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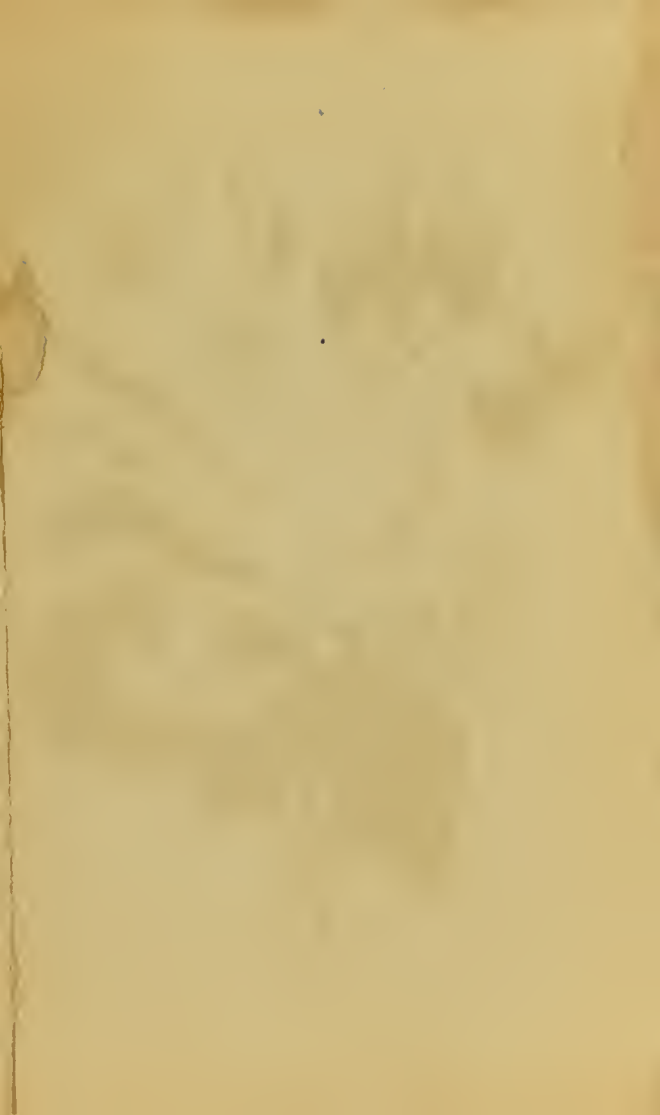
To my dear friend and
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February 22, 1849

Dear Sir

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FABLES OF FLORA.

EDITED BY

MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

'T is my belief that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

WORDSWORTH.

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P R E F A C E .

THE beautiful little Fables by Dr. Langhorne, which will be found scattered through these pages, have been deemed worthy of a new and embellished form. We have interspersed them with original ones of a similar character, and send them forth to the public as a new offering from the Goddess of Flowers.

The Wisest and Best of beings drew lessons from the flowers. To whatever sources He went for moral truths, we surely may turn with a hope of improvement. God would not have given them such a variety of life and character, without a purpose of moral good to the beings for whom they were made.

A short introductory history is given of the subjects of each Fable. From these it will be seen, that flowers are beautifully blended with ancient mythology, not less than with our holier religion. Taken as a whole, therefore, we trust our little offering may in some measure be acceptable to its readers.



FABLES OF FLORA.

THE ROSE.

‘If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen, from all their world of flowers,
The ROSE would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.’

SAPPHO.

THE ROSE is universally regarded as the emblem of Beauty and Love. It was consecrated to Venus; and Cupid wore its freshest blooms. The origin of the red Rose has been variously explained. Heathen mythology states, that Venus being wounded by its thorns, her blood flowed upon the flower, and changed it red. Spenser has adopted this explanation.

‘White as the native Rose, before the change
Which Venus’ blood did in her leaves impress.’

Another poet affirms, that young Eve, wandering in the bowers of Eden, marked ‘an opening Rose, of purest white;’ and that, stooping to kiss it,

‘Straight it drew
From Beauty’s lip the vermeil hue.’

But Herriek says, that

‘As Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectar flung;
Which on the white Rose being shed,
Made it, forever after, red.’

FABLE I.

The Garden Rose and the Wild Rose.

‘As Dee, whose current, free from stain,
Glides fair o’er Merioneth’s plain,
By mountains forced his way to steer
Along the lake of Pimble Merc,
Darts swiftly through the stagnant mass,
His waters tremble as they pass,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmixed, unsullied, as they flow;
So clear through life’s tumultuous tide,
So free could thought and fancy glide;
Could Hope as sprightly hold her course,
As first she left her native source,
Unsought in her romantic cell,
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.
But, ah! they will not, will not last!
When life’s first, fairy stage is past,
The glowing hand of Hope is cold;
And Fancy lives not to be old.
Darker and darker all before,
We turn the former prospect o’er,

And find in Memory's faithful eye,
Our little stock of pleasures lie.
Come, then, thy kind recesses ope,
Fair keeper of the dreams of Hope!
Come, with thy visionary train,
And bring my morning scenes again!

'To Enon's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid,
What time the woodland Genius came,
And touched me with his holy flame;
Or where the hermit, Bela, leads
Her waves through solitary meads,
And only feeds the desert flower,
Where once she soothed my slumbering hour,
Or, roused by Stainmore's wintry sky,
She wearies Echo with her cry;
And oft, what storms her bosom tear,
Her deeply wounded banks declare;
Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
By Milton's bower, or Osty's brow,
Or Brockley's alder-shaded cave,
Or, winding round the Druid's grave,
Silently glide, with pious fear,
To sound his holy slumbers near;
To these fair scenes of Fancy's reign,
O, Memory! bear me once again;
For, when life's varied scenes are past,
'T is simple Nature charms at last.'

'T was thus, of old, a poet prayed ;
Th' indulgent power his prayer approved ;
And, ere the gathered Rose could fade,
Restored him to the scenes he loved.

A Rose, the poet's favorite flower,
From Flora's cultured walks he bore ;
No fairer bloomed in Esher's bower,
Nor Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could fancy twine
To hide Anacreon's snowy hair ;
For there Almeria's bloom divine,
And Elliot's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves, for shades, a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires,
How Waldegrave looks, how Waldegrave
moves.

So marvelled much, in Enon's shade,
The flowers, that all uncultured grew,
When there the splendid Rose displayed
Her swelling breast and shining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorned the place,
Where now her gaudy rival reigned,
Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,
The pensive Eglantine, complained.

‘Mistaken youth,’ with sighs she said,
‘From Nature and from me to stray!
The bard, by splendid forms betrayed,
No more shall frame the purer lay.

‘Luxuriant, like the flaunting Rose,
And gay, the brilliant strains may be;
But far, in beauty, far from those
That flowed to Nature and to me.’

The poet felt, with fond surprise,
The truths the sylvan critic told;
And, ‘Though this courtly Rose,’ he cries,
‘Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

‘Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
Wild sweetness, which no words express;
And charms in thy simplicity,
That dwell not in the pride of dress.’

DR. LANGHORNE.



THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN is an American wild-flower of exquisite beauty. It blossoms late in the season, when nearly all the other flowers have departed. Bryant has given it celebrity in one of his beautiful little poems.

'Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,
Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen;
Or columbines, in purple drest,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.
Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near at end.'

FABLE II.

The Gentian.

A little Gentian blossom stood
Half hidden in the deep green wood;
A spring gushed softly by its side;
The spent breeze wandered here, and died.

Alone the little Gentian grew,
Loved only by the sun and dew;
Yet, dwelling from the world apart,
It kept a warm and social heart.

One day a brown bee, roving by,
Caught glimpses of its dark blue eye;
He paused, and hovering in the air,
Made soft and mellow music there.

The simple flower, unused to hear
Sounds so bewitching and so dear,
Stood trembling, smiling, soft and shy,
With beating heart and downcast eye.

The bee, in gallantries adept,
Close to the guileless blossom crept,
And, lingering in the air above,
Murmured low, winning words of love.

‘O, lonely daughter of the wood,
So gentle, radiant, fair, and good,
Fold thy poor captive to thy breast,
And let him there forever rest!’

That modest bosom, veiled from sight,
With one small, dewy gem bedight,
That shrine, from every stain yet free,
Was opened to the wooing bee.

Poor flower! thy dream of love, tho' sweet,
 Like other dreams was false and fleet;
 Thy bosom, of its sweets bereft,
 Once more to solitude was left.

The bee, through many a copse and glen,
 Went singing on his way again;
 Or, roving through the fragrant bowers,
 Wooded and despoiled their fairest flowers.

Maiden, whose heart delights to move
 And throb at tender words of love,
 Trust him alone who comes to thee
 Enrobed in heavenly purity.

THE WOODBINE.

THIS beautiful vine is so much a favorite with the poets, that we have not space to copy half their encomiums. We will give only a few *great* authorities; and the humblest flower might well lift up its head in pride to be but named by such as these.

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows;
 Quite overcanopied with *luscious woodbine*,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.'

SHAKSPEARE.

The woodbine was in Eden; that is, if Milton be authority.

'Let us divide our labors; thou, where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs; whether to wind
The *woodbine* round this arbor, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I,
In yonder spring of roses, intermixed
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon.'

Old Chaucer speaks of the knights who wore chaplets of fresh woodbine on their heads, as being

'Such as never were
To love untrue, in word, in thought, in dede.'

From this circumstance, the vine is regarded as the emblem of *fidelity*.

FABLE III.

The Woodbine.

Crushed amid stones, a Woodbine grew;
Its leaves were dusty, dim, and few,
 Its tendrils dead;
A boy went roving through the dell;
Upon the vine his blue eye fell;
'Thou shalt not in such misery dwell,
 Poor thing!' he said.

Home, to his own loved cottage door,
The dying vine he gently bore ;

It lived and grew.

The sun shone on it, till it spread
Its green leaves o'er the young boy's head,
And on his forehead perfumes shed,
Freshened with dew.

Years passed. Its strong green arms upheld
The cottage roof. Its rich leaves swelled
Toward the blue skies ;

It wrapped the breezes in its breast,
And, when the inmates sank to rest,
They heard them singing in their nest
Soft lullabies.

The birds beneath the cottage eaves,
O'ershadowed by the thick green leaves,
Prepared their shrines ;

'T was pleasant, at the close of day,
To see them in the reddening ray,
And hear their joyous roundelay
Amid the vines.

An old man, silver-haired and lame,
Beneath the vine-wreathed cottage came ;
He loved its shade.

The soft leaves fanned his fevered brow ;
' O, beautiful to me art thou,
Green vine !' he said. ' My pity now
Is well repaid !'

' When thou wert weak, unnoticed, lone,
I saved and loved thee as my own ;
 Now thou shalt prove
How, blessing others, we are blest.
Though joy is dead within my breast,
Yet thou wilt sing my life to rest,
 Mid scenes I love ! '

MISTLETOE AND PASSION FLOWER.

THE MISTLETOE was the sacred plant of the Druids, and much used in all their rites. From this circumstance, the priests have forbidden its admission into Christian churches ; but on Christmas eve it is hung up in the kitchen, subjecting every female who passes under it to a salute from any young man who may be present.

The PASSION FLOWER owes its name to the early missionaries, who discovered it first, when traversing South America. ' Its ten petals were fancied by them to represent the ten apostles, besides Judas, who betrayed, and Peter, who denied, his Master. The stamens they compare to a radiance, or glory, issuing from the cup of the flower. The small purple threads at the bottom of the style, to a crown of thorns. The style, to the pillar to which the malefactors were bound

when scourged. The clasper, to the cord; and the palmate leaf, to the hand. The three divisions at the top of the style they fancied to represent the three nails; one of the five stamens being taken for a hammer, the other four remain to form the cross. The *albastrices*, at the bottom of the corolla, represented the three soldiers, who cast lots; and the time between the opening and closing of the flower, in its native country, being three days, completes the representation.' The Passion Flower is called the emblem of *hope*.

FABLE IV.

The Mistletoe and the Passion Flower.

In this dim cave a Druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hallowed o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
A Hermit's holy ashes rest;
The schoolboy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blessed.

That truant time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The Druid's magic Mistletoe,
The holy Hermit's Passion Flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound ;
When from the cave a deepening groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still! Dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates through my ear—
The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmixed, unmelodized with breath;
But, grinding through some serannel frame,
Creaked from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still! 'Depart!' it cries;
'No tribute bear to shades unblest;
Know here a bloody Druid lies,
Who was not nursed at Nature's breast.

'Associate he with demons dire,
O'er human victims held the knife,
And, pleased to see the babe expire,
Smiled grimly o'er its quivering life

'Behold his crimson-streaming hand
Erect! his dark, fixed, murderous eye!'
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still! Dost thou not see
The haggard eyeballs' hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sable shade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues the invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

That wretched — Hark! — the voice replies,
' Boy, bear these idle honors hence!
For here a guilty hermit lies,
Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

' Though Nature lent him powers, to aid
The moral cause, the mutual weal;
Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
The desperate suicide of zeal.

' Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,
Whose cell 's the sepulchre of time,
Though many a holy hymn he chants,
His life is one continued crime.

' And bear them hence, the plant, the flower,
No symbols those of systems vain!
They have the duties of their hour,
Some bird, some insect to sustain.

DR. LANGHORNE.

MOSS.

THE different varieties of mosses form one of the most beautiful products of the vegetable world. Early in Spring, as soon as the snow begins to melt from the banks, the mosses gleam forth from beneath, as green as the grass of June. There is a little German legend, that tells of the Angel of Flowers—that he one day offered to bestow on the Rose any boon it might ask. The Rose demanded a new grace.

‘The Spirit paused in silent thought;
What grace was there that flower had not!
’T was but a moment — o’er the Rose
A veil of *moss* the angel throws.’

FABLE V.

The Moss.

A stream went singing through the wood
A low, delicious, dreamy tune;
And all along its borders stood
The gay and blushing flowers of June.

A fair girl with her lover came
To this wild, solitary place;
His was an eye of thought and flame,
Hers shone with soft and pensive grace.

‘Dearest,’ the lover said, ‘Go bring
The fairest flower thine eye can see;
And we will call the simple thing
An emblem of thy love for me.’

By roses bright, by lilies fair,
By crimson columbines she sped;
For murmurs, floating in the air,
Her footsteps to a fountain led.

’T was bordered round with gleaming moss,
On which the sparkling dewdrops lay;
And waving shadows fell across,
Beflecked with many a golden ray.

One little shining tuft alone
The maiden to her lover brought;
‘And is this all!’ he said. ‘Mine own,
Methinks thou hast but idly sought!’

‘Ah! wreaths of flowers I might have wove,
Beside thy bloomy-bordered creek;
But ’t was *an emblem of my love*,
Belovéd, that thou bad’st me seek

‘These flowers, though beautiful, would fade;
But this green moss, through all the year,
Still wears the same unchanging shade,
Yet greener when the flowers are sear.

‘Mid frost and snow it still doth eling
 Around the dark, dismantled tree;
 O, is not then this humble thing
True emblem of my love for thee?’

THE WALLFLOWER.

THIS sweet flower derives its name from its habit of springing up amid old ruins, and from the crevices of broken stones. It is esteemed the emblem of *fidelity in misfortune*.

Thomson has described it in one line better than we could in twenty.

‘The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown.’

FABLE VI.

The Wallflower.

‘Why loves my flower—the sweetest flower
 That swells the golden breast of May,
 Thrown rudely o’er this ruined tower—
 To waste her solitary day?’

‘Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
 The grove and genial garden call,
 Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
 Unheeded on the lonely wall?’

'For never, sure, was beauty born
To live in death's deserted shade!
Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
My banks for life and beauty made.'

Thus Pity waked the tender thought,
And, by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit-flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought — but sudden on mine ear,
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear;
The Genius of the ruin spoke.

'From thee be far the ungentle deed,
The honors of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
The flower that crowns their former toil.

'Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
Or fond to grace this barren shade;
'T is Nature tells her to bestow
Her honors on the lonely dead.

'For this, obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turret's mould,
And, undispersed by tempests there,
They rise in vegetable gold.

‘ Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
Such desert scenes distinction crave ;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be,
Truth’s, Honor’s, Valor’s, Beauty’s grave.

‘ Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
As weary of the insulting air ;
The poet’s thought, the warrior’s fire,
The lover’s sighs are sleeping there.

‘ When that, too, shakes the trembling ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles — how still their hearts will lie !

‘ Of them, who, wrapt in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told ;
For many a tender thought is due.

‘ Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
When evening brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly o’er the shadowy vale,
And stop to pluck the frequent flower ?

‘ Those flowers he surely meant to strew
On lost affection’s lowly cell ;
Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
Forgotten from his hand they fell.

'Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
Been taught her first rose to resign?
With vain but pious fondness borne,
To deck thy loved one's honored shrine?

'Tis Nature, pleading in the breast,
Fair memory of her works to find;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
She claims the monumental mind.

'Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time
Would thus the lettered sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

'Why seeks he, with unwearied toil,
Through death's dim walks to urge his way?
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead oblivion into day?

'Tis Nature prompts, by toil or fear
Unmoved, to range through death's domain;
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again.

'Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
If haply near these haunts he stray;
Nor take the fair, enlivening flowers
That bloom to cheer his lonely way.'

THE DAISY.

THIS beautiful English flower is esteemed the emblem of *faithful love*. It has derived this signification, perhaps, from the poet Chaucer, who states that the fair queen Alceste, having sacrificed her life to preserve that of her husband, was, for this rare virtue, changed into a *daisy*. Spenser speaks of

‘The little *daizie* that at evening closes.’

Wordsworth makes it the theme of a beautiful Ode, and Burns of a touching Lament. The daisy is the Scotch *gowan* alluded to in his exquisite song of ‘Auld Lang Syne.’ Montgomery praises it in the following sweet little verses.

‘There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

’Tis Flora’s page; in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens in perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

O’er waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The *Daisy* never dies.’

In short, the daisy is the general favorite of all British poets; and we recently saw it stated, that an American gentleman, one of their admirers, on being presented to the daisy in its native soil, reverently bent his knee, and kissed it. Burns has given us its language in these two lines —

‘The Daisy’s for *simplicity*,
And unaffected air.’

FABLE VII.

The Daisy and the Laburnum.

’T was April. In the green, moist meadows,
The Cowslips spread their golden shields;
And light clouds flung their showers and shadows
Upon the broad old English fields.

Amid a tuft of vernal grasses,
A Daisy reared its modest head;
While high above, in golden masses,
The bright Laburnum flowers were spread.

A maiden, in her morning rambles,
Was wont beside this bank to rest,
And, interwreathed with fragrant brambles,
To place Laburnums in her breast.

The Daisy, simple in its beauty,
Ne'er won the maiden's careless eye ;
But, constant to its lowly duty,
Was willing thus to live and die.

A poet — one whose pulses bounded
At every glance of Nature's eye ;
Whose taste, by tinsel ne'er confounded,
True beauty could at once desery —

Saw and admired the lowly Daisy,
In modest robe of purple drest ;
And, with an eye serene and hazy,
He placed it fondly in his breast.

The bright Laburnums early perished,
And scarcely left behind a name ;
But while the English muse is cherished,
The Daisy lives in deathless fame.



THE PERIWINKLE.

THE PERIWINKLE is the emblem of *friendship*. Thetis, the mother of Achilles, is represented by the ancients as 'a female of dark complexion, with dishevelled hair about her shoulders, and upon her head a coronet of *periwinkle*.'

This pretty flower has not been forgotten by the poets. Wordsworth thus alludes to it:

'Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The Periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.'

Chaucer, who seems to have loved all flowers, speaks of the

'Fresh *pervinke* rich of hewe.'

FABLE VIII.

The Periwinkle.

A maiden wandering through a glade
Of gleaming sun and waving shade,
Saw, o'er a little grassy steep,
A lowly Periwinkle creep.

'Why on the earth thus prostrate lie,
Thou of the blue and beaming eye?
Come, round this dewy primrose twine,
That fondly bends its eye on thine.'

'Fair girl,' the lowly flower replied,
'The Rose must seek a gayer bride;
The only destiny I crave,
I find upon this nameless grave.'

'Each day, a pale young being kneels
Beside this lonely mound, and feels,
When gazing in my heavenward eye,
Her own heart lifted to the sky.'

''T is happiness enough for me,
To soothe her silent misery,
And lift her erring soul to heaven,
Where crime, repented, is forgiven.'



SUNFLOWER AND IVY.

THE SUNFLOWER is the emblem of *constancy*. Its classical origin is as follows.

‘Clytie, daughter of Oceanus, jealous of Apollo, and deeply affected by his inconstancy, pined and was changed into a *sunflower*, still turning to the sun, as he pursued his course, as a pledge of her continued affection.’

So sings Moore :

‘The *Sunflower* turns to her god when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.’

Bernard Barton thus apostrophizes it :

‘Uplift, proud *Sunflower*, to thy favorite orb
That disk whereon his brightness seems to dwell ;
And, as thou seem’st his radiance to absorb,
Proclaim thyself the garden’s sentinel.’

The IVY was by the Greeks consecrated to Bacchus ; and he was generally represented crowned with vine and ivy leaves. In Egypt, it was consecrated to Osiris. Every one remembers Mrs. Hemans’s beautiful ‘Lines to the Ivy,’ and also the popular song, by Dickens, of the ‘Ivy Green.’

It is the emblem of *woman’s constancy*, and its

character is thus finely described by the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton.

'It changes not, as seasons flow
In changeful, silent course along,
Spring finds it verdant — leaves it so;
It outlives Summer's song.
Autumn no wan nor russet stain
Upon its fadeless glory flings;
And Winter o'er it sweeps in vain,
With tempest on his wings.'

FABLE IX.

The Sunflower and the Ivy.

As duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy sisters still repair,
What time the rosy morning calls;

So fair, each morn, so full of grace,
Within their little garden reared,
The flower of Phœbus turned her face,
To meet the Power she loved and feared.

And when, along the rising sky,
Her god in brighter glory burned,
Still there her fond, observant eye,
And there her golden breast she turned.

When calling from their weary height
On western waves his beams to rest,
Still there she sought the parting sight,
And there she turned her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade
Afar his lovely looks had borne,
With folded leaves and drooping head,
Full sore she grieved, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower displayed,
The holy sisters smiled to see,
Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
And loved its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,
The praise that falls on Envy's ear!
O'er the dim window's arch entwined,
The cankered *Ivy* chanced to hear.

And 'See,' she cried, 'that specious flower,
Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,
The pageant of a gilded hour,
The convent's simple hearts hath won!

'Obsequious meanness, ever prone
To watch the patron's turning eye!
No will, no motion of its own!
'T is this they love, for this they sigh.

- 'Go, splendid sycophant! no more
Display thy soft, seductive arts!
The flattering clime of courts explore,
Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.
- 'To me their praise more justly due,
Of longer bloom, and happier grace!
Whom changing months unaltered view,
And find them in my fond embrace.'
- 'How well,' the modest flower replied,
'Can Envy's tutored eye elude
The obvious bonds that still divide
Foul flattery from fair gratitude.
- 'My duteous praise each hour I pay
For few the hours that I must live;
And give to him my little day,
Whose grace another day may give.
- 'When low this golden form shall fall,
And spread with dust its parent plain,
That dust shall hear his genial call,
And rise — to glory rise — again.
- 'To thee, my gracious Power, to thee,
My love, my heart, my life are due!
Thy goodness gave that life to be;
Thy goodness shall that life renew.

' Ah me ! one moment from thy sight
That thus my truant eye should stray !
The god of glory sets in night ;
His faithless flower has lost a day.'

Sore sighed the flower, and drooped her head,
And sudden tears her breast bedewed ;
Consenting tears the sisters shed,
And, rapt in holy wonder, viewed.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
' Behold,' the aged Abbess cries,
' An emblem of that happier fate
Which Heaven to all but us denies !

' Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
No charm but duty's charm, can move ;
Who shed no tears but holy tears
Of tender penitence and love.

' See, there, the flattering world portrayed,
In that dark look, that creeping pace !
No plant can bear the Ivy's shade ;
No tree support its cold embrace.

' The oak that rears it from the ground,
And bears its tendrils to the skies,
Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
And in its poisonous arms he dies.'

Her moral thus the matron read,
 Studious to teach her children dear ;
And they, by love or duty led,
 With pleasure heard, or seemed to hear.

Yet one, less dutious, not less fair,
 (In convents still the tale is known,)
The fable heard with silent care,
 But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smiled along the day,
 And drooped in tears at evening's fall,
Too well she found her life display,
 Too well her fatal lot recall.

The envious Ivy's gloomy shade,
 That murdered what it most embraced,
Too well that cruel scene conveyed,
 Which all her fairer hopes effaced.

Her heart with silent horror shook ;
 With sighs she sought her lonely cell ;
To the dim light she cast one look,
 And bade once more the world farewell.

DR. LANOHORNE.



THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THIS delicate, sweet-scented blossom opens only in the evening. The poet Keats has well described the sudden expansion of its flowers.

‘A tuft of *Evening Primroses*,
O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 't is ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.’

It is esteemed the emblem of *inconstancy*.

FABLE X.

The Evening Primrose.

There are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk Ambition's losing game;
That, far from Envy's lurid eye,
The fairest fruits of Genius rear;
Content to see them bloom and die
In Friendship's small but genial sphere.

Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,
The Evening Primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
Upon his time-smoothed staff reclined,
With wonder viewed the opening flower.

'Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,'
In pity's simple thought he cries;
'Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns or smiling skies.

'Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
The hamlet's little train, behold;
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
When thine the falling shades unfold.

'Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
When love has filled his heart with cares;
For flowers he rifles all the meads,
For waking flowers, but thine forbears.

'Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom,
On night's chill shade that fragrant breath;
Let smiling suns those gems illumine!
Fair flower! to live unseen, is death.'

Soft, as the voice of vernal gales,
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow ;

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela poured her strains ;
The bird of eve approved her flower,
And answered thus the anxious swain :

‘ Live unseen !

By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we 'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly ;
Laughing day may look more sprightly,
But I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening and her star-trained queen.
Didst thou, shepherd, never find,
Pleasure is of pensive kind ?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone ?
Dost thou not, at evening hour,
Feel some soft and secret power
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind ;
While, all disarmed, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away ?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguished shade.

Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower.'

DR. LANGHORNE.

NARCISSUS AND CILAMOMILE.

THE NARCISSUS often goes by the names of *Jonquil* and *Daffodil*; which are, in reality, varieties of this flower. It derived its name from 'Narcissus, the son of Cephissus, who, seeing his own image reflected in a fountain, became so enamoured, that he pined, and at last, in despair, killed himself. His blood was changed into a flower.' Hence the Narcissus is esteemed the emblem of *self-love*.

In the 'Garland of Flora,' a book to which we are greatly indebted, both for classical fables and poetical extracts, we find the following among numerous selections from English poets.

'There is the Foxglove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the *Narcissus*, named
From him who died for love.'

BARRY CORNWALL.

‘No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud —
 First-born of Spring! — to Summer’s murky tribes;
 Nor hyacinths of purest virgiiu white,
 Low bent, and blushing inward, nor *Jonquils*
 Of potent fragrance, nor *Narcissus* fair,
 As o’er the fabled fountain hanging still.’

THOMSON.

Milton names it, in his ‘Lament for Lycidas.’

‘Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And *Daffodillies* fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lyeid lies.’

Shakspeare, in his ‘Winter’s Tale,’ speaks of

‘*Daffodils*,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty.’

It was an annual custom of the old English shepherds, to sprinkle the bosom of the Severn with flowers. Milton relates the history of the goddess of this river, and says,

‘The shepherds, at their festivals,
 Carol her goodness, lored in rustie lays,
 Aud throw sweet garland-wreaths into her stream,
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy *Daffodils*.’

In the ‘Garden of Adonis’

‘Grew every sort of floure,
 To which sad lovers were transformed of yore;
 Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watery shore.’

SPENSER.

CHAMOMILE is the emblem of *energy in adversity*. The following anecdote we copy from the 'Garland of Flora.'

'During the war of the Revolution, a British officer, walking in one of our gardens, eagerly inquired the names of the plants therein cultivated. Coming to a bed of flourishing chamomile, he asked the lady, mistress of the grounds, who attended him with evident reluctance, what was the name of that low plant?

"The Rebel's Flower," replied she, with firmness.

"Why so called?" questioned the officer.

"Because," was the distinct and bold reply, "it flourishes the more, the more it is trampled upon."

Shakspeare notices this quality: 'For though chamomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.'

FABLE XI.

The Narcissus and the Chamomile.

Around a tall Narcissus played
The laughing light, the trembling shade;
And sunbeams sleeping on its breast,
Seemed brooding odors in their nest.

Fair bloomed it while the winds were bland,
And perfumes from its leaves were fanned ;
But when the north winds round it sighed,
It shivered, drooped its head, and died.

Beside it, 'neath the common tread,
The fragrant Chamomile was spread ;
Which, trampled on by every foot,
Took greener hue, and firmer root.

My heart drew lessons from these flowers :
When wealth pours down its golden showers,
'T is easy then to smile, and be
In heart serene, in spirit free.

But when oppressed, when crushed by woe,
O, then how beautiful to grow
Stronger and brighter 'neath the load, —
Still loving man and trusting God !



THE DANDELION.

THE English name of this flower is a corruption of the French *Dent-de-leon*, signifying the *tooth of the lion*, from some fancied resemblance discovered in the notches of its leaves. Though a very common and humble flower, the poet of peris and gems has not deemed it unworthy of notice.

‘She, 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.’

MOORE.

The dandelion is called ‘one of Flora’s time-keepers.’ It is also characterized thus —

‘*Dandelion* — a college youth, that flashes for a day.’

But the best description we find in the following lines, whose author we do not know.

‘*Leontodons* unfold
On the swarth turf their ray-encircled gold;
With Sol’s expanding beam the flowers unclose,
And rising Hesper lights them to repose;

Nor yet alone to full-robed Spring confined,
 Around her brow the crown of flame they bind,
 But scattered still o'er Summer's tawny vest,
 Their lingering sweets regale the insect guest.'

This flower is the emblem of *coquetry*.

FABLE XII.

The Dandelion.

In a dim eell, a man of erime
 Wore out the long and dreary time ;
 His head grew gray with years.
 Still obstinate, and full of hate,
 He sullenly endured his fate,
 Nor seemed to think upon his state
 With either hopes or fears.

The man of God in kindness strove
 To touch his heart by fear or love,
 But all his prayers were vain ;
 The guilty wretch refused to show
 One shadow of remorse or woe,
 But still more hardened seemed to grow
 In hatred and disdain.

One day the blue sky bent, in love,
 The gloomy prison-yard above ;
 It was his recess hour ;

A few slow, heavy turns he took,
When, chaneing carelessly to look
In a small, sunny, unpaved nook,
He saw a simple flower.

He stopped. The hot blood filled his brain,
Then hurried to his heart again —
For in that one short glance,
His childhood's home, his mother's love,
The meadows where he used to rove,
When he was guiltless as a dove,
Before him seemed to dance.

He fell upon his knees and wept,
While through his brain in madness swept
The long and horrid past ;
That simple Dandelion woke
Remembrances that had not spoke
For seores of years ! — The spell once broke,
Love did its work at last !



THE IRIS.

THIS is the flower commonly called *Fleur-de-lys* or Flower-de-luce, a name thus accounted for :

‘In the time of the second crusade, Louis the Seventh, having therein distinguished himself, according to the usage of the times, took a particular blazon; and caused this figure to be engraved on his coat of arms. The common people contracted the name of Louis into Luce; and this, by corruption, in process of time, came to be applied to the *Iris*, thence called *Fleur-de-luce*.’

‘The *Fleur-de-lys*, which boasts of royal arms,
And splendid mien.’

‘This flower is not regal in France only; other monarchs wear her coral blazoned on their arms, and it forms the most conspicuous ornament of their crowns. The crowns of the English sovereigns, since the time of Henry the First, have been variously adorned with *fleurs-de-lys*. The crowns of Spain and Hungary are also so distinguished. The coronets of the Prince of Wales and others of the royal family are ornamented variously with *fleurs-de-lys*.’

GARLAND OF FLORA.

FABLE XIII.

The Iris.

There was a showy Iris flower,
That grew beside the brook ;
And pleasant scents and brilliant hues,
From every breeze it took.

It stood upon the grassy brink,
And gazed with glowing pride
Upon its graceful form and dress
Reflected in the tide.

' I am the fairest of the flowers,'
The conscious beauty said ;
' How many rich and varied charms
Are showered upon my head.

' My helmet is of royal blue,
My plume of downy gold ;
And I am clad in Lincoln green,
Like Scottish knights of old.

' A brace of lances at my side,
In martial pomp I bear ;
No warrior ever looked so brave,
No maiden e'er so fair.'

The exulting boast, so loudly made,
A neighboring Robin heard ;
He was, despite his flippant ways,
A philosophic bird.

‘ What is thy beauty *worth?* ’ he said,
In tones of sharp disdain ;
‘ Allow thou *art* the fairest flower,
So art thou the most vain !

‘ And vanity, in any heart,
Obscures the brightest face ;
’T is *modesty* that all men deem
The only perfect grace.

‘ Behold yon little Violet,
How quietly it blooms !
With what a sweet and balmy breath
The meadow it perfumes !

‘ How rich its robe of purple hue !
How bright its golden eye !
And yet how modestly it lifts
Its glances to the sky.

‘ O, Iris ! learn from this sweet flower
The beauty of that life,
Which never borrows lustre from
The pageantry of strife.

‘ But, by a thousand nameless acts
Of kindness and good-will,
Endeavors, without pride or pomp,
Its duties to fulfil.’

THE LAUREL.

THE fabled origin of the laurel is this. ‘ Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, offended by the persecutions of Apollo, implored succor of the gods, who changed her into a *laurel-tree*. Apollo crowned his head with the leaves, and ordered that forever after the tree should be sacred to him.’

It was the custom of the Romans, to crown their victorious generals with laurel-leaves.

Laurel was worn by the sacred priestesses of Delphi, who chewed its fragrant leaves, and threw them into the consecrated fire.

‘ From the custom which prevailed in some places, of crowning the young doctors in physic with laurel in berry, (*Bacca Lauri*), the students were called *bacca laureats*, *bay laureats*, or *bachelors*.’

FLORA DOMESTICA.

The poet’s crown was always formed of laurel. Petrarch worshipped it for Laura’s sake, and was publicly crowned with it at the capitol.

The following lines were addressed by Tasso to a laurel in his lady's hair.

'O, glad triumphal bough,
That now adornest conquering chiefs, and now
Clippest the brows of overruling kings!
From victory to victory
Thus climbing on, through all the heights of story,
From worth to worth, and glory unto glory;
To finish all, O gentle and royal tree,
Thou reignest now upon the flourishing head,
At whose triumphant eyes love and our souls are led.'

FLORA DOMESTICA.

FABLE XIV.

The Laurel and the Reed.

The Reed * that once the shepherd blew,
On old Cephisus' hallowed side,
To Sylla's cruel bow applied,
Its inoffensive master slew.

'Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,
Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath!
Thy rage let innocence withstand;
Let music soothe the thirst of death.'

* The Reeds on the banks of the Cephisus, of which the shepherds made their pipes, Sylla's soldiers used for arrows.

He frowned — he bade the arrow fly,
The arrow smote the tuneful swain ;
No more its tone his lip shall try,
Nor wake its vocal soul again.

Cephisus, from his sedgy urn,
With woe beheld the sanguine deed ;
He mourned — and as they heard him mourn,
Assenting sighed each trembling Reed.

‘ Fair offspring of my waves,’ he cried,
‘ That bind my brows, my banks adorn ;
Pride of the plains, the river’s pride,
For music, peace, and beauty born !

‘ Ah ! what, unheedful, have we done ?
What demons here in death delight ?
What fiends, that curse the social sun ?
What furies, of infernal night ?

‘ See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed !
Each heart in harmony that vied,
Smote by his own melodious Reed,
Lies cold along my blushing side.

‘ Back to your urn, my waters, fly,
Or find in earth some secret way ;
For horror dims you conscious sky,
And hell has issued into day.’

Through Delphi's holy depth of shade,
The sympathetic sorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade,
The Genius of her groves began:

' In vain Cephisus sighs to save
The swain that loves his watery mead,
And weeps to see his reddening wave,
And mourns for his perverted Reed.

' In vain my violated groves
Must I with equal grief bewail;
While desolation sternly roves,
And bids the sanguine hand assail.

' God of the genial stream, behold
My Laurel shades of leaves so bare!
Those leaves no poet's brows unfold,
Nor bind Apollo's golden hair.

' Like thy fair offspring, misapplied,
Far other purpose they supply;
The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
And on his frownful temples die.

' Yet deem not these of Pluto's race,
Whom wounded Nature sues in vain;
Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
And cries, indignant, "They are men!"

DR. LANGHORNE.

THE FLAXFLOWER.

MARY HOWITT has made 'the little flaxflower' the subject of a very beautiful poem. We have space for only one verse.

'Ah, 'tis a goodly little thing!
It groweth for the poor;
And many a peasant blesses it,
Beside his cottage door.
He thinketh how those slender stems,
That shimmer in the sun,
Are rich for him in web and woof,
And shortly shall be spun.
He thinketh how those tender flowers,
Of seed will yield him store,
And sees in thought his next year's crop
Blue shining round his door.'

Burns, in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' makes the mother reckon the age of her cheese from the time of the flax flowering.

'The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell'

FABLE XV.

The Flaxflower and the Dahlia.

Over a palace-garden wall
A regal Dahlia, bright and tall,
 With proud assurance gazed;
Below it, in a garden plot
That joined a laborer's rustic cot,
A Flaxflower, happy in its lot,
 Its head serenely raised.

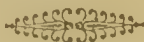
'I pity thee,' the Dahlia said,
With scornful tossing of its head,
 'Thy lot is so obscure!
Yet Nature never could design
A form so pitiful as thine
In any courtly place to shine—
 I pity thee, I'm sure!

'Look up, if thou canst dare to raise
Thy shrinking eye to meet my gaze—
 Look up, and in my face
Behold how richly Nature dowers
With every charm her favorite flowers!
On me, especially, she showers
 Surpassing wealth and grace!'

The Flaxflower quietly replied,
With pardonable zeal and pride,
 ‘Thy face is bright, indeed ;
But Nature, if less kind to me
In outward wealth and brilliancy,
Has given me the power to be
 Useful to those in need.

