<i>Holly.</i>
Forgetfulness	<i>Moonwort.</i>
Forget-me-not	<i>Forget-me-not.</i>
For once may pride befriend me	<i>Tiger-flower.</i>
Forsaken	<i>Garden Anemone.</i>
Forsaken	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Fortitude	<i>Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.</i>
Fragrance	<i>Camphire.</i>
Frankness	<i>Osier.</i>
Fraternal love	<i>Woodbine.</i>
Fraternal sympathy	<i>Syringa.</i>
Freedom	<i>Water-Willow.</i>
Freshness	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Friendship	<i>Acacia. Ivy.</i>
Friendship, early	<i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>
Friendship, true	<i>Oak-leaved Geranium.</i>
Friendship, unchanging	<i>Arbor-vitæ.</i>
Frivolity	<i>London Pride.</i>
Frugality	<i>Chicory. Endive.</i>
Gayety	<i>Butterfly Orchis.</i>
Gayety	<i>Yellow Lily.</i>
Gallantry	<i>Sweet-William.</i>
Generosity	<i>Orange-tree.</i>
Generous and devoted affection	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Genius	<i>Plane-tree.</i>
Gentility	<i>Corncockle.</i>
Girlhood	<i>White Rosebud.</i>
Give me your good wishes	<i>Sweet Basil.</i>
Gladness	<i>Myrrh.</i>
Glory	<i>Laurel.</i>

Glory. Immortality	<i>Daphne.</i>
Glorious beauty	<i>Glory-flower.</i>
Goodness	<i>Bonus Henricus.</i>
Goodness	<i>Mercury.</i>
Good education	<i>Cherry-tree.</i>
Good wishes	<i>Sweet Basil.</i>
Good-nature	<i>White Mullein.</i>
Gossip	<i>Cobæa.</i>
Grace	<i>Multiflora Rose.</i>
Grace and elegance	<i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>
Grandeur	<i>Ash-tree.</i>
Gratitude	<i>Small White Bellflower.</i>
Grief	<i>Harebell.</i>
Grief	<i>Marigold.</i>
Happy love	<i>Bridal Rose.</i>
Hatred	<i>Basil.</i>
Haughtiness	<i>Purple Larkspur.</i>
Haughtiness	<i>Tall Sunflower.</i>
Health	<i>Iceland Moss.</i>
Hermitage	<i>Milkwort.</i>
Hidden worth	<i>Coriander.</i>
High-bred	<i>Penstemon Azureum.</i>
Holy wishes	<i>Plumbago Larpenta.</i>
Honesty	<i>Honesty.</i>
Hope	<i>Flowering Almond.</i>
Hope	<i>Hawthorn.</i>
Hope	<i>Snowdrop.</i>
Hope in adversity	<i>Spruce Pine.</i>
Hopeless love	<i>Yellow Tulip.</i>
Hopeless, not heartless	<i>Love-lies-bleeding.</i>
Horror	<i>Mandrake.</i>
Horror	<i>Dragonswort.</i>
Horror	<i>Snakesfoot.</i>
Hospitality	<i>Oak-tree.</i>
Humility	<i>Broom.</i>
Humility	<i>Smaller Bindweed.</i>
Humility	<i>Field Lilac.</i>
I am too happy	<i>Cape Jasmine.</i>
I am your captive	<i>Peach-blossom.</i>
I am worthy of you	<i>White Rose.</i>
I change but in death	<i>Bay-leaf.</i>
I claim at least your esteem	<i>Potentilla.</i>
I dare not	<i>Veronica Speciosa</i>
I declare against you	<i>Belvedere.</i>
I declare against you	<i>Liquorice.</i>
I declare war against you	<i>Wild Tansy.</i>
I die if neglected	<i>Laurestina.</i>
I desire a return of affection	<i>Jonquil.</i>

I feel my obligations	<i>Lint.</i>
I feel your kindness	<i>Flax.</i>
I have lost all	<i>Mourning Bride.</i>
I live for thee	<i>Cedar-leaf.</i>
I love	<i>Red Crysanthemum.</i>
I offer you my all	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>
I offer you my fortune, or I offer you pecuniary aid... }	<i>Calceolaria.</i>
I share your sentiments	<i>Double China-aster.</i>
I share your sentiments	<i>Garden Daisy.</i>
I shall die to-morrow	<i>Gum-cistus.</i>
I shall not survive you	<i>Black Mulberry.</i>
I surmount difficulties	<i>Mistletoe.</i>
I watch over you	<i>Mountain-ash.</i>
I weep for you	<i>Purple Verbena.</i>
I will think of it	<i>Single China-aster.</i>
I will think of it, or hope ..	<i>Wild Daisy.</i>
I wound to heal	<i>Eglantine. Sweetbrier.</i>
If you love me, you will find out,	<i>Maidenblush Rose.</i>
Idleness	<i>Mesembryanthemum.</i>
Ill-nature	<i>Crab-blossom.</i>
Ill-natured beauty	<i>Citron.</i>
Imagination	<i>Lupine.</i>
Immortality	<i>Globe Amaranth.</i>
Impatience	<i>Yellow Balsam.</i>
Impatient of absence	<i>Corechorus.</i>
Impatient resolves	<i>Red Balsam.</i>
Imperfection	<i>Henbane.</i>
Importunity	<i>Burdock.</i>
Inconstancy	<i>Evening Primrose.</i>
Incorruptible	<i>Cedar of Lebanon.</i>
Independence	<i>Common Thistle.</i>
Independence	<i>Wild Plum-tree.</i>
Independence	<i>White Oak.</i>
Indifference	<i>Ever-flowering Candytuft.</i>
Indifference	<i>Mustard-seed.</i>
Indifference	<i>Pigeon-berry.</i>
Indifference	<i>Senny.</i>
Indiscretion	<i>Split Reed.</i>
Indolence	<i>Mittraria Coccinea.</i>
Industry	<i>Red Clover.</i>
Industry, Domestic	<i>Flax.</i>
Ingeniousness	<i>White Pink.</i>
Ingenuity	<i>Penciled Geranium.</i>
Ingenuous simplicity	<i>Mouse-eared Chickweed.</i>
Ingratitude	<i>Crowfoot.</i>
Innocence	<i>Daisy.</i>
Insincerity	<i>Foxglove.</i>
Insinuation	<i>Great Bindweed.</i>
Inspiration	<i>Angelica.</i>

Instability	<i>Dahlia.</i>
Intellect	<i>Walnut.</i>
Intoxication	<i>Vine.</i>
Irony	<i>Sardony.</i>
Jealousy	<i>French Marigold.</i>
Jealousy	<i>Yellow Rose.</i>
Jest	<i>Southernwood.</i>
Joy	<i>Wood-sorrel.</i>
Joys to come	<i>Lesser Celandine.</i>
Justice	<i>Rudbeckia.</i>
Justice shall be done to you	<i>Coltsfoot, or Tussilage.</i>
Keep your promise	<i>Petunia.</i>
Kindness	<i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>
Knight-errantry	<i>Helmet-flower, or Monkshood.</i>
Lamentation	<i>Aspen-tree.</i>
Lasting beauty	<i>Stock.</i>
Lasting pleasures	<i>Everlasting Pea.</i>
Let me go	<i>Butterfly-weed.</i>
Levity	<i>Larkspur.</i>
Liberty	<i>Live-oak.</i>
Life	<i>Lucerne.</i>
Light-heartedness	<i>Shamrock.</i>
Lightness	<i>Larkspur.</i>
Live for me	<i>Arbor-vitæ.</i>
Love	<i>Myrtle.</i>
Love	<i>Rose.</i>
Love, forsaken	<i>Creeping-willow.</i>
Lone, returned	<i>Ambrosia.</i>
Love is dangerous	<i>Carolina Rose.</i>
Love for all seasons	<i>Furze.</i>
Luster	<i>Aconite-leaved Crowfoot.</i>
Luxury	<i>Chestnut-tree.</i>
Magnificence	<i>Magnolia.</i>
Magnificent beauty	<i>Calla Æthiopica.</i>
Majesty	<i>Crown Imperial.</i>
Make haste	<i>Dianthus.</i>
Malevolence	<i>Lobelia.</i>
Marriage	<i>Ivy.</i>
Maternal affection	<i>Cinquefoil.</i>
Maternal love	<i>Moss.</i>
Maternal tenderness	<i>Wood-sorrel.</i>
Matrimony	<i>American Linden.</i>
Matronly grace	<i>Cattleya.</i>
Mature charms	<i>Cattleya Pineli.</i>
May you be happy	<i>Volkamania.</i>
Meanness	<i>Cuscuta.</i>

Meekness	<i>Birch.</i>
Melancholy	<i>Autumnal Leaves.</i>
Melancholy	<i>Dark Geranium.</i>
Melancholy	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Mental beauty	<i>Clematis.</i>
Mental beauty	<i>Kennedia.</i>
Message	<i>Iris.</i>
Mildness	<i>Mallow.</i>
Mirth	<i>Saffron Crocus.</i>
Misanthropy	<i>Aconite (Wolfsbane).</i>
Misanthropy	<i>Fuller's Teazel.</i>
Modest beauty	<i>Trillium Pictum.</i>
Modest genius	<i>Creeping Cereus.</i>
Modesty	<i>Violet.</i>
Modesty and purity	<i>White Lily.</i>
Momentary happiness	<i>Virginian Spiderwort.</i>
Mourning	<i>Weeping Willow.</i>
Music	<i>Bunch of Reeds, with panicles.</i>
My best days are past	<i>Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron.</i>
My regrets follow you to the grave	} <i>Asphodel.</i>
Neatness	<i>Broom.</i>
Neglected beauty	<i>Throatwort.</i>
Never-ceasing remembrance	<i>Everlasting.</i>
Never despair	<i>Watcher-by-the-wayside.</i>
No	<i>Snardragon.</i>
Old age	<i>Tree-of-life.</i>
Only deserve my love	<i>Rose-campion.</i>
Painful recollections	<i>Flos-adonis.</i>
Painting	<i>Auricula.</i>
Painting the lily	<i>Daphne-odora.</i>
Passion	<i>White Dittany.</i>
Paternal error	<i>Cardamine.</i>
Patience	<i>Dock. Oxye.</i>
Patriotism	<i>American Elm.</i>
Patriotism	<i>Nasturtium.</i>
Pease	<i>Olive.</i>
Perfected loveliness	<i>White Camellia-japonica.</i>
Perfidy	<i>Common Laurel, in flower.</i>
Pensive beauty	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Perplexity	<i>Love-in-a-mist.</i>
Persecution	<i>Checkered Fritillary.</i>
Perseverance	<i>Swamp Magnolia.</i>
Persuasior	<i>Althea Frutex.</i>
Persuasion	<i>Syrian Mallow.</i>
Pertinacity	<i>Clotbur.</i>
Pity	<i>Pine. Also, Andromeda.</i>

Pleasure and pain	<i>Dogrose.</i>
Pleasure, lasting	<i>Everlasting Pea.</i>
Pleasures of memory	<i>White Periwinkle.</i>
Pomp	<i>Dahlia.</i>
Popular favor	<i>Cistus, or Rock-rose</i>
Poverty	<i>Evergreen Clematis.</i>
Power	<i>Imperial Montague.</i>
Power	<i>Cress.</i>
Pray for me	<i>White Verbena.</i>
Precaution	<i>Golden-rod.</i>
Prediction	<i>Prophetic Marigold.</i>
Pretension	<i>Spiked Willow-herb.</i>
Pride	<i>Hundred-leaved Rose.</i>
Pride	<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Privation	<i>Indian Plum.</i>
Privation	<i>Myrobalan.</i>
Profit	<i>Cabbage.</i>
Prohibition	<i>Privet.</i>
Prolific	<i>Fig-tree.</i>
Promptness	<i>Ten-week Stock.</i>
Prosperity	<i>Beech-tree.</i>
Protection	<i>Bearded Crepis.</i>
Prudence	<i>Mountain Ash.</i>
Pure love	<i>Single Red Pink.</i>
Pure and ardent love	<i>Double Red Pink.</i>
Pure and lovely	<i>Red Rosebud.</i>
Purity	<i>Star of Bethlehem.</i>
Quarrel	<i>Broken Corn-straw.</i>
Quicksightedness	<i>Hawkweed.</i>
Ready-armed	<i>Gladioli.</i>
Reason	<i>Goat's-rue.</i>
Recantation	<i>Lotus-leaf.</i>
Recall	<i>Silver-leaved Geranium.</i>
Reconciliation	<i>Filbert.</i>
Reconciliation	<i>Hazel.</i>
Refinement	<i>Garдения.</i>
Refusal	<i>Striped Carnation.</i>
Regard	<i>Daffodil.</i>
Regret	<i>Purple Verbena.</i>
Relief	<i>Balm-of-gilead.</i>
Relieve my anxiety	<i>Christmas Rose.</i>
Religious superstition	<i>Aloe.</i>
Religious superstition, or Faith	<i>Passion-flower.</i>
Religious enthusiasm	<i>Schinus.</i>
Remembrance	<i>Rosemary.</i>
Remorse	<i>Bramble.</i>
Remorse	<i>Raspberry.</i>
Rendezvous	<i>Chickweed.</i>

Reserve	<i>Maple.</i>
Resistance	<i>Tremilla-nestoc.</i>
Resolved to be noticed.....	<i>Siphocampylos.</i>
Restoration	<i>Persicaria.</i>
Retaliation	<i>Scotch Thistle.</i>
Return of happiness	<i>Lily-of-the-valley.</i>
Revenge	<i>Birdsfoot Trefoil</i>
Reverie	<i>Flowering Fern.</i>
Reward of merit	<i>Bay Wreath.</i>
Reward of virtue	<i>Garland of Roses</i>
Riches	<i>Corn.</i>
Riches	<i>Buttercups.</i>
Rigor	<i>Lantana.</i>
Rivalry	<i>Rocket.</i>
Rudeness	<i>Clothbar.</i>
Rudeness	<i>Xanthium.</i>
Rural happiness	<i>Yellow Violet.</i>
Rustic beauty	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Rustic oracle	<i>Dandelion.</i>
Sadness	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Safety	<i>Traveler's Joy.</i>
Satire	<i>Prickly Pear.</i>
Sculpture	<i>Hoya.</i>
Secret love	<i>Yellow Acacia.</i>
Semblance	<i>Spiked Speedwell.</i>
Sensitiveness	<i>Mimosa.</i>
Sensuality	<i>Spanish Jasmine.</i>
Separation	<i>Carolina Jasmine.</i>
Severity	<i>Branch of Thorns.</i>
Shame	<i>Peony.</i>
Sharpness	<i>Barberry-tree.</i>
Sickness	<i>Anemone (Zephyr-flower);</i>
Silent love	<i>Evening Primrose.</i>
Silliness	<i>Fool's Parsley.</i>
Simplicity	<i>American Sweetbrier.</i>
Sincerity	<i>Garden Cherril.</i>
Slighted love	<i>Yellow Crysanthemum.</i>
Snare	<i>Catchfly. Dragon-plant.</i>
Solitude	<i>Heath.</i>
Soon	<i>Blackthorn.</i>
Sorrow	<i>Yew.</i>
Sourness of temper	<i>Barberry.</i>
Speak out.....	<i>Oslip.</i>
Spell	<i>Circaea.</i>
Spleen	<i>Fumitory.</i>
Splendid beauty	<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Splendor	<i>Yellow Auricula.</i>
Sporting	<i>Footail-grass.</i>
Steadfast piety	<i>Wild Geranium.</i>

Stoicism	<i>Box-tree.</i>
Strength	<i>Cedar. Fennel.</i>
Stupidity	<i>Horseshoe-leaf Geranium.</i>
Submission	<i>Grass.</i>
Submission	<i>Harebell.</i>
Success everywhere	<i>Nemophila.</i>
Success crown your wishes ..	<i>Coronella.</i>
Succor	<i>Juniper.</i>
Such worth is rare ..	<i>Achimenes.</i>
Sunbeaming eyes	<i>Scarlet Lychnis.</i>
Superstition	<i>St. John's Wort.</i>
Surprise	<i>Truffle.</i>
Susceptibility	<i>Wax-plant.</i>
Suspicion	<i>Champignon.</i>
Sympathy	<i>Balm.</i>
Sympathy	<i>Thrift.</i>
Talent	<i>White Pink.</i>
Tardiness	<i>Flax-leaved Golden-locks.</i>
Taste	<i>Scarlet Fuchsia.</i>
Tears	<i>Helenium.</i>
Temperance	<i>Azalea.</i>
Temptation	<i>Apple.</i>
Thankfulness	<i>Agrimony.</i>
The color of my fate	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
The heart's mystery	<i>Crimson Polyanthus.</i>
The perfection of female loveliness	} <i>Justicia.</i>
The witching soul of music ..	
The variety of your conver- sation delights me	} <i>Clarkia.</i>
There only do I love	
There is no unalloyed good ..	<i>Lapagenia Rosea.</i>
Thoughts	<i>Pansy.</i>
Thoughts of absent friends ..	<i>Zinnia.</i>
Thy frown will kill me	<i>Currant.</i>
Thy smile I aspire to	<i>Daily Rose.</i>
Ties	<i>Tendrils of Climbing Plants</i>
Timidity	<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Timidity	<i>Mareel of Peru.</i>
Time	<i>White Poplar.</i>
Tranquillity	<i>Mudwort.</i>
Tranquillity	<i>Stoncrop.</i>
Tranquilize my anxiety	<i>Christmas Rose.</i>
Transient beauty	<i>Night-blooming Cereus</i>
Transient impressions	<i>Withered White Rose.</i>
Transport of joy ..	<i>Cape Jasmine.</i>
Treachery	<i>Bilberry.</i>
True love	<i>Forget-me-not.</i>
True friendship ..	<i>Oak-leaved Geranium</i>

Truth	<i>Bittersweet Nightshade.</i>
Truth	<i>White Crysanthemum.</i>
Unanimity	<i>Phlox.</i>
Unbelief	<i>Judas-tree.</i>
Unceasing remembrance	<i>American Cudweed.</i>
Unchanging friendship	<i>Arbor-vite.</i>
Unconscious beauty	<i>Burgundy Rose.</i>
Unexpected meeting	<i>Lemon Geranium.</i>
Unfortunate attachment	<i>Mourning Bride.</i>
Unfortunate love	<i>Scabious.</i>
Union	<i>Whole Straw.</i>
Unity	<i>White and Red Rose together.</i>
Unite against a common foe	<i>Scarlet Verbena.</i>
Unpatronized merit	<i>Red Primrose.</i>
Unrequited love	<i>Daffodil.</i>
Uprightness	<i>Imbricata.</i>
Uselessness	<i>Meadowsweet.</i>
Utility	<i>Grass.</i>
Variety	<i>China Aster.</i>
Variety	<i>Rosa-mundi.</i>
Vice	<i>Darnel (Raygrass).</i>
Victory	<i>Palm.</i>
Virtue	<i>Mint.</i>
Virtue, Domestic	<i>Sage.</i>
Volubility	<i>Abecedary.</i>
Voraciousness	<i>Lupine.</i>
Vulgar minds	<i>African Marigold.</i>
War	<i>York and Lancaster Rose.</i>
War	<i>Achillea Millefolia.</i>
Warlike trophy	<i>Indian Cress.</i>
Warmth of feeling	<i>Peppermint.</i>
Watchfulness	<i>Dame Violet.</i>
Weakness	<i>Moschatel.</i>
Weakness	<i>Musk-plant.</i>
Welcome, fair stranger	<i>Wisteria.</i>
Welcome to a stranger	<i>American Starwort.</i>
Widowhood	<i>Sweet Scabious.</i>
Will you accompany me to the East?	} <i>Stephanotis.</i>
Will you dance with me? ..	
Win me and wear me	<i>Lady's-slipper.</i>
Winning grace	<i>Cowslip.</i>
Winter	<i>Guelder-rose.</i>
Wisdom	<i>Blue Salvia.</i>
Wit	<i>Meadow Lychnis.</i>
Wit, ill-timed	<i>Wild Sorrel.</i>
Witchcraft	<i>Enchanter's Nightshade.</i>

Worth beyond beauty	<i>Sweet Alyssum.</i>
Worth sustained by judi- cious and tender affection }	<i>Pink Convolvulus.</i>
Worldliness, self-seeking	<i>Clianthus.</i>
Worthy of all praise	<i>Fennel.</i>
You are cold	<i>Hortensia.</i>
You are my divinity	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
You are perfect	<i>Pineapple.</i>
You are radiant with charms,	<i>Ranunculus.</i>
You are rich in attractions	<i>Garden Ranunculus.</i>
You are the queen of coquets,	<i>Queen's Rocket.</i>
You are charming	<i>Leschenaultia Splendens.</i>
You have no claims	<i>Pasque-flower.</i>
You have many lovers	<i>Chorozema Varium.</i>
You please all	<i>Branch of Currants.</i>
You are too bold	<i>Dipladenia Crassinoda.</i>
You will be my death	<i>Hemlock.</i>
Your charms are engraven on my heart.....	<i>Spindle-tree.</i>
Your looks freeze me	<i>Iceplant.</i>
Your presence softens my pain,	<i>Milkvetch.</i>
Your purity equals your loveliness.....	<i>Orange-blossoms.</i>
Your qualities, like your charms, are unequaled ..	<i>Peach.</i>
Your qualities surpass your charms	<i>Mignonette.</i>
Your temper is too hasty ..	<i>Grammanthes Chlorastrata.</i>
Youthful beauty	<i>Cowslip.</i>
Youthful innocence	<i>White Lilac.</i>
Youthful love	<i>Red Catchfly.</i>
Your whims are unbearable ..	<i>Monarda Amplexicaulis.</i>
Zealousness	<i>Elder.</i>
Zest	<i>Lemon.</i>







FLORAL POESY.

INTRODUCTION.



THE most charming of all gifts is one of flowers. A queen may give them to her subjects; and the poorest subject may offer them to a monarch.

They are the representatives of all times and of all nations,—the pledges of all feelings. The infant plays with them, and gains his first idea of beauty from their blossoms; the lover gives them to his beloved; the bride wears them. We offer them to our beloved dead; dynasties are represented by a flower; nations adopt them as their emblems. Universal is their hold on human sympathies,—universal their language.

Floral Poesy is, therefore, the most appropriate of all presents; and, in giving this title to a language of flowers, and a collection of charming poems on them, we believe we have not been guilty of a misnomer.

Hood, in the following pretty lines, has afforded us an admirable introduction to our poetical Posie:—

Welcome, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow;
 The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine:—
 Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow
 Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red Roses, gathered at thy cheeks,—
 The white were all too happy to look white:
 For love the Rose, for faith the Lily speaks:
 It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright!

Dost love sweet Hyacinth? Its scented leaf
 Curles manifold,—all love's delights blow double:
 'Tis said this floweret is inscribed with grief,—
 But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I plucked the Primrose at night's dewy noon;
 Like Hope, it showed its blossoms in the night;—
 'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon!
 And here are Sunflowers, amorous of light!

These golden Buttercups are April's seal,—
 The Daisy stars her constellations be:
 These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,
 Therefore I pluck no Daisies but for thee!

Here's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom,
 Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours:—
 A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—
 So may thy life be measured out by flowers!

Our readers will perceive that the symbolism and language of flowers were not unknown to the poet. Mrs. Browning says truly and charmingly:—

Love's language may be talked with these;
 To work out choicest sentences,
 No blossoms can be meeter;
 And, such being used in Eastern bowers,
 Young maids may wonder if the flowers
 Or meanings be the sweeter.

And such being strewn before a bride,
 Her little foot may turn aside,
 Their longer bloom decreeing,
 Unless some voice's whispered sound
 Should make her gaze upon the ground
 Too earnestly for seeing.

And such being scattered on a grave,
 Whoever mourneth there, may have
 A type which seemeth worthy
 Of that fair body hid below,
 Which bloomed on earth a time ago,
 Then perished as the earthy.

And such being wreathed for worldly feast,
 Across the brimming cup some guest
 Their rainbow colors viewing,
 May feel them, with a silent start,
 The covenant his childish heart
 With Nature made,—renewing.

And Leigh Hunt playfully declares:—

An exquisite invention this,
 Worthy of love's most honeyed kiss,
 This art of writing *billet doux*
 In buds and odors, and bright hues;
 In saying all one feels and thinks
 In clever daffodils and pinks,
 Uttering (as well as silence may)
 The sweetest words the sweetest way:
 How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
 The place where *billet doux* repose 'em.

How charming in some rural spot,
 Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
 At once to cultivate one's flowers,
 And one's epistolary powers,
 Growing one's own choice words and fancies
 In orange-tubs and beds of pansies;
 One's sighs and passionate declarations
 In odorous rhet'ric of carnations;
 Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
 Taking due care one's flowers of speech
 To guard from blight as well as bathos,
 And watering every day one's pathos.

A letter comes just gathered; we
 Dote on its tender brilliancy;
 Inhale its delicate expression
 Of balm and pea; and its confession
 Made with as sweet a maiden blush
 As ever morn bedewed in bush;
 And then, when we have kissed its wit,
 And heart, in water putting it,
 To keep its remarks fresh, go round
 Our little eloquent plot of ground,
 And with delighted hands compose
 Our answer, all of lily and rose,
 Of tuberose and of violet,
 And little darling (*mignonette*),
 And gratitude and polyanthus,
 And flowers that say, "Felt never man thus!"

How flowers may be made to hold a conversation,
 Christine Pire tells us in the following dialogue:—

THE LOVER.

I give to thee the Autumn rose,
 Let it say how dear thou art;
 All my lips dare not disclose,
 Let it whisper to thy heart;
 How love draws my soul to thee,
 Without language thou may'st see.

THE LADY.

I give to thee the aspen-leaf:
 'Tis to show I tremble still
 When I muse on all the grief
 Love can cause, if false or ill;
 How, too, many have believed,
 Trusted long, and been deceived.

* * * * *

LOVER.

I give to thee a faded wreath,
 Teaching thee, alas! too well,
 How I spent my latest breath,
 Seeking all my truth to tell;
 But thy coldness made me die
 Victim of thy cruelty.

LADY.

I give to thee the honey-flower,
 Courteous, best, and bravest knight:
 Fragrant in the summer shower,
 Shrinking from the sunny light:
 May it not an emblem prove
 Of untold, but tender love?

Flowers also are used for divination. All readers of Goethe will remember Marguerite's flower. Our own poet Lowell sends the following pretty lines on the subject, with a pressed flower:—

This little flower from afar,
 Hath come from other lands to thine;
 For once its white and drooping star
 Could see its shadow in the Rhine.

Perchance some fair-haired German maid
 Hath plucked one from the selfsame stalk,
 And numbered over, half afraid,
 Its petals in her evening walk.

"He loves me!—loves me not!" she cries;
 "He loves me more than earth or heaven!"
 And then glad tears have filled her eyes
 To find the number was uneven.

And thou must count its petals well,
 Because it is a gift from me:
 And the last one of all shall tell
 Something I've often told to thee.

But here at home, where we were born
 Thou wilt find flowers just as true,
 Down-bending every Summer morn
 With freshness of New England dew.

For Nature, ever kind to love,
 Hath granted them *the same sweet tongue*,
 Whether with German skies above,
 Or here our granite rocks among.

There is another mode, resembling the Scottish and English superstitions on Hallowe'en and St. Agnes' Eve, by which maidens in Germany seek to dive into futurity. It is by the St. John's-wort. The story is prettily told in these lines, which we transcribe from the "Flora Symbolica":—

The young maid stole through the cottage door,
 And blushed as she sought the plant of power:
 "Thou silver glowworm, oh, lend me thy light,
 I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-night;
 The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
 If the coming year shall make me a bride!"
 And the glowworm came
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Thro' the night of St. John;
 And soon as the young maid her love-knot tied,
 With noiseless tread
 To her chamber she sped,
 Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.
 "Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
 To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!"
 But it dropped its head, — that plant of power, —
 And died the mute death of the voiceless flower;
 And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
 More meet for a burial than bridal day.
 And when a year was past away,
 All pale on her bier the young maid lay!
 And the glowworm came
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Thro' the night of St. John;
 And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

Games also are made of flowers. In fact, time would fail to tell of all the joy and beauty which

these sweet creations bestow upon humanity. Through life to death they cheer us; and it is not one of the least of our anticipated joys hereafter that we shall dwell amid those flowers of Paradise, of which these earthly blossoms are but faint shadows.

