

# THE BOUQUET

*A POETIC TREASURY OF FLOWERS, THEIR  
CLASSICS AND VOCABULARY.*

By G. H. WALSER,

AUTHOR OF "WILD RHYMES" AND "POEMS OF LEISURE."

*He will publish during the summer a philosophical work entitled "Orthopaedia," in which he demonstrates that all the forces of nature, including polarity, gravity, electricity, magnetism, life, mind, atomic intelligence, spirits, etc., are constituents of matter.*

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*Alice M. Walses*



Yours Truly,  
G. H. Walser.

## DEDICATION.

TO MY WIFE ALICE M.

Who has brought to my heart and home that dignity of womanhood, tender kindness, spiritual purity and loving companionship that have made me feel that heaven may be of earth; I dedicate the "Bouquet" as a slight token of my appreciation of her.

It is also due her from the fact that she contributed two poems for the book, viz: "Pimpernel; Change; on page 23. And Impomoea, Love on the Wane, page 95."

May her walks be in the flowers of love with the blessings of angels lighting up her pathway of life to the realization of a golden harvest in the days to come.

G. H. WALSER,

LINCOLN, NEB.



## PREFACE.

I shall make no apology for the presentation of this little volume to the public. I well know its defects will soon be singled out without my aid in that direction; and its beauties, if any it has, will not fail to be appreciated by the refined without special direction; therefore, I cast it upon the great sea of literature for what it is worth. If the association of sweet thoughts with fragrant flowers be the means of lifting some sorrowing heart to the sunlight of joy, or making the path of duty plainer to any struggling soul, my labors will not be in vain.

I feel that no one will be rendered any worse in mind, heart or soul for having companioned himself with the following versifications. My aim has been to please, elevate and refine. My hope is to make the world a little better for having lived in it; and, to that end I have kept in mind, in the production of the following poems, to entwine character building, (at that critical time of life when the young must choose among the many chequered pathways before them which to take,) with tender heart-throbs and a feeling of fraternity for all mankind. I have intended that each poem should teach a moral, give warnings of danger, tip to the road of duty, or direct the mind to higher, nobler and grander achievements. How well I have succeeded I leave my indulgent readers to say. I have clustered around my heart the beauties of nature made hallowed by fragrant flowers and thought aspirations. The production of "THE BOUQUET" has been a great harvest of pleasure to me, and I hope it will not fail to impart pleasure to others. Song, flowers, birds and nature enwrap the true heart with an appreciation of life that brings the blessings of heaven, 'mid scenes of earth made glorious by smiles seasoned with love.

I am an optimist. I believe that life is worth living, and that we make it about what it is. Half the ills we

have are of our own making. I believe in throwing troubles away. I believe in casting aside the dark clouds of despondency and looking above to the sunshine of hope and pleasure. When I say above, I do not mean in the skies, nor after death, but here and now. If we always keep the "Now" happy, the future will never have a cross.

I believe in strewing the pathway of life with flowers of love, Kindness, Charity, Fraternity, and good-will for all; granting to all their full meed of wage, weight, measure, rights and privileges as completely and as fully as we demand for ourselves.

Flowers are typical of thoughts, desires and emotions; and, as thoughts and desires lead to action, and action to results we should be guided by the purity flowers shed around us, and school ourselves with those thoughts that will make our lives redolent with purity, seasoned with love, guided by justice and protected by an unswerving determination.

It is my hope, in presenting "THE BOUQUET," to sow in the minds of those who read it the flowers of beautiful thoughts to bear fruitage of noble and useful lives.

Many flowers have names derived from mythical events and legends which are both interesting and curious; and I thought it would fill a want not yet supplied to collate those myths in an appendix which I have done and am sure they will be both interesting and instructive.

The labors of my brain I now pass to the criticisms of others. If they do not elicit admiration I hope they will awaken a feeling of friendship, for friendship is the half brother to love, and love is the brightest jewel of heaven.

G. H. WALSER.

*Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 6th, 1897.*

## THE BOUQUET.

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### WORMWOOD.

LANGUAGE:—ABSENCE.

The low wind chants to-night, my dear,  
The requiem of the past;  
Their plaintive notes enthrall my ear,  
As they float on the blast,  
As I sit here alone.  
'Tis chilly, cold and dark without,  
And darker still within;  
The windows of my soul are out;  
And grief is creeping in,  
And I must sit and moan.

When Love's fond dream infus'd our hearts;  
When smiling Hope was ours;  
When eyes met eyes with lover's arts,  
Our days seem'd as but hours:  
And happy then were we.  
But Oh, how cruel Fate has been;  
How bitter is his vow?  
Your absence seems the heart of sin,  
Your place is vacant now,  
And all is gloom to me.

Oh, haste the day when this is changed,  
When you are in my sight;  
As my poor heart is now derang'd,  
And Hope seems but a blight,  
And I a wither'd leaf.  
Oh, hasten to your love again;  
Your absence seems so long;  
The thought of which is wormwood's gain,  
As discord is to song,  
And I but sigh in grief.

## CARNATION PINK.

LANGUAGE:—STRONG AFFECTION.

Deep as the blue that encompass the sky;  
Pure as the tear-drops that dazzle the eye;  
Strong as the rays that stream out from the sun,  
Is woman's love when its course it would run.

That love has a language her heart most expresses,  
When woman may know that the love she possesses,  
Comes back with a smile from the object she loves,  
Like the scent of the rose or the coo of the doves.

When woman shall feel that there is no restraint  
On the love that she bears in the heart without taint;  
Then she may go to the fountain and drink,  
And bring this one offering: the carnation pink.

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## HELIOTROPE.

LANGUAGE:—AFFECTION.

Clytia cast her fond eyes on the sun,  
And died of love when his course he had run:

And heliotrope smiles the sweetest at noon  
But closes at sunset her fragrant bloom.  
And passes away like his luster above,  
To die through neglect of affection and love.

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## FURZE, GORSE, OR WHIN.

LANGUAGE:—ANGER.

Anger, like fire, must be kept in control;  
If it bursts from its master it burneth th' soul.

## CROCUS.

LANGUAGE:—ABUSE NOT.

When erring man obstruct your way,  
Abuse him not.  
Perhaps he's seen a better day:  
Abuse him not.  
Poor and distressed he does appear:  
Abuse him not.  
His state has wrung a bitter tear,  
Abuse him not.  
You know not what has brought him here,  
Abuse him not.  
Perhaps he lost a mother's care.  
Abuse him not.  
Misfortune may have weigh'd him down:  
Abuse him not.  
There Nature may have cast a frown,  
Abuse him not.  
He has a soul as you have one,  
Abuse him not.  
He is like you a mother's son,  
Abuse him not.  
Were you like he, and he like you,  
Abuse him not.  
Your heart though feeble might throb true  
Abuse him not.  
Till you can feel as he now feels,  
Abuse him not.  
And when he for your aid appeals,  
Abuse him not.  
Who can weigh the load he bears?  
Abuse him not.  
Who can paint the gloom he wears?  
Abuse him not.  
Although he bears a load of sin,  
Abuse him not.  
Some time you'll lie asleep with him,  
Abuse him not.

## SPRING CROCUS.

LANGUAGE:—THE BABY.

How often I have thought,  
When slyly I've eyed  
A mother's eyes bending  
On baby, sweet pride  
Of her heart, that heaven  
Was fruited complete,  
When mother is patting  
Its two little feet.

Ob, what ecstacies run  
Her heart through and through,  
When her fond ear catches  
Her darling's first coo?

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## THE MORNING GLORY.

LANGUAGE:—AFFECTATION.

First to greet the morning sun;  
First to smile on day begun:  
When the sun has reach'd the noon;  
Still its smiles are fresh in bloom:  
But when the sun descends the skies,  
Then the morning glory dies.  
So do many folks pretend,  
When luck smiles to be your friend:  
Should good fortune turn away,  
Or a cloud obscure your day;  
Away will then, their friendship fly,  
And like the morning glory die.

## PORTULACA.

LANGUAGE:—AMBITION.

Ambition, a grand quality of man,  
When temper'd by th' rules of moderation,  
To the uses and the elevation  
Of thought and purposes within the plan  
And bounds of propriety; but, who can  
Look upon th' effects of its digression  
To ill purposes without the expression  
Of a heart felt regret? Many have ran  
The course of ruin through its excesses—  
Too well, how all sordid ambition ends.  
Cæsar was ambitious, was Brutus too,  
And died Marc Anthony by his own hands.

## JASMIN.

LANGUAGE:—AMIABILITY.

Sweet is the rose that blooms in the valley;  
And chaste is the lily that smiles on the lee;  
Rich are the berries and bloom of the holly:  
Seems richer and sweeter the jasmin to me.  
  
Its emerald leaves and pearly white bloom,  
Expresses a language descriptive of those  
In whom modesty, love and friendship attune  
To an amiable life where th' virtues repose.  
  
Then take this sweet flower in Modesty's name,  
And wear it as emblematic of thee;  
Where Amiability with Worth may claim  
A home in the heart of fidelity.

## THE FIG.

LANGUAGE:—ARGUMENT.

Your silver tongue with oily words preside  
And make the weaker seem the stronger side.

## CHINA'S SACRED LILY.

LANGUAGE:—ANGEL WHISPERS.

Sere autumn breath has touch'd the leaves  
 That pendant from the boughs have hung;  
 And painted with its crispy breeze  
 The fiat of a vernal sun.

Like frost that gathers on the air  
 Of age that totters on the verge  
 Which parts the world of grief and care  
 From that across the river's serge:

The river's serge that breaks the dream  
 Of life, which lingers on the strand,  
 Like stellar dew-drops held between  
 This life and a life more grand.

It quivers there but for a breath,  
 And then 'tis gone and who knows where?  
 The going is what we call death;  
 The place they say is *over there*.

Thus autumn writes in letters bold  
 The soon approach of winter's sting;  
 Through angel whispers we are told  
 That winter is submerg'd by spring.

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SCARLET AURICULA.

LANGUAGE:—AVARICE.

He is despised who does not control  
 An avaricious, pinch'd up soul.  
 Can you but doubt that this is true?  
 The rest I leave, Dear Sir, with you:  
 I hope your state of health will bear it,  
 If the shoe don't fit, do not wear it.



## SENSITIVE PLANT.

LANGUAGE:—BASHFUL LOVE.

Ah, shrinking plant, hast thou the feeling nerve?  
Speak out, ye then, and be not so reserve;  
Nor play the mute and talk by giving signs,  
Of your dislike of human touch. The times  
Are ripe for words and not for prudish airs  
Like Bashful Love who pouts when naught she cares.

You have the feeling and impulse as warm;  
Why not, shy plant, assume the human form?  
Or play the beast, or other phase as fine?  
If sense portrays a human soul divine?

You might with grace that honor high proclaim  
And not be classed among the herbs again,  
For sense demands, you know, a higher range,  
Since beasts have souls and plants like you have brains.

## FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

LANGUAGE:—BE MINE.

Oh, could my soul express a wish;  
Or eyes reflect a fond desire;  
You then would know without caprice,  
Your smiles have set my heart on fire:  
And make me pledge it ever thine,  
If you will pledge your heart as mine.

## AMERICAN COWSLIP.

LANGUAGE:—BEAUTY DIVINE.

There is a charm exquisite in the tree—  
Enchantment in the smiles of flowers gay—  
A romance in the deep and moaning sea—  
A thought sublime when morning sends her ray  
Of golden flushes up the bending sky  
To tip with joy her azure wings out-spread

And send a mellow tone to space afar,  
Till night, her curtain draws of ether thread  
And pins its sable mantle with a star,  
As arcs electric in a world on high.

There is a something in the trenning brook,  
As it murmurs along its gravel'd way,  
Which sends a thrill ecstatic, as we look  
Within its pearly rifts, borne away  
To caves unfathomed in the mighty deep.  
There is a glow that doth our hearts enchain  
With rapture sweet when we in silence think,  
That that sheen brooklet whispers the refrain  
Of man's onflowing stream of life to sink  
Into the ocean of exquisite sleep.

On that Ocean of gathered brooks and streams,  
With awe we feast our eyes, and contemplate  
With countless joy springing, like the sweet dreams  
Of childhood innocence, of th' grand and great  
Of Nature, in its multiform doings.  
All around, above and below, the mind  
On charming beauty lives, dwells, grows and feasts;  
Birds sing, flowers smile, breezes list to find  
Responsive echos in the quiet breast  
Of those who love Nature's songs and wooings.

There is, with all, a grander beauty still,—  
Grander than the sun-dressed in robes of flame,  
Or the swimming moon draped in argent frill;  
Young love goes out in whispered bliss to name;  
Grander than th' jewel'd field of star-lit night—  
Then the reflect rays of the diamond chaste—  
More charming than the soft notes of the dove:  
It is so pure and in such simple taste  
That all will name it Virtue Clothed in Love,  
So rare, so beautiful, so grand and bright.

## NERINE.

LANGUAGE:—BE HAPPY.

Try to be happy, contented and bright,  
Fair morning succeeds the darkness of night;  
There was never a cloud so heavily hung,  
But smil'd just above it the bright glowing sun;—  
Remember this couplet, a jewel indeed,  
Those who try to be happy will surely succeed.

