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## **The language and poetry of flowers**

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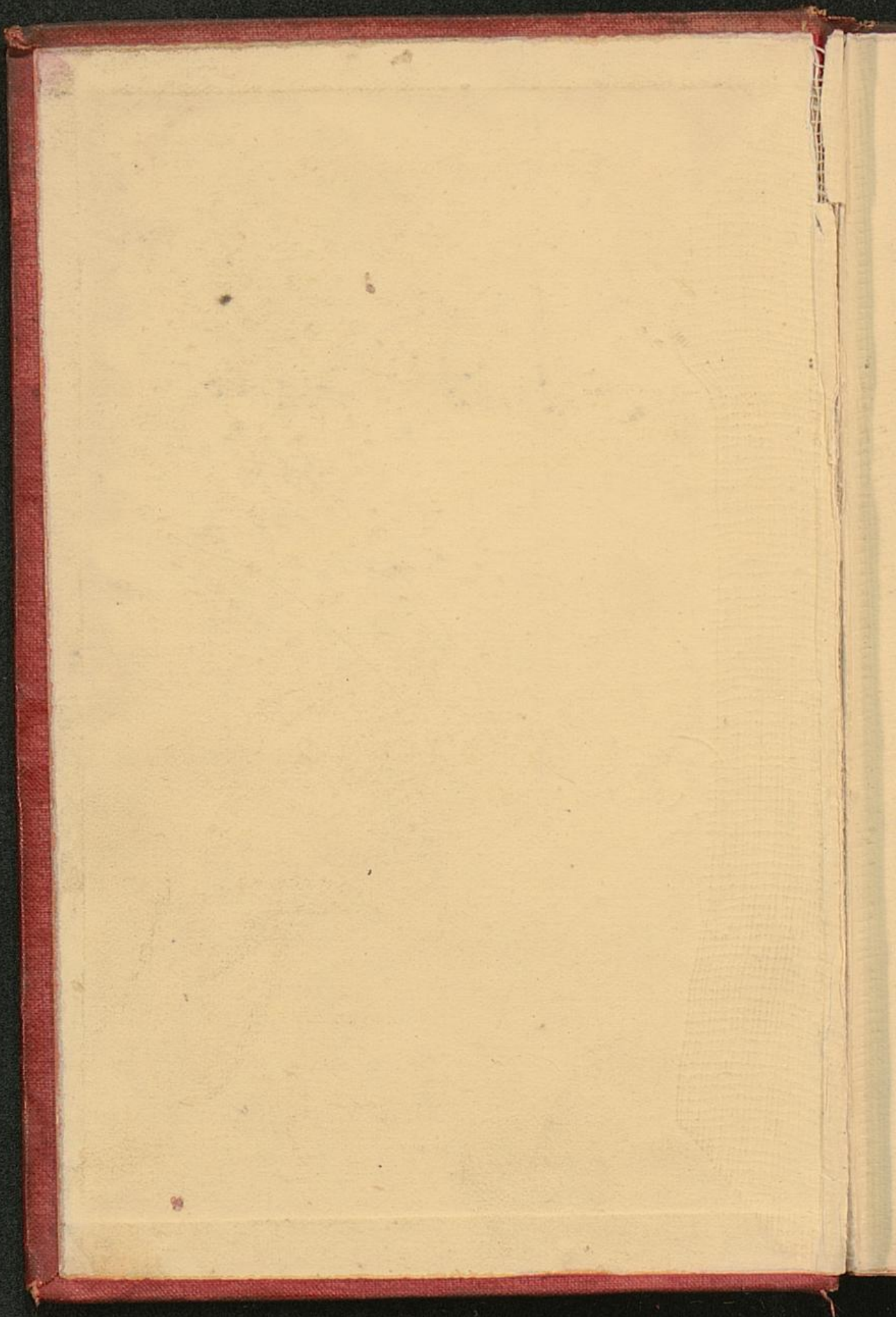


THE  
LANGUAGE  
AND POETRY OF



FLOWERS







Fessie Nicholls  
Lily View  
Ranelagh Road.  
St. Austell.













J. Brand & Co London E.C.

"A flower is not a flower alone,  
A thousand sanctities invest it."

ALLPORT.



THE  
LANGUAGE AND POETRY  
OF FLOWERS;

WITH  
A COMPLETE VOCABULARY;

CONTAINING THE VARIOUS SENTIMENTS AND  
EXPRESSIONS APPLICABLE TO FLOWERS AND PLANTS;  
IN THE LANGUAGE OF ENGLISH, ETC.

ALSO WITH  
A Collection of Selected Poems

RELATIVE TO THE VARIOUS SENTIMENTS,  
EXPRESSIONS, AND APPLICATIONS OF  
THE FLOWER, ETC.

"Readily and to be used as a  
Index to the various and flowers."

CHURCHILL.

Printed by  
WARD, LOCK AND CO.,  
WARWICK HOUSE,  
DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.





"A flower is not a flower alone  
A hundred times a day it grows  
ALFORD."



THE  
LANGUAGE AND POETRY  
OF FLOWERS;

WITH  
A COMPLETE VOCABULARY;

QUOTATIONS ILLUSTRATING THE VARIOUS SENTIMENTS AND  
MEANINGS ATTACHED TO FLOWERS AND PLANTS;  
FLOWER LANGUAGE IN BOUQUETS, ETC.;

TOGETHER WITH  
A Collection of Selected Poems

ILLUSTRATING THE NATURE, BEAUTY, SENTIMENTS,  
TEACHINGS, AND ASSOCIATIONS OF  
THE FLORAL WORLD, ETC.

"Ramble a-field, to brooks and bowers,  
To pick up sentiments and flowers."

CHURCHILL.

London:  
WARD, LOCK AND CO.,  
WARWICK HOUSE,  
DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.



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The Gresham Press:

UNWIN BROTHERS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.





## Preface.

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IN this little book will be found united two subjects, or rather, two natural divisions of a subject often kept apart, though bound to each other by the closest ties,—namely, the Language and the Poetry of Flowers. Under the first head may be naturally included all that graceful symbolism which has in every age and in every nation entwined itself around the floral gifts of Creation ; while under the second we generally include the sentiments and teachings in which the poets “found the delightful way, mysterious morals gently to convey, in charming numbers.” In the union of the two parts, our readers have presented to them a complete epitome of “flower-lore in prose and verse.”

Among the chief features of the book will be found some examples of Flower-language in Bouquets. By reference to these, any number of “bouquet-letters” can be written ; the various sentiments, and the flowers that are the exponents of them, being found in the second part of the Vocabulary.



In the Vocabulary itself will be found a complete record of "flower thoughts." To each flower is attached a quotation from one of the poets, representing the sentiment or idea attached to the flower, the whole forming a compact body of reference for poetical quotation.

The selection of the "Poetry of Flowers" has been carefully made, with especial reference to those among the poetical blossoms which have become established favourites, and are considered as an essential part of our flower literature.

The Thoughts on the Months and the Floral Gifts, will be found to contain a summary of the opinions of many distinguished writers on the various floral treasures of the seasons ; and these, with the numerous illustrations, will, it is hoped, be found an attractive feature of the book.

WARWICK HOUSE,

*June 1877.*





LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



In the  
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WARWICK

*June*

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# THE FLOWER DIAL.

Showing the Time of Opening and Closing of various Flowers.

Look at the fate of summer flowers,  
Which blow at daybreak, droop ere evensong:  
And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,  
Measured by what we are and ought to be,  
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,  
Is not so long!—WORDSWORTH.

OPENING TIME. MORNING.		THE FLOWERS.	CLOSING TIME. AFTERNOON.	
H.	M.		H.	M.
3	5	Goat's Beard .....	9	10
4	0	Late-flowering Dandelion.....	12	1
4	5	Hawkweed Pricris .....	12	0
4	5	Alpine Hawk's Beard .....	12	0
4	5	Wild Succory.....	8	9
5	0	Naked-stalked Poppy .....	7	0
5	0	Copper-coloured Day Lily .....	7	8
5	0	Smooth Sowthistle.....	11	12
5	0	Blue-flower Sowthistle .....	12	0
5	6	Field Bindweed .....	4	5
6	7	Spotted Cat's Ear .....	4	5
7	0	White Water Lily .....	5	0
7	0	Garden Lettuce .....	10	0
7	0	African Marigold .....	3	4
8	0	Mouse-ear Hawkweed .....	2	0
8	0	Proliferous Pink.....	1	0
9	0	Field Marigold .....	3	0
9	10	Purple Sandwort .....	2	3
9	10	Creeping Mallow .....	12	1
9	10	Chickweed .....	9	10



# Introduction.

## FLOWERS AND THEIR TEACHINGS.

—♦—  
There's odour in the very name  
Which to the thoughtful brain,  
Comes with refreshing influence,  
Like April's pleasant rain.  
The rose that to the sun's warm kiss  
Uplifts its blushing cheek,  
Is but a rainbow-type of life  
Departing while we speak.

**A**S we turn over the leaves of the great book of nature, and examine the bright-hued, gracefully-formed, and perfume-haunted characters inscribed thereon ; when we muse upon the beautiful and holy thoughts, the refined fancies, and the tender and pleasant memories associated therewith ; we cannot fail to acknowledge gratefully the wisdom and goodness of Him who has scattered them so plentifully over the face of the earth, for man's pleasure and instruction.

Well and truly has it been said that "stars are the flowers of heaven," even as "flowers are the stars of earth ;" and when those beautiful adorners of our terrestrial and transitory abiding-place are all withered and dead, then, as though to compensate for their loss, and to lift our hearts to the contemplation of higher and holier things than can be met with here, do the number and radiance seem to increase of those shining forms that sprinkle the expanse of that celestial realm where we are taught to look for our everlasting habitation.

It was only natural, that from an early period, and throughout all lands, flowers should have been chosen as emblems of thoughts and sentiments, and invested with a language of their own. Round many a flower beautiful thoughts cluster, and even He who was Lord of all, did not disdain, in the lessons He taught, to use as illustrations of great truths, the Lilies that toil



not, neither do they spin ; the Grape that cannot be gathered from the Thorn ; and the Wheat that shall be gathered in at the great harvest.

Among the many legends connected with the flower language, the following may be cited :

The Daisy is taken by old Geoffrey Chaucer as the type of beauty and admirable virtue, being the very flower into which the fair Queen Alceste—who sacrificed her own life to preserve that of her husband—was changed. No pilgrim, bending at the shrine of the saint whom he considered the most holy and worthy of adoration, ever offered more devout homage than did the “father of English poetry” to this little “Day’s Eye,” or “Eye of Day,” as he loved to call it.”

The Almond Tree has been made the emblem of hope and also of vigilance ; it belongs to the same family as the Peach ; it flourishes luxuriantly in Syria, and sacred writers frequently derive from it very striking metaphors. We are told in Numbers, that Aaron’s rod was taken from the Almond Tree. In Dryden’s “Virgil” it is made an emblem of promise.

Violets are historical flowers, and poetical legends innumerable are woven about them. Milton makes Echo dwell

“By slow Meander’s margent green  
And in the Violet-embroider’d vale.”

Proserpine was gathering Violets as well as Narcissi, when seized by Pluto ; Ia, the daughter of Atlas, fleeing into the woods from the pursuit of Apollo, was changed into a Violet ; the nymphs, who waited on Endymion, in Keats’s beautiful legend,

“Rain’d Violets upon his sleeping eyes ;”

and in the floral ceremonies of the ancient Greeks, as well as Romans, this flower ever had a conspicuous place ; while among the comparatively modern French troubadours, a golden Violet was the prize of the successful competitor in the lists of song.

The Hawthorn is a tree around which many legends of flower language are woven. The young Athenian girls, we are told,



brought branches of it to decorate the altar of wedlock, and those who were about to plight their vows there. It was the emblem of Hope, too ; and surely that is a hopeful time, when the first vow of love is poured into the ear of the bashful, blushing, yet not unwilling maiden. Goldsmith describes

"The Hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The Hyacinth has been made emblematical of play or game. There was an annual solemnity, called Hyacinthia, held at Anyclæ, in Laconia, which lasted three days. According to an ancient fable, the flower originated in the blood of Ajax, who stabbed himself because the arms of Achilles were given to Ulysses and not to him.

"As poets feigned, from Ajax' streaming blood  
Arose, with grief inscribed, a mournful flower."

One of the most calumniated of plants is the Foxglove. As a poisonous plant, this is shunned and disliked by many who do not know or consider that it possesses very useful medicinal properties, teaching us that God hath made nothing but for some wise end. Miss Pardoe has attached a fine moral to this plant. She says : "The foxglove, springing from amid the rocky masses by the wayside, is like virtue struggling with adversity, and seeming doubly beautiful from the contrast."

The pretty little Forget-me-not has been transplanted by Miss Strickland from the dubious light of legendary song into the broad sunshine of veritable history. She says : "This royal adventurer—the banished and aspiring (Henry of) Lancaster—appears to have been the person who gave the Forget-me-not its emblematical and poetical meaning, by uniting it, at the period of his exile, with the initial letters of his watchword, *Souveigne vous de moi* ; thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York and Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, an historical flower." It is a beautiful and graceful little plant, with its slender stem, and oblong leaves of a pale semi-transparent



green, and its clusters of cerulean blossoms, each with an eye like a tiny gold stud set round with turquoises.

There is more than one version of the story which assigns the origin of the name Plantagenet to the Latin appellation of the common Broom—*Planta genista*. "The one most commonly believed," says Miss Pratt, in her charming little work, the "Wild Flowers of the Year," "is that the name was assumed by Geoffrey, Earl of Anjou, the husband of Matilda, the haughty Empress of Germany, who, having placed a sprig of the broom in his helmet on the day of battle, acquired the surname, and bequeathed it to his descendants. Perchance, before engaging in the contest, he had lain down among the fragrant broom, and had been struck by its beauty. Yet flowers seem ill suited to accompany the horrors of war."

Then we have the yellow Iris, or Flag-Sedge, called in Scotland Water-Skeggs, and in France *La Flambe aquatique*; and the purple *Fleur de Luce*, or, more properly, *Fleur de Louis*, deriving its name from having been chosen as the heraldic emblem of Louis VII., King of France, when setting out for the Holy Land.

In June, the Poppy now begins to flush the ocean of golden green corn-stalks, like the red coral seen through translucent, sun-lighted waters, but we shall not dwell upon that at present. The bright blue Succory, or Chicory, as it is very commonly called, is a beautiful object by the wayside and amid the bursting ears, that begin to bend with the weight of the swelling grain; and there, too, is the more deeply tinted Corn Blue-bottle, which the Scotch people term "Blue-bonnet"—not so formidable an object as those "blue-bonnets" which, in "the good (?) old times" were wont to appear, somewhat too suddenly and frequently for English comfort and safety, "over the border." And there, too, are the pink Scabious, and the purely white Bladder Campion, and the little creeping Fumitory, or, as our French neighbours say, *Fume de terre* (smoke of the earth), because it spreads like smoke over the face of the landscape. One of the popular names of this plant is "Bloody Man's Thumb," and



Shakespeare calls it "rank Fumiter," and places it among the weeds that Lear had crowned himself with in his madness. Miss Pratt tells us that "the beautiful Cotton-thistle, which grows by the Scottish highways," is generally regarded as that chosen for the national emblem, and that "its hard and sharp spines well accord with the proud defiant motto which accompanies it;" and she quotes, as a reason for its being so adopted, this tradition: On one occasion, when the Danes were invading the Scottish nation, and, according to their usual practice, attacking them during the period of sleep, one of them placed his naked foot on the spiny leaves of a Thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry, which aroused the slumbering warriors, and gave them timely notice of the approach of their foes, who were quickly defeated and driven from the spot. Many of the Thistles are truly noble plants, rising to a great height, with their crimson crowns, and spiny stalks, and large, glossy, serrated leaves; and perhaps the most stately of them is that variety which, from having its leaves beautifully veined with white, is called the Milk-thistle (*Carduus marianus*), which is very rare in Scotland, although common enough in many parts of England.

The Jessamine, however, beautiful and fragrant though it be, and common as it has become amongst us, is undoubtedly of foreign origin—a native of the sunny Orient—Persia, Arabia, and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, being the countries in which it is principally known as a wild plant. It appears also to be very generally found as such in many parts of the south of Europe, where it was probably introduced by some of the early Crusaders.

The Arum is also called Wake-robin, Jack-in-a-box, and Starch-wort, the latter because the roots were formerly employed in making starch. Culpepper, with commendable candour says: "Authors have left large commendations of this herb, you see, but for my part, I have neither spoken with Dr. Reason nor Dr. Experience about it."

The Daisy was with Keats—poor Keats!—one of the last of earthly memories, associated with calm and peaceable rest—that



rest which he hoped to find in the grave. "I feel," he said to the friend who watched his dying moments—"I feel the daisies already growing over me;" and there, we are told, where death prematurely overtook him, and he was lapped in mother-earth beneath the walls of imperial Rome, do even grow all the winter long, violets and *daisies*, mingled with fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." The blossoms of the *Pyrola*, or Winter-green, so called because it keeps its foliage fresh and verdant through the winter, may also still be gathered in the woods of Kent and Yorkshire and other parts of England, although it is not at any time a flower to be frequently met with.

"I found within the pleasant wood  
The lone *Pyrola* growing,"

sings Mary Howitt, alluding, no doubt, to the round-leaved Winter-Green, which blooms the latest, and has white spreading flowers. Upon sandy banks and dry pasture-lands may be gathered the Meadow-Pink, whose generic name, *Dianthus* (Flower of God), pertains to all the beautiful and fragrant Pinks and Carnations of the garden; this, however, is a very simple flower, with little or no scent, something in appearance like its relative, the yet rarer Castle-Pink, which is still blooming luxuriantly upon our garden walls, the seed having been procured from the lofty keep of Rochester Castle, one of the few spots in England where it is to be found.

Upwards of three thousand species of Ferns are known; our native species, which number about five hundred, are mostly herbaceous; they are most numerous in the southern counties of England, and the boggy tracts of Ireland. Many are found amid the romantic scenery of Wales. But Devonshire is perhaps their most favoured locality; this county has long been celebrated for its "ferny coombes," and these plants are found there in greater luxuriance and variety than in any other part of Britain.

Everywhere, and at all seasons, if we only look closely enough,



we may see Mosses, and among them we may discern many shapes of rare beauty ; they form miniature forests at the feet of ancient trees, amid which the bronze beetles and other small insects sport, as do the elephants and other huge creatures amid the gigantic vegetation of tropical countries ; they clothe the bare rocks, and rugged boles, and rough park-palings, and ruinous buildings, with grace and beauty, and form a couch soft as velvet, and a path elastic to the tread, for pleasant rambles, and for needful rest, amid the woods and forests hoary. They hang with many-coloured tapestry the sides of spring grottoes and resounding caves, and cluster about crags and precipices, and float upon the waters like the locks of Nereids, swaying idly hither and thither as the current flows, or the eddy turns :

“ For scarce my life with fancy played,  
Before I dream'd that pleasant dream,  
Still hither, thither, idly sway'd,  
Like those long mosses in the stream.”

So sings the lover in Tennyson's ballad of the “ Miller's Daughter,” making use of a beautiful and natural image to express his own aimless and restless life, before it became steadied by the power of affection, and acquired a fixed aim and purpose.

“ The ferns loved the mountains, the mosses the moor,  
The ferns were the rich, and the mosses the poor.”

So runs an old distich, and the legend says that formerly each of these plants kept to its own locality ; but the sun scorched the mosses, and dried the roots of the ferns, while the wind beat pitilessly upon both, and thus, by affliction, they were brought to a sense of their duty, and each agreed to help the other ; so the tall ferns shielded the mosses from the sun, and the mosses protected the roots of the ferns from the wind, and kept them moist. A fine lesson is here of mutual dependence.

From time immemorial it has been the custom to decorate the churches and houses at Christmas with wreaths and branches of evergreens ; and still at this festive season, when we meet to celebrate the birth of the Saviour of mankind, or to offer our devotions to the Most High,



"The cluster'd berries charm the eye,  
O'er the bright Holly's gay green leaves."

And still, when round the blazing yule log friends and kinsfolk meet, and old memories are renewed, and old affections awakened to new life; when the simple carol which tells the story of the blessed Babe of Bethlehem is sung, and the advent of the time of family reunion is hailed in words like these:

"Old Christmas, merry Christmas, thou art with us once again;  
And thy laugh of free light-heartedness goes ringing o'er the plain;  
Thy step is as the step of youth, which knoweth nought of care,  
And Holly-berries, ruby red, are glowing 'mid thy hair."

Then it is that the pale green Mistletoe, the sacred plant of the Druids—dedicated of old to Friga, the Scandinavian goddess of love—is hung up in hall and kitchen, and gives occasion for many a mirthful sally and pleasant stratagem.

The Holly, we are told, was dedicated to Saturn, and as the fêtes of that deity were celebrated in December, and the Romans were accustomed to decorate their houses with Holly, the early Christians did so too, while they celebrated their festival of Christmas, in order that they might escape observation.

Yes, the Holly is winter's tree, and a beautiful object it is, with its dark, glossy leaves and shining red berries, almost the only green thing which asserts the vitality of vegetation in this season of universal deadness.

True it is that in spring,

"From the vivid greens  
That shine around, the Holly, winter's child,  
Retires abash'd,"

as Gisborne tells us. But in the autumn it asserts its right to notice and admiration:

"What though yon Holly's cold unalter'd green,  
That oak embosoming with contrast harsh,  
Hath met the splendid foil that glows above!  
Cinctured with reddening zones, the fertile spray,  
Like Indian maiden girt with coral bands,  
Blends with the sylvan monarch's gorgeous robe  
Tints that his gorgeous robe will not disdain."



But in winter it is that we appreciate most fully the beauty and value of this tree.

The Holly tree is one of the greatest ornaments of our gardens and shrubberies, and has been so for centuries, and we often see what Mason describes—

“The Holly’s prickly arms  
Trimm’d into high arcades.”

It forms excellent hedges, impervious to man or beast. “Is there,” says worthy John Evelyn in his “*Sylvia*,” “any more glorious sight and refreshing object of this kind than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can still show in my ruined garden at Sayes Court (thanks to the Czar of Muscovy), any time of the year, glittering with its armed and variegated leaves, the taller standards, at ordinary distances, blushing with their natural coral? It mocks the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers.”

To understand this allusion, we should remember that while the Czar Peter was in England, Sayes Court, the property of Evelyn, was rented by government for his use and residence.

The Holly and the Mistletoe were associates in most festive scenes incidental to Yuletide, as it was formerly called; then, in the feudal ages it was customary with our forefathers to go forth with great solemnity to gather the Mistletoe on Christmas eve, and to hang it up in the baron’s hall with great rejoicings.

Archdeacon Nares mentions the custom to have prevailed in his time of hanging up a bush of Mistletoe, with the important *charm* attached to it, that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married that year.



## FLOWER-LANGUAGE IN BOUQUETS.

---

**A** BOUQUET may be made to express hopes and fears and aspirations as plainly as spoken language itself ; the only indispensable condition being that the sender and recipient should, to some extent, be adepts in the language and sentiment of flowers.

It will be easily seen that the sentiments themselves can be expressed by the flowers of which the bouquet consists, the connecting links being supplied by certain particulars of arrangement, of which the following are the chief :

A flower bent towards the right signifies "I"—one inclined towards the left means "you." Thus, a red rosebud, bent towards the left, means "you are pure and lovely ;" a snowdrop turned towards the right, "I hope."

Leaves also signify hopes, and thorns dangers. A rose with the thorns plucked off, and the leaves left, would signify hopeful love and confidence. When a flower is reversed, the meaning is reversed also.

A folded ivy leaf round a bouquet means "I have ;" a laurel leaf folded signifies "I am ;" a leaf of Virginian-creeper means, "I give ;" a tendril of ivy expresses a wish.

The following may serve as examples of language-bouquets ; and a reference to the Vocabulary will enable the reader to produce any number of letters with alterations and modifications of various kinds :



## Bouquets.

### I.

Geranium (Oakleaved), Gillyflower, and Heliotrope (with a leaf of Virginian-creeper), though the latter may be omitted. Meaning: *I offer true friendship, affection, and devotion.*

### II.

Monkshood, Mountain-ash, Blue violet. Meaning: *Danger is near. Be prudent. Be faithful.*

### III.

Vervain, Sweet Basil, Shepherd's Purse (wrapped in a laurel leaf). Meaning: *I am enchanted with you. I wish you well. I offer you my all.*

### IV.

Mistletoe, Hawthorn, Heliotrope (turned to the right when presented). Meaning: *I surmount difficulties. I hope. I turn to thee.*

### V.

Japan Rose, Purple Larkspur, Wild Tansy (turned to the left when presented). Meaning: *You are only beautiful. You are haughty. I declare against you.*

### VI.

Red Poppy, Clematis, Harebell (bound with Virginian-creeper). Meaning: *I offer consolation. You have mental beauty. I submit to you.*



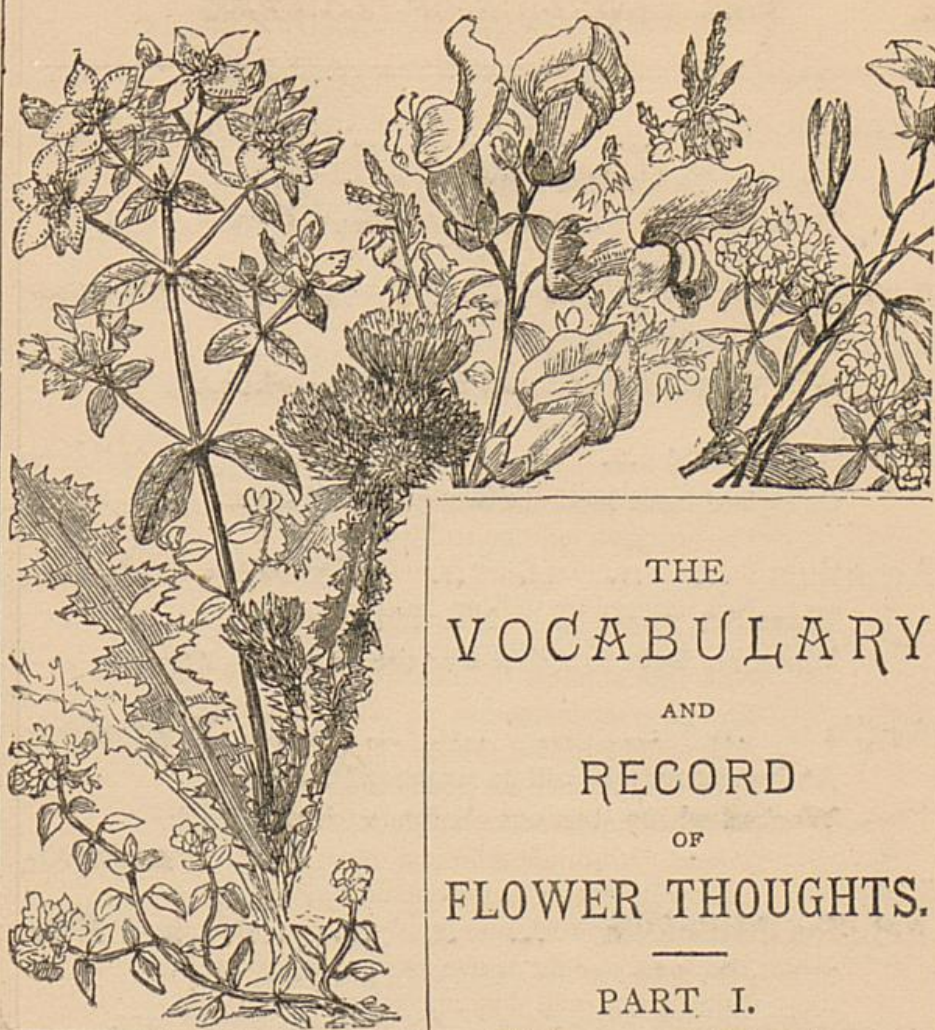
## Two Bouquets.

A circle of azaleas, white as snow,  
Edged by a delicate fringe of maidenhair,  
And then a row of clustered violets,  
And in the midst camellias pale and cold ;  
Fit flower for those who have no heart to love.

That is your bouquet, and a costly one,  
But to my mind, for lady's hand too large,  
Too artificial, and too stiffly planned.  
Fancy it painted ! just a mass of white  
Not softened by the one dark heavy line.

Now look at mine, fresh gathered, leaf by leaf  
From a green hedgerow. First a slender fern,  
A common fern, but green as emerald ;  
Spreading its delicate fronds out like a fan,  
And then another like a bishop's crook,  
Tinged with bright gold and russet, now a group  
Of lovely grasses, some like fairy plumes,  
Some silvery tufts, and mosses soft and smooth,  
And some so light as if a spider's threads  
Had caught each shining seed upon their tips,  
And hung them to the slender bending stem.  
Here is a spray of dark ground ivy, bright  
As polished jet, beside the sober grey  
Of nun-like folded buds with silver touched,  
And then for colour, here's a glowing leaf,  
Shaded from palest brown to deepest red.  
And here the rose tips of a sprig of thorn.  
And here and there, amid these many hues,  
Nestles a primrose in its own green leaf,  
While some white violets peep out from the ferns,  
And blue ones give a perfume to the grass.  
I would not change this handful of the spring  
For twenty clumps of costly hothouse flowers.





THE  
VOCABULARY  
AND  
RECORD  
OF  
FLOWER THOUGHTS.

PART I.  
Flowers and Meanings.



ABECEDARY ... .. *Volubility.*

He was perfumed like a milliner.

... And still he talked, and talked.

*Shakespeare.*

Abatine ... .. *Fickleness.*

Love is not love,

Which alters when it alteration finds.

*Shakespeare.*



Acacia ... .. *Friendship.*

We pine for kindred natures,  
To mingle with our own.—*Hemans.*

Acacia, Pink or White ... .. *Elegance.*

Bear some glad image to my view,  
Will please the mind and fancy too.—*R. L. B.*

Acacia, Yellow ... .. *Secret love.*

Or sighed, and looked unutterable things.—*Thomson.*

Acanthus ... .. *Fine Arts. Artifice.*

'Twas Art, sweet Art! New radiance broke  
When her light foot flew o'er the ground.—*Sprague.*

Acalia ... .. *Temperance.*

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,  
Washed whiter, but not shaken with the shock.

*Davenport.*

Achillea Millefolia ... .. *War.*

When the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger.—*Shakespeare.*

Aconite (Wolfsbane) ... .. *Misanthropy.*

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms, which Nature to her votaries yields?—*Beattie.*

Aconite, Crowfoot ... .. *Lustre.*

Sweet flowers are bright  
On earth, as setting suns are bright in heaven.

*T. Wilson.*

Adonis, Flos ... .. *Painful Remembrance.*

But ever and anon of griefs subdued,  
There comes a token, like a scorpion's sting.—*Byron.*



African Marigold ... .. *Vulgar minds.*

He that depends upon your favours, swims  
With fins of lead, and hews down oaks with rushes.

*Shakespeare.*

Agnus Castus ... .. *Coldness. Indifference.*

Blow, blow, blow, thou winter winds,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.—*Shakespeare.*

Agrimony ... .. *Thankfulness. Gratitude.*

Love lights the flame that on the altar burns ;  
Peace, joy, and gratitude, the choir compose.—*Edmeston.*

Almond (Common) ... .. *Stupidity. Indiscretion.*

Oh, let the steps of youth be cautious,  
How they advance into a dangerous world.—*Southey.*

Almond (Flowering) ... .. *Hope.*

Immortal hope  
Takes comfort from the foaming billows' rage,  
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.—*Young.*

Almond, Laurel ... .. *Perfidy.*

The stings of falsehood this shall try,  
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye.—*Gray.*

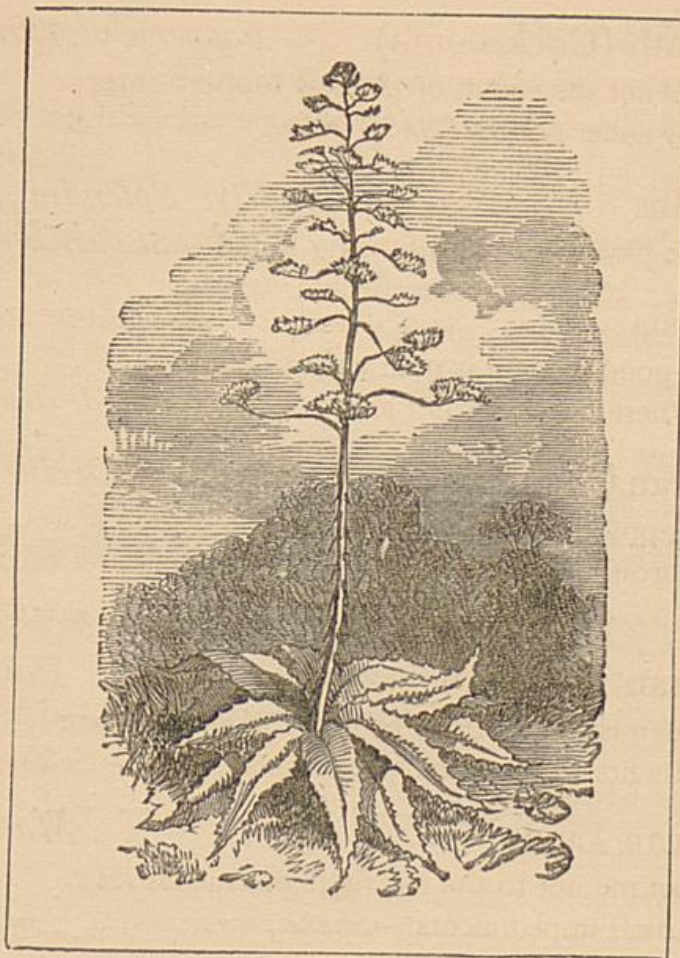
Allspice ... .. *Compassion.*

Justice, herself severe,  
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.—*Gray.*

Aloe ... .. *Grief. Religious superstition.*

Proud little man, opinion's slave,  
Error's fond child, too dutious to be free.—*Crabb.*





THE ALOE.

Althæa Frutex (Syrian Mallow) ... *Persuasion.*

Persuasion hung upon thy lip,  
And sly insinuation's softer arts.—*Blair.*

Alyssum (Sweet) ... *Worth beyond beauty.*

When we invite our best friends to a feast,  
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them.—*Middleton.*

Amaranth (Globe)... *Immortality. Unfading love.*

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away ;  
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay.

*Tennyson.*



Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—*Shakespeare.*

He pays himself with being proud.—*Shakespeare.*

A good woman is man's bliss,  
Where her love right and stedfast is.—*R. de Brunne.*

Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,  
Through known effects, can trace the secret cause.  
*Dryden.*

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
His first, best country, ever is at home.—*Goldsmith.*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments.—*Shakespeare.*

Beneath thy broad impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth.—*J. G. Whittier.*

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,  
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired.

*Crabbe.*

Will not his name be fondly murmured there?—*Hemans.*



Anemone (Garden) ... .. *Forsaken.*

One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk  
To mark where a garden had been.—*B. Banton.*

Angelica ... .. *Inspiration.*

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth look from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth.  
*Shakespeare.*

Angrec ... .. *Royalty.*

A kingly condescension graced his lips  
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.—*N. P. Willis.*

Apple ... .. *Temptation.*

Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.—*Goldsmith.*

Apple (Blossom) ... { *Preference. Fame speaks him*  
*great and good.*

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.—*Shirley.*

Apple, Thorn ... .. *Deceitful charms.*

And sly insinuation's softer arts,  
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue.—*Blair.*

Apocynum (Dog's bane) ... .. *Deceit.*

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,  
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit.—*Dryden.*

Apricot ... .. *Doubt.*

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win.  
*Shakespeare.*

Arum (Wake Robin) ... .. *Ardour.*

Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,  
Derives its value from its use alone.—*Dr. Johnson.*



Ash-leaved Trumpet Flower ... .. *Separation.*

Fair and fragile as a flower,  
Like one she passed away.—*Epitaph of an Infant.*

Ash Tree ... .. *Grandeur.*

The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things.—*Shirley.*

Aspen Tree ... .. *Lamentation.*

They have nothing to do but to stray ;  
I have nothing to do but to weep.—*Shenstone.*

Aster (China)... .. *Variety. Afterthought.*

God is a worker. He hath thickly strewn  
Infinity with grandeur. God is love.—*A. Smith.*

Asphodel ... .. *My regrets follow you to the grave.*

But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never return to me.—*Tennyson*

Auricula... .. *Painting.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily.—*Shakespeare.*

Auricula, Scarlet ... .. *Avarice.*

O cursed lust of gold, when for thy sake  
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds.—*Young.*

Austurtium ... .. *Splendour.*

Summer cometh,  
The bee hummeth.—*Anon.*

Azalea ... .. *Temperance.*

At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,  
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed.—*Goldsmith.*





GATHERING BREAD-FRUIT.