And in these days of utility, when a thing is nothing if not useful, we must remind our readers that the vegetable and floral world holds in it the secret of health to a greater degree, we believe, than is yet dreamt of in our philosophy. They make the air we breathe pure and life-giving. It is a known fact that Lavender and many other flowers supply ozone to the atmosphere; the humble Lichen was one of the ingredients in the dye of imperial purple, for which Tyre and Sidon were famous; and the search for it brought Phœnician commerce to the Irish shores in the days of Ptolemy. Another Lichen, the *Rocella tinctoria*, afforded the first dye for British broadcloths. The Mosses shared in this utility.

The Dandelion affords the *Taraxacum*, a valuable medicine. The tubers called "lords and ladies," dear to babyhood, furnish a species of Arrowroot. The tubers of the *Orchis* afford a similar preparation called salep, a favorite posset with our great-grandmothers.

The Rock Sapphire bestows a pickle on our tables; the Red Rose-leaf is an admirable tonic; the Lily-leaf heals a cut; Chamomile is a tonic; the Cowslip affords a wine and a pudding, besides an infant's ball; the Lesser Celadine is still used in medicine for the relief of a painful disease; and who is ignorant of the blessed soothing powers of the Poppy and Henbane? Greek mythology has left a floral record; the Mistletoe, Vervain, and St. John's-wort recall Druidic rites of ancient Britain.

Thus we may give with a bouquet memories of mythology, history, usefulness, beauty, and fragrance; and in modern times we have added to the ancient claims of flowers that of language—a gift bestowed on them by the East, and transplanted thence by one of the most gifted of Englishwomen, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In our Floral Gift we have endeavored to unite all this goodly heritage of flower-land. And with these few lines of introduction, we leave them to their worthy chroniclers—the Poets.



THE DAISY

(Innocence.)



“Whose white investments figure innocence.”

Shak.

THE flower which, next to the rose, appears to have received the most attention from the poets is the *Daisy*.

Formerly it was termed the “e’e of daie,” and under that name Chaucer speaks of it.

According to the classic account, this little flower owed its origin to Belides, one of the dryads, the nymphs who presided over woodlands. It is fabled that whilst this damsel was dancing with her favored suitor, Ephigeus, she attracted the attention of Vertumnus, the guardian deity of orchards; and it was in order to shelter her from his pursuit that she was transformed into *Bellis*, or the daisy—the “day’s eye,” as our old poets call it,—the flower of faithful love, which opens and closes with the sun.

It is called in French *la Marguerite*, or pearl. The unhappy Margaret of Anjon chose it as her device; and when she reigned a beauty and crowned queen, the nobles of England wore wreaths of it, or had it embroidered on their robes.

Marguerite de Valois, the friend of Erasmus and Calvin—the Marguerite of Marguerites—also adopted this flower as her device; and it was certainly more appropriate to the princess who withdrew from the glitter of courts to study her Bible than to the ambitious Lancastrian queen of England.



TO THE DAISY.

Bright flower! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long year through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow;
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon deprest?
 A thoughtless thing?—who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And thou wouldst teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind,
 And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing:
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

WORDSWORTH.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH A PLOW.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush amang the stoure*
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power.
 Thou bonnie gem.

* *Stoure*, dust.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,*
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blithe to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north,
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted † forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's ‡ maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield §
 O' clod or stane
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who lang with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He ruined, sink!

Even thou, who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine,—no distant date:
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till, crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

BURNS

* Weet, rain, wetness.

† Wa's, walls.

‡ Glinted, peeped.

§ Random bield, casual shelter.

THE SNOWDROP;

OR,

FAIR MAID OF FEBRUARY.

(Friend in need.—Hope.)

THE Snowdrop is dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and tradition asserts that it blooms on the second of February, or Candlemas Day,—the day kept in celebration of the Holy Virgin taking the Child Jesus to the Jewish Temple, and there presenting the appointed offering of two turtle-doves.

THE SNOWDROP.

The Snowdrop! 'Tis an English flower,
 And grows beneath our garden trees;
 For every heart it has a dower,
 And old and dear remembrances
 All look upon it, and straightway
 Recall their youth like yesterday.
 Their sunny years when forth they went,
 Wandering in measureless content;
 Their little plot of garden ground,
 The mossy orchard's quiet bound,
 Their father's house so free from care,
 And the familiar faces there;
 The household voices kind and sweet,
 That knew no feigning,—hushed and gone!
 The mother that was sure to greet
 Their coming with a welcome tone;
 The brothers that were children then,
 Now anxious, toiling, thoughtful men;
 And the kind sister whose glad mirth
 Was like a sunshine on the earth,—
 These come back to the soul supine,
 Flower of the spring, at look of thine;

And thou, among the dimmed and gone,
 Art an unaltered thing alone!
 Unchanged—unchanged—the very flower
 That grew in Eden droopingly,—
 And now beside the peasant's door
 Awakes his little children's glee,
 Even as it filled his heart with joy
 Beside his mother's door, a boy!—
 The same—and to his heart it brings
 The freshness of those vanished springs!
 Bloom then, fair flower, in sun and shade,
 For deep thought in thy cup is laid;
 And careless children, in their glee,
 A sacred memory make of thee!

MRS. HOWITT

— — — — —

THE SNOWDROP.

The Snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
 Awakes the life, bedewed with tears,
 And flings around its fragrance mild;
 And, where no rival flowerets bloom
 Amidst the bare and chilling gloom,
 A beauteous gem appears.

* * * *

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
 Thou still art sweet and dear to me!
 For I have known the cheerless hour,
 Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
 Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
 And wept and shrunk like thee.

MRS. ROBINSON



THE COWSLIP.

(Pensiveness.—Winning Youthful Grace.)

THE “pretty Mullein,” as it is called, is one of the sweetest of our meadow flowers. The Yellow Oxlip is larger, and not quite so common.

Cowslip wine is pleasant, and said to be slightly narcotic.

Shakspeare, speaking of the Fairy Queen, says:—

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots we see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,—
 In those freckles live their savors;
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Milton, in his masque of “Comus,” has given an exquisite song to Sabrina, in which the airy tread of that goddess “o'er the cowslip's velvet head” is most delicately expressed:—

By the rushy, fringed bank,
 Where grow the willow and the osier dank
 My sliding chariot stays;
 Thick set with agate and the azure sheen
 Of turkis blue and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless feet,
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread.
 Gentle swain, at thy request
 I am here.

These flowers furnish an abundant supply of honey to the bee; for

Rich in vegetable gold,
 From calyx pale the freckled cowslip born,
 Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.

THE COWSLIP.

Good neighbor cowslip, I have seen the bee
 Whispering to you, and have been told he stays
 Quite long and late amid your golden cells.
 Is it not business that he comes upon?—
 Mutter of fact? He never waits an hour.
 Know you that he's a subtle financier,
 And shows some gain for every day he spends?
 Oh, learn from him the priceless worth of time,
 Thou fair and frail! So shalt thou prove the truth.
 That he who makes companion of the wise
 Shall in their wisdom share.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

THE COWSLIP

The cowslip, that bending
 With its golden bells,
 Of each glad hour's ending
 With a sweet chime tells.

MISS LONDON.

THE CROCUS.

(*Cheerfulness.—Hope.*)



ACCORDING to some authors, these bright
 little flowers, which

Come before the swallow dares,
 And take the winds of March with beauty,

derive their name from a Greek word signifying
thread, from the fact of their thread or filament be-
 ing in such request for saffron dye.

The Greeks fabled that Crocu, a beautiful youth, was transformed into this flower,—as his lady-love, Snilax, was at the same time into a yew-tree.

It is in England consecrated to St. Valentine.

Bees are excessively fond of the crocus; and Moore thus alludes to this fact in "Lalla Rookh":—

The busiest hive
On Bela's hills is less alive,
When saffron-beds are full in flower,
Than looked the valley in that hour.

Mrs. Howitt says of the purple crocus:—

Like lilac flame its color glows,
Tender and yet so clearly bright,
That all for miles and miles about
The splendid meadow shineth out,
And far-off village children shout
To see the welcome sight.



TO THE CROCUS.

Lowly, sprightly little flower!
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy winter tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,
As if never to decay;
Fleeting in their varied splendor,—
Soon, alas! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished
Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one, like you, have perished,
Blighted — I must fade alone.

PATTERSON.



APPLE-BLOSSOM.

(*Preference.*)



IN the Scandinavian mythology the apple-tree played an important part. In the "Edda," the goddess Iduna is related to have had charge of the apples which had the power of conferring immortality, and which, in consequence of their miraculous property, were especially retained for the gods to eat when they felt themselves growing old. The evil spirit, Loki, carried off Iduna and the wonderful apple-tree, and hid them away in a forest where the deities were unable to find them. The results of this spiteful theft were that everything went wrong, both in the realms mundane and divine. The gods grew old and infirm, and, becoming enfeebled in mind and body, were no longer able to regulate the affairs of the earth; and mortals, no longer having any one to look after them, fell into evil ways, and became a prey to the evil spirit. Affairs grew worse daily, until the gods, combining the remains of their strength, overcame Loki, and compelled him to restore the stolen apple-tree.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

Of all the months that fill the year
 Give April's month to me,
 For earth and sky are then so filled
 With sweet variety!

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,
 Though blent with rosier hue.—
 As beautiful as woman's blush,
 As evanescent, too.

On every bough there is a bud,
 In every bud a flower;
 But scarcely bud or flower will last
 Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
 Then all again sunshine;
 Then clouds, again, but brightened with
 The rainbow's colored line.

Ay, this, this is the month for me!
 I could not love a scene
 Where the blue sky was always blue,
 The green earth always green.

L. E. L.

— — — — —

NO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do you fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past
 But you may stay here yet a while,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you a while, they glide
 Into the grave.

HERRICK.

THE DAFFODIL.

(Unrequited Love.)

THE name of this flower is only a corruption of Dis's lily, as it is supposed to be the flower that dropped from Pluto's chariot when he was carrying off Proserpine to the infernal regions. Jean Ingelow, in the beautiful poem of "Persephone," thus introduces this flower into a resuscitation of the antique fable:—

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
And gamesome as the morning air.
The daffodils were fair to see,—
They nodded lightly on the lea.


Lo! one she marked of rarer growth
Than orchis or anemone;
For it the maiden left them both,
And parted from her company.
Drawn nigh, she deemed it fairer still,
And stooped to gather by the rill
The daffodil—the daffodil.

What ailed the meadow that it shook!
What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wondered by the brattling brook,
And trembled with the trembling lea.
"The coal-black horses rise,—they rise!
Oh mother, mother!" low she cries.

"Oh light, oh light!" she cries, "farewell!
The coal-black horses wait for me.
Oh, shade of shades, where I must dwell,
Demeter, mother, far from thee!
Oh, fated doom that I fulfill!
Oh, fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil—the daffodil!"

Chaucer alludes to this story, and Shakspeare introduces it into his "Winter's Tale":—


Oh, Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon: daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.


 DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 Ye haste away so soon;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon:
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song,
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with ye along.

We have short time to stay as ye,
 We have as fleet a Spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or anything:
 We die
 As your hours do and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK


 DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils,
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle in the milky-way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay.
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company;
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

THE VIOLET

(*Modesty.*)



“The violet is for modesty.”—BURNS.

VIOLETS, considered by some as typical of *modesty*, by others are deemed emblematic of *faithfulness*; and the latter have the support of one of Shakspeare’s contemporary poets:—

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

“The violet was as proud a device of the Ionic Athenians,” says a well-known author, “as the rose of England and the lily of France. In all seasons it was to be seen exposed for sale in the market-place at Athens, the citizens being successful in rearing it in their gardens even when the ground was covered with snow.”

The Greeks called this flower “Ion,” and it was said that Jupiter caused the first violet to spring up

in the grass, when the unhappy Io, metamorphosed into a heifer, bent her lips to eat.

Perdita, when wishing for flowers to give her guests, in the "Winter's Tale," thus speaks of the beauty and perfume of violets:—

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

The frequent allusions made to "the nodding violet" by our great dramatist cause it to be regarded as his favorite flower; and in the eyes of many, the fact will not be one of its slightest charms. There is not a more exquisite passage in the whole range of English poetry than that in "Twelfth Night," where the Duke, listening to plaintive music, desires

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

Shakspeare employs his beloved flower as the type of *modesty* and *maidenhood*. Indeed, poets are continually using this retiring blossom as an emblem of those qualities.

She steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in Summer's ray.—MOORE.

Barry Cornwall gives it the preference over the Rose:—

The king told Gyges of the purple flower;
It chanced to be the flower the boy liked most
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.

No flowers grew in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet.—L. E. L.

When the grave shall open for me—
 I care not how soon that time may be—
 Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
 It breathes too much of hope and bloom;
 But there be that flower's meek regret,
 The bending and deep-blue violet.—L. E. L.

Whilst the first Napoleon was in exile, this little blossom was adopted by his followers as an emblem. He was styled *Père la Violette*, and a small bunch of violets hung up in the house, or worn by a Frenchman, denoted the adherence of the wearer to his fallen chieftain's cause. It is still the emblem of the Bonapartes.

The White Violet, which is not invariably scentless, as is sometimes erroneously presumed, is emblematic of *candor*, although some authors adopt it as the representative of *innocence*.

—♦—

TO A FADING VIOLET.

The color from the flower is gone,
 Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;
 The odor from the flower is flown,
 Which breathed of thee, and only thee!

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
 It lies on my abandoned breast,
 And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
 With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not;
 I sigh,—it breathes no more on me;
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot
 Is such as mine should be.

SHELLEY.



VIOLETS.

Under the green hedges after the snow,
 There do the dear little violets grow,
 Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
 Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
 Down there do the dear little violets lie,
 Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen;
 By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

J. MOULTRE.

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

The Spring is come, the Violet's gone,
 The first-born child of the early sun;
 With us she is but a winter flower,
 The snow on the hills can not blast her bower;
 And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
 To the youngest sky of the selfsame hue.

But when the spring comes with her host
 Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,
 Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
 Her heavenly odors and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
 Their herald, out of dire December;
 The morning star of all the flowers,
 The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours,
 And 'mid the Roses, ne'er forget
 The virgin, virgin Violet.

LORD BYRON.



VIOLETS.

I do love violets.

They tell a history of woman's love;
 They open with the earliest breath of spring;
 Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew, and light,
 And if they perish, perish with a sigh
 Delicious as that life. On the hot June
 They shed no perfume; the flowers may remain,
 But the rich breathing of their leaves is past;
 Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift
 When yielding to the fiery hour of passion.
 —The violet-breath of love is purity.

MISS LONDON

A BOUQUET OF SPRING VIOLETS.

After the slumber of the year,
 The woodland violets reappear;
 All things revive in field and grove,
 And sea and sky; but two, which move
 And form all others, life and love.

SHELLEY

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
 And woods the bluebird's warble know,
 The yellow violet's modest bell
 Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
 First plant thee in the watery mold;
 And I have seen thee blossoming
 Beside the snowbank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
 And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
 Unapt the passing view to meet,
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
 But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
 The friends in darker fortunes tried,
 I copied them,— but I regret
 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
 Awakes the painted tribes of light,
 I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
 That made the woods of April bright.

BRYANF

THE NODDING VIOLET.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows:
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

SHAKESPEARE



NARCISSEUS.

(Self-love.)



HE white or poetical *Narcissus* is adopted as the emblem of *egotism*, because, according to the mythologists, it owes its origin to a beautiful youth of Bœotia, of whom it had been foretold that he should live happily until he beheld his own face. One day, when heated by the chase, Narcissus sought to quench his thirst in a stream: in so doing he beheld the reflection of his own features, of which he immediately became enamored. He was spellbound to the spot, where he pined to death, and was metamorphosed by the gods into the flower that now bears his name. When the Naiads had prepared the funeral pile for Narcissus, his body was missing,—

Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,
With tufts of white about the button crowned;

and ever since is seen

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

The poetic *Narcissus* has a snow-white flower, with a yellow cup in the center, fringed on the border with a brilliant crimson circlet. It is sweet-scented, and flowers in May. The cup in the center is supposed to contain the tears of the ill-fated *Narcissus*. Keats terms it "a lovely flower":—

A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride.

And Shelley speaks thus of it:—

The pied windflowers and the tulip tall,
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die at their own dear loveliness.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the lovelorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 Oh, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
 So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

MILTON.

DEATH OF NARCISSUS.

Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his fitting ghost retires,
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
 For him the Naiads and the 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.

ADDISON.

THE NARCISSUS.

Let long-lived Pansies here their scents bestow,
 The Violet languish, and the Roses glow;
 In yellow glory let the Crocus shine,
 Narcissus here his lovesick head recline;
 Here Hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
 And Tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

THE NARCISSUS.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
 Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
 In some delicious ramble he had found
 A little space, with boughs all woven round;
 And in the midst of all a clearer pool
 Than ere reflected in its pleasant cool
 The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,
 Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
 And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
 A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,
 Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
 To woo its own sad image into nearness:
 Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move,
 But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
 So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
 Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
 Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
 Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's wail.

KEATS.

THE NARCISSUS.

I saw the pride of all the meadow
 At morn a gay Narcissus blow
 Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
 Bloomed in the silver waves below.
 By noontide's heat its youth was wasted,
 The waters as they passed complained;
 At eve its glories all were blasted,
 And not one former grace remained.

COWPER.

THE NARCISSUS.

The pale and delicate Narcissus' flowers
 Bending so languidly, as still they found
 In the pure wave a love and destiny.

MISS LONDON

BUTTERCUPS.

(Riches.—Memories of Childhood.)

BEAUTIFULLY does the great poet, Robert Browning, call these emblems of *riches*, "the *buttercups*, the little children's dower."

BUTTERCUPS.

'Tis sweet to love in childhood, when the souls that
 we bequeath
 Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we wreath;
 When we feed the gentle robin, and caress the leaping
 hound,
 And linger latest on the spot where buttercups are
 found:
 When we seek the bee and ladybird with laughter,
 shout, and song,
 And think the day for wooing them can never be too
 long.
 Oh! 'tis sweet to love in childhood, and though stirred
 by meanest things,
 The music that the heart yields then will never leave
 its stings.

'Tis sweet to love in after years the dear one by our
 side;
 To dote with all the mingled joys of passion, hope, and
 pride;
 To think the chain around our breast will hold still
 warm and fast,
 And grieve to know that death must come to break the
 link at last.
 But when the rainbow span of bliss is waning, hue by
 hue;
 When eyes forget their kindly beams, and lips become
 less true;

When stricken hearts are pining on through many a
lonely hour,
Who would not sigh "'tis safer far to love the bird and
flower?"

'Tis sweet to love in ripened age the trumpet-blast of
Fame,

To pant to live on Glory's scroll, though blood may
trace the name;

'Tis sweet to love the heap of gold, and hug it to our
breast,—

To trust it as the guiding star and anchor of our rest.
But such devotion will not serve—however strong the
zeal—

To overthrow the altar where our childhood loved to
kneel.

Some bitter moment shall o'er cast the sun of wealth
and power,

And then proud man would fain go back to worship
bird and flower.

ELIZA COOK.

THE HAWTHORN.

(Hope.)

BY the Greeks the Hawthorn was deemed one
of the fortunate trees. The Romans ac-
counted it a symbol of marriage, because
it was carried at the rape of the Sabines:
it was ever after considered propitious. Its flower-
ing branches were borne aloft at their marriages,
and the newly-wedded pair were even lighted to
the nuptial chamber with torches of its wood.

The Turks regard the presentation of a branch of
Hawthorn as donating the donor's desire to receive
from the object of his affection that token of love
denominated *a kiss*.

M. Ronsard—who has been styled the French Chaucer—wrote a beautiful address to the Hawthorn, thus faithfully rendered:—

Fair Hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowring
Along this lovely shore;
To thy foot around
With his long arms wound
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock;
And in clefts of thy trunk
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where honey they lock.

In merry Spring-tide,
When to woo his bride
The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among
He warbles his song,
That lightens a lover's pain.

* * * *

Gentle Hawthorn, thrive,
And, forever alive,
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunder-stroke,
Unspoiled by the axe of time.

Chaucer thus sings of it:—

Furth goth all the Courte, both most and lest,
To feteche the flouris freshe, and braunche and blome
And namely hauthorne brought both page and grome,
With freshe garlandis partly blew and white,
And than rejoisin in their grete delight.

Amongst the many buds proclaiming May
(Decking the meads in holiday array,
Striving who shall surpass in bravery)
Mark the fair blooming of the Hawthorn-tree;
Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight,
Yet for the bravery that she is in
Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,
Nor changeth robes but twice; is never scen
In other colors than in white or green.

Learn then, content, young shepherd, from this tree,
Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery.

Spenser tells us in his "Shepherd's Calendar,"—

Youth's folk now flocken everywhere,
To gather May-baskets and smelling breero;
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the kirk-pillars ere daylight,
With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses, and sops-in-wine.

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," has a beautiful idyl descriptive of the manner in which maids went a-Maying.

—♦—
GOING A-MAYING.

Oh, we will go a-Maying, love,
A-Maying we will go,
Beneath the branches swaying, love,
With weight of scented snow.
Laburnum's golden tresses, love,
Float in the perfumed air;
Which heedless their caresses, love,
Seeks violets in their lair;
And with their scents a-playing, love,
It gambols to and fro,—
Where we will go a-Maying, love,
Where we will Maying go.

The bees are busy humming, love,
Amid the opening blooms,
Foretelling Summer's coming, love,—
Farewell to wintry glooms.
The primrose pale, from crinkly sheen,
Up from the ground now speeds;
And cowslips slim, 'mid leafy green,
Rise in the unknown meads.
And buttercups are weighing, love,
The gold they soon must strow,—
Where we will go a-Maying, love,
Where we will Maying go.

The hawthorn's bloom is falling, love,
 We must no longer wait;
 Each bird is blithely calling, love,
 Unto his chosen mate;
 Each bud unblown is swelling, love,
 Green grow the vernal fields;
 Each insect leaves its dwelling, love,
 And all to Summer yields:
 The mowers are out haying, love,
 Woodbine is in full blow,—
 Where we will go a-Maying, love,
 Where we will Maying go.

JOHN INGRAM.



THE PRIMROSE.

(Youth.)



"The primrose I will put, the firstling of the year."
BURNE.
 THE *Primrose*, emblematical of *youth*, has received innumerable deservedly warm encomiums from our poets, but none sweeter than those popular lines of Carew:—

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearled with dew;
 I straight will whisper in your ears
 The sweets of love are washed with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Shakspeare, whose floral symbolism was perfect, introduces this delicate blossom into his pathetic

drama of "Cymbeline," as typical of the youthful dead:—

With fairest flowers,
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose.

Again in the "Winter's Tale," the grand dramatist still more exquisitely expresses his knowledge of its symbolic character:—

The pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.

Milton also styles this vernal bloom "the pale primrose." It was described by Carew as "the first-ling of spring." Thus Burns also terms it in "The Posie," and Linnæus appropriately named it in his botanical system; whilst in his native Swedish it is known as *Maj-nycklar*, or the "key of May." Its English appellation is derived from *primus*—"the first,"—and happily expresses one of its charms, and shows why it is such a meet emblem of youth.

This fragile flower is known classically as *Paralisos*; and was thus styled in commemoration of a youth so named, who pined away with grief for the loss of his betrothed, Melicerta, and was metamorphosed into

The rathe primrose that, forsaken, dies.

It has been observed of Clare that his poems are as thickly strewn with primroses as the woodlands themselves. In his "Village Minstrel" he sings:—

Oh, who can speak his joys when Spring's young morn
From wood and pasture opened on his view,
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
And the first primrose dips his leaves in dew?

And while he plucked the primrose in its pride,
He pondered o'er its bloom 'tween joy and pride,
And a rude sonnet in its praise he tried,
Where Nature's simple way the aid of art supplied.

In another place he tells how, as a child, he
 rambled o'er the fields for flowers, and
 Robbed every primrose-root I met,
 And oftentimes got the root to set;
 And joyful home each nosegay bore;
 And felt,—as I shall feel no more.

In the following lines the old poet, Browne, as-
 sociates this flower with a scene of rustic idle
 thoughtlessness:—

As some wayfaring man, passing a wood,
 Goes jogging on, and in his mind nought hath,
 But how the primrose finely strews the path.

And the sketch is suggestive of Wordsworth's oft-
 quoted idea in "Peter Bell":—

A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.

SAD PRIMROSES.

But we have daisies, which, like love,
 Or hope, spring everywhere;
 And primroses, which droop above
 Some self-consuming care.

So sad, so spiritual, so pale,
 Born all too near the snow,
 They pine for that sweet southern gale,
 Which they will never know.

PROFESSOR WILSON

EVENING PRIMROSES.

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

KRATS.

THE HYACINTH.

PURPLE HYACINTH.

(Sorrow.—Pity.)



ACCORDING to the old mythologists, this fairy-like, fragile flower, had its origin in the death of Hyacinthus, a Spartan youth, who was greatly favored by Apollo. He fell a victim to the jealous rage of Zephyrus, who, in revenge for the preference manifested for him by the Sun-god, had determined to effect his destruction. Accordingly, one day when Hyacinthus was playing at quoits with his divine friend, Zephyrus blew so powerfully upon the quoit flung by Apollo that it struck the unfortunate prince on the temple and killed him, to the intense grief of his innocent slayer. To commemorate the grace and beauty of the dead youth, Apollo, unable to restore him to life, caused the flower which now bears his name to spring from his blood.

HYACINTHUS.

Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent
 On either side, pitying the sad death
 Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
 Of Zephyr slew him; Zephyr penitent,
 Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament,
 Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.

KEATS



THE HYACINTH.

Child of the Spring, thou charming flower,
 No longer in confinement lie,
 Arise to light, thy form discover,
 Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
 Winter retires to make thee way;
 Come, then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
 Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dressed in beaming smiles,
 To give thy beauties to the day:
 Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
 To fan thy bosom as they play.

CASIMIR

 THE ROSEMARY.

(Remembrance.)



'There's rosemary for you: that's for remembrance.'
 SHAKSPERE.

OUR forefathers invariably adopted *Rosemary* as the symbol of *remembrance*. It was believed to possess the power of improving the memory, and was frequently employed as a means of invigorating the mental faculties. Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale," says:—

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
 Seeming and savor all the winter long:
 Grace and remembrance be with you both!

And in "Hamlet," Ophelia says:—

There's rosemary for you: that's for remembrance.
 Pray you, love, remember.

Michael Drayton, in his "Pastorals," also alludes to this emblem in similar terms:—

He from his lass him lavender hath sent,
 Showing her love, and doth requital crave,
 Him rosemary his sweetheart, whose intent
 Is that he her should in remembrance have.

Respecting the employment of this flower at funerals, Mr. Martyn observes that in some parts of England, in his time, it was still customary to distribute it among the company, who frequently threw sprigs of it into the grave. Slips of it were also sometimes placed within the coffin; and in some secluded villages these innocent customs are still practiced.

—

THE HEART-BLOOM.

(*The Heartflower.*)

There grew a little flower once,
 That blossomed in a day,
 And some said it would ever bloom,
 And some 'twould fade away;
 And some said it was Happiness,
 And some said it was Spring,
 And some said it was Grief and Tears,
 And many such a thing;
 But still the little flower bloomed,
 And still it lived and throve,
 And men do it call "Summer Growth,"
 But angels call it "Love!"

TOM HOOD.



LILY OF THE VALLEY.

