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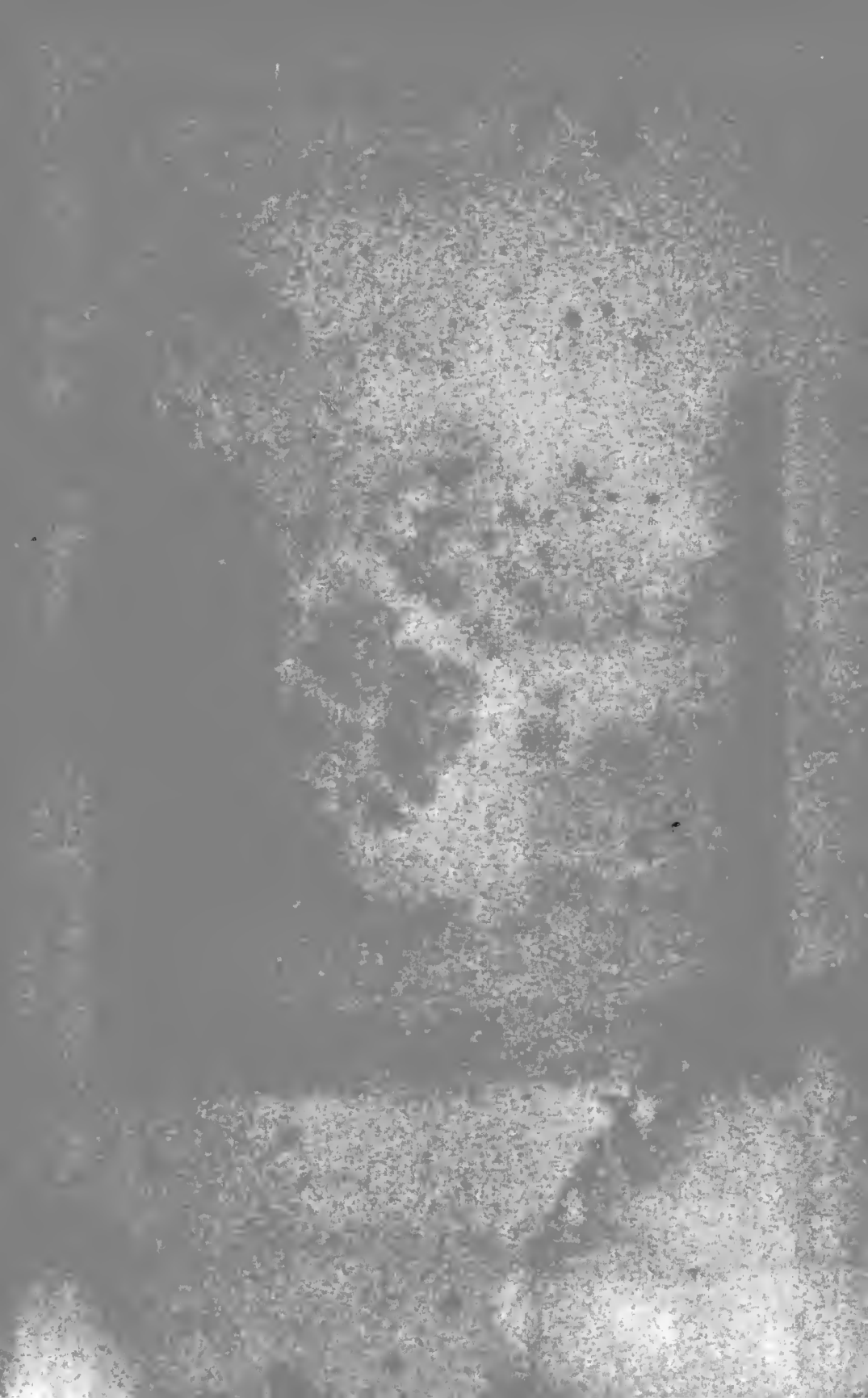
THE GIFT OF  
Isabel Zucker  
class '26

71-16













LIFE AMONG THE FLOWERS.



THE

Rural Wreath;

OR,

LIFE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

BY

LAURA GREENWOOD.

"I have made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own  
but the thread that ties them." REMINISCENCES OF GENIUS.

BOSTON:  
THAYER AND ELDRIDGE,  
114 & 116 WASHINGTON STREET.  
1860.

INVENTION

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN adding one to the many works on flowers, that have, from time to time, been offered to the public, we make no apology. We believe that each, in its turn, has ministered to the widely-spread and still increasing taste for those most beautiful creations of the Divine Goodness, which every where surround us, with such forcible, though voiceless, appeals to our notice and love. We trust that this may be the gentle mission of our unpretending work.

The selections of prose, we think, may be an acceptable addition to many readers, while they are not wholly inappropriate, as they inculcate the practice of a portion of the floral *sentiments*, and illustrate their beauty when carried into the every-day duties of real life.

We have endeavored to make the work which we present to you unexceptionable in taste and morals. We cannot claim for it the merit of entire originality, either in language or dress; but we believe that, to those who accept its society to diversify the monotony of a long winter evening — to beguile the languid hours of a summer day — or to cheer the tedious convalescence of illness — its counsels and companionship will be found most soothing and sweet.

L. G.

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LIFE AMONG  
THE FLOWERS.

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ACACIA, ROSE.

*Robinia Hispida.*

LANGUAGE — ELEGANCE.

It is worth much, in this dull world of strife  
And foolish vanity, to meet a heart  
Serene and beautiful like thine !  
Thou, with a lofty purpose in thy breast,  
Retain'st thy elevation o'er the herd  
No less by that calm majesty of soul  
Which shrinks from adulation, than by gifts  
Of lofty intellect and outward grace.  
Thy form hath elegance that indicates  
The beautiful refinement of thy thoughts ;  
And there is dignity in thy firm step  
That speaks a soul superior to the thrall  
Of petty vanity and low-born pride.

ANON.

## ALYSSUM, SWEET.

*Alyssum Maritimum.*

## LANGUAGE — WORTH BEYOND BEAUTY.

SHE who thinks a noble heart  
 Better than a noble mien, —  
 Honors *virtue* more than art,  
 Though 'tis less in fashion seen, —  
 Whatsoe'er her fortune be,  
 She's the bride — the wife — for me.

She who deems that inward grace  
 Far surpasses outward show, —  
 She who values less the face  
 Than *the charms* the soul can throw, —  
 Whatsoe'er her fortune be,  
 She's the bride — the wife — for me.

She who knows the heart requires  
 Something more than lips of dew, —  
 That when love's brief rose expires,  
 Love itself dies with it too, —  
 Whatsoe'er her fortune be,  
 She's the bride — the wife — for me.

CHARLES SWAIN.



## ALMOND, FLOWERING.

*Amygdalus.*

LANGUAGE — HOPE.

THE *hope*, in dreams of a happier hour,  
 That alights on misery's brow,  
 Springs out of the silvery almond flower  
 That blooms on a leafless bough.

MOORE.

Fear not, beloved! though clouds may lower,  
 Whilst rainbow visions melt away,  
 Faith's holy star has still a power  
 That may the deepest midnight sway.  
 Fear not! I take a prophet's tone:  
 Our love can neither wane nor set;  
 My heart grows strong in trust: mine own,  
 We shall be happy yet.

What though long, anxious years have passed  
 Since this true heart was vowed to thine,  
 There comes, for us, a light at last,  
 Whose beam upon our path shall shine.  
 We who have loved 'midst doubts and fears,  
 Yet never with one hour's regret,  
 There comes a joy to gild our tears:  
 We shall be happy yet!

MRS. JAMES GRAY

Come, then, O care! O grief! O woe!  
 O troubles! mighty in your kind;  
 I have a balm ye ne'er can know —  
*A hopeful mind.*

F. VANE.

## ALOE.

*Aloe.*

LANGUAGE — GRIEF.

*“Azim is dead!”*

O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate  
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
 In the wide world, without that only tie  
 For which it loved to live, or feared to die —  
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken,  
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

MOORE'S LALLA ROOKH.

Thou art lost to me forever — I have lost thee, Isadore.  
 Thy head will never rest upon my loyal bosom more.  
 Thy tender eyes will never more gaze fondly into mine,  
 Nor thine arms around me lovingly and trustingly intwine.

Thou art dead and gone, my loving wife; thy heart is  
 still and cold;

And I at one stride have become most comfortless and old:  
 Of our whole world of love and song, thou wast the only  
 light —

A star, whose setting left behind, ah me! how dark a night!  
 Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

ALBERT PIKE

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

MISS LONDON.

## AMARANTH.

*Amaranthus.*

## LANGUAGE — IMMORTALITY.

WITH solemn adoration down they cast  
 Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold ;  
 Immortal amaranth, a flower which once  
 In paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom ; but soon, for man's offence,  
 To heaven removed ; where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flowers aloft, shading the tree of life.

MILTON.

O, listen, man !

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 one great immortality.

DANA.

Love, which proclaims thee human, bids thee know  
 A truth more lofty in thy lowliest hour  
 Than shallow glory taught to human power —  
 "What's *human is immortal !*"

BULWER.



## ANEMONE.

*Anemone.*

LANGUAGE — FORSAKEN.

ALAS! the love of women! it is known  
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
 And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring  
 To them but mockeries of the past alone.

BYRON.

I did love once, —  
 Loved as youth, woman, genius loves; though now  
 My heart is chilled, and seared, and taught to wear  
 That falsest of false things — a mask of smiles.

MISS LANDON.

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

MISS LANDON.

Go, deceiver, go!  
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
 From pleasure's dream to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken!

MOORE.



## ARBOR VITÆ.

*Thuja.*

LANGUAGE — UNCHANGING AFFECTION.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and melt in my arms,  
Like fairy gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
Would intertwine itself verdantly still!  
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear.  
O, the heart which has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close  
As the sunflower turns to her god, when she sets,  
The same look which she turned when he rose.

MOORE.

Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last  
She beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike  
Silence and absence.

LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

## ASPEN TREE.

*Populus Tremulus.*

## LANGUAGE — EXCESSIVE SENSIBILITY.

WHY tremble so, broad *aspen tree*?  
 Why shake thy leaves, ne'er ceasing?  
 At rest thou never seem'st to be,  
     For when the air is still and clear,  
 Or when the nipping gale, increasing,  
 Shades from thy boughs soft twilight's tear,  
 Thou tremblest still, broad aspen tree,  
     And never tranquil seem'st to be.

ANON.

Yet what is wit, and what the poet's art?  
 Can genius shield the vulnerable heart?  
 Ah, no! Where bright imagination reigns,  
 The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains;  
 Where glow exalted sense, and taste refined,  
 There keener anguish rankles in the mind;  
 There feeling is diffused through every part,  
 Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;  
 And those whose generous souls each tear would keep  
 From other's eyes are born themselves to weep.

HANNAH MORE.

Though time thy bloom is stealing,  
     There's still beyond his art  
 The wild-flower wreath of feeling,  
     The sunbeam of the heart.

HALLECK.

## AURICULA, SCARLET.

*Primula Auricula.*

LANGUAGE — PRIDE.

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

MRS. WELBY.

It is not well amid thy race to move,  
 And shut thy heart to sympathy and love;  
 It is not well to scorn inferior minds,  
 And pass them by as though they were but hinds.  
 Pride may become thee, as the veil a nun;  
 But, ah! they love thee not whom thou dost shun;  
 And days may come to thee when human love  
 Thou wilt desire all earthly things above;  
 And thou wilt mourn that in thy days of pride  
 Thou didst not win some true hearts to thy side;  
 Wilt mourn that, now thy rank and wealth have flown,  
 Thou'rt left to suffer and to die *alone!*

ANON.

I'll offer and I'll suffer no abuse,  
 Because I'm proud: pride is of mighty use;  
 The affectation of a pompous name  
 Has oft set wits and heroes in a flame:  
 Volumes and buildings, and dominions wide,  
 Are oft the noble monuments of pride.

CROWN'S CALIGULA.

## MUSINGS ON FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, of all created things the most innocently simple, and most superbly complex; playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse! — flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of science! — flowers, that, of perishing things, are the most heavenly! — flowers, that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful, looks; partners of human joy; soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes; welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves! — flowers are in the volume of nature what the expression "God is love" is in the volume of the revelation. What a desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile — a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. Their growth is always over their grave; the spot of their bloom is so quickly the sepulchre of their beauty!

The lady who has been absent during the farewell month of summer may return to the scene of her laughs and joys, and find the street, the house, the chamber, the same; the circle of friends unbroken by a death or a sorrow; no trace, in the teeming life around her, of time's changes. But that evidence will meet the eye in the flower garden. The weeds that have thickened in the alley have choked the choicest flower. The moss tufts have withered with the heat of August. The lily waves its graceful leaf faintly over its fellows. The dahlia, which her "sweet and cunning hand" had reared, and cherished with affection, has fallen beneath the deep shades of the growing vine that has frowned away its life and its radiant colors. The place is more changed than any other. It is beautiful but for its treasured memories — still beautiful, though clothed in the drooping fall robes of the year; but clear it is, that

"Time's effacing fingers

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Here, then, where delicate taste directed the culture in May; where soft hands caressed the June rosebud, and brushed away the early dew; a soothing picture of melancholy rises in the view. The maiden laugh is suppressed. But why should it be? What though

"The shadows of departed hours  
Hang dim upon her early flowers!"

*They*, in their day, smiled and blossomed ; and so should she, who represents the delicacy of the flowers, the modesty of its unfolding petals, its bloom, and its purity.

Flowers contain the language and sentiments of the heart, thus : The fair lily is an image of holy innocence ; the purple rose a figure of unfelt love ; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower ; hope beams forth from the evergreen ; peace from the olive branch ; immortality from immortelle ; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary ; the victory of the spirit by the palm ; modesty by the blue, fragrant violet ; compassion by the ivy ; tenderness by the myrtle ; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not ; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf ; unassumingness by the corn flower ; and the auricula, " how friendly they look upon us with their childlike eyes ! " Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow ; sadness by the angelica ; shuddering by the aspen ; melancholy by the cypress ; desire of meeting again by the starwort ; the night rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontier between light and darkness. Thus Nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us ; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men are able to do ?

BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

*Lychnis Diœcia.*

LANGUAGE — CELIBACY:

ALONE, alone, all, all alone!

Alone on a wide, wide sea!

A bachelor

May thrive by observation on a little;

A single life's no burden; but to draw

In yokes is chargeable, and will require

A double maintenance.

JOHN FORD.

What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman that is like a German clock,

Still a-repairing; ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watched that it may still go right.

SHAKESPEARE.

How uneasy is his life

Who is troubled with a wife!

Be she ne'er so fair or comely,

Be she foul or be she homely,

Be she blithe or melancholy,

Have she wit or have she folly,

Be she prudent, be she squandering,

Be she staid or be she wandering,

Yet uneasy is his life

Who is married to a wife.

COTTON.

## . BALM.

*Melissa.*

## LANGUAGE — SYMPATHY.

HAST thou one heart that loves thee,  
 In this dark world of care,  
 Whose gentle smile approves thee?  
 Yield not to dark despair!

One rose, whose fragrant blossom  
 Blooms but for thee alone —  
 One fond, confiding bosom,  
 Whose thoughts are all thine own? —

One tuneful voice to cheer thee,  
 When sorrow has distressed —  
 One breast when thou art weary,  
 Whereon thy head to rest? —

Till that sweet rose is faded,  
 And cold that heart so warm,  
 Till clouds thy star have shaded,  
 Heed not the passing storm.

Till the kind voice that blessed thee  
 All mute in death doth lie,  
 And the fount that oft refreshed thee  
 To thee is ever dry, —

Thou hast one tie to bind thee  
 To this dark world of care;  
 Then let no sorrow blind thee —  
 Yield not to dark despair.



## BALSOMINE.

*Impatiens.*

LANGUAGE — IMPATIENCE.

I CANNOT, will not longer brook  
 Thy cold delay, thy prudent look.  
 Dost love me? Share at once my fate,  
 Be it bright or desolate!  
 I will abide no half-way love,  
 Nor wait for prudence ere I move:  
 One more repulse, and I depart!  
 Come, now or never, to my heart.

ANON.

Life of my life, at once my fate decree;  
 I wait my death, or more than life, from thee!  
 I have no arts nor powers thy soul to move,  
 But doting constancy and boundless love;  
 This is my all: had I the world to give,  
 Thine were its throne; *now* bid me die or live.

CRABBE.

O, how impatience gains upon the soul,  
 When the long-promised hour of joy draws near!  
 How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!

MRS. TIGHE.



## BASIL.

*Ocinum Basilicum.*

## LANGUAGE — HATRED OF THE OTHER SEX.

CLARA was told, if past a certain age,  
 Her lovely spirit left this mortal stage ;  
     (An adage known full well ;)   
 She must, as all yeleft old maidens must,  
 Below this ball of mud, and rocks, and dust,  
     Lead frightful apes in hell !  
 She said, if such must be her future lot,  
 Resigned, she would not mourn a single jot ;  
 She'd rather lead a *thousand* down below,  
     *Than one should lead her now !*

J. W. H.

Marry ! no, faith ; husbands are like lots in  
 The lottery — you may draw forty blanks,  
 Before you find one that has any prize  
 In him ; a husband generally is a  
 Careless, domineering thing, that grows like  
 Coral ; which as long as it is under water  
 Is soft and tender ; but as soon  
 As it has got its branch above the waves,  
 Is presently hard, stiff, not to be bowed.

MARSTON.

A wife ! O fetters  
 To man's blessed liberty ! all this world's a prison,  
 Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jailer ;  
 But th' iron shackles, weighing down our heels,  
 Are only women.

DECKER.

BAY WREATH.

*Laurus Carolinensis.*

THE BAY WREATH — LANGUAGE — GLORY.

WHAT is glory? What is fame?  
 The echo of a long-lost name;  
 A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;  
 The shadow of an arrant nought;  
 A flower that blossoms for a day,  
 Dying next morrow;  
 A stream that hurries on its way,  
 Singing of sorrow.

MOTHERWELL.

And glory long has made the sages smile;  
 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind —  
 Depending more upon the historian's style  
 Than on the name a person leaves behind.

BYRON.

Real glory  
 Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;  
 And without that the conqueror is nought  
 But the first slave.

THOMSON.

Fame! Fame! thou canst not be the stay  
 Unto the drooping reed,  
 The cool, fresh fountain, in the day  
 Of the soul's feverish need:  
 Where must the lone one turn or flee?  
 Not unto thee, O, not to thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

## BAY LEAF.

*Laurus.*

## LANGUAGE — I CHANGE BUT IN DYING.

IN bower and garden rich and rare  
 There's many a cherished flower,  
 Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance dies  
 Within the fitting hour.

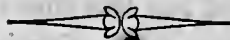
Not so the simple forest leaf,  
 Unprized, unnoticed, lying:  
 The same through all its little life,  
 It changes but in dying.

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 — 'tis all I have — a heart  
 That changes but in dying.

G. W. DOANE.

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

HEMANS.



## BELL FLOWER.

*Campanula.*

LANGUAGE — CONSTANCY.

SAY, shall I love the fading beauty less,  
 Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?  
 No — come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless;  
 In youth, in age, thine own — forever thine.

A. A. WATTS.

Then come the wild weather, come sleet, or come snow,  
 We will stand by each other however it blow.  
 Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain  
 Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

LONGFELLOW.

O, think not less I love thee,  
 That our paths are parted now;  
 For the stars that burn above thee  
 Are not truer than my vow;  
 As the fragrance from the blossom,  
 As the moon unto the night,  
 Our love is to my bosom —  
 Its loveliness and light.

O, think not less I love thee,  
 That thy hand I thus resign;  
 In the heaven that bends above thee  
 I will claim thee yet as mine.  
 'Through the vision of life's morning  
 Ever flitted one like thee;  
 And thou, life's lapse adorning,  
 Shalt hence that vision be.

W. D. GALLAGHER.

## BAYBERRY.

*Myrica Cerifera.*

LANGUAGE — SOURNESS, OR SHARPNESS.

Now Fate preserve thee, lady fair !  
 I will not breathe the Frenchman's prayer,  
 Who, to the maiden's great alarm,  
 Exclaimed, " God pickle you, madame !"  
 But " Fate *preserve* thee !" — even as they,  
 Our housewives notable, allay,  
 With sugared sweets, an acid juice,  
 And store it up for future use :  
 So " Fate preserve *thee*," or thou'lt stay  
 Unplucked upon the parent tree ; —  
 Unless thy sharpness be effaced,  
 Thou'rt far too sour to suit *my* taste.

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

He reads much ;

He is a great observer, and he looks  
 Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays  
 As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;  
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,  
 As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit,  
 That could be moved to smile at any thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

Since both of you so like in manners be,  
 Thou the worst husband, and the worst wife she,  
 I wonder you no better should agree.

SHERBOURNE.

## BINDWEED.

*Convolvulus Arvensis.*

LANGUAGE — HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing  
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
 And she that doth most sweetly sing  
 Sings in the shade when all things rest:  
 In lark and nightingale we see  
 What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose the "better part,"  
 She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
 And Lydia's gently-opened heart  
 Was made for God's own temple meet:  
 Fairest and best adorned is she  
 Whose emblem is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown  
 In deepest adoration bends;  
 The weight of glory bends him down  
 The most when most his soul ascends:  
 Nearest the throne itself must be  
 The footstool of humility.

MONTGOMERY.

Here is a precious jewel I have found  
 Among the filth and rubbish of the world.  
 I'll stoop for it, but when I wear it here,  
 Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
 The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

LONGFELLOW.

## BOX.

*Buxus.*

## LANGUAGE — STOICISM.

I NE'ER will weep again !  
 I will meet fate with an unblenching eye ;  
 For better far in proud contempt to die  
 Than idly talk of pain.

Can I not bear *all* things ?  
 Who talks of weakness to a soul like mine ?  
 Love, hope, pity, sorrow, I resign,  
 And all that fortune brings.

In lonely strength I stand,  
 Unmoved though earthquakes open at my feet ;  
 Though storms of malice on my bosom beat,  
 I can their rage withstand.

ANON.

My sole resources in the path I trod  
 Were these — my bark — my sword — my love —  
 my God.

The last I left in youth : he leaves me now ;  
 And man but works his will to lay me low.  
 I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer  
 Wrung from the coward crouching of despair ;  
 It is enough — I breathe — and I can bear.

BYRON.





## BRAMBLE.

## LANGUAGE — WEARINESS.

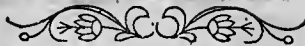
O FOR thy wings, thou dove,  
 Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast!  
 That, borne like thee above,  
 I too might flee away, and be at rest.

O, to some cool recess,  
 Take, take me with thee on the summer wind;  
 Leaving the weariness  
 And all the fever of this world behind.

The aching and the void  
 Within the heart whereunto none reply, —  
 The early hopes destroyed,  
 Bird, bear me with thee through the sunny sky.

MRS. HEMANS.

Art thou a weary soul, and dost thou cry  
 For rest? Wait, and thou soon shalt have  
 That thou dost crave,  
 For death is real — the GRAVE *no mockery.*



## THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

THERE are few natural objects more poetical in their general associations than flowers; nor has there ever been a poet, simple or sublime, who has not adorned his verse with these specimens of nature's cunning workmanship. From the majestic sunflower, towering above her sisters of the garden, and faithfully turning to welcome the god of day, to the little humble and well-known weed that is said to close its crimson eye before impending showers, there is scarcely one flower which may not, from its loveliness, its perfume, its natural situation, or its classical association, be considered highly poetical.

As the welcome messenger of spring, the snow-drop claims our first regard; and countless are the lays in which the praises of this little modest flower are sung. The contrast it presents of green and white (ever the most pleasing of contrasts to the human eye) may be one reason why mankind agree in their admiration of its simple beauties; but a far more powerful reason is the delightful association by which it is connected with the idea of returning spring; the conviction that the vegetable world through the tedious winter months has not been dead, but sleeping; and that long nights, fearful storms, and chilling blasts have a limitation and a bound assigned them, and must in their

appointed time give place to the fructifying and genial influence of spring. Perhaps we have murmured (for what is there in the ordinations of Providence at which man will not dare to murmur?) at the dreariness of winter. Perhaps we have felt the rough blast too piercing to accord with our artificial habits. Perhaps we have thought long of the melting of the snow that impeded our noonday walk. But it vanishes at last; and there, beneath its white coverlet, lies the delicate snowdrop, so pure and pale, so true an emblem of hope, and trust, and confidence, that it might teach a lesson to the desponding, and show the useless and inactive how invaluable are the stirrings of that energy that can work out its purpose in secret, and under oppression, and be ready in the fulness of time to make that purpose manifest and complete. The snowdrop teaches also another lesson. It marks out the progress of time. We cannot behold it without feeling that another spring has come, and immediately our thoughts recur to the events which have occurred since last its fairy bells were expanded. We think of those who were near and dear to us then. It is possible they may never be near again; it is equally possible they may be dear no longer. Memory is busy with the past; until anticipation takes up the chain of thought, and we conjure up, and at last shape out in characters of hope, a long succession of chances and changes to fill up the revolving

seasons which must come and go before that little flower shall burst forth in its loveliness again. Happy is it for those who have so counted the cost of the coming year, that they shall not find at the end they have expended either hope or desire in fruitless speculations.

It is of little consequence what flower comes next under consideration. A few specimens will serve the purpose of proving that these lovely productions of nature are, in their general associations, highly poetical. The primrose is one upon which we dwell with pleasure proportioned to our taste for rural scenery, and the estimate we have previously formed of the advantages of a peaceful and secluded life. In connection with this flower, imagination pictures a thatched cottage standing on the slope of the hill, and a little woody dell, whose green banks are spangled all over with yellow stars, while a troop of rosy children are gambolling on the same bank, gathering the flowers, as we used to gather them ourselves, before the toils and struggles of mortal conflict had worn us down to what we are now; and thus presenting to the mind the combined ideas of natural enjoyment, innocence, and rural peace—the more vivid, because we can remember the time when something like this was mingled with the cup of which we drank—the more touching, because we doubt whether, if such pure drops were still there, they would not to our taste have lost their sweetness.

The violet, while it pleases by its modest, retiring beauty, possesses the additional charm of the most exquisite of all perfumes, which, inhaled with the pure and invigorating breezes of spring, always brings back in remembrance a lively conception of that delightful season. Thus, in the language of poetry, "the violet-scented gale" is synonymous with those accumulated and sweetly-blended gratifications which we derive from odors, flowers, and balmy breezes; and above all, from the contemplation of renovated nature, once more bursting forth into beauty and perfection.

The jessamine, also, with its dark-green leaves, and little silver stars, saluting us with its delicious scent through the open casement, and impregnating the whole atmosphere of the garden with its sweetness, has been sung and celebrated by so many poets, that our associations are with their numbers, rather than with any intrinsic quality in the flower itself. Indeed, whatever may have first established the rank of flowers in the poetical world, they have become to us like notes of music, passed on from lyre to lyre; and whenever a chord is thrilled with the harmony of song, these lovely images present themselves, neither impaired in their beauty, nor exhausted of their sweetness, for having been the medium of poetic feeling ever since the world began.

It is impossible to expend a moment's thought upon the lily, without recurring to that memorable

passage in the sacred volume — “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” From the little common flower called heart’s ease, we turn to that well-known passage of Shakspeare, where the fairy king so beautifully describes the “little western flower.” And the forget-me-not has a thousand associations tender and touching; but unfortunately, like many other sweet things, rude hands have almost robbed it of its charm. Who can behold the pale narcissus, standing by the silent brook, its stately form reflected in the glassy mirror, without losing themselves in that most fanciful of all poetical conceptions, in which the graceful youth is described as gazing upon his own beauty, until he becomes lost in admiration, and finally enamoured of himself? while hopeless Echo sighs herself away into a sound, for the love, which, having centred in such an object, was never to be bought by her caresses, nor won by her despair.

Through gardens, fields, forests, and even over rugged mountains, we might wander on in this fanciful quest after remote ideas of pleasurable sensation connected with present beauty and enjoyment; nor would our search be fruitless so long as the bosom of the earth afforded a receptacle for the germinating seed, so long as the gentle gales of summer continued to waft them from the parent

stem, or so long as the welcome sun looked forth upon the ever-blooming garden of nature.

