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Handwritten scribble or mark, possibly a signature or initials, oriented vertically.

**THE
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS**



THE
L A N G U A G E
OF
F L O W E R S

" By all those token flowers, that tell
What words can never speak so well."

BYRON.

LONDON
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

MDCCCXXXIV.

116.



B. BENSLEY, PRINTER.


THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED,

By Gracious Permission,

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS



**THE
DUCHESS OF KENT.**

PREFACE.

WHEN Nature laughs out in all the triumph of Spring, it may be said, without a metaphor, that, in her thousand varieties of flowers, we see the sweetest of her smiles ; that, through them, we comprehend the exultation of her joys ; and that, by them, she wafts her song of thanksgiving to the heaven above her, that repays her tribute of gratitude with looks of love. Yes, flowers have

their language. Theirs is an oratory that speaks in perfumed silence, and there is tenderness, and passion, and even the light-heartedness of mirth, in the variegated beauty of their vocabulary. To the poetical mind, they are not mute to each other; to the pious, they are not mute to their Creator; and ours shall be the office, in this little volume, to translate their pleasing language, and to show that no spoken word can approach to the delicacy of sentiment to be inferred from a timidly offered flower; that the softest impressions may be thus conveyed without offence, and even a profound grief alleviated, at a moment when the most tuneful voice would grate harshly on the

ear, and the stricken soul can be soothed only by an act of grateful silence.

We will not, upon a subject so sportive, parade our learning, by telling our fair readers what fine things Pliny has said upon it; or, with the spirit of prosing upon us, write a crabbed treatise upon the Egyptian hieroglyphics. We will even spare them a dissertation upon the Floral Alphabet of the effeminate Chinese; they had, and have, their flowers and their feelings, their emblems and their extacies.—Let them enjoy them.—We shall do no more than rove through the European Garden, to cull from it its beauties, to arrange them into odoriferous eloquence, and teach our refined and purifying science to those fair beings, the symbols of whose mortal beauty are but

inadequately found in the most glorious flowers, and of whom the mental charms can be typified only, when we shall have reached those courts where the spring is eternal, and the idea of decay unknown.

But little study will be requisite for the science which we teach. Nature has been before us. We must, however, premise two or three rules. When a flower is presented in its natural position, the sentiment is to be understood affirmatively; when reversed, negatively. For instance, a rose-bud, with its leaves and thorns, indicates *fear* with *hope*; but, if reversed, it must be construed as saying, "you may neither *fear* nor *hope*." Again, divest the same rose-bud of its thorns, and it permits the most sanguine

hope; deprive it of its petals, and retain the thorns, and the worst fears are to be apprehended. The expression of every flower may be thus varied by varying its state or position. The Marygold is emblematical of pain; place it on the head and it signifies trouble of mind; on the heart, the pangs of love; on the bosom, the disgusts of *ennui*. The pronoun *I* is expressed by inclining the symbol to the right, and the pronoun *thou*, by inclining it to the left.

These are a few of the rudiments of our significant language. We call upon Friendship and Love to unite their Discoveries to ours; for it is in the power only of these sweetest sentiments of our nature to bring to perfection what they have so beautifully invented, the mystical,

yet pleasing, links of intelligence, that bind soul to soul, in the tender and quiet harmony of the one, or in the more impassioned felicity of the other.

It may be proper to remark that this work is founded on the French, though from the alterations, and it is hoped improvements, which have been introduced, it could not in strictness be denominated a translation.

THE
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

SPRING.

March.

GRASS, TURF.

UTILITY.

ONE winter morning, fatigued with the noisy pleasures of the town, I withdrew to the country. There my good nurse assembled round her hearth all the young shepherdesses who wished to learn how to spin, or to make willow baskets and boxes for cheese. Often in the midst of these little groups, the most interesting questions

were discussed without the parties being aware of their import.

Non point sur la fortune,
Sur sex jeux, sur la pompe et la grandeur des rois,
Mais sur ce que les champs, les vergers et les bois,
Ont de plus innocent, de plus doux, de plus rare.

La Fontaine.

On a leisure evening I attended one of these meetings. After reciting a ghost story which made us all tremble with fear, my nurse asked her pretty disciples what in their opinion was the most useful plant? "My father," said the lively Ernestine, "asserts that it is the Vine; that its juice cheers in winter, its shade refreshes in summer, and its wood is useful; because the flocks are fed by its foliage, and its roots can be sculptured: for the patron saint of our village is formed of a vine root." "I wish you had been in my country," exclaimed a young fair girl. "You would, like me, have preferred the Apple tree; for its fruit, which is delicious, preserves its freshness when all others have disappeared. Besides, the apple tree has all the beauty of a flower; it supplies man with food, gives him an agreeable drink, and the tree itself provides a

shade for the labourer, as well as fuel for his hearth: all these blessings the apple tree bestows without requiring cultivation, like the vine." "You have pleaded well," said I; "but I suspect, from your partiality for this beautiful tree, from your blue eyes and fair complexion, that you came from Normandy. As for me, who have paid little attention to our country scenery, I have read that in a country very far hence, called India, there is a noble tree which yields an agreeable wine, delicious fruit, an impenetrable shelter from the rain and the heat of the sun; and leaves of which a vast number of beautiful works are made, which moreover serve for clothing. That tree is called the Palm." "It is easy to see, my dear child," said my nurse with a gentle smile, "that you have studied in books the variety of God's good gifts. For my part, I have read nothing but the book of nature, and it strikes me that corn, which nourishes mankind, is of all plants the most useful. Its straw forms the roof of our cottages; baskets and hats are made of it; and the people die when the harvest fails. But before we pronounce that corn is the most useful of nature's gifts, tell me

your opinion, dear Eliza, you who gave the precedence in beauty the other day over all flowers to the violet; to what plant would you yield the prize of utility?" "I do not think," replied Eliza, blushing, "that there is a more useful plant than the common meadow Grass. All those you have named require care and cultivation; but grass grows without labour. It supplies a bed to man; it flourishes alike everywhere; the birds live on its seeds; the cattle feed on it; and we are supported by the milk which the cattle derive from it. I think that grass also must be the most useful, because I have heard a great scholar who educated me declare, that the most useful things are those that are most common; and can there be any thing more common than the meadow grass?" We all concurred with this opinion, which imbued us with esteem for the modest girl who expressed it, and with admiration for Providence, which had concealed such great blessings under so diminutive a plant.

WEEPING WILLOW.

MELANCHOLY.

I LISTEN to the murmuring of the winds which mingles with the pattering of the rain. I am sad, restless, far from all I love: society annoys and fatigues me. But nature on all sides opens her sheltering arms: like a kind friend who sympathizes with my grief. Plunging into the deep shadow of woods, I listen to the note of the nightingale, who seems, like me, to deplore the loss of all she loves; there I behold the weeping willow of Babylon, isolated by the banks of the stream: the tree droops like a stranger afflicted on distant shores. Would it not be thought that it incessantly whispers, in the words of La Fontaine,

“Absence is the greatest of evils?”

This tree reminds me of an unfortunate lover. A ruthless hand, in removing it from its native soil, has for ever separated it from the object of

its attachment. Every spring, deluded by a vain hope, it crowns its branches with flowers: and calls on the winds to restore the object of its desires and the destined ornament of its life. Secluded on the banks of a fountain, would it not seem as if, seduced by the reflection of its own image, it sought for happiness at the bottom of the stream! Vain hope! neither the zephyrs nor the nymphs of the fountain can restore that loss which it is perpetually lamenting.

Oui, de tous les maux de la vie,
L'absence est le plus douloureux ;
Voilà pourquoi ces arbres malheureux
Sont consacrés à la mélancholie.

Aimé-Martin.

Saule cher et sacré, le deuil est ton partage ;
Sois l'arbre des regrets et l'asile des pleurs ;
Tel qu'un fidèle ami, sous ton discret ombrage,
Accueille et voile nos douleurs.

Idylles, par M. Bubes.

THE HORSE-CHESNUT.

LUXURY.

It is more than two centuries since the horse-chesnut has been an inhabitant of our climate ; and nevertheless it is not yet observed to mingle its superb head with the crowd of trees indigenous to our forests. Its delight is to embellish parks, adorn chateaux, and throw its spacious shadow over the palaces of kings. The Tuilleries is the site of one of its great triumphs ; round the great basin of the gardens, it constitutes massy clumps of incomparable beauty. Again, at the Luxembourg, it seems to revel in the display of all its pomp and magnificence.

*La les maronniers les hautes avenues,
S'arrondissent en voûte et nous cachent nues.
Castel, Les Plantes.*

One showery day in the commencement of spring suffices to invest this beautiful tree with all the richness of its verdure. When it grows by itself, nothing can be compared to the

mingled magnificence and elegance of its pyramidal form, the beauty of its foliage and the richness of its flowers, which give it the appearance of an immense chandelier covered with innumerable girandoles. Ever attached to pomp and profusion, it covers with flowers the green turf which it protects with its shadow, and yields to pleasure its most delicious seclusion. But to the poor it only yields a scanty fuel and a bitter fruit. Naturalists and physicians especially have gratuitously conferred on this child of India a thousand good qualities which it does not possess. This beautiful tree, like the rich man on whom it lavishes its shade, obtains flatterers; and thus, like him, does some good in spite of itself, while it astonishes the vulgar by a display of useless profusion.

LILAC.

FIRST EMOTION OF LOVE.

THE lilac has been consecrated to the first emotions of love; because nothing possesses a greater charm than the delight afforded by its appearance on the return of spring. Indeed the freshness of its verdure, the flexibility of its branches, the profusion of its flowers, their short and transitory beauty, their soft and variegated hues, all recal those celestial emotions which embellish beauty and lend to youth its "grace divine."

Never was Albano able to mingle on that pallet, which he derived from the hand of love itself, colours sufficiently delicate, fresh, and flowing, to represent the velvet softness and delicacy of the gentle tints which embellish the brow of early youth. And Van Spaendonck himself threw down his pencil on surveying a groupe of lilacs. Nature seems to have taken pleasure in

making a finished production of each of its delicate clusters, massive in itself and yet astonishing by its variety and beauty. The gradation of its colour, from the first purple bud to the blanching flower, is the smallest fascination of its charming blossoms, round which the rainbow seems to revel and decompose itself into a hundred shades and colours, which, all commingling in the general tone and tint, achieve a happy harmony which might well baffle the painter, and confound the observer. What an immense labour does nature appear to have undertaken to form this fragrant shrub which merely seems to exist in order to gratify the senses: what an union of perfume, grace, and delicacy: what variety in details; what harmony in the assemblage! Doubtless it was destined in the decrees of Providence to become the future bond of union between Europe and Asia. The lilac, which the traveller Busbeck brought to Europe from Persia, now grows on the mountains of Switzerland and in the forests of Germany. The nightingale, in returning from its voyage, perceiving its abandoned Thyrsus united to its favourite white-thorn, imagines it has a double spring to celebrate.

A nos coteaux, à nos vergers,
Il raconte ses aventures ;
Des villes, des champs étrangers
Il fait de brillantes peintures ;
Et prédit leurs courses futures
Aux petits oiseaux passagers.
Il peint leurs troupes vagabondes
S'en allant, au milieu des airs,
Chercher des rives plus fécondes ;
Décrit le passage des mers,
Et les prés fleuris des deux mondes ;
Et de l'hymne heureux du retour
Faisant retenter les bocages,
Mêle encor les chants de l'amour
Aux doux récits de ses voyages. (1)

(1) *Almé Martin, Letters à Sophie.*

THE ALMOND TREE.

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

THE almond tree, emblem of indiscretion, is the first to obey the breezy call of early spring. Nothing can be more fresh or more graceful than this charming tree, when it appears during the first days of March, covered with blossoms in the midst of the naked vegetation of the surrounding bowers.

Late frosts too often destroy the precocious germs of its fruit; but, by a singular anomaly, they are so far from tarnishing its flowers, that they would seem to confer on them an additional lustre. I have remarked a range of almond trees, white as silver in the evening, struck by frost during the night, and appearing invested with a lovely rose colour in the morning. Nay, the tree has for more than a month retained this new dress, and only lost it when its verdant foliage took its place. Fable confers an affecting origin on the almond tree. It relates that Demophon,

the son of Theseus and Phædra, was, in returning from the siege of Troy, thrown by a storm on the shores of Thrace, where the beautiful Phillis reigned. This young queen received the prince, fell in love with him, and made him her husband. When recalled to Athens by his father's death, Demophon promised to return in a month, and fixed the day. The tender Phillis counted the hours of his absence; and at last the appointed day arrived. Nine times she fled to the shore; but when she at last lost all hope of his return, she broke her heart with grief, and was turned into an almond tree. Three months after Demophon, however, returned. Filled with grief, he offered a sacrifice at the sea side to appease his mistress's manes. She appeared to sympathize with his repentance on his late return; for the almond tree, which enclosed her spirit within its bark, in a moment threw forth all its flowery foliage, and proved, by this last effort, that true love, "strong as death," is incapable of change.

THE PERRIWINKLE.

TENDER RECOLLECTIONS.

THE winds have now purified the atmosphere; diffused the seeds of vegetation over the earth; and dispersed the gloomy vapours of winter. The air is fresh and pure; the sky seems to expand above our head; the lawns grow vividly green on all sides, and the trees push forth their young and verdant buds. Nature is about to put on her dress of flowers; but she first prepares an harmonious ground for her painting; and, covering it with one general tint of green, which she varies *infinitely*, rejoices the eye and cheers the heart with promise. During the past month we have detected in shady dells the violet, the daisy, the primrose, and the golden flower of the dandelion. Let us now approach the skirts of the wood: there the anemone and the perriwinkle stretch their long parterre of verdure and flowers; these two friendly plants are mutual foils to each other's charms. The anemone has

velvet leaves, deeply dentated and of a gentle green; whereas the perriwinkle's leaves are always green, firm, and shining: its flower is blue, while that of the anemone is of a pure white, tinted with roseate colour at the edge; and enduring but a day, it recalls to us the happy and fleeting hours of childhood. The perriwinkle is consecrated to permanent happiness, and to Jean Jacques Rousseau its flower was the emblem of delightful recollections. "J'allais, (says he, in his *Confessions*,) m'établir aux " Charmettes, avec Madame de Warrens; en " marchant, elle vit quelque chose de bleu dans " sa haie, et me dit: Volilà de la pervenche encore en fleur. Je n'avais jamais vu de la pervenche; je ne me baissai pas pour l'examiner, " et j'ai la vue trop courte pour distinguer à terre " les plantes de ma hauteur. Je jetai, seulement " en passant un coup d'œil sur celle-là; et près " de trente ans se sont passés sans que j'ai revu " de la pervenche, ou que j'y aie fait attention. " En 1764, étant à Cressier, avec mon ami M. du " Peyron, nous montions une petite montagne, " au sommet de laquelle il a un joli salon qu'il " appelle, avec raison, Belle-Vue. Je commen-

“cais alors d'herboriser un peu. En montant, et regardant parmi les buissons, je pousse un cri de joie: Oh! voilà de la pervenche! Et c'en était en effet.” This plant, the charming image of a first affection, is deeply rooted in the soil which it adorns. It interweaves the earth on all sides with its flexible shoots, and covers it with flowers, which seem to reflect and imitate the azure of the sky: thus our first affections, so warm, pure and artless, appear to have a celestial origin. They mark our days with a moment's happiness, and to them we owe our sweetest recollections.





Rose. Violet. Tulip.
Beauty, modesty, declaration of Love
your Beauty & Modesty have forced from
me a declaration of Love.

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TULIP.

DECLARATION OF LOVE.

*It was Beauty first moved the Tulip's tongue,
He saw the Rose, and then burst forth in song.*

ON the shores of the Bosphorus the tulip is an emblem of inconstancy: but at the same time it symbolizes the most intense affection. When glowing in all its native charms in the fields of Byzantium, with its petals of fire and its scorched and blackened heart, it proclaims, in spite of bolts and bars, to the ear of listening beauty, that a lover sighs in her vicinity; and that if she will but appear for a moment, one glance will impart a fire to his eyes, and consume his heart. So it often happens that a young and ingenuous man, fresh from the hands of nature, offers an undissembled homage to beauty: but when remodelled by the world, like the tulip by the hands of the gardener, he may become more varying, more attractive; he may be more pleasing; but he will cease seriously to love.

The tulip, under the name of tulipan, or turban,¹ adorns the handsome forehead of those Turkish barbarians who admire its flower and impose chains on beauty. Idolizing its elegant stem, and the beautiful vase which forms its crown, they are never tired of admiring the streaks of gold, silver, purple, and other innumerable gradations of colour, which revel, unite, and separate on the surface of those rich petals, without for a moment being confounded in the rich variety.

During the first days of spring, the feast of tulips is celebrated in the Sultan's seraglio. Scaffolds are erected; long galleries prepared; seats ranged in amphitheatrical gradation, and covered with rich carpeting: these are quickly ornamented with an immense number of chrysal vases, filled with the most beautiful tulips in the world. As soon as evening arrives, the whole is illuminated; scented tapers diffuse the most odoriferous perfumes: coloured lamps glitter on all sides like garlands of opals, emeralds, sapphires,

(1) *Jardin d'hiver ou Cabinet des fleurs*, by Jean Francau. 1 vol. 4to., Douai, 1616.

diamonds, and rubies : a prodigious number of birds in golden cages, awakened by the spectacle, mingle their notes with the melodious concord of unseen musical instruments : a shower of rose-water refreshes the air ; the gates are opened, and groups of young Circassians add the lustre of their beauty and their costume to the other splendours of this enchanting *fête*. The Sultan's pavilion occupies the centre of the seraglio. The Sultan is seen negligently reclined on cushions in the midst of the presents which the nobles of his court have laid at his feet : but a cloud gathers on his brow ; he gazes sternly around him. What ! has sorrow been able to reach that all potent individual ? Has he lost one of his provinces ? Does he tremble at another revolt of his Janissaries ? No, two humble slaves have alone troubled his repose. Amongst the festal solemnities a young *Icoglan* has presented a tulip to the beauty that has taken his heart captive. The Sultan is ignorant of the secret of the lovers : yet a vague suspicion poisons his heart ; jealousy besets and torments him. But what can jealousy do ? what can bolts and bars do to exclude the wings of love ? A single look

and flower has sufficed to the mischievous god to change the sombre terrors of the seraglio into a paradise, and to revenge the cause of beauty on the chains that outrage and conceal it.

It was from 1644 to 1647 that the tulip mania prevailed in Holland. During these years tulips rose to an enormous price, and enriched many speculators. The florists esteemed particularly some species to which they gave peculiar names. The most precious was that named *Semper Augustus*; it was valued at 2000 florins.¹ It is said that there existed but two flowers of this species, one at Harlem, the other at Amsterdam. A gentleman, to obtain one of them, offered 4600 florins² with a handsome carriage drawn by two horses, and all accessories: another, to obtain a root, gave up twelve acres of ground.

The passion for tulips seized on every body. Those who could not procure them, for want of ready money, obtained them by exchanging houses and lands. Florists and others who cultivated flowers, made, in a short time, immense fortunes: then all classes of society began to traffic in tu-

(1) About 150*l.* of our money.

(2) About 345*l.*

lips, a bed of them was the greatest treasure you could possess. It is related, that a sailor, having brought some goods to a merchant who cultivated tulips on speculation, received from him a herring for breakfast, with which the sailor went away. As he was walking he saw some roots in the garden that he took for common onions, and eat them unconsciously with his herring. At this moment the merchant arrived, and exclaimed in despair, "Inconsiderate man, thy breakfast has ruined me; I could have regaled a king with it."

MERGANTHUM.

CALM REPOSE.

Do you observe by the protracted shores of that lake, whose silvery mirror reflects an unclouded sky, those flowery knots as white as snow? A roseate hue colours the reverse side of these beauteous flowers while a tuft of filaments, of gossamer delicacy and dazzling whiteness, rises out of their alabaster cups. Expression fails to do justice to the elegance of this plant. In order to remember it for ever, once to have seen it is sufficient, balancing itself on the edge of the water, to whose transparency it seems to add an intense freshness. The Merganthum never opens in stormy weather. Tranquillity is requisite to the developement of its blossoms; but the calm that it enjoys seems to diffuse itself on all the objects in its vicinity.

April

THE HAWTHORN.

HOPE.

How all around in nature breathes hope and joy!
The swallow has re-appeared in the air; the
nightingale has sighed in our shrubberies; and
the white flowers of the hawthorn have announced
the permanency of fine weather. Poor vintage-
men take courage! the white frosts will come no
more to destroy the tender bud, the hope of your
long labours. Happy labourers! the breath of
the rude North will no longer wither your verdant
plains; you will see them, as time proceeds, put
on their gilded vesture under the rays of the sun.
Happy for you, if, in cultivating your little spot
of ground, you have surrounded it with a haw-
thorn hedge; no gloomy walls will displease the
cheerful eye; verdure, flowers, and fruit, will

succeed each other in cheering your sight ; and all the birds of the various seasons, from the thrush to the robin, will in turn delight your ear.

The Troglodytes, who by their simple manners restored the golden age, smilingly covered their relations, whom death had snatched away, with branches of hawthorn ; for they looked on death as the morning of a new day where separation never more took place. At Athens young girls carried at the wedding of their companions branches of hawthorn ; and the altar of Hymen has always been illuminated by torches made of the wood of this plant, which was, on all occasions, the symbol of hope.

To us it promises a beautiful spring ; to the Greeks auspicious marriages ; to the Troglodytes immortal life.

L'homme se traîne, hélas ! de malheurs en malheurs ;
Par sa mère enfanté dans le sein des alarmes,
A ses gémissemens répondant par ses larmes,
Il entre dans le monde escorté de douleurs :
L'esperance en ses bras le prend, sèche ses pleurs,
Et le berce et l'endort. (1)

(1) Poem of *Hope*, by St. Victor.

PRIMROSE.

EARLY YOUTH.

THE saffron cups of the primrose announce that period of the year when Winter, retiring, sees the hem of his snowy garment adorned with an embroidery of flowers. It is no longer the time of frosts, nor is the period yet come of settled fine weather. Just so does maiden beauty balance for an interesting period between infancy and youth. The timid Aglae has hardly seen her fifteenth year ; she wishes to partake, but can no longer with propriety join, in the gambols of her young companions. She, however, contemplates them and her heart yearns to follow them ; like them she would be happy to form and toss from one to the other the perfumed ball of platted primroses. But a distaste she cannot comprehend has begun to alienate the wishes of her young heart from joys so innocent and fleeting !

The re-appearance of the primrose announces this ; but the flower, also, tells her that her happy day of childhood is passed away. Alas ! when some few years more have elapsed, the same returning primrose will tell her that the days of love and youth are also fled.



Rose. Ivy. Myrtle.
Beauty. Constant friendship. Love.
To beauty friendship and love.

Published by Curwen & Osby Cornhill Street.

MYRTLE.

LOVE.

THE oak was always consecrated to Jupiter, the olive to Minerva, and the myrtle to Venus. A perpetual verdure, supple perfumed branches loaded with flowers, that appear destined to adorn the forehead of love, have rendered this tree worthy of being dedicated to the goddess of beauty. At Rome the temple of the goddess was surrounded by a grove of myrtles; and in Greece she was adored under the name of Myrtylla. When Venus rose from the bosom of the waves, the Hours presented her a scarf of a thousand colours, and a wreath of myrtle. After her victory over Pallas and Juno, she was crowned with myrtle by the Graces. When surprised, one day, on issuing from the bath, by a troop of satyrs, she sought refuge behind a myrtle bush; and it was with the branches of the same plant that she revenged herself on the audacious Psyche, who had dared to compare her transitory

charms to immortal beauty. At Rome the myrtle garland of the loves was sometimes mingled, in honour of Mars and Venus, with the laurels on the triumphant conqueror's brow. And now that triumphs have ceased at the Capitol, the Roman ladies have preserved a vivid predilection for this plant. They prefer its odour to that of the most precious essences, and they impregnate their baths with a water distilled from its leaves, persuaded that the plant of Venus must be favourable to beauty. If the ancients were possessed by a similar persuasion, if they truly deemed it the symbol of love, it was because they had observed that the myrtle, where it grows, *excludes all other plants*. Just so it is that love, when master of the heart, excludes all other thoughts.

ACANTHUS.

THE ARTS.

THE acanthus delights in hot climates by the side of great rivers.

Le Nil du vert Acanthe admire le feuillage.

Nevertheless it grows without difficulty in our climate ; and Pliny tells us that it is a garden plant, marvellously well adapted, (to quote Dupinet's translation,) "*a vigneter et historier*" in verdure. The tasteful ancients adorned their furniture, their vases, and their poetic roses, with its elegantly sculptured leaves.

This charming model of the arts has thus become their symbol, as it is also of the genius which gives them perfection. When any obstacle obstructs the growth of the acanthus, it will be seen to put forth fresh force and to vegetate with additional vigour. So it is that genius grows in the midst of the very obstacles which were intended to crush it. It is related of the

architect Callimachus, that, as he was passing near the tomb of a young girl, who died a few days before her marriage, touched with pity, he approached to throw flowers on it; an offering had preceded his, the nurse of the young girl had collected the flowers and veil which were to have adorned her on her wedding-day, placed them in a little basket near the tomb on an acanthus plant, and covered it with a large tile. The following spring the leaves of the acanthus surrounded the basket, but, impeded by the tile, turned back and coiled within themselves. Callimachus, astonished at this novel decoration, which appeared the work of the weeping graces, made it the capital of the Corinthian order—a charming ornament that we still imitate and admire.

Virgil tells us that the robe of Helen was embroidered with a wreath of acanthus in relief; and whenever this divine poet wishes to celebrate some work of inestimable price, it is the acanthus with which he adorns it.

OXTONGUE.

FALSEHOOD.