Bachelors' Buttons... .. *Celibacy.*

They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
They mind me o' Nannie—my Nannie's awa'.—*Burns.*

Balm ... .. *Sympathy.*

Through many a varying tone unfolds  
The harmony of human souls.—*Chapone.*



Balm, Gentle ... .. *Pleasantry.*

What lively pleasure to divine  
The thought implied, the hinted line.—*H. More.*

Balm of Gilead ... .. *Cure. Relief.*

Fancy still paints the future bright, and hope the present  
cheers ;

Nor can we deem the path we tread leads through a vale  
of tears.—*Barton.*

Balsam, Red... *Touch me not. Impatient resolves.*

They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.

Balsam, Yellow ... .. *Impatience.*

Then I smiled to think God's greatness  
Rolls around our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness His rest.—*Mrs. Browning.*

Barberry ... .. *Sourness of temper.*

But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look  
Cry "Sirrah !" and give him a blow with my crook.

*Byron.*

Barberry Tree ... .. *Sharpness.*

It rains, and there is gloom around,  
Slippery and sullen is the ground.—*Landor.*

Basil... .. *Hatred.*

And now it courted Love,  
New, raging, called on Hate.—*Gray.*

Bay Leaf ... .. *I change but in death.*

Follow Love's folding star  
To the evening land.—*Sandys.*



- Bay (Rose) Rhododendron ... *Danger. Beware.*  
 Out of this nettle Danger, we  
 Pluck the flower Safety.—*Shakespeare.*
- Bay Tree ... .. *Glory.*  
 Till war, their coming joys to blight,  
 Called him away from love to glory.—*C. Dibdin.*
- Bay Wreath ... .. *Reward of merit.*
- Bearded Crepis ... .. *Protection.*  
 Hear this truth sublime,  
 He who allows oppression shares the crime.—*Darwin.*
- Beech Tree... .. *Prosperity.*  
 By vain Prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.—*Gray.*
- Bee Orchis ... .. *Industry.*  
 Toil's the citizen's vocation,  
 Honour, toil's reward should be.—*Schiller.*
- Bee Ophrys ... .. *Error.*  
 His wit invites you, by his looks to come,  
 But when you knock it never is at home.—*Cowper.*
- Belladonna ... .. *Silence.*  
 Silence, in love, betrays more woe,  
 Than words, though ne'er so witty.—*Raleigh.*
- Bell Flower, Pyramidal ... .. *Constancy.*  
 'Tis often constancy to change the mind.—*Tasso.*
- Bell Flower (small white) ... .. *Gratitude.*  
 How fresh, O Lord ! how sweet and clean  
 Are Thy returns ! ev'n as the flowers in Spring.—*Herbert.*



Belvedere ... .. *I declare against you.*

There's not a joy the earth can give  
Like those it takes away.—*Byron.*

Betony ... .. *Surprise.*

Till I have felt a sad surprise  
That none looked up with me.—*L. E. Landor.*

Bilberry ... .. *Treachery.*

In secret we met, in silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget, thy spirit deceive.—*Byron.*

Bindweed, Great ... .. *Insinuation.*

But bachelor holly, who spied her out late,  
Destroyed all her plans, by a hint at her date.—*Sigourney.*

Bindweed, Small ... .. *Humility.*

With little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be.—*Wordsworth.*

Birch ... .. *Meekness.*

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient  
Endurance is godlike.—*Longfellow.*

Birdsfoot Trefoil ... .. *Revenge.*

The nobler spirit is  
In virtue, than in vengeance.—*Shakespeare.*

Bittersweet; Nightshade ... .. *Truth.*

When the deluded soul, in peace,  
Can listen to the voice of truth.—*G. Crabbe.*

Black Poplar ... .. *Courage.*

Lo ! the bent stalk from the plain,  
Riseth gradual up again.—*Metastasio.*



Blackthorn ... .. *Difficulty.*

When thou canst toil or gain no more,  
Destroy not what was gained before.

Bladder Nut Tree ... .. *Frivolity. Amusement.*

Who friendship with a knave hath made,  
Is judged a partner in the trade.—*Gay.*



Bluebottle (Centauray) ... .. *Delicacy.*

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud.—*Mallet.*

Bluebell ... .. *Constancy.*

As sainted martyrs, patient to endure,  
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure !—*Canning.*

Blue-flowered Greek Valerian ... .. *Rupture.*

I feel, though fate our lives must sever,  
Yet shall thy image live for ever.—*J. Wilson.*

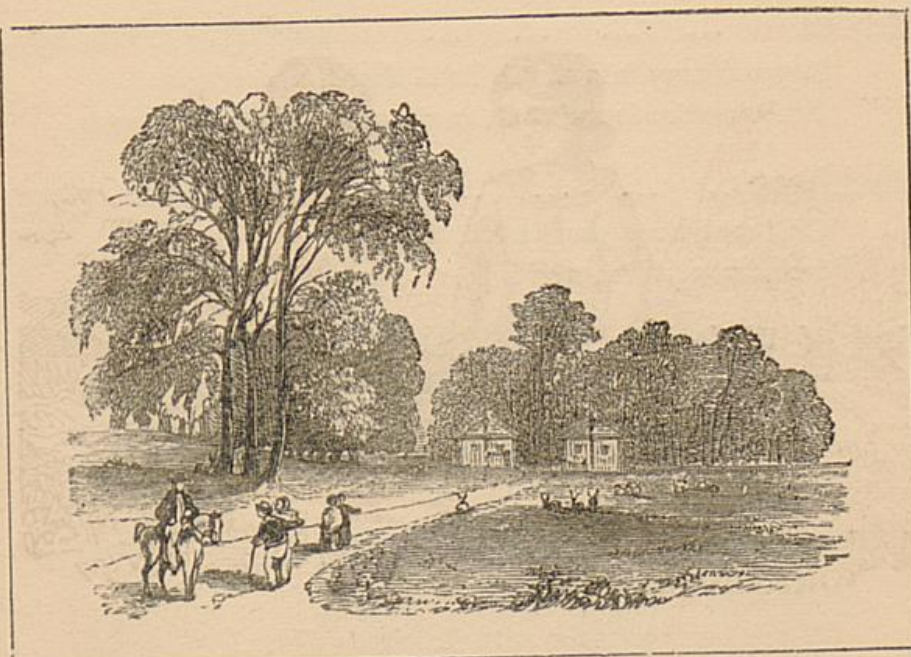


Bonus Henricus ... .. Goodness.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.—*Shakespeare.*

Borage ... .. Bluntness.

Hearts that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.—*T. More.*



Box Tree... .. Stoicism.

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;  
The bad grows better which we well sustain.—*Dryden.*

Bramble ... .. Lowliness. Envy. Remorse.

Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face.—*Shakespeare.*

Branch of Currants ... .. You please all.

Her care was never to offend,  
And ev'ry creature was her friend.—*Gay.*



Branch of Thorns ... .. *Severity. Rigour.*

Here's a sigh for those that love me,  
And a smile for those that hate.—*Byron.*

Bridal Rose ... .. *Happy love.*

Oh, lovers' eyes are sharp to see,  
And lovers' ears in hearing.—*Scott.*

Broom ... .. *Humility. Neatness.*

A pearl may in a toad's head dwell,  
And may be found, too, in an oyster shell.—*Bunyan.*

Buckbean... .. *Calm repose.*

Oh ! well may poets make a fuss  
In summer-time, and sigh, "O rus !" —*Hood.*

Bud of White Rose ... .. *Heart ignorant of love.*

Their smiles and censures are to me the same,  
I care not what they praise, and what they blame.  
*Dryden.*

Bugloss... .. *Falsehood.*

Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive.—*Scott.*

Bulrush ... .. *Indiscretion. Docility.*

Struck blind with beauty ;  
Shot with a woman's smile.—*Beaumont Fletcher.*

Bundle of Reeds, with their Panicles ... .. *Music.*

If music be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it.—*Shakespeare.*

Burdock... .. *Importunity. Touch me not.*

A partnership with men in power  
We cannot build upon an hour.—*Gay.*



Buttercup (Kingcup)... *Ingratitude. Childishness.*

No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother.—*Shelley.*

Butterfly Orchis ... .. *Gaiety.*

Is Folly then so old? Ah, let me see,  
About what time of life may Folly be?—*W. Spencer.*

Butterfly Weed ... .. *Let me go.*

Through the lone groves would pace in solemn mood,  
Wooing the pensive charms of solitude.—*Pye.*







CALL THE CROCUS AND SNOWDROP FORTH,  
FOR WINTER HIES HIM AWAY.



Cabbage ... .. *Profit.*

Still heaps up wealth, yet dares not use the store,  
But fears to touch it, as 'twere sacred ore.—*Creech.*

Cacalia ... .. *Adulation.*

While with antic gestures he doth gape and grin,  
The sisters admire, and he wheedles them in.—*S. Butler.*



Cactus ... .. Warmth.

She sought in vain to ease her pain,  
The heedless winds did fan her fire.—*Etherege*.

Calla Æthiopica ... .. Magnificent beauty.

More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods  
Endowed with all their gifts.—*Milton*.

Calycanthus ... .. Benevolence.

Who elevates humanity  
And dignifies its name.—*R. Brown*.

Camellia Japonica, Red ... .. Unpretending excellence.

He is a humble pastor of the poor,  
He thinks not of himself.—*J. Grahame*.

Camellia Japonica, White ... .. Perfected loveliness.

Dear wishes hovering round her life,  
And tending thoughts, and dreams divine.

*W. C. Bennett*.

Camomile ... .. Energy in adversity.

For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.—*Kingsley*.

Canary Grass ... .. Perseverance.

There is, in every human heart,  
Some not completely barren part.—*Bowring*.

Candytuft ... .. Indifference.

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my breast.—*Herbert*.

Canterbury Bell ... .. Acknowledgment.

Happy ! whose gifts thus bright can shine,  
And of such good account be made.—*Goethe*.



Cape Jasmine ... .. *I'm too happy.*

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess.—*Shakespeare.*

Cardamine ... .. *Paternal error.*

Be checked for silence,  
But never taxed for speech.—*Shakespeare.*

Carnation, Deep Red ... .. *Alas! for my poor heart.*

We look before and after;  
We pine for what is not.—*Shelley.*

Carnation, Striped ... .. *Refusal.*

Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.—*Donne.*

Carnation, Yellow ... .. *Disdain.*

Life, never contented with honest estate,  
Lamented is oft, and repented too late.—*T. Tusser.*

Cardinal Flower ... .. *Distinction.*

The bravest trophy ever man obtained  
Is that which o'er himself himself hath gained.  
*Earl of Stirling.*

Catchfly ... .. *Snare.*

Curly locks cover foolish brains;  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer.—*Thackeray.*

Catchfly, Red ... .. *Youthful love.*

I had a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her.—*C. Lamb.*

Catchfly, White ... .. *Betrayed.*

Love mistress is of many minds,  
Yet few know whom they serve.—*Southwell.*



Cedar ... .. *Strength.*

A spirit yet unquelled and high,  
That claims and keeps ascendancy.—*Byron.*

Cedar of Lebanon ... .. *Incorruptible.*

I seek divine simplicity in him  
Who handles things divine.—*Cowper.*

Cedar Leaf ... .. *I live for thee.*

Ye're a' the warl' to me, lassie,  
Ye're a' the warl' to me.—*T. Gemmet.*

Celandine (Lesser) ... .. *Foys to come.*

Guide, oh guide his way,  
To heaven's perfect day.—*W. C. Bennett.*

Cereus (Creeping) ... .. *Modest genius.*

Wrapt, earthgazing Reverie,  
Blushing, artless Modesty.—*Granger.*

Centaury ... .. *Delicacy.*

An old man's tears lie far too deep  
To be poured for this alone.—*Hemans.*

Champignon ... .. *Suspicion.*

But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,  
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind.—*Dryden.*

Chequered Fritillary ... .. *Persecution.*

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
Of chill adversity.—*H. Kirke White.*

Cherry Tree ... .. *Good education.*

A poet should inform us, or divert;  
But joining both he shows his greatest art.—*Roscommon.*





GIANT EMPEROR ASTER.



Cherry Tree, White ... .. *Deception.*

Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived  
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.—*Schiller.*

Chestnut Tree ... .. *Do me justice. Luxury.*

There's no dearth of kindness in this world of ours,  
Only in our blindness we gather thorns for flowers.  
*G. Massey.*

Chickweed ... .. *Rendezvous.*

Meet me by moonlight alone,  
And then I will tell thee a tale.—*Bayley.*

Chicory ... .. *Frugality.*

Though love be, in choosing, far better than gold,  
Let love come with somewhat, the better to hold.—*Turner.*

China Aster ... .. *Variety.*

Has everything by starts, and nothing long.—*Dryden.*

China Aster (Double)... *I partake your sentiments.*

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the heart to love.—*Dryden.*

China Aster (Single) ... .. *I will think of it.*

Consideration, like an angel, came  
And whipt the offending Adam out of him.—*Shakespeare.*

China or Indian Pink ... .. *Aversion.*

China Rose ... .. *Beauty always new.*

Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !—*Spenser.*

Chinese Chrysanthemum ... { *Cheerfulness under  
adversity.*

It is not always May.—*Longfellow.*





CALADIUM.



Christmas Rose ... .. *Relieve my anxiety.*  
Be not fearful, come away.—*Flatman.*

Chrysanthemum, Red ... .. *I love.*  
Of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love, but love in vain.—*Cowley.*

Chrysanthemum, White ... .. *Truth.*  
What work does truth, what bright distinctions bear?  
*Pomfret.*

Chrysanthemum, Yellow... .. *Slighted love.*  
'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;  
To speak, when one would silent be.—*Mrs. Hunter.*

Cinquefoil ... .. *Maternal affection.*  
What is a mother's love?—*Moir.*

Circæa ... .. *Spell.*  
We pine for what is not.—*E. Browning.*

Cistus, or Rock Rose... .. *Popular favour.*  
Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,  
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave.—*Leyden.*

Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these,  
Your best, your sweetest empire is to please.  
*A. L. Barbaukd.*

Cistus, Gum ... .. *I shall die to-morrow.*  
Like the bubble on the fountain,—*Scott.*

Citron ... .. *Ill-natured Beauty.*  
You are not free because you're fair.—*Etheridge.*



Clematis ... .. *Mental beauty.*

Governed with a goodly modesty,  
That suffers not a look to glance awry.—*Spenser.*

Clematis, Evergreen ... .. *Poverty.*

See poverty to fill the hand  
That numbs the soul with icy hand.—*Gray.*

Clotbur ... .. *Rudeness. Pertinacity.*

Cloves ... .. *Dignity.*

'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land ;  
And she was a poor man's wife.—*G. Massey.*

Clover, Four-leaved ... .. *Be mine.*

Come live with me, and be my love.—*Marlowe.*

Clover, Red ... .. *Industry.*

I'll be content with what I get.—*Anon.*

Clover, White ... .. *Think of me.*

Some pious drops the closing eye requires.—*Gray.*

Cobæa ... .. *Gossip.*

A fellow of infinite discourse.—*Shakespeare.*

Cockscomb Amaranth ... { *Foppery. Affectation.*  
*Singularity.*

Always obliging, and without offence,  
And fancied for his gay impertinence.—*Blackmore.*

Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron ... { *My best days*  
*are past.*

Thou art e'en such, gone with a touch.—*Erskine.*



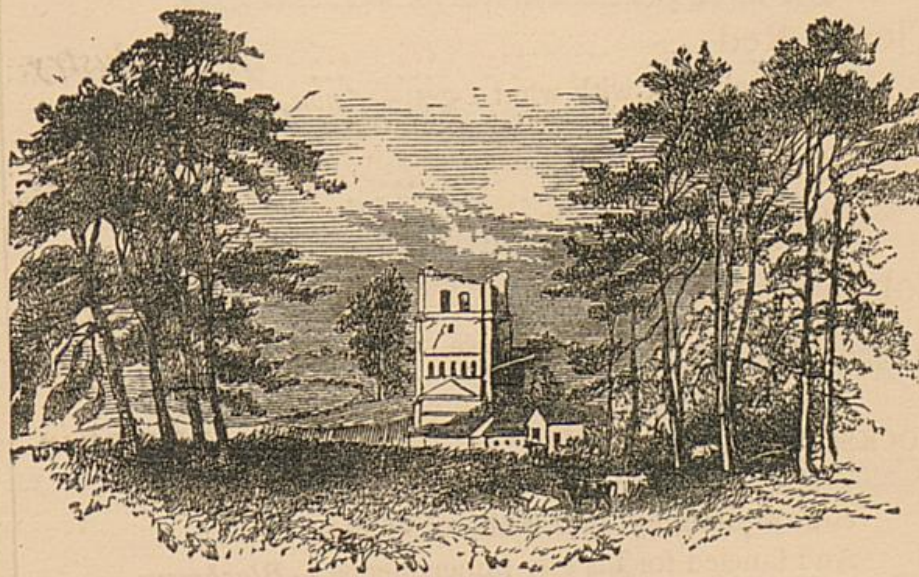
Coltsfoot ... .. *Justice shall be done.*  
With honour crowned and dignity.—*Lovelace.*

Columbine ... .. *Folly.*  
Rich trifles, serious bagatelles.—*Prior.*

Columbine, Purple ... .. *Resolved to win.*  
I must go, lest the foe  
Gain the cause and win the day.—*Adamson.*

Columbine, Red ... .. *Anxious and trembling.*  
My heart is dying, and my spirits faint.—*Anon.*

Convolvulus ... .. *Bonds.*  
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines.—*Addison.*



Convolvulus, Blue (Minor) ... *Repose. Night.*  
That tranquil shore,  
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.—*C. Smith.*



Convolvulus (Major) ... .. *Extinguished hopes.*  
Long have my harp's best notes been gone.—*Scott.*

Convolvulus, Pink... .. *Worth sustained by affection.*  
He's happiest far, whose humble mind  
Is unto Providence resigned.—*Anon.*

Corchorus ... .. *Impatient of absence.*  
Alas, what winds can happy prove  
That bear me far from what I love?—*Prior.*

Coreopsis ... .. *Always cheerful.*  
Flowers sweet and gay, and delicate like you,  
Emblems of innocence and beauty too.—*A. L. Barbauld.*

Coreopsis Arkansa ... .. *Love at first sight.*  
She was a phantom of delight.—*Wordsworth.*

Coriander ... .. *Hidden worth.*  
I ask not to increase my store.—*Swift.*

Corn ... .. *Riches.*  
The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good.—*Parnell.*

Corn (Broken) ... .. *Quarrel.*  
Whispering tongues will poison truth.—*Scott.*

Corn Straw ... .. *Agreement.*  
This picture once resembled thee.—*Philips.*

Corn Bottle ... .. *Delicacy.*  
Honest in thought, in word, in deed.—*Gay.*

Corn Cockle ... .. *Gentility.*  
A creature of heroic blood.—*Hemans.*



Crowsbill ... .. *Envy.*  
Appease your discontented mind.—*Gay.*



Crowfoot ... .. *Ingratitude.*

Thou art subtle and cruel of heart.—*Swinburne.*

Crowfoot (Aconite-leaved) ... .. *Lustre.*

And her hope was in the skies.—*Procter.*

Cuckoo Plant ... .. *Ardour.*

A fiery soul which, working out its way,

Fretted the pigmy body to decay.—*Dryden.*

Cudweed (American) ... .. *Unceasing remembrance.*

Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide.

The wreck of full many a hope shining through.

*T. Moore.*

Currant ... .. *Thy frown will kill me.*

Forced to dote on thee thy own way,

I chide thee first and then obey.—*Prior.*

Cuscuta ... .. *Meanness.*

And each imprisoned hero quaked with fear.—*Swift.*

Cyclamen ... .. *Diffidence.*

He sighed, but would not speak.—*Prior.*

Cypress ... .. *Death. Mourning.*

O sacred sorrow, by which souls are tried,

Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide.—*Crabbe.*







THEATRE OF CYPRESSES.





Daffodil ... .. *Regard.*  
Come live with me, and be  
my love.—*Marlowe.*

Dahlia ... .. *Instability.*  
Like woman's love the flower will fade,  
But, ah ! not half so soon.—*T. Moore.*

Daisy ... .. *Innocence.*  
Plain without pomp, and rich without a  
show.—*Dryden.*

Daisy, Garden ... .. *I share your sentiments.*  
The generous spark extinct, revive,  
Teach me to love, and to forgive.—*Gray.*

Daisy, Michaelmas ... .. *Farewell.*  
Peace ! what can tears avail ?  
She lies all dumb and pale.—*Barry Cornwall.*

Daisy, Parti-coloured ... .. *Beauty.*  
Her face, like a vision  
Once seen, leaves a charm that will ever endure.—*C. Swain.*



Daisy, Wild ... .. *I will think of it.*

Don't plead a dilatory plea,  
Let's have the general issue.—*Sayle.*

Damask Rose ... .. *Brilliant complexion.*

The war of white and damask in  
Their nicely gauded cheeks.—*Shakespeare.*

Dandelion ... .. *Rustic oracle.*

When the wind blows the blossoms fall,  
But a good God reigns over all.—*Mackay.*

Daphne Odora... .. *Painting the lily.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily. . . .  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.—*Shakespeare.*

Darnel (Ray grass) ... .. *Vice.*

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.—*Pope.*

Dead Leaves ... .. *Sadness.*

Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking in vain the old familiar faces.—*C. Lovel.*

Dew Plant... .. *A Serenade.*

Love will find out the way.—*Anon.*

Dittany of Crete ... .. *Birth.*

How delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss at love's beginning.—*Campbell.*

Dittany of Crete, White ... .. *Passion.*

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever.—*Old Ballad.*



Dock ... .. *Patience.*

Oh, soothe her breast, ye rocks around,  
With softest sympathy of sound.—*Darwin.*

Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.—*Gray.*

Dodder of Thyme ... .. *Baseness.*

Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,  
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?—*Shakespeare.*

Dogsbane ... .. *Deceit. Falsehood.*

Oh, what a goodly outside Falsehood hath.—*Shakespeare.*

Dogwood ... .. *Durability.*

Though earth may shroud Harmodius now,  
We still have sword and myrtle bough.—*Hemans.*

Dragon Plant ... .. *Snare.*

He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Run, and leave her.—*Scott.*

Dragonwort ... .. *Horror.*

With screaming Horror's funeral cry.

Dried Flax ... .. *Utility.*

Want beareth ye colde truely, or man,  
Ye hissing of a goose.—*Sayle.*







"Emblems of our own great resurrection ;  
Emblems of the bright and better land."

LONGFELLOW.



Dock ... .. *Patience.*

Oh, soothe her breast, ye rocks around,  
With softest sympathy of sound.—*Darwin.*

Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.—*Gray.*

Dodder of Thyme ... .. *Baseness.*

Deat thou thirst, base Trojan,  
To have me sold up Pasca's fatal web?—*Shakespeare.*

Dragonwort ... .. *Deceit. Falsehood.*

Oh, what a ghastly outside Falsehood hath.—*Shakespeare.*

Dragonwort ... .. *Durability.*

Go, with my shroud Harmodius now,  
To the grave and myrtle bough.—*Hemans.*

Dragon Plant ... .. *Snare.*

He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Run, and leave her.—*Scott.*

Dragonwort ... .. *Horror.*

With screaming Horror's funeral cry.

Drum Plant ... .. *Utility.*

Warm beneath ye coldie truely, or man,  
Ye phage of a goose.—*Sayle.*







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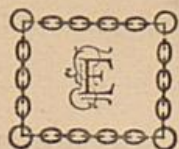
“Emblems of our own great resurrection ;  
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LONGFELLOW.









Ebony Tree... .. *Blackness.*

Better not do the deed, than weep it done.—*Prior.*

Eglantine (Sweetbrier) *Poetry. I wound to heal.*

Of love and social scenes it seemed to speak,  
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek.—*W. L. Bowles.*

Elder... .. *Zealousness.*

I am not mine but thine. I vow thy hosts I will obey;  
And serve thee as a servant ought, in pleasing, if I may.—  
*R. Edwards.*



- Elm... .. *Dignity.*  
Which is the happier or the wiser,  
A man of merit, or a miser?—*Swift.*
- Enchanter's Nightshade ... *Witchcraft. Sorcery.*  
Thy various follies who can trace?—*Swift.*
- Endive ... .. *Frugality.*  
She had a frugal mind.—*Cowper.*
- Eupatorium ... .. *Delay.*  
Be wise to day, 'tis madness to defer;  
Procrastination is the thief of time.—*Young.*
- Everflowering Candytuft ... .. *Indifference.*  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.—*Tennyson.*
- Evergreen Clematis ... .. *Poverty.*  
Hard usage you must bear,  
Few hands your youth will rear.—*W. S. Landor.*
- Evergreen Thorn ... .. *Solace in adversity.*  
The economy of Heaven is dark,  
And wisest clerks have missed the mark.—*C. Lamb.*
- Everlasting ... .. *Never-ceasing remembrance.*  
To act in thought  
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child.—*C. Lamb.*
- Everlasting Pea... .. *Lasting pleasure.*  
As some love bird, at day's departing hour,  
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower.—  
*W. L. Bowles.*





Fennel ... .. *Worthy of all praise. Strength.*

Make ye not two sorrows of one.—*Heywood.*

Fern ... .. *Fascination.*

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,

To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow.—*Spenser.*

Ficoides, Ice Plant ... .. *Your looks freeze me.*

Cold earth, or marble.—*Stanley.*

Fig ... .. *Argument.*

For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.—

*Goldsmith.*

Fig Marigold ... .. *Idleness.*

They did just nothing all the day.—*Prior.*



Fig Tree ... .. *Prolific.*

Fear not, we ne'er shall be disgraced  
While that bright magazine shall last.—*Prior.*

Filbert ... .. *Reconciliation.*

To err is human, to forgive divine.—*Pope.*

Fir ... .. *Time.*

Time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand.  
*Shakespeare.*

Fir Tree ... .. *Elevation.*

A soft, meek, patient, humble tranquil spirit,  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.—*Decker.*

Flax ... .. *Domestic industry. Fate.*  
*I feel your kindness.*

Make Money thy judge, for to follow thy work,  
Make Wisdom controller, and Order thy clerk.  
*T. Tusser.*

Flax-leaved Goldy-locks ... .. *Tardiness.*

And I alone sit lingering here.—*Vaughan.*

Fleur-de-Lis ... .. *Flame. I burn.*

Fleur-de-Luce ... .. *Fire.*

Flowering Fern ... .. *Reverie.*

Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,  
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour.  
*T. Campbell.*



Flowering Reed ... .. *Confidence in Heaven.*

Lovely, lasting peace of mind,  
Sweet delight of human kind!—*Parnell.*

Flower-of-an-Hour ... .. *Delicate Beauty.*

Fly Orchis... .. *Error.*

They know, yet will not know.—*Baxter.*

Flytrap ... .. *Deceit.*

Fool's Parsley ... .. *Silliness.*

'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin where you should woo a soul.—*Cowper.*

Forget Me Not... .. *True love. Forget me not.*

But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
O then remember me!—*T. Moore.*

Foxglove ... .. *Insincerity.*

Cameleon-like, they thus their colour change.—*More.*

Foxtail Grass... .. *Sporting.*

French Honeysuckle ... .. *Rustic beauty.*

This brilliant is so breathing and so bright,  
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.  
*Dryden.*

French Marigold ... .. *Jealousy.*

Beware of Jealousy,  
'Tis the green-eyed monster that doth make  
The meat it feeds on.—*Shakespeare.*

French Willow ... .. *Bravery and humanity.*



Frog Ophrys ... .. *Disgust.*

Fuller's Teasel ... .. *Misanthropy.*  
Of good they choose the least.—*Baxter.*

Fumitory ... .. *Spleen.*  
Anger, in hasty words or blows,  
Itself discharges on our foes.—*Waller.*

Fuchsia, Scarlet ... .. *Taste.*







ARDEN Anemone *Forsaken.*

She sat little Patience on a  
monument  
Smiling at Grief.—*Shakespeare.*

Garden Chervil *Sincerity.*

There are no tricks in plain and  
simple faith.—*Shakespeare.*

Garden Daisy ... .. *I partake your sentiments.*

Ne dearer is none in God's hurd,  
Than a good woman with lovely wurd.—*R. de Brunne.*

Garden Marigold ... .. *Uneasiness.*

Then, happy low lie down ;  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.—*Shakespeare.*

Garden Ranunculus ... *You are rich in attractions.*

She was a phantom of delight  
When first she beamed upon my sight.—*Wordsworth.*



Garden Sage ... .. *Esteem.*

Forget not yet the tried intent  
Of such a truth as I have meant.—*Sir T. Wyatt*

Garland of Roses ... .. *Reward of Virtue.*

A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven  
Is, sure, a noble anchor.—*Burns.*

Germander Speedwell ... .. *Facility.*

There is not a season, there is not a scene  
That Fancy and Reason may gaze on serene.—*Richardson.*

Geranium, Dark ... .. *Melancholy.*

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired.—*Collins.*

Geranium, Ivy ... .. *Bridal favour.*

When first her empire o'er his heart began,  
Since first he called her his, before the holy man.—  
*Campbell.*

Geranium, Lemon ... .. *Unexpected meeting.*

When shall we three meet again,  
In lightning, thunder, or in rain?—*Shakespeare.*

Geranium, Nutmeg ... .. *Expected meeting.*

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, Night, has flown.—*Tennyson.*

Geranium, Oak-leaved ... .. *True Friendship.*

This worthy knight durst prove  
To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.—  
*Sir P. Sidney.*

Geranium, Pencilled ... .. *Ingenuity.*

Wild wit, invention ever new.—*Gray.*



Geranium, Rose-scented ... .. *Preference.*

Oh, thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

*J. Montgomery.*

Geranium, Scarlet... .. *Comforting. Stupidity.*

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

*Goldsmith.*

Geranium, Silver-leaved ... .. *Recall.*

He suffered, but his pangs are o'er ;

Enjoyed, but his delights are fled.—*Montgomery.*

Geranium, Wild ... .. *Steadfast piety.*

So must we hope to see God's face, at least in heaven on  
high,

When we have changed this mortal place for immortality.

*Gascoyne.*

Gillyflower ... .. *Bonds of affection.*

The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now  
forget.—*W. C. Bennett.*

Glory Flower ... .. *Glorious beauty.*

Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits

And comments volumes with her mighty pen.—*Marlowe.*

Goat's Rue ... .. *Reason.*

Who judgeth well, well God them send ;

Who judgeth ill, God them amend.—*Sir T. Wyatt.*

Golden Rod ... .. *Precaution.*

She freely leant to all the poor,

Who left a pledge behind.—*Goldsmith.*

Gooseberry ... .. *Anticipation.*





WINTER.

Gourd ... .. *Extent. Bulk.*

With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,  
For ev'ry inch that is not fool is rogue.—*Dryden.*

Grape, Wild ... .. *Charity.*

And a hand,  
Open as day to melting Charity.—*Shakespeare.*



Grass ... .. *Submission. Utility.*

Who shall say that flowers  
Dress not Heaven's own bowers?—*Leigh Hunt.*

Guelder Rose ... .. *Winter. Age.*

Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one.—*Oldys.*



YOUTH IS FULL OF PLEASURE,  
AGE IS FULL OF CARE.—*Shakespeare.*





TO BEAR IS TO CONQUER OUR FATE.



Hand Flower Tree ... .. *Warning.*

I know a maiden fair to see,—Beware !—*Longfellow.*

Harebell ... .. *Submission. Grief.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.—*B. Barton.*

Hawkweed ... .. *Quicksightedness.*

Quite a scandal not to learn.—*Swift.*

Hawthorn ... .. *Hope.*

But I may live in hope.—*Shakespeare.*



Hazel ... .. *Reconciliation.*

I cry no more, because he's dead.—*Swift.*

Heath ... .. *Solitude.*

And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree.—*B. Barton.*

Helenium ... .. *Tears.*

Let me kiss off that falling tear.—*Gay.*

Heliotrope ... .. *Devotion. Faithfulness.*

That turns to the sun when he sets

The same look that she turned when he rose.—*Moore.*

Hellebore ... .. *Scandal. Calumny.*

'That mocks the tear it forced to flow.—*Gray.*

Helmet Flower (Monkshood) ... *Knight-errantry.*

He was a very perfect gentle knight.—*Chaucer.*

Hemlock ... .. *You will be my death.*

And pledged them in Death's black wine.—*Procter.*

Hemp ... .. *Fate.*

Except wind stands as never it stood,

It is an ill wind turns none to good.—*T. Tusser.*

Henbane ... .. *Imperfection.*

With all my imperfections on my head.—*Shakespeare.*

Hepatica ... .. *Confidence.*

Hibiscus ... .. *Delicate beauty.*

Look you how she cometh, tilling

Out her gay heart's bird-like bliss !—*G. Massey.*





Holly ... .. *Foresight.*  
Look to the end.—*Pope.*

Holly Herb ... .. *Enchantment.*  
'Twas beauty! 'Twas enchantment all.—*Scott.*

Hollyhock ... .. *Ambition. Fecundity.*  
Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face.—*Shakespeare.*

Honesty ... .. *Honesty. Fascination.*  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.—*Shakespeare.*



Honey Flower ... .. *Love sweet and secret.*

My love is like the red, red rose.—*Burns.*

Honeysuckle ... *Generous and devoted affection.*

Gladness brimming over gladness ;

Joy in care, delight in sadness.—*W. C. Bennett.*

Honeysuckle, Coral ... .. *The colour of my fate.*

Journeys end in lovers' meetings.—*Shakespeare.*

Honeysuckle, French ... .. *Rustic beauty.*

The queen of curds and cream.—*Shakespeare.*

Hop ... .. *Injustice.*

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,

To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone.—*Spenser.*

Hornbeam ... .. *Ornament.*

The world is still deceived by ornament.—*Shakespeare.*

Horse Chestnut ... .. *Luxury.*

O Luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree.—*Goldsmith.*

Hortensia ... .. *You are cold.*

That repose

That marks the caste of Vere de Vere.—*Tennyson.*

Houseleek ... .. *Vivacity. Domestic industry.*

And Lucy at her wheel shall spin.—*Rogers.*

Houstonia ... .. *Content.*

Our portion is not large, indeed,

But, then, how little do we need.—*Cotton.*

Hova ... .. *Sculpture.*

The pregnant quarry teemed with human form.

*Goldsmith.*



Humble Plant... .. *Despondency.*

Welcome, slumber, to mine eyes,  
Tired with glaring vanities.—*Doddridge.*

Hundred-leaved Rose ... .. *Dignity of mind.*

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies.—*Cotton.*

Hyacinth... .. *Sport. Game. Play.*

The sports of children satisfy the child.—*Goldsmith.*

Hyacinth, White ... .. *Unobtrusive Loveliness.*

The maid was on the eve of womanhood.—*Byron.*

Hydrangea... .. *A boaster. Heartlessness.*

How vain was their boasting.—*Moore.*

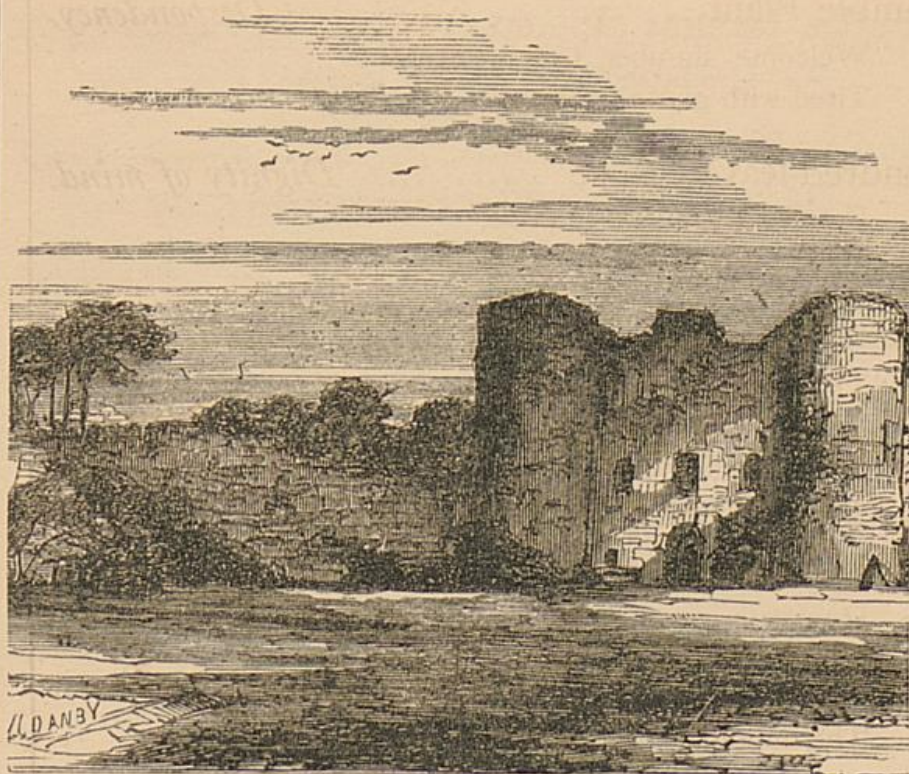
Hyssop ... .. *Cleanliness.*

The unpolluted gale which sweeps the glades.