One instance more, and we have done. The "lady rose," as poets have designated this queen of beauty, claims the latest, though not the least consideration in speaking of the poetry of flowers. In the poetic world, the first honors have been awarded to the rose; for what reason it is not easy to define, unless from its exquisite combination of perfume, form, and color, which have entitled this sovereign of flowers in one country to be mated with the nightingale in another, to be chosen with the distinction of red and white, as the badge of two honorable and royal houses. It would be difficult to trace the supremacy of the rose to its origin; but mankind have so generally agreed in paying homage to her charms, that our associations in the present day are chiefly with the poetic strains in which they are celebrated. The beauty of the rose is exhibited under so many different forms, that it would be impossible to say which had the greatest claim upon the regard of the poet; but certainly those kinds which have been recently introduced, or those which are reared by unnatural means, with care and difficulty, are to us the least poetical, because our associations with them are comparatively few, and those few relate chiefly to garden culture.

There is one circumstance connected with the rose, which renders it a more true and striking

emblem of earthly pleasure than any other flower: *it bears a thorn.* While its odorous breath is floating on the summer gale, and its blushing cheek, half hid amongst the sheltering leaves, seems to woo and yet shrink from the beholder's gaze, touch but with adventurous hand the garden queen, and you are pierced with her protecting thorns: would you pluck the rose, and weave it into a garland for the brow you love best, that brow will be wounded: or place the sweet blossom in your bosom, the thorn will be there. This real or ideal mingling of pain and sorrow with the exquisite beauty of the rose affords a never-ending theme to those who are best acquainted with the inevitable blending of clouds and sunshine, hope and fear, weal and woe, in this our earthly inheritance.

With every thing fair, or sweet, or exquisite in this world, it has seemed meet to that wisdom which appoints our sorrows, and sets a bound to our enjoyments, to affix some stain, some bitterness, or some alloy, which may not inaptly be called, in figurative language, a thorn. St. Paul emphatically speaks of a "thorn in the flesh;" and from this expression, as well as from his earnestness in having prayed thrice that it might be removed, we conclude it must have been something particularly galling to the natural man. We hear of the thorn of ingratitude, the thorn of envy, the thorn of unrequited love — indeed, of thorns as



numerous as our pleasures; and few there are who can look back upon the experience of life without acknowledging that every earthly good they have desired, pursued, or attained, has had its peculiar thorn. Who has ever cast himself into the lap of luxury without finding that his couch was strewed with thorns? Who has reached the summit of his ambition without feeling, on that exalted pinnacle, that he stood on thorns? Who has placed the diadem upon his brow without perceiving that thorns were thickly set within the royal circlet? Who has folded to his bosom all that he desired of earth's treasures without feeling that bosom pierced with thorns? All that we enjoy in this world, or yearn to possess, has this accompaniment. The more intense the enjoyment, the sharper the thorn; and those who have described most feelingly the inner workings of the human heart, have unfailingly touched upon this fact with the melancholy sadness of truth.

Far be it from one, who would not willingly fall under the stigma of ingratitude, to disparage the nature or the number of earthly pleasures — pleasures which are spread before us without price or limitation, in our daily walk, and in our nightly rest — pleasures which lie scattered around our path when we go forth upon the hills or wander in the valley, when we look up to the starry sky or down to the fruitful earth — pleasures which unite the human family in one bond of fellowship,

surround us at our board, cheer us at our fireside, smooth the couch on which we slumber, and even follow our wandering steps long, long after we have ceased to regard them with gratitude or joy. I speak of the thorn which accompanies these pleasures not with murmuring or complaint; I speak of the wounds inflicted by this thorn with a living consciousness of their poignancy and anguish; because exquisite and dear as mere earthly pleasures may sometimes be, I would still contrast them with such as are not earthly. I would contrast the thorn and the wound, the disappointment and the pain, which accompany all such pleasures as are merely temporal, with the fulness of happiness, the peace, and the crown, accompanying those which are eternal.

MRS. ELLIS.

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They smilingly fulfil  
Their Maker's will,  
All meekly bending 'neath the tempest's weight;  
By pride unvisited,  
Though richly raimented,  
As is a monarch in his robes of state.

## BUTTERCUP — KINGCUP.

*Ranunculus acris.*

LANGUAGE — RICHES.

To purchase heaven has gold the power ?  
 Can gold remove the mortal hour ?  
 In life can love be bought with gold ?  
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold ?  
 No ; all that's worth a wish, a thought,  
 Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought :  
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind ;  
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

DR. JOHNSON.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,  
 Or, what is worse, be left by it ?  
 Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,  
 O man, ordained to die ?

COWLEY.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,  
 Assiduous wait upon her,  
 And gather gear by every wile  
 That's justified by honor.  
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
 Not for a train attendant ;  
 But for the glorious privilege  
 Of being *independent*.

BURNS.

## CATCHFLY.

*Silene.*

LANGUAGE — ARTIFICE, OR A SNARE.

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

CAREW.

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.

ANON.

The blossoms of passion,  
 Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fra-  
 grance ;  
 But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is  
 deadly.

LONGFELLOW.

## CAMOMILE.

*Anthemis Nobilis.*

## LANGUAGE — ENERGY IN ADVERSITY.

NEVER go gloomily, man with a mind ;  
 Hope is a better companion than fear ;  
 Providence, ever benignant and kind,  
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear ;  
     All will be right ;  
     Look to the light ;  
 Morning is ever the daughter of night ;  
 All that is black will be all that is bright ;  
 Cheerily, cheerily, then ! cheer up !

Many a foe is a friend in disguise ;  
 Many a sorrow a blessing most true,  
 Helping the heart to be happy and wise  
 With lore ever precious and joys ever new ;  
     Stand in the van ;  
     Strive like a man ;  
 This is the bravest and cleverest plan ;  
 Trusting in God, while you do what you can ;  
 Cheerily, cheerily, then ! cheer up !

TUPPER.

If your resolutions be like mine,  
 We will yet give our sorrows a brave end.  
 Justice is for us ; so may fortune be :  
 I'm a bright proof of her inconstancy ;  
 But if no god will lend us any aid,  
 Let us be gods and fortune to ourselves.

ANON.

## CARNATION.

*Dianthus.*

LANGUAGE — DISDAIN.

A PRIME city girl,  
 With a frown and a curl  
 On her lip that proclaimed her a scoffer,  
 Was quite in a panic  
 That John — *a mechanic* —  
 Had affronted her pride with an "offer."

"'Tis exceedingly queer,  
 I acknowledge, my dear,"  
 Retorted her sorrowing brother ;  
 "But you may depend,  
 To your very life's end  
 You'll never be plagued with another."

ANON.

Madam, you haply scorn the vulgar earth  
 Of which I stand compacted ; and because  
 I cannot add a splendor to my name,  
 Reflective from a royal pedigree,  
 You interdict my language ; but be pleased  
 To know, the ashes of my ancestors,  
 If intermingled in the tomb with kings,  
 Could hardly be distinguished. The stars shoot  
 An equal influence on the open cottage,  
 Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,  
 As on the cradle where the prince is rocked  
 With care and whisper.

HABBINGTON.

## CEDAR TREE.

*Juniperus.*

## LANGUAGE — STRENGTH.

AND while in peace abiding  
 Within a sheltered home,  
 We feel as sin and evil  
 Could never, never come ;  
 But let the strong temptation rise  
 As whirlwinds sweep the sea,  
 We find no strength to 'scape the wreck,  
 Save, pitying God, in thee !

MRS. HALE.

Ay, nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
 And blench not at thy chosen lot :  
 'The timid good may stand aloof,  
 The sage may frown ; yet faint thou not,  
 Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
 The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn ;  
 For with thy side shall dwell at last  
 The victory of endurance born.

BRYANT.

There is strength  
 Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck  
 But little till the shafts of heaven have pierced  
 Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent  
 Before her gems are found ?

MRS. HEMANS.

## CHERRY BLOSSOM.

*Prunus Cerasus.*

LANGUAGE — SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

I'VE gazed on many a brighter face,  
 But ne'er on one, for years,  
 Where beauty left so soft a trace  
 As it had left on hers.\*  
 But who can paint the spell that wove  
 A brightness round the whole?  
 'Twould take an angel from the skies  
 To paint the immortal soul —  
 To trace the light, the inborn grace,  
 The *spirit* sparkling o'er the face.

MRS. WELBY.

'Tis not its binding fair,  
 Though it show beauty rare ;  
 'Tis not its cover rich, winneth me so ;  
 Vainly the blush and smile  
 Meet on thy cheek the while,  
 Did not the light within equally glow ?

Bright eyes will lose their ray,  
 Roses will fade away ;  
 But the fair *spirit* for death is too pure ;  
 And like its cause in thee,  
 Holy, and strong, and free :  
 While thy soul lives, my passion will endure.

MRS. OSGOOD.



CLEMATIS.

*Clematis Virginica.*

LANGUAGE — MENTAL BEAUTY.

WHAT'S female beauty but an air divine,  
 Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?  
 They, like the sun, irradiate all between;  
 The body charms because the *soul* is seen.  
 Hence men are often captives of a face,  
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace;  
 Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear;  
 Some, none resist, though not exceeding fair.

YOUNG.

Time has small power  
 O'er features the mind moulds. Roses, where  
 They once have bloomed, a fragrance leave behind;  
 And harmony will linger on the wind;  
 And suns continue to light up the air  
 When set; and music from the broken shrine  
 Breathes, it is said, around whose altar stone  
 His flower the votary has ceased to twine —  
 Types of the beauty that, when youth is gone,  
 Breathes from the soul whose brightness mocks decline.

GEORGE HILL.

Ah! the cheek and eye will *fade!*  
 Beauty owns immortal grace;  
 Throned she sits within the soul;  
 There is beauty's dwelling-place.

MISS VANDENHOFF.

## CINQUEFOIL.

*Potentilla.*

LANGUAGE — THE DEAD.

WINDS waft the breath of flowers  
 To wanderers o'er the wave,  
 But bear no message from the bowers  
 Beyond the grave.

Proud science scales the skies —  
 From star to star doth roam,  
 But reacheth not the shore where lies  
 The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide  
 This mystery of Heaven;  
 But where all knowledge is denied,  
 To hope is given.

JOHN MALCOMB.

The dead, the much-loved dead!  
 Who doth not yearn to know  
 The secret of their dwelling-place,  
 And to what land they go?  
 What heart but asks, with ceaseless tone,  
 For some sure knowledge of its own?  
 Ye are not dead to us;  
 But as bright stars unseen,  
 We hold that ye are ever near,  
 Though death intrude between,  
 Like some thin cloud that veils from sight  
 The countless spangles of the night.

## COWSLIP.

*Dodecatheon.*

## LANGUAGE — NATIVE GRACE.

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

MRS. HALE.

She clasps no golden zone of pride  
 Her fair and simple robe around ;  
 By flowing ribbon, lightly tied,  
 Its graceful folds are bound.

And thus attired, a sportive thing,  
 Pure, loving, guileless, bright, and wild,  
 Proud Fashion! match me in your ring,  
 New England's mountain child.

MRS. OSGOOD.

A maid of sixteen years, of twilight eyes,  
 Deep-set and dark, and fringed with pencil dyes ;  
 Her forehead not too high, where thick black hair,  
 Combed smooth and parted, showed the whiteness there ;  
 Her form of rounded symmetry, where art,  
 That makes so many beauties, bore no part ;  
 With mind untutored, yet so constituted,  
 She never spoke amiss, nor e'er disputed ;  
 A girl like this who would not love and cherish ?  
 Or having won her heart, could leave that heart to perish ?

DAVES.

## COREOPSIS.

*Coreopsis Tinctoria.*

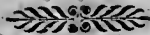
LANGUAGE — ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

I ASKED the flowers, in the soft spring time,  
 Wherefore they smiled in their youthful prime,  
 When the stormy days so soon should come  
 That would blight forever their beauty and bloom;  
 And the sweet flowers answered, "Each day renews  
 On our leaves the sunshine that dries the dews:  
 Why should we not smile? Till now we have thriven,  
 And the sunshine and dew are both from heaven!"

M. A. BROWNE.

Life, believe, is not a dream  
 So dark as sages say;  
 Oft a little morning rain  
 Foretells a pleasant day.  
 Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,  
 But these are transient all;  
 If the shower will make the roses bloom,  
 O, why lament its fall?  
 Rapidly, merrily,  
 Life's sunny hours flit by,  
 Gratefully, cheerily;  
 Enjoy them as they fly.

CURRER BELL.



## CROCUS.

*Crocus Vernus.*

LANGUAGE — I AM HIS.

CONFIRMED, then, I resolve,  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe ;  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Across the threshold led,  
 And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,  
 His house she enters, there to be a light  
 Shining within, when all without is night ;  
 A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
 Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing.

ROGERS'S HUMAN LIFE.

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.

WHITTIER.



## CROWN IMPERIAL.

*Fritillaria Imperialis.*

## LANGUAGE — ARISTOCRACY.

ART thou not noble? Then thy brow belies thee!  
 Thou art! I read it in thy proud dark eyes,  
 Whose glance is truth and love; and in those lips,  
 Whose smile is but a ray of the soul's sunshine;  
 In thy high bearing, in thy movements, words:  
 Thou art of *Heaven's* nobility — as far  
 Excelling earth's, as doth yon winged star,  
 Robed in its garment of celestial glory,  
 Outshine the earth-bound glowworm.

MRS. OSGOOD.

In the great world — which, being interpreted,  
 Meaneth the west or worst end of the city,  
 And about twice two thousand people bred  
 By no means to be very wise or witty,  
 But to sit up while others lie in bed,  
 And look down on the universe with pity —  
 Juan, as an inveterate patrician,  
 Was well received by persons of condition.

BYRON.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
 'Tis only noble to be good;  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

## CYPRESS.

*Cupressus.*

## LANGUAGE — DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

WE parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting ;  
 We talked not of hopes that we both must resign ;  
 I saw not her eyes ; but one teardrop, starting,  
 Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine :  
 Each felt that the past we could never recover ;  
 Each felt that the future no hope could restore :  
*She* shuddered at wringing the heart of her lover,  
 I dared not to say I must meet her no more.  
 Long years have gone by, and the spring time smiles ever,  
 As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth ;  
 Long years have gone by, yet that parting, O, never  
 Can it be forgotten by either on earth.  
 The note of each wild bird, that carols towards heaven,  
 Must tell *her* of swift-wingéd hopes that were mine ;  
 While the dew that steals over each blossom at even  
 Tells *me* of the teardrop that wept their decline.

HOFFMAN.

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 has nursed.

HOFFMAN.

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

POPE'S ELOISA.

## EARLY TIMES.

It was the morning of the Sabbath: there was a holy calm resting upon the earth, and the air seemed hushed in solemn silence.

Two beings, members of the first family of earth, were sitting beneath a tree whose pensive branches shut out the rays of the sun, while they invited the morning breezes that came over meadow and upland, bearing the fragrance of every lovely flower, and imparting health and delight.

The morning hymn died away, though gentle sounds, as if echoes were multiplied in the air, seemed to repeat and protract the notes. There were auditors, not visible, and worshippers, unseen, whose office was to bear upward the prayer and praise of contrite, grateful hearts to the visible presence of Him who was invisibly present everywhere, or seen only in and by his works, and heard by his providences. When the aerial sounds had ceased, the pair rose from their knees; and as the youngest and most delicate assumed an upright position, her long hair fell gracefully backward, and displayed a face of exquisite loveliness, on which rested a smile of humble devotion, mingled with a consciousness of accepted sacrifice.

“I would gather a bunch of flowers for dear Cain,” said the female, “but that I have marked that he never exhibits a love for flowers, though his



life is devoted to the cultivation of the earth. It is strange that he should find no pleasure in what may be considered the most delightful branch of his pursuit, especially when that pursuit is voluntary."

"That is because the end of his labor is that which occupies his thoughts: he has less joy in the *pursuit* than in the *results*, and the accumulation of perishable products is the object which excites and rewards his exertions."

"But Cain has a heart susceptible of the finest feelings, of the deepest, purest love. O Abel, could you have heard his impassioned appeal to me when last we met, and when all I could say to him was, that he could never have less from me than a sister's love; — and I had nothing more to offer, — could you have heard or seen him then, you would have confessed that Cain possessed all that power of love which you say is necessary to an enjoyment of nature's wonders, as they lie stretched out before us."

"Susceptibility of strong feelings of *love*, indeed, my dear sister, is not the evidence of that quality which makes lovely — the most sordid selfishness is quite consistent with the most violent passion. True love, pure affection, seeks the good of its object."

"But could Cain have sought only his personal gratification in his efforts to bring me to his tent? Might he not have sought my happiness as well as his own; and intended to devote himself to the

promotion of that peace which arises only from mutual sacrifice?"

"What, dear Mahala, would supply to you the place of love, when the rash humor of our elder brother should manifest itself, if not in unkindness, at least in restlessness and neglect?"

"How often, Abel, have we seen the sign of grief, almost of anger, pass from our father's brow, and the smile of affection take its place, as he cast his eye upon his group of children — upon Cain and you, and little Ada and myself! May not the Creator have placed children in the tent of man, not more to perpetuate the race than to soothe present irritation, and bring back to the heart the affection which disappointment and vexation seem to be expelling thence?"

"But let us hasten, Mahala, for I see our father entering the tent of worship, and I would not be, nor have you, the last to meet him: Cain yet lingers in his garden, and will earn rebuke by his tardiness."

Hand in hand the affianced ones passed onward, and joined the family group that was about to offer prayer to God. And upward to heaven from the family altar ascended the smoke of the sacrifice which the fire was consuming, and upward from the hearts of the worshippers went the incense from the sacrifice of desires and the offerings of affection, which man burns to his Maker's glory and his own good.

Another form was walking in his garden; and the face of Cain, burned as it was by exposure to the wind and sun, was lighted by a smile of recognition, as he welcomed the winged messenger.

“I came with pleasure, Cain, at your bidding, for I have waited long this rarely-occurring invitation.”

“Invitation! Joyed as I am to meet you, did I invite your presence?”

“Has sin changed aught in me?”

“Has it not? Where are your daily colloquies with heavenly messengers? Where the fulfilment in you, or through you, of those mighty promises whose prospective fulfilment soothed the anguish of Eve’s departure from paradise?”

“Shall not the world be blessed in my seed?”

“Neither in thee nor thine.”

“’Tis for Abel, then, and Mahala; and with this outrage on my affection is the disappointment of the promise of my birth. And I must toil on amid the profusion of inanimate earth — an outcast from love, disappointed in my ambition; and Abel must triumph in all — beloved of Adam and Eve, of Mahala, of —”

“God.”

“Of God — beloved of God; and thus from him shall come the Shiloh.”

The fading form of the angel was scarcely seen by Cain, but his voice was heard pronouncing, “Neither in thee nor in Abel shall the promise be

fulfilled; for the unborn has the Maker reserved the honor."

The evening of the second day of the week was drawing on, and the light of the declining sun was resting on the beautiful landscape that lay west of the Hill of Sacrifice.

No cloud that day marked the horizon; and as the sun sank lower and lower in the evening retreat, his expanded form poured new richness upon the heavens, and the whole west was one mass of liquid light.

From a southern point at the base of the hill was seen a movement, and shortly afterwards six human beings were observed emerging from the tent, that occupied a sheltered position below. *Mankind*, in solemn procession, was going up to the evening sacrifice. It was the hour and the place.

Foremost in the company was Adam. In his towering form was combined all that has since been dreamed of manly perfection; his tread was firm upon the earth, and his eye was elevated towards the altar that stood half way up the mountain; though in that eye was observable a restlessness, which denoted more of a parent's anxiety than a parent's pride. Leaning upon the arm of Adam was the mother of mankind, full of ripened beauty. Disobedience had driven her from paradise, but it had made Adam the companion of her departure. Grief, silent, thought-

ful grief, had hung a weight upon her heart; but it had not yet diminished the loveliness of her form, or the exquisite expression of her face. Not since has such a man trod this earth; not since have the flowers of the field seemed to borrow their lustre from such a woman.

Cain followed, leading in his hand the young and gentle Ada. Every fawn that sprang up from the copses around provoked her to disturb the measured step of the procession, and the young gazelle, that paused to gaze upon her from the summit of a rock, felt its own eye dimmed in the lustre of that of the youngest of the children of men. Abel and Mahala closed the procession. With them there was less of anxiety than was seen in Adam and Eve, and nothing of the painful restlessness which distinguished Cain. Mahala wore the bridal dress. It was made of the skins of the youngest lambs of her lover's flock — lambs that had been selected, for the perfection of their form and the beauty of their delicate fleeces, as the sacrifices of the day.

Leaning on the arm of Abel, with head declined, as if modestly thoughtful of the fulfilment of her wishes, Mahala heard and replied to his professions of love. Graces seemed attendant on her lovely form, the sun settled in glorious lustre upon the pure white of her neck and shoulders, and the odors of a thousand flowers were crushed out by her delicate footfall.

“Beloved Abel,” said Mahala, pressing the arm of her lover, and pausing in the progress, as if to give force to her remark, “have you observed how restless, how undevotional, seems our brother Cain? If aught could bring a pang to my heart at this moment, it would be that what constitutes your happiness and mine seems to be the occasion of anguish to him.”

“Mahala, does there lurk in your bosom an affection for Cain, that would make this *occasion* less than one of entire happiness to you?”

“Is sympathy with the anguish of one brother incompatible with love for another? May I not mourn, dear Abel, for the disappointment of Cain, while I enjoy all of the happiness which your affection and mine can impart?”

Man—pure, innocent, and fortunate, even as Abel—has something of selfishness lurking in his heart, that makes him unjust to the motives of woman; suspicious of the extent of those very virtues for which he loves her; intolerant of any affection in her which does not centre on himself; and most intolerant of any feeling of regret, on her part, for that disappointment in another which would be death to him: and never, since Adam, was there a man without the feeling which is so opposite to the other characteristic of the good.

Though Abel felt the gentle rebuke of his sister, and to himself confessed its justice, he could not quite dismiss from his heart the feeling by which

that rebuke was earned. Pressing, therefore, the arm of Mahala closer to his side, he pointed out to her the necessity of hastening forward, to resume their places in the little procession. The whole soon reached a small, level plot on the northern side of the hill, on which stood a rude altar of square stones, — selected, not hewn, — covered with a broad, slaty slab, and upon the last lay a pile of wood.

In front, on the west side of the altar, kneeled Cain and Ada.

*At* the altar, standing in deep devotion, were Abel and Mahala, and at the side of the altar was Eve. Elevated above all, on the eastern side, stood Adam : on one hand lay the prepared victims for the holocaust; on the other burned the torch that was to light the fire on the altar.

The first human dispenser of the great sacrament had no formula — no precedent. Skilled in the affections and passions of man, their delights and their dangers, and prescient of the future, he stood with the solemnity of a priest, and solicitude of a father. And when he had surveyed the scene, so extensive, so lovely, his eye rested upon his wife and children, who, with himself, constituted the whole world of mankind — the fountain whence was to flow the stream of human life, a turbid current, chafing and wasting where it rushed.

But Abel and Mahala — how loving, how lovely! Could they suffer or provoke violence?

With elevated head and outstretched hand, the father of mankind implored from the Creator the choicest blessing of temporal gifts and spiritual guidance. He prayed for peace, and love, and issue; and as he lifted his soul in prayer, the rays of the setting sun played in golden radiance round his head, and seemed a crown dropped there by the hand of some ministering angel.

Adam paused, and there was silence: the high communion of his heart could not brook a sudden transfer to human colloquy, but mingling the love of God with parental affection, he at length addressed his waiting children; and while he commended to them that gentle forbearance which is the child of love, and parent of desirable peace, he absolved them both from all duty of special obedience, and gave to them the right to rank with him in the race of families, but below him in patriarchal and political authority.

“Go, my son, and be master of thy tent and thy flock: no more can I exact obedience from thee; no more need thy conscience excite in thee to award me more than filial reverence. Go, be the head of thine house, and may God bless thee and thine, as he has blessed me in thee.”

The nuptial benediction of Eve was breathed almost in silence over her daughter, whom she kissed with maternal fondness, and lifted up her voice and wept.

The sacrificial flame ascended from the altar,



and through the clear, pure atmosphere above and around them burst forth a thousand stars, ere yet the posthumous light of the sun had passed from the west.

Cain went silently and sullenly down the hill, darkening in soul.

The wedded pair rose from before the altar, and hand in hand they sought their home.

Was it the evening breeze amongst acacia springs that poured such sweetness out? Or was it the multitude of angelic visitors invisibly thronging the air that struck the chords of their harps, and sent up with the incense from the altar their epithalamium for the first marriage of the children of men? If it was, their voices of praise and thanksgiving were not more acceptable than the incense that went up from the hearts of Abel and his wife

J. R. CHANDLER.



## DAISY.

*Bellis.*

## LANGUAGE — INNOCENCE.

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.  
 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.

Soft as the memory of buried love,  
 Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above,  
 Was she — the daughter of that rude old chief.

BYRON.

A mind rejoicing in the light  
 Which melted through its graceful bower,  
 Leaf after leaf serenely bright,  
 And stainless in its holy white,  
 Unfolding like a morning flower.

WHITTIER.

I wish the bud would never blow !  
 'Tis prettier and purer so :  
 It blushes through its bower of green,  
 And peeps above the mossy screen,  
 So timidly, I cannot bear  
 To have it open to the air !

MRS. OSGOOD.

## DANDELION.

*Leontodon.*

LANGUAGE — COQUETRY.

THINK not I love him, though I ask for him :  
 'Tis but a peevish boy — yet he talks well ;  
 But what care I for words ? yet words do well  
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

SHAKESPEARE.

Then, youth, thou fond believer,

The wily siren shun :

Who trusts the dear deceiver

Will surely be undone.

When beauty triumphs, ah, beware !

Her smile is hope ! her frown despair !

MONTGOMERY'S WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

I would sooner bind

My thoughts to the open sky ;

I would worship as soon a familiar star,

That is bright to every eye.

'Twere to love the wind that is free to all,

The wave of the beautiful sea —

'Twere to hope for all the light in heaven,

To hope for the love of thee.

WILLIS.

Now I pray thee do not call

My cousin a coquette,

When I tell you she had danglers

By the dozen in her net :

For she was very beautiful,

Bewildering and bright.

MRS. OSGOOD.

## EGLANTINE, OR SWEETBRIER.

*Rosa rubiginosa.*

LANGUAGE — POETRY.

NEVER did poesy appear  
 So full of heaven to me, as when  
 I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear,  
 To the lives of coarsest men!  
 I thought, these men will carry hence  
 Promptings, their former life above,  
 And something of a finer reverence  
 For beauty, truth, and love.

J. R. LOWELL.

The land of song within thee lies,  
 Watered by living springs;  
 The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
 Are gates unto that paradise;  
 Holy thoughts, like stars, arise;  
 Its clouds are angels' wings.

Look, then, into thy heart, and write;  
 Yes, into life's deep stream:  
 All forms of sorrow and delight,  
 All solemn voices of the night,  
 These can soothe thee, or affright:  
 Be these henceforth thy theme.

LONGFELLOW.



## EVERLASTING.

*Gnaphalium.*

## LANGUAGE — ALWAYS REMEMBERED.

THROUGH the fragrant grove of olives, with a dark-eyed child of Spain,  
I have often whiled the hours, since I crossed the moaning main ;  
But the soul in those soft, brilliant eyes, the low, melodious tone,  
Bade mournful thoughts of thee arise, my beautiful, my own !

'Mid the vines of sunny France, love, I have twined the silken curl,  
And met the merry kisses of a light and laughing girl,  
And richly waved the glittering tress, and wildly woke her glee ! —  
I pined the more for thy caress — more fondly thought of thee !

A haughty, high-born English maid oft shares with me the dance ;  
Italia's daughter bends on me her full, impassioned glance ;  
Nor graceful mien, nor dimpled bloom, nor look of loving light,  
Can win this faithful soul from thee, my purest, and most bright !

MRS. OSGOOD.

## EVERGREEN.

*Mespilus.*

## LANGUAGE — POVERTY AND WORTH.

O, POOR man's son, scorn not thy state ;  
 There is worse weariness than thine  
 In merely being rich and great :  
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
 And makes rest fragrant and benign —  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

J. R. LOWELL.

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.

EPES SARGENT.

All my offering must be  
 Truth and spotless constancy.

MISS LONDON.

She had passed through the shadow and sunlight of life ;  
 She had learned, in its storms, to exult and endure ;  
 And her gentle reply with sweet wisdom was rife —  
 " To me there are none in the universe *poor* ! "



## FIR.

*Pinus balsamea.*

LANGUAGE — TIME.