(Return of Happiness.)

"Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave."
 BERNARD BARTON.
 THE *Lily of the Valley*, sometimes called the May Lily, and in some country villages Ladder to Heaven, in the floral languages of Europe is emblematic of the *return of happiness*, doubtless in allusion to the season of the year when it puts forth its blossoms.

Keats was very fond of it, and says:—

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

And further on

Valley-lilies, whiter still
 Than Leda's love.

In that enchanted garden where the sensitive plant
 grew, Shelley lovingly placed

The naiad-like lily of the vale,
 Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
 That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
 Through their pavilions of tender green.

 THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean,
 The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
 Thou seem'st beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
 An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud, thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
 The broken spirit that its anguish bears
 To silent shades, and there sits offering
 To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

CHOLI.

THE PIMPERNEL.

(Change.)

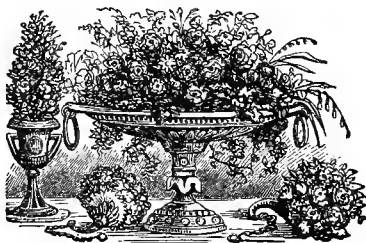
“More bitter far than all
It was to know that love could change and die.”

A. A. PROCTER.



HE Pimpernel does not unfold its brilliant petals until eight o'clock in the morning, and refolds them toward noon. This habit has obtained for it the cognomen of “the poor man’s weather-glass;” whilst for its usefulness in foretelling the approach of rain, it is frequently known as “the shepherd’s warning.” Few who have passed a portion of their life in the country but are acquainted with this property of the pretty little pimpernel. Whenever its tiny scarlet blossoms are seen folding up their delicate petals, it may be deemed a certain indication of approaching rain; and as such a sign Darwin notices it:—

Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel;
In fiery red the sun doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies;
’Twill surely rain, we see ’t with sorrow,—
No working in the fields to-morrow.



HEART'S-EASE OR PANSY

(Think of me. Remembrance. Thoughts.)



"There are pansies: that's for thoughts."

SHAKSPERE.

THE *Heart's-ease*, as its French name of *pansy* or *pensée* intimates, is, in the language of flowers, symbolical of *remembrance*. It is a beautiful variety of the violet, far surpassing that flower in diversity and brilliancy of color, but possessing little, if any, of the exquisite fragrance for which that is so renowned.

The name given to it by the Italians is *flammola*, the "little flame,"—at least this is an appellation with which I have met, and it is quite in the taste of that poetical people. The French call it *pensee*, "a thought." "There are pansies," says poor Ophelia: "that's for thoughts." Drayton, in the "Muses' Elysium," makes his nymph say,—

Amongst these roses in a row,
 Next place I pinks in plenty,
 These double daisies then for show,
 And will not this be dainty?
 The pretty pansy then I'll tie,
 Like stones some chain enchasing;
 The next to them, their near ally
 The purple violet placing.

Another of its names is "Love-in-idleness," under which it has been again celebrated by Shakspeare.

Besides these names, this tricolored violet is also called, in various country-places, "jump-up-and-kiss-me-quick," "the herb Trinity," "three-faces-under-a-hood," "kiss-me-behind-the-garden-gate," and "cuddle-me-to-you," which seems to have been altered by time into the less vivacious request of "call-me-to-you."

HEART'S-EASE.

In gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,
 By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen;
 In sweet security it humbly blows,
 And rears its purple head to deck the green.

This flower, as Nature's poet sweetly sings,
 Was once milk-white, and Heart's-ease was its name.
 Till wanton Cupid poised his roseate wings,
 A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim the god his arrow drew,
 Which she with icy coldness did repel:
 Rebounding thence with feather speed it flew,
 Till on this lonely flower at last it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd found;
 No more the nymphs its snowy form possess;
 Its white now changed to purple by Love's wound,
 Heart's-ease no more,—'tis Love-in-idleness.

MRS. SHERIDAN.

HEART'S-EASE.

Heart's-ease! One could look for half a day
 Upon this flower, and shape in fancy out
 Full twenty different tales of love and sorrow,
 That gave this gentle name.

MARY HOWITT.



THE WALLFLOWER.



(*Fidelity in Misfortune.*)

COMMON garden blossom, that seldom receives all the attention it is worthy of, is the *Wallflower*, symbolical of *fidelity in misfortune*. It was a great favorite in the Middle Ages, when troubadours and minstrels wore it as an emblem of the unchangeableness of their affection. Wallflowers belong to the stock family; and by far the finest is the common one which Thomson, in his "Seasons," describes as—

The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown.

Bernard Barton says of the wallflower:—

An emblem true thou art,
Of love's enduring luster, given
To cheer a lonely heart.

And elsewhere:—

To me it speaks of loveliness,
That passes not with youth,
Of beauty which decay can bless.
Of constancy and truth.

But in adversity's dark hour,
When glory is gone by,
It then exerts its gentle power
The scene to beautify.

THE NAMING OF THE WALLFLOWER.

Why this flower is now called so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
Understand this firstling was
Once a brisk and bonny lass,
Kept as close as Danaë was,
Who a sprightly springald loved;
And to have it fully proved,

Up she got upon a wall,
 "Tempting down to slide withal;
 But the silken twist untied,
 So she fell, and, bruised, she died.
 Jove, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving, luckless speed,
 Turned her to this plant we call
 Now "the flower of the wall."

HERRICKS



FORGET-ME-NOT.



HIS lovely little flower has a charming legend attached to it. We give it in its best poetic form at once.



THE BRIDE OF THE DANUBE.

"See how yon glittering wave in sportive play
 Washes the bank, and steals the flowers away.
 And must they thus in bloom and beauty die,
 Without the passing tribute of a sigh?"

"No, Bertha, those young flowerets there
 Shall form a braid for thy sunny hair;
 I yet will save one, if but one
 Soft smile reward me when 'tis done."
 He said, and plunged into the stream.—
 His only light was the moon's pale beam.
 "Stay! stay!" she cried.—but he had caught
 The drooping flowers, and breathless sought
 To place the treasures at the feet
 Of her from whom e'en death were sweet.

With outstretched arms upon the shore she stood,
With tearful eye she gazed upon the flood,
Whose swelling tide now seemed as if 'twould sever
Her faithful lover from her arms forever.
Still through the surge he panting strove to gain
The welcome strand,—but, ah! he strove in vain!

Yet once the false stream bore him to the spot
Where stood his bride in muteness of despair:
And scarcely had he said, "Forget me not!"
And flung the dearly ransomed flowerets there,
When the dark wave closed o'er him, and no more
Was seen young Rodolph on the Danube's shore.

Aghast she stood; she saw the tranquil stream
Pass o'er him,—could it be a fleeting dream?
Ah, no! The last fond words, "Forget me not!"
Told it was all a sad reality.
With frantic grasp the dripping flowers she prest,
Too dearly purchased, to her aching breast.

Alas! her tears, her sorrows now were vain,
For him she loved she ne'er shall see again!
Is this then a bridal, where, sad in her bower,
The maid weeps alone at the nuptial hour;
Where hushed is the harp, and silent the lute,—
Ah, why should their thrilling strains be mute?
And where is young Rodolph? Where stays the bride-
groom?
Go, ask the dark waters, for there is his tomb.

Often at eve when maidens rove
Beside the Danube's wave,
They tell the tale of hapless love,
And show young Rodolph's grave;
And cull the flowers from that sweet spot,
Still calling them "Forget-me-not."

MISS PICKERSGILL.



SONG OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

How many bright flowers now around me are glancing,
 Each seeking its praise, or its beauty enhancing!
 The rosebuds are hanging like gems in the air,
 And the lily-bell waves in her fragrance there.
 Alas! I can claim neither fortune nor power,
 Neither beauty nor fragrance are cast in my lot;
 But contented I cling to my lowly bower,
 And smile while I whisper,—*Forget-me-not!*

THE ROSE.

(*Love.—Joy.—Prosperity.*)



THE Rose has been acknowledged by all antiquity to be the queen of flowers, though her reign is somewhat disputed by the queen Lily. One is tempted to look on them as sister sovereigns of the floral world. The Rose, the emblem of a material dominion "of the earth, earthy."—the Lily, of a spiritual empire of purity and lofty aspiration. But with all peoples the Rose has ever been the emblem of love, joy, and prosperity.

It is mentioned by the earliest writers of antiquity. Herodotus speaks of the double rose; in the song of Solomon the rose of Sharon is mentioned; and allusion is also made to the plantation of roses at Jericho. Isaiah uses the blossoming of the rose as a perfect emblem of joy and felicity.

The ancients regarded the Rose as the emblem of silence, as well as of love and joy, and frequently represented Cupid offering one to Harpocrates, the God of Silence. As a further illustration of this symbolism, they suspended a rose over the table at feasts, intimating to the assembled guests that the

conversation was to be held sacred, and was not to be repeated elsewhere. This latter account is generally given as the correct derivation of the saying, "*sub rosa*," applied to communications not to be repeated; but some writers say that the rose was once dedicated to Harpocrates, and thus became the emblem of *taciturnity*, for which reason, it is averred, it is frequently placed over the confessionals in Roman Catholic churches, indicating the secrecy which should attend whatever may be there disclosed to the ears of the priest.

Roses were more highly prized by the Romans than any other flower; they considered them emblematic of *joy*, and, in conformity with that idea, represented *Comus*, the God of pleasure, as a handsome young man, crowned with a garland of roses, the leaves of which glistened with dewdrops.

The Rose was, above all, the emblem of love:—

Most glorious rose,
 You are the queenly belle. On you all eyes
 Admiring turn. Doubtless you might indite
 Romances from your own sweet history:
 They're quite the fashion now, and crowd the page
 Of every periodical. Wilt tell
 None of your heart-adventures? Never mind!
 We plainly read the Zephyr's stolen kiss
 In your deep blush; so where's the use to seal
 Your lips so cunningly, when all the world
 Calls you the flower of love? MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Anacreon thus writes of it:—

The rose, the flower of love,
 Mingle with our quaffing;
 The rose, the lovely leaved,
 Round our brows be weaved,
 Genially laughing.

Oh, the rose, the first of flowers,
 Darling of the early bowers,
 E'en the gods for thee have places
 Thee, too, Cytherea's boy
 Weaves about his locks for joy,
 Dancing with the Graces.

The short life of this queenly flower causes it, when fading, to be deemed a suitable representative of fleeting beauty, and many are the "morals" that the poets have deduced from its brief existence; but there is another record to be made, and that is of its fragrance after death: the flush of beauty may be gone from its withered petals, but the scent of the rose will cling to it still; and so, even when life is over, we yet place, as Barry Cornwall says:—

First of all the rose, because its breath
Is rich beyond the rest: and when it dies,
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,
Perceiving all those changes that disguise thee,
Yes, and the heart doth owe thee,
More love, dead rose, than to any roses bold,
Which Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!

Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee!

MRS. BROWNING.

Love is like a rose,
And a month it may not see
Ere it withers where it grows.

BAILEY.

Spenser has bequeathed us a very felicitous stanza about the rose as an emblem of modesty and fragility:—

Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may!
Lo! see soon after how, more bold and free,
Her bared bosom she doth broad display!
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away!

Sir Walter Scott tells us,—

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.





Buds of roses, virgin flowers
 Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
 Till with crimson drops they weep!

Twine the rose, the garland twine,
 Every leaf distilling wine;
 Drink and smile, and learn to think
 That we were born to smile and drink.

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!

Even the gods who walk the sky
 Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
 Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
 His hair with rosy fillet braids.
 Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
 And shed them round me while I sing.

ANACREON (Translated by MOORE)



THE ROSE.

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

ELTON'S SPECIMENS

ZULEIKA'S ROSE.

A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely luster, meek and pale:
 It looks as planted by despair,—
 So white, so faint,—the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high;
 And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky
 May wring it from its stem: in vain,—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again!

* * * * *

To it the livelong night there sings
 A bird unseen, but not remote:
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that Houri strings
 His long entrancing note.

BYRON

THE ROSE.

Just like love is yonder Rose:
 Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
 And in the midst of briars it blows:
 Just like love.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,
 Since rough thorns the stem invest,
 They must be gathered with the rest,
 And with it to the heart be prest:
 Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
 They die, and they shall blossom never;
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever:
 Just like love.

Translated from CAMOENS.

THE JASMINE.



(Amiability.)

ANY significations are attached to this exquisitely scented flower, but the most reliable works adopt it as the representative of *amiability*.

THE JASMINE.

'Twas midnight,—through the lattice wreathed
 With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
 From plants that wake when others sleep;
 From timid Jasmine-buds that keep
 Their odor to themselves all day;
 But when the sunlight dies away,
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about.

MOORE.

JASMINE.

The image of Love that nightly flies
 To visit the bashful maid,
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
 Its soul like her in the shade.
 The dream of a future happier hour
 That alights on misery's brow,
 Springs out of the silvery almond-flower
 That blooms on a leafless bough.

MOORE.

THE 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 scattered stars.

COWPER.

NIGHT-SCENTING JASMINE.

Many a perfume breathed
 From plants that wake when others sleep;
 From timid jasmine-buds that keep
 Their odor to themselves all day,
 But when the sunlight dies away
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about.

MOORE

PERFUME OF JASMINE.

The jasmine, with which the queen of flowers,
 To charm her god, adorns his favorite bowers;
 Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,—
 Unenvied rival!—wear upon the breast;
 Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
 As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist.

CHURCHILL

THE SUNFLOWER.

(Fidelity.—Constancy.)



THE classic legend of Clytie has been attached to the sunflower. That nymph had been beloved by Helios, but it was not long before he transferred his affections to Leucothoe, daughter of King Orchamnus. When Clytie found herself unable to regain her lover, she informed the Persian monarch of his daughter's love affair, and he had the unfortunate girl entombed alive. Helios, enraged at the terrible tragedy, entirely forsook the nymph whose jealousy had caused

it; and she, overwhelmed with grief, lay prone upon the earth for nine days and nights without any sustenance, her eyes continually following the course of her adored sun through the heavens. At last the gods, less pitiless than her former admirer, transformed her into a sunflower, and, as Ovid says,—

Still the loved object the fond leaves pursue,
Still move their root, the moving sun to view.

Robert Browning thus alludes to the story of Rudel, the ancient French poet who adopted this splendid blossom as his emblem:—

I know a mount, the gracious sun perceives
First when he visits, last too, when he leaves
The world; and, vainly favored, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large calm front of snow.
And underneath the mount a flower, I know,
He can not have perceived, that changes ever
At his approach; and, in the lost endeavor
To live his life, has parted, one by one,
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
With ray-like florets round a disk-like face.
Men nobly call by many a name the mount,
As over many a land of theirs its large
Calm front of snow, like a triumphal targe,
Is reared; and still with old names fresh ones vie,
Each to its proper praise and own account,
Men call the flower the sunflower, sportively.

THE SUNFLOWER.

The lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamored bosom to his ray.

THOMSON.



THE MYRTLE.

(Love.)



THE Myrtle, like the Rose, is generally considered symbolic of *love*, and by the Greeks and Romans was consecrated to Venus, round whose temples they planted groves of it; and, when the votaries of this goddess sacrificed to her, they, like her attendant Graces, wore myrtle chaplets.

The Myrtle is supposed to derive its name from Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, and favorite of Minerva, said to have been metamorphosed into the myrtle. At any rate, it owes its origin to a Greek word signifying *perfume*.

Among the ancient writers who speak of its symbolism is Pliny: he records that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their weapons under a myrtle-tree, and purified themselves with its boughs. When Harmodius and Aristogiton set forth to free their country from a tyrant, their swords were wreathed with myrtle.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 When bright beaming summers exalt the perfume:
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen or green bracken,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me all yon humble brown bowers,
 Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

BURNS.

THE MARIGOLD.

(Grief.)

"She droops and mourns,
Bedewed as 'twere with tears."

GEORGE WITHERS.



BY old English poets these plants are called "golds;" and in the Middle Ages the name of the Virgin Mary being a very frequent addition to anything useful or beautiful, in the course of time this flower became known as the *Marigold*.

Although by itself, however, the Marigold expresses grief, by a judicious mixture with other flowers its meaning may be greatly varied. For instance, combined with roses it is symbolic of "the bitter sweets and pleasant pains of love;" whilst amongst Eastern nations a bouquet of marigolds and poppies signifies "I will allay your pain." Associated with cypress, the emblem of death, marigolds betoken despair.

The marigold is usually open from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon; this foreshows a continuance of dry weather: should the blossom remain closed, rain may be expected. It shuts at sunset:—

The Marybudde, that shutteth with the light.

Browne, in his "Britannia's Pastorals," says:—

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

Whilst Shakspeare says in "Cymbeline," that when "Phœbus 'gins arise," the "winking marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes."

Keats pays more heed to the natural attractions of this flower, and sings:—

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!

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

Chaucer calls the Marigold a "Golde," and makes a garland of them typical of jealousy, yellow being the emblematical color of that passion.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

(Devoted Affection.)



HIS exquisite flower has something so home-like about it that we marvel it has not met with more poetical appreciation. All the glories of East and West can not rival its blossoms, in our estimation. It grows (for the benefit of the wayfarer) in the hedgerow; it clasps the porch and thatch of the poor man's cottage; it wafts soothing perfume to the lover.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

And well the lonely infant knew
 Recesses where the wallflower 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,
 And still I thought that shattered tower
 The mightiest work of human power.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Dew-sweet eglantine,
 And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.

KEATS.

THE AMARANTH.

(Immortality.)

"Immortal amaranth."—MILTON.

OST poetical of all flowers in meaning is the *Amaranth*. It has been selected as the symbol of *immortality*, and has ever been associated with Death as the portal through which the soul must pass to Eternity. Milton gives crowns of amaranth to the angelic multitude assembled before the Deity:—

To the ground

With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold.
 Immortal amaranth,—a flower which once
 In paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom: but soon for man's offense
 To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
 And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss, through midst of heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks enwreathed with beams;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial rosy smile.

These flowers, if gathered and dried, will long preserve their beauty.

One of the most popular species of the amaranth is the "Love-lies-bleeding." The origin of this singular appellation is not known, but it has been suggested that the following verses of Campbell account for it. The daughter of O'Connor is lamenting over the tomb of Connocht Moran:—

A hero's bride? This desert bower,
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower
 To call "My-love-lies-bleeding"?

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

THE AMARANTH.

Whose sad inhabitants each year would come
 With willing steps, climbing that rugged height,
 And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound
 With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,
 Filled the frore air with unaccustomed light.
 Such flowers as in the wintry memory bloom
 Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

SHELLEY

THE DAHLIA.

(Instability and pomp.)

THE *Dahlia* is a native of Mexico, where Baron Humboldt found it growing in sandy meadows several hundred feet above the level of the sea. It ornamented the royal gardens of the Escorial, at Madrid, for several years before Spanish jealousy would permit it to be introduced into the other countries of Europe.

It derives its name from a countryman of the celebrated Linnæus, Professor Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist. He presented it in 1804 to Lady Holland, who was its first successful English cultivator.

Its coarse foliage, gandy flowers, and want of perfume, seem to have prevented its becoming a favorite with our poets. Mrs. Sigourney just alludes to it as a florist's flower, in her "Farewell":—

I have no stately dahlias, nor greenhouse flowers to weep,
 But I passed the rich man's garden, and the mourning there was
 deep,
 For the crownless queens all drooping hung amid the wasted sod,
 Like Boadicea, bent with shame beneath the Roman rod,

THE LILAC.

(The Joy of Youth.)

NE of our sweetest spring flowers. It will not live long when separated from its parent tree.

THE LILAC.

Lilac of Persia! Tell us some fine tale
Of Eastern lands; we're fond of travelers.
Have you no legends of some sultan proud,
Or old fire-worshiper? What, not one note
Made on your voyage? Well, 'tis wondrous strange
That you should let so rare a chance pass by,
While those who never journeyed half so far
Fill sundry volumes, and expect the world
To reverently peruse and magnify
What it well knew before!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE LILAC.

Oh, were my love yon lilac fair
Wi' purple blossoms in the spring,
And I a bird to shelter there
When wearied on my little wing,
How wad I mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wind,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

BURNS

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

THE LILY.

(Majesty and Purity.)

THE Lily was sacred to Juno, and is now consecrated to the Virgin Mary. It has inspired very beautiful poetry.

THE WATER-LILY.

Oh, melon-scented lily!
 Oh, water-queen of flowers!
 When shall I see the silver waves
 Dancing around thee, like sweet slaves
 To Beauty in its bowers;
 When shall I take an earthly part
 In honoring thy golden heart?

Oh, pretty rose autumnal!
 Oh, fairy queen of trees!
 When may I have thy gentle buds
 Adornèd with their emerald studs,
 In their green palaces;
 When see thy vernal velvet fall
 Under thy ruby coronal?

The sound of forest music
 The water-song of streams,
 Are become dim and strange to me
 As musings of old witchery;
 But in my fitful dreams,
 And in my waking weary hours,
 Spirits come to me, as from flowers.

J. H. REYNOLDS.

The virgin lilies in their white,
 Clad but with the lawn of almost naked white.

COWLEY.

THE CLOSING LILY.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
 And slips into the bosom of the lake;
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
 Into my bosom, and be lost in me.

TENNISON.

A BOUQUET OF LILIES.

The water-lilies, that glide so pale,
 As if with constant care
 Of the treasures which they bear;
 For those ivory vases hold
 Each a sunny gift of gold.

L. E. L.

THE CYPRESS.

(Mourning.)

"The cypress is the emblem of mourning,"

SHAKSPERE

ACCORDING to Ovid, this tree was named after Cyparissus, an especial favorite of Apollo. He had accidentally slain his pet stag, and was so sorrow-stricken that he besought the gods to doom his life to everlasting gloom; and they, in compliance with his request, transformed him into a cypress-tree.

When, lost in tears, the blood his veins forsakes,
 'Eis every limb a grassy hue partakes;
 His flowing tresses, stiff and bushy grown,
 Point to the stars, and taper to a cone.
 Apollo thus: "Ah! youth, beloved in vain,
 Long shall thy boughs the gloom I feel retain;
 Henceforth, when mourners grieve, their grief to share,
 Emblem of woe, the cypress shall be there."

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

(*Faith.* When the flower is reversed it means
Superstition.)



HIS exquisite flower is the symbol of *Faith*.
It is supposed to represent the instruments
of the Crucifixion: hence its name.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

All-beauteous flower! whose center glows
With studs of gold: thence streaming flows
Raylike effulgence; next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfringed with an empurpled blue,
And streaked with young Pomona's green.

High o'er the pointal, decked with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold!)
A radiant cross its form expands;
Its opening arms appear to embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuse of all men, in all hands.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

Its tender shoots, fostered with care, extend
Far in festooned luxuriance,
Its drooping flowers, to blend—
Sweet mixture!—modesty and loveliness;
But more.—when closely viewed, this flower appears
To bear the sacred mark of sacred tears,
Adding to the plant's beauty—holiness,

How like this flower can woman be,—so fair!

So beautiful! Too delicate her mind

Would seem, the world's rude withering frost to bear

Without some guardian's help, round whom to bind

Its tendrils in pure trusting confidence.

When rightly trained her blossoms bloom, they shine

In more than beauty's luster; they combine

With earthly charms celestial innocence,

Breathing of sacred things: yet, like that flower, alone

To those who view her near, her holiness is known.

ANON.

THE SWEET-WILLIAM.

(Gallantry.—Finesse.)



WEET-WILLIAM, a member of the Pink family, from the charming manner in which it arranges its variegated blossoms into bouquet-shaped clusters, is well worthy of its second name of *finesse*.

The bearded Pink, as it is sometimes designated, is known to the French as the "poet's eye," because of the manner in which its petals are marked.

THE SWEET-WILLIAM.

Sweet-William small, has form and aspect bright;
 Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight.
 Had he majestic bulk he'd now be styled
 Jove's flower; and, if my skill is not beguiled,
 He was Jove's flower when Jove was but a child.
 Take him with many flowers in one conferred,
 He's worthy Jove, ev'n now he has a beard.

COWLEY.

THE HOLLY

(*Foresight.*)

"I, in this wisdom of the holly-tree, can emblems see."

SOUTHEY.



HIS tree is sacred to Christmas and domestic mirth. It is much used to adorn churches and houses at Christmas-time, and hence is associated with scenes of good-will and rejoicing. It is an evergreen tree, and has a fine grained, heavy, white wood. Its bark is used as a febrifuge, and the berries are violently purgative and emetic. The holly is found along the coast of the United States from Maine southward.

THE HOLLY.

The holly! the holly! oh, twine it with the bay,—
 Come, give the holly a song;
 For it helps to drive stern Winter away,
 With his garments so somber and long.
 It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
 And its leaves of burnished green,
 When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
 And not even the daisy is seen.
 Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
 That hangs over peasant and king;
 While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
 To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come
 To fether the gurgling rill;
 The woods may be bare and the warblers dumb,—
 But the holly is beautiful still.
 In the revel and light of princely halls
 The bright holly-branch is found;
 And its shadow falls on the lowliest,— falls
 While the brimming horn goes round.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
 Where graves and ruins are spread;
 There's beauty about the cypress-tree,
 But it flourishes near the dead;
 The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
 But it tells of fears and blood.
 I sing the holly,—and who can breathe
 Aught of *that* that is not good?

ELIZA COOK

THE HAREBELL

(*Submission and Grief.*)



HIS lovely blossom merits its first meaning,
 but scarcely its last. Those who have
 listened to the faint, sweet rustle of its
 bells when the breeze passes over them,
 might rather think it a mirthful than a sad flower.
 And yet such has been generally the fancy it has
 given birth to in the poets.

THE HAREBELL.

“For me,”—she stooped, and, looking round,
 Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—
 “For me, whose memory scarce conveys
 An image of more splendid days,
 This little flower, that loves the lea,
 May well my simple emblem be;
 It drinks heaven's dew blithe as the rose
 That in the king's own garden grows;
 And when I place it in my hair,
 Allan, a bard, is bound to swear
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair.”

SCOTT

CLOVER; OR, SHAMROCK.

(I promise.)

THE white *Clover*, or *Shamrock*, is the national emblem of Ireland, and claims an equal place in history with England's *Rose* or Scotland's *Thistle*. This symbol of their country is worn by Irishmen on the anniversary and in commemoration of St. Patrick's landing near Wicklow, in the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era. The patron saint is reported to have explained to his disciples the mysteries of the Trinity by means of a clover-leaf, or *trefoil*.

Bees delight in the sweet-scented blossoms of what Tennyson aptly calls the

Rare 'broidery of the purple clover.

Walter Thornbury has given us the following pretty lyric, "In Clover:"—

There is clover, honey-sweet,
Thick and tangled at our feet;
Crimson-spotted lies the field,
As in fight the warrior's shield:
Yonder poppies, full of scorn,
Proudly wave above the corn;
There is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet.
You may track the winds that blow
Through the cornfields as they go;
From the wheat, as from a sea,
Springs the lark in ecstasy.
Now the bloom is on the blade,
In the sun and in the shade,
There is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet.

The Druids held the clover in great repute, deeming it, it is supposed, a charm against evil spirits. Hope was depicted by the ancients as a little child standing on tiptoe, and holding one of these flowers in his hand.

THE ASPEN.

(Lamentation.)



SPEN is the name by which the Trembling Poplar is generally known. It is remarkable for the ceaseless tremulous motion of its leaves,—a natural phenomenon, to account for which many very diverse explanations have been proffered. Miss Darby, in her “Lays of Love and Heroism,” has thus versified a German legend upon the subject:—

The Lord of Life walked in the forest one morn,
 When the song-wearied nightingale slept on the thorn;
 Not a breath the deep hush of the dawning hour broke,
 Yet every tree, even the firm knotted oak,
 The tall warrior pine, and the cedar so regal,
 The home of the stork and the haunt of the eagle,
 All the patriarchal kings of the forest adored,
 And bowed their proud heads at the sight of the Lord.