*Bloomfield.*







Iceland Moss ... .. *Health.*

Buxom health of rosy hue.—*Gray.*

Ice Plant ... .. *Your looks freeze me.*

And ceremony doffed his pride.—*Scott.*

Imperial Montague ... .. *Power.*

You see what awful sway I bear.—*Anon.*

Indian Cress ... .. *Warlike trophy.*

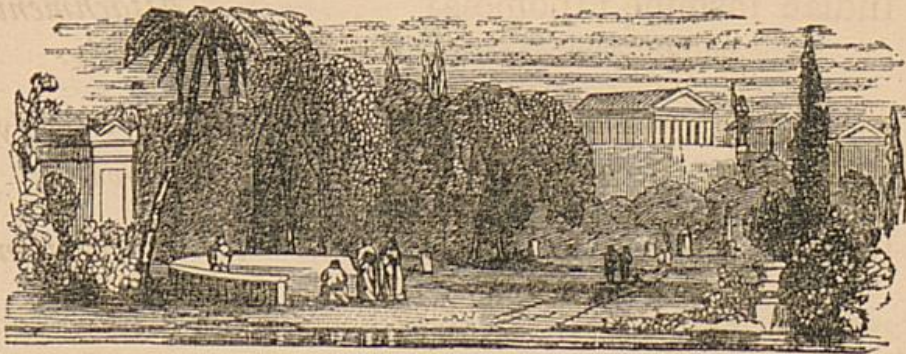
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.—*Shakespeare.*



- Indian Jasmine (*Ipomoea*) ... .. *Attachment.*  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.—*Gay.*
- Indian Pink, Double ... .. *Always lovely.*  
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.—*Byron.*
- Indian Plum ... .. *Privation.*  
Thou ask'st why do the poor complain?—*Southey.*
- Iris ... .. *Message.*  
Here's a double health to thee.—*Byron.*
- Iris, German ... .. *Flame.*  
What is genius? 'tis a flame!—*Moore.*
- Ivy ... .. *Fidelity. Marriage.*  
Marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.—*Cotton.*
- Ivy, Sprig of, with tendrils ... *Assiduous to please.*  
Should he upbraid, I'll answer with a smile.—*Shakespeare.*







Jacob's Ladder ... .. *Come down.*

Holy and blest  
Is the calm of thy rest.—*Alford.*

Japan Rose ... .. *Beauty is your only attraction.*

The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,  
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange.  
*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

Jasmine ... .. *Amiability.*

The generous spark extinct, revive,  
Teach me to love, and to forgive.—*Gray.*

Jasmine, Cape ... .. *Transport of joy.*

The future has its heaven.

Jasmine, Carolina ... .. *Separation.*

There's a magical tie to the land of our home,  
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps may  
roam.—*E. Cook.*



Jasmine, Indian ... .. *I attach myself to you.*  
 We have been friends together,  
 Shall a light word part us now?—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

Jasmine, Spanish ... .. *Sensuality.*  
 Where all the storms of passion mainly beat  
 On flesh and blood.—*S. Daniel.*

Jasmine, Yellow ... .. *Grace and elegance.*  
 Great thoughts, great feelings came to them  
 Like instincts, unawares.—*Houghton.*

Jonquil ... .. *I desire a return of affection.*  
 Thou, my only joy,  
 Thou my chief sorrow, when I saw thee not.—*Alford.*

Judas Tree ... .. *Unbelief. Betrayal.*

Juniper ... .. *Succour. Protection.*  
 Their souls flashed out like naked swords,  
 Unsheathed for fiery fate.—*G. Massey.*

Justicia ... .. *The perfection of female loveliness.*  
 Oh, and proudly stood she up,  
 Her heart within her did not fail.—*Tennyson.*







Kennedia ... .. *Mental beauty.*

He saw her lovely, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.—*Thomson.*

King-cups ... .. *Desire of riches.*

What is fame?—an empty bubble ;  
Gold?—a transient, shining trouble.—*Granger.*





COWPER'S SUMMER-HOUSE.



Laburnum... .. *Forsaken. Pensive beauty.*

Sweet is true love, though giv'n in vain,  
And sweet is Death, who puts an end to pain.—*Tennyson.*

Lady's Slipper ... .. { *Capricious beauty. Win*  
*me and wear me.*

Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
And full as craving too, and full as vain.—*Dryden.*

Lagerstræmia, Indian ... .. *Eloquence.*

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.—*Shakespeare.*

Lantana ... .. *Rigour.*

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.—*Pope.*



Larch ... .. *Audacity. Boldness.*

Man doth ransack man,  
And builds on blood, and rises by distress.—*S. Daniel.*

Larkspur ... .. *Lightness. Levity.*

Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.—*Dryden.*

Larkspur, Pink ... .. *Fickleness.*

Thus always teasing others, always teased,  
His only pleasure is to be displeased.—*Cowper.*

Larkspur, Purple ... .. *Haughtiness.*

What the weak head with strongest brain rules,  
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.—*Pope.*

Laurel ... .. *Glory.*

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—*Gray.*

Laurel, Common (in flower) ... .. *Perfidity.*

Before her Hope, behind Remorse,  
Fair first, in fine unseemly.—*R. Southwell.*

Laurel, Ground ... .. *Perseverance.*

Crown me with thy love again,  
And we both shall monarchs prove.—*A. Marvell.*

Laurel, Mountain... .. *Ambition.*

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.—*Dryden.*

Laurel-leaved Magnolia... .. *Dignity.*

Awake, my muse, and leave to dream of loves.  
Shake off soft Fancy's chains, I must be free.—*Alexander.*



Laurestina ... .. *A token. I die if neglected.*

Gather therefore the rose which yet is prime,  
For soon comes age, that with her pride deflower.

*Spenser.*

Lavender ... .. *Distrust.*

In the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear.—*Shakespeare.*

Leaves (dead) ... .. *Melancholy.*

Melancholy, silent man,  
With leaden eye, that loves the ground.—*Gray.*

Lemon ... .. *Zest.*

Is it that Youth paints every view too bright,  
And, life advancing, Fancy fades her light?—*A. Hill.*

Lemon Blossoms... .. *Fidelity in love.*

The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground.—*Rozzi.*

Lettuce ... .. *Cold-heartedness.*

Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,  
And bless thyself that so art freed.—*Harrington.*

Lichen... .. *Dejection. Solitude.*

In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,  
When Truth exerts her unresisted power.—*Akenside.*

Lilac, Field ... .. *Humility.*

Lilac, Purple ... .. *First emotions of love.*

When as we sat and sighed  
And looked upon each other, and conceived  
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail.—*S. Daniel.*



Lilac, White ... .. *Youthful innocence*

In that first garden of our simpleness  
We spent our childhood.—*S. Daniel.*

Lily, Day ... .. *Coquetry.*

They jealous are of every sight they see,  
They strive to seem, but never care to be.—*Gascoigne.*

Lily, Imperial... .. *Majesty.*

A kingly condescension graced his lips,  
The lion might have crouched to in his lair.—

*N. P. Willis.*

Lily, White ... .. *Purity. Sweetness.*

And then towards me, like a very maid,  
Came blushing, winning, willing, and afraid.—*Keats.*

Lily, Yellow... .. *Falsehood. Gaiety.*

Take, oh take, those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn.—*Shakespeare.*

Lily of the Valley ... .. *Return of happiness.*

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow,  
Soft Reflection's hand can trace.—*Gray.*

Linden or Lime Trees ... .. *Conjugal love.*

But hand-in-hand we'll go.

Lint ... .. *I feel my obligations.*

And think, how well soe'er it be that thou hast spent the  
day,

It came of God, and not of thee, and so direct thy way.—  
*Gascoigne.*

Live Oak ... .. *Liberty.*

He is a free-man whom the truth makes free.



Liverwort ... .. *Confidence.*

Be just, and fear not.—*Shakespeare.*

Licorice, Wild ... .. *I declare against you.*

Look to thyself—thou art in jeopardy.—*Shakespeare.*

Lobelia ... .. *Malevolence.*

Oppression's heart might be imbued,  
With kindling drops of loving-kindness.—*C. Mackay.*

Locust Tree ... .. *Elegance.*

She walks in beauty like the night.

Locust Tree (Green)... .. *Affection beyond the grave.*

E'en from the grave the voice of Nature cries.—*Gray.*

London Pride ... .. *Frivolity.*

The hours must at her toilet wait.—*Prior.*

Lote Tree ... .. *Concord.*

A competent living, and honestly had,  
Makes such as are godly both thankful and glad.—

*T. Tusser.*

Lotus ... .. *Eloquence.*

His copious accents fell with easy art.—*Pope.*

Lotus Flower ... .. *Estranged love.*

The falling out of faithful friends  
Renewal is of love.—*R. Edwards.*

Lotus Leaf ... .. *Recantation.*

If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.—*Pope.*



Love in a Mist ... .. *Perplexity.*

I am amazed, and know not what to say.—*Shakespeare.*

Love lies Bleeding ... .. *Hopeless, not heartless.*

Lucern ... .. *Life.*

Then you know the worth of a lass,

When you have come to forty year.—*Thackeray.*

Lupine ... .. *Voraciousness. Imagination.*

He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.—*Pope*







Madder... .. *Calumny.*

Thou shalt not 'scape detraction.—*Shakespeare.*

Magnolia ... .. *Love of Nature.*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness.—*Cowper.*

Magnolia, Swamp ... .. *Perseverance.*

Smallest helps if rightly given,  
Make the impulse stronger.—*C. Mackay.*

Mallow ... .. *Mildness.*

To err s human, to forgive divine.—*Pope.*

Mallow, Marsh ... .. *Beneficence.*

Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,  
Derives its value from its use alone.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Mallow, Syrian ... .. *Consumed by love.*

Trust me truly that I shall die, soon after ye be gone,  
For in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone.

Mallow, Venetian ... .. *Delicate beauty.*

So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
In all that land had never been.—*Tennyson.*

Manchineal Tree... .. *Falsehood.*

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,  
The product of all climes.—*Addison.*

Mandrake ... .. *Horror.*

How custom steels the human breast,  
To deeds that nature's thoughts detest !—*J. Scott.*



Maple ... .. *Reserve.*

Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days  
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.—*Churchill.*

Marigold ... .. *Grief.*

To be perked up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.—*Shakespeare.*

Marigold, African... .. *Vulgar minds.*

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.—*Murphy.*

Marigold, French... .. *Jealousy.*

Love looks aloft, and laughs to scorn all such as griefs  
annoy,  
The more extreme their passions be, the greater is his  
joy.—*W. Hunnis.*

Marigold, Prophetic ... .. *Prediction.*

Like Eden's dread probationary tree,  
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.—*Cowper.*

Marigold and Cypress ... .. *Despair.*

All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep, or she will die."—*Tennyson.*

Marjoram ... .. *Blushes.*

Oh! my love's a winsome lady,  
Sweeter face ne'er fed love on.—*G. Massey.*

Marvel of Peru ... .. *Timidity.*

Groundless hope and anxious fear,  
By turns the busy moments share.—*Merrick.*

Meadow Lychnis ... .. *Wit.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.—*Dryden.*



Meadow Saffron ... .. *My best days are past.*

Yet, taught by Time, my heart has learn'd to glow  
At others' good, and melt at others' woe.—*Pope.*

Meadowsweet ... .. *Uselessness.*

Have we not seen, on Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?—*Goldsmith.*

Mercury... .. *Goodness.*

Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,  
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.—*Dryden.*

Mesembryanthemum ... .. *Idleness.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,  
As useless when it goes as when it stands.—*Cowper.*

Mezereon ... .. *Desire to please.*

Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face  
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my face.—

*Sir P. Sidney.*

Michaelmas Daisy ... .. *Afterthought.*

Mignonette *Your qualities surpass your charms.*

Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks.—*Dr. Donne.*

Milfoil ... .. *War.*

Cease to consult the time, for action calls ;  
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls.—*Pope.*

Milkvetch ... .. *Your presence softens my pains.*

She drank down her half of our bitterest cup,  
And taught me how to bear.—*G. Massey.*







Moss    ...    ...    ...    ...    ...    ...    *Maternal love.*

A mother's love ! how sweet the name !

What is a mother's love?—*Moultine.*

Mosses      ...      ...      ...      ...      ...      ...      ...      *Ennui.*

His whispered theme, dilated, and at large,

Proves, after all, a wind gun's airy charge.—*Cowper.*

Mossy Saxifrage ... .. Affection.

Thine ears are set wide open evermore,

Before we knock, thou comest to the door.—*Gascoigne.*

Motherwort ... .. *Concealed love.*

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still :

Is human love the growth of human will?—*Byron.*

Mountain Ash    ...    ...    ...    ...    *Prudence.*

Youth stops at first its wilful ears,

To Wisdom's prudent choice.—*Granger.*

Mourning Bride ... { *Unfortunate attachment.*  
*I have lost all.*

*I have lost all.*

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,

Still drops some joy from withering life away.—*Johnson.*

Mouse-eared Chickweed ... *Ingenuous simplicity.*

In this the art of living lies,

To count no more than may suffice.—*Cotton.*

Mouse-eared Scorpion Grass ... *Forget me not.*

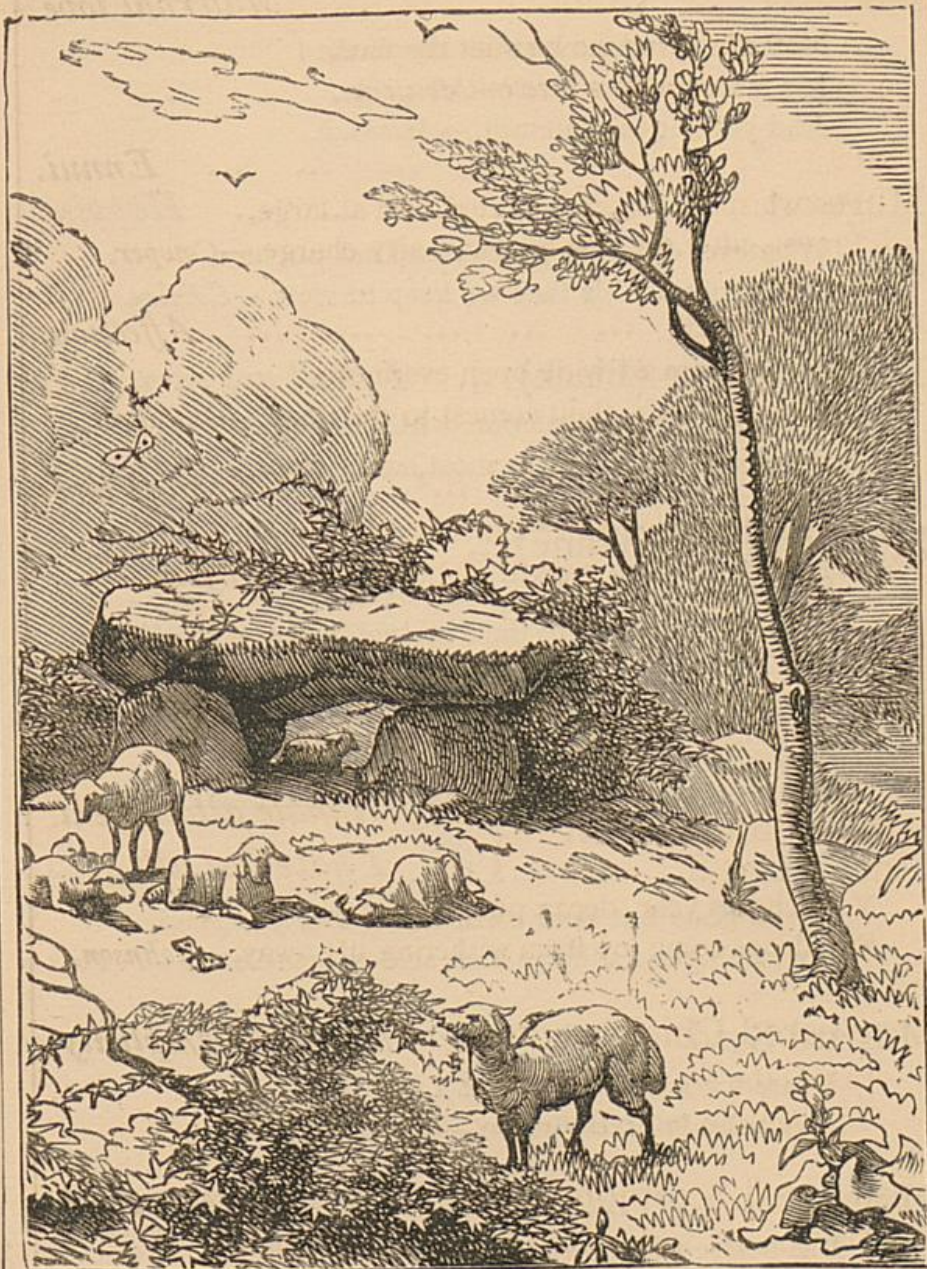
The streams with softest sound are flowing,

The grass, you almost hear it growing.—*Wordsworth.*

Moving Plant    ...    ...    ...    ...    ...    *Agitation.*

Content thyself to be obscurely good.—*Addison*.







Mudwort ... .. *Tranquillity.*

May all my wants be still supplied,  
My state too low t' admit of pride,  
And yet above contempt.—*Merrick.*

Mugwort ... .. *Happiness.*

Whatever different paths mankind pursues,  
O Happiness, 'tis thee we keep in view.—*Cowley.*

Mulberry Tree (Black) ... *I shall not survive you.*

Whoever joins instruction with delight,  
Pleasure with profit, is most surely right.—*Roscommon.*

Mulberry Tree (White) ... .. *Wisdom.*

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home.—*Waller.*

Mushroom ... .. *Suspicion.*

Suspicion still doth haunt the guilty mind ;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.—*Shakespeare.*

Musk Plant ... .. *Weakness.*

Spend none but your own, howsoever ye spend,  
For bribing and shifting have seldom good end.—*T. Tusser.*

Mustard Seed ... .. *Indifference.*

I care for nobody, no, not I,  
And nobody cares for me.—*Old Song.*

Myrobalan ... .. *Privation.*

But before they were enjoyed,  
Poverty had made them void.—*Lowell.*

Myrrh ... .. *Gladness.*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming.—*C. Muckay.*



Myrtle ... .. Love.

My faith, lo here ! I vow to thee, my troth thou know'st  
too well ;

My goods, my friends, my life is thine ; what need I more  
to tell,—*R. Edwards.*







Narcissus ... .. *Egotism.*

Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,  
And proud of fifty matters beside.—*Saxe.*

Nasturtium... .. *Patriotism.*

Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land —*Scott.*

Nettle, Burning ... .. *Slander.*

And he said likewise,  
That a lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.  
*Tennyson.*

Nettle Tree ... .. *Concert.*

The eye of the master enricheth the hutch,  
The eye of the mistress availeth as much.—*T. Tusser.*

Night-blooming Cereus ... .. *Transient beauty.*

Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,  
The spirit of beauty is everywhere.—*Hawes.*

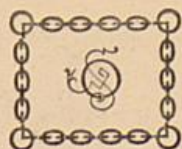
Night Convolvulus ... .. *Night.*

How beautiful is night !  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air.—*Southey.*

Nightshade ... .. *Truth.*

Oh, while you live, speak truth and shame the devil.—  
*Shakespeare.*





Oak Leaves ... .. *Bravery.*

Dark days have fallen, yet in the strife  
They fate no hope sublime.—*G. Massey.*

Oak Tree ... .. *Hospitality.*

Come, if the love thou hast for me  
Is pure and fresh, as mine for thee.—*Moore.*

Oak (White) ... .. *Independence.*

But Virtue can itself advance.—*Parnell.*

Oats ... .. *The witching soul of music.*

As if one heard heaven's thunders meet in music.—*Frere.*

Oleander ... .. *Beware.*

Bright Reason will mock thee.—*Shelley.*

Olive ... .. *Peace.*

Quit a worn being without pain.—*M. Green.*

Orange Blossoms. *Your purity equals your loveliness.*

Sweet delight of human kind.—*Parnell.*

Orange Flowers ... *Chastity. Bridal festivities.*

She spoused, about him twines  
Her marriageable arms.—*Milton.*

Orange Tree ... .. *Generosity.*

Let us aid it all we can,  
Ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,  
The good time coming.—*C. Mackay.*







Orchis ... .. *A belle.*

I arise from dreams of thee.—*Shelley.*

Osier ... .. *Frankness.*

'Tis plain without turnpikes ; so, nothing to pay.—*Green.*

Osmunda ... .. *Dreams.*

I love tranquil solitude.—*Shelley.*

Ox-Eye ... .. *Patience.*

My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,

For thou, O Lord, art with me still.—*Addison.*







And thrice he routed all his foes,  
And thrice he slew the slain.—*Dryden.*

The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away.—*Doddridge.*

Take the goods the gods provide thee.—*Dryden.*

Wag as it will, the world for me.—*Byrom.*

Why should religion make me sad?—*Ferguson.*

Patient endurance is godlike.—*Longfellow.*

Meet me by moonlight alone.—*Bayley.*

The old year went with mourning by,  
The new came dancing after.—*W. M. Praed.*

Peach ... *Your qualities, like your charms, are unequalled.*



Peach Blossom... .. *I am your captive.*

You know, if I have been untrue,  
It was in too much praising you.—*Gascoigne.*

Pear ... .. *Affection.*

I love a friendship free and frank,  
And hate to hang upon a hank.—*J. Byrom.*

Pear Tree ... .. *Comfort.*

To heaven, from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again.—*Doddridge.*

Pennyroyal ... .. *Flee away.*

But now 'tis fled, fled far away.—*J. Elliot.*

Peony ... .. *Shame. Bashfulness.*

True modesty is a discerning grace.—*Cowper.*

Peppermint ... .. *Warmth of feeling.*

Thou art brilliant as a flower,  
Crimsoning in the sunny hour.—*Mrs. Burton.*

Periwinkle, Blue ... .. *Early friendship.*

I had a friend ; a better friend hath no man.—*Lamb.*

Periwinkle, White ... .. *Pleasures of memory.*

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;  
I shall not lose thee, though I die.—*Tennyson.*

Persicaria ... .. *Restoration.*

Give, oh give me back my heart.—*Byron.*

Persimon ... .. *Bury me amid Nature's beauties.*

Make her a grave where the sunbeams rest.—*Moore.*



Peruvian Heliotrope ... .. *Devotion.*

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath.—*J. Montgomery.*

Pheasant's Eye ... .. *Remembrance.*

Remembrance swells, and turns the past to pain.—

*Goldsmith.*

Phlox... .. *Unanimity.*

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.—*Shakespeare.*

Pigeon Berry ... .. *Indifference.*

She did, in sooth, display the heart,

That might have wrought the greater smart.—*Harrington.*

Pimpernel ... .. *Change. Assignation.*

The deep foundations that we lay,

Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.—*Cowper.*

Pine ... .. *Pity.*

The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies.

What stony heart resists a woman's tear?—*Fairfax.*

Pine-apple ... .. *You are perfect.*

She's divine, all mankind's wonder.—*Rochester.*

Pine, Pitch... .. *Philosophy.*

Minds are of celestial birth.—*J. Montgomery.*

Pine, Spruce ... .. *Hope in adversity.*

The very thought of change I hate,

As much as of despair.—*Parnell.*

Pink ... .. *Boldness.*

Saucy and audacious eloquence.—*Shakespeare.*

Pink, Carnation ... .. *Woman's love.*

With you, roses brighter bloom ;

Sweeter every sweet perfume.—*Granger.*



Pink, Indian, Double ... .. *Always lovely.*

Thus am I Beauty's bounden thrall,  
At her command she me doth call.—*G. Gascoigne.*

Pink, Indian, Single ... .. *Aversion.*

Walks early out, and ever is alone.—*Dryden.*

Pink, Mountain ... .. *Aspiring.*

Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright,  
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.—*Webster.*

Pink, Red, Double ... .. *Pure and ardent love.*

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire;  
So far, so near, in woe and weal.—*Tennyson.*

Pink, Single ... .. *Pure love.*

From the king unto the beggar,  
Love conquers all.—*Old Ballad.*

Pink, Variegated ... .. *Refusal.*

Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er;  
She might have poisoned all thy life.—*Harrington.*

Pink, White ... .. *Ingenuity. Talent.*

Born with each method and each art to please.—*Pope.*

Plane Tree ... .. *Genius.*

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves;  
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.—  
*Wotton.*

Plum, Indian ... .. *Privation.*

That numbs the soul with icy hand.—*Gray.*

Plum Tree ... .. *Fidelity.*

But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love for ever.—*Burns.*

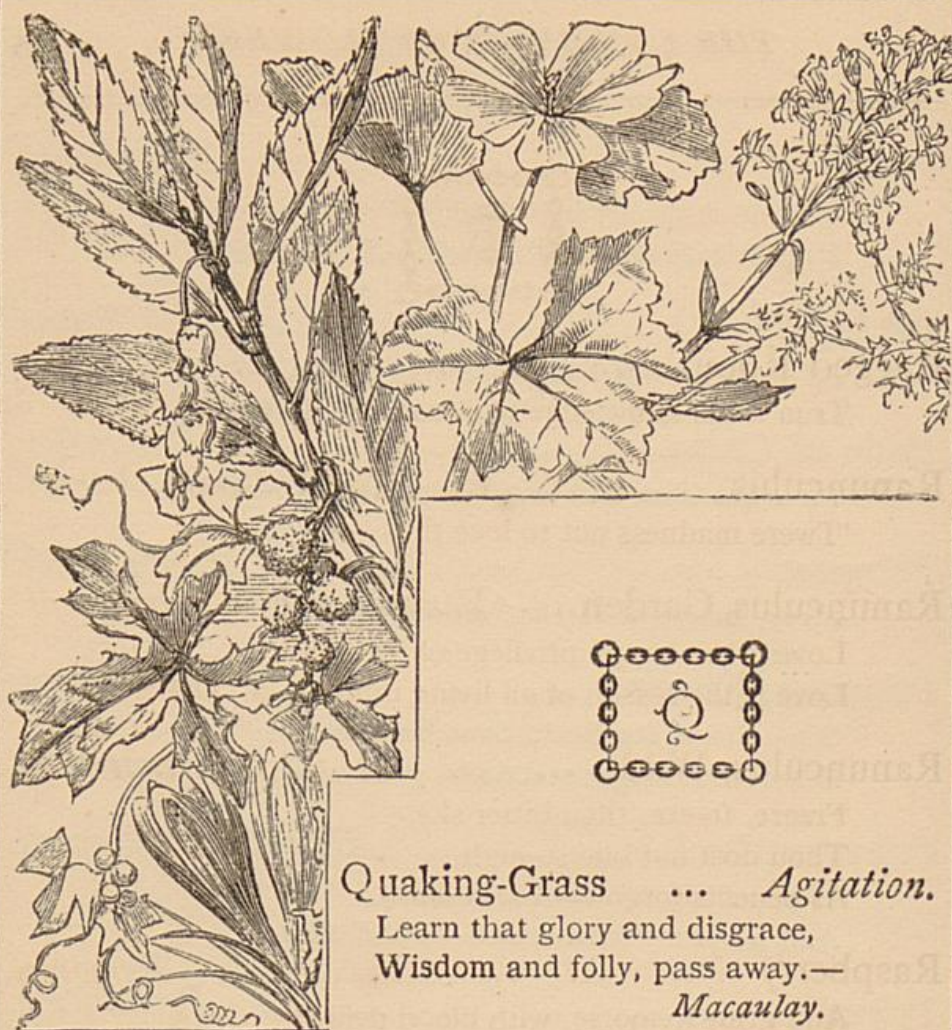


- Plum, Wild ... .. *Independence.*  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.—*Wotton.*
- Polyanthus ... .. *Pride of riches.*  
 Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,  
 But yet, she never gave enough to any.—*Harrington.*
- Polyanthus, Crimson ... .. *The heart's mystery.*
- Polyanthus, Lilac ... .. *Confidence.*  
 We only part to meet again.—*Gray.*
- Pomegranate ... .. *Foolishness.*  
 Plumed Conceit, himself surveying ;  
 Folly with her shadow playing.—*Granger.*
- Pomegranate Flower ... .. *Mature elegance.*
- Poplar, Black... .. *Courage.*  
 Virtue can gain the odds of Fate.—*Parnell.*
- Poplar, White ... .. *Time.*  
 Bring boughs of cypress for the bier ;  
 Fling roses on the cradle.—*W. M. Praed.*
- Poppy, Red ... .. *Consolation.*  
 Yet now we meet, that parted were so wide,  
 O'er rough and smooth to travel side by side.—  
*Hartley Coleridge.*
- Poppy, Scarlet ... .. *Fantastic extravagance.*  
 On sure foundations let your fabric rise.—*Roscommon.*
- Poppy, White ... *Sleep. My bane. My antidote.*  
 Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.—  
*Shakespeare.*



- Potato ... .. *Benevolence.*  
 He that is thy friend indeed,  
 He will help thee in thy need.—*R. Barnfield.*
- Prickly Pear ... .. *Satire.*  
 All fools have still an itching to decide.—*Pope.*
- Pride of China .. ... *Dissension.*  
 Love has bliss, but love has rueing.—*Campbell.*
- Primrose ... .. *Early youth.*  
 Sleep, image of thy father.—*Campbell.*
- Primrose, Evening ... .. *Inconstancy.*  
 Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*
- Primrose, Red ... .. *Unpatronised merit.*  
 Whether my life shall still decay,  
 And when my sorrow end.—*N. Breton.*
- Privet ... .. *Prohibition.*  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain countree.—*Gilfillan.*
- Purple Clover ... .. *Provident.*  
 Still waiting for the end.—*Schiller.*
- Pyrus Japonica... .. *Fairies' fire.*  
 Thou happy, happy elf!—*Hood.*





Quaking-Grass ... *Agitation.*  
 Learn that glory and disgrace,  
 Wisdom and folly, pass away.—  
*Macaulay.*

Queen's Rocket ... .. *A couquette. Fashion.*  
 The mind still turns where shifting Fashion draws.—  
*Goldsmith.*

Quince ... .. *Temptation.*  
 Hence, vain, deluding joys!—*Milton.*





Ragged Robin ... .. Wit.

True wit is knowledge to advantage dressed.—*Pope*.

Ranunculus ... .. Radiant with charms.

'Twere madness not to love thee.—*Rochester*.

Ranunculus, Garden... You are rich in attractions.

Love is the happy privilege of the mind,

Love is the reason of all living things.—*S. Dobell*.

Ranunculus, Wild ... .. Ingratitude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

As benefits forgot.—*Shakespeare*.

Raspberry ... .. Remorse.

And grim Remorse, with blood defiled.—*Gray*.

Ray Grass ... .. Vice.

Red Catchfly... .. Youthful love.

This bitter sweet, this honey gall to prove,

And all the oil and vinegar of love.—*Smart*.

Reed ... .. Complaisance. Music.

If music be the food of love, play on,

Give me excess of it.—*Shakespeare*.

Reed, Split ... .. Indiscretion.

The kiss snatched hasty from the sideling maid,

On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep.—*Thomson*.



Rhododendron (Rosebay) ... *Danger. Beware.*

I know a maiden, fair to see,  
She can both false and friendly be.—*Longfellow.*

Rhubarb ... .. *Advice.*

Rocket ... .. *Rivalry.*

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.—*Burns.*

Rose ... .. *Love.*

"Put on a Spanish padlock!" Reason cries,  
But tender, gentle Love with every wish complies.—*Smart.*

Rose, Austrian ... .. *Thou art all that is lovely.*

See how, with all their arts and wiles,  
The Loves and Graces arm her.—*W. Crawford.*

Rose, Bridal ... .. *Happy love.*

Oh what's a table, richly spread,  
Without a woman at its head?—*Warton.*

Rose, Burgundy ... .. *Unconscious beauty.*

Though with sighs and folded arms,  
I muse with silence on her charms.—*J. H. Moore.*

Rose, Cabbage ... .. *Ambassador of love.*

Where the veiled virgin sits,  
In the bliss of maiden fear.—*Milman.*

Rose, Champion ... .. *Only deserve my love.*

Our love is principle, and has its root  
In Reason, is judicious, manly, free.—*Cowper.*

Rose, Carolina ... .. *Love is dangerous.*

The best things carried to excess are wrong.—*Churchill.*



Rose, China... .. *Beauty always new.*

The sprightly wit, the lively eye,  
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety.—*Pope.*

Rose, Christmas ... .. *Tranquillise my anxiety.*

So when away my caring went.  
I counted cost, and was content.