THAT brow was fair to see, love,  
 That looks so shaded now ;  
 But for me it bore the care, love,  
 That spoiled a bonny brow.  
 And though no longer there, love,  
 The gloss it had of yore,  
 Still memory looks and dotes, love,  
 Where hope admired before.

HOOD.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry.  
 In what far country doth this morrow lie,  
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?  
 Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live ?  
 'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear  
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.  
 To-morrow will I live, the fool doth say :  
 To-day itself's too late ; the wise lived yesterday.

COWLEY.

Why should we count our life by years,  
 Since years are short, and pass away ?  
 Or why by fortune's smiles or tears,  
 Since tears are vain, and smiles decay ?  
 O, count by virtues : these shall last  
 When life's lame-footed race is o'er :  
 And these, when earthly joys are past,  
 May cheer us on a brighter shore.

## FLAX.

*Linum.*

## LANGUAGE — DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

THE old lady sat in her rocking chair —

Darn, darn, darn ;

The fire was bright and the night was fair —

Darn, darn, darn ;

The stocking was old, and the heel was worn,  
But she was well furnished with needle and yarn,

And well she knew how the heel to turn —

Darn, darn, darn.

She had sat in her chair from morn till night —

Darn, darn, darn ;

And still her eye was watchful and bright —

Darn, darn, darn ;

For well she used her needle to ply,  
And every hole in a stocking could spy —

Darn, darn, darn.

Young ladies, if ever you hope to be wives,

Darn, darn, darn ;

For many a call you will have in your lives,

Darn, darn, darn ;

Would you keep your children neat and clean?

Would you save their toes from frostbites keen?

Then never believe that darnings are mean —

But darn, darn, darn.



## FLOWER OF AN HOUR.

*Hibiscus trionum.*

LANGUAGE — DELICATE BEAUTY.

SPRING has no blossom fairer than thy form,  
 Winter no snow wreath purer than thy mind ;  
 The dewdrop trembling to the morning beam  
 Is like thy smile, pure, transient, heaven refined.

MRS. L. I. PIERSON.

She has a glowing heart, they say,  
 Though calm her seeming be ;  
 And oft that warm heart's lovely play  
 Upon her cheek I see.  
 Her cheek is almost always pale,  
 And marble cold it seems ;  
 But a soft color quivers there,  
 At times, in rosy gleams.  
 Some sudden throb of love, or grief,  
 Or pity, or delight,  
 And lo ! a flush of beauty, brief,  
 But passionately bright !

MRS. OSGOOD.

There was a soft and pensive grace,  
 A cast of thought upon her face,  
 That suited well the forehead high,  
 The eyelash dark, and downcast eye.  
 The mild expression spoke a mind  
 In duty firm, composed, resigned.

SCOTT'S ROBEY.

## FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

*Iris plicata.*

LANGUAGE — I AM BURNING WITH LOVE.

It warms me, it charms me,  
 To mention but her name ;  
 It heats me, it beats me,  
 And sets me a' on flame.

BURNS.

Like Ixion,  
 I look on Juno, feel my heart turn to cinders  
 With an invisible fire ; and yet, should she  
 Deign to appear clothed in a various cloud,  
 The majesty of the substance is so sacred  
 I durst not clasp the shadow. I behold her  
 With adoration ; feast my eye, while all  
 My other senses starve ; and, oft frequenting  
 The place which she makes happy with her presence,  
 I never yet had power, with tongue or pen,  
 To move her to compassion, or make known  
 What 'tis I languish for ; yet I must gaze still,  
 Though it increase my flame.

MASSINGER.

When love's well timed, 'tis not a fault to love :  
 The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,  
 Sink in the soft captivity together.

ADDISON'S CATO.



## FLOWERING REED.

*Canna Augustifolia.*

LANGUAGE — CONFIDENCE IN HEAVEN.

PASSING the enclosure where the dead repose,  
 I saw, in sable weeds, a gentle pair  
 Lingered with fond regard, at evening's close,  
 Beside a little grave fresh swelling there.

Silent they stood — serene their thoughtful air ;  
 There fell no tear, no vain complaint arose ;  
 Faith seemed to prompt the unutterable prayer,  
 And to their view the eternal home disclose.

Next Sabbath brought me where the floweret lay ;  
 Record of high descent the marble bore —  
 Heir of a noble house, and only stay ;  
 And these words gathered from the Bible's store —  
 "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath ta'en away ;  
 His holy name be blessed evermore."

ANON.

God is nigh  
 Even then when far away he seemeth ;  
 When hope of freedom none appears,  
 Believe so best for thee he deemeth :  
 He in his time will dry thy tears.  
 God is nigh !

ULRICI.



## FORGET-ME-NOT.

*Viola cucula.*

LANGUAGE — TRUE LOVE.

TELL me, my heart, what love is :

It giveth but to rob —  
Two souls and one idea,  
Two hearts and but one throb.

And tell me how love cometh :

It comes — and ah, 'tis here.  
And whither, pray, it fleeth :  
'Twas not — 'twas fancy mere.

And when is love the purest ?

When its own self it shuns.  
And when is love the deepest ?  
When love the stillest runs.

And when is love the richest ?

It hoardeth when it gives.  
And tell me how love speaketh :  
It speaketh not — it lives.

Whither my heart is gone, there follows my hand, and  
not elsewhere.

For where the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines  
the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in  
darkness.

## FOXGLOVE.

*Digitalis.*

LANGUAGE — AMBITION.

THE world has won her — she has learned  
 Its measured smile and tread ;  
 The foot, that once the snowflake spurned,  
 By courtly rule is led ;  
 And fashion's hand has smoothed the fold  
 Of that luxuriant hair ;  
 Where once the tress of glossy gold  
 Waved wildly on the air.

MRS. OSGOOD.

*Tamerlane.* The world! 'twould be too little for thy pride!  
 Thou wouldst scale heaven.

*Bajazet.* I would: away! my soul  
 Disdains thy conference.

ROWE'S TAMERLANE.

I am a woman: tell me not of fame ;  
 The eagle's wing may sweep the stormy path,  
 And fling back arrows where the dove would die.

MISS LONDON.

Give me the boon of love !

The path of fame is drear,  
 And glory's arch doth ever span

A hillside cold and sere.

One wildflower from the path of love,

All lowly though it lie,

Is dearer than the wreath that waves

To stern Ambition's eye.

H. S. TUCKERMAN.

## THE LADY PILGRIM.

It was early morning in one of the old palaces in England. The night had been a tempestuous one, but the heavy clouds were rolling away before the dawn, and the gray mist was creeping slowly up the sides of the mountains, and hanging in dense wreaths over the little streamlet which watered the valley below. Large drops of rain hung pendent upon the foliage of the gnarled old oaks which bordered the gravelled walks in the parks, while a flood of perfume came from the half-opened buds of the sweet young wildflowers.

The proud Earl of Lincoln sat alone in his rich but antique reception room. His attitude was one of intense thought, for both arms rested heavily upon the marble table before him, and his head was dropped upon them, as if he were entirely absorbed in his musings. The strong beams of light, now fast thickening, streamed in through the high stained windows, and tinged with a silvery brightness the gray locks which wandered over his venerable forehead. A loose dressing gown, which his faithful old servitor, Dudley, had thrown around him, was carelessly looped over his chest, and swept the heavy oak floor upon either side of his chair, while his feet were thrust into a pair of delicately embroidered slippers, wrought by his idolized daughter, the Lady Arabella.

The earl had long sat in that same position. Two or three times Dudley had passed in and out, pausing each time by the door, anxiously regarding his master, and wondering what had called him up that morning, long before another inmate of the castle was stirring.

“What can be the matter?” he muttered, as he turned away the last time, with an air of unsatisfied curiosity. “He is not wont to be in such an unsocial mood. It is early, too,” he continued, as he glanced up to an old clock which ticked in a curiously-carved case, in one corner of the hall. “Something more than usual is in the wind, for sure.”

“It cannot be!” exclaimed the earl, lifting his face, with a troubled expression, from his hands; “I had strong hopes of it, but it cannot be! The Lady Arabella is determined to dash from her lips every cup of happiness and honor I, in my dotting fondness, would mingle for her; she will never be a peeress in the proud realm of England; she prefers an untitled plebeian to one of her own rank; she laughs at all titles of distinction, and speaks even jestingly of stars, garters, and diamonds. From whom does the girl take her disposition? Not from me. Heaven knows, not from me. My earliest dreams were of power; my infantile graspings were after the trappings of royalty; but the countess, her mother, was a true prototype of the child—modest as the violet which hides in the

moss, unassuming as the humblest peasant girl in the kingdom. And yet she was all that a true woman *should be*," continued the earl, as his eye moistened over her memory. "When alone with me, she was blithe as the spring bird, and her heart was brimful of all the kindly affections of our nature. She is dead, and Arabella alone is left to me — sole heiress of the honors and riches of my house. I would link her with the house of Devonshire, for I cannot bear that plebeian blood should ever flow through a vein which claims kindred with me; but the girl told me last night that she loved one without a title — one as careless of the world's honors as herself. Isaac Johnson! Who is he? They say that he has vast wealth — that, in my eye, is his only recommendation. Had it been otherwise, I would have punished his presumption in aspiring to the hand of my child."

Again the earl dropped his head, and mused moodily.

"My lord," said Dudley, opening the door, and cautiously peering in, "a gentleman in the hall desires an audience with you. Shall I admit him?"

"Who is he, and what is his business at this hour?" asked the earl, half angrily. "Can I never have a moment to spend with my own thoughts? Who is it, Dudley?"

"I do not know, for true," said the old man, brushing his earlocks back. "If I might hazard



a guess, I should say it was the young Duke of Devonshire — the same who aided in rescuing my young mistress last summer, when she was thrown from her palfrey among the jutting rocks in that terrible chasm, over which the hounds leaped while in pursuit of the stag. It may not be the same, but it looks wondrously like him !”

“The Duke of Devonshire !” Pull my dressing gown around me, and then show him in,” said the old nobleman, animatedly. “If it is the young Duke of Devonshire, he possesses claims upon the house of Lincoln which shall not long remain unacknowledged.”

The Earl of Lincoln rose, while the young and handsome duke came forward, and bowed gracefully in his presence. He retained his hunting cap in his hand, the heavy plume of which nearly swept the floor, and his raven hair fell in rich masses over a brow which would not have looked out of place beneath a crown.

“I throw myself upon your hospitality at an unusual hour,” he said, as he took the extended hand of the earl, and pressed it fervently and respectfully. “I owe an apology, perhaps, for such an unceremonious intrusion ; but the morning was inviting, and I came forth early with a band of followers to the chase. The sight of your castle turrets arrested my attention, and, leaving my expected train to follow a deer they had aroused, I

turned in hither to avail myself, for a few hours, of your hospitality."

"While the master of the castle lives," blandly replied the earl, "*any* hour which the Duke of Devonshire may choose for his visits will not prove ill timed or unwelcome."

The duke bowed, as if grateful for the honor shown him by his distinguished host; then, sinking upon an old and curiously-carved divan, which occupied a prominent position in the room, he began to dally with his plume, and converse in his most insinuating style.

The servant closed the door upon his master and guest, and then turned to kennel the hounds, which were left in the yard.

He fastened the dogs in their enclosure, and then sat down again on the steps of the eastern porch, to wait a summons to his master. The bright sun wheeled its broad disk from behind the eastern hills, and travelled higher and higher on his way towards the zenith. All nature was apparently rejoicing in a day well begun. For two or three long hours the old steward sat and looked out upon the scene spread before him. A low murmur, as of two engaged in an absorbing conversation, came to him from the room of his master. At length, as impatience began to take possession of him, he heard his master's well-known step approaching the door. He aroused himself quickly, to attend the summons which he felt sure awaited

him. At length it was given, and he opened the door of the reception room, and looked in.

“Dudléy,” said the old man, hurriedly, “say to the Lady Arabella that her father and the Duke of Devonshire request an immediate interview. They wait her presence.”

“Ay, it is as I thought,” muttered the old man, as he moved slowly away in the direction of his lady’s chamber: “the duke scents more precious game than could be started in the park this morning; but it will be in vain — all in vain.”

He paused, after having ascended the oaken staircase, before a door leading into a chamber, the most spacious and luxurious in the castle. It would seem that every delicacy had been brought into requisition, by the Earl of Lincoln, to adorn and beautify the room in which his darling daughter spent the sunny days of her maidenhood. Rich vases of flowers loaded the mantel-piece and tables, while splendidly-bound books were scattered here and there throughout the room. In the dark recesses of one of the windows, the Lady Arabella herself was seated, busily engaged with a book of devotions. While one little, dainty hand supported her cheek, the other, with a small circlet of gold around the wrist, hung over the arm of the high-backed chair in which she reposed. Her dress was of white, made in the peculiar fashion of that day, and her hair, soft and brown, was combed smoothly back from her high, intellectual

brow, and confined behind with a small comb, studded with diamonds. As the old servant opened the door, she raised her large blue eyes from the book where they had been resting, and displayed a face remarkable for the purity and sweetness of its expression, rather than for its beauty. She was evidently one of those gentle beings who make the paths they chance to tread in life seem smooth and thornless — one whose low musical words sink deep into the heart, and dwell there like remembered melody — one fragile as the violet in the deep wood, and yet born “to hope, and endure all things,” for conscience’ sake. She seemed to have participated in the spirit of unrest which had pervaded the household that morning, for she had been up several hours, and a cluster of blush roses fastened into the front of her dress told that she had been walking in the garden, enjoying the invigorating influences of the early morning. Perhaps she was not unaware of her father’s entertaining an unusual guest that morning; for she rose immediately, and followed old Dudley to the room where they were waiting. As she entered, the young Duke of Devonshire rose hurriedly to greet her, while a soft blush mantled her face and neck. The earl, her father, fixed his keen eyes upon her face, as if he would have read her inmost soul; but, save the blush of maidenly modesty, there was no sign of agitation. She seated herself, calmly and collectedly, beside

the chair recently occupied by her father, and then sat as if waiting the opening of a conversation, which a delicate instinct seemed to teach her was to follow, and which she knew would cause wounds she could never heal.

“My daughter has not forgotten one to whom, under God, she owes her life!” said the earl, half angrily, as he marked her merely polite reception of their illustrious guest; “the Duke of Devonshire needs no formal introduction to her, I am sure: he rescued you from a watery grave.”

“I *would* have done it, and been most happy in perilling my life for one so priceless,” said the duke, in an agitated voice; “but an arm, stronger than mine, bore her from the waves, while I received her from the bank. For the trifling service I was then happy enough to have it in my power to render, no thanks are due.”

“I have been assured by my servants, who witnessed the scene,” said the earl, “that it was to your bravery I am indebted for the life of my child. Our interview was brief at that time, and my feelings were too much agitated to admit of my thanking you as I ought. My child has since met with you, and thanked you in person, I have been told; but neither thanks nor gold can pay the debt of gratitude we are under to you.”

“I should, indeed, be blameworthy and unthankful, my dear father, were I ever to forget the service rendered me by the duke and his friend in

that dreadful hour of peril," said the Lady Arabella, her sweet eyes filling with tears as she spoke. "The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Johnson will ever live in my liveliest remembrance."

"Mr. Johnson!" said the earl, lowering his heavy eyebrows as he spoke. "Pray, to what Mr. Johnson are we indebted? and why have I never been informed of it before?"

"Isaac Johnson, dear father. The subject is a painful one, and has never been adverted to since. My lord, the Duke of Devonshire, though he claim not thanks, will ever be the possessor of my gratitude."

As she spoke, she bowed towards the seat the duke had resumed during the conversation.

"I claim not gratitude, noble lady, for any service rendered," said the duke, rising and approaching her; "but there is a sentiment akin to that which I would give worlds on worlds to possess, were they mine. I mean — *your love.*"

As he spoke, he took her hand, and kneeled at her feet. The flush came and went upon the cheek of the noble lady; and her hand trembled slightly in the palm which enclosed it; but there were no heart flutterings; her cheek, after a few moments, resumed its steady color, and the nerves grew firm, while in a soft and gentle voice she made reply.

"My warmest, best gratitude, noble duke, is yours — my love is irrevocably bestowed upon

another — *irrevocably bestowed*; and words have been spoken which cannot be recalled. Rise, I pray you," she continued, withdrawing her hand, and motioning him to his feet; "rise, for I cannot endure to see one to whom I am so deeply indebted assuming the attitude of a suppliant."

The duke did not stir. Not a muscle changed; he seemed transfixed to the spot. He folded his hands mechanically over his breast, and his large, dark eyes seemed dilating with intense emotion. One short sentence from the fresh, unchanging lips above him had sealed his doom, and crushed hopes and aspirations long and fondly entertained. There was no revocation to be made — no words to be recalled; he read it in the clear blue eye, in the calm and steady voice, and unflinching gaze of the maiden before him.

O, what bitter hours there are in life! "hours which crush the hopes from out young hearts," and wring bitter tears from eyes unused to weeping! — moments of agony, when Friendship, and Love, and Happiness are so many phantoms, rising up and mocking us in our misery.

The Lady Arabella glanced timidly up to the face of her father. He still stood in the centre of the room, but his cheek had become ashy in its hue, and his eyes were bent upon her more in anger than in sorrow. As he encountered her gaze, he stepped forward, and, laying his hand upon her head, spoke.

“ Arabella, my child, reflect *well* upon what you are doing! Remember that this hour seals your fate! Do you refuse to ally yourself with one of the proudest houses in the realm? Will you persevere in preferring an untitled plebeian to the nobleman who now sues for your hand? ”

“ Father! — dearest, best of fathers! — I *have* reflected — I *have decided*. Prevarication would, on my part, be base wickedness. I am sorry to wound, but I cannot retract.”

“ The fiat has gone forth, then, my noble duke,” said the earl, sorrowfully, removing his hand from the head of his child to the arm of the suitor at her feet. “ Rise! the Lady Arabella is determined to ‘make her own path, and fling her own shadow upon it!’ ”

“ We part not in anger!” said the girl, as she extended her hand to the duke, while he was in the act of rising. “ We will henceforth be *friends!* ”

As she spoke, one of the blush roses in her dress fell from her bosom to the floor. The duke caught it hastily, pressed it to his lips, and rushed from her presence without other reply. Those who knew his proud and noble nature said afterwards that “ he was crazed with unrequited love.”

The year 1632 dawned over a band of humble Pilgrims, who had fled from the old world, and fixed their rude habitations in the wilds of



America. They sought among savage hordes the dearest right of man — “Freedom to worship God.”

Their rude cabins were built of logs, and some even dwelt in the caves of the earth. They had left behind them comforts, wealth, friends, and ease. They had gained by the exchange that which was priceless — “liberty of conscience and speech.” Some of them were hardy, stalwart men — creatures of iron nerve and inflexible wills; but others had been reared in the lap of luxury, and the chill, rough winds of New England affected them as the early frost does the spring flower. Among the latter was the Lady Arabella Johnson, the Earl of Lincoln’s idolized child.

She was a sunbeam in the dark ship. Her sweet voice might have been heard all day long, reading God’s precious promises to the aged, comforting the sick, strengthening the weak, and cheering all. To her husband she was emphatically “an angel of mercy.” In his saddest hours, she could chase away the gloom which gathered over his face; her own spirit never sunk into despondency; no privation ever called a murmur to her lip.

On the 12th of June, 1630, the ship reached the port for which it was bound, in Salem, Massachusetts. Their reception among the Pilgrims was a most melancholy one, for disease had been among the colonists, and many of them, as they

welcomed their friends, cried out, in the touching language of grief, "We have looked on Death since we met you last!"

There was no luxurious table spread for them in the wilderness — no princely palace opening its portals for their reception. And yet again this noble-minded heroine murmured not. To the poor and distressed, in the colony, her visits were frequent; her sweet smile, yea, merry laugh, gushed out like the bird's music in spring, while building its nest in the warm sunshine; and yet none doubted her piety, for she bore in her very looks the spirit of the Savior. But the flower of the Pilgrims could not long withstand the chill winds and hoarse blasts of a New England climate. It withered away, and the year 1632 witnessed its dissolution.

Again it was early morning; but the sun looked down upon no stately castle in the wild woods of the new world. In a brown frame house, rendered almost dreary from its secluded situation, there was transpiring one of the most interesting of earthly scenes: a Christian was going home to God — home to that bright and beautiful world, "where the redeemed walk."

Her cheek was as hueless as the pillow on which it rested; her breath came short and thick; but her eyes had an unearthly lustre, and in the weak tones of her voice there was a melody sweet as the swan's dying note. Through the raised

windows a soft, cool breeze stole from the bosom of the placid ocean, and fanned the few auburn curls which strayed out from beneath her cap. O! in that hour she seemed too beautiful for death — too beautiful to be laid away in the cold, dark grave, where the worm revels on its prey.

The Pilgrims were all there — all had come in to witness the visitation of that dread tyrant, who takes from the arms of affection its cherished idol. *That dread tyrant*, did I say? I meant not thus. To the Christian, death is an angel of mercy; it holds the key which unlocks the golden gates of paradise; it introduces him to the glorious company of “the angels and just men made perfect.”

The eyes of the sufferer closed for a moment, and her lips moved as if in prayer. While thus engaged, an expression of almost angelic beauty stole over her wasted features; her blue eyes unclosed again, and, raising her arm, she wound it around her husband's neck, and drew his face close to hers.

“Thou art very sorrowful, my beloved!” she said. “Why do you mourn? We weep not when an uncaged bird seeks the blue of its native skies — when a flower droops in our path at noon-day, and withers. Why weep when a tired spirit seeks rest from the tumults of this world in the bosom of its God? when, like the bird, it tries its wing in an upward flight, and rests at last only in

its native skies? Why weep that your much-loved wife is now to make a most happy exchange of worlds?"

The form of the strong, stern Puritan seemed convulsed with internal agony, and he did not make reply. The sweet voice of his wife continued:—

"I have lived a happy life — I am dying a happy death. Most blissful has been my fate! I have never made one sacrifice too many in the cause of Christ. A little while, and you, my beloved, shall test the truthfulness of the promise given to those who leave "father and mother, houses and land," for the Redeemer's sake. Be strong — be firm — be deeply rooted in the faith! Adieu! We will meet soon in a brighter world."

And as she spoke, she pressed her lips for the last time upon her husband's brow. One by one the Puritans came up to take her hand, and listen to her parting words. When this scene was over, she sunk back again upon her pillow, and closed her eyes. "The bitterness of death had passed."

In the humble burying ground of the Pilgrims they made her grave, and laid her down with prayers and tears. One heart-broken mourner lingered long above the marble brow, and kissed and re-kissed the cold lips, before they gave her to the dust. In the wild agony of his grief, he at first prayed to die. His prayer, it seemed, was signally answered, for he survived the wife of his

bosom but a few months. They made his mound beside hers, and left them without sign or stone to mark their resting-place.

Years afterwards, there swept out from one of the castles of the old world a funeral pageant. There was all the insignia of grief that wealth could command. Long trains of mourners, richly clad in black, passed through the fretted vaults and long aisles of the cathedral, and paused at last beside a tomb, almost meet for the resting-place of kings.

The Duke of Devonshire was dead, and royalty paid his dust due honors. The domestics, left at home to superintend affairs during the absence of the mourners, swept out from the bosom of the richly-wrought vestments the duke last wore a withered *blush rose*. None knew its history — none even noticed its fall. The heart near which it had so long lain had ceased to beat forever.

MISS C. W. BARBER.

NOTE. — We have taken the liberty to omit some portions of this most interesting story, in order to bring it within the limits of our work. We trust the author will excuse us. — *Ed. Life among the Flowers.*



## GERANIUM.

*Pelargonium.*

## LANGUAGE — GENTILITY.

## HARSHLY falls

The doom upon the ear — “She’s not genteel!”  
 And pitiless is woman who doth keep  
 Of “good society” the golden key!  
 And gentlemen are bound, as are the stars,  
 To stoop not after rising.

WILLIS.

But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her* nobly  
 born,  
 And laughs the paltry attributes of rank and wealth to  
 scorn;  
 She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half  
 divine,  
 And cries, exulting, “Who can make a gentleman like  
 mine?”

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or  
 pride,  
 Great in the calm, and greater still when dashed by ad-  
 verse tide;  
 They hold the rank no king can give, no station can  
 disgrace;  
 Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must  
 give place.

E. COOK.

## GERANIUM, DARK.

*Pelargonium Triste.*

LANGUAGE — DESPONDENCY.

THOU who silently art weeping,  
Thou of faded lip and brow,  
Golden harvests for thy reaping  
Wave before thee even now.

Fortune may be false and fickle —  
Should you, therefore, pause and weep? —  
Taking in thy hand the sickle,  
Enter in the field and reap.

Though the garden, famed Elysian,  
May be shut from thee by fate,  
Thou hast yet a holier mission  
Than to linger at the gate.

Brightest visions from thy pillow  
May have vanished; still thou'rt blest,  
While the waves of time's rough billows  
Wash the shores of endless rest.

ALICE CAREY

Sit down, sad soul, and count

The moments flying:

Come, tell the sad amount

That's lost by sighing.

How many smiles? A score?

Then laugh and count no more,

For day is dying!

TENNYSON.

## GERANIUM, ROSE.

*Pelargonium Capitatum.*

## LANGUAGE—PREFERENCE.

HE says he loves my daughter ;  
 I think so too ; for never gazed the moon  
 Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,  
 As 'twere my daughter's eyes : and to be plain,  
 I think there is not half a kiss to choose,  
 Who loves another best.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thy choice, gentle maiden !  
 'Tis thine, thine alone :  
 The leaflet dew laden,  
 The sun-illumed stone !

The one is the offer  
 Of power and pride,  
 With gold in his coffer,  
 And gems for his bride.

The other, a token  
 From passion and truth,  
 The pure and unbroken,  
 The love of thy youth.

She falters — though cruel,  
 The struggle is brief —  
 She clasps not the jewel —  
 The tear-laden leaf.

MRS. OSGOOD.



## GERANIUM, SCARLET.

*Pelargonium Inquinans.*

## LANGUAGE — CONSOLATION.

LOOK how the gray old ocean  
 From the depth of his heart rejoices,  
 Heaving with a gentle motion,  
 When he hears our restful voices ;  
 List, how he sings in an undertone,  
 Chiming with our melody ;  
 And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles be,  
 The waters gurgle longingly,  
 As if they fain would seek the shore,  
 To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,  
 To be at rest for evermore.

Thus on *life's* gloomy sea,  
 Heareth the mariner  
 Voices sweet from far and near,  
 Ever singing in his ear,  
 "Here is rest and peace for thee!"

J. R. LOWELL — THE SIRENS.

There is no sunshine that hath not its shade,  
 Nor shadow that the sunshine hath not made ;  
 There is no cherished comfort of the heart  
 That doth not own its tearful counterpart.

Thus, through a perfect balance, constant flow  
 The sharp extremes of joy and those of woe ;  
 Our sweetest, best repose results from strife,  
 And death — what is it, after all, but life?

## GERANIUM, SILVER-LEAFED.

*Pelargonium Argentifolium.*

## LANGUAGE — RECALL.

O'ER the far blue mountain,  
O'er the white sea foam,  
Come, thou long-parted one,  
Back to thy home.

Where the bright fire shineth,  
Sad looks thy place,  
While the true heart pineth,  
Missing thy face.

Music is sorrowful  
Since thou art gone;  
Sisters are mourning thee;  
Come to thy own.

Hark! the home voices call  
Back to thy rest;  
Come to thy father's hall,  
Thy mother's breast.

O'er the far blue mountain,  
O'er the white sea foam,  
Come, thou long-parted one,  
Back to thy home.

MRS. HEMAT S.

