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# FLORA'S INTERPRETER,

AND

# FORTUNA FLORA.

BY

MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE,

AUTHOR OF "NORTHWOOD;" "TRAITS OF AMERICAN LIFE;" "THREE HOURS, OR THE VIGIL OF LOVE;" "HARRY GUY," ETC.

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——"A flower I love,
Not for itself, but that its name is linked
With names I love — a talisman of hope
And memory.

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REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION, WITH NEW ILLUSTRATIONS.

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# A NEW INTRODUCTION.

SIXTEEN years ago we prepared FLORA'S INTERPRETER, the first part of this work. The many imitations of our plan, as well as the extensive and steady demand for the book, have equally proved its excellence.

We have now added a new and original department of Floral literature, namely, the mystical language of flowers, those sweet messengers of nature; and FORTUNA FLORA may be considered as completing the work. We trust this last part will be received with favor by that portion of our friends to whom "years have taught wisdom." Such persons will not regard this effort to stimulate the young to the observance of the hidden meanings which may lie concealed in the flower volumes of nature as unworthy their notice. They will feel that

> Wisdom is with the heart. As falls the dew
> On every plant beneath the freshening sky,
> So wisdom may be found on every page
> That bears the impress of an earnest spirit,
> Seeking the Good, and True, and Beautiful.

And the young will learn these lessons easier, and remember them longer, when connected with the innocent amusements that belong to their flower time of life.

Flowers have always been symbols of the affections, probably ever since our first parents tended theirs in the garden of God's own planting. They seem hallowed from that association, and intended, naturally, to represent pure, tender, and devoted thoughts and feelings. The expression of these feelings has been, in all ages, the province of poetry; therefore we must refer to the poets in order to settle the philology of flowers. This we have done. We have carefully searched the poets and writers on Eastern manners, where flowers are now the messengers of the heart, and have selected the most approved interpretations.

We have, moreover, endeavored to unite real knowledge with this fanciful language; the arrangement of each flower with its botanic as well as common name, and also its class and order, will be found of much utility by familiarizing or fixing these terms in the mind of the reader. The locality of the plant, too, will enable those who desire the information to judge where any particular flower may best be cultivated — whether in the garden or greenhouse.

But the most important aim of the work was to select and incorporate with our love of nature and flowers the choicest and the best specimens of American poetry. In this we think we have succeeded, and that the beauty, variety, and excellence of these gems of thought, fancy, feeling, and passion, can never be equalled in any work of this kind — because we had the first choice of the field; unless, indeed, our imitators take our selections bodily from Flora's Interpreter, as some of them have already done to an extent which is very obvious.* But we trust that in the part now added — Fortuna Flora — no one will thus interfere, for some years at least, to take from us the profits of projecting and preparing a work that has cost us much time and research.

The choice extracts from the British Poets are, of course, open to every writer, and are often used; but we have endeavored to place these truly classical specimens of the Old World literature in a new light, by linking them, as it were, with the hopes and loves of our "own green forest land."

We feel quite at liberty to select whatever is best and brightest from the productions of British genius for this work, because Flora's Interpreter has been republished in London, and, under the title of "The Book of Flowers," sold largely without any remuneration to the author. It is quite probable this new and enlarged work may have the same honor.

To the youth of America we dedicate anew this book we have prepared for them. May it inspire our young women to cultivate those virtues which can only be represented by the fairest flowers; and may our young men strive to be worthy of the love that these fairest flowers can so eloquently reveal.

Boston, *August* 1, 1848.

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* It may be best to state that all the poetic selections here designated "anonymous," were written by Mrs. Hale, expressly for Flora's Interpreter. Those who use these will know from whom they borrow

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# BOTANICAL EXPLANATIONS.

## FLOWERS.

There are seven elementary parts in a flower—or, properly speaking, flower and fruit.

1. Calyx. The outer or lower part of the flower, generally not colored.
2. Corol. The colored blossom of the flower, within or above the calyx.
3. Stamens. The mealy or glutinous knobs, generally on the ends of slender filaments.
4. Pistil. The central organ of a flower ; the base of this becomes the pericarp or seed.
5. Pericarp. The covering of the seed, whether pod, shell, bag, or pulpy substance.
6. Seed. The essential part, containing the rudiments of a new plant.
7. Receptacle. The base which sustains the other six parts, being at the end of the stem.

Any accidental appendage is a nectary. The form and positions of these organs, and of no other part, are employed in distinguishing the Classes, Orders, and Genera.

Double flowers are formed by changing the stamens into petals. Botanists term these *vegetable monsters*.

# INFLORESCENCE;

## OR, MANNER OF FLOWERING.

1. *Whorl.* An assemblage of flowers surrounding the stem or its branches, constitute a whorl or ring: this is seen in the Mint and many of the labiate plants.

2. *Rœceme,* or cluster, consists of numerous flowers each on its own stalk or pedicle, and all arranged on one common peduncle; as, a bunch of Currants.

3. *Panicle* bears the flowers in a kind of loose subdivided bunch or cluster, without any regular order; as in the Oat. A panicle contracted into a compact, somewhat ovate form, as in the Lilac, is called a *Thyrse,* or bunch; a bunch of Grapes is a good example.

4. *Spike.* This is an assemblage of flowers arising from the sides of a common stem: the flowers are sessile, or with very short peduncles; as, the Wheat and the Mullein.

5. *Umbel*—several flower-stalks, of nearly equal length, spreading out from a common centre, like the rays of an umbrella, bearing flowers on their summits; as, Fennel and Carrot.

6. *Cyme* resembles an umbel in having its common stalks all spring from one centre, but differs in having those stalks irregularly subdivided; as, the Snow-ball and Elder.

7. *Corymb,* or false umbel—when the peduncles rise from different heights above the main stem; but the lower ones being longer, they form nearly a level, or convex top; as, the Yarrow.

8. *Fascicle*—flowers on little stalks variously inserted and subdivided, collected into a close bundle, level at the top; as, the Sweet William.

9. *Head,* or tuft, has sessile flowers heaped together in a globular form; as in the Clover.

10. *Ament,* or catkin, is an assemblage of flowers composed of scales and stamens, arranged along a common thread-like receptacle; as in the Chestnut and Willow.

11. *Spadix* is an assemblage of flowers, growing upon a common receptacle, and surrounded by a spatha, or sheath; as in the Egyptian Lily.

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19. *Syngensia*,—stamens 5, united by their anthers in one set, flowers compound,—China-aster, Daisy, etc.
20. *Gynandria*,—stamens stand on the germ, style or stigma, separate from the base of the calyx or corol,—Orchis, etc.
21. *Monœcia*,—stamens and pistils in separate flowers on the same plant,—Amaranth, Pine, Nettle, etc.
22. *Diœcia*,—stamens and pistils on separate plants,—Yew, etc.
23. *Polygamia*,—stamens variously situated—sometimes on flowers with pistils, sometimes stamens only,—Mimosa, etc.
24. *Cryptogamia*,—the flowers of this class are invisible to the naked eye,—Lichen, Moss, etc.

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## ORDERS.

The first *thirteen orders* are distinguished entirely by the number of *pistils*. The names of these orders are,

| | |
|---|---|
| Monogynia—1 pistil. | Heptagynia—7. |
| Digynia—2. | Octagynia—8. |
| Trigynia—3. | Enneagynia—9. |
| Tetradyginia—4. | Decagynia—10. |
| Pentagynia—5. | Dodecagynia—12. |
| Hexagynia—6. | Polyginia, many pistils |

The 14th Class has 2 orders— { 1 Gymnospermia—seed naked. 2 Angiospermia—seed in capsules.

15th Class—2 orders— { 1 Silliculosa—pod short. 2 Siliquosa—pod long.

16, 17, 18th Classes.—In these the orders are determined from the *number* of stamens.

19. Class 5, orders 1. *Equalis*.—2. *Superflua*.—3. *Frustanea*.—4. *Necessaria*.—5. *Segergata*.

20, 21st Classes.—Orders have the same *names* as the preceding *classes*.

22d Class has 8 orders; the first seven named from the number of stamens—the 8th, *Monodelphia*, because the stamens are united in one set.

23d Class has 3 orders. *Monœcia*—stamens and pistils in separate flowers on the same plants. *Diœcia*—stamens, etc. as different plants. *Triœcia*—on three flowers.

24th Class is divided into 6 *families Felices*, (ferns;) 2. *Musci*, (mosses;) 3. *Heptaicœ*, (liverworts;) 4. *Algœ*, (seaweeds;) 5. *Lichenes*, (lichens;) 6. *Fungi*, (mushrooms.)

## POISONOUS PLANTS.

1. Plants with five stamens and one pistil, with a dull-colored lurid corol, and of a nauseous sickly smell, always poisonous. As, tobacco, thorn-apple, henbane, nightshade.

2. *Umbelliferous plants* of the aquatic kind and a nauseous scent are always poisonous. As, water-hemlock, cow-parsley. But if the smell is pleasant, and they grow in dry land, they are not poisonous. As, fennel, dill, coriander.

3. Plants with *labiate* corols, and seeds in capsules, frequently poisonous. As, snap-dragon, fox-glove.

4. Plants from which issue a *milky juice* on being broken, are poisonous, unless they bear compound flowers. As, milk-weed, dogbane.

5. Plants having any appendage to the calyx or corol, and eight or more stamens, generally poisonous. As, columbine, nasturtion.

Plants with few stamens, not poisonous, except the number be five; but if the number be twelve or more, and the smell nauseous, heavy and sickly, the plants are generally poisonous.

## TO PRESERVE FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

Place the specimens in a close, dark room; when the plants are nearly dry, press them, in small quantities enveloped in paper, till the oil appears on the surface, which you will know by its discoloring the paper; then do them up in clean paper bags, and they will retain their fragrance, color, and medicinal properties, for years

# CLASSES AND ORDERS.

THE explanations of these must necessarily be very brief; my aim being rather to stimulate curiosity respecting the subject of Botany, than to impart instruction in the science. A few general facts, and a few of the first terms, are all that can be given.

Flowers in the Linnæan system are divided into *twenty-four Classes.* These *Classes* are divided into *Orders; Orders* into *Genera; Genera* into *Species; Species* are frequently changed into *Varieties.*

The first ten classes are distinguished by the number of their stamens;—thus,

1. *Monandria,*—1 stamen,—Flowering Reed is the only one of this class given.
2. *Diandria,*—2 stamens,—Lilac, Sage, Jasmine, etc
3. *Triandria,*—3 stamens,—Crocus, Iris, Oat, etc.
4. *Tetrandria,*—4 stamens,—Witch-Hazel, Holly, etc.
5. *Pentandria,*—5 stamens,—Violet, flax, Woodbine, etc.
6. *Hexandria,*—6 stamens,—Lily, Sorrel, Aloe, etc.
7. *Heptandria,*—7 stamens,—Horse-chestnut, etc. None of this class given.
8. *Octandria,*—8 stamens,—Nasturtion, etc.
9. *Eneandria,*—9 stamens,—Laurel, etc.
10. *Decandria,*—10 stamens,—Rue, Pink, Hydrangea.
11. *Dodecandria,*—12 to 19 stamens,—Mignonette, etc.
12. *Icosandria,*—20 or more, standing on the calyx. Rose, etc.
13. *Polyandria,*—always 20 or more, on the receptacle,—Butter-cup, Larkspur, Peony, etc.
14. *Didynamia,*—4 stamens, 2 of them uniformly the longest,—Fox-glove, Balm, Thyme, etc.
15. *Tetradynamia,*—6 stamens, 4 of them uniformly the longest,—Gilly-Flower, Honesty, Queen's Rocket. etc.
16. *Monodelphia,*—stamens united by their filaments in one set, anthers being separated,—Geraniums, Hibiscus, etc.
17. *Diadelphia,*—stamens united by their filaments in two sets,—flowers *papilionaceous,* or butterfly-shaped.
18. *Polydelphia,*—stamens in two sets, united at the bottom by the filaments,—Orange, St. John's Wort, et.

# FLORA'S INTERPRETER.

'In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears;
Then gather a *wreath* from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.'

*Percival.*

ACACIA, YELLOW.
*A. Farnesiana.*

*Class* 17. *Order* 10. Common around New Orleans. The same species indigenous to America and India.

CONCEALED LOVE

Our sands are bare, but smiling there
The *Acacia* waves her *yellow* hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in the wilderness.

*Moore.*

SENTIMENT.

They never felt.
Those summer flies that flit so gayly round thee,
They never felt one moment what I feel,
With such a silent tenderness, and keep
So closely in my heart.

*Percival*

ALMOND, FLOWERING. *Amygadalus.* *Class* 12. *Order* 1. Native of the East, China, Barbary, etc. It flowers early—blossoms snow-white.

## HOPE.

The *Hope* in dreams of a happier hour,
Which alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery *Almond flower*,
That blooms on a leafless bough.

*Moore.*

## SENTIMENT.

There are hopes
Promising well, and love-touched dreams for some
And passions, many a wild one, and fair schemes
For gold and pleasure.——
Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
If truth and fervor and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die with their own fulness—if beyond
The grave there is no *heaven*, in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants this lavish heart
May spend itself—*what thrice-mocked fools are we!*

*Willi*

ALTHEA, FRUTEX.
*Hibiscus, Syriacus.*

*Class* 16. *Order* 13. (Syrian Mallow,) a shrub 4 to 6 feet high. Native of the East. Flowers white and rose color.

## CONSUMED BY LOVE.

The fable of *Althea* and her unfortunate son, who lost his life in consequence of his love for the beautiful *Atalanta*—his consuming away as the fatal brand was burning, suggested the emblem of 'Consumed by love.'

*Flora's Dictionary.*

### SENTIMENT.

Comfort cannot soothe
The heart whose life is centred in the thought
Of happy loves, once known, and still in hope,
Living with a consuming energy.

*Percival.*

### ANSWER.

Go, kneel a worshipper at Nature's shrine!
For you her rivers flow, her hills arise;
For you her fields are green, and fair her skies;
And will you scorn them all, to pour your tame
And heartless lays of forced or fancied sighs?

*J. R. Drake.*

ALOE. *Aloe.* *Class* 6. *Order* 1. Native of the Cape of Good Hope, Egypt, etc. The flower of the Aloe has no calyx. A bitter and medicinal juice is extracted from the leaves.

## RELIGIOUS SUPERSTITION.

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.*

## SENTIMENT.

All tenderness you seemed,
Gentle and social as a playful child;
But now in lonely *superstition* wrapped,
As on an icy mountain-top thou sittest
Lonely and unapproachable, or tossed
Upon the surge of passion, like the wreck
Of some proud Tyrian in the stormy sea.

*Hillhouse.*

AMARANTH.
*Amaranthus.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 5. (Prince's Feather,) a genus of nearly 40 species; almost exclusively confined to India and North America. Only three species in Europe —flowers crimson.

## IMMORTALITY.

*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 tree of life.

*Milton.*

## SENTIMENT.

And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those who took their root and put forth buds,
And there soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall like fair unconscious flowers?

* * * * * *

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

*Dana.*

AMARANTH, GLOBE.
*Gomphrena, globosa.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 5. (Everlasting.) Native of India. There are several varieties of this species; white, purple, and variegated. They resemble, in their form, heads of clover

UNCHANGEABLE.

And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound,
With *Amaranth* flowers,—
Such flowers as in the wintry memory bloom,
Of one friend left.

*Southey.*

SENTIMENT.

Think not, beloved, time can break
The spell around us cast,
Or absence from my bosom take
The memory of the past:
My love is not that silvery mist,
From summer blooms by sunbeams kissed,
Too fugitive to last—
A fadeless flower, it still retains
The brightness of its earlier stains.

Nor burns it like the raging fire,
In tainted breast which glows;
All wild and thorny as the brier,
Without its opening rose:
A gentler, holier love is mine,
Unchangeable and firm, while thine
Is pure as mountain snows;
Nor yet has passion dared to breathe
A spell o'er Love's immortal wreath.

*Anon.* (*Albany Advertiser.*)

AMARYLLIS. *Formosissima.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. A very splendid and numerous genus, chiefly tropical, and principally indigenous to America and the southern extremity of Africa. Flowers deep red.

## BEAUTIFUL, BUT TIMID.

When heaven's high vault condensing clouds deform,
Fair *Amaryllis* flies the incumbent storm,
Seeks with unsteady steps the sheltered vale,
And turns her blushing beauties from the gale.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

She looked, how lovely.—Not the face of heaven
In its serenest colors, nor earth in all
Its garniture of flowers, nor all that live
In the bright world of dreams, nor all the eye
Of a creative spirit meets in air,
Could, in the smile and sunshine of her charms,
Not feel itself o'ermastered by such rare
And perfect beauty:—Yet she bore herself
So gently, that the lily on its stalk
Bends not so easily its dewy head.

*Percival.*

AMBROSIA. *Ambrosia.*

(Bitter Weed:) *Class* 19. *Order* 5. A North American genus, with the exception of one species in Peru, and another indigenous to the sea-shores of the Levant. Found in Upper Louisiana.

LOVE RETURNED.

To farthest shores the *ambrosial* spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

*Pope.*

SENTIMENT.

And canst thou not accord thy heart
In unison with mine,
Whose language thou alone hast heard,
Thou only canst divine?
And wilt thou not revoke that cold
And merciless decree,
Nor yield one solitary thought,
To plead my wrongs to thee?

*Dawes.*

ANSWER.

Oh, knowest thou, dear one, of Woman's love,
With its faith that woes more deeply prove,
Its fondness wide as the limitless wave,
And chainless by nought but the silent grave;
With devotion as humble as that which brings
To his idol the Indian's offerings;
Yet proud as that which the priestess feels,
When she nurses the flame of the shrine while she kneels:
Oh, knowest thou, dear, what this love may be?
Such ever has been in my heart for thee.

*Mrs Embury.*

AMERICAN STARWORT.
*Aster, tradescanti.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 2. This genus, consisting of more than 100 species, is almost exclusively indigenous to N. America and the Cape of Good Hope. It flowers late, and the flowers are of every variety of color.

## WELCOME TO A STRANGER.

And thus do come the autumn flowers,
Lingering like exiles on their way,
And ere they ventured to our bowers
Put on their best of bright and gay.

*Anonymous*

## SENTIMENT.

Stranger, *new* flowers in our vales are seen,
With a dazzling eye, and a lovely green.—
They scent the breath of the dewy morn:
They feed no worm, and they hide no thorn,
But revel and glow in our balmy air;
They are flowers which *Freedom* hath planted there

This bud of welcome to thee we give,—
Bid its unborn sweets in thy bosom live;
It shall charm thee from all a stranger's pain,
Reserve, suspicion, and dark disdain:
A race in its freshness and bloom are we;
Bring no cares from a worn-out world with thee.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

ANEMONE.
*Anemone. Virginiana.*

(Wind-flower.) *Class* 13. *Order* 13. Principally European, but found in America. The flowers of the Anemone are of various colors—white, blue, purple, yellow, crimson, etc.

## ANTICIPATION.

Beside a fading bank of snow,
A lovely *Anemone* blew,
Unfolding to the sun's bright glow
Its leaves of heaven's serenest hue:—
'T is Spring, I cried; pale Winter 's fled;
The earliest wreath of flowers is blown;
The blossoms, withered long and dead,
Will soon proclaim their tyrant flown.

*Percival.*

## SENTIMENT.

Alas! that dreams are only dreams,
  That fancy cannot give
A lasting beauty to those forms
  Which scarce a moment live.

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

*Dawes.*

APOCYNUM. *Hypericifolium.* (Indian Hemp.) *Class* 5. *Order* 2. There are several species of this genus in South America, India, and the Cape of Good Hope.

## FALSEHOOD.

I bid thee of this fair smiling friend beware,
And say the false *Apocynum* is there.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

Touch not the hand they stretch to you;
The falsely proffered cup put by:
Will you believe a coward true?
Or taste the poison draught to die?

Their friendship is a lurking snare;
Their honor but an idle breath;
Their smile—the smile that traitors wear;
Their love is hate, their life is death.

*W. G. Simms.*

ARUM.
*Dracontium.*

(Wake Robin.) *Class* 21. *Order* 7. A class of about 30 species, principally indigenous to India and the warmer parts of Europe and America.

## FEROCITY AND DECEIT.

*Arum*, that in a mantling hood conceals
Her sanguine club, and spreads her spotted leaf,
Armed with keen tortures for the unwary tongue.

*Gisborne.*

### SENTIMENT.

O, he 's accurst from all that 's good,
Who never knew *Love's* healing power;
Such sinner on his sins must brood,
And wait alone his hour.
If stranger to earth's beauty—human love,
There is no rest below, nor hope above.

*Dana.*

ARBOR-VITÆ. *Thuja.* (False White Cedar.) *Class* 21. *Order* 18. Mostly small trees. Indigenous to N. America and Siberia; also found in China, Japan and the Cape of Good Hope. The wood was formerly used in making images.

UNCHANGING FRIENDSHIP.

The true and only friend is he
Who, like the *Arbor-vitæ* tree,
Will bear our image on his heart.

*Sir Wm. Jones.*

SENTIMENT.

——————— The dim lights
Which man has set upon the way of life,
And called its pleasures, must by fiat fade,
And leave the beacon only that 's within!
O then for quiet, or the meaner home,
Where fashion reigns not, and the weary heart
Beats but to one, and answers pulse with pulse.
Then for the soul's own circle, never broken
By the rude foot that tramples on the flowers
Of all our best affections.

*Grenville Mellen.*

ANSWER.

Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'er thy care,
My heart shall follow, and my spirit share.—

*Mrs. Sigourney*

AURICULA, SCARLET.
*Primula auricula.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. Perennial, flowering early; most of the species alpine, flowers of almost every color.

PRIDE.

Where, rayed in sparkling dust and velvet pride,
Like brilliant stars arranged in splendid row,
The proud *Auriculas* their lustre show.

*Kliest.*

SENTIMENT.

'T is not the fairest form, that holds
The mildest, purest soul within;
'T is not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in:
Then, lady, cast thy pride away,
And chase those rebel thoughts of thine;
The casket may be bright and gay,
Yet all within refuse to shine:
For, should misfortune ever lower,
'T will cloud those charms that dazzle so;
And friends who greet thy fortune's power,
Will smile upon its overthrow.

*Dawes.*

BACHELOR'S BUTTON.
*Lychnis, dioica.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 2. Red or White Field Campion. Flowers in June.

## HOPE IN LOVE.

Flora's choice *Buttons* of a mingled dye
Is *hope—even in the depths of misery.*

*Browne.*

### SENTIMENT.

Never forget our loves, but always cling
To the fixed hope that there will be a time
When we can meet unfettered, and be blest
With the full happiness of certain love.

*Percival.*

BALM.
*Melissa, officinalis.*

*Class* 14. *Order* 1. European genus, at present including only one species. In many places found in lanes, and along roadsides.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

And *Balm*, that never ceases uttering sweets,
Goes decking the green earth with drapery.

*Flora Domestica.*

SENTIMENT.

Blessed we sometimes are! and I am now
Happy in quiet feelings; for the tones
Of a most pleasant company of friends
Were in my ear but now, and gentle thoughts
From spirits whose high character I know;
And I retain their influence, as the air
Retains the softness of departed day.

*Willis.*

BALSAMINE. *Impatiens.* (Touch-me-not.) *Class* 5. *Order* 1. Stem tall, and much branched. It is a native of the East Indies, China, Japan and also of America.

## IMPATIENCE.

With fierce distracted eye *Impatiens* stands,
Swells her pale cheeks, and brandishes her hands;
With rage and hate the astonished grove alarms,
And hurls her infants from her frantic arms.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

There are some things I cannot bear,
  Some looks which rouse my angry hate,
Some hearts whose love I would not share,
  Till earth and heaven were desolate.
I cannot bear to be with men
  Who only see my weaknesses;
Who know not what I might have been,
  But scan my spirit as it is:
And when my heart would gush with feeling
  To catch one kind, one sunny look,
When *love* would be a leaf of healing,
  But scorn a thing I will not brook—
Oh, it is hard to put the heart
  Alone and desolate away,
To curl the lip, in pride, and part
  With the kind thoughts of yesterday.
'Tis strange they know not that the chill
  Of their own looks hath made me cold;
What though my words fall seldom, still
  Their own proud bearing hath controlled
My better feelings. They forget
  I have a *heart* of kindness yet.

*Willis.*

BAY LEAF.
*Laurus.*

(Bay or Laurel tree.) *Class* 9. *Order* 1. According to the Greek fable, Daphne was transformed into the Laurel or Bay tree, and Apollo, her lover, crowned his head with the leaves.

I CHANGE BUT IN DYING.

Flowers seek the light, their beauties to display;
The *leaf* will smile the same by night as day.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

In bower and garden rich and rare
There 's many a cherished flower,
Whose beauty fades, whose fragance flits
Within the flitting hour.
Not so the simple forest *leaf*,
Unprized, unnoticed lying—
The same through all its little life—
It changes but in dying.

Be such, and only such, my friends;
Once mine, and mine forever;
And here 's a hand to clasp in theirs,
That shall desert them never.
And thou be such, my gentle love,
Time, chance, the world defying;
And take, 't is all I have, a heart
That changes but in dying.

*G. W. Doane.*

BAY WREATH.
*Laurus, Carolinensis.*

*Class* 9. *Order* 1. Laurus was the ancient Latin name of the Bay-tree. There are many species of the Laurus. Found mostly within the tropics; a few in the United States.

GLORY.

The *laurel* only to adorn
The *conqueror* and the *poet.*

*Drayton.*

SENTIMENT.

Ambition! ambition! I 've laughed to scorn
Thy robe and thy gleaming sword;
I would follow sooner a *woman's eye,*
Or the spell of a gentle word.
But come with the *glory* of *human mind,*
And the light of the scholar's brow,
And my heart shall be taught forgetfulness,
And alone at thy altar bow.

*Willis.*

ANSWER.

———It is wonderful,
That man should hold himself so haughtily,
And talk of an immortal name, and feed
His proud ambition with such daring hopes
As creatures of a more eternal nature
Alone should form.

*Percival.*

**Box.**
***Buxus***

*Class* 21. *Order* 4. The arborescent Box grows to the height of 12 or 16 feet. The ancients used to clip it into the shape of animals. Native of Europe and America. The Dwarf Box never rises higher than three feet. It is used to divide beds from the walks of flower-gardens.

### CONSTANCY.

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

*Anon.*

### SENTIMENT

——— I have won
Thy heart, my gentle girl! but it hath been
When that soft eye was on me; and the love
I told beneath the evening influence,
Shall be as *constant* as its gentle star.

*Willis.*

BROOME.
*Genista.*

*Class* 17. *Order* 10. A genus of shrubs almost entirely European. Ther are three varieties—the yellow, violet, and white flowering.

## HUMILITY.

When Dan Sol to slope his wheels began
Amid the *Broome* to bask him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and chamomile are found—
There would he linger, till the latent ray
Of lights sat trembling on the welkin bound.

*Thomson.*

## SENTIMENT.

The rose in thy garden this morning that bloomed,
See its leaves are all faded and strewed o'er the plain,
And even the zephyr, whose breath it perfumed,
Seems sighing to say that all beauty is vain.
But there is a *favor* that cannot deceive,
That all may confide in to whom it is given;
And there is a '*beauty*' no time can bereave,
That perfumes with its fragrance the gardens of heaven:
'T is the *favor* Humility earns from on high—
Shown to all who in virtue's fair pathway shall move;
'T is the *beauty* of Holiness, never to die,
But to blossom forever in bowers above.

*Token for* 1828.

BUTTER-CUP. KING-CUP.
*Ranunculus, acris*

*Class* 13. *Order* 3. An extensive genus of near 90 species, principally European. Color of the flower yellow generally; flowers from May till August.

RICHES.

Bright flowing *King-cups* promise future wealth—
* * * * * * * * *
The *golden King-cup* shines in the merry month of May.

*Southey.*

SENTIMENT.

'Money makes many friends,' the proverb saith.
Had I the means of winning only *one*,
I 'd deem myself the richest man on earth,
Nor envy even Rothschild's golden name.

*S***.*

ANSWER.

Thinkest thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pride, the miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who in his cot, at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the earnest in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

CALLA, ÆTHIOPICA.
*Arum. Æthiopicum.*

*Class* 20. *Order* 13. A native of the Cape of Good Hope. It is a beautiful flower, calyx white as alabaster, and has a pleasant perfume.

MAGNIFICENT BEAUTY.

Magnificent *Calla*, in mantle of milk.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

SENTIMENT.

——— When I look
On one so fair, I must believe that Heaven
Sent her in kindness, that our hearts might waken
To their own loveliness, and lift themselves,
By such an adoration, from a dark
And grovelling world. Such beauty should be worshipped;
And not a thought of weakness or decay
Should mingle with the pure and hallowed dreams
In which it dwells before us.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

How idly of the human heart we speak,
Giving it gods f clay.

*Willis.*

**CALYCANTHUS.**
***C. Floridus.***

(Carolina Allspice.) *Class* 12. *Order* 5. Odoriferous and spicy shrubs. Flowers at first dark brown, becoming paler in drying; changing entirely to olive green, scented like ripe apples. A North American genus, with the exception of one species.

## BENEVOLENCE.

The gifts of love bear golden fruits,
In usury to the giver's bosom,
As the spicy *Calycanthus* shoots
Its wreath of flowers from the leafy blossom.*

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief;
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold?
'T is when the rose is wrapped in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.
Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know.

*Carlos Wilcox.*

* By cutting off the terminal leaf-buds after the usual season, a succession of flowers may be obtained throughout the summer; every leaf-bud so extracted being constantly succeeded by two flowers. *Nuttall.*

CARNATION. *Dianthus.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 2. Flowers solitary, and by rich culture stamens may be mostly changed to petals. Exotic.

PRIDE AND BEAUTY.

