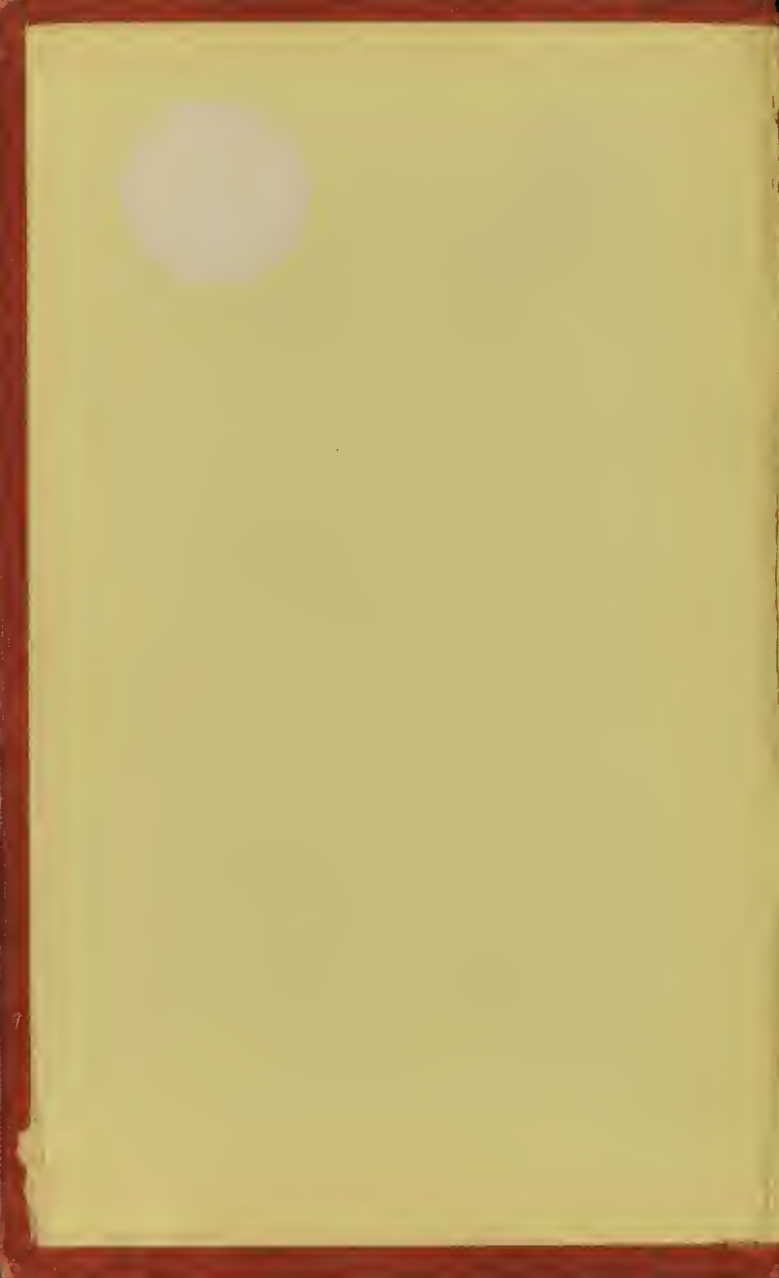


LANGUAGE & POETRY OF



FLOWERS



ALBERT R. MANN  
LIBRARY  
AT  
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE GIFT OF  
Isabel Zucker  
class '26







MAY

THE  
LANGUAGE AND POETRY  
OF  
FLOWERS.

“ In eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears.”

LONDON :  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. SMITH.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE language of flowers is said to have originally come from the East, and to have been of very ancient origin. That it may have come originally from the East is possible, as in Persia, Arabia, and Egypt, it is used as a means of communication at the present day—but I am certain that we are more indebted to the Occidentals than the Orientals for the contents of the present volume.

In America the language of flowers seems to have more disciples and patrons than in any other part of the world—at least if we are to judge from the number and splendour of the works which have appeared on the subject during the last ten years in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. Yet America receives no credit for its exertions; whilst the lazy Turk, who knows nothing about either flowers or their language, is erroneously supposed to be better

skilled in their mysteries than the inhabitants of any other nation.

In the present volume much will be found that has already been before the British public, but much will also be found that never has appeared in any publication in this country—and if it amuses the disciples of “Flora’s language” in the studying of it, as it has amused the compiler in gathering the materials together, the labour bestowed upon it will not have been lost; for the arrangement of its contents served to charm away many a lonely night, when, seated in the “Garden of Europe,” the howling of the dogs and jaekalls too foreibly told him that what nature had made a garden, man had turned into a wilderness.

## NOTE.

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WHEN the vulgar name of a flower is given along with the botanical one, the former is placed between parentheses, and always follows the botanical name.

### EXAMPLE :

Anemone, (Zephyr's flower.)

When the European and American sentiments attached to a flower disagree, the American sentiment is printed in italics, and follows the European one.

### EXAMPLE :

Anemone, (Zephyr's flower.) Sickness, *Expectation.*



## RULES

NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED IN ORDER FULLY TO UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS, ETC.

I. Simple significations take precedence of sentences, unless the flower is held, presented, or sent in a peculiar mode.

II. Flowers presented inclining to the right, express an affirmative—to the left, a negative; viz.:—Lavender and Ivy presented inclining to the right, would signify, “I distrust your friendship”—but inclining to the left, “I distrust not your friendship;” while Juniper and Mint to the right signify, “I will succour your virtue”—to the left, “I will not succour your virtue.”

III. Flowers placed upon the head signify anxiety regarding the subject of which it may be the emblem—on the lips *secrecy*, on the heart *love*, on the breast *weariness*.

IV. Flowers thrown on the ground signify carelessness or indifference to the sentiment.

V. Flowers worn in the band of a lady's dress, or in the button hole of a gentleman's, are to be considered in compliment to the gentleman or lady whose attention these flowers have been placed there to attract.

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THE  
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,  
ETC.

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PART I.

FLOWERS, &c.—SENTIMENTS, &c.

A

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Abecedary	Volubility.
Acacia, Rose	Platonic affection.
Acacia, White or Pink	Elegance.
Acacia, Yellow	Secret love.
Acanthus	Artifice.
Adonis	Sorrowful remembrances.
Almond Tree	Heedlessness.
Aloe	Affliction, Grief.
Althæa Frutex, (Syrian mallow)	Persuasion.
Amaranth, (Cockscomb)	<i>Foppery, Affectation.</i>
Amaranth, Globe	Unchangeable.
Amaryllis	Pride.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Ambrosia	Love returned.
Anemone (Zephyr's flower)	Sickness.
Angelica	Inspiration.
Angree	Royalty.
Apocynum	Deceit.
Apple	Temptation.
Arbor Vitæ	Unchanging friendship.
Arum, (Wake Robin)	Ardour.
Ash Tree	Graudeur.
Ash Tree, Mountain	Prudence.
Aspen Tree	Lamentation.
Auricula	Painting.
Auricula, Scarlet	Avarice.
Austurtium	Splendour.
Azulea	Temperance.

## B

Bachelors' Buttons	Single blessedness.
Balm	Sympathy.
Balm of Gilead	Cure, Relief.
Balsam, Red or Yellow	Impatient.
Barberry	Sourness.
Basil, Sweet	Hatred.
Bay Leaf	I change but in dying.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Bay Tree	Glory.
Bay Wreath	Reward of merit.
Bearded Crepis	Protection.
Beech Tree	Grandeur.
Bee Orchis	Industry.
Belladonna	Silence.
Belvidere, (Wild liquorice)	I declare against you.
Betony	Surprise.
Bindweed	Humility.
Birch	Gracefulness.
Birdsfoot, Trefoil	Revenge.
Bitter Sweet Night Shade	Truth.
Blackthorn	Difficulty.
Bladder Nut Tree	Frivolous amusements.
Elaeberry	Simplicity.
Blue Bell	Constancy.
Blue Bottle, (Centuary)	Delicacy.
Blue Flowered Greek Va- lerian	Rupture.
Borage	Bluntness.
Box	Stoicism.
Bramble	Envy, Remorse.
Broom	Neatness.
Bryony	Prosperity.
Buckbean	Calm, Repose.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Bugloss	Falsehood.
Bulrush	Docility.
Bur	Importunity.
Butter Cup	Childishness, Riches.
Butterfly, Orchis	Gaiety.

## C

Cabbage	Gain, Profit.
Caetus	Warmth.
Calla <i>Æthiopica</i>	Feminine modesty.
Calyceanthus	Compassion, <i>Benevolence</i> .
Camellia Japonica, (Japan Rose)	Unpretended excellence, <i>Pity</i> .
Canary Grass	Perseverance.
Candy Tuft	Architecture.
Canterbury Bell	Acknowledgment, <i>Gra- titude</i> .
Cardamine	Paternal error.
Cardinal's Flower	Distinction.
Carnation	Woman's love.
Carnation, Striped	Refusal.
Carnation, Yellow	Disdain.
Catalpa Tree	Beware of the coquette.
Catchfly, Red	Youthful love.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Catehfly, White	Betrayed.
Catesby's Star Wort	After-thought.
Cedar Tree	Strength.
Cedar of Lebanon	Incorruptible.
Cedar Leaf	I live for thee.
Celandine	Joys to come.
Centaury	Felicity.
Chamomile	Energy in adversity.
Chequered Frutillary	Persecution.
Cherry Tree	Education.
Cherry, White	Deception.
Chesnut Tree	Do me justice.
Chesnut	Luxury.
Chickweed	Rendezvous.
China Aster	Variety.
China Aster, Double	I partake your sentiments.
China Aster, Single	I will think of it.
China (or Indian) Pink	Aversion.
Chrysanthemum, Chinese	Cheerfulness under adversity.
Chrysanthemum, Red	I love.
Chrysanthemum, White	Truth.
Chrysanthemum, Yellow	Slighted love.
Cinquefoil	Beloved daughter.
Cistus, or Red Rose	Popular favour.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Clematis	Mental beauty.
Clematis, Evergreen	Poverty.
Clover, Red	Industry.
Cloves	Dignity
Cobæa	Gossip.
Cockseomb. (Amaranth)	Affection, Singularity.
Colehieum, or Meadow Saffron	My best days are past.
Columbine	Folly.
Columbine, Purple	Resolute.
Columbine, Red	Anxious and trembling.
Convolvulus	Bonds, <i>Uncertainty</i> .
Convolvulus, Major	Extinguished hope.
Convolvulus, Minor	Night.
Coriander	Concealed merit.
Coriopsis	Always cheerful.
Coriopsis, Arkansa	Love at first sight.
Cornel Tree	Duration.
Coronella	Success crown your wishes.
Corehorus	Impatience of absence.
Cowslip	Pensiveness, <i>Attractive</i> <i>grace</i>
Cranberry	Cure for heart ache
Crane's Bill	Envy.
Cresses	Stability.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Creeping Cereus	Horror.
Crocus	Abuse not.
Crocus, Spring	Smiles, <i>Cheerfulness.</i>
Crow Foot.	Ingratitude.
Crow Foot, Aeonite leafed, (Fair Maid of France.)	Lustre.
Crown Imperial	Majesty, Power.
Cucumber, Squinting	Criticism.
Cudweed, (Everlasting)	Never ceasing remembrance.
Currants, Bunch of	You please all.
Cyclamen	Diffidence.
Cypress	Death, Despair, Mourning.

## D

Daffodil	Regard.
Daffodil, Great Yellow	Chivalry.
Dahlia	Instability.
Daisy	Beauty, Innocence.
Daisy, Double	Participation.
Daisy, Michaelmas	Cheerfulness in old age.
Daisy, Ox Eye	A Token.
Daisy, Red	Beauty.
Daisy, White	Innocence.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Dandelion	Oracle, <i>Coquetry</i> .
Darnel, (Ray Grass)	Vice.
Day Lily	Coquetry.
Dew Plant	Serenade.
Diosma	Inutility.
Dittany	Birth.
Dock	Patience.
Dodder of Thyme	Business.
Dog's Bane	Deceit.
Dogwood, (Cornel Tree)	Durability.
Dogwood Blossom	I am perfectly indifferent to you.
Dragon Plants	Snare.
Dragon Wort, (Snakes- foot)	Horror.

## E

Ebony	Darkness.
Eglantine, (Sweet Briar)	Poetry.
Elder	Zealousness.
Elm	Stateliness.
Enchanter's Night Shade	Poetry.
Endive	Frugality.
Eupatorium	Delay.



<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Everlasting Flower, (Cud Weed)	Never ceasing remembrance.
Everlasting Pea	Lasting Pleasure.
Everlasting Thorn	Solace in adversity.

## F

Fair Maid of France	Lustre.
Fennel	Force.
Fern	Sincerity,
Fern, Flowering	Fascination.
Fever Root	Delay.
Fig	Argument.
Fig, Marygold	Idleness.
Fig Tree	Prolific.
Filbert	Reconciliation.
Fir Tree	Elevation.
Fir of Gilcad	Juice.
Flax	Domestic Industry.
Flax Leaved Golden Locks	Tardiness.
Flower of an hour	Delicate Beauty.
Flowering Reed	Confidence in Heaven.
Fly Orchis	Error.
Forget me not	Forget me not, True Love.
Foxglove	Insincerity, <i>A wish.</i>

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Frankincense	A faithful heart.
Frog Optorys	Disgust.
Fumitory	Spleen.
Fuchsia (Love lies a bleeding)	Taste, <i>Love.</i>
Fuller's Teasel	Importunity.

## G

Genesta	Tidiness
Gentian	Virgin Pride.
Geranium, Apple	Present Preference.
Geranium, Crane's Bill	Envy.
Geranium, Dark	Melancholy.
Geranium, Fish	Disappointed expectation.
Geranium, Ivy	I engage you for the next dance.
Geranium, Nutmeg	An expected meeting.
Geranium, Oak	Lady, deign to smile.
Geranium, Rose or Pink	Preference.
Geranium, Scarlet	Comforting.
Geranium, Silver leaved	Recal.
Germander, Speedwell	Facility.
Gilly Flower	Beauty unfading, <i>Bonds of Affection.</i>
Goat's Rue	Reason.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Golden Rod	Preeaution.
Good Henry (Bonus Henri- eus)	Goodness.
Gooseberry	Antieipation.
Gourd .	Extent, Bulk.
Grape	Rural Happiness, <i>Charity.</i>
Grass	Utility, <i>Submission.</i>
Glory Flower	Glorious Beauty.
Great Bindweed	Dangerous Insinuation.

## H

Hare Bell	Submission.
Hawkweed	Quicksightedness.
Hawthorn	Hope.
Heart's Ease, Purple	You oeeupy my thoughts.
Heart's Ease, Wild	Live in Idleness.
Heart's Ease, Yellow and Purple	Forget me not.
Heath	Solitude
Helenium	Tears.
Heliotrope	Devoted to you.
Hellebore	Calumny
Helmet Flower, (Monkswood)	Knight errantry.
Hemlock	You will cause my death.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Hemp	Fate.
Henbane	Imperfection.
Hepatica, (Linn Wort)	Confidence.
Hibiscus	Delicate beauty.
Hazel	Reconciliation.
Hoarhound	Frozen kindness.
Holly	Foresight, <i>Am I forgotten?</i>
Holly Herb	Enchantment.
Hollyhock	Fecundity, <i>Ambition.</i>
Hollyhock, White	Female ambition.
Honesty	Sincerity.
Honey Flower	Love sweet and secret.
Honeysuckle, French	Rustic beauty.
Honeysuckle, Coral	The colour of my fate.
Honeysuckle, Monthly	Bond of love, domestic happiness.
Honeysuckle, Wild	Inconstancy in Love.
Hop	Injustice.
Horehound	Fire.
Hornbeam Tree	Ornament.
Horse Chesnut	Luxuriancy.
Houseleek	Vivacity, domestic luxury.
Houstonia	Content.
Hoya	Sculpture.
Humble Plant	Despondency.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Hyacinth	Sport, Play.
Hydragea	A Boaster.
Hyslop	Cleanly.
I	
Iceland Moss	Health.
Iced Plant	Winter, <i>Rejected ad-</i> <i>dresses.</i>
Imperial Montague	Power.
Indian Cress	Resignation.
Indian Plum	Privation.
Ipomæa	Attachment.
Iris	My compliments, <i>I have a</i> <i>message for you.</i>
Iris, Yellow	Flame, Passion.
Ivy	Friendship, Fidelity.