Les ruines d'une maison
Se peuvent réparer, que n'est cet avantage
Pour les ruines du visage ! (1)

WOMEN, says Labruyere, would be inconsolable if nature had made them such as they make themselves, with *rouge* and *fard*. Incontestible as this truth is, it is nevertheless as true that from North to South, and from East to West, among civilised and among savage nations, the taste for artificial embellishments is universal. The wandering Arab, the sedentary Turk, the handsome Persian, the small-footed Chinese, the fresh-coloured Russian, the phlegmatic English woman, the indolent Creole, and the light and vivacious French woman, all desire to please, and all resort to the use of *fard*. This eccentric taste is as predominant in the desert as in the

(1) La Fontaine.

seraglio. Duperron relates that a young "*belle sauvage*," wishing to attract his notice, stealthily took a bit of burnt wood, and, retiring to a corner, rubbed her cheeks and forehead with it, and then returned with an air of coquettish triumph, as if this artifice had rendered her beauty irresistible.

M. Castellan, in his Letters on Greece, describes nearly in this manner the portrait of a Greek princess, whom he painted at Constantinople. "She was not," said he, "the imaginary beauty I had pictured to myself. Her black eyes, large and impressive, shone like diamonds; but her blackened eye-lashes spoiled their expression: her eye-brows, united by a line of paint, gave a sort of severity to her look; her mouth, very small and of a deep colour, might have been embellished by smiles, but I never had the pleasure of seeing them: her cheeks were covered with dark rouge, and patches, cut in the shape of a crescent, disfigured her face. Imagine the perfect immobility of her deportment, and the freezing seriousness of her physiognomy, and I might be supposed to be depicting an Italian madonna." The wish to please thus misleads equally the daughter of the desert and the

beautiful Odalisque. The highest point of civilization is that which brings us back to nature and to good taste, which never swerves from nature.

The oxtongue has been made the symbol of artifice because its root enters into the composition of many kinds of *fards*, for the female complexion. The *fard* of which it constitutes the basis is perhaps the most ancient and the least dangerous of all. It, indeed, combines many advantages; it lasts several days without obliteration: water refreshes it like natural colours, and it never wrinkles the skin which it adorns.

Mais cette pudeur douce, innocente, enfantine,
Qui colore le front d'une rougeur divine. (1)

Nothing can imitate that "*pudeur*;" and art destroys it beyond repair. Do we wish to please permanently, to please for ever? let us dismiss falsehood from our hearts, lips, and aspect.

(1) Voltaire, *Henriade*.

BUGRANE, or REST HARROW.

OBSTACLE.

A MAGIC charm, which language fails to express, invests each vernal sunrise of a fine spring morning. At the aspect of so beautiful a spectacle the coldest heart is warmed with gratitude, a dull imagination is rekindled, and every thing strikes, enlivens and clothes it in the most agreeable form. In one of those delicious mornings, enjoying the careless luxury of a *deshabille* lounge on the banks of the Meuse, I drank the ineffable delight of that balmy morning-breath which consoles the labourer for the toils of the preceding, and prepares him for those of the coming, day. Seated at the foot of an elm, I was observing an old grey-headed farmer leaning on the shoulder of a young, animated, fresh-coloured peasant, while they superintended the labours of a plough drawn by four vigorous oxen. Suddenly the equipage stopped, as if arrested by an invisible hand: it was in vain the whip was resorted to,

and the team urged to the full stretch of their exertions. Neither ox nor plough could advance a step. "No doubt, my father," said the fair-haired peasant, "the plough-share has struck on some fragment of a rocky ground, or caught by the fibrous roots of some old oak." "Not so," replied the hoary-headed senior; "it is a feeble plant that retains it; but whose rank growth of roots has been suffered to spread widely beneath the soil. Look down to your feet: do you observe those humble tendrils, covered with pretty rose-coloured and butterfly looking flowers? Do not touch them; for those flowers cover long and merciless thorns. These are the tough roots of this pretty weed; which, as you see, have power to baffle the vigorous efforts of two men and so powerful a team. But see, another pull and the obstacle is broken, and the plant is torn up by the roots. This plant my son, is called the bug-rane, or rest-harrow; with its pretty flowers, sharp thorns, and deep roots, it is the syren of the fields, and the emblem of the obstacles that vice opposes to virtue. Often, like this symbolic plant, does vice allure us by some delusive flowery attraction; and bind us with invisible

chains. In order to triumph, energy is necessary ; armed with that, virtue and genius conquer every obstacle." "My father," replied the young man, "I shall never forget the lesson your experience has given to my youth ; every day I shall remember it on seeing the sun rise." At those words the old peasant and his interesting son went onward ; but their discourse rested engraved on my heart. How often, in moments of weakness and agitation, have I not resumed my resolution by repeating the old man's words :
Virtue and energy conquer every obstacle !

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

BONDS OF LOVE.

STRENGTH is amused at the efforts of the weak, and often borrows her graces. I have sometimes seen a young honeysuckle attach its supple and delicate tendrils to the knotted trunk of an ancient oak. It would seem as if this feeble plant, when climbing in the air, had the ambition of outgrowing the height of the king of forests; but soon, as if its efforts had failed, it will be seen relapsing with graceful ease from its ambitious eminence, and embracing its friends with elegant festoons and perfumed garlands. So it is that love has sometimes taken pleasure in uniting a simple shepherdess to a haughty warrior. Hapless Desdemona! if it were thy admiration of superior courage and energy, it was also the conviction of thy weakness that attracted thy heart to the terrible Othello. But it was destined that the canker of jealousy should blast thy beauty on the protecting bosom of courage. Voluptuous

Cleopatra, you subjugated the imperious Anthony; but destiny neither spared your beauty nor your mental grandeur. Struck by the same bolt, ye were seen to fall and wither together. And thou, humble and gentle Lavallieré, the love of a great king had, alas! the power to subjugate thy heart, and abstract it from its devotion to virtue. Poor flowery tendril, the wind of inconstancy soon deprived thee of the royal oak's support; but falling, you never crept upon the earth; thy noble heart, lifting thy affections to heaven, soon taught thee to direct the homage of thy last love to Him who is only worthy of the soul's immortal longing.

LUCERN, or TREFOIL.

LIFE.

LUCERN occupies the same soil with great tenacity; but when it once abandons it, it does so for ever. That, no doubt, has been the reason why it has been made the emblem of *life*. Nothing can be a more charming object than a field of lucern in flower: it displays itself to the eye like a long carpet of green velvet, sprinkled with violet embroidery. When cultivated, this plant is prodigal of its harvest, without requiring any care. When mown, it revives. The heifer rejoices at the sight of it; and it is the delight of the sheep, the goat and the horse. Indigenous to our climate, this pleasing gift descends to us at once from heaven. We possess it without effort; we enjoy it without thinking of it; and without gratitude. Too often we prefer to it some flowery toy which has no merit but its transitory prettiness. Too often we leave our hold of certain benefits to run after vain pleasures which fly and for ever escape us.

May.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

THE RETURN OF HAPPINESS.

THE lily of the valley delights in shady glens ; beneath the moss-grown foliage of the oak, and by the side of murmuring brooks. On the first approach of May, its ivory flowers open and shed their perfume to the breeze. At this sign the nightingale quits our hedges and bowers, and flies to the bosom of the shadowy forest in search of a companion of its solitude, and an echo to its sighs. Guided by the perfume of the lily of the valley, the queen of songsters selects her retreat. There she sets up her rest, expels her rival, and celebrates, in her melodious strains, the triumphs of solitude, of love, and of the flower which every year is, to her, the symbol of returning joy.

PRIVET.

PROHIBITION.

WHY, enquired the young mother of a family, of the village curate, "have you omitted to plant a strong wall of quick-set hedge in lieu of the hedge of flowering *privet* which surrounds your garden?"

The curate replied, "When you forbid your child a dangerous pleasure, you convey the prohibition with a smile; and, should he rebel, your maternal hand consoles him with some other trifle, pleasant but safe. So should the true pastor's hedge restrict the wayward trespasser; but wound no one, and even offer flowers to those whom it repels."

COMMON HEATH.

SOLITUDE.

THE meadows are always clothed with flowers ; the fields with harvests ; the uplands with green wreaths of vine ; and the mountains with solemn forests.

Happy swains ; you are at liberty to dance in the meadows ; to crown your brows with the golden wreaths of Ceres ; to quaff the inebriating gifts of Bacchus ; and to court repose beneath the shady canopy of the forest. The liberty of rejoicing is yours ; and, to the happy, life is a long rejoicing.

As for me, with melancholy for my guide, I listlessly stroll to those secluded spots where the lovely heath, delighted with solitude, still disputes its ground against the advancing tide of cultivation. There, seated at the foot of a tuft of yellow flowering broom, I can yield to the

full survey of my sombre reflexions; and see collecting round me from all sides other beings as melancholy, as troubled, and as afflicted as myself. The partridge, scented by the pointer, after losing her whole family; the deer hunted by the hound; the crouching hare; the timid rabbit, at first alarmed at my appearance, will, by degrees, grow familiar with my griefs; and seek, even at my feet, protection from the persecution of my fellow men. Ye, also, industrious bees, will hover round me! and, if I break off a single branch of your favourite flower, ye will come to seek your destined honey from my very hand. And ye too, clamourous quails, ye will measure, both for me and for yourselves, the lapse of those hours which, in the deserts, fly without regret and without remark. Sweet nightingales and amatory doves! your sighs and murmurs are calculated for perfumed bowers: but I can no longer meditate under their shade! The voice of the solitary bird checks your notes; for me it has its charms: and at the first ray of the rising moon, its doleful accents will resound on the night breeze. That solitary king, the owl, will then issue from the hollow trunk of some time-

honoured oak ; and, perched on the branches which hide his moss-grown bower, frighten the timid lover as he counts the moments of his fair one's absence ; or terrify the startled mother as she watches over the fevered couch of her only child. But it has charms for the unhappy man, who has given to the tomb all that he adored on the earth. Often did that melancholy voice awaken thee, oh ! unfortunate Young, to speak of death and eternity. Often has it also been my larum ; and, if it has not inspired me, like thee, with sublime strains, it has, at least, given me a distaste for the world and a love of solitude.

NARCISSUS.

EGOTISM.

THE Narcissus of the poets diffuses a gentle perfume ; a crown of gold adorns the centre of a flower, always white as ivory, and slightly inclined ; this plant is indigenous to our climate ; it delights in the shade and the freshness of the running brook. In this flower the ancients recognised the metamorphosis of a young shepherd, whom love punished for his indifference to female beauty, by a fatal aberration of mind. A thousand nymphs loved the beautiful Narcissus, and felt the torment of loving without hope. The melancholy nymph Echo was in her turn despised ; she was still beautiful, but grief and shame had effaced her charms ; a frightful meagerness consumed her frame ; the gods had pity on her, and changed her into a rock ; but could not extinguish the immortal malady of her soul,

which still moans in those desolate places to which she so often fruitlessly pursued her ungrateful lover. Meanwhile the shepherd Narcissus, fatigued with the chase, threw himself on the green turf, beside a fountain transparent as a mirror, and which reflected his beautiful person. That was the moment that resentful love seized to be revenged on the rebel's heart. He embellished the reflected image with all the brilliancy of the flames that it inspired, and then left the victim to his self-infatuated delirium. The nymph, whose spirit still loved, witnessed the tears, the sighs, and the insensate vows which he addressed to himself; gave him back sigh for sigh, and repeated his last adieu which was not intended for her; for even in his dying moments, the victim of self love was employed in exploring the pellucid fountain for the shadow which had betrayed him. The naiads, his sisters, wept his loss; the dryads raised his funeral pyre, while Echo repeated their complaints; and, on the spot where his ashes should have been, appeared a little melancholy flower with a coronetted head for ever drooping by the side of solitary springs.

Ever since that day, the furies invest their dreadful brows with a crown of those flowers, which they have thus devoted to egotism ; which, of all their retributions, is the most melancholy and fatal.

LINDEN TREE.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

BAUCIS was changed into a linden tree. The linden tree is an emblem of conjugal love. In casting a glance over the sacred plants of the ancients, it is impossible to avoid admiring the correct botanical knowledge with which they adapted the qualities of the plant to those of the personage they meant to indicate. Beauty, grace, simplicity, extreme gentleness, innocent bounty, have been, in all ages, the best attributes of a faithful wife.

All these qualities exist, indeed, in the linden tree, which every Spring is invested with such delicate verdure, emits so sweet a perfume, which lavishes on the vagrant bees the honey of its flowers, and supplies the young mothers of families with its flexible branches for the manufacture of so many useful and elegant trifles. Every thing is of use in this tree: an infusion of its flowers is good to drink, and of its stripped bark,

cordage, cloth, and hats are composed. But what language can describe the ravishing effects of its green foliage, when, still fresh under the influence of Spring, it is gently moved by the wind, and its vast umbrageous canopy is delved into arcades and caverns of perfumed verdure ! It may be said that these young leaves have been formed of softer, more brilliant, and supple materials than silk which they so much resemble ; the eye is never tired of contemplating their vast shade ; you could for ever repose under its shelter, listen to its murmurs, and breathe its perfumes. The stately chesnut, the light acacia, have disputed for a moment the place of the linden tree in avenues and public walks, but nothing could permanently banish it. May it ever remain the ornament of the garden of the rich, and the benefactor of the poor, to whom it yields apparel and furniture at once !

L'ombre, l'été ; l'hiver, les plaisirs du foyer.

May it ever be a model to wives in recalling the example of Baucis !

Baucis devint tilleul, Philemon devient chêne ;
On les va voir encore, afin de mériter
Les douceurs qu'en hymen amour leur fit goûter.
Ils courbent sous le poids des offrandes sans nombre.
Pour peu que des époux séjournent sous leur ombre,
Ils s'aiment jusqu'au bout, malgré l'effort des ans. (1)

(1) La Fontaine, *Philemon et Baucis*.

STRAWBERRIES.

PERFECTION.

ONE of our most eminent writers conceived the project of writing a general history of nature, after the model of the ancients and of several moderns. A strawberry plant, which by chance grew under his window, deterred him from this rash design. He investigated the strawberry, and in doing so, discovered so many wonders, that he felt convinced the study of a single plant, and of its concomitant parts, sufficed to occupy the whole life of the most learned man. He therefore relinquished his design, and withdrew the ambitious title he meditated from his volume, which he contented himself with modesty calling "Studies of Nature." It is in this book, worthy of Pliny and Plato, that the student may imbue himself with a taste for correct research, and for the higher class of literature; and it is there especially that he will find a complete history of the strawberry. This humble plant

delights in the shelter of our woods and covers their extreme turf borders with cool foliage and delicious fruit, which belong to any one who pleases to gather them. It is a charming reserve which nature has subtracted from the exclusive right of property; and which she rejoices in rendering common property to all her children. The flowers of the strawberry form pretty bouquets; but where is the barbarous hand that, in gathering them, would rob the future of its treasured fruits? It is delightful to find, among the glaciers of the Alps, the plants and flowers of the strawberry in all seasons of the year, when the traveller,—scorched by the sun, and sinking with fatigue on these rocks, old as the world, in the midst of forests of fir, half overwhelmed with avalanches,—vainly seeks a cabin to shelter him, or a fountain to refresh him. Suddenly he perceives troops of young girls advancing from the defiles of the rocks, carrying baskets of strawberries that perfume the air; they appear at once on the crags above him and the yawning dells beneath. It would seem as if each rock and tree was guarded by one of those nymphs whom Tasso placed at the gate

of Armida's enchanted gardens. But though equally seducing, the young Swiss girls are less dangerous; and, while offering their alluring baskets to the traveller, instead of magically arresting his steps, they supply him with revived force to renew his journey.

The learned Linnæus was cured of frequent attacks of gout by the use of these berries. Often have they restored health to the invalid when all other medicines have failed. A thousand delicious *sorbets* are composed from them; they constitute one of the chief luxuries of the lordly feast; and the most exquisite *délîce* of the *fête champêtre*. These charming fruits, which vie in freshness and perfume with the sweetest flower beds, charm the sight, the taste, and the smell at the same time. Yet there are beings so unhappy as to have an antipathy to strawberries, and to swoon at the sight of a rose. Is it astonishing, when there are persons who turn pale at the sight of superior merit, or at the hearing of a noble action, as if the sight or record of virtue filled them with bilious rancour, or struck a dagger to their hearts? Fortunately these feelings of nature's outcasts take

nothing from the charms of virtue, from the beauty of the rose, or from the combined perfections which characterise this most charming of fruits.

THYME.

ACTIVITY.

FLIES of all shapes, beetles of all hues, light butterflies, and vigilant bees, for ever surround the flowery tufts of thyme. It may be that to these cheerful inhabitants of the air, whose life is a long spring, these little tufts appear like an immense tree, old as the earth, and covered with an eternal verdure, begemmed with myriads of flowery vases filled with honey for their express enjoyment.

The Greeks looked on Thyme as an emblem of activity. No doubt they had observed that its aroma, which clears and invigorates the brain, is highly salutary to old age, to which it imparts renewed suppleness, energy, and vigour.

Activity is a warlike virtue, always associated with true courage. It was on this account that the ladies of chivalrous times embroidered on

the scarfs which they presented to their knights, the form of a bee hovering round a branch of thyme; in order to recommend the union of the amiable with the active.

RED VALERIAN.

FACILITY.

RED valerian has only lately descended from the Alps to decorate our gardens. It is a brilliant visitor, but always somewhat disordered. In the midst of our cultivated flowers this daughter of the mountains always preserves a rustic deportment, which marks her for a *parvenue*. Nevertheless the rustic beauty owes her fortune to her merit. The root of Valerian is sovereign against the chief ailments which luxury engenders; an infusion of it strengthens the sight, reanimates the spirits, and expels melancholy. Its flowers last nearly the whole year; cultivation improves them: but they do not disdain their rural origin, and often are they observed abandoning the flower-bed to decorate the side of some barren hill, or the top of some deserted wall. The common wood and meadow valerian possess the same

virtues as those of the garden valerian; but the gardener neglects them because they are deficient in the happy facility of transplantation, which distinguishes that of the Alps.

SUMMER.

June.

THE ROSE.

Who, that has ever sung, has not sung the rose? The Poets have not exaggerated its beauty; nor completed its eulogium. They have called it "daughter of heaven, ornament of the earth, and boast of the spring." But what expressions can do justice to the charms of this lovely flower; its beautiful combinations of form and colour, and the sweet perfume it exhales? Look at it in the Spring, rising gracefully from its elegant foliage surrounded by its numerous buds! It might be said that the Queen of Flowers sports with the air that fans her, adorns herself with the dew-droops that burthen her

head, and smilingly meets the sunny rays that expand her bosom; it might well be said of this beautiful flower that nature has exhausted herself in striving to lavish on it the freshness of beauty, of form, perfume, brilliancy, and grace. The rose embellishes the whole surface of the earth. It is thus the commonest of flowers. On the day that its beauty is fully mature it perishes; but nothing restores it to the first graces of its former youth. The emblem of all ages, the interpreter of all sentiment, the rose constitutes an element of all our festivals! of all our joys and griefs. Most justly is it consecrated to Venus, and, rivalling beauty itself, the rose, like that, possesses a grace more exquisite even than beauty. Anacreon, the Poet of Love, has celebrated the Rose: and in order to complete its eulogium, it is only requisite to quote his verse, in the elegant translation of the lyric poet:

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,

Enchants so much our mortal eye.
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To call the timid flow'ret thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away
The tear that on its blushes lay !
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs,
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale !
Oh, there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light !
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes !
And when, at length, with pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death !
O, whence could such a plant have sprung ?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung :—
When humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared, in flushing hues,
Mellowed by Ocean's briny dews ;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance !
The nymph who shakes the martial lance !
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,

Which sprung with blushing tinctures dress'd,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And halled the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sleetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn,
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

THE ROSE LEAF.

I AM NOT IMPORTUNATE.

THERE was an academy at Amadan whose statutes had a law to this effect—the academicians are to think much, write little, and speak still less. Doctor Zeb, a man much renowned in the East for his learning, had heard that there was an appointment vacant in the school, and immediately applied for it, but unfortunately arrived too late: they had bestowed on a minion of court that patronage which properly belonged to merit. The president, not knowing how to express a refusal that made the assembly blush, ordered a goblet to be brought to him, which he filled to such a nicety with water, that another drop would

have caused it to overrun the brim. The doctor understood by this emblem that there was no room for him: he was retiring, greatly disappointed, when he perceived a rose leaf lying at his feet; this raised his courage, he took the leaf and placed it so delicately on the water contained in the cup, that not a drop escaped. At this ingenious contrivance there was a clapping of hands, and he was received amongst the silent students.

A CROWN OF ROSES.

THE RECOMPENSE OF VIRTUE.

SAINT Medard, the Bishop of Noyau, born at Salency, of an illustrious family, instituted there one of the most interesting prizes which piety has ever offered to virtue. That prize consists of a simple crown of roses ; but in order to obtain it, ye fair ones, it is requisite that all your rivals, all the beauties of your village, must recognize your title to the character of being the most amiable, modest, and discreet. The sister of Saint Medard was elected by common consent, in 532, the first " **ROSIERE** " of Salency. She received the crown from the hands of the founder ; and legacied it, with the example of her own virtues, to the companions of her infancy. Ages, which have overthrown so many thrones,

and broken so many sceptres, have respected the flower-crown of Salency. It has been consigned, by protector after protector, to the fair brows of innocence. May it ever continue to crown it; and invest its wearers with the fairest title to happiness. While M. de Fontaines sung of shepherds, and was as yet but a poet, he said

Hélas ! belle rosière,
D'autres amis des mœurs doteront la chambre ;
Mes présens ne sont point une ferme, un troupeau
Mais je puis d'une rose embellir ton chapeau.

THE MOSS ROSE.

LOVE ; VOLUPTUOUS PLEASURE.

SURVEYING the moss rose, with its pointless thorns, and the soft and green verdure which embosoms its calyx, one would pronounce that voluptuous Pleasure had disputed for this flower with Love. Madame de Genlis tells us, that after a visit to England, all Paris thronged to admire the first rose of this species that she had brought back. However, Madame de Genlis was then a celebrated woman ; and the moss rose was doubtless nothing but a pretext for the visit of crowding admirers to herself. Modesty alone caused the error ; for the moss rose, which is a native of Provence, had been previously known to us for ages.

A NOSEGAY OF FULL BLOWN ROSES.

THESE beautiful flowers appear to invite the great to seize the opportunity of doing good. Gratitude is sweeter than perfume ; and the period of their ability to shower favours is shorter than that of beauty.

A WHITE AND A RED ROSE.

THE poet Bonnifon sent his mistress two roses ; one white and the other of deep carnation ; the one to symbolize the fairness of her complexion, the other the fervour of his heart. With the bouquet he sent these few lines :

Pour toi, Daphné, ces fleurs viennent d'éclore :
Vois, l'une est blanche, et l'autre se colore
D'un vif éclat : l'une peint ma pâleur,
L'autre mes feux : toutes deux mon malheur.

A ROSE WREATH IN A TUFT OF GRASS.

EVERY THING MAY BE GAINED BY KEEPING
GOOD COMPANY.

ONE day, said the poet Saadi, I perceived a bunch of roses surrounded by a tuft of grass. How? I cried, does a plebeian plant dare to thrust itself into the company of roses? and I hastened to tear away the tuft: when the latter modestly replied: "Spare me! It is true I am not a rose: but you will perceive by my perfume that I have lived with roses."

July.

MUG-WORT, OR ST. JOHN'S WORT.

HAPPINESS.

Armoise, herbe Saint-Jean, tu portes bonne encontre. (1)

CHARMING flower! I have not forgotten that you were the protecting talisman of my infancy. Never can I forget those happy times when my kind governess used on St. John's eve to invest my flaxen locks with a coronet of St. John's Wort: and caressing me, exclaimed, "My dear child, now you are preserved by my care from all misfortunes, all sufferings, all evil spirits, and all wickedness." I replied with tender caresses to her zealous care: my young heart was full of confidence in her words. Evil spirits and evil men were the same to me, I feared them without knowing why. Oh that I could be a

(1) Passerat.

child again, invested with my flowry crown, and opposing an innocent superstition to the troubles of the world. Neither let it be thought that this humble plant is destitute of reputation and virtue! The Veteran Antoine de Pinet, translating Pliny, says,

“La gloire d'imposer les noms aux herbes, n'a seulement appartenu aux hommes, ains aussi est venue jusqu'à enflammer le cerveau des femmes, qui en ont voulu avoir leur part; car la royne Artémisia, femme du riche Mosolus, roy de Carie, fit tant par son industrie, qu'elle baptisa de son nom l'armoise, q'auparavant était appelleé *parthenis*. Toutefois il y en a qui tiennent ce nom d'*arthemisia* avoir été imposé à l'armoise, à raison de la déesse Arthémis Ilythia (1), parce que cette herbe est particulièrement bonne aux femmes.” In fine Hippocrates, Dioscorides Galienus, Zacutus Lusitanus and professor Gilibert in our days, as well as the celebrated Alibert, have, by turns, been the Eulogists of its virtues.

(1) Dianæ.

COMMON WHITE JASMIN.

AMIABILITY.

THERE are some persons gifted with such a happy disposition that they seem born for the purpose of rivetting, and increasing the ties of society. They are enabled to support all positions by the graceful ease of their manners. They are so obliging that they always interest themselves in what you say; they forget self, in order to oblige you; they are silent, in order to listen to you; they flatter no one; affect nothing; offend no one; their merit is a gift of heaven, like a handsome aspect; they please, in one word, because nature has ordained that they should be pleasing.