‘I furnish garments for the poor,
And decorate the humblest door ;
 The dame in yonder shed,
While standing ’neath the straw-thatched eaves,
Within the shadow of the leaves,
My fibres into linen weaves,
 And sells it for her bread.

‘But as for thee, thou boasting flower,
Thy beauty withers in an hour ;
 And then, despised and doomed,
Thou ’rt cast upon the chaffy pyre —
The gardener gives thee to the fire,
While those who now thy charms admire,
 Forget thou ’st ever bloomed.’



THE JASMINE.

THE JASMINE, or Jessamine, is the emblem of *delicacy* and *elegance*.

Cowper speaks of

‘The *Jasmine* throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark-green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
The bright profusion of her natural stars.’

The following line, from Southey’s ‘*Thalaba*,’ can only be appreciated by those who have enjoyed their delicious fragrance.

‘And O, what odors from the *Jasmine* bowers!’

FABLE XVI.

The Jessamine.

‘Thou Jessamine! thou favored vine,
That round yon casement lov’st to twine,
O, tell me what my lady bright
Is doing in this morning light?’

‘Beside her snowy couch she stands,
With lifted eyes and folded hands;
Now, blushing, sinks upon her knee,
Bends low her head, and prays for thee.’

'Once more, O Jessamine, I pray,
Tell what my lady does to-day;
'T is noon — perhaps she faints with heat —
O fan her with thine odors sweet!'

'Thy lady sits within my shade,
My flowers upon her cheek are laid;
Her lily fingers, light and free,
For others toil — her heart for thee.'

'T is twilight — does she watch the stars?
Looks she on Venus now, or Mars;
O, favored flower, once more reveal
The scene thy woven leaves conceal!'

'Thy lady in the moonlight stands —
A faded rose is in her hands —
Tears in her hazle eyes I see —
She weeps — ay, doubter, weeps for thee!'

'Silent and solemn midnight reigns;
The moon o'er yonder turret wanes;
O, sleepy vine, awake and tell
If she thou guardest slumbers well!'

'I see her with her white robe prest
Across her soft and guileless breast;
And list! — she dreams — I hear her speak
A name, that crimson's brow and cheek.

‘It is *thy* name; then doubt no more
 The tale I’ve told so oft before;
 Whate’er her seeming scorn may be,
 In her deep heart she loves but thee.’

THE CLEMATIS.

THE New England Clematis has white, starry flowers, opening in clusters, and very beautiful. After the petals have fallen, the stamens assume feathery ornaments that are exceedingly showy and elegant. It grows much by streams, and in moist places, forming beautiful arbors, by twining itself luxuriantly over every shrub that grows within its reach.

The Clematis is the emblem of *mental beauty*. It bears the pretty names of Traveller’s Joy, Virgin’s Bower, and Bride’s Wreath. In France, it is called the Vine of the Poor — a name at once tender and appropriate.

Barry Cornwall speaks of the

‘Boundless Clematis, between
 Whose wilderness of leaves white roses peeped’;

and Keats, of

‘Virgin’s Bower, trailing airily,
 With others of the sisterhood.’

FABLE XVII.

The Clematis Bower.

She had walked many a weary mile,
Through many a strange, lone place ;
And now, beside the meadow stile,
She slacked her feeble pace.
O, sad it was to see no smile
Upon so young a face.

Miles from her mother's breast away,
And further from her heart !
O, clasp thy pallid hands and pray,
Poor outcast as thou art !
It will be many a weary day
E'er thou and sorrow part !

Some marks of maiden guilt and shame
The hapless wanderer bore,
And sickness racked her tender frame
But racked her poor heart more.
She wandered without hope or aim,
For hopes and aims were o'er.

'O, I must rest!' the maiden said,
'For night is almost here ;
I think I hear the hollow tread
Of demons gathering near !
Each night they haunt my lonely bed,
And howl within mine ear.'

To a green hedge, with vines o'errun,
She dragged her wretched frame ;
The stars their watches had begun,
And, like a mountain-flame,
The red moon rose ; though from the sun
A glimmering light still came.

Over the maiden, whore she lay,
A wild Clematis hung ;
The breezes, mid its leaves at play,
Their fitful music sung ;
And on her brow a drooping spray
Its wreath-like shadow flung.

She saw its flowers, like gentle stars,
Around her green couch shine,
And all o'erhead, like lattice-bars,
Was wreathed the flexile vine ;
No light above, but glimmering Mars,
Looked in upon her shrine.

All night in tranquil rest she lay ;
Aloof the demons stood ;
She seemed to hear them steal away
In silence to the wood ;
And then she feebly strove to pray —
How happy that she could !

She slept. The canopy of flowers
Arrested dew and chill ;
You might have heard their odor-showers,
The air was all so still ;
Save through the neighboring alder-bowers,
The murmur of a rill.

The morning light from peaceful rest
Awoke the hapless maid ;
She found upon her snowy breast
A wreath of blossoms laid —
Sweet proof that she was loved and blessed,
And had not vainly prayed !

VIOLET AND PANSY.

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

So sings Shakspeare, the greatest of all poets ;
and Wordsworth, the greatest of *living* poets,
has given us the assurance, that

‘Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are *Violets*,
They will have a place in story.’

In the fourteenth century, in the province of Languedoc, according to Sismondi, a *golden violet* was awarded as a prize to the author of the best poem in the Provençal language.

In the festival of the Feralia, celebrated by the Romans, in honor of their dead, violets were strewed as offerings.

Walter Scott gives us his authority in favor of our beloved flower.

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

The PANSY, still more than the Violet, is the favorite of the poets. It bears a great variety of pretty names, such as Heart’s Ease, Lady’s Delight, Butterfly Violet, &c.; but none prettier than the French *Pensée*, (*a thought*,) from which the English *Pansy* is derived.

Everybody recollects Ophelia’s touching speech—‘There ’s Rosemary, that ’s for remembrance; pray you love remember: and there ’s *Pansies*, that ’s for *thoughts*.’

Spenser speaks of ‘the pretty pawnee,’ and Milton of ‘the pansy streaked with jet’

‘The nuptial couch of Eden was formed of

‘*Pansies*, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinths, earth’s freshest, softest lap.

But hear what Oberon says of it, addressing Puck:—

‘ Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purpled with Love’s wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.’

FABLE XVIII.

The Violet and the Pansy.

Shepherd, if near thy artless breast
The god of fond desires repair,
Implore him for a gentle guest,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty’s soul-enchanting smile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should these thy wandering eye beguile,
And steal thy wareless heart away;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
And soon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous bosom dwell
No gentle virtue’s genial store.

Far from his hive, one summer day,
A young and yet unpractised bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon, in play he passed;
But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seized his little frame.

By Nature urged, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourned round a mossy bed,
And Violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
On that fair bank a Pansy grew,
That borrowed from indulgent skies
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints, that streamed with glossy gold
The velvet shade and purple hue,
The stranger wondered to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly bending meads
He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When stealing near her orient breast,
Than felt the fond, enamoured bee,
When first the golden bloom he pressed.

Ah! pity much his youth, untried
His heart in beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
No soul sustaining sweets abound;
No honeyed sweetness, to repair
The languid waste of life, is found.

An aged bee, whose labors led
Through those fair springs and meads of gold,
His feeble wing his drooping head
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

'Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
That courts thy eye with fair attire;
Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
Will smile to see that heart expire.

'This modest flower, of humbler hue,
That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
Arrayed in unbespangled blue,
The simple clothing of the skies;

' This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
May yet thy languid life renew,'
He said, and to the Violet's breast
The little vagrant faintly flew.

DR. LANGHOENE.

THE GRAPE.

THIS is the plant sacred to Bacchus, and with which his brows were always garlanded.

' Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing Vine.'

SCOTT.

FABLE XIX.

The Grape Vine.

A vine, enriched with purple fruit,
Hung brightly o'er a crimson tree ;
Near by, a sparkling streamlet ran,
And 'neath it sat a wasted man,
With forehead resting on his knee

He wore a thin and tattered garb,
And o'er his eye a sorrow brooded;
He looked like one who hated men,
For something he himself had been —
A wretch by appetite deluded.

Roused by the stirring of the vine,
Through which the fragrant breezes stole,
He lifted up his haggard eyes,
And thus, with intermingled sighs,
Poured forth the anguish of his soul.

'Thou tree of evil, cursed vine!
How gayly up the lofty tree
Thou climbest, with that poison blood
Pervading every leaf and bud,
Which early made a wretch of me!

'O, but for thee, I might have stood
Among the noblest of my race!
And, strong in my own virtue then,
I would have braved the scorn of men,
And met the lordliest face to face!

'Now, like a living curse, I walk
The earth that shrinks beneath my tread;
And she who long hath loved me best,
Who bears my children on her breast,
Roams thro' the streets, and begs for bread.'

The Vine, with conscious truth, replied,
‘ O, erring man ! hast thou to learn,
That every tree, and flower, and vine,
Perverted from its true design,
Will work thee ruin in its turn ?

‘ Thy spirit, like the fruit I bear,
Has elements of healthful life,
That by some passion-heat fermented,
Are changed to deadly fires, and vented
In malice, envyings, and strife.

‘ God made us good ; but with a seed
Of woe within, that foolish man,
(Intent on knowing what is hid,
Though God in every law forbid,)
Will sow, and reap from, if he can !

‘ So hast thou sown, and so must reap !
But curse not me ; for even now,
To cool the malison on thy tongue,
My luscious fruit is freely hung
In shadows o’er thy fevered brow.’



THE BEE FLOWER.

THIS flower is a species of the Orchis, found in the barren and mountainous parts of England. Nature has formed a bee on the breast of the flower, with so much exactness, that it is impossible, at a small distance, to distinguish the imposition. For this purpose she has observed an economy different from what is found in most other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genus of the Orchis, or Satyrion, she seems professedly to have made use of for her paintings, and on the different species has drawn the perfect forms of different insects, such as bees, flies, butterflies, &c. — *Note to the Fable.*

FABLE XX.

The Bee Flower.

Come, let us leave this painted plain,
This waste of flowers that palls the eye ;
The walks of Nature's wilder reign
Shall please in plainer majesty.

Through those fair scenes, where yet she owes
Superior charms to Brockman's art ;
Where, crowned with elegant repose,
He cherishes the social heart,

Through those fair scenes we 'll wander wild,
And on yon russet mountains rest ;
Come, brother dear ! come, Nature's child !
With all her simple virtues blest.

The sun, far seen on distant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled seas,
And ruins pale of princely bowers,
On Beachborough's airy height shall please.

Nor lifeless, then, the lovely scene ;
The little laborer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that floweret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies !
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
'The ambrosial gold that swells his thighs !

Regardless whilst we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies ;
Or sees he no intruder near ?
Or rest in sleep his weary eyes ?

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs ; we 'll set the captive free.
I sought the living bee to find,
And found the picture of a bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus Nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her sports we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
The unhallowed term, the thought profane,
That life's majestic source may be
In idle Fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still 't is Nature's plan
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, she first in man
Inspired the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,
Pleased with the pencil's mimic power;
That power with leading hand she shows,
And paints a bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands!
Oft as his shapely form he rears,
Aghast the frightened ploughman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,
She seems e'en with herself at strife,
While fairer from her hand is shown
The pictured, than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
 Still many a shining pebble bear,
 Where oft her studious hand engraves
 The perfect form, and leaves it there.

O long, my Paxton, boast her art ;
 And long her laws of love fulfil ;
 To thee she gave her hand and heart,
 To thee her kindness and her skill !

DR. LANGHORNE.

TILE STRAWBERRY.

THE STRAWBERRY FLOWER is the emblem of *perfect goodness*.

The poets have hardly done justice to this modest flower ; but we find the following verse in Mary Howitt.

' The poor man has his gooseberries,
 His currants, white and red ;
 His apple and his damson tree,
 And a little *Strawberry* bed.'

The strawberry flower is sacred to the fairies ; who avenge themselves upon those who pluck it, by some malicious trick.

'When thou art in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the *Strawberry* flower,
Nor break the Lady-fern.'

MARY HOWITT.

We find in our American poetry these two tributes.

'Upon the broken turf
That clothes the fresher grave, the *Strawberry* vine
Sprinkles its swell with blossoms, and lays forth
Her ruddy, pouting fruit.'

W. C. BRYANT.

'On the warm hillside, where
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass
Peepeth the luscious *Strawberry*.'

W. H. BURLEIGH.

FABLE XXI.

The Strawberry Flower.

One summer day, along the fields,
I took my wonted morning walk,
To breathe the sweets that summer yields,
And hear the blossoms talk.

I met a little strawberry flower,
Half buried in the tall, green grass;
It held me by some witching power,
And would not let me pass.

‘Thou little rustic maid,’ I said,
‘What joy attends a life like thine,
Exposed to every careless tread,
As thou art now to mine?’

‘And yet thou wear’st a cheerful look,
As though with destiny content;
Come, reason with me, like a book,
And tell me why thou ’rt sent.’