## J

Jasmine, Cape	Transport of joy.
Jasmine, Spanish	Sensuality.
Jasmine, White	Amiability.
Jasmine, Yellow	Grace and elegance.
Jonquil	I desire a return of affection.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Juniper	Asylum.
Justicia	Female loveliness.
K	
Kennedia	Mental excellence.
King's Cup	I wish I were rich.
L	
Laburnum	Forsaken, <i>Pensive beauty.</i>
Lady's-slipper	Fickleness, <i>Capricious beauty.</i>
Lagerstræmia, Indian	Eloquence.
Lantana	Rigour.
Larch	Audacity.
Larkspur	Lightness, Levity.
Larkspur, Double	Haughtiness.
Larkspur, Pink	Fickleness.
Laurel, Common	Perfidy, Treachery.
Laurel, Mountain	Ambition, Glory.
Laurustinus	A token, I die if neglected.
Lavender	Distrust, Assiduity.
Lemon	Zest.
Lemon Blossom	Fidelity in love, <i>Discretion.</i>

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Lettuce	Cold hearted.
Lichen	Dejection, Solitude.
Lilac, Field	Humility.
Lilac, Imperial	Majesty.
Lilac, Purple	The first emotions of love.
Lilac, White	Purity, Modesty, <i>Youth</i> .
Lily, Day	Coquetry.
Lily, White	Purity and sweetness.
Lily, Yellow	Falsehood.
Lily of the Valley	Return of happiness.
Lime, or Linden Tree	Conjugal Fidelity.
Lint	I feel all my obligations.
Liquorice, Wild	I declare against you.
Lion Wort	Confidence.
Lobelia	Arrogance.
Locust Tree	Elegance.
Locust Tree, Green	Affection beyond the grave
London Pride	Frivolity.
Lote Tree	Concord.
Lotus	Eloquence.
Lotus Flower	Estranged love, Silence.
Lotus-leaf	Recantation.
Love in a mist	Perplexity.
Love in a puzzle	Embarrassment.
Love lies a bleeding	Hopeless not heartless.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Lucern	Life.
Lupine	Voraciousness.
Lychnis	Religious Enthusiasm.
Lythrum	Pretension.

## M

Madder	Calumny.
Maid Wort	Tranquillity.
Magniola	Love of Nature.
Magniola, Swamp	Perseverance.
Magniola, Laurel leaved	Dignity.
Maiden Hair	Discretion.
Maize	Plenty.
Mallow	Mild Disposition.
Mallow Marsh	Beneficence.
Mallow, Syrian	Consumed by Love.
Mallow, Venetian	Delicate Beauty.
Mandrake	Rarity.
Maple	Reserve.
Marjoram	Blushes.
Marsh Mallow	Humanity.
Marvel of Peru	Timidity.
Marygold	Chagrin, Pain, <i>Cruelty.</i>
Marygold, African	Vulgar Minded.



<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Marygold, Fig	Idleness.
Marygold, Garden	Jealousy and Uncasiness.
May Rose	Precocity.
Meadow Lychnis	Wit.
Meadow Saffron	My best days are past.
Mercury, (Good Henry)	Goodness.
Mezereon	I desire to please.
Mignonette	Your qualities surpass your beauty.
Milfoil, (Yarrow)	War.
Milkvetch	Your presence softens my pain.
Mimosa, (Sensitive Plant)	Sensitiveness.
Mint	Virtue.
Mistletoe	Obstacles to be overcome.
Mock Orange	Counterfeit.
Monkshood, (Helmet Flower)	Knight errantry.
Moon Wort	Forgetfulness.
Moschatel	Weakness.
Moss	Ennui, <i>Recluse</i> .
Mossy Saxifrage, (Lady's Cushion)	Maternal Love.
Mother Wort	Concealed Love.
Mountain Ash	Prudence.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Mourning Bride	Unfortunate attachment, <i>I have lost all.</i>
Mouse Eared Chick Weed	Ingenuous Simplicity.
Mouse Ear Scorpion Grass	Forget me not.
Moving Plant	Agitation.
Mug Wort	Happiness.
Mulberry Tree	Wisdom.
Mushroom	Suspicion.
Mustard Seed	Indifference.
Myrrh	Gladness.
Myrtle	Love.

## N

Narcissus, (Egotism)	Self-esteem.
Nasturtium, (Indian Cress)	Patriotism.
Nettle	Cruelty, Slander.
Nettle, Stinking	Slander.
Nettle Tree	Concert, Plan.
Night-blooming Cereus	Transient beauty.
Nightshade	Sorcery, Witchcraft, <i>Scep- ticism.</i>

## O

Oak Tree	Hospitality.
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<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Oak Leaf	Bravery.
Oats	Musie.
Oleander, (Rosebay)	Beware.
Olive	Peace.
Orange Tree	Generosity.
Orange Blossom	Your Purity equals your Loveliness.
Orange Flower	Chastity.
Orchis	A Belle, a Beauty.
Osmunda	Dreams.
Ox Eye	Patience.
Osier	Frankness.

## P

Palm	Victory.
Pansy, (Heart's Ease)	You occupy my thoughts.
Parsley	Feasting.
Pasque Flower	You have no claims.
Passion Flower	Belief, <i>Susceptibility</i> .
Patience Dock	Patience.
Pea	Respect.
Pea, Everlasting	Lasting Pleasure, <i>An ap- pointed Meeting</i> .
Peach Blossom	I am your captive.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Pear Tree	Affection.
Penny Royal	Flee away.
Peony	Anger, a Frown.
Pepper Plant	Satire.
Periwinkle, Blue	Pleasure of Memory.
Periwinkle, Red	Early Friendship.
Periwinkle, White	Pleasant Recollections.
Persicaria	Restoration.
Persimon	Bury me amidst Nature's Beauties.
Peruvian Heliotrope	Intoxicated with Pleasure.
Pheasant's Eye	Sorrowful Remembrance.
Phlox	Unanimity.
Pimpernel	Change, Assignation.
Pine Apple	Perfection.
Pine, Black	Pity.
Pine, Pitch	Time and Philosophy.
Pine Spruce	Farewell.
Pink	Boldness.
Pink, Carnation	Woman's Love.
Pink, Indian Double	Always Lovely.
Pink, Indian Single	Aversion.
Pink, Mountain	Aspiring.
Pink, Red Double	Pure and Ardent Love.
Pink, Red Single	Pure Love.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Pink, Variegated	Refusal.
Pink, White	Ingeniousness.
Plane Tree	Serious.
Pleurisy Root	Cure for Heart-ache.
Plum Tree	Perform your Promises.
Plum, Wild	Independence.
Polyanthus	Pride of Riches.
Polyanthus, Crimson	The Heart's Mystery.
Polyanthus, Lilac	Confidence.
Pomegranate	Foolishness.
Pomegranate, Flower	Mature Elegance.
Poplar	Courage.
Poplar, White	Time.
Poppy, Red	Consolation.
Poppy, Scarlet	Fantastic Extravagance.
Poppy, White	Sleep, <i>My Bane! My Anti-</i> <i>tidote!</i>
Potato	Benevolence.
Prickly Pear	Satire.
Pride of China	Dissension.
Primrose	Early Youth.
Primrose, Evening	Inconstancy.
Primrose, Red	Unpatronised merit.
Privet	Defence, <i>Mildness.</i>
Purple Clover	Provident.

*Flowers.*

Pyrus Japonica

*Sentiments.*

Fairies' Fire.

## Q

Quamoclit

Busybody.

Queen's Rocket

Fashionable, *You are the  
Queen of Coquettes.*

## R

Ragged Robin

Wit.

Ranunculus

I am dazzled by your  
charms.

Ranunculus, Garden

You are rich in Attraction.

Ranunculus, Wild

Ingratitude.

Raspberry

Remorse.

Ray Grass

Vice.

Red-catch-fly

Youthful Love.

Reed

Complaisance.

Reed, Split

Indiscretion.

Rhododendron

Danger.

Rhubarb

Advice.

Rocket

Rivalry.

Rose, Austrian

Thou art all that is Lovely.

Rôse, Bridal

Happy Love.

Rose. Burgundy

Unconscious Beauty.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Rose, Cabbage	Ambassador of Love.
Rose, Champion	Only deserve my Love.
Rose, Carolina	Love is dangerous.
Rose, Christmas	Tranquillise my Anxiety.
Rose, Daily	Thy smile I aspire to.
Rose, Damask	Freshness.
Rose, Deep Red	Bashful shame.
Rose, Dog	Pleasure and Pain.
Rose, Guelder	Winter of Age.
Rose, Hundred leaved	Pride.
Rose, Japan	Pity.
Rose, Maiden Blush	If you love me, you will find it out.
Rose, Moss [bud]	Confession of Love
Rose, Moss [full]	Superior Merit.
Rose, Multiflora, (Bramble flowered China Rose)	Grace.
Rose, Mundi	Variety.
Rose, Musk	Capricious Beauty.
Rose, Musk Cluster	Charming.
Rose, Red [bud]	You are Young and Beau- tiful.
Rose, Red [full]	Beauty.
Rose, Thornless	Ingratitude.
Rose, Unique	Call me not Beautiful.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Rose, White [bud]	A heart ignorant of Love.
Rose, White [full]	I am worthy of you.
Rose, White [withered]	Transient impressions.
Rose, Yellow, (Yellow Sweet Briar)	Decrease of Love.
Rose, York and Lancaster War.	
Rose, [full blown, placed over two buds]	Secrecy.
Rose, [white & red together]	Unity.
Roses, [Crown made of]	Reward of Virtue
Rosebay	Beware.
Rosemary	Remembrance.
Rudbeckia	Justice.
Rue	Disdain.
Rush	Docility.

## S

Saffron	Marriage.
Sage	Esteem, <i>Domestic Virtues.</i>
Saint John's Wort	Animosity, Superstition.
Sardony	Irony.
Satin Flower	Sincerity.
Scabious	Unfortunate Love.
Scabious, Sweet	Widowhood.
Scarlet Flowered Ipomœa	Attachment.



<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Scarlet Lyehnis	Sunbeamed eyes.
Sehinus	Religious Enthusiasm.
Sensitive Plant	Sensitiveness, Bashful Modesty.
Senvy	Indifference.
Shamroek	Light Heartedness.
Snakesfoot, (Dragon Wort)	Horror.
Snap Dragon	Presumption.
Snow-ball	Bound.
Snow-drop	Refinement.
Sorrel	Parental Affection.
Sorrel, Wild	Wit ill timed.
Southernwood	Jest, Bantering.
Spearmint	Warmth of Sentiment
Speedwell	Female Fidelity.
Speedwell, Germander	Faility.
Speedwell, Spiked	Resemblance.
Spider Orphrys	Adroitness.
Spiderwort	Esteem but not Love.
Spiked Willow Herb	Pretension.
Spring Caroline	Disappointment.
Star of Bethlehem	Guidancee, <i>Reconciliation</i>
Star Wort	After-thought.
Star Wort, American (Michaelmas Daisy)	Welcome to a Stranger <i>Cheerfulness in old Age.</i>

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Stock, (Gilly Flower)	Lasting beauty.
Straw, [broken]	Rupture.
Straw, [whole]	Union.
Strawberry Tree	Esteem and love.
Sumaeh, Veniee	Splendour.
Sunflower, Dwarf	Adoration.
Sunflower, Tall	Haughtiness.
Swallow Wort	Cure for Heart-Ache.
Sweet Basil	Good Wishes, <i>Hatred</i> .
Sweet Briar, Ameriean	Simplicity.
Sweet Briar, European, (Eglantine)	I wound to heal.
Sweet Briar, Yellow	Decrease of Love.
Sweet Pea	Delicate Pleasures.
Sweet Sultan, (Centaury)	Felicity.
Sweet Sultan Flower	Widowhood.
Sweet William	Gallantry, <i>Finesse</i> .
Sweet sented Tassalago	You shall have justice.
Syeamore	Curiosity.
Syringa	Memory.
Syringa, Carolina	Disappointment.

## T

Tamarinth	Crime.
Tansy	Resistanee.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Teasel	Misanthropy.
Tenweekstoek	Promptitude.
Thistle, Common	Austerity.
Thistle, Fuller's	Misanthropy.
Thistle, Scotch	Retaliation.
Thorn, Branch of	Severity.
Thrift	Sympathy.
Throat Wort	Neglected beauty.
Thyme	Activity.
Tiger Flower	For once may Pride be- friend me.
Touch-me-not	Impatient resolves.
Traveller's Joy	Safety.
Tree of Life	Old age.
Trefoil	Revenge.
Tuberose	Old age, <i>The farther the dearer.</i>
Tulip Tree	Fame.
Tulip Tree Blossom	Rural Happiness.
Tulip, Red	Declaration of love.
Tulip, Variegated	Beautiful eyes.
Tulip, Yellow	Hopeless love.
Turnip	Charity.
	V
Valerian	Accommodating disposition

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Venus's Looking-Glass	Flattery.
Venus's Fly-Trap	Deceit.
Verbena	Sensibility.
Veronica	Fidelity in friendship.
Vernal Grass	Poor but happy.
Vervain	Superstition.
Vetch	Shyness.
Vine	Drunkenness.
Violet, Blue	Faithfulness, <i>Love</i> .
Violet, Dame's	You are the queen of Co- quettes.
Violet, Purple	You occupy my thoughts.
Violet, Wild	Love in idleness.
Violet, White	Candour, Innocence, <i>Mo- desty</i> .
Violet, Yellow and Purple	Heart's ease.
Virga Aurea	Encouragement.
Virgin's Bower	Filial love.
Virginian Spider Wort	Momentary happiness.
Volcamenian Japonica	May you be happy.

## W

Wake Robin	Ardour.
Wall Flower	Fidelity in misfortune.
Walnut	Stratagem.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Sentiments.</i>
Water Melon	Bulkiness.
Wax Plant	Suseptibility.
Wheat	Prosperity.
Whin	Anger.
White Bell Flower	Gratitude.
White Mullein	Good nature.
Wortle Berry	Treason.
Willow	Freedom.
Willow, French	Bravery, Humanity.
Willow, Herb	Pretension.
Willow, Weeping	Forsaken.
Wolfsbane	Misanthropy.
Woodbine	Paternal love.
Woodsorrel	Joy.
Wormwood	Absenee.
	X
Xanthium, (Clot Bar)	Rudeness.
	Y
Yarrow, (Milfoil)	War, <i>To cure.</i>
Yew	Sadness.
	Z
Zephyr's Flower	Expeetation.
Zinnia	Absenee.

## PART II.

### SIMPLE SENTIMENTS.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	A	<i>Flowers.</i>
Absence		Wormwood, Zinnia.
Acknowledgment		Canterbury Bell.
Activity		Thyme.
Adoration		Dwarf Sunflower.
Adroitness		Spider Orphry's.
Advice		Rhubarb.
Affectation		Amaranth, (Cockscomb.)
Affection		Pear Tree.
Affection beyond the grave	Green Locust Tree.	
Affection, (bonds of)	Gilly Flower.	
Affliction	Aloe.	
Age, Old	Golden Rose, Tree of Life.	
Agitation	Moving Plant.	
Amiability	Jasmine, White.	
Ambition	Mountain Laurel, Holly- hoek.	
Ambition, Female	White Hollyhoek.	
Amusement	Bladder Nut Tree.	
Anger	Whin, Perry.	

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Animosity	Saint John's Wort.
Anticipation	Gooseberry.
Ardour	Arum, (Wake Robin.)
Argument	A Fig.
Art	Acanthus.
Artifice	Acanthus.
Aspiring	Mountain Pink.
Attachment	Ipomæa.
Attachment, Unfortunate	Scabious.
Audacity	Larch.
Austerity	Common Thistle.
Avarice	Scarlet Auricula.
Aversion	China Pink.
B	
Beauty	Full-blown Red Rose.
Beauty, Capricious	Lady's Slipper.
Beauty, Delicate	Hibiscus, Venetian Mallow.
Beauty, Magnificent	Calla Æthiopica.
Beauty, Mental	Clematis.
Beauty, Neglected	Throat Wort.
Beauty, Pensive	Laburnum.
Beauty, Rustic	French Honeysuckle.
Beauty, Splendid	Amaryllis.
Beauty, Unconscious	Red Daisy, Burgundy Rose.
Beauty, Unfading	Gilly Flower.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Belief	Passion Flower.
Beneficence	Marsh Mallow.
Benevolence	A Potato, <i>Calycan</i>
Blackness	Ebony.
Bluntness	Borage.
Blushes	Marjoram.
Boldness	Pink.
Bonds	Convolvulus.
Bound	Snow-ball.
Bravery	Oak Leaf, <i>French Willow</i> .
Bulk	A Gourd.
Business	Dodder of Thyme.
C	
Calm	Buekbean.
Calumny	Madder, <i>Hellebore</i> .
Candour	White Violet.
Celibacy	The Willow.
Chagrin	Marygold.
Change	Pimpernel.
Charity	A Turnip, Wild Grape.
Charming	Musk Cluster Rose.
Charms (Deceitful)	Thorn Apple.
Chastity	Orange Flower.
Cheerfulness	Daisy. <i>Spring Crocus</i> .



*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Cheerfulness in Old Age	Michaelmas Daisy.
Childishness	Butter Cups.
Chivalry	Great Yellow Daffodil.
Cleanly	Hyssop.
Cold-hearted	Lettuce.
Coldness	Agnus Castus.
Comforting	Scarlet Geranium.
Compassion	Calycanthus, <i>Elder</i> .
Complaisance	A Reed.
Concord	Lote Tree.
Confidence, Faithful	Lion Wort.
Confidence, Impudent	Lilae, Polyanthus.
Consolation	Red Poppy.
Constancy	Blue Bell, <i>Box</i> .
Content	Houstonia.
Coquetry	The Day Lily, <i>Dandelion</i> .
Counterfeit	Mock Orange.
Courage	Poplar.
Crime	Tamarinth.
Criticism	Squirting Cucumber.
Cruelty	Nettle, <i>Marygold</i> .
Curiosity	Syeamore.