The jessamine seems created especially to be the lucky emblem of amiability. When, in 1560, it was brought from the Indies by the Spanish navigators, the slenderness of its branches, and the delicate lustre of its starry flowers, provoked equal admiration. It was thought that, in order

to preserve so elegant and pretty a plant, it was requisite to place it in a hot-house. It appeared to thrive under the treatment. It was next risked in an Orangery. There it throve *à merveille*; at last the open air was tried, where, up to the present time, without requiring any care, it braves the most rigorous winters. In all spots the amiable jessamine is directed by our will in any form we please to give its supple and docile branches. It extends them in palisades, it develops them in globular masses, it unrolls them in cylinders, and frequently covers with their green tapestry the length of our terraces and garden walls. Take whatever form it will, it lavishes on us a harvest of flowers, which embalm, refresh, and purify the air of our shrubberies; which offers diademed cups of sweets to the painted butterfly, and an exquisite, abundant, and perfumed honey, to the persevering bee. The amorous shepherd unites the jessamine and the rose in order to adorn the bosom of his shepherdess; and often does this simple combination, formed into a coronal, decorate the brows of the princess. It is related that a certain duke of Tuscany was the first

possessor of the jasmin, and, wishing to preserve it as an unique in his conservatory, he forbade his gardener from giving away a single stalk or flower ; but love reigned paramount in the gardener's heart, or he would have been obedient to his lord's command ; on the birth-day of his mistress he presented her with a bouquet, and, to render it more valuable, he slid into it a bunch of jasmin. The delighted girl, in order to preserve its freshness, planted it in the open ground ; it retained its verdure during the year, and the following spring was covered with flowers. In the interim she had received instructions on the cultivation of this flower, and it increased under her care. The lovers were poor, and a prudent mother refused to ratify their union. Love takes pleasure in miracles, and he performed one for them ; the young girl knew how to profit by it, she sold her jasmins, and to so good an amount that she was enabled to enrich her lover by the little treasure she had amassed. The daughters of Tuscany commemorate this adventure by wearing a nosegay of jessamin on their bridal-day, and they have a proverb which says that a young girl, worthy of being decorated with this

bouquet, is rich enough to make the fortune of her husband. For my part, I think that some of our jasmins descend from that which was so happily cultivated by the hands of the lovers.

CARNATION.

PURE LOVE.

Aimable œillet, c'est ton haleine
 Qui charme et pénètre mes sens ;
 C'est toi qui verses dans la plaine
 Ces parfums doux et ravissans.
 Les esprits embaumés qu' exhale
 La rose fraîche et matinale
 Pour moi sont moins délicieux ;
 Et ton odeur suave et pure
 Est un encens que la nature
 Eleve en tribut vers les cieux. (1)

THE Primitive pink is single red, and odorous. Cultivation has doubled its petals and varied its colours to infinitude. These charming flowers are imbued with a thousand tints, from pale rose to pure white, and from deep red to dazzling fire colour. Often two of these colours contrast, combine and melt into each other in the same flower. The pure white is tinted with crimson,

(1) *Les Fleurs*, Idylles, par M. Constant Dubos.

and the rose colour is streaked with a brilliant and vivid carnation.

Sometimes these flowers are marbled ; abruptly piebald ; or striped like the tiger ; with such an effect that the deluded eye imagines it perceives a flower of purple and a flower of alabaster within the same calyx. As varied in its form as its colour, the Pink displays its beautiful petals in the shape of a harp ; a cockade, a pompkin, and sometimes aspires to the shape of the rose ; but it always preserves its delicious perfume, while it tends incessantly to an exchange of its acquired magnificent costume for its original simple raiment. René, King of Anjou, the Henry the Fourth of Provence, was the first person who enriched our gardens with the carnation and red rose. We are also indebted to him for the muscatel grape. This monarch, who gave his mind to horticulture, painting, and letters, was also the author of a very rare and agreeable work, entitled " *Queste de très douce merci au cœur d'amour.*"

VERVAIN.

ENCHANTMENT.

I WISH our botanists had attached a moral idea to all the plants that they describe. They could thus form a kind of universal dictionary understood by all people, and enduring as the world itself, since each Spring would re-produce it without the slightest alteration of the characters. The altars of the great Jupiter are overthrown; the Druidic forests exist no longer the Egyptian pyramids will one day disappear buried like the Sphynx amidst the desert sands but the lotus and acanthus will flourish for ever on the Nile's banks! the misletoe will flourish on the oak, and the vervain on the barren rock.

Vervain among the ancients was consecrated to different sorts of divinations; they ascribe to it a thousand properties; and, amidst others that of reconciling foes; and, therefore, when

ever the Romans sent their heralds-at-arms to offer peace or war to the nations, a branch of vervain was borne by one of the two. So the Druids held the plant in great veneration; and, before gathering it, they offered a sacrifice to the earth.

In the same manner, the Magi, when adoring the Sun, held branches of vervain in their hands. Venus's victims wore a crown of myrtle interwoven with vervain, and the Germans, to this day, bestow a chaplet of vervain on the newly-married bride, as if to place her under the protection of this goddess. (1) In the northern provinces of France, the shepherds gather this majestic plant with ceremonies and words known only to themselves. They express its juices under certain phases of the moon. The doctors and sorcerers of the village are then seen alternately causing the cure of their masters and provoking their terror; for the same influence which cures enables them to inflict maladies on cattle and on the hearts of the female peasants.

(1) *Les Sèves de Bouchet*, tome 1., page 180 bis.

The vervain is affirmed to be invested with this latter potency, especially when they are young and pretty. We see, therefore, that the vervain is still among us, as it was among the ancients, the herb of incantation.

THE TARE.

VICE.

THE Tare is an emblem of vice. Its first shoot resembles the wheat, and it grows up in the most beautiful harvest fields. The hand of discreet and skilful cultivators removes this evil herb with precaution, in order not to confound it with the good seed. So should a wise tutor employ patience in eradicating evil inclinations, while they are exhibiting their first growth in the pupil's heart. But prudence is required to avoid stifling the germs of virtue, while unrooting the subtle ramifications of vice ; unhappily, there are too many fond parents eager to cultivate the tare in the hearts of their children, and unconscious that it has taken root till the time of harvest.

MARSH MALLOWS.

BENEFICENCE.

EMBLEM of Beneficence, the marsh-mallow is the friend of the poor man. It grows naturally by the side of the brook that refreshes him, and the cabin which gives him shelter. But it is not rebellious to culture: and sometimes its modest foliage is seen among the garden flowers. Neither bitterness nor coarseness degrade it; its appearance is engaging and agreeable; its flowers, of a charming rose tint, harmonize well with its graceful leaves covered with a silky and silvery down. Its fruit, flowers, stalk, leaves and root, are all replete with benefit. Sirups, pastilles, and patés, as excellent to taste as salubrious, are composed of its various juicy extracts. The benighted traveller has often found in its root an aliment at once wholesome and substantial. It is only requisite to look down to the feet, in order

to discover, throughout all nature, proofs of love and forethought. But that tender mother has often concealed in plants, as well as men, the greatest virtues under the lowliest forms.

ADONIDE, SOUTHERN WOOD.

PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

Je n'ai jamais chanté que l'ombrage des bois,
 Flore, Echo, les zephyrs et leurs molles haleines
 Le vert tapis des prés et l'argent des fontaines.
 C'est parmi les forêts qu'a vécu mon héros :
 C'est dans les bois qu'amour a troublé son repos.
 Ma muse en sa faveur de myrte s'est parée ;
 J'ai voulu célébrer l'amant de Cythérée,
 Adonis, dont la vie eut des termes si courts,
 Qui fut pleuré des Ris, qui fut plaint des Amours. (1)

ADONIS was slain by a boar. Venus, who had quitted for his sake the delights of Cythera, shed tears on the body : the divine drops were not lost. The earth received them, and immediately produced a slender plant, with petals resembling drops of blood. Brilliant and transient flowers, too faithful emblems of human joys, you were consecrated by beauty itself to painful recollections !

(1) *La Fontaine, Adonis.*

THE GARDEN ACACIA.

PLATONIC LOVE.

THE American savages have consecrated the acacia to the genius of chaste love. Their bows are made of the incorruptible wood of this tree, and their arrows armed with one of its deadly thorns. Those untamed children of the deserts conceive a sentiment replete with mental refinement. Incapable of giving it form in words, they express it by a branch of flowering acacia. The young Indian girl, like the city coquette, understands the seducing language, and, blushing, receives the woodland homage of her lover. It is not more than a hundred years since the Canadian forests have made us the gift of this beautiful tree. The botanist Robin, who first brought it to Europe, gave it his name. While displaying in our shrubberies its slender shadows,

its odoriferous flowers, and its green and refreshing verdure, the garden acacia seems to prolong the reign of Spring. The nightingale delights in building her nest within the shelter of this new guest of our climate; and, confiding in the long and sharp thorns which protect her infant brood, sometimes descends to the extremities of the branches, in order to ravish the ear with the unusual propinquity of its vocal concerts.

August.

THE GARDEN LILY.

MAJESTY.

Il est le roi des fleurs dont la rose est la reine. (1)

FROM the midst of a tuft of long leaves which, in developing themselves, cross and press upon each other, as if for the purpose of weaving a circular throne of verdure, an elegant and superb columnar stem arises, terminated by a bunch of oblong buds of a soft and shining green. These buds insensibly dilate and whiten, and, towards the middle of June, unfold six petals of dazzling whiteness. Their junction forms their

(1) Boissolin.

inimitable vases, in which nature has delighted to erect pedestals of gold, which, like incense-altars, diffuse floods of perfume. These beautiful flowers, half reclining round their lofty stalk, seem to claim all the homage of floral nature. But the lily, notwithstanding its peculiar native charms, requires a court, in order to appear with full *eclat*. It seems cold and *delaissé*, when seen alone; but environed by other flowers, it effaces all. It is a king among flowers, uniting majesty and grace.

The lily is not indigenous to our climate; it is a guest transferred to our more northern regions from Syria. In former times it decorated the altars of the God of Israel; and crowned the brows of the wise Solomon: but it has reigned in our gardens from time immemorial. Charlemagne gave it divided empire with the rose; and Clovis, as old story tells, received a celestial lily on the day of his victory and baptism. From that time its spotless whiteness has been the armorial ensign of the kings of France, till lately effaced by the rainbow hues of the triumphant

tricolor. A modern royalist poet addresses it in the following terms :

Noble attribut de la puissance,
O lila ! pour nous sois désormais
Le gage heureux de l'abondance,
Et le symbole de la paix.
Et toi, qui te crus sa rivale,
Devant lui, sère impériale,
Abaisse ton front éclipsé ;
De ton fol orgueil détrompée,
Descends de ta gloire usurpée ;
Ton règne d'un jour est passé. (1)

(1) *Les Fleurs*, Idylle, par M. Constant Dubos.

THE STOCK GILLY FLOWER.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

THE Greeks and Romans, who delighted in flowers, were ignorant of horticulture ; and the brave Gauls neglected both till Charlemagne testified his love for them. In one of his *Capitulaires*, he recommends the culture of lilies, roses, and stocks. Many of our exotic garden flowers were not introduced till the thirteenth century. At the time of the Crusades our warriors brought back several new species from Egypt and Syria, where the monks, the only skilful agriculturists of those times, cultivated them. The finest stocks are red ; and have given their name (*Giroflée*) to the colour which invests them ; a colour which disputes the palm of lustre with the purple dye of Tyre. There are, also, very beautiful white stocks ; and some violet-coloured and speckled, which are not deficient in attraction. But since America, Asia, and Africa

have sent us their rich floral tributes, we have despised the humble stock, although a native of our climate, and warmly cherished by our worthy ancestors. The odour of the stock, when its flowers are accumulated in large masses, is at once balsamic and salubrious. The most delicate females, far from being oppressed by its intensity, are at once refreshed and invigorated. This beautiful flower, therefore, may be said to diffuse health and joy around our parterres; like health, the first of earthly blessings, without which neither beauty nor happiness are durable.

CORN.

WEALTH.

THE botanists tell us that corn is no where found in its primitive state. This plant combined, with the use of fire, appears to have been consigned to man by Providence for the purpose of securing him the sceptre of the earth. With fire and corn all other gifts may be dispensed with or acquired. With corn alone man can feed all the domestic animals which support his existence or share his labours. Corn is the first link of society ; because its cultivation and preparation exact reciprocal services ; and thence, by the ancients, it was called the good Ceres, the Mother, the Legislatrix.

MARYGOLD, or GARDEN SOUCI.

GRIEF.

I ONCE saw, in a rich gallery of paintings, a pretty miniature by Madam Lebrun. This charming artist had represented grief under the form of a young man, pale and languishing, whose reclining head seemed bowed down with the weight of a wreath of souci. Every body is familiar with this gilded flower, which is a conventional emblem of distress of mind. It is distinguished by many singular properties. It blossoms the whole year; and, on that account, the Romans termed it the flower of the calends; in other words, of all the months. Its flowers are only open from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon. They, however, always turn towards the sun, and follow his course from east to west. During July and August these flowers emit, during the night, small luminous sparks.

In this they have an affinity to the capuchin flower and many others of the same colour.

The melancholy signification of the souci may be modified in a thousand ways. Combined with roses, the symbol expresses the bitter sweets and pleasant pains of love. Alone it expresses grief. Interwoven with other flowers, the varying events of life, the "mingled yarn of good and ill together." In the East a bouquet of soucis and poppies expresses this thought, "I will allay your pain." It is more especially by such modifications that the Language of Flowers becomes the interpretation of our thoughts. Marguerite of Orleans, the maternal ancestress of Henry IV., chose for her armorial device, a souci turning towards the sun, and for motto,

Je ne veux suivre que lui seul.

By this device this virtuous princess conveyed the idea that all her thoughts and affections turned towards heaven, as the souci towards the sun.

MIGNONETTE.

YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR CHARMS.

NEARLY one hundred years have run their course since the mignonette first bloomed in our climes. It was brought from Egypt. Linnæus compares its perfumes to those of ambrosia ; its fragrance is more penetrating at the rising and setting of the sun than at noon. Mignonette flowers from the beginning of spring to the end of autumn ; but by preserving it in a temperate green-house, its sweets may be inhaled in the winter season. It then becomes woody, lives many years, shoots up and forms with care a little tree of the most charming effect.



Mignonette.
your qualities surpass your charms.
Heliotrope. } *Red carnation.*
Love you. } pure and ardent Love.
your qualities surpass your charms
Love you with a pure & ardent love.
Published by Sawyers & Otley, Conduit Street.



DATURA.

DECEITFUL CHARMS.

Too often enflamed by luxurious ease, the indolent beauty languishes throughout the day, and avoids the cheering light of the sun. But at night, arrayed in all the brilliancy of coquetry, she exhibits herself to her lovers. The vague and delusive light of wax candles is an accomplice in her artifice, and lends her a cheating beauty. She seduces and enchants by charms that are not her own. Her heart, meanwhile, is dead to real love. All that she requires is slaves and victims. Fly, imprudent youth, at the first approach of this enchantress! Nature is alone sufficient, art useless, in order to please or love. Those who employ the latter are always perfidious and dangerous.

The flowers of the Datura, like those nocturnal beauties, languish, while the sun shines, beneath their sombre and discoloured leaves.

But on the approach of night they awake, display their charms, and unfold those enormous bell-shaped petals which nature has formed of ivory stained with purple, and invested with a perfume which at once alleviates and inebriates; but which is so dangerous that it has power to affect with hysterics those who breathe it even in the open air.

VIRGINIAN JESSAMINE.

SEPARATION.

How many exquisite harmonies grow up on all sides around us, from the association of plants with the animal world! The butterfly adds new embellishment to the rose, the bird to the tree; the quadruped to the herb. But man, when he transplants the shrub, too often neglects the insect that animates it, the bird that adorns it, and the quadruped that feeds on its leaves or reposes under its shade. Look at the Virginian jessamine! With all the attractions of its refreshing verdure and purple flowers, it remains an alien amongst us. On all occasions we prefer to it the modest native honey-suckle, whose honeyed cup the bee sucks, on whose foliage the goat browses, and which offers food to legions of the feathered race. No doubt the richly clad Virginian jessamine would counterbalance all

these advantages in our eyes, could we but see it animated by the fly bird of Florida, which in the vast forests of the New World prefers its beautiful foliage to that of every other shrub. "Il fait son nid" says the author of *Etudes de la Nature*, "dans une de ses feuilles, qu'il roule en cornet; il trouve sa vie dans ses fleurs rouges, semblables à celles de la digitale, dont il lèche les glandes nectarées; il y enfonce son petit corps, qui paraît dans ces fleurs comme une émeraude enchassée dans du corail, et il entre quelquefois si avant qu'il s'y laisse prendre." (1) This little creature constitutes the soul, the life, and the ornament of the plant it delights in; while separated from her aerial guest, the beautiful parasite remains like a desolate widow, whose married charms have fled.

(1) Tome 1. page 53.

DANDELION.

ORACLE.

WHEN you bend your steps through the plain, or ascend the slope of hills, or stand on the mountain top, look to the green sward at your feet, and you will soon discover verdant masses, sprinkled with gilded flowers, or with light and transparent spheres. It is the dandelion you behold! the oracle of the plain, and which may be every where consulted! Its flowers, which close and open at certain hours, are the solitary shepherd's clock, and its feathery globes are his barometer, predicting calm or storms.

*Il lit au sein des fleurs, il voit sur leur feuillage
Les desseins de l'autan, l'approche de l'orage.*

But the floating globes of the dandelion serve for tenderer purposes. Are you separated from the object of your love? Detach carefully one

of those transparent and feathery spheres : each little feather of which they are composed is gifted with a gentle thought : you turn to the spot inhabited by the object of the charm : blow gently, and the little travellers, like faithful messengers, bear the tribute of your homage to her feet. Do you seek to know if the loved object is occupied with you, as you wish her ? Blow on the feathery globe, and if there remains a single aigrette undetached, it is a sign that you are not forgotten ; but this second charm must be conducted with great care. You must blow gently ; for at any age, even at that which love renders most resplendent, it will not do to dissipate with too rough a breath the sweet illusions which embellish life.

September.**FLOWERS.**

IN our favoured country Spring descends upon the plains clothed in a robe of bright green, enamelled with flowers. Summer, proud of her yellow harvests, comes having her head crowned with blue bottles and wild poppies, whilst Autumn appears loaded with ripened fruits which have acquired much of their perfection from the industrious hand of man: here the succulent peach is tinted with the colours of the rose, the savoury apricot borrows the gold that shines in the renonculus, the grape takes the purple of the violet, and the countless variety of apples all the splendour of the tulip tribe. The season that spreads them on our table seems to indicate that nature has exhausted her last stores for us. But a new Flora, the daughter of commerce and industry, suddenly appears in our fields, and our sad and nearly abandoned gardens are decked with fresh splendour. The china-aster associates with the Indian pink, the mignonette of the Nile

grows at the foot of the Eastern tuberose, the heliotrope, the nasturtium, or Indian cress, and the night shade of Peru, blow under the cover of the beautiful acacia of Constantinople. The Persian jessamine unites with the Virginian to cover our arbours and embellish our groves: the damask rose, and Jerusalem cross, that call to mind the battles of the crusaders, raise their splendid heads near the Eastern Persicavia. Thus Autumn, in visiting our fields, formerly found but a chaplet of vine leaves to mix with the verdure of her coronet, but is now amazed to perceive herself clad with such rich ornaments and adorned with the constant blooming rose of Bengal. For these charming gifts, these innocent pleasures, we are indebted to Henry the Fourth, who, when he founded *Le Jardin des Plantes*, wished to unite his people to foreign nations by a chain of flowers. (1) How I delight in gazing on these beautiful strangers

(1) It is generally believed that *Le Jardin du Roi* was formed by Louis XIII., but the idea was first suggested by Henry IV., it was at the garden of the Louvre, when a child, that the young Prince amused himself in cultivating the plants brought to him from different parts of the world by Moquet, the traveller.—(See *les Voyages de Moquet*.)

who have retained amongst us their instinct and natural habits. The sensitive plant recoils from my touch as it does from that of the American savage. The African marigold announces to me, as well as to the black inhabitant of the desert, dry or rainy weather. The bind-weed of Portugal tells me that in an hour the half of the day will be passed, and the night-shade informs the labourer that the hour of rest is at hand.

Dans leurs plus légers mouvemens,
 L'observateur voit un présage :
 Celle-ci, par son doux langage
 Indique la fuite du temps,
 Qui la fétrit à son passage
 Sous un ciel encor sans nuage,
 Celle-là prévoyant l'orage,
 Ferme ses pavillons brillans ;
 Et sur les bords d'un frais bocage,
 Sommeille au bruit lointain des vents
 Si l'une dès l'aube éveillée,
 Annonce les travaux du jour,
 Et sur la prairie émaillée,
 S'ouvre et se ferme tour à tour ;
 L'autre s'endort sur la feuillée,
 Et du soir attend le retour,
 Pour marquer l'heure de l'amour
 Et les plaisirs de la veillée.
 Le villageois, le laboureur
 Y voit le sort de sa journée ;
 Le temps, le calme, la fraîcheur,
 Les biens et les maux de l'année,
 Il lit toute sa destinée

Dans le calice d'une fleur.
Livre charmant de la nature,
Que j'aime ta simplicité !
Ta science n'est point obscure,
Tu nous plais par la vérité,
Nous retons par la volupté.
Et nous charmés par ta parure.
Mais, des plus tendres sentimens,
Les fleurs offrent encor l'image ;
Elles sont les plaisirs du sage,
Elles enchantent les amans
Qui se servent de leur langage.
De cet arbre aimable et coquet
La beauté n'est point offensée.
Et souvent son ame oppressée
Confine aux couleurs d'un bouquet
Les doux secrets de sa pensée.

Autumn.

THE MOUSE-EAR.

FORGET ME NOT.

I HAVE never observed the marsh mouse-ear so beautiful and in so great profusion as on the banks of a brook near Luxemburg. The peasants call the brook the "Fairy's Bath," or the "Cascade of the enchanted oak," on account of the beauty of its source, which escapes with a murmuring undulation from the roots of one of the oldest oaks in the world, and falls beneath a verdant arch, in cascade after cascade, into the subjacent meadow, where it assumes the appearance of a long silver thread. The southern bank is entirely covered with a thick

tapestry of mouse-ear; the beautiful flowers of which sparkle in July with a pure blue, resembling that of the summer sky above. Often do the young female peasantry of the vicinity descend from the ramparts to dance on holidays by the side of the "Fairy's Bath;" and crown their hair with wreaths of the flower which adorns it, as if in honour of the naiad of the "enchanted oak." The author of *Letters to Sophia* says, with truth, that the mouse-ear would, among the ancients, have formed the theme of some pathetic metamorphosis—perhaps less pathetic than the truth itself. "J'ai entendu," says he, "raconter, en Allemagne, que dans les temps anciens, deux jeunes amans, à la veille de s'unir, se promenaient sur les bords du Danube; une fleur d'un bleu céleste se balance sur les vagues, qui semblent prêtes à l'entraîner; la jeune fille admire son éclat et plaint sa destinée. Ausitôt l'amant se précipite, saisit la tige fleurie, et tombe englouti dans les flots. On dit que, par un dernier effort, il jeta cette fleur sur le rivage, et qu'au moment de disparaître

“ pour jamais, il s'écriait encore : Aimez-moi,
“ ne m'oubliez pas !”

Pour exprimer l'amour, ces fleurs semblent éclore ;
Leur langage est un mot, mais il est plein d'appas !
Dans la main des amans elles disent encore :
Aimez-moi, ne m'oubliez-pas. (1)

(1) *Lettres à Sophie*, tome 1.

CHINA ASTER.

VARIETY.

THIS flower when it first shone in our parterres obtained the name of the star of China. In fact, its charming petals are of starry shape ; and the plant originally come from China. We are indebted for it to Father Incarville, a Jesuit Missionary, who, in 1730, sent the seed to the *Jardin du Roi* at Paris. At first a single variety was alone obtained ; and that of a uniform culture ; but subsequently, cultivation doubled, quadrupled, and varied *ad infinitum* the satin demi-flowrets that crown the disk. One of the most beautiful varieties changes those gilded starry coronets of the disk into barrel-shaped cups resembling those of the anemone.

The china-aster is an emblem of variety ; owing its principal charms to the felicitous effects of cultivation. The skilful hand of the horticulturist has environed its golden disks with all the

colours of the rainbow. In the same manner study may vary without limit the graces and refinements of the uncultivated mind. This flower, brilliant and majestic as it is, does not pretend to rivalry with the rose ; but succeeds in autumn to the rose's summer sovereignty, and consoles us for her absence.

THE YELLOW DAY LILY.

COQUETRY.

As now the sparkling air by Sol is fir'd,
The smiling day-lily puts forth its face,
Op'ning its yellow cup ; with love inspired,
Charming zephyr, with all his wonted grace,
Hastens to fan it with his silken wings.
She still invites a host of butterflies
Around her ; sicken, flutt'ring, giddy things,
That cause the fair so many hopeless sighs.
Look here, pretty coquets, your emblem see,
In splendour you delight, false though it be,
Without it pleasure has no charms for ye.

DAFFODIL.

REGRET.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon,
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon :
 Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
 Has run,
But to the even song,
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you 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 any thing :
 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.

PERUVIAN HELIOTROPE.

INTOXICATION.—I LOVE YOU.

*This perfumed bouquet with a mystic art
Tells what my trembling lips dare not impart.*

THE orientals say that perfumes lift their souls to heaven : it is true that they exhilarate us, and cause a kind of inebriation. Their impression is so profound and permanent that when associated with our recollections it can impart to them, after a long course of years, all the force of a present sensation. One day the botanist Jessieu, while herborizing on the Cordelleries, suddenly found himself inebriated by the most delicious odours. He looked round, expecting to discover flowers of splendid colour, magnitude

or appearance, but perceived nothing but some pretty clumps of a gentle green, from the bottom of which little capsules, of faded blue colour, were detaching themselves. These little bushes are about six feet high, and he observed that the flowers with which they were bespangled gently turned towards the sun, which they seemed to regard with love. Struck with this appearance, he gave the name of heliotrope to the flower, from the Greek word signifying to "turn" and "sun." The learned botanist, charmed with his acquisition, eagerly collected some of the seeds of this plant, and sent them to the *Jardin du Roi*, where they have succeeded *a merveille*. The fair sex, in their enthusiasm, made a floral pet of this flower. They placed it in vases of the most precious materials, christened it the "flower of love," and regarded with contempt the gift of any bouquet of flowers from which their favourite was excluded. It was therefore under female patronage that the Peruvian heliotrope, after being cultivated the first time in Paris, in 1740, has made its fortune in the world, and triumphantly completed the tour of Europe. One day a very charming woman, who doated

passionately on the heliotrope, was asked what she could see in this dull and sombre looking plant to justify so much admiration? "Because," replied she, "the heliotrope's perfume is to my parterre what the soul is to beauty, refinement " to love, and love to youth."





