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LE

Bouquet des Souvenirs.

Sacred to Friendship; we would place
Thy name, dark Ivy, on our opening page
And here thy changeless leaf we trace,
Trusting that, should our lives endure to age,
Our love, without a change or shade,
May meet all trials with a smile serene,
Unaltered, as thy graceful braid
In Summer's heat and Winter's cold is seen.

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LE
BOUQUET DES SOUVENIRS;

A Wreath of Friendship.

THE BOTANICAL PORTION
BY THE REV. J. S. HENSLOW,
PROFESSOR OF BOTANY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

TWENTY-FIVE COLOURED PLATES.

Moreover, in these fayre offspringes of nature there is a charme removed from their beantie, the which appealeth to the harte; manye finde in them the emblems of some excellent qualitie or tender feelinge.—OLD HERBAL.

Grissard.—Where is our young Mistress?

Lucy.—In the garden, forsooth, with her companions, weaving garlands, which they term wreaths of friendship;—I have small patience at such waste of time.—THE MANOR HOUSE.

LONDON:
ROBERT TYAS, 8, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCL.

LONDON:
E., B., AND G. CLARKE, SILVER STREET, FALCON SQUARE.

16-0344
P R E F A C E.

A few words in explanation of the name and original design of our volume may be excused. It was a year's occasional amusement to three friends, and, in yielding to a wish for its publication, we hope the addition of the botanical descriptions may render it more generally interesting. Although, in weaving our "Wreath," very much gratification has resulted to ourselves, we had a higher aim,—that of presenting a small memorial of our love to those who best claim it, and their approval is the meed for which, in happy confidence, we look.

A mother's eye is not quick to discern imperfections, nor her voice prompt to blame; we may spare, therefore, apologies for defects, for to such gentle criticism is our wreath affectionately commended.

MY DEAR SISTER,

In complying with your request "that I would furnish you with a popular description of the several plants figured in 'A Wreath of Friendship,'" I must risk my reputation as a Botanist with scientific readers, and hazard my character, by being thought pedantic, with those who are unaccustomed to the use of technical terms. As I am now writing solely for the latter description of readers, I shall venture to recommend them to apply for information to a little glossary of such as I may think it advisable to use, and with which I shall here furnish you; and they will then, I trust, have no difficulty in following me in the half technical, half explanatory form, in which I shall

attempt to meet your wishes. Should they become inspired with a desire of learning more, they must have recourse to some treatise written expressly for the purpose.

Your's affectionately,

J. S. HENSLOW.

Cambridge.

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Le Bouquet des Souvenirs.

LE

Bouquet Des Souvenirs.

HEDERA HELIX.

NAT. CLASS, — DICOTYLEDONES ; ORDER, ARALIACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
PENTANDRIA ; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

THE long slender stems and branches of the Ivy either trail along the ground, or cling to the surface of trees and walls by means of dense tufts of fibrous roots, which are freely emitted from the side that is not exposed to the light; and when the branches have reached the limits of their support they produce flowers. The leaves are alternate, with long petioles, and shining dark green limbs, which are for the most part divided into five lobes, though sometimes undivided, and rhomboidal in form. The pale greenish flowers are produced in rounded umbels at the extre-

mities of the branches. The calyx is superior, with five small teeth. The corolla consists of five oblong spreading petals. There are five stamens with awl-shaped filaments, and the pistil has a five-celled ovary, each cell containing one ovule; the style is very short, and has a simple stigma. The fruit is a dark purple pulpy berry with five cells, but as one or two of the ovules are most frequently abortive, the seeds are seldom more than three or four instead of five.

I V Y.

E M B L E M O F F R I E N D S H I P.

THY home, wild plant, is where each sound
 Of revelry hath long been o'er;
 Where song's full notes once pealed around,
 But now are heard no more.

Where years are hast'ning to efface
 Each record of the grand and fair,
 Thou, in thy solitary grace,
 Wreath of the tomb, art there!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE Ivy is a native of the whole of Europe, but an exotic in America, where it is yet but rarely seen. This accords with the ideas we naturally connect with this plant. Is not the Ivy's home

“Around the wrecks of time;”

and where in the *new world* can it find

“a site disconsolate,
 On turret, wall, or tower?”

Name but the Ivy, and some beautiful remnant of the grandeur, taste, or piety of former days (over which time, as he mars its fair proportions,

gently throws a mantle of Ivy to supply a new grace),

“ will flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.”

To me it will never fail to recall a spot recently visited, where I saw this lovely plant waving in full luxuriance over a beautiful village church, which is, alas! in ruins. I allude to the Gothic church of Ayott St. Lawrence, Hertfordshire, which a lamentable taste has suffered to decay, and erected in its stead, as a place of worship for the one true God, the exact model of a temple formerly dedicated to some heathen deity: this stands in freshness and beauty very near the old church, yet my attention was drawn to it but for a moment from that ruined specimen of a style which through a long lapse of years was consecrated to Christianity, nearly to the exclusion of the classical orders; and which on this account has been, I think not unaptly, termed “ the style of Christian architecture.” It spread with Christianity through almost the whole of Europe, and our own land possesses in her cities and hamlets abundant and beautiful specimens of the order. Strange, that these hallowed associations should be deserted for a style whose name is linked with many a Pagan and unholy rite!

The day of which I speak was brilliant, and the full glow of the sun-light fell on the white columns of the newer building, whilst it chanced that the ruin lay in shadow: the one so fresh, so perfect, so bright;—the other so defaced, so ruinous, so darkened;—the contrast was complete, and, for one melancholy moment, fancy might have deemed she saw a type of the triumph of false religion over the true!

Oh! for a painter's pencil or a poet's pen to trace but the outline of that fair and desolate church; roofless, save where the tangled masses of Ivy hid the blue heavens from the view. Its windows and door-ways blank, save where supplied with a lattice-work of leaves, which wreathed

“the slender shafts of shapely stone”

by which the arches were supported.

“And far o'er roof and architrave
The Ivy's ringlets bend and wave.”

The situations which the Ivy loves have made it considered as symbolical of Friendship. But to me it seems the emblem of Death; for does it not triumph over all the works of men? They endure for a season, perchance for a long season they retain

their strength and grace; but decay is nevertheless slowly at work, undermining their strength and marring their grace, and at length the Ivy waves over them his dark banner of victory.

Deserted palaces of kings,
 Arches of triumph long o'erthrown,
 And all once glorious earthly things,
 At length are thine alone!

'Tis still the same, where'er we tread,
 The wrecks of human power we see,
 The marvel of all ages fled,
 Left to decay and thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

Within a drive of Ayott St. Lawrence stand the ruined and deserted halls of Gorhambury, once the home of Bacon, the walls of which are covered with Ivy. When this was the residence of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, it was visited by Queen Elizabeth and her court; and thought naturally pictures the different aspect it must in that time of revelry and splendour have presented to that which it now wears. How rich, how indestructible, must have appeared the princely hall, whose mirth is now the song of birds, whose ornament,

“Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.”

Where rich device bedecked the wall
We trace alone the idler's scrawl;
And Ivy-wreaths now hide the stone
Where silken tapestry once shone;
Graceful the mantling foliage clings,
And such a garb of beauty flings,
But that it tells of ruin's ban
We scarce could mourn that work of man
Should yield to that wherein we see
The matchless touch of DEITY!

January.

January.

ERANTHIS HYEMALIS.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—RANUNCULACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
POLYANDRIA; ORDER,—POLYGYNIA.

THE leaves and flower-stalk spring from a fleshy creeping rhizoma, which also gives off fibrous roots. The leaves come up after the flowers, with long petioles, to which their limb is placed nearly perpendicular, and is consequently somewhat peltate. It is deeply cleft into several lobes, and very smooth and shining. Towards the top of the flower-stalks is a rounded sessile leaf, deeply cut, and, being disposed horizontally, has the character of an involucre, such as we find more distinctly exhibited in the Anemones. At a short distance above this is seated a single flower, whose perianth is composed of both calyx and

corolla. The calyx consists of five to eight oblong blunt sepals, so very membranaceous and deeply coloured that they assume the characters more usual in a corolla; they are caducous, which is not the case with the sepals of the true Hellebores, under which genus the present plant was formerly classed. The corolla consists of a whorl of six to eight little tubular petals. The stamens are numerous, and the pistils about five or six in number, and consequently not strictly agreeing with the character of the artificial order under which the plant is classed. These latter become stalked follicular seed vessels, each with a few seeds attached along the inner edge. Grows in many parts of the continent of Europe, but is not native with us.—Acrid, poisonous.

THE WINTER ACONITE.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

ERE thy sisters fair are waking,
 Deep in earth's dark bosom sleeping!
 Ere the chains of Winter breaking
 Loose the streams their might is keeping;

With a smile that well had greeted
 Light, and song and Summer bower,
 On the sheltering calyx seated,
 Shines thy yellow-petalled flower.

Gem of Winter! quickly faded
 Early loved, and early lost,
 Type of joy too quickly shaded!
 Of earth's children tempest tost!

Still from thee a lesson learning,
 Let us choose the fitting hour
 To soothe, to cheer,—nor less discerning
 Prove than winter's simple flower.

MS. LINES.

WAKED by the first sunbeam of the opening year,
 the yellow Aconite reflects its pale lustre with a faint
 smile. She wears not the full golden tint of the
 crocus, whose blossom shall shortly expand beneath a

brighter sun, but a doubtful hue which accords well with the uncertain skies of January. Her existence, too, is almost as transient as the early ray which unfolded her petals, and we have scarcely welcomed the pretty visitant ere she disappears from our path; yet do we hail her with delight, not only for cheering us in the hour of gloom, but as the harbinger of the bright host which shall succeed her.

Oh! the New-year's Gift is a welcome flower,
For she gladdens the gloom of the wintry hour;
Amidst the dark tempests and blasts of the north,
From her mantle of green she looks cheerily forth.

When a brief gleam of sunshine dissolves the first snow
It is pleasant to gaze on her beautiful glow;
At a time when no object in nature looks bright
Save the golden hue of the Aconite.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

Nor does the "New Year's Gift," speak to us alone of the fair sisterhood who shall successively reign after her; of the loved violet, the queenly rose, and the delicious jasmine;—she suggests likewise a brilliant series of hopes, projects, and anticipated pleasures, in which all are so apt at this season to indulge. But how often shall hope fade, how many a project shall be unperfected, and how many a

pleasure shall be wrung from us, though in the very moment in which we prepare to enjoy it: even as the lingering frost shall wither the unopened violet; as the canker shall destroy the fair promise of the rose; and as the first blast of winter shall rudely bring down the blossom of the Jasmine.

But not so if our hopes be heavenward, our projects spiritual, and our schemes for happiness built on the "*sure Foundation.*" For these the coldness of the world cannot chill, the canker-tooth of remorse cannot prey upon, nor the blast of adversity humble. Let us not then indulge the gay dreams of fancy to the exclusion of more serious musings, let not our projects tend chiefly to the attainment of worldly objects, but may we rather labour for such as are everlasting; and let us not pursue with too eager pace the phantom of earthly bliss, but strive for the substantial joys of heaven, which are freely offered to our acceptance. Then shall we prize the pretty Aconite for awakening a better train of thought, and she shall indeed prove to us a precious "*New Year's Gift.*"

When Spring's sun sheds his cheering gleam,
And Winter's storms take flight,
At once before his genial beam
Up starts the Aconite.

Nature, her pencil dipt in gold,
Bedecks it in a night,
And as each petal bursts its fold
Enamels it with light.

On its pale leaves of clearest green
The pretty flow'ret lies;
A happy prophetess, I ween,
Of bright and cloudless skies.

But if the sun his beams withhold
The welcome promise pines;
Type of the world, that soon grows cold
When fortune's sun declines.

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GALANTHUS NIVALIS.

NAT. CLASS,—MONOCOTYLEDONES ; ORDER,—AMARYLLIDACEÆ. ART.
CLASS,—HEXANDRIA ; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

FROM the base of a laminated egg-shaped bulb proceed numerous unbranched fibrous roots; and from its summit rises the flower-stalk, between two strap-shaped, keeled, and blunt leaves, which are enclosed through half their length in a tubular sheath. Towards the summit of the flower-stalk is a membranous spathe, and above this a single nodding flower, with a superior perianth of six white segments, set in two distinct whorls; the three outermost are obovate, and longer than the three inner ones, which are ob-cordate-oblong, and marked on the outside with a green blotch, and on the inside with about seven yellow-green lines. The stamens are six, with the filaments shorter than the terminal anthers, the latter ending in a bristly point, and discharging the pollen through two pores. The pistil has a globose, three-

celled ovary, and a thread-shaped style, longer than the stamens. The fruit is a three-valved capsule, each valve with a partition in the middle, along the inner edge of which the seeds are ranged

THE SNOWDROP.

E M B L E M O F C O N S O L A T I O N .

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
 Lo! the young romantic hours—
 Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
 To behold the Snowdrop white
 Start to light,
 And shine in Flora's desert bowers;
 Beneath the vernal dawn
 The morning star of flowers.

MONTGOMERY.

THE Snowdrop is so lovely, and, as one of the earliest flowers, is so generally prized, that we cannot but feel glad that botanists now acknowledge its claim to be considered a native of our land; a title which has been disputed. In Lancashire, I am told, it grows abundantly in an uncultivated state, and that in spring a bouquet of wild Snowdrops is there esteemed far above one from the garden, just as we prize hedge Violets beyond those of the parterre. How universally is the love of nature shown, proving that the sentiment is deeply rooted in our breasts. No one is wholly without this affection; and, though adverse habits and

circumstances may have deadened its glow and chilled its warmth, still an occasional sparkle is seen to tell it yet lives; whilst in the hearts of those who have been more favourably placed it burns with a yet increasing lustre; and, lighted by its pure flame, how bright! how beautiful! is the earth seen to be.

I have said that some have questioned the Snow-drop's being an indigenous English plant; and there are unquestionably some flowers which, originally foreigners, have become naturalized in our soil, and still haunt the spots where they were first placed, though a long series of years may have passed since the hand of man there cherished them. One of these is a beautiful Pink (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*, the Clove Pink), which grows upon the old walls of Rochester Castle. Year after year do its bright tufts appear scattered over the ruin, and, often as I have viewed the rosy clusters, thought sped to other days, when, ere the strength of the rude pile was decayed, another banner floated on its height. Surely there is something touching in the thought of flowers, perishable flowers! outliving not only man, but often every trace of his abode on the spot where they were originally planted. Perchance, time slowly undermined

his dwelling; perchance, the shock of civil war levelled it with the ground; or it might be that persecution dispersed a band of religious men who here reposed, and razed their house to its very foundation! They are gone—and, but for the flowers that flourish on the spot we should not suspect they had ever for a season sojourned there.

The Snowdrop springs to life in a dreary hour, when the blasts of winter are yet sweeping over the earth; she has therefore been justly chosen as the emblem of consolation. There is, too, but *one* species of the genus; and though I fear I shall be thought very fanciful in expressing the idea, it seems to me an additional reason for selecting her; as we know that for the time of gloom, and for the season of trial, we have but *one* source of consolation.

A member of the Roman Catholic church thus prettily mentions the Snowdrop. “Mindful of the pious festivals which our church prescribes, I have sought to make the charming objects of floral nature the time-pieces of my religious calendar. Thus I can light the taper to our Virgin Mother on the blowing of the Snowdrop, which opens its floweret at the time of Candlemas.”

Let *us*, like this friar, accept the Snowdrop as a memento of religious duty. We will not indeed follow his steps to the shrine of the Virgin Mary, but suffer it to lead us to ONE who is "a very present help in trouble."

Eldest daughter of the Spring
We hail thy early birth,
And the promise thou dost bring
Of beauty, to the earth.

Broken is the icy spell
Which *Nature* sternly bound;
A gentle ray thy fairy bell
Sheds o'er the unclad ground.

Hope can thus the mourning heart
Illumine with a gleam,
Bid the gloom of sorrow part
Before its gentle beam.