And there the beauteous *Carnation* stood,
With proud disdainful eye.——

*Zephyrus and Flora.*

SENTIMENT

—— She has all
That would ensure an angel's fall;
But there 's a cool collected look,
As if her pulses beat by book,—
A measured tone, a cold reply,
A management of voice and eye,
A calm, possessed, authentic air,
That leaves a doubt of softness there,
Till——look and worship as I may,
My fevered thoughts will pass away.

*Willis*

CAMELLIA JAPONICA.
*C. Japonica.*

*Class* 16. *Order* 13. A lofty, large evergreen tree. Flowers large and beautiful, in the form of a rose, exhibiting a variety of colors; but the prevailing one red. A native of China and Japan.

## UNPRETENDING EXCELLENCE.

The chaste *Camellia's* pure and spotless bloom,
That boasts no fragrance, and conceals no thorn.

*William Roscoe.*

## SENTIMENT.

Pure-hearted as a buried pearl
Within a crimson shell,
A soft-eyed and a radiant girl
Art thou, my Rosabelle.
Sweet beauty sleeps upon thy brow,
And floats before my eyes;
As meek and pure as doves art thou,
Or beings of the skies.

Thy mild looks are all eloquent,
Thy bright ones free and glad,
Like glances from a pleiad sent—
Thy sad ones sweetly sad.
I think of thee when daylight pours
Her glances through the sky,
And then with thee my spirit soars
Among the things on high.
Thou art an angel by my side;
To earth I bid farewell,
And every dream of pomp and pride—
To all but Rosabelle.

*Robert Morris*

CANTERBURY BELL. *Campanula, medium.* (Bell-flower.) *Class* 5. *Order* 1. A vast genus, but mostly indigenous to Europe. Only two species found in South America. Flowers blue, purple or white. Monopetalous.

## GRATITUDE.

To me there 's a tone from the *blue Bell-flower*
With her blossoms so fresh when the storm is o'er,
As she thanked the sun for his beams the while,—
That flower has taught me to repay
The friends who have cheered my stormy day,
With a grateful brow and a sunny smile.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

Thou 'rt like a star; for when my way was cheerless and forlorn,
And all was blackness like the sky before a coming storm,
Thy beaming smile and words of love, thy heart of kindness free,
Illum'd my path, then cheered my soul, and bade its sorrows flee.

Thou 'rt like a star—when sad and lone I wander forth to view
The lamps of night, beneath their rays my spirit 's nerved anew,
And thus I love to gaze on thee, and then I think thou 'st power
To mix the cup of joy for me, even in life's darkest hour.

Thou 'rt like a star—whene'er my eye is upward turned to gaze
Upon those orbs, I mark with awe their clear celestial blaze;
And then thou seem'st so pure, so high, so beautifully bright
I almost feel as if it were an *angel* met my sight.

Thou 'rt like a star—perchance the *proud* and *haughty* pass me by,
And curl the lip; but not to them is bowed my spirit high;
No, not to *them;* e'en should they wear earth's proudest diadem;
But I would bow before *thee* now, and kiss thy garment's hem.

*American Ladies' Magazine.*

CARDINAL'S FLOWER.
*Lobelia, cardinalis.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. Flowers bright scarlet. It is a native of North America; growing by the sides of rivers and ditches. It is a beautiful flower.

DISTINCTION.

*Lobelia* attired like a queen in her pride.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

SENTIMENT.

If this familiar spirit, that communes
With yours this hour—that has the power to search
All things—but its own compass—*is* a spark
Struck from the burning essence of its God—
If, when these weary organs drop away,
We shall forget their uses, and commune
With angels and each other, as the stars
Mingle their light in silence and in love—
What is this fleshy fetter of a day,
That we should crown it with immortal flowers?

*Willis*

CATCHFLY.
*Silene.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 3. There are nearly 100 species, extending throughout Europe, and passing into Barbary, etc. One of the most splendid species, flowers bright scarlet, is found in Ohio and Lower Louisiana.

## ARTIFICE, OR PRETENDED LOVE.

The fell *Silene*, and her sisters fair,
Skilled in destruction, spread the viscous snare.

*Darwin.*

### SENTIMENT.

O, I did love her dearly,
And gave her toys and rings,
And thought she meant sincerely,
When she took my pretty things:
But her heart has grown as icy
As a fountain in the fall;
And her love, that was so spicy,
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,
It was filled with my own hair,
And she put it in her pocket
With very special care.
But a jeweller has got it—
He offered it to me,
And another, that is not it,
Around her neck I see.

Before the gates of fashion
I daily bent my knee;
But I sought the shrine of passion,
And found my idol—thee.
Though never love intenser
Had bowed a soul before it,—
Thine eye was on the censer,
And not the hand that bore it.

*O. W. Holmes.*

CEDAR. *Juniperus.* (Virginia Juniper, or Red Cedar.) *Class* 20. *Order* 12. Native of N. America, and the West India Islands, and Japan. The wood of this tree will resist the attacks of insects; it is the *red cedar* so much used in lead pencils.

## THINK OF ME.

The memory of our loves shall be
As changeless as the *Cedar tree.*

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

Look to the east, when the morning is bright,
When the purple is blending with rays of rose-light:
My spirit shall then hold communion with thee,
And thy blush, bright as morning, must whisper of me.

And look to the west, when pavilioned afar,
Sweet love sends her smile from her own favored star;
And think of our friendship, as pure as star-shine,—
My spirit shall then hold communion with thine.

And at midnight's deep hour, when the moon is on high,
Should the angel of sleep leave unsealed thy soft eye
Look forth! the calm radiance is hallowed by love,
And then prayers from true hearts may mingle above

*Mrs. Hale.*

CHAMOMILE.
*Anthemis, nobilis.*

*Class* 18. *Order* 2. Herbaceous; one flower; rays white or yellow; gives out a fragrant odor. A genus of about 35 species, almost exclusively indigenous to Europe.

## ENERGY IN ADVERSITY.

Like the meek *Chamomile*, it grew
Luxuriant from the bruise anew.

*J. W. Eastburne.*

## SENTIMENT.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
Yet still, the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted, on its fury looks
With steadfast eye

I said to Penury's meagre train,
Come on—your threats I brave,
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still, the spirit that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on—I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still, the spirit which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

*Anonymous*

CHINA ASTER.
*Aster, Chinensis.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 2. A very extensive genus, indigenous to America and Asia. The *China Aster* is the most beautiful; flowers of almost every variety of color.

## LOVE OF VARIETY.

And varied as the *Aster's* flower,
The charms of beauty bless my eye—
For who would prize the coming hour,
If only like the hours gone by?

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

The sleepless streams move onward
Through beds of idling lilies,
Chiding the foolish flowers
That watch their mirrored beauty;
So live the thoughtless many,
Who throng the halls of fashion.

*Dawes.*

## ANSWER.

O, we hope and we image through life's busy scenes
Length of years, and the bliss of enjoying;
But, alas! the dark blight of fell death intervenes,
The *flower* in its *blossom* destroying.

*New York Mirror.*

CLEMATIS. *C. Virginica.* (Virgin's Bower.) *Class* 13. *Order* 7. A genus of about 30 species, distributed over the world. Flowers white and pale blue.

## MENTAL BEAUTY.

To later summer's fragrant breath
*Clematis'* feathery garlands dance,
And graceful there her fillets weaves.

*Smith.*

## SENTIMENT.

Beauty has gone; but yet her mind is still
As beautiful as ever; still the play
Of light around her lips has every charm
Of childhood in its freshness.

*Percival*

## ANSWER.

The days of youthful friendship,
When heart to heart is lightly bound
In rosy wreaths that bind them round,
More beautiful than strong;
And, even in breaking, scatter flowers,
The rapid growth of sunny hours,
That heal their wounds ere long.

But dearer things than these do lie
Within our mortal grasp—and earth
Hath not a moment from our birth,
The cradle to the sod,
Like that, when freed from passion's sway,
The mind rejects a feebler stay,
And rests its hopes on God.

*Mrs. Wells.*

COLUMBINE.
*Aquilegia.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 5. A genus of six species; found in Siberia and Europe, and from Canada to Carolina. Flowers red, purple, blue, white, etc.

### DESERTION.

The *Columbine* in tawny often taken,
Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken.

*Browne*

### SENTIMENT.

How I have loved thee! O, recall
  Those past delicious hours,
Which made me happy as a bird,
  In its sweet home of flowers:
And thou wast all my happiness,
  My love—my joy—my pride!
Thou know'st I had no other joy,
  And none to love beside.
Then plighted we our nuptial troth,
  That it might never change,
Through all the cares and ills of earth,
  That other hearts estrange.
And thus through long—long years—but why
  Call back the visions flown?
They parted as the wave glides on—
  They died as stars go down.
I will not wake those thoughts again,
  The hopes like meteor-glows—
What now, alas! are all to me?
  Dreams! dreams of broken vows!

*Miller.*

CONVOLVULUS. *Convolvulus.* (Bind Weed.) *Class* 5. *Order* 1. An extensive genus, indigenous to America, Europe and India. Flowers white, red and blue.

WORTH SUSTAINED BY AFFECTION.

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

*Montague.*

SENTIMENT.

O! there is one affection which no stain
Of earth can ever darken;—when two find,
The softer and the manlier, that a chain
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind;
'T is an attraction from all sense refined;
The good can only know it; 't is not blind,
As love is unto baseness; its desire
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher.

*Percival.*

COREOPSIS, ARKANSA. *Coreopsis tinctoria.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 3. An American genus of about 30 species. Flowers in June, and continues in flower till au tumn. Flowers yellow.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

The *Coreopsis*, cheerful as the smile
That brightens on the cheek of youth, and sheds
A gladness o'er the aged.

*Anonymous.*

SENTIMENT.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely
Thy evening home may be,
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer's sea;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There 's still beyond his art
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

*Halleck.*

COWSLIP, AMERICAN. *Dodecatheon, media.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. A beautiful flower, yellow and white May be found from Maine to Missouri.

## WINNING GRACE.

Smiled like a knot of *Cowslips* on the cliff.

*Blair.*

## SENTIMENT.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes:
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
The sober thoughts you see;
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
But most of all on me;

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
Unconsciously doth please;
Manners all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

*Frisbie.*

CROCUS. *Class* 3. *Order* 1. One of the earliest spring flowers. Colors purple, yellow and white.
*Crocus.*

## YOUTHFUL GLADNESS.

Glad as the spring, when the first *Crocus* comes
To laugh amid the shower.—

*Marvin.*

## SENTIMENT.

Light to thy path, bright creature! I would charm
Thy being, if I could, that it should be
Ever as now thou dreamest, and flow on,
Thus innocent and beautiful, to heaven.

*Willis.*

CROWN IMPERIAL.
*Fritillaria, imperialis.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. Indigenous to Persia and the south of Europe. Roots bulbous; flowers white or purplish.

PRIDE OF BIRTH.

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

*Evans.*

SENTIMENT.

It did not need that altered look,
  Nor that uplifted brow—
I had not asked thy haughty love,
  Were I as proud as now.
My love was like a beating heart—
  Unbidden and unstayed;
And had I known but half its power,
  I had not been betrayed.

*Willis.*

CYPRESS.
*Cypressus, sempervirens.*

*Class* 21. *Order* 16. The genus is not large; common to America and Europe; also found in Asia.

DESPAIR.

The *Cypress*, that darkly shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns its bitter lot.

*Percival.*

SENTIMENT

I turn me back, and find a barren waste,
Joyless and rayless; a few spots are there,
Where briefly it was granted me to taste
The tenderness of youthful love—in air
The charm is broken

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

——————— The sick soul,
That burns with love's delusions, ever dreams,
Dreading its losses. It forever makes
A gloomy shadow gather in the skies,
And clouds the day; and, looking far beyond
The glory in its gaze, it sadly sees
Countless privations, and far-coming storms,
Shrinking from what it conjures.
——————— Love is a sorry slave,
And a sad master.

*W. G. Simms.*

DAFFODIL.
*Narcissus, major.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. It is a magnificent flower, a native of Spain. Color a golden yellow.

## UNCERTAINTY.

*Narcissus*, brilliant as our hopes,
Uncertain as our date.

*Anonymous.*

## SENTIMENT.

Thou art now in thy morning—and thy youth
Speaks in the leaping blood that rides thy pulse,
And plants its banner on thy cheek and brow.
Young light is in thy eye, and on thy heart;
Thy days are but the dawnings of new hopes,
And thy nights full of beauty! But time—time,
That stern revolver of our warmest dreams,
Will mark thy life with passages of grief,
And deal thy portion to thee.

* * * * * * *

I have seen change—though youth is on my brow,
I have seen change. I 've trod the glittering way
Of the loud throng—and lived in lighted halls;
Fate too has called me to another scene,
And time has brought its trial. I have passed
To life's extremest quiet, and laid down
In thankfulness of spirit, that my heart
Found joy in that sweet silence. I have said,
Let the world heave on in its ocean-noise,
I ask but friends and home—and if to these
Heaven add the boon of love, my lot is full,
And rapture yet may light my pilgrimage.

*Grenville Mellen.*

DAHLIA.
*Dahlia.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 2. A genus only indigenous to South America, but cultivated in Europe. Flowers nearly as large as the China aster.

ELEGANCE AND DIGNITY.

In queenly elegance the *Dahlia* stands,
And waves her coronet.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

Thy beauty is as undenied
As the beauty of a star;
And thy heart beats just as equally,
Whate'er thy praises are;
And so long without a parallel
Thy loveliness hath shone,
That, followed like the tided moon,
Thou movest as calmly on.

*Willis.*

DAISY. *Bellis.* *Class* 19. *Order* 2. A lovely little flower, common in Europe. Flowers early, colors blue and white.

BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

The *Daisy* scattered on each mead and downe,
A golden tuft within a silver crown;
Faire fell that dainty flower! and may there be
No shepherd graced that doth not honor thee.

*Browne.*

SENTIMENT.

The star that gems life's morning sky,
Smile sweetly o'er thee now;
And flowers around thy pathway lie,
And roses crown thy brow—
That shed their delicate perfume
'Mid ringlets trembling like a plume;
While a deep witchery, soft and bright,
Is floating in those eyes of light.

Pure and undimmed, thy angel smile
Is mirrored on my dreams,
Like evening's sunset girded isle
Upon her shadowed streams:
And o'er my thoughts thy vision floats,
Like melody of spring-bird notes,
When the blue halcyon gently laves
His plumage in the flashing waves.

I cannot gaze on aught that wears
The beauty of the skies,
Or aught that in life's valley bears
The hues of paradise;
I cannot look upon a star,
Or cloud that seems a seraph's car,
Or any form of purity—
Unmingled with a dream of thee.

*P. Benjamin.*

DANDELION.
*Leontodon, taraxacum.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 1. Indigenous to Europe, but naturalized in America. Blossoms early in the spring; its flowers open a little after sunrise, and close before sunset.

COQUETRY.

Thine full many a pleasing bloom
Of blossoms lost to all perfume.
Thine the *Dandelion* flowers,
Gilt with dew, like suns with showers.

*John Clare.*

SENTIMENT.

Thou delightest the cold world's gaze,
When crowned with the flower and the gem,
But thy lover's smile should be dearer praise
Than the incense thou prizest from them.

And gay is the playful tone,
As to the flattering voice thou respondest;
But what is the praise of the cold and unknown
To the tender blame of the fondest?

*John Everett.*

ANSWER.

Cast my heart's gold into the furnace flame,
And if it come not thence refined and pure,
I'll be a bankrupt to thy hope, and heaven
Shall shut its gates on me.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

DEW PLANT. *Mesembryanthemum.* (Fig. Marygold.) *Class* 12. *Order* 5. Native of Greece and the East. Flowers a rich reddish purple; it differs from the Ice-plant in having less of the frosted appearance.

## SERENADE.

And winking *Mary-buds* begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every pretty thing that bin,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

*Shakspeare.*

## SENTIMENT.

Innocent dreams be thine! thy heart sends up
Its thoughts of purity, like pearly bells,
Rising in crystal fountains. Would I were
A sound, that I might steal upon thy dreams,
And, like the breathing of my flute, distil
Sweetly upon thy senses.

* * * * *

The night above thee broodeth,
Hushed and deep;
But no dark thought intrudeth
On the sleep
Which folds thy senses now:
Gentle spirits float around thee,
Gentle rest hath softly bound thee,
For pure art thou.

*Willis.*

EGLANTINE. (European Sweet Brier.) *Class* 12, *Order* 13. Flowers pink color, sometimes whitish; sweet scented.
*Rosa, rubignosa.*

I WOUND TO HEAL.

And the fresh *Eglantine* exhaled a breath,
Whose odors were of power to raise from death.

*Spencer.*

SENTIMENT.

When the tree of Love is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet by shower and sunbeam nursed
Its infant life hath been;
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea:
But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part;
And the bitter tear that follows, is
The life-blood of the heart.
Then crush, even in the hour of birth,
The infant buds of love,
And tread the growing fire to earth
Ere 't is dark in clouds above.
Cherish no more a cypress tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame that must be
Quenched only with thy tears.

*Halleck.*

ELDER.
*Sambucus, niger.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 3. Indigenous to America, Europe and India. Flowers milk-white; berries dark purple, medicinal, and so are the leaves and bark.

COMPASSION.

The healing *Elder*, like compassion mild,
Lifts her meek flowers amid the pathless wild.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
Nor the vexed ore a mineral of power;
And they who loved thee wait in anxious grief—
* * * * * *
——— Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould, like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes calmly and without pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

*Bryant.*

ANSWER.

My hour has come, I lay me down,
With the dark grave in view;
And, hoping for a heavenly crown,
I bid the world adieu.
* * * * *
I dreamed of tortures in death's hour,
Of fevered brain and limb,
And of unearthly forms that lower,
When the eye waxes dim.
My dreams in death have other moulds,
Forms beautiful and bright
Are with me.—

*Jones.*

EVERLASTING. *Gnaphalium.* *Class* 19. *Order* 2. An extensive genus mostly indigenous to the Cape of Good Hope, but found in Europe and America, The American has white flowers.

## ALWAYS REMEMBERED.

*Gnaphalium*, like the thoughts we love,
Can every change and season prove.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

I think of thee, when morning springs
From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,
And like a young bird lifts her wings
Of gladness on the welkin blue;
And when at noon the breath of love
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when soft and wide
The evening spreads her robes of light,
And, like a young and timid bride,
Sits blushing in the arms of night:
And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
In light o'er heaven's deep waveless sea,
And stars are forth like blessed things,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

*G. W. Prentice.*

## ANSWER.

I would not hush that constant theme
Of hope and reverie,
For every day and nightly dream,
Whose lights across my dark brain gleam,
Is filled with thee.

*Atlantic Souvenir*, 1832.

FLAX.
*Linum.*

*Class* 4. *Order* 5. An extensive genus—the American and European species similar. Flowers blue; sometimes yellow.

## DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

Inventress of the woof, fair *Lina* flings
The flying shuttle through the dancing strings,
Inlays the broidered weft with flowery dyes.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

'T is happily contrived that man is made
With tastes and powers of ever-varying shade;
Hence every one the other's wants subserves,
And each her own peculiar praise deserves;
As well the housewife 'neath the humble roof,
Plying the wheel, and laboring warp and woof,
As the gay charmer, mistress of the heart,
Who plays in higher life a brighter part:
But she above all competition towers,
Who adds to other gifts high mental powers—
This is the *friend*, in all the scenes of life,
The kind companion, and the loving wife.

*E. Lincoln*

FIR.
*Pinus, balsamea.*

(Balm of Gilead.) *Class* 21. *Order* 16. A genus consisting of near 40 species, found in Europe, North America, Barbary, India and China.

TIME.

And *Fir*, from which the wand of Time is framed.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

When summer's sunny hues adorn
  Sky, forest, hill and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreen
  In contrast seems a shadow.

But when the tints of autumn have
  Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
  Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth
  Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
  May be bright hopes to-morrow.

*Pinckney.*

FLOWER OF AN HOUR.
*Hybiscus, trionum.*

*Class* 16. *Order* 7. A tropical genus, chiefly found in America and India. The flowers of some are splendid.

## DELICATE BEAUTY.

Why art thou doomed, sweet *flower*?
Is it because thy beauty is too bright,
Thou hast but *one short hour*
To spread thy fair leaves to the enamored light?
'T is thus the loved and loveliest first decay—
But their remembrance may not pass away.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

The lily may die on thy cheek,
With freshness no longer adorning;
The rose that envelopes its whiteness may seek
To take back her mantle of morning;
Yet still will Love's tenderness beam from thine eye,
And ask for that homage no heart can deny.

Thy dark hair may blanch where it bends
Over eyes of cerulean hue,
That melt with the softness the summer-noon lends
To mellow her pathway of blue;
Yet long will the smile that illumines thy brow
Live on, as it lives in thy loveliness now.

*Dawes.*

## ANSWER.

The spirit hath a chord that clings
To lights that fade and waste;
And places trust in fragile things,
That should on God be placed.

*Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

FLOWERING REED. *Canna augustifolia.* (Cane.) *Class* 1. *Order* 1 Found in the southern States. The canna of Jussieu has splendid flowers; grows chiefly within the tropics.

## CONFIDENCE IN HEAVEN.

First the tall *Canna* lifts his curled brow
Erect to heaven.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

The recollection of one upward hour
Hath more in it to tranquillize and cheer
The darkness of despondency, than years
Of gayety and pleasure.

*Percival.*

## ANSWER.

They waken,
Such thoughts as these, an energy,
A spirit that will not be shaken
Till frail mortality shall die.
They make man nobler than his race,
And give expansion, strength, to thought:
The tears that start leave not a trace,
For they are fragrant tears, and fraught
With soothing power; they heal and bless
Thy spirit in its loneliness.

*Willis.*

FORGET-ME-NOT.
*Viola cucula.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. A species of the Violet common to America. Color blue.

TRUE LOVE.

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

*Percival.*

SENTIMENT.

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.'

'T is like thy starry eyes, more bright
Than evening's proudest star;
Like purity's own halo light,
It seems to smile upon thy sight,
And says to thee from far—
'Forget-me-not.'

Each dew-drop on its morning leaves
Is eloquent as tears,
That whisper, when young passion grieves
For one beloved afar, and weaves
His dream of hopes and fears—
'Forget-me-not.'

*Halleck.*

**Fox-glove.** *Digitalis.* *Class* 14. *Order* 2. A native of Europe. Flowers crimson purple; sometimes white or yellow.

## INSINCERITY.

The hollow *Fox-glove* nods beneath.

*Smith.*

## Sentiment.

### *The Lady to her Lover.*

Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as the wind,
And the restless, ever-mounting flame is not more hard to bind.
If the tears I shed were tongues, yet all too few would be
To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown to me.
But it wearies me, mine enemy, that I must weep, and bear
What fills thy heart with triumph, and fills my own with care.
'T was the doubt that thou wert false, that wrung my heart with pain;
But now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well again:
I would proclaim thee as thou art, but every maiden knows
That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.

*Bryant.*

GERANIUM. *Pelagorium.* *Class* 16. *Order* 7. A very extensive genus, principally European, but found in America and Africa. The African species is much the most beautiful and most cultivated.

## GENTILITY.

And *genteel Geranium*,
With a leaf for all who come.

*Hunt.*

The characteristic of true gentility is the *talent* to discern the feelings of those around us, and the *tact* to please each one by appropriate attentions. As the *Geranium* offers so large a variety of species to gratify every taste, it is appropriately called *genteel*. I shall give the interpretations which have been affixed to a few of the species: the authority by which these have been bestowed, must be in the general application of the one quoted above.

GERANIUM, NUTMEG.
*P. Odoratissimum.*

The class and order being in all the same, repetition is unnecessary. There are some differences which I shall notice. In this species the pedules are sub-5-flowered; leaves round and very soft.

## AN EXPECTED MEETING.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

### SENTIMENT.

O! now 's the hour, when air is sweet,
And birds are all in tune,
To seek with me the cool retreat
In bright and merry June;
When every rose-bush has a nest,
And every thorn a flower,
And every thing on earth is blest
This sweet and holy hour.
And we will wander far away
Along the flowery vale,
Where winds the brook its sparkling play,
And freshly blows the gale.

*Percival.*

GERANIUM, SCARLET. *P. Inquinans.* Umbels many-flowered; leaves round — reniform. Flowers scarlet.

## CONSOLATION.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

### SENTIMENT.

Why shouldst thou weep? Around thee glows
The purple light of youth,
And all thy looks the calm disclose
Of innocence and truth.
Nay, weep not while thy sun shines bright,
And cloudless is thy day,
Whilst past and present joys unite
To cheer thee on thy way;
While fond companions round thee move,
To youth and nature true,
And friends whose looks of anxious love
Thy every step pursue.

*Common-Place Book of Poetry*

### ANSWER.

The hue of death is cast o'er every thing;
And *vanity* is marked on all I see!
On all? Oh no! one blessed sign appears!
——————— If Heaven will take
A heart that earth has crushed, form it anew,
And light it from on high, I offer mine,
Not without shame that all things else were tried,
Before the only balm.

*H. F. Gould.*

GERANIUM, OAK. *P. Quercifolium.* Umbels sub-many-flowered. Flowers pale blue.

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

### SENTIMENT.

When thou art near,
The sweetest joys still sweeter seem,
The brightest hopes more bright appear,
And life is all one happy dream,
When thou art near.

*Robert Sweney*

GERANIUM, MOURNING. *P. Triste.* Umbels simple; leaves rough-haired, pinnate. Flowers dark green.

## DESPONDENCY.

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* * * * * * * * *

### SENTIMENT.

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression, e'en when she departs:
While joy trips by with steps light as the wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts
Of her faint foot-falls: only this is sure,
In this world nought, save misery, can endure.

*Mrs. Embury.*

### ANSWER.

Lone Minstrel of the pensive lyre,
O! let not grief attune thy lay;
For sadness blights each holier fire,
And scatters gloom o'er all thy way.
Then, Minstrel, when thy heart is sad,
Betake thee to the flowery field,
Where beauty walks in young spring clad,
And hope and joy their influence yield.
Then tell me, is there nought that cheers
Amid these pure and lovely things?
No solace in this vale of tears,
From which some little comfort springs?

*Miss Stella Phelps.*

GERANIUM, ROSE. *P. Capitatum.* Umbels many-flowered, stem diffuse. Flowers rose-scented, and colored.

PREFERENCE.

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SENTIMENT.

I have cherished
A love for one whose beauty would have charmed
In Athens. And I know what 't is to love
A spiritual beauty, and behind the foil
Of an unblemished loveliness, still find
Charms of a higher order, and a power
Deeper and more resistless. Had I found
Such thoughts and feelings, such a clear deep stream
Of mind in one whom vulgar men had thrown
As a dull pebble from them, I had loved
Not with a love less fond, nor with a flame
Of less devotion.

*Percival.*

GERANIUM, LEMON. *P. Acerifolium.* Umbels about 5-flowered, leaves 5-lobed, palmate, serrate. Flowers white.

## TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.

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* * * * * * * * * *

### SENTIMENT.

There is a gentle element, and man
May breathe it with a calm unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters, till his heart
Is pure,—and this is human happiness.

Go abroad
Upon the paths of nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,
Who hath the living waters, shall be there.

*Willis.*

GERANIUM, IVY.
*P. Peltatum.*

## BRIDAL FAVOR.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

### SENTIMENT.

I saw two clouds at morning
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Float on in joy to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

*Brainard.*

GERANIUM, SILVER-LEAVED. *P. Argentifolium.* The beautiful leaf of this species is much admired.

## RECALL.

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* * * * * * * * *

## SENTIMENT.

My heart is with its early dream;
And vainly love's soft power
Would seek to charm that heart anew
In some unguarded hour;
I would not that the worldly ones
Should hear my frequent sigh;
The deer that bears its death-wound, turns
In loneliness to die.

*Mrs. Embury.*

## ANSWER.

I come, I come! Why should I rove
A dreary world like this,
When a voice beloved recalls me back,
To share life's all of bliss?
I come, I come! like the weary bird,
At eve to its sheltered nest;
Like the pilgrim from afar, I come
To a blessed shrine of rest.

*Anon.*

GILLY-FLOWER.
*Cheiranthus, incanus.*

*Class* 15. *Order* 2. Found in America, Europe, and the colder parts of Asia and Africa. Flowers bright red, purple, or white.

SHE IS FAIR.

Fair as the *Gilly-flower* of garden's sweet.

*Gay.*

SENTIMENT.

Why was the sense of beauty lent to man,—
The feeling of fine forms, the taste of soul,
That speaks from eye and lip, and thus will fan
Love in the young beholder?

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

Oh! it is worse than mockery
To list the flatterer's tone,
To lend a ready ear to thoughts
The cheek must blush to own—
To hear the red lip whispered of,
And the flowing curl and eye
Made constant themes of eulogy,
Extravagant and high,—
And the charm of person worshipped,
In a homage offered not
To the perfect charm of virtue,
And the majesty of thought

*J. G. Whittier.*

GOLDEN ROD.
*Solidago Speciosa.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 2. The Solidago is almost exclusively a North American genus. Flowers bright yellow. Found in all the States.

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

The *Golden Rod*, that blossoms in the wild,
Whispers a tale of Hope to Fancy's child.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

We met, and we drank from the crystalline well,
That flows from the fountains of science above;
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,
Till we looked—though we never were talking of love

*Percival.*

## ANSWER.

I could not bid those visions spring
Less frequently;
For each wild phantom which they bring,
Moving along on fancy's wing,
But pictures thee.

*Atlantic Souvenir*, 1832

GRAPE, WILD.
*Vitis, vinifera.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. North America has many species of wild grape though the *vinifera* is not indigenous. Flowers numerous, small, green and fragrant.

## MIRTH.

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

*Scott.*

## SENTIMENT.

I heard the gushing of thy voice,
  Thy laugh of happy mirth—
A bright fount in a pleasant place,
  To cheer the shaded earth.
I caught the glancing of thine eye,
  Its gleam of young delight—
A sunbeam on a dewy bank,
  Each floweret's eye to light.
And all the poet's spell can give
  Is in this simple prayer,
That no chill wind of sorrow come
  To ice the fountain there.
That no dark cloud of grief may rise
  The pleasant glance to shade;
But that pure stream of joy gush on,
  That sun-gleam never fade.