## LIFE IS SWEET.

IT was a summer's morning. I was awakened by the rushing of a distant engine, bearing along a tide of men to their busy day in the great city. Cool sea breezes stole through the pine trees embowering my dwelling; the aromatic pines breathed out their ready music; the hummingbird was fluttering over the honeysuckle at my window; the grass glittered with dewdrops. A maiden was coming from the dairy across the lawn, with a silver mug of new milk in her hand; by the other hand she led a child. The young woman was in the full beauty of ripened and perfect womanhood. Her step was elastic and vigorous; moderate labor had developed without impairing her fine person. I thought, "How sweet is life to this girl!" as, respected and respecting, she sustains her place in domestic life, distilling her pure influences into the little creature she holds by the hand! And how sweet, then, was life to that child! Her little form was so erect and strong—so firmly knit to outward life—her step so free and joyous!—her fair, bright hair, so bright that it seemed as if a sunbeam came from it: it lay parted on that brow, where an infinite capacity had set its seal. And that spirited eye—so quickly perceiving—so eagerly exploring! and those sweet red lips—love, and laughter, and

beauty are there. Now she snatches a tuft of flowers from the grass; now she springs to meet her playmate, the young, frisky dog; and now she is shouting playfully: he has knocked her over, and they are rolling on the turf together. Before three months passed away, she had laid down the beautiful garments of her mortality; she had entered the gates of immortal life; and those who followed her to its threshold felt that to the end, and in the end, her ministry had been most sweet. "Life is sweet" to the young, with their unfathomable hopes — their unlimited imaginings. It is sweeter still with the varied realization. Heaven has provided the ever-changing loveliness and mysterious process of the outward world in the inspirations of art; in the excitement of magnanimous deeds; in the close knitting of affections; in the joys of the mother, the toils and harvest of the father; in the countless blessings of hallowed domestic life.

"Life is sweet" to the seeker of wisdom, and to the lover of science; and all progress and each discovery is a joy to them.

"Life is sweet" to the true lovers of their race; and the unknown and unpraised good they do by word, or look, or deed, is joy ineffable.

But not alone to the wise, to the learned, to the young, to the healthful, to the gifted, to the happy, to the vigorous doer of good, is life sweet: for the patient sufferer it has a divine sweetness.

“What,” I asked a friend, who had been on a delicious country excursion, “did you see that best pleased you?”

My friend has cultivated her love of moral more than her perception of physical beauty, and I was not surprised when, after replying, she went on to say, “My cousin took me to see a man who had been a clergyman in the Methodist connection. He had suffered from a nervous rheumatism, and from a complication of diseases, aggravated by ignorant drugging. Every muscle in his body, except those which move his eyes and tongue, is paralyzed. His body has become as rigid as iron. His limbs have lost the human form. He has not lain on a bed for seven years. He suffers acute pain. He has invented a chair which affords him some alleviation. His feelings are fresh and kindly, and his mind is unimpaired. He reads constantly. His book is fixed in a frame before him, and he manages to turn the leaves with an instrument which he moves with his tongue. He has an income of thirty dollars! This pittance, by the vigilant economy of his wife, and some aid from his kind rustic neighbors, bring the year round. His wife is the most gentle, patient, and devoted of loving nurses. She never has too much to do to do all well; no wish or thought goes beyond the unvarying circle of her conjugal duty. Her love is as abounding as his wants — her cheerfulness as sure as the rising

sun. She has not for years slept two hours consecutively.

“I did not know which most to reverence, his patience or hers; and so I said to them. ‘Ah,’ said the good man, with a serene smile, ‘life is still sweet to me; how can it but be so with such a wife?’”

And surely life *is* sweet to her who feels every hour of the day the truth of this gracious acknowledgment.

O, ye who live amidst alternate sunshine and showers of plenty, to whom night brings sleep and daylight freshness — ye murmurers and complainers who fret in the harness of life till it gall you to the bone — who recoil at the lightest burden, and shrink from a passing cloud — consider the magnanimous sufferer my friend described, and learn the divine art that can distil sweetness from the bitterest cup!

MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.



## HAWTHORN.

*Crataegus.*

LANGUAGE — HOPE.

HER precious pearl, in sorrow's cup  
 Unnoticed at the bottom lay,  
 To shine again, when, all drunk up,  
 The bitterness should pass away.

MOORE.

A golden cage of sunbeams  
 Half down a rainbow hung ;  
 And sweet therein a golden bird  
 The whole bright morning sung !  
 The winged shapes around it flew,  
 Enchanted as they heard ;  
 It was the bird of Hope, my love ;  
 It was Hope's golden bird.

And ever of to-morrow  
 The siren song began ;  
 Ah, what on earth so musical  
 As hope and love to man ?  
 I listened, thinking still of thee,  
 And of thy promised word ;  
 It was the bird of Hope, my love ;  
 It was Hope's golden bird.

ANON.



## HELLEBORE.

*Helleborus Niger.*

## LANGUAGE — CALUMNY.

MY dark-eyed darling, don't you know,  
 If you were homely, cold, or stupid,  
 Unbent for you were Slander's bow ?

*Her* shafts but follow those of Cupid.  
 Dear child of genius, strike the lyre,  
 And drown with melody delicious,  
 Soft answering to your touch of fire,  
 The envious hint, the sneer malicious.

Remember it is music's law,  
 Each *pure, true* note, though low you sound it,  
 Is heard through discord's wildest war  
 Of rage and madness storming round it.  
 Serenely go your glorious way,  
 Secure that every footstep onward  
 Will lead you from *their* haunts away,  
 Since you go *up*, and they go — *downward*.

MRS. OSGOOD.

I know that slander loves a lofty mark ;  
 It saw her soar a flight above her fellows,  
 And hurled its arrow to her glorious height,  
 To reach as high, and bring her to the ground.

MISS H. MORE.





## HELIOTROPE.

*Heliotropium.*

LANGUAGE — DEVOTION.

YOU took me, William, when a girl,  
 Unto your home and heart,  
 To bear in all your after fate  
 A fond and faithful part :  
 And tell me, have I ever tried  
 That duty to forego?  
 Or was there ever joy for me  
 When you were sunk in woe?  
 No : I would rather share *your* tear  
 Than any other's glee ;  
 For though you're nothing to the world,  
 You're ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

ANON.

Nay, do not ask — entreat not — no,  
 O no, I will not leave thy side ;  
 Whither thou goest, I will go,  
 Where thou abidest, I'll abide.  
 Through life — in death — my soul to thine  
 Shall cleave as first it clave ;  
 Thy home, thy people shall be mine,  
 Thy God my God, thy grave my grave.

R. H. WILD.

*Adah.* Alas! thou sinnest now, my Cain ; thy words  
 Sound impious in mine ears.

*Cain.* Then leave me !

*Adah.* Never,  
 Though thy God left thee.

BYRON'S CAIN.

## HIBISCUS.

*Hibiscus Vesicarius.*

## LANGUAGE — SHORT-LIVED BEAUTY.

Go, lovely rose,  
 Tell her that wastes her time on 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.

Yet, though thou fade,  
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,  
 And teach the maid  
 That goodness time's rude hand defies ;  
 That virtue lives when beauty dies.

WALLER.

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

MRS. OSGOOD.

## HONEYSUCKLE.

*Lonicera.*

LANGUAGE — FIDELITY.

Be true to me!

Be as the star that burns

Calm and unchangéd in the midnight air,  
 When unto thee my wearied spirit turns  
 For sweet repose from all the storms of care :

Be true to me!

Be true to me!

Not always may the bloom

Of hope and gladness on my cheeks remain ;  
 And when dark thoughts shall shade my soul with  
 gloom,

'Thy tender accents still may soothe its pain :

Be true to me!

ANON.

ANSWER.

I do not promise that our life

Shall know no shade on heart or brow ;  
 For human lot and mortal strife

Would mock the falsehood of such vow.

But when the clouds of pain and care

Shall teach us we are not divine,

My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,

And I will strive to lighten thine.

ELIZA COOK.

If we love one another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever

Mischances may happen.

LONGFELLOW.

## HONEYSUCKLE, WILD.

*Azalea Procumbens.*

## LANGUAGE — INCONSTANCY.

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.

ANON.

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.

PERCIVAL.

Holy St. Francis ! what a change is here !  
 Is Rosalind, whom thou dost hold so dear,  
 So soon forsaken ? Young men's love, then, lies  
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

SHAKESPEARE.



## HYDRANGEA.

*Hydrangea Hortensis.*

## LANGUAGE — HEARTLESSNESS.

WITH every pleasing, every prudent part,  
 Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart.  
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,  
 But never, never reached one generous thought;  
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,  
 Content to dwell in decencies forever.  
 So very reasonable, so unmoved,  
 As never yet to love, or to be loved.

POPE.

I live among the cold, the false,  
 And I must seem like them;  
 And such I am, for I am false  
 As these I most condemn:  
 I teach my lip its sweetest smile,  
 My tongue its softest tone;  
 I borrow others' likeness, till  
 I almost lose my own.

ANON.

On thy forehead sitteth Pride,  
 Crowned with scorn, and falcon-eyed;  
 But beneath, methinks, thou twinest  
 Silken smiles that *seem* divinest.  
 Can *such* smiles be false and cold?  
 Canst thou — *wilt* thou wed for gold?

BARRY CORNWALL.

## A NEW YEAR'S COLLOQUY WITH TIME.

ELEVEN o'clock at night! But another hour, and all that remains of the present year will have been borne upon the tireless wing of Father Time into the great gulf of eternity; and the old fellow will have turned up his glass again, ground his scythe, and laid hold of the new year; prepared to roll it onward, evolving the future from the lapse of every moment, until he shall see it safely deposited in the great grave of the past, which swallows all things.

“Thou art a jolly old fellow, Father Time! Give us thy hand, and ere the bright sun of the first morning of the new year shines cheerfully over the grave of its departed brother, let us be a little sociable, and talk of the past. Do not be crusty; you need not stop in your onward march. I myself am somewhat of a traveller, and will walk an hour with you; only keep that confounded old scythe out of the way, which, since I first saw it *pictured* upon the cover of the Farmer's Almanac, along with the matter-of-fact couplet,—

Time cuts down all,  
Both great and small,”—

I never could look at without shuddering.

“Thou hast visited all countries and all climes; thou hast been in strange lands, and beheld many

strange and wondrous things; thou hast kept on thy way untiring — hast passed over the great city, and left messages of joy or sorrow to millions of the sons of men. Thou hast frosted the heads of the aged, cut down beauty in its bloom, and blighted earth's fairest flowers. Thou hast brought poverty into the dwellings of affluence; thou hast by thy movements brought distrust into friendly bosoms, and thou hast separated families. Thou hast brought about the utterance of the first unkind word between those who had promised to love each other ever; thou hast led the youth onward to his first act of wickedness and sin, and the maiden rashly to forsake the dwelling of her childhood — the merchant to the verge of bankruptcy, and from thence to ruin, and to death; thou hast plunged the man of crime still deeper into the abyss of iniquity — caused children to weep over the death of their parents, and parents for the departure of their children. Thou hast done all these things, old Time; and now, what canst thou say for thyself? Hast done any good, old fellow? any thing for which we shall commend thee, or which should make us hail thy presence with gladness?"

"Mortal, listen!" said Time. "God is good, and to perform his will am I sent to the earth. 'Tis to work out the designs of his good providence, that I wend my way hither and thither over this little globe of yours. True, I have frosted

the heads of the aged, but the aged good man fears not Time. He who has spent his whole life in deeds of active benevolence and kindness, benefiting his fellow-men, knows that his gray hairs are a crown of honor, and that it becomes him, even as the crown which he shall wear in paradise as a reward for a life of righteousness here. True, I have cut down beauty in its bloom; but for what, think you? to gratify a malignant spirit? O, no! there are mortals here who seem all too good to be the inhabitants of such a dwelling-place as this earth, and I have but translated them to a brighter land, where the spirits of the pure and good — the just made perfect — will forever dwell.

“I have blasted the loveliest flowers, say you? Not so. In the gardens of paradise they bloom again with more than their earthly freshness and beauty. Purity and goodness should not be scattered upon the cold winds of ingratitude and wrong, without a shelter, and without a fitting home: of such is composed the kingdom of heaven; and nurtured by its dews, and warmed by the smiles which beam from the throne of mercy, they grow and expand until they become like the angelic beings they so much resemble.

“I have brought poverty into the dwellings of affluence, but to serve a good end. To the rich man, who loved his gold better than his God, I have taught a lesson; I have shown him the frailty of human hopes, and the instability of



human things. In the low-roofed cottage has the poor man found that happiness and peace of mind which passeth all understanding, which he sought in vain to find amid the glitter of wealth and the pride of station. Hast thou not read that it is easier for a camel to enter a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven? and blamest thou me that I have stripped him of the vile clogs that weigh down his immortal spirit to the earth?

“Thou sayest that I have brought distrust into friendly bosoms; that I have separated families, and caused unkind words to be spoken. Look at the bright side of the picture: alas for your human nature! which, since the days of your good mother Eve, has delighted to place the burden upon the wrong shoulders. Think how my softening touch has quieted old feuds, and silenced old animosities, forever. Think how my old fingers have rubbed away long scores of hate and ingratitude; how I have warmed hearts callous to all feelings of affection, and caused them to glow again with the fires of friendship and love. I have led the youth onward to wickedness and crime, and the maiden rashly to forsake the home of her childhood; but think how many I have brought to see the evil of their ways, and turned from the path which leads to perdition. Think how many youthful hearts are made wise unto salvation by bitter experience, and how many

repentant erring ones are seeking at the only place for forgiveness, and atoning for the past by a life of rectitude and virtue.

“Think, too, while ye would seek cause to complain of me, how little ye know: think of all the gladness and joy which I bring to men’s hearts. Children are born into the world, and O, what an inexpressible flood of delight rushes through the parent’s heart, as he traces in imagination the dim, distant future! and how are his days and nights filled with blissful hopes of seeing them live and grow up around him, to cheer and to bless his later years! If I draw wrinkles upon the brow of age, I cause the roses to bloom brighter upon beauty’s cheek. If I destroy, I also make alive. If I brush into oblivion some records of the past, I go with the man who searcheth after knowledge, and from my age and experience, his own soul is expanded, and he becomes a blessing to his race.”

Just so far had Time spoken when the clock struck twelve; and with the determination to profit by his teachings, I wished him a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**, and fell asleep.

ANON.



## ICE PLANT.

*Mesembryanthemum.*

LANGUAGE — FRIGIDITY.

THY beauty — not a fault is there ;  
 No queen of Grecian line  
 E'er braided more luxuriant hair.  
 O'er forehead more divine ;  
 The light of midnight's starry heaven  
 Is in those radiant eyes ;  
 The rose's crimson life has given  
 That cheek its glowing dyes ;  
 And yet I love thee not : thy brow  
 Is but the sculptor's mould :  
 It wants a shade ; it wants a glow ;  
 It is less fair than *cold*.

MISS LONDON.

And underneath that face, like summer's oceans,  
 Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,  
 Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions —  
 Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow — all save fear.

HALLECK.

Better the tie at once be broken,  
 At once our last farewell be spoken,  
 Than watch him, one by one destroy  
 The glowing buds of hope and joy —  
 Than thus to see them, day by day,  
 Beneath his coldness fade away.

MRS. OSGOOD.

## IVY.

*Hedera.*

## LANGUAGE — FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul!  
 Sweetener of life, and solder of society!  
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved of me  
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
 Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,  
 And the warm efforts of a gentle heart,  
 Anxious to please.

BLAIR.

What though on Love's altar the flame that is glowing  
 Is brighter? yet Friendship's is steadier far!  
 One wavers and turns with each breeze that is blowing,  
 And is but a meteor — the other's a star!  
     In youth Love's light  
     Burns warm and bright,  
 But dies ere the winter of age be past;  
     While Friendship's flame  
     Burns ever the same,  
 And glows but the brighter, the nearer its last!

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.

MRS. WELBY.

## JASMINE.

*Jasminum.*

## LANGUAGE — AMIABILITY.

THE blessings of her quiet life  
 Fell on us like the dew ;  
 And good thoughts, where her footstep pressed,  
 Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
 Were in her very look ;  
 We read her face as one who reads  
 A true and holy book.

The pleasure of a blessed hymn  
 To which our hearts could move,  
 The breathing of an inward psalm,  
 A canticle of love.

WHITTIER.

And we talked — O, how we talked! her voice, so cadenced  
 in the talking,  
 Made another singing — of the soul! a music without  
 bars —  
 While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round  
 where we were walking,  
 Brought interposition worthy — sweet — as skies about  
 the stars,  
 And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if she al-  
 ways thought them.

MISS BARRITT.

## JAPONICA.

*Japonica Alba.*

## LANGUAGE — EXCELLENCE.

## VIEW them near

At home, where all their worth and power is placed ;  
 And there their hospitable fires burn clear,  
 And there the lowest farm-house hearth is graced  
 With manly hearts in piety sincere ;  
 Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,  
 In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,  
 Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

HALLECK.

What, my soul, was thy errand here ?

Was it mirth, or ease,  
 Or heaping up dust from year to year ?

“Nay, none of these !”

Speak, soul, aright, in His holy sight

Whose eye looks still

And steadily on thee through the night :

“To do His will !”

WHITTIER.

A life of honor and of worth

Has no eternity on earth ;

'Tis but a name —

And yet its glory far exceeds

That base and sensual life which leads

To want and shame.

LONGFELLOW.

## JONQUIL.

*Narcissus Jonquilla.*

LANGUAGE — IS MY AFFECTION RETURNED ?

O LADY, there be many things  
 That seem right fair above ;  
 But sure not one among them all  
 Is half so sweet as love :  
 Let us not pay our vows alone,  
 But join two altars into one.

O. W. HOLMES.

And canst thou not accord thy heart  
 In unison with mine ?  
 Whose language thou alone hast heard  
 Thou only canst divine.

RUFUS DAWES.

'Twas then the blush suffused her cheek,  
 Which told what words could never speak ;  
 The answer's written deeply now  
 On this warm cheek and glowing brow.

L. M. DAVIDSON.

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

L. E. LANDON.



## THE BROKEN HEART.

“I never heard  
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipped  
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats  
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.”

*Middleton.*

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that however the surface of character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and



bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and domination over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked her case is hopeless — for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness — it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being — he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can “fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.”

But a woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim, how many

soft cheeks grow pale, how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of women to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the deep recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of her heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—“dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest injury. Look for her after a while, and you will find friendship over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty should so easily be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low; but no one knows of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it dropping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to collect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exalted to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young — so intelligent — so generous — so brave — so

every thing we are apt to like in a young man! His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charges of treason against his country — the eloquent vindication of his name — and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation — all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him, when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth — who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to

dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation — none of those tender, though melancholy, circumstances that endear the parting scene — nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by the unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the parental roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and tried all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scath and scorch the soul — that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in sad revery, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried within her an inward woe that mocked all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene — to find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay — to see it dressed out in trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of the orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the gairish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country so remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited, not her tenderness, but her esteem. He

was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted in a slow and hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:—

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing ;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

He had lived for his love—for his country he died ;  
They were all that to life had entwined him ;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him !

O, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow ;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,  
From her own loved island of sorrow !

W. IRVING.

## LABURNUM.

*Cytisus.*

## LANGUAGE—PENSIVENESS.

A GENTLE maiden, whose large loving eyes  
 Enshrine a tender, melancholy light,  
 Like the soft radiance of the starry skies,  
 Or autumn sunshine, mellowed when most bright;  
 She is not sad, yet in her gaze appears  
 Something that makes the gazer think of tears.

MRS. EMBURY.

A soul, too, more than half divine,  
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
 Religion's softened glories shine,  
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,  
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,  
 As makes the very darkness there  
 More beautiful than light elsewhere!

MOORE.

Few know that elegance of soul refined,  
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy  
 From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride  
 Of tasteless splendor and magnificence  
 Can e'er afford.

WARTON.





## LADIES' DELIGHT.

*Viola Tricolor.*

LANGUAGE — FORGET ME NOT.

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

MRS. OSGOOD.

ANSWER.

To me, through every season, dearest,  
 In every scene, by day and night,  
 'Thou present to my mind appearest,  
 A quenchless star, forever bright !  
 My solitary, sole delight !  
 Alone — in grove — by shore — at sea —  
 I think of thee !

E. M. MOIR.



## LADIES' SLIPPER.

*Cypripedium.*

## LANGUAGE — CAPRICIOUSNESS.

I CANNOT love him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble ;  
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;  
 In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,  
 And in dimensions, and the shape of nature,  
 A gracious person ; but yet I cannot love him.  
 He might have took his answer long ago.

SHAKESPEARE.

But who can tell what cause had that fair maid  
 To use him so, that loved her so well ?  
 Or who with blame can justly her upbraid  
 For loving not ? for who can love compel ?  
 And sooth to say, it is foolhardy thing  
 Rashly to whiten creatures so divine ;  
 For demigods they be, and first did spring  
 From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine.

SPENSER.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
 That woman's love can win ;  
 But what is, hard it is to say, harder to hit.

MILTON.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;  
 And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

SHAKESPEARE.

## LARKSPUR.

*Delphinium.*

## LANGUAGE — FICKLENESS.

FAREWELL! 'tis mine to prove  
 Of blighted hopes the pain;  
 But O, believe I cannot love  
 As I have loved — again!

Farewell! 'tis thine to change,  
 Forget, be false, be free;  
 But know, wherever thou shalt range,  
 That none can love like me!

TUPPER.

Did woman's charms thy youth beguile,  
 And did the fair one faithless prove?  
 Hath she betrayed thee with her smile,  
 And sold thy love?

Live! 'twas a false, bewildering fire;  
 Too often love's insidious dart  
 Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,  
 But kills the heart.

Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear  
 To gaze on listening beauty's eye;  
 To ask, and pause in hope and fear  
 Till she reply.

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,  
 A brighter maiden faithful prove;  
 Thy youth, thy age, shall yet be blest  
 In woman's love.

MONTGOMERY.

## LAUREL.

*Rhododendron.*

## LANGUAGE — FAME.

*Ques.* WHAT shall I do, lest life in silence pass? —

*Ans.* And if it do,  
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,  
What need'st thou rue?  
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute,  
The shallows roar:  
Worth is the ocean; fame is but the bruit  
Along the shore.

*Ques.* What shall I do to be forever known?

*Ans.* Thy duty ever.

*Ques.* This did full many who yet sleep unknown.

*Ans.* O, never, never.  
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain un-  
known  
Whom *thou* know'st not?  
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown:  
Divine their lot.

*Ques.* What shall I do to have eternal life?

*Ans.* Discharge aright  
The simple dues with which the day is rife —  
Yea, with thy might.  
Ere perfect sphere of action thou devise  
Will life be fled;  
While he who ever acts as conscience cries  
Shall live, though dead.

## LAVENDER.

*Lavandula Spicata.*

## LANGUAGE — ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THINKEST thou  
 That I could live, and let thee go,  
 Who art my life itself? — No, no.

MOORE.

I would be thine !  
 My world in thee to centre,  
 With all its hopes, cares, fears, and loving thought;  
 No wish beyond the home where thou shouldst enter ;  
 Ever anew to find thy presence brought  
 My life's best joy.

I would be thine !  
 Not passion's wild emotion  
 To show thee, fitful as the changing wind,  
 But with a still, deep, fervent life-devotion,  
 To be to thee the helpmeet God designed :  
 For this would I be thine !

ANON.

Forever thine, whate'er this world betide,  
 In youth, in age, thine own, forever thine.

A. A. WATTS.



## LILAC.

*Syringa.*

## LANGUAGE — FIRST EMOTIONS OF LOVE.

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

MRS. NICHOLS.

O, precious is the flower that passion brings  
 To his first shrine of beauty, when the heart  
 Runs over in devotion, and no art  
 Checks the free gush of the wild lay he sings ;  
 But the rapt eye, and the impetuous thought  
 Declare the pure affection.

SIMMS.

O, the days are gone when beauty bright  
 My heart chain wove ;  
 When my dream of life, from morn till night,  
 Was love, still love !  
 New hope may bloom, and days may come  
 Of milder, calmer beam,  
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
 As love's young dream.

MOORE.

## LILY OF THE VALLEY.

*Convallaria.*

LANGUAGE — UNNOTICED AFFECTION.

HE came too late! neglect had tried  
Her constancy too long;  
Her love had yielded to her pride,  
And the deep sense of wrong.  
She scorned the offering of a heart  
That lingered on its way,  
Till it would no delight impart,  
Nor spread one cheering ray.

E. BOGART.

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

MISS LONDON.

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.

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,  
With all words of cheer unspoken,  
Till the silver cord is loosened,  
Till the golden bowl is broken?

A. C. LYNCH.

## LILY, WHITE.

*Lilium Candidum.*

LANGUAGE — PURITY AND MODESTY.

WHERE may the bright flower be met  
That can match with Magaret —  
Margaret, stately, staid, and good,  
Growing up to womanhood ;  
Loving, thoughtful, wise, and kind,  
Pure in heart and strong in mind ?  
Eyes deep blue, as is the sky  
When the full moon sails on high,  
Eyebrow true and forehead fair,  
And dark, richly-braided hair,  
And a queenly head, well set,  
Crown my maiden Margaret.  
Where's the flower that thou canst find  
Match for her in form and mind ?  
Fair *white lilies*, having birth  
In their native genial earth —  
These, in scent and queenly grace,  
Match thy maiden's form and face!

HOWITT.





## LOCUST.

*Robinia Caragana.*

## LANGUAGE — AFFECTION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

YEARS, years have fled, since, hushed in thy last slumber,  
 They laid thee down beneath the old elm tree :  
 But with a patient heart each day I number,  
 Because it brings me nearer still to thee.

Thou wert life's angel : how I loved, adored thee,  
 Ere death had set thy gentle spirit free !  
 And now thou know'st how oft I have implored thee  
 To bring me nearer, nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee ! To-night the stars are burning  
 In skies that must thy blessed dwelling be :  
 Thou canst not leave them, unto earth returning ;  
 But I am pressing nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee ! I know my prayer is granted ;  
 I know thy spirit now is close to me :  
 No, not in vain this hope my heart hath haunted :  
 Each pulsebeat brings me nearer, nearer thee.

WM. B. GLAZIER.

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

MRS. HEMANS.

## THE LOTUS.

THE LOTUS.

## LANGUAGE — ESTRANGEMENT.

ALAS! how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love! —  
 Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
 When heaven was all tranquillity!  
 A something light as air — a look —  
 A word unkind, or wrongly taken ;  
 O, love that tempests never shook,  
 A breath, a touch, like this hath broken.

MOORE.

O ye, who, meeting, sigh to part,  
 Whose words are treasures to some heart,  
 Deal gently, ere the dark days come  
 When earth hath but for *one* a home ;  
 Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,  
 They feel their hearts wrung bitterly ;  
 And, heeding not what else is heard,  
 Dwell weeping on a careless word.

MRS. NORTON.



## LOVE IN A MIST.

LANGUAGE — PERPLEXITY.

WHEN I was a wee little slip of a girl,  
Too artless and young for a prude,  
The men, as I passed, would exclaim, "Pretty dear!"  
Which, I must say, I thought rather rude;  
Rather rude, so I did;  
Which, I must say, I thought rather rude.  
However, thought I, when I'm once in my teens,  
They'd sure cease to worry me then;  
But as I grew older, so they grew the bolder —  
Such impudent things are the men;  
Are the men, are the men;  
Such impudent things are the men.

But of all the bold things I could ever suppose —  
Yet how could I take it amiss? —  
Was that of my impudent cousin last night,  
When he actually gave me a kiss!  
Ay, a kiss, so he did!  
When he actually gave me a kiss!  
I quickly reprov'd him; but ah, in such tones,  
That, ere we were half through the glen,  
My anger to smother, he gave me another —  
Such strange, coaxing things are the men;  
Are the men, are the men;  
Such strange, coaxing things are the men.



## LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

*Amaranthus.*

LANGUAGE — HOPELESS, NOT HEARTLESS.

SHE loves him yet!  
 The flower the false one gave her,  
 When last he came,  
 Is still with her wild tears wet.  
 She'll ne'er forget,  
 Howe'er his faith may waver;  
 Through grief and shame —  
 Believe it — she loves him yet!

MRS. OSGOOD.

Full many a miserable year hath passed —  
 She knows him as one dead, or worse than dead;  
 And many a change her varied life hath known,  
 But her heart none.

MATURIN.

No thought within her bosom stirs,  
 But wakes some feeling dark and dread;  
 God keep thee from a doom like hers,  
 Of living when the hopes are dead.

PHOEBE CAREY.

And now farewell! farewell! I dare not lengthen  
 Those sweet, sad moments out: to gaze on thee  
 Is bliss indeed; yet it but serves to strengthen  
 The love that now amounts to agony;  
 This is our last farewell.

MRS. WELBY.