Fit emblem art thou then, meek flower,
Of *consolation* bright,
Nor will we in a sunnier hour
Forget thy early light.

February.

February.

HEPATICA TRILOBA.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES ; ORDER,—RANUNCULACEÆ. ART.
CLASS,—POLYANDRIA ; ORDER,—POLYGYNIA.

THE root consists of a bundle of fibres, surmounted by numerous scales, from among which proceed the radical leaves and flower-stalks. The leaves have long petioles, and the limb is subdivided into three broad lobes. Each flower-stalk bears a single flower, immediately below which is seated a three-lobed involucre, which, from its position and coloured character, has been sometimes considered a calyx. The true perianth is composed of calyx only, generally consisting of six sepals, arranged in a double series. Occasionally a third series is developed of three more. The sepals are bright blue in the present variety, but in others they are either red or white. The stamens and pistils are numerous, each of the latter containing a single pendulous ovule.

THE HEPATICA.

E M B L E M O F C O N F I D E N C E .

Come forth, ye lovely heralds of the Spring;
 Leave at your Maker's call your earthly bed;
 At his behest your grateful tribute bring
 To light and life, from darkness and the dead.

BARTON.

The earth's embroidery then have ye eyed,
 And smile of blossoms, purple, red, and white,
 Their vernal-tinctured leaves, luxurious, dyed
 In Flora's livery, painted by the light.

W. THOMSON.

THE Hepatica is indigenous to many continental countries; it grows abundantly in Sweden; and is a native also of Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain. These plants were once considered a species of the genus *Anemone*, and, though a difference in the formation of the flower has caused them to be regarded as a distinct genus, they are included in the same natural order, *Ranunculaceæ*.

In this we find many of our field and garden favourites. The garden *Ranunculuses* of oriental

origin are eagerly sought and carefully cherished by the florist; and our English species are intimately associated with the recollections of early days, under the well-known name of Buttercups. The *Adonis*, with its scarlet blossom, by the French called "*Goute de Sang*," is closely allied to these; and, though it occasionally grows in our corn-fields, is, from the brilliancy of its tint, admitted to the garden. Another native, the Marsh Marigold, whose large yellow flowers spring in tufts by the banks of streamlets, belongs to this order. Here also we see the showy Peony. There is one British species of this plant probably not strictly indigenous, as it is found only in the rocky clefts of an island in the Severn, named the Steep Holmes. In superstitious times its ornamental seeds were made into necklaces, and worn as a kind of amulet, to ward off attacks from the powers of darkness.

But, to revert to the *Hepatica*. Besides the original single-flowering plants, there are double varieties. The formation of double flowers is very often occasioned by the organs known by the names of stamens and pistils, assuming the appearance and character of petals.

It is singular to remark the effect which change of soil produces on some plants. It is recorded that a

blue Hepatica became white from this cause, and on being reinstated in its former situation the original colour was restored.

The Hepatica instances the truth of the remark that the three primary colours are seldom obtained in the different varieties of the same plant. There are *pink* and *blue* Hepaticas, but none bear *yellow* blossoms.

Hepaticas are blooming fair;
The hue of constancy they wear;
 So bright their vestments blue
That fancy deems the lovely dye
Was stolen from the azure sky,
 And painted by the dew.

Soon as the hope of Spring is told
Their blossoms in his path unfold,
 The glowing sun to woo;
Their humble *confidence* is given
To the first promises of heaven,
 And proves the symbol true.

DAPHNE MEZEREUM.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—THYMELACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
OCTANDRIA; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

THIS is a bushy shrub, which puts forth its early purple flowers before the leaves make their appearance. The leaves are lanceolate. The flowers have a single perianth, which is a monosepalous funnel-shaped calyx, four-cleft, and downy on the outside. There are eight stamens attached to the inside of the calyx tube, in two rows of four in each. The pistil has an oval ovary, containing a single ovule, the style very short, and a capitate stigma. The ovary becomes a bright red one-seeded berry.

MEZEREON.

DESIRE TO PLEASE.

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

COWPER.

THERE are some of our cultivated flowers with which we naturally associate ideas of wealth and elegance; whilst others, and amongst these we number some of the most beautiful, suggest thoughts of humble life, and the neat cottage gardens in which we have so often seen them flourishing. Thus the Cabbage-Rose, (may I use the homely appellation, as I speak of cottage gardens?) the Moss-Rose, and the Maiden's Blush, those *real* *Roses*, as I am apt to call them, to distinguish them from the crowd of varieties which swell the modern floral list, bloom there in perfection, with their more delicate sister, the China Rose, who, mingling with Jasmine and Honeysuckle, canopies many a humble doorway. I love to see these cottages

with their trim rows of vegetables, their little borders of aromatic herbs, and here and there tufts of the rich-tinted Sweet-Williams, the fragrant Pinks, the tall Lilies, and the showy Marigolds. All these flowers, and many others, the poor enjoy equally with the proudest in the land, and it makes one happy and thankful to feel that it is so.

The Mezereon is one of the first treasures of the cottage garden, and I have often thought how gladly the inmates of the lowly dwelling near must hail the opening of its crimson buds. If *we*, to whom winter is rendered so enjoyable, whose in-door comforts are so many, whose fire-sides are so endeared, can welcome with so much of glee the unfolding of the early blossoms, what must they feel to whom "chill penury" makes winter a season of additional privation, when the first gleam of sunshine cheers them with the hope of brighter times?

Often have I marked, in early spring, the group assembled in some little plot of ground; the mother with a shade the less of care in her face, slowly pacing the narrow path with the youngest child in her arms, and the elder children, enlivened by the sunshine, playing before the door. Presently the babe

sleeps, and the mother returns to her numerous duties within, but leaves the door open, that she may not lose the bright prospect without; and the sounds of her children's mirth fall cheerily on her ear, which in the late inclement season was so often pained by their wailings; and, though they may have yet to endure many drear and wintry days, the remembrance of their present pleasure, and the foretaste of a more genial season, which has been granted them, shall keep hope an inmate of their breasts till Spring comes in earnest, and the Mezereon, fading on her stem, gives place to later flowers.

Thou hast thy wish; all love to see
Thy simple bloom, Mezereon tree!
The thrush his sweetest minstrelsy
Is pouring forth to welcome thee;
Thy store of sweets; the early bee
Hath sought with ready industry;
And, prizing much thy beauty, we
Are come to greet thee joyously.

Long shalt thou hold thy gentle sway;
For when thy wreaths must fade away
Beneath the Summer's scorching ray,
Thy stems shall glow in vesture gay
With scarlet berries, rich array.
Please then, fair plant, through many a day,
Till winter stern thy doom shall say,
Whose voice, the fairest must obey.

March.

March.

VIOLA ODORATA.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—VIOLACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
PENTANDRIA; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

ALTHOUGH Violets and Heart's-eases are usually distinguished in horticulture, they belong to the same genus. Some of the genus, as the Dog-Violet, and common Heart's-ease, are furnished with manifest stems; whilst others, as the subject of the present plate, have their stems so very short that they appear to be without any, and the flower-stalks seem to spring immediately from the summit of the root. The Sweet Violet, however, puts forth creeping scions, or runners, by which it is propagated in all directions round the parent stock; and this circumstance constitutes the most striking distinction between it and the Hairy Violet (*Viola Hirta*); for though the latter is almost always

void of scent, there is a foreign variety which has been described as fragrant, whilst, on the other hand, we frequently find specimens of the Sweet Violet which are scentless. The leaves of the latter are furnished with long petioles, and a cordate, crenate limb, almost smooth; at the base of the petiole is a pair of lanceolate, toothed stipules. A pair of scale-like bracts is usually placed a little above the middle of the flower-stalk, which bears a single purple, white, or sometimes lilac flower. By the curvation of the summit of the flower-stalk the flower is inverted. The calyx consists of five obtuse sepals, each of which is extended backwards below the point of its attachment. The corolla has five unequal petals, the largest of which is naturally the lowest, but, by the inversion of the flower, occupies the uppermost position; it is furnished with a spur at the base; the two lateral ones have a hairy line on the inside, though this is wanting in one rare variety. There are five stamens, with very short filaments, and having the anthers united together, at least in the early state of the flower; and two of them are furnished with green fleshy spurs, which penetrate within the spur of the petal. The pistil has a one-celled ovary with three rows of ovules, longitudinally

attached to the wall of it. This becomes a one-celled capsule with three valves, the lines of dehiscence dividing the rows of seeds into two parts.

THE SWEET SCENTED VIOLET.

The Violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazel mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

SCOTT.

WHAT pleasure can surpass a country ramble on the first sunny day in Spring! Delighted with the return of genial weather, the mind is disposed to receive gratification from every object around. The birds, flying from spray to spray, seem to vie with each other in producing melody for our entertainment; the insects have deserted their winter retirement, and here and there a sulphur butterfly flits gaily before us; the bees are on the wing, collecting sweets from the few blossoms yet expanded; and we even welcome, what a few months hence we shall feel disposed to quarrel with—the swarms of gnats, wheeling their mazy dances in the shade. It was on such a day that we rambled along, observing the various objects that presented themselves, till we reached a bank on the side of a

small wood of larches, where a noble beech-tree drooped gracefully its branches, and we stood awhile beneath it, gazing on the beautiful prospect around, till the eye, dazzled by the strong sunlight, turned to the refreshing green beneath. There we saw the bank studded with Violets, sending forth "the sweetest incense of the early spring." Here

"The Violet of sky-woven vest,"

and the "pale Violet," of "dejected hue," mingled their beauty and fragrance. We could not allow their loveliness to pass unremembered, and the pencil has preserved their lineaments in the accompanying sketch.

It is the delightful perfume that the Violet sheds around which renders it so universal a favourite. But this odoriferous quality has cast a stain upon its reputation. "Dangerous symptoms have occurred in persons with weak nerves, by their merely remaining in a room where these flowers have been placed. It is curious to observe the various influences the scent emitted by many flowers have on the nerves of different persons."* We have heard of a lady who fainted if she sat many minutes in a room where there might

* Descriptive and Physiological Botany.

be a spray of whitethorn in blossom. Some persons can readily discern one powerful odour where others either perceive it but slightly, or are entirely insensible to the impression, although in other instances their organ of scent may be acute. But though the *perfume* of the Violet is sometimes hurtful, several parts of this plant possess medicinal qualities, and it is applied to other uses by different nations. "A custom is still prevalent in Greece of colouring the eye-lids blue, and a word signifying 'having violet eye-lids' passes in that country as a complimentary epithet."* This fact has been considered to afford the most probable solution of the passage in Shakspeare :

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

Sir Walter Raleigh thus addresses the white Violets, those "pretty daughters of the earth and sun ;"

Sweet Violets, love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched bear
Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind
That plays amidst the plain!

* Withering's Botany.

This Violet is merely a variety of the sweet-scented purple. Lord Bacon asserts that "white Violets are more inodorous than flowers of the same kind coloured." He also attributes their want of colour to poverty of soil. "It is observed that Violets that are coloured, if they be neglected, and neither watered, new moulded, nor transplanted, will turn white, and probably the white with much culture may turn coloured; for the white colour proceeds from scarcity of nourishment, except in flowers that are only white and admit of no other colour."

This statement, though penned by so great a philosopher, naturalists in the present more enlightened age declare to be quite erroneous.

As a theme for poets, the Violet has ever been a favourite. Besides uniting a simple loveliness of form, a richness of tint which the vestments of kings strive in vain to equal, with a fragrance that man would imitate, but owns he cannot, they are among the firstlings of the year, and indeed often when untimely frosts have cut off many an opening bud, we spy beneath some shaded hedge-row these little flowers, blossoming unharmed.

Yee Violets that first appeare,
 Your pride in purple garments showne,
 Takeing possession of the yeare
 As if the spring were all your owne,
 What are you when the Rose is blowne?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

All Europe, from Norway to Greece, claims the
 Violet as the tenant of its woods and fields:

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

In North America the sweet scented Violet is an
 alien, and the hand of man is needed to culture and
 cherish it. Who will envy that country its hedge-rows
 of *Rhododendrons*, while its banks breathe not the
 fragrance of “the violet-scented shade?”

Here are "jewels of earth" from the wild-wooded glade;
Oh! who doth not love them, dear gems of the shade!
They are fair as the pearl, as the amethyst bright;
How rich is their darkness! how pure is their light!

The breeze swept this morn by their shaded retreat,
And loaded his wings with their delicate sweet;
He told, as he passed me, with ecstasy swelling,
Of the spoil he had found in the Violets' dwelling.

I sought where the hazel's light banners were streaming,
And the bark of the birch-tree with silver was gleaming;
Where the oak his broad branches so widely was spreading,
Whose mazes the dark coloured Ivy was threading;

And there, 'neath their shadow the flowers were sleeping
On a bank where the green moss was silently creeping;
And I found that the wild bee before me was come
For beauty and sweets to the Violet's home.

ERICA CARNEA.

NAT. CLASS, — DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER, — ERICACEÆ. ART. CLASS, —
OCTANDRIA; ORDER, — MONOGYNIA.

A humble evergreen trailing shrub, native of the south of Europe, and, independently of its natural beauty, a great acquisition to the flower-border, from its flowering very early in the year. The buds, indeed, are developed in the Autumn; and, after remaining of a green colour through the winter, turn pink, and expand on the first approach of Spring. The leaves are linear, ternate or quaternate. Several pedicellate flowers proceed from the axils of the leaves, and are particularly crowded towards the ends of the branches, and generally incline towards one side. The calyx has four lanceolate persistent sepals, about half the length of the corolla. The corolla is monopetalous, conical, with four teeth. The stamens are eight, hypogynous, with brownish purple anthers, which are exerted be-

THE [illegible]

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a single paragraph of text, possibly a chapter introduction or a section of a larger work. The words are too light to transcribe accurately.]

yond the tube of the corolla, and they burst, for the emission of the pollen, by a pore. The pistil has its style extending beyond the anthers, and an ovary with four cells, which becomes a quadrilocular many-seeded capsule.

THE DWARF HEATH.

Boast, Scotland, boast thy sons of mighty name,
 Thine ancient chiefs, of high heroic fame,
 Souls that to death their country's foes opposed,
 And life in freedom, glorious freedom, closed!

LANGHORNE.

LOVELY as are the foreign species of Heath, they are not known to us by their uses, nor are they endeared to our hearts by association—a feeling which possesses an ascendant influence over the mind of man. These are the reasons which lead us to pass with transient admiration the beautiful exotic sisterhood, while we cherish the common Heather that

“Sows the moor with purple grain.”

As we look upon it our thoughts naturally wander into the

“Land of brown Heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood;”

for the Heath is especially the flower of the Highlander;

he prizes it as the ornament of the bleak mountains
which encompass his home, and

“Smiles to see it spread immense
O'er his uncultured hills.”

Indeed, to the poorer classes it is essential in the
construction of their dwellings; for with layers of
Heath and a sort of mortar they frame the walls of
their rude cots. Of this, too,

“Old Scotia's hardy mountaineers
Their rustic couches form, and there enjoy
Sleep, which beneath his velvet canopy
Luxurious idleness implores in vain.”

But the consideration of its usefulness is soon merged
in reflections which the Heath suggests of the days of
Scotland's glory, to which fancy wings a backward
flight. From the repose of six hundred years she
wakes the statesman, the warrior, and the patriot. She
enters the council-chamber, where the eloquence of the
statesman pleads the course that policy suggests; and
either dismisses the herald to sound the trumpet of
war, or the more welcome ambassador on a mission of
peace. She girds on the panoply of the *warrior*, and

sends him forth to the skirmish and the siege; and and brings the *patriot* to the scaffold, a martyr for the interests and freedom of the land which claims him as her son!

There is not in the annals of Scotland a period that rivals in interest the time of her strife with England, during the reigns of our first and second Edward. All our feelings are roused by the detail, and so highly are they excited that for the moment we forget that *her* enemies were *our* ancestors. Those were indeed spirit-stirring days! from the time that the fire of patriotism was fanned by the dying breath of Wallace till the mighty element overcame all opposition, and its consuming powers, no longer required in action, subsided into a gentle flame, burning brightly and steadily, and diffusing a triumphant glow, from the Border to the utmost Highland.