One tree, and one only, continued erect,
 Too vain to show even the Savior respect!
 The light giddy aspen its leafy front raised,
 And on the Redeemer unbendingly gazed.
 Then a cloud, more of sorrow than wrath, dimmed the brow
 Of Him to whom everything living should bow;
 While to the offender, with shame now opprest,
 He breathed in these words the eternal behest:

“Alas for thy fate! Thou must suffer, poor tree,
 For standing when others were bending the kneec.
 Thou’rt doomed for thy fault an atonement to pay:
 Henceforth be a rush for the wild winds to sway.
 Sigh, sport of their fury, and slave of their will!
 Bow, e’en in a calm, when all others are still!
 And shivering, quivering, droop evermore,
 Because thou wouldst not with thy brothers adore.”

The weak aspen trembled, turned pale with dismay,
 And is pallid with terror and grief to this day.
 Each tremulous leaf of the penitent tree
 Obeys to this moment the heavenly decree.
 ‘Tis the sport of the wild winds, the slave of their will;
 E’en *without* a breeze bends, when all others stand still;
 And full of emotion, its fault doth deplore,
 Sigh, shiver, and quiver, and droop evermore.

THE MISTLETOE.



(I surmount difficulties.)

THE *Mistletoe* scarcely requires more than a passing allusion. Every one is acquainted with that remarkable custom which permits any lad to exact from any lass the toll of one kiss, when they accidentally met under it.

In Holstein the country people call the mistletoe "the specter's wand," from the supposition that holding a branch of it will not only enable a man to see ghosts, but force them to speak to him.

THE MISTLETOE.

On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice near.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green:
Forth to the woods did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe;
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

SWEET PEAS.



(Delicate Pleasures.)

IT is singular that few of our poets have celebrated these exquisite flowers. We know only these pretty lines of Keats, which exactly portray them:—

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

THE FOXGLOVE.

(Insincerity.)

THE *Foxglove* typifies *insincerity*, because of the insidious poison which lurks within its bright blossom. In France and Germany, and in some parts of England, it is known as "Finger-flower," because of the resemblance it bears to the finger of a glove, a resemblance which the poets have not failed to take advantage of. William Brown describes Pan as seeking gloves for his mistress:—

To keep her slender fingers from the sunne,
Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath runne
To pluck the speckled foxgloves from their stem,
And on those fingers neatly placed them.

THE FOXGLOVE.

The foxglove-leaves, with caution given,
Another proof of favoring Heaven

Will happily display:

The rabid pulse it can abate,
The hectic flush can moderate,
And, blest by Him whose will is fate,
May give a lengthened day.

THE FOXGLOVE.

Upon the sunny bank
The foxglove rears its pyramid of bells,
Gloriously freckled, purpled and white, the flower
That cheers Devon's fields.



THE HOLLYHOCK.

(Ambition.)



FEW years ago the *Hollyhock* was often designated the "garden mallow," and, indeed, it does belong to the mallow family. From the fact that this flower is known in France as *Rose d'outre Mer*, or the "rose from beyond the sea," it has been surmised that it was originally introduced into Europe from Syria by the Crusaders.

"Queen Hollyhock, with butterflies for crowns."

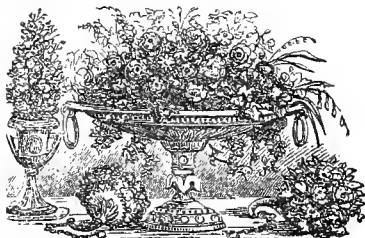


THE FUCHSIA.

(Taste.)



THE *Fuchsia*, a native of Chili, was named in honor of Leonard Fuchs, a noted German botanist. The plant is one of the most elegant of deciduous greenhouse shrubs. The young wood and leaves are tinged with purplish red; the blossom is pendent. There are many beautiful varieties. As this shrub is quite a modern addition to our gardens, there is but little poetry as yet belonging to it.



AUTOGRAPH-ALBUM VERSES.

LINES APPROPRIATE FOR DEDICATION.

No. 1.

Lady, to thee are consecrate
These leaves of smooth, unspotted white;
Emblems most fitting of thy state,—
So good—so fair—so pure—so bright.

Here WIT will sparkling stanzas strew,—
Here WISDOM solemn maxims store,—
Here FRIENDSHIP write its counsels true,—
Here LOVE may gently love implore:
When the sere Autumn leaves shall come—
As come to all they surely will—
Your eyes may o'er these leaflets roam,
And friends recall who love you still.

No. 2.

Dear friend, upon these pages write
The thoughts that to your mind seem good:
Whether you joyous verse indite,
Or trace lines in a pensive mood.
Each well lov'd hand, in after days,
Will come as dews to bless a drouth;
Each sentiment of kindly praise
Like violet-scents from the sweet South.

No. 3.

Casket of flawless gems!

The varying Amethyst—the modest Pearls—
The Ruby, fit for Beauty's brow,—
The Diamond for her clust'ring curls.

No. 4.

May no presuming pen

Write aught but faultless truth
Upon a page of this fair book,
Sacred to Innocence and Truth.

No. 5.

No carping critic's eye need scan

For venial faults this little book;
'Tis meant for Friendship's eye alone,
Which seeks not pebbles in each brook.

No. 6.

I trust that ev'ry one that calls me friend
Will to this little book some trifle lend,
Whether some fancy flowers wildly sweet,
Or some wise proverb, or some couplet neat,
Or sentence from some writer, grave or funny:
From ev'ry hive the wise can take some honey,
Whether the bees have roam'd in wealth's rich
 bowers,
Or painful glean'd amid wild wayside flowers.

No. 7.

No noisome weed shall flourish here,
 But blossoms from my friends so dear;
 And when 'tis fill'd the sweet bouquet
 Shall radiant bloom like welcome May.

No. 8.

Dear friend, please take your facile pen in hand,
 And—as if with a fairy's magic wand—
 Record a page, a verse, or e'en a line;
 'Twill have a value for this heart of mine.
 Not for its beauty only, but its truth;
 As bringing back the days of pleasant youth.

No. 9.

I'll keep your lines for Friendship's sake,
 Without a stain, without a blot;
 Sacred to Virtue's hallow'd name,
 To fond Affection's peaceful lot.

No vile thought mar a single page;
 No envious sneer—no passage mean;
 But all shall tend to feed the flame
 On Friendship's altar—bright, serene.

The dewdrops still on flower or leaf
 Add to them yet one charm the more;
 So Pity's tear on Beauty's rosy cheek
 Makes even lovelier what was fair before.

No. 10.

May ev'ry page of this fair book
On its smooth surface bear
Some kindly wish, some generous thought,
Or wit-gem sparkling fair.

Each autograph the signet be
Of some true-hearted friend;
The memory of whose genial soul
Will ever sunshine lend.

Even when pale Winter's frigid breath
Shall bind the silent brooks,
And dull Misfortune—cheerless dame—
Shall freeze us with cold looks.

No. 11.

Little, my friend, do I of rhyming know,
And fear I only may my weakness show
By daring to put down my simple thought
Where wittier, worthier, wiser pens have wrought
But from my true heart's innermost recess
My prayers to Heaven ascend that he may bless
Thee with the choicest gifts—with health, with
friends,
And at the last bestow that bliss that never ends.

No. 12.

Like Raleigh I would praise my queen,
 On crystal with a diamond keen;
 But lack the diamond and the glass,—
 So give you these and let those pass.
 No queen that ever trod the earth
 Had more of woman's genuine worth
 Than thee, fair lady, bright and pure,
 For whom I pen this signature.

No. 13.

No mental blossom can I give
 Fit 'mid these pretty flowers to live:
 No rose to rear its blushing head;
 No lily from its watery bed;
 No briar its sweetness round to spread;
 No tuberose fragrance aye to shed.
 No, Lady, hard will be my lot
 Unless you'll say "Forget-me-not."

HUMOROUS ANSWER TO A REQUEST FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.
 FROM A BEWILDERED ADMIRER.

Where is the pen? And now where is the ink?
 Now for the verses! Ah, just let me think!
 Fair maiden! . . . Auburn is your jetty hair;
 Your teeth like corals—lips with pearl compare;
 Your nose is dimpled, and your chin is straight!
 Your eyes like twin stars looking for a mate!
 After this bright exordium I'm quite sure
 You're glad that I at last have reach'd my
 signature.

PROSE MAXIMS.

Nothing great is easily won.

Life is love, and love is eternity.—*Menken.*

Every good action is in some way well repaid.

Speech is the highest species of action.—*Zachos.*

I did not fall into love. I rose into love.—*Bulwer*

Life outweighs all things if love lies within it.—

Goethe.

True love, like Greek fire, is inextinguishable.—*Itz*

Marvel.

Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved.

—*Bulwer.*

Time, which deadens hatred, secretly strengthens love.—*Richter.*

There is even a happiness

That makes the heart afraid.—*Hood.*

One clairvoyance on earth is certain, and that is the clairvoyance of love.

It was not song that taught me love,

But it was love that taught me song.—*L.E.L.*

After all, the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient working.—*Augusta Evans.*

Until the ladies have recognized, or refused to recognize, a man's merit, his social position is not yet determined.

Instruction ends in the schoolroom, but education ends only with life. A child is given to the universe to educate.—*Robertson.*

Love is the art of hearts and heart of arts. Con-junctive looks and interjectional sighs are its vocabulary's greater half.—*Bailey.*

PROSE MAXIMS.

Moderation is the pleasure of the wise.

Fate gives us parents: choice gives us friends.

Memory is the granary of the mind, and of experience.

A secret passion defends the heart of a woman better than her moral sense.

Let the slandered take comfort: it is only at fruit-trees that thieves throw stones.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like a child who sings at night when he is afraid.

How quietly flows the river toward the sea, yet it always reaches its destination. This is a point to remember when you are trying to rush things.

The cannon-ball passing through a four-foot bore receives its direction for the whole range. So the soul in childhood receives its direction for eternity.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it. No reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.—*Chesterfield*.

Music touches every key of memory, and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy. We love it for what it makes us forget, and for what it makes us remember.—*Brittain*.

A woman's love is essentially lonely and spiritual in its nature. It is the heathenism of the heart. She herself has created the glory and beauty with which the idol of her heart stands invested.—*L. E. L.*

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS.

ANNIE.

A nnex all graces to this gentle name;
 N or fear you will at all truth put to shame;
 N ice is thy sense of what pertains to good;
 I n Honor's brightest light she aye has stood,
 E nshrined in all that's best of womanhood.

ALMA.

A h, peerless maid, to whom my thoughts will run
 L ike sunflower to the ever-pleasant sun,
 M ay Heaven's rich blessings round thee aye be shed.
 A nd Hope twine flowers about thy faultless head.

BLANCHE.

B eauteous and blameless, maiden fair,
 L ike thy sweet name be all thy life;
 A dorning every path you tread:
 N ow a good damsel, then a better wife.
 C ircle about thee all the flowers that stand
 H igh-lifting to the sky, or shrinking low,
 E nviron'd close around with perfumes bland

CLARIBEL.

C himes this name as clearest notes,
 L ingering, lingering, softly floats,
 A s if to send its mellow tone
 R ising to the lark's blue zone.
 I t recalls that one whose spell
 B right lyrics poured from Music's shell.
 E nchanting, glowing, melting, firing,
 L amenting now, and now inspiring.

DORA.

D ickens chose this *petite* name,—
 O ne fitted for that little dame,—
 R ecalling now the tender life
 A ll blameless pass'd by that "child-wife."

ELEANOR.

E mblem of all that's fair and true,
 L ike that famed queen who deigned to sue
 E dward, her lord, who justly gave
 A pardon to each Calais brave,
 N eeds not prove your golden hair,
 O r eyes of blue, or features rare:
 R ival her virtues—you'll have done your snare

FANNIE.

F ull of happiness and glee,—
 A child of mirth and minstrelsy,—
 N ot one heart but treasures thee,
 N ymph of love and courtesy.
 I f your hair be black or brown,—
 E ach hath beauties of its own.

GRACE.

G racious and beautiful,
 R osy and fresh thou art;
 A ll for thee sweets will cull,
 C areful to win thy heart;
 E ach hates from thee to part.

HELEN.

Helen!—bearing that famed name,
 Enshrined in Homer's deathless lay;
 Like her thou'rt beautiful as day!
 Endeavor thou to do and say
 Nought that can touch thy spotless fame

IRENE.

In thy heart there is no guile,—
 Reveals pure truth in every smile,—
 Entrancing each fond, honest heart.
 Now with the grace you act your part,
 Never repelling Envy's dart.

JESSIE.

Jessie, no flower that ever gardener grew
 Equals the charms we see in you:
 So like the lily's stem, thy form
 Sways in the breeze—resists the storm.
 In rosy tints thy cheeks warm glow,—
 Each lip is vermeil, and each tooth like snow

KATE.

Kate! Ah, all who know our glorious Kate,
 Admire her form so full and straight.
 Tender her glance,—from her sweet lip
 Enamored bees might honey sip.

LIZZIE.

L ively, bonny, and very fair,
 I mmersed in gold is her auburn hair;
 Z ephyrs around her gently play,
 Z oned as if with star-like ray:
 I n thee the proudest his choice might find,
 E nchanting enough for any mind.

MARIE.

M arie, whose rounded form's lithe, shapely grace
 A dmits no rival save her lovelier face,—
 R ich in such beauties as did Kaufman trace.
 I n Wit's bright court you've won a dazzling prize,
 E clipped alone by your more dazzling eyes.

NELLIE.

N eeds must thy skin be very fair,—
 E xceeding blue thy laughing eyes,—
 L ike streaming clouds thy auburn hair,—
 L ike snow thy breast heav'd by soft sighs
 I n every moment of thy precious life
 E njoy thyself as happy maid and wife.

OLIVIA.

O h, beauteous maid, thy silver-sounding name,
 L ike music over moonlight waters comes.
 I nfusing fields, and woods, and brawling brooks,
 V ine-shaded lattice, and dark ivied arch
 I n ancient castle ruins, with such charms
 A s tend to soothe the sorrow-stricken heart.

PAULINE.

P leasant is your winsome smile
 A s the brightest summer-ray;
 U ntold beauties grace thy form,
 L issom as a cedar spray.
 I n every trait of heart and mind—
 N o trace of evil's baleful sway—
 E ducing good for Virtue's shrine.

RACHEL.

R aven tresses shade thy brow,
 A s lovely as Egyptia's queen!
 C oral lips and blooming cheeks,
 H andsome form as e'er was seen,
 E ven amidst the heavenly fair,
 L ighting Mount Ida's glades so green.

SARAH.

S ome may sing your diamond eyes,
 A nother praise your rosy cheeks;
 R ing verses some to your lithe form,
 A nother chant your mind so pure:
 A ll own you have for worth no peer.

THERESA.

T urn, turn those witching eyes away!
 H eaven's choicest azures in them play!
 E nthralling every manly heart,
 R egardless of love's bitter smart,—
 E njoy thy triumph. Yet, fair maid, beware!
 S o Cleopatra's coquet's art
 A ntony drove to ruin and despair.

UNA.

U na, whose graceful force made the proud lion yield,
 N eeded no veiling for her tasteful charms,
 A mid all dangers Innocence her shield.

VICTORIA.

V ictor thou art whenever thou dost please
 I n thy fair hand to poise Love's curved bow,—
 C anst send the arrows feather'd by dove's plume
 T hrough any heart that pleaseth thee to aim,—
 O h, do not wound me by thy certain skill,
 R esistless beauty. Save thou dost intend
 I nto the wound to press the healing dew
 A bout thy lips that lies in sweet moist loveliness

WILHELMINA.

W ealth of charms, sweet girl, are thine:
 I n thine eyes, almost divine,
 L ove has set the diamond shine,—
 H ealthy cheeks, like rich carmine,
 E ntwined your curls like eglantine;
 L uscious your lips as nectarine,—
 M oulded your arms so plump, yet fine,
 I n every motion is "beauty's-line."
 N o painter's fancy—sculptor's dream—
 A fairer creature had for theme.

ZOE.

Z oned with Venus's circle fair,
 O nly thyself can well compare
 E nchanting girl, with thy charms rare.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

ABSENCE.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years,
And every little absence is an age.

DRYDEN.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

POPE.

There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee.

PROCTOR.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Accomplishments were native to her mind,
Like precious pearls within a clasping shell;
And winning grace her every act refined,
Like sunshine shedding beauty where it fell.

MRS. HALE.

ACTION.

Away, then! Work with boldness and with speed,
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.

MARLOWE.

For *good* and *well* must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.

DONNE.

ACTIVITY.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

ADVERSITY.

In this wide world, the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.

CRABBE.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.

ROBBES.

ADVICE.

Know *when* to speak; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

SHAKS.

The worst men often give the best advice.

BAILEY.

ADIEU.

We part;
But this shall be a token thou hast been
A friend to him who pluck'd these lovely flowers,
And sent them as a tribute to a friend,
And a remembrance of the few kind hours
Which lightened on the darkness of my path.

PERC

AFFECTION.

Ah, could you look into my heart,
And watch your image there,
You would own the sunny loveliness
Affection makes it wear.

MRS. OSGOOD.

ANGELS.

Times of joy and times of woe,
Each an angel-presence know.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

APPAREL.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor appeareth in the meanest habit.

SHAKS.

APPEARANCES.

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within;
'Tis not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

DAWES.

Within the oyster's shell uncouth
The purest pearl may hide;
Trust me you'll find a heart of truth
Within that rough outside.

MRS. OSGOOD.

BEAUTY.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN. JONSON

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON.

BEAUTY.

There's beauty all around our paths,
 If but our watchful eyes
 Can trace it midst familiar things
 And through their lowly guise.

MRS. HEMANS.

Beautiful! Yes, but the blush will fade,
 The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear;
 The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
 And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
 Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
 Treasures of loveliness still to last;
 Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
 That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Thou art beautiful, young lady,—
 But I need not tell you this;
 For few have borne, unconsciously,
 The spell of loveliness.

WHITTIER.

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
 But ne'er on one for years,
 Where beauty left so soft a trace
 As it had left on hers.

MRS. WELBY.

No wonder that cheek, in its beauty transcendent,
 Excelleth the beauty of others by far;
 No wonder that eye is so richly resplendent,
 For your heart is a rose and your soul is a star.

MRS. OSGOOD.

BEAUTY.

Her cheek had the pale pearly pink
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopp'd
In silver dew.

BAILEY.

When I forget that the stars shine in air,
When I forget that beauty is in stars,—
Shall I forget thy beauty.

BAILEY.

Thy glorious beauty was the gift of heaven:
As such thou should'st have prized it, and have
died
Ere thou didst yield it up to mortal touch,
Unless thy heart went with it, to make pure
And sanctify the offering.

MRS. OSGOOD.

I would that thou mightst ever be
As beautiful as now;
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow.

WILLIS

BLUSHING.

Maiden, through every change the same
Sweet semblance thou may'st wear;
Ay, scorch thy very soul with shame,
Thy brow may still be fair:
But if thy lovely cheek forget
The rose of purer years,—
Say, does not memory sometimes wet
That changeless cheek with tears?

O. W. HOLMES.

AUTOGRAPH-ALBUM VERSES.

BLUSHING.

Give me the eloquent cheek,
Where blushes burn and die;
Like thine its changes speak
The spirit's purity!

MRS. OSGOOD

CALM.

So calm the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away.

BYRON.

CARE.

Care that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

JOHNSON.

And on, with many a step of pain,
Our weary race is sadly run;
And still, as on we plod our way,
We find, as life's gay dreams depart,
To close our being's troubled day,
Nought left us but a broken heart.

PERCIVAL.

CHANGE.

I ask not what change
Has come over thy heart;
I seek not what chances
Have doomed us to part;
I know thou hast told me
To love thee no more,
And I still must obey
Where I once did adore.

HOPKINSON

CELIBACY.

From her lone path she never turns aside,
 Though passionate worshipers before her fall;
 Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
 She seems to soar and beam above them all!

MRS. WELBY.

CHANGE.

Ah, if a fairy's magic might were mine,
 I'd joy to change with each new wish of thine;
 Nothing to all the world beside I'd be,
 And everything thou lovest in turn to thee.

MRS. OSGOOD.

CHARITY.

The truly generous is the truly wise;
 And he who loves not others lives unblest.

HOME.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman;
 For though they gang a kennie wrang,
 To step aside is human.

BURNS.

CHASTITY.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

MILTON.

CHEERFULNESS.

A sweet heart-lifting cheerfulness,
 Like springtime of the year,
 Seemed ever on her steps to wait.

MRS. HALE.

CONFIDENCE.

"Trust in thee?" Ay, dearest, there's no one but must,
 Unless truth be a fable, in such as thee trust!
 For who can see heaven's own hue in those eyes,
 And doubt that truth with it came down from the skies;
 While each thought of thy bosom, like morning's
 young light,
 Almost ere 'tis born, flashes there on his sight!

C. F. HOFFMAN.

CONSTANCY.

I am constant as the northern star,—
 Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament.

SHAK

When all things have their trial, you shall find
 Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.

SHIRLEY.

The mountain rill
 Seeks with no surer flow the far, bright sea,
 Than my unchanged affections flow to thee.

PARK BENJAMIN.

Though youth be past, and beauty fled,
 The constant heart its pledge redeems,—
 Like box, that guards the flowerless bed,
 And brighter from the contrast seems.

MRS. HALE.

There is nothing but death
 Our affections can sever,
 And till life's latest breath
 Love shall bind us forever.

FRIGGS.

COQUETTE.

But why, oh why, on all thus squander
 The treasures one alone can prize?
 Why let the looks at random wander,
 Which beam from those deluding eyes?
 Those syren tones, so lightly spoken,
 Cause many a heart, I know, to thrill;
 But mine, and only mine, till broken,
 In every pulse must answer still.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

I would sooner bind
 My thoughts to the open sky:
 I would worship as soon a familiar star,
 That is bright to every eye.
 'Twere to love the wind that is free to all—
 The wave of the beautiful sea,—
 'Twere to hope for all the light in heaven,
 To hope for the love of thee.

WILLIS

COUNTRY LIFE.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
 Your vine is a nest for flies;
 Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
 And Simplicity talks of pies!
 You lie down to your shady slumber,
 And wake with a bug in your ear;
 And your damsel that walks in the morning
 Is shod like a mountaineer.

WILLIS

COURTSHIP.

Gentle lady,
 When I did first impart my love to you,
 I freely told you, all the wealth I had
 Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman:
 And then I told you true.

SHAKS.

Like a lovely tree
 She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
 Rejected several suitors, just to learn
 How to accept a better in his turn.

BYRON.

Learn to win a lady's faith
 Nobly as the thing is high;
 Bravely, as for life and death,
 With a loyal gravity.
 Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies,
 Guard her by your truthful words,
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

MISS BARRETT.

CURIOSITY.

Eve,
 With all the fruits of Eden blest
 Save only one, rather than leave
 That one unknown lost all the rest.

MOORE.

DEATH.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God.
 Death is another life.

PARNELL.

BALDY.

DEATH.

Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould, like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

BRYANT.

Weep not for him who dieth,—
For he sleeps and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast.

MRS. NORTON.

DECEIT.

They may be false who languish and complain,
But they who sigh for money never feign.

MARY W. MONTAGUE.

DESPAIR.

Beware of desperate steps! The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

COWPER

DOUBT.

Life's sunniest hours are not without
The shadow of some lingering doubt;
Amid its brightest joys will steal
Spectres of evil yet to feel;
Its warmest love is blent with fears;
Its confidence a trembling one;
Its smile the harbinger of tears;
Its hope the change of April's sun:
A weary lot,—in mercy given,
To fit the chastened soul for heaven.

WHITTIER.

DOUBT.

Beware of doubt! Faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee
For all the world contains.

G. P. MORRIS.

DREAMS.

Bright dreams attend thee, gentle one,
The brightest and the best;
For sorrows scarce can fall upon
A maid so purely blest.
And when death's shadows round thee swell,
And dim thy starry eyes,
Oh, mayst thou be, my Rosabelle,
A spirit of the skies.

ROBERT MORRIS.

ELOQUENCE.

I'll speak the kindest words
That tongue e'er uttered, or that art e'er thought.

DRYDEN.

Your words are like the notes of dying swans;
Too sweet to last.

DRYDEN

Oh, as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue.

BULWER

ENNUI.

It hath been said, "for all who die
 There is a tear;
 Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
 O'er every bier;"
 But in that hour of pain and dread,
 Who will draw near
 Around my humble couch, and shed
 One farewell tear?

MRS. S. A. LEWIS.

Alas, that youth's fond hopes must fade,
 And love be but a name,
 While its rainbows, followed e'er so fast,
 Are distant still the same.

RUFUS DAWES.

EYES.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
 Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
 Until she spoke; then, through its soft disguise,
 Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,
 And love than either.

BYRON.

Those eyes that were so bright, love,
 Have now a dimmer shine;
 But what they've lost in light, love,
 Is what they gave to mine.
 And still those orbs reflect, love,
 The beams of former hours,
 That ripened all my joys, love,
 And tinted all my flowers.

HOOD.

EYES.

I never saw an eye so bright,
 And yet so soft, as hers;
 It sometimes swam in liquid light,
 And sometimes swam in tears;
 It seemed a beauty set apart
 For softness and for sighs.

MRS. WELBY.

Those laughing orbs, that borrow
 From azure skies the light they wear,
 Are like heaven,—no sorrow
 Can float o'er hues so fair.

MRS. OSGOOD.

I have sat,
 And in the blue depths of her stainless eyes
 Have gazed!

WILLIS.

Those eyes,—among thine elder friends
 Perhaps they pass for blue.
 No matter,—if a man can see,
 What more have eyes to do?

O. W. HOLMES.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
 And nought but empty air I see;
 But when I turn me to thine eyes,
 It seemeth unto me
 Ten thousand angels spread their wings
 Within those little azure rings.

O. W. HOLMES.

The bright black eye, the melting blue,—
 I can not choose between the two.
 But that is dearest, all the while,
 Which wears for us the sweetest smile.

O. W. HOLMES.

FAREWELL.

Fare thee well! Yet think a while
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
 Who now would rather trust thy smile,
 And die with thee, than live without thee.

MOORE.

Farewell! There's but one pang in death,
 One only,—leaving thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

I heard thy low-whispered farewell, love,
 And silently saw thee depart;—
 Ay, silent;—for how could words tell, love,
 The sorrow that swelled in my heart?
 They could not. Oh, language is faint,
 When passion's devotion would speak;
 Light pleasure or pain it may paint,
 But with feelings like ours it is weak!
 Yet tearless and mute though I stood, love,
 Thy last words are thrilling me yet,
 And my heart would have breathed, if it
 could, love,
 And murmured, "Oh, do not forget!"

MRS. OSGOOD

And, like some low and mournful spell,
 To whisper but one word—"Farewell!"

PARK BENJAMIN.

Farewell! Thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust,
 Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust;
 Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
 I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell.

HOFFMAN.

FIDELITY.

Pure as the snow the summer sun
Never at noon hath looked upon;
Deep as is the diamond wave,
Hidden in the desert cave,—
Changeless as the greenest leaves
Of the wreath the cypress weaves,—
Hopeless, often, when most fond,—
Without hope or fear beyond
Its own pale fidelity;—
And this woman's love can be.

MISS LANDON.

FLATTERY.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then you men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

SWIFT.

FORGIVENESS.

While yet we live,— scarce one short hour, perhaps,—
Between us two let there be peace.

MILTON.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

BAILEY

FORTITUDE.

Gird your hearts with silent fortitude,
Suffering yet hoping all things.

MRS. HEMANS.

FORTUNE.

Lady, throw back thy raven hair,
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare:
I will look on the stars and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.

MISS LANDON.

FRIENDSHIP.

A friend is gold: if true, he'll never leave thee;
 Yet both, without a touchstone, may deceive thee.

RANDOLPH.