## MY FORTUNE'S MADE.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a homely saying, just out of the bandbox. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceedingly particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw from the first that, if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other!" I remarked to my husband on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits are so much alike that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person, and orderly by instinct, and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances, the match will be a good one," replied my husband. There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"O, certainly! Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking, but made no further remarks on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic or sanguine, and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper, her hair was in papers, and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora," said I. "What is the matter? Have you been sick?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"O, well! No matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes, I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say?" replied Cora. "My fortune's made. I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness in order to win Edward's love!" said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to own that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora. But remember that he cannot see what is in your mind except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And depend upon it he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him day after day, in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat when abroad as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go upon the street,

or into company, to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home, and for the eye of your husband, as the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora, and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home, she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were confirming themselves, and becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made, and why should she now waste time or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He



never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved, nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen annoyed him seriously, and still more so when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as at home. When he hinted any thing on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and that she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented; but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, Edward," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much the better with a cleanly-shaved face!"

"Looks are nothing, ease and comfort every thing," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward!"

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and with slipshod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair, awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what has come over you all at once?"

"Nothing; only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I'm just as well off to-day as if I had. So much saved, at any rate."

But Cora argued the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as

well, and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning Douglass appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why, Edward! how you do look!" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and running his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarked indifferently, as he did so, —

"It's no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is a waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife; and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came along quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come till after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains in her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly

with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me, "You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It's a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up, in stiff spikes, in a hundred different ways. His face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots unblackened, and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and the gentlemen were looking at each other, trying

to repress their risible tendencies, and therefore deemed it best to throw off all restraint on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well may we ask what's the matter!" broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" And Edward looked down at himself, felt of his beard, and run his fingers through his hair. "What's the matter? Is any thing wrong?"

"You look as if you had just waked up from a nap of a week, with your clothes on, and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"O!" And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner, —

"I've been extremely hurried of late, and only left my store a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress up. I knew you were all friends here. Besides, *as my fortune's made,*" — and he glanced, with a look not to be mistaken, towards his wife, — "I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married, it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now it is of no consequence."

I turned towards Cora. Her face was like crim-

son. In a few minutes she arose, and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me aside, half laughing, half serious. "So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad in you, Mr. Douglass," I replied.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I would venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I, in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding, and every thing else, we all had a hearty laugh over the matter on my return to the parlor, when I explained the curious scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain — I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad. She was cured.



## MIGNONETTE.

*Reseda Odorata.*

LANGUAGE — MORAL WORTH.

Now look ye on the plain and modest guise  
 Of yon unlovely flower. *Unlovely?* No —  
 Not *beautiful*, 'tis true — not touched with hues  
 Like hers we late have gazed on ; but so rich  
 In precious fragrance is that lovely one,  
 So loved for her sweet qualities, that I  
 Should woo her first amid a world of flowers ;  
 For she is like some few beloved ones here,  
 Whom *eyes*, perchance, might slightly pass o'er,  
 But whose true wisdom, gentleness, and worth,  
 Unchanging friendship, ever-faithful love,  
 And countless minor beauties of the mind,  
 Attach our *hearts* in deep affection still.

TWAMBLY.

When yet a virgin free and indisposed,  
 I loved, but saw you only with my eyes ;  
 I could not reach the beauties of your soul :  
 I have lived since in contemplation  
 And long experience of your growing goodness ;  
 What *then* was passion is my judgment *now* ;  
 Through all the several changes of your life,  
 Confirmed and settled in adoring you.

HAYNE.

## SENSITIVE PLANT.

*Mimosa.*

## LANGUAGE — SENSITIVENESS.

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 noon's hot ray  
 Would fold their leaves and fade away.

WHITTIER.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,  
 And natural piety that leans to heaven;  
 Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,  
 Yet patient of rebuke when justly given;  
 Obedient, easy to be reconciled,  
 And meekly cheerful, — such art thou, dear child!

MRS. NORTON.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure  
 Finer feelings can bestow;  
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

BURNS.

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.

H. NEALE.



## MISTLETOE.

*Viscum Album.*

## LANGUAGE — NOT DISCOURAGED.

PETER and Paul went a-fishing one day,  
 And it so came about  
 That Paul caught a trout;  
 But Peter kept baiting and fishing away —  
 He'd scarce had a nibble when twilight was gray  
 So he sat himself down for a *pout* —  
 Peter sat himself down for a pout.

And Paul laughed at Peter, and called him a fool;  
 He had better to bed,  
 For the day was nigh sped,

And the earth it was damp, and the evening cool:  
 But Peter was crabbed, and called *him* a mule;  
 Then, baiting his hook and scratching his head,  
 "There's other fish swimming here yet," Peter said;  
 "O, there's other fish swimming here yet."

And Peter kept fishing; but Paul went his way  
 To eat trout with his bread  
 Ere he went to his bed

And he wondered how long poor Peter would stay:  
 But Pete caught a *salmon* as fair as the day,  
 And he laughed to himself, as homeward he sped;  
 "There's other fish swimming there yet," Peter said;  
 "O, there's other fish swimming there yet."

Whene'er in life's ocean a maid you espy,  
 And you vow, and you sue,  
 And she pledges you true,  
 But while you are napping she's caught by a *fly*,  
 Don't turn, like a dunce, with a tear in your eye,  
 But think of one Peter, who sat in the dew,  
 And muttered this text while he baited anew —  
 "There's other fish swimming there yet;  
 O, there's other fish swimming there yet." J. J. LORD.

MOSS.

*Lycopodium.*

LANGUAGE — MATERNAL AFFECTION.

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

MRS. NORTON.

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

E. COOK.

Ah ! blessed are they for whom, 'mid all their pains,  
 That faithful and unaltered love remains ;  
 Who, life wrecked round them, hunted from their rest,  
 And by all else forsaken or distressed,  
 Claim in one heart their sanctuary and shrine,  
 As I, my mother, claimed my place in thine !

IBID.

## MULBERRY TREE.

*Morus Alba.*

LANGUAGE — WISDOM.

WHO are the wise?

They who have governed with a self-control  
 Each wild and baneful passion of the soul —  
 Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,  
 But kept alive affection's purer fires ;

They who have passed the labyrinth of life,  
 Without one hour of weakness or of strife ;  
 Prepared each change of fortune to endure,  
 Humble, though rich, and dignified, though poor ;  
 Skilled in the latent movements of the heart ;  
 Learned in the lore which nature can impart ;  
 Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud  
 Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud ;  
 Looking for good in all beneath the skies :

These are the truly wise.

J. R. PRINCE.

This, this is wisdom, manful and serene —

Towards God all penitence, and prayer, and trust ;

But to the troubles of this shifting scene

Simply courageous and sublimely just ;

Be then such wisdom *thine*, my heart within —There is no foe, nor woe, nor grief, but *sin*.

TUPPER.

Wisdom to gold prefer ; for 'tis much less

To make our fortune than our happiness.

YOUNG.

## MYRTLE.

*Myrtus.*

## LANGUAGE — LOVE IN ABSENCE.

LINGER not long! Home is not home without thee;  
 Its dearest tokens only make me mourn;  
 O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,  
 Gently compel and hasten thy return.  
 Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy  
 staying,  
 Bethink thee; can the mirth of friends, though  
 dear,  
 Compensate for the grief thy long delaying  
 Costs the heart that sighs to have thee here?  
 Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,  
 As night draws dark and darker on the hill!  
 How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!  
 O, art thou absent — art thou absent still?  
 Linger not long!

Haste, haste thee home into thy mountain dwelling!  
 Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!  
 Haste as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,  
 Flies to its haven of securest rest!  
 Linger not long!

## NARCISSUS.

*Narcissus Poeticus.*

## LANGUAGE — EGOTISM, OR SELF-LOVE.

NARCISSUS on the grassy verdure lies ;  
 But while within the crystal fount he tries  
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise ;  
 For, as his own bright image he surveyed,  
 He fell in love with the fantastic shade ;  
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmoved,  
 Nor knew, fond youth, it was *himself* he loved.

OVID.

Some women deify a friend ;  
 Some grovel at the shrine of self ;  
 A few to heaven in worship bend :  
*Her* idol is — her own sweet self.

MRS. OSGOOD.

A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues enshrine the  
 lessons of Experience ;  
 Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none the  
 wiser,  
 If self-love lendeth him a glass, to color all he conneth,  
 Lest in the features of another he find his own com-  
 plexion.

TUPPER.



## NASTURTIUM.

*Tropæolum Majus.*

## LANGUAGE — PATRIOTISM.

THE Green Mountaineer — the Stark of Bennington —

When on the field his band the Hessians fought,  
Briefly he spoke before the fight began —

“Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought,  
For four pounds eight and sevenpence per man,  
By England’s king — a bargain, as is thought.  
Are we worth more? Let’s prove it now we can;  
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,  
Or Molly Stark’s a widow.” — It was done.

HALLECK.

Give me the death of those

Who for their country die;

And O, be mine like their repose

When cold and low they lie.

Their loveliest Mother Earth

Enshrines the fallen brave;

In her sweet lap who gave them birth

They find their tranquil grave.

MONTGOMERY.

They never fail who die

In a great cause:

They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts

Which overpower all others, and conduct

The world, at last, to freedom.

BYRON.

## NIGHTSHADE.

*Solanum Nigrum.*

LANGUAGE — DARK THOUGHTS.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse ; all good to me is lost ;  
Evil, be thou my good.

MILTON.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
And at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
And the hopes of my youth fall thick on the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Your fate is the common fate of all ;  
In every life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.



## LIVE NOT TO YOURSELF.

ON the frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Go ask why it hangs there.

“I hang here,” says the beautiful flower, “to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my beauties, to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of his God, who pencilled each leaf, and laid them thus on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lone mountain side, with the bare possibility that he will throw me one passing glance, my end is the same. I live not to myself.”

Beside yon highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say, Surely that must stand for itself alone. “No,” says the tree, “God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds, as they lay and rocked in their nest; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning’s bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller; the acorns which I have matured from year to year have been carried far and near, and groves of forest oaks can claim me as



their parent. I have lived for the eagle, which has perched on my top; for the hummingbird, that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing, ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air; for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark; and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man, and shall go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling, to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to myself."

On yonder mountain side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling a ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyously and fearlessly down. Go ask the leaper what it is doing. "I was born," says the brook, "high up in the mountain; but there I could do no good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must; but hastening down to water the sweet valley, where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapor, and perhaps come back again in the clouds to my own native mountain, and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel in whose bright face you may not read, 'None of us liveth to himself.'"

Speak now to that solitary star that hangs in

the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler what it is doing there. Its voice comes down the path of life, and cries, "I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at the creation. I was among the morning stars that sang together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy at the creation of the earth. Ay, ay—I was there

' When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
 And the empty realms of darkness and death  
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,  
 And the orbs of beauty and spheres of flame  
 From the void abyss by myriads came.  
 In the joy of youth, as they darted away  
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
 Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
 And this was the song the bright ones sung.'

And thus God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the raindrops that swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its channel, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all has he written, "None of us liveth to himself."

And if you will read this lesson in characters

still more distinct and striking, you will go to the garden of Gethsemane, and hear the Redeemer in prayer, while the angel of God strengthens him. You will read it on the hill of Calvary, where a voice, that might be the concentrated voice of the whole universe of God, proclaims that the highest, noblest deed which the Infinite can do, is to do good to others—to live not to himself.

REV. J. TODD.

—◆—

O, SWEET the jasmine's buds of snow  
In morning soft with May ;  
And sweet, in summer's silent glow,  
The brooklet's merry play ;  
But sweeter, in that lovely place,  
To God it must have been  
To see the maiden's happy face  
That blessed the home within.  
Without the porch, I hear at morn  
A voice that sings for glee,  
Or watch the white face glancing down  
To the book upon the knee.



## OLEANDER.

*Nerium.*

LANGUAGE — WARNING, OR BEWARE.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see ;

Take care !

She can both false and friendly be ;

Beware ! beware !

Trust her not ; she is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown ;

Take care !

She gives a side glance, and looks down ;

Beware ! beware !

Trust her not ; she is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair ;

Take care !

It is a fool's cap for thee to wear ;

Beware ! beware !

Trust her not ; she is fooling thee !

LONGFELLOW.

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.

L. E. LONDON

## OLIVE.

*Olea.*

LANGUAGE — PEACE.

PEACE seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart  
of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in har-  
mony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the  
farm yard,

Whirl of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of  
pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and  
the great sun

Looked, with eye of peace, through the golden vapors  
around him.

LONGFELLOW.

The sinner placed a verdant spray  
Within her dead child's hand,  
And turned in wordless grief away —  
A lost one — barred and banned!  
In that fond act were prayer and vow —  
O, be her guilt forgiven!  
Her dovelet bears an olive bough,  
To make her peace with Heaven.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Peace, sweet Peace, is ever found  
In her *eternal home*, on *holy ground*.

MRS. EMBURY.

All things that speak of heaven speak of peace.

BAILEY.

## ORANGE BLOSSOM.

*Citrus Aurantium.*

LANGUAGE — WOMAN'S WORTH.

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.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

She wins me with caresses  
 From passion's dark defiles:  
 She guides me when I falter,  
 And strengthens me with smiles:  
 It may be, unseen angels  
 Beside me journey forth;  
 I know that one is sitting  
 This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife. O brothers,  
 An angel here below;  
 Alas! your eyes are holden  
 Too often till they go;  
 Ye upward look while grieving,  
 When they have passed from earth;  
 O, cherish well those sitting  
 This moment by thy hearth.

FANNY FALES.

## OXEYE.

*Bupthalinum.*

## LANGUAGE — PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest angel gently comes :  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again ;  
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance !  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear,  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will.

O, thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day,  
He walks with thee, that angel kind,  
And gently whispers, " Be resigned !"  
Bear up, bear on ; the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well !

## THE LISTENER.

STORY OF HELEN CONWAY.

ONCE, in my character of listener, I found myself in a large boarding school. Around me were gathered more than a hundred young girls, many of them of my own age, for I had been placed there for other purposes than listening; the happy creatures were therefore my companions — some of them dear friends, whom I love to this day, though many years have elapsed since I parted from them, and some of the best and dearest of them are separated from me by pathless seas. I was very young when placed in their midst, and was hundreds of miles from the home of my childhood; it was not strange, then, that I was lonely and sick hearted, for tasks were set me which frightened and discouraged me. I thought that in all that assembly no “kindly-beaming eye” fell on the little stranger, to cheer her and inspire her with a hope of happiness in the future. All around me were busily intent on arrangements for themselves for the opening term, or greetings were being exchanged between old scholars, separated during the long vacations, and merry voices gave utterance to merry hearts; the very teachers seemed to speak to others more winningly than to me.

At length my tasks were apportioned me, and I



was permitted to withdraw. The upper piazza of the seminary overlooked a lively little stream, which gleamed before us a moment in the sunshine, and then went singing its sweet song through the shady woods which skirted the villages. Its beauty arrested my gaze, but not my thoughts: they were too sad to be won by an appeal to the eye only, and soon the tears came trickling down my cheek, and a sob told my wretchedness. At this moment a gentle step aroused me, and an arm passed over my shoulder, while a soft voice said to me, —

“Little friend, why do you weep? There is an old Arabic proverb which says, ‘Running waters make the heart glad;’ and can you look upon that merry brooklet and give way to sadness?” and then, drawing me towards her, while she passed her hand over my forehead, she continued, —

“What grief should thy years know?

Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be  
When no breath troubles them.”

A beautiful face, as well as a sweet voice, had this fair speaker. O, how I afterwards loved that face, with its bright complexion, white forehead, dim with the shadow of rich brown tresses, with its full ruby lips, and, more than all, the large, dark, earnest eyes, from which “I drank in soul!” Helen Conway was then “just seventeen;” she was above the usual height — some called her

too tall — but her head was so superbly moulded, her bearing so queenly, every movement so graceful, and this dignity was tempered with so rare a spirit of most delicate mirth, that few save the envious found her height at all detracting from her perfection.

She was the only daughter of an English gentleman of great wealth, and she had but one brother, every way worthy of Helen. They had been motherless for many years, but their father had added the tenderness of the lost parent to the pride they were so well calculated to inspire in his bosom; and certainly they were a singularly happy family.

The summer term passed quickly away, and we were busy in our preparations for the annual examination, when Helen was summoned to attend the death bed of her father. We heard from her through her letters to one of the teachers. Her father's illness had been partly the result of anxiety on learning the loss of all his landed property, and, on his decease, his whole estate was ascertained to be insolvent. Helen was therefore unable to return to school; she was resolved henceforth to sustain herself, and for that purpose must go out among strangers.

When another term brought us together again, I learned that Helen Conway, though much against her brother's wishes, had entered a Lowell factory, as an operative, to supply herself with the

means of finishing her education. To her brother's expostulations she had replied, —

“It is no disgraceful thing which I would do, Philip, but one most honorable. I would not make such employment a matter of choice, nor would I perhaps seek such companions as may surround me; but at the worst, the employment will not degrade me, nor the associates contaminate, and I shall the soonest gain what I require, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have not fettered you, my dear Philip, in the course you have adopted; for impeded you would be by the maintenance of an indolent, helpless girl.”

With what astonishment was this intelligence received by Helen's former schoolmates! Her mild dignity had gained for her the respect of all — her rare intellectual acquirements had commanded it, and her amiable disposition had won even the most thoughtless; but when all these had failed, the aristocratic name she bore, and the knowledge of her father's wealth, had been sufficient to gain an acknowledgment of her superiority. What was she now? “A factory girl” — “one of the Lowell crowd” — a class always placed, by the little would-be aristocrats of our number, far below the daughters of the retail grocer, or humble artisan. In spite of the circumstances which had given me my station in the “upper circle” of our miniature world, this state

of things had made me most indignant. I did combat bravely for Nature's true aristocracy; and I uphold it still more warmly now, since a knowledge of the real world has taught me that fine apparelling may clothe the most unmitigated vulgarity, and a full purse only aid its supercilious importance and ridiculous pretensions. The right to be aristocratic — and I hold there is such a right — is one which comes as a free gift of Nature; and this distinction I reverence next to the rare genius with which she sometimes endows her children. Vulgarity in a palace, displaying itself in affections of taste and refinement, so shallow that any clear eye may discern their absurdity, showing itself also in haughty insolence towards inferiors in station or worldly advantages, and servility towards those elevated by the world's acclaim, or by yet greater wealth, above themselves, is utterly more despicable and revolting than the unconstrained vulgarity of the lower classes. Very few who have the power of gaining great wealth know how to use it; their energies are too often directed only in one channel, and when they have tightly drawn their purse strings over the last-acquired dollar, they have resolutely drawn closer the heart strings. Stifling all noble impulses, their head, too, grows heavy with their hoards, and the highest aspirations of their soul are checked, and perish in the tainted atmosphere. D'Israeli defines "good breeding" — which is necessary to aris-

ocracy — as “a genial regard for the feelings of others, which springs from an absence of selfishness;” and how can those whose hearts are hard as their treasures hope to acquire it?

But I mean not to digress thus, and will hasten to tell you how my friend fared. The whole year was spent in toil, and its effect was ennobling, for she was stimulated and incited by the highest motives which can influence our conduct; and may not the most menial labor be rendered a proud, yea, a holy service, when we toil for the comfort and happiness of those we love, for their or our own advancement in the beautiful love the soul craves?

Helen's leisure hours were well improved; the boarding-house piano was ever her choicest recreation, for she had a fine voice and a well-cultivated taste for music. A large library, for the use of the operatives in the mills, supplied her with books her own little store lacked; and besides this, she learned many, and to her most strange lessons of human nature, among her associates, until both heart and soul expanded most liberally during her year at Lowell.

At the end of the year she returned to school, more beautiful far than she had ever been, for she had learned to be fully conscious of her own peculiar dignity as a woman, capable of self-control and of self-support. She was more lovable than ever, also, for her heart had a warmer welcome for those whose affection was tried and faithful.

“The sun of my father’s love has set,” said she to me, referring, in her own peculiar manner, to the greeting she had received; “but the beautiful stars have begun to come out, and lo! they are all suns, too, giving light and joy to other planets. He was nearer to me — so I lived in his beams; but now, his light, though not his influence, has been removed and merged in the glory of God, of which glory his spirit was an emanation.”

All, however, were not able or prepared to appreciate her conduct; and even in her presence some would speak contemptuously of the factory girl’s life — “of their boarding-house pianos — of their libraries, and literary associations.” A slight towards her alone only gained from her a smile; but when she heard those whom she had learned to respect spoken of in this manner, she would draw up her queenly figure, and defend them with heart-warm eloquence, until the contemners quailed under her just sarcasms. Nor was this all she could do for them. She wrote in their behalf, and her pen did ample justice to the subjects which inspired it, and to her own free spirit.

“I am determined to put Helen Conway down!” said Eleanor Sibley, whose home was in one of those proud mansions that overlook the noble square which is the pride of the New England metropolis. “One would imagine her a very princess, or, as a republican, I suppose I must say, ‘president’s daughter;’ she advances her *outré*

opinions about those Lowell factory girls with such an air of supreme authority, as if she said, "You dare not dispute me: I know I am right."

"If I am not a president's daughter, I may become a president's wife — who can tell to the contrary, Nelly Sibley?" and Helen advanced, laughingly, from behind the column which had concealed her from our sight.

So they all found out they could not put her down, and then they dubbed her "Defender of Operatives' Rights" — "the Ebenezer Elliot of New England" — "our Yankee Hewitt," &c. "Noble titles!" she would say, with perfect good humor. "Don't you think, young ladies, I could plead well for you when August comes?" And truly, when the day came for the distribution of honors, Helen received from the school, by unanimous award, the highest they could bestow — an address to be read before the friends of the school in behalf of an education society which they had established among them, and Eleanor Sibley was deputed to inform her of their choice!

Helen Conway left school, and became a teacher. For three years she toiled in her honorable but laborious vocation, and then she was married to one who had long loved her. If I dared tell you her husband's name, you would recognize it at once as one very familiar to you, for he is a member of Congress — eloquent, patriotic, and high-souled!

Now, "who can tell but Helen Conway will one day be a president's wife?" Of all in that school, not one has a fairer chance of attaining that station; and will not the "factory girl" do the honors of the White House with superb grace?

ANON.

—◆—

THEN cherish her dearly,  
And love her sincerely,  
Be faithful, indulgent, and kind;  
Make not a slight failing  
A pretext for railing,  
If such you should happen to find.

O, do not misuse her;  
And never refuse her,  
When proper her wishes may be;  
And thy cost, care, and trouble,  
She'll recompense double,  
By the kindness she'll lavish on thee.





## PEA, EVERLASTING.

*Lathyrus Latifolia.*

LANGUAGE — WILT THOU GO ?

O, WILT thou go with me, love,

And seek the lonely glen ?

O, wilt thou leave for me, love,

The smiles of other men ?

And wilt thou go with me, dear,

And share my humble lot ?

And wilt thou live with me, dear,

Within a lowly cot ?

PERCIVAL

ANSWER.

With *thee* ? — Life hath a stormy sea, —

I cannot know thy path,

And how shall I dare, in a bark with thee,

Venture its ocean wrath ?

With thee centre my all of hope ?

Centre my all of life ?

Wilt thou teach me strength with its ills to cope ?

Love me through all its strife ?

With thee — bearing thy joy or thrall ?

With thee, through all unknown,

Trusting my heart, my faith, my all,

Living for thee alone ?

Yes ! clasping thy hand for ay and ay,

Though dark and rough life's sea,

With thy light bark steering the *heavenward way*,

I'll gladly go with thee.

ANNIE TRIFLER.

## PEA, SWEET.

*Lathyrus Odoratus.*

## LANGUAGE — DEPARTURE.

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet!

Months shall waste before we meet;  
 Winds are fair, and sails are spread,  
 Anchors leave their ocean bed;  
 Ere this shining day grow dark,  
 Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;  
 Through thy tears, O lady mine,  
 Read thy lover's parting line.

O. W. HOLMES.

Allah bless thee, gentle stranger,  
 Through the desert's path of danger,  
 Save thee from the lightning's glance,  
 From the prowling robber's lance,  
 From the sandy column's heap,  
 From the fiery simoom's sweep.

Allah bless thee!

Then fare thee well, and with thee bear  
 The Arab's wish, the Arab's prayer.  
 When the mosque its tower is rearing,  
 O'er thy native fields appearing,  
 When thy friends around thee press,  
 And thy eldest born caress,  
 And thy faithful Selia's kiss  
 Gives thy soul her sweetest bliss,

Allah bless thee!

The Arab then thy joys will share,  
 Fulfilled his wish, fulfilled his prayer.

ANON.

## PERIWINKLE.

*Vinca Minor.*

LANGUAGE — EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THANKS to my stars, I have not ranged about  
 The wilds of life ere I could find a friend ;  
 Nature first pointed out my brother to me,  
 And early taught me, by her sacred force,  
 To love thy person ere I knew thy merits,  
 Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.  
 Ours has severest virtue for its basis,  
 And such a friendship ends not but with life.

ADDISON.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth ;  
 Though planted in esteem's deep-fixéd soil,  
 The gradual culture of kind intercourse  
 Must bring it to perfection.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

True happiness  
 Consists not in the multitude of friends,  
 But in the worth and choice ; nor would I have  
 Virtue a popular regard pursue :  
 Let them be good that love me, though but few.

JONSON.

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

RANDOLPH.

## PETUNIA.

*Petunia Variegatus.*

LANGUAGE — ELEGANCE WITHOUT PRIDE.

THOU art not proud, though beauty's gifts,  
 Her fairest, richest gifts, are thine ;  
 And on thy brow, — the throne of thought, —  
 Like gleams of light, thy tresses shine.  
 Still unassuming are thy ways,  
 Still kindly words hast thou for all ;  
 The lowly bless thy sunny smile —  
 The same in cottage as in hall.

D. H. JAMES.

In peasant life we might have known  
 As fair a face, as sweet a tone ;  
 But village notes could ne'er supply  
 That rich and varied melody.  
 And ne'er in cottage maid was seen  
 The easy dignity of mien,  
 Claiming respect, yet waiving state,  
 That marks the daughters of the great.

SCOTT

So gently blending courtesy and art  
 That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing friendship's heart.

O. W. HOLMES.

Where the meekness of self-knowledge veileth the front  
 of self-respect,  
 There look thou for the man whose name none can know  
 but they will honor.

TUPPER.

## PHLOX.

*Phlox Maculata.*

LANGUAGE — OUR SOULS ARE UNITED.

My bride,  
 My wife, my life! O, we will walk this world,  
 Yoked in all exercise of noble aim,  
 And so through those dark gates across the wild,  
 That no man knows.

TENNISON.

There are two hearts, whose movements thrill  
 In unison so closely sweet,  
 That pulse to pulse, responsive still,  
 They both must heave — or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow  
 In gentle streams so calmly run,  
 That when they part — They part? Ah, no!  
 They cannot part — those souls are one.

BARTON.

Once my soul was fondly plighted  
 To a holy one of earth —  
 Like two music notes united,  
 Notes that severed in their birth.  
 Yet not severed we, though parted,  
 Still in truth our souls are one,  
 Though on earth the gentle-hearted  
 Hath her blessed mission done.

DUGANNE.

## PINK, CHINA.

*Dianthus Variegatus.*

LANGUAGE — AVERSION.

IF I am fair, 'tis for myself alone ;

I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,

Nor would I call another's heart my own,

Nor have a gallant lover to revere me ;

For surely I would plight my faith to none,

Though many an amorous wit might jump to hear me ;

For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,

When once they find that maidens are believers.

MICHEL ANGELO.

Do I not in plainest truth

Tell you — I do not, nor I cannot, love you ?

SHAKSPEARE.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her :

Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms ?

Or sigh because she smiles on others ?

Not I, by Heaven ! I hold my peace too dear,

To let it, like the plume upon her cap,

Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

OLD PLAY. ANTIQUARY.



## PINK, RED.

*Dianthus Rubeus.*

## LANGUAGE — WOMAN'S LOVE.

To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health —  
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth —  
 Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,  
 And lighten half thy poverty !

BYRON.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing  
 In its small cage, she moveth to and fro ;  
 And ever and anon will upward spring  
 To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,  
 The murmured melody of pleasant thought,  
 Light household duties, evermore inwrought  
 With pleasant fancies of one trusting heart,  
 That lives but in her smile, and ever turns  
 To be refreshed where one pure altar burns ;  
 Shut out from hence the mockery of life,  
 Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my comforter in  
 health ;  
 So gentle and so constant, when our love was all our  
 wealth ;  
 Thy voice of music soothed me, love, in each desponding  
 hour,  
 As heaven's honey-dew consoles the bruised and broken  
 flower.

ALBERT PIKE.

PINK, WHITE.

*Dianthus Albus.*

LANGUAGE—FAIR AND FASCINATING.