*Miller.*

GRASS. *Gramina.* *Class* 3. *Order* 2. There are more than 300 species of Grasses. They constitute, according to Linnæus, about a sixth part of all the vegetables on the globe.

## SUBMISSION.

*Grass*, according to Herodotus, was the symbol of *submission*, because the ancient nations of the West, to show that they confessed themselves overcome, gathered *grass*, and presented it to the conqueror.

(*See note to Book* 4, *Melpomene.*)

## SENTIMENT.

O, when affliction's friendly screen
Shuts out life's vain illusive scene—
When thus she seals our weary eyes
To all its glittering vanities,
A gleam of heavenly light will pour
Our dark despairing spirits o'er,
And Faith, with meek, *submissive* eye,
Far glancing through eternity,
Sees where the heavenly mansions rise,
Of her bright home beyond the skies;
Whose golden fanes sublimely tower
High o'er the clouds that round us lower.
Then welcome sorrow's shrouding shade;
Fade—scenes of earthly splendor, fade!
And leave me to the dawning ray,
Which brightens till the 'perfect day.'

*American Ladies' Magazine, Vol. I*

HAREBELL.
*Campanula, rotundifolia.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. Found mostly in Europe; a few species in America. Flowers blue and nodding.

GRIEF.

The *Harebell*—as if with grief depressed,
Bowing her fragrance.

*Gisborne.*

SENTIMENT.

Yet thou, didst thou but know my fate,
Wouldst melt, my tears to see;
And I, methinks, would weep the less,
Wouldst thou but weep with me.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

Alas, for earthly joy, and hope, and love,
Thus stricken down, e'en in their holiest hour!
What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove,
Who live to weep the blasted tree or flower.
Oh, wo, deep wo to earthly love's fond trust,
When all it once has worshipped lies in dust!

*Mrs. Embury.*

HAWTHORN. *Cratægus.* *Class* 12. *Order* 2. Principally a North American genus, but found in Europe, the Levant, and India. Flowers scarlet.

HOPE.

And *Hawthorn's* early blooms appear,
Like youthful hope upon life's year.

*Drayton.*

SENTIMENT.

Gay was the love of paradise he drew
And pictured in his fancy; he did dwell
Upon it till it had a life; he threw
A tint of heaven athwart it—who can tell
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell,
That bound him to that vision?

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

Hidden, and deep, and never dry,—
  Or flowing, or at rest,
A living spring of *hope* doth lie
  In every human breast.
All else may fail that soothes the heart,—
  All, save that fount alone;
With that and life at once we part,
  For life and hope are one.

*Mrs. Wells.*

HEART'S EASE.
*Viola, tricolor.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. The genus Viola is almost equally divided between Europe and North America. Flowers blue, purple, white, and every variety of color.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

This flower (as Nature's poet sweetly sings)
Was once milk-white, and Heart's Ease was its name,
Till wanton Cupid poised his roseate wings,
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.
*Heart's Ease* no more the wandering shepherd found;
No more the Nymphs its snowy form possess;
Its *white* now changed to *purple* by Love's wound—
*Heart's Ease* no more, 't is 'Love in Idleness.'

*Mrs. R. B. Sheridan.*

SENTIMENT.

As we look back through life in our moments of sadness,
How few, and how brief are its gleamings of gladness;
Yet we find, midst the gleam that our pathway o'er-
shaded,
A few spots of sunshine,—a few flowers unfaded:—
And memory still hoards, as her richest of treasures,
Some moments of rapture,—some exquisite pleasures.
One hour of such bliss is a life ere it closes,
'T is one drop of fragrance from thousands of roses.

*Wetmore.*

ANSWER.

They tell me the vision of bliss that is glinting,
My heart's star of promise in gloom will decline,
And the fair scene that Fancy, the fairy, is tinting,
Will lose all its sunny glow ere it is mine.

O, if Love and Life be but a fairy illusion,
And the cold future bright but in Fancy's young eye,
Still, let me live in the dreamy delusion,
And, true and unchanging, hope on till I die.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

**HELIOTROPE.** *Heliotropium.* (Turnsol.) *Class* 5. *Order* 1. This genus is principally found in South America, a few in the south of Europe, and in India. Flowers white, or faint purple color. Turns towards the sun.

### DEVOTION.

Still the loved object the fond leaves pursue;
Still move their root the morning sun to view;
And in the *Heliotrope* the Nymph is true.

*Eusden's Ovid.*

### SENTIMENT.

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine;
When other bays have crowned thee,
More fresh and green than mine;—
Then think how sad and lonely
This wretched heart will be;
Which, while it beats—beats only,
Beloved one! for thee.

Yet do not think I doubt thee;
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's troubled sea;—
Whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

*G. P. Morris.*

HELLEBORE.
*Helleborus, niger.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 13. Found in the south of Europe principally. The species *Trifolius*, native of North America. Flowers greenish.

CALUMNY.

—— By the witches' tower,
Where *Hellebore* and Hemlock seem to weave
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower.

*Campbell.*

SENTIMENT.

Curse the tongue
Whence slanderous rumor, like the adder's drop,
Distils her venom, withering friendship's faith,
Turning love's favor.

*Hillhouse.*

HOLLY. *Ilex.*

*Class* 4. *Order* 4. A beautiful evergreen tree, found in Europe, Japan, America, etc. It has shining, prickly leaves near the ground; smooth high ones; white flowers, and berries scarlet color.

## DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Gentle at home, amid my friends, I 'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the *Holly* tree.

*Southey.*

## SENTIMENT.

Oh! could I *one* dear being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I 'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm;
And were its fury hurled,
My bosom to its bolts I 'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,
To praise the Almighty's name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upward to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We 'd part, to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

*Frisbie*

HOLLY-HOCK. *Alcea, rosea.*

*Class* 16. *Order* 13. A native of China, Africa, Madras, and Siberia. Flowers a variety of colors; single and double flowers

AMBITION.

Aspiring *Alcea* emulates the rose.

*Evans.*

SENTIMENT.

Would I were in some lonely desert born,
And 'neath the sordid roof my being drew;
Were nursed by poverty the most forlorn,
And ne'er one ray of hope or pleasure knew;
Then had my soul been never taught to rise,
Then had I never dreamed of power or fame;
No pictured scene of bliss deceived my eyes,
Nor *glory* lighted in my breast its flame.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

Yet, press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh! press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your soul,
And read it like a talisman of love.
Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven.
Press on! for in the grave there is no work,
And no device.—Press on! while yet ye may.

*Willis*

HONESTY.
*Lunaria, annua.*

(Satin Flower.) *Class* 15. *Order* 1. An European genus, of two species only. Flowers crimson, lilac, and whitish.

FASCINATION.

Enchanting *Lunaria* here lies,
In sorceries excelling.

*Drayton.*

SENTIMENT.

She 's beautiful!—Her raven curls
Have broken hearts in envious girls;—
And then they sleep in contrast so,
Like raven feathers upon snow,
And bathe her neck—and shade the bright
Dark eye from which they catch the light,
As if their graceful loops were made
To keep that glorious eye in shade,
And holier make its tranquil spell,
Like waters in a shaded well.
She 's noble—noble, one to keep
Embalmed for dreams of fevered sleep.
An eye for nature—taste refined,
Perception swift—and balanced mind,—
And, more than all, a gift of thought
To such a spirit fineness wrought,
That on my ear her language fell
As if each word dissolved a spell.

*Willis.*

HONEY FLOWER.
*Melianthus.*

*Class* 14. *Order* 1. Indigenous to the Cape of Good Hope. Only three species. Flowers yellow, pink, and chocolate. Nectarious.

MY LOVE IS SWEET AND SECRET.

*Melianthus* with its nectar store,
Hoarded for those who shall deserve the dower.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

I found thee yet a modest flower,
An infant of the spring,
Unheeded in the rosy crowd
Of beauty, blossoming.
And little didst thou think how clear
Thy spirit round me shone,
To light the inward joy of hope
My tongue could never own.

*Dawes.*

ANSWER.

But they say that the garland affection is wreathing
Will fade ere the morrow has wakened its bloom;
They say the wild blossoms where young Hope is breathing,
Their beauty, their fragrance, is all for the tomb.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

HONEYSUCKLE, CORAL.
*Lonicera, sempervirens.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. Found in Europe and the East Indies. The Wild Honeysuckle is a splendid North American genus. Flowers white, red, scarlet and yellow.

FIDELITY.

The *Honeysuckle* flower I give to thee,
And love it for my sake, my own 'Cyane;
It hangs upon the stem it loves, as thou
Hast clung to me in every joy and sorrow.

*Cornwall.*

SENTIMENT.

I loved thee—not because thy brow
Was bright and beautiful as day,
Nor that on thy sweet lip the glow
Was joyous as yon sunny ray.
No: though I saw thee fairest far,
The sun that hid each meaner star,
Yet 't was not this that taught me first
The love that silent tears have nursed.
And now could ever beauty wane,
Till not one noble trace remain;
Could genius sink in dull decay,
And wisdom cease to lend her ray:
Should all that I have worshipped, change,
Even this could not my heart estrange;
Thou still wouldst be the first, the first
That taught the love sad tears have nursed.

*Mrs. Embury.*

HONEYSUCKLE, WILD.
*Azalea, procumbens.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. This species, so much esteemed for the beauty and fragrance of its flower, exists chiefly in North America. Flowers yellow, red, and scarlet.

INCONSTANCY.

Inconstant *Honeysuckle*, wherefore rove
With gadding stem about my bower?

*Carew.*

SENTIMENT.

My love was centred all in thee;
With thought of thee my every hope was blended;
But, as the shadows flit along the sea,
My dreams have vanished, and my vision ended:
And when thy lover leads thee to the altar,
My cheek shall never blanch, nor my voice falter.

Farewell! my lip may wear a careless smile—
My words may breathe the very soul of lightness;
But the touched heart must deeply feel the while,
That life has lost a portion of its brightness:
And woman's love shall never be a chain
To bind me to its nothingness again.

*Sargent.*

ANSWER.

Life hath as many *farewells*,
As it hath sunny hours;
And over some are scattered thorns,
And over others, flowers.

*Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

HOUSTONIA. *Houstonia.* (American Daisy.) *Class* 4. *Order* 1. Found chiefly in the United States. A delicate and pretty plant. Flowers pale blue. Grows on a naked, slender foot-stalk, only a few inches in height.

CONTENT.

Sweet flower, thou tellest how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf—as low
And humble as thy stem, will surely know
The joy that peace imparts.

*Percival*

SENTIMENT.

Blest are the pure and simple hearts,
Unconsciously refined,
By the free gifts that Heaven imparts
Through nature to the mind;
Not all the pleasures wealth can buy
Equal their happy destiny.

For them the spring unfolds her flowers,
For them the summer glows;
And autumn's gold and purple bowers,
And winter's stainless snows
Come gifted with a charm to them,
Richer than monarch's diadem.

*Mrs. Wells.*

ANSWER.

Happy the life, that in a peaceful stream,
Obscure, unnoticed through the vale has flowed;
The heart that ne'er was charmed by fortune's gleam
Is ever sweet contentment's blest abode.

*Percival.*

HYACINTH, BLUE. *Hyacinthus.* *Class* 6. *Order* 1. An European genus, but cultivated in our gardens. Flowers bell-form.

CONSTANCY.

The *Hyacinth's* for constancy,
Wi' its unchanging blue.

*Burns.*

SENTIMENT.

Woman ! blest partner of our joys and woes !
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill !
Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest still,
Angel of comfort to the failing soul ;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow howl

When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O ! who so welcome and so prompt as thou ?
The battle's hurried scene and angry glow,—
The death-encircled pillow of distress,—
The lonely moments of secluded wo—
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand, and fearless friendship bless.

*Yamoyden.*

HYACINTH, PURPLE.
*Hyacinthus, comosus.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. Corol angular, cylindric, at the summit sterile, long peduncles.

SORROW.

A *Hyacinth* lifted its purple bell
From the slender leaves around it;
It curved its cup in a flowing swell,
And a starry circle crowned it;
The deep blue tincture that robed it seemed
The gloomiest garb of sorrow,
As if on its eye no brightness beamed,
And it never in clearer moments dreamed
Of a fair and calm to-morrow.

*Percival.*

SENTIMENT

When the cold breath of sorrow is sweeping
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,
And the earnest eye, dimmed with strange weeping,
Sees the visions of fancy depart;
When the bloom of young feeling is dying,
And the heart throbs with passion's fierce strife,
When our sad days are wasted in sighing,
Who then can find sweetness in life?

*Mrs. Embury.*

ANSWER.

That heart, methinks,
Were of strange mould, which kept no cherished print
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,
And love and innocence made holyday:
Or, that owned
No transient sadness, when a dream, a glimpse
Of fancy touched past joys.

*Hillhouse.*

HYDRANGEA.
*Hydrangea, hortensis.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 2. An American genus, with the exception of one species, the *hortensis*, found in India. Flowers rose color—sometimes blue. It has many abortive flowers.

## HEARTLESSNESS.

If thou canst search *Hydrangea's* flowers,
And note which first decay,
Then mayst thou judge the hollow smiles
That flatter to betray.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

Maiden go! if thou hast lost
All that made thee once so dear,
Let not now our parting cost
Thee a sigh, or me a tear:
Go with Fashion's heartless train;—
Go where Wealth and pleasure wait;—
Seek them all, nor seek in vain;—
Go, and leave me to my fate.

Maiden go!—a saddened brow
Haply serves but to conceal:
Tears, methinks, are idle now,—
Waste them not, unless you feel
If your bosom is too cold
Still to prize a loyal heart,—
If you value sullen gold
More than love, 't is best we part:
Go!—and when your heart has learned
How love flies the courtly door,
Learn that true affections spurned,
Droop to death, and bloom no more

*New England Magazine, Vol. II.*

ICE PLANT.
*Mesembryanthemum, crystallinum.*

*Class* 12. *Order* 5. An European genus, found chiefly in Greece. Flowers of a pale rose color.

## AN OLD BEAU.

With pellucid studs the *Ice-Flower* gems
His rimy foliage, and his candied stems.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

Last days of my youth! ye are come, ye are come,
And the tints of life's morning will soon fade away;
I once vainly fancied my cheek's purple bloom,
Immortal as angels, would never decay;
Nor can I believe the cold words of my tongue,
When it falters that I am no more to be young.

No wonder! for who could unmoved bid adieu
To love's kindling raptures warm youth only knows;
And, on the world's dim awful threshold to view
The opening scenes of his joys or his woes,
Who gazes—nor sighs, with a heart deeply wrung—
Why can we not always be blooming and young?

*J. H. Nichols.*

## ANSWER.

Yes, the summer of life passes swiftly away,
Soon the winter of age sheds its snow on the heart;
But the warm sun of friendship that gilded youth's day
Shall still through the dark clouds a soft ray impart

(*Atlantic Souvenir.*) *Allston Gibbs.*

IRIS. (Flower de Luce.) *Order* 3. *Class* 1.
*Iris, cristata.* Found in Africa, Asia, Europe, and North America. Flowers of various colors.

## MY COMPLIMENTS.

The various *Iris* Juno sends with haste.
*Ovid.*

### SENTIMENT.

I send this flower to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measure of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers.—
O would that on the earth there moved
Others of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

*E. C. Pinckney.*

IVY.
*Hedera.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. The Ivy is found in all countries, but the *Hedera helix* is the common European Ivy. Flowers green; berries globular and black.

## WEDDED LOVE.

Yes, woman's love 's a holy light,
And when 't is kindled, ne'er can die;
It lives, though treachery and slight
To quench its constancy may try;
Like *Ivy*, where to cling 't is seen,
It wears an everlasting green.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

The *Ivy* round some lofty pile
  Its twining tendril flings;
Though fled from thence be pleasure's smile,
  It yet the fonder clings;
As lonelier still becomes the place,
The warmer is its fond embrace,
  More firm its verdant rings;
As if it loved its shade to rear
O'er one devoted to despair.

Thus shall my bosom cling to thine,
  Unchanged by gliding years;
Through Fortune's rise, or her decline,
  In sunshine, or in tears;
And though between us oceans roll,
And rocks divide us, still my soul
  Shall feel no jealous fears:
Confiding in a heart like thine,
Love's uncontaminated shrine.

*Anon.* (*Albany Advertiser.*)

JASMINE, WHITE.
*Jasminum, officinale.*

*Class* 2. *Order* 1. Native of India and China. Some of the genus are evergreens.

## AMIABILITY.

From plants that wake while others sleep,
From timid *Jasmine* buds that keep
Their odors to themselves all day,
But when the sunlight dies away,
Let their delicious secret out.

*Moore.*

## SENTIMENT.

She
Attracts me with her gentle virtues, soft
And beautiful, and heavenly.

*Hillhouse.*

## ANSWER.

Thus, on the very homeliest face
Can Fancy shed her beauteous hue,
And in a tame expression trace
A smile as soft as heaven's own blue.

*P. Benjamin.*

JASMINE, YELLOW.
*Bignonia, sempervirens.*

*Class* 14. *Order* 2. Found in the East and West Indies. The plant is a shrub or tree, very beautiful. Flowers large, various colors, red, blue, yellow.

## GRACE AND ELEGANCE.

*Jasmines*, some like silver spray,
Some like gold in the morning ray,
Fragrant stars and favorites they.

*Indian Bride.*

## SENTIMENT.

She was not very beautiful, if it be beauty's test
To match a classic model when perfectly at rest;
And she did not look bewitchingly, if witchery it be
To have a forehead and a lip transparent as the sea.

The fashion of her gracefulness was not a followed rule,
And her effervescent sprightliness was never learnt at school;
And her words were all peculiar, like the fairies who spoke pearls,
And her tone was ever sweetest midst the cadences of girls.

Said I she was not beautiful? Her eyes upon your sight
Broke with the lambent purity of planetary light;
And an intellectual beauty, like a light within a vase,
Touched every line with glory of her animated face.

*Willis.*

JONQUIL.
*Narcissus, Jonquilla.*

*Class* 16. *Order* 1. A native of Spain. It has narrow naked leaves, and golden-colored flowers, emitting a mild and powerful perfume.

I DESIRE A RETURN OF AFFECTION

Sweet as perfume from *Jonquil* flower,
That breathes in twilight grove,
Comes the remembrance of the hour
When Anna owned her love.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

O! wilt thou go with me, love,
And seek the lonely glen?
O! wilt thou leave for me, love,
The smiles of other men?
The birds are there, aye singing,
The woods are full of glee,
And love shall there be flinging
His roses over thee.
And wilt thou go with me, dear,
And share my humble lot?
And wilt thou live with me, dear,
Within a lowly cot?

*Percival.*

KING-CUP. *Ranunculus.* (Butter-cup or Crow-cup.) *Class* 3. *Order* 13. An extensive genus, of near 90 species, principally European, but extending into Barbary and Siberia; flowers yellow.

### I WISH I WAS RICH.

Bright flowing *King-cups* promise future wealth,
And fairies, now no doubt unseen,
In silent revels sup;
With dew-drop bumpers toast their queen,
From *crow-flowers'* golden cup.

*Clare.*

### SENTIMENT.

——— O, knew I the spell of gold,
I would never poison a fresh young heart
With the taint of customs old.
I would bind no wreath to my forehead free,
In whose shadow a thought might die,
Nor drink, from the cup of revelry,
The ruin my gold would buy.
But I 'd break the fetters of care-worn things,
And be spirit and fancy free;
My mind should go up where it longs to go,
And the limitless wind outflee.
I 'd climb to the eyries of eagle men,
Till the stars became a scroll,
And pour right on, like the even sea,
In the strength of a governed soul.

*Willis.*

### ANSWER.

I would never kneel at a gilded shrine
To worship the idol gold:
I would never fetter this heart of mine
As a thing for fortune sold.
But I 'd bow to the light that God has given,
The nobler light of mind;
The only light, save that of Heaven,
That should free-will homage find.

 *Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

LABURNUM. *Cytisus.*

*Class* 17. *Order* 4. A genus of about 12 species; six of which belong to America. Flowers purplish or yellow.

PENSIVE BEAUTY.

When the dark-leaved *Laburnum's* drooping cluster
Reflects athwart the stream their yellow lustre,—
Like pensive beauty at her sweet devotions.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

Thy mild looks are all eloquent,
  Thy bright ones free and glad,
Like glances from a pleiad sent,
  Thy sad ones sweetly sad;
And when a tear is in thine eye,
  To witch with sorrow's spell,
O, none may pass thee idly by,
  My own sweet Rosabelle.

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

*Robert Morris.*

LADY'S SLIPPER.
*Cypripedium.*

*Class* 20. *Order* 2. A very small genus; 6 species found in North America; 3 in Siberia; one in Japan, and one in Europe. Flowers purplish, pink, yellow, etc.

## CAPRICIOUS BEAUTY.

The *Cypripedium* with her changeful hues,
As she were doubtful which array to choose.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

I love not thee,—I would sooner bind
My thoughts to the open sky:
I would worship as soon a familiar star,
That is bright to every eye.
'T were to love the wind that is sweet to all—
The wave of the beautiful sea—
'T were to hope for all the light in heaven,
To hope for the love of thee.

*Willis.*

## ANSWER.

I 'm weary of the crowded ball: I 'm weary of the mirth,
Which never lifts itself above the grosser things of earth.
I 'm weary of the flatterer's tone; its music is no more,
And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as before:
I 'm weary of the heartless throng, of being deemed as one
Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of fashion's sun.

I speak in very bitterness, for I have deeply felt
The mockery of the hollow shrine at which my spirit knelt.
Mine is the requiem of years in reckless folly passed,
The wail above departed hopes on a frail venture cast;
The vain regret that steals above the wreck of squandered hours,
Like the sighing of the autumn wind over the faded flowers.

*J. G. Whittier.*

LARKSPUR. *Delphinium.* (Double-flowered.) *Class* 13. *Order* 3. A genus almost equally divided between Siberia and the south of Europe. Naturalized in North America. Flowers greenish, white and pink; made double by cultivation.

### HAUGHTINESS.

The *Larkspur*, plant of ancient name,
Advanced his haughty ensign high.

*Tales of the Flowers.*

### SENTIMENT.

She was like
A dream of poetry, that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!
And so came worshippers; and rank bowed down
And breathed upon her heart, as with a breath
Of pride; and bound her forehead gorgeously
With dazzling scorn, and gave unto her step
A majesty as if she trod the sea,
And the proud waves unbidden lifted her

*Willis.*

LARKSPUR. *Delphinium.*

(Single-flowered.) *Class* 13. *Order* 3. A genus almost equally divided between Siberia and the south of Europe—a few species found in America. Flowers loosely spiked—pink color.

FICKLENESS.

There is no truth in love:
It alters with a smile of fortune's sun,
As flowers do change by culture.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

I saw thee in the gay saloon
Of fashion's glittering mart,
Where Mammon buys what Love deplores,
Where Nature yields to Art;
And thou wert so unlike the herd
My kindling heart despised,
I could not choose but yield that heart,
Though love were sacrificed.
The smile which hung upon thy lips,
In transport with their tone,
The music of thy thoughts, which breathed
A magic theirs alone!
The looks which spake a soul so pure,
So innocent and gay,
Have passed, like other golden hopes
Of happiness, away.

*Dawes.*

ANSWER.

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

*Percival.*

LAUREL, AMERICAN. *Kalmia.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 1. A North American genus. Foliage a deep dark green; flowers beautiful, crimson, red, and peach blossom color. Species numerous—called sometimes calico-bush.

## VIRTUE MAKES HER CHARMING.

But in thy form, thou *Laurel* green,
Fair virtue's semblance soon is seen;
In life she cheers each different stage,
Spring's transient reign, and Summer's glow,
And Autumn mild, advancing slow,
And lights the eye of age.

*Monthly Anthology.*

## SENTIMENT.

I love to look on woman when her eye
Beams with the radiant light of charity;
I love to look on woman when her face
Glows with religion's pure and perfect grace;
O, then to her the loveliness is given
Which thrills the heart of man like dreams of heaven.

*T. C. Otis.*

LAUREL, MOUNTAIN. *Rhododendron.* *Class* 10. *Order* 1. Found in North America, Siberia, Europe, and the mountains of Caucasus.

AMBITION.

The *Laurel*, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage.

*Fairy Queen.*

SENTIMENT.

I loved to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll;
And held my breath, when—flaming high—
I saw our starry banners fly,
As, challenging the haughty sky,
They went like battle o'er my soul;
For I was so ambitious then,
I burned to be the slave—of men.
* * * * * *
But I am strangely altered now:
I love no more the bugle's voice—
The rushing wave—the plunging prow—
The mountain with his clouded brow,
The thunder when the blue skies bow,
And all the sons of God rejoice:
I love to dream of tears and sighs,
And shadowy hair, and half-shut eyes.

*John Neal.*

LAURUSTINUS.
*Viburnum, tinus.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 3. Found principally in North America and Japan—there are four species in Europe. An evergreen shrub; flowers white, sometimes tinged with red.

### A TOKEN.

A *Laurustinus* bear
In blossoms to my love:
Its language she will hear.—

*Anon.* (*Flora's Dictionary.*)

### SENTIMENT.

So take my gift! 't is a simple flower,
But perhaps 't will wile a weary hour;
And the spirit that its light magic weaves
May touch your heart from its simple leaves—
And if these should fail, it at least will be
A token of love from me to thee.

*Token for* 1829.

### ANSWER.

Ye may search the earth, and the shoreless deep,
For the fairest things in their cells they keep;
Ye may gather the light of an eastern mine,
And offer it up on affection's shrine;
But ye 'll never find it cherished there
Like a simple gift, with the heart's pure prayer.

*Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

LAVENDER.
*Lavandula, spika.*

*Class* 14. *Order* 1. Indigenous to Africa and Europe, but naturalized in America. Flowers blue, purplish and white—quite fragrant.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

She sent him *Lavender*, owning her love.
*Shakspeare.*

## SENTIMENT.

'T is morning, yet I am not gay—
'T is spring, and yet I only sigh—
My pleasures all are flown away;
Oh! who can tell me where or why?

It was not so before—for bright
As summer clouds were all my dreams;
No mist could hide the rosy light,
That seemed on all to pour its beams.

In autumn, when the chill winds blew
My playmate birds all went away—
I did not weep, for well I knew
They 'd come again some happy day.

But now I 'm weary of them all,
And vaguely dream—I know not why,
Of music softer than the call
Of birds at evening whispering nigh.
*Token*, 1831.

LEMON, BLOSSOM.
*Citrus, limon.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 1. Native of the East, but naturalized in all warm climates. Flowers small, white.

DISCRETION.

Meek
As woman's wisdom, their white blossoms smile,
The promise of a golden fruitage.

*Gisborne*

SENTIMENT.

How excellent is woman, when she gives
To the fine pulses of her spirit way;
Her virtues blossom daily, and pour out
A fragrance upon all who in her path
Have a blest fellowship.

*Willis.*

LICHEN. *Usrea.* (Tall Moss.) *Class* 24. *Order* 5. These mosses are fleshy or leather-like substances, growing on trees, and vegetating on naked rocks, drawing nourishment chiefly from the air.

SOLITUDE.

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

*Darwin.*

SENTIMENT.

Alone! alone! How drear it is,
Always to be alone!
In such a depth of wilderness,
The only thinking one!
The waters in their path rejoice,
The trees together sleep—
But I have not one silver voice
Upon my ear to creep.

I 'm weary of my lonely hut,
And of its blasted tree;
The very lake is like my lot,
So silent, constantly.
I 've lived amid the forest gloom,
Until I almost fear——
When will the thrilling voices come
My spirit thirsts to hear?

*Willis.*

ANSWER.

There 's a blest and sacred *solitude*,
On which the world should never intrude,
When bright to the view fond memory brings
A vision of dear departed things:
And then, as fair as the evening star,
Comes the image of friends removed afar;
And the vision that brightens through memory's tears,
In the sunshine and bustle of mirth disappears.

*Mrs. Hale.*

LILAC, PURPLE. *Syringa.*

*Class* 2. *Order* 1. Indigenous to the East, the most beautiful species found in Persia. Flowers purple or white—very fragrant.

FASTIDIOUSNESS.

The *Lilac* varies in array—now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With *purple* spikes, studious of ornament,
Yet, unresolved which hue she most approves,
She chose them all.

*Cowper's Winter's Walk at Noon.*

SENTIMENT.

Is 't not a curse to be
  Fastidiously refined—
Breathing an air whose rarity
  Separates from human kind?
* * * * * *
To be the theme of fools—
  The wonder of a crowd—
Thy life-blood drawn by measured rules,
  Or stunned by flatterers loud?

*Ladies' Magazine, Vol. IV.*

ANSWER.

I hate these darkened thoughts o'er things
  All radiant with joy;
'T is suffering deep and still that wrings
  Reflection's dark alloy.
Away with dreams—I will not cloud
  The light of brilliant smiles;
They will find too soon a shadowy shroud,
  As we tread life's gloomy aisles.

*Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

LILAC, WHITE.
*Syringa, vulgaris.*

*Class* 2. *Order* 1. The common Lilac is a native of Persia, but naturalized in Europe and America. Flowers purple and white.

YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE.

At call of early spring
Burst forth, in blossoming fragrance, *Lilacs* robed
In *snow-white Innocence.*

*Mason.*

SENTIMENT.

She had grown,
In her unstained seclusion, bright and pure
As a first opening *Lilac*, when it spreads
Its clear leaves to the sweetest dawn of May.
* * * * * * * *
And she were one on whom to fix my heart,
To sit beside me when my thoughts are sad,
And, by her tender playfulness, impart
Some of her pure joy to me.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

There is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird has power
To please me with its lay.