Sweet tiny bells! our step we stay,
 And bear a fairy branch away,
 To 'mind us of thy sister fair,
 Stern Scotland's darling child,
 Which blooms upon her mountains bare,
 Cheering the lonely wild.

And with the thought of her bleak home
 How thick the recollections come
 Of such as Bruce and Wallace led;
 Of many a mountaineer
 In Scotland's cause who fearless bled,
 And won her freedom dear.

Unmeet to catch the careless eye,
 Many there be would pass thee by,
 Nor list the silent history
 Thy lowly leaves proclaim,
 The never-dying memory
 Of Scotland's warlike fame.

'Tis well on such a theme to muse,
 Such shadowy legends to peruse;
 Till, as high thoughts our souls inspire
 At every sacred name,
 The slumbering spark of patriot fire
 Shall kindle into flame!

April.

April.

VINCA MINOR.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—APOCYNACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
PENTANDRIA; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

Root fibrous; stems at first erect, but becoming long, wiry, and, trailing on the ground, they take root towards the extremities, and thus propagate the plant in all directions. The leaves are opposite, with short petioles, evergreen, ovate. The flowers spring singly from the axils of the leaves, on long pedicels. The calyx is monosepalous, but divided into five deeply cleft narrow segments. The corolla is monopetalous, salver-shaped, with the tube widening above, and the limb in five oblique truncated segments, which in the bud state are spirally folded together. There are five stamens seated about the middle of the tube of the corolla, with the anthers curved, and opening along the edges for the

escape of the pollen. The pistil is composed of two carpels, which at first are closely united, and bear a single style capped by a curious flat orbicular disk, on the summit of which the stigma is seated. As the fruit ripens, the carpels separate, and become two unequal follicles, which diverge from their bases, and burst along the upper edges, bearing many seeds.

THE PERIWINKLE.

EMBLEM OF TENDER RECOLLECTIONS.

Flowers of the field! how meet ye seem
 Man's frailty to portray;
 Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
 Passing at eve away.
 Teach this, and oh! though brief your reign,
 Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
 For youth's unthinking brow;
 Go, and to busy manhood breathe
 What most he fears to know;
 Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
 And tell him of the silent dead.

MORAL OF FLOWERS.

It is difficult to trace the origin of some of the various uses to which flowers have been applied, particularly as assistants in superstitious ceremonies; and our surprise is often excited at the selection of obscure plants for such purposes. The most remarkable of these seems to be the insignificant vervain, whose power in air and on earth was deemed unlimited. Not only was it believed to counteract the poison of venomous

reptiles, but its sway over evil spirits was supposed all-powerful. Nor did its influence stop here; it could unite the severed chain of friendship, and circling the herald's brow, stood foremost in the field of war. The common St. John's Wort has also attained no little fame from imaginary rule over supernatural enemies, and from being considered to decide the fate of love. So entire was the belief in the potency of these flower-spells, that it was usual to exact an oath that no sprig of any of the plants to which magical powers were attributed, should be worn in trial by combat, by either of the contending parties.

These recollections have been awakened by the Periwinkle, which, though we can assign no cause, has been made to bear an important part in the hours of joy and sorrow. A bridal zone was in ancient times formed of its slender sprays; but in Italy in the present day, it is appropriated to a far different purpose. There, when the icy touch of death has chilled the warm spring of health, and stretched the loved babe lifeless on its couch, they who have loved it in life, wreath around its cold brow the long stems of the Periwinkle. Fancy pictures the mournful scene;—a single ray of sunlight, struggling through the half-

closed windows, shows us the group there assembled, and lights the marble form, whose soul has just escaped from its corruptible tenement.

The fading, short lived nature of flowers gives a peculiar appropriateness to their being connected with the dead; and I could wish that we adopted the custom of our simple-minded brethren of Wales, who plant with flowers the resting-places of their lost kindred. The churchyard is *consecrated ground*; and surely there is a vast incongruity in using it as pasture land. It is painful, too, to see the neglected state of some of these sacred spots; the broken and illegible stone, and the unturfed mound where

“the rampant nettle lifts the spiry head.”

Emblems are we of joy and woe
And *tender recollections* glow
Inspired by our name;
Our glossy leaves with flowers entwined
Were made the bridal robe to bind
In days of ancient fame.

And we are also "flowers of death"
The mourning mother weaves a wreath
Of our dark shining sprays;
She twines it round the lovely head
'Ere in its cold and silent bed
Her child she sadly lays.

Whene'er our blossomed stars you view
Bethink you of life's changing hue
How joy and sorrow blend;
That, though thy cup may now flow o'er
Anguish may wring thy heart, before
Life's fitful day shall end!

April.

April.

ANEMONE NEMOROSA.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—RANUNCULACEÆ. ART.
CLASS,—POLYANDRIA; ORDER,—POLYGYNIA.

THIS is a perennial species, with a fleshy creeping rhizoma, producing fibrous roots, and throwing up leaves at intervals, the branches terminating in the form of single flower stalks, which rise above the ground early in Spring. These flower stalks bear an involucrum, composed of three leaves, closely resembling those which are thrown up by the rhizomata, in their mode of subdivision, but with shorter petioles. The radical leaves, as the latter are termed, are ternately divided into deep lanceolate acute segments, which themselves are trifid, and the lobes deeply toothed. The perianth consists of six elliptic sepals, commonly white, tinged

with red, but occasionally pink, purple, or blue. The stamens are numerous, as are the pistils, and each of the latter contains a single pendulous ovule. This native species of *Anemone* has an extensive range through the woods of Europe, and is also found in North America.

THE WOOD ANEMONE

There is a power, a presence in the woods,
 A viewless Being that with life and love
 Informs the reverential solitude;
 The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod,—
 Thou, thou art there, my God!

And if with awe we tread
 The minster-floor beneath the storied pane,
 And midst the mouldering banners of the dead;
 Shall the green voiceful wind seem less thy fane,
 Which thou alone hast built; where arch and roof
 Are of thy living woof?

The silence and the sound,
 In the lone places, breathe alike of thee;
 The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
 The dew-cup of the frail Anemone.

MRS. HEMANS.

THERE are several small woods within a short distance of our home; in one of these the Wood Anemone grows most abundantly, and links itself in my mind with many a pleasant walk. In spring our visits to this wood are more frequent than to either of the others,

“When earth exulting from her wintry tomb
 Breaks forth with flowers.”

The beauty of the path, and the associations connected with the ground we tread, unite in rendering it a favourite ramble. In our way we pass through a cherry orchard, whose trees arrayed in white, carry us back to the time when the beautiful rime frost covered their branches; and, finely contrasting with their "blossom's brilliant sheen," are three or four rows of fir-trees, the remnant of a grove planted in the reign of Charles the Second.

There are some interesting associations of very early date connected with this spot. In the days when monasteries possessed immense revenues, Jeffrey, abbot of St. Alban's, founded here an hospital for lepers. "He called divers miserable poor people together, provided for them, and gave a maintenance to support them." One memorial of monastic rule yet remains; a very large barn which is seen in the orchard whither we have wandered. Proceeding on our walk, we come to a meadow, from whence a lovely landscape opens upon the view. Hertfordshire does not afford the widely extended prospects of which some other parts of England may boast, but it is not deficient in home views, and from the spot we have reached, we see one of the most beautiful in our neighbourhood. If

I thought that my pen could give a shadow of the reality, I should feel tempted to tell of distant hills, purple tints, and meadows of emerald green; but conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, I leave it to be painted by the imagination of those who may glance at these pages. After treading a somewhat steep field-path, our steps, that have so long lingered, reach the wood. We could almost fancy now that Spring

“Parent of beauty and of song, had left
Her mantle, flower embroidered, on the ground.”

The primrose, violet,

“The trim oxalis with her pencill'd flower,”

with many others, unite in enchanting the sight of those who love the works of nature. And amongst these, the fairest and the most abundant, droops the flower, upon which this, though a very rambling one, professes to be a chapter. Here

“Anemones weeping flowers
Dyed in winter's snow and rain,
Constant to their early time,
White the leaf-strewn ground again
And make each wood a garden then.”

CLARE.

If we wish to see these flowers in perfection, we must choose for our woodland excursion a bright, unclouded day; for the Wood Anemone is a natural barometer, closing its petals at the approach of rain. It is also one of those plants

“ Which shrinking from the chilly night
Droop and shut up, but with fair morning's touch
Rise on their stems, all open and upright.”

How curious is this function of sleep both in the leaves and flowers of plants. It depends upon a special law of nature, subject in some degree to the effects of light and heat; the former appears to be the chief stimulus in regulating the expansion of the blossom, though neither can be regarded as the first cause of this phenomenon.* “When the sensitive-plants are confined in a dark room, their leaflets periodically fold and open as usual, excepting that the periods are somewhat lengthened; on the other hand, when they are exposed to a continued light, these periods are shortened. When exposed to strong lamp-light by night, and excluded from all light by day,

* Descriptive and Physiological Botany.

their periods of sleep become extremely irregular for a time, but, in the end, the specimens generally close their leaves during the day, and unfold them at night. The alternate opening and closing of flowers is a similar function to that of the sleep of leaves. The time of day in which flowers close is very different for different species, and even differs for that period during which the leaves are asleep on the very same plant. Bertholet mentions an *Acacia* in the garden of Orotava, in Teneriffe, whose leaflets closed at sunset and unfolded at sunrise, whilst its flowers closed at sunrise and expanded at sunset."

Having given the botanist's account of this remarkable property, we will allow the poet to tell his opinion.

"The flower, enamoured of the sun,
At his departure hangs her head and weeps,
And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps
Sad vigils, like a cloistered nun,
Till his reviving ray appears,
Waking her beauty as he dries her tears."

Beautiful Anemone!

Say, do the fairies streak
The blushes on thy cheek
When moonlight sleeps upon thee?

Beautiful Anemone!

Do they not pile the gold
Which thy pure vases hold,
Heaping their favours on thee?

Beautiful Anemone!

Then round thy lovely bell
Surely they breathe a spell
To draw all hearts unto thee.

Beautiful Anemone!

Thou fairy gifted flower,
We own thy magic power,
And fondly linger near thee!

May.

May.

TRIFOLIUM REPENS.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—LEGUMINOSÆ. ART. CLASS,—
DIADELPHIA; ORDER,—DECANDRIA.

THE *Trifolium Repens* is furnished with creeping stems, which extensively propagate it in all directions, so that it is with difficulty eradicated from places where it is considered a troublesome weed. The leaves have long petioles, with their limb trifoliate, each leaflet obcordate, serrulate, and frequently furnished with a dark purplish blotch on the upper surface. The small papilionaceous flowers are grouped into umbellate, globose heads. The calyx tubular, with five sharp unequal teeth. The corolla has the large uppermost petal free, but the other four are more or less adherent by their claws; in other species of the genus the

adhesion between the five petals is more complete, and the base of the corolla consequently tubular. There are ten stamens, one of which, the uppermost, is free, and the other nine adhere together by their filaments for more than half their length. The pistil has an oblong germen, and a style curved upwards at the apex ; this becomes a four-seeded legume.

THE SHAMROCK.

The Shamrock,
 The green immortal Shamrock;
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock.

MOORE.

MUCH difference of opinion exists as to the plant which may lay just claim to the title of Shamrock, and several have been pointed out to me as this emblem of Erin. It almost seems that any species of Trefoil is accepted as such, though some have tried to establish the Wood Sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*) as this far-famed plant; others, the Hop Trefoil (*Medicago Lupulina*), the White Clover (*Trifolium Repens*), and I have been also assured that a *brown-leaved* variety of the White Clover is the truest Shamrock; but this is so completely at variance with all descriptions of the "green Shamrock" that I have unhesitatingly rejected it, and adopted in our wreath the common White Clover, having received it as the true Shamrock from the Dublin Botanic Garden.

I feel, however, that as there are so many opinions on the subject I am likely to be accused of ignorance in the choice; but, as I have endeavoured to attain the truth regarding it, I trust my error, if it be one, will be excused.

There is an interesting legend concerning the Shamrock, by which I believe the Irish account for its popularity in their country. It is said that when St. Patrick first preached Christianity in Ireland, he found the mystery of the Trinity perfectly unacceptable to heathen ears, till, chancing to cast his eyes on the ground, he perceived the Shamrock growing at his feet, and, plucking it, showed the triple leaf in illustration of the doctrine.

It has been contended that the leaves of the Irish Shamrock have four leaflets, and the tradition I have repeated is differently related to suit this statement; it being asserted that St. Patrick introduced the Virgin, to complete the number of persons represented by the leaflets of the plant. This, however, appears to me too absurd a version to be dwelt on for a moment; the Shamrock being always represented with a triple leaf. I have never seen Clover, or other Trefoils bearing four leaflets, but am assured that such are occasionally found.

There is a saying that "if you meet with a Shamrock with four leaves you find happiness," which I imagine is owing to the idea that such a discovery is not to be made; for "old sayings" are often wise sayings, and we know well that

"True happiness is not the growth of earth.
The search is useless if you seek it there;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And only blossoms in celestial air."

Oh Shamrock! pride of Erin, thou dost claim
Not from her sons alone the rapture warm;
Each Christian heart should kindle at the name
Fated the stubborn Pagan to disarm.

Full well he read, that holy man of old,
A mighty mystery from the humble sod;
With wondering awe they saw the saint unfold
Thy triple leaf, and teach a Triune God.

Then, unbelief and prejudice took flight;
Hath not God chosen "weak things to confound?"
And darkness fled before the flood of light,
And heathen ears received the Gospel sound.

Then Shamrock, whilst the poet of thine isle
Thy praise shall sing, as "prized of bard and chief,"
Be ours to greet with gratitude the while
The holier story of thy simple leaf.

CONVALLARIA MAJALIS.

NAT. CLASS, — MONOCOTYLEDONES ; ORDER, — LILIACEÆ. ART.

CLASS, — HEXANDRIA ; ORDER, — MONOGYNIA.

THE Lily of the Valley has a creeping rhizoma, with entangled wrinkled fibres. In the Spring, the extremity of the rhizoma rises for a short distance into an aerial stem, at the end of which are sheathing scales, and at the summit a slender flower-stalk and two elliptic leaves. The flower-stalk is semi-cylindrical, bearing a cluster of pendulous flowers, inclining to one side, each pedicel with a narrow lanceolate bract at its base. The perianth has only one whorl, which is of an elegant bell-shaped form, with six broad rounded lobes at the margin. There are six stamens inserted on the base of the corolla; and one pistil with a roundish three-celled ovary, a thread-shaped style, and triangular stigma. The fruit is a scarlet globular berry with three cells, and one or two seeds in each.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Flowers, flowers, come forth, 'tis Spring.
Stars of the woods, the hills, and dells,
Fair Valley Lilies, come forth, and ring
In your green turrets your silvery bells.

LONDON MAGAZINE.

THEY have heard the call, and many a lovely dell where in olden time the fairy queen might be supposed to have held her court is studded with their pearl-like blossoms, and scented with their rich breath. It is not without a feeling allied to pain that we sometimes see them removed from scenes with which their simple grace peculiarly harmonized to spots where the excess of cultivation has, perchance, almost driven nature from the field. Of delicate and exceeding beauty, and possessing a rare perfume, there is no English flower more loved than these fair "May-lilies;" and, dwelling as they do in the deep seclusion of the woods, they naturally image to our minds unknown or retiring worth.

She nor affects
 The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun;
 She to no state nor dignity aspires,
 But silent and alone puts on her suit,
 And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
 We had not known there was a thing so sweet
 Hid in the gloomy shade.

BARTON.