## D

Danger	Rhododendron.
Darkness	Ebony.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Death	Cypress.
Deccit	Apocynum, (Dog's Bane.)
Deception	White Cherry.
Defeat	Henbane.
Defence	Privet.
Dejection	Lichen.
Delay	Fever Root.
Delicacy	Blue Bottle Centaury, <i>Lily of the Valley.</i>
Departure	Sweet Pea.
Despair	Cypress.
Despondency	Humble Plant.
Devotion	Heliotrope.
Difficulty	Blackthorn.
Diffidence	Cyclamen.
Dignity	Cloves.
Discretion	Maiden Hair, <i>Lemon Blossom.</i>
Disdain	Yellow Carnation, <i>Rue.</i>
Disgust	Frog Ophtrys.
Disposition, Mildness of	Mallow.
Disappointment	Syringa Carolina
Discussion	Pride of China.
Distinction	Cardinal's Flower.
Distrust	Lavender.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Docility	Bulrush.
Dreams	Osmunda.
Drunkenness	The Vine, Carnation, Yellow.
Duration	Dogwood, (Cornel Tree.)
E	
Eclat	Indian Cress.
Education	Cherry Tree.
Egotism	Narcissus.
Elegance	White or Pink Acacia, <i>Locust Tree.</i>
Elegance, Finished	Pomegranate Flower.
Eloquence	Lotus Indian Lagerstræmia.
Enchantment	Holly Herb.
Encouragement	Virga Aurea, (Golden Rod.)
Energy in Adversity	Chamomile.
Ennui	Moss.
Enthusiasm, Religious	Schinus.
Envy	Geranium, (Crane's Bill.) Bramble.
Error	Fly Orchis.
Error, Paternal	Cardamine.
Esteem	Sage.
Excellence, Unpretending	Camellia Japonica.
Expectation	<i>Anemone.</i>

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Expectation, Disappointed	Fish Geranium
Extasy	Cape Jasmine.
Extent	A Gourd.
Extravagance, Fantastic	Scarlet Poppy.

## F

Faiculty	Germander Speedwell.
Faithfulness	Blue Violet.
Falsehood	Bugloss, Yellow Lily.
Fame.	Tulip Tree.
Farewell	Spruce Pine.
Fashionable.	Queen's Rocket.
Fate	Hemp.
Feasting	Parsley.
Fecundity	Holyhock.
Felicity	Sweet Sultan, Centaury (Blue Bottle.)
Fickleness.	Pink Larkspur, Lady's Slipper, Abatina.
Fidelity, Female	Speedwell.
Fidelity in Friendship	Veronica.
Fidelity in Love	Lemon Blossom.
Fidelity in Misfortune	Wall-Flower.
Fierceness	Amaryllis.
Finesse	Sweet William.

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Fire	Horchound.
Flattery	Venus's Looking-Glass.
Folly	Columbine.
Foolishness	Pomegranate.
Foppery	Amaranth (Cockscomb.)
Force	Fennel.
Foresight	Holly.
Forgetfulness	Moon Wort.
Forsaken	Weeping Willow, Labur- num.
Frankness	Oyser.
Freedom.	The Willow.
Freshness	Damask Rose.
Friendship.	Ivy, Rose Acaeia.
Friendship, Early.	Red Periwinkle.
Friendship, Unchanging.	Arbor Vitæ.
Frivolity	Columbine.
Frugality	Endive.
	<b>G</b>
Gaiety	Butterfly Orchis.
Gain.	Cabbage.
Generosity	Orange Tree.
Genius.	Palm Tree.
Gladness	Myrrh.
Gladness, Youthful	Spring Crocus.

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Glory	Mountain Laurel.
Good Nature	White Mullein.
Goodness	Good Henry.
Gossip	Cobæa.
Grace	Multiflora Rose.
Grandeur	Ash Tree.
Gratitude	White Bell Flower, <i>Canterbury Bell.</i>
Grief	Aloe.
Guidance	Star of Bethlehem.

## H

Happiness	Mug Wort.
Happiness Domestic	Monthly Honeysuckle.
Happiness, Return of	Lily of the Valley.
Happiness, Rural	Grape, Tulip Tree Blossom.
Hatred	Sweet Basil
Haughtiness	Double Larkspur, Tall Sunflower.
Heart's Ease	Yellow and Purple Violet
Heedlessness	Almond Tree
Horror	Dragon, Wort.
Hope	Hawthorn.
Hope, Extinguished	Convolvulus Major.
Horror	Snakesfoot.



CHINA ASTERS





<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Hospitality	Oak Tree.
Humility	Field Lilac, French Willow.
Humility	Bindweed, <i>Broom.</i>
	I
Idleness	Fig Marygold.
Imagination	Lupine.
Immortality	Amaranth.
Impatience	Yellow Balsam.
Importunity	Bur.
Impressions, Transient	White and withered Rose.
Inconstancy	Evening Primrose.
Incorruptible	Cedar of Lebanon.
Independence	Wild Plum Tree.
Indifference	Agnus Castus, Mustard Seed, Senvy.
Indiscretion	A Split Reed.
Industry	Bee Orchis, <i>Red Clover.</i>
Industry, Domestic	Flax.
Ingeniousness	White Pink.
Ingenuousness	Mouse-Eared Chick Weed.
Ingratitude	Crow Foot, Thornless Rose, Wild Ranunculus.
Injustice	Hops.
Innocence	White Daisy, White Violet.
Insincerity	Foxglove.

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Insinuation

Great Bindweed.

Inspiration

Angelica.

Instability

Dahlia.

Inutility

Diosma.

Irony

Sardony.

## J

Jealousy

Garden Marygold, *Hya-*  
*cinth.*

Jest

Southernwood.

Joy

Woodsorrel.

Joy, Future

Celandine.

Joy, Transports of

Cape Jasmine.

Justice

Rudbeckia.

## K

Knowledge, Useful

Parsley.

## L

Lamentation

Aspen Tree.

Levity

Larkspur, Shamrock.

Life

Lucerne.

Lightness

Larkspur.

Love

Blue Violet.

Love, Concealed

Mother Wort.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Love, Conjugal	Lime Tree.
Love, Devoted	Wild Honeysuckle.
Love, Estranged	Lotus Flower.
Love, Filial	Virgin's Bower.
Love, Happy	Bridal Rose.
Love, Hopeless	Yellow Tulip.
Love, Idle	Wild Heart's Ease.
Love, Maternal	Lady's Cushion.
Love, Parental	Sorrel.
Love, Paternal	Woodbine.
Love, Platonic	Rose Acaeia.
Love, Positive	Myrtle.
Love, Pretended	Catehfly.
Love, Pure	Red Single Pink.
Love, Pure and Ardent	Red Double Pink.
Love, Returned	Ambrosia.
Love, Slighted	Yellow Chrysanthemum.
Love, Secret	Yellow Acaeia.
Love, Sudden	Arkansa Coriopsis.
Love, Sweet and Secret	Honey Flower.
Love, Woman's	Carnation.
Love, Youthful	Red Catehfly.
Love, Self	Nareissus.
Love, Ambassador of	Cabbage Rose.
Love, Bonds of	Monthly Honeysuckle.

*Sentiments.*

Love, Confession of  
 Love, Declaration of  
 Love, Decrease of  
 Love, Consumed by  
  
 Lustre  
 Luxury  
 Luxury, Domestic  
  
 Majesty  
  
 Malevolence  
 Marriage  
 Matrimony  
 Meekness  
 Melancholy  
 Memory  
 Memory, Pleasures of  
 Merit, Concealed  
 Merit, Superior  
 Merit, Unpatronized  
 Merit, Reward of  
 Mildness  
 Misanthropy

*Flowers.*

Bud of a Moss Rose.  
 Red Tulip.  
 Yellow Sweet Briar.  
 Althæa Frutca, (Syrian  
 Mallow.)  
 Fair Maid of France.  
 Horse-Chesnut.  
 Houseleek.  
  
 M  
  
 Imperial Lilac, Crown  
 Imperial.  
 Lobelia.  
 Saffron.  
 Ivy.  
 Birch Tree.  
 Dark Geranium.  
 Syringa.  
 Blue Periwinkle.  
 Coriander.  
 Moss Rose.  
 Red Primrose.  
 Bay Wreath.  
 Privet.  
 Fuller's Thistle, Wolfsbane.

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Modesty	White Violet, White Lilac.
Modesty, Feminine	<i>Calla Æthiopica.</i>
Mourning	Cypress.
Music	Oats.

## N

Neatness	Broom.
Night	Convolvulus Minor.

## O

Obstacles	Mistletoe.
Oracles	Dandelion.
Ornament	Hornbeam Tree.

## P

Pain	Marygold.
Painting	Auricula.
Participation	Double Daisy.
Patience	Doek, Ox Eye.
Patriotism	Nasturtium.
Peace	Olive.
Pensiveness	Cowslip.
Perfection	Pine Apple.
Perfidy	Common Laurel.
Perplexity	Love in a Mist.
Persecution	Chequered Frutillary

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Perseverance	Canary Grass, Swamp Magnolia.
Persuasion	Althæa Frutex.
Pity	The Black Pine, <i>Camellia Japonica</i> ( <i>Japan Rose</i> .)
Pleasure, Delicate	Sweet Pea.
Pleasure, Last	Everlasting Pea
Poison	Hemlock.
Poetry	Eglantine.
Poverty	Evergreen Clematis.
Precaution	Golden Rod.
Power	Imperial Montague, Crown Imperial.
Preferenee	Rose or Pink Geranium.
Preferenee, Present	Apple Geranium.
Presumption	Snap Dragon.
Pretension	Spiked Willow Herb.
Pride	Amaryllis, Hundred Leaved Rose.
Privation	Indian Plum.
Prolific	Fig Tree.
Promptitude	Tenweekstoek.
Prosperity	Beech Tree, Wheat.
Protection	Bearded Crepis.
Prudence	Mountain Ash.
Purity	White Lilæe.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	Q	<i>Flowers.</i>
Quicksightedness		Hawkweed.
	R	
Rarity		Mandrakes.
Reason		Goats' Rue.
Recal		Silver Leaved Geranium.
Recantation		Lotus Leaf.
Recluse		Moss.
Reconciliation		A Filbert, <i>Star of Beth- lehem.</i>
Refinement		Snow-Drop.
Refusal		Striped Pink, or Carnation.
Regard		Daffodil.
Relief		Balm of Gilead.
Remembrance		Rosemary.
Remembrance, Sorrowful		Adonis.
Remembrance, Constant		Cud Weed, Everlasting flower.
Remembrances, Sorrowful		Pheasant's Eye.
Reminiscences, Pleasing		White Periwinkle.
Remorse		Raspberry.
Rendezvous		Chickweed.
Repose		Buckbean.
Resemblance		Spiked Speedwell.
Reserve		Maple.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Resistance	Tansy.
Respect	Pea.
Resolves, Impatient	Red Balsam, (Touch me not.)
Restoration	Persicaria.
Retaliation	Scotch Thistle.
Revenge	Birdsfoot, Trefoil.
Riches, Pride of	Polyanthus.
Rigour	Lantana.
Rivalry	Rocket.
Royalty	Angrce.
Rudness	Xanthium.
Rupture	A Broken Straw, <i>Blue Flowered Greek Valerian.</i>

## S

Safety	Traveller's Joy.
Satire	Prickly Pear.
Scandal	Hellebore.
Scepticism	Nightshade.
Sculpture	Hoya.
Secrecy	A Full Blown Rose placed over two Buds.
Security	Cistus.
Sensibility	Verbena.
Sensitiveness	Mimosa, (Sensitive Plant.)



<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Sensuality	Spanish Jasmine.
Sentiment, Warmth of	Spearmint.
Serenade	Dew Plant.
Severity	A Branch of Thorn.
Shyness	Vetch.
Shame, Bashful	Deep Red Rose.
Sickness	Anemone.
Silence	Belladonna.
Simplicity	Blue Berry, <i>American Sweet Briar.</i>
Sincerity.	Fern, Honesty, Satin Flower.
Singularity	Amaranth (Cockscomb.)
Slander	Stinking Nettle.
Sleep	White Poppy.
Solitude	Heath, Lichen.
Sorcery	Nightshade.
Sourness	Barberry.
Spleen	Fumitory.
Splendour	Nasturtium, Venice Sumach.
Sport	Hyacinth.
Stability	Cresses.
Stoicism	Box.
Stratagem	Walnut.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Strength	Cedar Tree.
Stupidity	Almond Tree.
Submission	Grass.
Succour	Juniper.
Superstition	St. John's Wort, Vervain.
Superstition, Religious	Aloe.
Surprise	Betony.
Susceptibility	Passion Flower.
Suspicion	Mushroom.
Sympathy	Balm, Thrift.
T	
Tardiness	Flax leaved golden locks.
Tears	Helenium.
Temperance	Azulca.
Temptation	An Apple.
Time	White Poplar.
Time, and Philosophy	Pitch Pine.
Time	Fir of Gilead, <i>Balm of Gilead</i> .
Timidity	Marvel of Peru.
Tranquillity	Mad-wort.
Treachery	Common Laurel.
Treason	Whortle Berry.
Truth	White Chrysanthemum, Bitter Sweet Nightshade.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
	U
Unanimity	Phlox.
Uncertainty	Convolvulus.
Unchangeable	Globe Amaranth.
Union	A Straw.
Unity	A White and Red Rose bound together.
Utility	Grass.
	V
Variety	Mundi Rose, China Aster.
Vice	Ray Grass.
Victory	Palm.
Virtue	Mint.
Virtue, Reward of	A Crown of Roses.
Virtues, Domestic	Sage.
Vivacity	House-leek.
Volubility	Abecedary.
Voraciousness	Lupine.
	W
War	Milford, York, and Lancaster Rose
Warmth	Cactus.
Weakness	Moschatel.
Widowhood	Sweet Scabious, Sweet Sultan Flower.
Winning Grace	Cowslip.
Winter	Ice Plant.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Wisdom	Mulberry Tree.
Wit	Meadow Lychnis, Ragged Robin.
Wit, ill timed	Wild Sorrel.
Witchcraft	Nightshade.
Y	
Youth	White Lilac.
Youth, Early	Primrose.
Z	
Zealousness	Elder.
Zest	A Lemon.

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WORDS AND PHRASES WITH THE  
ARTICLE PREFIXED.

A Beauty	Orchis.
A Birth	Dittany.
A Boaster	Hydranger.
A Busybody	Quamoclit.
A Concerted Plan	Nettle Tree.
A Cure	Balm of Gilead.
A Frown	Pcony.
A Heart that is ignorant of Love	White Rose [bud.]
A Snare	Dragon Plant.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
A Token	Laurustinus.
A Warlike Trophy	Nasturtium, (Indian Cress.)
A Wish	Foxglove.
An After Thought	Star wort.
An Appointed Meeting	Everlasting Pea.
An Expected Meeting.	Nutmeg, Geranium.
The Colour of my Fate	Coral Honeysuckle.
The Decrease of Love on better acquaintance	Yellow Rose.
The Farther the Dearer	Tuberose.
The First emotions of Love	Purple Lilae.
The Heart's Mystery	Crimson Polyanthus

## COMBINED AND COMPOUND SENTIMENTS.

Anxious and Trembling	Columbine, Red
Esteem and Love	Strawberry Tree.
Grace and Eloquence	Yellow Jasmine.
Pleasure and Pain	Dog Rose.
Purity and Sweetness	White Lily.
Accommodating Disposition	Valerian.
Beautiful Eyes	Variegated Tulip.
Beloved Daughter	Cinquefoil.
Good Wishes	Sweet Basil.
Knight Errantry	Helmet Flower, Monkwood.
Rejected Addresses	Ice Plant.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Retirement enjoyed	Hare or Blue Bell.
Single-blessedness	Bachelor's Button.
Sunbeamed Eyes.	Scarlet Lyehnis.
Vulgar-minded	African Marygold.

PHRASES WITH PRONOUNS PREFIXED.

I change but in dying	Bay leaf.
I declare against you	Belvidere, Wild liquorice.
I desire to please	Mazereon.
I desire a return of affection	Jonquil.
I engage you for the next Dance	Ivy Geranium.
I esteem but do not love you	Spiderwort.
I fall into the traps laid for me	Catch fly, White.
I feel all my obligations	Lint.
I live for thee	Cedar.
I love	Red Chrysanthemum.
I partake your sentiments	Double China Aster.
I wound to heal	Eglantine.
I am cheerful under mis- fortune	Chinese Chrysanthemum.
I am dazzled by your charms	Ranunculus.
I am for ever thine	Dahlia.
I am hopeless but not heartless	Love lies-a-bleeding.
I am perfectly indifferent to you	Dogwood Blossom.
I am plagued by the ambition of my love	Fuchsia.

<i>Sentiments.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
I am poor but happy	Vernal Grass.
I am resolved to win	Purple Columbine.
I am worthy of you	White Rose, [full.]
I am your captive	Peach Blossom.
I have a message for you	Iris.
I have lost all	Honey Flower, Mourning Bride.
I will think of it	Single China Aster
I would aspire to that smile	Daily Rose.
I would not answer hastily	Monthly Honeysuckle.
My bane ! my antidote !	White Poppy.
My best days are past	Meadow Saffron.
My compliments	Iris.
You occupy my thoughts	Purple Violet, Pansy.
You please all	A Bunch of Currants.
You are always cheerful	Coriopsis.
You are always lovely	Double Indian Pink.
You are all that is lovely	Austrian Rose.
You are intoxicated with pleasure	Peruvian Heliotrope.
You are rich in attraction	Garden Ranunculus.
You are the Queen of Coquettes	Queen's Rocket.
You are welcome to a stranger	American Star Wort.
You are young and beautiful	Red Rosebud.
You have no claims	Pasque flower.