And there is music on the breeze
That sports along the glade;
The crystal dew-drops on the trees
Are gems by fancy made.

O, there is joy and happiness
In every thing I see,
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
The God who blesses me.

*Mrs. Dinnies.*

LILY, WHITE.
*Lilium, candidum.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. The species *candidum* is a native of Palestine; but the genus *lilium* is indigenous to both hemispheres.

## PURITY AND BEAUTY.

The *Lily*, of all the children of the spring
The palest,—fairest too, where fair ones are.

*Barry Cornwall.*

## SENTIMENT.

Thine is a face to look upon and pray
That a pure spirit keep thee—I would meet
With one so gentle by the streams away,
Living with nature; keeping thy pure feet
For the unfingered moss, and for the grass
Which leaneth where the gentle waters pass.
The autumn leaves should sigh thee to thy sleep;
And the capricious April, coming on,
Awake thee like a flower; and stars should keep
A vigil o'er thee like Endymion;
And thou for very gentleness shouldst weep
As dews of the night's quietness come down.

*Willis.*

LILY, YELLOW.
*Lilium, Lutea.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. The *Yellow Lily* is a native of Persia, naturalized in Europe and America.

## PLAYFUL GAYETY.

Ye well arrayed———
*Queen Lilies*—and ye painted populace,
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives.

*Young*

## SENTIMENT.

I met a lily in the vale,
Just opened to the morning gale,
And so I stopped to gaze;
And thou art beautiful, I said—
That lily did not hide its head,
But freely forth its odors shed,
To pay me for my praise.

* * * * * *

But, Ellen, there 's a lovelier thing
Than *Lily*, rose, or mountain spring—
And yet it wakes my fears;
For when I praise, behold it frowns!
And when I 'd clasp, away it bounds!
And when I 'd kneel and kiss it—zounds!
I get a slap upon my ears.

*Token*, 1828.

LILY, SCARLET.
*Lilium, Carolinicum.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. Found in the Southern States, particularly in the mountains. By cultivation it is rendered very beautiful.

HIGH-SOULED.

The wand-like *Lily*, which lifted up,
As a Mœnad, its radiant-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is in its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky.

*Shelly.*

SENTIMENT.

I bring no gift of passion,
I breathe no tone of love,
But the freshness and the purity
Of a feeling far above.
I love to turn to thee, fair girl,
As one within whose heart
Earth had no stain of vanity,
And fickleness no part.

* * * * * *

O, save to one *familiar* friend,
Thy heart its veil should wear,
The faithless vow be all unheard,—
The flattery wasted there;
Heeding the homage of the vain
As lightly as some star,
Whose steady radiance changes not,
Though thousands kneel afar.

*J. G. Whittier.*

LILY OF THE VALLEY. *Convallaria, or majalis.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. American species, is common also to Europe—2 species found in Japan. Flowers generally white, variegated with green; a variety from Japan has violet-colored flowers.

DELICATE SIMPLICITY.

The *Lily*, in whose snow-white bells
*Simplicity* delights and dwells.

*Balfour.*

SENTIMENT.

Fair girl! by whose simplicity
My spirit has been won
From the stern earthliness of life,
As shadows flee the sun;
I turn again to think of thee,
And half deplore the thought,
That for one instant, o'er my soul,
Forgetfulness hath wrought!
I turn to that charmed hour of hope,
When first upon my view
Came the pure sunshine of thine heart,
Borne from thine eyes of blue.
'T was thy high purity of soul—
Thy thought-revealing eye,
That placed me spell-bound at thy feet,
Sweet wanderer from the sky.

*Willis G. Clark.*

ANSWER.

O, would that the gush of the youthful heart
Might linger in riper years!
That its simple spirit would not depart
In the hours of grief and tears.

*F. Mellen.*

LOBELIA.
*L. cardinalis.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. A genus known to contain nearly 100 species, almost peculiar to America, South Africa, and Australasia. Flowers blue and scarlet.

## MALEVOLENCE.

And fell *Lobelia's* suffocating breath
Loads the dank pinions of the gale with death.

*Darwin.*

LOCUST.
*Robina, caragana.*

(Green leaved.) *Class* 17. *Order* 10. The genus is mostly indigenous to tropical America—Caragana is a North American species—and there is one in India, and one in China.

## AFFECTION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

The fresh boughs of the *Locust* tree
Do image forth his memory in my heart.

*Mon dy.*

## SENTIMENT.

We send these fond endearments o'er the grave;—
Heaven would be hell if loved ones were not there,
And any spot a heaven, if we could save
From every stain of earth, and thither bear
The hearts that are to us our hope and care,
The soil whereon our purest pleasures grow:
Around the quiet hearth we often share,
From the quick change of thought, the tender flow
Of fondness waked by smiles, the world we love below.

*Percival.*

## ANSWER.

Weep not for those
Who sink within the arms of death
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath
Of sorrow o'er them blows;
But weep for them who here remain,
The mournful heritors of pain,
Condemned to see each bright joy fade,
And mark grief's melancholy shade
Flung o'er Hope's fairest rose.

*Mrs. Embury.*

**Lotos Flower.**
*Lotos.*

*Class* 17. *Order* 10. Native of Egypt and India. An aquatic plant—its fruit growing from the root is good for food. Flowers red, blue, and white.

### ESTRANGED LOVE.

*Lotos*, the nymph, (if rural tales be true,)
* * * * * * * *
Forsook her form; and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

*Pope's Ovid.*

### Sentiment.

Farewell—farewell! there is no tie,
When we are far apart,
To be, in every changing scene,
A spell upon thy heart!
It is not that the glow is less
Upon thy glorious brow,
Nor that thy voice has lost the soul
Of silvery music now.—
Nor is it that a fickle heart
Another god has made,
And reared another shrine, whereon
Its votive gifts are laid.

But passion's sun at rising shone
With all its noontide power,
And called those young buds into bloom—
It withered in an hour.
Like kindlier warmth to spring flowers given
Than their own April sky,
To bid those flowerets early bloom,
But earlier to die.

*Hinda.*

LOVE-LIES-A-BLEEDING.
*Amaranthus, hypocondrichus.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 5. A genus of near 40 species, almost exclusively confined to India and North America; 3 species in Europe. Flowers purple-red—seeds pink.

## HOPELESS NOT HEARTLESS.

Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould,
No—for I am a hero's child—
I 'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish for my warrior's sake,
The flower of '*Love-lies-bleeding*

*Campbell.*

## SENTIMENT.

Though the burning tears
Like gems are on thy cheek—
Though the burdened heart hath sorrow
Which the lip may never speak;
Though the memories of Hope's treacherous song,
In sad relief, are set
Against thy coming years of ill,
With all their vain regret—
Yet, in the stern morality
Which rises from this hour,
Thou mayst gain a perfect talisman
Of a pervading power;
'T is the lesson of earth's vanity,
And as its phantoms rise
And die like buds around the thorn,
Mayst ripen for the skies.

*Willis G. Clark.*

LUPINE. *Lupinus.* *Class* 17. *Order* 4. Found in both Americas, the south of Europe, Egypt and the Cape of Good Hope. It is a kind of pulse—the species cultivated for flowers are white, blue, yellow, and rose-colored.

DEJECTION, SORROW.

The *Lupines* here, as evening shadows rise,
Low droop their sorrowing leaves,
And close their humid eyes.

*Garland of Flora.*

SENTIMENT.

Oh! for my bright and faded hours,
When life was like a summer stream,
On whose gay banks the virgin flowers
Blushed in the morning's rosy beam.

* * * * * *

That scene of love!—where hath it gone;
Where have its charms and beauty sped?
My hours of youth that o'er me shone,
Where have their light and splendor fled?
Into the silent lapse of years—
And I am left on earth to mourn;
And I am left to drop my tears
O'er memory's lone and icy urn!

*J. R. Staermeister.*

ANSWER.

Methinks when on the languid eye
Life's autumn's scenes grow dim,
When evening shadows veil the sky,
And pleasure's syren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dreams of seraphim—
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

*Willis G. Clark.*

MAGNOLIA.
*Magnolia, glauca.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 13. A genus of 15 species, almost equally divided between the United States and China, one species in tropical America. Flowers white or cream color, very fragrant and beautiful.

## LOVE OF NATURE.

Immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the *Magnolia* its groves of perfume,
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of nature in mild glory hovers:
'T is the land of the sunbeam, the green isle of lovers.

*Yamoyden.*

## SENTIMENT.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers;
Ah, those that deck thy gardens,
Are pale, compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth hath no more glorious sight
To show to human eyes.
Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured
Beneath the evening light.
Come, the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win;
And at my silent window sill
The jessamine peeps in.
All day the red-bird warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trills his song,
All night, with none to hear.

*Bryant.*

MARIGOLD, YELLOW.
*Calendula, officinalis.*

*Order* 19. *Class* 4. Indigenous to Europe, South America, and India. The yellow flower was sacred to Venus, and highly prized by the ancients. It has been devoted by Catholics to the Virgin Mary.

SACRED AFFECTIONS.

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.

*Keats.*

SENTIMENT.

Come, send abroad a love for all who live;
Canst guess what deep content in turn they give?
Kind wishes and good deeds will render back
More than thou e'er canst sum. Thou 'lt nothing lack,
But say—'I 'm full!'—Where does the stream begin?
The source of outward joy lies deep within.

And if indeed 't is not the outward state,
But temper of the soul by which we rate
Sadness or joy, then let thy bosom move
With noble thoughts, and wake thee into love
Then let the feeling in thy breast be given
To noble ends—this, sanctified by Heaven,
And springing into life, new life imparts,
Till thy frame beats as with a thousand hearts.

*Dana.*

ANSWER.

Trees and *flowers* and streams
Are social and benevolent; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the close of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

*Mrs. Sigourney*

MARIGOLD, FRENCH.
*Tagetes, patula.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 2. This is a Mexican plant, and the fabulous account is, that it became stained or marked with the blood of Mexicans whom the Christian Spaniards slew. Flowers dark red, almost purple

JEALOUSY.

And *Jealousie*
That we'ved of yelwe *goldes* a girlonde
And had a cukewe sitting in her hand.

*Knight's Tale.*

SENTIMENT.

I know there is a rival in the case,
A very rich and very stupid fellow—
* * * * * * * *
Philosophy, however, is the only
Balm for the evils of this changing life;
It soothes alike the married and the lonely,
Healing the ills of maiden or of wife:
Husbands and youthful bachelors may find toc
A solace in it, when they have a mind to.

*Sargent*

ANSWER.

Ay, such is man's philosophy,
When woman is untrue;
The loss of one but teaches him
To make another do.

*Token for* 1832

MEADOW SAFFRON.
*Colchicum, autumnali.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 3. Native of Europe. Corolla monopetalous, flowers purple and reddish, sometimes variegated. It flowers in autumn.

## I DO NOT FEAR TO GROW OLD.

Then bright from earth amid the troubled sky,
Ascends fair *Colchicum*, with radiant eye,
Warms the cold bosom of the hoary year,
And lights with beauty's blaze the dusky sphere.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly:
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Why grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly should I weep at noon
To see the blush of morning gone.

True, time will sear and blanch my brow:
Well—I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grisly beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonor lie
Upon my head when I am gray,
*Love* yet may search my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

***Bryant.***

MIGNONETTE.
*Reseda, odorato.*

*Class* 11. *Order* 3. The *Reseda Odorato*, Sweet Mignonette, is a native of Egypt. Flowers very fragrant, color pale yellow or white.

YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR LOVELINESS.

No gorgeous flowers the meek *Reseda* grace,
Yet sip with eager trunk yon busy race
Her simple cup, nor heed the dazzling gem
That beams in Fritillaria's diadem.

*Dr. Evans.*

SENTIMENT.

She had read
Her father's well-filled library with profit,
And could talk charmingly. Then she would sing,
And play too, passably, and dance with spirit.
She sketched from nature well, and studied flowers
Which was enough alone to love her for.
Yet she was knowing in all needlework,
And shone in dairy and in kitchen too,
As in the parlor.

*James N. Barker*

MEZEREON. *Dalphne, odora.* *Class* 8. *Order* 1. Found in Europe and India. It has many flowers in little terminal heads, white and red, fragrant.

### TIMIDITY.

In sweet *Mezereon's* tinctured bush
Again revives coy *Dalphne's* maiden blush.

*Evans.*

### SENTIMENT.

There was one fair girl—her glossy hair
Fell over a brow undimmed by care:
A slight rose-tinge was on her cheek—
And the light in her eye so soft and meek,
She seemed to shrink like a timid dove,
Though the voice that spoke was one of love.
Sweet one! O may thy footsteps move
Ever as lightly as now they rove;
May earth to thee whisper words of joy,
With never a frown the dream to destroy.

*Mrs. L P. Smith.*

MONK'S-HOOD.
*Aconitum, napellus.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 2. A genus almost equally divided betwixt the alpine regions of Europe and Siberia. Flowers blue-colored, and poisonous.

DECEIT.

Let *deceit* the *Monk's-hood* wear.

*Wiffen.*

SENTIMENT.

Go forth again, inconstant one,
Go forth among proud fashion's throng—
May a fair sky and a pleasant sun
Be thine, to light thy step along;
No malison shall rest on thee,
Although that vow so soon was broken;
Yet thou shalt hear no curse from me,
No word unmanly shall be spoken:
Forget my heart, forget my lyre,—
Forget them with our pleasures gone;
Kindled and quenched hath been love's fire,
Yet I forgive thee—speed thee on.

*J. F. Rogers.*

ANSWER.

Inconstant! are the waters so,
That fall in showers on hill and plain,
Then, tired of what they find below,
Ride on the sunbeams back again?
Pray, are there changes in the sky,
The winds, or in our summer weather?
In sudden change, believe me, I
Will beat both clouds and winds together:
Nothing in air or earth may be
Fit type of my inconstancy.

*Token for* 1835.

Moss.
*Sycopodium.*

*Class* 24. *Order* 2. There are several species of this moss, but the difference is rarely known except by botanists. *Mosses* have distinct leaves and often stems. They are found in all climates.

## ENNUI.

The *mossy* fountains and the silver shades
Delight no more.

*Pope.*

## Sentiment.

I sorrow that all fair things must decay,
While time and accident and miseries last;
That the red rose so soon must fade away,
The white be sullied by the ruthless blast;
The pure snow turned to mud in half a day;
Even heaven's own glorious azure be o'ercast,
Imperial ermine be with dust defiled,
And China's finest crockery cracked and spoiled.

*Halleck.*

MYRTLE. *Myrtus.*

*Class* 12. *Order* 1. Native of Europe and the East. The myrtle was held in high estimation by the ancients. It is all beautiful—leaf, flower, and tree. Flower white.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

The *Myrtle* on thy breast or brow
Would lively hope and love avow.

*J. H. Wiffen.*

SENTIMENT.

We must part awhile:
A few short months—though short, they must be long
Without thy dear society; but yet
We must endure it, and our love will be
The fonder after parting—it will grow
Intenser in our absence, and again
Burn with a tender glow when I return.
Fear not; this is my last resolve, and this
My parting *token.*

*Percival.*

NARCISSUS, POETICUS.
*Narcissus, Poeticus.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. Indigenous to Europe. Flowers white, very large and fragrant, with a crimson border round the nectary.

## EGOTISM AND SELF LOVE.

The pale *Narcissus*
Still feeds upon itself; but, newly blown,
The nymphs will pluck it from its tender stalk,
And say, 'Go fool, and to thy image talk.'

*Lord Thurlow.*

## SENTIMENT.

Nature's laws must be obeyed,
And this is one she strictly laid
On every soul which she has made,
Down from our earliest mother:
Be *self* your first and greatest care,
From all reproach the darling spare,
And any blame that she should bear,
Put off upon another.
Had Nature taken a second thought,
A better precept she had taught,
And good instead of evil wrought
By those the power possessing;
For *self* had been put out of sight,
The love of others brought to light;
In short, the wrong had all been right,
And man to man a blessing

*Miss Gould.*

NASTURTION.
*Tropælum, majus.*

*Class* 8. *Order* 1. Found in Europe and the East. Flowers a golden yellow—very brilliant The plant is said to emit flashes of light in the morning before sunrise—and also at the twilight. (Indian Cress.)

PATRIOTISM.

Bright the *Nasturtion* glows, and late at eve
Light, lambent, dances o'er its sleepless bed.

*Bidlake*

SENTIMENT.

Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career and lightning's shock,
My own green land forever!
Oh, never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love.—
Land of my fathers—if my name,
Now humble and unwed to fame,
Hereafter burn upon the lip,
As one of those which may not die,
Linked in eternal fellowship
With visions pure, and strong and high;
If the wild dreams which quicken now
The throbbing pulse of heart and brow,
Hereafter take a real form,
Like spectres changed to beings warm,
And over temples wan and gray
The star-like crown of glory shine;
Thine be the bard's undying lay,
The murmur of his praise be thine.

*J. G. Whittier*

NETTLE.
*Urtica.*

*Class* 21. *Order* 4. An extensive genus, containing near 80 species. Indigenous to the tropical parts of America, India, and the islands in the Pacific. One species in Europe. Flowers have no corolla.

## SLANDER.

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

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

O thou, from whose rank breath nor sex can save,
Nor sacred virtue, nor the powerless grave,
Felon unwhipped! than whom in yonder cells
Full many a groaning wretch less guilty dwells,—
Blush, if of honest blood a drop remains,
To steal its lonely way along thy veins;
Blush—if the bronze long hardened on thy cheek
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak;
Blush to be branded with the Slanderer's name,
And tho' thou dread'st not sin, at least dread shame.
We hear, indeed, but shudder while we hear,
The insidious falsehood, and the heartless jeer:
For each dark libel that thou lik'st to shape,
Thou mayst from law, but not from scorn escape;
The pointed finger, cold averted eye,
Insulted virtue's hiss—thou canst not fly.

*Sprague.*

NIGHTSHADE.
*Solanum, nigrum.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. A very extensive genus—more than 100 species are found in America. There are species also in India and Africa. The *Solanum nigrum* has white flowers with yellow anthers.

## DARK THOUGHTS.

Thy baneful root, *Solanum*, must arise
From dismal, dark Tartarean shade.

*Garland of Flora.*

## SENTIMENT.

O say, why age, and grief, and pain,
Shall long to go, but long in vain;
Why vice is left to mock at time,
And, gray in years, grow gray in crime;
While youth, that every eye makes glad,
And beauty, all in radiance clad,
And goodness, cheering every heart,
Come, but come only to depart;
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day—
Sunbeams, to flash, then fade away.

*Sprague.*

## ANSWER.

When Heaven's unerring pencil writes on every pilgrim's breast,
As passport to Time's changeful shore, 'Lo this is not your rest;
Why build ye towers, ye fleeting ones?—Why bowers of fra
grance rear—
As if the self-deluded soul might find its solace here?'

In vain! in vain! for storms will rise, and o'er your treasures
sweep;
But when loud thunders vex the wave, and deep replies to deep—
When in your desolated path Hope's glittering fragments lay,
Spring up, and fix your grasp on that which never can decay.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

OAK LEAF.
*Quercus.*

*Class* 21. *Order* 13. This useful genus contains about 80 species—found chiefly in Europe and America. Only one single species found in the southern hemisphere. The oak lives to a great age. The flower has no corolla.

## BRAVERY AND HUMANITY.

Most worthy of the *oaken wreath*
The ancients him esteemed,
Who, in a battle, had from death
Some man of worth redeemed.

*Drayton.*

## SENTIMENT.

'Mid the din of arms, when the dust and smoke
In clouds are curling o'er thee,
Be firm till the enemy's ranks are broke,
And they fall, or flee before thee.

Yet I would not have thee towering stand
O'er him who 's for mercy crying,
But bow to the earth, and with tender hand
Raise up the faint and dying.

*Miss Gould.*

OATS. *Avena.*

*Class* 3. *Order* 2. Found in the United States, Europe, Barbary, etc. Flowers spreading, without petals; the panicle very elegant and flexible.

## MUSIC.

Two sister nymphs, the fair *Avenas*, lead
Their fleecy squadrons o'er the lawns of Tweed;
Pass with light step his wave-worn banks along,
And wake his echoes with their silver tongue;
Or touch the reed, as gentle love inspires,
In notes accordant to their chaste desires.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

Young thoughts have music in them, love,
  And happiness their theme,
And music wanders in the wind
  That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices heard
  In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
  Of sunshine and of flowers.
There 's music in the forest leaves,
  When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls,
  That braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew,
  From violets of the spring,
Has music in his song, and in
  The fluttering of his wing.

*Halleck.*

OLIVE. *Olea.*

*Class* 2. *Order* 1. The Olive was sacred to Minerva; and it has been, since the Deluge, the emblem of peace. It lives to a great age. Flowers white, small, and slightly odoriferous.

PEACE.

The sign of peace who first displays,
The *Olive wreath* possesses.

*Drayton.*

SENTIMENT.

Come, while the blossoms of thy year are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast—
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray.
O, touch the sceptre!—with a hope in heaven,
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal—
Home of the weary; where, in *peace* reposing,
The spirit lingers in unbounded bliss;
Though o'er its dust the uncurtained grave is closing,
Who would not early choose a lot like this?

*Columbian Star.*

ORANGE BLOSSOM.
*Citrus aurantium.*

*Class* 12. *Order* 12. Native of India and China. The flowers are white, odorous, in short racemes.

## WOMAN'S WORTH.

Knowest thou the land where groves of citron flower,
The golden *Orange* darkling leaves embower—
Know'st thou the land? Oh, there, oh, there,
I long with thee, my loved one, to repair.

*Goethe.*

## SENTIMENT.

Ah! woman—in this world of ours,
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own.

* * * * * *

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray;
The heart will melt before its smile,
And earthly objects fade away.
Were I the monarch of the earth,
And master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman, half the price of thee.

*George P. Morris.*

ORCHIS.
*Orchis.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 1. A genus of near 90 species, principally indigenous to Europe, Northern Africa, and North America. Flowers orange, yellow, white, and bluish purple; spiked.

### A BELLE.

The *Orchis* race with varied beauty charm,
And mock the exploring fly, or bee's aerial form.

*C. Smith.*

### SENTIMENT.

Men gaze on beauty for a while,
Allured by artificial smile;
But Love shall never twang his dart
From any string that 's formed by art.

* * * * * *

Be thine to live, and never know
Sweet sympathy in joy or wo;
To see Time rob thee, one by one,
Of every charm thou e'er hast known;
To see the moth, that round thee came,
Flit to some newer, brighter flame,
And never know thy destined fate,
Till to retrieve it is too late.

*Paulding.*

OX-EYE.
*Buphthalmum.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 2. A genus of more than 20 species, found every where between the tropics. Flowers a common calyx. *Corolla* compound, radiate.

PATIENCE.

*Ox-eye* still green, and bitter patience.

*Garland of Flora.*

SENTIMENT.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters kissing, as they lave
The pebbles with bright rippling, and the shore,
Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays
Low bowed before her Maker; then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days;
Her full heart melts, and flows in heaven's dissolving rays.

Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

————I never sought
With eagerness, as others seek in vain,
The phantom, Happiness;—for I was taught,
When young, it dwelt not in this world—yes, pain
And care were my acquaintance when a child;
And I have always had a wish to turn
Away from earth;—and death has worn a mild,
Not fearful aspect.

*Ladies' Magazine, Vol. VII.*

PANSEY.
*Viola, tricolor.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. A European species of the violet, but cultivated here. It is called *tricolor*, from the union of purple, yellow and blue in its blossoms.

## TENDER AND PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

Pray you, love, remember
There 's *Pansies*—that 's for thought.

*Shakspeare*

### SENTIMENT.

I 've pleasant thoughts that memory brings,
In moments free from care,
Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,
With roses in her hair:
Her smile was like the star-light
Of summer's softest skies,
And worlds of joyousness there shone
From out her witching eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody,
Her voice was like the swell
Of sudden music, notes of mirth,
That of wild gladness tell.
She came like spring, with pleasant sounds
Of sweetness and of mirth,
And her thoughts were those wild flowery ones
That linger not on earth.

I know not of her destiny,
Or where her smile now strays;
But the thought of her comes over me
With my own lost sunny days,—
With moonlight hours, and far off friends,
And many pleasant things,
That have gone the way of all the earth
On Time's resistless wings.

*Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

**Passion Flower.** *Passiflora.*

*Class* 16. *Order* 2. Indigenous to America—at the South the flowers are bright red; those of the North are generally pale blue, or yellow. It is said to have been discovered and named by the missionaries.

## RELIGIOUS FERVOR.

One more plant———
Which consecrates to Salem's peaceful King,
Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower,
Is linked to sorrow like a holy thing,
And takes its name from suffering's fiercest hour.
Be this my noblest theme—Imperial *Passion Flower*
Whatever impulse first conferred that name,
Or Fancy's dream, or Superstition's art,
I freely own its spirit-touching claim,
With thoughts and feelings it may well impart.

*Bernard Barton.*

## Sentiment.

The earth, all light and loveliness, in summer's golden hours,
Smiles, in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect bliss and love.

Is this a shadow, faint and dim, of that which is to come?
What shall the unveiled glories be of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life, where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is flowing in the light of immortality?

To see again the home of youth, when weary years have passed,
Serenely bright, as when we turned and looked upon it last;
To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous embrace,
To gaze, through tears of gladness, on each dear familiar face.

—Oh! this indeed is joy, though here we meet again to part;
But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful heart.
Where it shall find the loved and lost, those who have gone before,
Where every tear is wiped away, where partings come no more.

*Christian Examiner.*

PEA, EVERLASTING.
*Lathyrus, Latifolia.*

*Class* 17. *Order* 4. There are about 40 species of this genus, almost all European—4 only in North America; there are a few in Northern Africa. Flowers of the native kind purple—the exotic crimson.

WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

The winged *Lathyrus*, that lightly seems
To soar like hope in waiting lovers' dreams.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

Wilt thou go, dearest, go
To the heath and the mountain,
Where the violets blow
On the brink of the fountain;
Where the soul shall be free
As the winds that blow o'er us,
And the sunset of life
Smile in beauty before us?
There nothing but death
Our affection can sever,
And till life's latest breath
Love shall bind us forever.

*Percival.*

PEA, SWEET.
*Lathyrus, odoratus.*

*Class* 17. *Order* 4. Native of Sicily and Ceylon. Stalks two-flowered. The blossoms are beautifully rich in coloring—blue, lilac, rose, white, etc., all in the same flower, very fragrant.

DEPARTURE.

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

*Keats.*

SENTIMENT.

I must go o'er the sea to other lands:
It is the call of duty; but fear not,
I shall return, and then our loves are sure.
Dream not of danger on the sea—one power
Protects us always, and the honest heart
Fears not the tempest.

*Percival*

ANSWER.

When from land and home receding,
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
Think of those behind, who love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee!
Then, as down the ocean glancing,
With the waves his rays are dancing,
Think how long the night will be
To the eyes that weep for thee.

*Miss Gould.*

PEACH BLOSSOM.
*Amygdalus, persica.*

*Class* 12. *Order* 1. The native country of the Peach is not known. It came to the Romans from Persia. Flowers pale red.

## I AM YOUR CAPTIVE.

Go, flower, and my passion declare,
While her delicate praises you speak—
Yet the *Peach Blossom* hue is less fair
Than the bloom of her beautiful cheek.

*Wiffen.*

## SENTIMENT.

I loved thee, and must love thee still,
In memory of the past,
Amid whate'er of earthly ill
My future lot is cast!
E'er in my boyhood's sunny prime,
When brightly from the urn of Time
Life's golden moments fell,
Thou wert a peri to my eyes,
Sent from Love's own sweet paradise,
In my young heart to dwell.

*New York Mirror*

PEONY. *Pœonia.* *Class* 13. *Order* 3. Native of Switzerland, and the Alps. Root perennial. Flowers double, crimson color, and very superb.

## ANGER.

*Pœonia* round each fiery ring unfurls,
Bared to the noon's bright blaze her sanguine curls

*Evans.*

## SENTIMENT.

The wildest ills that darken life,
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm;
The ocean, lashed to fury loud,
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity,
To anger's dark and stormy sea.

*J. W. Eastburne.*

PERIWINKLE, BLUE. *Vinca, minor.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. Native of Egypt, but naturalized in Europe. Flowers deep blue, white in the centre—scentless. Leaves evergreen—perennial.

## EARLY AND SINCERE FRIENDSHIP.

In France, the *Periwinkle* is esteemed the emblem of sincere friendship.

Where captivates the sky-blue *Periwinkle*
Under the cottage eaves.

*Hurdis.*

### SENTIMENT.

Hast thou forgot, friend of my better days,
Hast thou forgot the early innocent joys
Of our remotest childhood—when our lives
Were linked in one, and our young hearts bloomed out
Like violet bells, upon the self-same stem,
Pouring the dewy odors of life's spring
Into each other's bosom—all the bright
And sorrowful thoughts of a confiding love,
And intermingled vows, and blossoming hopes
Of future good, and infant dreams of bliss,
Budding and breathing sunnily about them,
As crimson-spotted cups, in spring-time, hang
On all the delicate fibres of the vine?

*B. B. Thatcher*

PERIWINKLE, *white or red.* *Vinca, rosea.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. Native of the East Indies. It flowers the greatest part of the year. Flowers either rose color or pure white; the centre always a rich crimson with a yellow eye.

## PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

There sprang the violet all newe,
And fresh *periwinke*, rich of hue,
No violet, ne eke *Periwinke*
Ne floure more than men can thinke.

*Chaucer.*

## SENTIMENT.

'T is sweet, and yet 't is sad, that gentle power,
Which throws in winter's lap the spring-tide flower:
I love to dream of days my childhood knew,
When, with the sister of my heart, time flew
On wings of innocence and hope! dear hours,
When joy sprung up about our path, like flowers!
* * * * * * * * *
Our smiles were clearer than the skies of June;
Our tears were not of sorrow,—but full soon
The visions of my boyhood passed away,
And heavily life's chain upon me lay;
And now 't is sweet, though sad, alone to lie
Within the autumn noon's unclouded eye,
While memory renders back the pearls of cost,
That else in time's oblivious waves were lost,
And bids me own at once, and bless the power
Which throws in winter's lap the spring-tide flower.