Then try to be happy, there's much in the will,  
Roll back as small trifles the frown of each ill:  
Each cross that berefts us if well understood,  
Is but in its meaning a modified good:  
Remember this couplet, a jewel indeed,  
Those who try to be happy will surely succeed.

Then let us be happy as day follows day,  
And cast from our vision all darkness away,  
And enliven our path as we journey along,  
With the sunshine of mirth and the joy of song.  
Remember this couplet, a jewel indeed,  
Those who try to be happy will surely succeed.

Then let us be happy, our lives are our own,  
We never should mar them by sorrow ill sown,  
Nor cast them with shadows, they soon will depart,  
If we'll admit joy in the home of our heart:  
Remember this couplet, a jewel indeed,  
Those who try to be happy will surely succeed.

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SUN-BEAMS.

Tie yourself to sun-beams,  
Before their gleams depart:  
Their glow will make you happy  
In mind, and soul and heart.

Tie yourself to sun-beams  
As they go flitting by;  
They'll make your cheek more ruddy  
And brighter make your eye.

Tie yourself to sun-beams,  
The glory of mid-day;  
T'will part the clouds of sorrow  
And drive dull cares away.

Tie yourself to sun-beams,  
And live within their flame;  
Your days will be resplendant;  
Your nights will be the same.

Tie yourself to sun-beams  
As they are passing on;  
They'll make your mind more cheerful  
And fill your soul with song.

Tie yourself to sun-beams  
Though clouds may seem to lower;  
They'll pass like dew of morning  
On wings of fleeting hour.

Tie yourself to sun-beams  
When youth is on the wing;  
T'will make your journey pleasant;  
Your life eternal spring.

Tie yourself to sun-beams  
And cultivate a smile;  
T'will bring you golden fruitage  
Of pleasure afterwhile.

Tie yourself to sun-beams  
Is my sincere advice;  
It will purify the heart  
And keep your soul from vice.

## HORSE CHESNUT.

LANGUAGE:—BORROWER.

Improvidents their money spend,  
And borrow then from those who lend;  
And when they get the ready cash;  
With heads erect they cut a dash,  
And make all week a holiday  
In fits of frolic and in play;  
But O, how woeful and how blue,  
They feel the day their notes come due?  
They turn aghast and shake the head,  
And wish, O wish, they never had.  
And, then to give themselves relief,  
They dub the lender a great thief;—  
The cause of all their sore complaints,  
Whose purse should be in some restraints  
And the borrowers protected  
From the lender's greed detected  
In wanting back his money loan'd  
Which was his due; that which he own'd.

When a man from man would borrow,  
Calculate, he must, on sorrow.  
If one would have a lasting friend,  
He should borrow not, nor lend:  
For some won't pay as they pretend,  
And those who break will never mend.  
With some it is a ruling passion,  
To borrow is to be in fashion,  
Some borrow this, some borrow that,  
Some take the lean, some want the fat,  
Some for pleasure some for the gains,  
But curs'd be he who borrows brains.

## THE BOUQUET.

Dull would be this brain of mine;  
 And cold the feelings of my heart;  
 Did I not in my nature find  
 A joy, which is the counterpart  
 Of these bright flowers, sweet and gay,  
 To neatly tuck'd in this bouquet  
 By one I do esteem.

Could I but read the language true  
 Indicted on these petals fair;  
 I might, I hope, discern that you,  
 Whose fingers deftly plac'd them there,  
 With colors that so sweetly blend,  
 Though cannot love, will be my friend,  
 True as these flowers seem.

## SCARLET GERANIUM.

LANGUAGE:—BE KIND.

There are hope stran'd souls among us; they are  
 Of the ev'ry day people; we meet them  
 In public, in private, in the by-ways  
 And flush of life. They are the poor strugglers  
 Of humanity. We know them, their hearts  
 Are in their faces, downcast and careworn.  
 The burdens of life, of sorrow and grief  
 Are weighing upon them, and are crushing,  
 Crushing their souls. It is not much to you,  
 But Oh, how much to them for one kind look?  
 It comes like a benison from heaven  
 Charg'd with the sun-gleams of goodness.  
 One word from a kind and sympathetic  
 Heart, sends a thrill where Hope has slept and Love  
 Knew no awakening. Yes, it is not much  
 For you, but it is more than bread to the

Poor and disconsolate. One friendly word  
Oftimes will change the course of a whole life.  
The star of hope is plainer seen through smiles  
Than cold unfeeling alms. It is not much  
To speak warm words of kindness and comfort  
To the sorrowing; but to those a wealth  
They are of heart and soul endowing.  
A little kindness oftimes will bridge a life—  
'Tis not much to speak tenderly and kind  
Which in these days of strife have almost lost  
Their meaning; but if they come from the heart  
Of fraternal love, as dew from heaven  
They will fall upon the poor sadden'd heart  
And come back in time to you with blessings.  
'Tis not much for you, whom heaven has bless'd  
To take a poor straggling man by the hand  
And make him feel through cheerful words that he  
May yet attune to the cheer of manhood.  
It is not much to cast a smile of love  
Fraternal to the lowly. Not much to  
Say good things to them; it harms you not  
And does them a kindness that none save those  
In like sorrow can appreciate.  
It is not much to take a faded girl  
By the hand and speak as a mother speaks  
To a daughter. Oh, how much such an one needs  
The cheer words of a true friend? 'Tis not much  
To say kind things to her and direct her  
Eyes to the bright sunlight of hope, her mind  
To the beauties of a pure life, her heart  
To the aspirations of a perfect  
Womanhood. Did she err? Who must be judge?  
What forces were brought to bear on her you  
Know not. Did she fall? Who was the cause?  
She did not throw her innocence at the  
Feet of profligacy, we all know.  
It is bad enough to dethrone virtue,  
And just as bad to crush the dethroned.

Speak kind to such of our sisters, 'twill do  
 Them good and you no harm. Guilt is measured  
 Through detection, not the act; if act  
 Wore the crown of sin, who would walk the streets  
 Unveil'd? Speak kind to the lowly it is  
 Not much to you but heaven to them.

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UNIQUE ROSE.

LANGUAGE:—CALL ME NOT BEAUTIFUL.

Call me not beautiful, call me not vain;  
 But give me a sweeter, a more suited name:  
 Give me but this and I crave nothing more;  
 'Tis all that I wish and what I adore;  
 It is a bright jewel, we rarely find,  
 A quality of heart, that gives to the mind  
 Those delicate graces, Oh, would they were mine,  
 More precious they are than a glittering mine;  
 'Tis the manna of life, the soul's precious food;  
 Call me not beautiful; but please call me Good.

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MADDER.

LANGUAGE:—CALUMNY.

Let the heart palsy and the lip grow cold;  
 The tongue refuse its accursed office,  
 When incited by a malign mind to  
 Place one blot on the fair name of a soul  
 Struggling like one's self for room to live.  
 Far better it is to deterge a wrong  
 From the heart striving with life; than it is  
 To burden it more heavily.

To feel

Th' pain of a sorrowing soul is divine;  
 To increase its weight is the darkest dark  
 That one can bear when eternity comes  
 To claim its own.



## HELLEBORE.

LANGUAGE:—CALUMNY—SCANDAL.

Is there a more opprobrious word,  
Coin'd out of vocal sound;  
Or woven from the alphabet  
Where golden words abound,  
Than scandal?  
Be there a tongue more vile with filth;  
More poison to the soul  
Than that which taints another's name  
With slander, black and foul,  
You handle?

Now you should wear the hellebore,  
A very mete bouquet,  
For one whose acrid words would burn  
Another's fame away  
Of grandeur:  
Go use it for its drastic worth;  
For blisters or tape-worms:  
'Twill do for stomachs in disgrace,  
Or black libeler's tongues,  
Of slander.

## ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

LANGUAGE:—CHASTITY: BRIDAL FESTIVITIES.

True as the heart of love, chaste as this bloom;  
Companions thou art as the jewels of pride;  
Fresh as the morning that glorifies noon,  
And pure as the words that pronounce you a bride.

Holy as Truth is the vow of these flowers;  
With its shrine in the heart and record above,  
Years will roll on as but sweet flitting hours,  
If guided they are by the blessings of love.

## WISTERIA.

LANGUAGE:—BOUNTIFUL CHARITY.

When Faith lay helpless on the strand;  
And Hope was magic of a dream;  
Came bearing with angelic hand  
A tiny branch almost unseen  
And Charity in loving words  
Bade Faith arise with faith again,  
While Hope shall ever afterwards  
Find shelter in Wisteria's reign.

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## THE BEECH.

LANGUAGE:—CHARITY AND FRATERNAL LOVE.

Outspreading pendants so fragile in reach;  
We feel that you love us, Oh, soft flowing beech:  
We feel the deep glow of thy fraternal care,  
And warmth of devotion that goes everywhere.  
Like Charity's heart, with its glory unsung;  
It feels for the aged, it cares for the young;  
It flies to the heart all broken and sad,  
And makes all about them feel happy and glad.

CHARITY.

Charity a ministering  
Angel is, whose ears are open  
Ever to the wails of distress;  
And whose great work is administering  
To the needy, and the broken  
Heart, soothing with love and kindness.

## PIMPERNEL.

LANGUAGE:—CHANGE.

Can I tide this world of danger,  
'Mid temptations, storms and strife;  
Can I walk the path forever  
As your true and faithful wife?

Can I feed a heart so tender  
As the one your bosom bears;  
Will my love for thee grow stronger  
As I walk this world of cares?

In the spring time of our wooing  
Hope wears but a golden gleam:  
Will it change as we are going  
Down life's long and troubl'd stream?

As the cares of life encumber  
Us with duties hard to bear;  
Will our hearts be young and tender,  
As we feel to day they are?

I can trust your fond devotion;  
I can trust the heart you bear;  
But will my first fond emotion  
Ever stronger, stronger wear?

Will I be a fond companion,  
Through life's long and trying range:  
Will I honor my dominion;  
Or like Pimpernel, will I change?

In my hour of threaten'd danger:  
Spirit friends I trust to you;  
Guide me that I may not wander;  
Let my heart be always true.

Fill my mind with thoughts of beauty;  
Fill my heart with love, I crave;  
Let me walk the paths of duty;  
To a peaceful, honor'd grave.

## TAMARISK.

LANGUAGE:—CONSCIOUS GUILT.

Hideous work, of human form divine;  
 I would not fellowship with thee, nor thine;  
 Nor shall my heart send to my brain complaint  
 That by a conscious act it brought a taint,  
 Upon my soul; for never prayers, nor time  
 Can obliterate the dark scars of crime.  
 Crime, I hate thee, thy very name detest;—  
 Touch me not, but let still upon me rest  
 The consciousness of my integrity,  
 Unpolluted by the touch or taint of thee.

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## BLUEBELL.

LANGUAGE:—CONSTANCY.

I'll go where thou goest, and live where you live;  
 Thy kindred shall be as a kindred to me;  
 Thy country shall take as my country shall give;  
 Thy wish shall be my wish; my faith is in thee;  
 Thy smiles will enliven my heart all anew,  
 A sad thought of thine will throw gloom on my mind;  
 When thou wilt have died, I will leave all behind,  
 And walk to the tomb and be buried with you.

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## AGNUS CACTUS: ALSO LETTUCE.

LANGUAGE:—COLDNESS.

You seem so formal and so cold;  
 You chill me to my very heart;  
 And make me feel a sense untold;  
 As though you were of sculptor's art.  
 Could Pherides still cut in stone;  
 Or mould in bronze a human form;  
 'Twould be, compared to you alone,  
 More companionable and warm.

## MARGUERITE DAISY.

LANGUAGE:—CONSTANCY.

That neat little flower, the Marguerite daisy;  
Smiles out from the border in modest array;  
It seems like a dream, or pleasant phantasy  
That chains us to pleasures of thought on our way:  
That Marguerite daisy, that cute nodding daisy,  
That little white daisy of graceful display.

How dear to our hearts is this old fashion'd flower?  
It comes down to us from the dim ages past;  
Our fore-parents cultur'd its bewitching power,  
And we as aesthetic still cherish the taste:  
That Marguerite daisy, that cute nodding daisy,  
That little white daisy of graceful display.

Its greetings to me are as chaste as the morning;  
Fresh kiss'd and embalm'd with a mantle of dew;  
It whispers of love in its simple adorning,  
And says in its language "be constant and true."  
That Marguerite daisy, that cute nodding daisy,  
That little white daisy of graceful display.

## MISTLETOE.

LANGUAGE:—CLING TO A STRONGER NATURE.

Cling to a power much stronger than mine,  
Laughing with love, says the mistletoe vine;  
Till laddie and lassie meet under my bough  
And kiss from impulses, but cannot tell how;  
Nor care they the process, nor care they the cost,  
A kiss 'neath the mistletoe never was lost.

## HOYABELLA.

LANGUAGE:—CONTENTMENT.

I am content; and in that holy word  
 I find a solace I must call divine;  
 A surcease from that turbulence of mind  
 That wars with the soul and makes life  
 A curse, and man a failure.

Discontent  
 Is unhappiness, like will o' the wisp  
 Leads us on to consumations never  
 To be had.