Sunflower.
False riches

Myrtle.
Love

Your love is like false riches, not worth possessing.

Published by Saunders & Gony Conduit Street.

SUN-FLOWER.

FALSE RICHES.

THE Sun-flower comes from Peru, where its flowers were once honoured as the image of the god of day. The virgins of the sun, in their religious feasts, wore a golden crown that represented this large flower, which sparkled also in their hands and on their bosom. The Spaniards were astonished at this profuse display of the precious metal, but still more so when they saw whole fields covered with Indian corn and sun-flowers, imitated with so much art that the gold of which they were made did not appear their most admirable quality to these greedy conquerors. Besides, this American splendour, that

astonishes us, is still used in all the east ; the throne of the great Mogul is surmounted by a golden tree with diamond fruits, and the walls of the saloon where this monarch receives his ambassadors are covered with an enamelled golden vine, whose grapes are formed of amethysts, sapphires, and rubies, to represent their different degrees of maturity. Every year the happy possessor of so much riches is weighed ; the weights are little golden fruits, that are thrown after the ceremony among the courtiers who contend for their possession. These courtiers are the greatest lords in India ; thus, false riches, whose sole name surprises and charms the vulgar, degrade equally those who possess and those who envy them. Beautiful garden of Alcinous, you contain neither palm trees, nor vines, nor harvests of gold and silver, yet all the treasures of the Mogul would not be sufficient to pay for one of those beautiful trees which the divine Homer covered with fruits and flowers all the year round.

It is related that Pythias, a rich Lydian, possessing many gold mines, neglected the culture of his land, and employed his numerous

slaves in working his mines. His wife, who was wise and good, gave a supper one night, all the meats of which were represented in gold. "I give you," said she, "the only thing we possess in abundance; you can but reap what you sow; see now whether gold is so great a blessing." This lesson made an impression on the mind of Pythias, who then acknowledged that Providence had not abandoned true riches to the avarice of men, but, like a tender mother, she distributes them every year to her children as the reward of their labours.

Father Jean de Bussiere had the singular idea of dividing universal history into a garden, comparing all the events of the earth to the flowers that cover its bosom. Thus time, that persecutor of the patriarchs, appears to have an affinity with the Iris, a flower that announces events; the tulip, to Joseph's robe; the narcissus, to Cyrus; and the sun-flower, to the time of the great Constantine; for, says he, all the pomp of this flower terminates in useless wood: thus the empire that was raised so high soon fell. This singular book is dedicated to the Holy Virgin; you see by this that the emblems

of flowers can represent equally the passions that overturn empires, the softer ones that agitate lovers, and even, after many years, all the strength of a present sensation.





*Balsam. Wallflower. Rose Geranium.
Patience. Faithful in misfortune. Preference.
& impatient Faithful in misfortune. Give you the preference.*

Published by Simons & Co. Great Street.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNES.

THE English call the *giroflee des murailles* the Wall-flower, as, in fact, it delights in growing in the chinks of old walls, and it is seen by turns in ruined abbeys, on cottages, and turrets. Often is it seen growing on the casements, or battlements of old castles. Its golden groupes seem delighted in being able to conceal those fatal inventions which attest at once the evils and the disorders of feudalism; and, therefore, it was that the minstrels and troubadours carried a bunch of wall-flowers as an emblem of an affection which resists time and survives misfortune. It was on seeing wall-flowers growing over the despoiled relics and broken monuments of the Kings of France, at St. Denis, when Jacobin

violence was in the ascendant, that a sweet modern poet, Treneuil, (1) burst forth into the following strains :

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

(1) Tombeaux de Saint-Denis.

October.

IVY.

FRIENDSHIP.

FAITHFUL love secures with a branch of ivy the transitory roses which wreath his brows. Friendship has chosen for its device an ivy, which surrounds a fallen tree with its verdant arms; with this motto, "*Nothing can separate us.*" In Greece the altar of Hymen was surrounded by ivy, and a branch of it was presented to a new married beauty as the symbol of an indissoluble knot. The Bacchantes, old Silenus, and Bacchus himself, were crowned with ivy. The eternal verdure of the ivy was, to these merry gods, an emblem of constant inebriation. Ingratitude has been sometimes represented under the form of an ivy, which strangles its supporting benefactor. But this calumny has been ably

repelled by the author of the *Etudes de la Nature*. To him the ivy appears the symbol of pure friendship. "Rien, (dit-il,) ne peut le séparer " de l'arbre qu'il embrasse une fois, il le pare de " son feuillage dans la saison cruelle où ses " branches noircies ne soutiennent plus que des " frimas ; compagnon de ses destinées, il tombe " quand on le renverse ; la mort même ne l'en " détache pas, et il décore de sa constante " verdure le tronc tout desséché de l'appui qu'il " adopta." These ideas, as refined as pathetic, have the additional merit of being true : the ivy is attached to the earth by its own roots alone ; nor does it derive the least nourishment from the trunks that support it. It protects the fallen, and adorns the dilapidated walls which it sustains ; yet does not itself accept any kind of support ; but becomes an eternal friend to that which it clings to, and dies where it has attached itself.

MAIDEN-HAIR.

DISCRETION.

UP to this day botanists have in vain studied this plant, which seems to conceal from the most searching examination the secret of its flowers and fruit; confiding to zephyr alone the invisible germs of its young family. That deity delights in forming, of its long tresses, the sombre veil concealing the mouth of some cave where the solitary naiad has slept for ages. Sometimes bearing them on his wings, he fixes them like verdant stars on the summit of some old castle, or, disposing them in light festoons, adorns with them the refreshing and shady spots which shepherds love. Thus it is that this wild plant conceals its secret origin from the most penetrating eyes, but anxiously replies with benefits to the curious search of the permitted inquirer.

MEADOW SAFFRON.

MY BEST DAYS ARE PAST.

TOWARDS the last days of summer a flower is seen to blossom amidst the verdure of the humid meadows resembling the spring saffron. This flower is the autumnal colchicum, which, far from announcing, like the spring saffron, the birth of joy and hope, indicates to all nature that its bright days are departed. The ancients thought that this plant, which was brought from Colchis, owed its origin to some drops of the magical liquor prepared by Medea for restoring Æson's youth. This fabulous origin has caused the colchicum to be considered a preservative against all kinds of diseases.

The Swiss attach the flower to their children's necks, and consider them thenceforth inaccessible to human ills. This infatuated opinion has even infected grave minds, and it required

all the experience of the celebrated Häaller to dissipate the vain belief entertained of its marvellous virtues. The colchicum, notwithstanding, will always interest the scientific botanist by its curious phenomenon of reversing the customary order of the seasons ; mingling its fruits with the flowers of spring ; and its opening flowers with autumnal fruits. But at all times the young lambs fly from its aspect ; the young shepherdess grows melancholy at its sign ; and sometimes, when sadness weaves a wreath of its dull-blue flowers, they are consecrated to the recollection of happy hours that have for ever fled.

THE ALMOND LAUREL.

PERFIDY.

THIS treacherous laurel, which conceals the most fatal of poisons beneath its agreeable and brilliant verdure, is a native of Trebizonde, on the borders of the Black Sea. It ornaments our shrubberies in winter, and, on the approach of spring, puts forth numerous pyramids of white flowers, which are succeeded by large black berries resembling small cherries. Its flowers, fruits, and leaves, have the taste and smell of the almond. The poison of the almond laurel concentrated in distilled water is essential oil, and of so violent a nature that, if brought in contact with the slightest wound, it is sufficient to kill the strongest man: rigorous regulations in Italy forbid the sale of this poison. Cupidity has, however, prompted some of the distillers

to give it a secret circulation under the name of extract of Bitter Almonds. Common belief, also, attaches to it the supernatural power, when a branch of it is placed beneath the pillow, of evoking the demon of the night-mare from the infernal realms.

SWEET SCENTED TUSSILAGE.

JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE UNTO YOU.

GENIUS, hid under a modest appearance, does not strike vulgar eyes. But if the glance of an enlightened judge chance to observe it, its strength is immediately revealed, and it receives the admiration of those who, by their stupid indifference, could not formerly understand it. A young Dutch miller, having a taste for painting, amused himself in his leisure hours by representing the landscape in which he lived. The mill, his master's cattle, &c., were painted with an exquisite truth. As soon as one picture was finished, he carried it to a colour man, who, to the amount of its value, gave him materials to paint another. On a feast day, the innkeeper of the place, wishing to ornament the saloon in which he received his guests, bought two of these pictures. A great painter put up at this inn, admired the truth of these landscapes, of-

ferred a hundred florins for what had not cost a crown, and, in paying, promised to take at the same price, all the works of the artist. Thus we see the reputation of the young painter established, and his fortune made. As wise as happy, he never forgot his dear mill; you find the representation of it in all his pictures that are so many master pieces. Who would believe that plants are subject to the same fate as men, and that they require likewise a patron to be appreciated! The scented tussilage, notwithstanding its sweet smell, had remained a long while unknown at the foot of mount Pilat, where, no doubt, it would still bloom without fame, if a clever botanist, M. Villau de Grenoble had not appreciated its beneficent qualities. This perfumed plant comes in at a season when all other flowers have disappeared. As the great artist praised the poor painter, so did M. Villau the humble flower; he gave it a distinguished rank in his works, and since that time the Tussilage, cultivated with care, is employed from the beginning of December to perfume our brilliant saloons.

GERANIUM.

STUPIDITY.

MADAME la Baronne de Stael was always angry whenever any of her acquaintance attempted to introduce to her company a man without sense. One day, one of her friends ventured, notwithstanding, to introduce to her a young Swiss officer of a most prepossessing figure. This lady, seduced by his appearance, became animated, and said a thousand flattering things to the newly arrived, who at first appeared to her mute with surprise and admiration. However, as he had listened to her above an hour without opening his mouth, she began to suspect his silence a little, and addressed him on a sudden such direct questions that he was obliged to answer them. Alas! the unfortunate young man gave silly answers. Madamc de Stael, vexed at hav-

ing lost her time and wit, turned to her friend and said, "In truth, Sir, you resemble my gardener, who thought to do me a pleasure by bringing me this morning a pot of geraniums; but, I can assure you that I returned him that flower, begging him not to shew it me any more." "Ah! why?" answered the young man, quite astonished. — "It was, Sir, since you wish to know, because the geranium is a beautiful scarlet flower: while you look at it, it pleases the eye, but when you lightly press it it emits a disagreeable smell!" In saying these words, Madame de Stael rose, and went out of the room, leaving, as you may suppose, the cheeks of the young fool as red as his coat or the flowers to which he had just been compared.

THE CYPRESS.

MOURNING.

WHENEVER these trees meet our view, their lugubrious aspect imparts melancholy associations. Their dark green pyramids, pointing to the skies, groan when agitated by the wind. The searching brightness of the sun's ray cannot penetrate their gloomy depths, and when his setting orb throws their prolonged shadow on the earth, the tree resembles a gloomy phantom. Amidst the floral treasures of our pastures often does the Cypress raise its head, like an image of death, such as the Romans shewed to the guests of their banquets, amidst the transports of their transitory pleasures. The ancients consecrated the Cypress to the Parcæ, the Furies, and to Pluto, placing them near tombs : and the people

of the East have retained the custom to this day. Among them the regions of the dead are not the sites of desolation and neglect; but, invested with shade and flowers, they are devoted to days of festivals and public promenades, where the associations of the friends who live are mingled with those who have preceded them and live no more.

It is well known how much the Chinese respect the tombs of their ancestors. In the suburbs of Constantinople an Armenian family is often seen assembled inside one of these dismal monuments. There the old meditate, children give way to joy, and sometimes a young Armenian vows eternal constancy to his mistress, in the presence of his remaining friends and those which he has lost. A little farther is seen the orphan boy leaning near the cypress which covers his parents; and, while looking on their tombs, he fancies himself still protected by them. Prostrated on the stone which hides the corpse of her husband, the chaste widow prays, and seeks even in this abode of death that hope by which she is sustained: but the bereaved mother, who has lost

her only child, weeps, and will not be comforted.

Et toi, triste cyprès,
Fidèle ami des morts, protecteur de leur cendre,
Ta tige, chère au cœur mélancolique et tendre,
Laisse la joie au myrte et la gloire au laurier.
Tu n'es point l'arbre heureux de l'amant, du guerrier,
Je le sais ; mais ton deuil compatit à nos peines.

THE OAK.

HOSPITALITY.

THE ancients thought that the oak, born with the earth, had furnished food and shelter to the first man. Devoted to Jupiter, this tree was supposed to have shadowed the cradle of that god, when born on Mount Lycæum in Arcadia. The oaken crown, which, in Greece, was less valued than the golden, appeared to the Romans the most enviable of rewards. In order to win it, it was requisite to be a citizen, or to have killed an enemy, to have regained a lost victory, or saved the life of a Roman. Scipio Africanus refused this civic crown after saving his father at the battle of Trebia ; he refused it on the ground that the act itself was a sufficient reward. In Epirus the oaks of Dodona gave forth oracles ; those of the Gauls concealed the mysterious rites of the

Druids. The Celts adored this tree ; it was to them the emblem of hospitality ; a virtue so dear to them that, next to the title of a brave man, that of a friend or stranger possessed in their sight the strongest of social claims.

Our sombre forests are no longer indulged with the mystic revels of the elfin tribe. But the aspect of an old oak still fills us with admiration and awe. When in youthful strength it erects its proud head, and extends its wide branches, the oak appears like a protecting parent, and may be truly called the king of trees ; but, when disrobed of its verdant foliage, bent down and shattered by the thunderbolt, it is the symbol of an old man, who has lived past his time, and who takes no interest either in the pains or pleasures of the present age. The impetuous winds often wrestle for mastership over the proud old monarch. A low murmur is first heard issuing from its cavities, but is soon followed by a hollow melancholy sound whistling among its sturdy branches. You listen, and fancy you hear a confused and mysterious voice speaking from the tree, which accounts for the superstitious opinions of the world. In England a

single oak has been known to give shelter to more than four thousand soldiers. Near Shrewsbury, the royal oak is still to be seen, recalling to mind the hair-breadth escapes of Charles the Second. That prince, however, found at last a place of refuge; but his father could not find any. Mournful recollection! which reminds us, alas! that England is not the only country that has thirsted for the blood of her king. In the wood of Vincennes can still be seen the spot where the oak once stood, under which Saint Lewis, like a kind father, often sat to administer justice to his people.

AMARANTH.

IMMORTALITY.

THE amaranth is the last gift of Autumn. The ancients associated this flower with divine honours; investing with it the brows of the gods. Sometimes the poets have mingled its bright foliage with the dark and melancholy cypress; implying, by that union, that their mortal sorrows were combined with immortal thoughts. Homer says that at the funeral rites of Achilles the Thessalians presented themselves with their heads crowned with amaranth. Malherbe, as if his own glory appertained to his hero, says of Henry the fourth,

Ta louange dans mes vers,
D'amarante couronnée,
N'aura sa fin terminée
Qu'en celle de l'univers.

Love and friendship have also appropriated the amaranth. The "*Garlande de Julie*" contains the following quotation :

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

Constant Dubos, in a charming idylle, has also celebrated this flower, whose aspect consoles us for the approaching severity of winter. After deploring the swift flight of flowers and of spring, he says,

Je t'aperçois, belle et noble amarante !
Tu viens m'offrir, pour charmer mes Douleurs,
De ton velours la richesse éclatante ;
Ainsi la main de l'amitié constante,
Quand tout nous fuit, vient essayer nos pleurs.
Ton doux aspect de ma lyre plaintive
A ranimé les accords languissans ;
Dernier tribut de Flore fugitive,
Elle nous lègué, avec la fleur tardive,
Le souvenir de ses premiers présens.

The Queen Christina of Sweden, who aspired to win immortality by renouncing a throne for the purpose of devoting herself to letters, instituted the order of the knights of the amaranth. The decoration was a golden medal enriched with

amaranth flowers in enamel, with this motto,
“ *Dolce nella memoria.*” *Sweet to memory.*

In the Floral games at Toulouse the prize of the most beautiful lyrical verses is a golden amaranth. Clemens Isaurus made it the emblem of immortality.

PARSLEY.

FESTIVITY.

PARSLEY was in great reputation among the Greeks. In their banquets they bound their brows with its slight tendrils, which they thought had a tendency to excite gaiety and appetite. At Rome, in the Isthmian games, the victors were crowned with parsley. It was imagined that this herb came originally from Sardinia, because that province is represented on ancient coins under the form of a female with a vase of parsley standing beside her. But the plant, in fact, grows naturally in all the humid and shady parts of Greece, and even in our southern provinces. Guy de la Brosse affirms that it grows naturally on Mount Valerian near Paris; but it is to be presumed that the herb which he so designates is not the real parsley, since its

introduction into France is attributed to Rabelais ; who, according to the learned, brought it from Rome in common with the Roman lettuce. However this may be, the refreshing verdure of this plant forms an elegant decoration to the dishes it garnishes. It is the great luxury of the poor man's soup kettle ; while it adds to the delights of the most splendid dinners. A branch of laurel and a crown of parsley are the attributes which, among us, agree with the god of banquets. These plants have been devoted to nobler emblems ; but, in the age of Gastronomy, it will not do to recal too nicely what was done in the age of heroes.

WILD CORNIL TREE.

DURATION.

THE cornil tree does not grow higher than eighteen or twenty feet ; it lives for ages, grows slowly, blooms in the spring, but only yields in the winter its crimson berries. The Greeks consecrated this tree to Apollo, without doubt because this god presided over labours of the mind, that demand much time and reflection ; a charming emblem that informed those who wished to cultivate letters, eloquence, and poetry, that, to merit the laurel crown, it was necessary, to wear a long while that of patience and meditation. After Romulus had drawn the plan of his rising city, he launched his javelin on Mount Palatine ; the wood of this javelin was of

cornil tree ; it took root, grew, produced branches, leaves, and became a tree. . This prodigy was looked upon as the happy presage of the strength and duration of this growing empire.

A WHOLE STRAW.

UNION.

A BROKEN STRAW.

RUPTURE.

THE custom of breaking a straw, to express that oaths are broken, was used in the first ages of monarchy; it can even be said that it almost claims royal origin. The royal chronicles relate that in 922, Charles the Simple, finding himself abandoned by the principal lords of his court, had the imprudence to convoke an assembly at the Champ de Mai, at Soissons. He sought for friends, but only found factious opponents; and his weakness increased their audacity. Some reproached him with indolence, extravagance, and the blind confidence he placed in his minister, Hagannon; others were angry at

his concessions to Ræul, chief of the Normans. Surrounded by this seditious crowd, he entreated, promised, and thought to escape from them by fresh concessions, but in vain, for seeing his courage fail him, their audacity knew no bounds, and they went so far as to declare to him that he should cease to be their King. At these words, which they pronounced violently and accompanied with menaces, they advanced towards the foot of the throne, broke the straws which they held in their hands, threw them roughly on the ground, and retired, after having expressed by this action that they held no further compact with him.

This example is the most ancient of its kind we are acquainted with ; but it proves that for a long time this custom of breaking a straw had been in fashion, since the great vassals did not think it necessary to add a single word to this action by way of explanation ; they were sure of being understood, and they were so.

There is, as a contrast to this terrible scene, a very comic one in the *Dépit Amoureux*, by Molière ; however, one is the origin of the other, they at least derive their source from the same

popular custom. There is only the difference of time. What was formerly used to dethrone a king, to overturn a nation, can only now be employed to grieve a heart. Happy are those lovers whose ruptures terminate like the revolutions of the good old time.

WINTER.**December.****DEAD LEAVES.****SADNESS, MELANCHOLY.**

WINTER advances with solemn pace, the trees have lost their verdure, after being despoiled of their fruits ; as the sun goes back, it sheds on the foliage dark or metallic colours ; the poplar is covered with pale gold-coloured leaves, and the acacia folds up its light foliage, that the sun's rays will not again open ; however, the birch tree waves its long branches, already stripped of their ornaments, and the fir, that preserves its green pyramids, balances them proudly in the air, the oak is immoveable ; it resists the efforts of the wind that cannot strip its stately head, but the king of forests will yield to the spring its

leaves reddened by winter. These trees appear to be moved by all the different passions; one bows profoundly, as if to render homage to Him whom the tempest cannot lower; the other seems to wish to embrace its companion, the support of its weakness, and whilst they confound and mix their branches, a third moves all ways, as if it were surrounded by enemies; respect, friendship, hate, anger, pass in succession from one to the other. Thus beaten by all winds, as if agitated by all the passions, they utter groanings that resemble the confused murmurs of an alarmed people; there is no predominant voice, they are low, deep, monotonous sounds, that "fill the mind with solemn thought." You often see fall upon the earth, already deprived of its verdure, clouds of dead leaves that cover the ground with a restless garment. It is a pleasure to contemplate the storm that chases, disperses, agitates, and torments, these sad remains of a spring that will never return.

CEDAR.

INCORRUPTIBILITY.

THE ancients thought the wood of this tree preserved whatever was enclosed in it from corruption; that is the reason they deposited precious manuscripts in coffers of cedar wood. This custom gave rise to a proverb; when critics praised a work, they said it deserved to be enclosed in a case of cedar. It is said that there was found in the temple of Apollo, in Utica, the trunk of a cedar tree, that was more than two thousand years old. In warm countries there flows from the trunk of this tree a resinous gum, which is salutary for wounds; the Egyptians employed it in embalming bodies. The cedar is a majestic tree that never loses its verdure, and formerly only flourished on Mount Lebanon. It grows to the height of one hundred and thirty-five feet.

PLANE-TREE.

GENIUS.

IN olden times the Plane-tree was consecrated to Genius. It is, next to the cedar tree, the most famous in mythology. Pliny says it was brought from Asia; thence carried to the island of Diomedes (then named Pelagosa), where it ornamented the tomb of this hero. He says that this tree will last many ages, and that in his time there was one in Arcadia that had been planted by the hand of Agamemnon. The Greeks professed a great veneration for it, as well as the Romans, who watered it with wine. Pliny mentions a celebrated plane in Lycia where this tree, of a prodigious height, had become hollow by age; it was called the vegetating grotto; and in it were mossy seats where travellers reposed. The governor of that province gave a repast in it to eighteen persons. Caligula

supped with fifteen guests at Veletry, under a superb plane which he called his nest.

The epithalium of Helen, composed by Theocritus, is thought to be a master-piece; the poet supposes it to be sung by the girls of Lacedemon crowned with hyacinth. These young girls say to Helen, "solely occupied with you, we will gather a garland of lotus, and suspend it on a plane tree, and, in memorial of you, will strew its bark with perfumes, on which shall be inscribed these words, Honour me—for I am Helen's tree."

THE COCULUS-INDICUS.

PRUDENCE.

EVERY tree and plant has a physiognomy peculiar to itself, which seems to express its character. The giddy almond tree, profusely puts forth all its flowers in spring, at the risk of having no fruits in store for autumn; while the coculus, which grows slowly, never bears its fruits till it has arrived at full maturity; but then its harvest is secure beyond chance of fortune. For this reason it has been made the emblem of prudence. This tree, at once so beautiful and durable, preserves through the long winter its fruits of dazzling scarlet. It is still brilliant in the midst of snow; its harvest is only gathered in winter; it is one which Providence has kept in especial reserve for the feathered race.

THE MISLETOE.

I SURMOUNT DIFFICULTY.

THE misletoe is a little plant which grows on the top of the tallest trees. The proud oak becomes its slave, and nourishes it with its vital juice. The Druids adored it as the emblem of a mystic weakness superior to strength; and the plant that could tyrannize over the oak appeared to them formidable at once to God and man. This is the tale they narrated in order to countenance the above opinion: one day Balder told his mother Friga, that he dreamt he was about to die. Friga charmed fire, metals, diseases, waters, animals and serpents, so that they should have no power to harm her son, and the conjurations of Friga were so powerful that nothing could resist them. Balder, therefore, went fearlessly in the midst of darts and swords to take his part in the battles of the gods.

Lotte, his enemy, wanted to know how this was, and, assuming the form of an old woman, extracted the secret from Friga. She had charmed his life, she said, against all things but the misletoe, a little feeble plant, which grew in the bark of the oak, and which appeared too contemptible to awaken dread. Lotte, hearing this, constructed a lance of misletoe; and, urging the blind Kedor to throw it at Balder, the latter was pierced by it and slain. Such is the origin of the respect with which the Gauls regarded this little parasite shrub.

PERSIAN IBERID.

INDIFFERENCE.

See the young, the rosy, spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured fields and winding stream
Are sweetly tissue'd by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells;
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

THE lovely Spring, which animates all nature, and which inspired the poet of love with such delicious strains, appears to have no influence on the cold and unsusceptible Iberid.

At all times the same, this plant exhibits its green foliage and its white and scentless blossoms; and often, when gathering the seed, the gardener is compelled to tear away the blossomed veil which pertinaciously conceals them. Thus Spring time and Love equally fail in animating its insensible beauty. Maturity arrives without defacing it; she preserves her first floral drop even to decrepitude, and if her blossomed brilliancy reminds us of that of other flowers, it is less to console us for their absence than to make us regret their perfume and their grace.

No doubt it was on this account that Eastern fair ones, who were the inventors of the expressive Language of Flowers, have made the Persian Iberid a symbol of indifference.

LAURUSTINUS.

I DIE IF NEGLECTED.

THIS pretty shrub, which is the gift of Spain, is the ornament of our winter bouquets; it shines in all the profusion of foliage and flowers at the very time when all other plants are stripped of both. Neither the hot breath of summer, nor the cold kiss of winter, can despoil it of its attractions; at the same time, assiduous care is necessary to preserve them. A symbol of constant and delicate friendship, it always seeks to please, but perishes if neglected.

THE LAUREL.

GLORY.

THE Greeks and Romans consecrated crowns of laurel to every species of glory. They employed it to wreath the brows of warriors and poets, of philosophers and statesmen, of vestals and Emperors. This beautiful shrub grows abundantly in Delphos, on the shores of the river Peneus. There its aromatic branches of immortal verdure aspire to the height of the loftiest trees, and, it is pretended that they possess a secret for averting thunder from the district where they grow.