He ought not to pretend to friendship's name
 Who reckons not himself and friend the same.

TUCKER.

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart;
 And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

EARLE.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendships: who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

GAY.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene:
 Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.

YOUNG.

Friendship has a power
 To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.

H. K. WHITE.

Friend after friend departs:
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That hath not here its end.

MONTGOMERY

Oh, let my friendship in the wreath,
 Though but a bud among the flowers,
 Its sweetest fragrance round thee breathe,—
 'Twill serve to soothe thy weary hours.

MRS. WELBY

FRIENDSHIP.

The friend
 Who smiles when smoothing down the lonely couch,
 And does kind deeds, which any one can do
 Who has a feeling spirit,—such a friend
 Heals with a searching balsam.

PERCIVAL.

Oh, let my friendship in the wreath,
 Though but a bud among the flowers,
 Its sweetest fragrance round thee breathe,—
 'Twill serve to soothe thy weary hours.

MRS. WELBY.

There are a thousand nameless ties,
 Which only those who feel them know,—
 Of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies,
 And untold fancy spells, which throw
 O'er ardent minds and faithful hearts
 A chain whose charmed links so blend,
 That the light circlet but imparts
 Its force in these fond words—MY FRIEND.

MRS. DINNIE.

Let others boast them as they may,
 Of spirits kind and true,
 Whose gentle words and loving smiles
 Have cheered them on life through;
 And though they count of friends a host,
 To bless the paths they've trod,
 These are the ones have loved *me* most—
 My mother, wife, and God!

RICHARD GOR.

FUTURITY.

Let me, then let me dream
 That love goes with us to the shore unknown:
 So o'er the burning tear a heavenly gleam
 In mercy shall be thrown.

MRS. HEMANS

GOODNESS.

The words which thou hast utter'd
 Are of thy soul a part;
 And the good seed thou hast scatter'd
 Is springing from the heart.

WHITTIER.

GRACE.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON.

GRATITUDE.

Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
 Can move or warp, and gratitude for small
 And trivial favors, lasting as the life
 And glist'ning even in the dying eye.

COWPER.

GRAVE.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
 To that unfathom'd, boundless sea,
 The silent grave!
 Thither all earthly pomp and boast
 Roll, to be swallow'd up and lost
 In one dark wave.

GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found:
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

MONTGOMERY.

GRIEF.

Whole years of joy glide unperceiv'd away,
 While sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.

HAYARD.

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught.

SHELLEY.

I need not say how, one by one,
 Love's flowers have dropp'd from off love's chain,
 Enough to say that they are gone,
 And that they can not bloom again.

MISS LONDON.

Ah, tell me not that memory
 Sheds gladness o'er the past,—
 What is recall'd by faded flowers,
 Save that they did not last!

MISS LONDON

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care:
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

BURNS.

HAIR.

She's beautiful!—Her raven curls
 Have broken hearts in envious girls;—
 And then they sleep in contrast so,
 Like raven feathers upon snow,
 And bathe her neck,—and shade the bright
 Dark eye from which they catch the light,
 As if their graceful loops were made
 To keep that glorious eye in shade,
 And holier make its tranquil spell,
 Like waters in a shaded well.

WILLIE

HAPPINESS.

Oh, how bitter a thing it is to look
 Into happiness through another man's eyes!

SHAKESPEARE

What thing so good which not some harm may
 bring?

E'en to be happy is a dangerous thing.

EARL OF STERLINE.

Happy are those

That knowing in their births they are subject to
 Uncertain change, are still prepar'd and arm'd
 For either fortune: a rare principle,
 And with much labor learn'd in Wisdom's school.

MASSINGER

Beware what earth calls happiness: beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire:
 Who builds on less than an immortal base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joy to death.

YOUNG

HAPPINESS.

All who joy would win,
Must share it,—happiness was born a twin.

BYRON

There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.

BYRON

True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in doing good.

SOMERVILLE

HEART.

To me she gave her heart,—the all
Which tyranny can not enthrall.

BYRON

I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart that laughs at care.

MILM.

Oh, no!—my heart can never be
Again in lightest hopes the same;
The love that lingers there for thee
Hath more of ashes than of flame.

MISS LANI.

Seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awaken'd will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast, like the dove to its nest.
And you'll find there's no home like the home in
the heart.

AUTOGRAPH-ALBUM VERSES.

HEART.

The heart, methinks,
Were of strange mould, which kept no cherish'd print
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,
And love and innocence made holiday.

HILLHOUSE.

My heart is like a lonely bird
That sadly sings,
Brooding upon its nest unheard,
With folded wings.

MRS. WELBY

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us:
He knows each cord—its various tone,
Each spring its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

BURNS.

HOME.

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

YOUNG.

Nor need we power or splendor,—
Wide hall or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender,—
These form the wealth of home.

MRS. HALE.

HOME.

Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,
The home of the homeless all over the earth.

STREFF

Home is the sphere of harmony and peace,
The spot where angels find a resting-place,
When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth.

MRS. HALE.

HONOR.

A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth:
'Tis but a name,—
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life which leads
To want and shame.

LONGFELLOW.

HUMILITY.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.

SHAKESPEARE.

Humility,—that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

MOORE

HUSBANDS.

To all married men be this caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.

MASSINGER.

IDLENESS.

Tax not my sloth that I
 Fold my arms beside the brook:
 Each cloud that floateth in the sky
 Writes a letter in my book.

EMERSON

IGNORANCE.

By ignorance is pride increased:
 They most assume who know the least.

GAY

IMAGINATION.

Alas! we make
 A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
 And sleep ourselves at the foot.

MISS LONDON.

IMMORTALITY.

Press onward through each varying hour;
 Let no weak fears thy course delay;
 Immortal being! feel thy power,
 Pursue thy bright and endless way.

NORTON

IMPRISONMENT.

Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear;
 The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.

FORD.

IMPUDENCE.

Immodest words admit of no defense,
 For want of deeeny is want of sense.

POPE.

INCONSTANCY.

Oh, heaven! Were man
 But constant, he were perfect: that one error
 Fills him with faults; makes him run through
 all sins:
 Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

SHAKESPEARE.

INDUSTRY.

She was knowing in all needlework,
 And shone in dairy and in kitchen too,
 As in the parlor.

BARKER.

Chide me not, laborious band,
 For the idle flowers I brought;
 Each aster in my hand
 Goes home loaded with a thought.

R. W. EMERSON.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor,—all labor is noble and holy.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destin'd end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

LONGFELLOW.

INNOCENCE.

Hope may sustain, and innocence impart
 Her sweet specific to the fearless heart.

SPRAGUE.

IRRESOLUTION.

Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt.

SHAKESPEARE

JOY.

It is a joy
 To think the best we can of human kind.

WORDSWORTH.

But what are past or future joys?
 The present is our own!
 And he is wise who best employs
 The passing hour alone.

HEBER

JUDGMENT.

Let none direct thee what to do or say,
 Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway:
 Let not the pleasing many thee delight:
 First judge if those whom thou dost please,
 judge right.

DENHAM

'Tis with our judgments as our watches,— none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

MOORE

KINDNESS.

If a soul thou wouldst redeem,
 And lead a lost one back to God;—
 Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
 To one who long in guilt hath trod,—
 Go kindly to him, take his hand
 With gentlest words within thine own,
 And by his side a brother stand,
 Till all the demons thou dethrone.

MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

KINGS.

Oh, covet not the throne and crown,
 Sigh not for rule and state:
 The wise would fling the scepter down,
 And shun the palace-gate.
 Ye lowly born, oh, covet not
 Unrest the scepter brings;
 The honest name and peaceful lot
 Outweigh the pomp of kings.

ELIZA DAWES.

KNIGHTHOOD.

A king can mak' a belted knight,—
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,—
 Guid faith, he maun na fa' that.

BURNS.

KNOWLEDGE.

Oh, there is nought on earth worth being known,
 But God and our own souls.

BAILEY.

KNOWLEDGE.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know, ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW

LABOR.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.

JEATIE

LIFE.

Like to the falling of a star;
 Or as the flights of eagles are;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood:
 E'en such a man whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
 The dew dries up; the star is shot;
 The flight is past; and man forgot.

BISHOP KING

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost:
 Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.

BURNS.

Life, like a dome of many-color'd glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity.

SHELLEY

LIFE.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time:—
 Footprints that, perchance, another,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

LONGFELLOW

Life is real, life is earnest;
 And the grave is not its goal:
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

LONGFELLOW

LOVE.

Ah, me!—for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKESPEARE

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
 Doubt that the sun doth move;
 Doubt Truth to be a liar,
 But never doubt my love.

SHAKESPEARE

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
 Had quench'd at last my boyish flame;
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all, save hope, the same.

BYRON

LOVE.

For several virtues

Have I lik'd several women; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
 And put it to the foil: but you, oh you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best!

SHAKSPEARE.

Young men fly, when beauty darts
 Amorous glances at their hearts;
 The fix'd mark gives the shooter aim,
 And ladies' looks have power to maim;
 Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
 Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies;
 Then fly betimes, for only they
 Conquer love that run away.

CAREW.

She that would raise a noble love, must find
 Ways to beget a passion for her mind;
 She must be that which she to the world would
 seem;

For all true love is grounded on esteem:
 Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart,
 Than all the crooked subtleties of art.

BUCKINGHAM.

Why, the world are all thinking about it
 And as for myself, I can swear
 If I fancied that heaven were without it,
 I'd scarce feel a wish to be there

MOORE.

LOVE.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
The court, the camp, church, vessel, and the mart;
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange;
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart;
And few there are whom these can not estrange.
Men have all these resources: we but one—
To love again, and be again undone.

BYRON.

They sin who tell us love can die:
With love all other passions fly,—
All others are but vanity:
In heaven ambition can not dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

SOUTHER

The world! ah, Fanny! love must shun
The path where many rove;
One bosom to recline upon,
The heart to be his only one,
Are quite enough for love.

MOORE.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair;
But love can hope where reason would despair.

LORE LYTTLETON.

LOVE.

'Twas but for a moment; and yet in that time
 She crowded th' impressions of many an hour.
 Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
 Which wak'd ev'ry feeling at once into flower!

MOORE.

Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
 Since every other joy, how dear soever,
 Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.

ROWE.

Love is a passion
 Which kindles honor into noble acts.

DRYDEN.

In many ways does the full heart reveal
 The presence of the love it would conceal.

COLERIDGE.

Love is a superstition that doth fear
 The idol which itself hath made.

OVERBURY.

I love thee, and I feel
 That on the fountain of my heart a seal
 Is set to keep its waters pure and bright
 For thee.

SHELLEY.

God gives us love. Something to love
 He lends us; but when love is grown
 To ripeness, that on which it throve
 Falls off, and love is left alone.

TENNISON.

LOVE.

Our love came as the early dew
 Comes unto drooping flowers,
 Dropping its first sweet freshness on
 Our life's dull, lonely hours:
 As each pale blossom lifts its head,
 Reviv'd with blessings nightly shed,
 By summer breeze and dew,—
 Oh, thus our spirits rose beneath
 Love's gentle dews and living breath,
 To drink of life anew!

MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Unhappy he, who lets a tender heart,
 Bound to him by the ties of earliest love,
 Fall from him by his own neglect, and die,
 Because it met no kindness.

PERCIVAL.

Let no one say that there is need
 Of time for love to grow;
 Ah, no! the love that kills indeed,
 Despatches at a blow.

LORD HOLLAND.

Love is a pearl of purest hue,
 But stormy waves are round it;
 And dearly may a woman rue
 The hour that first she found it.

MISS LONDON.

If we love one another,
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us,
 Whatever mischances may happen.

LONGFELLOW.

LOVE.

There are in love the extremes of touch'd desire,—
 The noblest brightness or the coarsest fire!
 In vulgar bosoms vulgar wishes move:
 Nature guides choice, and as men think they love.
 In the loose passion men profane the name,
 Mistake the purpose, and pollute the flame:
 In nobler bosoms friendship's form it takes,
 And sex alone the lovely difference makes.

AARON HILL

Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and Nature law!
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
 No craving void left aching in the breast.
 Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it
 part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

POPE.

Almighty love! what wonders are not thine!
 Soon as thy influence breathes upon the soul,
 By thee the haughty bend the suppliant knee,
 By thee the hand of avarice is opened
 Into profusion; by thy power the heart
 Of cruelty is melted into softness;
 The rude grow tender, and the fearful bold.

PATTERSON.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes.
 Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear!

POPE.

LOVE.

Oh, happy love! where love like this is found!
 Oh, heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare:
 If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 evening gale.

BURNS.

True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven.
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
 It liveth not in fierce desire,—
 With dead desire it doth not die.
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body and in soul can bind.

SCOTT.

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.

SCOTT.

LOVE.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
 Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
 Who hath not praised while Beauty's pensive eye
 Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
 Who hath not own'd, with rapture-stricken frame,
 The power of grace—the magic of a name?

CAMPBELL.

Oh, love! in such a wilderness as this,
 Where transport and security entwine,
 Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
 And here thou art a god indeed divine!
 Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
 The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
 Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
 Nor blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
 Shall love behold the spark of earth-born love
 expire.

CAMPBELL.

Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
 And know'st thou not no law is made for love?
 Law is to things which to free choice relate;
 Love is not in our choice, but in our fate:
 Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
 Is Nature's sanction, and her first degree.

DRYDEN.

I pray thee love—love me no more,
 Call home the heart you gave me;
 I but in vain that saint adore,
 That can, but will not save me.

DRAYTON.

LOVE.

Love's holy flame forever burneth,—
 From heaven it came, to heaven returnoth:
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,—
 At times deceived, at times opprest.
 It here is tried, and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.

SOUTHEY

Alas! how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;—
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,—
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity.

MOORE

To see thee every day that came,
 And find thee every day the same,—
 In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear,
 The same benign consoling dear!
 To meet thee early, leave thee late,
 Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
 That now I feel thy love's sweet ray,
 Which came, like sunshine, every day,
 And all my pain—my sorrow—chas'd,
 Shines on a lone and loveless waste.

MOORE.

LOVE.

Oh, magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
 Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?
 Or blooms there a prospect in Nature or art,
 Like the vista that shines through the eye to the
 heart?

MOORE

Nay, tempt me not to love again!
 There was a time when love was sweet:
 Dear Nea, had I known thee then,
 Our souls had not been slow to meet!
 But, oh, this weary heart hath run
 So many a time the rounds of pain,
 Not e'en for thee, thou lovely one,
 Would I endure such pangs again.

MOORE.

Oh, thou shalt be all else to me,
 That heart can feel or tongue can feign!
 I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
 But must not, dare not, love again!
 In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
 In crowded hall or lonely bower,
 The business of my soul shall be
 Forever to remember thee!

MOORE.

There's not a look—a word—of thine,
 My soul hath e'er forgot;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,
 Which I remember not.

MOORE.

LOVE.

Oh, what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed while she breath'd it too!
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light while she was nigh.

MOORE

Oh, had we never, never met!
Or could this heart e'en now forget!
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
Had fate not frown'd so dark between!

MOORE.

Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ:
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades:
Other pleasures give them pain,—
Lovers all but love disdain.

DR. JOHNSON.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.

COWLEY.

Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of his existence, but the whole—
The very life-blood of his heart.

MOORE.

LOVE.

Oh, love, love well!—but only once, for never shall the
 dream
 Of youthful hope return again on life's dark rolling
 stream.

MRS. NORTON

Love not—love not—the thing you love may change,
 The rosy lips may cease to smile on you;
 The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
 The heart still warmly beat,—but not for you.

MRS. NORTON.

Into my heart a silent look
 Flash'd from thy careless eyes,
 And what before was shadow, took
 The light of summer skies.
 The first-born love was in that look:
 The Venus rose from out the deep
 Of those inspiring eyes.

BULWER.

Then youth, thou fond believer!
 The wily syren shun:
 Who trusts the gay deceiver
 Will surely be undone!
 When Beauty triumphs, ah, beware!
 Her smile is hope!—her frown despair!

MONTGOMERY

The cold in clime are cold in blood,—
 Their love can scarce deserve the name;
 But mine was like the lava flood
 That boils in *Ætna's* breast of flame.

BYRON.

LOVERS.

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
 But evermore remember well) when first
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd
 And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
 Not what we ail'd,—yet something we did ail;
 And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
 And what was our disease we could not tell.
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look, and thus
 In that first garden of our simpleness
 We spent our childhood. But when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
 Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
 Check my presumption and my forwardness;
 Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
 What she would have me, yet not have me know.

CHARLES LAMB.

They never lov'd as thou and I,
 Who minister'd the moral,
 That aught which deepens love can lie
 In true love's lightest quarrel.
 They never knew, in times of fear,
 The safety of Affection;
 Nor sought, when angry Fate drew near,
 Love's Altar for protection.
 They never knew how kindness grows
 A vigil and a care,
 Nor watch'd beside the heart's repose
 In silence and in prayer.

BULWER.

LOVERS.

The rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
 The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
 And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
 Firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
 Yet can not I, with many a dropping tear,
 And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
 Or look with pity on my painful smart:
 But when I plead, she bids me play my part;
 And when I weep, she says tears are but water;
 And when I sigh, she says I know the art;
 And when I wail, she turns herself to laughter:
 So I do weep and wail, and plead in vain,
 While she as steel and flint doth still remain.

SPENSER

They parted as all lovers part,—
 She with her wrong'd and breaking heart;
 But he rejoicing to be free,
 Bounds like a captive from his chain,
 And wilfully believing she
 Hath found her liberty again;
 Or if dark thoughts will cross his mind,
 They are but clouds before the wind.

MISS LONDON.

This hand hath oft been held by one
 Who now is far away;
 And here I sit and sigh alone,
 Through all the weary day.

BAILEY.

LOVERS.

It is my soul that calls upon thy name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.

SHAKSPEARE

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.

SHAKSPEARE

Lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can see.

SPENSER

And had he not long read
The heart's hush'd secret, in the soft dark eye
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek,
Coloring all crimson at his lightest look?

MISS LONDON.

Our love it ne'er was reckon'd,
Yet good it is and true;
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you!

HOOD.

Let us love now, in this our fairest youth,
When love can find a full and fond return.

PERCIVAL.

Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretch'd the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you.

O. W. HOLMES

MARRIAGE.

Then come the wild weather,—come sleet or come
snow,

We will stand by each other, however it blow;
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

LONGFELLOW.

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Shower'd on my path like dew;
For all the love in those deep eyes,—
A gladness ever new!
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied,
But in kindly tones of cheer;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here!

MRS. HEMANS.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

COTTON.

To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health;
Partake, but never waste thy wealth;
Or stand with smile unmurmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty.

BYRON

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!

COWPER.

MARRIAGE.

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
 Might kindle with more wild desire,
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
 Much more than it has lost in fire:
 The flame now warms my inmost core,
 That then but sparkled on thy brow;
 And though I seem'd to love thee more,
 Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

MOORE

I bless thee for the noble heart,
 The tender and the true,
 Where mine hath found the happiest rest
 That e'er fond woman's knew:
 I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
 For my own, my treasur'd share,
 In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
 In thy sorrow and thy care.

MRS. HEMANS.

I saw her, and I lov'd her,—
 I sought her, and I won;
 A dozen pleasant summers,
 And more, since then have run;
 And half as many voices
 Now prattling by her side,
 Remind me of the autumn
 When she became my bride.

THOMAS MACKELLAR

Oh, marriage! marriage! what a curse is thine,
 Where hands alone consent and hearts abhor.

HILL

MARRIAGE.

On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
 The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew;
 Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers;
 Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

ROGERS

Oh, married love!—each heart shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chains inlaid with down,
 Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.

LANGHORNE

Not for the summer-hour alone,
 When skies resplendent shine,
 And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
 Our hearts and hands we twine;
 But for those stern and wintry days
 Of peril, pain, and fear,
 When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
 This earthly journey drear.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear;
 And something, every day they live,
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.

COWPER

Marriage to maids is like a war to men;
 The battle causes fear, but the sweet hopes
 Of winning at the last, still draws 'em in.

LEE

MEMORY.

We will revive those times, and in our memories
Preserve, and still keep fresh, like flowers in water,
Those happier days; when at our eyes our souls
Kindled their mutual fires, their equal beams
Shot and return'd, till link'd and twin'd in one,
They chain'd our hearts together.

DENHAM

Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms,—so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh, he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

AKENSIDE

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain:
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!

ROGERS

Come, flattering memory! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.

LITTLETON

MEMORY.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued,
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
 And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it could fling
 Aside forever: it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,—
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind;
 But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
 Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view
 The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—
 The cold—the chang'd—perchance the dead—*anew*,
 The mourn'd, the lov'd, the lost,—too many! yet
 how few!

BYRON

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, th' opprest oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
 And he who wants each other blessing
 In thee must ever find a foe.

GOLDSMITH.

MEMORY.

Memories on memories! to my soul again
 There come such dreams of vanish'd love and bliss,
 That my wrung heart, though long inur'd to pain,
 Sinks with the fullness of its wretchedness.

PHCEBE CAREY.

Hail, memory, hail! In thy exhaustless mine,
 From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And place and time are subject to thy sway!

ROGERS.

Number the riches by thy memory hoarded,
 Relics of joys thy by-past years have known,—
 How many *real* things are there recorded?
 How much *true* light was o'er thy pathway
 thrown?

MRS. EMBURY.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

BURNS.

Ah, tell me not that memory
 Sheds gladness o'er the past:
 What is recall'd by faded flowers
 Save that they do not last?
 Were it not better to forget,
 Than but remember and regret?

MISS LONDON.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown.

SHAKESPEARE.

The world would be lonely,
 The garden a wilderness left to deform,
 If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,
 And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

CHARLES SWAIN.

MERIT.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,
 Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

HEATH.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost who waits till all commend.

POPE.

There's a proud modesty in merit,
 Averse from asking, and resolv'd to pay
 Ten times the gifts it asks.

DEYDEN.

MIND.

Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
 We would against them make the flesh obey,—
 The spirit in the end will have its way.

BYRON.

MIRTH.

While her laugh, full of life, without any control,
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul.
 And where it most sparkled, no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun.

MOORE.

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
 Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!

WHITTIER.

I look upon the fading flowers
 Thou gavest me, lady, in thy mirth,
 And mourn, that with the perishing hours
 Such fair things perish from the earth;
 For thus I know the moment's feeling
 Its own light web of life unweaves,
 The dearest trace from memory stealing,
 Like perfume from their dying leaves,—
 The thought that gave it, and the flower,
 Alike the creatures of an hour.
 And thus it better were, perhaps,—
 For feeling is the nurse of pain,
 And joys that linger in their lapse
 Must die at last,—and so are vain.

WILLIS.

Merry books, once read for pastime,
 If ye dared to read again,
 Only memories of the last time
 Would swim darkly up the brain!

MISS BARRETT.

MODESTY.

The violet droops its soft and bashful brow,
 But from its heart sweet incense fills the air;
 So rich within—so pure without—art thou,
 With modest mien and soul of virtue rare.

MRS. OSGOOD.

The crimson glow of modesty o'erspread
 Her cheek, and gave new luster to her charms.

DR. THOMAS FRANKLIN.

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.

SHAKESPEARE.

Merit was ever modest known.

GAY.

MOONLIGHT.

On such a blessed night as this,
 I often think if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moonlight scenery here.

MOORE.

The moon! She is the source of sighs,
 The very face to make us sad,—
 If but to think in other times
 The same calm quiet look she had.

HOOD.

Suns may darken,—heaven be bow'd,—
 Still unchang'd shall be,
 Soul-deep here that moonlit cloud,
 To which I look'd with THEE.

MISS BARRETT.

MOTHER.

I miss thee, my mother, when young health has fled,
 And I sink in the languor of pain:
 Where, where is the arm that once pillow'd my head,
 And the ear that once heard me complain?
 Other hands may support me, gentle accents may fall,—
 For the fond and the true are still mine:
 I've a blessing for each,—I am grateful to all,—
 But whose care *can* be as soothing as thine?

ELIZA COOK

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
 Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
 The love of many prayers, and many tears,
 Which changes not with dim declining years,—
 The only love, which, on this teeming earth,
 Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

MRS. NORTON

My mother!—manhood's anxious brow
 And sterner cares have long been mine;
 Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
 As when upon thy bosom's shrine
 My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,
 And thy low-whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd!

BETHUNE

My mother! At that holy name
 Within my bosom there's a gush
 Of feeling which no time can tame,
 A feeling which for years of fame
 I would not, could not, crush!

GEORGE P. MORRIS

MOTHER.

Dear mother, of the thousand strings which waken
 The sleeping harp within the human heart,
 The longest kept in tune, though oft forsaken,
 Is that in which the mother's voice hath part:
 Her still, small voice, which e'en the careless ear
 Turneth with reverence deep and pure delight to hear.

MRS. EAMES.

Would, mother, thou could'st hear me tell
 How oft, amid my brief career,
 For sins and follies lov'd too well,
 Hath fallen the free, repentant tear.
 And, in the waywardness of youth,
 How better thoughts have given to me
 Contempt for error, love for truth,
 'Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

ALDRICH

Yes, I have left the golden shore,
 Where childhood 'midst the roses play'd:
 Those sunny dreams will come no more,
 That youth a long bright Sabbath made.
 Yet while those dreams of memory's eye
 Arise in many a glittering train,
 My soul goes back to infancy,
 And hears my mother's song again!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK

There is none
 In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
 Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
 A mother's heart.

MRS. HEMANS

MOTHER.

A mother's love!—how sweet the name!—
 What *is* a mother's love?
 A noble, pure, and tender flame,
 Enkindled from above,
 To bless a heart of earthly mould;
 The warmest heart that *can* grow cold;
 This is a mother's love.

MONTGOMERY.

Our little ones inquire of me, where is their mother
 gone?—
 What answer can I make to them, except with tears
 alone:
 For if I say, to heaven,—then the poor things wish to
 learn
 How far is it, and where, and when their mother will
 return.

ALBERT PIKE.

MUSIC.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
 To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

CONGREVE.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly!
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

MOORE.

MUSIC.

But the gentlest of all are those sounds full of feeling,
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
 Some lover who knows all the heart-touching power
 Of a lute and a sigh in the magical hour.

MOORE

It was my evil star above,
 Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong:
 It was not song that taught me love,
 But it was love that taught me song.

MISS LONDON.

There's music in the forest leaves,
 When summer winds are there,
 And in the laugh of forest girls,
 That braid their sunny hair.
 The first wild bird that drinks the dew,
 From violets of the spring,
 Has music in his song, and in
 The fluttering of his wing.

HALLECK

How music charms!
 How meter warms!
 Parent of actions good and brave!
 How vice it tames,
 And worth inflames,
 And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

YOUNG

By what strange spell
 Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,
 I dream of music?

MRS. HEMANS.

MUSIC.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;
 There's music in all things, if men had ears;
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

BYRON

Music! — Oh, how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell!
 Why should feeling ever speak
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,—
 Love's are e'en more false than they!
 Oh, 'tis only music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

MOORE

NAME.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.

SHAKESPEARE.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

SHAKESPEARE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
 Such should, methinks, its music be.
 The sweetest name that mortals bear,
 Were best befitting thee;
 And she to whom it once was given
 Was half of earth and half of heaven.

G. W. HOLMES.

NAME.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
 The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
 To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
 Celestial halos from thy gentle name.

TUCKERMAN.

NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around?
 When even the blue deep heavens look glad,
 And gladness blooms from the blossoming ground?

BRYANT.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true:
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few.

YOUNG.

Who lives to Nature rarely can be poor:
 Who lives to fancy never can be rich.

YOUNG.

In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God.

MILTON.

The book of Nature, and the print
 Of beauty on the whispering sea,
 Give eye to me some lineament
 Of what I have been taught to be.
 My heart is harder, and perhaps
 My manliness hath drunk up tears;
 And there's a mildew in the lapse
 Of a few swift and chequer'd years;
 But Nature's book is even yet
 With all my mother's lessons writ.

WILLIS.