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Your presence softens my pain.  
 Your purity equals your loveliness Orange Blossom.  
 Your qualities surpass your loveliness Mignonette.

## COMMANDS AND REQUESTS.

Abuse not	Crocus.
Beware	Oleander, (Rosebay.)
Call me not beautiful	Rose, Unique.
Do me justice	Chesnut Tree.
Flee away	Penny Royal.
Forget me not	Heart's Ease, (Yellow and Purple.)
Lady, deign to smile	Oak Geranium.
Live for me	Arbor Vitæ.
Only deserve my love	Campion Rose.
Perform your promises	Plum Tree.
Speak low if you speak love	Honey Flower.
Tranquillize my anxiety	Christmas.

## QUESTIONS, &amp;c.

Am I forgotten?	Holly.
Cure for Heart-ache	Swallow Wort, Cranberry.
If you love me, you will find me out	Maiden's Blush Rose.
Love is dangerous	Carolina Rose.
May success crown your wishes	Coronella.



THE  
POETRY OF FLOWERS.



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THE  
POETRY OF FLOWERS.

---

ON A BLUE-BELL,

THAT WAS IN BLOOM AFTER A STORMY NIGHT, BUT  
FADED IN THE SUNBEAM BEFORE NOON.

How wildly o'er the chilly night  
The tempest-demon flew ;  
Still art thou free from stain or blight,  
The storm though stern—was true.

But shun those beams, thou fairy flower,  
That o'er thy beauties stray ;  
They only seek thy fragrant bower  
To steal thy sweets away.

So, over Beauty's drooping head  
The fell despoiler sighs ;  
She looks, and all her peace is fled,  
She listens—and she dies.

ANON.

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

(DESTROYED BY A PLOUGH-SHARE.)

WEE, \* modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,  
 Thou 'ast met me in an evil hour,  
 For I must crush among the stour†  
   Thy slender stem ;  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
   Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! 'tis not thy neighbour sweet,  
 The bonny lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mong the dewy wheat,  
   With speckled breast,  
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
   The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early humble birth ;  
 Yet cheerfully thou venturedst forth  
   Amid the storm,  
 Scarce reared above the parent earth  
   Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
 High sheltering woods and walls must shield ;  
 But thou, behind some clod concealed,  
   Or random stone,  
 Adorn'st the rugged stubble-field,  
   Unseen, alone.

\* Wee, Little.

† Stour, Loose earth.



There, in thy seanty mantle elad,  
 Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lift'st thy unassuming head,  
                                 In humble suit;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
                                 And kills thy root.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
 Which long with want and woe has striven,  
 By human pride or cunning driven  
                                 To misery's brink,  
 Till, wrenched of every stay but heaven,  
                                 He needs must sink.  
   ROBT. BURNS.



### THE ROSE.

NAY, Edith! spare the rose!—it lives—it lives,  
 It feels the noon-tide sun, and drinks refresh'd  
 The dews of night; let not thy gentle hand  
 Tear sunder its life-fibres and destroy  
 The sense of being!—why that infidel smile?  
 Come, I will bribe thee to be merciful,  
 And thou shalt have a tale of other times,  
 For I am skill'd in legendary lore,  
 So thou wilt let it live. There was a time  
 Ere this, the freshest, sweetest flower that blooms,  
 Bedeck'd the bowers of earth. Thou hast not heard

How first by miracle its fragrant leaves  
Spread to the sun their blushing loveliness.  
There dwelt at Bethlehem a Jewish maid;  
And Zillah was her name, so passing fair  
That all Judea spake the damsel's praise.  
He who had seen ner eyes' dark radianee,  
How quiek it spake the soul, and what a soul  
Beam'd in its mild effulgenee, woe was he!  
For not in solitude, for not in erowds,  
Might he eseape remembranee, or avoid  
Her imaged form that followed every where,  
And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent eye.  
Woe was he, for her bosom own'd no love  
Save the strong ardours of religious zeal,  
For Zillah on her God had eentred all  
Her spirit's deep affeetions. So for her  
Her tribes-men sigh'd in vain, yet revereneed  
The obdurate virtue that destroyed their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,  
Who saw, desired, despair'd, and hated her.  
His sensual eye had gloated on her eheek  
Even till the flush of angry modesty  
Gave it new eharms, and made him gloat the more.  
She loath'd the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,  
And the strong workings of brute selfishness  
Had moulded his broad features; and she fear'd  
The bitterness of wounded vanity  
That with a fiendish hue would overeast  
His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,

For Hamuel vowed revenge, and laid a plot  
 Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad  
 Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports  
 That soon obtain belief; that Zillah's eye  
 When in the temple heaven-ward it was rais'd  
 Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those  
 Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance  
 With other feelings fill'd; that 'twas a task  
 Of easy sort to play the saint by day  
 Before the public eye, but that all eyes  
 Were closed at night; that Zillah's life was foul,  
 Yea, forfeit to the law.

Shame—shame to man,  
 That he should trust so easily the tongue  
 That stabs another's fame! the ill report  
 Was heard, repeated, and believed,—and soon,  
 For Hamuel by most damned artifice  
 Produced such semblances of guilt, the Maid  
 Was judged to shameful death.

Without the walls  
 There was a barren field; a place abhorr'd,  
 For it was there where wretched criminals  
 Were done to die; and there they built the stake,  
 And piled the fuel round, that should consume  
 The accused Maid, abandon'd, as it seem'd,  
 By God and man. The assembled Bethlemites  
 Beheld the scene, and when they saw the Maid  
 Bound to the stake, with what ealm holiness  
 She lifted up her patient looks to Heaven,  
 They doubted of her guilt. With other thoughts

Stood Hamuel near the pile, him savage joy  
 Led thitherward, but now within his heart  
 Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first pangs  
 Of wakening guilt, anticipating Hell.  
 The eye of Zillah as it glanced around  
 Fell on the murderer once, but not in wrath;  
 And therefore like a dagger it had fallen,  
 Had struck into his soul a cureless wound.  
 Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour  
 Of triumph, dost thou spare the guilty wretch,  
 Not in the hour of infamy and death  
 Forsake the virtuous! they draw near the stake—  
 And lo! the torch! hold, hold your erring hands!  
 Yet quench the rising flames!—they rise! they spread!  
 They reach the suffering Maid! oh God protect  
 The innocent one!

They rose, they spread, they raged—  
 The breath of God went forth; the ascending fire  
 Beneath its influence bent, and all its flames  
 In one long lightning flash collecting fierce,  
 Darted and blasted Hamuel—him alone.  
 Hark—what a fearful scream the multitude  
 Pour forth!—and yet more miracles! the stake  
 Buds out, and spreads its light green leaves and bowers  
 The innocent Maid, and roses bloom around,  
 Now first beheld since Paradise was lost,  
 And fill with Eden odours all the air.

SOUTHEY.

## THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here ;  
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He, who arched the skies,  
And pours the day-spring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all he tries,  
Could raise the daisy's purple bud--

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem ;  
Its border, nicely fringed, could spin ;  
And cut the gold-enamelled gem,  
That, set in silver, gleams within—

Then fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see,  
In every step, the stamp of God !

DR. MASON GOOD (*Epping*).

## THE DEATH OF FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away !  
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they !  
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence, and bloom,  
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither "toil  
nor spin,"

Yet, lo ! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in !  
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more  
bright

Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed in light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures never  
pall,

Nor yield the less contentment, because so free to all ;  
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy blessed  
air,

Spend nothing of their freshness, tho' all may freely  
share.

The happy, careless creatures ! of time they take no  
heed,

Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed,  
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light  
away,

Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, "Would God that  
it were day !"

But when their lives are over, on holy Nature's breast,  
Unconscious of the penal doom, they drop away to  
rest ;

No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay,  
Oh ! could we but return to rest as easily as they !

MISS C. BOWLES.

## 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.  
Heaped 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 sister-  
hood ?  
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 No-  
vember rain  
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones  
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long  
ago,  
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the sum-  
mer glow ;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the  
wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn  
beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls  
the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from up-  
land, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still  
such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter  
home ;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though  
all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fra-  
grance 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 fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by  
my side :



In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest  
 east the leaf,  
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so  
 brief:  
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young  
 friend of ours,  
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
 flowers. BRYANT.

---

### THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
 And woods the blue-bird's warble know,  
 The yellow violet's modest bell  
 Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,  
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
 First plant thee in the watery mould,  
 And I have seen thee blossoming  
 Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent Sun, who bade thee view  
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
 And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form and low thy seat,  
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
 Unapt the passing view to meet,  
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,  
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk,  
 But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,  
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget  
 The friends in darker fortunes tried.  
 I copied them—but I regret  
 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
 Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
 I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
 That made the woods of April bright.

BRYANT.

---

### TO A FLOWER.

THE blighting hand of winter  
 Has laid thy glories low ;  
 Oh, where is all thy beauty ?  
 Where is thy freshness now ?

Summer has pass'd away,  
 With every smiling scene,

And nature in decay  
Assumes a mournful mien.

How like adversity's rude blast  
Upon the helpless one,  
When hope's gay visions all have pass'd,  
And to oblivion gone.

Yet winter has some beauties left,  
Which cheer my heart forlorn ;  
Nature is not of charms bereft,  
Though shrouded by the storm.

I see the sparkling snow ;  
I view the mountain tops ;  
I mark the frozen lake below,  
Or the dark rugged rocks.

How truly grand the scene !  
The giant trees are bare,  
No fertile meadows intervene,  
No hillocks fresh and fair ;

But the cloud-capp'd mountains rise,  
Crown'd with purest whiteness,  
And mingle with the skies,  
That shine with azure brightness.

And solitude, that friend so dear  
To each reflecting mind,  
Her residence has chosen here,  
To soothe the heart refined.

M. DAVIDSON.

## ON A ROSE.

How short, sweet flower, have all thy beauties been,  
An hour they bloom'd, and now no more are seen :  
So human grandeur fades, so dies away ;  
Beauty and wealth remain but for a day.  
But virtue lives for ever in the mind,  
In her alone true happiness we find :  
The perfume stays, altho' the rose be dead ;  
So virtue lives, when every grace is fled.

MRS. HEMANS.

---

## THE LILY OF THE VALE.

SEE, bending to the gentle gale,  
The modest lily of the vale ;  
Hid in its leaf of tender green,  
Mark its soft and simple mien.  
Thus sometimes Merit blooms retir'd,  
By genius, taste, and fancy, fir'd ;  
And thus 'tis oft the wanderer's lot,  
To rove to Merit's peaceful cot,  
As I have found the lily sweet,  
That blossoms in this wild retreat.

MRS. HEMANS.

---

TO A BEAUTIFUL VINE AND A  
ROSE-BUSH.

THOU fair expanding mossy rose,  
Long may thy opening foliage twine  
With this luxuriant cluster'd vine,  
Which round thee wreathes its tender boughs.

Fair vine, long may thy leaves extend,  
While gentle showers refresh thy root;  
Long may thy graceful branches bend,  
Enrich'd with purpling luscious fruit.

Sweet rose, long may thy flow'rs receive  
The lucid tears of morn and eve;  
Long mayst thou in profusion spread,  
Thy straying buds of brightest red.

MRS. HEMANS.

---

FLORA TO CLAUDE,

ON HIS PLUCKING A ROSE.

AH! you thoughtless, cruel boy,  
'Tis all your pleasure to destroy;  
Fairer was my blushing rose,  
Than any fragrant flower that blows;  
Already, lo! it droops and dies,  
And all its lovely crimson flies.

'Twas I who breath'd the sweet perfume,  
 I shed the rich luxuriant bloom ;  
 And when the bud in embryo lay,  
 I chased the nipping blight away.  
 'Twas I the silken texture spun :  
 Now my work is all undone ;  
 And now I mourn my fairest flower,  
 The glory of my summer bower.

HEMANS.

---

### BRING FLOWERS.

BRING Flowers, young Flowers, for the festal board,  
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured ;  
 Bring Flowers!—they are springing in wood and vale,  
 Their breath floats out in the southern gale,  
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the Rose,  
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring Flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—  
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !  
 He comes with the spoil of nations back,  
 The vine lies crushed in his chariot's track,  
 The turf looks red where he won the day—  
 Bring Flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring Flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;  
 Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,  
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye !

They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,  
 And a dream of his youth—bring him Flowers, wild  
 Flowers!

Bring Flowers, fresh Flowers, for the bride to wear!  
 They were born to blush in her shining hair;  
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
 Her place is now by another's side—  
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring Flowers, pale Flowers, on her bier to shed  
 A crown for the brow of the early dead;  
 For this through its leaves hath the white Rose burst;  
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed:  
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours;  
 They are Love's last gift—bring ye Flowers—pale  
 Flowers!

Bring Flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
 They are Nature's offering, their place is *there*!  
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
 With a voice of promise they come and part,  
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,  
 They break forth in glory—bring Flowers, bright  
 Flowers.

MRS. HEMANS.

## THE ROSE.

## I.

As the Rose of the valley, when dripping with dew,  
 Is the sweetest in odour, and brightest in hue ;  
 So the glanee of dear woman most lovely appears,  
 When it beams from her eloquent eye through her  
 tears.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE ROSE.

## II.

THE Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;  
 The Rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

SCOTT.

## THE ROSE.

## III.

THE Rose, the sweetly-blooming Rose,  
 Ere from the tree 'tis torn,  
 Is like the charms which beauty shows,  
 In life's exulting morn.



But, oh! how soon its sweets are gone  
 How soon it withering lies!  
 So, when the eve of life comes on,  
 Sweet beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made  
 Soon withering we shall find,  
 Let us possess what ne'er will fade—  
 The beauties of the mind.

C. J. Fox.

---

## THE ROSE.

### IV.

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 with a smile.

COWPER.

---

## THE ROSE.

### v.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,  
 Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!  
 The bridal day—the festival—the tomb—  
 Thou hast thy part in each,—thou stateliest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by  
 A thousand images of love and grief,  
 Dreams filled with tokens of mortality,  
 Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first  
 In the clear light of Eden's golden day ;  
*There* thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,  
 Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the bier:

Rose! coloured now by human hope or pain;  
 Surely where death is not—nor change nor fear,  
 Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower, again!

MRS. HEMANS.

---

## THE LILY.

### I.

“Consider the Lilies of the field how they grow.”

MATT. vi. 28.

SWEET nursling of the vernal skies,  
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew;  
 What more than magie in you lies,  
 To fill the heart's fond view?  
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,  
 In sorrow on life's downward way,  
 How soothing! in our last decay,  
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relies ye are of Eden's bowers,  
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,  
 As when ye crowned the sunshine hours.

Of happy wanderers there.  
 Fallen all beside—the world of life  
 How is it staided with fear and strife!  
 In reason's world what storms are rife,  
 With passion's rage and glare!

But changeful and unchanged the while  
Your first and perfect form ye show,  
The same that won Eve's matron smile  
In the world's opening glow.

The stars of heaven a course are taught  
Too high above our common thought ;—  
Ye may be found if ye are sought,  
And, as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,  
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,  
And guilty man, where'er he roams,  
Your innocent mirth may borrow.

The birds of air before us fleet,  
They cannot brook our shame to meet—  
But we may taste your solace sweet,  
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—  
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,  
Your silent lessons undescried  
By all but lowly eyes :

For ye could draw the admiring gaze  
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys :  
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,  
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,  
As when he paused and owned you good ;  
His blessing on earth's primal bower,  
Ye feel it all renewed.

What care ye now, if winter's storm  
 Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?  
 Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,  
 Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,  
 That daily court you and eares,  
 How few the happy secret find  
 Of your ealm loveliness!  
 Live for to-day! to-morrow's light  
 To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;  
 Go, sleep like elosing flowers at night,  
 And Heaven thy morn shall bless.

KEBLE.

---

## THE LILY.

### II.

Look on that flower—the daughter of the vale,  
 The Medicean statue of the shade!  
 Her limbs of modest beauty, aspeet pale,  
 Are but by her ambrosial breath betrayed.  
 There, half in elegant relief displayed,  
 She standeth to our gaze, half shrinking shuns;  
 Folding her green searf, like a bashful maid,  
 Around, to screen her from her suitor suns;  
 Not all her many sweets she lavisheth at once.

Locked in the twilight of depending boughs,  
 Where night and day commingle, she doth shoot  
 Where nightingales repeat their marriage vows ;  
 First by retiring wins our curious foot,  
 Then charms us by her loveliness to suit  
 Our contemplation to her lonely lot ;  
 Her gloom, leaf, blossom, fragrance, form dispute  
 Which shall attract most belgards to the spot,  
 And loveliest her array who fain would rest unsought.

Her gloom, the aisle of heavenly solitude ;  
 Her flower, the vestal nun who there abideth ;  
 Her breath, that of celestials meekly wooed  
 From heaven ; her leaf the holy veil which hideth  
 Her form, the shrine where purity resideth ;  
 Spring's darling, Nature's pride, the Sylvan's  
 queen—

To her, at eve, enamoured Zephyr glideth ;  
 Trembling, she bids him waft aside her screen,  
 And to his kisses wakes—the Flora of the scene.

WIFFEN.

## WILD FLOWERS.

### I.

YE Field Flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
 Yet wildings of nature, I doat upon you,  
 For ye waft me to summers of old,

When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttereups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of broken glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep, mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tunc  
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 scen 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 visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

## WILD FLOWERS.

## II.

WILD flowers,  
 I love right well,  
 To visit where ye dwell,  
 On mountain, valley, or in woody bowers,  
 Whether coquetting with garish sun,  
 Or weeping dewy tears 'neath evening's shadows dun.