A contented mind a gift  
 Is of heaven, a true fortune, it brings  
 A compensation more to be desired  
 Than hoards of wealth, or stocks in bank: It is  
 The dew of life, the treasury of love;  
 The smiles of the heart, the sanctuary  
 Of the soul. It is the one thing the poor  
 Can have which the rich cannot buy and  
 The so call'd great knows not of. He who has  
 It is rich indeed.

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## BLACK POPLAR.

LANGUAGE:—COURAGE.

There's something in courage we adore;  
 Wherever 'tis found among rich or the poor;  
 But it appears not in acts of revenge  
 Nor in deeds of violence which avenge  
 Human wrongs. Nor does it with vengeance go  
 With impetuous charges to rout a foe.

'Tis not courage that gazes down the throat  
 Of a charg'd cannon without fear, and gloat  
 In carnage and in blood. It is not found  
 In the din of battle, nor in the sound

And clank of arms as the hoof'd steed  
Champs his bits in rage as he takes the lead  
In the wild charge to glory or to death.  
'Tis not where hand to hand and breath to breath  
Men struggle in danger and in daring;  
Where the blood is summon'd up and staring  
Graves stand ready to welcome and receive  
Them.

Courage is where we strive to relieve  
And not encourage deeds of violence.  
That is true courage where Benevolence  
And Kindness with mild words and open hands  
Go about the streets and dark dens  
Of want and wretchedness seek the fallen.  
That is courage where the black appalling  
Mien of vice is expelled from the manhood,  
And the one motto is "Be good, do good."  
That is true courage where the blandishments  
Of fashion are cast, and the serements  
Which embalm our best ideas of worth  
Are wove in th' web and woof of love and truth.  
That is courage, indeed, where man can turn  
From the grim wilds of wickedness and spurn  
The frowns and jeers of man for doing right.  
That is courage that takes us through the night  
Of temptation unscath'd of any wrong.  
That is courage that fills man with the song  
Of Temperance, Justice, Mercy and Love:  
And leads him on to a life which stands above  
The foibles of this world and sees a star  
Of Honor and Glory everywhere.  
Courage makes a man too good to do wrong,  
Too proud to lie or mingle in the throng  
Where Virtue is traduc'd or Innocence  
Is put to blush without a fair defence.  
Courage makes a man a man at all times,  
In every condition, nation or climes.

## BROOM.

LANGUAGE:—COURAGE—NEATNESS—HUMILITY.

Then fierce was the battle and dark was the day;  
And Geoffry was first in the gallant array—  
With his spear and battle-axe dealing the doom  
Of foemen who met him. A sprig of the broom  
Smil'd from the frets of his helmet of hair,  
And wav'd as defiant as the gonfalon there.  
In accents of courage when pressing the throng,  
His words like the bugle-blast carried along  
His comrades in battle who followed the lead  
Of Geoffry where courage alone could succeed.  
His eyes like his arrow-darts pierc'd through the mail,  
His cleavage and parry no foe dare assail;  
His aim never falter'd; the foe that he met  
Quail'd at the great prowess of Plantagenet,  
On whose glory and valor the Britains have hung;  
And the Henrys and Edwards and Richards have  
sprung,  
And England! Proud England from over the main  
Has planted her flag to forever remain  
As an ensign of freemen where Liberty reigns,  
And the sun never sets on her spacious domains.  
Oh! England! Proud England your course ever runs  
With the fairest fair daughters and the bravest brave  
sons,  
Whose gallant demeanor the world still admires,  
Reflecting good mothers and valiant old sires.  
The ages may pale but never forget  
The glory and courage of Plantagenet.



## HOYABELLA.

LANGUAGE:—CONTENTMENT.

Come hither; Come hither; Oh ! why will you stay  
Where Time hangs so heavy and Mirth steals away;  
Where care weaves a crown to be seen on your head,  
And Sighs leave their tracings so plain to be read ?

Oh, why should the flow of your spirit be crush'd,  
And why should the heart in its musings be hush'd ?  
Why should you stay where contentment has flown,  
And the soul is denied what its longings would own ?

Why leave not the thrall that environs you there,  
And seek the domain where such crosses and care  
Are hid, by a veil of the past as it flies  
And the heart is relieved of its sorrow and sighs ?

"I'm truly content," said the bird in its cage,  
"And that is the boon that my heart should engage,  
For should I but break the dark thrall of to-day,  
Some other as dark would encumber my way ;

New crosses would come like the spell of a dream,  
In fictions that now look as bright as a sheen;  
And sorrows would follow the break of my thrall,  
And I would encounter the shame of my fall.

Then let me not seek for a cause to repent;  
But learn to be always serene and content;  
For then I would have, all the blessings I claim,  
And keep what is better, an unsullied name."

## SWALLOW WORT.

LANGUAGE:—CURE FOR HEARTACHE.

Compliments to "Driftwood," a book of Poems by A. L. Bixby.

And you'r a daisy sure, "Driftwood,"  
I've read you through and through,  
Each page is fill'd with jewels bright;  
Each verse has something new.

And when I read those gems of thought,  
My mind in transport said,  
The while I held my sides to laugh,  
“Go head, old boy, go head.”

It's brim full of philosophy,  
And fillings cute of wit,  
And when you can't befun a man,  
You strike a puny hit.

But never bruise with bludgeon dull,  
Nor sting the true refin'd,  
But twist the gizzard of the dolt,  
In ev'ry shape and kind.

I read a verse and then I laugh;  
I read and laugh again,  
I find it drives rheumatics out  
And I forget my pain.

It cheers the mind, despondent up,  
And that ar'nt more than half.  
I cannot read a ditty through,  
Before I have to laugh.

It's good for Sunday reading, too,  
And smacks a deal with news,  
It brightens up the downcast eyes,  
And drives away the blues.

To me there's nothing stirs the mind,  
And makes me feel more merry,  
Than it would be to take a nip  
Of good old Tom and Jerry.

But as that truck ain't always nigh,  
To twirl the jolly head;  
Read Driftwood, it will do as well;  
Go head, old boy, go head.

## DAHLIA.

LANGUAGE:—CULTURE.

Rich in the harvests that others have sown;  
And rich in the thoughts that others have known;  
Rich in the culture that other men's minds  
Have delved from dame nature of various kinds  
For you to con over and take to yourself  
Which, minds much greater have laid on the shelf  
For food for those of your small intellect  
Who have to ape others for decent respect,  
Though honor'd with places on various shores,  
You emit no fragrance that you can call yours.

## WHITE CHERRY TREE.

LANGUAGE:--DECEPTION.

Before you do another wrong,  
Consider well the cost;  
However slight that wrong may be,  
You harm yourself the most.

If some fair name you would assail,  
Before the slander cast;  
Remember that recoil it will,  
And you'll be harmed the most.

If you would wrong one of his wealth;  
Or take what is unjust,  
Through measure, wage, or trick or scheme,  
You wrong yourself the most.

Should you oppress a helpless one,  
And gain what sorrow lost;  
Or cause the tear of anguish flow,  
You harm yourself the most.

There is a compensating law,  
Whatever be your boast;  
That when you do another wrong,  
You harm yourself the most.

## SWEET PEA.

LANGUAGE:—DELICATE PLEASURES.

There climbing up the trellis;  
Here clinging to the wall;  
Oh, charming sweet pea tell us,  
How can you smile for all?

Thou beauty of the sunset,  
The glory of mid-day,  
Charming when the dew is set  
Upon your cheeks so gay.

Painted with a tinge of blue,  
Pure as the azure deep;  
Rainbow tints with purple hue,  
Wove in your face complete.

Fairest of the Summer bloom;  
The gayest of the gay,  
Solace of our thoughts at noon,  
And pleasures through the day.

Your smiles seem the soul of grace,  
So charming, and so true;  
With delight look on your face,  
With fondest love for you.

---

## RUE.

LANGUAGE:—DISDAIN.

I disdain a vile proposal;  
And the tongue that makes the same;  
Apologize to me at once,  
Or hide your face in shame.

I disdain, despise, I hate,  
I loathe the very sight of one like you;  
Go seek you another mate,  
And bear a sprig like this of Rue.

## GERANIUM.

LANGUAGE:—DECEIT.

Beneath the sympathetic eyes  
The music of my soul awoke,  
But in the plaintive melodies  
Of Hope and Love the spell was broke,  
And I was brought to realize  
That men oft love while women joke.

I cast about to know the why  
That smiles are oft by women play'd  
Beneath the twinkle of the eye  
Which seem to speak of love survey'd;  
I heard a whisper, low and sly,  
"That catching husbands is a trade."

And she who feigns to know it not  
And plights her love without reserve,  
Or smiles before she gives it thought,  
May get what her mis-wits deserve,  
And find, alas! that she was caught  
By wiles the other sex conserve.

Thus lovers play on either side  
The little games of sly deceit:  
The men all ways of vices chide;  
The women play their charms complete:  
'Tis all to get and be a bride;  
To later learn each was a cheat.

'Tis then too late to mend the cause,  
And pride prevents the shame of brawls;  
And as good breeding has its laws  
Of self respect, where duty calls,  
Love finds requital in the flaws  
Of music shrill in infant squalls.

## THE FLYTRAP.

LANGUAGE:—DECEIT.

The Flytrap with its nectar sweet,  
Is but the sponsor of deceit;  
It halts the insect passing by,  
Which tastes its sweetness but to die.  
Its like the sly deceiving smile  
Of rogues who flatter to beguile:  
In wordy promises they tell  
How great the throes of honor swell  
Within their deep-down heaving breast;  
And smile at such deceit express'd;  
And smiling with an artful look,  
Will reason for your pocket-book.  
Rogues laugh when most they feel remorse,  
And when they pray are sinning worse  
For asking grace from out the sky  
As they but scheme some hateful lie.  
'Tis worse before the throne to kneel  
With words deceitful, than to steal;  
That wrongs another one through pelf;  
To pray deceitful wrongs one's self;  
And wrongs are dear at any cost;  
Like chickens they come home to roost.

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## SAGE.

LANGUAGE:—DOMESTIC VIRTUE,

There grows a plant of garden verdure,  
Pale but pungent to the taste;  
They call it sage in nomenclature;  
Because its life is pure and chaste.  
  
The emblem of domestic virtue;  
Is pictur'd on its lancet leaves,  
Of which you are a life sized picture,  
Pure as angel lips at shrieves.

## HUMBLE PLANT.

LANGUAGE:—DESPONDENCY.

When other folks are full of glee;  
When other hearts are glad;  
Then something takes a hold of thee,  
And you seem very sad.

The sun-lit rays that come to earth,  
The birds that sing with glee,  
Fill all around with cheerful mirth:  
But sadness seems of thee.

When other people wear a smile;  
And they are free and gay,  
You seem so blue and out of style  
That pleasures fly away.

The world, to you seem all askew,  
And all seem out of place;  
The cause, you think is not with you,  
Though frowning from your face.

Much deeper than your face it lies;—  
Deeper the disorder;  
It tells me, through your gloomy eyes;—  
Your liver's out of order.

Don't mope about, 'tis your mistake:—  
Nor pout in woeful fetter;  
But take some liver wide-awake,  
And then you'll feel much better.

## APRICOT BLOSSOM.

LANGUAGE:—DOUBT.

"Better had they ne'er been born,  
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn."—*Scott*.

Doubt, my dear Scott, is the father of wisdom,  
The shot that destroys the bulwark of fear;  
It opens the mind to the pretext of fiction,  
That brighter and grander the truth may appear.

Copernicus doubted the Talmasic system  
And wrote when a doubt earn'd the frowns of a curse;  
But wove in the mind, by that doubt, the foundation  
Of the now true system of our universe.

Our forefathers doubted the right of Great Briton,  
To tax and to rule them as she thought was best;  
Although it enkindled the long revolution,  
They conquer'd by battle, the hand that oppress'd.

Doubt stung the thought of our right to enslave,  
A poor, helpless portion of humanity;  
Justice spoke up through the arms of the brave;—  
The shackles fell off and the negro is free.

When Franklin look'd up at the wild lurid flame,  
As it spread o'er the sky like a treacher of mirth,  
He harnessed it up by a little frail string  
And brought it down tame for the use of the earth.

And now like a beast of all burdens it goes,  
Hither and thither working indoors and out;  
Not weary of limb, neither needs it repose,  
Although its conception was born of a doubt.

We plow the deep ocean when madden'd by storm  
And feed our fleet horse on the lehi of fire.  
We sleep on wing'd wheels from eve until morn  
And talk round the earth through the means of a wire.

If man was not born with the feelings of doubt,  
Today he'd be eating raw meat of the hare,  
With clothing of hides he would keep the cold out  
And fight for dark caves with the wolf and the bear.

---

A DEAD LEAF.

LANGUAGE:—DESTINY.

Man sows in anguish, reaps in tears,  
And walks in sorrow to the tomb;  
He feels the weight of pending years,  
And all their ills before they come.



War, pestilence, famine, disease,  
In turn threaten and assail him;  
When one recedes, another comes,  
Which makes his life a troubled scene.

Where'er he looks. which way he goes,  
The dreadful mien of woe is there,  
Which makes the past, dark as it was,  
A heaven to his present care.