NOVELTY.

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
 The love of novelty rules most the mind:
 In search of this, from realm to realm we roam;
 Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home.

FOOTE

OPINION.

Opinion is that high and mighty dame
 Which rules the world; and in the mind doth frame
 Distaste or liking; for in human race,
 She makes the fancy various as the face.

HOWELL.

Yet in opinions look not always back;
 Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track:
 Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
 Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

O. W. HOLMES.

How much there is self-will would do,
 Were it not for the dire dismay
 That bids ye shrink as ye suddenly think
 Of "what will my neighbors say?"

ELIZA COOK.

OPPORTUNITY.

Miss not the occasion: by the forelock take
 That subtle Power, the never-halting time,
 Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

WORDSWORTH

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers can not quench.

SHAKESPEARE

OPPORTUNITY.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
 And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
 The proffer'd means of succor and redress.

SHAKESPEARE

PARENTS.

Honor thy parents, to prolong thine end;
 With them, though for a truth, do not contend:
 Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather
 The truth a while, than lose their love forever:
 Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,
 Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

RANDOLPH

Me let the tender office long engage
 To rock the cradle of reposing age;
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

POPE

PARTING.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again!
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life.
 Art thou gone so? My love! my lord! my friend!
 I must hear from thee ev'ry day i' the hour,
 For in a minute there are many days!
 Oh, by this count I shall be much in years,
 Ere I again behold my Romeo!

SHAKESPEARE

PARTING.

Farewell! The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu!

SHAKESPEARE.

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

SHAKESPEARE.

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

SHAKESPEARE.

With that, wringing my hand, he turns away,
And though his tears would hardly let him look,
Yet such a look did through his tears make way,
As show'd how sad a farewell there he took.

DANIEL.

Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!

MOORE.

PARTING.

They tell me 'tis decided, you depart:
 'Tis wise, 'tis well, but not the less a pain;
 I have no further claim on your young heart,
 Mine is the victim, and would be again.
 To love too much has been the only art
 I used. I write in haste, and if a stain
 Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears,
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

BYRON.

When forced to part from those we love,
 Though sure to meet to-morrow,
 We yet a kind of anguish prove,
 And feel a touch of sorrow.
 But oh, what words can paint the fears,
 When from those friends we sever,
 Perhaps to part for months—for years—
 Perhaps to part forever.

ANONYMOUS.

Why do I weep? To leave the vine
 Whose clusters o'er me bend;
 The myrtle—yet, oh, call it mine!—
 The flowers I lov'd to tend.
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
 Like shadows o'er me sleep;
 I leave my sunny childhood here,—
 Oh, therefore let me weep!

MRS. HEMANS.

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
 But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

OTWAY.

PARTING.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting ;
 We talk'd not of hopes that we both must resign :
 I saw not her eyes, and but one teardrop starting
 Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine :
 Each felt that the past we could never recover,
 Each felt that the future no hope could restore,
She shudder'd at ringing the heart of her lover,
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.
 Long years have gone by, and the springtime smiles
 ever

As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth ;
 Long years have gone by, yet that parting, oh never
 Can it be forgotten by either on earth.

The note of each wild bird that carols toward heaven
 Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were mine,
 While the dew that steals over each blossom at even
 Tells me of the teardrop that wept their decline.

HOFFMAN.

When thou art gone, there creeps into my heart
 A cold and bitter consciousness of pain ;
 The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,
 And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again
 Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look and tone ;
 And suddenly I wake—and am alone!

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
 In unison so closely sweet,
 That pulse to pulse responsive still,
 They both must heave—or cease to beat.

BERNARD BARTON.

PARTING.

Once my soul was fondly plighted
 To a holy one of earth;
 Like two music-notes united,—
 Notes that sever in their birth.
 Yet not sever'd we, though parted,
 Still in truth our souls are one,
 Though on earth the gentle-hearted
 Hath her blessed mission done.

DUGANNE.

One struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.

BYRON.

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not,—
 Love may sink by slow decay;
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away.

BYRON.

Think'st thou that I could bear to part
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart?

BYRON.

Have not all past human beings parted,
 And must not all the present one day part?

BYRON.

Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
 And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me.

MOORE.

PASSIONS.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,—

The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
So when affections yield discourse, it seems

The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

Oh, how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey;
Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey.

CRABBE.

Oh, Passion's words are faithless things,
And Love disowns them ere they fall;
It is the reckless tongue that stings,
The tongue that knows not reason's thrall.

MRS. OSGOOD.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava-flood
That boils in Etna's breast of flame.

BYRON.

Strange fits of passion have I known;
And I will dare to tell
But in the lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

WORDSWORTH.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

POPE.

PASSIONS.

I can not love as I have lov'd,
 And yet I know not why;
 It is the one great woe of life
 To feel all feeling die,—
 As one by one the heartstrings snap,
 As age comes on so-chill;
 And hope seems left that hope may cease,
 And all will soon be still.
 And the strong passions, like to storms,
 Soon rage themselves to rest,
 Or leave a desolated calm—
 A worn and wasted breast;
 A heart that like the Geyser spring,
 Amidst its bosom snows,
 May shrink, not rest,—but with its blood
 Boils even in repose.

BAILEY.

Alas! too well, too well they know
 The pain, the penitence, the woe
 That passion brings down on the best,
 The wisest, and the loveliest.

MOORE.

The wildest ills that darken life
 Are rapture to the bosom's strife;
 The tempest, in its blackest form,
 Is beauty to the bosom's storm.

J. W. EASTBURN.

In the human breast
 Two master passions can not co-exist.

CAMPBELL.

PASSIONS.

When thou art with me every sense is dull,
 And all I am, or know, or feel, is thee:
 My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,
 And my bewilder'd spirit seems to swim
 In eddy whirls of passion dizzily.

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

PATRIOTISM.

Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy;—
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
 Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

DR. JOHNSON.

Our country! 'Tis a glorious land!
 With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore,
 The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
 She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
 And nurtur'd on her ample breast,
 How many a goodly prospect lies
 In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
 Enamell'd with the loveliest dyes.

W. J. PARODIE.

'Tis homefelt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
 This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.

CAMPBELL.

PERSEVERANCE.

Stick to your aim! The mongrel's hold will slip;
 But only crowbars loose the bulldog's lip!
 Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
 Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

O. W. HOLMES.

PERSEVERANCE.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

HERRICK.

The proudest motto for the young,—
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words enfold;
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, cheering power,—
"There's no such word as *fail!*"

MRS. NEAL.

PHILOSOPHY.

Oh, who that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh!
Is there one who but once would not rather have
known it
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?

MOORE.

PITY.

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.

WHITTIER.

I pity him, but must not dare to show it:
It adds to some men's misery not to know it.

BROME.

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,
And feel for what their duty bids them do.

BYRON.

POETRY.

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
 Thou dear ideal of my pining heart!
 Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
 Whom I would keep if all the world depart:
 Thou that doth veil the frailest flower with glory,
 Spirit of light, and loveliness, and truth!—
 Thou that didst tell me a sweet fairy story
 Of the dim future, in my wistful youth;—
 Thou who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
 Through which nought mean or evil dare intrude,
 Resume not yet the gift which I inherit
 From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!
 Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
 Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
 Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,
 With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.

Mrs. Osgood.

With no fond, sickly thirst for fame, I kneel
 Oh, goddess of the high-born art to thee!
 Not unto thee, with semblance of a zeal,
 I come, oh pure and heaven-eyed Poesy!
 Thou art to me a spirit and a love,
 Felt ever from the time when first the earth,
 In its green beauty, and the sky above
 Inform'd my soul with joy too deep for mirth.
 I was a child of thine before my tongue
 Could lisp its infant utterance unto thee;
 And now, albeit from my harp are flung
 Discordant numbers, and the song may be
 That which I would not, yet I know that thou.
 The offering will not spurn, while unto thee I bow.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

PORTRAIT.

Thy beauty, not a fault is there!
 No queen of Grecian line
 E'er braided more luxuriant hair
 O'er forehead more divine!
 The light of midnight's starry heaven
 Is in those radiant eyes,—
 The rose's crimson life has given
 That cheek its glowing dyes.
 And yet I love thee not: thy brow
 Is but the sculptor's mould;
 It wants a shade—it wants a glow—
 It is less fair than cold.

MISS LANDON

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
 But ne'er on one, for years,
 Where beauty left so soft a trace
 As it had left on hers;
 But who can paint the spell that wove
 A brightness round the whole!
 'Twould take an angel from the skies
 To paint the immortal soul,—
 To trace the light, the inborn grace,
 The spirit sparkling o'er her face.

MRS. WELBY

There ever is a form, a face
 Of maiden beauty in my dreams,
 Speeding before me, like the race
 To ocean of the mountain streams,—
 With dancing hair and laughing eyes,
 That seem to mock me as it flies.

HALLECK

PORTRAIT.

Oh, serious eyes! how is it that the light,
 The burning rays that mine pour into ye,
 Still find ye cold, and dead, and dark as night,—
 Oh, lifeless eyes! can ye not answer me?
 Oh, lips whereon my own so oft hath dwelt,
 Hath love's warm, fearful thrilling touch no spell
 To waken sense in ye?— Oh, misery!
 Oh, breathless lips! can ye not speak to me?
 Thou soulless mimicry of life, my tears
 Fall scalding over thee. In vain, in vain,
 I press thee to my heart, whose hopes and fears
 Are all thine own! Thou dost not feel the strain,
 Oh, thou dull image! Wilt thou not reply
 To my fond prayers and wild idolatry?

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

Oh, it is life! Departed days
 Fling back their brightness while I gaze!
 'Tis Emma's self!—this brow so fair,
 Half curtain'd in this glossy hair;
 These eyes, the very home of love,
 The dark twin arches traced above,
 These red-ripe lips that almost speak,
 The fainter blush of this pure cheek,
 The rose and lily's beauteous strife,—
 It is—ah, no!—'tis all *but* life!

SPRAGUE.

Thy picture, in my memory now
 Is fair as morn and fresh as May!

WILKS.

POVERTY.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear:
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, grant me, heaven, a middle state,—
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for Nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

MALLETT

Ay, idleness! The rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries.

SOUTHEY.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh term be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

DAVE BATES.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

J. R. LOWELL

Oh, reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

SHAKESPEARE.

PRAISE.

Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love;
 But less condemn whom thou dost not approve;
 Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong;
 And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue.

DENHAM.

The love of praise, how'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart:
 The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
 The modest shun it but to make it sure.

YOUNG.

Praising what is lost,
 Makes the remembrance dear.

SHAKESPEARE.

PRAYER.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

SHAKESPEARE.

Temporal blessings heaven doth often share
 Unto the wicked, at the good man's prayer.

QUARLES.

The saints will aid, if men will call;
 For the blue sky bends over all.

COLERIDGE.

Oh, still my fervent prayer will be—
 "Heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee!"

MISS GOULD

PRIDE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

POPE.

PRIDE.

Spite of all the fools that pride has made,
 'Tis not on man a useless burthen laid:
 Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced;
 It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed;
 When right, its views know none but virtue's bound;
 When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.

STILLINGFLEET

PROPOSAL.

Have I not managed my contrivance well,
 To try your love and make you doubt of mine?

DRYDEN.

Take my esteem, if you on that can live,
 For frankly, sir, 'tis all I have to give.

DRYDEN.

On you, most loved, with anxious fear I wait,
 And from your judgment must expect my fate.

ADDISON.

Forever thine, whate'er this world betide,—
 In youth, in age, thine own, forever thine.

A. A. WATTS.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
 Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
 Read you not the wrong you're doing,
 In my cheek's pale hue?
 All my life with sorrow strewing,—
 Wed, or cease to woo.

CAMPBELL.

On your hand, that pure altar, I vow,
 Though I've look'd, and have lik'd, and have felt,—
 That I never have lov'd—until now.

M. G. LEWIS.

PROPOSAL.

Look how the blue-eyed violets
 Glance love to one another! ·
 Their little leaves are whispering
 The vows they may not smother.
 The birds are pouring passion forth
 In every blossoming tree,—
 If flowers and birds talk love, lady,
 Why not we?

T. BUCHANAN REED.

Oh, lady! there be many things
 That seem right fair above;
 But sure not one among them all
 Is half so sweet as love:
 Let us not pay our vows alone,
 But join two altars into one.

O. W. HOLMES

PRUDENCE.

Look forward what's to come, and back what's past,
 Thy life will be with praise and prudence graced;
 What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess;
 Thou then wilt be secure of the success.

DENHAM.

PURITY.

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
 The mildest, purest soul, within;
 'Tis not the richest plant that folds
 The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

RUFUS DAWES.

Be purity of life the test,—
 Leave to the heart, to heaven, the rest.

SPRAGUE.

PURITY.

Fair girl, by whose simplicity
 My spirit has been won
 From the stern earthliness of life,
 As shadows flee the sun,—
 I turn again to think of thee,
 And half deplore the thought,
 That for one instant, o'er my soul,
 Forgetfulness hath wrought!
 I turn to that charmed hour of hope,
 When first upon my view
 Came the pure sunshine of thine heart,
 Borne from thine eyes of blue.
 'Twas thy high purity of soul—
 Thy thought-revealing eye—
 That placed me spellbound at thy feet,
 Sweet wanderer from the sky.

WILLIS G. CLA

Spring has no blossom fairer than thy face;
 Winter no snow-wreath purer than thy mind;
 The dewdrop trembling to the morning beam
 Is like thy smile—pure, transient, heaven-refin'd.

MRS. L. J. PIERSON

Sweet beauty sleeps upon thy brow,
 And floats before my eyes;
 As meek and pure as doves art thou,
 Or beings of the skies.

ROBERT MORRIS

A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew;
 For the fond graces formed her easy mien,
 And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.

HATLEY

REMEMBRANCE.

There's not an hour
 Of day, or dreaming night, but I am with thee:
 There's not a wind but whispers of thy name;
 And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
 But in its fragrance tells a tale
 Of thee.

PROCTOR.

There's not a look—a word—of thine,
 My soul hath e'er forgot:
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,
 Which I remember not.

MOORE.

Remember me, I pray; but not
 In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
 When every brake hath found its note,
 And sunshine smiles in every flower;
 But when the falling leaf is sere,
 And withers sadly from the tree,
 And o'er the ruins of the year
 Cold autumn weeps,—remember me.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
 As through the world he wends;
 On every stage, from youth to age,
 Still discontent attends.
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers, with a sigh,
 The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

REMEMBRANCE.

I think of thee when morning springs
 From sleep, with plumage bath'd in dew;
 And, like a young bird, lifts its wings
 Of gladness on the welkin blue:
 And when, at noon, the breath of love
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
 And sent in music from the grove,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,
 The evening spreads her robes of light,
 And, like a young and timid bride,
 Sits blushing in the arms of night:
 And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
 In light o'er heaven's wide waveless sea,
 And stars are forth, like blessed things,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE

REPUTATION.

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone:
 Being got by many actions, lost by one.

RANDOLPH.

SENSIBILITY.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
 Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell;
 And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
 A thousand melodies unheard before.

ROGERS

Our sensibilities are so acute,
 The fear of being silent makes us mute.

COWPER



VALENTINES OF PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

FROM A BAKER.

To do you justice I've no power;
You're fair as finest wheaten flour,
And in your pure and spotless breast
The heart is lighter than my yeast:
And could you be my Valentine,
I'm sure you would be *superfine*.
Though brightly still my ovens glow,
Ah, now I find my "cake's all dough!"
My struggling heart attracts the fire,—
Victim of Cupid's fearful ire,—
Come to me, in my utmost *need*,
And to my earnest suit give heed:
Within your hand—if you're my wife—
I'll place the very *bread of life*.

ANSWER.

There's nought I like beneath the sun
More than to have my baking done;
And so your stockings I will darn,
And after that I'll spin street-yarn;
For your nice gingerbreads I pine,
My sweet and crispy Valentine.

FROM A BLACKSMITH.

Let the weak dandy
 Simper and sigh on,
 Here's a true hand
 To grapple with iron!
 From my good bellows
 One puff, I know,
 Such lardy-dardys
 Lightly would blow.

On your heart's anvil
 My true love I lay:
 If the dear place it can fill,
 Take it, I pray.
 My life is a true one,
 Though I work at the *forge*,
 And for girls, I ne'er knew one,
 Such as you are,—by George!

Let's be *welded together*
 By Hymen's bright *chain*;
 And we'll wear the strong tether
 Through sunshine and rain.

ANSWER.

To your clouded vision
 I may seem over nice;
 But hear my decision,—
 I'm alarm'd at your *vice*;
 But if you'll reform, sir,
 Let it quickly be done,—
 We will *weld* with hearts warm, sir,
 Our *two links in one*.

FROM A MUSICIAN.

In vain I turn to book, or note,
 For I have all your charms *by rote*;
 My hand's unstrung,—my cheek is pale,—
 My love has reached the highest *scale*;
 Though not ill-natured or morose, O,
 I'm always playing *penseroso*;
 For, softened by my fair enslaver,
 Each *accent* turns into a *quaver*;
 But when I look in her sweet face,
 I feel that I am all too *base*;
 And when a little *note* I'd pen her,
 I find that I have lost my *tenor*;
 And though it can not be my fault, O,
 My *animato's* sunk to *alto*.
 Oh, say then, dearest, even yet,
 You'll join me in a *life-duet*;
 You only can my fate control, O,
 Then pity, and relieve my *solo*;
 And on thy full and tender breast,
 Oh let me find my final *rest*.

ANSWER.

I could almost deny, for sport,
 For making love is still your *forte*;
 My heart is tender as your *flute*,
 And it shall be your own *life-lute*;
 And from its true and trembling strings
 Your hand shall wake sweet echoings.
 Then come and *practice* the dear *part*
 That's set to music in my heart;
 And in Love's harmony divine,
 Our lives shall pass, my Valentine.

VALENTINE VERSES.

FROM A TAILOR.

Ah, while I furnish your gallants
 With waistcoat, and surtout,
 With tunic, blouse, and finest pants,
You I can never suit.

Needles and shears are growing dull,—
 My *goose* is getting cold,—
 The *nap* of life is wearing off
 From pleasure's velvet fold.

I stretch myself upon the board,
 And dream you're in my arms;
 I've lost all trace of appetite,—
 Even *cabbage* has no charms.

Fair maiden, at your feet I fall,—
 You are my only treasure;
 I love you, dearest, *over-all*,—
 I love you beyond *measure*.

ANSWER.

Sir, from your wit I claim a truce,—
 Do not mistake me for your *goose*.
 By sympathy I know you're true,—
 For Cupid's dart has pricked me too.
 We simple girls have no deep arts,—
 Though you are *cabbing* our hearts;
 And if you will accept of mine,
 I'll take you for my Valentine.

FROM A WEAVER.

I'm smitten with your beauty—
You see I am no fop—
Then from the path of duty.
Your mind I'll never *warp*.

In vain from your sweet image
My heart would stand aloof,
A true love-knot's my *pattern*—
And your bright hair my *woof*.

My *bobbins* all get snarly—
My *shuttle* goes astray—
So, without further parley,
Be my *bitting*, dear, I pray.

ANSWER.

I dare say you suppose yourself
To be most wondrous killing;—
You'll please to let my hair alone
And get some other *filling*.

FROM A BREWER.

Of all perfection you're the *essence*:
You've made my heart an *effervescence*;
And now it is so great a load
I think it must, ere long, explode.
My barley's fine,—and all my malt
You would pronounce without a fault.
My cup so sparkling will appear,
You'd never think it was *small beer*.

Then tell me, shall I not be thine?—
For you must be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

I'd like a little ginger-pop,
And small beer made of spruce, or hop;
So to your suit I do incline,
My effervescent Valentine.

FROM A SAILOR.

If you'll take me for your *convoy*,
Through life we'll never part,
For I have cast my *anchor*,
Forever in your heart.

I'll strengthen all your *cables*,
And *brace* each tapering *spar*;
Through the voyage I'll set my *compass*,
By your eye, sweet polar star.

My rigging you shall overhaul—
My stockings you shall darn;
And while you do the mending,
You shall never want a *yarn*.

ANSWER.

Ha, Mr. Jack,
You're taken aback,
You must be in a dream, sir,
If you think I'd marry
Tom, Dick, or Harry,
I am not, what I seem, sir.

VALENTINE VERSES.

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FROM AN ASTRONOMER.

I'll track the *orbit* of your love,
You'll never turn me from it;
I can not read the lore above;
For you are now my *comet*.

And you shall be my own *fixed star*,
To bless me morn and even;
For O, your eyes are brighter far,
Than all the stars of Heaven.

ANSWER.

Stooping down from the stars,
From your Venus and Mars,
I think you have come rather soon, sir,
But look through your lenses,
To find your stray senses—
I'll not marry a man in the moon, sir

FROM A CARPENTER.

I am a jolly carpenter—
I go forth with the sun,
And I rejoice at eventide
To see my work well done.

For the wicked and designing
I can never be a *tool*;
For by justice all my life I *square*,
And honesty's my *rule*.

Then let us call the *joiner-priest*
 To *mortise* us together;
 And like pillars of one portico
 We'll defy both wind and weather.

ANSWER.

I like the noble sentiments
 With which you make your proffer,
 And with a frankness quite as *plain*,
 I do accept your offer.

FROM AN EDITOR.

Your sweet idea has often dipped
 Into my choicest manuscript;
 It tinges poetry and prose,
 And through all inspiration flows—
 Sweet subject of my thought and pen—
 I am the happiest of men!—
 I'll sing your praise in smoothest verse,
 And in good prose your charms rehearse.
 To win your love—if that I may—
 I'll make my very best *essay*.

My *news* gets measured into *stanzas*,
 Whether from Moscow, or from Kansas.
 My *items* run out into *rhymes*—
 And *Journals, Ledgers, Suns, and Times*,
 Are left by scissors unprofaned—
 By editorial blot unstained—
 Books—magazines—the old, and new,
 Are left unread—I'm *reading you*;

For still your forehead, hair, and lips,
 The latest solar shade eclipse —
 Your kisses are the *sweet events*
 That shut out *horrid accidents*.
 How could I e'er record a *death*,
 For life is in your odorous breath?
 And Hymen's records find miscarriage
 In the dear thought of our own marriage!
 Your eyes divinest are of *blues* —
 Your mind's the deepest fount of new-s —
 If you'll be mine I'll fear no evil,
 But daily face the very — *devil*.

ANSWER.

Your suit I hear with honest pride,
 And I will be your happy bride;
 And whether fortune's dark or fair,
 Your cares — your toils — your life — I'll share

FROM A GREEN-GROCER.

I've cabbage, and I've celery,
 And bright *love-apples* plenty;
 If for pies you take my rhubarb-stalks,
 You'll find enough for twenty.

The *root of evil's* in my *roots* —
 There's money in my *mint*,
 And even my *leeks* will *leak* out cash;
 But you I'll never stint.

VALENTINE VERSES.

Then do not thus abuse your power,
 And doom me still to sigh on;
 For you shall be my *cauli-flower*,
 And I, your *dande-lion*.

ANSWER.

You may advertise your onions
 In love-notes to another;
 I think they grew in Bunyan's
 Slough of Despond, sighing brother!

You're *greener* than your ware, sir—
 And now your doom is spoke—
 To woo me, should you dare, sir,
 'Tis but an *art-I-choke*.

FROM A MINISTER.

Fair maiden, be not vexed,
 Though I take you for my *text*.
 Sweeter than dews of Hermon,
 I'll make you my *life-sermon*—
 And Cupid's winning arts
 I will divide in *parts*.
 My *Firstly* shall be kisses,
 All rich and ripe with blisses—
 My *Secondly* embraces,
 Fit for Venus, or the Graces—
 My *Thirdly* shall be union,
 In Hymen's sweet communion;

Old Hogarth's *line of beauty*
Lives in every floating curl,
I turn from all my *studies*,
To *study* you, sweet girl.
For Love with his divinest art
Has drawn your picture in my heart.

ANSWER.

My mind you have but spoken,
My heart is truly thine;
You may know it by this token,
That I'm your Valentine.





VALENTINES FOR GIVEN NAMES.

JULIA.

JULIA, sweetest of the fair,
All thy charms are rich and rare;
Not alone in thee I prize,
Blooming cheeks, and sparkling eyes;
But most of all, though fair thou art,
For thy true and tender heart;
Yet I will not be a fool,
Even for thee, my charming **JULIA**.

ELLEN.

ELLEN is the girl I seek,
Ever unto truth inclined;
In her manners gentle, meek,
With a more enchanting mind.
Valentines around her sigh;
Yet she coldly passes by.
Pause, fair **Ellen**; hear, I pray!
At thy feet my heart I lay.

MARGARET.

Margaret, come unto my arms,
And let no weak fear alarm thee;
For thy pure and virtuous charms
Ne'er will suffer me to harm thee;
My love is thine; for by this token
Death alone shall see it broken.

MARY.

My affections never vary;
They are thine, my dearest Mary;
Sweetest, loveliest, most refined
Of the names of woman kind;
There is music in the sound
Which my very heart hath bound;
Chained it, never to be free,
By that sweetest spell to thee.

JENNY.

Of all the maidens is there any
That can vie with dark-eyed JENNY?
Locks of auburn—glances bright—
Skin of purest lily-white,
Underneath whose melting snow
Roses and carnations grow.
I crown thee now my bosom-queen
My witching lassie, peerless JEAN.

VALENTINE VERSES.

SUSAN.

SUSAN—how I love that name—
 It can never breathe of shame—
 Gentle as the heart that bears it
 Blest the youth who takes and shares it!
 A new Valentine of roses
 In her cheek each spring discloses
 To the eye of every swain;
 But alas! they sigh in vain!
 Yet, most lovely SUSAN, dare I
 Hope that we are doomed to marry.
 If so it is you'll find me true,
 Girl of my heart's love, gentle SUE!

FANNY.

O, I love thee best of any,—
 Brilliant and bewitching FANNY!—
 In thine eyes a light I see
 Which attracts my heart to thee.
 Scorn me not, my sweet coquette,
 For I mean to have thee yet.

KATE.

I am thine, as sure as fate,
 Bright and mischief-loving KATE.
 You may mock me with your smiles,
 And your sly coquettish wiles;
 But in truth I'd make you mine,
 Sweetest, dearest CATHARINE.

SARAH.

When I turn from lovely SARAH,
Like the bitter floods of Marah,
Heavy tears o'erwhelm mine eyes,
And to her my spirit flies.
Let me lock thee—why thus dally?—
Fast in wedlock, dearest SALLY!

LAURA.

To the true and tender LAURA
Turns the heart that's yearning for her,—
Turns to her my kindling soul,
Like the needle to the pole.
Why then, dearest one, delay!
Let us name the happy day!

LOIS.

My heart one vacant waste of woe is
When I'm parted from my LOIS,
And her bright bewitching eyes
Shine with beams from Paradise;
And where'er their light is given,
That sweet spot, to me, is Heaven.

HARRIET.

One that pleads, now, hoping that he
May find favor with young HATTY,—
Would her lips secure from waste,
And their bright twin cherries taste;
For to him the loveliest yet
Is the bright-eyed HARRIET.

FRANCES.

In the gay hall no one dances
Like my graceful, gallant FRANCES!
Hymen's sacred joys to taste
Let us to the wedding haste;
Then my heart his heart will thank;
For our love shall be a "FRANK."

MARIA.

Oh, I feel, when sitting by her,
There is none like sweet MARIA!
Ever tenderest—dearest—best—
Reigning empress of my breast!
Unto her pure charms I bow,—
Unto her I breathe my vow.

MARIA.

Hither MARIA, come fly to me boldly,
 Let not thy look gaze on me so coldly;
 Remember the month when all Valentines given,
 Are registered here and recorded in heaven.
 My heart, as thou knowest, is truly thine own,
 Then make it at once thy enjoyment and throne.



ELIZABETH.