Rose, Daily ... .. *Thy smile I aspire to.*

An excellent thing it is ! and ever lent  
To truth, and love, and meekness.—*E. Arnold.*

Rose, Damask ... .. *Brilliant complexion.*

Rose, Deep Red... .. *Bashful shame.*

But, for her part, the truest taste  
She found, was in retirement placed.—*Whitehead.*

Rose, Dog ... .. *Pleasure and pain.*

Her from whose pain I never wished relief,  
And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.—*A. Hill.*

Rose, Guelder ... .. *Winter. Age.*

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

*E. Moore.*

Rose, Hundred-leaved ... .. *Pride.*

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin,  
Is pride that apes humility.—*Coleridge.*

Rose, Japan ... .. *Beauty is your only attraction.*

Whence comes my love? Oh, heart, disclose ;  
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose ;  
Whence comes my woe? As freely own,  
Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.—*Harrington.*



Rose, Maiden Blush ... .. { *If you love me, you  
will find it out.*

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?—*Marlow.*

Rose, Multiflora ... .. *Grace.*

Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces.—*Milton.*

Rose, Mundi ... .. *Variety.*

Variety alone gives joy,  
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.—*Prior.*

Rose, Musk ... .. *Capricious beauty.*

They cried : "La belle dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall."—*Keats*

Rose Musk, Cluster ... .. *Charming.*

And next my heart I'll wear her,  
For fear my jewel tire.—*Burns.*

Rose, Single ... .. *Simplicity.*

Humble Quiet builds her cell  
Near the course where Pleasure flows.—*Gray.*

Rose, Thornless ... .. *Early attachment.*

Rose, Unique ... .. *Call me not beautiful.*

Rose, White... .. *I am worthy of you.*

Rose, White (withered) ... .. *Transient impressions.*

Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaming,  
The flowers of the forest are all wede away.—*J. Elliot.*

Rose, Yellow ... .. *Decrease of love. Jealousy.*

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
And Jealousy with rankling tooth.—*Gray.*



Rose, York and Lancaster... .. *War.*

In war and love none should be twice deceived.—*Dryden.*

Rose, Full-blown, placed over two buds... .. *Secrecy.*

How hard it is for women to keep counsel.—*Shakespeare.*

Rose, White and Red together ... .. *Unity.*

One happiness for which we strive,  
One heaven for me and thee.—*Geibel.*

Roses, Crown of ... .. *Reward of virtue.*

I prosper, circled with thy voice.  
I shall not lose thee, though I die.—*Tennyson.*

Rosebud, Red ... .. *Pure and lovely.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty! That is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.—*Keats.*

Rosebud, White ... .. *Girlhood.*

Soul not yet from heaven beguiled,  
Soul not yet by earth defiled.—*W. C. Bennett.*

Rosebud, Moss ... .. *Confession of love.*

Cold is the senseless heart that never strove,  
With the wild tumult of a real flame.—*Bampfylde.*

Rosebay (Rhododendron) ... .. *Beware. Danger.*

For should I burn or break my brains,  
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?—*Byron.*

Rosemary ... .. *Remembrance.*

Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,  
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.—*S. Daniel.*



Rudbeckia ... .. *Justice.*

Plate sins with gold,  
And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks.—

*Shakespeare.*

Rue... .. *Disdain.*

Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,  
And die as free as they were born.—*Chatterton.*

Rush ... .. *Docility.*

It spreads itself in holy deeds,  
With sorrow sighs, in pity bleeds.—*Barbauld.*

Rye Grass ... .. *Changeable disposition.*

Change is the diet on which all subsist,  
Created changeable.—*Cowper.*







Saffron ... *Beware of excess.*

When workmen strive to do better than  
well,  
They do confound their skill in covetous-  
ness.—*Shakespeare.*

Saffron Crocus ... .. *Mirth.*

Sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,  
And learn to gather flowers before they wither.—*S. Daniel.*

Saffron, Meadow ... *My happiest days are past.*

Some blast had struck the cheerful scene,  
The lawns, the woods, were not so green.—*Whitehead.*

Sage ... .. *Domestic virtue.*

So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.—  
*Sir W. Jones.*



Sage, Garden ... .. *Esteem.*

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.—*Goldsmith.*

Sainfoin... .. *Agitation.*

Say why, my friend, thy honest soul  
Runs over at thine eye?—*Chatterton.*

Saint John's Wort ... *Animosity. Superstition.*

No shades of superstition blot the day,  
Liberty chases all that gloom away.—*Cowper.*

Sardony ... .. *Irony.*

The king himself has followed her  
When she has walked before.—*Goldsmith.*

Saxifrage, Mossy ... .. *Affection.*

Like a voice from those that love us.—*Bayley.*

Scabious ... .. *Unfortunate love.*

All June I bound the rose in sheaves,  
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves.—*R. Browning.*

Scabious, Sweet ... .. *Widowhood.*

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.—*H. Bonar.*

Scarlet Lychnis ... .. *Sunbeaming eyes.*

Schinus ... .. *Religious enthusiasm.*

With thy heavenly presence blest,  
Death is life, and labour rest.—*Doddridge.*

Scotch Fir ... .. *Elevation.*

Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,  
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.—*Peele.*



Sensitive Plant ... *Sensibility. Delicate feelings.*  
Beauty and truth—a violet in the shade.—*Tennyson.*

Senvy ... .. *Indifference.*  
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,  
And keep my breath to cool my broth.—*J. Byrom.*

Shamrock... .. *Light-heartedness.*  
A merry heart goes all the way,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.—*Shakespeare.*

Snakesfoot ... .. *Horror.*  
And shrieking Horror's funeral cry.—*Gray.*

Snapdragon ... .. *Presumption.*  
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow.—*Prior.*

Snowball ... .. *Bound.*  
They also serve who only stand and wait.—*Milton.*

Snowdrop ... .. *Hope.*  
Content thee for awhile.—*Parnell.*

Sorrel ... .. *Affection.*

Sorrel, Wild ... .. *Wit ill-timed.*  
That you, as sure, may pick and choose,  
As, "Cross, I win," and "Pile, you lose."—*Butler.*

Sorrel, Wood ... .. *Foy.*  
Safe, safe at home, no more to roam,  
Blow, tempests, blow, my love has come.—*C. Mackay.*

Southernwood... .. *Fest. Bantering.*  
Let it swiftly mount in air.—*Parnell.*



Spanish Jasmine... .. *Sensuality.*

All that wealth and grandeur proffer,  
Soon, alas, must meet decay.—*J. Greet.*

Spearmint... .. *Warmth of sentiment.*

Let us, then, welcome the new guest.—*Cotton.*

Speedwell ... .. *Female fidelity.*

Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,  
Regard of honour, and mild modesty.—*Spenser.*

Speedwell, Germander ... .. *Facility.*

It is as easy as lying.—*Shakespeare.*

Speedwell, Spiked ... .. *Semblance.*

Rich, ill poets are without excuse.—*Roscommon.*

Spider Ophrys ... .. *Adroitness.*

With monkeys' ingenuity.—*Butler.*

Spiderwort ... .. *Esteem not love.*

Spiked Willow Herb ... .. *Pretension.*

And, after time, a finikin lass  
Did shine like the glistening gold.—*Old Ballad.*

Spindle Tree *Your charms are engraven on my heart.*

If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.—*C. Marlowe.*

Star of Bethlehem ... .. *Purity.*

White mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,  
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night.—*Smollett.*



Starwort ... .. *Afterthought.*

My heavy heart with sorrow bleeds,  
To think that I must part with you.—*N. Breton.*

Starwort, American... .. *Cheerfulness in old age.*

In the days of my youth I remembered my God,  
And He hath not forgotten my age.—*Southey.*

Stock ... .. *Lasting beauty.*

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,  
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.—*Beattie.*

Stock, Ten Week ... .. *Promptness.*

O come away, make no delay.—*Vaughan.*

Stonecrop ... .. *Tranquillity.*

Though great the danger, and the task severe,  
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear.—*Falconer.*

Straw, Broken ... .. *Rupture of a contract.*

Seek other mistress for your minds,  
Love's service is in vain.—*R. Southwell.*

Straw, Whole ... .. *Union.*

A new life gives to other joys.—*Lord Bristol.*

Strawberry Tree... .. *Esteem and love.*

One kind wish before we part,  
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.—*R. Dodsley.*

Sumach, Venice *Splendour. Intellectual excellence.*

Dame Nature, doubtless, has designed  
A man the monarch of his mind.—*J. Byrom.*

Sunflower, Dwarf ... .. *Adoration.*

I dare not name the nymph that works my smart,  
Though Love hath graven her name within my heart.—  
*T. Watson.*



Sunflower, Tall... .. *Haughtiness.*  
 He that high growth on cedars did bestow,  
 Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.—*R. Southwell.*

Swallow-wort ... .. *Cure for heartache.*  
 Time shall administer its wonted balm,  
 And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.—  
*C. Shaw.*

Sweet Basil ... .. *Good wishes.*  
 Farewell, good fortune go with thee.—*Shakespeare.*

Sweetbrier, American... .. *Simplicity.*  
 O fair eyes, yet let me see  
 One good look, and I am gone.

Sweetbrier, European ... .. *I wound to heal.*  
 The loppèd tree in time may grow again,  
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower.—  
*R. Southwell.*

Sweetbrier, Yellow ... .. *Decrease of love.*  
 The scene's the same, the same the weather—  
 We live, my dear, too much together.—*Whitehead.*

Sweet Pea ... .. *Delicate pleasures.*  
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
 And heedless hearts is lawful prize,  
 Not all that glitters, gold.—*Gray.*

Sweet Sultan ... .. *Felicity.*  
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
 That freedom is tastelsss, and roving a pain.—*E. Moore.*

Sweet William ... .. *Gallantry.*  
 Love Virtue, she alone is free.



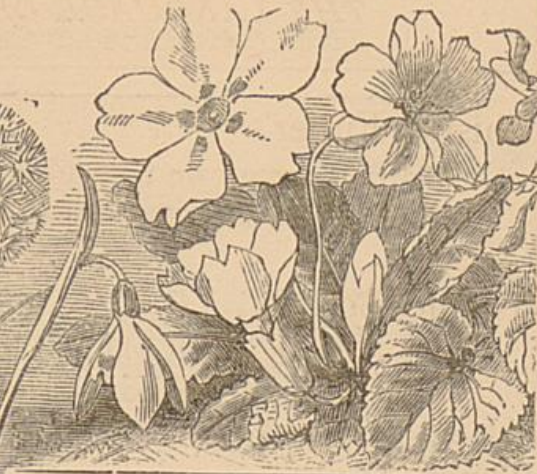
Sycamore ... .. Curiosity.  
Why so pale and wan, fond lover?—*Suckling*.

Syringa ... .. Memory.  
Memory, thou fond deceiver,  
Still importunate and vain.—*Goldsmith*.

Syringa, Carolina ... .. Disappointment.  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.—*Shakespeare*.







Tamarisk ... .. *Crime.*  
Tremble, thou wretch !  
That hast within thee undivulged  
crimes.—*Shakespeare.*

Tansy, Wild { *I declare war*  
*against you.*

My voice is still for war.—*Addison.*

Teasel ... .. *Misanthropy.*  
Turn misanthropes, and hate mankind.—*Shakespeare.*

Tendrils of Climbing Plants ... .. *Ties*  
And Fancy gives me back my wife ;  
And Fancy gives me back my child.—*Kirke White.*

Thistle, Common ... .. *Austerity.*  
And would not ope their lips by way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.—*Shakespeare.*



Thistle, Fuller's ... .. *Misanthropy.*

Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,  
And we too shrewd to trust them.—*Cowper.*

Thistle, Scotch ... .. *Retaliation.*

And black eyes oft will lead to rings,  
And rings will lead to black eyes.—*Praed.*

Thorn Apple ... .. *Deceitful charms.*

Other smiles may make you fickle,  
Tears for other charms may trickle.—*Campbell.*

Thorn, Branch of ... .. *Severity.*

And justice to herself severe.—*Gray.*

Thrift ... .. *Sympathy.*

This truth of old was sorrow's friend ;  
Times at the worst will surely mend.—*Chatterton.*

Throatwort... .. *Neglected beauty.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.—*Gray.*

Thyme ... .. *Activity.*

A kindly housewife keen and sage,  
And busy as her very bees.—*W. C. Bennett.*

Tiger Flower ... .. *For once may Pride befriend me.*

Pride in a life that Slander's tongue defied,  
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed Pride.—*Crabbe.*

Travellers' Joy ... .. *Safety.*

Snatched sudden from the avenging rod,  
Safe in the bosom of my God.—*Keble.*



Tree of Life ... .. *Old Age.*

Thus may I calmly meet my end,  
Thus to the grave in peace descend.—*Blackstone.*

Trefoil ... .. *Revenge.*

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.—*Milton.*

Tremella Nestoc ... .. *Resistance.*

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn.—  
*Campbell.*

Trillium Pictum ... .. *Modest beauty.*

Oh! could you view the melody of every grace,  
And music of her face,  
You'd drop a tear.—*Lovelace.*

Truffle ... .. *Surprise.*

Round large eyes,  
Ever great with new surprise.—*W. C. Bennett.*

Trumpet Flower ... .. *Fame.*

What avails it to record a name,  
That courts no rank among the sons of fame?—*Falconer.*

Tuberose ... .. *Dangerous pleasures.*

Let them not suck  
The sweet that is their poison.—*Shakespeare.*

Tulip ... .. *Fame.*

Fame is swiftest still when she goes laden  
With news of mischief.—*May.*  
But hark! the trump! to-morrow thou  
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears.—*Campbell.*

Tulip, Red ... .. *Declaration of love.*

Oh, happy, happy now to die,  
And go before thee to the sky.—*Mackay.*



Tulip, Variegated... .. *Beautiful eyes.*

Her eye in silence hath a speech,  
Which eye best understands.—*Southwell.*

Tulip, Yellow... .. *Hopeless love.*

She was the rainbow to thy sight!  
Thy sun—thy heaven of lost delight!

Turnip ... .. *Charity.*

Say to thy heart, rememb'ring Him who said:  
"These people come from far, and want for bread."—  
*Langhorne.*

Tussilage, Sweet-scented. *Justice shall be done you.*

I go to life, and not to death,  
Trust thou in God above.—*Chatterton.*







Ulex ... .. *Humility.*

Humbled beneath His mighty hand  
Prostrate His providence adore.—*J. Montgomery.*







Valerian ... .. *An accommodating disposition.*

To feign joy and hide distress.—*M. Green.*

Valerian, Greek ... .. *Rupture.*

I ken na why ane with anither should fight.—*Nicoll.*

Venice Sumach... *Intellectual excellence. Splendour.*

And the gentlemen were noble souls.—*Leland.*

Venus' Car ... .. *Fly with me.*

If I may but join thee singing in the rain.—*Akers.*

Venus' Looking-glass ... .. *Flattery.*

Be nothing which thou art not.—*Ed. Poe.*

Venus' Trap ... .. *Deceit.*

Like the hopes I built in youth.—*Moore.*

Vernal Grass ... .. *Poor, but happy.*

This creature dared to love.—*Parnell.*

Veronica ... .. *Fidelity.*

My word, my work, my heart, my hand ;

Still on a side together stand.—*J. Byrom.*

Vervain ... .. *Enchantment.*

Immortal as her song.—*Halleck.*

Vine ... .. *Intoxication.*

Who is this lady fine? The vine, boys, the vine.—

*Barry Cornwall.*



Violet, Blue ... .. *Faithfulness.*  
My vows shall ever true remain.—*Gay.*

Violet, Dame ... .. *Watchfulness.*  
Believe the oracles I tell.—*Wolcot.*

Violet, Sweet... .. *Modesty.*  
Deject thyself that thou may'st rise.—*Prior.*

Violet, Yellow ... .. *Rural happiness.*  
Make poisies in the sun.—*C. Lamb.*

Virginian Spiderwort ... .. *Momentary happiness.*  
Prospects thus, viewed with her, inspired before,  
Now seen without her, can delight no more.—*A. Hill.*

Virgin's Bower ... .. *Filial love.*  
A smile of God thou art.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

Volkamenia ... .. *May you be happy.*  
This ignorance is bliss extreme.—*B. Taylor.*







Walnut ... .. *Intellect. Stratagem.*

And in thy worde use constancie,  
To make thy bonds advisedly.—*Ladder to Thrift.*

Wall-flower ... .. *Fidelity in adversity.*

The worldling prospers, laying up,  
The Christian, laying out.—*Hart.*

Water Lily ... .. *Purity of heart.*

Water Melon ... .. *Bulkiness.*

Wax Plant ... .. *Susceptibility.*

I sought to weep for imaged woes,  
Nor real life believed a tragic tale.—*J. Logan.*

Wheat Stalk ... .. *Riches.*

Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend.—*R. Barnfield.*

Whin ... .. *Anger.*

There is no hope of all our toil ;  
There is no fruit from such a soil.—*Harrington.*

White Jasmine... .. *Amiability.*

A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet.—*Wordsworth.*

White Lily ... .. *Purity and modesty.*

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,  
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through.—  
*E. Moore.*



I ne'er for satire torture common sense,  
Nor show my wit at God's or man's expense.—*Blacklock.*

For shining wealth or scaring woe,  
I force no friend, I fear no foe.—*J. Byron.*

A fellow of infinite wit.—*Shakespeare.*

O Time! forego thy wonted spite,  
And lay thy future lashes light.—*Sage.*

Twine it of poppies so dark and red,  
And cypress, the garland that honours the dead.—

Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,  
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night.—*Churchill.*

Oh, trifling head and fickle heart !  
Chagrined at whatso'er thou art !—*Warton.*

The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,  
And reigns within them.—*Cowper.*

Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
The moments neglected, return not again.—

*Sir G. Elliott.*



Willow-Herb ... .. *Pretension.*

The cit hunts a plum, while the soldier hunts fame,  
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name.—*G. Whitehead.*

Willow, French ... .. *Bravery and humanity.*

'Tis a glorious lion, in battle so let it,  
But, duty appeased, 'tis the heart of a lamb.—*C. Dibdin.*

Winter Cherry ... .. *Deception.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside.—*Cowper.*

Witch Hazel ... .. *A spell.*

Thou hast with thy soft murmur  
Murmured my senses away.—*Muller.*

Woodbine ... .. *Fraternal love.*

If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.—*R. Barnfield.*

Wood Sorrel ... .. *Foy. Maternal tenderness.*

With blessings beyond hope or thought,  
With blessings which no words can find.—*Tennyson.*

Wormwood ... .. *Absence.*

What shall I do with all the days and hours,  
That must be counted e'er I see thy face?—*Mrs. Butler.*







Xanthium ... .. Rudeness. Pertinacity.

To hate revengement hastily  
For losing love and amitie.—*Ladder to Thrift.*

Xeranthemum ... .. Cheerfulness under adversity.

A merry heart goes all the way  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.—*Shakespeare.*



Yew ... .. Sorrow.

Sorrow never comes too late.—*Gray.*



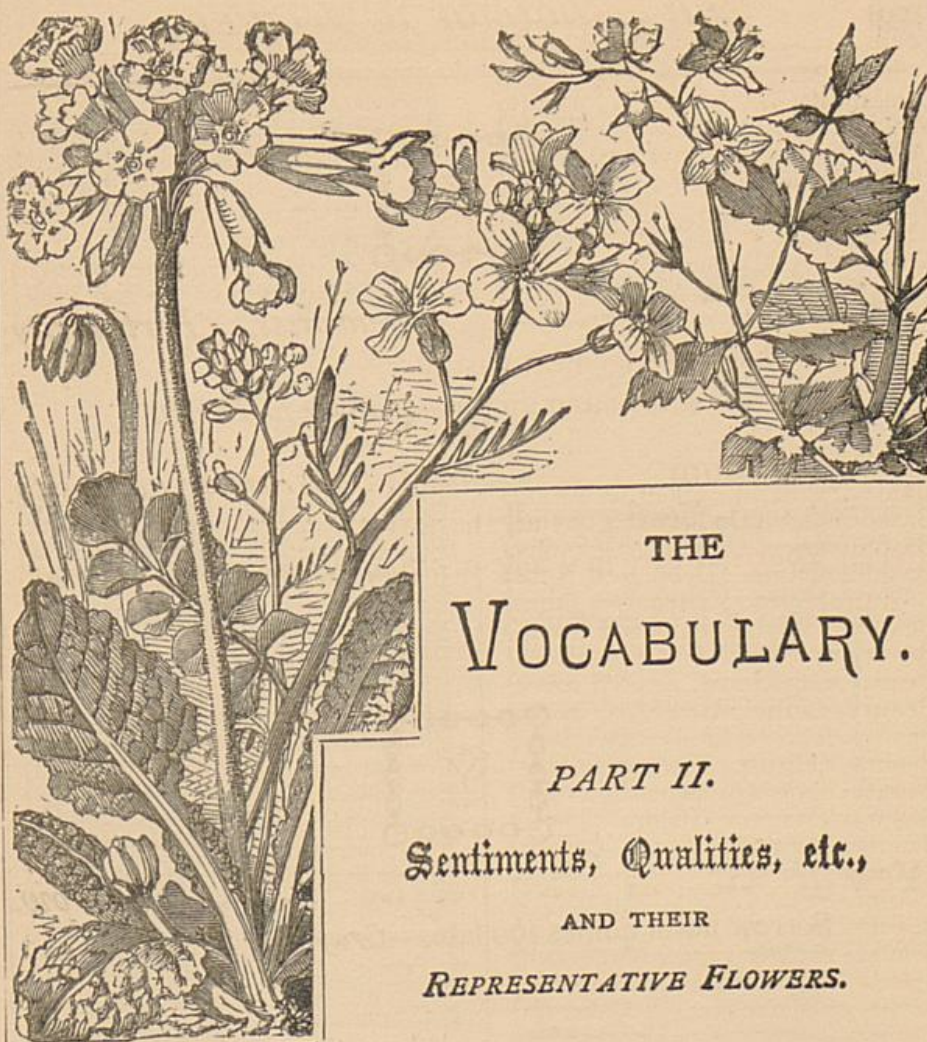
Zephyr Flower ... .. Expectation.

To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;  
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares.—*Spenser.*

Zinnia ... .. Thoughts of absent friends.

I will wear him  
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts,  
As I do thee.—*Shakespeare.*





# THE VOCABULARY.

## PART II.

Sentiments, Qualities, etc.,  
AND THEIR  
REPRESENTATIVE FLOWERS.

A

Absence .....	(Wormwood)	Affection, maternal...	(Cinquefoil)
Abuse not .....	(Crocus)	Affectation	(Cockscomb Amaranth)
Acknowledgment {	(Canterbury Bell).	Affectation .....	(Morning Glory)
Activity .....	(Thyme)	Afterthought (Michaelmas Daisy)	
Admiration .....	(Amethyst)	Afterthought .....	(Starwort)
Adoration .....	(Dwarf Sunflower)	Afterthought .....	(China Aster)
Adroitness .....	(Spider Ophrys)	Agreement.....	(Straw)
Adulation .....	(Cacalia)	Age .....	(Guelder Rose)
Advice .....	(Rhubarb)	Agitation.....	(Moving Plant)
Affection .....	(Mossy Saxifrage)	Agitation .....	(Sainfoin)
Affection .....	(Pear)	Alas! for my {	(Deep Red Carnation)
Affection .....	(Sorrel)	poor heart }	
Affection beyond }	(Green Locust)	Always cheerful .....	(Coreopsis)
the grave }		Always lovely (Indian Pink dbl.)	
		Ambassador of love (Cabbage Rose)	



Amiability .....	(Jasmine)	Arts or artifice .....	(Acanthus)
Anger .....	(Whin)	Assiduous to please {	(Sprig of Ivy)
Animosity .....	(St. John's Wort)		with tendrils)
Anticipation .....	(Gooseberry)	Assignment .....	(Pimpernel)
Anxious and {	(Red Columbine)	Attachment .....	(Indian Jasmine)
trembling }		Audacity .....	(Larch)
Ardour ...	(Cuckoo Plant, Arum)	Avarice .....	(Scarlet Aricula)
Argument .....	(Fig)	Aversion (China or Indian Pink)	

## B

Bantering .....	(Southernwood)	Belle .....	(Orchis)
Baseness .....	(Dodder of Thyme)	Be mine .....	(Four-leaved Clover)
Bashfulness .....	(Peony)	Beneficence .....	(Marsh mallow)
Bashful shame (Deep Red Rose)		Benevolence .....	(Potato)
Beautiful eyes (Variegated Tulip)		Betrayed .....	(White Catchfly)
Beauty ... (Party-coloured Daisy)		Beware .....	(Oleander)
Beauty always new (China Rose)		Beware .....	(Rosebay)
Beauty, capricious (Lady's Slipper)		Blackness .....	(Ebony Tree)
Beauty, capricious... (Musk Rose)		Bluntness .....	(Borage)
Beauty, delicate (Flower of an Hour)		Blushes .....	(Marjoram)
Beauty, delicate .....	(Hibiscus)	Boaster .....	(Hydrangea)
Beauty, divine (American Cowslip)		Boldness .....	(Pink)
Beauty, glorious (Glory Flower)		Bonds .....	(Convolvulus)
Beauty, lasting .....	(Stock)	Bonds of affection ...	(Gillyflower)
Beauty, mag- {	(Calla Æthiopica)	Bravery .....	(Oak Leaves)
nificent }		Bravery and Humanity {	(French Willow)
Beauty, Mental .....	(Clematis)	Bridal favour .....	(Ivy Geranium)
Beauty, modest (Trillium pictum)		Brilliant complexion {	(Damask Rose)
Beauty, neglected... (Throatwort)		Bulk .....	(Water Melon)
Beauty, pensive .....	(Laburnum)	Bulk .....	(Gourd)
Beauty, rustic ... {	(French Honeysuckle)	Busybody .....	(Quamoclit)
Beauty, unconscious {	(Burgundy Rose)	Bury me amid {	(Persimon)
Beauty is your only {	(Japan Rose)	Nature's beauties }	
attraction }			

## C

Call me not beautiful {	(Rose Unique)	Charity .....	(Turnip)
Calm repose .....	(Buckbean)	Charming (Cluster of Musk Roses)	
Calumny .....	(Hellebore)	Charms, deceitful... (Thorn Apple)	
Calumny .....	(Madder)	Cheerfulness in {	(American Starwort)
Change .....	(Pimpernel)	old age }	
Changeable disposition {	(Rye Grass)	Cheerfulness un- {	(Chinese Chrysanthemum)
		der adversity }	



Chivalry { (Monkshood, Helmet Flower)  
 Cleanliness ..... (Hyssop)  
 Coldheartedness ..... (Lettuce)  
 Coldness ..... (Agnus Castus)  
 Colour of my life { (Coral Honey-suckle)  
 Come down ..... (Jacob's Ladder)  
 Comfort ..... (Pear Tree)  
 Comforting .. (Scarlet Geranium)  
 Compassion ..... (Allspice)  
 Concealed love ..... (Motherwort)  
 Concert ..... (Nettle Tree)  
 Concord ..... (Lote Tree)  
 Confession of } ... (Moss Rosebud)  
 love }

Confidence ..... (Hepatica)  
 Confidence ..... (Lilac Polyanthus)  
 Confidence ..... (Liverwort)  
 Confidence in heaven { (Flowering Reed)  
 Conjugal love { (Lime, or Linden Tree)  
 Consolation ..... (Red Poppy)  
 Constancy ..... (Bluebell)  
 Consumed by love (Syrian Mallow)  
 Counterfeit ..... (Mock Orange)  
 Courage ..... (Black Poplar)  
 Crime ..... (Tamarisk)  
 Cure ..... (Balm of Gilead)  
 Cure for heartache (Swallow-wort)  
 Curiosity ..... (Sycamore)

D

Danger (Rhododendron, Rosebay)  
 Dangerous pleasures ... (Tuberose)  
 Death ..... (Cypress)  
 Death preferable } { (White Rose)  
 to loss of innocence } { dried)  
 Deceit ..... (Apocynum)  
 Deceit ..... (Flytrap)  
 Deceit ..... (Dogsbane)  
 Deceitful charms... (Apple, Thorn)  
 Deception .. (White Cherry Tree)  
 Declaration of Love... (Red Tulip)  
 Decrease of love ... (Yellow Rose)  
 Delay ..... (Eupatorium)  
 Delicacy... (Bluebottle, Centaury)  
 Dejection ..... (Lichen)  
 Desire to please..... (Mezereon)  
 Despair ..... (Cypress)  
 Despondency..... (Humble Plant)

Devotion... (Peruvian Heliotrope)  
 Difficulty ..... (Blackthorn)  
 Dignity ..... (Cloves)  
 Dignity (Laurel-leaved Magnolia)  
 Disappointment (Syringa, Carolina)  
 Disdain ..... (Yellow Carnation)  
 Disdain ..... (Rue)  
 Disgust ..... (Frog Ophrys)  
 Dissension..... (Pride of China)  
 Distinction ..... (Cardinal Flower)  
 Distrust .. (Lavender)  
 Divine beauty (American Cowslip)  
 Docility ..... (Rush)  
 Domestic industry ..... (Flax)  
 Domestic virtue ..... (Sage)  
 Durability ..... (Dogwood)  
 Duration..... (Cornel Tree)

E

Early attachment (Thornless Rose)  
 Early friendship (Blue Periwinkle)  
 Early youth ..... (Primrose)  
 Elegance..... (Locust Tree)  
 Elegance & grace (Yellow Jasmine)  
 Elevation ..... (Scotch Fir)  
 Eloquence (Lagerstræmia, Indian)  
 Enchantment ..... (Holly Herb)

Enchantment..... (Vervain)  
 Energy in adversity... (Camomile)  
 Envy ..... (Bramble)  
 Error ..... (Bee Ophrys)  
 Error ..... (Fly Orchis)  
 Esteem ..... (Garden Sage)  
 Esteem not love ..... (Spiderwort)  
 Esteem & love (Strawberry Tree)



Estranged love ... (Lotus Flower)  
 Excellence ... (Camellia Japonica)  
 Expectation..... (Anemone)  
 Expectation ..... (Zephyr Flower)

Expected meeting { (Nutmeg ;  
 Geraniums)  
 Extent ..... (Gourd)  
 Extinguished hopes { (Major Con-  
 volvulus)



Facility... (Germander Speedwell)  
 Fairies' fire ..... (Pyrus Japonica)  
 Faithfulness ..... (Blue Violet)  
 Faithfulness ..... (Heliotrope)  
 Falsehood ..... (Bugloss)  
 Falsehood..... (Yellow Lily)  
 Falsehood ..... (Manchineal Tree)  
 Fame ... (Tulip. Trumpet Flower)  
 Fame speaks him } { (Apple  
 great and good } ... { Blossom)  
 Fantastic extravagance { (Scarlet  
 Poppy)  
 Farewell ..... (Michaelmas Daisy)  
 Fascination ..... (Fern)  
 Fascination ..... (Honesty)  
 Fashion ..... (Queen's Rocket)  
 Fecundity ..... (Hollyhock)  
 Felicity..... (Sweet Sultan)  
 Female fidelity ..... (Speedwell)  
 Festivity ... (Parsley)  
 Fickleness ..... (Abatina)  
 Fickleness ..... (Pink Larkspur)  
 Filial love ..... (Virgin's bower)  
 Fidelity ..... (Veronica. Ivy)  
 Fidelity ..... (Plum Tree)  
 Fidelity in adversity (Wall-flower)  
 Fidelity in love (Lemon Blossoms)  
 Fire ..... (Fleur-de-Luce)

First emotion of love (Purple Lilac)  
 Flame ..... (Fleur-de-lis. Iris)  
 Flattery... (Venus's Looking-glass)  
 Flee away..... (Pennyroyal)  
 Fly with me..... (Venus's Car)  
 Folly ..... (Columbine)  
 Foppery... (Cockscomb Amaranth)  
 Foolishness ..... (Pomegranate)  
 Foresight..... (Holly)  
 Forgetfulness..... (Moonwort)  
 Forget me not... (Forget Me Not)  
 For once may pride } { (Tiger  
 befriend me } ... { Flower)  
 Forsaken ..... (Garden Anemone)  
 Forsaken ..... (Laburnum)  
 Frankness ..... (Osier)  
 Fraternal Love ..... (Woodbine)  
 Freedom ..... (Water Willow)  
 Freshness ..... (Damask Rose)  
 Friendship..... (Acacia)  
 Friendship, Early (Blue Periwinkle)  
 Friendship, true { (Oak-leaved  
 Geranium)  
 Friendship, unchanging { (Arbor  
 Vitæ)  
 Frivolity ..... (London Pride)  
 Frugality ..... (Chicory. Endive)



Gaiety ..... (Butterfly Orchis)  
 Gaiety ..... (Yellow Lily)  
 Gallantry..... (Sweet William)  
 Generosity..... (Orange Tree)  
 Generous & de- } { (French  
 voted affection } { Honeysuckle)  
 Genius ..... (Plane Tree)  
 Gentility..... (Corn Cockle)  
 Girlhood ..... (White Rosebud)  
 Gladness ..... (Myrrh)

Glory..... (Bay Tree)  
 Glory..... (Laurel)  
 Glorious beauty ... (Glory Flower)  
 Goodness..... (Bonus Henricus)  
 Goodness ..... (Mercury)  
 Good Education ... (Cherry Tree)  
 Good wishes ..... (Sweet Basil)  
 Goodnature ..... (White Mullein)  
 Gossip ..... (Cobœa)  
 Grace..... (Multiflora Rose)



Grace & elegance (Yellow Jasmine)	Grief ..... (Harebell)
Grandeur ..... (Ash Tree)	Grief ..... (Marigold)
Gratitude (Small White Bell-flower)	



Happy love ..... (Bridal Rose)	Hope in adversity... (Spruce Pine)
Hatred ..... (Basil)	Hopeless love ..... (Yellow Tulip)
Haughtiness ... (Purple Larkspur)	Hopeless, not } ... { (Love Lies
Haughtiness ..... (Tall Sunflower)	heartless } ... { Bleeding)
Health ..... (Iceland Moss)	Horror..... (Mandrake)
Hermitage ..... (Milkwort)	Horror ..... (Dragonswort)
Hidden worth..... (Coriander)	Horror ..... (Snakesfoot)
Honesty..... (Honesty)	Hospitality..... (Oak Tree)
Hope ..... (Flowering Almond)	Humility ..... (Broom)
Hope ..... (Hawthorn)	Humility ..... (Bindweed, Small)
Hope..... (Snowdrop)	Humility ..... (Field Lilac)



I am too happy ... (Cape Jasmine)	If you love me, } ... { (Maiden
I am your captive (Peach Blossom)	you will find } ... { Blush
I am worthy of you (White Rose)	it out } ... { Rose)
I change but in death (Bay Leaf)	Idleness ... (Mesembryanthemum)
I declare against you (Belvedere)	Ill-natured beauty ..... (Citron)
I declare against you (Liquorice)	Imagination..... (Lupine)
I declare war against } ... { (Wild	Immortality..... (Amaranth (Globe)
you } ... { Tansy)	Impatience..... (Yellow Balsam)
I die if neglected ... (Laurestina)	Impatient of absence (Corchorus)
I desire a return } (Jonquil)	Impatient resolves... (Red Balsam)
of affection }	Imperfection..... (Henbane)
I feel my obligations ..... (Lint)	Importunity ..... (Burdock)
I feel your kindness ..... (Flax)	Inconstancy... (Evening Primrose)
I have lost all... (Mourning Bride)	Incorruptible (Cedar of Lebanon)
I live for thee ..... (Cedar Leaf)	Independence... (Wild Plum Tree)
I love ..... (Red Chrysanthemum)	Independence ..... (White Oak)
I partake of your } { (Double China	Indifference { (Candytuft, Ever-
sentiments } { Aster)	flowering)
I partake of your } { (Garden	Indifference..... (Mustard Seed)
sentiments } ... { Daisy)	Indifference..... (Pigeon Berry)
I shall die to-morrow (Gum Cistus)	Indifference ..... (Senvy)
I shall not sur- } { (Black Mul-	Indiscretion ..... (Split Reed)
vive you } ... { berry)	Industry..... (Red Clover)
I surmount difficulties (Mistletoe)	Industry, Domestic..... (Flax)
I will think } (Single China Aster)	Ingeniousness..... (White Pink)
of it }	Ingenuity ... (Pencilled Geranium)
I will think of it..... (Wild Daisy)	Ingenuous Sim- } { (Mouse-eared
I wound to } { (Eglantine, Sweet-	plicity } { Chickweed)
heal } { brier)	Ingratitude ..... (Crowfoot)



Innocence .....	(Daisy)	Instability .....	(Dahlia)
Insincerity .....	(Foxglove)	Intellect .....	(Walnut)
Insinuation.....	(Great Bindweed)	Intoxication.....	(Vine)
Inspiration.....	(Angelica)	Irony .....	(Sardony)



Jealousy.....	(French Marigold)	Justice .....	(Rudbeckia)
Jealousy.....	(Yellow Rose)	Justice shall be done	{ (Colts-
Jest .....	(Southernwood)	to you	{ ... { foot)
Joy .....	(Wood Sorrel)	Justice shall be	{ (Sweet-scented
Joys to come...(Lesser Celandine)		done to you	{ { Tussilage)



Knight-errantry (Helmet Flower, Monkshood)



Lamentation.....	(Aspen Tree)	Live for me .....	(Arbor vitæ)
Lasting beauty .....	(Stock)	Love .....	(Myrtle)
Lasting pleasures (Everlasting Pea)		Love .....	(Rose)
Let me go.....	(Butterfly Weed)	Love, Forsaken (Creeping Willow)	
Levity .....	(Larkspur)	Love, Returned .....	(Ambrosia)
Liberty.....	(Live Oak)	Love is dangerous (Carolina Rose)	
Life.....	(Lucern)	Lustre { (Aconite-leaved Crowfoot,	
Lightheartedness .....	(Shamrock)	or Fair Maid of France)	
Lightness .....	(Larkspur)	Luxury.....	(Chestnut Tree)



Magnificent beauty { (Calla Æthi-		Mildness .....	(Mallow)
opica)		Mirth .....	(Saffron Crocus)
Majesty.....	(Crown Imperial)	Misanthropy (Aconite, Wolfsbane)	
Malevolence .....	(Lobelia)	Misanthropy.....	(Fuller's Teasel)
Marriage.....	(Ivy)	Modest beauty (Trillium pictum)	
Maternal affection ... (Cinquefoil)		Modest genius (Creeping Cereus)	
Maternal love .....	(Moss)	Modesty .....	(Violet)
Maternal tenderness (Wood Sorrel)		Modesty and purity...(White Lily)	
Matrimony.....	(American Linden)	Momentary hap- }	{ (Virginian
May you be happy...(Volkamenia)		piness }	{ Spiderwort)
Meanness.....	(Cuscuta)	Mourning.....	(Weeping Willow)
Meekness.....	(Birch)	Music { (Bundles of Reed with)	
Melancholy.....	(Dark Geranium)	their panicles)	
Melancholy .....	(Dead Leaves)	My best days } { (Colchicum, or	
Mental beauty .....	(Clematis)	are past }	{ Meadow Saffron)
Mental beauty.....	(Kennedia)	My regrets follow you }	{ (As-
Message .....	(Iris)	to the grave) }	{ phodel)