The lovely Daphne was daughter of the river Peneus, but, preferring virtue to the love of the most eloquent of the Gods, she fled to avoid the seducing magic of his words. Apollo pursued her, and when he was on the point of catching her, the nymph invoked her sire and was changed

into a laurel. Her lover, on finding that, instead of Daphne, he embraced nothing but an insensible bark, burst into the following complaint :

Puisque du ciel la volonté jalouse
Ne permet pas que tu sois mon épouse,
Sois mon arbre du moins ; que ton feuillage heureux
Enlace mon carquois, mon arc et mes cheveux,
Aux murs du Capitole, à ces brillantes fêtes,
Où Rome étalera ses nombreuses conquêtes,
Tu seras des vainqueurs l'ornement et le prix.
Tes rameaux respectés des foudres ennemis
Du palais des Césars protégeront l'entrée ;
Et comme de mon front la jeunesse sacrée
N'éprouvera jamais les injures du temps,
Que ta feuille conserve un éternel printemps. (1)

(1) M. de Saint-Angé, *Metamorphoses d'Ovide*.

HOLLY.

FORESIGHT.

THE providence of nature demonstrates itself in a singular manner in this handsome plant. Its dazzling verdure is the last leafy dress of our forests, after winter has departed and left them naked. Its berries serve to feed the little birds which never quit our climate; and it furnishes them with an hospitable shelter during the rigours of the months of frost. Would it not seem as if Nature, by a tender forethought, had taken pains to preserve the verdure of this fine tree all the winter, and to arm it with thorns in order that it might furnish both food and defence to the innocent creatures that resort to it for refuge? It is a friend which her all-powerful hand preserves against the period when friends fly and all other reliance fails.

MOSS.

MATERNAL LOVE.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, so long tormented by his own passions, and persecuted by those of others, consoled and embellished the evening of his days by botanical researches. Above all, the study of mosses delighted him. It is they, he often said, which confer youth and freshness on our plains; embellishing nature at the moment that the flowers disappear. In truth, it is in winter that the family of mosses offer to the eyes of the botanist their living carpet of emerald green, their secret nuptials and the charming mysteries of those verdant lovers and amphoræ which enclose their offspring.

On the confines of the world, the Laplanders cover their subterraneous dwellings with moss; and then, collecting their families round them, they defy the prolonged period of their half-

year's winters. Their numerous herds of reindeer know no other nourishment than the moss : and the female Laplanders form cradles of the same warm and verdant materials for their offspring.

Fortunate people, to whom Nature is beneficent in the midst of climates of fearful rigour ! She invests with mosses all that vegetates and breathes, as if she had taken pains to provide a vegetable clothing for the purpose of sheltering her less gifted children from the biting frosts, and nourishes them with the genial warmth of her maternal bosom !

MEZEREON.

COQUETRY,—THE WISH TO PLEASE.

THE stalk of the mezereon is covered with a dry bark, which gives it the appearance of dead wood. Nature, to hide its deformity, has surrounded each of its branches with a garland of purple flowers which open in a spiral form and terminate in a small tuft of leaves in the shape of a pine-apple. An indescribable perfume, exquisite and dangerous, escapes from these light branches that often bloom towards the end of January.

This plant appears in the middle of the snows clothed in its charming dress like an imprudent and coquetish nymph, who, in the winter, trembling with cold, dresses herself in spring attire.

THE SNOW DROP.

CONSOLATION.

THE north wind growls ; the hoar frost glitters in the naked branches of the trees ; a white and uniform carpet covers the earth ; the birds hush their tuneful song ; the captive rivulet murmurs no more ; the pale rays of the discoloured sun saffron our plains ; the heart of man grows sad ; and all seems dead throughout nature.

At this time a delicate flower appears amidst the snow ; displaying to the startled eyes drops of ivory stained with a little speck of green, as if marked by the pencil of hope. In unfolding its blossoms on the snow, this amiable flower seems to smile on the rigorous aspect of winter, and to say to us, 'Tranquillize your sorrow ; I come to offer you consolation for the absence of fine weather.'

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THE ALOES.

GRIEF, BITTERNESS.

THE aloë clings to the soil by the feeblest radicles. Its delight is the wilderness; its savour is highly bitter. In the same manner grief detaches us from the earth; secludes us from the world; and imbues our hearts with bitterness. These plants live almost entirely on air; and assume shapes of the most singular and *bizarre* description. La Vaillant found many species of it in great profusion in the deserts of Namaquois. Some have leaves of six feet in length; they are very fleshy and armed with a long dart. From the centre of the leafy group aspires a light columnar stalk, tall as a forest tree, and covered with flowers.

Others grow in cordage-like knots like the cactus covered with prickly arms: again others are marbled and creep along the earth like

mimic serpents. Brydone beheld the ancient town of Syracuse covered with large aloes in flower. Its flowery columns imparted to the wave-beaten promontory on which it stands the aspect of an enchanted forest. These plants succeed very well in our gardens; the collection in the Parisian Museum is the completest in the world. Africa is the native place of these magnificent and colossal vegetables. They grow in the clefts of the rocks; and on a sandy soil, in the midst of the burning atmosphere which nourishes the fierceness of the lion and the tiger. Let us be thankful to friendly Nature, that a more gentle atmosphere stretches over our heads the green tree's bowery arcades, and spreads a carpet of primroses, violets, and daisies beneath our feet.

AGNUS CASTUS.

APATHY.—TO LIVE WITHOUT LOVE.

DIOSCORDES, Pliny, and Gallenius inform us that the priestesses of Ceres composed their virgin couches of the scented foliage of this shrub, which is covered with long ears of blossoms, white, purple, and violet; and that they considered it as the palladium of their chastity. Our nuns used to drink a water distilled from its leaves as a charm for expelling terrestrial yearnings from their heaven-devoted cells. Many orders of monks wore a knife, the handle of which was made of agnus castus, in order to arm their hearts with insensibility to sensual thoughts. Coldness has, therefore, been, from time immemorial, the attribute of this pretty shrub.

COMMON JUNIPER.

ASYLUM.—AID.

THE ancients consecrated this plant to the furies. The smoke of its green branches was the incense which they offered especially to the infernal gods; and they burnt its berries, during funerals, to avert malign influences. Even yet the primitive villager of our provinces believes that the perfume of juniper berries purifies the air; and drives the evil genii from his humble roof. The Chinese, as well as the English, delight in adorning their gardens with this wild tree, which sometimes invests its branches with a tint like golden plumes. It yields with difficulty to cultivation, preferring liberty, and selecting the hem of forests for its favourite locale. There often do the weak or timid denizens of the animal kingdom seek an asylum beneath its long and

feathery boughs which reach the ground. The hare, pursued by the hounds, flies to her form beneath its foliage; the smell of which throws the dogs off their scent. As oft the thrush confides to its protecting boughs her little family, who fatten on its fruit: while the entomologist, in his excursions, lingers to study the habits of a thousand brilliant insects which have no other defence than its battalion of thorns; and who seem impelled by instinct to consider this tree as their destined protector.

THE YEW.

SADNESS.

IN all plants there is something which attracts or repels us. The yew has been among all people the emblem of sadness. Its naked trunk, its sombre foliage, and its harsh fruit resembling drops of blood, are outward signs to warn the traveller not to approach its dangerous shade. Those who have slept beneath a yew have found their heads giddy, or heavy, and shortly after have been subjected to violent pains. Its branches poison the horse or the ass; and its juice is poisonous to man; but it is singular that its berries are harmless, since children eat them with impunity. Ornamenting their burial-grounds with its shade, our ancestors devoted the foliage of the yew to death, and its wood to war: their bows, lances, and cross-bows were made of it;

the Greeks employed it for the same purposes. For a long time it served to ornament our gardens where it was tortured, as it is to this day in the formal parterres of the Dutch, into all manner of barbarous, eccentric, and ridiculous forms. The Greeks, who had a correct taste, even like us, were affected by the triste aspect of the tree, and imagined that the hapless Smilax, when her love was rejected by the young Crocus, was metamorphosed into a yew. In the classic realms of perpetual sunshine the whole fruit kingdom spoke a history of gods, or heroes, and tales of love. We may still open our ears to their silent voice. "To us they also speak of Nature's god" who, after lavishing them on our woods, reserves some for our pleasures, and devotes others to our instruction.

VIOLET.

MODESTY.

I WAS just fifteen; an inexpressible depression weighed on all my senses; I wept without cause of grief; I smiled without cause of joy; and, as if frightened at life, a secret and morbid desire of being relieved from its burden by death haunted my thoughts. While this illness crept upon me, the trees had lost their leaves, and Winter reigned with all its fiercest rigour in the fields. Impelled by youthful restlessness and love of change, I one morning walked across the snows to the extensive forest which cinctured with its dark crown the white eminence on which our mansion stood. On arriving at the woodland solitude, I rested, after the fatigue of the way, against an oak; casting a wistful glance over

the rich meadows watered by the Meuse; enamelled with a thousand flowers when last I pressed their velvet turf. Alas! all had disappeared, like a happy dream, and the Meuse covered the whole champagne country with its flooded waters. Amid sad thoughts, still more saddened by the scene, I was about to retrace my homeward steps, when a wintry ray of the sun fell on the massy foot of the oak against which I leaned, and revealed a little verdant tuft of modest leaves. I breathed a celestial perfume; and, on a second glance, beheld not less than twenty leafy tufts covered with violets. I cannot depict what I felt; a delicious sensation took possession of me. Never had these charming flowers appeared so bathed in fresh and vernal beauty. They were scattered over the little turfy mound, as if on natural altars for a floral sacrifice. Their sweet perfumes, the unusual sunshine, the vast contrasted snowy carpet, which seemed to hold sacred the green spot on which the violets grew—together with the oak which crowned with its bronzed, but undenuded, foliage, this picture of the first day of Spring—imbued me with a sweet delirium of emotion which I

can compare to nothing but first love. My blood seemed to circulate with renewed youth through my veins; and I seemed to breathe at once all the odours of the flowers of Spring; and all the blooming and untarnished joys of youth.

*L'obscur violette, amante des gazons,
Aux pleurs de leur rosée entremêlant ses dons,
Semble vouloir cacher, sous leurs voiles propices,
D'un prodigue parfum les discrètes délices :
C'est l'emblème d'un cœur qui répand en secret
Sur le malheur timide un modeste bienfait. (1)*

(1) M. Boisjolin.

THE BEECH.**PEACE AND RECONCILIATION.**

THE rod of Mercury, which produces repose and peace, is formed of beech, ornamented with two light wings environed with serpents; the beechen rod given to the God of Eloquence, by the God of Harmony, is still, under the name of the Caduceus, the symbol of peace and reconciliation.*

* From Homer's description.

WALNUT.

STRATAGEM.

THE city of Amiens was taken by the Spaniards in 1599, by a singular stratagem. Soldiers, disguised as peasants, conducting a cart of walnuts, presented themselves at the barrier, where they had left a large sack of walnuts untied; when the gate was opened all the nuts fell down, and the guards amused themselves by picking them up, when some Spaniards, who were in ambush, fell upon them, and rendered themselves masters of the city.

COCOA TREE.

MISTAKE.

ZARAMASEERI, the wife of Iscora, an Indian divinity, by the spells of some wicked demon, brought her first-born into the world full grown and perfectly beautiful. As his mother caressed him, Iscora arrived, and mistaking him for a lover of his wife's, immediately cut off his head, whence sprang a superb cocoa tree.

WREATHS.

EMBLEMS OF FLOWERS IN DIFFERENT
NATIONS.

As soon as there was a family, meadow, tree, and rivulet, on the earth, flowers were cultivated. The Eastern nations believe there is not a happier state of existence than that of living eternally in a delicious garden surrounded by beautiful women, and reposing on flowers. Women themselves, in these voluptuous countries, are considered as amiable flowers born to embellish life, and not to partake of any of its trouble. Beauty is cultivated in Asiatic countries like a rose in a garden, and they only desire that their women should combine all the perfections of that flower. The religious inhabitants of the banks of the Indus drink the waters of the Ganges,

and look upon certain flowers, which they never gather, as the abode of nymphs and sylphs. The care of watering these plants is confided to virgin Bramins. They are likewise occupied in wreathing garlands for the decoration of the temples and their own ornament. The young Bayaderes cover their heads with the immense corolla of the long-rooted birth wort; they make necklaces of the *mugris*, and belts of the black alder.

In Egypt this passion was carried so far that Amasis, from a private soldier, became general of the armies of King Partanis, for having presented him with a crown of flowers: afterwards this same Amasis was seated on the Egyptian throne;—thus a crown was the reward of a simple garland. The Greeks, disciples of the Egyptians, gave themselves up to the same taste. At Athens, baskets full of flowers were taken every day to the market, and were bought immediately. In that celebrated city the charming contest between Pausias, a celebrated painter of Sycione, and the flower-girl Glycera, took place; it was very pleasing, says Pliny, to see the natural work of Glycera combatting the art

of Pausias, who, at last, painted her seated, wreathing a garland of flowers. Flowers were not then, as they are now, the ornament of altars and beauty ; but young men were crowned with them in games, priests in ceremonies, and guests in feasts. Nosegays and garlands were suspended over doors on happy occasions ; and what appears most remarkable, and most foreign to our customs, philosophers themselves wore crowns ; and warriors adorned their heads with them on triumphal days ; for crowns soon became the price and recompense of talent, virtue, and great actions. Time, the destroyer of empires, has preserved this emblematical language ; crowns of oak, myrtle, roses, and laurel, are still given to warriors, poets, and lovers. The flowers consecrated to the gods were the symbols of their character and power. The majestic lily belonged to Juno, the poppy to Ceres, the asphodel to departed ghosts, the laurel to Apollo, the olive to Minerva, the ivy to Bacchus, the poplar to Hercules, the cypress to Pluto, and the oak to Jupiter. The taste and usage of flowers passed from the Greeks to the Romans, who carried this luxury to excess ; they changed

their crowns three times during one repast: they believed that a wreath of roses refreshed them, and preserved them from the fumes of the wine; but, soon wishing to increase their pleasure, they heaped flowers round them, so that they produced the effect they were intended to prevent. Heliogabalus strewed his beds, apartments, and porticoes, with the rarest flowers, and before him Cicero reproached Verres with having travelled through Sicily seated on roses, with a crown of flowers on his head, and another round his neck.

In the middle age the culture of flowers was abandoned; in barbarous ages the earth appeared to become less prolific, and afforded but a precarious subsistence to its rude inhabitants. The passion for flowers took place amongst us with the march of gallantry; the reign of beauty was, likewise, that of flowers; then every thing had an expression; the formation of a nosegay was not an indifferent thing, each flower had its signification. If a knight set out for a distant expedition, his chaplet, formed of week-stock and cherry blossoms, seemed to say to his lady, "Remember me, forget me not." If he had

chosen a lady, and begged the honour of serving her, the young beauty, crowned with white chinasters, appeared to say, "I will think of it." If she wished the happiness of her lover, she prepared a wreath of white roses, that signified, "I love you." But if the vows were rejected, the flowers of the dandelion indicated that her heart was given—that the lover supplicated in vain. Laurel leaves represented certain happiness; lilies of the valley, or corn-flag, announced nobleness, purity of action and conduct; little branches of yew tree indicated that they should live happy together; and a bouquet of basil shewed that they were displeased, and had even quarrelled. In this primitive age, love, armed with a bouquet, dared everything; a flower in the hand often expressed more than the most tender written communication.

The Turks, like the Orientals, use flowers as a language, but they have corrupted it by mixing with their significations that of ribbons, stuffs, and a thousand other things: but they still preserve a most ardent taste for flowers, and, notwithstanding their natural avarice, they often spend more for a nosegay than a diamond.

Their feast of tulips is so magnificent that the description of it appears wonderful even in the marvellous pages of the Arabian Nights.

Since the discovery of the new world, able botanists have enriched our gardens with every variety of flowers, and in Autumn, they present specimens from all countries. Each flower has its signification, and we receive it with renewed pleasure. We have endeavoured to class some of them by seeking in the nature of each plant an affinity with our moral affections. Ancient poetry frequently affords us these happy comparisons, and we owe to them our most delightful ideas and best similies. Let us imagine, then, that flowers possess life and sensation, and their language may become universal. The crowns of the ancients shall be the first characters; we have borrowed the others from the Eastern nations, who showed us their types in their most beautiful flowers, and we have chosen some from the book of Nature, whose leaves are spread over all the earth.

January.**ON THE LANGUAGE OF COLOURS.**

Puisque le dieu du jour en ses douze voyages
Habite tristement sa maison du verseau,
Que les monts sont encore assiégés des orages,
Et que nos prés rians sont engloutis sous l'eau.

SINCE the winter months offer us but a few discoloured flowers, we must supply their place by remembering the use to which our ancestors applied their different tints.

In those happy times of chivalry when beauty distributed the laurel, all the fêtes were warlike games, and the games, a homage rendered to glory and to beauty; they felt the necessity of forming a new language that might, by only speaking to the eyes, recal the sentiments that the mouth dared not express. Such

was the origin of that ingenious union of devices and colours that distinguished the knights. When a despairing lover presented himself in the lists, he showed his love by prodigies of valour; but the ensign and scarf, mixed with red and violet, showed the trouble of his soul: if, after the victory, the lady of his thoughts was determined to put an end to his trouble, she appeared the next day crowned with hawthorn leaves tied with carnation ribbon, which signify hope in love. The coat of mail, of a reddish grey colour, indicated a knight whom glory kept away from the field of love. Yellow, joined to green and violet, demonstrated that every thing had been obtained from the beloved beauty. But they ought never to be met with in a modest warrior. Our fathers went still farther, and the art of making colours speak had been carried to so high a point of perfection that they had composed a moral dress for men and women, of which we will pourtray some features from an ancient book, as rare as it is curious.

THE MORAL DRESS OF A MAN ACCORDING
TO COLOURS.

First, the cap ought to be scarlet, which signifies prudence ; the hat Persian colour, which indicates science ; as a sign that science comes from God in heaven, which heaven is Persian colour, and thus science will be near prudence. The doublet should be black, that indicates the magnanimity of courage, which ought always to enclose the heart and body of a man ; the gloves yellow, denote liberality ; the belt violet, signifies love and courtesy ; the cloak must be of a dark tawny colour, showing grief and sadness, with which we are always clothed.

THE MORAL DRESS OF A LADY ACCORDING
TO COLOURS.

First, whether lady or damsel, she ought to have black shoes, to indicate simplicity; which teaches ladies they ought to walk untainted by pride: the lady, of whatever sphere of life, ought to wear black and white garters, which denote her firm intention to persevere in virtue, as white and black never change naturally. After these things, the petticoat ought to be white, to denote the honesty and chastity that ought to be in a woman; and the apron should be crimson, as the symbol of good thoughts directed towards God. Lastly, the robe for a titled lady should be gold cloth, which represents a good deportment, for as gold pleases the sight of most people, so the good deportment of a lady is the cause of her pleasing.

Here we have garments pourtraying a perfect moral, but will our age find them gallant enough, will they not inspire our belles with

alarm ? in a word, will Fashion ever dare to present them with dresses that will surround them with such severe virtues ? This is what we venture to affirm ; we always boast of the good qualities of our fathers, yet we never try to imitate them.

We will not say any more on this article, in which it will be easy to find the signification of the principal colours.

HERB-SEA-THIRST.

PROTECTION.

THE herb-sea-thirst grows abundantly on the sandy shores of Jutland, and is under the protection of the laws. The sands of these shores when scattered by the winds would soon change the fertile fields into deserts : to avert this calamity, the inhabitants sow the sand with the seed of this plant, named there sand-grass, but the true name is herb-sea-thirst. Its roots retain the sand by their entwinements, and its leaves, by spreading over the sand, prevent the wind from acting on it. It is strictly forbidden to pull up or destroy it. The person in whose house soever this plant should be found would be punished as a robber, and, by tacit consent, every man contracts to accuse his neighbour.

Thus, by wise rules, a bad plant has become of the greatest utility. At Cayeux, a village in Normandy, standing on the sea-shore, you see vast heaps of sand, which the storms attendant on this coast have spread to an alarming extent; neither flowers, trees, vegetables, nor even a tuft of verdure, give a smile to this desolate spot. The bounty of Providence is frustrated, though literally she casts her seeds abroad, for here the sulky soil rejects the proffered boon. In most parts of this beautiful province, Nature smiles with her wonted beneficence, but for a league surrounding this village her face assumes a deadly hue, ready to expire. Some parts of the year the cottages are covered with sand: during the equinoxes the unfortunate inhabitants are obliged to fly precipitately, and seek an asylum in more inland villages. Often in this disorder, children and old men perish: nor is it rare for whole families to be suddenly buried in their habitations. The prospect of an abundant fishery retains or recalls these unfortunate people into this frightful place. How much it

is to be wished that the herb-sea-thirst was sown on these desolate shores, and the law of Jutland established there, as well as in all places exposed to the same calamity !

DAISY.

INNOCENCE.

MALVINA, leaning on Fingal's tomb, weeps for the valiant Oscar, and his son, who died before he saw the day.

The virgins of Morven, to calm her grief, often wandered around her, celebrating, by their songs, the death of the brave and the newly born.

The hero is fallen, said they; he is fallen! and the sound of his arms echoed o'er the plain: sickness, that takes away courage, old age, that dishonours heroes, can no longer touch him: he is fallen! and the sound of his arms echoed on the plain. Received into the heavenly palace inhabited by his ancestors, he drinks, with them, the cup of immortality. Oh, daughter of Toscar! dry thy tears of grief; the brave is

fallen! he is fallen! and the sound of his arms has echoed o'er the plain!

Then, in a softer voice, they said to her: the child who has not seen life has not known the bitterness of life; its young soul, borne on glittering wings, seeks with Aurora the palace of day. Children pure reclining on golden clouds present themselves, and open to him the mysterious portal of Flora's cabinet. Ignorant of evil, they are continually employed in closing in imperceptible buds the flowers that blow every spring; in early morn scatter their seeds on the earth with the tears of Aurora; millions of delicate hands enclose the rose in its bud, the grain of corn in its envelope, the vast branches of the oak, in a single acorn, and sometimes an entire forest in an imperceptible seed.

We have seen, oh! Malvina! we have seen the infant you regret, reclining on a light mist; he approached us, and has shed on our fields a harvest of new flowers. Look, oh! Malvina! among these flowers, we distinguish one with a golden disk, surrounded by silver leaves slightly tinged with purple, waved by a gentle wind, it appears like a little child playing in a green

meadow. Dry thy tears, oh! Malvina! the brave is dead! covered with his arms, and the flower of thy bosom has given a new blossom to the hills of Cromla. The sweetness of these songs suspended Malvina's grief; she took her harp and repeated the hymn of the new born. Since that day the daughters of Morven have consecrated the daisy to infancy, it is, say they, the flower of innocence—the flower of the new born.

FILBERT TREE.**PEACE, RECONCILIATION.**

THERE was a time when no tie bound men to each other; deaf to the cries of nature, the lover abandoned his mistress, the mother took from her expiring son the wild fruit with which he wished to appease his hunger. If misfortune united them for a moment, the view of an oak covered with acorns, or a beech covered with beech mast, rendered them enemies. The earth was then filled with horror, there was neither law, religion, nor language; man was ignorant of his powers, his reason slept, and he was often seen more cruel than ferocious beasts whose frightful howlings he imitated.

The gods had pity on the human race. Apollo and Mercury made each other presents and descended upon earth. The god of har-

mony received from the son of Maia a tortoise-shell, which he had made into a lyre, and gave him in exchange the branch of a filbert tree, which had the power of making virtue beloved, and of uniting hearts separated by hate and envy. Thus armed, the two sons of Jupiter presented themselves to men. Apollo first sang the eternal wisdom that had created the universe; he explained how the elements were produced, how love unites with silver bands all parts of nature, and, at last, how men ought to appease by prayers the anger of the gods: at his voice might have been seen 'pale and trembling mothers advance, holding their little children in their arms, hatred ceased, and vengeance fled from their hearts. Mercury then touched men with the wand Apollo had given him. He set free their tongue, and taught them to express their thoughts by words; he taught them that union gave strength, and that produce from the earth depended on mutual efforts. Filial piety, and patriotic love, appeared at his words to unite the human race, and he made commerce the tie of the world. His last thought was the most sublime, for it was consecrated to

the gods, and he taught men to raise themselves even to them by love and beneficence.

Ornamented with two light wings, surrounded by serpents, the wand made from the filbert tree, given to the god of eloquence by the god of harmony, is still, under the name of Mercury's wand, the symbol of peace, commerce and reconciliation.

THE ELECTION OF THE ROSE.

AWOKE by a dreadful hurricane from the arms of a sweet sleep, I arose, and with a melancholy presentiment hastily descended into my garden. O thou cheering and beneficent sun! to whose heat I owe the richness of my parterre; it is a grand sight to watch the progress of thy rolling fire, as thou comest leaning on soft cushions of fleecy ether, and stepping to warbling melodies of thy own creating. Sluggard that I am, seldom do I salute thy morning beams! it is an homage I ought to have paid thee long since; alas! I dread thy anger, but misfortunes are wholesome, and we ought not to murmur at their weight. Oh! my flowers,

dear, delightful treasures, already I see your heads respectfully incline towards the renovating power that sustains you, and your bosoms expand to meet his brightened forehead. Gracious Powers! what a melancholy sight, havoc and confusion every where surround me. The stems that I was wont to see balancing to and fro are now violently agitated, the flowers rudely entangled, lay drooping on the earth, which was strewed with the relics of their former glory; at a little distance the hawthorn, stripped of its leaves, sighs in consonance: a plaintive sound, foreboding evil, is heard on all sides. Sweet solace of my idle hours, I exclaimed, for what new trials are you reserved? speak! answer me! what can have disturbed the peaceful tenor of thy life? And you, my beloved tulips! where are your rich colours mixed with such matchless skill? your naked stalks, prostrate and for ever fallen; ah! me, neglectful, I ought to have assisted your weakness, and now a monotonous verdure will succeed the brilliant hues with which but yesterday my eyes were delighted! Sad and pensive, I threw myself on a bank of turf, deploring the loss

of what I so much loved. Suddenly a sigh appeared to issue from the earth, and a sweet odour was diffused around me: astonished at the sound, I removed the grass, and beheld the humble violet, whose modesty had preserved it from the violence of the winds. Why do you sigh so piteously? I asked; the storm has passed, and you remain respected and uninjured.