WHAT right have you, madam, gazing in your shining  
mirror daily,

Getting so by heart your beauty, which all others must  
adore,

While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers, to  
vow gayly,

You will wed no man that's good to God—and nothing  
more?

MISS BARETT.

You'll speed your conquering way, I trow,

Through hearts, however narrow;

Those lips are Cupid's graceful bow,

That smile his sunlit arrow.

MRS. OSGOOD.

*Our* witches are no longer old

And wrinkled beldams, 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.

WHITTIER.



## POPPY, RED.

*Papaver Rheas.*

LANGUAGE — EVANESCENCE.

PLEASURES are like poppies spread ;  
 You seize the flower, the bloom is shed.

BURNS.

Dawn, gentle flower,  
 From the morning earth !  
 We will gaze and wonder  
 At thy wondrous birth !

Bloom, gentle flower !  
 Lover of the light,  
 Sought by wind and shower,  
 Fondled by the night.

Fade, gentle flower !  
 All thy white leaves close ;  
 Having shown thy beauty,  
 Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,  
 In the silent sun !  
 So, — all pangs are over,  
 All thy tasks are done !

Day hath no more glory,  
 Though he soars so high ;  
 Thine is all *man's* story —  
*Live, and love, and die !*

PROCTOR.

## POPPY, WHITE.

*Papaver Somniferum.*

LANGUAGE — OBLIVION IN SLEEP.

You can charm to sleep the physical powers  
 With the oil distilled from a poppy's leaves ;  
 Say, can your science find us flowers  
 Whose magic may hush a *heart* that grieves ?

MRS. OSGOOD.

I can give to this saddened breast  
 Many an hour of happy rest ;  
 On his eyes I will lay a dream,  
 And all things beautiful shall seem ;  
 The curtains of his couch shall be  
 Forgetfulness of misery ;  
 The night winds to his charmed ear  
 Shall sound like words he loves to hear ;  
 And Love shall fan his aching brow,  
 And sing of peace in accents low ;  
 Him Pity, with a fond caress,  
 Shall gently to her bosom press :  
 Thus in sweet slumbers, free from pain,  
 His smiles shall all come back again.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF FREDERIKA BREMER.

My eyes make pictures when they're shut :  
 I see a fountain large and fair,  
 A willow and a ruined hut,  
 And thee, and me, and Mary there.  
 O Mary, make thy gentle lap our pillow ;  
 Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow.

COLERIDGE.

## PRIMROSE.

*Primula.*

LANGUAGE — MODEST WORTH.

AND while "Lord! Lord!" the pious tyrants cried  
 Who in the poor their Master crucified,  
*His* daily prayer, far better understood  
 In acts than words, was simply doing good.

WHITTIER.

About Ben Adheim (may his tribe increase)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold.  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adheim bold,  
 And to the presence in his room he said,  
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
 And, with a look made all of sweet accord,  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
 "And is mine one?" said Adheim. "Nay, not so,"  
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,  
 Write me as one WHO LOVES HIS FELLOW-MEN."  
 The angel came again, next night,  
 With a long train of wakening light,  
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
 And lo! Ben Adheim's name LED ALL THE REST.

LEIGH HUNT.

## PRIMROSE, EVENING.

*Oenothera Odorata.*

LANGUAGE — INCONSTANCY.

I SUNNED myself once in her smile :  
 She has turned its soft beams upon one  
 Who cares not a pin for her ; while  
 He triumphs, and I am undone.

I lived on the sweets of her lips ;  
 I must seek for a supper elsewhere :  
 Another that banquet may sip ;  
 Another may play with her hair.

And why is my rival so dear ?  
 And why is she out when I call ?  
 His income's five thousand a year !  
 And mine, it is — nothing at all !

MRS. OSGOOD.

And was it for *this* I looked forward so long,  
 And shrunk from the sweetness of Italy's song,  
 And turned from the glance of the dark girl of Spain,  
 And wept for my country again and again ?

And was it for *this* to my casement I crept  
 To gaze on the deep when I dreamed that I slept ?  
 To think of fond meetings — the welcome — the kiss —  
 The friendly hand's pressure — ah ! was it for this ?

T. H. BAYLEY.

## INFLUENCE OF AN ELDER SISTER.

AMONG the many topics which have, within a few years, been brought more before the public mind than formerly, female influence holds a prominent place. Much has been said of it as exerted by mothers and teachers, and it is a most cheering circumstance that the efforts to lead those who sustain these relations to see and feel their responsibility have not been made without success. There is, however, one class of the female community which has, I think, been too much overlooked, and of whose influence less has been said than of almost any other. I refer to the influence of an *elder sister*.

No one, who has mingled much with the world, can have failed to notice the difference existing between families, as regards the harmony which prevails among their members; and almost every one has observed the different feelings with which young men, after having left the paternal roof, regard the home of their childhood. Undoubtedly much of this difference is owing to a father's example, and a mother's moulding hand; yet much, very much, depends on the sister.

And we can easily see how this is the case. A young man leaves home to engage in the business of one of our large commercial cities. He has previously been under the judicious parental

restraint of a Christian family, and has ever been surrounded by religious influence. He leaves all this, and finds himself almost overcome by the many temptations which press upon him. His youthful impressions remain unaffected for some time, and he stands firm, resolutely resisting all attempts to lead him astray. The usual cares devolving upon the head of a family must necessarily prevent his parents from writing often to him; and as, like all others of the human race, he needs "line upon line and precept upon precept," the young man is in great danger of yielding to sin. Now, let the letter of a refined, intelligent, beloved sister come to him weekly, full of the little details, which, though trifling in themselves, are nevertheless calculated to keep alive in his breast a strong interest in the family circle, and he is probably saved from the gulf of a ruin into which too many plunge.

During a long life, it has been my lot to reside many years near one of our principal colleges, and often have I been struck with admiration at the gentle, but all-constraining, influence of a sister's love on those who, from natural levity of spirit, or from habits of dissipation, seemed perfectly reckless. On one occasion a rebellion seemed just ready to break out among the students. One of them, a wild youth, was besought by an intimate elderly friend not to commit himself in any way with the disaffected party, but, as he saw the cloud

was about to burst, to retire to his own apartment. "Don't ask me, Mrs. G.; I can't stay in my room," was his reply. In vain was he reminded that, expelled from that institution, he could never enter another—that this step might, and probably would, shade all his future prospects in life. "It would be glorious to be expelled in such a cause—I should never regret it if I were sent home to-morrow," said he. The good lady, as a last resort, exclaimed, "But your sisters, who take so much pride and pleasure in your well doing, how will they feel at the disgrace of their brother?" He was silent for some minutes, then, rising, said, "You have conquered, madam. I could never see sister Julia again. I shall not leave my room to-night, happen what will." And he kept his word. That week witnessed the expulsion of several of George B.'s most intimate friends; yet he stood firm, and lives an ornament to his country, to bless God for a sister's love.

Yet it is as an active Christian that the influence of a sister is most deeply felt. "Never," said a foreign missionary now in heaven—"never did I feel the reality of religion till I saw it transforming my proud, though kind and affectionate, elder sister into a meek and humble Christian. Then, indeed, I saw its power, and felt that the efficacy was of God." The parents of this young man were active, devoted children of God, and they had acted on the principle that their eldest

daughter was to assist them in forming the characters of their younger offspring. They were not disappointed. The younger members of the family "rise up and call *her* blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her;" for, by thus doing good in her youth, she is better prepared to act her part as a wife and mother.

If it be true that a sister's influence is so very important, ought not parents to feel, while training their *eldest* daughter, that (instead of being indulged because she is the eldest, as is too often the case) she should be *more* carefully watched over, *more* strictly disciplined, and that, in educating aright this child, they are lightening their future burden? And shall not the daughters of our land feel that upon them rests, in some measure, the responsibility of forming the characters of their brothers? O, shall they not come up to the labor which devolves upon them, and so live and act, that the generation now coming upon the stage of action shall be one which shall be eminently virtuous and holy—one which God will delight to bless?

WATCHMAN OF THE SOUTH.





## ROSE, BURGUNDY.

*Rosa Parvifolia.*

LANGUAGE — SIMPLICITY.

THE timid fawn is not more mild,  
 Nor yet more gay and free ;  
 The lily's cup is not more pure,  
 In all its purity ; —  
 Of all the wildflowers in the wood,  
 Or by the crystal water,  
 There's none more pure or fair than she —  
 The farmer's peerless daughter !  
 Then tell me not of jewelled fair :  
 The brightest jewel yet  
 Is the heart where virtue dwells  
 And innocence is set.  
 The glow of health upon her cheek,  
 The grace no rule hath taught her,  
 The fairest wreath that beauty twines  
 Is for the farmer's daughter.

ANON.

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

BEN JONSON.

THE bearing and the training of a child  
 Is woman's wisdom.

TENNYSON.

## ROSE, BRIDAL.

*Rubus Rosafolius.*

## LANGUAGE — HAPPY LOVE.

COMPANION, counsel, friend; and wife,  
Through twenty years of wedded life!

Dear love, sweetheart — why not address  
Warm words to thee, my hope and pride?

I have not lived to love thee less  
Than when I hailed a fair young bride.

We've toiled together side by side,  
Proud — yet it was no selfish pride —

That toil brought honor, if no wealth;  
Our hearts have gathered little rust;

But ours are peace, and hope, and health,  
And mutual love and mutual trust!

And beauty in that happy face

The husband lover still can trace;

Goodness, and gentleness, and truth  
May live to mock at change and time;

They *were* the graces of thy youth —  
They *are* the graces of thy prime.

Ah, more than twenty years ago,  
I HOPED, where now I feel and know!

Older thou art — yet I can see  
No change impair thy cheek and brow,

No early beauty fade from thee:  
And am I less a LOVER now?

## ROSE, CAROLINA.

*Rosa Carolina.*

## LANGUAGE—LOVE IS DANGEROUS.

LOVE is like the singing bird —  
He will sit and sigh  
'Tender tales in summer time,  
'Neath a cloudless sky.

He will sing all day to thee,  
When the flowers are gay ;  
But when dreary winter comes,  
He hath flown away.

Wait you, then, in vain to hear  
His melodious tone ;  
Other ears receive the vows  
Once you thought your own.

Love is like the honey bee,  
Ever on the wing,  
Gathering sweets from every flower,  
With a poisoned sting.

Don't believe him, lady fair ;  
List not to his strain ;  
Or, alas ! too late thou'lt know  
That his vows are vain.

MARIE ROSEAU.

## ROSE, MULTIFLORA.

*Rosa Multiflora.*

LANGUAGE — GRACE.

HER grace of motion, and of look, the smooth  
 And swimming majesty of step and tread,  
 The symmetry of form and feature, set  
 The soul afloat, even like delicious airs  
 Of flute and harp.

MILMAN.

Why, a stranger — when he sees her  
 In the street even — smileth stilly,  
 Just as you would at a lily.

MISS BARRETT.

Such harmony in motion, speech, and air,  
 That, without fairness, she was more than fair.

CRABBE.

Her even carriage is as far from coyness,  
 As from immodesty ; in play, in dancing,  
 In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,  
 In use of places, hours, and companions,  
 Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted ;  
 As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,  
 And constant as the centre to observe them.

G. CHAPMAN.

Observe with care, politeness, that must teach  
 The modish forms of gesture and of speech ;  
 She moves with easy though with measured pace,  
 And shows no part of study but the grace.

STILLINGFLEET.

## ROSE VERSICOLOR.

*Rosa Mundi.*

LANGUAGE — MIRTHFULNESS.

THE merry heart, the merry heart,  
Of Heaven's gifts I hold thee best ;  
And those 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.

ANON.

A little of thy merriment,  
Of thy sparkling, light content,  
Give me, my cheerful brook,  
That I may still be full of glee  
And gladness where'er I be,  
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me  
In some neglected nook.

J. R. LOWELL.

## ROSE, MUSK.

*Rosa Moschata.*

LANGUAGE — CHARMING.

It is not mirth ; for mirth she is too still ;  
 It is not wit, which leaves the heart more chill ;  
 But that continuous sweetness which, with ease,  
 Pleases all round it from the wish to please.

Such was Zuleika ! such around her shone  
 The nameless charms unmasked by her alone :  
 The light of love, the purity of grace,  
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole —  
 And O, that eye was in itself a soul !

BYRON.

The ruffling bird of Juno,  
 The wren in the old wall,  
 Each knew her sweet persuasiveness,  
 And came at her soft call.

MRS. HALE.

Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,  
 To leave her lovelier than before.

MOORE.

Die when you will, you need not wear,  
 At heaven's court, a form more fair  
 Than beauty at your birth has given ;  
 Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,  
 The voice we hear, and you will be  
 An angel ready-made for heaven.

## ROSE, MOSS.

*Rosa Muscosa.*

LANGUAGE — SUPERIOR MERIT.

FONDLY the wheeling fireflies flew around her,  
 Those little glitterers of the London night ;  
 But none of these possessed a sting to wound her —  
 She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.

BYRON.

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.

Ah, friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;  
 To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine !  
 This charm will grow, while that fatigues the ring,  
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.  
 So, when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,  
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light ;  
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines,  
 And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

POPE.

All that hath been majestic  
 In life or death, since time began,  
 Is native in the simple heart of all —  
 The angel heart of man.

J. R. LOWELL.

## ROSEBUD, MOSS.

*Rosa Muscosa.*

## LANGUAGE — CONFESSION OF LOVE.

IN my heart there is a holy spot,  
 As 'mid the waste an isle of fount and palm,  
 Forever green! the world's breath enters not;  
 The passion tempest may not break its calm:  
 'Tis thine, all thine.

MRS. HEMANS.

"Yes!" O, it is a kind reply,  
 When flowing from the lips of dear,  
 Young beauty — in whose ear we sigh  
 The one fond wish.

ANON.

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. HALK.

Love has a fleeter messenger than speech,  
 To tell love's meaning. His expresses post  
 Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue  
 Can shape them into words.

G. COLMAN, JR.



## ROSEBUD, WHITE.

*Rosa Alba.*

LANGUAGE—TOO YOUNG TO LOVE.

HER bosom was a soft retreat  
 For love, and love alone,  
 And yet her heart had never beat  
 To love's delicious tone;  
 It dwelt within its circle free  
 From tender thoughts like these,  
 Waiting the little deity,  
 As the blossom waits the breeze,  
 Before it throws its leaves apart,  
 And trembles like a love-touched heart.

MRS. WELBY.

O, why delay the happy time?  
 The hours glide swiftly by,  
 And oft we see a sombre cloud  
 Obscure the fairest sky.  
 Then while the morn is rosy bright,  
 Accept my earnest vow;  
 And O, believe me, dearest maid,  
 Love's time, love's time, is *now*.

P. BENJAMIN.

Gather the rosebuds while ye may;  
 Old time is still a-flying;  
 And that same flower that blooms to-day  
 To-morrow shall be dying.

HERRICK.

## ROSE, YELLOW.

*Rosa Lutea.*

## LANGUAGE — WE WILL BE STRANGERS.

THEY tell me 'tis decided ; you depart :  
 'Tis wise, 'tis well, but not the less a pain ;  
 I have no further claim on your young heart ;  
 Mine is the victim, and would be again ;  
 To love too much has been the only art  
 I used : I write in haste, and if a stain  
 Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears ;  
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

BYRON.

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

HOFFMAN.

And must we part ? Well, let it be !  
 'Tis better thus ; O, yes ! believe me !  
 For though I still was true to thee,  
 Thou, faithless maiden, wouldst deceive me.  
 Take back this written pledge of love !  
 No more I'll to my bosom fold it ;  
 The ring you gave, your faith to prove,  
 I can't return — because I've sold it.

ANON

## ROSEMARY.

*Rosmarinus Officinalis.*

LANGUAGE — AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

I SEE thee still, as in a dream,

Margery !

I am changed, but thou dost seem

The same to me.

The same sweet being, bright and fair,

With beaming eyes and auburn hair,

That once did my young heart insnare,

Margery !

Thou wast a flower that faded soon,

Margery !

A star that waned before night's noon

Did come to thee.

Admiring eyes were strained to know

The heavenly light thou didst bestow,

And grieved that thou so soon must go,

Margery !

I still remain, and cares are mine,

Margery !

Yet, as I weakly would repine,

I think of thee ;

The halcyon scenes we trod of yore,

Thoughts that with sweet romance ran o'er,

And all blest things thou dost restore,

Margery !

## THE CORAL RING.

"THERE is no time of life in which young girls are so thoroughly selfish as from fifteen to twenty," said Edward Ashton, deliberately, as he laid down a book he had been reading, and leaned over the centre table.

"You insulting fellow!" replied a tall, brilliant-looking creature, who was lounging on an ottoman hard by, over one of Dickens's last works.

"Truth, coz, for all that," said the gentleman, with the air of one who means to provoke a discussion.

"Now, Edward, this is just one of your wholesale declarations — for nothing only to get me into a dispute with you, you know," replied the lady. "On your conscience, now, (if you have one,) is it not so?"

"My conscience feels quite easy, cousin, in subscribing to that sentiment, as my confession of faith," replied the gentleman, with provoking *sang froid*.

"Pshaw! it's one of your fusty, old-bachelor notions. See what comes, now, of your living to your time of life without a wife — disrespect for the sex, and all that. Really, cousin, your symptoms are getting alarming."

"Nay, now, cousin Florence," said Edward, "you are a girl of moderately good sense, with

all your nonsense. Now, don't you (I know you *do*) think just so too?"

"Think just so too! Do hear the creature!" said Florence. "No, sir; you can speak for yourself in this matter; but I beg leave to enter my protest when you speak for me too."

"Well, now, where is there, coz, among all our circle, a young girl that has any sort of purpose or object in life, to speak of, except to make herself as interesting and agreeable as possible — to be admired, and to pass her time in as amusing a way as she can? Where will you find one, between fifteen and twenty, that has any serious regard for the improvement and best welfare of those with whom she is connected at all, or that modifies her conduct in the least, with reference to it? Now, cousin, in very serious earnest, you have about as much real character, as much earnestness and depth of feeling, and as much good sense, when one can get at it, as any young lady of them all; and yet, on your conscience, can you say that you live with any sort of reference to any body's good — or to any thing but your own amusement and gratification?"

"What a shocking adjuration!" replied the lady, "prefaced, too, by a three-story compliment! Well, being so adjured, I must think to the best of my ability. And now, seriously and soberly, I don't see as I am selfish. I do all that I have any occasion to do, for any body. You know that we

have servants to do every thing that is necessary about the house, so that there is no occasion for my making any display of housewifely excellence ; and I wait on mamma, if she has a headache, and hand papa his slippers and newspaper, and find uncle John's spectacles for him twenty times a day, (no small matter that,) and then ——”

“ But after all, what is the object and purpose of your life ? ”

“ Why — I haven't any. I don't see how I can have any — that is, as I am made. Now, you know, I've none of the fussing, baby-tending, herb-tea-making recommendations of aunt Sally, and divers others of the class commonly called useful. Indeed, to tell the truth, I think *useful* persons are commonly rather fussy and stupid. They are just like the boneset, and hoarhound, and catnip, very necessary to be raised in a garden, but not in the least ornamental.”

“ And you charming young ladies, who philosophize in kid slippers and French dresses, are tulips and roses, very charming, and delightful, and sweet, but fit for nothing on earth but parlor ornaments.”

“ Well, parlor ornaments are good, in their way,” said the young lady, coloring, and looking a little vexed.

“ So you give up the point, then,” said the gentleman, “ that you girls are good for — just to amuse yourselves, amuse others, look pretty, and be agreeable.”

“Well, and if we behave well to our parents, and are amiable in the family — I don’t know — and yet,” said Florence, sighing, “I have often had a sort of vague idea of something higher than we might become; yet, really, what more than this is expected of us? what else can we do?”

“I used to read, in old-fashioned novels, about ladies visiting the sick and the poor,” replied Edward. “You remember *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*?”

“Yes, truly, that is to say, I remember the story part of it, and the love scenes; but as for all those everlasting conversations of Dr. Barlow, Mr. Stanley, and nobody knows who else, I skipped those, of course. But really, this visiting and tending the poor, and all that, seems very well in a story, where the lady goes into a picturesque cottage, half overgrown with honeysuckle, and finds an emaciated, but still beautiful, woman propped up by pillows. But come to the downright matter of fact of poking about in all these vile, dirty alleys, and entering little dark rooms, amid troops of grinning children, and smelling codfish and onions, and nobody knows what — dear me! my benevolence always evaporates before I get through. I’d rather pay any body five dollars a day to do it for me than to do it myself. The fact is, that I have neither fancy nor nerve for this kind of thing.”

“Well, granting, then, that you can do nothing

for your fellow-creatures, unless you are to do it in the most genteel, comfortable, and picturesque manner possible, is there not a great field for a woman like you, Florence, in your influence over your associates? With your talents for conversation, your tact and self-possession, and lady-like gift of saying any thing you choose, are you not responsible, in some wise, for the influence you exert over those by whom you are surrounded?"

"I never thought of it," replied Florence.

"Now, you remember the remarks that Mr. Fortesque made, the other evening, on the religious services at church?"

"Yes, I do; and thought then he was too bad."

"And I do not suppose there was one of you ladies in the room that did not think so too; but yet the matter was all passed over with smiles, and with not a single insinuation that he had said any thing unpleasing or disagreeable."

"Well, what could we do? One does not want to be rude, you know."

"Do! Could you not, Florence,—you who have always taken the lead in society, and who have been noted for always being able to say and do as you please,—could you not have shown him that those remarks were unpleasing to you, as decidedly as you certainly would have done if they had related to the character of your father or brother? To my mind, a woman of true moral feeling should feel herself as much insulted when her



religion is treated with contempt, as if the contempt were shown to herself. Do you not *know* the power which is given to you women to awe and restrain us in your presence, and to guard the sacredness of things which you treat as holy? Believe me, Floreñce, that Fortesque, infidel as he is, would reverence a woman with whom he dared not trifle on sacred subjects."

Florence rose from her seat with a heightened color, her dark eyes brightening through tears.

"I am sure what you say is just, cousin, and yet I have never thought of it before. I will — I am determined to begin, after this, to live with some better purpose than I have done."

"And let me tell you, Florence, in starting a new course, as in learning to walk, taking the first step is every thing. Now, I have a first step to propose to you."

"Well, cousin."

"Well, you know, I suppose, that among your train of adorers you number Colonel Elliot."

Florence smiled.

"And perhaps you do not know, what is certainly true, that among the most discerning and cool part of his friends, Elliot is considered as a lost man."

"Good Heavens! Edward, what do you mean?"

"Simply this, that, with all his brilliant talents, his amiable and generous feelings, and his success in society, Elliot has not self-control enough to

prevent his becoming confirmed in intemperate habits."

"I never dreamed of this," replied Florence. "I knew that he was spirited and free, fond of society, and excitable, but never suspected any thing beyond."

"Elliot has tact enough not to appear in ladies' society when he is not in a fit state for it," replied Edward; "but yet it is so."

"But is he really so bad?"

"He stands just on the verge, Florence — just where a word fitly spoken might turn him. He is a noble creature, full of all sorts of fine impulses and feelings, the only son of a mother who dotes on him, the idolized brother of sisters who love him as you love your brothers, Florence; and he stands where a word, a look — should they be of the right kind — might save him."

"And why, then, do you not speak to him?" said Florence.

"Because I am not the best person, Florence. There is another who can do it better — one whom he admires, who stands in a position which would forbid his feeling angry — a person, cousin, whom I have heard in gayer moments say that she knew how to say any thing she pleased, without offending any body."

"Well, but, cousin, what would you have me do? how would you have me do it?" said Florence, earnestly.

“You know that Fashion, which makes so many wrong turns, and so many absurd ones, has at last made one right one, and it is now a fashionable thing to sign the temperance pledge. Elliot himself would be glad to do it, but he foolishly committed himself against it in the outset, and now feels bound to stand to his opinion. He has, too, been rather rudely assailed by some of the apostles of the new state of things, who did not understand the peculiar points of his character; in short, I am afraid that he will feel bound to go to destruction for the sake of supporting his own opinion. Now, if I should undertake with him, he might shoot me; but I hardly think there is any thing of the sort to be apprehended in your case. Just try your enchantments; you have bewitched wise men into doing foolish things before now; try, now, if you can't bewitch a foolish man into doing a wise thing.”

Florence smiled archly, but instantly grew more thoughtful.

“Well, cousin,” she said, “I will try. Though you are liberal in your ascriptions of power, yet I can put the matter to the test of experiment.”

Florence Elmore was, at the time we speak of, in her twentieth year. Born in one of the wealthiest families in ———, highly educated and accomplished, idolized by her parents and brothers, she had entered the world as one born to command. With much native nobleness and mag-

nanimity of character, with warm and impulsive feelings, and a capability of every thing high or great, she had hitherto lived solely to her own amusement, and looked on the whole brilliant circle by which she was surrounded, with all its various actors, as something got up for her special diversion. The idea of influencing any one, for better or worse, by any thing she ever said or did, had never occurred to her. The crowd of admirers of the other sex, who, as a matter of course, were always about her, she regarded as so many sources of diversion; but the idea of feeling any sympathy with them as human beings, or of making use of her power over them for their improvement, was one that had never entered her head.

Edward Ashton was an old-bachelor cousin of Florence's, who, having earned the title of oddity, in general society, availed himself of it to exercise a turn for telling the truth to the various young ladies of his acquaintance, especially to his fair cousin Florence. We remark, by the by, that these privileged truth tellers are quite a necessary of life to young ladies in the full tide of society; and we really think it would be worth while for every dozen of them to unite to keep a person of this kind on a salary, for the benefit of the whole. However, that is nothing to our present purpose. We must return to our fair heroine, whom we left, at the close of the last conversation, standing in deep revery by the window.

"It's more than half true," she said to herself — "more than half. Here am I, twenty years old, and never have thought of any thing, never done any thing, except to amuse and gratify myself; no purpose — no object — nothing high — nothing dignified — nothing worth living for! — only a parlor ornament — heigh-ho! Well, I really do believe I could do something with this Elliot; and yet how dare I try?"

Now, my good readers, if you are anticipating a love story, we must hasten to put in our disclaimer; you're quite mistaken in the case. Our fair, brilliant heroine was, at the time of speaking, as heart-whole as the diamond on her bosom, which reflected the light in too many sparkling rays ever to absorb it. She had, to be sure, half in earnest, half in jest, maintained a bantering, platonic sort of friendship with George Elliot; she had danced, ridden, sung, and sketched with him; but so had she with other young men; and as to coming to any thing tender with such a quick, brilliant, restless creature, Elliot would as soon have undertaken to sentimentalize over a glass of soda water. No, there was decidedly no love in the case.

"What a curious ring that is!" said Elliot to her, a day or two after, as they were reading together.

"It's a knight's ring," said she, playfully, as she drew it off, and pointed to a coral cross set in

the gold — “a ring of the red-crossed knights. Come, now, I’ve a great mind to bind you to my service with it.”

“Do, lady fair!” said Elliot, stretching out his hand for the ring.

“Know then,” said she, “if you take the pledge, you must obey whatever command I lay upon you in its name.”

“I swear!” said Elliot, in the mock heroic, as she placed the ring on his finger.

An evening or two after, Elliot attended Florence to a party at Mrs. B——’s. Every thing was gay and brilliant, and there was no lack either of wit or wine. Elliot was standing in a little alcove, spread with refreshments, with a glass of wine in his hand. “I forbid it! the cup is poisoned,” said a voice in his ear. He turned quickly, and Florence was at his side. Every one was busy with laughing and talking around, and nobody saw the sudden start and flush that these words produced, as Elliot looked earnestly in the lady’s face. She smiled, and pointed, playfully, to the ring; but after all, there was in her face an expression of agitation and interest which she could not repress, and Elliot felt, however playful the manner, that she was *in earnest*; and as she glided away in the crowd, he stood with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the spot where she disappeared.

“Is it possible that I am suspected — that there

are things said of me as if I were in danger?" were the first thoughts that passed through his mind. How strange that a man may appear doomed, given up, and lost, to the eye of every looker-on, before he begins to suspect himself! This was the first time that any defined apprehension of loss of character had occurred to Elliot, and he was startled as if from a dream.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Elliot? You look as solemn as a hearse!" said a young man near by.

"Has Miss Elmore cut you?" said another.

"Come, man, have a glass," said a third.

"Let him alone—he's bewitched," said a fourth; "I saw the spell laid on him. None of us can say but our turn may come next."