*Mrs. A. M. Wells.*

PHLOX.
*Phlox maculta.*

(Wild Sweet William.) *Class* 5. *Order* 1. This is a North American plant, with the exception of one species found in Northern Asia. Flowers purple, pink, lilac and white—very showy. Plant perennial.

## UNANIMITY.

*Sweet-williams, campions, sops-in-wine,*
One by another neatly;
Thus have I made this wreath of mine.

*Drayton.*

## SENTIMENT.

I wish I could build me a princely dome,
With temples and fountains and towers—
I 'd fence it about with wonderful care,
That no annoyers should break in there,
And all within should be tasteful and fair—
Around should be gardens and bowers.

With plenty of books, and abundance of wealth,
Enough for myself and for others,
I would shut out the ignorant, wicked and rude,
And let in the wise, and the witty, and good,
Who should keep me for aye in a sociable mood,
And be to me sisters and brothers.

Nought there should be vulgar, or false, or unkind,
And nothing to tire or annoy;
We kindred spirits should daily meet,
In honest and faithful affection to greet,
And chase away time in communion sweet,
Nor look for the blight of our joy.

*American Ladies' Magazine, Vol. IV.*

PINE. *Pinus, nigra.* (Black Spruce.) *Class* 21. *Order* 16. This species is indigenous to North America. Found from Canada to Carolina. Leaves a dark green.

## PITY.

A *Crown of Pine* upon his head he wore,
And thus began her pity to explore.

*Dryden's Ovid.*

## SENTIMENT.

To me, though bathed in sorrow's dew,
The dearer far art thou:
I loved thee when thy woes were few,
And can I alter now?
That face in joy's bright hour was fair;
More beautiful since grief is there,
Though somewhat pale thy brow;
And be it mine to soothe the pain,
Thus pressing on thy heart and brain.

*Anon.*

## ANSWER.

It may be that I shall forget my grief;
It may be time has good in store for me;
It may be that my heart will find relief
From sources now unknown. Futurity
May bear within its folds some hidden spring
From which will issue blessed streams; and yet
Whate'er of joy the coming year may bring,
The past—the past—I never can forget.

*Mrs. Hale.*

PINE, PITCH.
*Pinus, rigida.*

*Class* 21. *Order* 61. A genus consisting of nearly 40 species, principally found in Europe and America. There are few in the Levant, India, and China.

TIME AND PHILOSOPHY.

To *Rhea* grateful still the pine remains.

*Congreve's Ovid.*

SENTIMENT.

Yes, dear departed cherished days,
Could memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
From Time's gray urn once more,—
Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore,
Where life's young fountains gleam—
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wilder rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
Day breaks—and where are we?

*O. W. Holmes.*

ANSWER.

Why should we count our life by years,
Since years are short, and pass away?
Or, why by fortune's smiles and tears,
Since tears are vain, and smiles decay?

O! count by virtues—these will last
When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore.

*Mrs. Hale.*

PINE, SPRUCE. *Pinus abies.*

*Class* 21. *Order* 8. This species is cultivated in gardens, and called Norway Spruce Fir. It has long fan-like branches. *Cones* pendulous. The Burgundy pitch is made from this species.

## HOPE IN ADVERSITY.

The *evergreen* stern winter's power derides,
Like Hope that in misfortune's storm abides.

S****

### SENTIMENT.

We will not deplore, then, the days that are past;
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast:
They were lengthened by sorrow, and sullied by care;
Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare;
Yet now that their shadows are on us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before!

We have cherished fair hopes, we have plotted brave schemes;
We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams;
Wealth has melted like snow that is grasped in the hand,
And the steps we have climbed, have deserted like sand;
Yet shall we despond, while of health unbereft,
And honor, bright honor, and freedom are left?

* * * * * * *

Oh let us no longer then vainly lament
Over scenes that have faded, or days that are spent;
But, by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance,
On Hope's waving banner still fixed be our glance;
And should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
Let us look to the future, and not to the past.

*Token for* 1835.

PINK, RED, DOUBLE.
*Dianthus rubeus.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 2. Native of Europe. The primitive pink simple red and white; by culture it has been enlarged, and its color varied. The double-red is very sweet scented.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

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

*M. Robinson.*

SENTIMENT.

What is man's love? His vows are broke,
Even while his parting kiss is warm;—
But *woman's love* all change will mock,
And, like the ivy round the oak,
Cling closest in the storm.

And well the poet, at her shrine,
May bend and worship while he woos;
To him she is a thing divine,
The inspiration of his line,
His loved one, and his muse.

If to his song the echo rings
Of fame—'t is woman's voice he hears;
If ever from his lyre's proud strings
Flow sounds, like rush of angel wings,—
'T is that she listens while he sings,
With blended smiles and tears.

*Halleck.*

PINK, INDIAN.
*Dianthus, chinensis.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 2. The flowers of this species are placed singly on branching stems—vivid red, and scentless.

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE LOVELY.

For thee in autumn blows
The *Indian Pink* and latest rose
For thee.

*Smith.*

SENTIMENT.

I loved thee for thy high-born grace,
Thy deep and lustrous eye—
For the sweet meaning of thy brow,
And for thy bearing high.
I loved thee for thy stainless truth,
Thy thirst for higher things,
For all that to our common lot
A better temper brings.
And are they not all thine—still thine?
Is not thy heart as true?
Holds not thy step its noble grace?
Thy cheek its dainty hue?
And have I not an ear to hear?
And a cloudless eye to see—
And a thirst for beautiful human thought,
That first was stirred by thee?

*Willis.*

**Pink, Mountain.** *Dianthus cæsius.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 2. Native of limestone rocks and mountains. Flowers pale pink; very sweet scented.

ASPIRING.

Carya's sweet smile *Dianthus* proud admires.

*Darwin.*

Sentiment.

The world may scorn me, if they choose—I care
But little for their scoffings. I may sink
For moments; but I rise again, nor shrink
From doing what the faithful heart inspires.
I will not flatter, fawn, nor crouch, nor wink,
At what high-mounted wealth or power desires:
I have a loftier aim, to which my soul aspires.

*Percival.*

PINK, WHITE OR VARIEGATED.
*Dianthus albus, or varietagus.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 2. There are very beautiful varieties of the Dianthus. The root of this genus being perennial, it is easily cultivated, and is very ornamental.

YOU ARE FAIR AND FASCINATING.

Deep in the grove beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made,
Gay *motleyed Pinks* and sweet Jonquils she chose,
All sweet to sense—
The finished chaplet well adorned her hair.

*Shenstone.*

SENTIMENT.

Oh fairest of the rural maids,
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Were all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart, and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks:
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thy eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs, that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.



*Bryant.*

POLYANTHUS.
*Primula, auricula.*

*Order* 5. *Class* 1. There are few of this genus in America, but it is mostly found in the alpine regions of Europe. The *P. auricula* is a native of the Alps, originally yellow, but when cultivated, it assumes the most diversified colors. Perennial.

PRIDE OF NEWLY ACQUIRED FORTUNE.

See *Polyanthus*, in full clustered pride,
In splendid robes of rich unnumbered dyes,
With scorn from old acquaintance turn aside.

*Matthew*

SENTIMENT.

Maiden, go! and should you rue
All your coldness here hath done,
Know that Nature, ever true,
Will not now desert her son:
If you she gave the cold desire
To flaunt in Fortune's glittering train,
For me she framed a heart and lyre,
Which will not let me live in vain.
The simple chords of that rude lyre,
The plain warm homage of that heart,
Alike were yours;—and shall the fire
That warmed in joy, in grief depart?

Maiden, go! I will not call
A blush again to shame that brow;
But may you in the festal hall
Be tranquil as you leave me now:
Still my lot in life must be
In some dim secluded spot,
Undisturbed by thought of thee,
Dreams of love and all forgot;
Yet ne'er the Tajo's sands of gold,
Nor all the treasures of the deep
Can pay you for the peace you 've sold,
Pleasant dreams and quiet sleep.

*New England Magazine.*

POPPY, RED.
*Papaver, rhœas.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 1. An European genus of 12 species—there are also two in the Levant, and one in Barbary, and one in Labrador.

## EVANESCENT PLEASURE.

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

*Burns*

## SENTIMENT.

Time! Time!—in thy triumphal flight,
How all life's phantoms flee away!
The smile of Hope—and young delight,
Fame's meteor beam—and Fancy's ray;
They fade—and on thy heaving tide,
Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wrecks of human pride—
The broken wrecks of Fortune's war

Where hath the morning splendor flown,
Which danced upon the crystal stream?
Where are the joys to childhood known,
When life is an enchanted dream?
Enveloped in the starless night,
Which destiny hath overspread;
Enrolled upon that trackless flight
Where the dark wing of Time hath sped.

*J. G. Brooks.*

POPPY, SCARLET. *Papaver.*

*Class* and *Order* as the preceding. This species is the wild poppy, found in cornfields, etc.

FANTASTIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

*Poppy,* thy charms attract the vulgar gaze,
And tempt the view with meretricious blaze:
Caught by the glare, with pleasure they behold
Thy glowing crimson melting into gold.
In vain to nobler minds thy lure is spread,
Thy painted front, thy cup of glowing red;
Beneath thy bloom such noxious vapors lie,
That, when obtained and smelt, we loathe and fly.

*Joseph Taylor.*

SENTIMENT.

Nor yet too brightly strive to blaze,
By stealing all the rainbow rays;
Your gaudy, artificial fly
Will only take the younger fry.
Who has not seen, and seeing mourned,
And mourning smiled, and smiling scorned,
In wild ambition flaming down,
Some comet from a country town?
See, see her in her motley hues;
Funereal blacks and brimstone blues,
And lurid green, and bonfire red,
At once their varied radiance shed;
And skin deep gold, and would be pearls,
And oh! those heaps of corkscrew curls.

*O. W. Holmes.*

POPPY, WHITE.
*Papaver, somniferum.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 1. The white Poppy is preferred for making opium. The name *papaver* was given, because the flower or fruit of the poppy was formerly mixed with the *pap* given to children in order to procure sleep.

FORGETFULNESS, OR CONSOLATION.

There *poppies* white, and violets,
Alcippus on the altar sets
Of quiet sleep; and weaves a crown
To bring the gentle god adown.

*Fracastoro—trans.*

SENTIMENT.

Will you drink of this fountain, and sorrow forget?
Has the past been so blest that you hesitate yet?
Can love, when 't is slighted, still cherish a token,
Or hearts still forgive, that unkindness has broken?

If you will not call wo and reproach on his name,
Forget him; for honor, for pride, and for shame;
And if passion resist every feeble endeavor,
Drink deep of the wave, and forget it forever.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

I never will curse him, I never must bless,
Though if anger were greater, the grief would be less.
I have suffered; and much, ere I die, must bear yet,
But I cannot forgive, and I will never forget.

*Anon.*

PRIMROSE, EVENING. *Œnothera odorata.*

*Class* 8. *Order* 1. Tree-primrose. An American genus, except two species at the Cape of Good Hope. The plant is two or three feet high, flowers pale yellow; open very suddenly.

INCONSTANCY.

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.

*Keats*

SENTIMENT.

If e'er I win a parting token,
'T is something that has lost its power—
A chain that has been used and broken,
A ruined glove, a faded flower;
Something that makes my pleasures less,
Something that means—*forgetfulness.*
And yet my tears are little worth;
For could I win a seraph's smile,
To light me through this weary earth,
'T would tire me in the briefest while;
For, lady, (is it very wrong?)
*We hate you when you love too long.*

*Willis.*

PRIMROSE. *Primula.* *Class* 5. *Order* 1. Found in Europe and America. It is one of the earliest spring flowers.

## HAVE CONFIDENCE IN ME.

The *Primrose*, when with saxe leaves gotten grace,
Maids as a true love in their bosom place.

*W. Browne.*

### SENTIMENT.

What though the world has whispered thee 'Beware!'
Thou dost not dream of change. Nay, do not speak,
For any answer would imply a doubt
In love's deep confidence, which not for worlds
Should have existence.

* * * * * * * *

There 's many a shadow resting on my name;
But oh! the world's false voice has feeble power
When love asserts his empire.

*Robert Morris.*

PRIMROSE, ROSE-COLORED. *Primula.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. The general character of the flowers of the genus Primula is a *calyx* of one leaf—*corolla* monopetalous,—cut half way down into five heart-shaped segments.

### UNPATRONISED MERIT.

The *Primrose*, tenant of the glade,
Emblem of virtue in the shade.

*John Mayne.*

### SENTIMENT.

I have no hand to cheer me! Was there *one*,
Whom I must ever long for—was that heart
Still mine in all my sorrows, as the sun
Wakens a slumbering world,—*she* might impart
New being to me, and my soul would start
As giants from their sleep, to run the race
Of glory, and to hurl the unerring dart,
Where Victory rears her palm branch.

*Percival.*

PRICKLY PEAR. *Cactus.* *Class* 12. *Order* 1. Native of South America, and the West Indies. There are many species, from creeping shrubs to trees of ten feet in height. Flowers yellow, white, red, and pink color.

## SATIRE.

And can young Beauty's tender heart
  Nurse thoughts of scorn,
As on the *Cactus'* greenest leaves
  Protrudes the thorn?

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

Ay, curl that cherub lip in scorn,
  And give to wit the rein,
And barb that tongue with sarcasms born
  From thy proud heart's disdain,
In mockery of one who erst
Was ever foremost of the first
  To guard thy maiden fame—
One who, with quick adventurous hand,
Had braved the proudest of the land
  That lightly named thy name.

And yet if thou canst borrow,
  In beauty's mirthful pride,
Delight from friendship's sorrow,—
  Smile on, I will not chide;
Yet, ah, methinks it were more kind,
More fraught with woman's feeling mind,
  To hide derision's fang
From one, who even now would dare
*More* than life's brittle thread would bear,
  Ere thou shouldst feel one pang.

*New York Mirror.*

QUEEN'S ROCKET.
*Hesperis matronalis.*

*Class* 15. *Order* 2. Native of the South of Europe and the North of Africa. One species only found in North America. Flowers pale purple or white; very sweet, but exhaling only in the evening.

SHE WILL BE FASHIONABLE.

In rival pomp, see either *Rocket* blow,
Bright as the sun, or as the new-fallen snow.
*Evans.*

SENTIMENT.

As the Spring, in native beauty
  Painted, charms the admiring sight,
Nor the gorgeous garden envies
  For its colors rich and bright;—
As the streamlet, gently murmuring,
  Winds along its devious way,
Beautiful, though art has never
  Taught its waters how to stray;—
So her native grace and beauty
  Best becomes each charming maid;
Cupid justly holds suspected
  Dress too artfully displayed.
*New England Magazine, Vol. II.*

ROSE, AUSTRIAN.
*Rosa bicolor.*

*Class* 12. *Order* 13. A genus of nearly 50 species, chiefly indigenous to Europe. A few species found in Japan and India, and nine or ten in North America.

## THOU ART VERY LOVELY.

*Rose*, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower!
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring! the wood-nymph wild!

*Anacreon.*

### SENTIMENT.

Oh! thou, who art the fairest of earth's daughters,
Delighted could I sit a summer's day,
To drink the music of thy lips away,
Gushing their careless melody as waters:
And while I gazed upon thy full blue eyes,
Still listening to thy passion-kindling songs,
Deem myself happiest of thy votaries.
Thus while the morning lark his notes prolongs,
Lists the rapt bard, and, bending to the skies,
Sends up the incense of a grateful heart,
For such a gleam of heavenly ecstasies!
Oh! beautiful in feature as thou art,
More beautiful in mind—my thoughts of thee
Shall live in Love's undying memory.

*Dawes.*

### ANSWER.

Love
Has lent life's wings a rosy hue;
But, ah! Love's dyes were caught above;
They brighten—but they wither too

*Willis.*

ROSE, BRIDAL.
*Rubus rosafolius.*

*Class* and *Order* same as the foregoing. Rose Bridal is of the genus *Rubus*, which includes the Bramble family. Flowers white, usually double, small and very beautiful.

## HAPPY LOVE.

And all is ecstasy; for now
The valley holds its feast of roses,
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open like the season's rose.

*Moore.*

## SENTIMENT.

The *flower* which on Life's desert grows,
Unheeded in its young repose,
Till the mind's ray its shadows break,
And youthful thoughts their pinions take;
That lives the same through changing years,
Through smiles of joy—through Sorrow's tears:
Ay, hopes may vanish as a dream;
Joys bring no warmth upon their beam;
It will bloom on, though all should flee,
Changeless as angel purity;—
That *flower* is Love.

The shrine where Life's sweet flowers are laid,
Ere a cold world has bid them fade;
Where beauty in her bloom attends,
And Hope in gay devotion bends,
And the young soul's unburdened wings
Go forth in joyous wanderings;—
That shrine is Love.

*American Ladies' Magazine.*

ROSA, BURGUNDY. *Rosa parvifolia.* Native of Europe. A dwarf shrub. Leaflet fine. Flowers small.

SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY.

The *Rose* is fairest when 't is budding new.

*Scott.*

SENTIMENT.

New England's daughters need not envy those
Who in a monarch's court their jewels wear:
More lovely they, when but a simple rose
Glows through the golden clusters of their hair.
Could light of diamonds make her look more fair,
Who moves in beauty through the mazy dance,
With buoyant feet that seem to skim the air,
And eyes that whisper in each gentle glance
The poetry of youth, love's sweet and short romance?

*Mrs. Little.*

ANSWER.

Beauty and Love—their emblems are flowers!
Their date of existence is numbered by hours.

*Mrs. Hale.*

ROSE, CAROLINA. *Rosa Carolina.* Shrubs six or seven feet high. Flowers crimson, large.

## LOVE IS DANGEROUS.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath—
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me.

*Ben Johnson.*

## SENTIMENT.

Yes, Love is but a dangerous guest
For hearts as young as thine,
Where youth's unshadowed joys should rest,
Life's spring-time fancies shine.

Then, sweetest, leave the wildering dream,
Till Time has nerved thy heart
To brook the fitful cloud and gleam,
Which must in love have part.

Ah! life has many a blessed hour
That passion never knows,
And youth may gather many a flower
Beside the blushing rose.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

## Rose, Daily.
*Rosa quotidiana.*

### LEVITY.

Thou blushing *rose!*—
Blown in the morning—thou shalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life that in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou 'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little color makes thee.

*Sir Richard Fanshaw.*

### Sentiment.

And thou, with girlish glee, wilt go
To kneel at pleasure's shrine,
Nor e'er a thought on him bestow,
Whose every thought is thine.

The idlers who around thee press,
With careless praise will dwell
Upon that face whose loveliness
My tongue could never tell.

Those charms which my affections won,
The mind that I adore,
The form I still could gaze upon
Till life itself were o'er:

Each winning look, each winning smile,
That I have loved so long,
Will then some trifling fop beguile,
Or charm a heartless throng.

But why do I at ills repine,
Which still I may not meet?
This heart, whose every pulse is thine,
Ere then may cease to beat!

And still thou 'lt move where'er are met
The careless and the gay,
And soon my memory forget,
When I have passed away.

*Token for* 1829

ROSE, DAMASK.
*Rosa damascena.*

The *damask* or *damascena rose* was first brought from Asia into Greece—then it was transplanted into Italy and France. Flowers white and red.

YOUTH.

Like the *damask rose* you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flowers of May,
Or like the morning to the day,—
Even such is life.

*Blackburne.*

SENTIMENT.

Let us prize the rose,
In the unclouded morning of this day,
Which soon will lose its bright serenity!
O, let us prize the first-blown rose of love;
Let us love now, in this our fairest youth,
When love can find a full and fond return.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

When the air is lightest,
And the sky is brightest,
Art thou in the garden, talking to a flower?

*C. Edwards*

ROSE, DEEP-RED.
*Rosa rubor.*

This is the wild sweet rose, improved by cultivation. It is the most common species in our gardens.

BASHFUL SHAME.

In velvet lips the bashful *rose* begun
To show and catch the kisses of the sun:
Some fuller blown, their crimson honors shed:
Sweet smell the golden chives that graced their head.

*Gawin Douglas.*

SENTIMENT.

Alas! that in our earliest blush
Our danger first we feel,
And tremble when the rising flush
Betrays some angel's seal!
Alas! for care and pallid wo
Sit watchers in their turn,
Where heaven's too faint and transient glow
So soon forgets to burn!

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

*O. W. Holmes.*

ANSWER.

On Beauty's lids, the gem-like tear
Oft sheds its evanescent ray,
But scarce is seen to sparkle, ere
'T is chased by beaming smiles away:
Just so the blush is formed—and flies—
Nor owns reflection's calm control:
It comes, it deepens—fades and dies,
A gush of *feeling* from the soul.



*Mrs. Dinnies.*

ROSE, HUNDRED-LEAVED.
*Rosa centifolia.*

This magnificent rose is a native of the southern parts of Europe. The *velvet rose* belongs to this species. Its colors vary from crimson to pink and purple.

## DIGNITY OF MIND.

Thou queen of flowers,
Of thousand leaves,
And throne surrounded by protecting thorn—
Thou heaven-born *rose!*

*Kleist.*

## SENTIMENT.

What 's the brow,
Or the eye's lustre, or the step of air,
Or color, but the beautiful links that chain
The mind from its rare element? There lies
A talisman in intellect, which yields
Celestial music, when the master hand
Touches it cunningly. It sleeps beneath
The outward semblance, and to common sight
Is an invisible and hidden thing;
But when the lip is faded, and the form
Witches the sense no more, and human love
Falters in its idolatry, this spell
Will hold its strength unbroken, and go on
Stealing anew the affections.

*Willis.*

ROSE, DAMASK.
*Rosa damascena.*

Native of Syria and Damascus, though naturalized in Europe. It is deliciously sweet. Flowers a beautiful pink, verging towards a purple.

BASHFUL LOVE.

Ah, see the virgin *rose*, how sweetly she
Doth first put forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may.

*Spencer.*

SENTIMENT.

Before the winning breeze could steal
Morn's sprinkled pearl-drops from the rose,
I culled it, that it might reveal
The tale *my lips* dare not disclose.

Its leaves of virgin tenderness,
Where I have pressed a kiss for thee,—
Its blush of maiden bashfulness,
Both tell of love and secrecy.

*F. S. Hill.*

ROSE, MOSS. *Rosa muscosa.* Native of the south of Europe. Stem three or four feet high—flowers at the top of the branch large, very fragrant, of a bright crimson hue—flowers double.

SUPERIOR MERIT.

The *moss rose* that, at fall of dew,
Was freshly gathered from its stem,
She values as a ruby gem.

*Cottage Girl.*

SENTIMENT.

It is sure,
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well
Of Mind, where all its waters gather pure,
Shall with unquestioned spell all hearts allure.
Wisdom enshrined in beauty—O! how high
The order of that loveliness.

*Percival.*

ROSE BUD. (*Moss.*) *Rosa muscosa.*

A *rose bud* just opening, according to Berkley's Utopia, is a declaration of love.

## CONFESSION.

The gentle budding *rose*, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with morning beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and less seen fairer seems.

*Fairfax.*

## SENTIMENT.

The sporting sylphs that course the air,
Unseen, on wings that twilight weaves,
Around the opening rose repair,
And breathe sweet incense o'er its leaves

With sparkling cups of bubbles made,
They catch the ruddy beams of day,
And steal the rainbow's sweeter shade,
Their blushing favorite to array.

They gather gems with sunbeams bright,
From floating clouds and falling showers;
They rob Aurora's locks of light,
To grace their own fair queen of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the speaking rose
Becomes a *token* fit to tell
Of things that words can ne'er disclose,
And nought but this reveal so well.

Then take my flower, and let its leaves
Beside thy heart be cherished near,
While that confiding heart receives
The thought it whispers to thine ear.

*Token*, 1830

ROSE, CHINA.
*Rosa multiflora.*

Native of Japan and China. It is a shrub of luxuriant growth, flowers in clusters, said to be white in China, but here they are pink.

GRACE.

Resplendent *rose!* the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers,
Whose virgin blush of chastened dye
Enchants so much our mental eye.

*Greek Poet—trans. by Moore.*

SENTIMENT.

Oh, say not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign—
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain!

Is beauty vain, because it will fade?
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light vain;
For this shall be lost in evening's shade,
And that in winter's sleety rain.

But earth's green mantle, pranked with flowers,
Is the couch where life with joy reposes;
And heaven gives down, with its light and showers,
To regale them, fruits—to deck them, roses.

And while opening flowers in such beauty spread,
And ripening fruits so gracefully swing,—
Say not, O king, as you just now said,
That beauty or grace is a worthless thing.

*Pierpont.*

ROSE, MUNDI.
*Rosa versicolor.*

An American rose, being a variety of the species *lucida*. Found from New York to Carolina. Flowers elegantly striped or variegated with red and white.

## YOU ARE MERRY.

Thou blooming *rose!*—
Blown in the morning—thou shalt die ere noon:
What boots a life that in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou 'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little color makes thee.

*Sir Richard Fanshaw.*

## SENTIMENT.

The merry heart, the merry heart,
Of heaven's gift I hold thee best;
And they who feel its pleasant throb,
Though dark their lot, are truly blest.—
From youth to age it changes not,
In joy and sorrow still the same;
When skies are dark, and tempests scowl,
It shines a steady beacon flame.
It gives to Beauty half its power,
The nameless charms worth all the rest—
The light that dances o'er a face,
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.
If Beauty ne'er have set her seal,
It well supplies her absence too,
And many a cheek looks passing fair,
Because a merry heart shines through.

*New England Magazine, Vol. I.*

**Rose, Musk.** *Rosa moschata.* The musk rose is exceedingly beautiful. Native of Barbary, and from its petals the essential oil is obtained, called 'Otto of Roses.'

## CHARMING.

As Venus wandered midst the Idalian bower,
And watched the loves and graces round her play,
She plucked a *musk rose* from its dew-bent spray,
'And this,' she cried, 'shall be my favorite flower;
For o'er its crimson leaflets I will shower
Dissolving sweets, to steal the soul away.'

*Roscoe.*

## Sentiment.

Lady, I 've looked upon thy face;
And beauty, kindness, virtue, grace,
Have all combined to make thee fair.
O! may thy fortunes be as bright
As are those eyes, whose gentle light
Thy features now so softly wear.

*U. S. Literary Gazette.*

**Rose-Bud, Red.**
***Rosa rubrifolia.***

There is no emblem more significant of youth, beauty, and innocence, than a *rose-bud.* The rubrifolia is a native of North America.

MAY YOU EVER BE PURE AND LOVELY.

Be your heart as pure,
Your cheek as bright
As the spring *rose.*

*Miss Landon.*

SENTIMENT.

I would that thou mightst ever be
As beautiful as now;
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow!
I would life were all poetry,
To gentle measures set,
That nought but chastened melody
Might dim thine eye of jet.

I would—but deeper things than these
With woman's lot are wove,
Wrought with intenser sympathies,
And nerved by purer love.
By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
Is woman won to heaven.

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air,
And thine eyes' beseeching earnestness,
May be to thee a snare;
For silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow;
But they who kneel at woman's shrine,
Breathe on it as they bow.
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.

*Willis.*

ROSE, RED-LEAVED.
*Rosa rubrifolia.*

Native of Switzerland and Savoy. Stem erect. The whole plant, *branches*, *leaves*, *stalks* and tube of the *calyx* are more or less tinged with red.

BEAUTY AND PROSPERITY.

Here this *rose*,
(This one fresh blown,) shall be my Mary's portion,
For that like it her blush is beautiful.

*Barry Cornwall.*

SENTIMENT.

Thou art beautiful, young lady;—
But I need not tell thee this,
For few have borne unconsciously
Their spell of loveliness;
And thou art very happy,
For life's sky is bright above thee,
Affection's smile is round thee,
And all who know thee love thee.

Thou art not here—and yet methinks
Thy form is floating by,
With the dark tress shading pleasantly
The softly brilliant eye:
A smile is sleeping on thy lip—
And a faint blush melting through
The light of thy transparent cheek,
Like a rose-leaf bathed in dew.

*J. G. Whittier.*

ROSE, CHINESE, DARK.
*Rosa semperflorens.*

Native of China, but naturalized in Europe. Leaflets of a dark shining green. Flowers solitary.

### FORSAKEN.

Go, lovely *rose*,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Then die! that she,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

*Waller.*

### SENTIMENT.

Farewell! the tie is broken. Thou
With all thou wert to me hast parted:
I feel it on my burning brow,
I would not else be broken-hearted.
I may not weep—I cannot sigh,
A weight is pressing on my breast;
A breath breathes on me witheringly;
My tears are dry, my sighs suppress,
I almost wish my spirit were at rest.

Farewell! I 've loved thee much!—I feel
That my idolatry was deep;
I know my heart can never heal,
Till in the grave my passions sleep.
Yet I upbraid thee not, my love;
'T was all I had to offer thee,
Love in its own simplicity.
How could I deem thou wouldst approve,
How hope to draw an angel from above.

*Willis.*

## Rose-Bud, White.
*Rosa alba.*

### TOO YOUNG TO LOVE.

Untouched upon its thorny stem,
Hangs the pale *rose* unfolding.

*Hurdis.*

### Sentiment.

Turn to thy books, my gentle girl—
They will not dim thine eyes;
That hair will all as richly curl,
That blush as sweetly rise.

Turn to thy friends—a smile as fond,
On friendship's lip may be,
And breathing from a heart as warm
As love can offer thee.

Turn to thy *home!* affection wreathes
Her dearest garland there;
And, more than all, a *mother* breathes
For thee—for thee, her prayer.