## N

Neatness.....(Broom) | Never-ceasing re- } ... { (Everlast-  
Neglected beauty ... (Throatwort) | membrance } ing)

## O

Old age ..... (Tree of Life) | Onlydeservemylove(CampionRose)

## P

Painful recollections (Flos Adonis)	Popularfavour(CistusorRockRose)
Painting..... (Auricula)	Poverty ..... (Evergreen Clematis)
Painting the lily...(Daphne Odora)	Power..... (Imperial Montague)
Passion ..... (White Dittany)	Power ..... (Cress)
Paternal error ..... (Cardamine)	Precaution ..... (Golden Rod)
Patience ..... (Dock. Ox Eye)	Prediction... (Prophetic Marigold)
Patriotism ..... (American Elm)	Pretension (Spiked Willow Herb)
Patriotism.....(Nasturtium)	Pride..... (Amaryllis)
Peace.....(Olive)	Pride ..... (Hundred-leaved Rose)
Perfected love- } { (Camellia Japo- liness } nica, white)	Privation.....(Indian Plum)
Perfidy (Common Laurel, in flower)	Privation ..... (Myrobalan)
Pensive beauty.....(Laburnum)	Profit ..... (Cabbage)
Perplexity ..... (Love in a Mist)	Prohibition.....(Privet)
Persecution (Chequered Fritillary)	Prolific ..... (Fig Tree)
Perseverance...(Swamp Magnolia)	Promptness ..... (Ten-week Stock)
Persuasion.....(Althea frutex)	Prosperity.....(Beech Tree)
Persuasion ..... (Syrian Mallow)	Protection..... (Bearded Crepis)
Pertinacity ..... (Clotbur)	Prudence.....(Mountain Ash)
Pity.....(Pine)	Pure love.....(Single Red Pink)
Pleasure and pain..... (Dog Rose)	Pure and ardent } { (Double Red love } Pink)
Pleasure, lasting (Everlasting Pea)	Pure and lovely ... (Red Rosebud)
Pleasures of me- } { (White mory } Periwinkle)	Purity ..... (Star of Bethlehem)

## Q

Quarrel.....(Broken Corn-straw) | Quicksightedness.....(Hawkweed)

## R

Reason ..... (Goat's Rue)	Reconciliation ..... (Hazel)
Recantation ..... (Lotus Leaf)	Refusal ..... (Striped Carnation)
Recall ... (Silver-leaved Geranium)	Regard.....(Daffodil)
Reconciliation ..... (Filbert)	Relief..... (Balm of Gilead)



Relieve my anxiety { (Christmas Rose)	Return of happiness { (Lily of the Valley)
Religious superstition.....(Aloe)	Revenge..... (Birdsfoot Trefoil)
Religious superstition { (Passion Flower)	Reverie..... (Flowering Fern)
Religious enthusiasm ... (Schinus)	Reward of merit.....(Bay Wreath)
Remembrance.....(Rosemary)	Reward of virtue (Garland of Roses)
Remorse..... (Bramble)	Riches ..... (Corn)
Remorse..... (Raspberry)	Rigour.....(Lantana)
Rendezvous ..... (Chickweed)	Rivalry..... (Rocket)
Reserve ..... (Maple)	Rudeness..... (Clotbur)
Resistance ..... (Tremella Nestoc)	Rudeness.....(Xanthium)
Restoration..... (Persicaria)	Rural happiness ... (Yellow Violet)
Retaliation..... (Scotch Thistle)	Rustic beauty (French Honeysuckle)
	Rustic oracle.....(Dandelion)

## S

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Safety..... (Traveller's Joy)	Spell ..... (Circæa)
Satire ..... (Prickly Pear)	Spleen ..... (Fumitory)
Sculpture.....(Hoya)	Splendid beauty..... (Amaryllis)
Secret Love.....(Yellow Acacia)	Splendour..... (Austurtium)
Semblance.....(Spiked Speedwell)	Sporting ..... (Fox-tail Grass)
Sensitiveness ..... (Mimosa)	Steadfast piety...(Wild Geranium)
Sensuality ..... (Spanish Jasmine)	Stoicism.....(Box Tree)
Separation..... (Carolina Jasmine)	Strength ..... (Cedar. Fennel)
Severity.....(Branch of Thorns)	Submission ..... (Grass)
Shame..... (Peony)	Submission.....(Harebell)
Sharpness.....(Barberry Tree)	Success crown {
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Silliness ..... (Fool's Parsley)	Succour ..... (Juniper)
Simplicity (American Sweetbrier)	Sunbeaming eyes (Scarlet Lychnis)
Sincerity ..... (Garden Chervil)	Surprise..... (Truffle)
Slighted love { (Yellow Chrysan- themum)	Susceptibility ..... (Wax Plant)
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## T

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Tardiness (Flax-leaved Goldy-locks)	The perfection of fe- {
Taste ..... (Scarlet Fuchsia)	male loveliness } (Justitia)
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The colour of } ... { Coral Honey- my fate } suckle	Thy smile I aspire to (Daily Rose)



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Cereus)	

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Unbelief..... (Judas Tree)	attachment }
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Widowhood ..... (Sweet Scabious)	judicious and ten- } { Convolv-
Win me and wear me { Lady's	der affection        } {   lus)
Slipper)	Worthy all praise..... (Fennel)



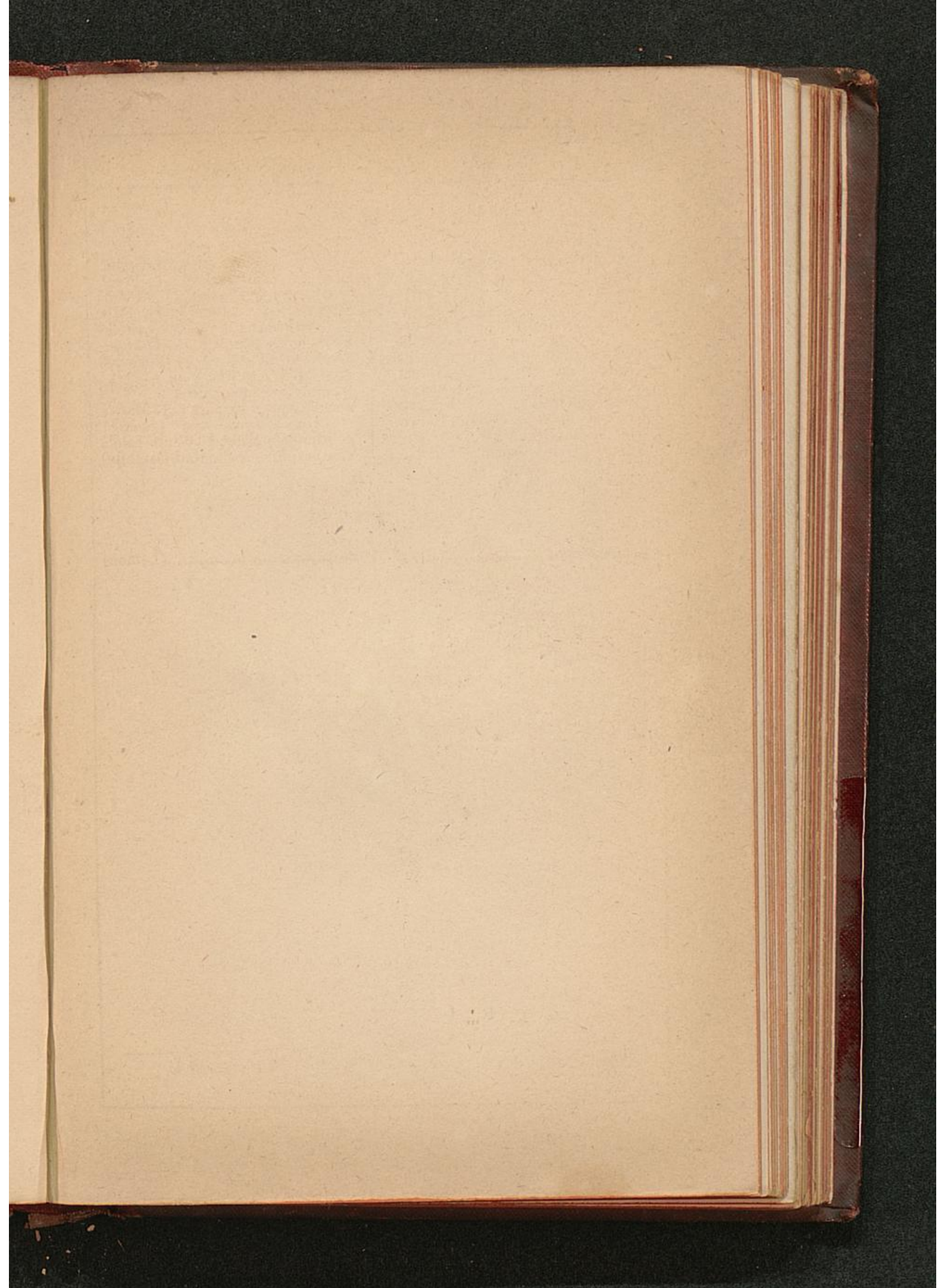
## D

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You are my divinity {	(American	graven on my heart } {	(Tree)
	Cowslip)	Your looks freeze me...	(Ice Plant)
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charms }	{ culus)	Your purity equals }	{ (Orange
You are rich in }	{ (Garden Ra-	your loveliness }	{ Blossoms)
attractions }	{ nunculus)	Your qualities, like your }	{ Peach)
You are the queen }	{ (Queen's	charms, are unequalled }	{
of coquettes }	{ Rocket)	Your qualities surpass }	{ (Migni-
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## Z

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"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers ;  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book."

HORACE SMITH.



POETRY OF FLOWERS.





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POETRY OF FLOWERS



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THOUGHTS ON THE  
POETRY OF FLOWERS;

The Months and their Floral Gifts.

---

A many-tinted garland will we twine  
Of trumpet-flowers, and bugle blooms divine,  
And cups and chalices ; all shapes that are  
Most chastely beautiful, and rich, and fair ;  
With crisp fresh petals, like hyperian curls  
Besprent with dewdrops bright as orient pearls.

**I**F, as Keats says—and who shall doubt it?—"a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," then, most assuredly, must

"Queen lilies, and the painted populace  
That dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives,"

be sources of great and abiding, as they are of pure and innocent, enjoyment to the contemplative mind. Frail and perishable as they are, yet do they typify and foreshadow things which are imperishable, and give to those who look upon them aright, a foretaste, as it were, of a better state of existence. They speak a language, eloquent though mute, to the outward sense, and tell of stedfast *faith*, and *hope*, and patient *submission*, and never-dying *love*, and *praise*, and *adoration*, and of all feelings, emotions, and passions, which are holiest and most sublime. But this is a branch of our subject on which volumes might be written—volumes which Horace Smith has compressed into his beautiful "Hymn to the Flowers"—that pure and perfect chrysolite of poetry, of which we can only quote a couple of verses :—

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers ;  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to the fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.



"Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendour  
Weep without woe and blush without a crime,  
Oh ! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
Your lore sublime !"

Then there is another American poet, N. P. Willis, who describes

"Mild Sirius, touch'd with dewy violet,  
Set like a flower upon the breast of eve,"

reminding us of Wordsworth's exquisite simile—

"A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye,  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky."

Listen, too, how Dr. Darwin addresses the stars—

"*Flowers of the sky !* ye, too, to time must yield,  
Frail as your silken sisters of the field."

And the German poet, Rampach, what says he?—

"The stars show fairly in the darksome night ;  
They *gem* like flowers the carpet of the sky."

And he is not the only one, by many, who have likened both stars and flowers to gems. The former have often been called the "jewellery of heaven," and the old pastoral poet, William Browne, describes a bevy of maidens gathering flowers, as engaged

"In plucking off the *gems* from Tellus' hair."

If Lord Byron might with truth exclaim—

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven !"

so, with equal truth, might we say—

"Ye flowers, which are the poetry of earth !"

For what the stars are to the concave above us, such are the flowers to the earth beneath ; both are equally suggestive of pure and ennobling thoughts, and of lovely images and pleasant associations.

January, amid snow, sleet, and cold rain, yet brings some pledges of the opening year, to gladden the eye and warm the



heart of the poet, and to make him burst forth into song. Foremost among these is seen the Hellebore, or Christmas Rose, a medicinal herb, in whose virtues the Egyptian and Greek physicians of old believed ; though the moderns set small store by it. Darwin speaks of it thus :—

“Bright as the silvery plume or pearly shell,  
The snow-white Rose, or Lily's virgin bell,  
The fair *Helleborus* attractive shone,  
Warm'd every sage, and every shepherd won.”

And Chambers, too, describes it as—

“Triumphant over winter's power,  
And sweetly opening to the sight ;  
'Midst chilling snows, with blossoms fair  
Of pure and spotless white.”

Then, too, we may twine in our January wreath a slender branch or two of the Laurustinus, which is yet gay with its load of clustering blossoms, seeming, as Phillips tells us, to say, “I'll tarry with you till your friends return, and cheer the scene with my pale pink buds and pure white petals.”

Other flowers, that belong to the rough opening month of the year, are the sweet-scented Coltsfoot (*Tussilago fragrans*), the “Heliotrope of the gardens,” with its delicate lilac-tinted flowers, of which the poet sings—

“Tussilago, then 'tis sweet  
To inhale thy soft perfume,  
And thy lilac blooms to greet  
'Mid surrounding gloom.”

And the hardy little yellow Aconite,—and the Rosemary, formerly considered an emblem of fidelity in lovers, and worn at weddings and funerals. And here we may notice Kirke White's ode commencing—

“Sweet scented flower, who art wont to bloom  
On January's front severe,  
And o'er the wintry season drear  
To waft thy sweet perfume !  
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,  
And I will bind thee round my brow.”



A graceful ode it is, and a mournful, seeming in its melancholy strain to prefigure the early death of the gifted songster.

February, the dreary month of thaw, and hail, and deluged plains, has well been personified by Spenser as sitting

"In an old waggon, for he could not ride,  
Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly slide,  
And swim away."

But let us not be discouraged; for ever and anon the clouds open, and glimpses of the blue sky are seen, and gleams of sunshine break out, and mild airs play around, on which are wafted the odour of the coming spring-flowers; and here we have a whole group of blossoms of the

"Primrose, first-born child of Ver,  
Merry spring-time's harbinger."

And, look! some Violets, too,

"Like reflected stains  
From cathedral panes."

And here,

"Like pendent flakes of vegetating snow,"

as Mrs. Barbauld hath it, swing gracefully to the play of the rude winds, the pure white blossoms of the Snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*), that old favourite of the poets, the *Pianterella* of the Italians—the *Schneegloekchen* (little Snow-bell of the Germans—the *Perce-neige* of the French—the Fair Maid of February of our ancestors—the emblem of purity—the flower whose botanical name, *Galanthus*, is derived from two Greek words which signify milk and flower. It is so touchingly, winningly beautiful, that all who look upon it must love it. Barry Cornwall describes it as—

"The frail Snowdrop,  
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow  
Fix'd like a pale and solitary star."

Thomson says—

"Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace,  
Throws out the Snowdrop and the Crocus first."



With the Snowdrop the Crocus is here associated ; and rightly, for the two fair flowers, "those pretty orphans," the Crocuses and Snowdrops, those foundlings that belong neither to winter nor spring, show their modest faces scarcely an inch beyond the dark earth.

"Beside the garden path, the Crocus now  
Puts forth his head to woo the genial breeze,  
And finds the Snowdrop, hardier visitant,  
Already basking in the solar ray."

March brings us the little pretty Daisy, worthily sung by the poets, from the time of old Chaucer downwards. The father of English poetry describes himself as going forth from his study to admire and rejoice in his favourite flower. For does he not say :—

"Of all the floures in the mede,  
Then love I most those floures white and rede,  
Such as men call Daisies in our town" ?

And again :—

"And in special one called *eye* of the *daie*,  
The Daisie—a flower white and rede,  
And in French called *la Bel Margarete*—  
A commendable floure and most in mind."

Nor shall we readily forget the tribute paid by Burns to the

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,"

that his ploughshare so ruthlessly overthrew. With the Italians, too, it is *Fiore di Primavera*—the springtide flower—suggestive and emblematical of all things fair, and fresh, and joyous. And next we have the flower sung by Horace Smith, and by many another poet—

"The coy Anemone, that ne'er uncloses  
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind."

This was the wind-flower of the ancient Greeks, as its name indicates, being derived from *anemos*, wind. The French term this flower *l'Herbe au Vent*, and many of our own poets allude to it under this and similar titles, as Elliot, who exclaims—

"Courageous Wind-flower, loveliest of the frail !"



And, missing it from his daily walks, asks—

“Where is the Wind-flower with its modest cheek?”

Bidlake calls it the “child of the wind;” and Thomson, describing the indications of spring, speaks of Anemones

“On the soft wing of vernal breezes shed.”

Shakespeare speaks of the Daffodil

“That comes before the swallow dares, and takes  
The winds of March with beauty.”

Milton makes it a funeral flower, and in his beautiful lament for Lycidas, says—

“And Daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.”

With Spenser it is a summer flower, for he speaks of

“The summer proude, with Daffodillies dight.”

But the favourite and emblematical flower is the Primrose.

“The Primrose, tenant of the glade,  
Emblem of virtue in the shade,”

according to John Mayne, the *Primavera*, as it is called in the soft language of Italy—the true spring-tide flower—the *Primula* (from *primus*, first) of the Latin.

“Primroses, the spring may love them,  
Summer knows but little of them,”

sings Wordsworth; and L. E. L. calls them

“Primroses, pale gems of spring,”—

that season when all things are so fresh and so fair, when the year is in its youthful prime, and the earth is so glad some that

“A Primrose shower from her green lap she throws,”

as Mason assures us; while the Northamptonshire peasant sings—

“Oh, who can speak the joys of spring’s young morn,  
When wood and pasture open on his view,  
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,  
And the first Primrose dips its leaves in dew?”



which reminds us of Herrick's exquisite little poem—

"To Primroses filled with morning dew ;

Nor can we by any means forget Shakespeare's

"Pale Primroses  
That are unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength ;"

and again Shakespeare makes the shepherd, in "Cymbeline,"  
say to the dead Fidele—

"Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, the pale Primrose."

Now, too, we have the Mezereon, the *Daphne* of the woods,  
which may be found alike in cold and temperate regions, and in  
some so plentifully as to be used for brooms, as in certain islands  
in the Levant, where it is called the Broom Plant ; this is, how-  
ever, a silver-leaved variety, and is therefore not exactly like our

"Mezereon gay, with crimson-tinctured bush,"

that, as Evans says,

"Again revives coy Daphne's maiden blush."

April and May bring us the Cowslip ; and the Cowslip has  
always been a favourite flower of the poets.

"From calyx pale the freckled Cowslip's born,  
Receive in jasper cups the fragrant dews of morn,"

it Charlotte Smith is to be believed ; and sure enough, there they  
are, in bunches and clusters, those

"Bowling adorers of the gale,"

as Clare calls them, studding the bank, and even creeping out  
into the open sunshine of the field beyond ; and, to use the  
words of L. E. L.,

"Ringing, with golden bells, that fragrant peal  
Which the bees love so."

The *freckled* Cowslip !—this is the term rendered patent by  
Shakespeare. Those little red spots which we observe towards



the bottom of the amber cup—what think ye they are? Let the delicate Ariel reply—

“Those be rubies, fairy favours;  
In those freckles live their savours.”

Especially is it honoured by those of the Elizabethan era. Milton frequently alludes to it, and no pastoral poet of our own day but notices, like John Graham,—

“The golden Cowslip, who, with fairy bell,  
Rings in the wild bee to his wonted thrift.”

And the Violet, too, what shall we say about that? We have enough transcribed, original and otherwise, to fill a goodly-sized volume about it. The Violet—

“Whose leaves,  
Thick in their azure beauty fill the air  
With most voluptuous breathings,”

according to L. E. L. Nor must we forget the beautiful Hawthorn.

The Rose is generally considered, par excellence, the flower of June—the summer flower—as she is almost universally acknowledged to be the queen of flowers. According to Millhouse—

“Oh! there’s a *wild* Rose in yon rugged dell,  
Fragrant as that which blooms the garden’s pride;  
And there’s a sympathy no tongue can tell  
Breathed from the linnet chanting by its side.”

Another of those flowers to which an historical interest is attached, is “the Broom, the bonny Broom,” so celebrated in Scottish song. Listen to Burns:—

“Their groves of sweet Myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
Far dearer to me is yon glen o’ lone breckan,  
With the burn stealing down through the lang yellow Broom.”

Crabbe, that close observer of nature, has furnished us, in a few graphic and characteristic lines, with a description of several flowers, which we must certainly entwine in our June wreath.



"Here Thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,  
And to the ragged infant threaten war;  
Here Poppies, nodding, mock the hopes of toil;  
Here the tall Bugloss paints the sterile soil;  
Hardy and high above the slender sheaf  
The shining Mallow waves her silky leaf;  
O'er the young shoot the Charlock throws a shade;  
And clasping Tares cling round the sickly blade."

The fresh and lively green, the delicate perfume, and bracing airs of Spring, give place to the more luxuriant verdure and embowering shade, the brighter sunshine, and the softer gales of Summer; and these, in turn, to the mellow tints, the yet more fervent heat, and luscious perfumes of Autumn; which again fade, and die away, and merge into the universal deadness and desolation of winter, the sepulchre of the year.

With July the year is half over, of which we are reminded by the resplendent St. John's Wort—

"*Hypericum*, all bloom, so thick a swarm  
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,  
That scarce a leaf appears,"

as Cowper tells us.

Now we have also the Harebell, declared to be beloved of the fairies, and most certainly beloved of the poets. Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake," says, alluding to this flower,—

"A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;  
E'en the slight Harebell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread."

Then there is the wild Thyme and the wild Marjoram, both possessing a fragrance peculiar to themselves, the one keeping close to the earth, and having blossoms of a purple hue, the other rising from one to two feet above it, with flowers of a chocolate colour, powdered, as it seems, with grey. In reference to the love of the bee for the blossoming Thyme, here is an extract from Claudian's poem of "Proserpine :"—

"Meanwhile, dispersed around, the roving maids  
Throng in each various path, as when a swarm



Of bees, led from their waxen citadel,  
Built in some hollow oak, following their queen  
O'er beds of Thyme, cluster with pleasing hum."

The French poet, Belleau, invites us to wander where

"Streak'd Pink, and Lily-cup, and Rose,  
And Thyme, and Marjoram are spreading."

In August commences what Keats poetically terms "the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," and before the month is over, in the more southern parts of Europe, the corn, which lately rustled to every passing breeze, and glorified the landscape with its rich golden hue, will be cut down, and stacked or gathered into the barn, for the sustenance of man. Now is the time which Tennyson describes, when he speaks of

"Youngest autumn in a bower  
Grape-thicken'd from the light and blinded,  
With many a drep-hued bell-like flower  
Of fragrant trailers."

Tennyson, in his description of "youngest autumn," speaks of "fragrant trailers;" and one of these, the Clematis, is now in full flower, festooning the hedges in every direction. The poets have variously called it "Traveller's Joy," and "Virgin's Bower," and no description of a sylvan retreat, or a trysting-place for lovers, would be at all perfect without this elegant creeper. Look what a glorious bower Keats builds up for the moon-loved Endymion:—

"Above his head  
Four Lily stalks did their white honours wed,  
To make a coronal, and round him grew  
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,  
Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh:  
The vine of glossy sprout—the ivy mesh,  
Shading its Ethiop berries—and woodbine,  
Of velvet leaves and bugle blooms divine—  
Convolvulus in streakèd vases blush—  
The creeper mellowing for an autumn flush—  
And *Virgin's bower* trailing airily,  
With others of the sisterhood."



Then there is the wild Mignonette, or Dyer's Weed, as it is popularly called, pushing up its spike of pale yellow flowers amid the nettles and long grasses of every hedgerow ; and on the river's brink may be seen the tall Hemp Agrimony, with its flesh-coloured clusters of blossoms, close by where the Reed Mace, or Cat's Tail, gives its long streamer-like catkins and grey-green leaves to the wind. If you go to the marsh lands you will most likely find the Sea Southernwood putting forth its blossoms of a verdant tint ; and the little glossy Sandworts, with their white flowers ; and the Seaside Convolvulus, with its rose-coloured bells ; and Thrift, or Sea Pink, giving a delicate flush to the face of the marsh ; and the Horned Poppy, strewing its frail yellow petals upon every gale.

Who hath not seen, within her Saffron bed,

“The morning's goddess” ?

says Drummond, alluding to the autumnal Crocus or Meadow Saffron, with its violet-tinged cups.

To September also belong the tall and handsome Golden Rod, and the little Cudweed, or everlasting flower. Well does Professor Henslow write, of the Everlasting Flower, or Immortelle :—  
“Some plants force us, as it were, to read their meaning. Who can look upon the Everlasting Flower without seeing in it a type of the immortal nature of our spirits ? Its enduring property has occasioned its use as a token of remembrance by the friends of the departed.”

Nature is glorious even in decay, and at no period of the year, perhaps, does she put on such rich attire, and assume such a magnificent appearance, as in October, when all things which are most bright and beautiful are fast fading and withering, and when the chilling influence of approaching winter is beginning to be felt and recognised on every hand. Professor Henslow says—  
“Name but the Ivy, and some beautiful remnant of the grandeur, taste, or piety of former days (over which Time, as he mars its fair proportions, gently throws a mantle of Ivy to supply a new grace),

“Will flash upon the inward eye,  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;”



and he compares the Ivy to *friendship*, as do also Phillips and many other writers.

The "fall of the leaf" is an expressive name given to the November season. During the last two months the leaves have been gradually changing from green to yellow, red, and russet-brown, and lately they have come wavering down at every breath of air, until now they strew the country walks and ways, giving occasion for the poetic moralist to say—

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise.  
So generations in their course decay;  
So flourish these when those are past away."

Very graceful and beautiful are the Flowering Ferns. Of the five hundred British species of these plants, not more than about twenty can be called common, and the most common of all is the Brake, or Bracken, which grows most plentifully on stony or sandy land, and may be found on heaths and commons, as well as in woods and parks, where it forms an excellent covert for game and shelter for deer, whose bell-like cry is often heard issuing from amid the waving fronds, where, as the poet says,

"The wild buck bells from the ferny brake."

"December must be expressed with a horrid and fearful aspect, clad in an Irish rug, or coarse frieze girt upon him; instead of a garland upon his head, three or four nightcaps, with a Turkish turban over them. His nose red, his mouth and beard clogged with icicles; at his back a bunch of Holly, Ivy, or Mistletoe; holding in furred mittens the sign of Capricornus."





## Flowers and Poems.

---

FLOWERS of all hues are struggling into glow  
Along the blooming fields ; yet their sweet strife  
Melts into one harmonious concord. Lo,  
Where winds the lone path through the pastures green,  
Broad tapestr'ing summer fields ! *Schiller.*

---

### THE ACONITE. (*Misanthropy.*)

THOU comest, early Aconite,  
With blossoms fair, to deck the ground,  
When few that in such things delight  
May walk where thou art found ;  
Content to beautify the earth,  
Though none thy modest charms may scan,  
And die, as thou hast sprung to birth,  
Unnoted by proud man. *H. G. Adams.*



THE FLOWERING ALMOND. (*Hope.*)

MARK well the Flowering Almonds in the wood ;  
 If odorous blooms the beamy branches load,  
 The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign ;  
 Great heats will follow and large crops of grain.  
 But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,  
 Such and so barren will the harvest be ;  
 In vain the hind will vex the threshing-floor,  
 For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.

*Dryden's "Virgil."*

---

THE AMARANTH. (*Immortality.*)

To the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Their crowns inwove with Amarant and gold,—  
 Immortal Amarant, a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence  
 To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
 With these, that never fade, the spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks enwreathed with beams,  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off ; the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Empurpled with celestial roses, smiled.

*Milton.*

---

THE ANEMONE. (*Expectation.*)

THERE, thickly strewn in woodland bowers,  
 Anemones their stars unfold ;



There spring the Sorrel's vernal flowers ;  
And, rich in vegetable gold,  
From calyx pale the freckled Cowslips born,  
Receive in jasper cups the fragrant dews of morn.

*Charlotte Smith.*



THE ARUN. (*Ardour.*)

THE shining berry, as the ruby bright,  
Might please the taste and tempt the  
eager sight ;  
Trust not this specious veil ; beneath  
its guise,  
In humid streams, a fatal poison lies.  
So vice allures with virtue's pleasing  
song,  
And charms her victim with a siren's  
tongue.

*Rowden.*

THE ASPHODEL AND AMARANTH.

(*Regret & Immortality.*)

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke ;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,  
The sombre houses capped with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white ;  
And one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.



I saw them pause on their celestial way ;  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
" Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at rest ! "

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending, at my door began to knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,  
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,  
That oft before had filled and haunted me,  
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;  
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,  
" My errand is not Death, but Life," he said ;  
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features, fair and thin ;  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.



Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;  
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

*Longfellow.*



THE BARBERRY. (*Sharp temper.*)

THROUGH the green lanes of the country,  
Where the tangled Barberry-bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls grey with mosses.

*Longfellow.*



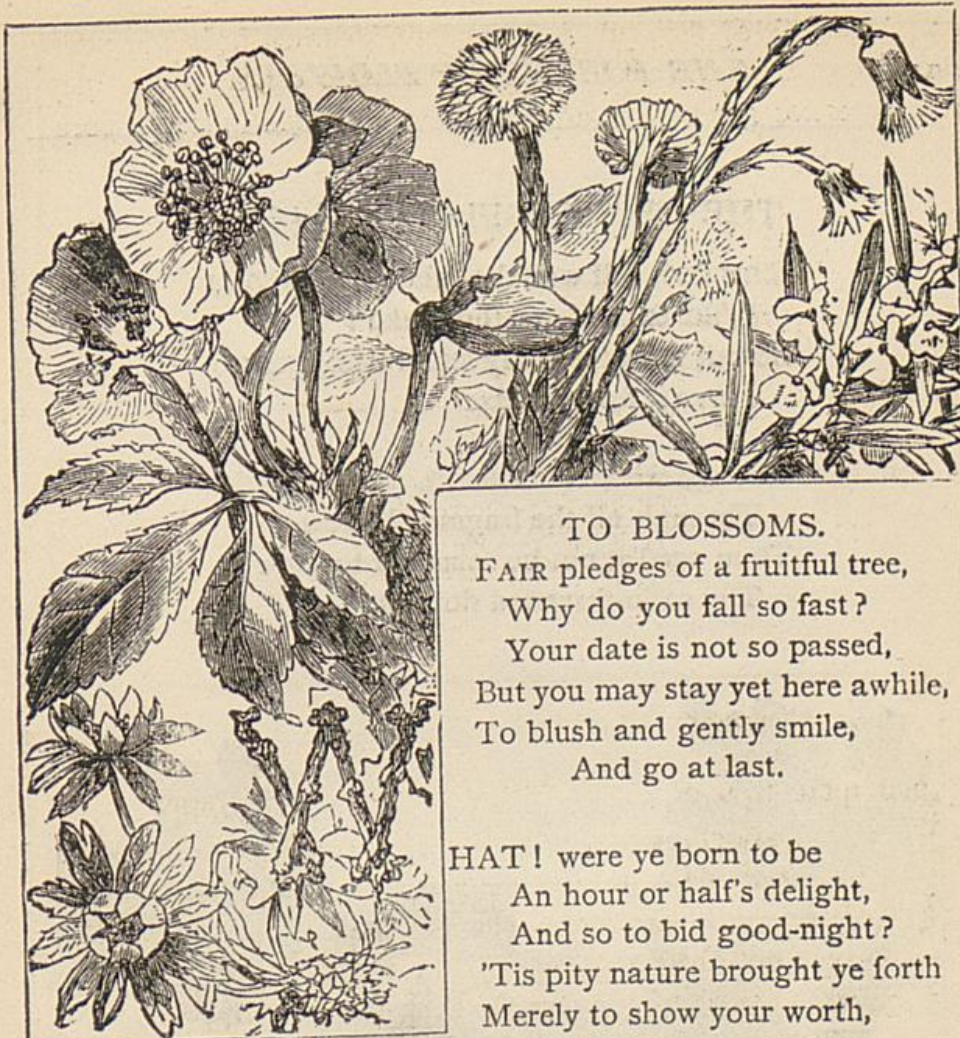
## AN EARLY BLOSSOM.

SWEET flower ! that, peeping from thy russet stem  
Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort  
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month  
Hath borrowed Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee  
With blue voluptuous eye), alas, poor flower !  
These are but the flatteries of the faithless year.  
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,  
Ev'n now the keen north-east is on its way. *Coleridge.*

## SPRING BLOSSOMS.

MINDFUL of disaster past,  
And shrinking at the northern blast,  
The sleety storm returning still,  
The morning hoar, the evening chill,  
Reluctant comes the timid Spring :  
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,  
Murmurs the blossomed boughs around  
That clothe the garden's southern bound :  
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps  
From the dark dell's entangled steeps :  
O'er the field of waving broom  
Slowly shoots the golden bloom :  
And but by fits the furze-clad dale  
Tinctures the transitory gale.  
Scant along the ridgy land  
The beans their newborn ranks expand ;  
The fresh-turned soil, with tender blades,  
Thinly the sprouting barley shades ;  
Fringing the forest's devious edge  
Half-robed appears the hawthorn hedge ;  
Or to the distant eye displays,  
Weakly green, its budding sprays. *Warton.*





#### TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do you fall so fast?  
Your date is not so passed,  
But you may stay yet here awhile,  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

HAT! were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

*Herrick.*





THE BRAMBLE-FLOWER. (*Envy.*)

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows,  
Wild Bramble of the brake !  
So put thou forth thy small white rose,  
I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow  
Through all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;



For dull the eye, the heart is dull,  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty beautiful,  
Thy tender blossoms are.

How delicate thy gauzy frill !  
How rich thy branchy stem !  
How soft thy voice when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them,



While silent showers are falling slow,  
And 'mid the general hush  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush !

The primrose to the grave is gone ;  
The hawthorn flower is dead ;  
The violet by the mossed grey stone  
Hath laid her weary head ;

But thou, wild Bramble, back dost bring,  
In all their beauteous power,  
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,  
And boyhood's blossom hour.

Scorned Bramble of the brake ! once more  
Thou bid'st me be a boy,  
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy.

*Ebenezer Elliot.*

---

THE BROOM. (*Humility.*)

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;  
Far dearer to me is yon glen o' lone breckan,  
With the burn stealing down through the lang yellow  
Broom. *Burns.*

---

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

(*Ingratitude, Innocence.*)

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies,  
Oh ! the pretty flowers !  
Coming ere the spring-time,  
To tell of sunny hours.



While the trees are leafless,  
While the fields are bare,  
Buttercups and Daisies  
Spring up everywhere.

Little hardy flowers,  
Like to children poor,  
Playing in their sturdy health  
By their mother's door ;  
Purple with the north wind,  
Yet alert and bold,  
Fearing not, and caring not,  
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?  
What are stormy showers?  
Buttercups and Daisies,  
Are these human flowers !  
He who gave them hardship,  
And a life of care,  
Gave them likewise hardy strength,  
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups !  
Welcome, Daisies white !  
Ye are in my spirit  
Visioned, a delight !  
Coming ere the spring-time  
Of sunny hours to tell ;—  
Speaking to our hearts of Him  
Who doeth all things well.

*Mary Howitt.*





THE COLTSFOOT.\* (*Justice.*)

WHEN all other scents have fled,  
In the winter months so dreary,  
When all other flowers are dead,  
And the heart grows cold and weary,

Longing for the balmy hours  
Of the lagging, tardy spring—  
Longing for the leafy bowers,  
And bright creatures on the wing.