The flower, with modest ease replied,
‘My mission, though not high, like thine,
Has taught me, whatsoe’er betide,
To doubt not, nor repine.

‘My life, though lowly, is serene;
And, dwelling in this sunny spot,
Mid breezes soft and meadows green,
I bless my daily lot.

‘And when the lily-fingered girls,
With golden tassels of the birch
Entwined amid their floating curls,
Beneath the grasses search.

‘I kiss their little snowy palms,
And, with my melting, ruby lips,
Press blushes on their soft, white arms,
And fingers’ rosy tips

' The hungry children of the poor,
With baskets in their little hands,
Come running gayly o'er the moor,
In merry, shouting bands.

' And then within the golden light
My red, delicious fruit I lay,
That it may burst upon their sight,
And check them in their play.

' Such simple deeds, to one like thee,
May seem a trifling waste of life ;
But God for silent works made me,
And thee for active strife.

' I am not, cannot hope to be,
So widely useful as thou art ;
But it is joy enough for me
To do my humble part.'

I heard with reverence ; then pursued
Along the fields my homeward walk ;
My soul with nobler trust endued,
From this meek floweret's talk.



THE NETTLE.

THIS poisonous weed is the emblem of *slander*.
Dr. Darwin thus characterizes it

‘O’er the throng *Urtica* flings
Her barbéd shafts, and darts her poisonous stings.’

But in the following Fable, we have chosen to give it a different character.

FABLE XXII.

The Nettle.

’Neath the willow’s golden plumes,
On a little mossy seat,
Where the snow-white violet blooms,
Where the air is cool and sweet,

Here, reposing, full of dreams,
I the vernal noontide spent,
Watching how, in fitful gleams,
Sunbeams came, and shadows went.

Broken were my dreams, ere long,
By a low and mournful sound;
’T was the Nettle’s plaintive song,
Uttered to the flowers around.

' Sorrows are the common lot;
Where, on all this fair green earth,
Lives the soul that bears them not —
Has not borne them from its birth?

' But of all that live in woe,
None so wretched, half, as I; .
Wherefore has God made me so,
Save to curse his name, and die?

' Not a child with sweet caress
E'er salutes me in its play,
But with terror and distress
I the gentle deed repay.

' Not a maiden near me springs,
In her wild and careless sport,
But with subtle, poisonous stings,
I the playful touch retort.

' So, repulsing all I love,
Giving pain where I would bless,
Who can blame me, if I prove
Impious in my wretchedness?'

' Nay,' I whispered in reply,
' Question not the love of Heaven;
But, with courage firm and high,
Bear whate'er of ill is given.

' Human spirits, cursed like thee,
Have a more unpitied lot ;
Thy repulse can freely be,
And it always is, forgot.

' But the wretched soul, that darts
Passion-fire at every touch,
Wounding loved and loving hearts,
Suffers wrongfully and much.

' None his hasty speech forgives,
None suspects his mental strife :
Thanks to Heaven, one Being lives
Who can judge the inward life !'

THE KALMIA.

WE regard the *Kalmia*, or American Laurel, as the most magnificent of New England wild-flowers. Our descriptive quotations must, of course, be from American poets, who, though they have not totally neglected our favorite, have been much more sparing of their notice than we approve. We have been able to find only the following allusions to it.

' The thrush mourneth where the *Kalmia* hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups.' J. McLELLAN, Jr.

'The tamarack, here and there rising between,
Its boughs clothed with rich, starlike fringes of green,
And clumps of dense *Laurels*, and brown-headed flags,
And thick, slimy basins, black dotted with snags.'

ALFRED B. STREET.

'Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the *Laurel's* gloss.'

IBID.

'The *Laurel* tufts, that drooping hung
Close rolled around their stems,
And the sear birch-leaves still that elung,
Were white with powdering gems.'

IBID.

The poisonous qualities of the *Kalmia*, have furnished Percival with this simile.

'And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from *Laurel* flowers a poison sip.'

THE DESERTED WIFE.

FABLE XXIII.

The *Kalmia*.

Of all the flowers that claimed his care,
The gardener loved the *Kalmia* best;
For it had breathed the mountain air,
And leaned upon the mountain's breast;
And he a mountain boy had been,
Before he knew the wrongs of men.

Yet vain his love, for sad regret
The Kalmia's burning heart consumed;
The free-born flower could ne'er forget
The joy that once its life illumed.
It breathed its sorrows to the maid
Who sat in tears beneath its shade.

'I weary for the dazzling light
That on the mountain torrent plays,
And for the cold and starry night
That wraps the gray rocks in its haze,
And for the free winds, and the roar
Of waves that lash the mountain shore.

'I yearn to hear the eagle's scream
Around the tall and blasted pine,
To see the northern lightnings gleam
Along the mountain's waving line,
To feel the stormy western breeze
Come rustling through the strong old trees.

'I droop, I die in this soft scene;
O, give me back my mountain home!
O, give me back the glacier's sheen,
The mantling cloud, the torrent's foam!
Bear me far hence, away, away,
Where wild winds howl, and lightnings play.'

Tears in the maiden's blue eye stood,
And gazing in the gardener's face,
She saw with joy his yielding mood,
And clasped him in her fond embrace.

'O, father, hear the *Kalmia's* prayer!
Back to its home the poor thing bear!

'And pity not thy flower alone;
Spare, spare thy poor girl's breaking heart!
What cares she for a monarch's throne,
If doomed from all she loves to part?
Blest am I in my humble state —
O, sell me not to him I hate!

'He may adorn my brow with gems,
And bring me every costly thing;
But, like the flowers upon these stems,
I, too, shall perish in my spring.
Then pity on this floweret wild,
And pity, father, on thy child!'

The gardener clasped her to his heart —

'It is too late to save my flower,
But thou and I will never part,
Till *love* can be thy marriage dower!
So dry thy tears, my child, and be
Poor as thou lovest to be — and free!'

Queen of the Meadow and Crown Imperial.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW is a variety of the *Spiræa*. It is sometimes called Meadow Sweet.

'There the flowering Rush you meet,
And the plummy *Meadow Sweet*.'

MARY HOWITT.

'Along the thick hedge-side we greet
Tall purple Vetch and *Meadow Sweet*.'

IBID.

The CROWN IMPERIAL, or *Fritillaria*, is the emblem of *pride*.

'Then heed ye not the dazzling gem
That gleams in *Fritillaria's* diadem.'

EVANS.

FABLE XXIV.

The Queen of the Meadow and the Crown Imperial.

From Bactria's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial ray,
Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
And deeper drink the golden day;

From Bactria's vale to Britain's shore
What time the Crown Imperial came,
Full high the stately stranger bore
The honors of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of Eastern state,
In all the Eastern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it strange, in distant time,
That freedom e'en to flowers was dear—
To flowers that bloomed in Britain's clime!

Through purple meads and spicy gales,
Where Strymon's silver waters play,
While far from hence their goddess dwells,
She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the Crown Imperial sought,
With high demand and haughty mien;
But equal elaim a rival brought—
A rival called the Meadow's Queen.

In elimes of orient glory born,
Where beauty first and empire grew,
Where first unfolds the golden morn,
Where richer falls the fragrant dew;

‘In light’s ethereal beauty dressed,
Behold,’ he cried, ‘the favored flower,
Which Flora’s high commands invest
With ensigns of immortal power!

‘Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,
And bending mountains own his sway,
While Persia’s lord his empire leads,
And bids the trembling world obey;

‘While blood bedews the straining bow,
And conquest rends the scattered air
’T is mine to bind the victor’s brow,
And reign in envied glory there.

‘Then lowly bow, ye British flowers!
Confess your monarch’s mighty sway,
And own the only glory yours,
When fear flies trembling to obey.’

He said, and sudden o’er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran,
With modest air and milder strain,
When thus the Meadow’s Queen began.

‘If vain of birth, of glory vain,
Or fond to bear a regal name,
The pride of folly brings disdain,
And bids me urge a tyrant’s claim;

'If war my peaceful realms assail,
And then, unmoved by pity's call,
I smile to see the bleeding vale,
Or feel one joy in Nature's fall,

'Then may each justly vengeful flower
Pursue her Queen with generous strife,
Nor leave the hand of lawless power
Such compass on the scale of life.

'One simple virtue all my pride —
The wish that flies to misery's aid;
The balm that stops the crimson tide,
And heals the wounds that war has made.'

Their free consent, by zephyrs borne,
The flowers their Meadow's Queen obey;
And fairer blushes crowned the morn,
And sweeter fragrance filled the day.

DR. LANGHORNE.



TULIP AND MYRTLE.

THE TULIP is an Eastern flower. 'The Persians hold a tradition that the *Tulip* first sprang from the soil moistened with the blood of Fershod, the celebrated lover of Shereen.'

The tulip, as well as the crown imperial, is the emblem of *pride*; though in Persia it is used to signify *perfect love*. 'When a young man presents one of these flowers to his mistress, he gives her to understand, by the general color of the flower, that he is on fire with her beauty; and, by the black base of it, that his heart is burnt to a coal.'

Mary Howitt has spoken of the tulip more gently than most of the poets.

'Streaky *Tulip*, jet and gold,
Dearly priced whenever sold;
Rich in color, low and sweet.'

The MYRTLE was named 'from Myrsine, a Grecian female, and priestess in the temple of Venus. She was a great favorite of Minerva; and Venus, as a proof of her own regard, changed her to a myrtle, which, at the same time, she decreed should be green and odoriferous throughout the year.'

The myrtle is the emblem of *love in absence*.

'The *Myrtle* bough bids lovers live;
But that Matilda will not give.'

SCOTT.

It was the custom of Greek warriors to wreath
their swords with myrtle.

'O! not beneath the enfeebling, withering glow
Of such dull luxury, did those *Myrtles* grow,
With which she wreathed her sword when she would
dare
Immortal deeds.'

MOORE.

FABLE XXV.

The Tulip and the Myrtle.

'T was on the border of a stream
A gayly painted Tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Surveyed her beauties in the flood.

And, sure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye;
That crimson, fading into gold,
In streams of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
(Ah me! what pride with beauty dwells!)
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells.

'O, lustre of unrivalled bloom.
Fair painting of a hand divine!
Superior far to mortal doom,
The hues of heaven alone are mine!

'Away, ye worthless, formless race!
Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers!
No more my native bed disgrace,
Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

'Shall the bright daughter of the sun
Associate with the shrubs of earth?
Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
Respect her beauties and her birth.

'And thou, dull, sullen evergreen!
Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
My noontday beauties beam unseen,
Obscured beneath thy dusky shade?'

'Deluded flower!' the Myrtle cries,
'Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
The meanest shrub that you despise,
The meanest flower has merit more.

- ‘That Daisy, in its simple bloom,
Shall last along the changing year,
Blush on the snow of winter’s gloom,
And bid the smiling spring appear.
- ‘The Violet, that, those banks beneath,
Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
When thou art in thy dusty bed.
- ‘E’en I, who boast no golden shade,
Am of no shining parts possessed,
When low thy lucid form is laid,
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.
- ‘And he, whose kind and fostering care,
To thee, to me, our being gave,
Shall near his breast my flowerets wear,
And walk regardless o’er thy grave.
- ‘Deluded flower! the friendly screen
That hides thee from the noontide ray,
And mocks thy passion to be seen,
Prolongs thy transitory day.
- ‘But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
No more by virtue need be done;
I now withdraw my dusky shade,
And yield thee to thy darling sun.’

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell ;
The flower, exulting, caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclosed ;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm exposed.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And evening came, with dews so cold,
The wanton beauty ceased to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas ! no more would close ;
Relaxed, exhausted, sickening, pale,
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

DR. LANGHORNE.



THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

THIS pretty poetical flower is a species of the Violet, though it bears little resemblance to its sister varieties. It grows in the beds of shallow, running streams, and has a blossom the color of the sky.

‘Where flows the fountain silently,
It blooms, a lovely flower,
Blue as the beauty of the sky;
It speaks, like kind fidelity,
Through fortune’s sun and shower,
“Forget-me-not.”’

F. G. HALLECK.

It is the emblem of *true love*.

‘And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, “*Forget-me-not*.”’

J. G. PERCIVAL.

We have heard the origin of its name ascribed to the little incident embodied in the following fable.

FABLE XXVI.

The Forget-me-not.

From a wood-fountain springs a silvery rill ;
It winds through sunny meadows, near a cot
That stands upon the green slope of a hill ;
And its swift course is checked in many a spot,
By the luxuriant, blue Forget-me-not.

Within that eot, an aged dame abides ;
And sometimes, in the warm and sunny days,
She creeps along the rivulet's grassy sides,
And, by her staff supported, oft essays
To reach the heaven-eyed flowers that tempt
her gaze.

Long will she stand, and fix her faded eye
Upon the fairy blossoms ; then will press
Her lean hands on her aged heart, and sigh ;
While o'er her face, now pale and motionless,
Will pass a vivid flush of keen distress.