*Too soon*—oh! all too soon will come
In later years the spell,
Touching with changing hues thy path,
Where once but sunlight fell.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

ROSE, WHITE.
*Rosa alba.*

The *rose* was sacred to Venus, and the fable says, was originally white, but the goddess being wounded by a thorn, the blood

On the white rose being shed,
Made it forever after red.

SADNESS.

The bonnie *white rose*, it is withering and a'.

*Allan Cunningham.*

SENTIMENT.

We have long dreamed of happiness, long known
Joys which were more than mortal, long have felt
The bliss of mingled hearts and blended souls,
And long have thought the vision was eternal:
It vanishes, and now I am a wretch,
And what will be thy sorrows none can tell.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

My heart is with its early dream;
It cannot turn away
To seek again the joys of earth,
And mingle with the gay.
The dew-nursed flower that lifts its brow
Beneath the shades of night,
Must wither when the sunbeam sheds
Its too resplendent light.
My heart is with its early dream,
And vainly love's soft power
Would seek to charm that heart anew,
In some unguarded hour.
I would not that some gentle one
Should hear my frequent sigh;
The deer that bears its death-wound, turns
In *loneliness* to die.

*Mrs. Embury.*

ROSE, WHITE, (*withered.*)
*Rosa alba.*

Native of Europe The bush is five or six feet high. Leaves dark green. Flowers usually pure white, but sometimes tinged with a delicate blush.

## I AM IN DESPAIR.

A single *rose* is shedding
  Its lovely lustre meek and pale:
It looks as planted by despair—
  So white, so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high.

*Byron.*

## SENTIMENT.

O, life and all its charms decay,
  Alluring, cheating, on they go;
The stream forever steals away
  In one irrevocable flow:
Its dearest charms, the charms of love,
  Are brightest in their bud, and die;
Whene'er their tender bloom we move,
  We touch the leaves, they withered lie.

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

*Percival.*

ROSE, THORNLESS.
*Rosa inermis.*

Native of Switzerland and North America. The stem is five or six feet high, without a prickle—and Lemaistre asserts that the *thorns* on the other species have been produced by cultivation—hence the emblem, *ingratitude.* Flowers crimson.

INGRATITUDE.

We eye the *rose* upon the *brier*,
Unmindful that the thorn is near.

*Burns.*

SENTIMENT.

No! it is not for wasted days I pine,
Nor for my slandered youth's long banishment,
Not for the wand of fame, so coldly mine;
It seemeth but a thorn in malice rent
From its right root, to wound my heart's content:
My foes I scorn and tread on—but my wo
Is the cold hollowness of friends to know.

*A. A Locke*

ROSE, YELLOW.
*Rosa lutea.*

The *yellow rose* is a native of Italy. They are both single and double; and have the odor of a pine-apple.

LET US FORGET.

I never heard
Of any true affection, but 't was nipt
With care, that like the caterpillar eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book—the *rose.*

*Middleton.*

SENTIMENT.

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

*Willis.*

ROSE, YORK AND LANCASTER. *Rosa versicola.*

This species was the common *dog-rose*,—the red adopted by the house of Lancaster—the white by that of York.

WAR.

Long was the strife your ancient hail
In Britain's hapless land pursued;
Which for a whole revolving age
Drenched either rose in kindred blood.

*Fable of the White and Red Rose.*

SENTIMENT.

Love, we part but to meet,
When our foes shall be trodden like dust at our feet.
No fetters, no tyrants *our* souls shall enslave,
While the ocean shall roll, or the harvest shall wave.
We go, to return when the strife shall be done,
When the field shall be fought,-and the battle be won;
When the sceptre is smitten, and broken the chain,
We come back in freedom, or come not again.

Ours are no hirelings trained to the fight,
With cymbal and clariot, all glittering and bright,
No prancing of chargers, no martial display,
No war-trump is heard from our silent array;
O'er the proud heads of freemen our star-banner waves,
Men firm as their mountains, and still as their graves,
To-morrow shall pour out their life-blood like rain;—
We come back in triumph, or come not again.

No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know,
When here stands his country, and yonder her foe;
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
One glance where our banner floats glorious on high:
Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;
Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away;
Roll on, like the thunderbolt over the plain!—
We come back in glory, or come not again.

*Thomas Gray, Jr.*

ROSE, CAMPION. *Agrostemna githago.* (Corn-Cockle.) *Class* 10. *Order* 5. An European genus naturalized here—found in cornfields.

## LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

Yonder is a girl, who lingers
Where wild honeysuckle grows,
Mingled with the brier *Rose.*

*H. Smith.*

## SENTIMENT.

Do you like letter-reading? If you do,
I have some twenty dozen very pretty ones:
Gay, sober, rapturous, solemn, very true,
And very lying stupid ones, and witty ones;
On gilt-edged paper, blue perhaps, or pink,
And frequently in fancy-colored ink.

And then the seals—a silver crescent moon,
With half a line of melting French or Latin;
The flower which has an eye as bright as noon,
And leaf as delicate as softest satin,
Called the 'Forget-me-not,' but known as well
By twenty names I cannot stop to tell.

A leaf with half a dozen words, that mean
'I only change in death;' a gentle dove,
With an Italian motto. You have seen
Fifty such, if you 've ever been in love,
And had occasion to write billet-doux,
Or had them written in return to you.

*Sargent.*

ROSEMARY.
*Rosemarinus officinalis.*

*Class* 2. *Order* 1. Indigenous to Europe. An evergreen shrub. Leaves smooth, dark green and shining. Flowers axillary.

REMEMBRANCE.

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

*Shakspeare.*

SENTIMENT.

There are moments in life that are never forgot,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day:
These moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears,
The first look of love, and the last parting given.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

But then to part! to part when Time
  Has wreathed his tireless wing with flowers,
And spread the richness of a clime
  Of fairy o'er this land of ours.
When glistening leaves and shaded streams
  In the soft light of autumn lay,
And, like the music of our dreams,
  The viewless breezes seemed to stray—
'T was bitter then to rend the heart
  With the sad thought that we must part:
And, like some low and mournful spell,
  To whisper but one word—farewell.

*Park Benjamin.*

RUE.
*Ruta graveolens.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 1. Indigenous to Europe, but naturalized in America. The whole herb has an acrid pungent smell. Flowers are a dull yellow.

DISDAIN.

Here did she drop a tear; here in this place
I 'll set a bank of *Rue*, sour herb of grace.

*Shakspeare.*

SENTIMENT.

I am one,
Who finds within me a nobility
That spurns the idle pratings of the great,
And their mean boast of what their fathers were,
While they themselves are fools effeminate,
The scorn of all who know the worth of mind
And virtue.

*Percival.*

SAFFRON
*Carthamus tinctorius.*

*Class* 17. *Order* 1. Indigenous to Europe and India. Flowers yellow. The species cœrulius has blue flowers.

MARRIAGE.

They shall wear
The *Bridal Saffron;* all their locks shall bloom
With garlands; and their blazing nuptial torches,
And hymeneal songs, prepare the way.

*Milman.*

SENTIMENT.

Far from the home of thy young days,
Thy lot calls thee;
Far from the looks of love that girdled round
Thy infancy.

Thou givest up thy unstained heart,
A priceless dower;
Its treasures lavishing, as summer clouds
Their fulness pour.

* * * * * * *

Thy smile shall fill thy husband's home
With sunlike rays;
And on that virgin brow shall light
The matron's grace.

The thought of duties well performed
Shall wing thine hours;
And new affections in thy heart
Shall spring like flowers.

*N. E. Magazine, Vol. II.*

SAGE.
*Salvia officinalis.*

*Class* 2. *Order* 1. A large genus, and widely disseminated over the world. In warm regions the flowers are large and beautiful. The common garden sage is medicinal. Flowers bluish.

## DOMESTIC VIRTUES.

*Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?*
How can a man die in whose garden there grows sage?
*Old Proverb.*

### SENTIMENT.

Howe'er the sceptic scoffs, the poet sighs,
Hope oft reveals her dimly shadowed dreams;
And seraph joy descends from pale blue skies,
And, like sweet sunset on wood-skirted streams,
Peace breathes around her stilling harmonies,
Her whispered music,—while her soft eye beams;
And the deep bliss that crowns the household hearth,
From all its woes redeems the bleeding earth.

Hail! ye fair charities! the mellow showers
Of the heart's spring-time! from your rosy breath
The way-worn pilgrim, though the tempest lowers,
Breathes a new being in the realms of death,
And bears the burden of life's darker hours,
With cheerless aspect o'er the lonely heath,
That spreads between us and the unfading clime
Where true Love triumphs o'er the death of Time.
*S. L. Fairfield.*

SCABIOUS.
*Scabiosa atro-purpurea.*

*Class* 4. *Order* 1. Native of India and the South of Europe Flowers very sweet—color purple, red, and variegated. The dark *purple* has been called 'Mourning Bride.'

UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.

The *Scabious* blooms in sad array,
A mourner in her spring.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

My heart too firmly trusted, fondly gave
Itself to all its tenderness a slave;
I had no wish but thee, and only thee;
I knew no happiness but only while
Thy love-lit eyes were kindly turned on me.
* * * * * * *
But thou hast gone, and left me here to bear
The weight of loneliness.

*Percival.*

ANSWER.

The human heart! 't is a thing that lives
In the light of many a shrine;
And the gem of its own pure feelings gives
Too oft on brows that are false to shine
It has many a cloud of care and wo
To shadow o'er its springs,
And the One above alone may know
The changing tune of its thousand strings.

*Mrs L. P Smith.*

SENSITIVE PLANT. *Mimosa sensitiva.* *Class* 16. *Order* 10. Native of the East and West Indies, and South America. There are several species. Flowers pale purple, contracting at night, and also when touched.

SENSITIVENESS.

Weak with nice sense the chaste *Mimosa* stands,
And from each touch withdraws her timid hands;
Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarmed she trembles at the moving shade.

*Darwin.*

SENTIMENT.

Like the *Mimosa* shrinking from
The blight of some familiar finger—
Like flowers which but in secret bloom,
Where aye the sheltered shadows linger,
And which beneath the hot noon-ray
Would fold their leaves and fade away—
The flowers of Love in secret cherished,
In loneliness and silence nourished,
Shrink backward from the searching eye,
Until the stem whereon they flourished,
Their shrine, the human heart, has perished,
Although themselves may never die.

* * * * * * *

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

*J. G. Whittier.*

SNOW-BALL.
*Viburnum opulus.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 3. A genus found in Europe, America, and Japan. The kind we cultivate is the European shrub. *Cymes* large. Flowers white, berries scarlet.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

The *snow-flower* tall;
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighboring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her *silver lobes*, light as the foaming surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave.

*Cowper.*

SENTIMENT.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure, at its birth,
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth—
There 's rest for thee in heaven.

If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day:—
If, like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eyes above—
There 's rest for thee in heaven

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gayly fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom;—
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in heaven.

*J. H. Bright.*

SNOW-DROP.
*Galanthus nivalis.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. Native of Europe. There is only one species and two varieties. Flowers white as milk—and the earliest that appear in the spring.

## FRIENDSHIP IN ADVERSITY.

The *snow-drop*, herald of the spring,
In storm or sunshine born.

*Bernard Barton.*

### SENTIMENT.

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

* * * * * * * *

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

***Percival.***

SORREL, WILD. *Oxalis.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 5. A large genus found in Europe, America, and the Cape of Good Hope. There is a species in Virginia with pink, lilac, or bright yellow flowers—farther north it is pale yellow, delicately penciled with pink or purple.

## PARENTAL AFFECTION.

*Sorrel,* that hangs her cups,
Ere their frail form and streaky veins decay,
O'er her pale verdure, till parental care
Inclines the shortening stems, and to the shade
Of closing leaves her infant race withdraws.

*Gisborne.*

## SENTIMENT.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home;—

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame—'t will gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my son, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

*Mrs. Hale.*

SPEEDWELL. *Veronica.*

*Class* 2. *Order* 1. Common to Europe, America, and Northern Asia. The Virginia Speedwell is very beautiful. Flowers white, blue, blush-colored, or purple.

## FEMALE FIDELITY.

I saw upon the mountain height,
And mid the mountain air,
*Veronica* her flowers put forth,
As garden blossoms fair,—
Like faithful love that blooms to bless
A palace or a wilderness.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

The mild deep gentleness, the smile that throws
Light from the bosom o'er the pure pale brow,
And cheek that flushes like the May-morn rose;
The all reposing sympathies that grow
Like violets in the heart, and o'er our woes
The silent breathings of their beauty throw.
Oh! every deed of daily life doth prove
The depth, the strength, the truth of woman's love.

Then side by side, hearts wedded in their youth,
In their meek blessedness expand and glow;
And though the world be faithless, still their truth
No pause, no change, no soil of time they know!
They hold communion with a world in sooth,
Beyond the stain of sin, the waste of wo;
And the deep sanctities of well-spent hours
Crown their fair fame with Eden's deathless flowers.

*S. L. Fairfield.*

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.
*Ornithogalum.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. An extensive genus, chiefly indigenous to the South of Europe, Siberia, and the Cape of Good Hope. *Umbellatum* is the only American species. Roots bulbous. Flowers white. Six petals—no calyx.

## RECONCILIATION.

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.*

## SENTIMENT.

I trust the frown thy features wear,
  Ere long into a smile will turn;
I would not that a face as fair
  As thine, beloved, should look so stern;
The chain of ice that winter binds,
  Holds not for aye the sparkling rill;
It melts away when summer shines,
  And leaves the waters sparkling still:
Thus let thy cheek resume the smile
  That shed such sunny light before;
And though I left thee for a while,
  I 'll vow to leave thee love, no more.

*Wm. Leggett.*

ST. JOHN'S WORT. *Hypericum.*

*Class* 18. *Order* 4. A genus of at least one hundred species, dispersed over the world. Flowers yellow and brilliant. The plant possesses medical properties.

## ANIMOSITY.

*Hypericum* was there, the herb of war,
Pierced through with wounds, and seamed with many a scar.

*Garland of Flora.*

### SENTIMENT.

Let my curse be upon him—
The faithless of heart!
Let the smiles that have won him,
In frowning depart!
Let his last cherished blossom
Of sympathy die,
And the hopes of his bosom
In shadows go by!
Ay, curse him—but keep
The poor boon of his breath,
Till he sigh for the sleep
And the quiet of death!
Let a viewless one haunt him
With whispers and jeer,
And an evil one daunt him
With phantoms of fear.
Be the fiend unforgiving
That follows his tread;
Let him walk with the living,
Yet gaze on the dead.

*J. G. Whittier.*

SUMACH, VENICE.
*Rhus cotinus.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 3. A pretty extensive genus, and found in all temperate climates. The species cultivated in gardens has elongated, *feathery* footstalks. Flowers greenish or purplish; berries red. The leaves and stalks, when bruised, aromatic.

INTELLECTUAL EXCELLENCE.

Yes, charms may live when youth is past,
More pure than decked its brightest hours;
Like *Rhus*, that shows, in autumn's blast,
A fruitage fairer than the flowers

*Ann*

SENTIMENT.

Ay, for the soul is better than its frame,
The spirit than its temple. Beauty gives
The features perfectness, and to the form
Its delicate proportions: she may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud:
She may give all that is within her own
Bright cestus—and one glance of intellect,
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all.

* * * * * * * *

The glory of the human form
Is but a perishing thing, and Love will droop
When its brief grace hath faded. But the mind
Perisheth not, and when the outward charm
Hath had its brief existence, it awakes,
And is the lovelier that it slept so long.

*Willis*

SUN-FLOWER, DWARF.
*Helianthus indicus.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 3. Exclusively indigenous to the Americas, except two species in India and Egypt. The *Indicus* is cultivated in gardens. Flowers bright yellow, and turn with the sun.

YOUR DEVOUT ADORER.

The *Sun-flower* turns to her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

*Moore.*

SENTIMENT.

As turns
The flower to meet the sun,
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,
It be not shone upon,—
Thus, dear one, in thine eyes I see
The only light that beams for me.

As thinks
The mariner of home,
When doomed through many a dreary waste
Of waters yet to roam,—
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

As bends
The Persian at the shrine
Of his resplendent god, to watch
His earliest glories shine;
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,
My heart's own radiant deity.

*Mrs. Embury.*

SUN-FLOWER, TALL. *Helianthus annuus.*

Same class and order as preceding. Native of Mexico and Peru. In those countries it is said to grow to the height of twenty feet, and the flowers are two feet broad.

LOFTY AND PURE THOUGHTS.

Great *Helianthus* climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn;
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the orb of day.

*Darwin.*

SENTIMENT.

She had a mind,
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring
Of a serener element, and drank
Philosophy, and for a little while
She was allayed, till presently it turned
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for undying waters. Then she came
To the pure fount of God—and is athirst
No more—save, when the 'fever of the world'
Falleth upon her, she will go and breathe
A holy aspiration after heaven.

*Willis.*

SWEET BRIER.
*Rosa suaveolens.*

*Class* 12. *Order* 13. The American Sweet Brier has pale pink flowers, small and often solitary. Foliage very fragrant.

## SIMPLICITY.

Yes, 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.

*John Langhorne.*

## SENTIMENT.

Oh, much I fear thy guileless heart, its earnestness of feeling,
Its passions and its sympathies to every eye revealing—
I tremble for that winning smile, and trusting glance of thine,
And pray that none but faithful ones may bow before thy shrine.

Oh! when the breath of flattery is warm upon thine ear,
And manly brows are bending in humble homage near,
May no dream of tenderness arise, which earth may not fulfil,
And no fountain open in thy heart, which Time hath power to chill.

*J. G. Whittier.*

SWEET WILLIAM.
*Dianthus barbatus.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 2. The species *D. barbatus* indigenous to Germany, but naturalized in our country. Flowers aggregate, one stem supporting a large and brilliant bunch of blossoms. Root perennial.

### A SMILE.

I like this flower, *Sweet William*, on its leaf
The smile the giver wore I see,
And though that smile, so sweet, was passing brief
This simple flower can fix its memory.

*Anon.*

### SENTIMENT.

A human smile! how beautiful!
Sometimes its blissful presence seems
Sweet as the gentle airs which lull
To sleep the holy flowers of Gul,
Which blossom in the Persian's dreams:
A lovely light whene'er it beams
On beauty's brow, in beauty's eye,
And not one token lingers nigh,
On lip, or eye, or cheek unbidden,
To tell of anguish vainly hidden!
But oh, there is a smile which steals
Sometimes upon the brow of care,
And, like the north's cold light, reveals
But gathering darkness there.
You 've seen the lightning-flash at night
Play briefly o'er its cloudy pile,
The moonshine tremble on the height,
Where winter glistens cold and bright;
And like that flash, and like that light,
Is sorrow's vain and heartless smile!

*J. G. Whittier.*

SYRINGA, CAROLINA.
*Philadelphus inodorus.*

*Class* 12. *Order* 1. This species of the mock Orange is a native of the Southern States. Flowers scentless, large, four white oval petals, spreading open. The species *grandiflorus* is found also at the South.

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

Not every flower that blossoms bright,
Diffuses sweets around;
Not every scene hope gilds with light,
Will fair be found.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

They are mockery all—these skies, these skies,
Their untroubled depth of blue—
They are mockery all—those eyes, those eyes,
Which seem so warm and true;
Each tranquil star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through!
They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,
Which her airs so softly woo—
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay, it is mockery too!
The winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the looks deceive which we sue;
And love but leads to the sepulchre,
Which *flowers* spring to strew.

*Halleck.*

THISTLE, COMMON.
*Carduus cameolatus.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 1. This large genus is found in the temperate regions of the Northern hemisphere, chiefly in Europe. Flowers purple.

MISANTHROPY.

Tough *Thistle* choked the fields, and killed the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born.

*Dryden.*

SENTIMENT.

Had I but pearls of price—did golden piles
  Of hoarded wealth swell in my treasury,
Easy I 'd win the fawning flatterer's smiles,
  And bend the sturdiest Stoic's iron knee;
  For gold alone buys this world's courtesy.
I grieve not that my gold could buy their grace,
But that a *man* should need a toy so base.

Oh! for an island in the boundless deep,
  Where rumor of the world might never come:
Oh! for a cave where weltering waves might keep
  Eternal music—round which night-winds roam,
  Mixing incessant with the surging foam:
Here might I rest and smile in liberty,
Forgotten live, since I unwept must die.

*A. A. Locke.*

ANSWER.

'T is not well
  To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
  Life's current to a flood.
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The land-marks Hope would else reveal.



*Mrs. Dinnies.*

THORN APPLE.
*Dutura stramonium.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. Found in Europe, but probably a native of South America, though now naturalized in Europe and the East. Flowers white and blue, very beautiful, but poisonous The plant has lately been used as a medicine, and appears to operate specifically upon the optic nerve of the eye.

## I DREAMED OF THEE.

Canst thou give visions of futurity,
*Stramonium*, in the deep and death-like trance
Thy potent spell upon the spirit binds?
Let them be pleasant. I would die in hope.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

Thy head was on my shoulder leaning;
Thy hand in mine was gently prest;
Thine eyes, so soft, and full of meaning,
Were bent on me, and I was blest.

No word was spoken—all was feeling,
The silent transport of the heart;
The tear that o'er thy cheek was stealing,
Told what words could ne'er impart.

And could this be but mere illusion?
Could fancy all so real seem?
Here fancy's scenes are wild confusion;
And can it be I did but dream?

I 'm sure I felt thy forehead pressing,
Thy very breath stole o'er my cheek;
I 'm sure I saw those eyes confessing
What the tongue could never speak.

Ah! no, 't is gone, 't is gone, and never
Mine such waking bliss can be;
Oh, I would sleep, would sleep forever,
Could I thus but dream of thee.

*Frisbie.*

THYME.
*Thymus serpyllum.*

*Class* 14. *Order* 1. A genus indigenous to the South of Europe, naturalized in America and England. Flowers blue and purple; stems creeping.

THRIFTINESS.

The thrifty *Thyme* a home can find,
Where smiles the sun, and breathes the wind.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

The churl who holds it heresy to *think*,
Who loves no music but the dollar's clink,
Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,
And deems the first of poets first of fools,
Who never found what good from science grew,
Save the grand truth, that one and one make two,—
'T is he, across whose brain scarce dares to creep
Aught put thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep!

* * * * * * * * *

How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's wo,
Nods his wise head, and cries—'I told you so;
'The thriftless fellow lived beyond his means,
'He must buy brants—I made my folks eat beans.'

*Sprague.*

ANSWER.

Ye may plant the living flowers
  Where the living fountains glide,
And beneath the rosy bowers
  Let the selfish man abide:
And the birds upon the wing,
  And the barks upon the wave,
Shall no sense of freedom bring;—
  All is slavery to the slave:
Mammon's close-linked bonds have bound him,
  Self-imposed and seldom burst;
Though heaven's waters gushed around him,
  He would pine with earth's poor thirst.

*Mrs. Hale.*

TUBEROSE.
*Polyanthes tuberosa.*

*Class* 2. *Order* 6. Native of the East Indies and South America Flowers white, sometimes tinged with pink—resembles a hyacinth—very odoriferous. Corolla monopetalous. No calyx. Root perennial.

A SWEET VOICE.

Eternal spring, with smiling verdure here,
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year:
The *Tuberose* ever breathes, and violets blow.

*Garth.*

SENTIMENT.

If you have seen a summer star,
Liquidly soft, and faintly far,
Beaming a smiling glance on earth,
As if it watched the floweret's birth,—
Then you have seen a light less fair
Than that young maiden's glances were.
Dark fell her tresses;—you have seen
A rent cloud tossing in the air,
And showing the pure sky between
Its floating fragments, here and there,—
Then you may fancy, faintly, how
The falling tress—the ring-like curl,
Disclosed or shadowed o'er the brow
And neck of that fair girl.
Her cheek was delicately thin,
And through its pure, transparent white,
The rose hue wandered out and in,
As you have seen the inconstant light
Flush o'er the northen sky of night.
Her playful lip was gently full,
Soft curving to the graceful chin,
And colored like the fruit which glows
Upon the sunned pomegranate boughs;
And oh, her soft, low voice might lull
The spirit to a dream of bliss,
As if the voices, sweet and bland,
Which murmur in the seraph land,
Were warbling in a world like this.

*J. G. Whittier*

TULIP, RED.
*Tulipa gesneriana.*

*Class* 6. *Order* 1. Native of Persia. Flowers in their wild state crimson, *corolla* bell-shaped with six petals. No calyx. Sweet-scented.

## A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

*Tulip*—whose leaves, with their ruby glow,
Hide the heart that lies burning and black below.

### SENTIMENT.

If spirits, pure as those who kneel
  Around the throne of light above,
The power of beauty's spell could feel,
  And lose a heaven for woman's love,—
What marvel that a heart like mine
  Enraptured by thy charms should be!
Forget to bend at glory's shrine,
  And lose itself—ay heaven—for thee!

*Memorial*

### ANSWER.

What is a poet's love?
  To write a girl a sonnet;
To get a ring, or some such thing,
  And fustianize upon it.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Trust not to them who say,
  In stanzas, they adore thee;
O, rather sleep in churchyard clay,
  With maudlin cherubs o'er thee!

*O. W. Holmes.*

**TULIP, VARIEGATED.** *Tulipa.*

*Class* and *Order* as the preceding. The method of making a tulip variegated or striped, is by transplanting them from a rich soil to one meagre and sandy. It weakens the plant.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

*Tulips* with every color that shines
In the radiant gems of Serendib's mines.

*Garland of Flora.*

SENTIMENT.

The bright black eye, the melting blue,
I cannot choose between the two.
Ah! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake;
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
But that is dearest, all the while,
Which wears for us the sweetest smile.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**Tulip Tree.**
***Liriodendron tulipifera.***

*Class* 13. *Order* 13. The American Tulip tree, or yellow poplar, bears a flower resembling a small tulip, variegated with yellow and orange. The bark of this tree is aromatic, and it is celebrated besides for its size and beauty.

FAME.

Fame's bright star, and glory's swell,
In the flowers of the Tulip tree are given.

*Percival.*

SENTIMENT.

Come! shake your trammels off! let fools rehearse
Their loves and raptures in unmeaning chime;
Cram close their crude conceits, in mawkish verse,
And torture hackneyed thoughts in tuneless rhyme;
But thou shalt soar in glorious verse sublime!
With heavenly voice of music, strength and fire,
Waft wide the wonders of thy native clime;
With patriot pride each patriot heart inspire,
Till Europe's bards are mute before Columbia's lyre.

'T is true no fairies haunt our 'verdant meads,'
No grinning imps deform our blazing hearth:
Beneath the kelpies' fang no traveller bleeds,
No gory vampires taint our holy earth,
No spectres stalk to frighten harmless mirth,
Nor tortured demon howls amid the gale;
Fair reason checks those monsters in their birth;
Yet have we lay of love and horrid tale,
Would dim the manliest eye, and make the bravest pale.

And there are scenes to touch the poet's soul,
And deeds of arms to wake the lordly strain.
Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll?
Has Warren fought, Montgomery died in vain?
Shame! that w ile every mountain, shore and plain,
Hath theme for truth's proud voice, or fancy's wand,
No native bard the patriot harp hath ta'en,
But left to minstrel of a foreign strand
To sing the beauteous scenes of Nature's loveliest land!

*J. R. Drake.*

VERVAIN.
*Verbena fastata.*

*Class* 14. *Order* 2. An American genus with one exception, the species *officinalis*, found in Europe. Flowers deep or pale blue, abundant in our north-western territories.

SENSIBILITY.

*Verbena*, in thy pensive grace,
The emblem of the feeling heart I trace.

*Anon.*

SENTIMENT.

Gentle as angel's ministry
The guiding hand of love should be,
Which seeks again those chords to bind
  Which human wo hath rent apart—
To heal again the wounded mind,
  And bind anew the broken heart.
The hand which tunes to harmony
The cunning harp whose strings are riven,
Must move as light and quietly
As that meek breath of summer heaven,
Which woke of old its melody;—
And kindness to the dim of soul,
Whilst aught of rude and stern control
  The clouded heart can deeply feel,
Is welcome as the odors fanned
From some unseen and flowery land,
  Around the weary seaman's keel.

*J. G. Whittier.*

VERNAL GRASS. *Anthoxanthum.* *Class* 3. *Order* 2. Native of Europe and India. The A. odoratum naturalized in America. Sweet-scented.

## WE MAY BE POOR, BUT WE WILL BE HAPPY.

Two gentle shepherds, and their sister wives,
With thee, *Anthoxa*, lead ambrosial lives:
Closed in a green recess, unenvied lot,
The blue smoke rises from their turf-built cot:
Bosomed in fragrance, blush their infant train,
Eye the warm sun, or drink the silver rain.

*Darwin.*

## SENTIMENT.

Joy for the present moment! joy to-day!
  Why look we to the morrow?
Mingle me bitters to drive cares away;
Nothing on earth can be forever gay,
  And free from sorrow.

My purse is very slim, and very few
  The acres that I number;
But I am seldom stupid, never blue;
My riches are an honest heart and true,
  And quiet slumber.

*Sargent.*

VIOLET, BLUE.
*Viola odorata.*

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. The genus Vi within its proper limits is almost equ ly divided between Europe and th temperate parts of North America. Flowers bright blue.

FAITHFULNESS.

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

*Shakspeare's Sonnets.*

SENTIMENT.

And wert thou other than thou art—
Less generous, kind, confiding,
The love that lives in my true heart
Were not the less abiding.
E'en thy neglect I might sustain,
'T would chill my heart—not break it;
Its tenderness would still remain—
Thy falsehood could not shake it.

*Mrs. A. M. Wells.*

VIOLET, WHITE. *Viola blanda.* *Class* 5. *Order* 1. This species has very odorous flowers.

MODESTY.

It has a scent, as though love, for its dower,
Had on it all its odorous arrows tost;
For, though the rose has more perfuming power,
The *violet* (haply cause 't is almost lost,
And takes us so much trouble to discover)
Stands first with most, and *always with a lover.*

*Barry Cornwall.*

SENTIMENT.