Tussilago, then 'tis sweet  
To inhale thy soft perfume,  
And thy lilac blooms to greet  
'Mid surrounding wintry gloom.

*Ancn.*

THE COMPASS FLOWER. (*Guidance.*)

LOOK at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,  
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet ;  
It is the Compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended  
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,

\* The sweet-scented Coltsfoot (*Tussilago fragrans*) is not an indigenous plant ; but we find it in almost every cottage garden, and as widely diffused amongst us as though it sprang spontaneously from the soil. It has been called the Heliotrope of the open gardens, and Phillips has attached to it the motto, "You shall have justice," because such was the exclamation of M. Villan of Grenoble, who found it at the foot of Mount Pilat, in his astonishment that it should not have been noticed and cultivated before.



Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.  
 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter  
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of  
 nepenthe. *Longfellow.*

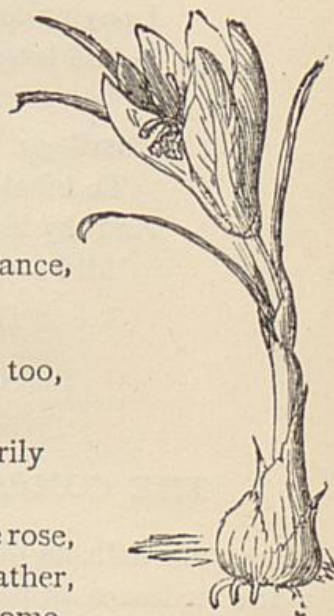
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THE CROCUS. (*Abuse not.*)

AND presently the Crocus heard  
 The greeting, and awoke,  
 And donned with care her golden robe  
 And emerald-coloured cloak ;  
 And, springing from her russet shroud,  
 Stepped forth to meet the sun,  
 While broke the clouds with one bright glance,  
 And his jocund race begun.

The Crocus brought her sisters, too,  
 The purple, pied, and white,  
 And the redbreast warbled merrily  
 Above the flowerets bright.  
 Oh, the nightingale may love the rose,  
 And the lark the summer's heather,  
 But the robin's constant flowers come,  
 And brave the wintry weather.

*Twamley.*




---

THE DAFFODIL. (*Regard.*)

OH, Proserpine.  
 For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall  
 From Dis's waggon ! Daffodils  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty !

*Shakespeare.*



## TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the even song ;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you ;  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you, or anything :  
We die,  
As your hours do ; and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

*R. Herrick.*

THE DAISY. (*Innocence.*)

BRIGHT flower ! whose home is everywhere,  
Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
Of joy or sorrow—  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
The forest thorough !



Is it that man is soon deprest ?  
 A thoughtless thing ! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And thou would'st teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season ?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing :  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling.      *Wordsworth.*

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,\*  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure  
     Thy slender stem.  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
     Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! It's no' thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !

\* Mr. Chambers says :—"The Mountain Daisy" was composed as the poet has related, at the plough. The field where he crushed the "Wee modest, crimson-tipped flower," lies next to that in which he turned up the nest of the mouse, and both are on the farm of Mossiel, and still shown to anxious inquirers by the neighbouring peasantry.



Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
When upward springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And overwhelm him o'er !



THE DANDELION. (*Oracle.*)

GAY little Dandelion  
Lights up the meads,  
Swings on her slender foot,  
Telleth her beads,  
Lists to the robin's note  
Poured from above :  
Wise little Dandelion  
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks  
Clothed but in green,  
Where, in the days agoe,  
Bright hues were seen.  
Wild pinks are slumbering ;  
Violets delay :  
True little Dandelion  
Greeteth the May.

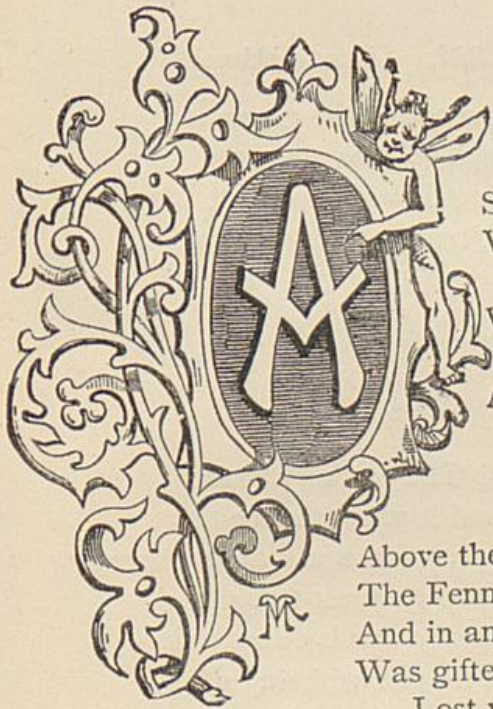
Brave little Dandelion !  
Fast falls the snow,  
Bending the daffodil's  
Haughty head low.  
Under that fleecy tent,  
Careless of cold,  
Blithe little Dandelion  
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion  
Groweth more fair,  
Till dies the amber dew  
Out from her hair.  
High rides the thirsty sun,  
Fiercely and high ;  
Faint little Dandelion  
Closeth her eye.



Pale little Dandelion,  
 In her white shroud,  
 Heareth the angel-breeze,  
 Call from the cloud !  
 Tiny plumes fluttering  
 Make no delay !  
 Little winged Dandelion  
 Soareth away.

*Helen B. Bostwick.*



FENNEL IN LIFE'S  
 GOBLET. (*Worth.*)

As it mantling passes round,  
 With Fennel is it wreathed and  
 crowned,  
 Whose seed and foliage sun-  
 imbrowned  
 Are in its waters steeped and  
 drowned,  
 And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
 The Fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
 And in an earlier age than ours  
 Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
 Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood ;  
 And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
 Mingled it in their daily food ;  
 And he who battled and subdued,  
 A wreath of Fennel wore.



Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the coloured waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

*Longfellow.*

---

THE LADY FERN. (*Fascination.*)

WHERE the copsewood is the greenest,  
Where the fountain glistens sheenest,  
Where the morning dew lies longest,  
There the Lady Fern grows strongest.

*Scott.*

---

THE FERN. (*Sincerity.*)

THE feathery Fern ! The feathery Fern !  
It groweth wild and it groweth free  
By the rippling brook and the whimpling burn,  
And the tall and stately forest-tree ;  
Where the merle and the mavis sweetly sing,  
And the pheasant flies on whirring wing,  
And the blue jay makes the woods to ring  
Beneath a verdurous canopy.

The feathery Fern ! the feathery Fern :  
An emerald sea, it waveth wide,  
Or seems to flash, and gleam, and burn,  
Like the scatter'd spray of a golden tide ;





THE HAUNT OF THE FERN.

On sunny slope, in leafy glade,  
Amid the twilight depths of shade,  
By intertwining branches made,  
And trunks with lichens glorified.

The feathery Fern ! the feathery Fern !  
Full oft with antler'd heads beset,  
Whose nimble hoofs, the ground that spurn,  
Dash through the fronds' with dew-drops wet,  
Like giant ferns of an older day,  
By megatheriums in their play,  
Or creatures mightier than they,  
For sport in the humid valleys met.

*Anon.*



## FAIR FLOWER ! FAIR FLOWER !

FAIR flower ! fair flower !  
Though thou seem'st so proudly growing,  
Though thou seem'st so sweetly blowing,  
With all heaven's smiles upon thee,  
The blight has fallen on thee,  
Every hope of life o'erthrowing,  
Fair flower ! fair flower !

Dear flower ! dear flower !  
Vainly we our sighs breathe o'er thee,  
No fond breath can e'er restore thee ;  
Vainly our tears are falling,  
Thou'rt past the dew's recalling ;  
We shall live but to deplore thee,  
Dear flower ! dear flower !

Poor flower ! poor flower !  
No aid now to health can win thee ;  
The fatal canker is within thee,  
Turning thy young heart's gladness  
To mourning and to madness ;  
Soon will the cold tomb enshrine thee,  
Poor flower ! poor flower !

Wan flower ! wan flower !  
Oh, how sad to thee lying,  
Meekly, calmly thus, though dying ;  
Sweeter in thy decaying  
Than all behind thee staying ;  
But vain, alas, is now our sighing,  
Lost flower ! lost flower !

*W. T. Moncrief.*







THE FRUIT-BEARER—SUMMER.

Now, welcome beautiful stranger,  
Thou joy of Nature, hail !  
With all thy wreaths and flowerets,  
Art welcome in the vale !

*Schiller.*



## THE BUD IS ON THE BOUGH.

"THE bud is on the bough,  
And the blossom on the tree ;"  
But the bud and the blossom  
Bring no joyousness to me.  
Wall'd up within the city's gloom,  
No pleasure can I know ;  
But like a caged linnet sing,  
To chase away my woe !

The bud will grow a blossom,  
The blossom will grow pale,  
And as they die the fruit will spring,  
But fall when o'er the vale  
Stern winter marches with his train  
In every wind that blows ;  
And I, unripe, with ripest fruit  
May in the dust repose.

But spring upon the seed will breathe,  
The seed become a tree ;  
And on the tree so beautiful  
Shall bud and blossom be :  
And shall I know a second spring ?  
Yes, brighter far than they ;  
When age puts on the blush of youth,  
And youth shall not decay !

*Francis Bennoch.*

## PRECEPTS OF FLOWERS.

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



Go, form a monitory wreath  
For youth's unthinking brow ;  
Go, and to busy mankind breathe  
What most he fears to know ;  
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,  
And tell him of the silent dead.  
But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,  
Ye breathe these truths severe,  
To those who droop in pale decay,  
Have ye no words of cheer?  
Oh, yes! ye weave a double spell,  
And death and life betoken well.  
Go, then, where wrapped in fear and gloom,  
Fond hearts and true are sighing,  
And deck with emblematic bloom  
The pillow of the dying ;  
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,  
Of the long sleep and broken chain ;  
And say, that He who from the dust  
Recalls the slumbering flower,  
Will surely visit those who trust  
His mercy and His power ;  
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,  
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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#### FLOWERS—THEIR SANCTITY.

A FLOWER is not a flower alone,  
A thousand sanctities invest it,  
And as they form a radiant zone,  
Around its simple beauty thrown,  
Their magic tints become its own,  
As if their spirit had possest it.

*Allport.*





### THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clear,  
Are Thy returns ! e'en as the flowers in spring—  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late-past frosts tributes of Pleasure bring—  
Grief melts away  
Like snow in May,  
As if there was no such cold thing.



Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart  
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone  
Quite underground ; as flow'rs depart  
To see their mother-root when they have blown,  
Where they together,  
All the hard weather  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power ;  
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell  
And up to heaven in an hour :  
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.  
We say amiss  
This or that is,—  
Thy Word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,  
Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither !  
Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
Offering at heav'n, growing and groaning thither ;  
Nor doth my flower  
Want a spring shower,  
My sins and I joining together.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of Love,  
To make us see we are but flowers that glide ;  
Which when we once can find and prove  
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide  
Who would be more,  
Swelling through store,  
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

*G. Herbert.*





## FLOWERS—THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our mother Nature laughs around,  
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;  
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,  
And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,  
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower ;  
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree ;  
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles  
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,  
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,—  
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away !

*W. Cullen Bryant.*

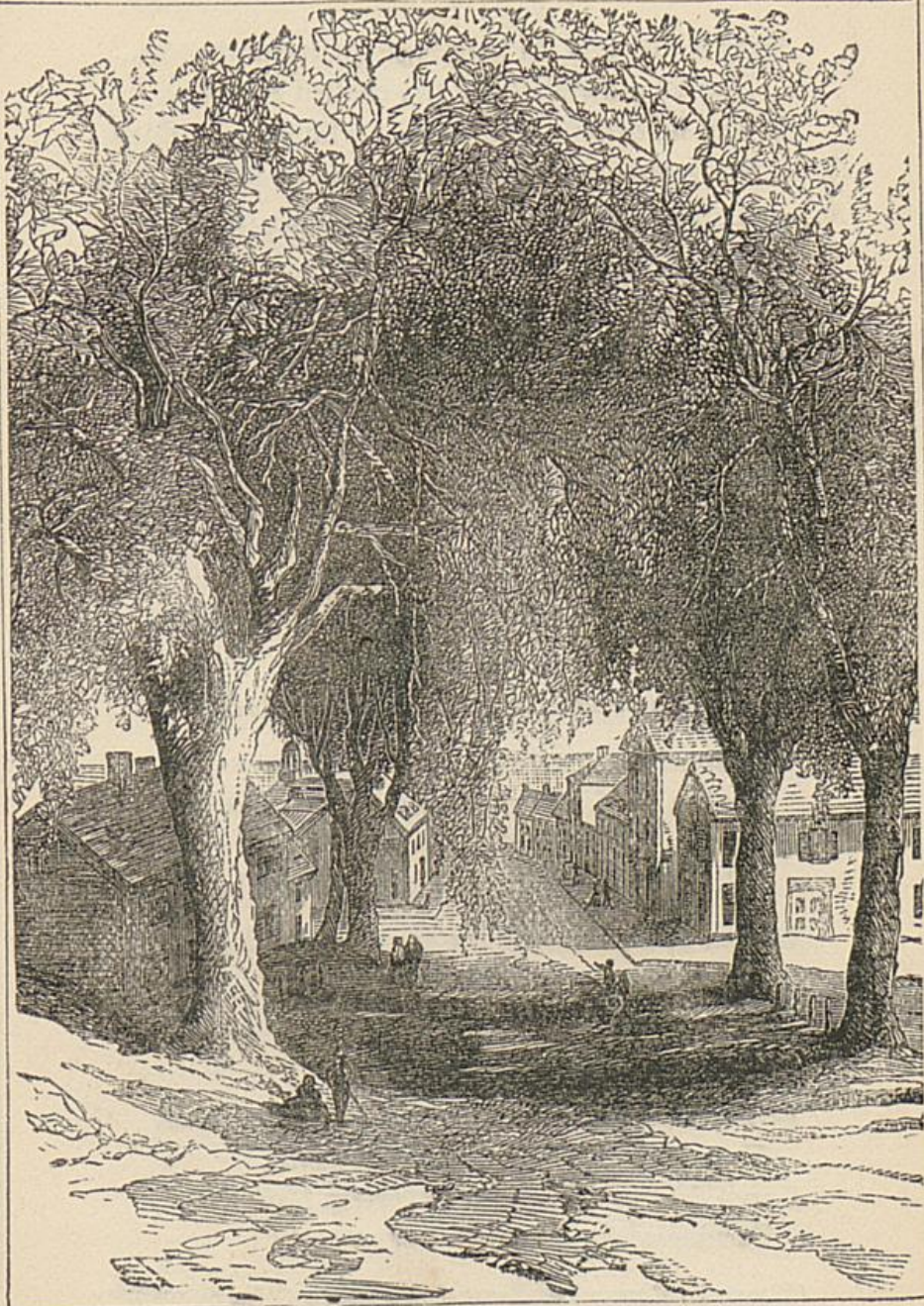
## FLOWERS—PREACHERS.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers ;  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to the fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendour  
Weep without woe and blush without a crime,  
Oh ! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
Your lore sublime !

*Horace Smith.*





THERE'S a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree.

*Bryant.*



## FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of eld ;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay !

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;  
Large desires with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;  
Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.



Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us spring is born ;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing  
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand ;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

*Longfellow.*





## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.  
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead ;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread ;  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.  
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang  
and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?  
Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.  
The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago ;  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague  
on men, [and glen.  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade,  
And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will  
come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees  
are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light of the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he  
bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.  
And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty died,  
The weak, fair blossom that grew up and faded by my side :—  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast its leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief,  
Yet not unmeet it was, that cherished friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

*W. C. Bryant.*





# FLOWERS OF MAY.

THE month of May is here—the pleasant May !  
 Her merry laugh is ringing through the wood :  
 Her brow is decked with hawthorn blossoms gay ;  
 She speaketh softly, as a maiden should ;  
 Sunlight is round her, and a perfect flood  
 Of melody ; she goeth on her way  
 Rejoicingly, and bids each glistening bud  
 Of all its hidden charms to make display.  
 Come forth, oh, ye who are in cities pent !



Roam in the greenwood, wander by the stream ;  
Health shall ye find, and careless merriment,  
Where silver daisies in the meadows gleam.  
Hark to the singing birds, the humming bee !  
Come forth to join in nature's jubilee !

*H. G. Adams.*

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#### HUMBLE FLOWERS.

NOR all-forgotten be those humbler flowers—  
Daisies and Buttercups—the child's first love,  
Which lent their magic to our guileless hours,  
Ere cares were known.  
Oh, joyous time! through verdant meads to rove,  
With wild flowers strewn.

*T. L. Merritt.*

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#### THE FORGET-ME-NOT. (*Remember me.*)

THE blue-eyed Forget-me-Not, beautiful flower,  
Half woo'd and half stolen, I brought from her bower  
By the bright river's bank, where she nestled so low,  
That the water o'er stem and o'er leaflet might flow.

---

#### THE FURZE. (*Love enduring.*)

ON me such beauty summer pours,  
That I am cover'd o'er with flowers ;  
And when the frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay,  
That you might look at me and say,  
"This plant can never die."

*Wordsworth.*



THE GROUNDSEL. (*Meeting.*)

I LOVE to see the little goldfinch pluck  
 The Groundsel's feathered seed, and twit, and twit,  
 And then, on bower of apple-blossoms perch'd,  
 Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song :  
 I would not hold him prisoner for the world.

*Hurdis.*

THE HAWTHORN. (*Hope.*)

AMONGST the many buds proclaiming May,  
 Decking the fields in holiday array,  
 Striving who shall surpass in bravery,  
 Mark the fair blooming of the Hawthorn tree,  
 Who, finely clothèd in a robe of white,  
 Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight ;



Yet for the bravery that she is in  
Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,  
Nor changeth robes but twice ; she is never seen  
In other colours than in white or green ;  
Learn then content, young shepherd, from this tree,  
Whose greatest wealth is nature's livery.

*W. Browne.*

---

THE HEATH (*Erica*).

How many a vagrant wing light waves around  
The purple bells, Erica ! 'Tis from thee  
The hermit-birds, that love the desert, find  
Shelter and food. Nor these alone delight  
In the fresh heath. Thy gallant mountaineers,  
Auld Scotia, smile to see it spread, immense,  
O'er their unconquer'd hills ; and at the close  
Of the keen boreal day, the undaunted race,  
Contented, in the rude Erica sink  
To healing sleep.

*Carrington.*

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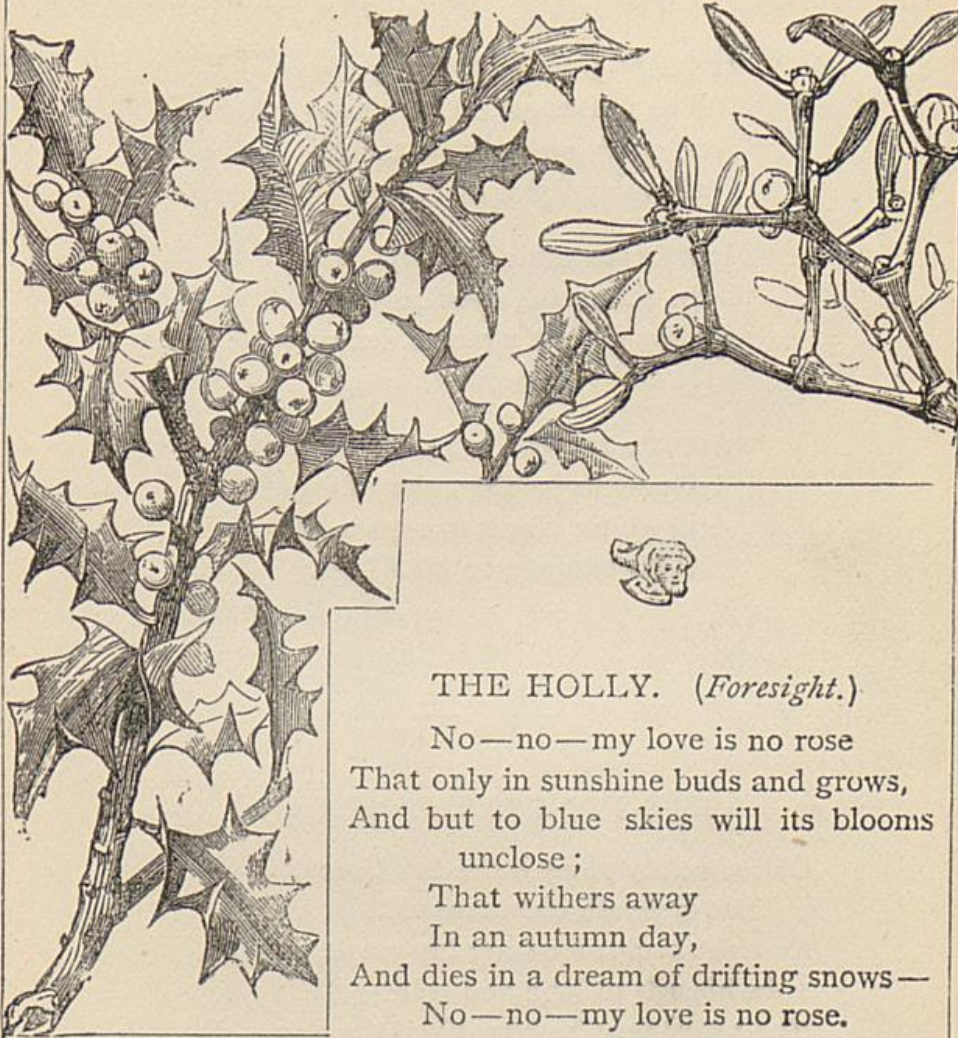
THE HELLEBORE. (*Scandal.*)

BRIGHT as the silvery plume or pearly shell,  
The snow-white rose, or lily's virgin bell,  
The fair *Helleborus* attractive shone,  
Warm'd every sage, and every shepherd won.

*Darwin.*





THE HOLLY. (*Foresight.*)

No—no—my love is no rose  
 That only in sunshine buds and grows,  
 And but to blue skies will its blooms  
     unclose ;  
 That withers away  
 In an autumn day,  
 And dies in a dream of drifting snows—  
 No—no—my love is no rose.

No—no—my love is no rose—  
 My love is the Holly that ever is green,  
 Whether breezes are balmy or blasts are keen,  
     The same that is still  
     In days sullen and chill  
 As when snowed with blossoms the orchards are seen—  
 No—no—my love is no rose.

*W. C. Bennett.*



THE IVY. (*Friendship.*)

It is not gloomy, brightly play  
The sunbeams on its glossy green ;  
And softly on it sleeps the ray  
Of moonlight, all serene.

It changes not as seasons flow,  
In changeful, silent course along ;  
Spring finds it verdant, leaves it so,  
It outlives summer's song.

Autumn no wan or russet stain  
Upon its fadeless glory flings ;  
And winter o'er it sweeps in vain,  
With tempest on his wings.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

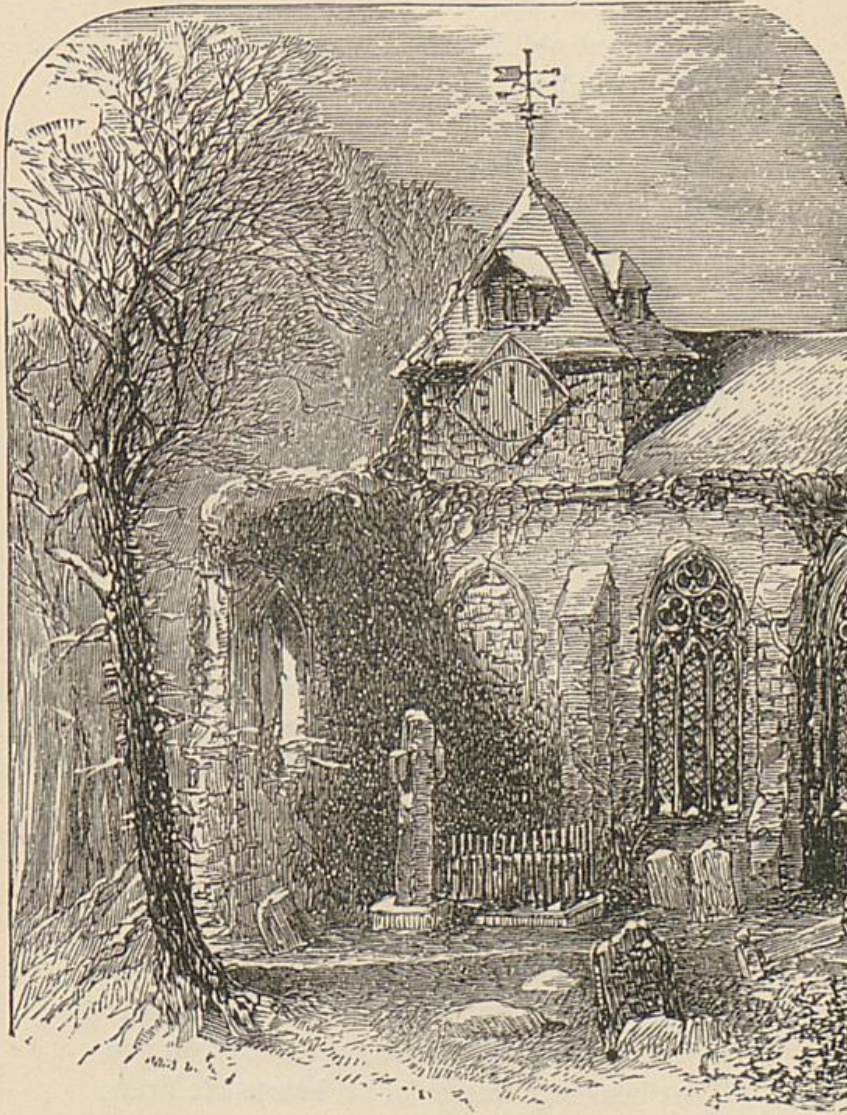
THE IVY GREEN. (*Fidelity.*)

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,  
That creepeth o'er ruins old !  
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
In his cell so lone and cold.  
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,  
To pleasure his dainty whim ;  
And the mould'ring dust that years have made  
Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,  
And a staunch old heart has he ;  
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,  
To his friend the huge oak-tree !





And slily he traileth along the ground,  
And his leaves he gently waves,  
And he joyously twines and hugs around  
The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.



Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,  
And nations scatter'd been ;  
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade  
From its hale and hearty green.  
The brave old plant in its lonely days  
Shall fatten upon the past ;  
For the stateliest building man can raise  
Is the Ivy's food at last.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

*Dickens.*

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#### THE JESSAMINE.

THE Jessamine, with which the queen of flowers,  
To charm her god, adorns his favourite bowers ;  
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,  
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast ;  
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste  
As the pure zone which circle's Dian's waist.

---

#### THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

FLOWERS ! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye  
Fell on your gentle beauty ; when from you  
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,  
Eternal, universal, as the sky ;  
Then, in the bosom of your purity,  
A voice He set as in a temple-shrine,  
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by  
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.  
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,  
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,



And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste ;  
 Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power  
 Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour,  
 Than yours, meek lilies,—chosen thus and graced.

*Hemans.*

### THE LILY.

ABOVE his head  
 Four lily stalks did their white honours  
     wed,  
 To make a coronal, and round him grew  
 All tendrils green, of every bloom and  
     hue.  
 Together intertwined and trammell'd  
     fresh :  
 The vine of glossy sprout—the ivy mesh,  
 Shading its Ethiop berries—and wood-  
     bine,  
 Of velvet leaves and bugle blooms  
     divine—  
 Convolvulus in streaked vases blush—  
 The creeper mellowing for an autumn  
     flush—  
 And Virgin's Bower trailing airily,  
 With others of the sisterhood.

*Keats.*







## THE GLORIES OF SKY AND EARTH.

THE hand of Him who built the skies,  
Adorns His flowers with various dyes,  
And clothes each beauteous plant.

*Broad.*



BEAUTIFUL LILY.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers,  
Or solitary mere,  
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers  
Its waters to the weir.

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry  
Of spindle and of loom,  
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry  
And rushing of the flume.

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance,  
Thou dost not toil nor spin,  
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence  
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,  
And round thee throng and run  
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,  
And tilts against the field,  
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent  
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,  
Who, armed with golden rod  
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest  
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities  
Hauntest the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties  
That come to us as dreams.



O Flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet ;—  
O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever  
The world more fair and sweet.

*Longfellow.*

---

THE LINDEN TREE.

THERE'S a song for thee—of the Linden Tree !  
A song of the silken lime !  
There is no other tree so pleaseth me,  
No other so fit for rhyme.

When I was a boy, it was all my joy  
To rest in its scented shade,  
When the sun was high, and the river nigh  
A musical murmur made :

When, floating along like a winged song,  
The traveller-bee would stop,  
And choose for his bower the lime-tree flower,  
And drink—to the last sweet drop.

When the evening star stole forth, afar,  
And the gnats flew round and round,  
I sought for a rhyme, beneath the lime,  
Or dreamed on the grassy ground.

Ah !—years have fled ; and the Linden, dead,  
Is a brand on the cottier's floor ;  
And the river creeps through its slimy deeps,  
And youth—is a thought of yore !

Yet—they live again, in the dreamer's brain :  
As deeds of love and wrong,  
Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die,  
Survive in the poet's song.

*Barry Cornwall.*





When I was a boy, it was all my joy  
To rest in its scented shade,  
When the sun was high, and the river nigh  
A musical murmur made.—*Page 58.*



## LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it "Love Lies Bleeding,"—so you may,  
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,  
As we have seen it here from day to day,  
From month to month, life passing not away :  
A flower how rich in sadness ! Even thus stoops  
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power),  
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent  
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,  
The dying Gladiator. So, sad flower !  
( 'Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,  
Though by a slender thread )  
So drooped Adonis, bathed in sanguine dew  
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air  
The gentlest breath of resignation drew ;  
While Venus in a passion of despair  
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair,  
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.  
She suffered, as immortals sometimes do ;  
But pangs more lasting far *that* lover knew  
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower,  
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart  
Into the service of his constant heart,  
His own dejection, downcast flower ! could share  
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt  
ever bear.

Wordsworth.



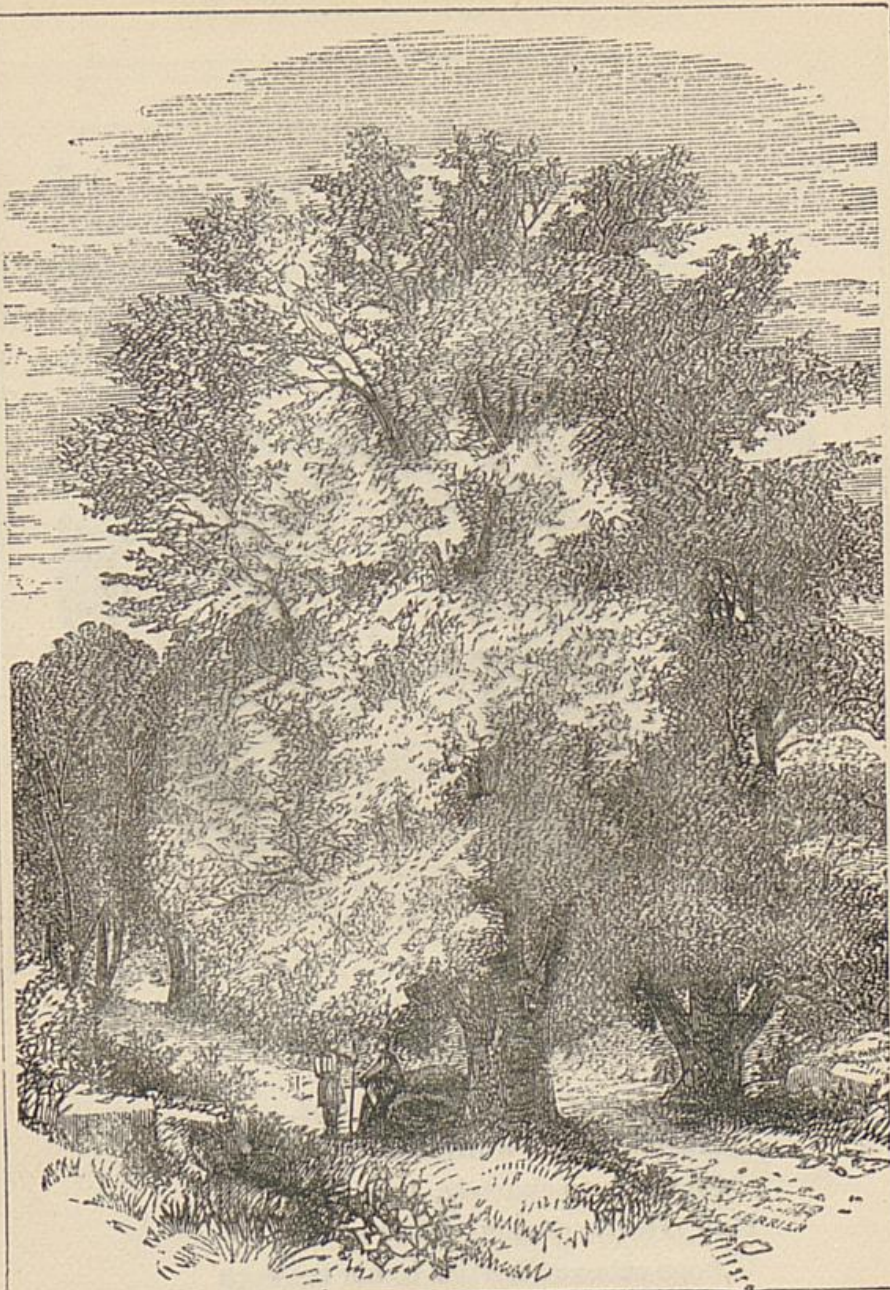




## THE MISTLETOE.

HAIL, silvery, modest Mistletoe,  
Wreath'd round winter's brow of snow,  
    Clinging so chastely, tenderly !  
Hail, Holly, darkly, richly green,  
Whose crimson berries blush between  
    Thy prickly foliage modestly :  
Ye winter flowers bloom sweet and fair,  
Though winter's garden else be bare—  
Ye vernal glistening emblems, meet  
To twine a Christmas coronet.





THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

I SAW a crag, a lofty stone  
As ever tempest beat.  
Out of its head an oak had grown,  
A Broom out of its feet.  
The time was March, a cheerful noon—



The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,  
Breathed gently from the warm south-west :  
When, in a voice sedate with age,  
This Oak, a giant and a sage,  
His neighbour thus addressed :—

“ Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay,  
Along this mountain's edge,  
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,  
Wedge driving after wedge.  
Look up ! and think, above your head  
What trouble, surely, will be bred :  
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,  
The splinters took another road—  
I see them yonder—what a load  
For such a Thing as you !

• • • • •  
“ From me this friendly warning take ”—  
The Broom began to doze,  
And thus, to keep herself awake,  
Did gently interpose :

“ My thanks for your discourse are due ;  
That more than what you say is true  
I know, and I have known it long ;  
Frail is the bond by which we hold  
Our being, whether young or old,  
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

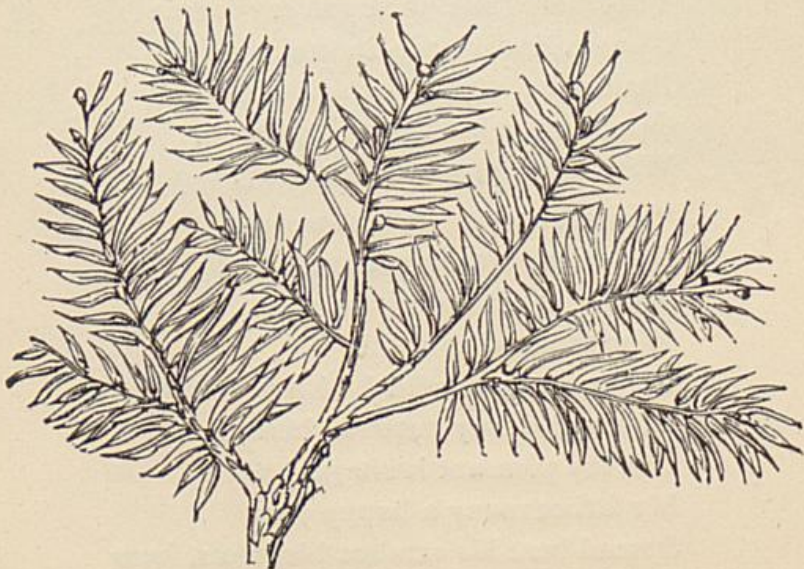
“ Disasters, do the best we can,  
Will reach both great and small ;  
And he is oft the wisest man  
Who is not wise at all.  
For me, why should I wish to roam ?  
This spot is my paternal home,  
It is my pleasant heritage ;  
My father many a happy year  
Spread here his careless blossoms, here  
Attained a good old age.