By what name  
 Botanic ye are known,  
 I care not; you're the same—  
 In glory garmented—each in your own;  
 And God's benignant mercy to his creatures  
 Speaks out in all your fascinating features.

Since young years,  
 My soul's full love ye share;  
 And, treading where ye are,  
 My heart grows bigger, and shakes off its tears;  
 Sisters of beauty, earth's most radiant stars!  
 Shining forth side by side, unconscious of man's jars.

In summer weather  
 Close nestling cheek to cheek,  
 So modest, and so meek,  
 Like loving hearts partaking all together;  
 The shade, in sunshine, in your common lot;  
 You're all remembered, or you're all forgot.



Flowers! how shrink ye  
 From man's o'erweening ways!  
 He, moth-like, seeks the blaze;  
 Ye dwell retired in secret modesty:  
 Falsehood and change in him are e'er inherent—  
 In you the child is ever like the parent.

The open sky  
 Is quick with living lights,  
 Yet less heart-deep delights  
 It yields than those the greenwood can supply;  
 How God can make a small flower of the field  
 Perform its destined part, and pregnant blessings yield!

In hour of pride,  
 Not victor's burst of joy  
 Can match, without alloy,  
 The raptures that with Nature's sons abide;  
 These joys she gave me in a mood of love,  
 And the world's bickering strife them never shall  
 remove!

At early morn,  
 When yet your lips are wet  
 With kisses given you when the stars are met,  
 Long ere the hunter's loud awakening-horn  
 Hath roused the laggard to the work of death,  
 What joy to suek the honied fragranee of your breath!

Serenely fair,  
 Half-hidden by the grass,  
 With virgin, bashful face,  
 Blithe beauty dallying with your cheeks and hair,

Ye peep reluctant from beneath the weeds,  
Like Goodness blushing to make known her deeds.

Wild flowers!

I love right well

To visit where ye dwell,

On Scotia's hills, or vales, or shady bowers!

Your foreign sisters can small joy impart,

But ye are rooted, grow, and blossom in my heart!

D. CHRISTIE.

## THE DAISY.

### I.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That weleomes every echanging hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
In gay but quick suecession shine,  
Race after rae their honours yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this smal flower, to nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses run,  
Wreathes the whole eirele of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arms.  
The purple heath and golden broom,  
On moory mountains catch the gale,  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale :  
But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forests, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.  
Within the garden's cultured round,  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;  
And blooms on consecrated ground,  
In honour of the dead.  
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,  
The blue fly bends its pensile stem  
Light o'er the skylark's nest.  
'Tis Flora's page :—in every place,  
In every season fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where.  
On waste and woodland, roek and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;  
The Rose has but a summer reign,  
The Daisy never dies.

## THE DAISY.

## II.

IN youth, from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
    Most pleased when most uneasy ;  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake  
    Of thee, sweet Daisy !

When soothed a while by milder airs,  
Thee Winter in the garland wears  
That thinly shades his few grey hairs ;  
    Spring cannot shun thee ;  
Whole Summer fields are thine by right ;  
And Autumn, melancholy wight,  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
    When rains are on thee.

Be violets in their secret mews,  
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose ;  
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
    Her head impearling ;  
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
    The poet's darling.

If to a roek from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie,  
    Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare ;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare  
    His melaneholy.

A hundred times, by roek or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
    Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love, some brief delight ;  
Some memory that had taken flight ;  
Some ehime of faney wrong or right ;  
    Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one ehance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
    A lowlier pleasure ;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The eommon life, our nature breeds ;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
    Of hearts at leisure.

When smitten by the morning ray,  
I see thee rise alert and gay,  
Then, eheerful flower ! my spirits play

With kindred gladness :  
 And when, at dusk, by dews oppressed,  
 Thou sinkest, the image of thy rest  
 Hath often eased my pensive breast  
 Of careful sadness.

Child of the year ! that round dost run  
 Thy course, bold lover of the sun,  
 And cheerful, when the day's begun,  
 As morning leveret,  
 \* Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;  
 Dear shalt thou be to future men  
 As in old time ;—thou, not in vain,  
 Art Nature's favourite.

WORDSWORTH.

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### THE WREATH.

I SOUGHT the garden's gay parterre,  
 To cull a wreath for Mary's hair ;  
 And thought I surely here might find  
 Some emblem of her lovely mind,  
 Where taste displays the varied bloom  
 Of Flora's beauteous drawing-room.  
 And, first of peerless form and hue,  
 The stately Lily caught my view,

\* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

Fair bending from her graceful stem  
Like queen with regal diadem :  
But though I viewed her with delight,  
She seemed too much to woo the sight,—  
A fashionable belle—to shine  
In some more courtly wreath than mine.  
I turned and saw a tempting row  
Of flaunting Tulips full in blow—  
But left them with their gaudy dyes  
To Nature's beaux—the butterflies.  
Bewildered 'mid a thousand hues,  
Still harder grew the task to choose ;  
Here, delicate Carnations bent  
Their heads in lovely languishment,—  
Much as a pensive Miss expresses,  
With neck declined, her soft distresses !  
The gay Jonquilles in foppish pride  
Stood by the Painted-Lady's side,  
And Hollyhocks superbly tall  
Beside the Crown-Imperial.  
But still 'midst all this gorgeous glow  
Seemed less of sweetness than of show ;  
While close beside in warning grew  
The allegoric *Thyme* and *Rue*.  
There, too, stood that fair-weather flower  
Which, faithful still in sunshine hour,  
With fervent adoration turns  
Its breast where golden Phœbus burns—  
Base symbol (which I scorned to lift)  
Of friends that change as fortunes shift !

Tired of the search, I bent my way  
 Where Teviot's haunted waters stray ;  
 And from the Wild-Flowers of the grove  
 I framed a garland for my love :  
 The slender circlet first to twine  
 I plucked the rambling Eglantine,  
 That decked the cliff in clusters free,  
 As sportive and as sweet as she :  
 I stole the Violet from the brook,  
 Though hid like her in shady nook,  
 And wove it with the Mountain-Thyme—  
 The myrtle of our stormy clime :  
 The Hare-bell looked like Mary's eye,  
 The Blush Rose breathed her tender sigh,  
 And Daisies, bathed in dew, exprest  
 Her innocent and gentle breast.  
 And now, my Mary's brow to braid,  
 This chaplet in her bower is laid,  
 A fragrant emblem fresh and wild  
 Of simple Nature's sweetest child.

PRINGLE.

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### THE LILY.

How withered, perished seems the form  
 Of yon obscure unsightly root !  
 Yet from the blight of wintry storm,  
 It hides secure the precious fruit.



The careless eye can find no grace,  
No beauty in the scaly folds,  
Nor see within the dark embrace  
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,  
The lily wraps her silver vest,  
Till vernal suns and vernal gales  
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap  
The undelighting slighted thing ;  
There in the cold earth buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close  
In gloom upon the barren earth,  
While still, in undisturbed repose,  
Uninjured lies the future birth !

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,  
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;  
Or mock her fond credulity,  
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !  
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;  
The promised verdant shoot appear,  
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring !  
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed  
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,  
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,  
 Unsullied from their darksome grave,  
 And thy soft petals' silvery light  
 In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust  
 Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,  
 And bid her thus her hopes entrust,  
 And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,  
 And bear her own degraded doom,  
 And wait till Heaven's reviving light,  
 Eternal Spring ! shall burst the gloom.

MRS. TIGHE.

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## 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 old ;  
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
 Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
 Ged 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 on 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.

## ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

A LOVELY rose of sweet perfume,  
 Grew by a rivulet's side,  
 And bending o'er the silent stream,  
 Its beauteous shadow spied.

The rose—'till then—was virgin white,  
 Nought with it could compare;—  
 With modest grace the flower now blushed  
 To see itself so fair.

ANON.

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 TO A LILY

## FLOWERING BY MOONLIGHT.

OH! why, thou lily pale,  
 Lovest thou to blossom in the wan moonlight,  
 And shed thy rich perfume upon the night,  
 When all thy sisterhood,  
 In silken cowl and hood,  
 Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?  
 Fair-horned Cynthia woos thy modest flower,  
 And with her beaming lips  
 Thy kisses cold she sips,  
 For thou art aye her only paramour;  
 What time she nightly quits her starry tower,

Tricked in celestial light,  
 And silver crescent bright.  
 Oh ! ask thy vestal queen  
 If she will thee advise,  
 Where in the blessed skies  
 That maiden may be seen,  
 Who hung like thee her pale head through the day,  
 Love-sick, and pining for the evening ray,  
 And lived a virgin chaste, amid the folly  
 Of this bad world, and died of melancholy.  
 Oh ! tell me where she dwells,  
 So on thy mournful bells  
 Shall Dian nightly fling  
 Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,  
 Her pale night-lustre to enhance thy bloom,  
 And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing.

ANON.

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### THE WINTER ROSE.

THE soft blooms of Summer are faint to the eye  
 Where brightly the gay silver Medway glides by ;  
 And rich are the colours which Autumn adorn,  
 Its gold chequer'd leaves, and its billows of corn.  
 But dearest to me is the pale lonely *Rose*,  
 Whose blossoms in Winter's dark season uncloze,  
 Which smile in the rigour of Winter's stern blast,  
 And smooth the rough present by sighs of the past.

An thus, when around us affliction's dark power  
 Eclipses the sunshine of life's flowing hour,  
 While drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend,  
 Oh! sweet is the presence of *one* faithful friend.

The crowds that smiled on us when gladness was ours,  
 Are Summer's bright blossoms which Autumn de-  
 vours;

But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,  
 That friend is the Winter's lone, beautiful Rose.

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### ON A VIOLET IN THE GARDEN OF A PALACE.

SWEET tenant of the hedgerow wild,  
 Whose virgin sigh perfumes the air,  
 Methinks thy beauty, pure and mild,  
 Is lost amid yon gay parterre.

Oh! while thy fragrance I inhale,  
 Far other scenes before me rise;  
 Scenes loved and lost, in vision pale,  
 They float before my humid eyes.

E'en now, by memory raised, I view  
 The dewy mead, the shaded dell,  
 Where erst, when life was fresh and new,  
 My careless childhood loved to dwell.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,  
Where milder suns in summer smile,  
Exists the land so dear to me,  
Beloved England's verdant isle.

There first I knew thee, lowly flower,  
In eopse remote, so wildly sweet ;  
Nor dreamt in proud and foreign bower,  
Thy modest form I e'er should greet.

Yon rose, the garden's brilliant queen,  
The orange, clad in vest of gold,  
Carnation, rich in painted sheen,  
And gaudy tulip, gay and bold ;

Not one for thee a friend or mate,  
Meek daughter of the lowly dale !  
O leave them to their lordly state,  
And think thee of thy parent vale.

When next thy modest charms I view,  
Be it among each early fere ;  
The primrose pure, the harebell blue,  
And cowslip, still to fairies dear.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,  
Where milder suns in summer smile,  
There may I meet thee, wild and free,  
Once more within our native isle.

M. BAILLIE.



## THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

YOUNG women ! don't be fond of killing,  
 'Too well I know your hearts unwilling  
 To hide beneath the veil a charm—  
 Too pleased a sparkling eye to roll,  
 And with a neck to thrill the soul  
 Of every swain with love's alarm.

Yet, yet, if prudenee be not near,  
 Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,  
 Where little Cupids nectar sip,  
 Are very pretty lures, I own :  
 But, ah ! if Prudenee be not nigh,  
 Those lips, where all the Cupids lie,  
 May give a passage to a groan.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,  
 Flinging around her rich perfume,  
 Her form to public notice pushing,  
 Amidst the summer's golden glow,  
 Peep'd on a Strawberry below,  
 Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

“ Miss Strawberry,” exclaimed the Rose,  
 “ What's beauty, that no mortal knows ?  
 What is a charm, if never seen ?

You really are a pretty creature :  
Then wherefore hide each blooming feature  
Come up, and show your modest mien."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,  
"I never did possess a pride  
That wish'd to dash the public eye :  
Indeed I own that I'm afraid—  
I think there's safety in the shade ;  
Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,  
"See how I wanton in the wind :  
I feel no danger's dread alarms :  
And then observe the god of day,  
How amorous with his golden ray,  
To pay his visits to my charms !"

No sooner said, but with a scream  
She started from her favourite theme—  
A clown had on her fix'd his pat.  
In vain she screech'd—Hob did but smile :  
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,  
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

WOLCOT.

## THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

WHEN earth was in its golden prime,  
 Ere grief or gloom had marred its hue,  
 And Paradise, unknown to crime,  
 Beneath the love of angels grew,  
 Each flower was then a spirit's home,  
 Each tree a living shrine of song ;  
 And oh ! that ever hearts could roam,—  
 Could quit for sin that seraph throng !

But there the spirit lingers yet,  
 Though dimness o'er our visions fall,  
 And flowers that seem with dew-drops wet,  
 Weep angel-tears for human thrall ;  
 And sentiments and feelings move  
 The soul, like oracles divine ;  
 And hearts that ever bowed to love,  
 First found it by the flowers' sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power,  
 Language that hath in life no sound,  
 Still haunts, like Truth, the Spirit-flower,  
 And hallows even Sorrow's ground.  
 The wanderer gives it Memory's tear,  
 Whilst Home seems pictured on its leaf ;  
 And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,  
 Come o'er him—beautiful as brief.

'Tis not the bloom, though wild or rare,  
 It is the Spirit power within,  
 Which melts and moves our souls, to share  
 The Paradise we here might win.  
 For heaven itself around us lies,  
 Not far, not yet our reach beyond,  
 And we are watched by angels' eyes,  
 With hope and faith still fond!

I well believe a Spirit dwells  
 Within the flower! least changed of all  
 That of the passed Immortal tells—  
 The glorious meeds before man's fall;  
 Yet, still, though I should never see  
 The mystic grace within it shine—  
 Its essence is sublimity,  
 Its feeling all divine.

C. SWAIN.

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### TO THE ROSE.

THE star of love on evening's brow hath smiled,  
 Showering her golden influence with her beam;  
 Hush'd is the ocean wave, and soft and mild  
 The breathing zephyr; lull'd is every stream,  
 Placid and gentle as a vestal's dream;

The bard of night, the angel of the spring.  
 O'er the wild minstrels of the grove supreme,  
 Near his betrothed flower expands his wing ;  
 Wake, lovely rose, awake, and hear thy poet sing !

The night is past ; wake—queen of every flower !  
 Breathing the soul of spring in thy perfume ;  
 The pearls of morning are thy wedding dower,  
 Thy bridal garment is a robe of bloom !

Wake, lovely flower ! for now the winter's gloom  
 Hath wept itself in April showers away ;

Wake, lovely flower ; and bid thy smiles assume  
 A kindred brightness with the rosy ray,  
 That streaks the floating clouds with the young  
 blush of day.

ANON.

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### THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THAN vainer flowers though sweeter far,  
 The evening primrose shuns the day ;  
 Blooms only to the western star,  
 And loves its solitary ray.

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

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

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

“Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,  
 When love has fill’d his heart with cares,  
 For flowers he rifles all the meads,  
 For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

“Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom  
 On night’s ehill shade, that fragrant breath.  
 Let smiling suns those glooms illumine!  
 Fair flower, to live unseen is death.”

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

Deep in her unfrequented bower,  
 Sweet Philomela pour’d her strain;  
 The bird of eve approved her flower,  
 And answer’d thus the anxious swain:

“Live unseen!

By moon-light shades in valleys green,  
 Lovely flower, we’ll live unseen.

Of our pleasures deem not lightly ;  
 Laughing day may look more sprightly,  
     But I love the modest mien,  
     Still I love the modest mien  
 Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

“ Didst thou, shepherd, never find  
 Pleasure is of pensive kind ?  
 Has thy cottage never known  
 That she loves to live alone ?  
 Dost thou not, at evening hour,  
 Feel some soft and secret power,  
 Gilding o'er thy yielding mind,  
 Leave sweet serenity behind ;  
 While, all disarm'd, the cares of day  
 Steal through the falling gloom away ?  
 Love to think thy lot was laid  
 In this undistinguish'd shade.  
 Far from the world's infectious view,  
 Thy little virtues safely blew.  
 Go, and in day's more dangerous hour  
 Guard thy emblematic flower.”

LANGHORNE.

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### THE WITHERED FLOWER.

I've often seen the opening flower  
     Hold up its little head,  
 And looked again in one short hour,  
     But then I found it dead.

They often fade before they're blown,  
 Nor more secure am I;  
 Some sudden stroke may cut me down,  
 And I must likewise die.

O! then, may heaven be my concern,  
 As I upon it look,  
 A useful lesson may I learn  
 From Nature's easy book.

ANON.

### THE FLOWER GIRL.

FLOWERS, flowers, who will buy?  
 Will buy my opening flowers?  
 I have sought them low and high,  
 In the summer bowers!

Here you have the dappled piuk,  
 Mixed with half shut roses,  
 Honeysuckles which I link,  
 With jasmines, in my posies.

Ladies, you should buy of me—  
 The flowers in their twining,  
 Have a moral that may be  
 Worthy your divining.

See the bright carnation's dye,  
 And learn of it your duty,



When its colours, as they fly,  
 Show the worth of beauty!

Children, newly born of earth,  
 Ye who should seem given,  
 In your young unconseious worth,  
 As promises from heaven!