But beautiful as this association undoubtedly is, there is another of yet higher and dearer import, — for their name fails not to recall the touching lesson given by our Lord, when with some bright “field-lilies” for his text, he preached the Christian duty of perfect reliance on the superintending care of the Creator, and taught the utter insignificance of worldly grandeur,

Take but the humblest Lily of the field
 And if our pride will to our reason yield,
 It must by sure comparison be shown
 That in the regal seat great David's son,
 Arrayed in all his robes and types of power,
 Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

PRIOR.

Consider ye, the "Lilies of the field"
 Which neither toil nor spin,—not regal pride,
 In all its plenitude of pomp revealed,
 Could hope to charm their beauties placed beside.
 If heavenly goodness thus for them provide,
 Which bloom to day, and wither on the morrow;
 Shall not your wants be from your God supplied,
 Without your vain anxiety and sorrow?
 O! ye of little faith, from these a lesson borrow!

BARTON.

Now although our "Lilies of the Vale" may not in reason be supposed to be the "Lilies of the field" with which our Saviour illustrated his doctrine, they have been not unfrequently chosen by poets, when they would adorn their verses with the Scriptural lesson to which I have alluded.

But not the less, sweet Spring-tide's flower,
 Dost thou display thy Maker's power,
 His skill and handy-work;
 Our western vallies' humbler child;
 Where, in green nook of woodland wild,
 Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
 The loom to ply, the thread to twine;
 Yet born to bloom and fade,
 Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
 Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
 Her wealthiest king arrayed.

BISHOP MANT.

“The Lily of the Vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew’d nor spun.”

It has been thought that the “*Amaryllis lutea*” whose golden blossoms deck the pastures of Judea, is the lily mentioned in the New Testament.

“What pageant of this lower scene
Such rich apparel wears;
Not Solomon, not Sheba’s queen,
A bravery like theirs.”

Some have imagined the white Lily of our gardens, “that fair imperial flower,” was there intended, and one of our poets thus mentions it:—

“The Lily he arrays in spotless white,
Rich in its mantle of invoven light;
Go, Solomon, and cast thy gems aside,
Nor glory in thy poverty of pride.”

But neither can she any more than the “lesser Lilies” lay claim to the distinction, seeing they are neither of them natives of the Holy Land. The Lily of the Valley has no botanical claim to the title of Lily, but the extreme purity of her blossoms has won her admission into that fair family. It may be here

remarked that the word *Lily* is expressed in Hebrew by "Shushan," which signifies *light*, and that the Persian city Shushan has its name from a beautiful species of Lily which grows in profusion near it.

Pass not the Lilies of the Vale
Unmindful of their holy tale,
But listen to the voice,
Which from their flow'rets fair,
Would bid you to rejoice
That you are God's own care!

No king can shine more bright than they,
Though decked with art in rich array,
Still must his glories yield
To flowers that careless grow,—
The Lilies of the field
Which toil not, spin, nor sow.

If God *so clothe* a fading flower,
Born but to perish in an hour,
With raiment bright and fair,
Will he not much more grant
To man, his chiefest care,
All things that he doth want?

June.

June.

MYOSOTIS PALUSTRIS.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—BORAGINÆÆ. ART. CLASS,—
PENTANDRIA; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

THIS has a long black root with strong fibres, and a weak branching stem; the whole herbage more or less clothed with bristly hair, but much more nearly smooth than the very closely allied species which grow in drier places. The leaves are sessile, ovate-oblong. The upper extremities of the branches are forked, each fork bearing a scorpioidal cluster of flowers, and there is frequently a single flower placed in the fork. The flowers are pink in the bud, but turn to a beautiful cœrulean blue when expanding. The calyx is inferior, monosepalous, and persistent, with five deeply-cut segments. The corolla is monopetalous, salver-shaped, with a short tube, and spreading limb of five rounded segments, at the base

of which are as many small rounded lobes, which close the throat of the tube. There are five stamens with short filaments seated near the top of the tube. The pistil has the ovary deeply divided into four cells, from between which in the middle rises a slender style tipped by a blunt stigma. In the fruit the separation of the four cells of the ovary is still more complete, and they take the form of four distinct nuts, each containing a single seed; and near the base of each nut is a perforation at the point where the style was attached.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

'Tis that sweet season's loveliest prime
 When Spring gives up the reins of time
 To Summer's glowing hand,
 And doubting mortals hardly know
 By whose command the breezes blow
 Which fan the smiling land.

WHITEHEAD.

It has been remarked of June that for one brief season we might almost forget we are in a world of change and decay, for where can we discover, amid the newness and the perfection of beauty that surrounds us, any traces of their power? Every thing seems fresh, vigorous, and enduring, and in the length and brightness of the day we are apt to lose the remembrance of the closing hours of Autumn and the night of Winter. Soon, however, shall the scythe of time

"Mow the flowering herb and goodly things."

The fervid heat of a July sun shall dry the springs of

nourishment, and the wind of Autumn bring low the withered foliage which is now so thick and verdant.

This is the time when field-paths are especially attractive. Ere yet the scythe and the reaping-hook have laid prostrate one blade of grass or corn,

"I love to walk the fields—they are to me
A legacy no evil can destroy."

In Spring the violets tempt us to the lanes and copses; in Summer's heat the shade of the woods allures us; whose pomp in Autumn again wins us to their retreats; but in June, particularly in the early part of it, we choose the sunny meadows for our rambles, where

The housing bee on restless wing
Hums on its flower besprinkled way,
And Nature's untaught warblers sing,
Elate of heart, on every spray.

DELTA.

Our old favorites, the buttercup and daisy, present a spangled show of gold and silver, and with a host of other blossoms, spread a rich mosaic-work beneath our feet.

“And in the pleasant grass
That smiles around, fair waving in the breeze,
Delicious hues are seen, innumerable;
As if the rain-drops of the fresh wild Spring
Had blossomed where they fell.”

Here some invisible stream,

“Which with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of its silent course,”

winds its way amongst the grass; its narrow banks
fringed with that “tenant of the nameless rill” whose
pretty sentimental appellation has made it so generally
sought and sung. All love to meet

“By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed flow’ret of the brook,
Hope’s gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not.”

But this plant possesses additional interest when growing in a spot consecrated by the tale of genius or the deed of patriotism. I have seen a root brought from the field of Waterloo, cherished with all the care and tenderness the stirring recollections of that spot awakened. Our Forget-me-not, too, has a high title to regard. It was plucked from the banks of the Ver,

whose stream runs at the base of the hill on which *Verulam* once stood; a city renowned in our early history as the scene of many a fierce struggle between Roman and Briton, at which remote period it was of great, if not primary, importance, in the country. But long since have its palaces and temples been destroyed, and its walls overthrown. The plough passes over its streets, and scarce a fragment remains to mark where it stood.

I was that city which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes as ye see:
Verlame I was.

SPENSER.

Verulam then will soon be forgotten! But no! we gaze on the fragile monitor we are twining in our wreath and exclaim, It cannot be, for she has a claim on our remembrance which must ever be recognised; *St. Alban* was her citizen! Much of her history has been lost in the lapse of ages, and what remains is but obscurely seen in the darkness of the period in which her lot was cast; but there is one bright page which, as we turn the clouded leaves, flashes upon us with

heavenly light—it is that on which is recorded the faith, constancy, and glorious death of the first soldier which England furnished to the holy army of martyrs. More than fifteen hundred years have rolled away since, as he hasted to the place of his suffering, he crossed, on the seventeenth of June, the channel of the Ver; but there fancy again assembles the fiery crowd, and the fierce soldiery bearing with them one whose firm step and radiant countenance bespeak the hour of his triumph nigh.—Anon, the group vanishes, and we see only the glassy river calmly pursuing its course through smiling meads, with tufts of Forget-me-not, and other Summer flowers blooming brightly on its margin, and “anew in shadowy glory,” in the clear depths of the stream.

That name, it speaks in accents dear
Of love, and hope, and joy, and fear;
It softly tells an absent friend
That links of love should never rend;
Its whispers waft on swelling breeze
O'er hill, and dale, by land and seas,

Forget-me-not!

Gem of the rill! we love to greet
Thy blossoms smiling at our feet.
We fancy to thy flow'ret given
A semblance of the azure heaven;
And deem thine eye of gold to be
The star that gleams so brilliantly.

BRIZA MEDIA,—ARRHENATHERUM ELATIUS,—
HOLCUS LANATUS,—POA TRIVIALIS.

NAT. CLASS,—MONOCOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—GRAMINEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
TRIANDRIA; ORDER,—DIGYNIA.

THE four species of the very extensive family of the Grasses which are here figured are named Dodder Grass (*Briza media*); Common Oat-like Grass (*Arrhenatherum elatius*); Meadow Soft Grass (*Holcus lanatus*); and Rough-stalked Meadow Grass (*Poa trivialis*). The description of the Grasses requires a peculiar set of technical terms, because the parts of the perianth have a very different appearance from those of a calyx and corolla in other flowering plants. There are generally three stamens and a pistil, surrounded by husk-like scales, termed chaff (*paleæ*), and these again are invested by other scales, termed glumes (*glumæ*). The stalks also have a peculiar structure, being knotted at intervals, and most frequently hollow between the joints. The shining polish

on their surface is due to a thin coating of silica, the same earth of which quartz-rock and flint are composed; and, if two canes which belong to the Grass family are rubbed together in the dark, they emit a flash of light; and, when a stack of corn or hay is burnt, a glassy scoria is often found among the ashes, which has originated from the fusion of the silica, assisted by the potash in the plant.

GRASS.

I love to muse on meadows newly mown,
 Where withering Grass perfumes the sultry air,
 Where bees search round, with sad unwearied drone,
 In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly there.

CLARE.

How few are there who think a blade of Grass worthy their attention; yet they who examine the structure of Grasses perceive how admirably their several parts are adapted to the functions appointed them. "They are," says Paley, "nature's care," for with these she clothes the earth. Their extraordinary means and powers of preservation and increase, their hardness, their almost unconquerable disposition to spread, their faculties of reviviscence, coincide with the intention of nature concerning them. They thrive under a treatment by which other plants are destroyed. The more their leaves are consumed the more their roots increase. The more they are trampled upon, the thicker they grow.* In tropical countries Grasses are far more gigantic than in

* Lindley's Ladies' Botany.

England. We usually see them, at their largest, two or three feet high, when in flower in the hay-fields. But in equinoctial regions, where the air is damper and the sun far more powerful and brilliant than with us, Grasses acquire surprising dimensions. In Brazil we are told that the hay will grow seven or eight feet high.

It is somewhat remarkable that the growth of Grass should mark the cultivation of a country, and be also a token of desolation. But so it is; for what can be a greater sign of prosperity and abundance than the well-inclosed meadows of our own land arrayed in "nature's robe of vernal green?" Yet if we hear of a ruinous and uninhabited spot we immediately fancy it over-run with thick and rank Grass.

"Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven wings."

How fragile are the pretty blossoms of the Grass! so fragile indeed that they are deemed in the volume of inspiration no unmeet emblems of the uncertain duration of man's existence. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever!" Beautiful, beau-

tiful sentence! where but in Scripture can we find its counterpart? A few of the simplest words which our language affords are here thrown together with such a matchless power that hard must be that heart which refuses to be touched by them. Oh! is it not wonderful that any one can deny that the Bible bears the impress of divinity? Where is the man to be found who *has* written, — where is the man who ever *shall* write words like these? Archbishop Leighton makes so striking a comment on the expression “*All the glory of man,*” that I cannot refrain from inserting it. “There is indeed a great deal of seeming difference betwixt the outward conditions of life amongst men. Shall the rich, and honourable, and beautiful, and healthful, go in together, under the same name, with the baser and unhappier part, the poor, wretched sort of the world, who seem to be born for nothing but sufferings and miseries? At least, hath the wise no advantage beyond the fools? Is all grass? Make you no distinction? No: ‘all is grass;’ or, if you will have some other name, be it so. Once this is true, that all flesh is grass; and if that glory which shines so much in your eyes must have a difference, then this is all it can have, — it is but ‘the flower’ of that same grass; somewhat above the com-

mon grass in gayness, a little comelier, and better apparelled than it, but partakes of its frail and fading nature. It hath no privilege nor immunity that way: yea, of the two is the less durable, and usually shorter-lived; at the least, it decays with it. 'The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.'

"All flesh is as *grass*," or, as it is even more forcibly rendered by the Prophet Isaiah, "all flesh is *grass*." Like grass, our bodies are beautifully and wonderfully made, and every part of our frame has its appointed office. Like it, too, they are frail. "In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth." We pass through a meadow in June, and admire the slight flowers waving with every breath: we pass again the next day, and we startle to see them laid low. A heavy storm, perchance, has done the work; or the scythe of the mower has laid them prostrate on the ground whence they first arose, and what was once the object of admiration will become the food of cattle. And thus it is with man's life. One day he is in health and vigour, scheming pleasures, looking forward through a long vista of years, and saying to his soul, "Take thine ease, eat, drink,

and be merry." And where is he the next? Some accident, as it is called, has befallen him: his system is disarranged, and he is in his coffin. "A wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." Is it not an astonishing delusion that, seeing as we do, almost daily instances of the uncertainty of life, we yet continue to trifle it away as if, though all around us are vanishing from sight, we were immortal? Nay, so insensible are we in our *own* case of its lapse that we even talk of "passing it away" as if the thread of our life could never be spun out.

"The man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour."

Oh! how different will be our feelings when we come to die. How invaluable will then seem one of those hours now thoughtlessly squandered in folly or in sin! How touching the warning cry of Queen Elizabeth, on her death bed, "Millions of money for one inch of time."

But we will suppose that man passes his prime, and arrives at an advanced age. Still, though he has escaped the storm, he cannot ward off the stroke

of the scythe. Death comes at last, and he must be laid low: his mortal part must be returned to the earth whence it came, and, more degraded even than the flower of the field, become food for worms. He must say "to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

But here ends the resemblance; and, after tracing the sad lesson of man's perishable nature, shall we not glory in the point of difference. Grass dies, and, once dead, is gone for ever. Man dies, but *he* shall live again. He is possessed of an immortal soul; and that soul, if in the days of her earthly sojourning, she has been made a partaker of Christ's salvation, has an inheritance prepared for her — "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away!"

Grass of the field! the morning sun
Shines on thy verdure fair;
But, ere his daily course is run,
He'll scorch thy golden hair.

In warning tone the Psalmist says,
"All living flesh is grass;"
But ah! with ever-heedless gaze
Mortals their emblem pass.

Youth, thoughtless of impending doom,
Rejoicing in the morn,
Forgets that evening's hour of gloom
Must see his beauty shorn.

And even when that hour is come
Man turns his thoughts away,
And sinks into his last long home,
Forgetting he is clay.

But *we* will twine within our wreath
These flow'rets of the sod —
To tell us still of "change and death,"
The message of our God!

July.

July.

ROSA CENTIFOLIA VAR. MUSCOSA.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—ROSACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
ICOSANDRIA; ORDER, POLYGYNIA.

A WELL-KNOWN shrub with pinnate leaves, of which the leaflets are ovate and serrated. The peculiar variety of the present species here figured is what botanists term a monster, the parts of the flower not being formed in the regular and more natural manner. All Roses have their calyx tubular below, and terminating above in five leaf-like segments. The tubular portion completely envelops the pistils, and by the time the latter have ripened into hispid seed-vessels, commonly considered as the seeds themselves, the former has become succulent, and forms what is termed the hip or fruit of the Rose. In the natural state the petals are five in number, and together with the numerous stamens are attached to the limb of

the calyx; but in the present case, and in all double Roses, the stamens undergo a monstrous development, and assume the character of petals. Very frequently some of the interior ones may be seen in a sort of intermediate state, half petal and half stamen. Numerous pistils are attached to the base of the calyx tube, and each is furnished with a long style terminated by a stigma. Collectively, the styles form a bundle more or less combined in the centre of the flower.

THE MOSS ROSE.

Queen of Flora's emerald bowers,
 Imperial Rose, thou queen of flowers,
 Wave thy moss-enwreathen stem,
 Wave thy dewy diadem;
 Thy crimson luxury unfold,
 And drink the sunny blaze of gold!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE garden now displays "a bloomy waste of flowers," and amongst them

"The Queen Rose reigns supreme,
 Fairest among the fair."