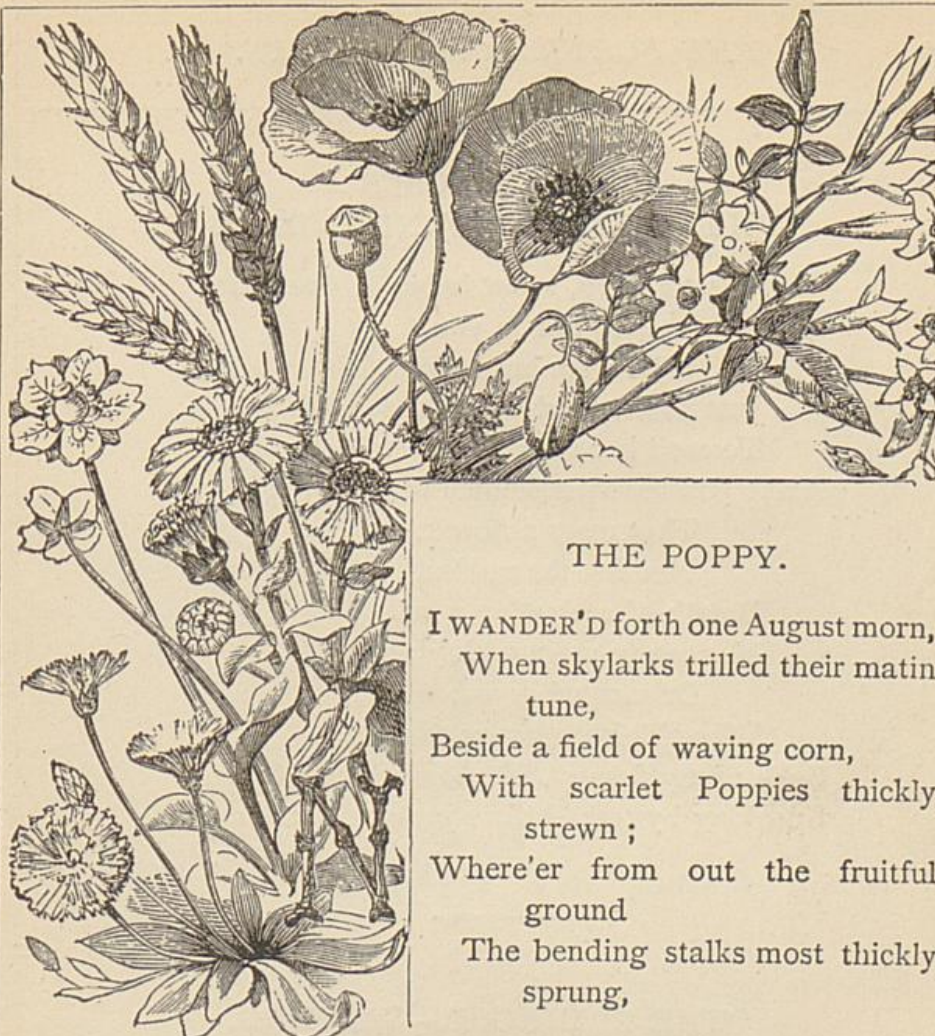
" Even such as his may be my lot.  
What cause have I to haunt  
My heart with terrors? Am I not  
In truth a favoured plant?  
On me such bounty summer pours,  
That I am covered o'er with flowers;  
And, when the frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay  
That you might look at me and say,  
This plant can never die."

. . . . .  
One night, my Children! from the north  
There came a furious blast;  
At break of day I ventured forth,  
And near the cliff I passed.  
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,  
And struck him with a mighty stroke,  
And whirled, and whirled him far away;  
And, in one hospitable cleft,  
The little careless Broom was left  
To live for many a day.

*Wordsworth.*







### THE POPPY.

I WANDER'D forth one August morn,  
 When skylarks trilled their matin  
 tune,  
 Beside a field of waving corn,  
 With scarlet Poppies thickly  
 strewn ;  
 Where'er from out the fruitful  
 ground  
 The bending stalks most thickly  
 sprung,

There did the Poppies most abound,  
 And there their flaunting streamers hung :  
 I likened them, those Poppies red,  
 To *Pride*. My reason for't was this—  
 Pride e'er is gaily raimented,  
 And groweth most where plenty is.

*H. G. Adams.*





TO PRIMROSES  
FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
Speak grief in you,  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teemed her refreshing dew?  
Alas! you have not known that shower  
That mars a flower,  
Nor felt the unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind;  
Nor are ye worn with years,  
Or warped as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.  
*Herrick.*

THE PRIMROSE.—WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,  
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!  
The stooping boughs above me,  
The wandering bee to love me,  
The fern and moss to creep across,  
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,  
A great, lofty Elm-tree! with green leaves gay!  
The winds would set them dancing,  
The sun and moonshine glance in,  
The birds would house among the boughs,  
And sweetly sing.



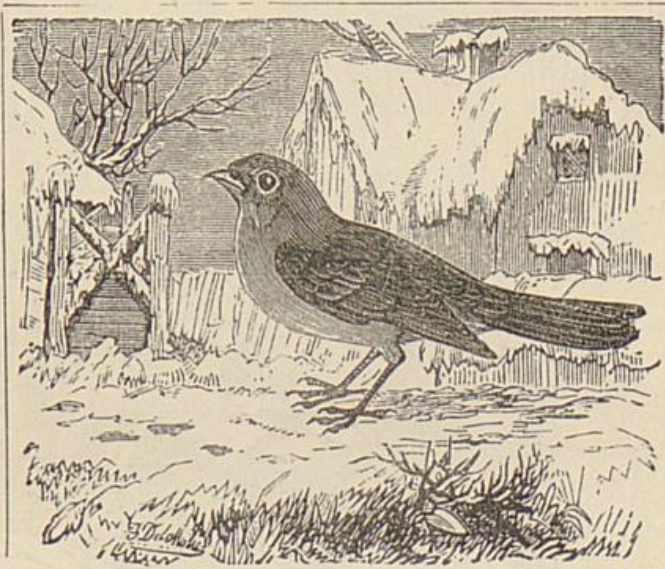


"Ring-ting ! I wish I were a Primrose,  
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring !"

*Page 66.*



O—no ! I wish I were a Robin,  
 A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go ;  
     Through forest, field, or garden,  
     And ask no leave or pardon,  
 Till winter comes with icy thumbs  
     To ruffle up our wing.



Well—tell ! Where should I fly to,  
 Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell ?  
     Before a day was over,  
     Home comes the rover,  
 For mother's kiss—sweeter this  
     Than any other thing.

*W. Allingham.*

OH, who can speak the joys of spring's young morn,  
 When wood and pasture open on his view,  
 When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,  
 And the first Primrose dips its leaves in dew?

*Bloomfield.*





A SPRING NOSEGAY.

## THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A ROCK there is whose homely front  
The passing traveller slights ;  
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,  
Like stars, at various heights :  
And one coy Primrose to that rock  
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
What kingdoms overthrown,  
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft



And marked it for my own ;  
A lasting link in Nature's chain  
From highest heaven let down !

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
Their fellowship renew ;  
The stems are faithful to the root,  
That worketh out of view ;  
And to the rock the root adheres,  
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
Though threatening still to fall ;  
The earth is constant to her sphere ;  
And God upholds them all :  
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads  
Her annual funeral.

*Wordsworth.*

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#### THE MOSS-ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers, one day,  
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ;  
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given  
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.  
Awaking from his light repose,  
The angel whispered to the rose :  
" O fondest object of my care,  
Still fairest found, where all are fair ;  
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee !"  
" Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,  
" On me another grace bestow !"



The spirit paused in silent thought,—  
What grace was there that flower had not?  
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws,  
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,  
Could there a flower that rose exceed?



GO, HAPPY ROSE.

Go, happy rose! and, interweave  
With other flowers, bind my love.  
Tell her, too, she must not be  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands  
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;  
Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have myrtle rods at will,  
For to tame, though not to kill.



Take thou my blessing thus, and go,  
And tell her this,—but do not so !  
Lest a handsome anger fly  
Like a lightning from her eye,  
And burn thee up as well as I.

*Herrick.*

---

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

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

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired :  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

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.*  
 (*Last verse added by Kirke White.*)



## THE ROSE.

How fair is the Rose ! what a beautiful flower,  
The glory of April and May !  
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,  
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,  
Above all the flowers of the field ;  
When its leaves all dead, and its fine colours lost,  
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
Though they bloom and look gay like the Rose ;  
But all our fond cares to preserve them is vain,  
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,  
Since both of them wither and fade ;  
But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;  
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

*Watts.*

## THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,  
Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;  
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,  
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,  
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,  
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.





I hastily seized it, unfit as it was  
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,  
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !  
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.  
And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part  
Some act by the delicate mind,  
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
Already to sorrow resigned.  
This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
Might have bloomed with its owner a while ;  
And the tear that is wiped, with a little address,  
May be followed perhaps by a smile. *Cowper.*



## ROSES IN A GARDEN.

DOWN this side of the gravel-walk

She went, while her robe's edge brushed the box :  
And here she paused in her gracious talk

To point me a moth on the milk-white flox.  
Roses, ranged in valiant row,

I will never think that she passed you by !  
She loves you, noble roses, I know ;  
But yonder, see where the rock-plants lie.

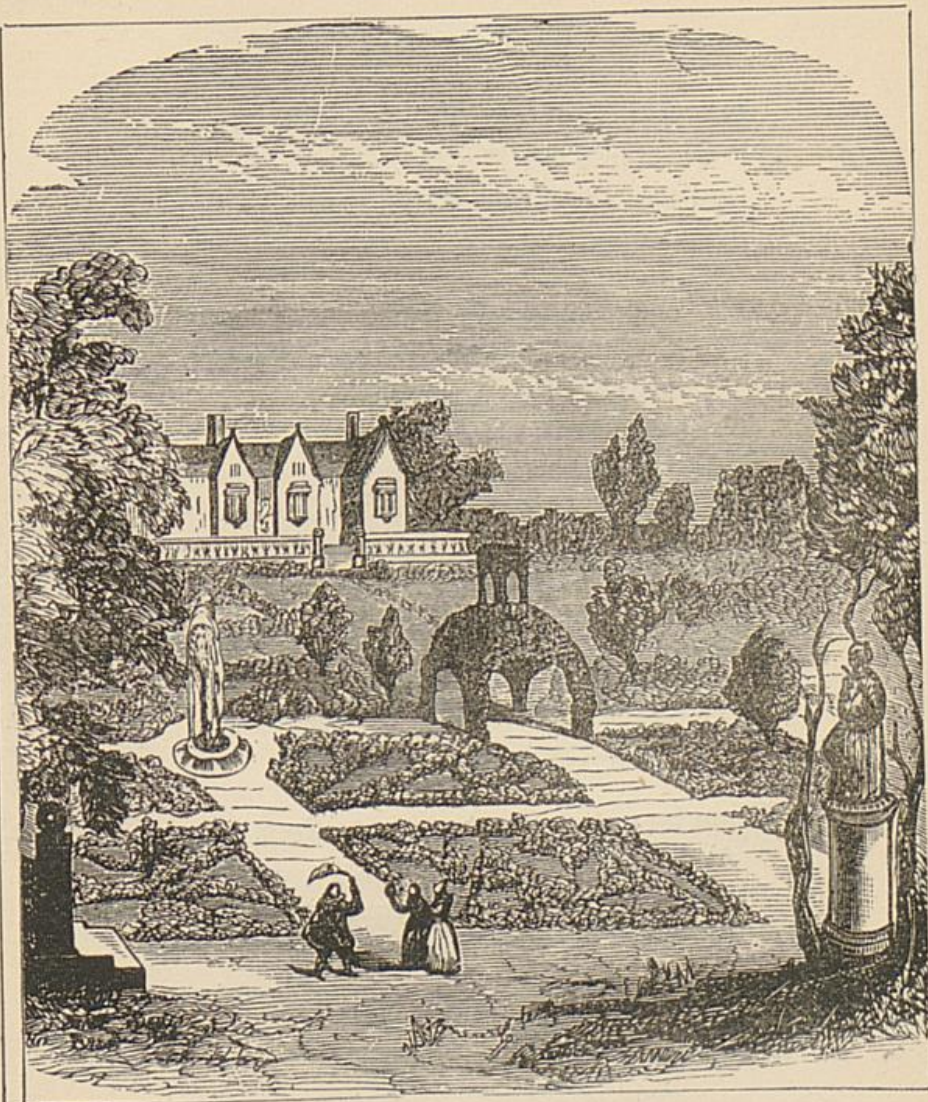
This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,  
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;  
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
Its soft meandering Spanish name.

What a name ! was it love or praise ?  
Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake ?  
I must learn Spanish, one of these days,  
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,  
I may bring her one of these days,  
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,  
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase !  
But do not detain me now ; for she lingers  
There, like sunshine over the ground,  
And ever I see her soft white fingers  
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,  
Stay as you are and be loved for ever !  
Bud, if I kiss you 't is that you blow not,  
Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never !  
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
Till round they turn and down they nestle—  
Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?





Where I found her not, beauties vanish ;  
 Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;  
 Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
 June's twice June since she breathed it with me?  
 Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,  
 Treasure my lady's lightest foot-fall ;  
 Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—  
 Roses, you are not so fair after all !

*Robert Browning.*



## ROSEBUDS.

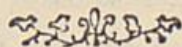
GATHER ye Rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying ;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry :  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*Herrick.*



## A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,  
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
All on a dewy morning.



Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,  
In a' its crimson glory spread,  
And drooping rich the dewy head,  
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
A little linnet fondly prest,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair !  
On trembling string, or vocal air,  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tends thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parents' evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

*Burns.*

---

A RED, RED ROSE.

Oh, my love's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June :  
Oh, my love's like the melody  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I ;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.



Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.  
And fare thee weel, my only love !  
And fare thee weel awhile !  
And I will come again, my love,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

*Burns.*

---

ROSES IN THE BRIDAL GARLAND.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,  
Not royal in their smells alone,  
But in their hue ;  
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,  
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint.  
And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,  
Merry spring-time's harbinger,  
With her bells dim ;  
Oxlips in their cradles growing,  
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,  
Lark-heels trim ;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,  
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,  
Blessing their sense !  
Not an angel of the air,  
Bird melodious or bird fair,  
Be absent hence !

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*





ROSEMARY.

SWEET-SCENTED flower, who art wont to bloom  
On January's front severe,  
And o'er the wintry season drear  
To waft thy sweet perfume !  
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,  
And I will bind thee round my brow ;

And as I twine the mournful wreath,  
I'll weave a melancholy song,  
And sweet the strain shall be, and long  
The melody of death.





## SNOWDROPS.

My Snowdrops, oh my Snowdrops !  
How gaily, every spring,  
They covered all our mossy banks  
With many a fairy ring ;  
How delicately beautiful  
Their little blossoms were,  
Like tiny spirits hovering  
Upon the chilly air.

My Snowdrops, oh my Snowdrops !  
I shall never, without pain,  
See your little fragile blossoms  
In the early spring again :



For my only one, my loved one,  
A fragile thing like you,  
Both came to me and left me  
In the spring, as Snowdrops do.

Like the crimson light of sunset  
Streaming through a wreath of snow,  
So soft upon her pallid cheek  
The hectic fever's glow.  
As fading Snowdrops gently sink  
Upon the cold earth's breast,  
So gently sank my holy child  
To her eternal rest.

My only one, my loved one !  
I shall see her yet again,  
When I too am transplanted  
From this world of grief and pain.  
Her Snowdrops, oh ! her Snowdrops,  
Shall be ever dear to me ;  
I will cherish them as emblems  
Of her immortality.  
*"Dove on the Cross."*

---

#### SOLITUDE OF THE FOREST.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good !  
Hail, ye plebeian under-wood !  
Where the poetic birds rejoice,  
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food  
Pay with their grateful voice.





Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat !  
Ye country houses and retreat,  
Which all the happy gods so love,  
That for you oft they quit their bright and great  
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect ;  
Nature, the wisest architect,  
Who those fond artists does despise  
That can the fair and living trees neglect,  
Yet the dead timber prize.



Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,  
With all their wanton boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful birds to both replying ;  
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,  
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,  
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,  
And see how prettily they smile, and hear  
How prettily they talk.

Ah, wretched and too solitary he,  
Who loves not his own company !  
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,  
Unless he call in sin or vanity  
To help to bear 't away.

*Cowley.*

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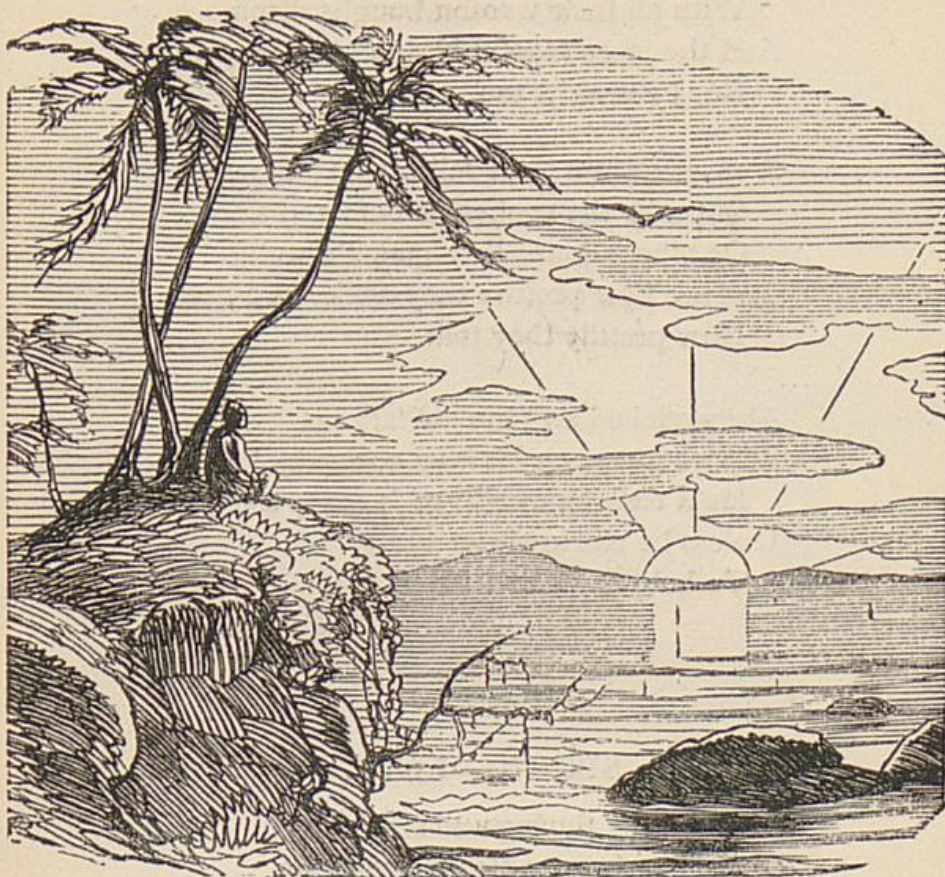
SPRING—LATE.

THE sleepy Spring was still in bed,  
And to rise was slowly preparing,  
When she heard the soft fall of the Zephyr's tread,  
Who came to give her an airing.

She rose in haste, not dressed in blue,  
But clad in her wintry mourning ;  
Just stuck in her bosom a snowdrop or two  
Her brow a faint smile adorning.

Then away over meadow, and garden, and wood,  
Her light-winged courser bore her ;  
But in her fair eyes the tear-drop stood,  
To see the drear scene before her.





So long had the tyrant of northern birth  
His iron reign extended,  
The genial commerce of sky and earth  
Had well-nigh been suspended.

The young birds had met on St. Valentine's feast,  
All eager to get married ;  
But the sullen saint refused to be priest ;—  
For another red-day they tarried.



The crocus had put forth its feelers green,  
But drew in its head in affright, oh ;  
On hearing the peas, as soon as seen,  
Had been all cut off in a night, oh.

The lilac gay, that loves to be first,  
Stood shivering still and pouting,  
And many a bud was longing to burst,  
But its orders as yet was doubting.

And the queen of the season, so ill did she feel,  
She again took to bed in pure sorrow ;  
But the Sun has been called in, her sickness to heal,  
And we hope she'll be better to-morrow.

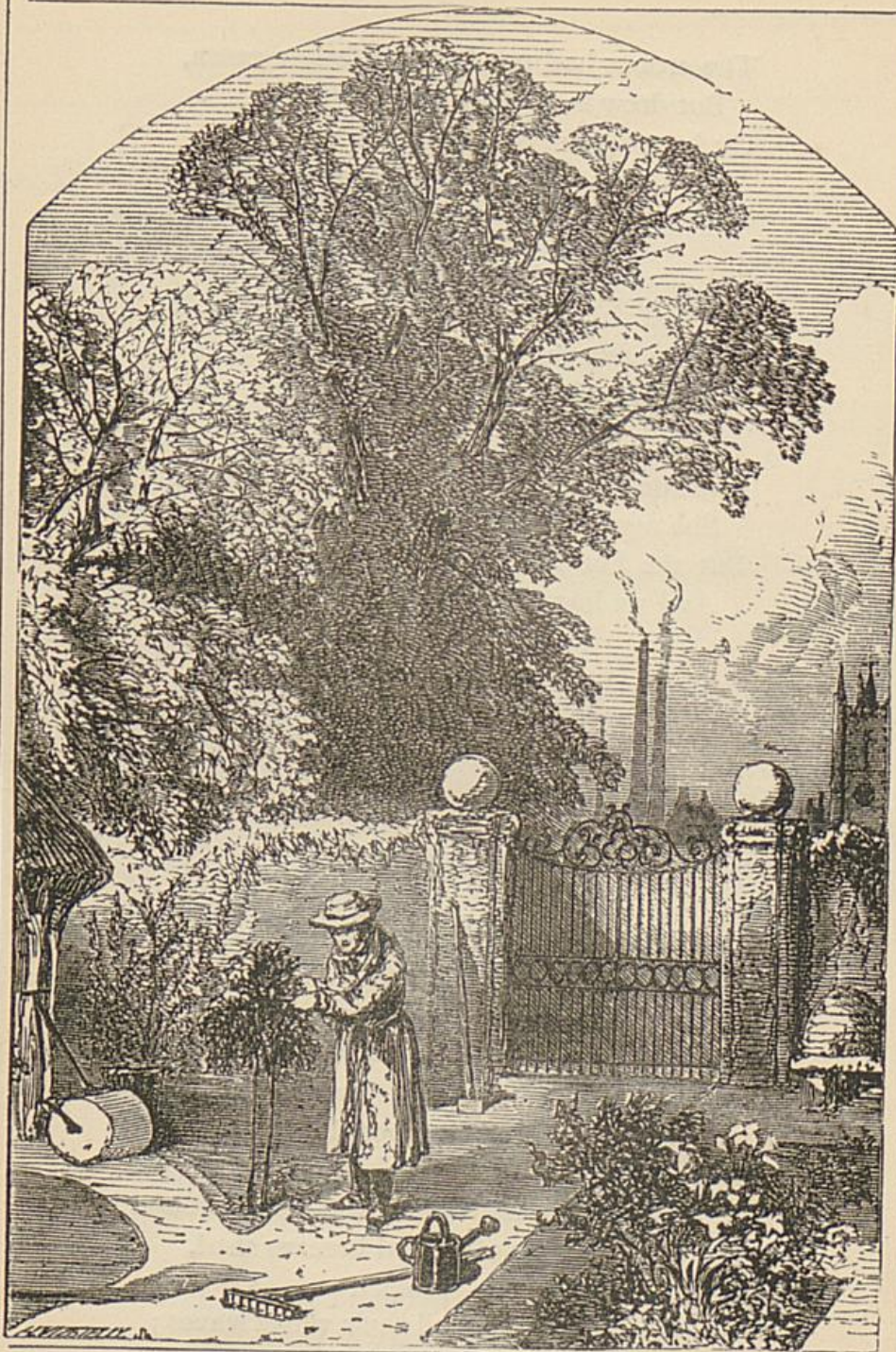
*Conder.*

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SPRING.—THE GARDEN.

ALONG these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;  
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;  
The daisy, primrose ; violet, darkly blue ;  
And polyanthus, of unnumbered dyes ;  
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,  
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round ;  
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemones ; auriculas enriched  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.  
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays





Her idle freaks ; from family diffused  
To family, as flies the father dust,



The varied colours run, and while they break  
On the charmed eye, th' exulting florist marks,  
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,  
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes :  
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,  
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,  
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;  
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;  
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask rose.  
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,  
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
The breath of Nature and her endless bloom.

*Thomson.*

---

SPRING—ITS CLOSE.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,  
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,  
Anemones that spangled every grove,  
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.  
No more shall violets linger in the dell,  
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,  
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,  
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.  
Ah, poor humanity ! so frail, so fair,  
Are the fond visions of thy early day,  
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,  
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away !  
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring ;  
Ah ! why has happiness no second spring?

*Charlotte Smith.*



## SPRING—PERPETUAL.

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there  
Continual, both meeting at one time ;  
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,  
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,  
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,  
Which seem to labour under their fruits' load ;  
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime  
Amongst the shady leaves (their sweet abode),  
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that paradise  
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top  
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,  
Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,  
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,  
But like a garland compassed the height,  
And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,  
That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,  
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

*Spenser.*

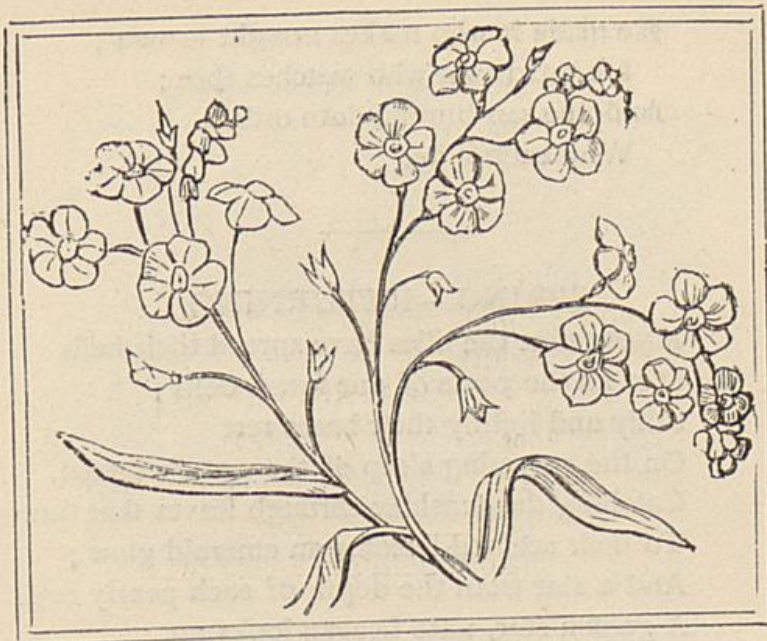
## SPRING FLOWER—FADING.

OH spare my flower ! my gentle flower,  
The slender creature of a day !  
Let it bloom out its little hour,  
And pass away.

Too soon its fleeting charms must lie  
Decayed, unnoticed, overthrown ;  
Oh hasten not its destiny,  
So like my own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,  
And sigh to find its playmate gone ;





The bee will come its sweets to borrow,  
And meet with none.

Oh spare ! And let it still outspread  
Its beauties to the passing eye,  
And look up from its lowly bed  
Upon the sky.

Oh spare my flower ! Thou know'st not what  
Thy undiscerning hand would tear ;  
A thousand charms thou notest not,  
Lie treasured there.

Not Solomon, in all his state,  
Was clad like Nature's simplest child,  
Nor could the world combined create  
One floweret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument  
Of the Almighty's power and skill ;  
And let it at its shrine present  
Its homage still.



He made it who makes nought in vain ;  
He watches it who watches thee ;  
And He can best its date ordain  
Who bade it be. *Lyte.*

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## SPRING.—RETURNING.

KNOW that the lilies have spread their bells  
O'er all the pools of our forest dells ;  
Stilly and lightly their bases rest  
On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,  
Catching the sunshine through leaves that throw  
To their scented bosoms an emerald glow ;  
And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,  
A golden star, unto heaven looks up,  
As if seeking its kindred, where bright they lie,  
Set in the blue of the summer sky.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

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## THE STRAWBERRY - BLOSSOM.

THAT is work of waste and ruin—  
Do as Charles and I are doing.  
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
We must spare them—here are many :  
Look at it—the flower is small,  
Small and low, though fair as any :  
Do not touch it ! summers two  
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne !  
Pull as many as you can.  
—Here are daisies, take your fill ;  
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower :  
Of the lofty daffodil  
Make your bed, or make your bower ;





Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;  
Only spare the Strawberry-blossom !  
Primroses, the spring may love them —  
Summer knows but little of them :  
Violets, a barren kind,  
Withered on the ground must lie ;  
Daisies leave no fruit behind  
When the pretty flowerets die ;  
Pluck them, and another year  
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power  
To the favoured Strawberry-flower.  
Hither soon as spring is fled  
You and Charles and I will walk ;  
Lurking berries, ripe and red,  
Then will hang on every stalk,  
Each within its leafy bower ;  
And for that promise spare the flower !  
*Wordsworth.*





## SUMMER SWEETS.

*(The Nosegay.)*

Oh, luv will venture in  
 Where it daurna weel be seen ;  
 Oh, luv will venture in  
 Where wisdom ance has been ;  
 But I will down yon river rove,  
 Among the wood sae green—  
 And a' to pu' a posie  
 To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',  
 The firstling of the year ;

And I will pu' the pink,  
 The emblem o' my dear ;  
 For she's the pink o' womankind,  
 And blooms without a peer—  
 And a' to be a posie  
 To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,  
 When Phœbus peeps in view,  
 For it's like a baumy kiss  
 O' her sweet, bonny mou' ;



The hyacinth's for constancy,  
Wi' its unchanging blue—  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,  
And the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom  
I'll place the lily there ;  
The daisy's for simplicity,  
And unaffected air—  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',  
Wi' its locks o' siller gray.  
Where, like an aged man,  
It stands at break of day.  
But the songster's nest within the bush  
I winna tak away—  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',  
When the evening star is near,  
And the diamond draps o' dew  
Shall be her een sae clear ;  
The violet's for modesty,  
Which weel she fa's to wear—  
And a' to be a poisie  
For my own dear May.

I'll tie the posie round  
With the silken bands o' luvie,  
And I'll place it in her breast,  
And I'll swear by all above



That to my latest draught o' life,  
The band shall ne'er remove ;  
And this will be a posie  
To my ain dear May,      *Burns.*

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THE SWEET-BRIER.

THE Sweet-brier under the window-sill,  
Which the early birds made glad,  
And the damask rose by the garden fence  
Were all the flowers we had.

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I've looked at many a flower since then,  
Far brought, and rich, and rare,  
To other eyes more beautiful  
But not to me so fair ;



For those roses bright, oh, those roses bright!  
I have twined them with my sister's locks,  
That are laid in the dust from sight!

*Phæbe Cary.*



#### THE THISTLE.

AND, in our vacant mood,  
Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft  
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,  
That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,  
Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!  
And starting off again with freak as sudden;  
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while  
Making report of an invisible breeze  
That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,  
Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul. *Wordsworth.*



## THE THISTLE.

WHO gave the Thistle's feather'd seed its plumes,  
That, wing-like, waft it on each gentle breeze  
To sterile yet to it congenial soils,  
Investing them with purple beauty, rife  
With fragrant treasures for the wild bee's store?

*Merritt.*

## THISTLES IN THE WASTE.

HERE thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,  
And to the ragged infant threaten war ;  
Here poppies, nodding, mock the hopes of toil ;  
Here the tall bugloss paints the sterile soil ;  
Hardy and high above the slender sheaf  
The shining mallow waves her silky leaf ;  
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade ;  
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade.

*Crabbe.*

## THE THISTLE.—DUTY.

DUTY, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown ;  
Choose her Thistle for thy sceptre,  
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,  
Fairest damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine queen ;

And insures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,





Bending low before the Donor,  
Lord of heaven's unchanging year !

*Wordsworth.*

#### THE THORN.

THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,  
In truth, you 'd find it hard to say  
How it could ever have been young,  
It looks so old and grey.  
Not higher than a two years' child,  
It stands erect, this aged Thorn ;  
No leaves it has, no prickly points ;  
It is a mass of knotted joints,  
A wretched thing forlorn.  
It stands erect, and like a stone  
With lichens is it overgrown.



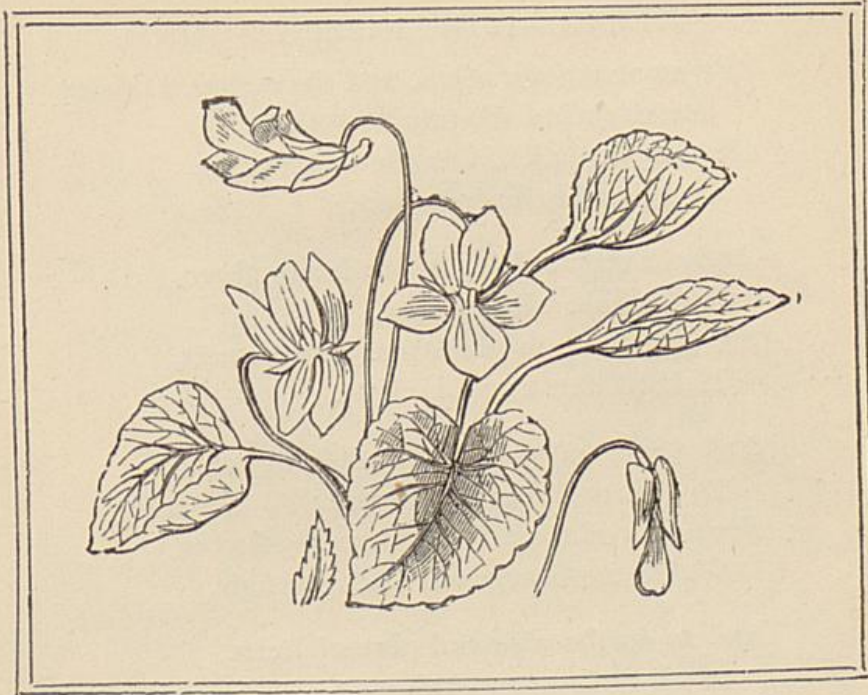
Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown  
With lichens to the very top,  
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
A melancholy crop :  
Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
And this poor Thorn they clasp it round  
So close you 'd say that they are bent  
With plain and manifest intent  
To drag it to the ground ;  
And all have joined in one endeavour  
To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

And, close beside this aged Thorn,  
There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,  
Just half a foot in height.  
All lovely colours there you see,  
All colours that were ever seen ;  
And mossy network too is there,  
As if by hand of lady fair  
The work had woven been ;  
And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me ! what lovely tints are there  
Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,  
Green, red, and pearly white !  
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
Which close beside the Thorn you see,  
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
Is like an infant's grave in size,  
As like as like can be :  
But never, never anywhere,  
An infant's grave was half so fair.

*Wordsworth.*





## VIOLETS.

UNDER the green hedges, after the snow,  
There do the dear little Violets grow,  
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads  
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,  
Down there do the dear little Violets lie ;  
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,  
By the leaves you may know where the Violet hath been.

*F. Moultrie.*

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

*Wordsworth.*



## VIOLETS.—LOWLINESS OF MIND.

'Twas a summer morn, and the softened breeze  
Scarce ruffled the tiny flowers,  
As they lay half hid in the velvet grass  
Or nestled in leafy bowers.

And a happy child was wandering there,  
And with a wild delight,  
Stooped down to pluck the Violets sweet,  
Half hidden from his sight.

And down he lay on that cushion green,  
To gather the fragrant buds ;  
For he loved them better than any flower  
Which the blossomed earth bestuds.