Long years ago, when that dim eye was bright
With youth, and joy, and fondly plighted love,
She, with her chosen, o'er a grassy height
Had wandered far, until they reached a grove,
All flowers and moss beneath, and leaves above.

Within this wood, a deep blue lake was hid,
And little islands gemmed its peaceful breast ;
One, with Clematis vines o'er-canopied,
And in its robe of summer blossoms dressed,
Lay scarce a footstep from the ground they
pressed.

' Those little blue-eyed flowers ! ' the maiden cried ;
' O, see them, Ernest, drooping o'er the brink
Of that sweet isle ! Now shall thy love be tried,
Thou gallant knight ! So swear that, " swim
or sink, "
Those flowers around my brow thy hand shall
link ! '

The lover, smiling, vowed it o'er and o'er,
And leaped right gayly toward the flowery plot ;
But fell, alas ! and sunk — yet not before
He grasped the flowers, and threw them
toward the spot
Where Mary sat, crying, ' Forget-me-not ! '

Forget thee ! Years and years have passed
since then,
Yet still poor Mary o'er one memory broods.
She speaks not — smiles not — shuns the paths
of men,
And haunts alone the streamlets and the woods,
Not wild, but sad, even in her calmest moods.

THE MOSS ROSE.

IF preference can be given to any one of the numerous varieties of the Rose, we think we must declare for the Moss Rose. The bud, particularly of the white variety, is exquisitely beautiful. It signifies a *confession of love*; or, as some poet has sung,

‘T is an emblem of beauty and truth,
Of modesty, mantled with grace;
A type of the sweetness of youth,
Shadowed forth in a soft-blushing face.’

FABLE XXVII.

The Rosebud in the Coffin.

Robed for the grave the young bride lay;
Her hands were crossed upon her breast;
The dimpling smile had ceased its play,
And on her pale lip gone to rest.

A Rosebud, mossy, dewy, white,
Amid her flaxen curls was twined,
Just opening, beautiful and bright,
Like her unstained and thoughtful mind.

‘T is meet,’ the mourning lover said,
‘ That flowers should deck my perished bride ;
I little care, since she is dead,
How many wither at her side.’

The Rosebud breathed a gentle sigh,
Whose sweetness reached his fainting heart ;
‘ I am content,’ it said, ‘ to die,
But not till I this truth impart.

‘ I would fain teach thee, ere I go,
That though my form to death is given,
In all its bright and youthful glow,
My fragrance is exhaled to Heaven.

‘ So thy young bride, on whose fair brow
I find a holy place of rest,
Has risen, in spirit, even now,
And leans upon her Father’s breast.’



THE MIGNONETTE.

MIGNONETTE, or Little Darling, is more distinguished for perfume than beauty, and composes the Reseda Odorata, so common in the perfumers' shops. It is the emblem of *meeckness and affection*.

Sweet must have been that 'Sunday nosegay,' which Mary Howitt's 'Poor Man' gathered weekly from his little garden —

' Moss-Rose bud,
White pink, and Mignonette.'

FABLE XXVIII

The Mignonette.

She stood beside the weaving loom,
With head bowed low to hide her tears;
For in her dreams her cottage home
Like Eden-lost appears.

Above the shuttle's noisy play,
The buzzing wheel's perpetual whirl,
Soft snatches of a woodland lay
Enchant the dreaming girl.

She hears the blue-bird pour his song,
Like rippling waters through the glen,
And, on the spring gale borne along,
The low note of the wren.

What magic spell had rapt each sense,
And borne the poor girl's heart away?
It was a breath, she knew not whence,
Of new-mown clover hay.

To hide the cheeks her tears had burned,
And still the throbbings of her brain,
She toward a window slowly turned,
And leaned against the pane.

A little flower-pot, green and new,
Upon the narrow sill was set,
And, drooping o'er its border, grew
A blooming Mignonette.

Instant the gushing tears were dried,
And o'er her pale and pensive face
There stole a flush of holy pride,
That mingled with its grace.

For to her thoughts that fragrant flower
Brought back her brother's parting words —
'O, Alice! in thy homesick hour,
When pining for the birds,
'And for the mosses in the woods,
And violets in the sunny dell,
And all the dewy flowers and buds
That we have loved so well;

- ' Then, Alice, turn thy tearful gaze
Upon this favorite Mignonette,
And it shall look such truthful praise,
That thou wilt quite forget
- ' All grief and yearning, in the thought
That, for thy poor sick brother's sake,
Thou long in wearying toil hast wrought,
With heart too brave to break.
- ' And, Alice, then — O, brightly, then,
And not with tears, thy heart shall dream
Of every flowery nook and glen,
And every glancing stream.
- ' And gayly shall thy song be heard,
Above the shuttle and the roll,
Soft chiming with the woodland bird
That warbles in thy soul.'



THE BROOM.

IN France, the Broom is regarded as the emblem of *humility*. 'The name Plantagenet is supposed to be derived from the *plant-d-gênista*, or Broom. Fulke, Earl of Anjou, who lived a century before the Norman conquest, having been guilty of some crimes, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land. He wore a sprig of *genista* in his hat—that plant being regarded as the symbol of humility. He afterwards adopted the title of Plantagenet, which his descendants retained.' The Broom is not a native of America. It bears a papilionaceous flower, and is thus described by Wordsworth.

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

And again :

'T was that delightful season, when the *Broom*,
Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.'

Burns has not forgotten the favorite flower of his countrymen.

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

Cowper speaks of

'The *Broom*,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her blossoms.'

FABLE XXIX.

The Wildling and the Broom.

In yonder greenwood blows the Broom;
Shepherds, we 'll trust our flocks to stray,
Court Nature in her sweetest bloom,
And steal from Care one summer day.

From him,* whose gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed Hume with roses binds,
We 'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where slow the fairy Fortha winds.

And, O! that he,† whose gentle breast
In Nature's softest mould was made,
Who left her smiling works imprest
In characters that cannot fade;

* Wm. Hamilton.

† Thomson.

That he might leave his lowly shrine,
Though softer there the seasons fall;
They come — the sons of verse divine —
They come to Fancy's magic call!

‘ What airy sounds invite
My steps, not unreluctant, from the depth
Of Shene's delightful groves? Reposing there,
No more I hear the busy voice of men,
Far toiling o'er the globe. Save to the call
Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear
Of death denies attention. Roused by her,
The Genius of sepulchral silence opens
His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the spring,
Or swells on summer's breast, or loads the lap
Of autumn, gathers heedful: Thee, whose rites
At Nature's shrine with holy care are paid
Daily and nightly, boughs of brightest green,
And every fairest rose, the god of groves,
The queen of flowers, shall sweetly save for thee.
Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
Tunefully trifling. Fair philosophy,
And Nature's love, and every moral charm
That leads in sweet captivity the mind
To virtue, ever in thy nearest cares
Be these, and animate thy living page
With truth resistless, beaming from the source
Of perfect light immortal. Vainly boasts

That golden Broom its sunny robe of flowers.
Fair are the sunny flowers, but fading soon
And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
To the well-loaded Wildling. Shepherd, there
Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem
Of all but moral beauty.'

'Not in vain,'

I hear my Hamilton reply,
The toreh of fancy in his eye, —
'T is not in vain,' I hear him say,
'That Nature paints her works so gay ;
For, fruitless though that fairy Broom,
Yet still we love her lavish bloom.
Cheered with that bloom, yon desert wild
Its native horrors lost, and smiled ;
And oft we mark her golden ray,
Along the dark wood, scatter day.

'Of moral uses take the strife ;
Leave me the elegance of life ;
Whatever charms the ear or eye,
All beauty and all harmony !
If sweet sensations these produce,
I know they have their moral use.
I know that Nature's charms can move
The springs that strike to Virtue's love.'

DR. LANGHOENE.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

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

SMITH.

Notwithstanding its 'sainted name,' the poets have bestowed little notice on this modest flower; but we have been so fortunate as to receive from one of them the following beautiful Fable.

FABLE XXX.

The Star of Bethlehem.

Where 'Time the measure of his hours
 By changeful bud and blossom keeps,
 And, like a young bride crowned with flowers,
 Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps;

Where, to her poet's turban-stone,
 The Spring her grateful gifts imparts,
 Less sweet than those his thoughts have sown
 In the warm soil of Persian hearts;

There sat the stranger, where the shade
 Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,
 While in the hot, clear heaven delayed
 The long, and still, and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,
Strange odors filled the sultry air,
Strange birds upon the branches swung,
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,
Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,
As if the Gheber's soul had found
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
Awakened feelings new and sad,—
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,
Nor church, with Sabbath bell-chimes glad.

But Moslem graves, with turban-stones,
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,
And graybeard Mollahs, in low tones,
Chanting their Koran service through.

As if the burning eye of Baal
The servant of his Conqueror knew,
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,
The sun's hot glances smote him through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand,
Like tempting fiends, were such as they
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,
As gifts on demon-altars lay.

- ‘ Ah me ! ’ the lonely stranger said,
‘ The hope which led my footsteps on,
And light from heaven around them shed,
O’er weary wave and waste, is gone !
- ‘ Where are the harvest-fields, all white,
For Truth to thrust her sickle in ?
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,
From the dark hiding-place of sin ?
- ‘ A silent horror broods o’er all —
The burden of a baleful spell —
The very flowers around recall
The hoary Magi’s rites of hell !
- ‘ And what am I, o’er such a land
The banner of the Cross to bear ? —
Dear Lord, uphold me with thy hand !
Thy strength with human weakness share ! ’
- He ceased ; for at his very feet,
In mild rebuke, a floweret smiled —
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet
The Star-flower of the Virgin’s Child !
- Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew
Its life from alien air and earth ;
And told to Paynim sun and dew
The story of the Saviour’s birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,
The Persian plants its beauty screened;
And on its pagan sisterhood
In love the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy, the wanderer felt
The darkness of his long despair
Before that hallowed symbol melt,
Which God's dear love had nurtured there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower
The lines of sin and sadness swept;
And Magian pile and Paynim bower
In peace, like that of Eden, slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and eypress old,
Looked holy through the sunset air;
And, angel-like, the Muezzin told
From tower and mosque the hour of prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;
The Star-flower of the Virgin-born
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE LILY.

THE LILY is the emblem of *beauty* and *purity*.

‘Unstained and pure
As is the *Lily*.’ THOMSON.

‘The *Lily*, of all children of the Spring
The palest — fairest too, where fair ones are.’
BARRY CORNWALL.

‘Ye *Lilies*, bathed in morning dew,
Of purity and innocence renew
Each lovely thought.’
BERNARD BARTON.

The Lily of the Nile, or *Lotus*, was consecrated to Isis and Osiris; and the priestesses of Isis wore lily-wreaths in their hair.

‘Bright bands of Egypt’s fair young girls
To the lighted temple go,
With those *Lilies* wreathed in their glossy curls,
By the Nile’s dark waves that grow.’
MRS. L. P. SMITH.

The Water-Lily is a favorite of the poets; we will give a few quotations.

‘Rapaciously we gather flowery spoils
From land and water; *Lilies* of each hue,
Golden and white, that float upon the waves,
And court the wind.’ WORDSWORTH.

'Little streams have flowers as many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
There the flowering rush you meet,
And the plummy meadow-sweet;
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the *Water-Lily*.'

MARY HOWITT.

'There 's a spring in the woods of my sunny home,
Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam;
And the large *Water-Lilies* that o'er it shed
Their pearly hues to the soft light spread,
They haunt me! I dream of that bright spring's flow,
I thirst for its rill like a wounded doe.'

MRS. HEMANS.

The Indian Cupid has his abode in the corolla
of a water-lily.

'Love down the blue Ganges laughing glides
Upon a *Lotus* wreath.'

We are doubly indebted to Mr. Whittier for
sending us, in company with his own, the fol-
lowing graceful poem by his sister.

FABLE XXXI.

The Egyptian Lily.

In glory of her bloom arrayed,
A gorgeous Lily of the Nile
Her own magnificence surveyed,
With beauty's vain and conscious smile.

When bending with a royal grace
Before the breeze which onward swept
She saw that o'er her costly vase
The dewy moss had greenly crept.

With scorn her snowy brow she turned
From where the cool intruder clung,
And thus its kind embraces spurned,
And thus her haughty praises sung:

I, born of that imperial line
Which Egypt cherished, mourn the hour
When battle-car and priestly shrine
Bore garlands of the holy flower.

' No pageants here my blossoms grace,
Borne proudly, as in days of old —
Alas, for my dishonored race!
A garden captive, basely sold!

'Shorn of my sacred honors now,
A regal stranger, all unknown,
I watch, with sad and crownless brow,
My leaves with meanest moss o'ergrown!'

The cool, moist moss, a veil of green,
The Lily's roots had overrun;
It loved the flower, and longed to screen
Its tender greenness from the sun.

But now, rebuked and scorned, it turned
Its shelter from the plant that hour;
On the moist roots the sunshine burned—
Alas, for Nile's imperial flower!