The maid whose manners are retired,
Who patient waits to be admired,
Though overlooked, perhaps, a while
Her modest worth, her modest smile,—
O, she will find, or soon, or late,
A noble, fond and faithful mate,
Who, when the spring of life is gone,
And all its blooming flowers are flown,
Will bless old Time, who left behind
The graces of a virtuous mind.

* * * * * *

'T is nature moulds the touching face:
'T is she that gives the living grace,
The genuine charm that never dies,
The modest air, the timid eyes,
The stealing glance, that wins its way
To where the soul's affections lay;—
'T is nature, and 't is she alone,
That gives the bright celestial zone,—
The zone of *modesty*, the charm
That coldest hearts can quickest warm;
Which all our best affections gains,
And, gaining, ever still *retains.*

*J. K. Paulding*

VIOLET, YELLOW.
*Viola nuttalli.*

The only species of Viola found on the plains of Missouri, from the confluence of the river Platte to Fort Manden. Flowers small, yellow, purplish on the under side.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-birds' warble know,
The *yellow violet's* smiling bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

*Bryant.*

SENTIMENT.

How cheap
Is genuine happiness, and yet how dearly
Do we all pay for its base counterfeit!
We fancy wants, which to supply, we dare
Danger and death, enduring the privation
Of all free nature offers in her bounty,
To attain that, which, in its full fruition,
Brings but satiety. The poorest man
May taste of nature in her element,
Pure, wholesome, never cloying; while the richest,
From the same stores, does but elaborate
A pungent dish of well-concocted poison.
Thanks to my humble nature, while I 've limbs,
Tastes, senses, I 'm determined to be rich;
So long as that fine alchymist, the sun,
Can transmute into gold whate'er I like
On earth, in air, or water! while a banquet
Is ever spread before me, in a hall
Of Heaven's own building, perfumed with the breath
Of nature's self, and ringing to the sounds
Of her own choristers.

*J. N. Barker.*

VIRGIN'S BOWER. *Clematis viorna.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 13. A genus of about 30 species, distributed over the world—several indigenous to America. The *C. Viorna* found in the Southern States. Root perennial. Flowers purple. There is a kind with white flowers.

## FILIAL LOVE.

And gently, as *Clematis'* clasping stem
Twines the sear leaf, and screens it from the blast—
So filial hearts their tender care must cast
Around the mother-plant that once supported them

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

Yes, I have left the golden shore,
  Where childhood midst the roses played:
Those sunny dreams will come no more,
  That youth a long bright sabbath made

Yet while those dreams of memory's eye
  Arise in many a glittering train,
My soul goes back to infancy,
  And hears my mother's song again!

And while my soul retains the power
  To think upon each faded year,
In every bright or shadowed hour,
  My heart shall hold my mother dear.

The hills may tower—the waves may rise,
  And roll between my home and me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
  Turn with undying love to thee.

*W. G. Clark.*

WALL FLOWER.
*Cheiranthus cheiri.*

*Class* 15. *Order* 2. A genus found mostly in Europe and Asia, a few native species in America. Flowers in the form of a cross—yellow, and of sweet perfume. It grows often, in the old world, around decaying buildings, falling towers, etc.

## FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNE.

Not in prosperity's bright morn,
*Cheiranthus'* golden light
Is lent, her splendors to adorn,
And make them still more bright:
But in adversity's dark hour,
When glory is gone by;
It then exerts its gentle power,
The scene to beautify.

*Bernard Barton.*

## SENTIMENT.

Yes, love! my breast, at sorrow's call,
Shall tremble like thine own;
If from those eyes the tear-drops fall,
They shall not fall alone.
Our souls, like heaven's aerial bow,
Blend every light within their glow,
Of joy or sorrow known;
And grief, divided with thy heart,
Were sweeter far than joy apart.

*Anon.* (*Albany Advertiser.*)

WATER LILY, WHITE.
*Nymphæ odorata.*

*Class* 13. *Order* 1. Two species, the *alba* and *odorata*, indigenous to the United States. The genus is principally found in Europe and India. Very splendid. Flowers white usually, sometimes red, and in one species blue.

## PURITY OF HEART.

Innocence shines in the *Lily's* bell,
Pure as a heart in its native heaven.

*Percival.*

## SENTIMENT.

Innocent maid, and snow-white flower,
Well are ye paired in your opening hour;
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own pure heart:
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

* * * * * *

Throw it aside in thy weary hour;
Throw to the ground the fair white flower;
Yet as thy smiling years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

*Bryant.*

WILLOW, WEEPING.
*Salix Babylonica.*

*Class* 22. *Order* 2. This large genus, of more than 130 species, is chiefly found in Europe and America. The S. Babylonica is most cultivated.

FORSAKEN LOVER.

In love, the sad forsaken wight
The *Willow garland* weareth.

*Drayton.*

SENTIMENT.

Little know
The cold unfeeling crowd, how strong the love,
The first warm love of youth; how long it lives
Unfed and unrequited; how it bears
Absence and cruel scorn, and still looks calm.

* * * * * * * *

Her heart was chilled;
And, dead to all its softest sympathies,
It cherished but one feeling, hopeless love,—
Love stronger by endurance, ever growing
With the decay of life and all its powers.

*Percival.*

**Witch Hazel.**
***Hamamelis Virginica.***

*Class* 4. *Order* 2. An American genus. Flowers in the autumn, and perfect fruit the next summer. Color of the flowers yellow. Twigs of the *Witch Hazel* have been used as divining rods to discover secret treasures and mines.

## A SPELL.

Mysterious plant! whose golden tresses wave
With a sad beauty in the dying year,
Blooming amid November's frost severe,
Like a pale corpse-light o'er the recent grave.
If shepherds tell us true, thy wand hath power,
With gracious influence, to avert the harm
Of ominous planets.

*Token*, 1831.

## Sentiment.

*Our witches* are no longer old
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
But young and gay and laughing creatures,
With the heart's sunshine on their features;
Their sorcery—the light which dances
When the raised lid unveils its glances,
And the low-breathed and gentle tone
Faintly responding unto ours,
Soft, dream-like as a fairy's moan
Above its nightly closing flowers.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**WHEAT.**
***Triticum coninum.***

*Class* 3. *Order* 2. It is supposed the species Sativum originated in Egypt. The genus seems mostly European. Cultivated.

## PROSPERITY.

*Ceres*, the goddess of the harvest, bears
A nodding garland of the ripened ears,
Betokening prosperous days.

*Anon.*

## SENTIMENT.

What shouldst thou have ever known
Of that blind goddess which deludes the world?
Or what of Care? Oh, if the joys of life
Are linked with wealth, and fortune's gifts alone
Can make us happy, then thy cup of life
Is full to overflowing!

*H. Pickering.*

## ANSWER.

My life has been like summer skies,
When they are fair to view;
But there never yet were hearts or skies,
Clouds might not wander through.

*Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

**WOODBINE.**
***Lonicera periclymenon.***

*Class* 5. *Order* 1. The same genus as the Honeysuckle. Exotic. Flowers white or pale red. Very fragrant.

## FRATERNAL LOVE.

And though that were chaplets on their hede
Of freshe *Woodbind* be such as never were
To love untrue in word, in thought, in dede.

*Chaucer.*

### SENTIMENT.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
  Of those around, thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
  To think of him that 's far away?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
  For many years I may not see;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
  My sister, dear, remember me?

* * * * * * *

Remember me, I pray—but not
  In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
  And sunshine smiles in every flower;
But when the falling leaf is sear,
  And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
  Cold autumn weeps,—remember me.

* * * * * * *

Remember me—not, I entreat,
  In scenes of festal week-day joy;
For then it were not kind or meet
  Thy thoughts thy pleasures should alloy;
But on the sacred sabbath day,
  And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,—
  Sweet sister, then remember me.

*Edward Everett.*

**Wood Sorrel.** *Oxalis.*

*Class* 10. *Order* 5. Chiefly found in the East, though a few species are natives of America. The variety cultivated for its beauty is from China. Flowers yellow, white, etc., 'pencilled' with crimson.

### MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

*Sorrel,* that hangs her cups,
Ere their frail form and streaky veins decay,
O'er her pale verdure, till parental care
Inclines the shortening stems, and to the shade
Of closing leaves her infant race withdraws.

*Gisborne.*

### Sentiment.

It hath passed, my daughter! fare thee well!
Pledged is the faith, inscribed the vow;
Yet let these gushing tear-drops speak
Of all thy mother's anguish now;
And when, on distant stranger shores,
Love beams from brighter eyes than mine,
When other hands thy tresses weave,
And other lips are pressed to thine,—

O, then remember her who grieves,
With parent-fondness, for her child;
Whose lonely path, of thee bereft,
Is like some desert lone and wild,
Where erst a simple floweret grew,
Where erst one timid wild bird sung;
Now lonely, dark, and desolate,
No bird nor flower its shades among.

When care shall dim thy sunny eye,
And one by one the ties are broken
That bind thee to the earth, this kiss
Will linger yet—thy mother's token;
'T will speak her changeless love for thee,—
Speak what she strives in vain to tell,
The yearnings of a parent's heart;—
My darling child, farewell! farewell!

*American Common-Place Book of Poetry.*

YARROW.
*Achillea millefolium.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 11. Native of Europe. Naturalized in America. Flowers white; rays yellow Plant reputed medicinal.

## CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.

The *Yarrow*, wherewithal he stopped the wound-made gore.

*Drayton.*

## SENTIMENT.

Rapture is not the aim of man; in flowers
The serpent hides his venom, and the sting
Of the dread insect lurks in fairest bowers.
We were not made to wander on the wing;
But if we would be happy, we must bring
Our buoyed hearts to a plain and simple school.

*Percival.*

## ANSWER.

Yes, fair as the siren, but false as her song,
The world's painted shadows that lure us along;
Like the mist on the mountain, the foam on the deep,
Or the voices of friends that we greet in our sleep,
Are the pleasures of earth, and I mourn that to heaven
I gave not the heart which to folly was given.

*Mrs. Hale.*

YEW.
*Taxus.*

*Class* 21. *Order* 16. A genus of nine species, found in Japan and the Cape of Good Hope, in Europe and the Americas. A tree associated with melancholy and funereal gloom.

### PENITENCE.

The mourning *Yew*, that breathes of gloomy care,
Of early doom and penitential prayer.

*Anon.*

### SENTIMENT.

We will not ask what thorn has found
  Keen entrance to thy bosom fair,—
If love hath dealt a deathless wound,
  Or deeper folly woke despair.

We only say, the sinless clime,
  On which is bent thy streaming eye,
Hath pardon for the darkest crime,
  Though erring man the boon deny.

We only say, the prayerful breast,
  The crystal tear of contrite pain,
Hath power to ope the portal blest,
  Where pride and pomp have toiled in vain.

*Token for* 1828

ZINNIA.
*Zinnia multiflora.*

*Class* 19. *Order* 2. Native of South America, except the species multiflora. Found on the banks of the Mississippi; flowers solitary, red; rays red or yellow. Some of this genus in Peru have purple or yellow flowers.

### ABSENCE.

The *Zinnia's* solitary flower,
Which blooms in forests lone and deep,
Are like the visions fair and bright,
That faithful, absent hearts will keep.

*Anon.*

### SENTIMENT.

I formed for thee a small boquet,
A keepsake near thy heart to lay,
Because 't is there, I know full well,
That charity and kindness dwell.
And in some lonely, silent hour,
When thou shalt yield to memory's power,
And let her fondly lead thee o'er
The scenes that thou hast past before,
To absent friends and days gone by,—
Then should these meet thy pensive eye,
A true memento may they be,
Of one whose bosom owes to thee
So many hours enjoyed in gladness,
That else perhaps had passed in sadness,
And many a golden dream of joy,
Untarnished and without alloy;
O, still my fervent prayer will be,
'Heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee.'

*Miss Gould.*

THE

# POESY OF FLOWERS.

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## THE SWEET BRIER.

Our sweet, autumnal western-scented wind,
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the Sweet-brier yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely;—yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door,—
Such are the simple folk it dwells among;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand,
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odors of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants; and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest?

*J. G. C. Brainard.*

## THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

I am the spirit that dwells in the flower;
Mine is the exquisite music that flies,
When silence and moonlight reign over each bower
That blooms in the glory of tropical skies.
I woo the bird, with his melody glowing,
To flit in the sunshine and warble its strain;
And mine is the odor, in turn, that bestowing,
The songster is paid for his music again.

There dwells no sorrow where I am abiding;
Care is a stranger, and troubles us not;
And the winds, as they pass, when too hastily riding
I woo, and they tenderly glide o'er the spot.
They pause, and we glow in their rugged embraces
They drink our warm breath rich with odor and song,
They hurry away to their desolate places,
And look for us hourly, and think of us long.

Who, of the dull earth, that 's moving around us,
Would ever imagine, that, nursed in a rose,
At the opening of spring, our destiny found us
A prisoner until the first bud should unclose;
Then, as the dawn of light breaks upon us,
Our winglets of silk we unfold to the air,
And leap off in joy to the music that won us,
And made us the tenants of climates so fair?

*W. G. Simms.*

## TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
Thou 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 its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

*Bryant.*

## TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS *

Thou comest when Spring her coronal weaves,
And thou hidest thyself mid dead strewn leaves;
Where the young grass lifts its tender blade,
Thy home and thy resting-place are made;
And in the spot of thy lowly birth,
Unseen, thou bloomest, like modest worth:
The richest jewel, the rarest gem
May never glow in a diadem.

What knowest thou of the glittering pride
Of vales that blush, like a jewelled bride—
When the pomp of roses and gilded flowers
Springs mid the falling of Summer showers?
What canst thou know of those breathing skies,
Adorned with the diamonds of paradise—
Or the sunrise crown, or the golden flow
Of noontide streams in their deep warm glow?

Thou comest from Winter's cold caress,
To rejoice in the young Spring's loveliness:
But thou seest the sky when the cloud appears,
And the blue eye of heaven is dim with tears,
And, cold and clear, o'er thy dewy bed
The starbeam lustre of night is shed;
And no bright-tinting flashes are seen,
Though morn be cloudless and eve serene.

Yet, flower of modesty, born alone—
When the leaves of Autumn still lie strown,
Art thou not dearer, in Spring's first prime,
Than the fairest rose of the Summer time?
Thus in *her* pathway of joy and light,
Away from the idle gazer's sight,
'T is meet that Beauty should pass her hour,
Lonely and modest, like thee, sweet flower!

*P. Benjamin.*

* The Trailing Arbutus is a sort of strawberry vine, found in New England in March, the earliest of all spring flowers.

## THE GROUND LAUREL.

I love thee, pretty nursling
  Of vernal sun and rain;
For thou art Flora's firstling,
  And leadest in her train.

When far away I found thee,
  It was an April morn;
The chilling blast blew round thee,
  No bud had decked the thorn.

And thou alone wert hiding
  The mossy rocks between,
Where, just below them gliding,
  The Merrimack was seen.

And while my hand was brushing
  The seary leaves from thee,
It seemed that thou were blushing,
  To be disclosed to me.

Thou didst reward my ramble
  By shining at my feet,
When, over brake and bramble,
  I sought thy lone retreat:

As some sweet flower of pleasure
  Upon our path may bloom,
Mid rocks and thorns, that measure
  Our journey to the tomb.

*Miss H. F. Gould.*

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I had found out a sweet green spot,
  Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
  With its wings of love was there.

I found that lily's bloom,
  When the day was dark and chill;
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
  Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
  And watched it many a day;
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
  And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
  In withering paleness, by,
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet and blooming maid,
  Who will soon as dimly die.

*Percival.*

## NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

Strange flower! oh, beautifully strange!
Why in the lonely night,
And to the quiet watching stars,
Spread'st thou thy petals white?

There 's sleep among the breathing flowers,
The folded leaves all rest—
Child, butterfly, and bee are hushed—
The wood-bird 's in its nest.—

Thou wak'st alone of earth's bright things,
A silent watch is thine,
Offering thy incense, votive gift,
Unto night's starry shrine.

Morn glows, and thou art gone for aye,
As bow of summer cloud;
Like thy sister flower of Araby,*
Thou unto death hast bowed.

Once flowering, wilt thou never more
Give thy pale beauty back?
O, canst thou not thy fragrance pour
Upon the sunbeam's track?

Thou flower of summer's starlit night,
When whispering farewell,
Bear'st thou a hope, from this dim world,
Mid brighter things to dwell?

Thou hast unsealed my thought's deep fount,
My hope as thine shall be,
And my heart's incense I will breathe
To Heaven, bright flower, with thee.

*Anne Hope.*

* Gum Cestus of Arabia—which sheds its flowers as soon as they are blown.

## THE CROCUS SOLILOQUY.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
  Where nothing cheering can reach me—
Here, without light to see how to grow,
  I 'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
  Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
  While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
  From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peep up with my little bright head,
  And all will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
  As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
  A happy and beautiful Crocus.

Gayly arrayed in my yellow and green,
  When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
  Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
  This little lesson may borrow,—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
  We come out the brighter to-morrow.

*Miss H. F. Gould.*

## TO A WITHERED ROSE.

Pale flower—pale, fragile, faded flower—
What tender recollections swell,
What thoughts of deep and thrilling power
Are kindled in thy mystic spell?

A charm is in thy faint perfume,
To call up visions of the past,
Which, through my mind's o'ershadowing gloom,
'Rush like the rare stars, dim and fast.'

And loveliest shines that evening hour,
More dear by time and sorrow made,
When thou wert culled, ('Love's token flower!')
And on my throbbing bosom laid.

Sweet thoughts and hallowed sympathies,
That shun the hours of worldly jar,
Unfold beneath the silent skies,
Like flowers that love the evening star.

And fancy, that, supine and dull,
Slumbers on folded wings all day,
Then waking, wild and beautiful,
Soars like the unprisoned bird away.

On eve's pale brow, one star burned bright,
Like heavenward hope, whose soothing dream
Is veiled from pleasure's dazzled sight,
To shine on sorrow's diadem.

A lingering halo in the west
Poured golden hues o'er tower and tree;
But loveliest did its radiance rest,
With tenderest beam, sweet flower, on thee.

Bright as the tears thy beauty wept,
The dew-drops on thy petals lay,
Till evening's silver winds had swept
Thy cheek, and kissed them all away.

They waved the wild flowers on the hill,
And pilfered from their balmy store,
Caught freshness from the murmuring rill
And sighed along its reedy shore.

But 't was not zephyrs fraught with balm,
Nor the rich bloom of evening skies,
Which lent that scene its deathless charm,
A well-spring of sweet memories.

It chanced that Love's wild wandering wing
A moment hovered near the earth,
Touched of my heart some trembling string,
And called the hidden music forth.

Earth hath not—oh! hath heaven so sweet
A charm as that once only known,
When first affection's accents greet
The ear that drinks their thrilling tone?

Alas! this pledge of early love—
Now emblem of its faded beam,
Seems the sole relic left to prove
That all was not a blissful dream.

Long years have passed, pale faded flower,
And life like thee hath lost its bloom;
But still the memory of that hour
Survives, like thine own faint perfume.

Oh, early love, too fair thou art
For earth—too beautiful and pure—
Fast fade thy day-dreams from the heart,
But all thy waking woes endure.

*Mrs. Whitman.*

## TO THE HOUSTONIA CERULEA.

How often, modest flower,
I mark thy tender blossoms, where they spread
Along the turfy slope, their starry bed,
Hung with the heavy shower.

Thou comest in the dawn
Of Nature's promise, when the sod of May
Is speckled with its earliest array,
And strewest with bloom the lawn.

'T is but a few brief days,
I saw the green hill in its fold of snow;
But now thy slender stems arise and blow,
In April's fitful rays.

I love thee, delicate
And humble as thou art; thy dress of white,
And blue, and all the tints where these unite,
Or wrapped in spiral plait.

Or to the glancing sun,
Shining through checkered cloud, and dewy shower,
Unfolding thy fair cross. Yes, tender flower,
Thy blended colors run,

And meet in harmony,
Commingling like the rainbow tints; thy urn
Of yellow rises with a graceful turn,
And as a golden eye,

Its softly swelling throat
Shines in the centre of thy circle, where
Thy downy stigma rises slim and fair,
And catches, as they float,

A cloud of living air,
The atom seeds of fertilizing dust,
That hover, as thy lurking anthers burst.
And O! how purely there

Thy snowy circle, rayed
With crosslets, bends its pearly whiteness round,
And how thy spreading lips are trimly bound
With such a mellow shade,

As in the vaulted blue,
Deepens at starry midnight, or grows pale,
When mantled in the full-moon's slender veil,
That calm ethereal hue.

I love thee, modest flower!
And I do find it happiness to tread,
With careful steps, along thy studded bed,
At morning's freshest hour;

Or, when the day declines,
And evening comes with dewy footsteps on,
And now his golden hall of slumber won,
The setting sun resigns

His empire of the sky,
And the cool breeze awakes her fluttering train;
I walk through thy parterres, and not in vain,
For to my downward eye,

Sweet flower! thou tellest how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf, as low
And humble as thy stem, will surely know
The joy that peace imparts

*Percival.*

## TO A WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Fair gift of Friendship! and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness, thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscathed by heats—by wintry blasts unmoved,—
Thy strength thus tested—and thy charm improved.

Emblem of innocence, which fearless braves
Life's dreariest scenes, its rudest storm derides,
And floats as calmly on o'er troubled waves,
As where the peaceful streamlet smoothly glides;
Thou 'rt blooming now, as beautiful and clear
As other blossoms do when Spring is here.

Symbol of hope, still banishing the gloom
Hung o'er the mind by stern December's reign!
Thou cheer'st the fancy by the steady bloom,
With thoughts of Summer and the fertile plain,
Calling a thousand visions into play,
Of beauty redolent, and bright as May.

Type of a true and holy love; the same
Through every scene that clouds life's varied page;
Mid grief—mid gladness—spell of every dream,
Tender in youth—and strong in feeble age!
The peerless picture of a modest wife,
Thou bloom'st the fairest mid the frost of life.

*Mrs. Dinnies.*

## A FLOWER FROM MOUNT VERNON.

Bright blossom! thou hast breathed the air
  Around our hero's tomb—
What do the night-winds murmur there,
  When skies are wrapped in gloom?
A dirge above the sleeping one,
  Of giant heart and arm?
Above a race of glory run,
  Whose memory has a charm
To thrill young hearts, and lift them up
To thirst for glory's gilded cup?

Sheds not the moon, in radiance there,
  A brighter, holier light?
Look not the stars with smiles more fair,
  From off the brow of night?
Send not the dews, which bathe that steep,
  A fragrant incense round,
As they were sacred tears, to weep
  O'er fame that death has crowned?
Didst thou not bow thy head, bright gem
Of Nature's peerless diadem,
O'er him who sleeps in glory there,
Beneath a nation's grateful prayer?

*Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

## THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

Meek dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-winged messenger,
On Mercy's missions, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows,
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?
Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched, amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Into eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing to the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

## THE THREE FLOWERS.

A Tulip blossomed one morning in May,
By the side of a sanded alley;
Its leaves were dressed in rich array,
Like the clouds at the earliest dawn of day,
When the mist rolls over the valley.
The dew had descended the night before,
And lay in its velvet bosom,
And its spreading urn was flowing o'er,
And the crystal heightened the tints it bore
On its yellow and crimson blossom.

A sweet red Rose, on its bending thorn,
Its bud was newly spreading,
And the flowing effulgence of early morn
Its beams on its breast was shedding;
The petals were heavy with dripping tears,
That twinkled in pearly brightness,
And the thrush in its covert filled my ears
With a varied song of lightness.

A Lily, in mantle of purest snow,
Hung over a silent fountain,
And the wave, in its calm and quiet flow,
Displayed its silken leaves below,
Like the drift on the windy mountain:
It bowed with the moisture the night had wept
When the stars shone over the billow,
And white-winged spirits their vigils kept,
Where beauty and innocence sweetly slept
On its pure and thornless pillow.

*Percival.*

## THE FLOWER ANGELS.

As delicate form as thine, my love,
And beauty like thine have the angels above;
Yet man cannot see them, though often they come,
On visits to earth, from their native home;
Thou ne'er wilt behold them, but if thou wouldst know
The houses in which (when they wander below)
The angels are fondest of passing their hours,
I 'll tell thee, fair Lady, they dwell in the flowers!

Each flower, as it blossoms, expands to a tent,
For the house of a visiting angel meant;
From his flight o'er the earth he may there find repose,
Till again to the vast tent of heaven he goes.
And the angel his dwelling-place keeps in repair,
As every good man of his mansion takes care;
All around he adorns it, and carpets it well,
And much he 's delighted within it to dwell.

True sunshine of gold, from the orb of day,
He borrows, his roof with the beams to inlay;
All the hues of each season to aid him he calls,
And with them he tinges his chamber walls;
His bread he bakes from the flower's fine meal,
So mingled that hunger he never may feel;
He brews from the dew-drop a draught fresh and good,
And every thing does which a housekeeper should.

And greatly the flowers, as they open, rejoice
That they are the home of the angel's choice;
But, O, when to heaven the angel ascends,
The flower falls asunder—the stalk sadly bends!
If thou, my dear Lady, in truth art inclined
The spirits of heaven beside thee to find,
Make Nature thy study, companion and lover,
And, trust me, the angels around thee will hover.

A flower do but place near thy window glass,
And through it no image of evil can pass.
Abroad must thou go—on thy white bosom wear
A nosegay, and doubt not an angel is there.
Forget not to water, at break of the day,
The lilies, and thou shalt be fairer than they.
Place a rose near thy bed, nightly sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee on roses to sleep.

No vision of terror approaches the bed,
When his watch the angel around it has spread,
And whatever bright fancy thy guardian to thee
Permits to come in, very good it shall be.
When thus thou art kept by a heavenly spell,
Shouldst thou, now and then, dream that I love thee
right well,
Be sure that with fervor and truth I adore thee,
Or an angel had ne'er set mine image before thee.

*L. Bancroft.*—(Translated from the German.)

## DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollow of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the young fair flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lonely beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie: but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died, amid the summer glow;
But 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.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the streams no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers

*Bryant.*

## TO THE PASSION FLOWER.*

'And the faint Passion Flower, the sad and holy,
Tell of diviner hopes.'

*Hemans.*

Mystic and holy flower!
How many hallowed thoughts are blent with thee!
How bright the *promise* thou hast brought to me,
In my heart's dimmest hour.

A shadow of the past!
A token, a memorial thou art,
Bearing a spirit's tone unto my heart,
That through this life will last.

Strange and heart-lifting flower!
Records of *Passion* on thy leaves I trace,
Stamped with the seal of God in beauty-grace,
And mystery of *his* power.

Emblem of hope and love,
Uplifted in the sunshine of his smile,
May I, *like thee*, free from 'earth-stain and guile,
Glow wavingly above.

On my o'er-wearied breast,
A sense of holiness, sweet flower, thou 'st cast,
A yearning wish, that 'life's brief joy' were past,
For 'here we may not rest!'

Thy flowers for me unfold!
(Like shadowed waters beautiful they are,)
For *them* my lips have hymn—my heart a prayer,
To this dim world untold!

Thou hast waked in my breast
A *Faith*—a *Hope*—to which I firmly cling,
A *Prayer*—when my freed spirit takes its wing,
Like thee, flower, to be blest!

*Anne Hope.*

* Passiflora Cerulea.

# FORTUNA FLORA.

"A thousand flowers — each seeming one
That learned, by gazing on the sun,
To counterfeit his shining —
Within whose leaves the holy dew,
That falls from heaven, hath won anew
A glory — in declining;
Love's language may be talked with these!
To work out choicest sentences,
No blossoms can be meeter;
And such, being used in Eastern bowers,
Young maids may wonder if the flowers
Or meanings be the sweeter."

*Elizabeth B. Barrett.*

Every new and innocent amusement is a contribution to the stock of the world's happiness. And we consider it no trifling matter to have prepared a mystical charm of flowers for the young, where, like bees, they may gather honey while hovering over and enjoying the beauty of these sweet gifts of nature.

The selections are from the best writers, and we commend the practice of reading the particular authors whose productions are mingled in the web of each particular destiny.

The manner of proceeding is this: — When you wish to ascertain the particular flowers that best designate your condition, character, and probable success

in life, look for the month in which you were born, (say it is January 6th, — then the Olive would represent it;) against the day of the month is your *natal flower*. Then ascertain to which of the *temperaments* your constitution is the nearest assimilated; if it be the *Lymphatic*, you take the 1st flower of the same month, (January); if *Sanguine*, the 8th flower; if *Bilious*, the 16th; if *Nervous*, the 24th; this is your *temperament flower*, or leaf; say your temperament was *Sanguine*, you then have the *Holly*.

Then the flower which governs the month is called your *flower of destiny;* this for *January* is the *Almond*. Look out the sentiment conveyed by each of these flowers, reading them backwards, thus: — Almond, *hope;* Holly, *domestic happiness;* Olive, *peace*. You have thus the solution, which is for you to make true.

Heaven gives us opportunities; their improvement or neglect is our own work.

When you send a Bouquet, it is only necessary to write on the slip of paper accompanying it the *day of the week*, and the word "*Friendship*," — or "*Love*," — or "*Vicissitude*." The person receiving the Bouquet can refer to the "Sentiments for the Week," and solve the meaning.

But a wider scope of reply may be desired, and for this purpose the "Sentiments for the Months" are prepared. Say that a young lady received a flower on Saturday, (7th day of the week,) July 31st. She must add these two sums together, making 38. Then to these add the number of her own temperament, say *Nervous*, — 4, making 42. Look now for number 42 in the "Sentiments for the

Months." — She will then find the meaning conveyed by the flower. In this manner presents of flowers on any day of the month and week may be construed into language.

In the same way a gentleman could learn the meaning attached to the flower sent him.

The temperaments require a little explanation. We have given the signs by which their difference is recognized. Very few persons have a perfectly decided temperament; but it can usually be known which is the predominating influence.