And so do the wise and pure of heart,  
Of all the human kind,  
Esteem and love with a closer bond  
A lowly heart and mind.

So does the Wise One who dwells above  
Look down on the meek below,  
And causes the fragrance of inward peace  
Round the hearts of such to flow.

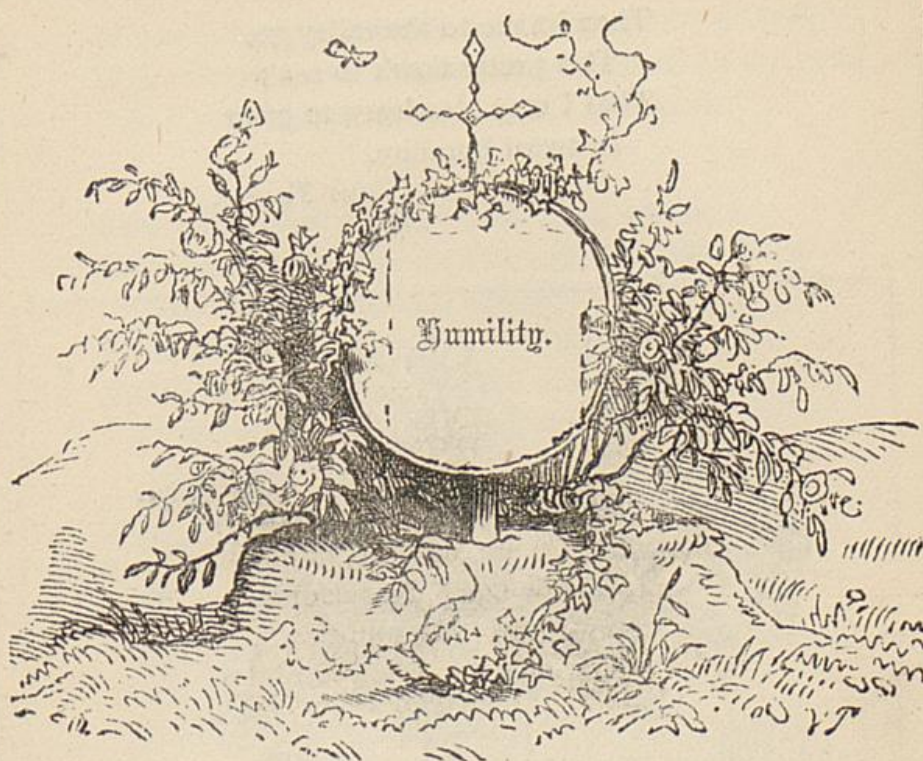
*Irne.*

## THE VIOLET—A TYPE OF LOVE.

It has a scent, as though Love, for its dower,  
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost ;  
For though the rose has more perfuming power,  
The Violet (haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,  
And takes us so much trouble to discover)  
Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

*Barry Cornwall.*





THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew ;  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

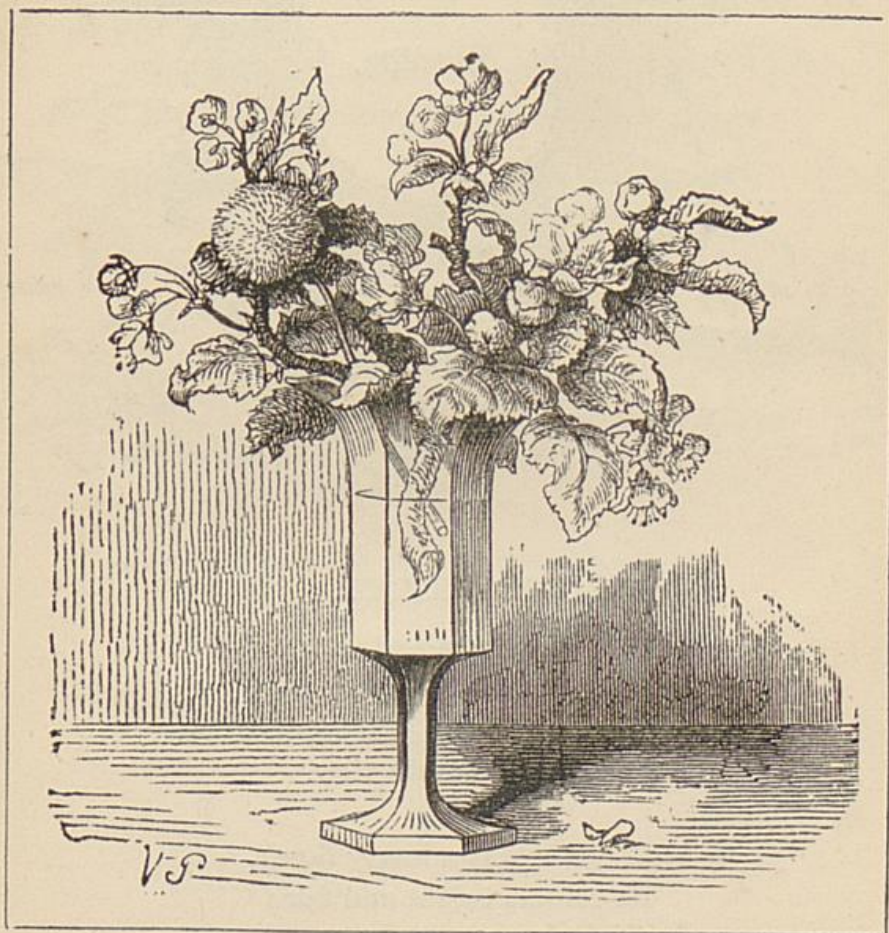
And yet it was a lovely flow'r,  
Its colours bright and fair ;  
It might have graced a rosy bow'r,  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints array'd ;  
And there diffused its sweet perfume,  
Within the silent shade.



Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flow'r to see ;  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.

*Jane Taylor.*



WILD FLOWERS.

NOT a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June ;  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,



Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell,

Even now, what affections the violet awakes !  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore !  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,  
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

*Campbell.*

---

#### WOODLAND FLOWERS AND TREES.

Up this green woodland path we'll softly rove,  
And list the nightingale ; she dwelleth here.  
Hush ! let the wood-gate gently close, for fear  
Its noise might scare her from her home of love.  
Here have I heard her sing for many a year,  
At noon and eve, ay, all the livelong day,  
As though she lived on song. In this same spot,  
Just where the old-man's beard all wildly trails  
Its tresses o'er the track, and stops the way,  
And where the child the fox-glove flowers hath got,



Laughing and creeping through the moss-grown rails,  
Oft have I hunted, like a truant boy,  
Creeping through thorny brakes with eager joy,  
To find her nest, and see her feed her young ;  
And where those crimped ferns grow rank among  
The hazel boughs, I've nestled down full oft,  
To watch her warbling on some spray aloft,  
With wings all quivering in her ecstasy,  
And feathers ruffled up in transport high,  
And bill wide open to relieve her heart  
Of its outsobbing song ! But, with a start,  
If I but stirred a branch, she stopped at once,  
And flying off swift as the eye could glance,  
In leafy distance hid, to sing again.  
Anon from bosom of that green retreat,  
Her song anew in silvery strains would gush,  
With *jug, jug, jug*, and quavered trilling sweet,  
Till roused to emulate the enchanting strain,  
From hawthorn spray piped loud the merry thrush  
Her loud bravura through the woodlands wild !

*J. Clare.*

---

#### THE WOODS AT NIGHT.

THE moon rose majestic unclouded and bright,  
And in triumph she rode through the blue eastern sky,  
While the wave 'neath her splendour was dancing in light,  
Just ruffling its hues as the low breeze passed by.

How sweet on the ear broke the glad sound of mirth,  
As by distance 't was mellowed and wafted along ;  
Oh ! it seemed not a sound that belonged to the earth,  
But some sweet fabled lay, like the Syren's soft song.





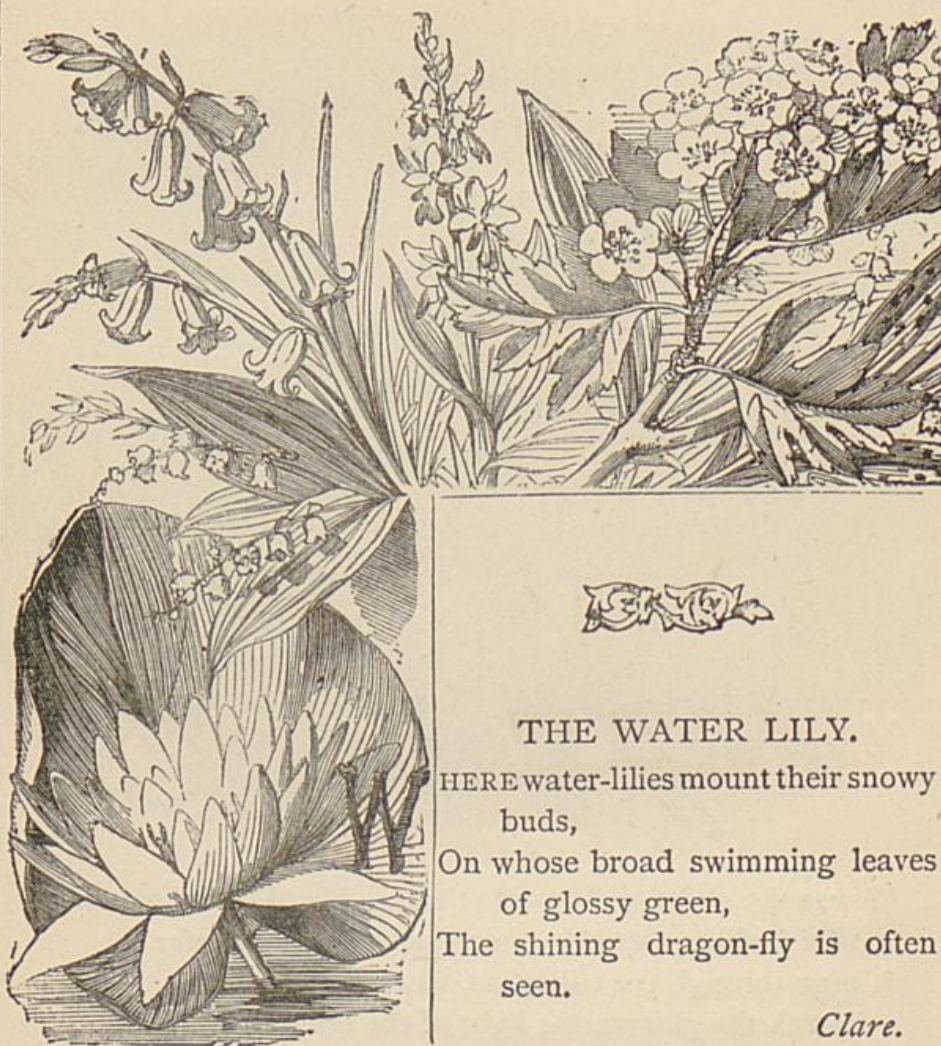
'T was the nightingale's note that we heard in the wood,  
Which skirts the wide plain dimly seen from afar ;  
It rang through the valley, as, listening we stood  
'Neath the glimmering light of the evening star.

The wind moved the leaves, and uplifted thine hair  
Through the woods, as it blew them so gentle and low,  
One might have forgotten this world had a care.  
For you looked like an angel of peace, love, below.

That evening, that hour, I shall never forget,  
While memory her seat in my bosom doth hold ;  
Round my heart it is twined, as the ivy's green net  
Clasps the tree that is young which it clings to when old.

*Geo. King Matthews.*





## THE WATER LILY.

HERE water-lilies mount their snowy  
buds,  
On whose broad swimming leaves  
of glossy green,  
The shining dragon-fly is often  
seen.

*Clare.*

OH, beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately river-queen !  
Crowning the depths as with the light serene  
Of a pure heart. *Hemans.*







WHEAT RIPENING IN SUMMER.

Down with a touch the mellow'd soil is laid,  
And yon tall crop next claims his timely aid ;



Thither well pleased he hies, assur'd to find  
Wild, trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.  
Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,  
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,  
With milky kernels, starting full, weigh'd down,  
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown ;  
There thousands in a flock, for ever gay,  
Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the day,  
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn  
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.  
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,  
And round the grass grown dewy border beats,  
On either side completely overspread,  
Here branches bend, their corn o'ertops his dead.

*Bloomfield.*

---

WILLOW TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,  
The only true, plant found,  
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,  
And left of love, are crowned.

When once the lover's rose is dead,  
Or laid aside forlorn ;  
Then willow garlands, 'bout the head,  
Bedewed with tears, are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,  
Poor maids rewarded be,  
For their love lost ; their only gain  
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,  
When weary of the light,  
The love-spent youth, and love-sick maid,  
Come to weep out the night. *Herrick.*



## THE WINTER-TREE (LAURUSTINUS).

FAIR tree of winter ! fresh and flowering,  
When all around is dead and dry ;  
Whose ruby buds, though storms are loursing,  
Spread their white blossoms to the sky.  
Green are thy leaves, more purely green  
Through every changing period seen ;  
And when the gaudy months are past,  
Thy loveliest season is the last.  
Be thou an emblem—thus unfolding  
The history of that maiden's mind,  
Whose eye, these humble lines beholding,  
In them her future lot may find :  
Through life's mutations may she be  
A modest evergreen like thee :  
Though bless'd in youth, in age more bless'd,  
Still be her latest days the best.

*J. Montgomery.*

## WOODLAND FERN.

THAT tall fern,  
So stately, of the queen Osmunda named ;  
Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode  
On Grasmere's beach, then Naiad by the side  
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,  
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.

*Wordsworth.*





## WOODBINE AND OTHER FLOWERS.

YE valleys low, where the mild whispers rise,  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks ;  
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rath primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,



With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

*Milton.*



## WOODLAND DELIGHTS.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,  
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,  
 Though solitary, who is not alone,  
 But doth converse with that eternal Love :  
 O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,  
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,  
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,  
 Which good make doubtful do, the evil approve !  
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,  
 And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,  
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !  
 How sweet are streams, to poison drunk in gold !  
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;  
 Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

*Drummond.*

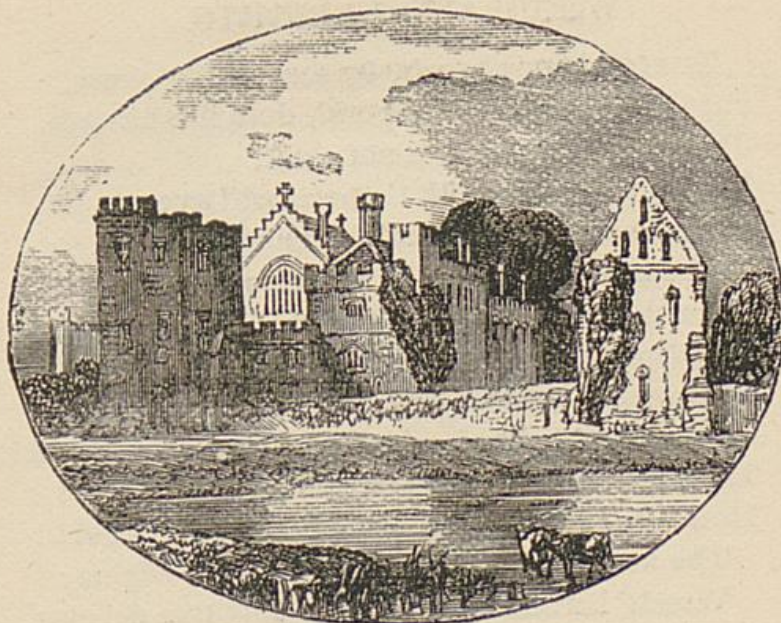
## WOODLANDS IN SPRING.

" Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs ;—bring back  
 The love that I have lost ! "

WHAT, wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices in the woods,  
 And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute :  
 Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,  
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,  
 Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,  
 E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring ! the joyous leaves,  
 Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,  
 Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,  
 When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,  
 And happy murmurs, running through the grass,  
 Tell that thy footsteps pass.





And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,  
Spring, the awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep !  
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall  
Makes melody, and in the forests deep  
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray  
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !  
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,  
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,  
And pencilling the wood anemone :  
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye  
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the *heart*, O Spring !  
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs ?  
Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,  
Restorer of forgotten harmonies !  
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art ;  
What wakest thou in the heart ?



## WOODLAND REVERIE.

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,  
And low sweet sighs like those of childhood's sleep,  
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound  
As of soft showers on water ; dark and deep  
Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still  
They seemed but pictured glooms : a hidden rill  
Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,  
Under the fern-tufts ; and a tender gleam  
Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed,  
Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down  
And steeped the magic page wherein I read  
Of royal chivalry and old renown,  
A tale of Palestine. Meanwhile the bee  
Swept past me with a tone of summer hours ;  
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,  
Blue skies, and amber sunshine : brightly free,  
On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly  
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by ;  
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell  
Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.

But ere long,  
All sense of these things faded, as the spell  
Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew strong  
On my chained soul. 'Twas not the leaves I heard ;  
A Syrian wind the Lion banner stirred  
Through its proud floating folds. 'Twas not the brook,  
Singing in secret through its glassy glen ;  
A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen  
Pealed from the desert's lonely heart, and shook  
The burning air. Like clouds when winds are high,  
O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,  
And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear  
Flashed where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear,





Shadowed by graceful palm-trees. Then the shout  
Of merry England's joy swelled freely out,  
Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose glorious hue  
Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue :  
And harps were there—I heard their sounding strings,  
As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.  
The bright mask faded. Unto life's worn track,  
What called me from its flood of glory back ?  
A voice of happy childhood ! and they passed,  
Banner, and harp, and Paynim's trumpet blast.  
Yet might I scarce bewail the splendours gone,  
My heart so leaped to that sweet laughter's tone.

*Hemans.*



WOODS IN AUTUMN.

ERE, in the northern gale,  
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,  
The woods of autumn all around our vale  
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,  
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round  
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,  
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown  
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,  
Where the gay company of trees look down  
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone  
In these bright walks ; the sweet south-west at play,  
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown  
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,  
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,  
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—  
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,  
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet ;  
So grateful, when the noon of summer made  
The valleys sick with heat ?



Let in through all the trees  
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;  
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,  
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,  
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,  
Shines with the image of its golden screen,  
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,  
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,  
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,  
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, autumn ! why so soon  
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,—  
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,—  
And leave thee wild and sad ?

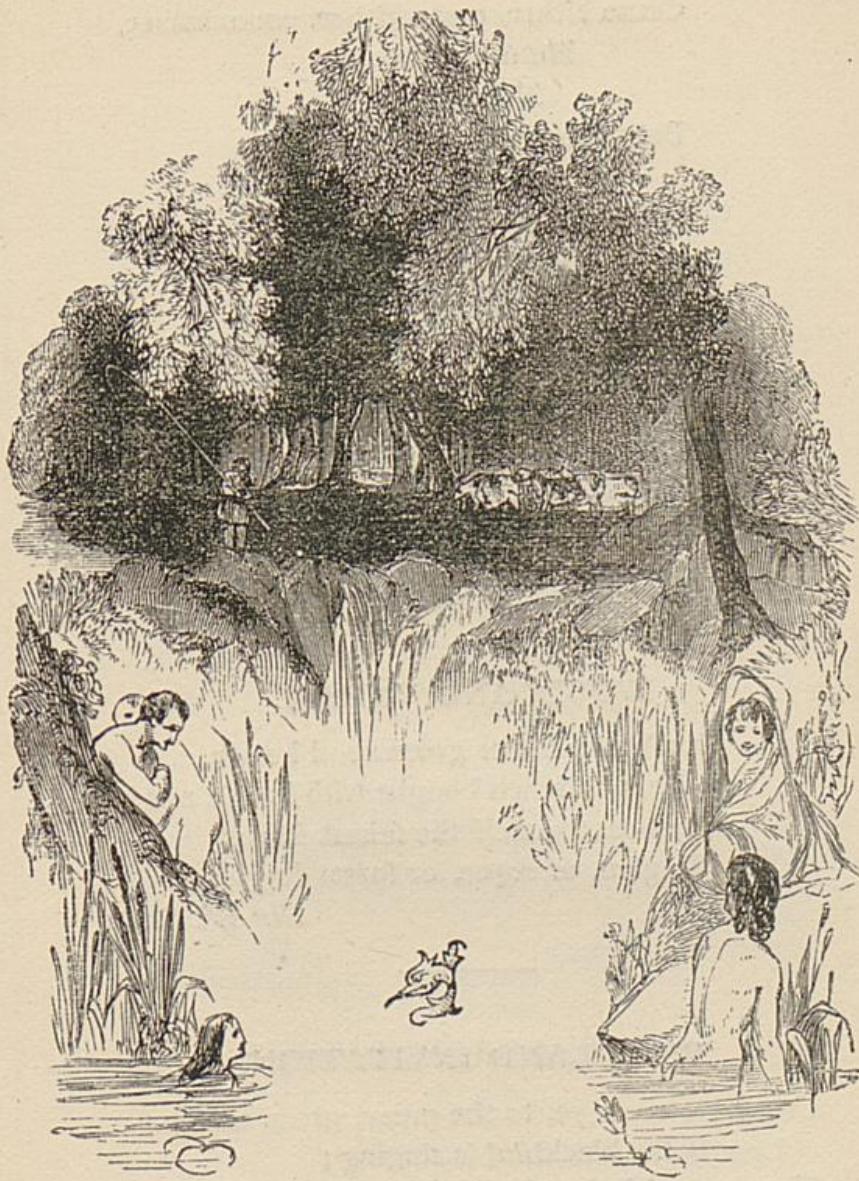
Ah ! 't were a lot too blessed  
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray ;  
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west  
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife  
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,  
The passions and the cares that wither life,  
And waste its little hour.

*Bryant.*







UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat ;



Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Shakespeare.*

---

WOODLAND VIOLET.

THE Violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,  
May boast herself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

*Sir W. Scott.*

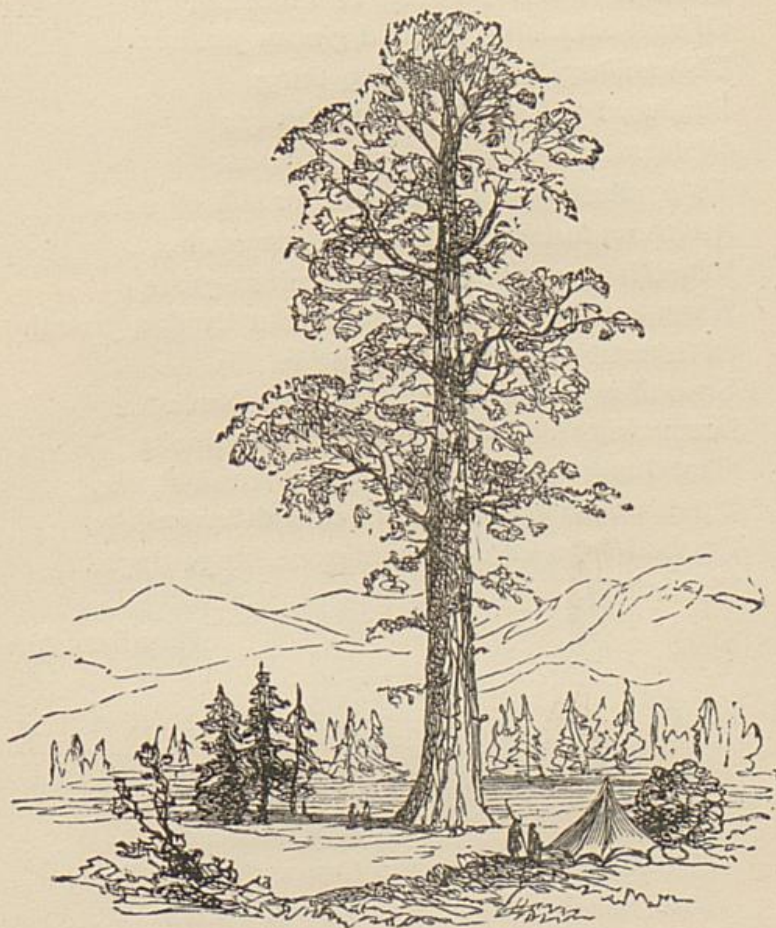
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WOODLAND INVITATION.

COME ye, come ye, to the green, green woods ;  
Loudly the blackbird is singing ;  
The squirrel is feasting on blossoms and buds,  
And the curled fern is springing.  
Here ye may sleep in the woods so deep,  
While the moon is so wan and so weary,  
And sweetly awake, when the sun through the brake  
Bids the fauvel and whitethroat sing cheery.

*R. Howitt.*





THE WELLINGTONIA GIGANTEA.

YEW TREES.

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,  
Which to this day stands single, in the midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore :  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched



To Scotland's heaths ; or those that crossed the sea  
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,  
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference and gloom profound  
This solitary Tree ! a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note  
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;  
Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved ;  
Nor uninformed with Phantasy and looks  
That threaten the profane ;—a pillared shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged  
Perennially.

*Wordsworth.*

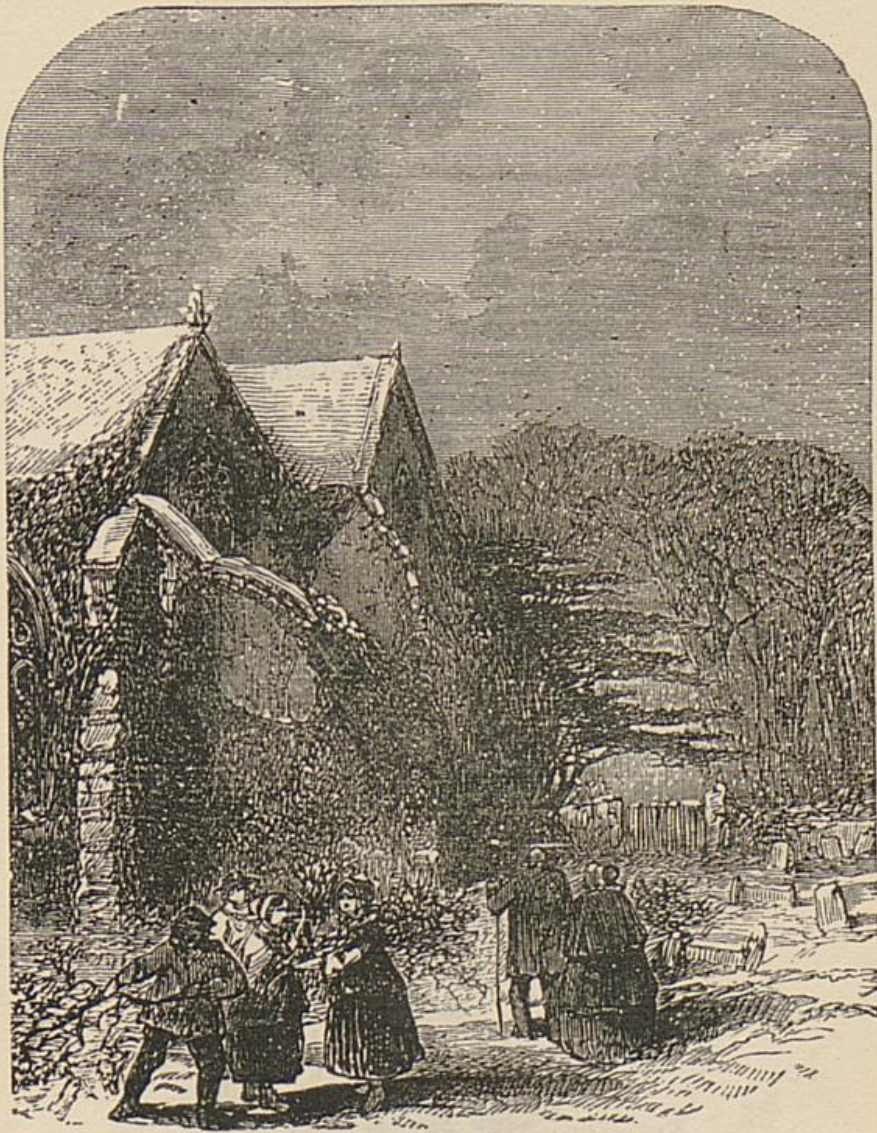
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OSMUNDA FERN.

THAT tall fern,  
So stately, of the queen Osmunda named ;  
Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode  
On Grasmere's beach, then Naiad by the side  
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,  
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.







THE YEW.

LAY a garland on my hearse  
Of the dismal yew ;  
Maidens, willow branches bear ;  
Say I died true.



My love was false, but I was firm  
From my hour of birth.  
Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth!

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

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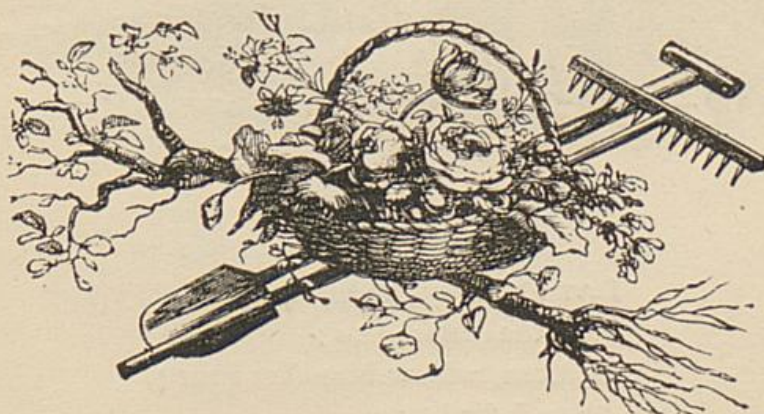
YOUTH—THE TIME OF FLOWERS.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,  
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun ;  
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,  
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,  
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;  
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;  
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,  
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,  
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,  
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

*Bruce.*







### Miscellaneous.

#### DIALOGUE OF THE FLOWERS.

##### THE HELIOTROPE.

THROUGH all the changes of the day  
I turn me to the sun ;  
In clear or cloudy skies I say  
Alike—Thy will be done !

##### THE VIOLET.

A lowly flower, in secret bower  
Invisible I dwell ;  
For blessing made, without parade,  
Known only by the smell.

##### THE LILY.

Emblem of Him, in whom no stain  
The eye of heaven could see.  
In all they glory, monarchs vain  
Are not array'd like me.

##### THE ROSE.

With ravish'd heart that crimson hail,  
Which in my bosom glows :  
Think how the lily of the vale  
Became like Sharon's rose.



## THE PRIMROSE.

When Time's dark winter shall be o'er,  
His storms and tempests laid ;  
Like me you'll rise, a fragrant flower,  
But not like me to fade.

## THE GARDEN.

The bower of innocence and bliss,  
Sin caus'd to disappear ;  
Repent, and walk in faith and love—  
You'll find an Eden here. *G. Horne.*

## FLOWERS OF SPRING.

THUS, in the train of Spring, arrive  
Sweet flowers ; what living eye hath viewed  
Their myriads ? endlessly renewed,  
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray ;  
Where'er the subtle waters stray ;  
Wherever sportive breezes bend  
Their course, or genial showers descend !  
Mortals, rejoice ! the very angels quit  
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,  
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
And through your sweet vicissitudes to range !  
*Wordsworth.*

## THE BOWER OF ADAM AND EVE.

THUS talking hand in hand alone they passed  
On to their blissful bower ; it was a place  
Chosen by the sovran Planter when He framed  
All things to man's delightful use ; the roof  
Of thickest covert was unwoven shade,  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub



Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses and jessamine  
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic ; under foot the violet,  
Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay  
Brodered the ground, more coloured than with stone  
Of costliest emblem.

*Milton.*

---

FLOWERS IN THE PRISON.

YE are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers !  
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent ;  
O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,  
And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,  
Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen  
Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,  
Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue  
Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to you  
Hath murmured, and the rill. My soul grows faint  
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint  
Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,  
The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me !

*Hemans.*

---

A POET'S GARDEN.

AND all about grew every sort of flower  
To which sad lovers were transformed of yore ;  
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phoebus' paramour  
And dearest love ;  
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore ;  
Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,  
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore  
Me seems I see Amyntas' wretched fate,  
To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.

*Spenser.*



## FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

AWAKE ! the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us ; we lose the prime to mark how spring  
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

*Milton.*

## A FAREWELL.

I GO, sweet friends ! yet think of me  
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers ;  
For we have wandered far and free  
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go ; but when you pause to hear  
From distant hills the Sabbath-bell  
On summer-winds float silvery clear,  
Think on me then—I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth,  
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze ;  
For dear hath been its evening mirth  
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard  
To melt in strains of parting woe,  
When hearts to love and grief are stirred,  
Think of me, then ! I go, I go !

*Hemans.*





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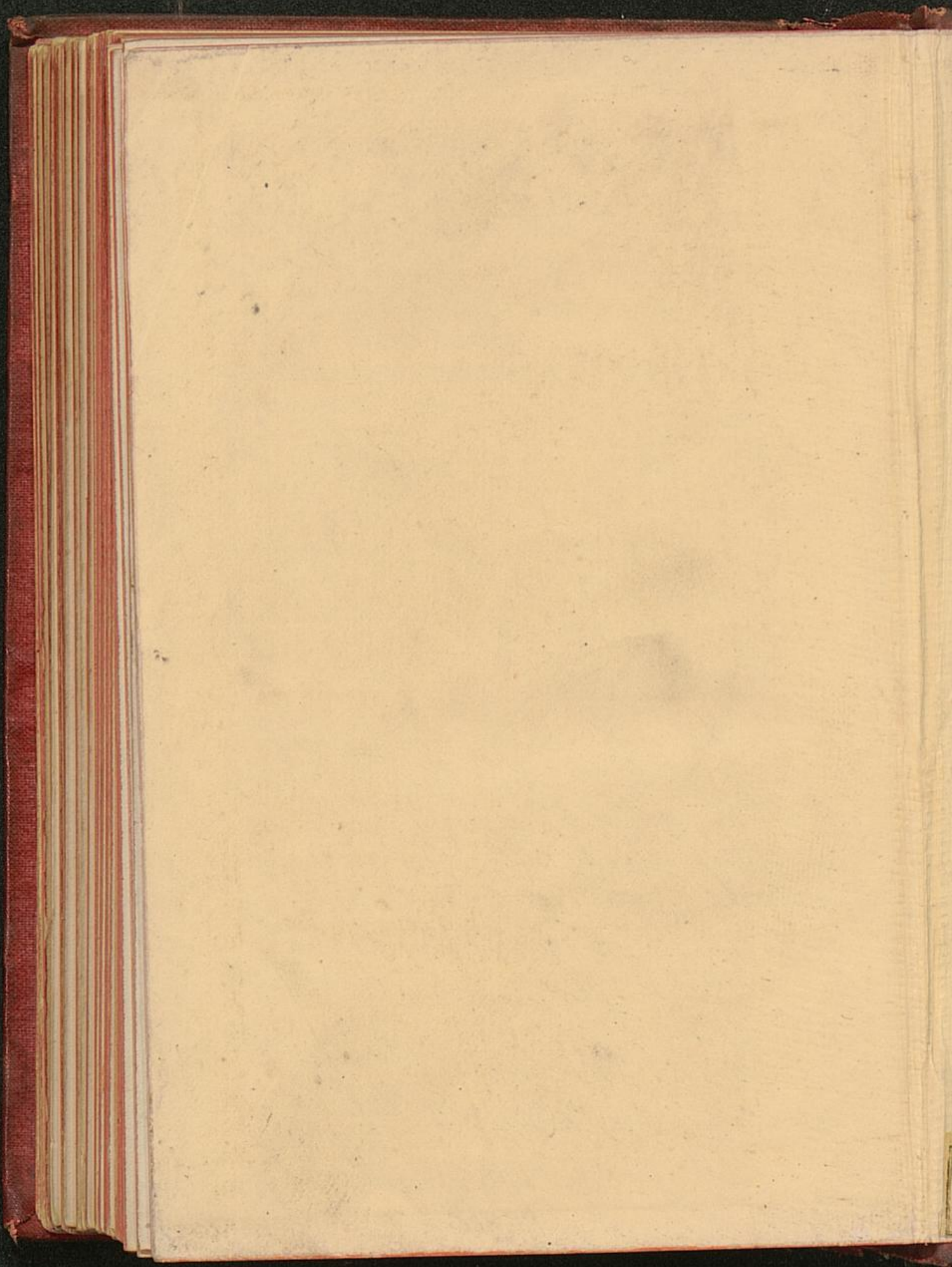
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