Wild with rapture, I am dizzy
 When I think upon my LIZZY.
 ELIZABETH that queenly name
 Oft has graced some courtly dame;
 But one syllable can bless
 In the sound of dearest BESS.



CAROLINE.

Listen a moment, CAROLINE;
 Remember life is fleeting,
 Delay not in your Valentine,
 Nor "round the bush" be beating.
 Now's the day, the time, the tide,
 To say "I will become your bride."

ELIZA.

ELIZA is a pretty name, and you a pretty girl,
As ever the sweet "Polka" danced or waved a graceful
curl;
Come, wake from dreamy nothings, and say that you
incline
To accept him for your lover, who sends you this
VALENTINE.

ANN.

Charming, dear, delightful ANN,
Say, am I the happy man
Unto whom your thoughts incline,
As a chosen Valentine?
Answer this, quick as you can,
Charming, dear, delightful ANN.

JANE.

A breast of purity has JANE,
She'd never give my heartstrings pain.
Like wrinkles in the looking-glass,
She'd let my imperfections pass;
Saying in truth and joy divine,
"I'll take *him* for my Valentine."

CHARLES.

CHARLEY—CHARLES—what shall I call y^e "r
Dearest, may no harm befall you!
In thy true and faithful bosom
Let the sweet affections blossom,
And my love be cherished well,—
Love which no cold words may tell.

FREDERICK.

FREDERICK, dear delightful youth,
Blest with beauty, health, and truth;
I your Valentine will be,
If you only think of me.
Think of me, and none beside,
If you wish me for your bride.

HENRY.

Sweetest HENRY, happy HARRY,
Say, have you a wish to marry;
Let the time no longer pass
Or ere long you'll say "Alas,
I have none to claim as mine,
Or send a chosen Valentine."

VALENTINE VERSES.

JOSEPH.

My dearest JOE, my lovely JOE,
Nay, never look so strange;
But meet me in the evening, when
Your purse is full of change.
We'll ride up in an omnibus,
If thus you should incline,
And o'er two glasses of ice cream,
I'll hear your Valentine.

RICHARD.

I love thee RICHARD, yes I do,
Most devotedly and true;
My Valentine thou surely art,
For you have won my virgin heart.
DICK, I pray, forget me never,
I am thine, and thine forever.

WILLIAM.

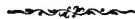
Dearest WILLIAM, sweetest Billy,
Don't stand there and look so silly.
Show your heart, as I do mine,
When you receive this VALENTINE.

ROBERT.

As Valentine's day is at hand, **ROBERT** dear,
The brightest and sweetest of all the new year,
When birds are all mating, and cooing with joy,
And Cupid looks on like a happy young boy.
Then come, dearest **ROBERT**, no longer delay,
But whisper the moment, the hour, and the day.

**SAMUEL.**

SAMUEL, oh, my "Sammy" dear,
KNOW St. Valentine is near!
Come, speak out, my heart to cheer!
Let thy love in truth appear,
Without favor, without fear,
SAMUEL, oh, my "Sammy" dear!

**THOMAS.**

Oh, **THOMAS**, you have won my heart,
Of life itself, you form a part;
I sleep, I dream, I pray for thee,
Just as I hope you do for me.
My Valentine, my joy, my life,
Can I become your wedded wife?

WITH A HEART.

'Tis just a simple heart, you see;
But speak the *open sesame*,
And, lo! it now unfolds a store
Of its own sweet and cherished lore.
There's none on earth I prize above thee,
For dearly I have learned to love thee;
And even suffering, with thee,
Would prove a deeper joy to me
Than fairest life with others. Take
This trifle, dear one, for my sake;
And, in thy spirit's loneliness,
To thy dear bosom let it press—
And it shall whisper of a form
With pure affection quick and warm—
A heart that would devote to thee
Its own young love's infinity.
Oh, bright around thee be the rays
Of starry nights, and sunny days;
And never—never—may'st thou know
How bitter is the cup of woe.
Oh, could I weave a mystic charm
All evil influence to disarm,
The coming sorrow I'd destroy,
And turn its bitterness to joy,—
My life for thine I'd gladly yield,
And with my own thy bosom shield.



A WOMAN'S VALENTINE.

We met in the golden hours of the passionate month
of June,
The winds woo'd the perfumed flowers, to love were
the birds atune;
Thine was the tale of gladness, told 'neath the August
moon,
Mine was the wail of sadness, the heart that was broken
soon.

We met in the dreary mansion, death in the heavy air,
Wild was my soul's expansion, smothered my hopeful
prayer;
Mine was the frenzied turning back to the days that
were,
Thine was the desperate yearning over the cold corpse
there.

This is my Valentine, dearest, my message of hopes
and fears,
To thee, who art best and nearest,—ay, even through
thirty years;
Thine, in love's night, to take me,—or still leave the
boon of tears,—
Mine, at the last, to make me thy helpmate whose
presence cheers.



OH, SWEETEST MAID.

A sturdy oak, with branches spreading wide,
Stood by itself in all its strength and pride;
And tho' the wintry blast blew fierce and long,
The tree stood fast, for it was firm and strong.
A fragile plant chanced to spring up close by,
And strove in vain to raise its head on high,
Till to the tree the plant did closely cling,
And then it rose high as the forest king.
Oh, sweetest maid, so lovely, pure, and fair,
There's none that unto thee I can compare!
Say wilt thou cling to me, wilt thou be mine?
Wilt thou accept me for thy Valentine?



THE LOVE-SONG OF MY HEART.

Sweetheart, the dawn of Valentine is falling
In love-rays o'er the hill;
Star unto star a faint farewell is calling,
While the spring world lies still.

Awake, sweetheart! if love hath power to wake thee,
Borne on a gale of sighs;
Not even in my dreams could I forsake thee,
But, sleeping, saw thine eyes.

Now, as with fragrant morn I seek thy dwelling,
Lo, Nature takes my part;
Birds, streams, and flowers, in tuneful concert telling
The love-song of my heart.

LOVE BEYOND ALL LOVE.

What present shall I give thee, love, to-day,—
To-day, when all true lovers offer gifts?
Some mystic sea-flower born of glancing spray,
Or mermaid's rose-shell from the ocean rifts?
Some fragrant blossom grown in fairy land,
Lent by its monarch to our world a while?
Or golden fruit gathered on magic strand,
With hazard stolen from a fabled isle?
For as these poets' wonders are above
All fair and bright things that our earth doth hold,
So is thy beauty richer, and my love
Beyond all love by man to maiden told!



NO LOVE SO SWEET AS OURS.

To-day a million laughing eyes will read
Their praises sung in tender Valentine,—
Eyes that command, and gentle eyes that plead;
And some are bright, yet none so bright as thine.

Thousands of loves will celebrate this morn
With votive verse and symbols of fair flowers;
Loves of young hearts, and loves of lives outworn;
And some are sweet, yet none so sweet as ours.

A countless crowd of lovers will declare
That for Love's sake they are content to die,—
Lovers in hope and lovers in despair;
And some are true, yet none so true as I.

TO MY WIFE.

The queen of days is that yeleft Valentine,
Which year by year the circling sun brings round;
For then it is that loving hearts incline
To be by Love's sweet fetters faster bound.
And here's a valentine, brave wife, for thee,
Who to my heart for eighteen years hath clung,
And round whose knee stand youth and infancy,
Whose smiles announce that Love is ever young.
What tho' we turn the summit of life's hill,
We shall be true unto each other still;
So come, wee wife, and worship at his shrine,
As with one voice we praise St. Valentine.



THY LOVELY FACE.

The Spring's balmy air that is better than wine,
The birds, and the brooks, and the blossoming vine,
The brightness of Summer, the fragrant woodbine,
The treasures of Autumn, the meadow-fed kine,
The chill reign of Winter at which we repine,
The sea and the shore from the Tyne to the Rhine,
Each and all have a beauty surpassingly fine,—
The glories of Nature are something divine!
But dearer by far to this lone heart of mine
Is one lovely face, and, beloved—it is thine!
Earth to me would be Eden, the sun brighter shine,
With thee for my Eve, and my life-valentine.

Old Hogarth's *line of beauty*
Lives in every floating curl,
I turn from all my *studies*,
To *study* you, sweet girl.
For Love with his divinest art
Has drawn your picture in my heart.

ANSWER.

My mind you have but spoken,
My heart is truly thine;
You may know it by this token,
That I'm your Valentine.





VALENTINES FOR GIVEN NAMES.

JULIA.

JULIA, sweetest of the fair,
All thy charms are rich and rare;
Not alone in thee I prize,
Blooming cheeks, and sparkling eyes;
But most of all, though fair thou art,
For thy true and tender heart;
Yet I will not be a fool,
Even for thee, my charming **JULIA**.

ELLEN.

ELLEN is the girl I seek,
Ever unto truth inclined;
In her manners gentle, meek,
With a more enchanting mind.
Valentines around her sigh;
Yet she coldly passes by.
Pause, fair **Ellen**; hear, I pray!
At thy feet my heart I lay.

MARGARET.

Margaret, come unto my arms,
And let no weak fear alarm thee;
For thy pure and virtuous charms
Ne'er will suffer me to harm thee;
My love is thine; for by this token
Death alone shall see it broken.

MARY.

My affections never vary;
They are thine, my dearest Mary;
Sweetest, loveliest, most refined
Of the names of woman kind;
There is music in the sound
Which my very heart hath bound;
Chained it, never to be free,
By that sweetest spell to thee.

JENNY.

Of all the maidens is there any
That can vie with dark-eyed JENNY?
Locks of auburn—glances bright—
Skin of purest lily-white,
Underneath whose melting snow
Roses and carnations grow.
I crown thee now my bosom-queen
My witching lassie, peerless JEAN.

VALENTINE VERSES.

SUSAN.

SUSAN—how I love that name—
 It can never breathe of shame—
 Gentle as the heart that bears it
 Blest the youth who takes and shares it!
 A new Valentine of roses
 In her cheek each spring discloses
 To the eye of every swain;
 But alas! they sigh in vain!
 Yet, most lovely SUSAN, dare I
 Hope that we are doomed to marry.
 If so it is you'll find me true,
 Girl of my heart's love, gentle SUE!



FANNY.

O, I love thee best of any,—
 Brilliant and bewitching FANNY!—
 In thine eyes a light I see
 Which attracts my heart to thee.
 Scorn me not, my sweet coquette,
 For I mean to have thee yet.



KATE.

I am thine, as sure as fate,
 Bright and mischief-loving KATE.
 You may mock me with your smiles,
 And your sly coquettish wiles;
 But in truth I'd make you mine,
 Sweetest, dearest CATHARINE.

SARAH.

When I turn from lovely SARAH,
Like the bitter floods of Marah,
Heavy tears o'erwhelm mine eyes,
And to her my spirit flies.
Let me lock thee—why thus dally?—
Fast in wedlock, dearest SALLY!

LAURA.

To the true and tender LAURA
Turns the heart that's yearning for her,—
Turns to her my kindling soul,
Like the needle to the pole.
Why then, dearest one, delay!
Let us name the happy day!

LOIS.

My heart one vacant waste of woe is
When I'm parted from my LOIS,
And her bright bewitching eyes
Shine with beams from Paradise;
And where'er their light is given,
That sweet spot, to me, is Heaven.

VALENTINE VERSES

HARRIET.

One that pleads, now, hoping that he
May find favor with young HATTY,—
Would her lips secure from waste,
And their bright twin cherries taste;
For to him the loveliest yet
Is the bright-eyed HARRIET.

FRANCES.

In the gay hall no one dances
Like my graceful, gallant FRANCES!
Hymen's sacred joys to taste
Let us to the wedding haste;
Then my heart his heart will thank;
For our love shall be a "FRANK."

MARIA.

Oh, I feel, when sitting by her,
There is none like sweet MARIA!
Ever tenderest—dearest—best—
Reigning empress of my breast!
Unto her pure charms I bow,—
Unto her I breathe my vow.

MARIA.

Hither MARIA, come fly to me boldly,
Let not thy look gaze on me so coldly;
Remember the month when all Valentines given,
Are registered here and recorded in heaven.
My heart, as thou knowest, is truly thine own,
Then make it at once thy enjoyment and throne.



ELIZABETH.

Wild with rapture, I am dizzy
When I think upon my LIZZY.
ELIZABETH that queenly name
Oft has graced some courtly dame;
But one syllable can bless
In the sound of dearest BESS.



CAROLINE.

Listen a moment, CAROLINE;
Remember life is fleeting,
Delay not in your Valentine,
Nor "round the bush" be beating.
Now's the day, the time, the tide,
To say "I will become your bride."

ELIZA.

ELIZA is a pretty name, and you a pretty girl,
As ever the sweet "Polka" danced or waved a gracefu
curl;
Come, wake from dreamy nothings, and say that you
incline
To accept him for your lover. who sends you this
VALENTINE.

ANN.

Charming, dear, delightful ANN,
Say, am I the happy man
Unto whom your thoughts incline,
As a chosen Valentine?
Answer this, quick as you can,
Charming, dear, delightful ANN.

JANE.

A breast of purity has JANE,
She'd never give my heartstrings pain.
Like wrinkles in the looking-glass,
She'd let my imperfections pass;
Saying in truth and joy divine,
"I'll take *him* for my Valentine."

CHARLES.

CHARLEY—CHARLES—what shall I call y^e "v"
 Dearest, may no harm befall you!
 In thy true and faithful bosom
 Let the sweet affections blossom,
 And my love be cherished well,—
 Love which no cold words may tell.



FREDERICK.

FREDERICK, dear delightful youth,
 Blest with beauty, health, and truth;
 I your Valentine will be,
 If you only think of me.
 Think of me, and none beside,
 If you wish me for your bride.



HENRY.

Sweetest HENRY, happy HARRY,
 Say, have you a wish to marry;
 Let the time no longer pass
 Or ere long you'll say "Alas,
 I have none to claim as mine,
 Or send a chosen Valentine."

VALENTINE VERSES.

JOSEPH.

My dearest JOE, my lovely JOE,
Nay, never look so strange;
But meet me in the evening, when
Your purse is full of change.
We'll ride up in an omnibus,
If thus you should incline,
And o'er two glasses of ice cream,
I'll hear your Valentine.

RICHARD.

I love thee RICHARD, yes I do,
Most devotedly and true;
My Valentine thou surely art,
For you have won my virgin heart.
DICK, I pray, forget me never,
I am thine, and thine forever.

WILLIAM.

Dearest WILLIAM, sweetest Billy,
Don't stand there and look so silly.
Show your heart, as I do mine,
When you receive this VALENTINE.

ROBERT.

As Valentine's day is at hand, ROBERT dear,
 The brightest and sweetest of all the new year,
 When birds are all mating, and cooing with joy,
 And Cupid looks on like a happy young boy.
 Then come, dearest ROBERT, no longer delay,
 But whisper the moment, the hour, and the day.



SAMUEL.

SAMUEL, oh, my "Sammy" dear,
 Know St. Valentine is near!
 Come, speak out, my heart to cheer!
 Let thy love in truth appear,
 Without favor, without fear,
 SAMUEL, oh, my "Sammy" dear!



THOMAS.

Oh, THOMAS, you have won my heart,
 Of life itself, you form a part;
 I sleep, I dream, I pray for thee,
 Just as I hope you do for me.
 My Valentine, my joy, my life,
 Can I become your wedded wife?

WITH A HEART.

'Tis just a simple heart, you see;
But speak the *open sesame*,
And, lo! it now unfolds a store
Of its own sweet and cherished lore.
There's none on earth I prize above thee,
For dearly I have learned to love thee;
And even suffering, with thee,
Would prove a deeper joy to me
Than fairest life with others. Take
This trifle, dear one, for my sake;
And, in thy spirit's loneliness,
To thy dear bosom let it press—
And it shall whisper of a form
With pure affection quick and warm—
A heart that would devote to thee
Its own young love's infinity.
Oh, bright around thee be the rays
Of starry nights, and sunny days;
And never—never—may'st thou know
How bitter is the cup of woe.
Oh, could I weave a mystic charm
All evil influence to disarm,
The coming sorrow I'd destroy,
And turn its bitterness to joy,—
My life for thine I'd gladly yield,
And with my own thy bosom shield.



A WOMAN'S VALENTINE.

We met in the golden hours of the passionate month
of June,
The winds woo'd the perfumed flowers, to love were
the birds atune;
Thine was the tale of gladness, told 'neath the August
moon,
Mine was the wail of sadness, the heart that was broken
soon.

We met in the dreary mansion, death in the heavy air,
Wild was my soul's expansion, smothered my hopeful
prayer;
Mine was the frenzied turning back to the days that
were,
Thine was the desperate yearning over the cold corpse
there.

This is my Valentine, dearest, my message of hopes
and fears,
To thee, who art best and nearest,—ay, even through
thirty years;
Thine, in love's night, to take me,—or still leave the
boon of tears,—
Mine, at the last, to make me thy helpmate whose
presence cheers.



OH, SWEETEST MAID.

A sturdy oak, with branches spreading wide,
Stood by itself in all its strength and pride;
And tho' the wintry blast blew fierce and long,
The tree stood fast, for it was firm and strong.
A fragile plant chanced to spring up close by,
And strove in vain to raise its head on high,
Till to the tree the plant did closely cling,
And then it rose high as the forest king.
Oh, sweetest maid, so lovely, pure, and fair,
There's none that unto thee I can compare!
Say wilt thou cling to me, wilt thou be mine?
Wilt thou accept me for thy Valentine?



THE LOVE-SONG OF MY HEART.

Sweetheart, the dawn of Valentine is falling
In love-rays o'er the hill;
Star unto star a faint farewell is calling,
While the spring world lies still.

Awake, sweetheart! if love hath power to wake thee,
Borne on a gale of sighs;
Not even in my dreams could I forsake thee,
But, sleeping, saw thine eyes.

Now, as with fragrant morn I seek thy dwelling,
Lo, Nature takes my part;
Birds, streams, and flowers, in tuneful concert telling
The love-song of my heart.

LOVE BEYOND ALL LOVE.

What present shall I give thee, love, to-day,—
To-day, when all true lovers offer gifts?
Some mystic sea-flower born of glancing spray,
Or mermaid's rose-shell from the ocean rifts?
Some fragrant blossom grown in fairy land,
Lent by its monarch to our world a while?
Or golden fruit gathered on magic strand,
With hazard stolen from a fabled isle?
For as these poets' wonders are above
All fair and bright things that our earth doth hold,
So is thy beauty richer, and my love
Beyond all love by man to maiden told!



NO LOVE SO SWEET AS OURS.

To-day a million laughing eyes will read
Their praises sung in tender Valentine,—
Eyes that command, and gentle eyes that plead;
And some are bright, yet none so bright as thine.

Thousands of loves will celebrate this morn
With votive verse and symbols of fair flowers;
Loves of young hearts, and loves of lives outworn;
And some are sweet, yet none so sweet as ours.

A countless crowd of lovers will declare
That for Love's sake they are content to die,—
Lovers in hope and lovers in despair;
And some are true, yet none so true as I.

TO MY WIFE.

The queen of days is that yclept Valentine,
Which year by year the circling sun brings round;
For then it is that loving hearts incline
To be by Love's sweet fetters faster bound.
And here's a valentine, brave wife, for thee,
Who to my heart for eighteen years hath clung,
And round whose knee stand youth and infancy,
Whose smiles announce that Love is ever young.
What tho' we turn the summit of life's hill,
We shall be true unto each other still;
So come, wee wife, and worship at his shrine,
As with one voice we praise St. Valentine.



THY LOVELY FACE.

The Spring's balmy air that is better than wine,
The birds, and the brooks, and the blossoming vine,
The brightness of Summer, the fragrant woodbine,
The treasures of Autumn, the meadow-fed kine,
The chill reign of Winter at which we repine,
The sea and the shore from the Tyne to the Rhine,
Each and all have a beauty surpassingly fine,—
The glories of Nature are something divine!
But dearer by far to this lone heart of mine
Is one lovely face, and, beloved—it is thine!
Earth to me would be Eden, the sun brighter shine,
With thee for my Eve, and my life-valentine.

FOR A FOLDED HEART.

A single heart now meets your view,
Emblem of mine—fond—trusting—true;
Another leaf—and you'll discover
An earnest, but a hopeful lover;
For he has read in those dear eyes
Bright messages from Paradise.
They call him from the world afar,
Like rays from some fair beauteous star,
Which in their own rich splendor shine,
Unconscious that they are divine.



THE LOVE THAT'S ONLY THINE.

You did not look for me to-day—
I take you by surprise;
Then do not coldly turn away
Those bright bewitching eyes,
But read in the clear depths of mine
The love that's truly—only thine—
My dear—my chosen Valentine.





VERSES FOR AUTOGRAPH-ALBUMS

DEDICATION.

No line within this book intrude,
 Unless 'tis white as snowy flake;
 Each sentence sanctified by truth,
 Will cherish'd be for Friendship's sake.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS.

AMELIA.

Amelia! named from Industry,
 Marked, too, by manners pure tho' free!
 Encircled by affections true,
 Like vines entwining round a tree
 In summer's rich and blooming time,
 And shedding fragrance o'er the lea.

BELLA.

Bella, the beauty of your name
 Excels not all your maiden charms.
 Live so that every passing hour
 Leaves you exempt from earthly harms,
 And gives you ev'ry heavenly dower.

CLARA.

Charming is the brilliant word —
Lights you like a gleam aureoreal,
And recalls your beaming smile,
Richly as some thing memorial
Always brings back some past smile.

DELIA.

Doth your name not softly sound,
Entoned as 'twas on Grecian ground?—
Laurels and myrtles seem to grow
In green luxuriance, and they throw
An odor as when violets blow.

ESTHER.

Enmeshed by thy rich raven curls,—
So captured was the Persian king.
The matchless graces of thy heart
Hold all entranced within the ring,
Environed as thou art by all
Rich gifts that manly souls enthrall.

FELECIA.

Fair as the first beam of the dawn
Enrising o'er the laughing sea;
Lightsome of heart, and pure of soul,
Entrancing with your melody,—
Calling the brightest moments back,—
Infusing joy, and mirth, and glee,
Around the spot you chance to be.

GERTRUDE.

Germania has no maid more fair,
Entrancing both in face and mind;
Regal, and yet so blandly good
That all revere her,—proud yet kind.
Round her the cornflowers seem to spring,
Uprising 'mid the harvest ripe,—
Doubly depicting thy fair state,
Emblem of worth, and Love's own type.

HATTIE.

Hark to the wild and tremulous tones,
Arising as the harp's touched strings
Thrills every heart with joy or love!
The one that thus makes music spring
Is formed in Fashion's halls to bring
Entranced admirers "to the Ring."

IDA.

In the soft and sensuous clime of blue hills and azure seas
Dedicate to art and rhyme, and to war and learned ease.
Another like thee ne'er did please.

JENNIE.

Jennie! There is something bright
Encircling that sweet bonnie name!
No thought of lofty deeds or crimes
No wrongs done wading sin for fame!
It brings us Caledonia's lassie
Each laddie loves when he does pass ye!

KATHARINE.

Kaleidoscope of varied charms,
All long to take thee in their arms.
Though thou dost freedom quickly check,
Honest, pure thoughts, thy cheeks bedeck.
And in the soft glance of thine eye
Religion's holy thoughts we spy.
In every charm, in every grace,
None can excel thy form and face,
Enbeamed with fancies from on high!

LETITIA.

Lady, around thee gracefully doth cling
Each natural gift of heart, and form, and mind.
Thoughts high, and pure, yet lively, we can scan
In every mood to which you seem inclined.
'Twas such a one, who with a fond, sweet look—
Inspired by faith—the precious spikenard took,
And o'er His tresses Sabeen fragrance shook.

MAMIE.

Maiden, with azure eye serene,
As if you gazed on Heaven's Queen,—
Maiden, with cheek white and red,
In which Eden's roses spread,
Ever be by Virtue led.

NORA.

Nymph of beauty—Glee's young child,
Own mistress of our honest pride!
Roam at pleasure through the earth,
And bless the spot that gave thee birth.

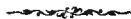
OCTAVIA.

On the antique streets of Rome,
 Chaster matron ne'er was seen.
 Then emulate her pride of home,
 And be, as well as look, a queen.
 Virtues Heaven has given to thee,—
 In beauty thou art not excelled,—
 Act well and win the victory!



PATIENCE.

Puritans have born this name—
 And Quaker maidens—free from blame.
 Then set to girls example meet,
 Inspire them with Patience sweet,
 Eternal things to seek; and yet
 No worldly happiness forget;
 Cast not aside the things of earth,
 E'en *Patience* is of mortal birth.



ROSALIE.

Round about we long may search
 Or ere we find a match for thee,
 So fair, yet wise; so sweet, yet pure;
 And yet so pleasant, Rosalie!
 Let others praise the deep blue eye,
 In lauding black, let others write;
 Envy them not, fair Rosalie.

SUSAN.

Search the wide world, and none more kind
Will greet your eyes, or charm your mind.
Serenely good with artless soul,
And mind given all to Art's control,
No greed of self—no envy in her guileless soul.



TAMAR.

The Jordan's flow'ry banks did pace
A beauty of the chosen race.
Mind hast thou that might greatly grace,
A form might beautify a place
Remote from Judah's hallowed space,



VIRGINIA.

Virginia! cluster round that name
Inviolatè lilies, pure and grand,
Recalling all the nobler traits,
Gracing the whitest of the land.
Imitate that most spotless maid,
Nor let the moonbeams gaze too free
In beauty thou art full as fair,—
And in thy fame as spotless be.





SELECTED VERSES FOR AUTOGRAPH-ALBUMS.

If e'er ambition should my fancy cheat
 With any wish so mean as to be great,—
 Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
 The humble blessings of the life I love.

COWLEY

Blame not the times in which we live,
 Nor fortune frail and fugitive;
 Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
 Of vice or wrong once learned at school;
 But blame thyself, O man!

JOHN A. SYMONDS

The heart! — Yes, I wore it
 As sign and as token
 Of a love that once gave it
 A vow that was spoken;
 But a love, and a vow, and a heart,
 Can be broken.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

The world with calumny abounds;
 The whitest virtue slander wounds:
 There are whose joy is, night and day,
 To talk a character away.

POPE.

Nature stunts our appetite,
 And craves no more than undisturb'd delight;
 Which minds unmix'd with cares and fears, obtain;
 A soul serene, a body void of pain.

DRYDEN.

Let us escape! This is our holiday:
 God's day devote to rest, and through the wood
 We'll wander, and, perchance, find heavenly food:
 So, profitless, it shall not pass away.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Perseverance
 Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery.

SHAKESPEARE.

We leave
 Our home in youth—no matter to what end
 Study—or strife—or pleasure, or what not,
 And coming back in few short years, we find
 All as we left it outside: the old elms, [click
 The house, the grass, gates, and latchet's selfsame
 But lift that latchet,—all is changed as doom.

BAILEY

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
 But leave—oh, leave the light of Hope behind!
 What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
 Like angel-visits, few and far between.

CAMPBELL.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!

THOMSON

The saddest birds a season find to sing,
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

SOUTHWELL

When fortune raiseth to the greatest height,
 The happy man should most suppress his state;
 Expecting still a change of things to find,
 And fearing, when the gods appear too kind.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD

And old companions,—now, perchance,
 Estranged, forgot, or dead,—
 Come round us, as those autumn leaves
 Are crush'd beneath our tread.

MRS. NORTON.

Too late I stay'd,—forgive the crime:
 Unheeded flew the hours:
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
 That only treads on flowers!

W. R. SPENCER

The same sweet voices I shall never hear!
 For the fair forms that once my pathway cross'd
 Are gone, with waters of the golden year
 That now are mingled in the sea and lost.

O hope! sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch
 Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,—
 Relieves the load of poverty,—sustains
 The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,—
 And smoothes the pillow of disease and pain.

GLOVER.

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow
 The winter-king wrapp'd around him:
 And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
 Was the regal zone that bound him:
 He went abroad in his kingly state,
 By the poor man's door,—by the palace gate.