## TEMPERAMENTS.

The different temperaments are indicated by external signs open to observation.

1. The Lymphatic. This is distinguishable by a round form of the body, softness of the muscles, and usually a pale or bloodless complexion. The hair is straight, and usually fair. The brain, as a part of the system, is slow and languid in action, and a state of repose is the heaven of the soul.

2. Sanguine. This temperament is indicated by a well-defined form, and a fair, ruddy countenance. The eyes are usually blue and sparkling, and the hair chestnut, often inclining to curl. The countenance is animated, and a love of exercise, gayety, and excitement prevails. The heart seems always warm with hope.

3. Bilious. This temperament is recognized by black hair, dark skin, moderate fulness and much firmness of flesh, with harsh and irregular outline of person.

The eyes are black or dark brown, countenance usually shows strongly marked and decided features. Energy and ambition are predominating characteristics of this temperament.

4. Nervous. This temperament is known by fine, thin hair; thin skin; small thin muscles; quickness in muscular movement; gray or dark blue eyes; pale or fair skin; and often delicate health. The whole nervous system, including the brain, is predominantly active. Intellectual excellence is the favorite aim of the young who inherit this active temperament.

Such are the true conditions of each temperament. Few persons, however, are really of an unmixed cast. The Lymphatic usually has a dash of one (often two) of the other temperaments. And so of the others; each combines, more or less, with its neighbor. Hence those who are of a mixed type must refer to the day of the week on which they were born for their temperament flower. A person in whom the Lymphatic type prevails, has a dash of the sanguine — and was born in the month of January, on Friday, the sixth day of the week; then the sixth flower of the month — the *olive* — will be his or her temperament flower. If the Sanguine type governed the same person, the sixth flower of the *second* (or *Sanguine*) week — the *hyacinth* — would govern; and so on.

The "sentiments" selected for the "temperaments" are intended to serve as warnings or encouragements, according to the tenor of life pursued. These apophthegms may also be taken as mottoes to designate the characteristics of persons of each temperament.

## JANUARY.*

ALMOND, (*flowering.*) *Amygadalus.* . . . . . HOPE.

Hope is the perennial flower of earth. — *Milton.*

1. Amaranth, . . . . . 18
2. Anemone, . . . . . 22
3. Bay-leaf, . . . . . 30
4. Calla, . . . . . 35
5. Carnation, (yellow,). 37
6. Olive, . . . . . 138
7. Everlasting, . . . . . 60
8. Holly, . . . . . 85
9. Geranium, (oak,) . . 70
10. Wood-sorrel, . . . . 228
11. Hellebore, . . . . . 84
12. Ivy, . . . . . 97
13. Hyacinth, (purple,). 93
14. Larkspur, . . . . . 104
15. Gilly Flower, . . . . 76
16. Moss, . . . . . 130
17. Laurel, (mountain,). 107
18. Myrtle, . . . . . 131
19. Lobelia, . . . . . 118
20. Monkshood, . . . . 129
21. Mignonette, . . . . 127
22. Oak-leaf, . . . . . 136
23. Rose, (white,) . . . 185
24. Willow, . . . . . 224
25. Rose-bud, (white,) . 184
26. Saffron, . . . . . 193
27. Snow-drop, . . . . . 198
28. Sumach, . . . . . 203
29. Nightshade, . . . . . 135
30. Verbena, . . . . . 216
31. Yarrow, . . . . . 229

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"You have waked me too soon."

II. SANGUINE.

"I'm determined to be rich."

III. BILIOUS.

"On, on; the goal will yet be won."

IV. NERVOUS.

"Now or never."

* The *days* of the month are characterized, each one, by a *flower*. The figures on the right hand refer to the same *flowers* in the pages of the "Interpreter."

## FEBRUARY.

AMARANTH. *Amaranthus.* . . . . . IMMORTALITY.

The good are immortal. — *Burke.*

1. Apocynum, . . . . . 23
2. Balm, . . . . . 28
3. Arbor-vitæ, . . . . . 25
4. Laurel, . . . . . 106
5. Chamomile, . . . . . 43
6. Primrose, . . . . . 163
7. Flax, . . . . . 61
8. Rue, . . . . . 192
9. Dahlia, . . . . . 54
10. Thorn-apple, . . . . 210
11. Cypress, . . . . . 52
12. Vervain, . . . . . 216
13. Geranium, . . . . . 71
14. Locust, . . . . . 119
15. Ox-eye, . . . . . 141
16. Crocus, . . . . . 50
17. Nettle, . . . . . 134
18. Virgin's Bower, . . 221
19. Rose Mundi, . . . . 179
20. Marigold, (yellow,) . 124
21. Monks-hood, . . . . 129
22. Nasturtion, . . . . . 133
23. Sage, . . . . . 194
24. Speedwell, . . . . . 200
25. Wall-flower, . . . . 222
26. Yew, . . . . . 230
27. Violet, (blue,) . . . . 218
28. Prickly Pear, . . . . 164
29. Cedar, . . . . . 42

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"Slow and sure."

II. SANGUINE.

"I fly to meet thee."

III. BILIOUS.

"Do the works of love and duty."

IV. NERVOUS.

"Yearning for a higher good."

## MARCH.

LARKSPUR. *Delphinium.* . . . . . HAUGHTINESS.

Ambition makes the world unkind. — *Miss Barrett.*

1. Crocus, . . . . . 50
2. Daily Rose, . . . . . 171
3. Star of Bethlehem, . 204
4. White Daisy, . . . . 55
5. Daffodil, . . . . . 53
6. Mignonette, . . . . . 127
7. Bay-wreath, . . . . . 31
8. Ivy, . . . . . 97
9. Lichen, . . . . . 111
10. Lily of the Valley, . 117
11. Rose of Burgundy, 169
12. Daffodil, . . . . . 53
13. Pansy, . . . . . 142
14. Violet, (blue,) . . . . 218
15. Rose-bud, (red,) . . 181
16. Hellebore, . . . . . 84
17. Jonquil, . . . . . 100
18. Snow-drop, . . . . . 198
19. Laurel, . . . . . 107
20. Geranium, . . . . . 74
21. Cedar, . . . . . 42
22. Cowslip, . . . . . 49
23. Ice-plant, . . . . . 95
24. Hyacinth, (blue,) . . 92
25. Periwinkle, (white,) 149
26. Primrose, . . . . . 163
27. Pine, (pitch,) . . . . 152
28. Phlox, . . . . . 150
29. Moss, . . . . . 130
30. Lilach, (white,) . . 113
31. Myrtle, . . . . . 131

## TEMPERAMENTS.

### I. LYMPHATIC.

"Why press so near each other?"

### II. SANGUINE.

"Come nearer! come nearer!"

### III. BILIOUS.

"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

### IV. NERVOUS.

"They who aspire, rise."

## APRIL.

LAUREL. } .....VIRTUE.
*Kalmia.* }

Virtue is the health of the soul. — *Mrs. Hale.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Sorrel, (wild,). . . . | 199 | 16. Box, . . . . . | 32 |
| 2. Cypress, . . . . . | 52 | 17. Clematis, . . . . . | 45 |
| 3. Hyacinth, (blue,) . . | 92 | 18. Arbor-vitæ, . . . . . | 25 |
| 4. Anemone, . . . . . | 22 | 19. Cardinal's Flower, . | 40 |
| 5. Polyanthus, . . . . . | 158 | 20. Daisy, . . . . . | 55 |
| 6. Verbena, . . . . . | 216 | 21. Flowering Reed, . . | 64 |
| 7. Dandelion, . . . . . | 56 | 22. Peony, . . . . . | 147 |
| 8. Eglantine, . . . . . | 58 | 23. Geranium, (scarlet,) | 69 |
| 9. Fir, . . . . . | 62 | 24. Hawthorn, . . . . . | 81 |
| 10. Rose, (damask,) . . | 175 | 25. Houstonia, . . . . . | 91 |
| 11. Rose, (campion,) . . | 190 | 26. Broome, . . . . . | 33 |
| 12. Lily, (yellow,) . . . | 115 | 27. Rosemary, . . . . . | 191 |
| 13. Sage, . . . . . | 194 | 28. Nightshade, . . . . . | 135 |
| 14. Peach Blossom, . . | 146 | 29. Oats, . . . . . | 137 |
| 15. Narcissus, . . . . . | 132 | 30. St. John's Wort, . . | 202 |

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"An after-dinner reverie."

II. SANGUINE.

"I soar — I am drawn up like a lark."

III. BILIOUS.

"I am strong in what I seek."

IV. NERVOUS.

"A soul is raised by a thought."

## MAY.

VIOLET. *Viola odorata.* . . . . . FAITHFULNESS.

Faithfulness keeps love ever young. — *Goethe.*

1. Daisy, . . . . . 54
2. Butter-cup, . . . . . 34
3. Cowslip, . . . . . 49
4. Geranium,(nutmeg,) 68
5. Honeysuckle, . . . . 89
6. Lilach, (white,) . . . 113
7. Lily of the Valley, 117
8. Grape, . . . . . 78
9. Golden-rod, . . . . . 77
10. Iris, . . . . . 96
11. King-cup, . . . . . 101
12. Lavender, . . . . . 109
13. Vernal grass, . . . . 217
14. Queen's Rocket, . . 166
15. Rose, (Burgundy,) . 169
16. Thyme, . . . . . 211
17. Auricula, . . . . . 26
18. Box, . . . . . 32
19. Coreopsis, . . . . . 48
20. Heart's Ease, . . . . 82
21. Crocus, . . . . . 50
22. Hydrangea, . . . . . 94
23. Honeysuckle, . . . . 90
24. Magnolia, . . . . . 123
25. Geranium, . . . . . 71
26. Mezereon, . . . . . 128
27. Nettle, . . . . . 134
28. Violet, (white,) . . . 219
29. Ice Plant, . . . . . 95
30. Grass, . . . . . 79
31. Monkshood, . . 129

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"The race is not to the swift."

II. SANGUINE.

"Hope on, hope ever."

III. BILIOUS.

"Yearning to completeness."

IV. NERVOUS.

"We bring thee service emulous."

## JUNE.

Rose. *Rubus rosafolius.* ..... LOVE.

They that love early become like-minded. — *Tupper.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Lemon Blossom, | 110 | 16. Sensitive Plant, | 196 |
| 2. Rose, (Austrian,) | 167 | 17. Saffron, | 193 |
| 3. Pink, (mountain,) | 156 | 18. Rose, (thornless,) | 187 |
| 4. Canterbury Bell, | 39 | 19. Pink, (variegated,) | 157 |
| 5. Balsamine, | 29 | 20. Peony, | 147 |
| 6. Broome, | 33 | 21. Pea, | 144 |
| 7. Lily, (white,) | 114 | 22. Bachelor's Button, | 27 |
| 8. Laurustinus, | 108 | 23. Apocynum, | 23 |
| 9. Lady's Slipper, | 101 | 24. Larkspur, | 105 |
| 10. Harebell, | 80 | 25. Rose, (musk,) | 180 |
| 11. Geranium, (Ivy,) | 74 | 26. Lobelia, | 118 |
| 12. Forget-me-not, | 65 | 27. Rose, (white,) | 185 |
| 13. Elder, | 59 | 28. Lavender, | 109 |
| 14. Columbine, | 46 | 29. Rose, (hund. leav'd,) | 174 |
| 15. Sweet Brier, | 206 | 30. King-cup, | 101 |

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"Thy whisper is — 'To-morrow.'"

II. SANGUINE.

"It is a holy thirst to long for love's requital."

III. BILIOUS.

"The troubled river rusheth to the sea."

IV. NERVOUS.

"Thou hast not lost an hour."

## JULY.

Lily. *Lilium Carolineum.* } . . . . . HIGH-SOULED.

The mind 's the standard of the man. — *Watts.*

1. Sweet Brier, . . . . 206
2. Rose, (Carolina,) . . 170
3. Pine, (spruce,) . . . 153
4. Sunflower, (tall,) . . 205
5. Rose, (York and Lancaster,) . . . . . 189
6. Syringa, . . . . . 203
7. Violet, (yellow,) . . 220
8. Wheat, . . . . . 226
9. Larkspur, . . . . . 104
10. Passion-flower, . . . 143
11. Hyacinth, (blue,) . . 92
12. Geranium, (rose,) . . 72
13. Calycanthus, . . . . 36
14. Aloe, . . . . . 16
15. Rose, (moss,) . . . . 176
16. Laburnum, . . . . . 102
17. Marigold, (yellow,) 124
18. Pink, (red, double,) 154
19. Rose-bud, (moss,) . 177
20. Rosemary, . . . . . 191
21. Saffron, . . . . . 193
22. Scabious, . . . . . 195
23. Tulip, (red,) . . . . 213
24. Poppy, (red,) . . . . 159
25. Pink, (Indian,) . . . 155
26. Rose-bud, (red,) . . 181
27. Water Lily, . . . . 223
28. Mezereon, . . . . . 128
29. Hydrangea, . . . . . 94
30. Forget-me-not, . . . 65
31. Hyacinth, (purple,) . 93

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"Content with merely living."

II. SANGUINE.

"Come up, and feel what health there is in the frank Dawn's delighted eyes."

III. BILIOUS.

"Once my love, my love forever."

IV. NERVOUS.

"They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."

## AUGUST.

TULIP TREE. *Liriodendron tulipifera.* } . . . . . FAME.

Worthy fame floweth only from a worthy fountain. —*Tupper.*

1. Rose, (China,) . . . 178
2. Pink, (mountain,) . . 156
3. Lily, (scarlet,) . . . 116
4. Almond, . . . . . 14
5. Grape, . . . . . 78
6. Olive, . . . . . 138
7. Auricula, (scarlet,) 26
8. Carnation, . . . . . 37
9. Ambrosia, . . . . . 20
10. Jonquil, . . . . . 100
11. Foxglove, . . . . . 66
12. Peony, . . . . . 147
13. Houstonia, . . . . . 91
14. Clematis, . . . . . 45
15. Bay-wreath, . . . . 31
16. Rose, (white,) . . . . 185
17. Buttercup, . . . . . 34
18. Queen's Rocket, . . 166
19. Nettle, . . . . . 134
20. Hyacinth, (purple,) . 93
21. Thyme, . . . . . 211
22. Geranium, (lemon,) . 73
23. Ivy, . . . . . 97
24. Calycanthus, . . . . 36
25. Forget-me-not, . . . 65
26. Daffodil, . . . . . 53
27. Rose, (Austrian,) . . 167
28. Wall-flower, . . . . 222
29. Jasmine, (yellow,) . 99
30. Pea, (sweet,) . . . . 145
31. Acacia, . . . . . 13

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"A volume of detail, where all is orderly set down."

II. SANGUINE.

"Empire in the eye, and sweetness on the lip."

III. BILIOUS.

"Thy soul is athirst for sympathy."

IV. NERVOUS.

"A high heart is a sacrifice to Heaven."

## SEPTEMBER.

HOLLY. *Ilex.* . . . . . DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall.—*Thomson.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Daisy, (white,) . . . | 55 | 16. China Aster, . . . . | 44 |
| 2. Pine, . . . . . | 158 | 17. Balsamine, . . . . . | 29 |
| 3. Jasmine, (yellow,) . | 99 | 18. Box, . . . . . | 32 |
| 4. Heliotrope, . . . . . | 83 | 19. Aloe, . . . . . | 16 |
| 5. Rose-bud, (red,) . . | 181 | 20. Cedar, . . . . . | 42 |
| 6. Sumach, . . . . . | 203 | 21. Elder, . . . . . | 59 |
| 7. Rosemary, . . . . . | 191 | 22. Lavender, . . . . . | 169 |
| 8. Geranium, (nutmeg,) | 68 | 23. Broome, . . . . . | 33 |
| 9. Honey-flower, . . . | 88 | 14. Nettle, . . . . . | 134 |
| 10. Laurel, . . . . . | 107 | 25. Oats, . . . . . | 137 |
| 11. Lemon-blossom, . . | 110 | 26. Golden-rod, . . . . . | 77 |
| 12. Periwinkle, (white,) | 149 | 27. Houstonia, . . . . . | 91 |
| 13. Columbine, . . . . . | 46 | 28. Eglantine, . . . . . | 58 |
| 14. Ox-eye, . . . . . | 141 | 29. Amaranth, (globe,) . | 18 |
| 15. Speedwell, . . . . . | 200 | 30. Hellebore, . . . . . | 84 |

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"Rouse to some high and holy work of love."

II. SANGUINE.

"Quickly angered, and as quick his passions overpass."

III. BILIOUS.

"Wasting his life for his country's care."

IV. NERVOUS.

"An earnest intellect, a perfect thirst of mind."

## OCTOBER.

MARIGOLD. *Calendula officinalis.* } . . . . . SACRED AFFECTIONS.

Faith, Hope, and Charity; — these three. — *St. Paul.*

1. Dahlia, . . . . . 54
2. Heart's Ease, . . . . 82
3. Olive, . . . . . 138
4. Lichen, . . . . . 111
5. Wheat, . . . . . 226
6. China Aster, . . . . 44
7. Locust, . . . . . 119
8. Wall Flower, . . . . 222
9. Pansy, . . . . . 142
10. Aloe, . . . . . 16
11. Moss, . . . . . 130
12. Acacia, . . . . . 13
13. Saffron, . . . . . 193
14. Lobelia, . . . . . 118
15. Dew Plant, . . . . . 57
16. Forget-me-not, . . . 65
17. Rose, (daily,) . . . . 171
18. Passion Flower, . . 143
19. Lotus Flower, . . . 120
20. Orchis, . . . . . 140
21. Jasmine, (yellow,) . 99
22. Woodbine, . . . . . 227
23. Tuberose, . . . . . 212
24. Sunflower, (dwarf,) . 204
25. Rose, (bridal,) . . . 163
26. Lupine, . . . . . 122
27. Queen's Rocket, . . 166
28. Thistle, . . . . . 209
29. Marigold, (French,) 125
30. Orange-blossom, . 139
31. Witch Hazel, . . . . 225

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"A little fire is quickly trodden out."

II. SANGUINE.

"Truth needs no flowers of speech."

III. BILIOUS.

"Firm of word, speaking in deeds."

IV. NERVOUS.

"Dearest fruits of bliss are plucked on danger's precipice."

## NOVEMBER.

ROSEMARY. *Rosemarinus officinalis.* . . . . . REMEMBRANCE.

Have we no charm when youth is flown? — *Willis.*

1. Almond, . . . . . 14
2. Camellia Japonica, . 38
3. Broome, . . . . . 33
4. Yarrow, . . . . . 229
5. Marigold, (French,) 125
6. Rose, (Chinese,) . . 178
7. Box, . . . . . 32
8. Ambrosia, . . . . . 20
9. Balm, . . . . . 28
10. Geranium, (oak,) . . 70
11. Flax, . . . . . 61
12. Myrtle, . . . . . 131
13. Weeping Willow, . 294
14. Arbor-vitæ, . . . . . 25
15. Yew, . . . . . 230
16. Holly, . . . . . 85
17. Snow-drop, . . . . . 198
18. Sorrel, . . . . . 199
19. Everlasting, . . . . . 60
20. Zinnia, . . . . . 231
21. Rose, (musk,) . . . . 180
22. King-cup, . . . . . 34
23. Cedar, . . . . . 42
24. Flower-of-an-hour, . 63
25. Geranium, . . . . . 75
26. Love-lies-bleeding, 121
27. Crown Imperial, . . 51
28. Fox-glove, . . . . . 66
29. Calycanthus, . . . . 36
30. Dew Plant, . . . . . 57

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"One of a cold and constant mind."

II. SANGUINE.

"You are as hopeful as the Spring."

III. BILIOUS.

"Nothing becomes you ill, that you would will."

IV. NERVOUS.

"Through the world you break your way."

## DECEMBER.

Box. *Buxus.* } . . . . . CONSTANCY

Constancy lives in realms above. — *Coleridge.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Hawthorn, | 81 | 17 Holly, | 85 |
| 2. Myrtle, | 131 | 18 Nightshade, | 185 |
| 3. Rose, (bridal,) | 163 | 19 Oats, | 137 |
| 4. Olive, | 138 | 20. Clematis, | 45 |
| 5. Wheat, | 226 | 21. American Starwort, | 21 |
| 6. Prickly Pear, | 165 | 22. Balm, | 28 |
| 7. Primrose, | 162 | 23. Yew, | 230 |
| 8. Rose, (Chinese,) | 183 | 24. Broome, | 38 |
| 9. Ice Plant, | 95 | 25. Passion Flower, | 143 |
| 10. Star of Bethlehem, | 201 | 26. Geranium, | 69 |
| 11. Prickly Pear, | 165 | 27. Chamomile, | 43 |
| 12. Rose, (withered,) | 186 | 28. Saffron, (meadow,) | 126 |
| 13. Lichen, | 111 | 29. Periwinkle, (blue,) | 148 |
| 14. Hyacinth, (purple,) | 93 | 30. Ivy, | 97 |
| 15. Everlasting, | 60 | 31. Locust, | 119 |
| 16. Fir, | 62 | | |

## TEMPERAMENTS.

I. LYMPHATIC.

"What fate imposes men must needs abide."

II. SANGUINE.

"The cheapest pleasures are the best."

III. BILIOUS.

"For what I will, I will — and bear it out."

IV. NERVOUS.

"No dread of thine own energies, still active day and night."

# SENTIMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

## LOVE.

1. *Love* is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts, composed of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and sweet content.
*Spenser.*

2. *Love's* heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.
*Shakspeare.*

3. *Love not, love not;* the thing you love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, and not for you.
*Mrs. Norton.*

4. The essence of all beauty I call *love.*
The attribute, the evidence, the end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call *love.*
*Miss Barrett.*

5. Rich in *love*
And sweet humanity, you will be yourself,
To the degree that you desire, beloved.
*Wordsworth.*

6. *Love* gives to nature's voice a tone
That true hearts understand;
The sky, the earth, the forest lone,
Are peopled by his wand;
Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill,
While gazing on a flower.

*Mrs. Hale.*

7. Give me the boon of *love!*
The path of fame is drear,
And glory's arch doth ever span
A hill-side cold and sere.
One wild flower from the path of Love,
All lowly though it lie,
Is dearer than the wreath that waves
To stern Ambition's eye.

*H. T. Tuckerman.*

## FRIENDSHIP.

1. *Friendship* is not a plant of hasty growth,
Though planted in esteem's deep-fixed soil;
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection, make it flower.
*Joanna Baillie.*

2. O! let my *friendship*, in the wreath,
Though but a bud among the flowers,
Its sweetest fragrance round thee breathe, —
'Twill serve to soothe thy weary hours.
*Amelia B. Welby.*

3. The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.
*Miss Barrett.*

4. I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends.
*Shakspeare.*

5. That union where all that in woman is kind,
With all that in man most ennoblingly towers,
Grow wreathed into one — like the column combined
Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's *flowers*.
*Moore.*

6. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance;
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
*Longfellow.*

7. Dear friend, the hills rise bare and bleak
That bound thy future years;
Clouds veil the sky; no golden streak,
No rainbow light, appears;
But, by those hopes which, plumed with light,
The sad exulting spurn,
Love's paradise shall bloom more bright, —
The spring-time will return.
*Epes Sargent.*

## VICISSITUDE.

1. Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then like visions hurry by.

*J. G. Percival.*

2. When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

*Shakspeare.*

3. The pilgrim swallow cometh
To her forsaken nest;
So must the heart that roameth
Return to find its rest,
Where love sheds summer's lustre;
And wheresoe'er 'tis found,
There sweetest flowers will cluster,
And dearest joys abound.

*Mrs. Hale.*

4. O! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

*Moore.*

5. A blossom full of promise is life's joy,
That never comes to fruit. Hope, for a time,
Suns the young floweret in its gladsome light,
And it looks flourishing; — a little while —
'Tis passed, we know not whither, but 'tis gone!

*Miss Landon.*

6. Deal gently with him, world, I pray;
Ye cares, like softened shadows come;
His spirit, well nigh worn away,
Asks with ye but a while a home.

*Richard H. Dana.*

7. In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honor fade;
O! let me see our land retain its soul!
Her pride her freedom; and not freedom's shade.

*Keats.*

# SENTIMENTS FOR THE MONTHS.

1. O ! what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying,
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kissed in tying !
*Moore.*

2. On that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent;
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.
*Byron.*

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

4. Do any thing but love; or, if thou lovest,
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship. Never let him know
How dear he is; flit like a bird before him;
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won; or thou wilt, like that bird,
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness.
*Miss Landon.*

5. Never forget the hour of our first meeting,
When, 'mid the sounds of revelry and song,
Only thy soul could know that mine was greeting
Its idol, wished for, waited for, so long;
Never forget.
*Mrs. Embury.*

6. They fabled not, in days of old,
That love neglected soon will perish;
Throughout all time the truth doth hold,
That what we love we ever cherish.
For when the sun neglects the flower,
And the sweet, pearly dews forsake it,
It hangs its head, and from that hour,
Prays only unto death to take it.
So may I droop, by all above me,
If ever I forget to love thee.

*Thomas Miller.*

7. Your coldness I heed not, your frown I defy;
Your affection I need not, — the time has gone by
When a blush or a smile on that cheek could beguile
My soul from its safety, with witchery's smile.

*Mrs. F. S. Osgood.*

8. As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Shakspeare.*

9. I have found
One true companion, one dear soul is mine,
Whose converse still doth soothe, arouse, refine.

*Howitt.*

10. When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind, with your own heart confer,
And dread even there to find a flatterer.

*Young.*

11. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch — so full of mirth,
The overflowing of an innocent heart; —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

*Rogers.*

12. One sacred oath has tied our loves,
As thus the flowers I bind, —
And sweet as rose to lily proves,
Our sacred bond we find.

*Prior, (improved.)*

13. Let us love temperately ; things violent last not ;
And too much dotage rather argues folly
Than true affection.

*Massinger.*

14. Loving with all the wild devotion,
That deep and passionate emotion ;
Loving with all the snow-white truth
That is found but in early youth ;
Freshness of feeling, as of flower,
That lives not more than spring's first hour.

*Miss Landon.*

15. Be her my choice, who knows with perfect skill,
When she should move, and when she should stand still ;
Who, uninstructed, can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burden bear.

*Soame Jenyns.*

16. Ours, too, the glance none saw beside ;
The smile none else might understand ;
The whispered thought of hearts allied ;
The pressure of the thrilling hand.

*Byron.*

17. Friendship ! thou soft, propitious power !
Sweet regent of the social hour !
Sublime the joys, nor understood,
But by the virtuous and the good.

*Cotton.*

18. As love can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain ;
Opens new views of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

*Smollett.*

19. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honors breathed,
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flowed like the dewy lustre of the morn,
Effusive trembling on the placid waves.

*Akenside.*

20. Often, like the evening sun, comes the memory of former times o'er my soul.

*Ossian.*

21. The last link is broken,
That bound me to thee;
The words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free.
*Bayley.*

22. And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O! what were man? — a world without a sun.
*Campbell.*

23. One who could change the worship of all climates,
And make a new religion wherever she comes,
Unite the differing faiths of all the world
To idolize her face.
*Dryden.*

24. Farewell! ah, farewell! though my spirit may droop,
That its fond dream has fled, and in bitterness stoop
To the dust for the fall of the idol it made,
My pride and its purity nought shall degrade.
I thought thee all perfect, as pure as the sun,
And thy truth and thy brightness my wild worship won;
But alas! the illusion so cherished is o'er;
My pride has been roused, and I'll meet thee no more.
*Mrs. Dinnies.*

25. Fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.
*Carew.*

26. The frigid and unfeeling thrive the best;
And a warm heart, in this cold world, is like
A beacon light, wasting its feeble flame
Upon the wintry deep, that feels it not,
And trembling with each pitiless gust that blows,
Till its faint fire is spent.
*Henry Neele.*

27. True as a needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My *life* and *love* shall follow thee.
*Booth.*

28. Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love for me!
Yes! while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee!
*Montgomery.*

29. 'Tis not your part,
Out of your fond misgivings, to perplex
The fortunes of the man to whom you cleave;
'Tis yours to weave all that you have of fair
And bright in the dark meshes of their web.
*Talfourd.*

30. The power you wield has its best spells in love,
And gentleness, and thought; never in scorn,
Or any wayward impulse, or caprice.
*W. Gilmore Simms.*

31. A happy lot be thine, and larger light
Await thee there; for thou hast bound thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and doest good for ill.
*Wm. C. Bryant.*

32. You have a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness;
And, though yourself not unacquaint with care,
Have in your heart wide room.
*James R. Lowell.*

33. Dear art thou to me now as in that hour
When first love's wave of feeling, spring-like, broke
Into bright utterance, and we said we loved.
*Festus, by Bailey.*

34. When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen,
Then darkly closing clouds between.
*Scott.*

35. "Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, sir, I say!
Flowers, seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.
*Miss Barrett.*

36. O! as the bee upon the flower, I hung
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue.
*Bulwer.*

37. We never speak our deepest feelings;
Our holiest hopes have no revealings
Save in the gleams that light the face,
Or fancies that the pen may trace;
Or when we use, like Love, the flowers
To mark our thoughts, as he the hours.
*Mrs. Hale.*

38. The conflict is over, the struggle is past,
I have looked, I have loved, I have worshipped my last;
Now back to the world, and let Fate do her worst
On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed.
*Charles F. Hoffman.*

39. Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For, when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.
*Longfellow.*

40. Not wholly can the heart unlearn
The lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.
*J. G. Whittier.*

41. The velvet couch and the gilded hall,
Gay visions of pomp and power,
Art, fashion, and show, I would give you all
For a seat in my own wild bower.
*Miss Gould.*

42. If every drooping floweret had a soul,
And heavenly inspiration breathed from it,
And on each trembling leaf that bends to earth,
Rested an angel thought, instead of dew,
This flower would then be like thee.
*Niebaska Komedyia.*

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