“If I complained of my condition,” she replied, “little should I deserve the title of wise, which the world has bestowed on me; no, it is the misfortunes of my sisters which affect me; for them I weep, and, when I think of the friendship by which they were linked, I cannot see with indifference their union destroyed, perhaps for ever. Oh! the passions! the passions! had it not been for their baneful influence, peace would still have reigned in our quiet garden, and each of us, my dear master, would have contributed to your pleasures.”

Surprised at a language so new, “What,” said I, “are the daughters of Nature endowed with passions? I thought by consecrating to them the rest of my days to have escaped these tyrants of the heart.”

“My dear protector,” she answered, “short are the moments I have to be with you, listen, then, to the circumstances that have caused the disasters of the night.”

My wonder increased as the violet continued :

“Your poets, even the most ancient, disposing of crowns at their pleasure, have in all times made the rose queen of flowers. It is not so with us, of older date than poetry, and more constant than men, we have never ceased to acknowledge the tulip as our sovereign; the richness and brilliancy of her colours demand the respect and admiration we yield, and from time immemorial the family of tulips have received our homage.

“One lovely morning (ah! I shall always remember it), when the sky was darkly, deeply, and beautifully blue, men celebrated by games the feast of *our divine protectress*. The Queen, wishing to compliment the tutelary goddess, under whose auspices she exercised her empire, gave a splendid party, to which all the flowers were invited, even the simple daisy had not been forgotten. As you may suppose, we tried to

outvie each other in splendour, and I, yielding to the temptation of appearing with eclat, adorned myself that day in a robe of beautiful purple. Towards the quiet hour of evening, just when the yellow moon shed a soft influence over the languid heart, the Goddess, followed by Zephyr, entered the precincts of our garden. The tulip instantly arose, and, in the name of all the flowers, paid the customary honours to the divine couple. The gallant Zephyr, who knows perfectly well what is due to the fair, distributed his attentions amongst us, every flower was addressed in its turn, and pleasure beamed along the extended walks; the marble of Peru, who had remained quiescent till now, suddenly advanced, glowing with ruby brightness, which contrasted strongly with her neighbour, the rose, who was clothed in simple white; but her beauty and appearance spread around her a mixture of candour and elegance that did not escape the discerning eye of the youthful Zephyr, who, lightly balancing on her bosom, stood enamoured, and my timid sister gently inclined her head as she blushingly listened to his praises. Ah! said he, may this roseate hue rest for ever on

your brows—the pure heart's surest warrant! Enough was said, the smallest wishes of the gods are received as mandates upon earth, and since that time I have never seen my sister without that attractive blush which so infinitely adds to her beauty. With a kind adieu to the rose, Zephyr rejoined his consort, and they ascended to realms of air in the midst of those perfumes each of us had brought as an offering of incense. Every flower now returned to the place it was accustomed to occupy. Still, dazzled by the late display, I rested under some blades of grass to reflect at my leisure on all that had passed. The ensuing morn I went to pay my respects to the Queen; when passing near the rose me thought I heard some one speaking, and immediately recognised the voice of Flora reproaching my sister; concealing myself under a tuft which offered itself, I heard the goddess thus address the Rose—

“Do you think, ingrate, that your actions have escaped my notice? great and grievous is the cause of which I complain, and you must henceforth expect every thing from my revenge. Here her imperial brows kindled with rage, she became red as sunset.

“‘ Ah ! ’ replied the Rose, ‘ kill me not with your anger, I blushed myself when———’

“‘ It is that very blush which augments your crime ; but preserve the gift which a subaltern power prevents me from taking away ; it is an embellishment that will prove your bane, you may please, perchance seduce, but your reign shall be transient as the morn ; wind, rain, hail, frost, and every ill that the elements can inflict, shall conspire against you to feed my just revenge ; and, to vex you still more, know that man, impatient man, will gather your buds ere they are blown, as an oblation to the shrine of beauty. Away ! I have pronounced your doom ! ’ and with a haughty look the goddess disappeared.

“ I was hastening to console my poor sister, when Zephyr arrived ; intimidated by his presence, I did not venture to show myself, so became, without wishing it, a witness of my sister’s folly.

“ She received for a while the flatteries of the god, but, reflecting on the consequences, ‘ Fly ! ’ said she to him, ‘ fly ! to hear you is a crime, cease to lavish on me those praises

they will deservedly bring on me all those evils with which I am threatened. To-morrow alas! a cruel hand will tear me from my home, where I have so long tasted the sweets of innocence; to-morrow, perhaps, I shall pay with my life the imprudence of my vanity.' The light-minded Zephyr could say very little to console the afflicted beauty, but, while the rose spake, the god spread over her a multitude of thorns, saying, as he flew off, 'Entrust to me the care of defending your charms; evil betide the profane hand that shall now dare to molest you:' and he smilingly mixed with his staff a gorgeous tribe of butterflies that hovered in the air to receive him. For a while the rose seemed to admire her new costume; I quietly approached to contemplate her defensive armour.

" 'Ah! my gentle sister,' she said, 'are you here? and how long since, I beseech you?'

" 'Spare me that avowal,' I answered, 'it is sufficient for you to know that I both pitied and envied your situation; but, believe me, I will not betray the follies which chance rendered me a spectator of.'"

“Tell me then, (for you are renowned for wisdom among the sisterhood) what do you think of all that has passed? and why this colour and the thorns with which the god has covered me?”

“Ah! my sweet companion, you are destined to instruct mankind — all people receive with pleasure the language of praise, and, when properly administered, it vibrates on the chords of the heart like the soft notes of an Æolian harp. I, notwithstanding my character for wisdom, am proud of hearing myself cited; see, they say,

In your woods this simple flower
Conceals its purple crest,
But from out her grassy bow'r
Her scent betrays her nest.

This compliment may be worth all the honours rendered to some of our friends; but to your affairs, my dear Rose, the blush that so much awakens your curiosity shows the vain beauty that modesty is her best ornament, and these thorns, with which you are armed, will tell the man of pleasure who may come to separate you from us, that, since the rose has thorns, there is no happiness without alloy.’

“‘True, my beloved violet, but these darts that you name, allowing they will preserve me from the attacks of the crowd, who will defend me from the outrages of time? Have you heard the decree of the wrathful goddess? ‘Wind, rain, hail, frost, and snow, will all conspire against you.’

“‘These things, my lovely sister, are indeed hard to bear, but bring a little philosophy to your aid, consider them as perpetual obligations for the late price of vanity you indulged in; observe, too, the beauty belonging to the race of mortals, and yclept woman, whom at times they compare to you. She is but the wonder of a day—the meteor of an hour—thus should chance throw you into the hands of an amiable girl, she will listen to the voice of instruction when you say the best years of thy life are those of youth—profit by them, take little account of your charms, for you live but as roses live—a summer’s morning.’

“This grave discourse had a very different effect from what I intended: my wish was to have soothed her trouble with words of consolation, but this misguided flower put a wrong

construction on my remarks, and was carried away by pride and conceit: we parted coldly. Since that time she has maintained a profound silence; if any of the sisterhood approach her she wounds them with her thorns. I continue to love and shall ever compassionate her foibles (here the violet gave a deep sigh and covered me with odours). We now, said she, draw near to the sequel of this sad tale, and you will soon see what vanity can effect in a simple heart and light head. Proud of her charms, and the divine favours of which none of us partook, the Rose conceived the rash project of overthrowing our government and naming herself Queen. It was my custom to frequent the grove where I had surprised her the first day, and, there concealed, I listened to the discourse between her and Zephyr. On one of those mild evenings, when the twinkling leaves of the small aspine were scarcely heard to breathe, the Rose addressed herself in a smothered voice to the youthful god.'

“‘You have bestowed upon me this blush, because its colour pleases you, these thorns are given me to keep off intruders, that I may

belong to you alone ; all you have done has been to feed self-love ; for me you have accomplished nothing ; look at these buds, will they not have a claim on your support when I cease to exist ? Tell me, why does the Tulip still sit on her tottering throne ? Is it meet that the favourite of a God should bend the knee before her ; in a word, ought she not to fill her place ? Do not these thorns that I carry appear made to defend a crown, that the weakest of us could dispute with her who wears it ?'

“ ‘Charming Rose,’ replied the God, ‘is there any thing that I can refuse you ?—to-morrow your wishes shall be fulfilled. To-morrow an assembly of the members of the flower-garden shall be convoked. I undertake to inflame their mind against the present Queen, for nothing is difficult to achieve where you are concerned. I have said it, since you prefer the splendour of a throne to the protecting shade of these quiet groves, to-morrow shall see you Queen. Ah ! should the brilliancy of a court estrange your affections,’ and Zephyr for once began to think, but fleeting was the thought, for a dew-drop caught the sigh that escaped from his bosom,

and he departed with rapidity, leaving the Rose intoxicated with joy and ambition. I mourned in solitude, awaiting the signal of revolt which was to precipitate the tulip from the throne of her ancestors. Zephyr shortly returned to the mansion of the rose, where I was initiated into the wiles of this black conspiracy. Who but myself would have recognised the husband of Flora? It was no longer the fascinating God, full of quirks and smiles, disguised in the garb of Boreas, his hair stood erect, like the bristled porcupine's. I foresaw with fear and trembling all the calamities with which the state was threatened.

“ ‘Is that you?’ said the Rose, somewhat alarmed,

“ ‘Yes!’ replied Zephyr, see what love can perform: I scarcely know myself, but the charm is wound up, I part—adieu—shortly you will hear some news:” with these words he furiously crossed the garden, breathed into each flower a pernicious poison, jealousy inflamed their breasts and inspired them with a desire of governing; disputing with each other their right to sovereignty, they lent a willing ear to the

voice of flattery; every one thought herself born for a throne, and proclaimed aloud her merits; thus, by the redoubled efforts of the God, their self-love was awakened, and their minds warmed for open rebellion; finally, these people, yesterday so peaceful and happy, raise the standard of revolt and all that bear the name of tulip are despised and overthrown; neither the serenity of night nor the tears of Aurora have been able to calm the faction, even your presence, my dear master, could not reduce them to order, and was it not for the profound homage they ever pay to the sun, I think the tumult would not yet have ceased; but the paternal regard of this beneficent orb has, for an instant, restored peace and tranquillity. By mutual consent they have agreed to meet this morning in order to elect a new Queen. The hour fixed for assembling has already struck; permit me, then, my kind master, to retire, or if you would deign to accompany me, a new scene awaits your view; the timid virgins will no longer be recognised bending their heads to the soft blandishment of an innocent compliment, but, bloated by ambition, they sit vaunting their own

deeds, and trampling all decorum under their feet."

When the violet had finished speaking, she put aside the grass and moved towards the assembly: I followed, till we arrived at a grove where moss seats had been placed to receive the candidates. The Tulip, with an humble air and sunken eye, still occupied the throne she was soon to renounce; at her feet sat the Auricula, to report the discourse of the orators; on her left stood the splendid Pæony, and the Week-stock occupied the right, to aid the Queen by her counsels: the other flowers, in their quality of members, filled the two sides of the tribunal. Near the Pæony were the Crown Imperial, the Anemomy, Skirret, Renonculus, Amaranth, China-aster, and many other scentless flowers, while the Rose, smiling with hope, the Lily, Carnation, Jessamine, Jonquil, Iris, Tuberosa, and Heart's-ease, near which was placed the Violet, embalmed the opposite side with a thousand different perfumes.

The meeting was in full debate when we arrived, I did not hear the speeches of all the orators, amongst others that of the Queen, which

was a great disappointment, as I took a lively interest in her fate. The Amaranth was then holding forth, I hardly breathed, such was my anxiety to hear so novel an harangue :—

“Yes, my sisters,” said she, with visible emotion, “it behoves us to put an end to the cruel scenes of last night. I have patiently listened to all my colleagues who have spoken on their own rights; but when the Lily, displaying its whiteness, unfolds to you all his titles, when, for example, he tells you that Clovis received from heaven a celestial shield impressed with its flowers, and more recently Saint Louis wore them on a ring; he forgets that this monarch coalesced it with the China-aster; on this point, therefore, our sister has equal pretensions. Opening a new field for discussion, when the Amaranth, Pæony, and Stock-gilly-flower, boast the splendour of their colours, cast a thought on the Imperial Crown, and their glories can have but little value in your eyes; in vain the Anemomy addresses herself to the heart by recalling the sorrows of Venus, to whose tears she owes her birth. The Iris, variegated with the hues of the showery prism, has she not, too,

some ground for aspiring? but then the Iris is the messenger of the gods, and we desire a Queen who does not quit her realms: does not the potent perfume of the Tuberose destroy the sweet odour with which my brother, the Jessamine, wished to charm your senses? How will you decide between the Heart's-ease, that has not yet addressed you, and the simple Violet that never protrudes? Without doubt the velvet softness of the first attracts your attention, but true merit and modesty, of which the second is an emblem, claim your suffrages. Will you permit yourself to be seduced by the gold that glitters on the Renonculus and Jonquil? these are false attractions; the Buton d'or offers you riches more stable than either; but the treasures of one do not contribute to the happiness of all, but often bring down evil on those who possess them. I cite the Marigold as an instance; have you ever seen it smile since it became loaded with wealth? for ever gloomy, it shrinks from our caresses, and thinks it perceives in each of us a disposition to become possessed of its idol. I have still sufficient

matter to silence the orators who may follow me in the debate; but in fact, my friends, I have too good an opinion of your judgment to think it necessary to tell you of the importance attached to the choice of a queen, with powers capable of sustaining a trembling throne. Glory, colour, perfumes, riches, all disappear with youth. You, then, want a sovereign who, by surviving you, will ensure protection to your children, and maintain our laws in future ages. I, therefore, conclude by———”

“That’s enough,” cried the Carnation, rising in her place: “from the strong feeling you express, I suspect there is some degree of interest concealed under the cloak of patriotism which occupies your mind much more than our cause. Every thing in our world will end with the members that constitute it; let us, then, think less of the future. The Creator has reserved future kings for future ages. Manners, customs, all things change with time, and posterity would be pitiable, indeed, if she were not allowed to amend the errors we may leave behind us. You object to the fragile duration of our lives, but death, though it spare not the bosom of beauty,

is a thousand times preferable to the eternal monotony of your existence. To live like you is worse than death; had you not spoken to-day I should have thought sentiment and animation a stranger to your nature. Often have I remarked your cold insensibility, which made me doubt whether you breathed. Ah! if like me, who have not these bright colours or pretty mixtures, you exhaled as sweet a perfume, you might, indeed, come forward as a candidate:" as she pronounced these words, the Carnation raised her voice,—but the Laurier-rose suddenly interrupted her, and thus harangued the assembly:—

“ Pardon me, my sisters, for interrupting the orator, but I wished to spare him the trouble of further reproaches against the immortal and never-fading Amaranth; you must not forget that there exists in the family of this calumniator a cousin, rightly named the Indian-pink; and surely you would blush to live under the dominion of such an ignoble successor. I have not, as yet, heard any candidate whose language has not been stained by ambition. What presumption! their sole claims rest on perfume,

and colours! Such trifling endowments are useless: the state wants, at this moment, an Amazonian arm; I therefore offer you my services. Refer to the pages of history, where you will find my name inscribed in the records of glory. I can say, with Cæsar,

A soldier like to me may sure pretend
Your fame and statutes to defend.

“Order! order!” cried the Skirret, pointing to the Laurier-rose. “In the face of this assembly I pronounce you to be a gross impostor. Boast of your glory to those who know not your origin. In vain you would make us believe that you spring from the illustrious family of Laurels; the title of Laurier, under which you describe yourself, does not disguise the paleness that sometimes overspreads your visage; hence, betraying the humble *nerion*.”

The false Laurel, thunderstruck at this attack, shrank abashed and could not reply.

The Skirret in a milder tone proceeded, “I do not come, my sisters, to offer you either my arm or my services; I abrogate all participation in this momentous business; only as it regards our unfortunate Queen, I shall not eulogize

those virtues that have charmed you so long, or descant on her beauty, but if there exist a flower amongst you that can efface those charms, let her stand forth, and we will forget, if possible, the delicacy and indescribable variety of her shades, so deserving of our homage; let her display a shape capable of surpassing the graceful outlines of a calyx that you cannot look at without admiration. Besides these rare qualities, which entitle her to sovereign power, has she not suffered others to infringe on her prerogative, tolerating all aspirants who would eclipse her colours? Has she ever said aught against the purity of the Lily, the scarlet of the poppy? Has not the Heart's-ease even dared to assume the royal purple? Have you ever seen the Tulip reproach those who came and proudly diffused around her the perfumes that nature had denied her? What do I say? denied! I appeal to the sage Ecluse, who has often been attracted towards her by the odoriferous sighs she exhaled; no! it was her excessive modesty that prevented her from profiting by these advantages, and is it of such virtues that you would disrobe the seat of majesty? Would you hurl from the

throne of her ancestors a Queen whose only pleasure is the happiness of her people? Heaven sees your perfidy and ingratitude; and, to avenge it, takes from you the ornament of your empire and places it in the hands of man! More just, more merciful than you, his power and abilities will be exerted to ameliorate her grief; already is the tent prepared to receive and shelter her from your persecutions, and the noon-tide heat; there, separated for ever from you, she will enjoy in the bosom of her numerous family that peace and repose which has for ever abandoned the throne!"

The Tulip, by an inclination of her head, thanked the Skirret for the interest she took in her destiny, who, being too much moved, ceased to speak.

There were still two candidates to be heard, and, seeing the Queen abdicate her seat, they felt the sparks of ambition re-ignite in their breasts. The Rose first came forward, like a young star shining in beauty, and with all her leaves unfolded; mute she stood before her auditors, hesitating and confused, her blush

increased beyond its natural tint at seeing her hopes ready to expire, when the Violet, who had not yet spoken, forgetting the contempt with which her sister had treated her, rose and expatiated with spirit and eloquence on the beauty, virtues, and qualities of the Rose. The feeble voice of the orator did not allow me to hear distinctly every word—this is all I could retain :

“Heaven forbid, my sisters, that my ungrateful lips should blame the conduct of a flower which is now but the shadow of majesty, I loved the virtues of the Tulip as much as I admired her beauty while seated on the throne ; though now become our equal, she retains the same mildness and splendour, and will ever preserve an empire over my heart ; but I ask you what would her virtues effect in an age when jealousy, hate, and ambition, dispute the will of Flora ? we want a Queen who will be the ornament and support of the throne (general murmurs of applause), a Queen whose numerous progeny assures to the state an inexhaustible nursery of sovereigns. There is not

one of you but must allow that the Rose alone can fulfil these imperious conditions. Shall I, the better to convince you, unfold the records of antiquity, where you will find this numerous tribe spread over the four quarters of the globe? Shall I tell you of the honours ever paid to the Rose,—gods and men have sung her praises—the knowledge of that alone will awaken your minds to the choice you ought to make. I will not draw comparisons between the Ex-Queen and the one your hearts have already called to govern you; the merits of each are equal, though different; the majesty of the Tulip offers features characteristic of regal dignity, but the beautiful form of the Rose, the soft tint that colours it, the half-closed calyx that breathes heavenly essence, in short, every thing around her, commands our love and esteem. But still more, by a signal favour you see united in her the mildness that suits her sex and the strength that protects a crown. What power have the factions against the thorns with which her stalks are armed? And the perfume she breathes, is it not an

antidote for the passions that now assail your minds? Let us not murmur, my friends, at the short duration of her reign, this fragility will constitute your happiness—the approach of dissolution—being for ever present to the eyes of the new Queen will remind her that every moment not dedicated to your interest is a stain on her glory, and that her best moments are the property of the state. Believe me, my sisters, her accession to the royal diadem will cement a union between you which nothing can sever. Tarry not! perhaps, ere evening arrives some of your companions may lose their fragrance, wither, and die, let them at least, carry with them to the tomb the tender regrets of friendship.”

This discourse produced the desired effect, the flowers embraced each other, and, without scrutiny, unanimously proclaimed the Rose their sovereign Queen. The Tulip, divested of the insignia of royalty, came the same evening, accompanied by her family, and took possession of the tent I had prepared for her. My assiduous cares in a little time dissipated her grief,

she assumed her usual dress and brilliant hues, and no longer regrets the loss of her crown, confessing that a middle state alone gives repose and independence, which the pomp attendant on riches utterly destroys.

A TABLE

OF THE ATTRIBUTES OF EACH HOUR OF THE
DAY AS GIVEN BY THE ANCIENTS.

- The first hour, a nosegay of open roses.
- The second heliotrope.
- The third white roses.
- The fourth hyacinth.
- The fifth some . . . lemons.
- The sixth . . . a nosegay of lotus.
- The seventh lupins.
- The eighth . . . several . . . oranges.
- The ninth olive leaves.
- The tenth poplar leaves.
- The eleventh a nosegay of marigolds.
- The twelfth heart's ease and
violets.

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DICTIONARY
OF
THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,
WITH THE
ORIGIN OF THEIR SIGNIFICATIONS.

A.

ABANDON, *Anemony*. Anemony was a nymph beloved by Zephyr; she was banished by Flora from her court, and metamorphosed into a flower that always blows before the return of spring. Given up by Zephyr to the caresses of Boreas, whom she could not love, and shook by his rude breath, it half opens, and immediately fades. An anemony

with these words, *brevis est usis*, expresses admirably the rapid decline of beauty.

ABSENCE, *Wormwood*. Absence, says La Fontaine, is the worst of evils, wormwood is the most bitter of plants; its name is derived from the Greek, it signifies without sweetness.

ACTIVITY, *Thyme*, page 55.

AGITATION, *Moving plant*. It has been remarked that the terminating leaflet of this plant is immoveable, and that the two others, much smaller, are, during the day, in continual agitation. This movement is the most singular phenomenon in botany. It was observed for the first time at Bengal by Lady Morison.

A GREAT DEAL IS TO BE GAINED FROM GOOD COMPANY, *A rose tree in a tuft of grass*, page 70.

AMIABILITY, *White Jessamine*, page 73.

AFTER-THOUGHT, *Catesby's star-wort*. The star-wort begins to blow when other flowers are scarce. It is like Flora's after-thought, who smiles when she quits us.

ARDOUR, *Common broom.* The *spadix* of these plants, of which there are more than fifty species, acquire so strong a heat that it is impossible to touch them with the hand. This surprising fact has been verified by many naturalists, among others by Bory de Saint Vincent, and by Hubert.

ARTIFICE, *Virgin bower.* Beggars, in order to excite pity, make false wounds with virgin bower: this infamous artifice often produces finally a real sore.

ARTS (THE), *Acanthus,* page 29.

ASYLUM, SUCCOUR, *Juniper tree,* page 171.

ATTRIBUTES OF THE HOURS, page 202.

AUDACITY, *Larch tree.* Naturalists consider the larch tree as the giant of vegetation. This tree prefers the loftiest mountains, where it grows to a prodigious height. In the north the larch tree is often covered with a lichen that clothes them as with a thick fir. Shepherds amuse themselves by setting fire to this singular clothing; it catches spontaneously, and a light flame suddenly is kindled that in an instant sparkles and eva-

porates. It may be said that these beautiful trees have been placed expressly to give to the desert the astonishing spectacle of the most magnificent fire-works.

AUSTERITY, *Thistle.* In Scotland the order of the thistle of Saint Andrew is a golden collar entwined with thistle, having this motto:—Nobody offends me with impunity.

A NOTE WRITTEN WITH FLOWERS, page 185.

A HEART IGNORANT OF LOVE, *The bud of the white rose.* Before the breath of love had animated the world, all the roses were white and all the girls insensible.

A YOUNG GIRL, *A rose-bud.* A young girl is a rose, still in bud.

B.

BEAUTY, *Rose,* page 59.

BELIEF, *Passion flower.* You find marked in the passion flower a crown of thorns, the whip, tree, nails, and the five wounds of Christ.

BELoved DAUGHTER, *Cinquefoil.* When the

weather is wet, the leaves of this plant draw near to each other, bend over the flower, and form a little tent to shelter it; one might imagine it to be a tender mother occupied in preserving a beloved child.

BENEFICENCE, *Marsh-mallow*, page 83.

BENEFICENCE, *Potatoe*. The potatoe is the common food of the poor. This aliment escapes the monopolies of trade, for it lasts but a year. Modest as true charity, the potatoe hides its treasures, it serves the rich, and nourishes the poor. America has presented us with this useful vegetable, which has for ever banished famine from Europe.

BENEVOLENCE *Marsh-mallow*, page 83.

BIGONIA, *Attention*. This flower, which, with its verdant leaves streaked with pink, forms the greatest ornament of our green-houses, requires the greatest attention; the least cold will hurt it, and even wet spoils its beauty; particular care is required in rearing it, or the possessor will find his hopes destroyed.

BIRTH, *Dittany*. When Juno presided at the birth of children, under the name of Lucinda, she wore a crown of dittany. The smell of this shrub, and the medicinal qualities that had rendered it so celebrated with the ancients, make us still esteem it. It is a native of the island of Creta.

BLACKNESS, *Ebony*. Pluto was seated on a throne of ebony. It is said, of a wicked person, his heart is as black as ebony. This proverb has, no doubt, arisen from the sap of the ebon tree being white, its flowers soft, silvery, and beautiful; the heart of this tree alone is black.

BLUNTNESSE, *Borage*. The leaves of the borage are sharp, hairy, and wrinkled, but the whole of the plant is wholesome; its good qualities soften, and even make us forget, its rough appearance, reminding us that bluntness oft accompanies goodness.

BE MY SUPPORT, A sort of wild grape tree, vulgarly called *Virgin-root*; it is found all over Europe, its feeble stalks demand attention, but have a pretty effect wherever they are trained.

BITTERNESS, GRIEF, *Aloes*, page 168.