FRANCES H. GREEN.

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
 The soil is fruitless if you seek it there:
 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
 And never blooms but in celestial air.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

When friendship or love our sympathies move,
 When truth in a glance should appear,
 The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
 But the test of affection's a tear.

BYRON

Time wears all his locks before;
 Take thy hold upon his forehead;
 When he flies, he turns no more,
 And behind his scalp is naked.
 Works adjourn'd have many stays;
 Long demurs breed new delays.

SOUTHWELL

Who would the title of true worth were his,
 Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceive:
 The bravest trophy ever man obtain'd
 Is that which o'er himself himself hath gain'd.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason thine?
 Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
 To make our fortune than our happiness.

YOUNG.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
 The glory of one fair and virtuous action
 Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
 Or silken banners over us.

SHIRLEY.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
 For few do write that were not so before;
 And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
 Had ne'er been seized with a poetic itch;
 Had loved their ease too well to take the pains
 To undergo that drudgery of brains.

BUTLER.

Not, my soul, what thou hast done,
 But what thou art doing;
 Not the course which thou hast run,
 But which thou'rt pursuing;
 Not the prize already won,
 But that thou art wooing.

JAMES K. LOMBARD.

Discouraged—oh, poor heart—take cheer! take cheer!
 Let the full eye of hope these dismal shadows banish;
 Go forward, and the tangled way will clear,
 The terrors that you tremble at will turn and vanish!
 Take cheer! Take cheer!

Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
 And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
 Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
 SWIFT.

From the sad years of life
 We sometimes do short hours, yea, minutes, strike,
 Keen, blissful, bright, never to be forgotten,
 Which, through the dreary gloom of time o'erpast,
 Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste.
 JOANNA BAILLIE.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honor merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 POPE.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
 To mask detestation or fear;
 Give me the soft sigh, while the soul-telling eye
 Is dimmed for a time with a tear.
 BYRON.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
 The loveliest flower springs low;
 And we must stoop for happiness,
 If we its worth would know.
 SWAIN.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

POPE.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
 Yet, yet there is bloom on the waste;
 Though the chalice of Life hath its acid and gall,
 There are honey-drops, too, for the taste.

ELIZA COOK.

That praise contents me more which one imparts
 Of judgment sound, though of a mean degree,
 Than praise from princes void of princely parts,
 Who have more wealth, but not more wit, than he.

EARL OF STIRLING.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:
 To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
 To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
 To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong;
 To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
 To scorn a freeborn heart slavelike to bind.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
 That is not ours which is to come.
 The present moment's all our store:
 The next should heaven allow,
 Then this will be no more:
 So all our life is but one instant now.

CONGREVE.

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
But with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing.

SHAKSPEARE

Oh, it is hard indeed that mere suspicion,
Hating all good and charitable deeds,
Should take from men the glorious names they win
By constant virtues and a life of toil!

PRAY.

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor.
Part with it as with money, sparing, pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth,—ask death-beds, they can tell

YOUNG.

The sun;
The constant'st workman, that goes through nis task
And shows us how to work by setting to't
With smiling face; for labor's light as ease
To him that toils with cheerfulness.

J. S. KNOWLES

Forget me when I die: the violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears; ev'n Nature's self forgets;
But while I live *be true.*

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train:
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
 These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind.

POPE

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls, a soft murmur, through the injured air.

COWPER.

The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams
 Outlive their dreamers, and are ours for aye:
 No thought once form'd and utter'd can expire.

MACKAY.

Where an equal poise of hope and fear,
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.

MILTON.

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
 And still a new to-morrow does come on.
 We by to-morrows draw out all our store,
 Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

COWLEY

I never with important air
 In conversation overbear:
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much must talk in vain.

GAY

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend."

SHAKESPEARE.

They walk as those who seeing cannot see,—
 Blind to this beauty even from their birth:
 We value little blessings ever free;
 We covet most the rarest things of earth.

ALICE B. NEAL

Hark! his hands the lyre explore;
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

GRAY.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.

BEN JONSON

So much the thirst of honor fires the blood;
 So many would be great, so few be good;
 For who would virtue for herself regard,
 Or wed without the portion of reward.

DRYDEN

But if a year in trifles go,
 Perhaps you'd spend a thousand so:
 Time can not stay to make us wise—
 We must improve it as it flies.

I. TAYLOR

Look forward what's to come, and back what's past!
 Thy life will be with praise and prudence graced;
 What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess;
 Thou then wilt be secure of the success.

SIR J. DENHAM.

He whose wakeful tenderness removes
 Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
 Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
 But scatters roses to adorn his own.

H. MORE.

O Time! than gold more sacred; more a load
 Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise,
 What moment granted men without account?
 What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid.

YOUNG.

The old, old friends!
 Some changed; some buried; some gone out of sight;
 Some enemies, and in the world's swift fight
 No time to make amends.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?

MARTIAL.

A witty old fellow this Winter is,
 A mighty old fellow for glee;
 He cracks his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss,
 The wrinkled old maiden unfit to kiss,
 And freezes the dew of their lips; for this
 Is the way with old fellows like he!

HUGH MOORE.

Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore,
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown.

YOUNG

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

Thus, with the monuments of other lands,
The place that knew them now no longer knows.
Yet triumph not, O Time; strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away!

PARK BENJAMIN.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all other's faults, and feel our own.

POPE

More bitter far than all
It was to know that Love could change and die!
Hush! for the ages call,
"The love of God lives through eternity,
And conquers all!"

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Anxious pains we all the day,
In search of what we like, employ;
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labor gave the joy.

PRIOR

Yes, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand,
 Hath stolen from sorrow's grasp the envenom'd dart;
 Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
 Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand.

MRS. TIGHE,

There are ills that come without foreboding,
 Lightnings that fall before the thunders roll,
 And there are festering cares, that, by corroding,
 Eat silently their way into the soul.

PHOEBE CARY.

Since by your greatness you
 Are nearer heaven in place, be nearer it
 In goodness: rich men should transcend the poor,
 As clouds the earth; raised by the comforts of
 The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.

TOURNEUR.

Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
 And self disown:
 Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
 Not to thyself alone.

SAMUEL W. PARTRIDGE.

Alas! too well, too well they know
 The pain, the penitence, the woe,
 That passion brings down on the best,
 The wisest, and the loveliest.

MOORE

Be not diffident
 Of wisdom: she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh.

MILTON.

Man's plea to man is, that he never more
 Will beg, and that he never begg'd before;
 Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain
 A former suit, and therefore sues again:
 How good a God we serve; that, when we sue,
 Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new!

QUARLES

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
 A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
 A certain snare to miseries immense;
 A gay prerogative from common sense;
 Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
 And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

A paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new color as it gasps away—
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

BYRON.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
 The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when enbalm'd in tears.

SCOTT.

When reason, like the skillful charioteer,
 Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
 And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
 The radiant tract of glory, passions then
 Are aids and ornaments.

YOUNG.

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct:
 The language plain, and incidents well link'd.
 Tell not as new what everybody knows,
 And, new or old, still hasten to a close:
 There, cent'ring in a focus round and neat,
 Let all your rays of information meet.

COWPER.

If thy desire it be
 To see
 The times prove good, be thou
 But such thyself, and surely know
 That all thy days to thee
 Shall, spite of mischief, happy be.

BEAUMONT.

Why slander we the times?
 What crimes
 Have days and years, that we
 Thus charge them with iniquity?
 If we would rightly scan,
 It's not the times are bad, but man.

BEAUMONT.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same;
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay.

COWPER.

True wit is Nature to advantage drest;
 That oft was thought, but ne'er so well express:
 Something whose truth, convinced at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.

POPE.

Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream;
But reveries (for human minds will act),
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought.

COWPER.

Whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
Their utmost malice can not make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache,
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place.

SWIFT.

Even a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hands remain:
Though flown, it ne'er looks back again.

PRIOR.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Has nought to fear from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss
Cares little into what abyss.

BYRON.

Though long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.

J. D. BURNS.

That very law which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,—
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

How often in the hour
 Of weariness would I have succor'd thee!
 But thou didst spurn the power,
 And scorn the heart that loved so tenderly!

MRS. ELIZA FANNY MORRIS.

I've seen fair realms of the earth
 By rude commotion torn,
 Which taught me how to prize the worth
 Of that where I was born.

G. P. MORRIS.

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow,
 Is felt the first, the only sense,
 Of guiltless joy that guilt may know!

MOORE.

Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
 But unprovided for a sudden blow,
 Like Niobe we marble grow,
 And petrify with grief.

DRYDEN.

Humble voyagers are We
 O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm clime:
 Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BARRA CORNWALL.

From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide.
It was thy hand that made it: through the tide
Impetuous of this life let thy command
Direct my course and bring me safe to land.

PRIOR.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offense is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

YOUNG.

Turn to the helper, unto whom thou art
More near and dear than to thy mother's heart,—
Who is more near to thee than is the blood
That warms thy bosom with its purple flood,—
Who by a word can change the mental state,
And make a burden light, however great!

MILLER.

Shall war o'er all the earth e'er bathe his fingers
In sorrow's tears, and kiss the cheek of peace,
As was foretold of old by sacred singers,
And earth o'erflush with bountiful increase?
Is this to come?

Go, glorious day!

Here while you pass I make this sign;
Earth swinging on her silent way

Will bear me back unto this hour divine,
And I will softly say, "Once thou wert mine."

MARY CLEMMER.

Knowledge—a rude, unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber when it seems to enrich.

COWPER.

Not what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living;
 Heaven is both more and less than just
 In taking and in giving.
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the plow,
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

R. H. STODDARD.

Although both heaven and earth combined
 To mould thy flesh and form thy mind,—
 Though every thought, word, action, will,
 Was framed by powers beyond thee, still
 Thou art thyself, O man!

JOHN A. SYMONDS.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative wisdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind.

THOMSON.

Without her, honor, health, and wealth would prove
 Three poisons to me. Wisdom from above
 Is the only moderatrix, spring, and guide,
 Organ and honor of all gifts beside.

DU BARTAS.

Reason's progressive; Instinct is complete;
Swift Instinct leaps; slow Reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach. In ages they
No more could know, do, covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch pupil would be learning still.

YOUNG.

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast:
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.

POPE.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles,—life.

YOUNG.

What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsists,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them.

COWPER.

There is a history in all men's-lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things,
As yet not come to life.

SHAKSPEARE.

Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtile, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom.

MILTON.

To shun th' allurement is not hard
 To minds resolved, forewarned, and well prepared;
 But wondrous difficult, when once beset,
 To struggle through the straits, and break th' in-
 volving net.

DRYDEN.

We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
 And toil to polish its rough coat alone;
 A just deportment, manners graced with ease,
 Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
 Are qualities that seem to comprehend
 Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend.

COWPER.

There is not a creature, from England's king
 To the peasant that delves the soil,
 That knows half the pleasure the seasons bring,
 If he had not his share of toil.

W. B. PROCTOR.

The vainly proud, the selfishly ambitious,
 Shall they o'erride the fortunes of mankind?
 Or shall their teachings false, and schemes pernicious,
 By honest wrath be scatter'd to the wind?
 Is this to come?

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
 Where is to-morrow? In another world:
 For numbers this is certain; the reverse
 Is sure to none.

YOUNG

For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase;
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.

LORD LYTTLETON

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
 Our most important are our earliest years:
 The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
 Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees;
 And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
 That education gives her, false or true.

This is the summer's burial-time:
 She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
 And, cold upon her rosy prime,
 Fell down the autumn's frosty rime,—
 Yet I am not as one that grieves.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

It seems that life is all a void,
 On selfish thoughts alone employed;
 That length of days is not a good,
 Unless their use be understood;
 While if good deeds *one* year engage,
That may be longer than an age.

L. TAYLOR

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
 Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
 Let careless youth its seeming joys pursue,
 Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
 The illusive past and dark futurity.

H. KIRKE WHITE

God, to remove his ways from human sense,
 Placed heav'n from earth so far that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high,
 And no advantage gain.

MILTON.

Who are the wise?
 They who have govern'd with a self-control
 Each wild and baneful passion of the soul,—
 Curb'd the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
 But kept alive affection's purer fires.

PRINCE.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
 And note all the shades of our lot;
 But the rich rays of sunshine that brighten our way
 Are bask'd in, enjoy'd, and forgot.

ELIZA COOK.

Oh 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 the Atheist's sophistries.

SOUTHEY

The surest road to health, say what they will
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.

CHURCHILL.

‘Linger,’ I cried, ‘O radiant Time! thy power
Has nothing more to give; life is complete:
Let but the perfect Present, hour by hour,
Itself remember and itself repeat.’

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts, shut up, want
air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.

YOUNG.

Heav'n that knows
The weakness of our natures, will forgive,
Nay, must applaud, love's debt, when decent paid.

SHIRLEY.

But tears, alas! are trifling things;
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

DR. ISAAC WATTS

Weave, brothers, weave! Toil is ours;
But toil is the lot of man;
One gathers the fruit,—one gathers the flowers,
One soweth the seed again.

W. B. PROCTOR.

Lovely thou art! aye, lovely
 In spirit and in form,—
 A sunbeam glancing o'er life's tears,—
 A rainbow through the storm,—
 A snowdrop 'mid earth's darker hues,
 Unwarm'd by flattery's breath,—
 A harptone flung from cherub hands,
 Wringing out joy from death.

MRS. SCOTT

The proudest motto of the young—
 Write it in lines of gold
 Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
 The stirring thought enfold;
 And in misfortune's dreary hour,
 Or fortune's prosperous gale,
 'Twill have a holy, cheering power,—
 "There's no such word as *fail!*"

ALICE G. LER

Each dewdrop on its morning leaves
 Is eloquent as tears
 That whisper when young Passion grieves
 For one belov'd afar, and weaves
 His dream of hopes and fears:
 Forget me not!

HALLECK



WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.



WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.



The holding of celebrations on the anniversaries of different epochs of Married Life has become a very pleasant feature of modern times. The earlier anniversaries bring out lots of happy jollity and kindheartedness; while those pertaining to longer periods—when the crumbling milestones remind all of the years that have passed on the travel to the “Sweet Bye and Bye”—are often made the occasion of a deal of sobered pleasure and deep thankfulness, as reminiscences of many merciful “Providences” offset the inevitable mischances that have beset the most happy journey through life.





VERSES FOR A WOODEN-WEDDING CELEBRATION

[FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.]

Five times bright Sol his annual course has run
 Since these two loving hearts were joined as one.
 [And many times the Moon had filled her horn,
 Till unto them a blessed smiling babe was born.]*
 The pretty wife's bright eyes, smooth cheeks, attest,
 That *he* has done in all his very best
 To make the happiest hours of all *her* life
 Those she has spent with him as his dear wife.
 While his most mirthful talk and cheery laugh
 Prove she has been to him, a "better half."
 Now for the *Presents*: Ah, a small girl's hoop;
 The next—a maple flour or sugar scoop;
 A cradle (rather late) but 'twill not shock her;
 (In such a one the "Godlike" Dan slept—may be.)
 And here, behold, a handsome Boston rocker, [*baby!*
 Which might have soothed e'en "*Wendell*"—*when a*
 What next? Ah, truly, that's "the rub,"
 For one kind friend has sent a washing-tub.
 A market-basket,—may 't be full alway.
 A Noah's Ark, for future Barnum's play,

* The two lines in brackets [] can be altered or omitted, if the singular number don't apply; or if the announcement is a little "too previous."

When the boy drops "long clothes," to don his pants,—
 And, like his papa, "sees the elephants."
 Of matches, kindling-wood, a goodly stock;
 And here (Spring's harbinger) a cuckoo-clock.
 Oh, may its full-voiced echo ev'ry chime
 Record the passing of a blessed time.
 Boxes to hold the varied od'rous spice,
 Which renders pies and cakes so very nice;
 A rosewood desk, whose black and ruddy streaks
 Like raven hair and maiden's crimson cheeks;
 And now—in nursery to raise a battle—
 Here is a genuine small watchman's rattle.
 And there, a thing (we don't mean to speak evil),
 But it does seem to raise the very d—!!
 At least it closely favors Satan's shape—
 Although, they say, it represents an ape!
 A rolling-pin, the flaky paste to mold;
 A chopping-bowl, the dubious hash to hold;
 A salad spoon and fork; a butter-dasher;
 And ev'ry lady likes to see a "masher";
 Rollers for towels by the kitchen door;
 And brooms and brushes for the kitchen floor.
 All these, and many more, are now in vogue,—
 But we've not space to give a catalogue.





VERSES FOR A TIN-WEDDING CELEBRATION

[TENTH ANNIVERSARY.]

Ten years have cycled o'er the lands
 In strange eventful roll,
 Since our good friends, in wedlock firm,
 Have joined both hand and soul.
 And now—if we may judge by signs
 Apparent to the dullest sight—
 Although they may not mines have dug,
 Nor brought the welling "ile" to light,
 They've won a treasure richer far
 Than "barr'ls of ile," or piles of gold:
 Pure home-life with affections warm,
 Which rust eats not, nor cankers mold.
 Tin was well chosen—free from spot—
 Now ten years you've been man and wife—
 To show how homelike virtues wear—
 To the Tenth year of married life.
 Not iron, harsh, and rough, and crude,—
 A symbol of the reign of force,—
 But tin, so smooth, and giving face
 To ev'ry metal, rough and coarse.

With Tin we think of hearthside themes:
The dipper in the bucket oaken,
Where wild "Bub" dips poor Sis's head,
And gives her jaunty curls a soakin'.
The oven—often called the Dutch—
But why—(tho' they're not much at boasting)
Unless because Von Troomp could give
His country's foes a thorough roasting.
Tin saucepans for the dainty taste,
To make good food seem even better;
And mince-pie pans whose luscious bake
Would make Epicurus your debtor.
In ten years' time a worthy wife
Will know what virtues are in tin,
And rightly used for viands rare,
She's sure her husband's love to win. H. L. W.



VERSES FOR A CRYSTAL-WEDDING CELEBRATION.

—
[FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.]
—

How fast thro' Time's glass
Do the swift hours pass!
Fifteen years have now gone down the stream,
Since our host gave this dame
His heart and his name,
In the days when they dreamed Young Love's Dream.

If 'twas to go over,
He'd still prove a lover,
And worship again, as when in his youth
He pledged his firm troth;
While she, nothing loth,
Gave *her* heart and *her* pledge in all truth.

The Hebrews when wed
On crushed crystal tread,
Which gives cause for sad fears and dejection;
But our friends, more true.
Hold a crystal to view
Showing no flaw or speck in reflection.

When Fifteen more years,
With their smiles and tears,
Have passed to the region where forgetfulness lies,
May our host and his bride,
Hand in hand, side-by-side,
Ever thus see Love mirrored in each other's eyes. H.L.W.

VERSES FOR A SILVER-WEDDING CELEBRATION.

[TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.]

Five times five years have winged their flight,
And waved their plumes in calm and strife,
Since this good couple first set out
To tread the path of wedded life.

And we who've watched them on the way,
Have seen them keep the narrow path;
All unallured by Pleasure's charms
They've upward toiled o'er ev'ry wrath.

Ring joyous chimes on silver bells!
Let echo spread the mellow sound,
Till distant friends may well pleased list
As joy-tones gladden all around.

Fill to the brim a silver cup
With uninebriating wine,—
And to our host and hostess quaff
The crimson life-blood of the vine.

May we, by their example blessed,
Follow the path which they have trod,—
Winning approval (conscience tried)
From mortals and from mortals' God. H. L. W.

VERSES FOR A GOLDEN-WEDDING CELEBRATION.

[FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.]

Oh, happy bridal jubilee!
Oh, sight to make the glad heart leap!
To brief recall the joys of youth,
And sooth the cares of years to sleep.

There's beauty in those silver hairs
Youth's anburn tresses never saw:
They are they crown of honored years
Spent in obeying Nature's law.

If dimples yield to furrowed cheeks,
They have a glory of their own:
Young Dawn is beautiful indeed,
But by the Evening is outshone.

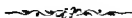
Celestial ladders seem to rise
Skyward, while sunbeam steps unfold;
And crimson draperies hang around
The pathway burnished with bright gold.

So may the autumn of your days
Surpass the promise of your youth;
And troops of friends, and children's love,
Show Worth still wins applause from Truth.

H. L. W.



TO A YOUNG LADY.



The day on which your infant eyes
First opened on this sphere,
Will aye be welcomed by all those
Who hold your friendship dear.

'Tis not alone because your form
Surpasses Grecian art;
But that all actions of your life
Show forth a feeling heart.

'Tis not because your wavy curls
Add to your many charms;
But 'tis because your gracious ways
Even Envy's self disarms.

Oh, may each circling year increase
Your pleasures;—every hour surprise
You with all joys that earth can give,
To fit thee for the skies.

H. L. W.





TO A YOUNG LADY.



Each flower that scents the dewy air
Reminds us of the day
When first thy infant smiles began
To throw light on our way.

Since then no hour has passed but thou
Hast made life far more sweet;
And made e'en strangers happy
Whom thou didst kindly greet.

May every season spring-like be
To you thro' all your life;
And each returning *Birthday* be
The happiest of thy life.

H. L. W.





VERSES FOR BOUQUET PRESENTATIONS

WITH A ROSE, AND AMARANTH.

Fairer than fairest bud that glows—
 The garden's peerless gem—
 Thy beauty decks, imperial rose,
 Young love's fair diadem.

Thy sun-tinged bosom's swelling pride—
 Thy perfume's witching power—
 Sweet emblems of my blushing bride,
 And coming bridal hour!

The beauty may be lost e'er long—
 All *outer* charms laid low—
 But the sweet *perfume of the heart*,
 No death or change can know.

And so our love, surviving time,
 An amaranth shall be,—
 Living to grace a fairer clime,—
 Its breath—eternity.



BOQUET PRESENTATIONS.

WITH A WREATH OF ROSES.

A wreath of fairest roses,
 Dear Mary, I will twine;
 And wreath in it the golden hopes
 That now around thee shine.
 As on thy fair young forehead
 I bind my budding wreath,
 Upon every glowing petal
 A prayer of love I breathe.

WITH A BOQUET.

All verdant with fidelity
 The graceful woodbine blends
 Its deep unchanging greenness
 With a pledge of truest friends;
 The tuberose and clematis,
 With the starry jasmine wrought,
 And the gold and purple pansy,
 In its eloquence of thought.

FROM A BRIDEGROOM.

The bridal ring — the bridal rose —
 The sweet forget-me-not,
 And all that in each fond heart glows
 Foreshow our happy lot;
 The pansy to our joys shall be
 Pledge of the sweetest memory.

MYRTLE, WALLFLOWER, AND VIOLET.

Twine the myrtle's *love-in-absence*,—
 With its soft breath whispering thee,
 And the wallflower breathing perfume,
 In its fond fidelity:
 Triumphant o'er misfortune,
 Through all changes, changing not,
 And the violet's faith, empurpling
 With affections unforgot.



LILY, GERANIUM, AND CAMELLIA.

Not the flaunting crown-imperial,
 Nor the tulip in its pride,
 Nor the bright and glorious marigold,
 With jealousy endyed;
 But all purity and beauty,
 In the lily-cup I blend,
 While geranium and camellia
 Their bloom and fragrance lend.



GARLAND OF FLOWERS.

Oh, take my garland, Mary,
 And wear it in thy breast;
 Mid its clustering stems, the halcyon
 Shall weave her flowery nest.
 May'st thou wake to noblest action
 From youth's impassioned dream,
 And the world make thee no promise
 Which thy life can not redeem

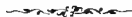
THE MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Here's the purpling mountain daisy,
 With its pledge of faithful love;
 And the blue-eyed aster, looking
 Up in faith, to God above.
 Not the nettle with its poison-shaft
 Of slander shall come here,
 Nor the jonquille with its gross self-love
 In thy garland shall appear.



WITH A ROSE.

Sweet budding rose, the light of love
 Illumes thy bosom pride;
 And thou art prized for this above
 All flowers of summer-tide:
 Then haste my cherished one to greet,
 With perfume and with love as sweet.



WITH A FLOWER.

Then take my flower, and let its leaves
 Beside thy heart be cherished near
 While thy confiding love receives
 The thoughts it whispers to thine ear.



ROSES, LILIES, AND VIOLETS.

I'd be a butterfly, born in bower
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet
 Roving forever from flower to flower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet

CONSTANCY.

They bid me forget him! As if I could tear
 From my heart the dear image so long cherish'd there!
 Like a rose in the wilderness, blooming and free,
 Like a fount in the desert that love is to me.

I brood o'er my thoughts in the stillness of night:
 I can not forget him,—*would* not, if I might!
 'Tis the star that illumines my desolate way,
 And gives it the glory and brightness of day.

C. A. FILLEBROWN

HOPE.

Never forget our loves, but always cling
 To the fixed hope that there will be a time
 When we can meet unfettered, and be blessed
 With the full happiness of certain love.

PERCIVAL

INDIFFERENCE.

All clinging kindness from my heart I'll tear!
 I will forget that e'er I thought thee fair!
 Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast!
 Wearied, at length I seek thy downy rest!
 Not all thy arts my steady soul shall move,
 And thou shalt find Indifference conquers Love.

LORD LITTLETON

PARTING.

Sweet to the soul the whispering
 Of Hope and Promise, when
 Fancy's soft fairy voices sing
 "We part to meet again."



THOUGHTS OF EMINENT MEN.

Pride of superiority only calls to its aid the hatred of equality, and the contempt of inferiority. *Lacordaire.*

To excel others is a proof of talent; but to know when to conceal that superiority is a greater proof of prudence.—*Colton.*

Wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little and wants less, is richer than he that has much and wants more.—*Colton.*

Railway traveling is not traveling at all: it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel.—*Ruskin.*

A single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of pure gold, capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold leaf.—*Trench.*

I wish not to plunder my enemy; but there are things I wish to take from him,—not his honor, his wealth, or his life, but his ill-will.—*Tasso.*

A great number of our wants are simply special wants of the imagination; we want them because we think that we want them; they give us no enjoyment when we obtain them.—*Fichte.*

Tears, to speak in the style of figure, fertilize the soil in which the virtues grow. Indeed, the faculties of the mind, as well as the feelings of the heart, are meliorated by adversity.—*Dr. Knox.*

With respect to the goods of this world, it might be said that parsons are preaching for them—that lawyers are pleading for them,—but that true philosophers alone are enjoying them.—*Colton*.

Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed, and much sought after. Like rose-leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.—*Spurgeon*.

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back, and vigor in the body.—*Dr. Franklin*.

The theater has often been at variance with the pulpit: they ought not to quarrel. How much is it to be wished that the celebration of Nature and of God were intrusted to none but men of noble minds.—*Goethe*.

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations,—the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is primarily the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.—*Zimmerman*.

There are some readers who have never read an essay on taste; and if they take my advice they never will; for they can no more improve their taste by so doing than they could improve their appetite or digestion by studying a cookery book.—*Dr. Southey*.

He who is surety is never sure. Take advice, and never be security for more than you are quite willing to lose. Remember the words of the wise man:—“He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure.”—*Spurgeon*.

If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and less civilized.—*Macaulay*.

We may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face.—*Thackeray*.

I have often learnt a good deal from my own talk. Often when I have been advising a man or funning of him, reasons and illustrations have sprung up of their own accord that I never thought of before. *Haliburton*.

Some intermixture of vainglorious tempers puts life into business, and makes a fit composition in grand enterprises and hazardous undertakings; for men of solid and sober natures have more of the ballast than the sail.—*Lord Bacon*.

What man, in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want who has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance that can never be satisfied?—*L'Estrange*.

The rising of the sun has the same effect on me as it is said to have had on the celebrated statue of Memnon; and I never observe that glorious luminary breaking out upon me that I do not find myself harmonized for the whole day.—*Fitz-Osborne*.

Oh, what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of wordly affairs like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I would advise you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath-day holy. *W. Wilberforce*