The Rose is the poet's favourite flower, and so many strains have they sung in her praise that, with the recollection of their varied melody, it is difficult to write of her in prose. I believe there is no one who denies her attractions, and that there are many who will sympathize in the love and admiration which these lines express:

"In Spring I watch its opening hue,
 Fair promise of a leaf to be,
 And, long before they burst to view,
 Its swelling folds have charms for me.

I count each bud with silent hope
 Which Summer ripens into flower;
 And, when the glowing petals ope,
 I cherish them within my bower.

I love it in its earliest blade,
 I love it in its richest bloom;
 And, when its living beauties fade,
 I court its memory in perfume."

It has been fondly said of the Rose,

"Her blush makes black the morn;"

and her colour is, indeed, exquisite, though there are other flowers whose tints may vie with hers; but her fragrance is unrivalled, and, above all, it is undying. The poet speaks truly in giving this as the chief reason of her fame.

"But first of all the Rose; because its breath
 Is rich beyond the rest; and when it dies
 It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death."

The Rose has received the greatest honours in Persia, where a period of festivity, called "the Feast of the Roses," lasts during the time of their bloom. In Europe, though she has been no where thus celebrated, tokens of distinction have not been wanting:

one of these was a singular custom which prevailed when the papal rule was more extended. The pope then sent annually to the prince most in his favour a golden and perfumed Rose.

Admired and prized by all, to English hearts the Rose should be especially dear, for she is the emblem of our own fair land. May no stain shade her brightness; but, wreathed as now with laurel, may she ever bloom—the symbol of honour, justice, and freedom!

Lovely Rose! the sunlight stays
On thy blushing face to gaze;
Fondly yet the last beam lingers
Ere it leaves the purple west;
Touched by nature's rosy fingers,
Glows the crimson of thy vest.

Moonbeams thread thy leafy bower,
Love to light thy sleeping flower;
Dewdrops on thy peerless brow
With a gleaming lustre shine;
Where is crowned head can show
Diadem as bright as thine?

Twilight pale, through darkness breaking,
Early watches for thy waking;
Sunbeams on thy breast repose,
Drink the odour of thy sigh;
Noon his brightest smile bestows,
Tints thy cheek with warmer dye.

Lovely Rose! so fondly cherished,
Quick we see thy beauty perished;
Yet thy treasured leaves supply
Sweet remembrance of thy reign—
Thus the stores of memory
Give back days of joy again!

MALVA MOSCHATA.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—MALVACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
MONADELPHIA; ORDER,—POLYANDRIA.

THIS plant has a tough, somewhat woody root, and an upright partially branched stem. The root leaves have long petioles, with rounded limbs, which are cut into three to five lobes, and these are farther lobed and cut. The stem leaves are much more deeply lobed and cut than the root leaves, so that their lobes appear to be pinnatifid with strap-shaped segments. The whole herbage is more or less hairy. The flowers are rose-coloured, or occasionally white, on long axillary pedicels crowded towards the summit of the stem and branches. The calyx consists of two whorls, the outermost composed of three acute sepals, the innermost monosepalous and five toothed. The corolla has five wedge-shaped petals, jagged at the end. There are

numerous stamens, the lower portion of whose filaments are united into a tube surrounding the pistil, which is composed of several one-celled and one-ovuled carpels, ranged in a circle, with their styles blended together into a column below, but separated above. The carpels become capsular and one-seeded, readily separating from each other.

THE MUSK MALLOW.

E M B L E M O F M E E K N E S S .

Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
 To the breeze when no step is nigh.
 Oh! thus for ever the earth should send
 Her grateful breath on high.

And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
 Of hopes unto sorrows given,
 That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
 Looking alone to heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

Nor will the breast where fancy glows
 Deem every flower a weed that blows
 Amid the desert plain.

SHENSTONE.

It is at this time that the Musk Mallow unfolds, in the hedge-banks of our meadows, its delicate pink blossoms of vase-like shape; and, because it is a native of our own land, this beautiful flower is ranked among the weeds. What an extraordinary perverseness is there in man's disposition, leading him always

to admire most, that which is least attainable; and to hold an every-day object in slight estimation. For this reason exotics are highly prized, though some of them have little beauty; while England's beautiful children are condemned to bloom with but a seldom tribute of admiration.

There is, too, a sort of prejudice against particular plants; a Thistle, for instance, always carries with it the idea of unsightliness; but the Musk Thistle (*Carduus Nutans*) is really a beautiful flower. Gracefully the silky stem droops beneath the weight of the rich purple crown, which

"Might outvie the tints of an emperor's robe;
And the martial leaves which begird its stem
Are like guards round a royal diadem."

Other plants, again, lie under the stigma of inutility. But why should they be thus slandered? There is nothing in the vegetable kingdom but has its appointed office; and, though some plants be prejudicial to the crops of the agriculturist, they are highly useful as furnishing food to the insect or feathered tribes.

How many plants, we call them weeds,
 Against our wishes grow;
 And scatter wide their various seeds
 To all the winds that blow.

Man grumbles when he sees them rise
 To foul his husbandry;
 Kind Providence this way supplies
 His lesser family.

Scattered, but small, they 'scape the eye,
 But are not wasted there:
 Safe they in clefts and furrows lie;
 The little birds find where.

WORDSWORTH.

But to return to our subject. The musk-like scent from which this plant derives its name is generally very slight; nor can I say that I ever observed it; but I have been informed that in the evening, and very early in the morning, its fragrance is strikingly perceptible.* “The delicate perfume emitted by certain flowers, as well as the more powerful and often disagreeable scents afforded by the herbage of some plants, generally depends upon the diffusion of a volatile oil. In some cases such an oil is

* Descriptive and Physiological Botany.

magazined in the stalks and leaves, as in mints, and is rendered more sensible the more these parts are rubbed and bruised. In the flower, especially, the oily particles which produce the odour seem to be diffused as fast as they are secreted; and hence it happens that the greater number of plants are more powerfully scented at one particular part of the day, and that almost all flowers are most fragrant towards night."

The Musk Mallow, like the Wood Anemone, closes its petals at sunset; and as we have, in the chapter on that plant, extracted from a modern work some remarks on the sleep of leaves and flowers, we shall here quote a very quaint account of this property, given by Lord Bacon. * "It is manifest that some flowers have two respects to the sun, the one by opening and shutting, the other by bowing and inclining their heads; for most flowers open their leaves when the sun shines clear, and in some measure close them either towards night or when the sky is overcast. Of this there needs no such solemn reason as that plants rejoice in the presence and mourn in the absence of the sun; the cause being no more than

* Sylva Sylvarum.

a little moisture of the air, which loads the leaves, and swells them at the bottom, whereas the dry air expands them. The plants that bow and incline the head are the great Sun-flower, Mallow-flowers, &c. The cause of this is somewhat more obscure than the former, but I take it to be no other than that the part against which the sun beats grows weaker and more flaccid in the stalk, and then becomes less able to support the flower."

The Musk Mallow is, in floral language, regarded as the emblem of a sweet, mild disposition; and we have read that it was customary with the ancients to plant Mallows around the graves of their departed relatives, for which appropriation we can assign no reason.

No flower is this of fiery hue,
Nor golden tint it bears;
It boasts not of cerulean blue,
Nor pearly whiteness wears;
Yet who can despise the sweet tints of this flower,
Though it deck not the lawn, nor adorn ladye's bower.

Yet only in the shade of night
It sends its fragrance forth,
As though it deemed no earthly light
Were conscious of its worth;
So it bends its head low, as it wafts it away
Ere the star of the morn tells the breaking of day.

There's nought beneath the vault of heaven
That we may useless deem;
E'en to this plant a moral's given,
Though simple it may seem;
Emblem of *meekness*! Oh! who doth not hallow
The bright green leaf of the Musk-scented Mallow!

August.

August.

CONVOLVULUS ARVENSIS.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—CONVOLVULACEÆ. ART.

CLASS,—PENTANDRIA; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

THIS has a milky, succulent, and extensively creeping rhizoma, branching into several aerial stems, which either twine in a left-handed spiral round the stems of any plant which comes in their way, or else trail upon the ground. The leaves are alternate, with long petioles, and their limbs between hastate and sagittate. From the axils of the leaves proceed single peduncles, bearing about two small bracts, and generally one, but occasionally two or three, flowers. The calyx is monosepalous, but deeply divided into five segments, and persistent. The corolla monopetalous, bell-shaped, with five plaits. There are five stamens with awl-shaped filaments attached to the base of the

corolla, and with terminal arrow-shaped anthers. The pistil has a globose ovary, with from one to three cells, a thread-shaped style, and two spreading oblong stigmas. The fruit is a capsule with one to three cells, valvular, and with one or two seeds in each cell. The farmer and gardener would willingly dispense with the loss of its beautiful flower, could they contrive to eradicate the troublesome creeping rhizoma with which the plant is furnished.

THE SMALL BINDWEED OR FIELD CONVOL-
VULUS.

The Corn-flowers rose, an azure band,
From earthly cell.
Nought else can I do but stop and stand,
And greet you well.

Welcome on earth's green breast again,
Ye flow'rets dear.
In Spring, how charming 'mid the grain
Your heads ye rear.

Like stars midst lightning's ray
Ye shine, red, blue:
Oh! how your Summer aspect gay
Delights my view!

TRANSLATION FROM A DANISH POEM.

Foreign Quarterly.

WHAT a beautiful nosegay we may gather of

“the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining fields of corn.”

“There be certain Corn-flowers,” says Bacon, “which come seldom or never in other places unless they be set, but only amongst corn, as the Blue Bottle, a kind of yellow Marigold, Wild Poppy, and Fumitory.” To

these we may add the Corn-cockle and the Pimpernel, and though not so entirely confined to our corn-fields, the pretty little *Convolvulus Arvensis*, which may be constantly found by the banks and paths, twining around the straggling stalks of corn.

Thy beauty, blushing through the dew
Which Summer sheds at early morn,
Fair fading flower! I love to view,
Beneath the shade of yellow corn.

A tender feeling of delight
Attends me at thy humble shrine;
I trace the Eternal hand of might
In these decaying tints of thine.

The rude, untutored reaper by,
Without a ray from science caught,
Beholds the same memorial nigh,
And owns sweet truths by nature taught.

SLATTER.

The Lesser *Convolvulus* is nearly related to that fair child of Summer, *Convolvulus Sepium*,

“The Bindweed, pure and pale,
That sues to all for aid,”

between whom and the Lily, an old herbalist draws this amusing comparison:—“There is an herbe,

named, in Latine, *Convolvulus*, growing among shrubs and bushes, which carrieth a floure not unlike to the Lily, save that it yieldeth no smell. For whitenesse they resemble one another very much, as if nature, in making this floure, were a-learning, and trying her skill how to frame the Lily indeed."

How fair her pendent wreath
 O'er bush and brake is twining ;
 While meekly there beneath,
 Midst fern and blossomed heath,
 Her lovelier sister's shining,
 Tinged with such gentle hues as streak
 A slumbering infant's glowing cheek.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

How delightful is it, in the quiet hour of evening, to wander through the corn-fields, to see the ears gently waving in the western breeze, and to hear their soft rustling; and then, as the eye glances over the whitening grain, to raise the heart in thankfulness to the God of harvests, who provideth so richly for mankind.

Ere the sickle is put in, the flowers have a fairer aspect than the corn. The scarlet pride of the Poppy, the bright hue of the Blue-bottle, and the

lovely purple of the Corn-cockle, win more attention than the unvaried tint of the wheat. "Both grow together till the harvest;" but then the beauty of the gay blossoms perishes, and no one careth for them, whilst the corn is carefully garnered. Behold a type of the world! The splendour of pomp, the flash of wit, and the fascination of genius, attract the notice and admiration of all. But what avail these brilliant possessions in death? *They* only who have borne good fruit will the Lord "gather into life eternal."

The rapid increase of wheat is well worthy our attention; and on this subject I cannot do better than quote our early botanist, whose remarks accord with the spirit in which I would wish to view it.

* "It is observable, and not to be commemorated without acknowledgment of the Divine benignity to us, that (as Pliny rightly notes) nothing is more fruitful than wheat, 'which fertility nature (he should have said the Author of nature) hath conferred upon it because it feeds man chiefly with it.' If Pliny, a heathen, could make this fertility of wheat argumen-

* Ray on the Creation.

tative of the bounty of God to man, making such plentiful provision for him, of that which is of most pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment, surely it ought not to be passed over by us *Christians* without notice-taking and thanksgiving."

'The fields so lately clothed are bare,
 The reaper's arm hath toiled there ;
 Loud shouts "throughout the welkin ring,"
 As glad the last rich load they bring ;
 Homeward the sunburnt labourers come,
 With joyous cry of "Harvest Home !"

Trace we the path?— It first was trod
 When late the plough upturned the sod :
 Then swerving footsteps needs must stray,
 Marking an ever-winding way,
 And, failing in a line direct,
 Beauty unconsciously effect,—

See here, although the field is bare,
 Fringing the path or scattered near,
 A few neglected ears we find,
 Round which *Convolvulus* hath twined.
 Though scorned by all the world besides,
 Still fond and true she with them bides.

'Twere ill to pass such lesson by,
 Leaving the monitor to die
 Ere yet the artist's ready will
 Had sketched her, though with feeble skill.
 Well may such faithfulness be found
 In *friendship's wreath* securely bound !

PELARGONIUM.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—GERANIACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
MONADELPHIA; ORDER,—HEPTANDRIA.

THE genus *Pelargonium* is very extensive, and the species are almost exclusively found about the Cape of Good Hope. They have been so much cultivated of late years that many varieties and hybrids have been the result, and it is very difficult to say what are and what are not true species. Their common character is to possess half-succulent stems, which branch a good deal, and bear leaves with petioles, having stipules at their base. The flowers are in umbels, with the calyx so deeply divided into five segments as almost to appear quinquesepalous. There are five unequal petals in the corolla, the uppermost of which are generally larger than the rest. The stamens are also unequal, united into a monadelphous tube, and though in reality ten in number, yet, three of them being sterile, the genus is referred to Heptan-

dria as an order. The pistil has the ovary composed of five single seeded carpels, from the summit of each of which rises a style; but the five are blended together into one, round a central axis. When the fruit ripens, the five carpels separate from each other, and also from the axis, except at the summit, where they remain for awhile attached.

THE GERANIUM.

Then names are good, for how without their aid
 Is knowledge gained by man, to man conveyed;
 But from that source shall all our pleasures flow?
 Shall all our knowledge be these names to know?—
 No! let us rather seek in grove and field,
 What food for wonder, what for use, they yield;
 Some just remark from nature's people bring,
 And some new source of homage for her king.

CRABBE.

THE garden is now in high beauty—I was going to write the word *perfection*—when I remembered that the Roses are withered; and how can the flower-garden be perfect, lacking their soft bright tints and their exquisite fragrance? The greenhouses are almost deserted, for the plants which they sheltered in the Winter now add their beauty to a host of hardier flowers. Amongst these the various species of Pelargonias are general favourites. To most persons they are familiar under the name of Geraniums, but botanists do not recognise them by this appellation. The title

of Geranium is now held only by the more humble though equally beautiful flowers of that genus which bloom in the meadows and by the road-sides through our land. The word *Pelargonium*, however, bears with it so harsh a sound that, craving pardon of the botanists, we will recall for the present the long familiar name of Geranium. How marvellous is the influence which habit acquires over us, causing us to cherish even the *sounds* to which we have been long accustomed !

One feature of beauty in many of these flowers is the clearness of the veins in their petals. In the leaves of plants, veins are composed of tubular vessels, which convey the nourishment the leaf receives from the stem to all parts of its surface, and transmit it back again. All flowers have veins, but in some we scarcely discern them, whilst in others, as in many species of the Geranium, they are so perceptible as to give a pencilled appearance to the petals.