Poor plant! no more her blossoms white
May wave in queenly grace and pride;
Scorched in the summer-day's long light,
The scornful stranger drooped and died.

Still watching round, with dewy eye,
The mournful moss, with pity moved,
Saw how the ungrateful sadly die,
And crept to shroud the flower it loved.

ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

THE AMARANTH.

'IMMORTAL *Amaranth*! a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
 Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,
 To Heaven removed, where first it grew; there grows
 And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life;
 And where the river of bliss, thro' midst of Heaven,
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber streams;
 With these, that never fade, the Spirit's elect
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.'

PARADISE LOST.

One variety of the Amaranth is called 'Love-lies-bleeding;' as in Campbell's poem of 'O'Connor's Child.'

'A hero's bride! this desert bower,
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding;
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower
 To call — "*My love lies bleeding*"?
 This purple flower my tears have nursed;
 A hero's blood supplied its bloom;
 I love it, for it was the first
 That grew on Connocht-Moran's tomb.'

Cowper says,

'The only *Amaranthine* flower on earth, is virtue.'

We have somewhere read, that Hope rides in
 a 'bark of Amaranths.'

One variety of the American Amaranth, the Gnaphalium or Life Everlasting, is very pretty; and its silvery white blossoms, intermixed with the American Laurel, form a handsome and unwithering garland for winter.

FABLE XXXII.

The Amaranth.

'T was dead of night. The brilliant stars shone
down

Upon a student's pale and thoughtful face;
Around his brow hung locks of golden brown,
That shaded sorrow in its hiding-place.

His hands were folded on a holy book;
His head lay on them; and his eyes, that turned
Toward the bright planets with a yearning look,
With holier light than theirs, intensely burned.

He felt upon his brow a gentle touch,
As though a spirit drooped her air-like wings
In pity o'er him; — for his eye had much
To wake in angel hearts soft pity's springs.

It spoke of early struggles, long and lone;
Of fading hopes, and labors ill repaid;
Of unshared dreams, and health forever gone;
Of bright affections in the low grave laid.

Whence came the touch, that thro' his throbbing
brain

Such gushing streams of peace and gladness
sent?

'T was but an Amaranth, that, to soothe his
pain,

Its wreath of blossoms o'er his forehead bent.

'My holy flower,' he said, 'what lesson now
Wouldst thou within my fainting heart instil?'

'That though the *laurel* never wreath thy brow,'
The flower replied, 'my fadeless blossoms
will!'

THE CACTUS.

THE genus *Cacti* comprises numerous and singular varieties of succulent plants, many of them bearing flowers of great brilliancy and beauty. The *Cactus Speciosissimus* has a blossom of unrivalled splendor. Its corolla is deep crimson, and its lustre opal-hued, or varying in tint like the plumes of a peacock. Mrs. Sigourney has made it the subject of a poem, in which she has faithfully described its beauties.

In the tropic climate, the Cactus forms dense arbors, or thickets, impervious to every thing but reptiles, which make them their favorite retreats. It has been but recently introduced into our green-houses, but is now rapidly growing into favor.

FABLE XXXIII.

The Cactus.

Amid a thousand blooming flowers
Whose fragrance filled the tempered air,
A Cactus, brought from tropic bowers,
Upreared its branches tall and bare.

Year after year, it lived and grew,
The jest of many a brilliant flower,
Yet took no fairer form or hue
From burning sun or cooling shower.

'O, bear it hence! it is unmeet
Beside this blushing Rose to stand'—
Who could refuse a voice so sweet,
When uttering counsel or command?

The Cactus, at the maiden's will,
Was from its envied place removed;
And soon, the broken rank to fill,
They brought a flower the maiden loved.

The exile plant from all its race
 Stood desolate, like one accursed ;
Yet, noblest in unjust disgrace,
 At length to sudden bloom it burst.

O'er every branch a hundred flowers
 Their crimson glory gayly threw ;
And odors fell from it in showers,
 Whene'er the vernal breezes blew.

I heard the maiden then exclaim,
 ' Most gorgeous of the flowers of earth,
Like love, thou waitest want and shame
 To call thy beauties into birth !

' But then, in dazzling bloom arrayed,
 Thy form the dreariest spot illumines,
And all the close and sultry shade
 Grows balmy with thy sweet perfumes.

' O, teach me, wise and noble flower,
 To train my simple heart to meet
Misfortune's dark and friendless hour,
 With smiles like thine, serene and sweet !'

THE LILACH.

THE LILACH is the emblem of *fastidiousness*. There are three varieties commonly cultivated among us; or, as Cowper describes them,

‘The *Lilach*, various in array; now *white*,
Now *sanguine*, and her beauteous head now set
With *purple* spikes pyramidal, as if studious of orna-
ment;
Yet, unresolved which hues she most approved,
She chose them all.’

Mason speaks of

‘*Lilachs*, robed
In snow-white innocence, or purple pride.’

Warton, in his ‘Ode to April,’ notices another variety.

‘From the shrubbery’s naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora’s brightest broidery shone,
Every checkered charm is flown;
Save that the *Lilach* hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters *blue*.’

We are glad to find the Lilach numbered among the choice and beautiful flowers in the following passage from Barry Cornwall.

‘There the Rose unveils her beauty,
And each delicate bud o’ the season

Comes in turn to bloom and perish.
 But first of all the Violet, with an eye
 Blue as the midnight heavens; the frail Snowdrop,
 Born of the breath of Winter, and on his brow
 Fixed like a pale and solitary star;
 The languid Hyacinth, and pale Primrose,
 And Daisy, trodden down like modesty;
Lilachs, and flowering Limes, and scented Thorns.'

FABLE XXXIV.

The Lilach.

A Lilaeh near a easement grew,
 Enveloped in a eypress' shade,
 And veiled as saeredly from view
 As some sweet harem-maid.

- 'A hapless destiny is thine,'
 A Flowering-Almond kindly said,
 'To pass thy life in that dim shrine,
 O'ershrouded like the dead.'
- 'Thou judgest from the outward show,'
 The Lilaeh cheerfully replied;
 'Couldst thou my hidden pleasures know,
 Thou wouldst not so decide.

Tis true, I gaze not on the skies;
 But in my cool, serene retreat,
 I see the golden sun arise,
 And feel his softened heat.

- ‘ Thus shielded from the changeful breeze
That blights thee with its sudden chill,
The soft dews, stealing through the trees,
My flowers with nectar fill.
- ‘ Beneath my closely woven leaves,
The bee-bird murmurs with his wings,
While o’er me, on the cottage eaves,
The linnet gayly sings.
- ‘ Within, upon her snowy bed,
A fair young creature, dying, lies —
I know it by her drooping head,
And large, clear, lustrous eyes.
- ‘ O, joy it is within her room
To throw the fragrance of my flowers,
And, with some show of cheerful bloom,
To soothe her lingering hours !
- ‘ I read her blessings in her eyes,
That rest on me through all the day,
Like glimpses of soft April skies,
Whose clouds have passed away.
- ‘ Ere I my purple blossoms shed,
Those eyes in endless sleep will close ;
O, then, lone watcher of the dead,
I’ll guard her soft repose.

'No rude wind o'er her pallid brow
 Its purple chill shall dare to fling,
 But zephyrs through my bloomiest bough
 Her requiem low may sing.'

CARDINAL FLOWER AND LICHEN.

THE CARDINAL FLOWER is the most beautiful of the Lobelia family. It is a native of North America, and may be found, in August, brightening the borders of nearly all our streams and ditches. It has a graceful, wing-like blossom, of a rich, bright scarlet.

'*Lobelia*, attired like a queen in her pride.'

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the emblem of *distinction*.

The LICHEN is that species of moss which is found growing on rocks, trees, and rail fences.

'Retiring *Lichen* climbs the topmost stone
 And drinks the aerial solitude alone.'

DARWIN.

Dana has a beautiful poem, in which 'the Moss supplicateth for the Poet.' We must rest content with quoting a few verses, trusting that our readers are familiar with the whole.

'Oft he passed the blossoms by,
 And gazed on me with kindly look;
 Left flaunting flowers and open sky,
 And wooed me by the shady brook.

And, like the brook, his voice was low;
 So soft, so sad the words he spoke,
 That with the stream they seemed to flow;
 They told me that his heart was broke.

* * * * *

That I was of a lowly frame,
 And far more constant than the flower
 Which, vain with many a boastful name,
 But fluttered out its idle hour;

That I was kind to old decay,
 And wrapt it softly round in green;
 On naked root, and trunk of gray,
 Spread out a garniture and screen.

He praised my varied hues — the green,
 The silver hoar, the golden, brown;
 Said, lovelier hues were never seen;
 Then gently pressed my tender down.'

FABLE XXXV.

The Lichen and the Cardinal Flower.

'A fairy life that bright flower leads,
 Surrounded by the dark blue stream!
 Now bending where the wave reedes,
 Now blushing in the sun's warm beam.

'The grass lies softly o'er its roots,
And waves around its tall green stem ;
The dragon-fly above it shoots,
Or crowns it like a diadem.

' It hears the murmuring of bees,
The droning of the summer flies,
And the low music of the breeze
That on the streamlet's bosom dies.

' It feels upon its crimson lip
The kisses of the timid air,
And woos the humming-bird to sip
The sweetness daily offered there.

' Why should that flower so brightly live,
While I, to barren rocks confined,
No sweets to bird or insect give,
Nor joy to one of human kind.'

So mourned a Lichen, scar and gray,
That o'er a ledge its mantle spread ;
A poet heard the mournful lay,
And with compassion kindly said ;

' Since God is good, 't is wrong to deem
His dealings partial or unjust ;
Though hard our fate may sometimes seem,
'T is easy still to wait and trust.

' Yon Cardinal Flower, whose brilliant state
Appears far happier than thine own,
Would win thy pity for its fate,
Were all its hidden sorrows known.

' No fragrance in its bosom reigns,
To charm the weary sense of grief,
But poison stealing through its veins
Gives bitterness to flower and leaf.

' Could we their inward feelings know,
Whose lives with endless joy seem blent,
How light would seem our heaviest woe,
How worse than weak our discontent!'

THE ASTER.

THE ASTER, or Starwort, is among the prettiest of our autumn wild-flowers. It is the latest lingerer upon the hill-sides, and is sometimes found surviving our earliest snow-storms. It signifies *confidence in God*.

' Near where yon rocks the stream inurn,
The lonely gentian blossoms still;
Still wave the *Star-flower* and the fern
O'er the soft outline of the hill.'

MRS. WHITMAN.

'Far in a sheltered nook

I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower,
A lonely *Aster*, trembling by a brook,
At the quiet noontide's hour ;
And something told my mind,
That should old age to childhood call me back,
Some sunny days and flowers I still might find
Along life's weary track.'

J. H. BRYANT.

'On the hill the golden-rod,

And the *Aster* in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men ;
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.'

W. C. BRYANT.

FABLE XXXVI.

The *Aster*.

Among the leaves that, gorgeous-hued,
Like fragments of a rainbow fell,
O'er all the carpet of the wood,
And o'er the open grassy swell,
A servant of that truth divine,
Which Jesus preached in old Judea,
Went seeking for some lonely shrine,
To 'weep the unavailing tear.'

Beside a group of lone Star-flowers,
That fading on the brown slope stood,
He paused — and silent there, for hours,
Sat gazing on the rustling wood.
He saw not then the brilliant dyes
That changed and mingled in the breeze —
Old hopes bedimmed his youthful eyes —
They faded earlier than the trees!

At length his mournful gaze he turned
On the pale Asters at his side —
A sudden flame of anguish burned
Within his soul — ‘O, flowers!’ he cried,
‘Ye were not fairer in your bloom,
Than were the glorious truths that rose
Like star-flowers in my soul, to illumine
The midnight of my people’s woes!

‘But though they burst in brilliant light
Along the dreary waste of sin,
There came a cold and deadly blight,
That east them to the earth again!
Injustice, ignorance, and scorn,
Their blended gusts of passion poured,
And truths, of heavenly Wisdom born,
Soon darkly perished, undeplored!’

- An Aster raised its drooping eye,
Yet filled with calm and heavenly light,
And, with a cheerful, sweet reply,
Dispersed his spirit's gathering night
' We fade, but do not wholly die ;
For from our bloom some seed will fall
That softer airs and balmier sky
To richer beauty will recall.
- ' And fear not, that bright Truth, o'erthrown,
Shall perish wholly from the earth —
Each little seed thy soul hath sown,
Yet waits a new and nobler birth.
O, keep within that soul the faith,
That whatsoe'er of good is cast
Within the reach of Heaven's pure breath,
Will find its perfect growth at last.
- ' Long hidden, slumbering it may lie,
Forgotten in the wintry night ;
But God's own wisdom cannot die —
It seeks eternally the light.
So bide the long, dark, gloomy storm,
And bide the dreary, barren waste ;
These o'er, thy soul, 'neath skies more warm,
The fruits of all thy truths shall taste !'

ALOE AND POPPY.