BOLDNESS, *Pine*. This tree disdains the peaceful meadows, it bathes its head in the dew of the clouds, and gives its foliage to the relentless winds; and when stripped of its branches it ploughs the furious waves of the ocean, and braves the tempest.

CACTUS SPECIOSIA, *Brilliancy*. It is impossible to see this lovely flower without being struck with its brilliant colour and beautiful form, the delicate texture and bright pink of its taper leaves, rising one above the other in the shape of a crown, render it conspicuous amongst other flowers for brilliancy and elegance.

CALM REPOSE, *Merganthum*, page 22.

CALUMNY, *Madder*. Madder dyes red: when lambs have browsed this plant, their teeth appear as if they were spoiled with the blood of some victim. Thus wickedness often profits by deceitful appearances to calumniate innocence.

CANDOUR, *White violet*. Candour precedes mo-

desty; it is a violet clothed in the colours of innocence.

CAPRICIOUS BEAUTY, *Musk rose.* The musk rose wants freshness; its small flowers would be without effect if they did not grow in clusters from twenty to a hundred or more. They please by their fine musky smell; but the flower is full of caprices, it languishes suddenly in situations which at first appeared favourable to it. One year it is loaded with flowers, another it does not bloom at all.

CHASTITY, *Orange flowers.* Brides wear a wreath of orange flowers. Formerly an unchaste woman was deprived of this ornament on her wedding day, this custom still exists in the suburbs of Paris.

CHILDISHNESS, *China pink.* The delicacy of this pretty plant, the abundance of its flowers, sweet smell, the little notice taken of its perfections, every thing about it appears to render it emblematical of childhood.

COLDNESS, TO LIVE WITHOUT LOVE, *Chaste tree,* page. 170.

COLDNESS, *Lettuce.* Venus, after the death of Adonis, slept in a couch of lettuce in order that she might not indulge in a useless grief.

CONCORD, *Lote tree.* Its wood is used to make several musical instruments.

CONCEALED LOVE, *Clandestine.* The clandestine grows at the foot of large trees in cool and shady places. It hides its pretty purple flowers under moss and dead leaves.

CONFIDENCE, *Liver-wort.* When the gardeners see the pretty flowers of the liver-wort, they say the earth is in love, we can sow with confidence.

CONJUGAL LOVE, *Linden tree,* page 48.

CONSOLATION, *Snow drop,* page 167.

CONSOLATION, *Wild poppy.* The wild poppy contains in its purple bosom a precious balm, that calms grief and lulls sorrow. The ancients, who looked upon sleep as the great physician, the principal consoler of the world, gave him for ornament a wreath of wild poppies.

CONSTANCY, *Pyramidal blue flower.* The stalks

of the pyramidal often rise higher than six feet, they are covered from top to bottom with beautiful flowers that blow in July, and preserve all their splendour till October, the colour of these charming bell-flowers is that of constancy.

COQUETRY, *Yellow Day lily*, page 112.

COQUETRY, THE WISH TO PLEASE, *Mezercon*. page 166.

COURAGE, *Black poplar*. This tree was consecrated to Hercules.

CRITICISM, *Squirting cucumber*. Its name is derived from the Latin *mordeo*, I bite.

CRUELTY, *Nettle*. The sting of the nettle causes a pain similar to that of a burn. By examining, with a microscope, the nettle leaves, you find them covered with fine hairs, that are so many conductors to a sharp and stinging humour, enclosed in a bladder that is at the bottom of each: these hairs and bladders are exactly similar to the sting of a bee; in the insect, and in the plant, it is the sharp humour that causes the pain.

CURE, *Balm of Gilead*. This exquisite balm, so justly esteemed by the ancients, seems to have been prepared by Nature to soften our pains, thus we often employ the word balm in a moral and figurative sense to express what allays and softens our sorrows. Beneficent virtue, and tender friendship are true balms that cure the wounds of the heart, a thousand times more insupportable than all physical evils.

CURIOSITY, *Sycamore*. This tree is but once mentioned historically, and that is in the Bible. Zaccheus, chief of the publicans, mixed with the crowd on the day of Our Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem and, to have a better view of Jesus Christ, he ascended into a sycamore tree, it has thence been made the emblem of curiosity.

CONCEALMENT, *Lozenge-leaved bubon*. This plant is a native of warm European countries near the west of the Mediterranean. In Greece the stalk is filled with white pith, which, being of a dry nature, catches fire like tinder; the fire preserved in this stalk

consumes the pith by degrees without hurting the bark : for this reason, in certain countries this plant is used to transport fire from one place to the other, and thus gave rise to the fable where Prometheus hides the celestial fire he had stolen in a plant of bubon. Martial, wishing to express that these plants owe the property of preserving fire to the fire of Prometheus, makes them say, We light by the blessing of Prometheus.

D.

DEFECT, *Henbane*. The henbane is unwholesome, its appearance is repelling, the Turks intoxicate themselves with its dangerous juices, but those who use it are looked upon as worthless characters.

DECLARATION OF LOVE, *Tulip*, page 17.

DECEITFUL CHARMS, *Datura*, page 97.

DECEITFUL HOPE, *Genista Spinosa*. This flower likewise named Porion or False Narcissus, is very difficult to rear. A native of our meadows, it is carefully cultivated by the

Hollanders, who return it under the fine names of Phœnix, or large golden sun. After much care the cultivator is astonished to find he has only produced a furze.

DESIRE, *Jonquil.* The jonquil, a native of Constantinople, is, with the Turks, the emblem of desire.

DESPAIR, *Marygold and Cypress,* Cypress is the emblem of death: marygold that of sorrow. The union of these two plants expresses despair.

DELICACY, *Blue bottle.* The beautiful blue of this flower, which is that of a cloudless sky, is the emblem of a tender and delicate sentiment, nourished by hope.

DIFFICULTY, *Black thorn.* When you wish to express that an affair is full of difficulties, you say it is a faggot of thorns, you know not how to handle it.

DIGNITY, *Clove tree.* The aromatic clove tree is a native of the Molucca isles. The inhabitants of these isles wear the flowers of this tree, which we call cloves, as a mark of

distinction. They say of a chief that he has one, two, four cloves, as we say of a great lord that he has many decorations, or rather that he is clothed with many honours.

DISCRETION, *Maiden hair*, page 125.

DISDAIN, *Yellow carnation*. As haughty people are in general exacting and unamiable, so likewise of all the carnations the yellow is the least beautiful and odoriferous, and that which demands the most care.

DISGUISE, *Thorn-apple*. Formerly, during the carnival, the common people used to disguise their faces with the large leaves of the thorn-apple.

DOCILITY, *Field-rush*. It is said, as a proverb, as pliant as a field-rush.

DO ME JUSTICE, *Chesnut tree*. Chesnuts are enclosed two, three, or four at a time in a common pod, which becomes a green shell set with numerous sharp thorns. Those who do not know this tree neglect it from its rough appearance.

DO NOT ABUSE, *Saffron*. A slight infusion of

saffron inspires you with joy ; but those who drink too much of this liquor become foolish. It is the same with its smell, if you inhale it slightly, it animates the spirits ; if too much, it kills.

DURATION, *Wild cornil tree*, page 145.

DREAMS, *Os munda*. Mathiole attributes to this pretty fern, that grows on damp rocks, the power of inspiring prophetic dreams.

E.

EARLY YOUTH, *Primrose*, page 25.

ELEGANCE, *Rose acacia*. The arts of the toilet cannot produce any thing fresher or more elegant than this pretty shrub, its bending position, gay green, and beautiful branches of pink flowers, resembling knots of ribbons, give it the appearance of a coquette in her ball dress.

ELEVATION, *Fir tree*. The fir tree prefers cold regions, and grows there to a prodigious height.

ELOQUENCE, *Egyptian Lotus*. The Egyptians consecrated to the sun, god of eloquence,

the Egyptian Lotus. These flowers close and plunge into the water at sunset, whence they come out and expand at the rise of this brilliant orb. This flower forms part of the head dress of Osiris. The Indian gods are often represented in the bosom of the waters seated on a lotus flower. This is, perhaps, an emblem of the world rising from the waters.

ENCHANTMENT, *Vervein*, page 79.

ENVY, *Bramble*. Envy, like bramble, crawls and tries to stifle every thing that approaches it.

ERROR, *Bee orchis*. This flower so much resembles a bee that you are often deceived by it.

ESTEEM, *Sage*. Sage, vulgarly called by the French *tout bon*, is esteemed the most salutary of aromatic plants.

F.

FACILITY, *Red Valerian*, page 57.

FALSE RICHES, *Sun Flower*, page 117.

FALSITY, *Manchineel tree*. The fruit of the man-

chineel tree very much resembles an apple ; this deceitful appearance, joined to an agreeable smell, invites you to eat it ; but its spongy substance contains a milky and perfidious juice that at first appears insipid, but soon becomes so caustic that it burns the lips, palate, and tongue. All travellers agree that the best remedy against so violent a poison is sea water. It invariably grows on the sea shore.

FEAST, *Parsley*, page 143.

FECUNDITY, *Holly - hock*. Every body knows this superb plant, a native of China, or rather of Syria, whence it was brought to us in the time of the Crusades. The great number of its flowers have caused it to be made the emblem of fecundity. The Chinese represent Nature crowned with its flowers, whose name signifies, with the Greeks, power and virtue.

FIDELITY, *Wall speed-well*. There are more than a hundred species of fluellen, they have all blue flowers, and their Greek name can be translated into these words, Faithful image.

FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNE, *Wall-flower*, page 121.

FINESSE, *Sweetwilliam*. The sweetwilliams, so beautiful with its elegant tufts, are, in all their parts, of a fine and exquisite delicacy.

FIRE, *Dittany*. When the day has been warm and the air dry there exhales from the dittany an inflammable gas, which, condensed by the freshness of the evening, forms round it an atmosphere that catches fire at the approach of a light, without damaging the plant.

FLAME, *Yellow Iris*. The yellow iris is a rustic plant that the German peasants cultivate on the top of their cottages. When the air agitates its beautiful flowers, and the sun gilds their petals, mixed with gold, purple, and azure, it appears as if light and perfumed flames rested on the tops of these rustic cottages.

FLATTERY, *Venus's Looking-glass*. As soon as the sun sheds on our harvests its golden light, you see glitter the bright purple of

the starry flowers of the blue-bell, but if clouds obscure its rays, the corolla of this flower immediately close as at the approach of night. It is related that Venus one day let fall on the earth one of her mirrors; a shepherd found the jewel, and as soon as he had cast his eyes on the glass that possessed the power of embellishing whoever looked at it, he forgot his mistress, and only thought of admiring himself; love, fearing the consequences of so foolish an error, broke the glass and changed the remains into this pretty plant that has retained the name of Venus's looking-glass.

FOLLY, *Columbine.* The pretty flowers of the columbine resemble the corals of folly.

FOR EVER FAIR, *Monthly rose.* The monthly rose tree blooms all the year round; its smell is delicious.

FORESIGHT, *Holly,* page 163.

FIRST EMOTIONS OF LOVE, *Lilac,* page 9.

FORGET ME NOT, *Mouse-ear,* page 107.

FRANKNESS, *Osier.* It is proverbially said of a

sincere man, he is as frank as an osier. It is in this sense Voltaire has said,

*Le fier et brave Montansier,
Dont le cœur est franc comme osier.*

FRIENDSHIP, *Ivy*, page 123.

FRIVOLITY, *London pride*. Shepherds call this plant *amourette*, perhaps on account of its agreeable and changeable aspect; but it is, for them, the emblem of light and frivolous sentiments, for a lover would think it an insult to his mistress to present her with a nosegay of *amourette*, or even one tied with this plant.

FRIVOLOUS AMUSEMENT, *Bladder nut tree*. The fruit of the bladder nut tree reverberates when pressed between the fingers. Idle people sometimes partake with little children the frivolous amusement of producing this noise.

FRUGALITY, *Succory*. Horace has sung the frugality of his meals, composed of mallows and succory.

FATUITY, *Pomegranate*. Fatuity has been re-

presented under the form of an ignorant person who wants to force a mole to admire a nosegay of pomegranates. These beautiful and scentless flowers are the emblem of stupidity.

FRATERNAL LOVE, *Pipe tree.* One of the Ptolemies, King of Egypt, rendered himself popular by the affection he shewed for his brother. A species of the pipe tree was consecrated to his memory, and his surname Philadelphus, that is to say, loving his brother, has served to distinguish this genus, of which we cultivate two species.

FORGETFULNESS, *Moonwort.* Moonwort is likewise called in France *Monnaie du Pape*, *Medaille de Judas*, *La Nacrée*, *La Satinée*, &c. This plant does not owe its various names to the seed, as is generally supposed, but to the partition that separates its flat large pods, orbicular like the moon. This partition, disengaged from its shells, remains brilliant, and resembles medals or moonwort. René, Duke of Bar and Lorraine, having been made prisoner, painted with his

own hand a branch of moonwort and sent it to his vassals to reproach them for their forgetfulness in not delivering him.

G.

GALL, *Common Fumitory*. This plant, which has a very disagreeable taste, has been named earth gall.

GALLANTRY, *A nosegay*. It is impossible to offer any thing more gallant than a nosegay; this present, although of little value, is always a proof of an amiable and delicate attention.

GAME, PLAY, *Hyacinth*. It was by playing at quoits on the shores of the river Amphrises that Apollo killed the beautiful Hyacinth. Not being able to recal him to life, the god metamorphosed him into a flower that bears his name.

GENEROSITY, *Orange tree*. The orange tree is always covered with flowers, fruits, and verdure; it is a generous friend that is always loading us with gifts.

GENIUS, *Plane tree*, page 153.

GENTILITY, *Rose pompone.* Gentility, which is the charm of childhood, constitutes the charms of the rose pompone.

GLORY, *Laurel,* page 161.

GOOD EDUCATION, *Cherry tree.* It is generally thought that the cherry, a native of Cerasonte, a city of Pontus, was brought to Rome by Lucullus. However, our forests have always produced naturally different species of small cherry trees, and they only require to be carefully cultivated to change their dry and bitter fruits into those charming berries that are the ornament of our fields and gardens.

GOODNESS, *Mercury, or Good Henry.* The French have given the name of their beloved King to a beneficent and useful plant that grows within the reach of the poor, and in a manner belongs exclusively to them. The Good Henry is not cultivated, it grows spontaneously on the top of hedges and bushes, it is the asparagus and spinach of the poor.

harems of the East this pretty flower signifies supreme happiness.

HATE, *Basil.* Poverty is sometimes represented under the figure of a woman covered with rags near a plant of basil. It is commonly said Hate has the eyes of a basilisk, because this name has been given to a fabulous animal which, it is said, kills with a single glance. However, basil is a name derived from the Greek word, signifying royal, a term justly applied to this perfumed plant.

HIDDEN MERIT, *Coriander.* Fresh coriander has an intolerable smell, as its name, *koris*, a bug, implies: but its perfumed seeds are sought for by cooks and confectioners, who often make use of its flavour in made dishes.

HERMITAGE, *Polygala, or Milk wort.* This pretty plant always preserves its leaves, which resemble those of the box. Hermits, who inhabited elevated places, formerly planted it around their habitations. The ancients thought this plant favourable to cattle, and that it caused them to yield

much milk, which its name expresses, *poly*, much, *gala*, milk.

HOPE, *Hawthorn*, page 23.

HORROR, *Virginian Snake root*. The Virginian snake root spreads on all sides its thorny roots that resemble knots of serpents.

HOSPITALITY, *Oak tree*, page 137.

HUMBLE AND UNFORTUNATE LOVE, *Foulsapatte*. In St. Pierre's *Chaumeire Indienne* the Paria (1) is made to offer to his mistress one of these flowers, which, in India, expresses humble and unfortunate love.

HUMILITY, *Field lily*. A plant that grows on the ground or rises by means of a support.

I.

I ATTACH MYSELF TO YOU, *Scarlet Ipomæ*. The Scarlet Ipomæ requires a support to its slender stalks, around which it twines its verdure and flowers.

I DIE IF NEGLECTED, *Laurestine*, page 160.

(1) Paria, a man in the lowest class of Indians who follow the laws of Brama. This caste is reputed so infamous that none of the others will hold any communication with it.

- I DECLARE WAR AGAINST YOU, *Wild tansey*.
This plant resembles the pyramidal cypress.
In some Italian towns the inhabitants present branches of it to those they wish to insult.
- I FEEL YOUR KINDNESS, *Flax*. The value and utility of this plant is every where felt; we are indebted to it for our cloths, paper, and lace.
- I BURN, *Cactus*. This singular plant, a native of South America, seems to become green under the sun's rays. Its large and thick leaves are covered with very sharp thorns that appear to burn the hand that touches them.
- I LOVE YOU, *Heliotrope*, page 114.
- I OVERCOME EVERY THING, *Mistletoe*, page 156.
- I PARTAKE OF YOUR SENTIMENTS, *Double daisy*.
It appears that some time has elapsed since culture has doubled the pretty field daisy. When the mistress of a knight allowed him to engrave this flower on his arms it was a public avowal that she partook of his sentiments.

I NEVER IMPORTUNE, *A rose leaf*, page 63.

I SHALL NOT SURVIVE YOU, *Black Mulberry tree*. Every body has read in La Fontaine the affecting story of Pyramus and Thisbe. Pyramus, thinking his beloved Thisbe had been devoured by a lion, killed himself in despair. Thisbe, who had kept away from fear, returned in time to see her lover expire, she could not survive him, and the same poignard united the two lovers.

Elle tombe, et, tombant, range ses vêtemens ;
 Dernier trait de pudeur même aux dernier momens,
 Les nymphes d'alentour lui donnèrent des larmes,
 Et du sang des amans teignirent, par des charmes,
 Le fruit d'un mûrier proche, et blanc jusqu' a ce jour,
 Eternal monument d'un si parfait amour.

I WILL THINK OF IT, *Field daisy*. In the time of chivalry, when a lady would neither accept nor reject the vows of her lover, she ornamented her forehead with a wreath of field daisies, which expressed, *I will think of it*.

INCONSTANCY, *Large flowered evening Primrose*. We have several times lost and found this beautiful flower, which is vulgarly called

onagra. It is a native of Virginia. M. Mordant de Launay has restored it to the Paris gardens, where, notwithstanding its inconstancy, it is favourably received.

INCORRUPTIBILITY, *Cedar tree*, page 152.

INDEPENDANCE, *Wild Plumb tree*. The wild plumb tree is the least docile of our indigenous trees, it will not bear pruning, nor can it be transplanted; for which reason the garden plumb tree is grafted on the apricot.

INDIFFERENCE, *Persian Iberid*, page 158.

INDISCRETION, *Tufted reeds*. King Midas having preferred the voice of the satyr Marsyas to that of Apollo, this god endowed him with ass's ears, the king's barber saw them, and not being able to keep the secret, buried it at the feet of some tufted reeds; these reeds shaken by the wind, continually murmured *King Midas has ass's ears*.

INFIDELITY, *Yellow Rose*. It is well known that yellow is the colour of faithless people. The yellow rose seems, likewise, to be their

flower : injured by water and withered by the sun, constraint alone appears to preserve this scentless rose, which profits not by attention or liberty. It blooms in perfection when its buds are bent towards the earth.

INGRATITUDE, Marsh Crow-foot. This plant is the most unwholesome of any in our meadows ; culture augments its bad qualities, it blows in May and June.

INJUSTICE, Hops. Hops are called by the naturalist *the wOLF of the earth*, because its twining stalks stifle the trees and plants which they surround, and its prodigious vegetation soon exhausts the ground where it grows.

IMMORTALITY, Amaranth. The name of this flower is composed of two Greek words, that signify it never fades, page 140.

IMPATIENCE, Balsam. The pod that contains the seeds of this plant is a cell with five divisions. When maturity approaches, each of these divisions opens at the slightest

touch, and scatters its seeds by a spontaneous movement.

IMPORTUNITY, *Burdock*. Burdock seizes on good ground, from which it is difficult to exclude it; every body knows its seeds which fasten on one's clothes in so importunate a manner.

INNOCENCE, *Daisy*, page 195.

INSPIRATION, *Angelica*. This beautiful plant, which grows in the most northern countries, crowns the Lapland poets, who believe themselves to be inspired by its sweet odour.

INTOXICATION, *Vine*. Anacharsis says the vine bears three sorts of fruits, intoxication, voluptuousness, and repentance, and that he who eats, drinks, and amuses himself moderately, possesses the character of a really abstemious man.

INUTILITY, *Meadow sweet*. The meadow sweet, called likewise *queen of the meadows*, is considered a useless beauty, because doctors do not find any virtue in it, and animals refuse to eat it.

IRONY, *Sardonica*. This plant has some resemblance to parsley; it contains a poison which contracts the mouth in so singular a manner that it gives the appearance of laughter to a dying person—it is called the sardonic laugh, and often plays on the lips of satire and bitter irony.

J.

JOKING, *Balm gentle*. This plant exhales an agreeable lemon smell, its infusion calms the nerves, and excites gaiety.

JOY, *Wood sorrel*. Wood sorrel, vulgarly called *cuckoo's bread*, flowers at Easter. This pretty plant every evening shuts its leaves, closes its corolla, and hangs its flowers; it seems to yield to sleep, but, at the first approach of day, unfolds its petals, and opens its flowers; it is probably for this reason that country people say it gives praise to God.

JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE UNTO YOU, *Sweet scented Tussilage*, page 130.

K.

KNOTS, *Tendrils.* Tendril is a name common to all climbing plants, they cling to all around them.

L.

LIFE, *Trefoil,* page 39.

LIGHTNESS, *Lark-spur.* The flower of the lark-spur is papilionaceous, yellow and shining, it owes its name to the singular form of its pod, on which may be distinguished the articulation and bones of a bird's foot.

LOVE, *Myrtle,* page 27.

LUXURY, *Horse Chesnut,* page 7.

LONGEVITY, *Fig.* The fig has been made the emblem of longevity, because if ripe and eaten with moderation it prolongs our existence; it is an emollient, and mildly laxative. The Andalusians eat them before breakfast, with this saying, *En eso va la vida,* On this our life depends.

droops, and if the plant be low, rests upon the earth. A cloud passing before the sun suffices to change the leaves and aspect of the plant. The ancients had observed this phenomenon, Pliny speaks of it, but neither Pliny nor the moderns can explain it.

MUSIC, *Reeds.* Pan, who loved the beautiful Syrinx, pursued her one day on the shores of the river Ladon in Arcadia, the nymph implored the help of the river, which received her into its waters, and metamorphosed her into reeds. Pan cut several of these stalks of different sizes, and, it is said, constructed the first shepherd's flute.

MOURNING, *Cypress,* page 134.

MY BEST DAYS ARE PAST, *Meadow Saffron,* page 126.

MY REGRETS FOLLOW YOU TO THE TOMB, *Asphodel.* In ancient times asphodel was planted near tombs, and, it was thought, that beyond the Acheron the ghosts wandered in a vast field of Asphodels, drinking the waters of the Lcthe.

N.

NEATNESS, *Birch tree.* There are in the genus of birch many useful species, some are employed in medicines, others make brooms, and others furnish dyes; all grow naturally; the Spanish birch is the only one cultivated for the beauty and perfume of its flowers.

NIGHT, *Night Convolvulus.* There are many species of beautiful bind-weed that only open at night, they are natives of hot countries.

O.

OBSTACLE, *Rest Harrow,* page 34.

ORNAMENT *Horn-beam tree.* The hornbeam tree was formerly the ornament of our large gardens. It was employed to form long curtains of verdure, porticoes, obelisks, pyramids, and colonnades. Father Rapin in his poem of the Gardens, speaks highly of this tree. Le Notre introduced it at Versailles with great judgment and taste in his beautiful compositions.

ORACLE, *Dandelion,* page 101.

P.

PAIN, SORROW, *Mrigold*, page 94.

PATIENCE, *Patience Dock*. The root of this plant is often used in medicine, it is very bitter, the name of the plant is homonymous, it is in this sense Mlle. Scudery has said, patience is not a flower for the French. Passerat has likewise said in his garden of love,

On peut en ce jardin cueillir la Patience
De la prendre en amour [je n'al pas la science.

PEACE, *Olive tree*. Peace, wisdom, concord, mildness, clemency, joy, and the graces, are crowned with olive. The dove sent by Noah returned to the ark with a branch of olive in her mouth, as the signal of the peace heaven had just granted to earth.

PEACE, RECONCILIATION, *Filbert tree*, page 198.

PENCILLED-LEAF GERANIUM, *Ingenuity*. When we compare the works of God with those of man, how trifling do the latter appear; take a piece of the finest lawn, look at it through a glass, and it appears like canvass; take on the contrary the meanest of the Almighty's works, and the more you

examine it the greater harmony and symmetry you will find. The pencilled-leaf geranium to the negligent and careless observer appears a simple common flower; but examine it closely, mark the pink veins that meander in every direction over its leaves, sometimes so delicate as to be scarcely visible; study it well, and the more you do so the more beautiful it will appear, and learn thence to admire the skill and ingenuity displayed in the Creator's works.

PERFECTION, *Strawberries*, page 51.

PERFIDY, *Almond Laurel*, page 128.

PLATONIC LOVE, *Acacia*, page 86.

POETRY, *Eglantine*. Eglantine is the poet's flower; in the floral games it is the prize bestowed for a piece of poetry devoted to the celebration of the charms of study and eloquence.

POWER, *Master wort*. The flowers of the master wort resemble reversed tulips, they form a crown of one or two rows on the top of the stalk, that terminate in a tuft of beautiful green leaves. Each of the flowers con-

tains several drops of water that remain attached to the bottom of the corolla until it is faded, then the pedicles rise to ripen the seed. The play of the six stamens is likewise very curious, they are all separated from the pistil, at first three spring up, and, after their homage, then three more come in their turn, when the others are retired.

PREFERENCE, *Apple blossom.* A lovely flower which promises good and beautiful fruit, may be preferred even to the rose.

PREFERENCE, *Rose Geranium.* There are more than a hundred species of geranium, some are sad, brilliant, perfumed, scentless. Those which smell like roses are distinguished by the softness of their leaves, their odour, and the beauty of their purple flowers.