The peculiar structure of the seed-vessel has obtained for different plants of this tribe the names of Crane's-bill and Stork's-bill. Dodoens, an old herbalist, thus writes of our English "*Herbe Roberte*,

Pynke-needle, and Storke's-byl, with other of the same kinde." "There is found in this country divers sortes of herbes whose seedes be long and sharpe like to a hearon's beake or byl, the which, for the self-same cause, are all comprehended under the name and kindes of Hearon's-byls."

The Geranium is the Winter ornament of conservatories, and, in this more joyous season, it ranks with the chiefest of the garden's glory; and we must not forget that, though of aristocratic birth, it de-means itself with humility, shunning not to deck with its brilliant blossom the cottager's window. I love to see the flower-pot, with its well-trimmed plant, in the casement of the poor man's dwelling; for I look upon it as a sign of the comfort within, and I picture the well-sanded floor—the highly-polished chairs—the clean shelves, on which are displayed plates and jugs of various hues and patterns; and, above all, the round oak table, bright and dark with age.

Geranium! in the cultured round
Than thee no flower more prized is found,
And none doth seem more fair;
Is it thy beauty's brilliant glow
That winneth our affection so,
And all our tender care?

Al no! thy *innate worth* shall prove
A better title to our love;
For, though thy lovely form
Be broken by the passing wind,
Thy blossoms crushed by chance unkind,
Or scattered by the storm.

More rich thy perfumed breath exhales,
Nor e'en in death thy sweetness fails!
Thus doth affection bloom;
And thou dost seem to me, bright flower,
An emblem of her gentle power
O'er sorrow and the tomb.

September.

September.

CAMPANULA ROTUNDIFOLIA.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES ; ORDER,—CAMPANULACEÆ. ART.
CLASS,—PENTANDRIA ; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

THE stem is somewhat rhizomatous, fleshy, and creeping at the base, but branches immediately above ground, so as to form several stems. The root-leaves have long petioles, and heart-shaped or kidney-shaped limbs, with the margins crenate. It is from these leaves that the plant derives its specific name, but unluckily they may very easily be overlooked, as they are small and soon wither. The stem-leaves are lanceolate and somewhat toothed in the lower part of the stem, but higher up they are narrower, becoming nearly linear, sessile, and quite entire. The blue or white flowers are arranged in a loose droop-

ing panicle, each pedicel furnished with an awl-shaped bract. The calyx is superior, with the limb divided into five awl-shaped segments, and the corolla monopetalous, bell-shaped, with five broad spreading lobes. There are five stamens, with the base of the filaments expanding into a scale-like process. The pistil has an angular ovary with three to five cells, surmounted by a thread-shaped style, which branches at the summit into two or three stigmas. The fruit is an obovate angular capsule, discharging the numerous seeds from each cell in a singular manner, through little valvular openings.

THE HAREBELL — HARVEST-BELL.

But most I love thine azure braid
 When softer flowers are all decayed,
 And thou appearest
 Stealing beneath the hedge-row's shade,
 Like joys that linger as they fade,
 Whose last are dearest.

Beneath Autumnal breezes bleak,
 So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
 I've seen thee bending,
 Pale, as the pale blue veins that streak
 Consumption's thin, transparent cheeks,
 With death-hues blending!

ANON.

WHAT a depth and variety of instruction opens to one who with thoughtful eye gazes upon the fair pictured lessons which, in the bright succession of flowers, nature spreads before her children. Alas! that we should so often turn coldly from them, and fail to draw from each the lesson it would inculcate. That we may not in the present instance incur the charge of inattention, let us, as the lovely Harebell supplies a link in our floral chain, lend a willing

ear to her gentle tale. Her home was beneath the shade of a splendid beech, that forms the principal ornament of a beautiful lane, which, winding up a short hill, leads to a pretty group of cottages, whose name, "The Camp," contrasts strangely with the peaceful and retired spot. Here, says tradition, was the fierce Roman encamped what time he warred with the rude Briton; but every vestige of his sojourn has disappeared, and the antiquary seeks in vain for trace of fosse or embankment.

On the hedges on either side this lane are now hanging long stalks of various ripe grain, telling of the rich burdens which have passed that way. Surely we cannot view these tokens of abundance without gratitude to the Giver of all. The Harebell speaks to us then of the harvest-time, for she loves to haunt the lanes and field-ways through which are carried the bountiful provision our God hath sent; therefore has she been, I think appropriately, termed by some "The Harvest-bell," though I am told that name belongs of right to a species of Gentian.

Let us not then satisfy ourselves with admiring the loveliness of her tint, or the elegant simplicity of her form, but listen to the hymn of thanksgiving

and praise which she would teach our hearts to sing.

The editor of Withering's Botany says that this flower is the true Harebell of Scotland, sometimes termed also the Heath-bell; whilst the wild Hyacinth is her famed "Bluebell." Sir Walter Scott, however, does not bear him out in this assertion; for he appropriates both names to the Campanula. In his "Lady of the Lake," he strews it in Ellen's pathway as the Harebell.

"For me she stooped, and looking round
Plucked a blue Harebell from the ground;
For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be."

And in another of his poems he terms it the
"Bluebell."

"When Summer smiled on sweet Bow-hill,
And July's eve with balmy breath
Waved the Bluebell on Newark heath,
And flourished broad Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke."

It could be wished that the question were decided, for, though amusing, it is provoking to see the indiscriminate manner in which authors on flowers appropriate lines on both of these favourites of the poets to the one under discussion, regardless alike of the season and situation described.

The Hyacinth is the child of Spring, and the denizen of the woods; whilst the Campanula is the pride of the harvest-time, and flourishes in exposed situations.

The Autumn wind doth faintly wail;
 There is music borne on the gentle gale,
 As fairy bells their notes were pealing,
 Quick to the ear of fancy stealing.
 Hark! the flowers the breeze is swinging,
 And Harvest-bells are sweetly ringing.

Merry they ring, for the ripened corn
 Load after load hath been pass'd them borne;
 Gathered with thanks—garnered in joy—
 No more can blight our hopes destroy;
 Joy that our often prayers are heard!
 Praise for our daily bread, O Lord.

Again the breeze the flowers hath shaken;
 Its blasts a knell of sorrow waken;
 And, echoing their heavy breath,
 They mourn the lovely Summer's death;
 Or, prescient of their coming doom,
 They sigh at thought of Winter's gloom.

O! Harvest-bells, I mourn with ye
 The speed with which all bright things flee!
 We love their sweetness, own their power,
 Yet lose them in one little hour.—
 Chain then no more to earthly clay
 Hearts which should own a higher sway!

THE HISTORY OF

THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, in Strand

1699

By Authority

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ELICHRYSUM FULGIDUM.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—COMPOSITÆ. ART. CLASS,—
SYNGENESIA; ORDER,—SUPERFLUA.

THE stem and leaves are downy; the latter embracing the stem at their base, ovate-lanceolate. The flower-stalks bear about three flowers each, or, rather we should say, heads of flowers, for in this order of plants what is popularly termed a flower is an aggregation of little flowers or florets in one dense head, surrounded by an involucre of several scales, which has the general appearance of being a calyx, and among the earlier botanists was called the common calyx. Among the flowers termed Everlasting, of which there are many species, it is the scale-like bracts of the involucre which constitute the scarious and coloured portions upon which the beauty of the inflorescence depends; and on being dried they preserve their form and colour nearly as perfect and brilliant as when in the growing state. Within these coloured bracts, and occupying the

centre of the head, are the numerous little florets each organized with its separate floral whorls, like the larger and more conspicuous flowers of other plants. There is an expanded disk on which they are seated, and which in the present species has not scales or chaff upon its surface, as is the case in the Sunflower, and many others of the same order.

THE EVERLASTING.

Thine is a glorious volume, nature! Each
 Line, leaf, and page, are filled with living lore;
 Wisdom more pure than sage could ever teach,
 And all philosophy's divinest store.
 Rich lessons rise where'er thy tracks are trod,—
 The book of nature is the book of God.

NEW MONTHLY.

"I HAVE often thought," says an American writer, "that flowers were the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths."

This, though a striking and original reflection, is perhaps almost too imaginative. We are warranted by Scripture to regard angels as "ministering spirits" to man, and this is all we know of their employments as to this lower world. But if we consider the above thought, losing sight of the power attributed in it to the angels, the romance of the idea vanishes, and the dream of fancy is sobered into reality. For who will deny that upon the face of the whole creation is stamped—in characters so legible that, were not man's eyes sealed by

wilful blindness, he could scarce fail to decipher them—truths of sublime and mysterious import. It is a proof, a sad proof of man's degeneracy, that he reads not in each plant a lesson of God's *kindness*. Did not the same Almighty hand which

“took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe and all created things,”

for man's sole gratification create the flowers that decorate the earth?

Regard the vegetable world as an object of gratification, and it was for *man alone* that it was created. The beasts, indeed, browse upon the herbage, but it is not theirs to estimate the skilful structure of one blade of grass; the birds hide their nests amid the foliage, unaware of the beauty of its tints; the insects, while sipping the sweets of flowers, are incapable of delighting in the rich fragrance exhaled around. To man alone it is given fully to enjoy these lovely works of Almighty Goodness, which charm his every sense.

But we may also find in them a memorial of God's infinite *power*. He that created the heavens

and holdeth up the spheres, formed also the smallest
weed we trample on.

What, though the glorious sun, enthroned on high,
May more conspicuously a lesson teach;
Or moon, or stars, which gem the midnight sky,
A yet more touching homily may preach;
As day to day still added knowledge shows,
Far lowlier objects to the heart may reach,
And Wisdom purest precepts may disclose,
Culled from the Lily's bloom, or gathered from the Rose.

BARTON.

We are too apt to disregard those plants which are
common to our sight; but surely what God did not
think beneath him to create, it becomes man to
investigate.

Besides bearing the impress of God's mercy and
power, many other truths are written on "hills and
fields," and one way of deciphering these mysterious
characters is to consider the individual flowers as
emblems of particular sentiments.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Some plants force us, as it were, to read their meaning, and one of these is that which we have chosen as our present subject. For who can look upon the Everlasting without seeing in it a type of the immortal nature of our spirits? Its enduring property has occasioned its use as a token of remembrance by the friends of the departed.

We should have thought, too, that it would have been a poet's flower. But not so: for though its rival, the Amaranth, is frequently alluded to in poetry, I cannot recall any lines in which the Everlasting is addressed. I trust, however, it has not been wholly neglected: for I would not that its first memorial should be the feeble tribute of the following lines :—

And can a name like this belong
Where all is changing fast?
Surely we dream alone in song
Of tints that ever last.
I deemed that earth's were fading flowers,
Existing but a few short hours.

Ah! 'tis indeed a dream to give
Frail plants so high a name,
They may a space their friends outlive
But fade at last the same.
Yet, is the name with warning fraught
With many a deep and holy thought!

When the bright heavens consume in smoke,
And worlds in ashes lie,
The soul shall break death's fearful yoke
And live eternally!
In realms of joy—happy and free,
Or bound in chains of misery!

So let us live that, when we die,
To us it may be given
That angels shout our welcome high,
And ope the gates of heaven!
No more to tread earth's paths of gloom,
But dwell where flowers eternal bloom!

October.

October.

JASMINUM OFFICINALE.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—JASMINACEÆ. ART. CLASS,—
DIANDRIA; ORDER,—MONOGYNIA.

A SHRUB with low trailing branches, furnished with opposite pinnate leaves, composed of about three pair of leaflets, with a large terminal one. The fragrant white flowers are arranged in loose corymbiform bunches at the extremities of the branches. The calyx is monosepalous, with five acute teeth. The corolla monopetalous and salver-shaped, with the limb divided into five spreading segments. Two stamens, with very short filaments, and oblong anthers, are seated within the tube of the corolla, and near its summit. A single pistil has the ovary superior and two-celled, surmounted by a single style, terminating

in a bifid stigma. The ovary becomes an oval, smooth, two-celled berry, with one seed in each cell, which is convex outwardly, and flattened on its inner surface.

Though a native of the East Indies, this plant has long been a choice ornament of the gardens of Europe, where it is capable of withstanding the severest winters without much injury, but does not perfect its fruit.

THE JASMINE.

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

The year growing ancient.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE woods now wear the glorious clothing of Autumn ; a garb of richest gold, here shading into palest yellow, and then deepening into deepest brown ! Yet their gorgeous array wakens but a melancholy pleasure ; the hues are those of death ! The atmosphere is chilled, the days are shortened, every trace of Summer is fled, and decay is everywhere perceptible. Whilst we see nature fading around us, our thoughts naturally dwell on our own quickly-passing existence.

"Like the leaf
When sweeps the annual death-blast o'er the woods,
We fall when Heaven decrees the blow."

We accept the scene as a type of our own dissolution, and muse on death, the tomb, and (oh !

blessed word to the redeemed) on immortality. A brief season and the leaves shall again burst forth. The flowers awakening to the call of Spring shall clothe the earth with beauty. And man, too, shall live again: though the cold grave must close over him, it shall not hold him. He too, shall hear a call to life—even the loud trump of the archangel summoning earth and sea to give up their dead!

The Jasmine, which we have chosen for one of the flowers of the present month, is a lingerer after the sweet Summer-time. Until quite late in the season, we here and there find a solitary bright star shining amidst its dark leaves, carrying us back to the sunny days when they were thickly spangled with its fragrant blossoms.

As a treasure of memory we prize each fading spray, and we have preserved one in our little book, where, as we trust, we are storing many pleasant recollections for after-days.

One blossom's left to tell of sunny hours!
But one sad relic of the host of flowers,
Which short time since, thick scattered o'er the tree,
Shone as the sunlit drops upon the sea.
How beautiful, how beautiful were set
Those stars in Summer's golden coronet!
Then Rose and Woodbine shed their fragrance round
And in a glorious wreath the window bound;
But Autumn, now, hath swept their beauty low.
Woodbine and Rose alike have ceased to blow;
Thy tresses, Jasmine, trail along the ground,
And on them but one lingering flower is found—
How dear, how doubly dear, to see thee bloom
Amid this scene of fading and of gloom;
To tell that, in the hours of doubt and care,
Still, if we seek, we find some blossom there,—
Some *hope* to cheer us in our darkened way,
Some star to shed around a softening ray!

ARBUTUS UNEDO.

NAT. CLASS, — DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER, — ERICACEÆ. ART. CLASS, —
DECANDRIA; ORDER, — MONOGYNIA.

THIS handsome tree is indigenous to Ireland. It is evergreen, with elliptic-lanceolate leaves, serrated at the edges, and in the young state these are clothed with glandular hair. The flowers are in panicles, the calyx monosepalous, deeply five-cleft. The corolla monopetalous, ovate, with the limb five-cleft, and reflexed, of a pale greenish tint, and waxy appearance. There are ten stamens attached to the base of the corolla, with their filaments short and dilated at the base; their anthers bursting at the apex by two pores. The pistil has a five-celled ovary, simple style, and blunt stigma. This becomes a five-celled crimson berry, covered with tubercles, which give it the general appearance of a strawberry, though it is no way allied to that fruit in its structure.

THE STRAWBERRY TREE.

"The leafy Arbutus spreads
A show of blossoms, and on every bough
Its vermeil fruitage glitters to the sun."

THE Arbutus is a great ornament to our shrubberies at a time when they begin to lose their Summer dress. This is one of the few trees on which

"fruits and blossoms blush
In social sweetness on the self-same bough."

Exceedingly beautiful are its delicate clustered bells, and rich crimson fruit, whilst the contrast they present is very striking.

It is a native of many parts of Europe, and grows commonly in Ireland, where it attains considerable size. Travellers speak of it as gracing the lovely scenery of the lakes of Killarney. The Irish make boxes and other small articles of its wood, which they here offer for sale; not failing to assure visitors that every stranger carries with him from

Killarney some memorial of its beautiful Arbutus trees.