The present is too fleet for him,  
Too short to start or end a task;  
He feasts his mind on future hopes,  
Or gnaws the dead bones of the past.

The sunbeams of illusive hope  
With furtive glances tolls him on,  
He works, suffers and endures,  
And learns at last the prize is gone.

When life is through, one backward glance  
Would prove his life a total wreck,  
He had but trouble while he lived,  
He came from dust, to dust goes back.

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PERUVIAN HELIOTROPE.

LANGUAGE:—DEVOTION, I TURN TO THEE.

Give me light and give me knowledge;  
Give me love and give me kindness;  
Give me truth and give me virtue;  
Give me all the ties that bind us  
To the noble grand and true:—  
Lead me in the paths of duty;  
Lead me up to thoughts sublime;  
Lead me to the gates immortal,  
Where this trusting heart of mine  
Can rest in peace and love with you.

Lead me not in ways forbidden,  
Where the wiles of Vice are yearning.  
Let illuring paths be hidden  
From my feet in life's lone journey,  
That I walk me not therein.  
Fill my mind with good emotions;  
Cheer me not with hopes misleading:—  
Spirit friends, O I beseech thee,  
Hear, O hear my words of pleading,  
Help me to shun the ways of sin.

---

## THE CORNFLOWER OR CYANUS.

LANGUAGE:—DEVINATION.

“Delicate flower I pray that you tell,  
Does my lover still love me and love me well?  
Speech of the true heart, ye flower of blue,  
Tell me, I pray thee, if he is still true?  
Kiss'd by the wind and refresh'd by the shower,  
Your petals are love-lit, delicate flower:  
Come with a whisper and tell me, O tell;  
Does my lover love me and love me well?”

“Cyanus look'd up, with politeness he said,  
From the signs of the sky your fortune is read;  
Press this blue blossom to your heart with your hand  
With thoughts on your lover erect you must stand,  
Then cast away to the north frigid zone,  
And look for the signs of the heart you would own:  
If the clouds of the north look haggard and bold,  
Your lover, young girl, will be distant and cold;  
If the east is spread with tinges of gray,  
The heart of your lover is turning away;  
If the clouds of the south seem pulling apart,  
Your lover is wooing some other maid's heart;  
If the clouds look red in the far distant west,  
Your lover still loves you and loves you the best.”

## THE LOTUS.

LANGUAGE:—ELOQUENCE.

'The purling brook sang lullabye,  
Beneath the shade of willows high;  
Which curtain'd out, almost the sky,

Whose azure robes of blue expanse,  
Serv'd to invite the ardent glance  
Of birds and bees half in a trance,

To know which glory seem'd most fair;  
The creeping stream with tender care  
When floating lady Lotus there;

Or rifts between the hanging leaves;  
Caus'd by the passage of the breeze  
Which brings the wealth Miss Lotus breathes,

And open'd glimpses of the sky,  
Half mirror'd on the limpid eye  
Of winding streamlet creeping by.

The birds and bees in words intense,  
Argued pro and in defence,  
Of brooklet's sheen, or sky's expanse.

Miss Lotus with true eloquence,  
Hop'd she would not afford offense  
If she should one word advance:

Say on, fair floater on the stream,  
That rolls on to the ocean's gleam  
Like the weird magic of a dream:

Say on, does that deep azure sky,  
Present more beauty to the eye,  
Than this sheen streamlet creeping by?

Miss Lotus smiling shook her head,  
In cadence with her wavelet bed,  
And with sweet eloquence she said:

“I will my friends with this commence;  
The sky above needs no defence,  
And this sheen brooklet reaches hence,”

“And mingles with the mighty deep,  
The where the sky and ocean meet;—  
It takes them all to be complete,”

“The universe is one grand whole,  
With many parts in one control,  
With Force its king and Truth its soul.”

“We all a part of nature are,  
Be we of brooklet, sky or air,  
Or aimless mudling creeping there.”

“There is no best in Nature’s call;  
The each possess a part of all;  
There is no great, no grand, no small:”

“The weakest insect of a day.  
Is as important in its way,  
As th’ moon’s pale face, or sun’s display.”

“As important each is to the whole  
As the whole is to each and all:  
If one was lost, the whole would fall.”

“No rival beauties, then are known;  
In all of Nature’s spacious throne:  
But all are equals, all are one.”

---

ROSE OR WHITE ACASIA.

LANGUAGE:—ELEGANCE,

You make an impression quite pleasing to see,  
Most grand in appearance, thou elegant tree;  
With feathery softness thy leaves kiss the breeze;—  
With pride you perfume all your neighboring trees;  
You seemest, Acasia, grand, noble and good;  
But yet you are worthless as timber or wood;  
And like many people who sport a proud air,  
Have nothing of worth save the clothes that they wear.

## PERIWINKLE VINCA, OR CREEPING MYRTLE.

LANGUAGE:—EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, would that we could meet again  
And feel as happy and as free  
As we were when our friendship ran  
Untrammel'd through our hearts of glee  
And fill'd our souls with pleasure then;  
And throb'd as one true heart, the three.

Oh, would that we could turn the tide  
Of Time, and flow it back again  
To linger where the blooming pride  
Of love repos'd, without the pain  
Of dreaming it might not abide  
And with we three, forever reign.

Oh, would that we could join our hearts  
In triple cords and links of gold,  
So firm that time with all her arts  
Could not undo them, or unfold  
The ties that bind, when love imparts  
A pleasure known, but never told.

Oh, let us, while our hearts are young,  
And gushing love runs free and clear;  
Swear by our triple souls, as one,  
That we will strengthen, year by year,  
That thrill which still remains unsung,  
But brought the bliss of heaven here.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

LANGUAGE:—FAREWELL.

I have hop'd, I have lov'd; I have laugh'd, I have wept:  
My love has been true and my promises kept;  
By magic my heart has been bound by a spell  
But Oh! it was crush'd by a cruel farewell.

Oh! why did the sun of your love shine so bright?  
Oh! why was I cast in the glow of your light?  
Why was my heart tun'd to the pathos of love,  
Then left to repine without power to move  
A throb that is kindred to it in your heart,  
Instead of that coldness which cuts like a dart  
The vitals that holds my own soul to myself,  
And leaves me a wreck on that one yawning gulf  
Where love is submerged neath the waves of despair,  
And hope lies a victim mid sorrow and care.

I chide not the motives which prompted that move,  
I claim not atonement, expect not your love:  
But I will submit in the throes of restraint  
To th' wreck of my heart, with no word of complaint:  
No blow could be harder; no sorrow more sad;  
Though I alone suffer, and you alone glad;  
I will never complain and never will grieve  
And never will charge you, that you could deceive:  
Will bear my own sorrow and never will tell,  
The shock I received by that cruel farewell.

---

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

Farewell old year, thy fading face  
Is ashen now with waning glories;  
Thy course has been a valiant race  
And aye, will live in golden stories.

Farewell old year, with mem'ries fond,  
We scan thy life with hearts of gladness;  
But see thee pass to shades profound,  
With feelings of the utmost sadness.

Farewell old year, and as we turn  
From thy receding smiles and presence,  
Our hearts with raptured feelings burn  
Of mem'ries fraught with many pleasance.

Farewell old year, and we must part,  
And, ah ! we know it is forever,—  
You burdened with the past, depart;  
We bounding to the future, ever.

Farewell ! and though it be farewell !  
Thy course is the eternal backward;  
Thy space alone recalls the knell;  
Thy glories tend forever onward.

Sad are the accents of farewell,  
When tears bedew the pure shrine of love;  
Sad are the thoughts that with us dwell,  
When for aye we see our friends remove.

And when we say farewell, old year,  
And close our eyes on thee forever,  
Like parting friends it wrings a tear  
From out our eyes, we would not smother.

Despite those tears our hearts enfold  
Sweet thoughts of friendship's ties unbroken;  
Thoughts pure of love, as burnished gold,  
Which brings us heaven as its token.

Farewell old year, but nay farewell,  
To heart-lit joys and smiling graces,  
Of joys that in our bosom dwell,  
Of kindly deeds and friendly faces.

## THE WALL FLOWER.

LANGUAGE:—FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNE.

This bloom has a story that's often been told;  
It must surely be true because it is old:  
Old legends, old people, old stories, old books,  
Wear a smacking of truth because of their looks;  
Though the story outrages our own common sense,  
Its antiquitous birth is a common defense;  
And we must receive it and say not a word,  
Though the story is foolish and reason absurd.  
Yet some things are true though ancient of use;  
And age is too sacred to merit abuse.  
If nothing have credit but that which is new,  
Then love would be fic'tious and friendship untrue.  
There are heart pangs to-day, and always were so;  
All youths, want a sweet heart, and girls want a beau.

I once learn'd a legend, quite ancient, 'tis true,  
And as I receiv'd it I'll give it to you.  
'Twas the old, old story where Fates disapprov'd  
And hearts were denied the requital of love.

This girl had a father, austere and ill grain'd,  
His way he would have though others it pain'd,  
With frowns and disfavor, he view'd her young love,  
Though pure as the thoughts of the angels above,  
Were the throbs that beat in her own fervent breast.  
That knew but one Anson and knew but one rest.  
The father obdurate and cruel with all,  
Confin'd the young girl in a high reaching wall  
With a guard to keep vigils and watch over her,  
With orders to keep her confin'd with great care.

Faithful to love and its own urgent call,  
The gillian scal'd the high reaching wall,  
That her eyes might feast on the face that she lov'd  
Despite the command her father approv'd,  
That she should not look on the form of the youth,  
Nor bask in the sunshine of love living truth.



The girl bade defiance to edicts and walls;  
To locks and the vigils of sentinel calls;  
Like the ferret's agile she climb'd to the height,  
And look'd on her lover with fondest delight.

She wish'd to be with him; her wish was her will;  
Where hearts could be satisfied, love have its fill.  
She stood on the wall with angelic command,  
A soft silken cordlet she held in her hand.  
One end she tied to the bastion above,  
The other around her small waist she wove.  
Commended herself to th' keeping of Jove.  
"My Anson, I come from this high reaching wall,  
Catch me, O catch me, perchance if I fall."  
The cord broke, a shriek, then no other sound,  
But a thud, and the girl lay dead on the ground:  
But pitying Jove from his precincts of power,  
The girl metamorphos'd into a Wall Flower;  
And said with a voice of musical tune,  
"We'll call her Fidelity in Misfortune."

---

FERN.

LANGUAGE:—FASCINATION, MAGIC.

Like some strange spell; some fascination  
That I see not, yet my senses feel  
Creep over me like a mild demonstration  
I should rebuke; yet like a seal  
It is that binds me to you;  
And, like the timid bird within the charm  
Perceives the danger just at hand,  
Which it would not avoid for the harm  
Is sweet to realize, And, And,  
My own dear heart, now be true,  
Or like the bird, fascinated through a spell;  
Mistook a foe for love and lov'd too well,  
And loving died.

## THE COXCOMB.

LANGUAGE:—FOPPERY—AFFECTATION.

An idle youth went strutting by one day;  
As if he was the soul of debonaire;  
His gown was cut to make the most display;  
In oil and pompadour wore he his hair.

A modest maid this youngster chanc'd to meet,  
With flowers gay, neat in her basket lain;  
“Present me one, suited to my suit;  
You see I'm not onto the manner plain:”

He smil'd upon the modest girl and said.  
She blushing complied with his request,  
And in his hand a single blossom laid.  
“The coxcomb sir, I think will fit you best.”

---

## THE GARDEN ANEMONE.

LANGUAGE:—FORSAKEN.

Hush my bleeding heart, stir not a throb of thine—  
Shut out the stars and let the sun not shine,  
For all is gloom, no joy or light I see—  
Since love has flown, what is the world to me!  
The wind and storm delights the anemone  
But my poor heart is moved by grief alone,  
So let it be, my spring has come and gone,  
And I a wither'd leaf must die alone.

## PURPLE LILAC.

LANGUAGE:—FIRST LOVE.

Love begins with a twinkle and a smile;  
A glow of expression;  
A glinting of bliss;  
An ecstatic thrill that twirls awhile,  
With a fond impression  
Words fail to express.  
Thus love begins.

And thus love ends.  
Love ends with a chill of a lusterless eye;  
A slight cloud of neglect;  
A far away cast;  
A word that would shade the birth of a sigh,  
A smile that doth reflect  
The wage of a task—  
'Tis thus love ends.

---

You may sing of the winter, may sing of the spring,  
May sing of the long, long ago,  
But I have a sweeter, sweet song than all them,  
A song that I sing where'er I go;  
A song that I love, and always must sing,  
It is the sweet song of first love.  
The song of first love.

'Twas Sophia's blue eyes that filled me with bliss,  
The eyes that bewildered my heart;  
Her lips were unchent by the touch of a kiss,  
Her voice riv'd my heart like a dart,  
And made me a slave. I thought not amiss,  
A slave to the pangs of first love;  
To the pangs of first love.

## THE GOLDENROD. EMBLEM OF NEBRASKA.

LANGUAGE:—FORESIGHT.

It took men, it took muscle, it took merit and worth;  
To brave the red man in the home of his birth  
And conquer the face of the western plain;  
Where animals wild asserted domain.