'THE AMERICAN ALOE has been said to blossom only once in one hundred years, and then immediately to die. This tradition has been often beautifully alluded to in poetry. The tardy-flowering species of Mexico has, indeed, in cold climates, been cultivated near a century, before flowering. It arrives at this state, however, in six or seven years, in its native climate, and in the warmth of Sicily. Before this period, the plant presents nothing but a perpetually unfolding cone of long, rather narrow, but thick and fleshy leaves, pointed and beset on their margins with strong thorns. Before flowering, this cone and cluster of leaves attains an enormous bulk and development. If suffered to flower, it sends up a central scape, from *eighteen to thirty feet* in height, resembling a huge chandelier, with numerous branches clustered. These bear several thousands of elegant but not showy flowers, of a greenish-yellow color. From these slowly drops a shower of honey. With the flowering of the plant its energies become exhausted, and it immediately perishes, however long it may have previously existed. * * * * *

'The Aloe is said to grow plentifully in Arabia Felix. The religion of Mahommed enjoins upon

every Mussulman to perform a pilgrimage to the temple of Mecca once in his lifetime. This flower blossoms but once, and this sometimes only after a period equal to the age of man. Hence the practice of placing a branch before the door, in commemoration of having performed this pilgrimage; and hence its emblematic signification of *religious superstition*.' FLORIST'S MANUAL.

'In climes beneath the solar ray,
Where beams intolerable day,
And arid plains in silence spread,
The pale-green *Aloe* lifts its head.
The mystic branch, at Moslem's door,
Betokens travel long and sore,
In Mecca's weary pilgrimage.'

FLORA'S DICTIONARY.

The POPPY is a classic flower. At the entrance of the palace or cave of Somnus, the deity who presided over sleep, 'grew *Poppies* and other somniferous herbs; the Dreams watched over his couch, attended by Morpheus, his prime minister, holding a vase in one hand, and grasping *Poppies* in the other.'—*Hesiod*.

GARLAND OF FLORA.

'The Egyptians represent Ceres wearing a garland composed of ears of corn,—a lighted torch in one hand, and a *Poppy* (which was sacred to her as well as to Diana) in the other.'—*Apollodorus*.

IBID.

The poets have not neglected the Poppy. In the Garland of Flora we find the following among many extracts.

In the garden of Mammon,

‘Mournful Cypress grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall, — and Heben sad,
Dead-sleeping *Poppy*, and black Hellebore.’

SPENSEE.

‘Not *Poppy* and mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow’dst yesterday.’

SHAKSPEARE.

‘But pleasures are like *Poppies* spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.’

BURNS.

In the garden of the Castle of Indolence,

‘Was nought around but images of rest;
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence best
From *Poppies* breathed.’

THOMSON.

‘Autumn, half asleep — drowned with the fume of
Poppies.’

KEATS.

FABLE XXXVII.

The Aloe and the Poppy.

A hundred years the Aloe grew —
A million flowers meantime had bloomed,
And, cherished by the summer dew,
The summer's sultry air perfumed.

But from the Aloe's mantled breast,
No bud or blossom yet appeared —
Till, century-old, its tall green crest
In perfect elegance it reared.

'A hundred years!' a Poppy cried,
And proudly tossed its scarlet head —
'Why I, in beauty at thy side,
Each day a dozen blossoms shed.

'Yet no admirer turns to gaze
With rapture on my brilliant form;
Though thousands, with their foolish praise,
Around the haughty Aloe swarm!'

I heard the murmurings of the flower,
And softly to myself I said,
'How many a poet of an hour
Like this gay Poppy rears his head!

- ‘ And, envious of the Aloe-blooms
That sprung from mighty bards of yore,
To scorn unmitigated, dooms
The glories that “the crowd” adore.
- ‘ Unnoted, on the flying hour,
His own poor, worthless rhymes pass by,
And, like the Poppy’s drowsy flower,
Attract no bright, admiring eye ;
- ‘ While those immortal flowers of thought
That only in a century bloom,
Time on his scythe unscathed hath caught,
And bids Fame wreath them o’er his tomb ’

THE MARIGOLD.

‘ THE MARYGOLD is a yellow flower, devoted to the Virgin Mary.’

JOHNSON.

‘ It is also one of the many plants sacred to Venus. It is a native of most of the countries of Europe. It opens its flowers in the morning, and closes them at evening, — a habit to which many poets refer.’

GARLAND OF FLORA.

'The *Marygold*, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.'

SHAKSPEARE.

'The *Mary-budde*, that shutteth with the light.'

CHATTERTON.

'Liko *Marygolde*, had sheathed their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adore the day.'

SHAKSPEARE.

'Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking *Mary-buddes* begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every pretty thing that bin,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!'

SHAKSPEARE.

'No *Marygolde* yet closéd are,
No shadows yet appear.'

HERRICK.

Chaucer gives this flower the language of
jealousy.

'And *Jalousie*,
That weved of yelwe *goldes* a *girlonde*,
And had a *cuckewe* sitting in her hand.'

The following lines are from a later poet.

‘Open afresh your round of starry folds,
 Ye ardent *Marigolds!*
 Dry up the moisture of your golden lids;
 For great Apollo bids,
 That in these days your praises shall be sung
 On many harps, which he has lately strung;
 And when again your dewiness he kisses,
 Tell him I have you in my world of blisses;
 So haply, when I rove in some far vale,
 His mighty voice may come upon the gale.’

KEATS.

FABLE XXXVIII.

The Marigold and the nameless Flower.

A daughter of song in the meadows straying,
 In musical tones to herself was saying,
 ‘O, for a blossom my song to grace!
 O, for a blossom deserving the place!’

A Marigold, close in her pathway growing,
 Lifted its countenance, gay and glowing,
 ‘O, what a glorious fate were mine,
 Could I but hope in thy song to shine!’

‘Shall I sing of the Marigold?’ said the lady,
 ‘Or seek a blossom more sweet and shady?
 The Marigold has so much of the sun,
 I’ll give my light to some sheltered one.’

To a cool green copse, where the shades were
falling,
The lady roved, in a low voice calling,
'O, for a blossom my song to grace!
Where is the blossom deserves the place?'

No voice through the dark green boughs re-
plying,
The lady sank on the soft grass, sighing,
'O, for a blossom, serene and fair,
In my song to weave, on my heart to wear!'

'Dear lady,' she heard a low voice sighing,
Close by the shelter where she was lying,
'I do not wish in thy song to shine,
But wear me, love, on that heart of thine!'

At this modest plea, so sweetly uttered,
The lady's heart like a young dove fluttered;
'Come, without beauty, or grace, or name!
Thank God, one loveth *me* more than *fame*!'



THE ANEMONE.

THE ANEMONE is said to be derived from the young Adonis, who, being killed while hunting, was changed by Venus into the Anemone.

'The boy that by her side lay killed,
Was melted like a vapor from her sight;
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple flower sprung up, checkered with white.'

SHAKSPEARE.

The Anemone, or Windflower, is one of the earliest Spring flowers.

'*Anemones*, on the soft wing of vernal breezes shed.'

THOMSON.

'Beside a fading bank of snow,
A lovely *Anemone* blew.'

PERCIVAL.

'Bog *Anemone*, that ne'er uncloses
Her lips, until they 're blown on by the wind.'

IL. SMITH.

FABLE XXXIX.

The Anemone.

Soft stealing from beneath the snow,
I saw a pretty Windflower blow ;
Fair were its petals, streaked with red,
Like sunset on a snowflake shed.

‘ How dar’st thou, gentle flower, to brave
This early spring? — far better save
Thy fairy bloom, to grace the day
When wind and storm have passed away.’

‘ My humble gifts would be no boon
Among the myriad flowers of June ;
Now, when the earth is brown and bare,
One little spot I make more fair.

‘ I love among these lingering snows
To stand, the herald of the Rose ;
For saddest eyes grow bright to see
The prophet-flower, Anemone !’

A lesson to my heart I read,
And to the gentle floweret said,
‘ I, too, where I am needed most,
Will firmly stand, at every cost !’

THE MORNING GLORY.

THIS flower belongs to the genus *Ipomœa*, under which name it appears in the following anonymous lines.

‘ Yon clambering vine, that courts our walls,
 With gay, fantastic flowers,
 And winds in graecful wreaths along
 The fragrant garden bowers,
 Still glows with brilliant gems, till fall
 Blights Nature’s sweetest charms,
 Then leaves its grasp, — and dies with all
 That spring from Flora’s arms.
 Though long *Ipomea*’s close embrace,
 With flowers and beauties bright,
 Hath lent yon bower its matchless grace,
 Her charms are sunk in night.’

The Morning Glory is the symbol of *female affection*; but our friend has given it a different character in the following Fable.

FABLE XL.

The Morning Glory.

Aurora with her wand of light
 Had softly touched the orient sky,
 And all the glittering hosts of night
 Had quenched their starry lamps on high.

The day-god's rolling car of fire
Had kindled with its golden sheen
Gray mountain-peak and city spire,
And lit the forest-arbors green.

Earth, bathed in tides of lucid air,
Seemed smiling on the bending sky;
And dewdrops, on the flowerets fair,
Shone bright as tears in beauty's eye.

Among the trailing vines which clung
In graceful wreaths round Flora's bower,
A Morning Glory proudly hung,—
A lovely, but a haughty flower.

On lowlier plants it looked with scorn,
Though blooming meekly by its side;
It was alone the nobly born,
The flower of beauty and of pride.

Fair Flora sought her green retreat,
The bower where grew her blossoms rare;
The Morning Flower, her eye to greet,
With dewdrops bright was blooming there

It hoped the goddess of the flowers
Would make it evermore her own,—
The chosen plant in all her bowers,
And near her vine-encircled throne.

But when the sun had kissed the dew
From off each floweret's blushing cheek,
Then pale the Morning Glory grew,
And turned a shelter cool to seek.

The humbler plants, which near it twined,
Dared offer none to one so proud;
So 'neath the burning sun it pined,
Till faint with heat its head it bowed.

When Flora to her chosen bower
Again with smiles and music came,
All withered was the haughty flower,
That sought so high a place and name.

The Glory of the morning hours
Had faded ere the sun was high,
While sweetly bloomed the nameless flowers,
So lately passed unnoticed by.

Then Flora doomed the Morning's pride,
Thus early evermore to fade;
While humbler blossoms at its side
In lasting beauty she arrayed.

D. H. JACQUES.

THE LUPINE.

THE LUPINE is a beautiful flower, that grows wild in the skirts of forests, and under the shade of hedges. Its blossom somewhat resembles the blossoms of the pea; and its color is usually a deep, rich blue. It is commonly called the Sundial, from a habit its flowers have of following the course of the sun.

FABLE XLI.

The Lupine.

' Now haste thee, good child Ellen!

The sun will soon be gone,
And thou wilt have a dreary time
To walk the wood alone!'

' I fear not, dear nurse Anna;

For though the way be dim,
Yet God is ever in my path,
And I will trust in him.'

' Thou 'rt right, my little maiden,

So speed thee through the wood;
No harm will sure befall a child
So trusting and so good!'

Then through the green old forest,
Tripped Ellen Moore along,
Her sweet voice softly chiming
With the linnet's evening song.

She crossed the giant shadows
Of old, gray-bearded trees,
And saw their branches wave and toss
Before the freshening breeze.

She heard the solemn chorus
That through the forest swept,
And something like a reverent awe
Through all her being crept.

Insensibly her footsteps
Fell swifter on the sward,
And prayer burst from her trembling lips,
'O, lead me safely, Lord!'

The red rays from the moss-banks
Had faded quite away;
No longer on the oaken trunks
The wavy sunshine lay.

The pathway, quite o'ershaded,
Grew dusky to her sight;
God help the poor child Ellen,
Lone wandering in the night!

She heard within the forest
The fox's dismal howl,
And the hoarse '*tu whit! tu whoo*'
Of the melaueholy owl.

'I'm lost!' cried little Ellen,
In a tone of sudden fear;
'This path is not the path I came —
How wild it is, and drear!

'What shall I do? 'T is sunset —
The woods shut out the sky —
I cannot tell the east or west,
Or where the mountains lie!'

Then, on the damp grass sinking,
Poor Ellen wildly wept;
While o'er her, heedless of her fears,
The whistling breezes swept.

A low voice softly whispered,
'Although thy way be dim,
Yet God is ever in thy path,
And thou shouldst trust in him!'

Her own words thus repeated,
The little maiden heard;
Whence came they? — from the angels,
Or from some singing bird?

She cast her dim eyes downward,
And O, with what delight,
Discerned a little Lupine,
Soft smiling through the night!

Its head, still turning sunward,
Told where the day-god lay, —
'O, that 's the west,' cried Ellen,
'And now I know my way.

'Had I to God been faithful,
As thou to *thy* god art,
I should, like thee, have braved the night,
With an undoubting heart.

'Then let me on my bosom
Thy faithful blossom wear,
To teach me what unswerving faith
Through all my life to bear!'



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