We have been led to Ireland, and our thoughts naturally dwell on the protracted struggle which truth has there maintained with error. Painfully do we muse on persecutions to which the faithful have been subjected, and on deeds of horror which the sword of fanaticism has worked. The religious aspect of Ireland is now most interesting. Long has darkness brooded over this fair island, and light has glimmered but as the distant star. The dawn of morning, however, begins to be discernible. May it "shine more and more unto the perfect day." Be this our prayer for Ireland! Then, children of one government, we shall be subject also to the same spiritual rule, brethren in love and in faith, in time and in eternity!

When beauty other trees forsakes,
And drear the landscape is appearing,
Arbutus by green Erin's lakes
Her cheerful head is blithely rearing.

The eye is caught by foliage green,
Which its wax-like bells are decking,
And bright its "scarlet grain" is seen,
Of Winter's tempests little recking.

Rich in fruit we see her stand,
And many a true heart prayer is sending
That soon our verdant sister land
May *faith* and *hope* as rich be blending.

E'en now a glorious band we see
Through error's wilds securely treading;
A heaven-directed company,
Light, in moral darkness, spreading.

And hope *is* budding; yea! and faith
Shows *its rich fruit* in hall and shieling,
And martyrs yield the willing breath,
From many a blood-stained hearth appealing.

November.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

November.

TAXUS BACCATA.

NAT. CLASS,—DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER,—CONIFERÆ. ART. CLASS,—
DIECIA; ORDER,—MONADELPHIA.

THIS evergreen tree never attains to a great height, but, as the trunk increases very slowly, and the wood is extremely solid and durable, it arrives at a great age, and is truly the veteran of European vegetation. There are some Yews in Great Britain which are probably not less than between 2,000 and 3,000 years old. The leaves are linear, acute, and ranged in two ranks. The flowers are of two kinds, seated on separate individuals, in the axils of the leaves. Those which bear the pollen are ranged in small oval catkins, the bases of which are scaly; and they bear several stamens in the upper part, which have peltate

anthers with from six to eight cells opening beneath. The flowers bearing the pistils are solitary, and reduced to a mere naked ovule, which, on ripening, forms an ovate seed, surrounded by a succulent bright coat, open above, and assuming somewhat the appearance of the cup which surrounds the acorn of the oak.

THE YEW.

Regard this Yew, a churchyard tree
 E'er William came from Normandy;
 With roots, deep buried in the ground,
 Twining the coffered dead around,
 And gloomy shadow wide bespread,
 High as the tower it lifts its head.
 Of vigorous growth and green for age,
 Midst desolation and decay;
 In thoughtful mood, it seems to me
 Meet emblem of eternity!

FROM THE MS. OF A FRIEND.

It is supposed that the present scarcity of the Yew in its wild state, may be accounted for by its having been rooted up in consequence of its poisonous qualities. Notwithstanding these, the juice has been esteemed an antidote to the venom of the viper's bite; and that no remedy besides this should be resorted to, was one of the twenty remarkable edicts published in one day by the Emperor Claudius.

These trees sometimes grow to an immense size. I have read an account of one in the churchyard of Fortingal, on the Grampian hills, which, though but

a wreck of departed grandeur, measures fifty-six feet in circumference; and Evelyn tells of yet larger dimensions.

The Yew was anciently in high request to furnish the archers with their instruments of death. Spenser speaks of

“The Eugh obedient to the bender’s will.”

But it is as “the bitter Yew, the churchyard’s shade,” that this tree is now generally known, and awakens in almost every mind a sensation of melancholy. As upon all subjects that admit of doubt, various conjectures arise; so it is with regard to the origin of the custom of planting Yews in churchyards. It has been thought probable that its association with religious observances may have occasioned it. A solemn procession was formerly made on Palm Sunday, when boughs of Yew were substituted for the Palm branches mentioned as strewed in our Lord’s path, when he made his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem. Caxton gives the following reason for this:—
 “For encheson that we have non Olyve that berith grene leef, algate therefore we take Ewe instede of Palme and Olyve, and beren about in proces-

yon, and so is thys day called Palme Sunday." It certainly is not improbable that the custom we are considering should have originated in this; and a confirmation of this opinion is the fact, that in some parts of Kent, Yews are at this day called *Palms*. Sir Thomas Browne, Evelyn, and Ray, however, derive its being peculiarly "the churchyard tree" from ancient funeral solemnities; its never-ceasing verdure causing it to be esteemed a type that man's death-sleep will not be eternal. The gloomy nature of the foliage, too, stamps it as appropriate to wave "its living plumes" above the dead. It has been noted that the tenants of the grave over which trees spread wide their branches, return to the dust whence they sprung, much sooner than where the sky is the only canopy.

The spray which illustrates this slight sketch was gathered from an old tree in the churchyard of the village where we reside. It stands by the side of a magnificent Horse-chesnut, and the attention of the passer-by is arrested in Spring-time by the contrast which the sombre foliage of the Yew presents to its light-green leaves and thick clusters of white blossom. Many a mound is raised beneath that tree, and there

is one newly-covered heap which recalls so touchingly a scene I lately witnessed that I would fain attempt to describe it. It was a bright Summer's evening, and the shadows began to fall on the old church; The bell had been tolling some time, and at length three funeral processions moved slowly along the churchyard-path. The first coffin was followed by the widowed mother of the departed, — her eldest son; one whom she, doubtless, looked to as the prop of her declining years. But "there is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit;" and now he is gone "whence he shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death." This boy, and the next lifeless form over whom the dark pall stretched, had both been instructed at the village school; and a long line of children, dressed in their neat Sunday attire, followed the mourners. When the beautiful service for the burial of the dead was concluded, the children, desirous of paying a last tribute to the memory of their school-mates, sang a hymn over the graves. It was a very appropriate selection, and as the breeze wafted the sound, truly heart-stirring was it to hear those simple voices bewailing the loss of their departed

companions. The third was the tiny coffin of a babe, —a blossom early faded, saved by death from many a blighting sin and withering sorrow.

The three graves were at different parts of the churchyard, and the groups scattered about divested it for a time of its usual appearance of stillness. But soon all was quiet again, save when the silence was broken at intervals by the spade of the gravedigger, and the widow left her child to sleep beneath the shade of the dark Yew. Yes! and there he will sleep, "till the angel shall stand upon the sea and upon the earth, and lifting up his hand to heaven, swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there shall be time no longer." "Till the heavens be no more, he shall not awake, nor be raised out of his sleep."

Within the churchyard's sacred bound
 Where rises many a narrow mound,
 A Yew's thick branches spread;
 And 'neath its shade the graven stone
 Tells of the bourn so dark and low,
 The mansion of the dead.

And well its leaves of dingy green
 Are suited to the sombre scene,
 So void of hope and light;
 But on its branches dark we view
 The berries of a scarlet hue,
 Cheering the wearied sight.

Thus, through the veil that shades the tomb
 Our faith can pierce its solemn gloom,
 And lift the heavy sod;
 What, though our bodies change to dust,
 Still shall the spirits of the just
 Be present with their God!

"When the Archangel's trump shall sound,"
 And all the nations gather round,
 Whilst earth and sky dis sever,
 They, who on Christ their trust have stayed
 Shall burst the bonds the grave has laid,
 And rise to live for ever!

THE specimen figured is a species of the extensive genus *Hypnum*; but, as the discriminating characters depend upon a microscopic examination of its leaves I cannot speak with absolute certainty, though I believe it to be the common *Hypnum Cupressiforme*. There is no tribe of plants more deserving the attention of the naturalist than the Mosses; and with a little practice in the use of the microscope, and the *Muscologia Britannica* as a guide, the lover of nature will soon acquire the power of distinguishing any of our native species which may fall in his way. The small vessels (*thecæ*) elevated upon slender stalks (*setæ*) contain fine grains termed spores (*sporæ*), which are the reproductive organs of the plants, analogous to seeds in flowering species. The theca is furnished with a lid (*operculum*), which falls

off when ripe, and allows the spore to escape at the mouth (*stoma*), and this mouth is fringed with a double row of teeth, sixteen in each row, the outermost elegantly coloured red, and the innermost, which are finer and more like ciliæ, are yellow.

MOSS.

Moss, that gathers on the stone,
Crowned with its little knobs of flowers is seen.

CLARE.

The least proclaims, and loudly too,
The forming finger of a God.

CARRINGTON.

Scarce any vegetables have branches without leaves, except coral!!

LORD BACON.

It is very interesting to observe the new light every year thrown on the productions of nature by the researches of the learned. Amongst other sciences botany has not remained at a stand, and no one will deny its advance when they read the opinion Lord Bacon held regarding Moss. We find this first philosopher of his age speaking of it as "but the *rudiment* of a plant;" and again he says, "the Moss of trees is a kind of hair, or the juice of the tree secreted, that does not assimilate; and upon great

trees, the Moss grows in a figure like a leaf." He here undoubtedly alludes to *Lichen*, so frequent an ornament of the old and noble denizens of the forest; but we must remember that Lord Bacon lacked the assistance of that valuable servant to science, the microscope. This instrument was first used in Germany, in 1621, about which time the work from which our extracts have been made was published.

Within a century after, we find the Mosses' right to be considered perfect in their structure fully acknowledged; and this affords additional reason for supposing that it was through the aid of the microscope that they gained their proper position in the society of plants. Miller says, "Though Moss was formerly supposed to be only an excrescence produced from the earth and trees, yet it is no less a perfect plant than those of greater magnitude, having roots, flowers, and seeds, yet cannot be propagated from seeds by any art." Here we see an advance towards truth. Still, the haze of error is not wholly dispersed, for the latter part of the sentence contains an entirely mistaken notion—they are very easily raised from seed, the extreme minuteness of which enables it to be wafted every where.

We glean from a modern author the ideas of the present day concerning the humble Moss. * “ Mosses are among the smallest of plants with true leaves; they are often so minute that the whole specimen, leaves, stem, fruit, and all, would escape the eye if it did not grow in patches; and they never, in the largest kinds, exceed the height of a few inches. Nevertheless, they are organized in a manner far more complete than Ferns or Club-mosses. Although they are destitute of air vessels and breathing pores; they are formed upon precisely the same plan as flowering plants, as far as the arrangement of their organs of vegetation.”

The tissue of Mosses is extremely hygroscopic; so much so, that upon being immersed in water, even after they have been dried for centuries, they immediately imbibe it, and appear as fresh as ever although life remains extinct.

These little plants may be brought forward as an example of what is called the economy of nature. When a tree dies, we may observe that it becomes mantled with Mosses and Lichens: they attract mois-

* Dr. Lindley.

ture, and this passing into the empty pores of the tree, causes decomposition. In this state it affords nourishment to those least sightly of vegetable productions, the Fungi. It then becomes the resort of various insects, who all assist in undermining it, till at last it falls, and crumbling into mould, is prepared to receive the seeds of other vegetables.

But there is another manner in which Mosses act as pioneers to the advance of less diminutive plants. They are generally the first vegetation that cover sterile spots; and if the atmosphere be humid they will increase, and in time form a foundation stratum of vegetable mould. Then Grasses and larger plants will spring up, and in their turn decay, to be succeeded by shrubs and trees.

Many a bird frames its nest almost entirely of Moss; and the squirrel and dormouse find it a valuable material in forming their winter habitation. It is, too, the home of numberless insects:

“ Upon each Moss-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp; ”

but its close foliage does not secure them from their enemies, the birds.

"The red-breast hops along the way,
And midst grey Moss explores his insect prey."

If one of the lowest tribes in the scale of vegetable creation is thus ordained to such useful purposes, ought it not to shame us that we, who are invested with such infinitely higher powers, should allow them to lie dormant as we do, receiving time and abilities as our own property, instead of considering them as *talents* entrusted to us, and ourselves as God's *stewards*, who must hereafter give in an account.

The Summer flowers are withered all,
 The leaves in quick succession fall,
 Winter enshrouds with funeral pall
 Alike the heath and ivied wall,

The copse and mountain grey ;
 Yet even while all else is drear
 Mosses in verdant vest appear
 And, last-born children of the year,
 'Mid storms and gloom their blossoms rear,

Gladdening the weary way.
 Though banished from the cultured bed,
 The sterile ground the Mosses spread,
 And lo! a verdant lawn you tread.
 The marsh appears transformed to mead,

And smiles with aspect gay.
 Thus,—not e'en adverse hour can bend,
 Nor all the snares which pomp attend,
 Nor change, nor chance, nor aught can rend
 The chains which bind a faithful friend,

Or quench affection's ray!
 Such friendship is a boon from Heaven,
 But ah! its links by death are riven—
 But, if a *Christian* friend be given,
 While we on life's rough sea are driven,

Oh! blessed be the day!
 Death fails to burst the links that round
 The hearts of Christian friends are bound,
 And, when they rise with glory crowned,
 Their love shall be but stronger found

And it shall last for aye!

December.

THE

THE

THE

December.

VISCUM ALBUM.

NAT. CLASS, — DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER, — LORANTHACEÆ. ART.

CLASS, — DICEIA; ORDER, — TETRANDRIA.

THIS is a true parasite, growing upon various trees, from which it derives its nourishment by imbibing their juices. For this purpose the base of the stem (for there is no true root) penetrates through the bark, and is firmly attached to the wood of the branch or stem on which it grows. From this it absorbs the ascending sap, before it has been elaborated into the proper juice of the plant; for, as the Mistletoe is furnished with green leaves, it is able to effect this operation for itself, whilst those parasites which have no green leaves, or even green bark to their stems,

such as *Orobanche*, *Lathræa*, *Monotropa*, &c., are furnished with suckers capable of imbibing the already elaborated juice from the bark of the plants to which they attach themselves. The stem of the Mistletoe branches from the very base, and the branches are continually forked, so that the whole plant assumes the character of an entangled bush. The herbage is pale yellowish green. The leaves are opposite, tongue-shaped, evergreen. There are two kinds of flowers, each on separate plants; and they are placed about three to five in small axillary heads. The flowers producing the pollen have scarcely any trace of a calyx, but possess a distinctly developed monopetalous corolla, deeply divided into four segments. The anthers are four in number, sessile at the base of the corolla. The flowers which bear the pistils have the calyx a little more distinct than the others, being superior, and the limb appearing in the form of a slight border round the corolla, which consists of four ovate deciduous petals. The pistil has an inferior ovary with one cell, and a sessile blunt stigma. The fruit is about the size, and has somewhat the appearance of a white currant, very smooth, translucent, viscid, containing a simple seed;

but this is often furnished, in an unusual manner, with two or three embryos, so that more than one plant springs from the same berry which has been rubbed upon the branch of a tree.

THE MISTLETOE.

The orchard's trees in rows disposed,
Whose boughs thick tufts of Mistletoe adorn,
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne.

JOHN SCOTT.

"Mistletoe," says Lord Bacon "chiefly grows upon Crab-trees, Apple-trees, sometimes upon Hazels, and rarely upon Oaks, the Mistletoe whereof is accounted very medicinal. It is an evergreen that bears a white glittering berry, and differs entirely from the tree whereon it grows. It continues green, Winter and Summer, which the tree does not."

"Naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest Mistletoe."

The property possessed by this plant, of deriving nourishment by engrafting itself into the branches of a tree, has rendered it for several centuries an object of interest to naturalists. Miller gives the following quaint account of the manner by which, in his time, the propagation of the Mistletoe was sup-

posed to be effected. "The Mistletoe-thrush, which feeds upon the berries of this plant in Winter, when it is ripe, doth open the seed from tree to tree; for the viscous part of the berry, which immediately surrounds the seed, doth sometimes fasten it to the outward part of the bird's beak, which, to get disengaged of, he strikes at the branches of a neighbouring tree, and so leaves the seed sticking by the viscous matter to the bark, which, if it light upon a smooth part of the tree, will fasten itself, and the following Winter put out and grow." Paley agrees with this old botanist, omitting, however, the Mistle-thrush as the instrument of communication.

* "It is asserted that a branch of Mistletoe, when placed in water, has no power of absorbing this fluid, but that, when the branch to which it is attached is immersed, then the water is readily absorbed, and penetrates into the Mistletoe itself." The following experiment was made by M. De Candelolle. He immersed a branch of an apple-tree, bearing Mistletoe, in water previously coloured with cochineal, which, penetrating the wood and inner

* Descriptive and Physiological Botany.

bark of the apple bough, passed into the Mistletoe, where its colour was even more clearly seen than in the former.