Buy, oh buy my flowerets sweet,  
 With your freshness vying,  
 To your souls the moral meet,  
 They contain, applying.

Life is pleasant, little one,  
 But each fond desire,  
 With its thorns, is overrun,  
 Like the scented briar.

And sweet at eve the faded rose,  
 With dew upon it sleeping,  
 But sweeter far in death are those  
 Whom virtue's self is weeping.

E. STEWART.

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### THE SNOWDROP.

OH the pretty snowdrop,  
 It grows down in the vale,  
 Though still it whistles round us,  
 Winter's biting gale :

Trembling on its slender stalk,  
The floweret is seen,  
Half hiding its pale blossom,  
'Mid its leaves of green.

Pretty little snowdrop,  
Earliest of flowers,  
Roses they are very fair,  
Grown in summer bowers :  
But the rose in glowing beauty  
Is not dear to me,  
Snowdrop, as thy blossoms white  
Have been, and will be.

Yet a lesson we may learn,  
Snowdrop of the vale !  
From thy leaflets trembling so  
In the winter gale ;  
Wherefore do we prize thee  
With thy blossoms wan ?  
Is't not that they come whispering,  
Winter time is gone !

A promise of a coming good,  
The treasures of the spring,  
To hearts that ache at winter's cold  
Thy fragile flowerets bring.  
So in those the disregarded,  
The lowly ones of earth,  
Snowdrop, as in thee we find  
Whisperings of worth.

E. STEWART.

## FIELD FLOWERS.

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

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

But whilst to thoughtless ones, and gay,  
Ye breathe these truths severe ;  
To those who droop 'neath pale decay  
Have ye no word of cheer ?  
Yes, yes, ye weave a double spell,  
And life and death betoken well.

Go then where, wrapt in fear and gloom,  
Fond hearts and true are sighing,  
And deek with emblematic bloom  
The pillow of the dying ;  
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,  
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say, that He who from the dust  
 Recalls the slumbering flower,  
 Will surely visit those who trust  
 His merey and his power ;  
 Will mark where sleeps their peaceeful clay,  
 And roll ere long the stone away.

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### WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL ehildren of the woods and fields !  
 That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the  
 heather,  
 Or into elusters, 'neath the hazels, gather,—  
 Or where by hoary roeks you make your bields,  
 And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful flowers ! to me ye fresher seem  
 From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,  
 Than those that flourish by a garden-wall ;  
 And I can image you, as in a dream,  
 Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth  
 Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem ;  
 Though lowly ye, and most without a name,  
 Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,  
 As light erewhile into the world eame,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow !

The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes,—  
 Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise  
 Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow  
 And thousands more of blessed forms and dyes,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !

Fanned, in your loveliness, by every breeze,  
 And shaded o'er by green and arching trees ;  
 I often wish that I were one of you,  
 Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !

The Evening Star grows dim and fades away,  
 The Morning comes and goes, and then the day  
 Within the arms of night its rest doth take ;  
 But ye are wakeful wheresoe'er we stray,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love !

The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,  
 And in your native woods and wilds to be ;  
 All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move ;  
 Ye are so passing fair, so passing free,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—

The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide

And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !  
 Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell ;  
 And, though the Worldling, seorning, may deride,—  
 I love ye all !

NICOLL.

### THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
 Enough for great and small,  
 The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,  
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough  
 For every want of ours,  
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
 And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine  
 Requireth none to grow,  
 Nor doth it need the lotus-flower  
 To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,  
 The nightly dews might fall,  
 And the herb that keepeth life in man,  
 Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
 All dyed with rainbow light,  
 All fashioned with supremest grace,  
 Upspringing day and night :—

Springing in valleys green and low,  
 And on the mountains high,  
 And in the silent wilderness,  
 Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,  
 Then wherefore had they birth?—  
 To minister delight to man,  
 To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man  
 Whene'er his faith is dim;  
 For whoso careth for the flowers  
 Will care much more for him.

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### LINES ON FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are the brightest things which earth  
 On her broad bosom loves to cherish;  
 Gay they appear as children's mirth,  
 Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

In every clime, in every age,  
 Mankind have felt their pleasing sway;  
 And lays to them have deek'd the page  
 Of moralist—and minstrel gay.

By them the lover tells his tale,  
 They can his hopes, his fears express;  
 The maid, when words or look would fail,  
 Can thus a kind return confess.

They wreathe the harp at banquets tried,  
 With them we crown the crested brave :  
 They deck the maid—adorn the bride—  
 Or form the chaplets for her grave.

PATERSON.

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### TO A WILD FLOWER.

IN what delightful land,  
 Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?  
 Thou art no offspring of the common earth,  
 By common breezes fann'd!

Full oft my gladden'd eye,  
 In pleasant glade, or river's marge has traced  
 (As if there planted by the hand of taste,)  
 Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,  
 In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,  
 'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,  
 One half so fair as thee.

Thy beauty makes rejoice  
 My inmost heart—I know not how 'tis so,—  
 Quick-coming fancies thou dost make me know,  
 For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,  
 In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,  
 Like memory of friends gone far away,  
 Or, haply, ceased to be.



Together we'll commune,  
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,  
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,  
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,  
Although not uttered in vernacular words,  
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds ;  
Of venerable wine ;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots ;  
Of Summer days, when men their thirsting slake  
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,  
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell  
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,  
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain  
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,  
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,  
The deep-voiced forest where the hermit prays,  
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,  
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,  
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,  
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,  
The music of the woods, the love that stirs  
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,  
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget  
 What thou hast taught me in my solitude—  
 My feelings have acquired a taste of good,  
 Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul  
 A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought;  
 And dost the goodness and the power denote  
 Of Him who formed the whole.

ANDERSON.

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L I N E S.

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“Do not pluck the flowers, they are sacred to the dead.”

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OH! spare the flowers, the fair young flowers,  
 The free glad gift the summer brings;  
 Bright children of the sun and showers,  
 Here do they rise, earth's offerings.  
 Rich be the dew upon you shed,  
 Green be the bough that o'er you waves,  
 Weariless watchers by the dead,  
 Unblenching dwellers 'midst the graves!  
 Oh! spare the flowers! their sweet perfume,  
 Upon the wandering zephyr east,  
 And lingering o'er the lowly tomb,  
 Is like the memory of the past.

They flourish freshly, though beneath  
 Lie the dark dust and ereeping worm,  
 They speak of Hope, they speak of Faith;  
 They smile, like rainbows thro' the storm.

Pluck not the flowers—the saered flowers!  
 Go where the garden's treasures spread,  
 Where strange bright blossoms deek the bowers,  
 And spiey trees their odours shed.  
*There* pluck, if thou delight'st, indeed,  
 To shorten life so brief as theirs,  
 But here the admonition heed—  
 A blessing on the hand that spares!

Pluck not the flowers! In days gone by,  
 A beautiful belief was felt,  
 That fairy spirits of the sky  
 Amidst the trembling blossoms dwelt.  
 Perhaps the dead have many a guest,  
 Holier than any that are ours;  
 Perhaps their guardian angels rest  
 Enshrined amidst the gentle flowers.

Hast thou no loved one lying low,  
 No broken reed of earthly trust?  
 Hast thou not felt the bitter woe  
 With which we render dust to dust?  
 Thou hast! and in one eherited spot,  
 Unseen, unknown to earthly eyes,  
 Within their heart, the unforgot  
 Entombed in silent beauty lies.

Memory and Faith, and Love so deep,  
 No earthly storm can reach it more—  
 Affection that hath ceased to weep,  
 These flourish in thy bosom's core.  
 Spare then the flowers! With gentle tread  
 Draw near, remembering what thou art,  
 For blossoms sacred to the dead,  
 Are ever springing in thy heart.

M. A. BROWNE.

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### THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.

I would, dear love! that I thy convert were  
 To that strange lore.—The fair flowers dream and  
 feel,  
 And glad and woful, fond and scornful are;  
 And mutely conseious how the unresting wheel  
 Of Time revolveth, and doth hourly steal  
 Their beauty, and the heart-companionship  
 Of their neetareous kindred, that reveal  
 Their souls to sunlight, and with fragrant lip  
 Drink the abundant dews that from God's eyelids drip.

But then, I never dare another eull,  
 To crush its being, and for ever end  
 Its commune and its fellows beautiful:  
 Ah! no, presenee and absenee never blend  
 A consciousness about them; or to rend

Lover from lover, in their early wooing,

When even the rainbow their dew'd eyes transeend ;  
 For our adornment merely—oh ! 'twere doing  
 Sweet creatures bitter wrong, with our worst woes  
 enduing.

At least, for conseience-sake, I'll not believe  
 That they are sensible to hearted feeling ;  
 For in no creature's being would I weave  
 Those griefs which even now I am revealing  
 In tears and sighs, from lips and eyelids stealing—  
 Sad rain and wind of my heart's laden eloud !—

By which, if they do feel, with wounds unhealing  
 Their parted spirits must be cleft and bow'd  
 Till they grew pale and sere, and wore death's com-  
 mon shroud.

Then, to the lover's and the poet's warning  
 Attend, as to a Delphic oraele :

When flowers into the grey eyes of the morning  
 Peer in awaken'd beauty from Night's eell :  
 On the warm heart of Noontide when they dwell ;  
 Or close in loveliness at Twilight's feet—

They gave their thoughts and dreams ; and thou  
 dost quell

A gentle spirit in each blossom sweet  
 (Which its love-conseious mates for ever pine to greet—

And pine in vain!) which thy small hand doth sunder  
 From its green birth-plae !—Art thou of those  
 that sleep

In common thought, to whom there is no wonder  
 In all the universe sublime and deep—  
 Invisible and visible! There weep  
 Dews of a morning round us, which must break—  
 And unveil all things o'er which darkly sweep  
 The night-shades of our ignorance. Awake!  
 And in this creed believe—for love's, if not truth's  
 sake.

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### TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

STILL, gentle lady, cherish flowers—  
 True fairy friends are they,  
 On whom, of all thy cloudless hours,  
 Not one is thrown away;  
 By them, unlike man's ruder race,  
 No care conferr'd is spurn'd,  
 But all thy fond and fostering grace  
 A thousand-fold return'd.

The rose repays thee all thy smiles—  
 The stainless lily rears  
 Dew in the chalice of its wiles,  
 As sparkling as thy tears.  
 The glances of thy gladden'd eyes  
 Not thanklessly are pour'd;  
 In the blue violet's tender dyes  
 Behold them all restored.

Yon bright carnation—once thy cheek  
 Bent o'er it in the bud ;  
 And baek it gives thy blushes meek  
 In one rejoieing flood !  
 That balm has treasured all thy sighs,  
 That snow-drop touch'd thy brow ;  
 Thus not a charm of thine shall die,  
 Thy painted people vow.

SIMMONS.

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TO A WILD ROSE.

OH, floweret wild !  
 Drooping with many a glittering tear,  
 The Summer's most beloved child,  
 Thou'rt weleome here !  
 I speak not of thy shadowy bloom  
 Which gleaming 'mid the leaves we see,  
 Nor of thy soft and rich perfume,  
 Sweet though it be :—  
 Thou hast a spell,  
 A charm far dearer to my heart,  
 The power of days long past to tell,—  
 Of hopes that would depart !  
 Yes! gazing on thee now,  
 Those seenes beloved ean memory draw,  
 When simple echildhood's hat of straw  
 Shaded my careless brow :

And round it eluster'd many a wreath  
 Of blossoms wild and sweet as thou,  
 And lighter was the heart beneath  
 Than it is now :—  
 But pass we that,—no thought of grief  
 Thy flowers unto my bosom bring,  
 But hallowed is each fragrant leaf  
 With dreams of hope and spring.  
 Thou bring'st me baek the time  
 When I would pause from morn till even  
 To hear the sweet bell's distant chime,  
 Like melody from Heaven.  
 I gaze,—thou art no more a flower,  
 But some bright scene of early youth,  
 The wild wood-side—a summer bower—  
 All clear and pure a` truth !

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ELEGIAC.

THE flowers I strew upon thy grave  
 Are wet with many a sorrowing tear—  
 Alas ! they had not power to save  
 Thy head from resting here !  
 Their fragranee here they sweetly shed,  
 And seem their gentle heads to bow,  
 And weep above the narrow bed  
 Where low thou liest now.



I can but weep to see them bloom  
 At morning still so freshly fair,  
 At evening withering on thy tomb;  
 Whilst I who placed them there

Can read thy emblem in their doom,—  
 So pure—so loved—so early lost—  
 Departing in life's brightest bloom  
 Ere grief thy heart had crost!

I turn away with many a sigh,  
 For here there breathes some holy spell:  
 Too prized to live—too loved to die—  
 How can I say farewell!

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### STANZAS.

WHY, when the souls we loved are fled,  
 Plant we their turf with flowers;  
 Their blossomed fragrance there to shed  
 In sunshine and in showers?

Why hid, when these are passed away,  
 The laurel flourish o'er their clay,  
 In winter's blighting hours:

To spread a leaf for ever green,  
 Ray of the life that once hath been?

It is—that we would thence create  
 Bright memory of the past,  
 And give their imaged forms a date,

Eternally to last :  
 It is—to hallow, whilst regret  
 Is busy with their actions yet,  
 The sweetnesses they cast ;  
     To sanctify upon the earth  
     The glory of departed worth.

ANON.

---

### O SPARE MY FLOWER.

O 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  
 Decey'd, unnoticed, overthrown :  
 O hasten not its destiny—  
 Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,  
 And sigh to find its play-mate gone ;  
 The bee will come its sweets to borrow,  
 And meet with none.  
 O spare ! and let it still outspread  
 Its beauties to the passing eye,  
 And look up from its lowly bed  
 Upon the sky.

O 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 elad like Nature's simplest child :  
 Nor could the world combined create  
 One floweret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument  
 Of an Almighty's power and skill ;  
 And let it at His shrine present  
 Its homage still.  
 He made it who made nought in vain ;  
 He watches it who watehes thee ;  
 And He can best its date ordain,  
 Who bade it be.

M.

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### THE ROSES ARE GONE.

THE Roses are gone, their empire is o'er,  
 And many who saw them may see them no more ;  
 Yet little it recks that we mourn their deeay,  
 For we are as fragile, as fleeting as they.

What came with the Roses ? Sweet hopes springing  
 forth  
 'Mid the sunbeams of heaven, the blossoms of earth,  
 And the song of the birds, and the breath of the flowers  
 Awakening a dream of life's sunniest hours.

What came with the Roses? Dear thoughts of delight,  
That feared not extinction, that dreamt not of blight;  
And the trust that had wither'd, the joy that was lost,  
Forth springing again, but again to be crost.

What came with the Roses? The promise of truth;  
And the love that haunts ever the spirit of youth,  
Ere the heart learns to school its wild throbs of delight,  
Ere the storms of the world pour their withering blight.

What went with the Roses? Hope chilled to despair,  
And all our bright visions like fabrics in air.  
We felt they were lovely; we knew they must go,  
Yet that doth not weaken one pulse of our woe.

What went with the Roses? The love of long years  
That kindled in sunshine, has withered in tears;  
And the joy that we deemed in a moment to clasp,  
Hath fled like a shade and eluded our grasp.

What went with the Roses? The bark o'er the sea,  
With its treasure of loved ones—the leaf from the tree,  
The earliest reft—in our pathway is shed,  
And the birds of the spring-time are silent or fled.

The breeze took the Roses, nor took them alone,  
There are fair ones and loved ones as suddenly gone,  
And the last of your leaves have been shed o'er the  
    bier,  
Where their scent cannot charm, their beauty not  
    cheer.

Alas ! it is thus, nought is permanent here ;  
 Each joy brings its price, the fast following tear ;  
 And the smile that is lighting our features to-day,  
 Ere to-morrow may pass into darkness away.

Yet Roses may wither, and pleasures may fly,  
 But somewhat there is, that can fade not, nor die ;  
 And like a sweet perfume, that doth not depart,  
 Are the feelings that change not, within the deep  
                   heart. M.

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### ROUSSEAU AND THE WILD FLOWER.

WHEN known to fame, but not to peace,  
 Alone, unfriended, worn with care,  
 Th' enthusiast bade his wanderings cease,  
 And breath'd once more his native air,  
 And hail'd again the tranquil scene  
 Where once he roved with heart serene.

The plant that bloom'd along the shore,  
 Where there in happier hours he strayed,  
 Still flourish'd gaily as before,  
 In all its azure charms array'd ;  
 There still it shone in modest pride,  
 While all his flowers of joy had died.

It seem'd to say, " Hadst thou, like me,  
 Contented bloomed within the bed

That Nature's hand had form'd for thee,  
 When first her dews were on thee shed,  
 Then had thy blossoms never known  
 The blast that o'er their buds have blown."

It seem'd to say, "The loveliest flower,  
 That keeps unmoved its native sphere,  
 May brave the season's changeful power,  
 And live through many a stormy year;  
 For merey guides the fiercest gale,  
 And haleyon skies again prevail."

Happy are those alone who aim  
 In duty's quiet path to shine,  
 And, careless of the meed of fame,  
 Unseen their fairest garlands twine;  
 Whilst He, whose eye in seeret sees,  
 To them the Amaranth crown decrees.

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## THE SNOWDROP.

### I.

THE *Snowdrop*, Winter's timid child,  
 Awakes to life, bedew'd with tears,  
 And flings around its fragrance mild;  
 And where no rival flowerets bloom,  
 Amidst the bare and ehilling gloom,  
 A beauteous gem appears!