PRESAGE, *Weeping Marigold.* The weeping marigold opens from seven o'clock until four, if the weather be dry, if it does not open, or should it close before its accustomed hour, rain may be expected.

PRESUMPTION, *Snap-dragon.* The flowers of this plant are sometimes of so bright a red

that it is with difficulty they can be looked at steadfastly. This beautiful plant has been judiciously transplanted into our gardens, but like presumptuous people, it is sometimes troublesome by spreading too far, and is therefore eradicated.

PRIDE, *Amaryllis*. The gardeners say that the amaryllis, of which there are a great number of species, are proud plants, because even with the greatest care they often refuse to blossom. The Guernsey lily is a charming flower which resembles in shape and size the tuberose; its colour is cherry red, and with the sun shining on it has the appearance of powdered gold. The name of these beautiful plants is derived from the Greek verb amaryss, signifying *I shine*.

PRIVATION, *Myrobolan*. The myrobolan is like a plumb tree, and produces a fruit of the colour and shape of a cherry, but it only contains an insipid liquid. The birds even refuse to feed upon it.

PROFIT, *Cabbage*. Formerly near Rome the fields were covered with cabbages, those who

cultivated them gained immense profits, thence it is that the proverb is derived, *il fait ses choux gras*, he feathers his nest well, that is to say, he manages his affairs well and every thing turns to his advantage.

PROMPTITUDE, *Weck's-stock*. This plant quickly takes root, and forty days after it is sown may be seen in full blossom. But as the flowers soon fade, to enjoy them for any length of time they should be sown between March and August. There is not any thing more fresh or more varied than the pretty lilac, pink, and white shades of these flowers, which exhale a fragrant odour.

PROSPERITY, *Beech tree*. The beech tree may be considered as the rival of the oak in the beauty of its proportions and the utility of its wood, it grows every where, and thrives so quickly that it is proverbially said that it may be seen to prosper.

PROTECTION, *Herb-sea-thirst*, page 192.

PROHIBITION, *Privet*, page 41.

PRUDENCE, *Coculus Indicus*, page 155.

PURE AND ARDENT LOVE, *Carnation*, page 77.

PURITY, *Star of Bethlehem*. Nothing is more soft, pure, and agreeable, than the appearance of this lovely plant, which, in the month of June, rises in a beautiful bunch of white starry flowers.

PARASITE, *Dragon's head*. This plant is a native of America. It is said that if its flowers are deranged, by moving them to and fro horizontally in a semicircle, they will remain in any situation that may be desired, within the given space, as if their pedicles were articulated on purpose to bend to these extraordinary movements; thus it is with persons of a fawning disposition, they acquiesce in all opinions, however erroneous, sometimes from interest and fear of offending, and often from a mistaken notion of appearing amiable.

R.

RARITY, *Mandrake*. The ancients attributed great virtue to the mandrake, but as they have not left us any description of the

plant we are ignorant to what species they have given this name. Quacks, by a gross artifice, can give the shape of a little figure to different roots which they show to the credulous, saying these marvellous roots are real mandrakes, and are only found in a canton of China, nearly inaccessible. They add that mandrakes cry lamentably when they are gathered, and that he who pulls them up dies soon after. Such was the supposed impiety attached to the up-rooting of this plant that dogs were usually employed to obtain it. A curious book might be formed of all the absurd ideas to which ancient errors on the supposed virtues of plants which never existed have given rise.

REASON, *Goat's Rue*. Doctors use the juice of this plant to calm the transports of the mind and recal wandering reason.

RECOMPENSE OF VIRTUE, *Wreath of Roses*, page 70.

RECONCILIATION, PEACE, *Filbert tree*, page 198.

REMEMBER ME, *Mouse-ear*, page 107.

**RENDER YOURSELF, *Chickweed. Mouron An-
galis.*** Dioscorides tells us that the most
common species of chickweed was employed
in extracting the iron heads of arrows from
wounds. The Greek word *anago*, from
which it is derived, signifies to draw or
attract.

RESERVE, *Maple.* Maple is made the emblem
of reserve, because its flowers open late and
fall slowly.

RESISTANCE, *Tremelle Nostoc.* The Tremelle
is a gelatinous plant that has much occu-
pied the naturalist until now, and has es-
caped his researches. It was celebrated by
alchemists, who used it to prepare the
philosopher's stone and universal panacea,
as an emanation from the stars; other
sages have only seen in this gelatina the
excrement of hawks who have eaten frogs;
others believed it to be a real animal;
but it appears, that, to escape all researches,
this plant transforms itself into several
analogous ones, which again mingle with
each other. It is found in the alleys of

gardens and in meadows. After cool and rainy nights it has been observed entirely to cover the ground of the gardens of the Tuilleries ; but a few hours after sun rise it has disappeared. In fact nothing is positively known about the tremelle, it is a secret of nature.

RETAIN YOUR PROMISES, *Plumb tree.* Every year the plumb tree is loaded with a multitude of flowers, but if the gardener does not prune part of this useless luxury the trees will only bear once in three years.

RETURN OF HAPPINESS, *Lily,* page 40.

RICHES, *Corn,* page 93.

RIGOUR, *Lantana.* The lantana comes from America, is always covered with flowers as white as snow and of a sweet smell, but the short crooked thorns that defend its stalks and branches, make those who wish to touch it feel its severity.

ROYALTY, *Angree.* Angree is a parasitical plant of the Molucca Isles. In the island of Ternatus the princesses of the blood put

it in their hair, and do not allow slaves and domestics to wear it. The sisters and daughters of the king have reserved to themselves this exclusive right, persuaded, says M. Adanson, that nature, by causing this plant to grow but in elevated places, clearly indicates that its flowers are intended to ornament royalty alone.

RUDENESS, *Clot Bur.* The rough and harsh clot bur, which offers neither beauty nor utility, is continually banished from our fields, to which it always returns.

RUPTURE, *Polemonum, or Wild Sage.* Pliny assures us that many kings disputed the honour of having found the polemonum, which gave to this plant the name Polemos, signifying war.

RUPTURE, *Broken straw,* page 147.

S.

SADNESS, MELANCHOLY, *Dead leaves,* page 150.

SAD RECOLLECTIONS, *Adonis,* page 85.

SELFISHNESS, *Narcissus,* page 45.

SEPARATION, *Virginian Jessamine*, page 99.

SICKNESS, *Field Anemomy*. In some provinces it is imagined that the flowers of the field anemomy are so pernicious that they poison the wind, and those who breathe its emanations are subject to severe maladies.

SILENCE, *White Rose*. The god of silence was represented under the form of a young man half naked, with a finger on his lip, holding a white rose in his other hand. It is said that love gave him this rose to induce him to be favourable to him. The ancients sculptured a rose on the door of feasting saloons, to warn the guests they were not to repeat anything said there.

SIMPLICITY, *A single rose*. Simplicity embellishes even beauty, and veils ugliness. Clémence Isaure, who instituted the floral games, gave a single rose as the prize of eloquence.

SINCERITY, *Fern*. This plant furnishes seats to lovers, and cups to drinkers, it is acknowledged that love and wine united produce sincerity.

SHAME, *Gnat-snapper.* Father Rapin, in his poem of the Gardens, speaking of the gnat-snapper, says, it is not the blush of modesty that colours it, but the blush of shame.

SLEEP, *White Poppy.* From the seed of the white poppy may be obtained an oil without flavour that calms the mind and causes sleep.

SNARE, *Catch Fly.* The catch fly is a very simple emblem of the gross snares spread for imprudent youth. Flies, attracted by the bad smell of this plant, entangle themselves in its flowers, and cannot escape.

SOLITUDE, *Heath,* page 42.

SKILL, *Spider Ophris.* Arachne was a very skilful embroideress, who defied Minerva in the exercise of this art. The offended goddess metamorphosed her into a spider. The spider ophris resembles this insect, which retains its skill under a hideous exterior.

SORROW, TROUBLE, *Marigold,* page 94.

SOURNESS, *Barberry.* The fruit of the barberry

is very sour, the tree that bears it is armed with thorns, and the flowers possess so great an irritability that at the slightest touch, all the stamina fold round the pistil. Thus this tree possesses all the different characters of persons who are ill-tempered and splenetic.

SPLENDOUR, *Scarlet Nasturtium.* The scarlet nasturtium is a species of the yellow eglantine obtained at the king's garden, there is not any thing more splendid than these yellow flowers.

STABILITY, *Cresses.* The ancients were of opinion that those who ate cresses became firm and decided, for that reason they were much sought after.

STOICISM, *Box tree.* The box tree prefers the shade, and without changing its verdure supports cold and heat, demands little care, and lives for many years.

STRATAGEM, *Walnut,* page 179.

STUPIDITY, *Scarlet Geranium,* page 132.

STRENGTH, *Fennel.* The gladiators mixed this

plant with their food to give them strength ; after the games of the arena the conqueror was crowned with fennel. The Romans called this plant Aneth.

SURETY, *Sistrum, or Cittern.* This plant resembles grey peas, it is rarely cultivated. Aristotle assure us that those who hold it in their hands are preserved from ghosts and phantoms.

SURPRISE, *Truffle.* This singular vegetable is an object of surprise to the observer, it has neither stalk, root, nor leaves ; they grow under ground, and never appear above the surface of the earth.

SUSPICION, *Mushroom.* There are many species of mushrooms known to be mortal poisons. The Ostiacks, a people of Siberia, make with three *agaricus muscarius* a preparation that will kill the strongest man in twelve hours. Many of the mushrooms in our country are likewise dangerous, some contain a liquid so acid that a single drop on the tongue will blister it. The Russians, during their long fasts, live nearly entirely on mushrooms.

SUSPICION, *Lavender.* It was formerly thought that the asp, a species of viper very dangerous, generally lived in lavender, for which reason it was approached with caution. The ancients used it generally in their baths, whence it derived its name.

SWEET RECOLLECTIONS, *Periwinkle,* page 14.

SUCCOURS, ASYLUM, *Juniper tree,* page 171.

T.

TEARS, *Helena.* The flowers of the Helena resemble little yellow suns; they blow in autumn with the China aster; it is said they were produced by the tears of Helen.

TEMPTATION, *Quince.* The quince has been much celebrated in ancient poets; Virgil mentions it in his Eclogues; it is said, that the golden fruits in the garden of Hesperides were quinces, and it was these which tempted Hercules to attack the dragon that guarded them; in corroboration it is asserted that a statue of the demi-god is to be seen holding this fruit in his hand, as a trophy. It was likewise by means of gol-

den quinces given him by Venus, that Hippomenes amused Atalanta during the race, and thus won her. It is also supposed that the fruit of the forbidden tree, that Eve, in an evil hour, was tempted to gather, was a quince, and not an apple, as is generally imagined.

THANKFULNESS, GRATITUDE, *Agrimony*. Agrimony is that pretty bell flower, whose blossoms of the palest blue are suspended to the stalk in form of bells. Madame de Chasteney, in her *Flora's Calendar*, says it is supposed that the name of agrimony was given to it from the resemblance of its calyx, when despoiled of flowers, to hermit's bells. But it is probable that gratitude has given the name of *Religieuse des Champs* to this pretty salutary and beneficent bell-flower, in honour of some mild, good, and compassionate nun.

THOUGHTLESSNESS, *Almond tree*, page 12.

THE RETURN OF HAPPINESS, *Lily of the Valley*, page 40.

TIES OF LOVE, *Honeysuckle*, page 37.

TIME, *White Poplar.* The white poplar is indigenous: it elevates its lofty head on a straight trunk covered with silvery bark frequently to a height of ninety feet. The ancients consecrated it to Time, because the leaves of this beautiful tree are in continual movement; and, brown on one side and white on the other, they indicate alternate day and night.

TIMIDITY, *Marvel of Peru.*

TREASON, *Myrtle berry or Myrtillus.* Œnomaüs, father of the beautiful Hippodamie, had for a Knight young Myrtil, the son of Mercury. Proud of his honour he demanded that all those who aspired to the hand of his daughter should enter the lists, and dispute with him the prize of chariot-racing. Pelops, who wished to obtain Hippodamie, promised Myrtil a large reward if he would withdraw the pin that fastened the wheel of his master's chariot. Myrtil was seduced by his offer; the chariot turned over, and Œnomaüs was killed; but, as he expired, he begged Pelops to avenge him, which he

did, by throwing the treacherous knight into the sea: the waters having carried his body on shore, Mercury changed it into a tree, which bears his name; it is the myrtle berry. It grows on the sea-shore, in cool and shady places. To its pretty flowers succeed bells of a dark blue, of a sharp and agreeable taste.

TRANQUILLITY, *Madwort.* The ancients thought the madwort a good cure for madness: it is still used as a remedy against that malady.

TRUTH, *Bitter-sweet Nightshade.* The ancients thought truth was the mother of Virtue, the daughter of Time, and queen of the world. It is said that this divinity conceals herself in the bottom of a well, and that she always mixes some bitterness with her blessings; a useless plant, that, like her, delights in shade, and is always green, is given to her as an emblem. The bitter-sweet nightshade is said to be the only plant that, in our country, sheds and re-produces its leaves twice in the same year.

TO LIVE WITHOUT LOVE, *Chaste tree,* page 170.

U.

UNFADING BEAUTY, *Stock, or Gilly flower*, page 91.

UNION, *A whole straw*, page 147.

UTILITY, *Turf, grass*, page 1.

V.

VOLUPTUOUS LOVE, *Moss rose*, page 67.

VARIETY, *China aster*, page 110.

VICE, *Tare*, page 82.

VIOLENT LOVE, *A white and red rose*, page 69.

VOLUBILITY, *Abecedary*. This plant is a native of the island of Fernalus; when you chew its head, or roots, the tongue feels a stimulating sensation, that gives it a singular fluency. This plant is employed in loosening childrens' tongues, whence comes its name abecedary, or childrens' grass.

W.

WAR, *Milfoil*. This plant cicatrizes all wounds made by iron: it is said that Achilles used it to cure the wounds of Telephus.

WARMTH OF SENTIMENT, *Peppermint*. Minthes was surprised by Proserpine in the arms of her husband. The enraged goddess metamorphosed her rival into a plant, that appears to contain, in its double smell, the coldness of fear, and the ardour of love. We cultivate this plant under the name of peppermint, and we owe to it the drops that bear its name.

WEAKNESS, *Moschatel*. This plant, vulgarly called the musk tree, has so mild a smell that it is agreeable even to persons who have a particular dislike to musk. It is common to our woods, and its generical name, *Adoxa*, is derived from the Greek, and signifies without glory or splendour.

WISDOM, *White Mulberry tree*. The ancients have called the white mulberry tree the wisest of trees. It is a long time before it unfolds its leaves. A branch of almond tree, united with a branch of mulberry tree, expresses that wisdom ought to temper activity.

WITCHCRAFT, *Circæ, or enchanter's Night shade*. This plant, as its name indicates, is cele-

brated in magical conjurations: its flower, in ear, is rose colour, streaked with purple. It prefers damp and shady places; and is often found in ruins, or on the remains of tombs.

WITHERED ROSE, *Fleeting beauty.* When we contemplate a withered rose and reflect that but a few hours past it was revelling in all the pride of beauty, we must consider it the fit emblem of fleeting beauty, for, charming as loveliness is, how soon it fades! Let a withered rose, which, though decayed, retains a fragrant smell, instruct us that when beauty has flown away, we may, like it, still be able to please.

Y.

YOU ARE COLD, *Skirret.* We have only possessed the skirret for a few years. Although its corymb of flowers are prettily tinged with white, purple, and violet, yet its cold beauty soon ceases to please; it is the image of a coquet, who, without beauty or mind, only seeks admiration by means of her toilet.

YOU ARE MY DIVINITY, *American cowslip.* The elegant stalk of a single sprig of this plant rises from the middle of a tuft of large leaves bending towards the earth. In April it is crowned with twelve pretty pink flowers. Linnæus has given this plant the name of Dodecatheon, which signifies twelve divinities.

YOU ARE PERFECT, *Pine apple.* The fruit of the pine apple tree, surrounded with its beautiful leaves and surmounted by a crown, has the appearance of being sculptured in pale gold; it is so beautiful that it appears only made to delight the eye, so delicious that it unites all the various flavours of our best fruits, and so odoriferous that it would be cultivated solely for its perfume.

YOU ARE RADIANT WITH CHARMS, *Asiatic Ranonculus.* It is in the beginning of spring that the dazzling ranonculus is seen to unfold its variegated glossy flowers shining with a thousand colours, and brilliant with a thousand charms.

YOU HAVE NO CLAIMS, *Pasque flower.* This

plant, which is likewise called Jupiter's flower, or crown of the field, is a downy plant, soft and completely white, it is covered during summer with an infinity of pretty purple flowers that resemble little carnations; it prefers the shade, wants no care, and is often self-sown.

YOUR CHARMS ARE ENGRAVEN IN MY HEART,
Fusia. *Fusia* is thus named because its wood is used to make spindles and prepare chalks. Sculptors and turners esteem it much. If this wood be precious for the arts it ought to be likewise to cultivators,—the hedges ornamented with it appear in autumn loaded with red fruits that have a very pretty effect.

YOUR LOOKS FREEZE ME, *Ice plant.* The leaves of this singular plant are covered with transparent vesicles full of water. When the plant is in the shade it appears covered with dew, exposed to the rays of the sun it appears covered with frozen chrystals that give it great brilliancy.

YOUR PRESENCE RE-ANIMATES ME. Queen of

Hungary water is made from rosemary, it re-animates the spirits, and dissipates fainting and dizziness.

YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR CHARMS, *Mignonette*, page 96.

YOUTH, *White lilac*. By the purity and short duration of its beautiful flowers, white lilac is the symbol of youth, of that fleeting and charming blessing that not all the treasures of the world can acquire.



DICTIONARY
OF THE
PLANTS,
WITH THEIR EMBLEMS.

A.

Abecedary
Acacia
Acanthus
Adonis
Agrimony
Almon tree
Aloes

Volubility.
Platonic love.
Arts.
Sad recollections.
Gratitude.
Thoughtlessness.
Bitterness, Grief.

Amarath	Immortality.
Amaryllis	Pride.
Anemony	Abandon.
Angelica	Inspiration.
Angrec	Royalty.
Ash tree	Grandeur.
Aspen tree	Groaning.
	B.
Balm	Grief.
Balm gentle	Joking.
Balm of Gilead	Cure.
Balsam	Impatience.
Barberry	Sourness.
Basil	Hate.
Beech tree	Prosperity.
Bind weed	Knots.
Birch	Neatness.
Bitter sweet night shade	Truth.
Black Mulberry	I shall not survive you.
Black Poplar	Courage.
Black thorn	Difficulties.
Bladder nut tree	Frivolous amusement.
Blue bell	Delicacy.

Blue pyramidal bell- flower	Constancy.
Borage	Bluntness.
Borken straw	Rupture.
Box	Stoicism.
Bugloss	Deceit.
Burdock	Importunity.

C.

Cabbage	Profit.
Cactus	I burn.
Carnation	Pure and ardent love.
Catesby's starwort	After-thought.
Cedar	Incorruptibility.
Chaste tree	Coldness, to live without love.
Cherry laurel	Perfidy
Chesnut tree	Do me justice.
Chick weed	Render yourself.
China aster	Variety.
China pink	China pink.
Cinquefoil	Beloved daughter.
Cittern	Surety.

Clandestine	Concealed love.
Clove tree	Dignity.
Cocoa tree	Mistake.
Colours	See page 187
Columbine	Folly.
Common broom	Ardour.
Coriander	Hidden merit.
Corn	Riches.
Cornelian cherry	Duration.
Cresses	Stability.
Cretan dittany	Birth.
Cypress	Mourning.

D

Damask rose	Grace.
Dandelion	Oracle.
Darnel	Vice.
Dead leaves	Melancholy.
Doddar	Meanness.
Dragon's head	Parasite.

E.

Ebon tree	Blackness.
Eglantine	Poetry.

Egyptian lotus	Eloquence.
Enchanter's night shade	Witchcraft.
Ever flowering candy tuft	Indifference.

F.

Fennel	Strength
Fern	Sincerity.
Field daisy	I will think of it.
Field lily	Humility.
Field rush	Docility.
Fig	Longevity.
Filbert tree	Peace, reconciliation.
Fir tree	Elevation.
Flax	I feel your kindness.
Fly orchis	Error.
Fuller's teasel	Misanthropy.
Fumitory	Gall.
Fusia	Your charms are engraved on my heart.

G.

Gilly flower	Unfading beauty.
--------------	------------------

Gnat snapper	Shame.
Goat's rue	Reason.
Good Henry	Goodness
Gourd	Extent, bulkiness.
Grass	Utility.
Great flowered evening primrose	Inconstancy.

H.

Hawthorn	Hope.
Heath	Solitude.
Helena	Tears.
Heliotrope	I love you, intoxication
Henbane	Fault.
Holly	Foresight.
Hollyhock	Fecundity.
Honeysuckle	Ties of love.
Hops	Injustice.
Hornbeam	Ornament.
Horse chesnut	Luxury.
Hyacinth	Play, game.

I.

Ice plant	Your looks freeze me
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Ipomoea	I attach myself to you.
Iris	Message, messenger.
Ivy	Friendship.

J.

Jonquil	Desire.
Juniper tree	Asylum, succour.

L.

Lantana	Rigour.
Larch tree	Audacity.
Lark spur	Lightness.
Laurel	Glory.
Laurestine	I die if neglected.
Lavender	Suspicion.
Lettuce	Coldness.
Lilac	First emotions of love.
Lily	Majesty.
Lily of the valley	The return of happiness.
Linden tree	Conjugal love.
Little daisy	Innocence.

Little double daisy	I partake of your sentiments.
Liver wort	Confidence.
London pride	Frivolity.
Lote tree	Concord.
Lovage-leaved bubon	Concealment.

M.

Madder	Calumny.
Madwort	Tranquillity.
Maidenhair	Discretion.
Manchineel	Falsity.
Mandrake	Rarity.
Maple	Reserve.
Marigold	Grief, sorrow.
Marigold and cypress	Despair.
Marsh crow foot	Ingratitude.
Marsh mallow	Beneficence.
Mavel of Peru	Timidity.
Master wort	Power.
Meadow saffron	My youthful days are passed.
Meadow sweet	Inutility.
Merganthum	Tranquillity
Mezereon	Coquetry, wish to please

Mignonette	Your qualities surpass your charms.
Milfoil	War.
Milkwort	Hermitage.
Misletoe	I overcome every thing.
Monthly rose	Ever fair.
Moonwort	Forgetfulness.
Moschatel	Weakness.
Moss	Maternal love.
Moss rose	Voluptuous love.
Mouse ear	Forget me not.
Moving plant	Agitation.
Mugwort	Happiness.
Mushroom	Suspicion.
Musk rose	Capricious beauty.
Myrobolan	Privation.
Myrtle	Love.
Myrtle berry.	Treason.

N.

Narcissus	Selfishness, egotism.
Nettle	Cruelty.
Night convolvulus	Night.
Nosegay	Gallantry.

O.

Oak	Hospitality.
Olive tree	Peace.
Orange flowers	Chastity.
Orange tree	Generosity.
Osmunda	Dreams.

P.

Parsley	Feast, banquet.
Pasque flowers	You have no claims.
Patience	Patience.
Peppermint	Warmth of sentiment.
Periwinkle	Sweet recollections.
Pine tree	Boldness.
Pine apple	You are perfect.
Pipe tree	Fraternal love.
Plane tree	Genius.
Plumb tree	Retain your promises.
Potatoe	Beneficence.
Primrose	Early youth.
Privet	Prohibition.

Q.

Quince Temptation.

R.

Ranunculus You are radiant with
 charms.
Red Indian jasmine See Ipomæe.
Red valerian Facility.
Reeds Music.
Rest harrow Obstacle.
Rose Beauty.
Rose acacia Elegance.
Rose bud A young girl.
Rose geranium Preference.
Rose leaf I never importune.
Rosemary Your presence reani-
 mates me.
Rose pompone Gentility.
Rose tree in a tuft of A great deal is to be
 grass gained from good
 company.

S.

Sad geranium	Melancholy mind.
Saffron	Do not abuse.
Sardonica	Irony.
Scarlet geranium	Stupidity.
Scarlet nasturtium	Splendour.
Sea thirst	Protection.
Service tree	Prudence.
Silver weed	Simplicity.
Single rose	Simplicity.
Skirret	Coldness.
Small sage	Esteem.
Snap dragon	Presumption.
Snow drop	Consolation.
Spider ophrys	Skill.
Squirting cucumber	Criticism.
Stromonium	Disguise.
Strawberries	Perfection.
Succory	Frugality.
Sun flower	False riches.
Sweet sultan	Happiness, felicity.
Sweet tussilage	Justice shall be done unto you.

Sweet william	Finesse, craftiness.
Sycamore	Curiosity.

T.

Thistle	Austerity.
Thorns	Envy.
Thyme	Activity.
Trefoil	Life.
Truffle	Surprise.
Tuberose	Voluptuousness.
Tulip	Declaration of love.
Tufted reeds	Indiscretion.

V.

Venus's looking-glass	Flattery.
Veronica	Fidelity.
Vervain	Enchantment.
Vine	Intoxication.
Violet	Modesty.
Virginian jasmine	Separation.
Virginian spider wort	Momentary happiness.

W.

Wall flower	Fidelity is misfortune.
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Walnut	Stratagem.
Weak stock.	Promptitude.
Weeping willow	Melancholy.
White and red rose	Ardent love.
——— dittany	Fire.
——— jasmin	Amiability.
——— lilac	Youth.
——— mulberry	Wisdom.
——— poplar	Time.
——— poppy	Sleep of the heart.
——— rose	Silence.
——— rose bud	A heart ignorant of love.
——— violet	Innocence.
Whole straw	Union.
Wild plumb tree	Independence.
Wild poppy	Consolation.
Wild rue	Manners.
Wild sage	Rupture.
Wood sorrel	Joy.
Wormwood	Absence.
Wreaths	See page 181.
Wreath of roses	Recompense of virtue.

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