There lay the prairie, grand, fertile and fair,  
Inviting to those who would do and would dare  
To come and possess it for fortune or fame  
Tough blasts of the storm-king spread terror amain.

Though grasses were tongu'd of the hardships to speak,  
And warnings proclaim'd to the timid and weak,  
That man to obtain what his efforts deserve  
Must have a strong will and an unyielding nerve.

The deer and the antelope, the bison and bear;  
The wolf in his lair, the fleet footed hare;  
The swift pinion'd falcon in search of his prey,  
Gave proof that to conquer was no idle play.

The rolling prairies spread out to the view,  
Inviting the yeoman, strong hearted and true,  
To come and possess where the red savage roams;  
Transforming their camps to most beautiful homes.

But who had the courage, and who had the mind,  
To leave a fair land and its comforts behind,  
And come with his gun as his most faithful friend  
With hardships before him and life in his hand?

A Burt with a courage we love to admire,  
Came forth on his mission, but soon to expire;  
Then Butler and Fulsom, Will Byers and Brown,  
Well victual'd and panopli'd came for a town.

But the bravest of all of that noble race;  
Who came to Nebraska to give her a place  
'Mid the stars of the nation which gleam on the flag  
Was that quiet young maiden, Cicilia Blagg.

With a mind and a purpose that nothing could awe,  
She drove to the banks of the clear Nemaha,  
And there with her ploughshare she turn'd up the sod  
And pitch'd her lone tent 'mid the rich goldenrod.

Soon other friends came to that beautiful s.te  
And prais'd by their presence this maiden's foresight,  
And the goldenrod took as their emblem of state,  
And vow'd that her courage they would emulate.

Soon thousands came pouring in with a hurrah  
Like bees to a flower they cours'd Omaha—  
A city on paper with houses unseen,  
But now she shows forth with a beautiful sheen.

Where Lincoln, fair Lincoln, now dazzles the eye,  
The grass was untrod and vibrated the sky  
With yelping coyote in the valleys and hills  
That crept up the spine like the old-fashioned chills.

But how things have chang'd with that fleeting year?  
The bison has gone and the wolves and the deer,  
Scarce deem it politic to stick up the head,  
Where yesterday, it were, the antelope fed.

Now men of refinement and women of worth  
Have come to possess these fair beauties of earth—  
This Platt-water'd Eden; this gem of the west,  
Where worth is requitted and talents are blest.

'Twas William J. Bryan whose eloquent tongue  
Inspired a hope that the nation has sung  
And won for the master an undying fame  
Where Poverty struggles in Honesty's name.

To listen to Thurston one never would tire;  
His range is unbounded, his words are one fire;  
His voice has a magic in law making halls  
Convincing and charming wherever it falls.

And big-hearted Boulding we know to admire,  
His wit and his logic, his mirth and satire  
Enchant with their power the soul of his friends  
And chains with esteem the brave heart he offends.

He handles with learning the phases of man;  
He smiles on the worthy whenever he can;  
But woe to the advocate, woe to the men  
Who kindles the wrath of his tongue or his pen.

Space is to frugal to mention each name  
Entitl'd to shine in the annals of fame;  
For should we attempt to mention all those,  
Our rhyme would become as unwieldy as prose.

But facts are as tasteful as fiction at times,  
When poets are weaving the webs of their rhymes;  
This truth you should cherish, whoever you are;  
To be great you must sniff Nebraska's pure air.

---

HOLLY.

LANGUAGE:—FORESIGHT.

What signifies your strength or stature,  
Or the swiftness of you arm;  
If you close your eyes in wonder  
When there is approaching harm?

What signifies your stock in learning,  
Or the wisdom you possess;  
Without foresight and discerning  
Signs and symptoms ere they press?

What if you walk'd 'mid beds of pearls,  
Or gold was fruiting on the tree,  
If you knew not of their presence;  
If you could not, would not see?

What if you owned clothes and shelter,  
And all protection 'gainst the storm;  
Hail and snow would be a pelter  
And perhaps would do you harm.

If you saw them not approaching,  
Or heeded not the lowering skies,  
You should see them ere encroaching;  
There is where protection lies.

Take your lesson from the holly;  
Evergreen, so rich and bright;  
Harken as it whispers to you:  
"Success depends on your foresight."

---

FORGET-ME-NOT.

LANGUAGE:—FORGET-ME-NOT.

Can I forget those swimming eyes,  
Whose tears but love portend;  
Or hush the echo of the voice  
Of sweet-heart and of friend?

Can I forget that morning stroll—  
The last we had together?  
We walk'd along a winding brook,  
And field of skirted heather.

Can I forget the parting sigh,  
Down by the woodland cot;  
When Mary plac'd within my hand,  
A blue forget-me-not?

Can I forget her last request;  
Though buried in a thought?—  
She pointed with her finger at,  
That blue Forget-me-not.

## LABURNUM.

LANGUAGE:—FORSAKEN.

At the city of Dardanelle stands a perpendicular rock three hundred feet high. As the legend goes, among the early pioneers of that part of the country, lived a hunter with his family, one of the family was a daughter of marriageable age named Sadia, she was wooed and won by a young settler, by the name of Minos, who proved untrue to his vows and left the country. The young girl in a paroxysm of grief threw herself from the topmost peak of rocks into the river below.

If not on earth again, Minos, yet may it be  
In the onward sweep of eternity  
That I may feast my eyes on thee again  
And feel once more my heart surcease from pain.  
To the north-star-land afar hast thou gone,  
And I bereaved of all am left alone.—

When other hearts, like mine you would assail,  
Think first of the anguish your smiles entail,  
Then of the trusting soul you won to wrong,  
And stung to death the heart you smiled upon.

As you have ceas'd to love, I ask but this,  
For the boon I gave, my grave you bless—  
Oh ! had that turgid stream a tongue to tell,  
As it rolls by the feet of Dardanelle,  
A simple story, strange, but not untrue,  
How it embrac'd the one refused by you.

Could spirits weep, warm tears would dim my eye,  
And never should my phantom cheek be dry  
Till man regards, aright, his plight'd vows,  
And maidens may not fear to offer theirs.

As thou hast gone, I now am left to choose  
Requittal in the strains of plaintive muse;  
Although, for me your heart will never move;  
Nor heal the wounds of unrequitted love  
Which, like the curse of Coelus, will ever flow,  
To deeper make the sea of human woe.—



Fair Sappho lov'd and Phaon caught the flame;  
His vows were false, deception was his aim,  
And I, a later mark of Cupid's dart,  
Must bear to death, a true but broken heart.

Minos is gone, and now 'tis mine to choose  
And echo from a sad and mournful muse—  
Love fill'd my heart with strains of rhythmic flow;  
But now it speaks in elegies of woe.

When Sappho lost the glow of Phaon's eyes,  
She wept; and like Sadie dies:  
For death alone can Sadie's heart relieve;  
For loving one who smiled but to deceive;  
For love alone has set my heart on fire;  
And now farewell to all I would admire.

While all my love, with you, Minos, has fled,  
I can but feel, of all the world, most sad,  
And like a wounded bird am left alone,  
With naught but anguish that I call my own.

My thoughts rush on like flame of burning fire,  
To place me on the sacrificial pyre  
Of love, so pure; and yet I was so young,  
I did not know my heart was e'en my own.

I trusted then, but Ah! I did not know,  
When loving first, you was my deepest foe;  
But maiden like, yet burning in the flame,  
Would call you back and love you still the same.  
Would call you back, why sport such idle dream?  
Your words are false, your smiles not what they seem;  
Your love is dead, its glow I should not crave,  
But in my grief will offer it a grave;  
A pleasure due, that I will now impart,  
Come deliver it in my sad and wither'd heart.  
Your work well done, I will from yonder leap  
And bury all in the dark and sullen deep.  
A leap in air, a wild and piercing scream,—  
Then all was hush'd within the turgid stream.

## WHITE CHRISANTHEMUM.

LANGUAGE:—FRIENDSHIP.

In the spring time when youth and beauty;  
Like sweet flowers the passions play;  
The friends, unsought, deem it a duty  
To help and cheer us on our way.

And when the flow of bright summer comes;  
Dressed in pomp and crown'd with glory;  
Friends rush upon us like new suns  
Cheering us with richest story.

But when the frore wind of autumn  
Comes whistling with a wintry blast;  
Then by those friends we are forgotten:  
A smile, then seems, from them a task.

And when the storms of *mid-winter* come  
And with misfortune we contend;  
Then sweetly smiles the chrisanthemum  
As th' benediction of a friend.

---

## THE LARCH.

LANGUAGE:—FOREVER.

No more his willing feet will trace  
The verge of winding river;  
No more his cheerful voice will ring;  
Forever, yes: forever.

No more for him the summer breeze  
Will cause the leaves to quiver;  
No more the birds will sing for him;  
Forever, yes: forever.

No more we'll see his eyes of love,  
His smiles will greet us never:  
No more we'll hear his words of cheer:  
Forever, yes: forever.

No more will ply his willing hands;  
His work is ended ever:  
He's gone to meet his just reward:  
Forever, yes: forever.

---

## THE SNOWDROP.

LANGUAGE:—FRIEND INDEED.

The tiny snow drop takes the lead  
Of all its brethren in the train,  
And as a friend in truth indeed,  
With dripping eyes and heart-felt pain,  
It asks the keeper of the key,  
Which unlocks the earth's frozen cell,  
To let the pent-up flowers free,  
That they might smile like it as well.

On fragile stem it lifts its head,  
And smiling greets the vernal sun,  
Which lifts it from its frozen bed  
And gives new hope to cheer it on:  
And in return for favors shown,  
It turns to man forever bless'd;  
And speaks to him its cheerful tone  
Of hope which springs in every breast.

---

## CLOSED CONVULVUS.

LANGUAGE:—FORLORN HOPE.

'Tis scarce an hour, on Time's fleet wing,  
Since smiles were gleaming from your face;  
But now you are a wither'd thing,  
Scarce worth the honor of a place  
Among the list of flowers gay.  
Twas but a pulse of nature grand

That brought you forth a pretty bloom;  
Now like the subject of command.

You seem to shrink away in gloom,  
And wither in the brightest day.

Your bell corolla, fresh and new,  
That glorified the morning fair;  
Which stoop'd to kiss away the dew  
That sparkl'd in the silent air,  
Shrank when it felt the glowing sun,  
And folded in its velvet leaves,  
And faded in the flush of morn,  
Like one whose heart of welcome grieves  
To see some friendly face return,  
Before the day, his course has run.

We cannot trace that silent force,  
That folds your gaudy petals up;  
Nor can we tell the pangs that crush  
The youthful heart in living hope,  
Which should preside in ev'ry breast.  
Some seem to live a misanthrope  
Who feels that laughter augurs gloom,  
And in young spring-time strangles Hope,  
In fear that he might find too soon.  
A cheerful smile, a playful jest.

'Tis better, far, to brighten up  
And smile within the living light,  
Than like *Convulvus* smother out  
The sun's bright gleams and live in night,  
With Hope neglected and forlorn.  
'Tis sin to be downcast and sad:  
It blights the sun-gleams of the soul  
And dwarfs the heart that should be glad,  
And makes the life a wither'd scroll  
Amid the music of the morn.

PLUM TREE. THE IVY. WALLFLOWER. LEMON  
BLOSSOMS.

LANGUAGE:—FRIENDSHIP.—FIDELITY.

There grows a vine of tender bloom,  
Which brings a pleasure rich and rare;  
If rightly we esteem the boon,  
And guard it with a cautious care;  
It has a fragrance we may trace  
Through all the seasons of the year;  
In every heart it finds a place,  
If kindness has a resting there.

Oftimes the tendrils of this vine,  
Are severed with the tiny bloom,  
And cast upon the earth in fine,  
To wither and to die alone;  
While the thoughtless one who broke the ties  
May seek a vine more grand and gay,  
Or one more pleasing to the eyes  
To first be won, then cast away.

This vine is friendship, firm and true,  
But off its fondest tie is broke,  
And other friends and faces new  
Charm for awhile and then evoke  
A wish to find another friend;  
Another strange heart to awake:  
But when old friendship this you end,  
You find you made a sad mistake.

---

How pleasant the thought when memory extends  
To the sun-shine of life with the pleasance of friends;  
When the heart is absolved from the routine of care,  
And happiness seems to pervade ev'ry where?

How pleasant the thought when kind laughter and smiles,  
From the depths of the heart throw off the beguiles  
Of the mask of the world; and, we laugh as we feel,  
With a heart brimming full for ev'ry man's weal?

When friendship and kindness their favors impart,  
Through the glint of the eye and glow of the heart;  
We feel a sweet flow from the depths of the soul,  
We would not restrain, we can not control.

'Tis the wine of true life, the fruitage of youth;  
The language of goodness, when guided by truth;—  
The something, like love, that never was giv'n;  
But comes as the dew from the sweetness of heaven,

'Tis a golden link in the issues of life,  
That binds us together 'mid trials and strife,  
And welds in our natures the art of forgiving,  
And brings us to feel that life is worth living.

Yes, life is worth living, I feel it in mine;  
For the years that I number are now fifty-nine;—  
And pleasures that speak to me are the sweetest,  
Are those of the earliest and of the latest.