An hour later, that evening, Florence was talking, with her usual spirit, to a group who were collected around her, when, suddenly looking up, she saw Elliot, standing in an abstracted manner, at one of the windows that looked out into the balcony.

"He is offended, I dare say," she thought; "but why should I care? For once in my life I have tried to do a right thing, a good thing; I have risked giving offence for less than this, many a time." Still Florence could not but feel tremulous, when, a few moments after, Elliot approached her, and offered his arm for a promenade. They walked up and down the room, she

talking volubly, and he answering yes and no, and any thing else, at cross purposes, till at length, as if by accident, he drew her into the balcony which overhung the garden. The moon was shining brightly, and every thing without, in its placid quietness, contrasted strangely with the busy, hurrying scene within.

“Miss Elmore,” said Elliot, abruptly, “may I ask you, sincerely—had you any design in a remark you made to me in the early part of the evening?”

Florence paused, and though habitually the most practised and self-possessed of women, the color actually receded from her cheek, as she answered,—

“Yes, Mr. Elliot, I must confess that I had.”

“And is it possible, then, that you have heard any thing?”

“I have heard, Mr. Elliot, that which makes me tremble for you, and for those whose life I know is bound up in you; and, tell me, were it well, or friendly in me, to know that such things were said, that such danger existed, and not to warn you of it?”

Elliot stood for a few moments in silence.

“Have I offended? Have I taken too great a liberty?” said Florence, gently.

Hitherto Elliot had only seen in Florence the self-possessed, assured, light-hearted woman of fashion; but there were a reality and depth of feeling in the few words she had spoken to him,



in this interview, that opened to him entirely a new view of her character.

“No, Miss Elmore,” said he, earnestly, after some pause; “I may be *pained*—offended I cannot be. To tell the truth, I have been thoughtless, excited, dazzled; my spirits, naturally buoyant, have carried me, often, too far; and lately I have often painfully suspected my own powers of resistance; I have really felt that I needed help, but have been too proud to confess, even to myself, that I needed it. You, Miss Elmore, have done what, perhaps, no one else could have done. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, and I shall bless you for it to the latest day of my life. I am ready to pledge myself to any thing you may ask on this subject.”

“Then,” said Florence, “do not shrink from doing what is safe, and necessary, and right for you to do, because you have once said you would not do it. You understand me.”

“Precisely,” replied Elliot, “and you shall be obeyed.”

It was not more than a week before the news was circulated that even George Elliot had signed the pledge of temperance. There was much wondering at this sudden turn among those who had known his utter repugnance to any measure of the kind, and the extent to which he had yielded to temptation; but few knew how fine and delicate had been the touch to which his pride had yielded.

## SAFFRON.

*Carthamus Tinctorius.*

LANGUAGE — MARRIAGE.

ART thou beloved, and dost thou love him truly,  
 By whom — with whom — thy lot in life is cast?  
 Or hast thou rashly, weakly, or unduly,  
 In wrath, or scorn, or grief, thus sealed the past?  
 If, stung by memories, thou must dissemble,  
 Of one who left thee, fickle and unkind,  
 Thy pride thus seeks to wound the inconstant, tremble!  
 Back to thy heart that shaft its way shall find.

Will he, thy mate, be true to vows of duty?  
 Or shalt thou weep, with eyelids veiled and dim,  
 The lost advantage of thy powerless beauty,  
 Which, praised by others, kept no hold on him?  
 Shall some fair temptress, like a dazzling meteor,  
 Teach him thy more familiar charms to slight,  
 Thy deep love weighed against each novel feature,  
 A balance stated custom renders light?

Who shall decide? The bridal day! O, make it  
 A day of sacrament and fervent prayer,  
 Though every circumstance conspires to make it  
 Out of the common perplexity of care!  
 Let not vain merriment and giddy laughter  
 Be the last sound in thy departing ear;  
 For God alone can tell what cometh after,  
 What store of sorrow, or what cause for fear!

MRS. NORTON.

## SNAPDRAGON.

*Antirrhinum.*

LANGUAGE — DAZZLING, BUT DANGEROUS.

HER brow is white as stainless snow,  
 As ebon black her heart of sin ;  
 Her cheek with morning's blush doth glow  
 O'er midnight gloom within. MRS. OSGOOD.

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes  
 Love owes its brightest victories,  
 And borrows those bright arms from you  
 With which he does the world subdue,  
 Yet you yourselves are not above  
 The empire nor the griefs of love.  
 Then rack not lovers with disdain,  
 Lest love on you revenge their pain.  
 You are not free because you're fair ;  
 The boy did not his mother spare ;  
 Though beauty be a killing dart,  
 It is no armor for the heart.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

If all the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pleasures might my passions move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.  
 So fading flowers in every field  
 To winter floods their treasures yield ;  
 A honeyed tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## SNOWDROP.

*Galanthus Nivalis.*

LANGUAGE — HOPE IN SORROW.

LET us hope for brighter days ;  
 We have struggled long together,  
 Hoping that the summer rays  
 Might succeed the wintry weather ;  
 Hoping till the summer came,  
 That to us seemed winter still ;  
 Summer, winter, all the same  
 To our hearts so cold and chill.

Let us hope for brighter days ;  
 Surely they must come at last,  
 As we see the solar rays,  
 When the storm has hurried past :  
 So, as in the storm we know  
 That the sunbeams will succeed,  
 Let us not our hope forego,  
 In the darkest hour of need.

ANON.

The night is mother of the day,  
 The winter of the spring ;  
 And ever upon old decay  
 The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks ;  
 Through showers the sunbeams fall ;  
 For God, who loveth all his works,  
 Has left his hopes with all.

## SNOWBALL.

*Viburnum Opulus.*

LANGUAGE — THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

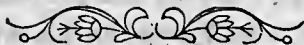
WHAT dost thou, O, wandering dove,  
 From thy home on the rock's riven breast?  
 'Tis fair, but the falcon is wheeling above:  
 O, fly to thy sheltering nest;  
 To thy nest, wandering dove, to thy nest.

Frail bark, on that bright summer sea,  
 That the breezes now curl but in sport,  
 Spread cheerly thy sail, for though pleasant it be,  
 Ne'er linger till safe in the port;  
 To the port, little bark, to the port.

'Tired roe, that the hunter dost flee,  
 With his arrows e'en now on the wing,  
 In yon deep green recess there's a fountain for thee:  
 Go, rest by that clear secret spring;  
 To the spring, panting roe, to the spring.

*My spirit!* still hovering, half blest,  
 'Mid shadows so fleeting and dim;  
 Ah, knowest thou *thy rock*, and *thy* haven of rest,  
 And *thy* pure spring of joy?  
 Then to *Him*, fluttering spirit, to *Him!*

ANON.



## STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

*Ornithogalum.*

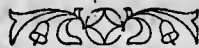
## LANGUAGE — RECONCILIATION.

HOMELY words may we deem them ; the season has flown  
 When we heard them from others, or made them our own ;  
 Yet, would that their spirit of sweetness and truth  
 Could come to our ears as it came in our youth ;  
 O, would that we uttered as freely as then,  
 “ Let’s make it up, brother ; smile kindly again.  
     Let’s make it up.”

Let us make it up, brother. O, when we were young,  
 No pride stayed the words ere they fell from the tongue ;  
 No storms of dissension, no passions that strove,  
 Could banish forever the peace-making dove.  
 If ’twas frightened a while from its haven of rest,  
 It returned at the sound that would please it the best —  
     “ Let’s make it up.”

Let us make it up, brother. O, let us forget  
 How it is that so coldly of late we have met ;  
 Where the fault may be resting we’ll stay not to tell —  
 Its curse on the spirits of both of us fell ;  
 So take my hand firmly, and grasp as of yore ;  
 Let heart whisper to heart, as they whispered before,  
     “ Let’s make it up.”

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.



## MY COUSIN.

WELL, sir,—but here's to us both,—from that time forth it became the great object of my life to effect that which I had failed of in my youth; and which my lovely little cousin so provokingly persisted in refusing. Why, sir, we were cousins; and, pray, what was there improper in it? Besides, hadn't I been absent five years? and now, when I returned, and was kissed by all,—uncle, aunt, nurse, down almost to the washerwoman,—it was absolutely outrageous that she alone was to stand out and be obstinate. But she was so lovely that I couldn't get angry at her; and, besides, what use would it have been to fume and fret? It wasn't the way to conquer,—I'd learned that, any how,—and it would have been ungallant in the highest. How should I win? I had but a couple of months to stay, and she was so popular that all the beaux of the country were thronging in her train. I'd a hard task before me, and it would have disheartened many a one; but I had been to the Black Hills, and shot buffalo.

There was one of her suitors, named Thornton, whom she seemed to like better than the rest; and I must say, during the first month of my visit, she coquetted with him a good deal at my expense. It used to give me a touch of the old flutter now and then, but I consoled myself that, as I was not

in love, there was no sense in being jealous; and besides, Mr. Thornton's favorable receptions had nothing to do with my object. So I took to humming the Blackfoot tune, and teasing my pretty cousin about her favorite lover. You've no idea, sir, what a change it made. She denied it at first, then grew absolutely worried that I wouldn't believe her, and finally showed me a pretty marked preference on every occasion. But I was only a cousin, and nobody took any notice of it. Ah, sir! those cousins play the deuse with the girls' hearts! They're always untangling your daughter's silk, or bringing her the last new novel, or plucking her a fresh moss rose, or lifting her over the pebbly little brook; and then, too, you let them take such long walks in the summer twilight, or ride for hours alone on a September afternoon, or sleigh away for miles on the clear, moonlight nights of December, with nothing but themselves for company — and all this time when they are both budding into life, and fall into love as naturally as I smoke my *meerschaum*. Egad, sir, I've got two daughters myself; and, though I was quite a young man, I saw a good deal of your love matters; and let me tell you that no cousin comes palavering about my house, with his flute and his familiarity; for if he does, I'll either make my mind at once to have him as a son-in-law, or else kick the young rascal neck and heels down the staircase. Cousins, indeed!



It was just such walks I took with Ellen. They were all set down to the score of cousinship; but they were so delicious, that I regretted the time had come for me to depart, and wished that one's cousin could be with one forever. But it was no use. I wasn't worth a copper dollar, and unless I could get some heiress to marry me for pity, I saw no way of living without roughing it through life. I was too proud to trespass on the bounty of my uncle, and had actually carried it so far as to take my quarters at the village inn. It may be the good old man could see farther than I: he only smiled and shook his head, and left the expostulation to his wife. So it happened my visit was nearly up. Happy, too happy, had been those months, and my pretty little cousin was the cause of it all. She, sweet angel, like all the rest, charged it to our cousinship; but I, at last, began to open my eyes, and half suspected the truth; for I had noticed that my cousin, unconsciously to herself, seemed very fond of my presence. I learned it all by close observation, sir — a faculty I picked up among the Sioux. I once admired a cape on a girl's shoulder, — for I do hate your low dresses, — and lo! the next day that I saw my pretty cousin, the dear creature had on a modest cape. I praised the tie of a ribbon, carelessly, the next afternoon, — declare it's every word true, sir; — she met me in the evening with that very fashioned tie. And yet I don't think she

was conscious of it. These may seem trifles, my dear sir, but the proudest of us all have seen the day when such little proofs of affection from the one we love have sent a thrill through every nerve in our frame, and in our ecstasy almost lifted us from the earth. Ah, sir, it don't do to laugh at these trifles; many a noble, many a monarch, would have given his broad lands, his greatest victory, or the finest jewel of his crown, to win such a trifle from the one he loved. I'm wandering. The two months were up, and yet in all this time I hadn't got a kiss from my cousin.

It was the night but one before I was to go away. I determined to make a last effort. We were sitting by the window, and the old folks were next door. My sweet little cousin looked pensive, and doubtless felt so; for though I had been to the Black Hills, and shot buffalo, I was somewhat sentimental myself. It was just the night for melting thoughts; and the moon shone tenderly upon the river in the distance, pouring her silvery light like fairy verdure on the distant hills. My pretty cousin sat by my side, and we were talking of my approaching departure.

"I shall be very busy to-morrow, and I don't know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening," said I.

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till the very soul seemed pouring out from beneath the

long lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered, —

“Why not? You know how glad we are to see you.”

“Why not?” said I, a little piqued at the word *we*; for, to tell the truth, I half-suspected I was in love with my pretty cousin, and had, as you know, flattered myself that it was reciprocal: “Why? Because I shall be very busy, and, besides, I heard Thornton ask you, the other night, to go to P—— to-morrow evening with him; and of course, my pretty coz, you go.”

“There goes that Thornton again,” said she: “I declare you are too provoking: you know what I think of him.”

“Ah, but,” replied I, wickedly, “why make engagements on the night an old school-fellow is going away?”

Her gayety was stopped at once. She hesitated an instant, and then answered, —

“I told him I'd give him an answer to-day, and I thought we were all going together; but I'll send him a note declining at once. You know you don't think what you say, cousin.”

I laughed it off, and directly rose to depart.

“How very soon you are going!” said she, in her pretty, chiding voice; and I thought there was something unusually melancholy in its flute-like tones.

“And you're going to kiss me,” said I, gayly,

after a little merry conversation. "Cousins do it at parting among the Blackfeet."

"Indeed I ain't," said she, saucily.

"Indeed you are," said I, boldly.

"Indeed, in very deed, Mr. Impertinence, you mistake for once, even though you have shot buffalo at the Black Hills;" and she tapped her tiny foot on the floor, and pouted her rich, red lips saucily out, looking, for all the world, as if about to give me a flash or two of her brilliant repartee. But I was in for it; and I was determined to see whether love and the Black Hills could not conquer reserve and wit. I thought I would try the latter first.

"Isn't it your duty?" said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if doubtful whether I was quizzing or not.

"I can prove it by the Talmud," said I.

A funny smile began to flicker round the corners of her mouth.

"I can establish it, text by text!"

"Indeed!" said she, archly, smiling maliciously at my anticipated perplexity. But I was ahead of her.

"Do unto others as you would wish to be done unto. Ain't it proved, my pretty coz?"

"Well, really, you deserve something for your impudence: you're quite a logician. Did you learn that, too, at the Black Hills?" and her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw I was no match for her in wit, so I be-  
took myself to other ground.

“ Well, good by, coz.”

“ So early!”

“ Early?” and I began to pull on my gloves.

“ You’ll be here to-morrow night, won’t you?”  
said she, persuasively.

“ Do you really wish it?”

“ How can you doubt it?” said she, warmly.

“ But how! I shall interrupt a *tête-à-tête* with  
Mr. Thornton,” said I, teasingly.

“ Pshaw! Mr. Thornton again,” said she, pet-  
tishly.

There was a moment’s silence, and at its end  
came a low, half-suppressed sigh. I began to  
think I was on the right track.

“ You won’t grant my favor? If, now, it was  
to mend Mr. Thornton’s glove ——”

“ It’s too provoking,” she burst out in her old  
mood; but directly added, in a pensive tone, “ How  
can you think I care so for him?”

“ How can I? You do fifty things for him you  
wouldn’t do for me.”

“ Cousin!”

“ I ask you for the smallest favor; I take one  
for a sample, and you refuse: you are a very un-  
fair cousin;” and I took her hand.

“ Why?” said she, lifting her dark eye till its  
gaze met mine. It thrilled me in every nerve.

“ Why?” and her voice shook a little.

“ Because you never do any thing I ask you to.”

“ Indeed I do !” said she, earnestly.

“ I wish I could think so,” said I, pensively.

We were standing by the window, and I thought her hand trembled as I spoke; but she only turned her head away with a sigh, and without speaking gazed out upon the lawn. At another time, perhaps, she would have listened to my language differently; but as I was going away, perhaps forever, it made her so pensive. Yet she did not know her own feelings. Something told her to grant my boon — it was but a trifle — it seemed so foolish to hesitate; but then something whispered to her that she ought not to do it. But then it would be so reserved and uncousinly to refuse; and might I not be justly offended at her prudence? I could hear her breathe, and see her snowy bosom heave, as she held her taper finger in a puzzle to her mouth. The conflict was going on between love and reserve; and yet — poor little girl! — she knew it not.

“ And you really won't come to-morrow night, without — without —” she paused, and blushed; while the low, soft, half-reproachful tone in which she spoke — softer than angels' softest whisper — smote me to the heart, and almost made me repent my determination. But then it was so pretty to see her look perplexed!

“ Ellen,” said I, as if hurt, “ I am serious —

you don't think I'd trifle with you — but I never before tried to test how true were the professions of those I loved — if one is thus bitterly deceived, I care not to try again ;” and half letting go her hand, I turned partially away.

For a second she did not answer, but she looked on the ground. Directly a cloud came over the moon, and just as the whole room was buried in a shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of my little cousin's heart ; I felt a breath like a zephyr steal across my face, and — what's the use of denying it? — I had conquered. But a hot drop was on my face ; and as I pressed her more warmly than became a cousin, a sudden revulsion of feelings came across her, the true secret of her delicacy flashed like a sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how utterly she had betrayed herself, her head fell upon my shoulder, and I heard her sob. My heart stung me, — vain, ungenerous sinner that I was, — and I would have given worlds to have saved her that one moment of agony. But in another instant came the consciousness that I loved her. We spoke no word, we whispered no vow ; but as I felt how pure a heart I had won, a gush of holy feeling swept across my soul, and putting my arm gently around her, I drew her to me as softly as a mother embraces her first-born babe. That moment I shall never forget. She ceased to sob, but she did not as yet look up. It might have been five minutes,

or it might have been half an hour. I could keep no measure of time. At last I said, softly, —  
 “ Ellen ! ”

“ Will you come to-morrow night ? ” whispered she, lifting her dark eyes timidly from my shoulder.

“ How can I refuse, dearest ? ” said I, kissing the tears from her long lashes.

“ Well, what followed, Jeremy ? ”

*Whiff — whiff.*

“ What followed ? For Heaven’s sake, tell us. ”

“ What ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ Why, a Mrs. Jeremy Short, to be sure. ”

ANON.

—●—

I SEE her now within my view —  
 A spirit, yet a woman too ! —  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin liberty ;  
 A countenance in which do meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature’s daily food ;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

WORDSWORTH.



## SWEET WILLIAM.

*Dianthus Barbatu8.*

## LANGUAGE — HOLLOWNESS, OR TREACHERY.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,  
 Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,  
 Read you not the wrong you're doing  
     In my cheek's pale hue?  
 All my life with sorrow strewing,  
     Wed, or cease to woo.

CAMPBELL.

At last I know thee ; and my soul,  
     From all thy arts set free,  
 Abjures the cold, consummate art  
     Shrined as a soul in thee,  
 Priestess of falsehood, deeply learned  
     In all heart treachery!

SARA I. CLARKE.

Ah, many hearts have changed since we two parted,  
 And many grown apart as time hath sped,  
 Till we have almost deemed that the true-hearted  
     Abided only with the faithful dead.  
 And some we trusted with a fond believing  
     Have turned and stung us to the bosom's core ;  
 And life hath seemed but as a vain deceiving  
     From which we turn aside heartsick and sore.

MRS. C. M. CHANDLER

## SYRINGA.

*Philadelphus Odorus.*

LANGUAGE — MEMORY.

I THINK of thee when young and beauteous morning  
Has thrown her mantle o'er the realms of night,  
The sky, and earth, and nature, all adorning  
With robes of light.

And when around the evening shades are creeping,  
And not a breath disturbs the tranquil sea,  
When starlit skies their dewy tears are weeping,  
I think of thee.

Thy gentie voice! I often, often hear it,  
When from the din of day I fain would flee,  
And in the hushed and voiceless night my spirit  
Returns to thee.

I know that here I never more shall meet thee,  
For thou hast passed to brighter worlds above;  
And there dost wait, an angel fair, to greet me,  
In realms of love.

But O, thy token, by fond memory given,  
Of love unchanging, softens all my woe;  
And the sweet hope of joining thee in heaven  
Is bliss below!

## TANSY.

*Tanacetum.*

## LANGUAGE — COURAGE.

THINK ST thou there dwells no courage but in breasts  
 That set their mail against the ringing spears,  
 When helmets are struck down? Thou little knowest  
 Of nature's marvels.

MRS. HEMANS.

He is a coward who would borrow  
 A charm against the present sorrow  
 From the vague future's promise of delight:  
 As life's alarums nearer roll,  
 'Th' ancestral buckler calls,  
 Self-clanging from the walls  
 In the high temple of the soul;  
 Where are most sorrows, there the poet's sphere is —  
 To feed the soul with patience,  
 To heal its desolations  
 With words of unshorn truth, with love that never wearies.

J. R. LOWELL.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;  
 I woke, and found that life was duty:  
 Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?  
 Toil on, said heart, courageously,  
 And thou shalt find thy life to be  
 A noonday light and truth to thee.

## THISTLE.

*Carduus Cameolatus.*

LANGUAGE—NEVER FORGET.

FORGET me not! What varied feeling  
These little magic words impart!  
Absence and love at once revealing,  
They sadden while they soothe the heart.

Forget me not! Whatever woes  
In life's precarious paths beset me,  
They'll soften, if affection knows  
That those I love will not forget me.

Forget thee! forget thee! How can I forget,  
When not a sigh leaves me which breathes of regret,  
When not a wish passes but finds in my breast  
A hope for thy welfare, a prayer for thy rest?  
Forget thee! forget thee! I cannot forget,  
When not a sigh leaves me which breathes of regret.

Forget thee! forget thee! How can I forget,  
While deeply, most deeply, thine image is set?  
And nought from this bosom that image will tear;  
Forever, yes, ever, that image I'll wear.  
Forget thee! forget thee! I cannot forget,  
While deep in my bosom thine image is set.

## TULIP, RED.

*Tulipa Gesneriana.*

## LANGUAGE — DECLARATION OF LOVE

LOOK how the blue-eyed violets  
 Glance love to one another !  
 Their little leaves are whispering  
 The vows they may not smother.  
 The birds are pouring passion forth  
 In every blossoming tree.  
 If flowers and birds talk love, lady,  
 Why not we?

And over all the happy earth  
 Love floweth, like a river —  
 True love, whose glory fills the sky  
 Forever and forever.  
 The pale hearts of the silver stars  
 Throb, too, as mine to thee ;  
 All things delight in love, lady ;  
 Why not we?

ANON.

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

SHELLEY.

And many hours we talked in joy,  
 Yet too much blessed for laughter ;  
 I was a happy man that day,  
 And happy ever after.

MRS. HOWITT.

## TULIP.

*Tulipa.*

## LANGUAGE — BEAUTIFUL EYES.

THOSE eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are,  
 When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most holy !  
 Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star  
 Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy ?  
 Tell me, belovéd eyes !

BULWER.

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

O. W. HOLMES.

Those eyes,  
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky,  
 Whose azure depths their color emulates,  
 Must needs be conversant with upward looks,  
 Prayer's voiceless service.

WORDSWORTH.

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

O. W. HOLMES.

## THE CHARITIES THAT SWEETEN LIFE.

PLEASANT words! Pleasant words! Do you know, kind reader, how potent a spell lies in a pleasant word? Have you not often thought of its power to soothe — to charm — to delight, when all things else fail? As you have passed on through the journey of life, have you not seen it smoothing many a ruffled brow, and calming many an aching bosom? Have you not noticed it in the house, and by the way — at the fireside, and in the place of business? And have you not felt that pleasant words are among the “charities that sweeten life”? Ah, yes; and their influence has come over your own soul. Not long since, when you went bending to the earth, oppressed, and weary with life’s manifold sorrows; when dark clouds have hovered over you, and blackness of darkness covered you; when you were ready to yield in despondency the pursuit of happiness, and give yourself up to unmitigated gloom; when no object of life seemed desirable, and even the friendships of earth were worthless in your eyes; when you would fain have passed the companion of your childhood, unnoticed, as you met him in the way, — O, you can tell how, in such an hour, the sound of a cheerful voice, one pleasant word, has dispelled the gloom, and given you to the world again — a man — a hopeful, trusting man.

You can tell us how like an angel whisper was the kind inquiry of that companion, and how the tone of cheerful sympathy sent the dark clouds rolling from your sky, and revealed the bright light of day—showed you that earth is not *all* a wilderness, nor man a being utterly deserted to wretchedness.

But they are few. Among the multitudes of earth, how small the number who habitually, and from principle, *speak pleasantly!* You *have* met them. Now and then they have crossed your path, and I doubt not your whole soul has blessed them, as it ought, for the words which were balm to your wounded spirit. And did you not wish all were like them? Did you not feel that earth would be a paradise indeed, if all the tones of that matchless instrument, the human voice, were in harmony with the kind thoughts of a thoroughly kind heart?

But, friend, while you thus wished, did you resolve to add one to their number? Did you determine to imitate their example? Would I could persuade that it is your duty so to do—that henceforth you should make it a study. You think it a small matter, requiring little effort. But I assure you it might cost you many a struggle ere you should learn to speak in pleasantness to all whom you might chance to meet, even in one short day; and if you accomplished it, perhaps it would be a better day's work than ever yet you



did; and you might lay your head on the pillow of rest at night with feelings akin to those of spirits round the throne.

O, learn this art yourselves, all ye who have felt its kindly influence from others. Speak pleasant words to all around you, and your path shall ever be lighted by the smiles of those who welcome your coming, and mourn your parting footsteps.

Mother, speak pleasantly to the little ones who cluster around you; speak *ever* pleasantly; and be assured that answering tones of joy, and dispositions formed to constant kindness, shall be your reward.

Sister, brother, friend, would you render life all one sunny day? would you gather around you those who will cheer you in the darkest hour? let the law of kindness rule your tongue, and your words be pleasant as the "dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion."

Christian, follower of Him who is passed into the heavens, heir of immortal glory, would you honor the Lord who bought you? would you show yourself worthy the crown that awaits you, and the society in which you expect soon to mingle? strive to catch the tones which gladden that celestial city to which you haste. No discord mars those tones. No discontent nor fretfulness mingles with the sounds which by faith we hear.

Would you prove that, beyond a doubt, you belong to that company? that you will not be a stranger then, when you have laid aside the vestments of mortality? then imitate *them* in this thing: Go — from this hour speak to those whom you meet as you would had you already taken your place among the happy ones on high, and believe me, your Christian character will rapidly improve. And you may hope to win many a soul to love and seek the religion which can so transform the spirit, and so rule the lips, that, amid all the vexations of this vexing world, no sound shall proceed from them but such as angels might delight in, and even He, whose name is Love, shall always approve.

ANON.



## VENUS'S LOOKING GLASS.

*Campanula Speculum.*

## LANGUAGE — FLATTERY, OR VANITY.

O, I know  
 Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers ;  
 Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts  
 Stand still, and lose their fierceness, but to hear thee,  
 As if they had reflection, and, by reason,  
 Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater.

HOWE.

Hold, Pharnaces !  
 No adulation ; 'tis the death of virtue ;  
 Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,  
 Save he who courts the flatterer.

H. MORR.

Alas ! the praise given to the ear  
 Ne'er was nor ere can be sincere,  
 And does but waste the mind  
 On which it preys : in vain  
 Would they in whom the poison lurks  
 A worthier state attain.

MISS LONDON.

I would give worlds, could I believe  
 One half that is professed me ;  
 Affection, could I think it thee,  
 When flattery has caressed me.

MISS LONDON.

Minds  
 By nature great are conscious of their greatness,  
 And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.

ROWE.

## VIOLET, BLUE.

*Viola Odorata.*

LANGUAGE — FAITHFULNESS.

THY gentle eyes are not so bright  
 As when I wooed thee first;  
 • Yet still they have the same sweet light  
 Which long my heart hath nursed;  
 They have the same enchanting beam  
 Which charmed me in love's early dream;  
 And still with joy on me they stream,  
 My beautiful, my wife!

ANON.

Faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
 Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
 Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified;  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
 Though single.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

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

MRS. HEMANS.

## VIOLET, WHITE.

*Viola Lactea.*

## LANGUAGE — MODESTY.

I KNOW thou art oft  
 Passed carelessly by,  
 And the hue so soft  
 Of thine azure eye

Gleams unseen, unsought, in its leafy bower,  
 While the heartless prefer some statelier flower,  
 That they eagerly cull, and, when faded, fling  
 Away with rude hand, as a worthless thing.  
 Not such is *thy* fate: not thy beauty's gift  
 Alone bids thee from thy bower be reft;  
 Not thy half-closing, dewy, and deep-blue eye,  
 But the charm that doth not with beauty die.  
 'Tis thy mild, soft fragrance makes thee so dear,  
 Thou loveliest gem of the floral year.