All weak and wan, with head inclined,  
Its parent-breast the drifted snow,  
It trembles, while the ruthless wind  
Bends its slim form; the tempest lowers,  
Its emerald eye drops crystal showers  
On its cold bed below.

Poor flower! on thee the sunny beam  
No touch of genial warmth bestows,  
Except to thaw the icy stream  
Whose little current purls along,  
And whelms thee as it flows.

The night-breeze tears thy silky dress,  
Which deek'd with silvery lustre shone;  
The morn returns—not thee to bless—  
The gaudy Crocus flaunts its pride,  
And triumphs where its rival—died  
Unsheltered and unknown.

No sunny beam shall gild thy grave,  
No bird of pity thee deplore:  
There shall no verdant branches wave;  
For Spring shall all her gems unfold,  
And revel midst her beds of gold,  
When thou art seen no more.

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,  
Thou still art sweet, and dear to me!  
For I have known the cheerless hour,

Have seen the sun-beams cold and pale,  
 Have felt the chilling, wintry gale,  
 And wept, and shrunk like thee!

MARY ROBINSON.

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## THE SNOWDROP.

### II.

A THOUSAND bright flowers shall gladden the Earth,  
 When Summer comes forth in her beauty and mirth;  
 Yet none more delightful imaginings bring,  
 Than those that are *first* in our pathway to Spring.

Undaunted thou comest, 'mid snow and 'mid sleet,  
 From Earth's sheltering bosom, thy winter retreat;  
 Thou comest, the herald of pleasures to be,  
 Of the scent of the rose-bud, the hum of the bee.

Thou art not of those who delight in the rays,  
 The sunny resplendence of Summer's glad days;  
 Nor of those who look up to the bright skies of June,  
 Yet fold up their beauty beneath the mild moon.

Of such art not thou—no, an emblem more dear,  
 Of the friend that is kindest when sorrow is near;  
 The storm doth not crush thee—the rain doth not  
 blight—

And thou pointest, like Hope, to a season more bright.

M.



## TO THE SNOWDROP.

## III.

BENEATH the changeful skies of early spring,  
 Emblem of human life, and frail as fair,  
     Pale visitant of earth,  
     I mark thy modest bloom.

Herald of brighter scenes and calmer joys,  
 When the sweet lark, enamoured of the dawn,  
     Above the cottage roof  
     Shall pour his melting lay ;

Though surly Winter passing from the plain  
 Reluctant with his storms (while, rude and wild,  
     Stern desolation marks  
     His long and lonely track),

Oft wraps thy beauty in a wreath of snow,  
 And gems with icicles that faintly shine  
     Below with imaged beam  
     Thy cold but lovely brow ;

I see thee smile like innocenee at fate,  
 Beneath his idle rage and parting storms,  
     Secure of happier hours,  
     And skies without a cloud

So Piety, upheld by faith and hope,  
 Endures serene the passing storms of life,  
     With eye intent on Heaven,  
     And thought already there.

## POETICAL PORTRAIT.

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A violet by a mossy stone  
 Half-hidden from the eye,  
 Fair as a star when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.—WORDSWORTH.

---

FLOWERS of the fairest,  
 And gems of the rarest,  
 find and I gather in country or town ;  
 But one is still wanting,  
 Oh ! where is it haunting ?  
 The bud and the jewel must make up my crown.

The Rose with its bright heads,  
 The diamond that light sheds  
 Rich as the sunbeam and pure as the snow ;  
 One gives me its fragrance,  
 The other its radiance,  
 But the pearl and the lily, where dwell they below ?

'Tis years since I knew thee,  
 But yet should I view thee  
 With the eye and the heart of my earliest youth ;  
 And feel thy meek beauty  
 Add impulse to duty,  
 The love of the fancy to old ties of truth.

Thou pearl of the deep sea  
 That flows in my heart free,  
 Thou rock-planted lily, come hither or send;  
 'Mid flowers of the fairest,  
 And gems of the rarest,  
 I miss thee, I seek thee, my own parted friend!

M. J. JEWSBURY.

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## TO THE VIOLET.

### I.

SWEET lowly plant! once more I bend  
 To hail thy presenee here,  
 Like a beloved returning friend  
 From absenee doubly dear.

Wert thou for ever in our sight,  
 Might we not love thee less?  
 But *now* thou bringest new delight,—  
 Thou *still* hast power to bless.

Still doth thine April presenee bring  
 Of April joys a dream;  
 When life was in its sunny Spring—  
 A fair unrippled stream.

And still thine exquisite perfume  
 Is preeious as of old;  
 And still thy modest tender bloom  
 It joys me to behold.

It joys and eheers, whene'er I see  
 Pain on Earth's meek ones press,  
 To think the storm that rends the tree  
 Seathes not thy lowliness.

And thus may human weakness find,  
 E'en in thy lowly flower,  
 An image eheering to the mind  
 In many a trying hour.

M.

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## THE VIOLET.

### II.

SWEET flower! Spring's earliest loveliest gem!  
 While other flowers are idly sleeping,  
 Thou rearest thy purple diadem;  
 Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little seeret mound,  
 Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee,  
 Scatterest thy modest fragranee round;  
 And well may Nature's Poet love thee!

Thine is a short swift reign I know—  
 But here thy spirit still pervading,  
 New *Violet* tufts again shall blow,  
 Then fade away as thou art fading,

And be renewed ; the hope how blest,  
 O may that hope desert me never !  
 Like thee to sleep on Nature's breast,  
 And wake again, and bloom for ever.

BOWRING.

---

TO A PRIMROSE.

I.

FLOWER ! thou art not the same to me  
 That thou wert long ago ;  
 The hue has faded from thy face,  
 Or from my heart the glow,—  
 The glow of young romantic thoughts,  
 When all the world was new,  
 And many a blossom round my path  
 Its sweet fresh fragrance threw ;  
 Thou art not what I thought thee then,  
 Nor ever wilt thou be again.

It was a thing of wild delight,  
 To find thee on the bank,  
 Where all the day thy opening leaves  
 The golden sunlight drank,—  
 To see thee in the sister group  
 That clustering grew together,  
 And seem'd too delicate for aught  
 Save Summer's brightest weather,

Or for the gaze of Leila's eyes—  
Thou happiest Primrose 'neath the skies!

I know not what it was that made  
My heart to love thee so;  
For, though all gentle things to me  
Were dear long, long ago,  
There was no bird upon the bough,  
No wild-flower on the lea,  
No twinkling star, no running brook,  
I loved so much as thee;  
I watch'd thy coming every Spring,  
And hail'd thee as a living thing.

And yet I look upon thee now  
Without one joyful thrill;  
The spirit of the past is dead,  
My heart is calm and still;  
A lovelier flower than even thou art  
Has faded from my sight,  
And the same chill that stole her bloom  
Brought unto me a blight,—  
'Tis fitting thou should'st sadder seem,  
Since Leila perish'd like a dream!

---

## TO A FADED PRIMROSE.

This lovely gem of "the darling of the year," appears amongst us in April. Its Swedish name is Maj-nycklar, or the Key of May, the first month of the almost instantaneous summer of high latitudes.—"How abundant are the associations connected with even the least of the works of God."

## II.

WELL do I love to look on thee, thou sweet and  
simple flower,  
Thy beauty oft hath cheer'd my heart in sorrow's  
pensive hour;  
But now with moistened eye I mark thy glowing  
tints decay,  
And sigh to think that aught I love so soon should  
pass away.

Thou wert an early favourite—in boyhood's happy  
days  
I loved to haunt the spot where thou thy modest  
head did raise;  
And watch with passionate delight thy small leaves  
brightly bloom,  
Which breathed on every passing breeze their de-  
licate perfume.

In manhood's ripened years, sweet flower, thou art  
 beloved still,  
 And fondly sought for as of yore, by rivulet and rill—  
 And often in my wanderings, by mead and flowery lea,  
 Array'd in glittering dew-drops bright thy well-  
 known form I see.

O! beautiful exceedingly is thy last lingering look,  
 Which seems to bid a sad "farewell" to valley, hill,  
 and brook ;  
 And did not shades of doubt and fear upon my spirit  
 lie,  
 Like thee, lone flower, I'd tranquilly breathe out my  
 latest sigh. MACGILVRAY.

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### TO A PRIMROSE IN FEBRUARY.

"A type of gladness in a Sunshine, an image of consolation  
 in a Storm."

#### III.

OH, fair young flower! thou art springing forth  
 To the chilly breath of the angry north ;  
 And thy blossoms open their gentle eye  
 Beneath the scowl of a wintry sky.

And leafless bowers, o'er thy tender form,  
 Protect thee not from the passing storm ;



And the bee comes not forth from its winter cell  
To quaff the dew from thy golden bell.

Too soon—too soon thou hast opened up  
The nectar stores in thy treasure-cup ;  
There are none to weleome thine early bloom,  
Or breathe the breath of thy rich perfume.

The hoar-frost lies on the ground like gems,  
The birds are mute on the naked stems,  
And thy pale and starlike blossoms gleam  
On the cheerless banks of a frozen stream.

But soon a change on the earth shall be,  
And leaf and blossom shall clothe the tree,  
And the wild-bird merrily blend its song  
With the streamlet's voice as it floats along.

And thou art sent with thy sunny smile  
To cheer this desolate scene awhile !  
And waft our visions and thoughts away,  
To the glorious light of a Summer day !

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## TO A PRIMROSE IN A CHURCHYARD.

### IV.

SWEET exile of the hills !  
What dost thou here ?  
Far from thy native rills  
And fountains clear !

Why is thy young perfume,  
Thy star-like bell,  
Beside the silent tomb  
Condemned to dwell ?

Oh ! surely thou dost love  
The tall tree's shade,—  
The thickly foliaged grove,—  
The dewy glade :—  
The bank whereon the bee  
At noon reposes,  
Amid the luxury  
Of Summer Roses !

And here no sheltering bower  
A curtain weaves  
To blend in beauty o'er  
Thy tender leaves ;  
No drooping Violet  
Expands in glee  
Its purple coronet  
To welcome thee !

Yet thou dost brightly bloom,  
When all around  
Breathes of sepulchral gloom  
And grief profound ;—  
Like to some sunny gleam  
In life's dark sky,  
Or a remembered dream  
Of bliss gone by !

## THE DAFFODIL.

This flower, more frequently mentioned by the older poets than perhaps any other native plant, blooms in rather moist woods and thickets in March—its growth being rapid, and duration short. It waves in rich profusion in marshy spots on the borders of some of the lakes of Westmoreland.

FAIR Daffodils, 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 any thing ;  
    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.

HERRICK.

## THE COWSLIP.

Cowslips, so simple, yet so exquisitely finished, are plentiful in the meadows and pastures of England and other parts of Europe, though only upon a soil of clay or chalk. They are beautiful flowers, yellow and white.

Now, in my walk, with sweet surprise,  
I see the first spring Cowslip rise,  
The plant whose pensile flowers  
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,  
In sunshine as in showers.

Low on a mossy bank it grew,  
Where lichens purple, red, and blue,  
Among the verdure erept ;  
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,  
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its bloom,  
He shook abroad their rich perfume,  
Then fled in airy rings ;  
His place a butterfly assumes,  
Glancing his glorious wings.

Oh ! welcome as a friend ! I cried,  
A friend through many a season tried,  
And never sought in vain,  
When May, with Flora at her side,  
Is dancing on the plain.

Sheltered by Nature's graceful hand,  
In briery glens, o'er pasture land  
    The fairy tribes we meet,  
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,  
    They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,  
The eattle bounding o'er the mead,  
    Where green the herbage grows,  
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,  
    Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his fore-loek o'er his mane,  
The foal, at rest upon the plain,  
    Sports with thy flexile stalk ;  
Yet stoops his little neek in vain  
    To erop it in his walk.

Where thiek thy primrose blossoms play,  
Lovely and innoeent as they,  
    O'er eoppiee lawns and dells,  
In bands the village echildren stray,  
    To pluek thy honied bells ;

Whose simple sweets with eurious skill  
The frugal eottage dames distil,  
    Nor envy Francee the vine :  
While many a festal eup they fill  
    Of Britain's homely wine.

Perhaps from nature's earliest May,  
Imperishable 'midst decay,

Thy self-renewing race  
 Have breathed their balmy lives away,  
 In this neglected place.

And oh! till nature's final doom  
 Here unmolested may they bloom,  
 From scythe and plough secure ;  
 This bank their eradle and their tomb,  
 While carth and skies endure !

J. MONTGOMERY.

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### HEART'S EASE.

I USED to love thee, simple flower  
 To love thee dearly, when a boy ;  
 For thou didst seem, in childhood's hour,  
 The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only moek'st my grief  
 By waking thoughts of pleasure fled ;  
 Give me—give me the withered leaf,  
 That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,  
 But warns me what I soon shall be ;  
 It looks not baek on pleasure's scene,  
 But points unto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,  
 For thou art gay and I am lone :  
 Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—  
 The *Heart's-ease* from my path is gone.

## THE ROSE.

This precious flower, whose "Paradise of leaves" has been sung with all the attributes of surpassing loveliness by the poets of every country on which it is bestowed, has perhaps never been more beautifully described than by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, when he compares its charms and fleeting existence to the life of man.

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 leave let fragrance rise,  
 And teach the Maid  
 That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,  
 That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

WALLER.

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## FLOWERS.

OH! they look upward in every place,  
 Through this beautiful world of ours,  
 And dear as a smile on an old friend's face  
 Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!  
 They tell us of wand'rings by woods and streams!  
 They tell us of lanes and trees;  
 But the children of showers and sunny beams  
 Have lovelier tales than these—

The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not;  
 When earth was by angels trod,  
 And leaves and flowers in every spot  
 Burst forth at the call of God.



When spirits singing their hymns at even',  
 Wandered by wood and glade,  
 And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,  
 And bless'd what he had made—  
 The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth upon them still,  
 Though often the storm-cloud lowers,  
 And frequent tempests may soil and chill  
 The gayest of earth's flowers.  
 When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,  
 Made a home of the hearts of men,  
 The blessing of God on each tender leaf  
 Preserved in their beauty then  
 The bright, bright flowers!

The Lily is lovely as when it slept  
 On the waters of Eden's lake,  
 The Woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept  
 In Eden from brake to brake.  
 They were left as proof of the loveliness  
 Of Adam and Eve's first home:  
 They are here as a type of the joys that bless  
 The first in the world to come—  
 The bright, bright flowers!

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## THE WHITE GARDEN LILY.

The native *habitat* of this well-known and elegant plant had been long doubted, when it was discovered, in 1794, by Mr. Hawkins, growing wild in the classic vale of Tempe. It flowers early in summer, and has been cultivated in our gardens from time immemorial. Several of the Latin poets have added their testimony to the general admiration in which it has been held, and Pliny ranks it "next in nobility to the Rose."

OH! why, thou Lily pale,  
Lovest thou to blossom in the wan moonlight,  
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night?  
When all thy sisterhood,  
In silken cowl and hood,  
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?  
Fair horned Cynthia woos thy modest flower,  
And with her beaming lips  
Thy kisses cold she sips,  
For thou art aye her only paramour;  
What time she nightly quits her starry bower,  
Tricked in celestial light  
And silver crescent bright,  
Oh! ask thy vestal queen,  
If she will thee advise,  
Where in the blessed skies  
That maiden may be seen,

Who hung like thee her pale head through the day,  
 Love-sick and pining for the evening ray ;  
 And lived a virgin chaste amid the folly  
 Of this bad world, and died of melancholy ?  
 Oh, tell me where she dwells !  
 So on thy mantle bells  
     Shall Dian nightly fling  
 Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,  
 Her pale night lustre to enhance thy bloom,  
 And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing.

W. S. REECE.

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### FORGET-ME-NOT.

WHERE flows the fountain silently,  
     It blooms a lovely flower,  
 Blue as the beauty of the sky,  
 It speaks, like kind fidelity,  
     Through fortune's sun and shower,  
         Forget-me-not.

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

Each dew-drop on its morning leaves  
     Is eloquent as tears

That whisper, when young Passion grieves  
 For one beloved afar, and weaves  
     His dream of hopes and fears—  
     Forget-me-not.

---

There is a modest little flower,  
 To friendship ever dear,  
 Oh! plant it on my humble bed,  
 And strew it o'er my bier.  
 Let not the dull sepulchral Yew  
     Its sombre branches wave,  
 But let that little fragile flower  
     Alone grow on my grave.  
 No sculptured marble e'er shall show  
     My long and lowly home,  
 That little modest, humble flower  
     Shall mark my silent tomb.  
 Then shall my grave by this be known,  
     A little smiling spot,  
 A mound thick-covered with the flower  
     That says, "Forget-me-not."

---

### THE WOODRUFF.

AMID a thousand brighter flowers,  
 We scarcely note thy tender bloom,  
 When Summer's heat, and Spring-time's showers,  
 Have called thee from thy winter tomb.

But should we find thee withered, left  
 Even of the humble charms thou hast,  
 We feel a fragrant sweetness left—  
 A sweetness that no ills can blast.

'Thus modest worth remains unknown,  
 While fairer beauty's flattered name  
 On every zephyr's breath is blown,  
 A candidate for human fame.

Let sorrow come—mere beauty now  
 Has lost its adventitious power :  
 While chill'd, or bruised, or broken, thou  
 Art fragrant in that trying hour. M.