Yes, friendship, the grandest and holiest tie,  
It speaks through the soul and laughs through the eye;  
It blooms in the heart 'mid reverses and storm;  
And makes our emotions so pleasant and warm.

---

#### THE LAUREL.

LANGUAGE:—GLORY.

Come to the land of the far setting sun,  
Where men are courageous and glory is won,  
Where honor deserv'd is placed on the brow,  
And Merit returns with a wreath of the bough.

When valiant old Romans returned from th' field,  
With vict'ry engrav'd on the flush of his shield;  
The laurel was wreathed as a crown for his head  
And honor was due for his death daring deed.

And great was his prestige and lasting his fame,  
And loud was the praise of his far sounding name,  
But those of America's own favor'd land,  
Have a fame that is greater, a name that's more grand.

'Tis a name that enkindles the heart-strings of fire,  
A name that the great and the good must admire.  
A name that is hewn in the words of great deeds  
Where sorrow comes not and the heart never bleeds.

'Tis the name of home for oppress'd of all lands;  
Where Want is reliev'd with the tenderest hands,  
And eyes that are dim'd by the flooding of tears,  
Come without doubting, misgivings or fears.

The brow of good actions the laurel here binds  
Where honor is honor'd and virtue refines,  
Where Truth has a standing of matchless worth,  
And Hope has a standing at ev'ry one's birth.

We measure not men by their loud sounding prayers,  
Nor the bonds that they own nor land that is theirs,  
Nor prestige they bring by a loud sounding fame,  
Nor birth-rights to honor through some family name;

Nor reckon the blood that courses the veins,  
Or prestige of wealth in the measure of brains,  
But each one is guaged by his own sterling worth,  
Whatever of station or lowly his birth.

We weave not the laurel for any man's crown,  
Nor give him untested an honor'd renown,  
But leave each one free to enrich his own name,  
And weave his own crown by an honorable fame.

## LAUREL.

LANGUAGE:—GLORY.

As glory shoots out from the heart of the sun,  
And fills all the world with its flame;  
To honor and glory to manhood will come,  
When Justice illumines the name.

True glory comes not where the sword has engrav'd  
On battle-fields gory and grim.  
The name that Ambition, through blood has enslav'd,  
And death weaves a garland for him.

But his is that glory, where goodness imparts  
The motives which prompt him through life;  
Where pity can read through the anguish of hearts,  
The means that assuage human strife.

Go, weave him a wreath of the laurel so fair,  
And place it with love on his brow;  
Who nurtures the good of mankind with his care,  
And makes the rule happiness now.

Through such has the world got its balmiest days;  
Through such is humanity sav'd;  
On such should be lavish'd the world's richest bays;  
And over them glory be wav'd.

---

SWEET WILLIAM.

LANGUAGE:—GALLANTRY.—DEXTERITY.

Sweet-William, 'tis a rural name;  
It sounds back-woodish, but the fame  
Attending it softens that sound,  
And robes it with respect profound:  
Enchanting with a sweet surprise,  
When under its poetic eyes.



It does with mankind represent  
Intrepid courage and gallant  
Bearing which but the noble wear  
When smiles adorn a dauntless air,  
In social life its looks present  
A manner, which, to that extent  
A flower goes with modest care,  
Would seem a prince of demonair.

---

SWEET BASIL.

LANGUAGE:—GOOD WISHES.

I will within your album write,  
As others here have pen'd;  
And on this spotless page indite,  
The wishes of a friend.

I wish you all the joys of earth,  
That honest maids may gain;  
I wish you many years of health,  
Without an ache, or pain.

I wish your future may be grand,  
And "times" not very hard;  
I wish when you may give your hand,  
You'll get a clever pard.

I wish for him a pleasure, to,  
When both of you are old,  
That he can say, come weal? come woe?  
My frow would never scold.

I wish that you then, to, can say,  
My pard was always good;  
He's fed me well; and day by day,  
Has cut my oven wood.

Now one thing more I will have pen'd,  
Then wind this wishing up,  
That when it raineth soup, my friend,  
Your dish be right side up.

## MARIGOLD.

LANGUAGE:—GRIEF.

Oh ! Pity the soul that is stricken with grief;  
That ache of the heart which no words can express;  
That sorrow which calls on its gloom for relief,  
Without a requittal of pain or distress.

Dear heart-broken sister, how sad is thy lot ?

No grandeur nor station can bring you relief;  
Like Rachael ye mourn for the ones you have not;  
Like Mary you pine in the shadows of grief.

The sun-shine of life brings no pleasure to you;  
The sweet songs of birds are discords to thine ear;  
The smiles of the world seems sad and untrue,  
Bright gleams of the heart are submerg'd with a tear.

Your journey through life is so darksome and sad;  
That th' world seems to change but its phases of gloom;  
You mourn at the pleasures that make others glad,  
And court but the smiles of the dark yawning tomb.

---

## THE MARIGOLD.

When Pœbus parts the curtains of the dawn,  
And ushers in a smile upon the earth;  
The first his golden glances fall upon  
Is Marigold of pure and noble birth.

And when he rises on his phantom wings,  
And spreads his rays of glory over all;  
Bright Marigold with tongue of silence sings  
The symphonies which love and worth recall.

And when at eve he sinks into the west  
And leaves the world without his smiling reign;  
Folds Marigold her robes about her breast,  
And mourns his absence till he comes again.

## HAREBELL.

LANGUAGE:—GRIEF.

I sat with a sigh, half smother'd and hush'd,  
Quite lonely, one morning in May;  
And thought, as I sat, how easy is crush'd  
A heart that is happy and gay.

My eyes flew away to a far reaching vale,  
Where harebells nod in the breeze;  
And Morning stoops over to get a regale  
From their dew kiss'd petals and leaves:

I saw with chagrin, a rough cultur'd hand,  
Pluck a blue harebell gay;  
As though it smiled there as a poor contraband:  
To be pluck'd, then cast away.

I went to the flower, all tatter'd and torn,  
To offer condolence in grief;  
My heart was so sad, I felt should I mourn,  
My tears would afford me relief.

The flower looked up in a train of surprise  
And spoke in the accents of woe;  
"Pity me not with your tear swimming eyes,  
But he who has treated me so."

"For he who would pluck a sweet smiling flower,  
Then flippantly cast it away,  
Is lost to the dictates of love and that power  
That makes a man happy alway."

"Grieve then for those who are dead to the pain,  
When crushing an innocent heart;  
For theirs will be crush'd o'er and o'er again—  
Their anguish will never depart.

While memory lasts; till Justice is done;  
Till wrongs are all righted, hearts made whole;  
Till every sigh is weighed, one by one;  
And guilt, through tears, are wash'd from th' soul."

## BASIL.

LANGUAGE:—HATE.—A PESSIMIST.

EMBLEM:—ENVY.

I hate ! And in my inner soul of flame and fire,  
I entertain one thought and one desire,  
One aspiration and one alone,  
And that is to hate. 'Tis a precious boon;  
I nurture it in my heart; by day and my thought  
It is, and in the night my dreams are wrought  
With sweetest visions of that precious gift.  
I hate all nature, the earth, and the swift  
Sun-beams which come to give us light and life  
I hate. The silver moon whose smiles are rife  
With ripples sweet of love, fills me with hate:  
The laughing eyes of childhood and the late  
Benedictions of age instill in me  
A sweeter sense and a felicity  
Which brings me heaven in the thoughts of hell.  
I hate a smile; and on laughter I dwell  
With a hate that burns me to the delight  
Of my inner self; 'tis good, it is right  
That I should hate the bloom on maiden's cheek;  
I hate youth and beauty; I hate the weak  
Flutter of expiring life. I would  
Hate everything and all that is good.  
I hate the robust man, and I hate health,  
I hate pleasant homes and I hate wealth;  
I hate all kinds of gain and I hate pelf,  
I hate my kindred and I hate myself,  
I hate all kinds of pleasure, if there be  
Such a thing as love, coin anew for me  
A word more expressive than that of hate  
That I may thunder at it that one late  
Conception of human gall and revel  
In the thought that inferno, devil,  
Newts, snakes and all the loathsome beasts of the

Forbidden things of earth will go with me  
As inspirators of that sweeter sweet word  
Of hate: My friend, my comfort and my lord.  
I hate the good, the great, the noble and the best:  
The reason is I am a pessimist.

---

## HAWTHORNE.

## HOPE.

Hope sees a star, beyond the shroud  
That fills the heart with dark despair,  
And whispers to the doubting mind:  
"Cheer up, for soon the heavy cloud  
Will pass away and then the fair  
Sun will smile and cast th' gloom behind."

---

## PURPLE LARKSPUR.

## LANGUAGE:—HAUGHTINESS.

Your haughty demeanor expresses one thing,  
Which all the world knows who knows you at all;  
That the curl on your lip, and head with a fling,  
Mark you as one who has a mind so small  
That Mercy looks on with a sigh  
For the want of good sense you ought to possess.  
If you could be bought for what you are worth;  
And sold for the price that your actions express;  
Old Cræsus would rise with his bones from the earth  
And regain his wealth by a new buy.

## PLUMBAGO.

LANGUAGE:—HOLY WISHES.

Light blue beauty hung with clusters  
From your tips of fragile vine;  
Typical of holy wishes  
Reaching up to thoughts divine.

Tiny leaves so green and pretty;  
With a salix long and neat,  
From which a corolla verges,  
To a bloom so nice and sweet.

Summer long you grow and blossom,  
Ceasing neither day nor night;  
Like the heart that beats for others,  
Sending forth a sweet delight.

Sending forth a gleam of pleasure,  
Chaste as is your azure blue;  
With a wish that each one passing,  
May be quite as chaste as you.

---

TAME VERBENIS.

LANGUAGE:—HUMILITY.

Flowers there are which emerge from the earth  
Not heeding their beauty, or knowing their worth,  
But lend to the sunshine a sweet charming smile,  
Which dissipates sorrow for others the while.

But while they enrich their own atmosphere  
With simplified beauty so rich and so rare;  
They feel not the worth, that their presence engage  
And let humility press as a wage.

Verbenis thou liv'st in the sunshine of life,  
Dispensing thy graces mid pleasures and strife;  
Like many who live in the splendor of noon  
But feeling the press of a heart full of gloom.

## CELANDINE.

LANGUAGE:—DECEPTIVE HOPE.

Hope, ever springing in the human breast,  
Surcease, awhile, the sting of Doom expressed  
And leaves a balm to Fate, whose visage grim,  
Depress the feelings of the heart within  
And sends more anguish to the conscious brain  
Than would the fact, itself, produce in pain.

Hope, though deceptive on its wing-ward flight,  
Is sweeter than the ever sordid blight  
That pending Fate brings, like a horrid ban,  
That gnaws and gnaws the life away of man.

'Tis better, far, through Hope's deceptive wiles,  
To clothe the face with light and gleeful smiles,  
Than to tell th' truth, if by that gracious boon  
We fill the heart with inconsolant gloom.

What worth is Truth, if to the heart it brings  
A wounded feeling that forever stings  
And stings the heart with pain, that it might know  
The bane that fills the human soul with woe?

Hope, is much sweeter, though its smile deceives,  
Than truth can be, if Truth, cold Truth but grieves.

## THE OAK.

LANGUAGE:—HOSPITALITY.

When Summer's golden eyes look down,  
In glowing wavelets fierce and warm;  
And heat, oppressive from the sun,  
In swelter bathes the plastic form;  
Thy shade, hospitable, I love;  
Old Oak!

You, like a kind, good hearted man,  
Who takes a stranger by the hand,

And succor give him when he can,  
Performs an office great and grand;  
And will, kind blessings from above,  
Evoke.

Thus, good deeds flow from soul to soul,  
And bless the giver and the giv'n;  
And like great benedictions role  
To the portals bless'd of heaven  
Where Kindness gets its own reward  
And due.

There no one asks what you believe;  
Nor at what shrine you knelt in prayer;  
But did some wanting one receive  
Food, shelter, and your tender care?  
If yea! the gates will swing outward,  
For you.

---

MARIGOLD FIG.

LANGUAGE:--IDLENESS.

From idle hands and idle brains,  
Take naught away and naught remains;  
Unless it is that Vice begins  
In Idleness and ends in sins;  
And sin increasing with the times  
At last emerges into Crimes;  
And Crime a monster of such mien,  
It drags its victim down to Shame.  
And Shame when resting on the head,  
Makes one despis'd when he is dead.



## FLAX.

LANGUAGE:—I FEEL YOUR KINDNESS.

Like Aurora's gentle flush,  
That puts away Night's blindness;  
I feel within my soul's domain,  
The impress of your kindness;  
So good and true:  
A kindness only that the heart  
When true to its emotions;  
Can prove that goodness is a part  
Of Virtue's own emotions;  
I see in you.

---

## GENTAIN.

LANGUAGE:—I LOVE YOU BEST WHEN YOU ARE SAD.

The gentain through his eyes of blue  
Look'd up and to his lady said;  
"Forgive my words for they are true,  
I love you best when you are sad."  
  
"Sometimes in glee and prattles wild  
Queer fancies creep into the head:  
But like the candor of a child,  
The heart is most sincere when sad."  
  