We will now regard this plant as "the Druid's magic Misseltoe," for this is the well-spring of its fame. Calmet considers that the Druids transferred to Britain the sentiment of religious veneration their forefathers received in Eastern lands; and a more modern writer thinks that the origin of their superstition may be traced to Greece. But, though the source of the reverence paid to the Mistletoe by our idolatrous ancestors is uncertain, no doubt can arise as to this plant, especially when growing on the Oak, having been to them an object of high veneration; and for the reason of this superstition the united influence of two causes are assigned. First, the Oak itself was, with the Druids, so sacred a tree that they always decorated themselves with garlands of its leaves when about to perform any religious rite; and perceiving the Mistletoe to have no connexion with the earth, their unenlightened minds conceived it of supernatural origin.

The ceremony of separating the Mistletoe from the Oak was the grandest of the Druidical rites.

It was held on the sixth day of the moon; a day so esteemed by the Druids that from it they reckoned their months, years, and ages. The Arch-Druid, in the capacity of high priest, was the principal actor in the solemnity. * “It is thus described by Pliny: ‘The Druids held nothing so sacred as the Misseltœ of the Oak. As this is very scarce, and rarely to be found, when any of it is discovered they go with great pomp and ceremony to gather it. When they have got every thing in readiness under the Oak, both for the sacrifice and the banquet which they make on this great festival, they begin by tying two white bulls to it by the horns; then one of the Druids, clothed in white, mounts the tree, and, with a knife of gold, cuts the Mistletoe, which is received in a white sagum; this done, they proceed to their sacrifices and feastings!’” The “sagum” here mentioned was a square military garment made of coarse wool. It was worn by the Greeks, Romans, and Gauls.

So far its heathen, fame and its modern use render it an object of much interest. At Christmas time we see it not only in the lordly hall, mingled with

* Rees's Cyclopædia.

other bright evergreens, but in the casement of the peasants lowly home. And yet, again, a higher office is assigned it—to decorate our churches at the season of the Christian's jubilee. Long may it be ere so graceful a custom is discontinued!

Past is the time when, bending low
Druids revered thee, Mistletoe!
Error's broad shades are chased away
By Revelation's brilliant ray;
And superstition can no more
Bid us a humble plant adore.
Yet who, in hour of Christmas mirth
Can place thee o'er the social hearth,
With ivy and with holly gay,
Or twine thee with the fragrant bay,
Nor lift with joy his heart above,
Nor hymn the notes of praise and love?
Fair plant! a mystery thy birth,
Thou dost not fix thy home on earth;
Rock'd by the winds, fed by the shower,
Thy cradle is an airy bower;
No voice of crime in thy leafy dome,
But the song of birds to cheer thine home!
From the wilding crab this branch was riven,
From waving in the breath of heaven;
Alas! alas! they have brought it low
To the dwellings of care, and pain, and woe!

THE HISTORY OF

THE

REIGN OF
HENRY THE FIRST
BY
JOHN GILBERT FROTHINGHAM
OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.
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HELLEBORUS NIGER.

NAT. CLASS, — DICOTYLEDONES; ORDER, — RANUNCULACEÆ. ART.

CLASS, — POLYANDRIA; ORDER, — POLYGYNIA.

THE flower-stalks and leaves rise from a thick, black rhizoma, to which the plant owes its specific name of "niger," and from which strong fibrous roots are given off. The leaves have long petioles, and their limb is subdivided into several oval toothed lobes, arranged in a pedate manner. The flower-stalks have a membranous sheath at their base, and one or two scale-like bracts below the showy white flower. Sometimes there are two flowers on the same stalk. The calyx consists of five somewhat-rounded sepals, which at first are pure white, but after flowering they are persistent and turn green. The corolla has from eight to ten tubular petals, which secrete a sweet fluid or nectar. These were formerly termed the

nectaries: the flower was supposed to have no calyx, and the sepals were called petals. There are numerous stamens, and about five or six pistils, each with several ovules arranged in a double row along the inner edge. They become follicular seed vessels. The variable number of the pistils in this genus, as well as in *Eranthis*, and indeed, in several others, induced Linnæus to class them under polygynia, though they are not sufficiently numerous to warrant such an arrangement.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

Flowers as the changing seasons roll along
 Still wait on earth, and added beauties lend:
 Around the smiling Spring a lovely throng
 With eager rivalry her steps attend;
 Others with Summer's brighter glories blend
 Some grace mild Autumn's more majestic mien;
 While some few lingering blooms the brow befriend
 Of hoary Winter, and with grace serene
 Enwreath the king of storms with mercy's gentle sheen.

BARTON.

WITH what different feelings do we place in our wreath the Christmas Rose, the last flower of the year, to those with which, in commencing our task, we gathered the Winter Aconite. On engaging in any plan which we propose shall occupy a lengthened space of time, we naturally feel with more than ordinary force the uncertainty of life. We cast an anxious gaze towards the path we are about to tread; and, though hope may shed on it her brightest ray, the obscurity which veils it is not dispelled. If, as in the present instance, we are permitted to

attain the end at which we aimed, we survey our track with grateful but subdued feelings; for the pleasure we have enjoyed is for ever fled—the time we have spent is for ever gone! Yet, another treasure is added to the stores of memory, and these the poet would persuade us are preferable to present enjoyments.

“Bliss in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never pass’d—
At once the fountain, stream, and sea:
They were—they are—and yet shall be.”

When the hours are darkest, the Christmas Rose unfolds her pale flower, and, regardless of the storm, cheers the deserted garden. She readily presents herself to our minds as a type of those who encounter with serenity the trials of life, or rather of the *hope* which animates them in the season of adversity. I have known one, bent with the weight of nearly a hundred years, and worn with many infirmities, whose lot was poverty,—whose dwelling a gloomy garret, who was yet one of the happiest persons I have ever seen. What was that spring of joy which ever lighted up the countenance, and enlivened the discourse of this aged widow, making the hour of

visiting her dark room one of the brightest in the day? I need scarcely say that it was *Christian faith*. How exhilarating was it to hear from her the language of praise and thanksgiving, to see the withered hands clasped with gratitude as she spoke of the goodness of her God; and a tear glistening in the dimmed eye, when her theme was the mercies of her Redeemer!

Seated by her lowly bedside, how insignificant appeared the worldly distinctions of rank, wealth, or honour. Could rank have raised one who was heir to a crown of glory? or wealth have added to the inexhaustible riches of her whose "treasure was in heaven?" And with regard to honour, are we not told that "before honour is humility?"

Pale blossom of the parting year,
Arrayed in simple spotless gear,
Gemming the drear earth with thy bloom,
Our welcome hath no gladness;
For thought, from the surrounding gloom,
Hath borrowed tinge of sadness.

Thou hast a tale of by-gone hours,
A tale of withered Summer flowers!
To pensive thought, perchance, address'd.
Thou tell'st of hours wasted;
Of joy's bright wing that would not rest
But soon to sorrow hasted.

Of hope that, 'ere it blossomed, faded,—
Of bright days oft by dark clouds shaded,
Of happy hours too quickly past;
For earthly joys are fleeting all.
In vain we seek for such as last,
And do not in enjoyment pall.

Yet now, though darkness shroud the earth,
To this drear hour we owe thy birth.
Be thou, then, emblem, Winter's flower,
Of faith that brightens 'mid despair.
What though the threatening tempest lower
The *Christians faith* still blossoms fair!

The year is past, our task is done,
Full swift the joyous hours have flown.
Oh! may those days, with gladness rife,
An image prove of future life!
As in the *Spring* the hardened land
Is broken by the plougher's hand;
So may the gospel plough prepare
Our rebel hearts — that, when with care
Abroad the seed of life is cast,
Forth it may spring and flourish fast!
And then, should *Summer* days be ours,
Blithely shall speed the passing hours,
If on us with a light divine
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine.
And should *Autumnal* hours appear,
Foretelling of the closing year,
We shall not fear life's parting day,
Nor start at its expiring ray!
And, when the *Wintry* hand of death
Arrests the pulse, and stops the breath,
Christ shall our passing spirits cheer,
And chase away o'erwhelming fear:
A moment — and we reach the shore,
Our resting place for evermore!

Braided the Wreath, each flowery link
In the bright chain is blended;
We cannot choose but sigh to think
The pleasant labour ended.
Unfading flowers! ye are fraught
With many a theme for after-thought.

Memory shall dwell upon the hours
Which friendship made so bright,
And oft in sunny Summer bowers
Shall linger with delight:
And still the Wreath, so firmly tied,
An emblem of our love shall bide.

Glossary of Technical Terms.

ANTHER. The portion of the stamen which contains the pollen. See Floral Whorls.

Axil. The angle formed above the point where a leaf is attached to the stem.

Bracts. Small leaves often reduced to mere scales, which accompany the inflorescence.

Caducous. Falling off after flowering.

CALYX. See Floral Whorls.

Capitate. Forming a sort of head.

Capsule. A fruit with a dry membranous coat which bursts by valves, and contains one or many seeds.

CARPELS. The subordinate parts of the innermost of the Floral Whorls, composing a pistil, or synonymous with pistils. See Floral Whorls.

Catkin. An aggregation of flowers, which have no other perianth than a bracteal scale, ranged on an axis, as in the Willow and Nut.

Cordate. Shaped like a heart on playing cards.

COROLLA. See Floral Whorls.

Corymb. A bunch of flowers where the pedicels rise from different parts of the main axis, but attain to the same height.

Crenate Regular rounded notchings or teeth on the margins of leaves.

Dehiscence. The mode in which seed-vessels burst.

EPIDERMIS. An extremely delicate membrane which coats over every part of the plant, except the portion of the pistil termed the stigma, and the extremities of the roots termed the spongioles. Through the first of these denuded parts, the influence of the pollen is conveyed to the ovules, and through the latter the water is absorbed which forms the food of the plant.

Exserted. Projecting beyond the surrounding parts.

FILAMENT. The stalk to the anther in some stamens. See Floral Whorls.

FLORAL WHORLS. The various parts of which the flower is composed are generally seated round a centre or axis, in a verticillate or whorled manner. These may be referred to different kinds, and each kind may be arranged in one or more distinct whorls, or at least may be so placed as to succeed each other from without inwards in the following order.

1st. The *PERIANTH*, which may itself very frequently be distinguished into two kinds of whorls, the outermost composed of sepals, which collectively are termed the calyx; and the innermost composed of petals, which collectively are termed the corolla. In some cases the perianth is entirely wanting, and in others it is so little decided in its character, whether it should be considered as calyx or corolla, that, to avoid ambiguity, the term itself is employed instead of these its subordinate parts, and we then say, segments of the perianth, instead of using the terms sepals and petals. But when, as is more frequently the case, the perianth can be distinguished into the two parts calyx and corolla, then these possess certain characters which we shall now explain.

Calyx. The outer whorl, composed of sepals, which are either free or united into a tube; in the latter case it is termed

monosepalous, because it appears to consist of one sepal only. The calyx is usually more or less green, but in some cases it is as brightly coloured as the corolla.

Corolla. The inner whorl or whorls of the perianth, composed of petals, which like the sepals may be either free or united by their edges so as to form one tubular piece, in which case it is termed monopetalous.

2d. The stamens compose the whorl next within the perianth, and consist essentially of a part termed the anther, which is a sort of bag, containing a fine powder, the pollen. The anther is generally, but not always, supported upon a stalk which is termed the filament; but when this is wanting the anther is said to be sessile.

3d. The pistils. The subordinate parts of the next or innermost whorl of the flower are termed carpels. These may either cohere together, and so constitute a compound pistil, or may remain free, and then each is considered as a separate pistil, according to the usual nomenclature, but some botanists consider them in the aggregate as still forming a pistil. The subordinate parts of each pistil, in the more usual acceptation of the term, are the ovarium, or portions at the base containing the ovules, which are destined to become seeds; then upon this is seated the style, a sort of stalk which terminates above in a portion divested of the epidermis, and which is called the stigma. In some cases the style is wanting, and then the stigma is seated on the ovarium, and is termed sessile. A clear apprehension of these several parts of the flower is necessary for every one who wishes to comprehend a botanical description.

Follicle. A bladdery seed-vessel like that of the Bladder-senna.

Hastate. Shaped like the head of an ancient halberd.

Hispid. Rough with harsh hair.

Hypogynous. Where the corolla or stamens are seated below the pistil, and contract no adhesion with it on one side, or with the calyx on the other.

Inferior. When the calyx is no way united to the ovary, but appears to arise from below it, it is said to be inferior, and the ovary *superior*; and when the calyx is united to the ovary, so that its limb alone is free, and appears to be seated upon it, the ovary is inferior, and the calyx superior.

Involucrum. Where the bracts or floral leaves are set in a whorl.

Laminated. Composed of several coats.

Lanceolate. Shaped like the head of a lance, narrow and pointed at each end.

Leaflets. The small portions which compose a compound leaf.

Limb. The expanded part of the leaf, or the broad border of the calyx and corolla.

MONOPETALOUS. Composed of one petal. See Floral Whorls.

MONOSEPALOUS. Composed of one sepal. See Floral Whorls.

Ob. When this word is used in composition, it signifies the reverse of what is expressed by the word with which it is compounded. Ex. gr. A cordate leaf is attached to the stem by its broad end, therefore an ob-cordate is attached by the narrow end.

Orbicular. Approaching a circular form.

Ovary. The portion of the pistil which contains the ovules. See Floral Whorls.

Ovate. Shaped like an egg, when the term applies to

solid ; or, shaped like a section through an egg lengthways, when the term is applied to the form of a surface.

OVULES. The young seeds as they appear in the ovary at the time of flowering.

Panicle. Where a bunch of flowers is composed of numerous branches of various lengths, each bearing a flower.

Papilionaceous. The flowers of the Pea-tribe, which have a fanciful resemblance to a butterfly.

Pedicel. The stalk or branch which supports a single flower of the general inflorescence.

Peduncle. The stalk bearing the flowers, each of which may have its subordinate stalk or pedicel.

Pettate. Where a stalk (as to the leaf) is perpendicular to the plane expansion which it supports.

PERIANTH. The whorls which surround the stamens and pistils. See Floral Whorls.

Persistent. Continuing when other contiguous parts decay.

PETALS. The subordinate parts of the corolla. See Floral Whorls.

Pinnate. Where a compound leaf is made up of subordinate parts or leaflets, which are ranged on each side of a common stalk or petiole. There may be an odd leaflet at the extremity or not ; and the leaflets may be exactly opposite to each other in pairs, or not.

PISTIL. See Floral Whorls.

POLLEN. Fine powder contained in the anther, essential to the fertilization of the ovule.

RHIZOMA. An underground stem, usually called a creeping root. It is easily distinguished from a true root, by its bearing scales, leaves, flower-stalks on the upper side, and sending out fibrous roots at intervals.

Sagittate. Shaped like the head of a barbed arrow.

Salver-shaped. Formed like an ancient salver. The flower of the Primrose is a good example.

Scarious. Scale-like and membranous.

SEPALs. The subordinate parts of the calyx. See Floral Whorls.

Serrulate. Jagged regularly like the teeth of a saw.

Spathe. A leaf-like involucre surrounding the flower, at last in the bud.

STAMENS. See Floral Whorls.

STIGMA. A portion of the pistil divested of epidermis. See Floral Whorls.

Stipule. A peculiar leaf-like expansion at the base of the leaf-stalk in certain plants.

STYLE. The portion between the ovary and stigma, in some pistils. See Floral Whorls.

Superior. See Inferior.

Teeth. The little incisions on the edges of leaves, &c.

Tubercle. A wart-like excrescence.

Umbel. Where the small stalks which support the flowers are all seated at the end of a common support, and are about the same length.

Whorl. Where any parts are set round an axis in the same plane.

THE END.

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