---

### SONNET.

From "Thoughts during Sickness."

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms, again  
 Unto the shadowy stillness of my room !  
 For not alone ye bring a joyous train  
 Of Summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom—  
 Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,  
 Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,  
 Of stars that look down on your folded bells ;

Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume  
 Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove  
 Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—  
 Far more; ye whisper of the all-fostering love  
 Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like  
     wing  
 Broods o'er the sufferer<sup>1</sup> drawing fevered breath,  
 Whether the couch be that of life or death.

MRS. HEMANS.

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### THE LAST AUTUMN FLOWER.

THE last autumn flower  
 Is withered and dead,  
 And has bowed to the tempest  
     Its beautiful head;  
 Its leaves are all faded,  
     Its loveliness flown,  
 In the place where it flourished  
     No more is it known.

It awakened to life  
 In the glory of Spring,  
 When earth's beauties were rife,  
     And the bee on the wing:  
 And it smiled in the sunbeam,  
     And danced in the breeze,  
 When summer shone brightly  
     On flowers and trees.

It lingered to share in  
The sun's latest ray,  
When the rest of its sisters  
Had faded away ;  
But when cold tempests gathered,  
And wintry winds blew,  
It shrank from the trial,  
And fell away too.

And thus, often a friend,  
Spring and summer have known,  
Will live through one Autumn,  
When many have flown ;  
But when hope has departed,  
And sorrow's cloud lour,  
Fades away from our side,  
Like the last Autumn Flower.

---

### THE DAISY.

HAIL ! gentle daisy, how I love  
To see thy little head,  
Meekly adorning field or grove,  
Or garden flower-bed !—  
Or by the mansion, or the cot,  
Or by the purling stream,  
I love to see thee, gentle flow'r,  
With white and golden gleam.

Whether upon the mountain's brow,  
 Or in the valley deep,  
 Whether upon the wall you grow,  
 Or on the craggy steep,  
 There dost thou blossom all the same,  
 Free as the morning air,  
 Oh how I love to look on thee,  
 All smiling meek as fair!

And thou art on the dewy green,  
 The sweet Spring-time to cheer;  
 Thou bloom'st upon each changing scene,  
 Throughout the changing year;  
 Smiling alike on morn and eve—  
 In simple robings dress'd,  
 I fondly love thee, gentle flow'r,  
 With white and golden crest.

---

### TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR Flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,  
 Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
 To evening's hues of sober grey  
 Thy cup of paly gold;—  
 Be thine the offering owing long  
 To thee, and to this pensive hour,  
 Of one brief tributary song,  
 Though transient as thy flower.



I love to watch at silent eve  
Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light,  
And have my inmost heart receive  
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark  
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,  
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,  
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to thine the while,  
When cares and griefs the breast invade,  
To friendship's animating smile  
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like that pale cup  
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,  
And bears the sinking spirit up  
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,  
If meek Religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,  
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom  
Expands to glad the close of day,  
So through the shadows of the tomb  
May break forth Mercy's ray.

TWINE THE ROSE AND THE LILY  
TOGETHER.

I CULLED for the maid of my bosom a rose ;  
'Twas an emblem of beauty and love ;  
For its bloom all her blushes seemed to disclose,  
And the dew-drops were shed from above.

But soon the sad floweret drooped in decay,  
A victim to rude winds and weather ;  
While love cheers the heart in youth's happy day,  
'Twine the rose and the lily together.

---

THE VIOLET.

THE violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen bough with hazels mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest-dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue  
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,  
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun the dew shall dry,  
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;  
No longer in my false love's eye  
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

## THE ROSE.

PLACE this flower in thy bosom, my dear,  
'Tis the earliest rose of the year;  
What better an emblem can be  
Of beauty, of love, and of thee?

Ah, that blush and that glance seem to say  
Thorns encircle this young bud of May;  
Fear them not, the care still shall be mine  
To keep thorns from that bosom of thine.

---

## THE WALL-FLOWER.

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower,  
How beautiful it blooms,  
It gleams above the ruined tower,  
Like sunlight over tombs;  
It sheds a halo of repose  
Around the wrecks of Time;  
To beauty give the flaunting rose,  
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!  
Gray Ruin's golden crown!  
That lendest melancholy grace  
To haunts of old renown;

Thou mantlest o'er the battlement  
 By strife or storm decayed :  
 And fillest up each envious rent  
 Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,  
 Where, in war's stormy day,  
 The Douglasses stood forth of yore,  
 In battle's grim array :  
 The clangour of the field is fled,  
 The beacon on the hill  
 No more through midnight blazes red—  
 But thou art blooming still !

Whither hath fled the choral band  
 That filled the abbey's nave ?  
 Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand  
 O'er many a level grave ;  
 In the belfry's crevices the dove  
 Her young brood nurseth well,  
 Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above  
 A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip-eup,  
 When blossoms clothe the trees,  
 How sweet to throw the lattice up,  
 And sent thee on the breeze !  
 The butterfly is then abroad,  
 The bee is on the wing,  
 And on the hawthorn by the road  
 The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower !

'Thou conjurest up to me  
Full many a soft and sunny hour  
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,  
When joy from out the daisies grew,  
In woodland pastures green,  
And summer skies were far more blue  
Than since they e'er have been.

Now Autumn's pensive voice is heard

Amid the yellow bowers,  
The robin is the regal bird,  
And thou the Queen of Flowers !  
He sings on the laburnum trees,  
Amid the twilight dim,  
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze  
Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,  
The rose is summer's guest ;  
Bland are thy charms when these deeay,  
Of flowers, first, last, and best !  
There may be gaudier on the bower,  
And statelier on the tree,  
But, wall-flower, loved wall-flower,  
Thou art the flower for me !

---

## COWSLIPS.

Oh! fragrant dwellers of the lea,  
When first the wild wood rings  
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,  
When fresh the green grass springs!

What can the blessed spring restore  
More gladdening than your charms?  
Bringing the memory once more  
Of lovely fields and farms!

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers;  
Of life's unfolding prime;  
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours;  
Of souls without a crime.

Oh! blessed, blessed do ye seem,  
For, even now, I turned,  
With soul athirst for wood and stream,  
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care  
His crowded fold doth pen;  
Where stagnates the polluted air  
In many a sultry den.

And are ye here? and are ye here?  
Drinking the dew-like wine,  
Midst living gales and waters clear,  
And heaven's unstinted shine.

I care not that your little life  
Will quickly have run through,  
And the sward with summer children rife  
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,  
I trust to see you rise,  
When spring renews the wild wood strain,  
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs  
Upon my grave shall shine,  
Here shall you speak of vanished things,  
To living hearts of mine.

---

## THE SNOWDROP.

### I.

THERE is a flower, a fragile flower,  
The first-born of the early spring,  
That sheds its sweets, and blooms its hour  
Ere summer spreads its azure wing.

UPON the earth's pure breast of snow  
The infant blossoms slowly bend,  
Pale as the maiden's cheek of woe  
Bereft of every earthly friend.

I hail thy coming, gentle flower,  
 Not simply that thou com'st alone;  
 Thou'rt welcome to me as the hour  
 That shines as those of youth have shone.

Fair herald of the blooming year,  
 Life's messenger without its stain,  
 The promised time of flowers is near,  
 And earth shall soon be green again.

'Tis thine to tell of joyous spring,  
 When earth unlocks its fragrant stores,  
 And gentle winds are breathed to bring  
 The wandering birds from distant shores.

Over the world's deep solitude  
 A bright and gladdening smile is cast,  
 And if a thought of gloom intrude,  
 'Tis of the winter that is past.

ANON.

## THE SNOWDROP.

### II.

THE snowdrop! 'tis an English flower,  
 And grows beneath our garden trees,  
 For every heart it has a dower,  
 And old and dear remembrances;  
 All look upon it, and straightway  
 Recall their youth of yesterday—



Their sunny years when forth they went  
Wandering in measureless content;  
Their little plot of garden ground;  
The mossy orchard's quiet bound;  
Their father's house so free from care,  
And the familiar faces there!

The household voices kind and sweet,  
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone!  
The mother that was sure to greet  
Their coming with a welcome tone;  
The brothers that were children then.  
Now, anxious, toiling, thoughtful men;  
And the kind sister whose glad mirth  
Was like a sunshine on the earth,—  
These come back to the soul supine,  
Flower of the Spring, at look of thine.  
And thou among the dimmed and gone  
Art an unaltered thing alone

Unchanged—unchanged! the very flower  
That grew in Eden droopingly—  
And now beside the peasant's door  
Awakes his little children's glee,  
E'en as it filled his heart with joy,  
Beside his mother's door, a boy!  
The same—and to his heart it brings  
The freshness of those vanished springs!  
Bloom then, fair flower, in sun and shade,  
For deep thought in thy cup is laid;

And careless children in their glee  
A sacred memory make of thee.

---

### THE EARLY SNOWDROP.

EMERGING from its wintry tomb,  
See the spotless Snowdrop peep,—  
Burst the ice-bound earth, and bloom,  
While more tender flowerets sleep.

Pledge of the genial coming year,  
Amid the gloom of winter gay,  
Smiling through the morning tear,—  
'The tribute tear of early day.

Death awaits thy faultless form,—  
Less beauteous flowers safe may blossom;  
Thus I snatch thee from the storm,  
'To grace my lovely Anna's bosom.

---

### TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway  
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
 Thee on this bank he threw  
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
 Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,  
 Unnoticed and alone,  
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
 Of chill adversity, in some lone walk  
 Of life she rears her head,  
 Obscure and unobserved :

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,  
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
 And hardens her to bear  
 Serene the ills of life.

KIRKE WHITE.

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### THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows  
 I pluck'd, the Garden's pride!  
 Within the petals of a Rose  
 A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath  
 Of many a lucent hue;  
 All purple glow'd his cheek beneath,  
 Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized th' unguarded Power,  
 Nor scar'd his balmy rest ;  
 And plac'd him, caged within the flower,  
 On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile  
 Awoke the pris'ner sweet,  
 He struggled to escape awhile,  
 And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ab ! soon the soul entrancing-sight  
 Subdued th' impatient boy !  
 He gaz'd ! he thrill'd with deep delight !  
 Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And oh ! he cried—" Of magic kind  
 What charm this Throne endear !  
 Some other Love let Venus find,  
 I'll fix *my* empire here."

COLERIDGE.

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### THE SNOWDROP.

THOU living pearl, that to the snow  
 Droop'st sweetly thy untainted bell,  
 Doth not thy lovely aspect show,  
 Doth not thy speckless blossoms tell  
 Far more than mortal hand can trace  
 Of virgin chastity and grace ?

When all around is chill and drear,  
And many a cloud obscures the sky,  
Thy form peeps forth, to glad and cheer  
The lingering heart and anxious eye—  
Gives token of the bud and bloom,  
That with more sunny hours will come.

So *Hope* should cheer us when we feel  
The evils of life's wintry day;  
And throw her buds around and steal,  
In blossoms, o'er our dreary way;  
And yield a charm more bright than gold,  
When all is sad and all is cold.

So Faith within the Christian's breast  
Doth meekly live and blossom still,  
Though all around may be deprest,  
And many a frost may strive to kill:  
Nor fails in darksome days to bring  
Tokens of an eternal spring.

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### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he ;  
“Have nought but the bearded grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath  
The Reaper came that day ;  
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

## TO THE SNOWDROP.

THOU first-born of the year's delight,  
Pride of the dewy glade,  
In vernal green and virgin white  
Thy vestal robes array'd ;

'Tis not because thy drooping form  
Sinks graceful on its nest,  
When chilly shades from gathering storm  
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor from yon river's islet wild,  
Beneath the willow spray,  
Where like the ringlets of a child  
Thou wear'st thy eircle gay ;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear,—  
Thy shy averted smiles,  
To fancy bode a joyous year,  
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry noon,  
And cheer th' ungenial day,  
And tell us all will glisten soon  
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart, that loves the spring,  
Their witness can refuse ?  
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring  
From heaven their Easter news.

When holy maids and matrons speak  
Of Christ's forsaken bed,  
And voices, that forbid to seek  
The living 'mid the dead.

And when they say, "Turn, wandering heart,  
The Lord is ris'n indeed,  
Let pleasure go, put care apart,  
And to his presence speed ;"

We smile in scorn ; and yet we know  
They early sought the tomb ;  
Their hearts that now so freshly glow,  
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,  
Wear not so bright a glance ;  
They who have won their earthly mind  
Less rev'rently advance.

But where in gentler spirits, fear  
And joy so duly meet,  
These sure have seen the angels near,  
And kissed the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the pastor's thankful eye  
Their flattering tale disdain,  
As on their lowly couch they lie,  
Pris'ners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts  
From Thee would start aloof,  
Where patience her sweet skill imparts,  
Beneath some cottage roof ;



Revive our dying fires, to burn  
High as her anthems soar,  
And of our scholars let us learn  
Our own forgotten lore.

KEEBLE.

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## BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

### I.

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies—  
Oh, the pretty flowers !  
Coming in the spring-time,  
To tell of sunny hours.  
While the trees are leafless,  
While the fields are bare,  
Buttereups and Daisies  
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,  
Ere the erocus bold,  
Ere the early primrose  
Opes its paly gold,  
Somewhere on a sunny bank  
Buttereups are bright ;  
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass  
Peeps the Daisy white.

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 to them is weather ?  
What are stormy showers ?  
Buttereups 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 Buttereups,  
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*.

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## DAISIES.

## II.

SWEET wilding tufts, that 'mid the waste  
Your lowly buds expand :

Though by no sheltering walls embraced,  
Nor trained by beauty's hand ;

The primal flowers which grace your stems  
Bright as the dahlias shine,  
Found thus like unexpected gems,  
To lonely hearts like mine.

'Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,  
Sweet blossoms, ye are sprung  
From flowers that over Eden once  
Their pristine fragrance flung ;

They drank the dews of Paradise,  
Beneath the starlight clear ;  
Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes  
Her first repentant tear.

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THE WITHERED DAISY.

This little flower, at morning hour,  
Bloom'd sweetly on its parent stem ;

But ere the day had died away,  
I saw no more the beauteous gem :  
Yet it had promis'd fair to view,  
For 'midst the storms its beauties grew ;  
It was the earliest flower of spring,  
The first of all its blossoming.  
But now untimely nipt it lies,  
Its every promise lost for ever ;  
And all the dew-drops from the skies  
May fall—but can revive it never.  
Thus have I seen a flower as fair,  
A doating parent's only joy,  
Bud forth when storms were beating there,  
And wither in a milder sky.  
She withered—but unlike the flower,  
Which hears no more the voice of spring,  
And never decks again the bower  
Which saw its early blossoming.  
For when on earth she fades and dies,  
She blooms afresh in paradise :  
A bud transplanted from our soil,  
To live, beside those living streams,  
Which ever and for ever smile  
Beneath those uncreated beams—  
Whose blessed light and ceaseless ray  
Make heaven's eternal summers day.

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## THE GARLAND.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,  
The violet sweet, and lily fair,  
The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath ;  
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day :  
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they look'd more gay,  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found  
Their odours lost, their colours past ;  
She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
As any Muse's tongue could speak ;  
When from it's lid a pearly tear  
Ran trickling down her beauteous check.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
My love, my life, said I, explain  
This change of humour : pry'thee tell :  
That falling tear——What does it mean ?

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flow'rs  
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said:  
 See! friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
 See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,  
 And that of beauty, are but one:  
 At morn both flourish bright and gay,  
 Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;  
 The am'rous youth around her bow'd:  
 At night her fatal knell was rung;  
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who dy'd to day;  
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:  
 Go, Damon, bid thy muse display  
 The justice of thy Cloc's sorrow.

PRIOR.

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### THE ROSE-BUD.

At dawn, upon its slender stem,  
 An op'ning rose-bud bloom'd,  
 And deck'd with many a gem  
 The passing breeze perfum'd.  
 I sought it at the noontide hour,  
 Its gentle head reclin'd,  
 And 'neath the sun's meridian power  
 I saw it fast declin'd.

## THE VIOLET.

IN a lone vale, remote from view,  
A simple, humble violet grew—  
A lowly, unpretending flower,  
With no rare beauty for its dower.  
Full often had the wintry storm  
Bow'd down its unprotected form;  
And the bright sun almost forgot  
To shine upon that lonely spot;  
While cold unbending pride pass'd by  
With scornful and averted eye,  
Deeming as far beneath her care  
The humble flow'ret growing there.  
But still sweet hope would linger near,  
And strive with all her power to cheer  
This poor sad offspring of the glade.  
And not in vain her task—her smile  
Would oft its weariness beguile,  
Foretelling brighter hours to come  
Within that lonely Violet's home.  
And did a brighter hour arise?  
Oh, yes! for friendship's beaming eyes  
One day beheld this simple flower  
Alone within her humble bower,  
And deeming (though of lowly birth)  
It might possess some little worth,  
Glided beside its quiet bed,  
And softly rais'd its drooping head,

While in her peace-inspiring voice  
She bade the violet rejoice.  
“Cease, pensive flower, to shroud in gloom  
Thy little share of scent and bloom,  
With roses though thou canst not vie  
To even fond admiration’s eye.  
And though thou may’st not hope to share  
The honours of the gay parterre,  
Where am’rous Phœbus loves to woo  
Each floweret of brilliant hue,  
Yet not in vain thy bloom shall be,  
While friendship lives to cherish thee!”

MARY BURROWS.

THE END.