"When Pride is flush'd upon the cheek,  
Words oft of idle worth are said;  
But Truth, a jewel mild and meek,  
Is honor'd when the heart is sad."  
  
"When all your soul seems charg'd with glee,  
And laughter from your heart comes glad;  
That old refrain comes back to me;  
I love you best when you are sad."

“I love the twinkle of your eyes  
 When Mirth and Frolic may be read,  
 But stronger are those heart-felt ties  
 When my own heart feels yours is sad.”

“Come lay your head upon my breast,  
 And let your tears with love be wed;  
 As I have oft before express’d,  
 I love you best when you are sad.”

---

BELVIDERE.

LANGUAGE:—I DECLARE AGAINST YOU.

“Few are thy days and full of woe,  
 Oh! man of woman born!  
 Thy doom is written ‘dust thou art  
 And shall to dust return.’”

—JOHN LOGAN.

Fallacious words and seeds of woe:  
 A canker and a worm—  
 A scourge that blights the human soul  
 And brings a sad return.

This life is not a stream of guile,  
 Nor sign of human woe,  
 Nor is its path with sorrow sown  
 Unless we make it so.

Fair nature has no cruel sting;  
 No gloom by cause divine,  
 No wage it claims for primal sin,  
 Nor a purgative shrine.

She has no schools of mystic writ;  
 No rules for the condemn’d;  
 Nor holy plans to save some souls  
 While other souls are damn’d.

## GOLDEN AMORANTH.

LANGUAGE:—IMMORTALITY.

Fold her hands gently  
Across her calm breast,  
Close her eyes tenderly,  
In peace let her rest.

Smooth down her silken locks,  
Adjust them with care---  
How calm and sweet she looks,  
How pure, and yet fair.

Wipe her face carefully,  
In love bathe her brow,  
Care for her lovingly,  
And tenderly now.

Arrange a rose neatly,  
To smile on her breast,  
Portraying so sweetly  
Her Eden of rest.

A gift from rosary  
Should garland her bier;  
As dew on each flower  
Should glisten a tear.

Take her up gently,  
With sorrow profound;  
Bear her off easily  
And lisp not a sound.

Let her down carefully,  
Easily and kind;  
Turn not sorrowfully,  
To leave her behind.

Now cover her neatly,  
Exchange not a word,  
That she may sleep sweetly  
Beneath the green sward.

It should not now grieve us  
To go away home,  
She does not now need us,  
She is not alone.

The angels will guard her;  
Birds merrily sing,  
The flowers that wither  
Returneth each spring.

She, like the bright flowers  
That wither and die,  
Will smile again ours  
In the sweet "by and by."

Turn from the sepulchre,  
She resteth there well,  
Bid a bye-bye to her,  
But say not farewell.

---

#### AMORANTH.

LANGUAGE:—IMMORTALITY. THE BUTTERFLY.

Charming insect, thou pretty thing,  
Velvet body and silken wing,  
Inchantment of a transient hour,  
Flitting from flower to flower—  
Gay butterfly, beautiful thing,  
Who sips the purest nectar in.  
Distill'd in starlight solitude,  
In floral cells to be thy food.

Companion of my sweetest thought,  
Sport of the soul in heaven fraught,  
Where innocence on sylvan wing,  
May flit like thee, thou pretty thing,  
In beautitudes of pleasure,  
And sip of heaven's pure measure.

Come fold thy wings, bewitching Fay.  
 On the verge of some flower gay  
 Rest for awhile thy tiny feet,  
 A perch designed, by nature meet,  
 For thee to sit; gay butterfly,  
 Companion of the fairest eye.

Teach me to think, to ponder well,  
 Why thee through a dark cocoon cell  
 Up from invertebrates evolv'd,  
 And to a higher state install'd.  
 Unless it be that you thus teach,  
 Man has a higher sphere to reach,  
 And that sweet immortality  
 Is rightly typified in thee.

---

DAPHNE.

LANGUAGE:—IMMORTALITY.

The following from the \_\_\_\_\_ of September 14th, 1895, suggested the following poems:

“HONEST WORDS ABOUT DEATH.”

“A mother sat by the silent body of her dead babe, watching its dead face with tears. Her grief was sincere; it was nature weeping. While keeping her sad vigil, a friend called to offer the sympathy that one human heart feels for another when death bereaves it. This friend was an unbeliever, and spoke to the mother in kindest tone of her great affliction, and gave her the honest pity of an honest heart. He told her she had met the supreme sorrow of human life—the loss of a child—but she must not think that life was all grief. He tried to make the best of nature’s act of death, and urged her to be reconciled to the inevitable. But the mother did not want honest words, even though ever so kind and tender. She wanted some one to tell her that her child was not dead. The truth as she saw it was cruel to her. She demanded a consolation which honesty cannot give. She said: “If you do not know that my babe is still living somewhere, do not speak to me. I cannot bear to think that I shall not see her again after her little body is put in the ground.”

THE MATERIALIST ANSWERS HER.

Kind nature speaks out in an eloquent tone,  
 When taking by death, our dear lov’d ones away;  
 It tells us most truly our home is the tomb,  
 And we are expressions of animate clay.

Man's life is a vision, too transient to last,  
And Death proclaims him as a child of its own;  
And bears him away like the food of a blast,  
And gives back to earth what in sorrow was sown.

And man springeth up like the grass of the earth,  
But soon is cut down by a withering frost;  
He's but an expression of Nature at birth,  
Soon death comes and takes him, and that is his last.

He comes but to stay for a few fleeting years,  
And then he returns to the cold earth again;  
He makes his short journey in sorrow and tears,  
Then dies and forever in death will remain.

We should not then mourn at the mandates of death;  
Nor grieve for the lov'd ones thus taken away:  
Nature thus acts in demanding her treth:  
The debt we all owe, and we all should obey.

Go back to the elements dead, then we must;  
To bloom as a flower may be our good luck,  
Perhaps, though, a reptile may capture our dust,  
Or some other foul beast may swallow us up.

Then welcome, Dear Mother, the angel of Death,  
And smile as he hovers his wings o'r your babe;  
Kind Nature has gather'd your child in a breath,  
And you should now laugh at the wreck he has made.

Wipe all the warm tears, now, away from your brow:  
Kind Death, its cold hand on your darling has laid:  
Take a long, long look of a fond mother now,  
For this is the last that there is of your babe.

---

THE MOTHER REPLIES:

Is this all of my child? Oh! Angel of Death!  
Why did you thus take my sweet darling away?  
Is this cold extreme and fiat of your breath  
The last there will be of my babe and of me?

Is this lump of clay all there is of my babe?

Will her tongue ne'er speak again, her eyes never glow?  
Will my breast, where fondly my darling has laid;  
Ne'er again comfort it, it ne'er again know?

Is the tomb so barren and Death such a foe

That no echo comes back from their dearth bound shore  
To the pleading heart, must the answer be no?

When I ask for my babe will you say "never more"?

Then curs'd be the mission and curs'd be the name

Of mother: Let the day be accursed when she  
Smiled upon her first born, and may the red flame  
Of accumulating Death engulf them all; and me

No less a victim to its fell maw, hence

Depart to do penance for being a mother—

In cruel Nature is there no recompense

For a mother's love? Dare you answer "never"?

Why was love then in the breast of mother born?

Why do the little feet, laughing eyes impart

A rapture deep, unspeakable and warm

To the indwelling of a fond mother's heart?

If you give us love, then deny requittal

Through the sting of death, I cry aloud

And ev'ry heart protests. If Death be vital

To th' smiles of life, then Nature thou art a fraud.

Love a vile deceiver, and kind motherhood

A despicable name and author of woe:—

My nature revolts, in the name of all good,

All justice—It cannot be—It is not so.

---

THE VOICE OF THE BABE.

Dear mother restrain those hot rushing tears;

Death does not end all, save our sorrow and grief,

For life is eternal and boundless its spheres:

And death, a sweet angel, but gives us relief.

The small lump of clay that before you there lies,  
Is but the crude mantle that cover'd your babe;  
It still lives to smile, for the soul never dies,  
Nor enters the vault where the casket is laid.

That which you call death is an angel misnam'd,  
It is not a monster of hideous mien,  
But a sweet whisper'd smile just sent in exchange,  
For the horror man has for the dark yawning tomb.

Death is a kind messenger wing'd from above,  
It takes all our pains and our heartaches away;  
It closes our eyes with its fingers of love,  
To open again on a far brighter day.

To die is to pass into silent repose  
Without the encumber'd regret of a pain;  
We glide, glide away as our breath shorter grows  
To wake the next moment to true life again.

To live is to die and to die is to live,  
Both are quite natural and both are quite strange;  
At the moment of death, kind Nature will give  
The soul its true freedom, a glorious change.

Then shed not, dear mother, for me one more tear;  
For death has but opened my eyes quite anew;  
The portals of heaven are not far from here,  
And I, my dear mother, will often see you.

I'll quiet your heart with the whispers of love,  
And bring to your knowledge the eden of bliss.  
And when the wing'd messenger takes you above,  
Your child will be there with a first loving kiss.



## RED CLOVER.

LANGUAGE:—INDUSTRY.—HOME.

My home is to me, what love is to nature;  
My care and my hope, my constant, my all;  
My heart is enray'd in that nomenclature:—  
Home! sweet, sweet home; my heart swells at the call.

---

There is no place on earth like home  
When it is true and cheerful,  
But home has fled when one alone  
Remains in grief and tearful.

There is no place on earth like home  
When love and concord rule it,  
But home has fled its sacred dome  
When one, but one, can use it.

There is no place on earth like home  
When converse social cheers it,  
But home has lost the charms of home  
When there's but one who shares it.

There is no place on earth like home  
When smiles and pet words thrill it,  
But home with all its sweets are flown  
If there's but one to fill it.

There is no place on earth like home,  
The gods, I ween, thus will it,  
As well they will to make a home  
There must be two to fill it.

---

I love my grand old mountain home,  
I love its breath, I love its looks,  
The bloom that smiles on it alone  
I love as do I love its brooks.

The rocks that rib its furrowed sides,  
I love them for their noble state.  
As well the rill which down it glides,  
The streams near kirtled at its feet.

The trees that shade its aged brow,  
Which sheltered me when but a youth,  
I loved them then as I do now,  
I love its gay and rocky roof.

I love its moan in breezes high,  
I love it when the storm winds blow,  
I love from it to ken the sky,  
Which kisses meadlands far below.

The oreole I love to hear,  
And see the roebuck on the bound;  
I love the blythe and nimble deer,  
I love to hear the larum sound.

The chase delights my heart as well,  
The bugle and the scented pack,  
As coursing through the copse and dell,  
As fly the hounds on heated track.

The eagle plants her aerie high,  
To catch the glimpse of morning sun,  
Who paints its streamlets on the sky,  
In golden threads so deftly spun.

I love it for itself alone,  
I love its glens, its gorges deep,  
I love my grand old mountain home,  
In sweet repose there let me sleep.

## EVENING PRIMROSE.

LANGUAGE:—INCONSTANCY.

Thy roguish eyes and cheeks so fair,  
Induced my love to go and seek thee;  
But soon it found the slightest prayer  
That woers spake, had weight to move thee;  
And then my love came back alone,  
For worthy thy smiles were, of none.

Thy pouting lips so rich and rare,  
Allur'd from me a wish to kiss them;  
But like the breezes wafting there,  
They had a kiss for all who met them.  
I turned and let those lips alone,  
As worthy to be kiss'd by none.

I saw thee, like a flower gay,  
Refresh'd with dew by heaven distill'd;  
But e'er you reached your bloom of day,  
Familiar contacts your grace's kill'd.  
And then your charms went, one by one,  
And now ! alas ! you're loved by none.

Those amoretts now pass you by  
Who once but flatter'd and caress'd you:  
They cast the luster of your eye,  
By first fondling, then deceiving you.  
Your harvest now is "woe is me!"  
I cannot help but pity thee.

## SENVY.

LANGUAGE:—INDIFFERENCE.

Harsh words are of such grave offense,  
That they admit of no defence:  
At first they shock and then disgust,  
Then school one to indifference;  
For one who uses harsh words must  
Be void of decency and sense.

I loved you once to reverence;  
But now 'tis with indifference  
I listen to your pleading,  
How oft' to you my love I've told?  
How oft, from me you've turn'd so cold  
And left my poor heart bleeding?—  
Left my love throbs tatter'd, torn;  
And now I turn from you with scorn,—  
A lesson worth your heeding.

---

## THE HOP.

LANGUAGE:—INJUSTICE.

So proud, so grasping and austere:  
The world seems made for you;  
Yet many times the galling tear,  
From honest hearts and true,  
Your injustice caus'd to flow:  
When you would court an honest smile,  
From faces good and true,  
Remember, first, the cunning guile  
That lies embalm'd in you  
That has fill'd true hearts with woe.

When you shall cast your eyes around  
On faces once so grand,  
Think of the hearts that bear a wound  
From your ungracious hand,  
Then view your guilty treasure,  
And note the tears, Oh! cruel one,  
That you have caus'd to flow;  
Then count your gaining, one by one,  
And place them in a row;  
Then please note your pleasure.

## THE DAISY.

LANGUAGE:—INNOCENCE.

Bright eyed daisy ! Charming beauty !