TWAMBLY.

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

MRS. OSGOOD.

True modesty is a discerning grace,  
 And only blushes in the proper place;  
 But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,  
 Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t' appear;  
 Humility the parent of the first,  
 The last by vanity produced and nursed.

COWPER.

## WATER LILY.

*Nymphaea Odorata.*

## LANGUAGE — ELOQUENCE.

POWER above powers! O heavenly eloquence!  
 That, with the strong rein of commanding words,  
 Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence  
 Of men's affections, more than all their swords!  
 Shall we not offer to thy excellence  
 The richest treasure that our wit affords?  
 Thou that canst do much more with one pen  
 Than all the powers of princes can effect,  
 And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men,  
 Better than force or rigor can direct!  
 Should we this ornament of glory then,  
 As the immaterial fruits of shades, neglect?

DANIEL.

There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,  
 That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;  
 'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word,  
 By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred.  
 The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone —  
 O, such were the charms of that eloquent one!

MRS. WELBY.

And wheresoe'er the subject's best, the sense  
 Is bettered by the speaker's eloquence.

KING.



## WALL FLOWER.

*Cheiranthus Cheiri.*

## LANGUAGE—FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNE.

AND those dear eyes have shone through tears,  
 But never looked unkind ;  
 For shattered hopes and troubled years  
 Still closer seem to bind  
 Thy pure and trusting heart to mine.  
 Not for thyself didst thou repine,  
 But all thy husband's grief was thine,  
 My beautiful, my wife !

When all without looks dark and cold,  
 And voices change their tone,  
 Nor greet me as they did of old,  
 I feel I am not lone ;  
 For thou, my love, art aye the same,  
 And looks and deeds thy faith proclaim ;  
 Though all should scorn, thou wouldst not blame,  
 My beautiful, my wife !

ANON.

But the stars, the soft stars ! When they glitter above us,  
 I gaze on their beams with a feeling divine ;  
 For, as true friends in sorrow more tenderly love us,  
 The darker the heaven, the brighter they shine.

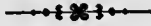
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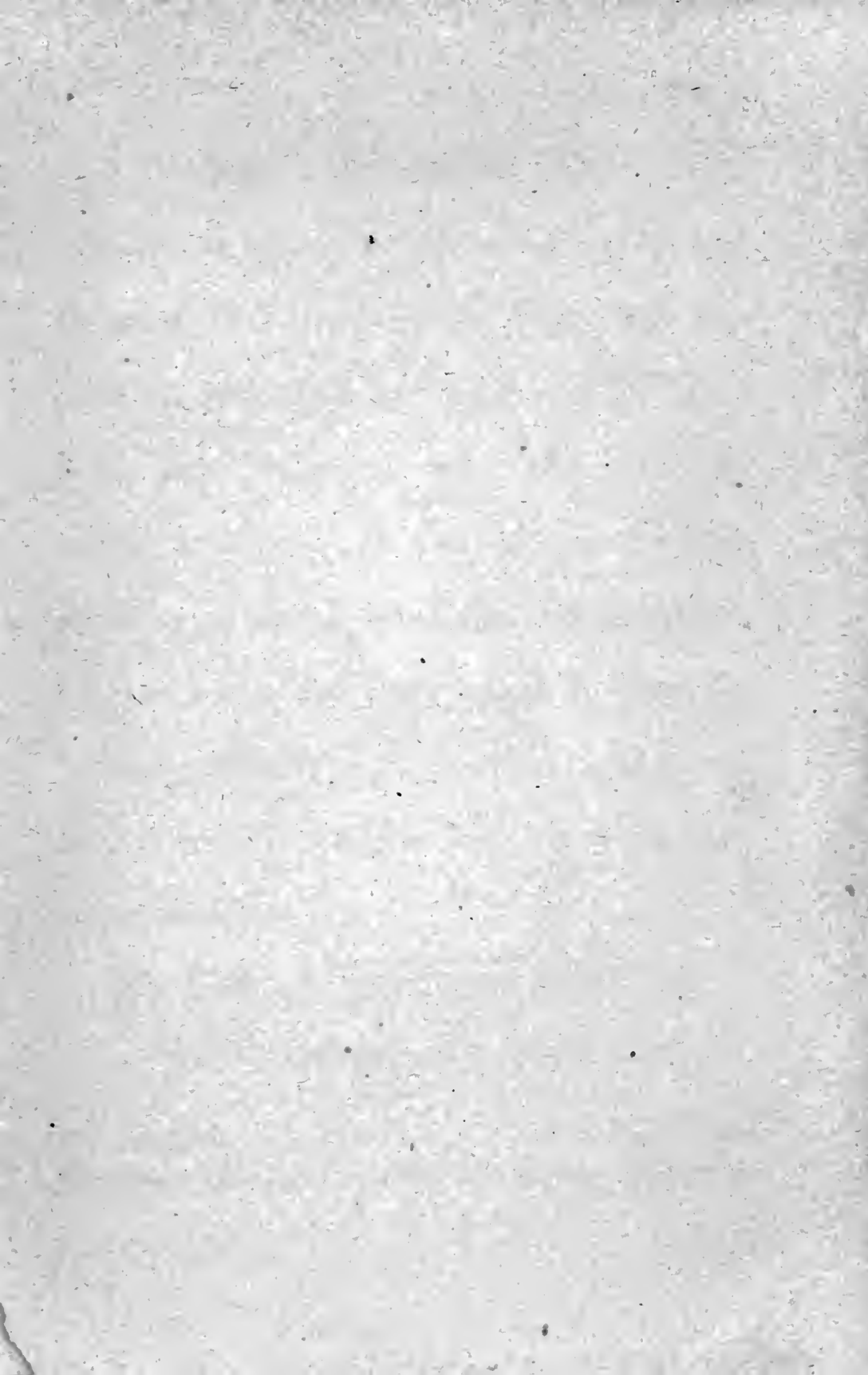
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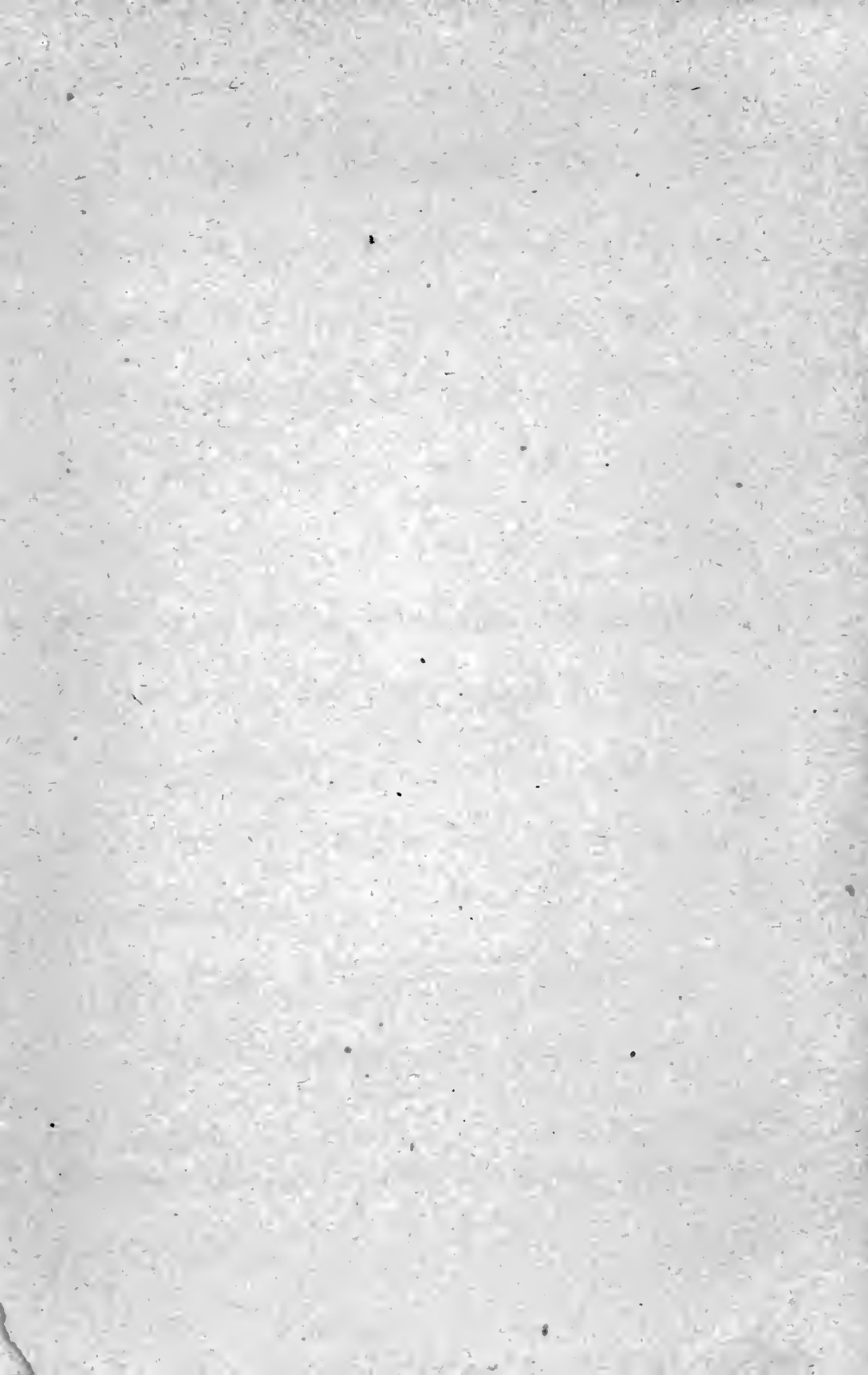
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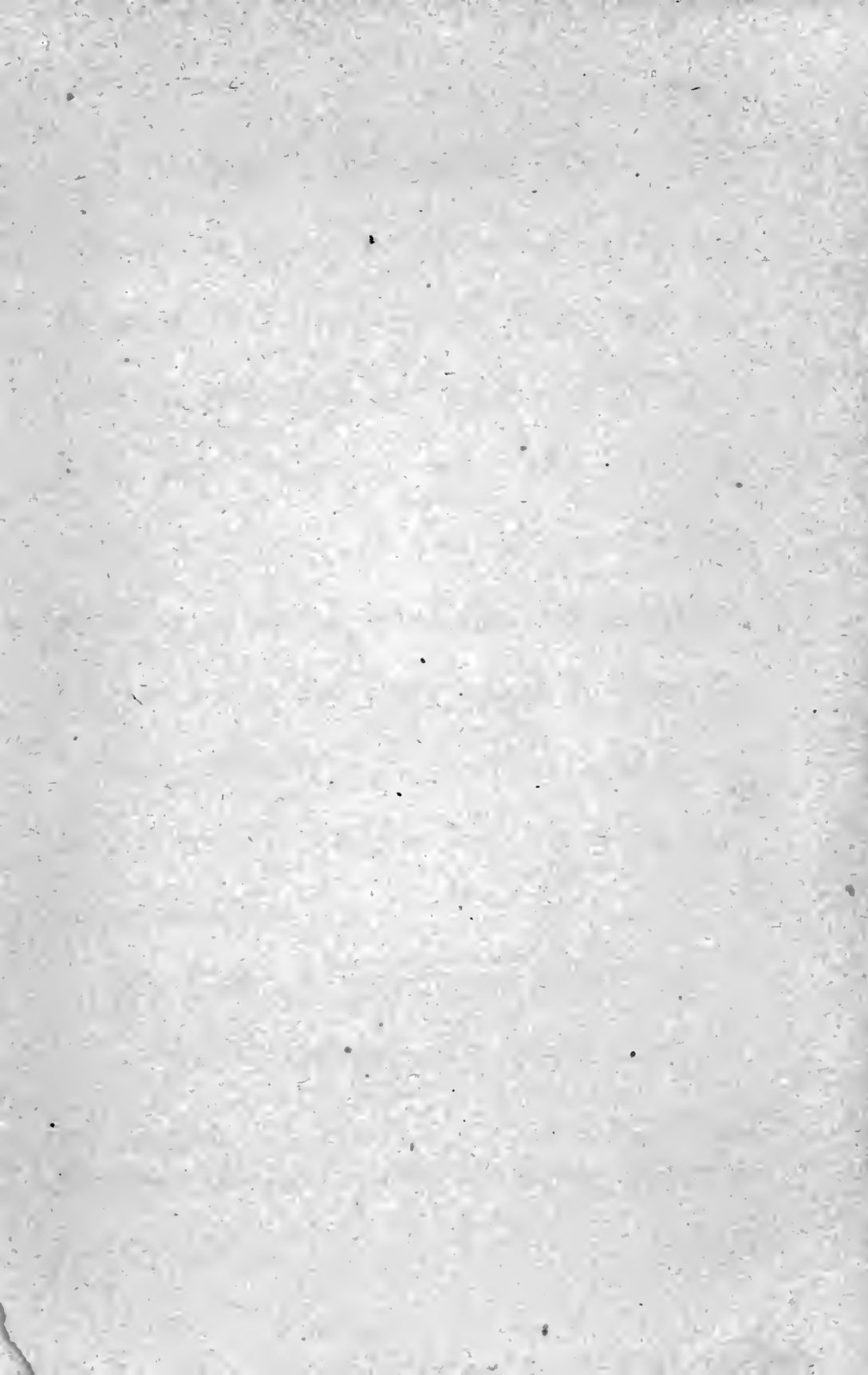
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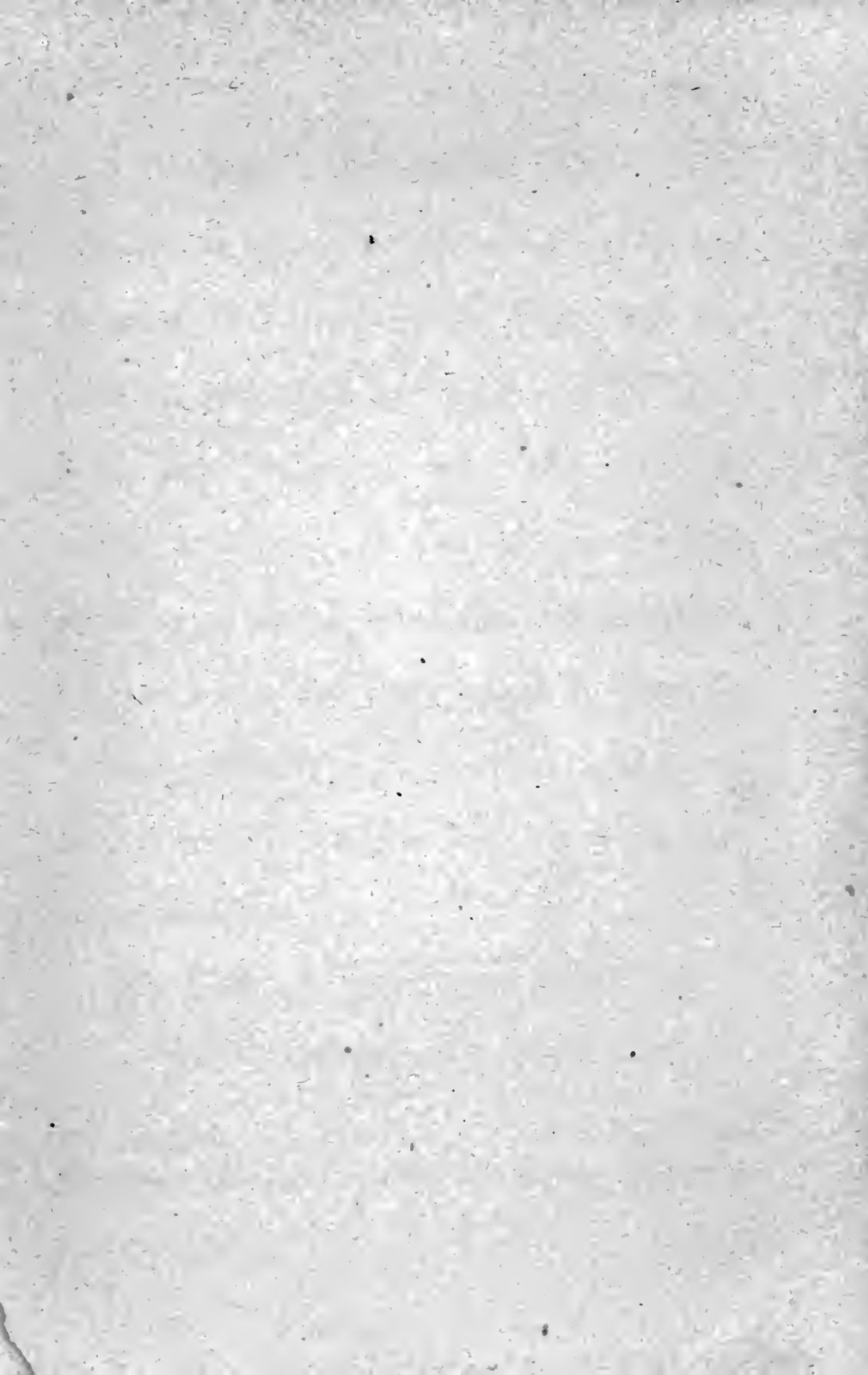
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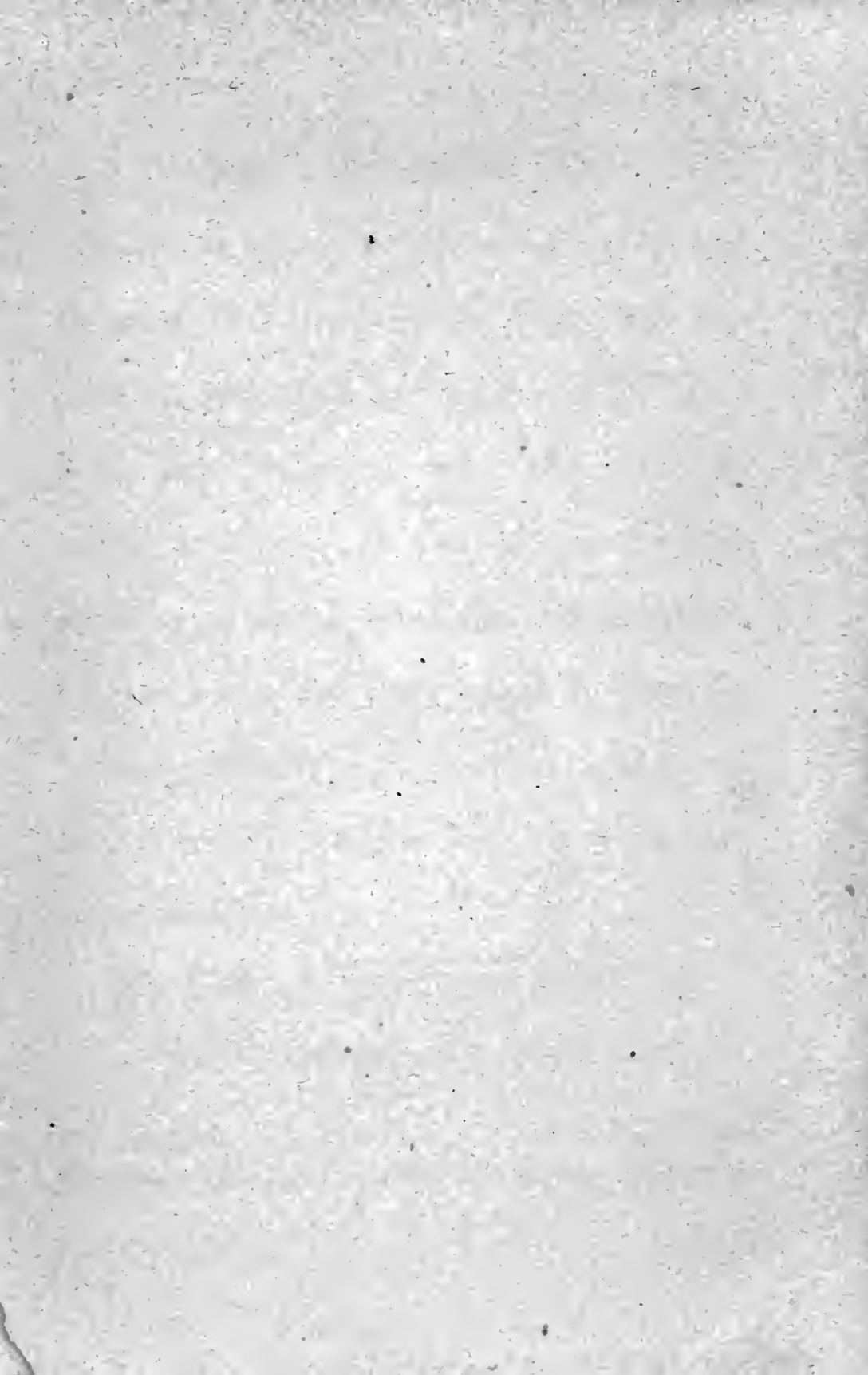


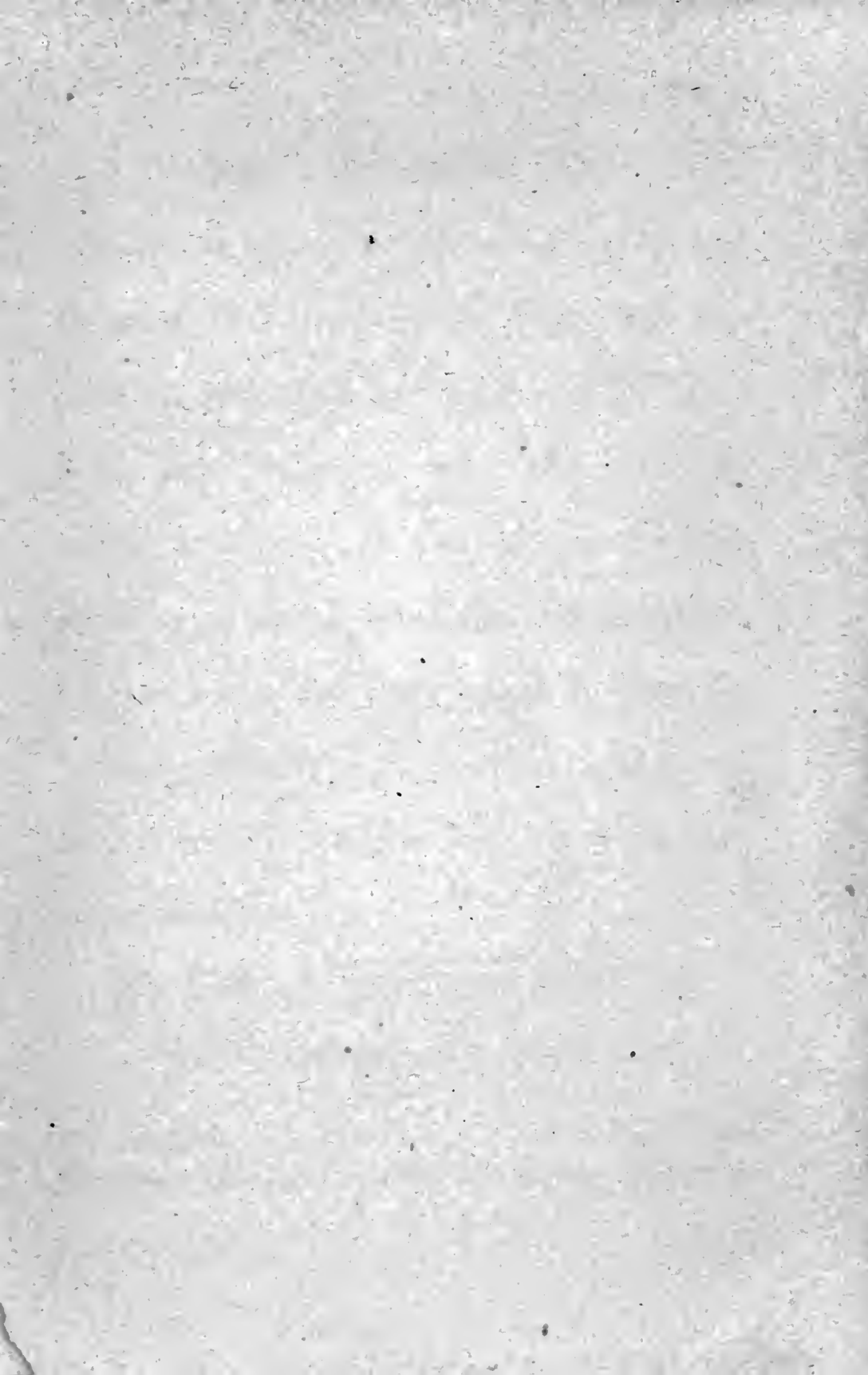




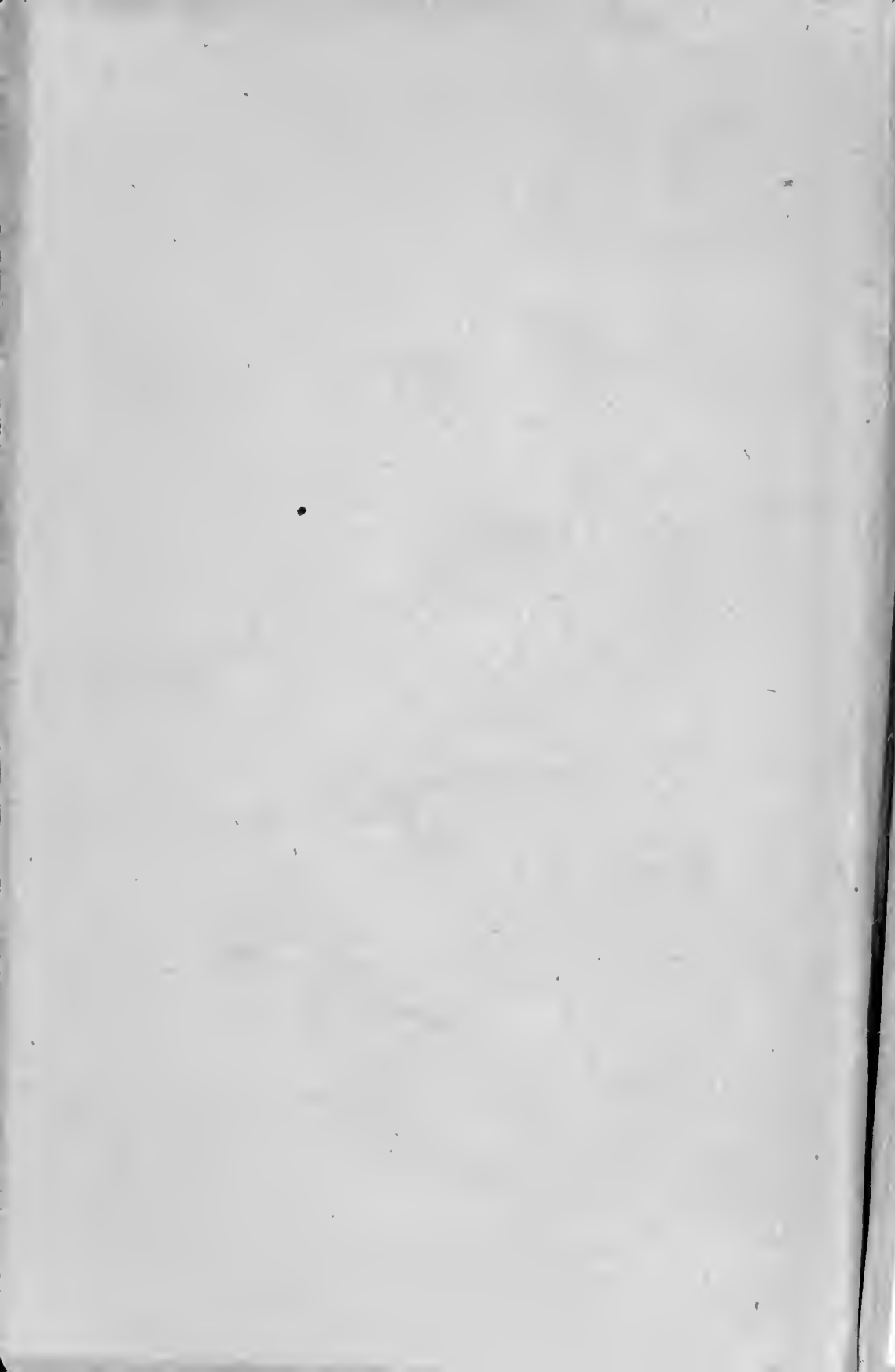












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