Pure and tasteful in thy dress :

Chaste in habits, firm in duty ;

At thy throne I now confess.

Let me here abjure the foibles

Of my youth by fancy led :

Let me feel that in thy presence

Love with Innocence is bred.

Your presence cheers man ev'rywhere ;

In all climes where flowers grow ;

Amid dry sands and desert air ;

In the land of ice and snow ;

Or in the deep dense torrid zone ;

Where esthetic tastes impart

Love of refinements to the home ;

You are welcome in the heart.

Daisy blossoms I beseech thee,

As I hold thee in esteem ;

Your innocence impress on me

And make of me what you seem.

Inspire me with emotions

Of the blessings you impart :

Let me feel those sweet impressions

In the chambers of my heart.

## PURPLE VERBENIA.

LANGUAGE:—I WEEP FOR YOU.

So early taken to her home ;

So fair and yet so innocent:—

I ask, O Death, why did you come

And take our fairest instrument

And leave the crudest to lament !

How oft beneath the spreading bough,  
Wing'd carols, sweet, have blent with hers?  
How sad those carols make us now?  
They come and mingle with our tears  
Made hollow by her tender years.

How oft beside the trending stream,  
Will sorrow bow the pliant head?  
How oft through shadows of a dream  
Will mem'ry mourn the early dead,  
And bathe, with tears, her sacred bed?

But ah, alas, our tears are vain;  
Death is so deaf to grief and care.  
We cannot through our grief reclaim  
The young, the good, the chaste and fair,  
No more than those of silver hair.

Our hearts must feel with deep distress  
The cruel sting her fate has met,  
Yet Reason tells us to suppress  
The flow of tears, our cheeks that wet;—  
The heart that loves cannot forget.

---

#### THE EGLANTINE.

LANGUAGE:—I WOUND TO HEAL.

Accept it from this hand of mine,  
It is a thorny eglantine;  
Inflicting pain, as you may feel;  
I only wound, that I may heal;  
How pleasant when one's word offends,  
To kiss and then be better friends?  
Each thoughtless thorn that pricks, but prove  
The deep impressions of one's love.

## AMORANTH.

LANGUAGE:—IMMORTALITY.

WE NEVER GROW OLD.

Far, far away, is a land we are told,  
Where folks live forever but never grow old;

Where decrepitude is not, and looks that are gray,  
Are metamorphos'd in the space of a day,

To the picture of manhood, perfect and whole,  
Which speaks through the being and smiles through the  
soul;

Where the furrows of age which anguish the brow;  
The step that is feeble, the halt that is now;

The eye that is dim from the inroads of years;  
The heart that is sad from the impress of cares:

Find in that land a sure balm of relief,  
As true as is Truth when embalmed with relief.

Out there all the sorrows and trials of life  
Are ever submerg'd and the feelings of strife

Are lost in the wave that rolls over the mind,  
And the heart beats forever, yet patient and kind.

That land lies away in the glim of the stars;  
Away beyond Venus, Urans and Mars,

Where Alycon grasps as the measure of one,  
The planets which rest in the arm of the sun.

Around and around that beautiful land,  
The universe rolls unconscious and grand;

Where meteors, as lamps, illumine its face,  
And twinkling stars its fair bosom embrace.

Capacious as space it stretches away  
Beyond the blue vault, that environs of day,

Where the heart is attun'd to the wants of the soul,  
And satisfied love rules in graceful control,

Which falls like the dew from ambrosial fields,  
Where amarants bloom and the kindest thought yields

To a kinder, kind thought that Perfection would name  
The fruitage of heaven, our home, our land, our aim.

NOTE:—Alcyon is the center force around which our universe  
revolves once in every one million eight hundred thousand years.

---

#### WILD DAISY.

LANGUAGE:—I WILL THINK OF IT.

There is a little nodding flower  
With velvet lips and golden eye,  
That holds us with enchanting power  
As wont, as we are passing by.

It nestles close to mother earth,  
And peeps out from the leafy mould;  
As though the breast that gave it birth  
Must nurse and shield it from the cold.

The stately beauties of the field  
Look on this dwarflet with disdain,  
And claim a freight of richer yield  
Than this small firstling can obtain.

In pride they vaunt a gaudy mien,  
And dally with the listing breeze;  
But soon their fading faces claim  
A bed among decaying leaves.

But this small bloom, to nature dear,  
Extends its smiles from clime to clime;  
And keeps the passage of the year  
Adorn'd with flowers fresh and fine.



It sips the fall of April showers,  
And spreads its petals wide in May;  
In August smiles in wood-land bowers,  
And in October sere, is gay.

Warm sunny points and shaded nooks  
Are not without its fair beguiles;  
The skirted banks of trenning brooks,  
Can also boast of its sweet smiles.

Sly as the step of timid maid,  
Yet bold as love when eye meets eye:  
It stays not in sequester'd shade,  
But climbs the steeps of mountains high.

And there upon its rock-rib'd sides  
It sheds as grace of magic worth;  
And in its fissures deep it hides  
Its tiny rootlets in the earth.

It creeps into the valley gay,  
And in the heath its grace is shed;  
It skirts the meadow far away;  
And decks the city of the dead.

It claims no reign of special visne,  
Nor has a land it calls its own;  
With other growths it crowds between;—  
It is in ev'ry land at home.

In fields of waste, or rocky fells;  
Its tiny head with pride arise;  
And in the softest accents tells;  
"The Wild-Wood daisy never dies."

## HELIOTROPE.

LANGUAGE:—I TURN TO THEE.

With true devotion of my heart,  
My friend I turn to thee;  
Bend on me then thy patient eyes,  
As stars bend on the sea.

Here take this bloom so rich and rare,  
It speaks of you and me;  
It looks up to the sun so fair,  
As I look up to thee.

It bears the name of heliotrope  
And blooms so fair and free,  
And in each heart inspires hope,  
As I have hope through thee.

---

## THE FOX GLOVE.

LANGUAGE:—INSINCERITY

Away with your bland and insidious smile,  
Your looks but betray and your words but beguile,  
Like the fox glove, a poison you bring on your tongue;  
And ruin ensue where your pleasures are done.

Tempt not the way of the heart unsuspecting,  
Illure not virtue in words of protecting;  
Scheme not to dethrone by the offer of love,  
Nor poison the soul like the smiling fox glove.

Deep in my own conscience let Innocence reign,  
And play not your wiles in that sacred domain,—  
With the loss of respect when virtue is gone,  
Life is not worth the mere frets of a song.

Away with your smiles and your blandishing bate,  
Your words I unheed and your wishes I hate;  
Go to the dens of the filthy you own,  
And view with contrition the seeds you have sown.

Then lay yourself out in some by-way to die,  
With remorse on your soul and guilt on your eye,  
And say to the minions of goodness farewell;  
‘I’m unfit for earth and too filthy for hell.’”

“So let me lay here in the rot of my deeds,  
For vermin to gnaw while Innocence bleeds;  
That people may feel when passing me by,  
That I am unworthy a tear or a sigh.”

---

LESSER CALANDINE.

LANGUAGE:—JOYS TO COME.

When I look back upon the winter gone,  
And contemplate its cold and chilly blast;  
I more appreciate the smiles of spring-time come,  
And wish they would forever last.

When I look back upon a life half spent,  
And think of the many heart-aches of that time;  
I feel a shudder, like I would repent  
The stream of life, if such a future must be mine.

But when I look across that silver stream,  
That marks the verge of my existence here;  
I see a sweeter hope than Fancy’s dream,  
And feel the loving ties that draw me there.

And when I contemplate the ebb of life,  
When I shall lay my body down to rest;  
And be releived of earthly ills and strife,  
I must but feel that I am truly bless’d.

When I can bid adieu to grief and care,  
And throw a smile athwart my shadows long;  
I will appreciate my troubles here,  
For Woe illumines bliss when it is gone.

So let me bear the burden of my time,  
Without a murmur or a grim complaint  
For they are lamp-lights to that life sublime,  
Where bliss is realized without restraint.

---

RUDBECKIA.

LANGUAGE:—JUSTICE.

Justice, with imperial mien,  
Demands for all their measure true,  
In wage, in weight, in script and word,  
In open deeds and thoughts unseen,  
Each one should have his need and due,  
And each his merited reward.

---

ASPEN TREE.

LANGUAGE:—LAMENTATION.

Sweet Spirit! Sister of my hope,  
Wing thy flight of love to me,  
That I may on fond mem'ry float  
And drink the thoughts of bliss and thee.  
Long has my heart's song been of thee,  
Long have I wish'd and wish'd again.  
Oh! crown my wish with victory  
And let fond Hope not wish in vain.  
Thou hast within thy magic look  
An ardent empire of love;  
Whose votive wreath around the brook  
Of my out-flowing soul above  
Hold sway. Poor captive heart is mine!  
Bound by the slavish links of love,  
Whose sportive lash we call divine;  
Whose cruel sting, the flesh doth move.  
From my poor heart the sad refrain  
Comes back afresh with this regret,  
Which says, "Ye slave! You love in vain,

She cannot love but may respect.”  
Like the plaintive dove whose notes prolong  
Its mateful strains, which swells so sweet  
Upon the indwells of the song  
Of hearts, where all their longings meet.  
I sit me down; and, in the hour  
Of solitude, when all's asleep,  
Beneath the tongueless star-deck'd bower  
Alone, and let my poor heart weep.  
Weep, that bitter anguish that rolls  
Unnoticed and unfelt by those  
Dead to that symphony of souls,  
Love has awaken'd from repose.  
Forget my heart! Oh, sleep my soul!  
Let all the past forgotten be,  
With its golden gildings, that roll  
Like fire damps with mockery  
Across my restive breast, there stay,  
Sweet thought, and slumber in the plain  
Chamber of night until the day  
Of love comes to wake thee again.

Soul of my soul! Mates well fitted  
But for age! Ah! To be too soon  
Born brings many an unwitting  
Sting. 'Tis like mating golden noon  
To the dew kiss'd lips of morning,  
Fair and tuneful. But sweet evening  
Soon will come for us, adorning  
With its sent back flushes, weaving  
Around our souls one destiny,  
One life, one heaven and one fate.  
Then fair youth through all eternity  
Will have its love! Its own true mate.  
Then young alike we two will be,  
All barriers will have been flown.  
Then love will crown its victory  
And claim fair Hester as its own.

## JOB'S COMPLAINT OF LIFE. (SEE JOB III.)

LANGUAGE:—LAMENTATION.

Oh! "let the day perish wherein I was born;  
 Let it recede from its station forever;  
 Let the shadows of night prevail o'er its morn;  
 And hide the face of that day with its cover.  
 Oh! let not upon it one ray of light fall;  
 Let darkness be dressed in the mantle of gloom;  
 Let vacuum pause on the site of its tomb,  
 And forgetfulness rest on the mantle of all.

Let the night that follow'd that day be dreadful.  
 Let not a wave of joy or pleasure be felt;  
 Let a curse, like a fog, render it doleful;  
 And the stars turn black where their splendor once  
 dwelt.

Let that night be lost in the roll of a year,  
 And never be numbered in recounting time;  
 And let it be named a memoriam of mine  
 With a curse for the moment that ushered me here.

Why did I not die before life gave me station?  
 Why did I not pass like the vapor away  
 And sleep side by side by the gone of that nation,  
 And know neither the record of night or of day?  
 Why was I sent here with black curses upon me?  
 Why should I be here with the gifts of a smile?  
 If tears are requittals for things that are guile,  
 Let me weep, not laugh, till the day I am free.

---

## CREEPING WILLOW.

LANGUAGE:—LOVE FORSAKEN.

Love is such a tender plant,  
 'The slightest frown may crush it;  
 To have it grow, bloom and fruit,  
 We tenderly must nurse it.

## SAGRED LILY AND RED ROSE.

LANGUAGE:—SACRED LILY:—SPIRITUALITY.

RED ROSE:—LOVE.

'Tis said that many years ago,  
A grave dispute arose;  
Between two rivals for a crown:—  
The lily and the rose.

The lily went to holy writ,  
To prove her right to reign;  
The rose, the prestige of her race  
Urg'd o'er and o'er again.

And thus dispute went on and on;  
And neither seem'd to yield;  
The goddess Flora passing by,  
The two to her appeal'd.

And Flora seated on a leaf,  
By fair Aurora spread;  
To silence that unwise dispute,  
Thus to the flowers said:

The rose is cupid's favorite  
When aiming with his dart,  
Its sweetest aura finds its way  
To the receptive heart.

The lily yields a finer force  
Than that of wooer's love;  
It finds a welcome to the heart  
Of angels from above.

So both a sphere of honor have;  
And both great honors gain;  
One claims the heart of lovers warm;  
The other angels claim.

Let no dispute 'tween you arise;  
But both as friends remain;  
One reign as queen in wooer's hearts;  
And one with angels reign.

## LIVE OAK.

LANGUAGE:—LIBERTY.

The golden sun through mellow skies,  
    Enrich the South, a charming place;  
And makes the purest thoughts arise  
    Of glories of a noble race,  
Where sons revere their father's graves,  
And like them never will be slaves.

With those the pride is uppermost  
    That they are true Americans;  
An honor worthy any cost  
    Of blood or frame, of head or hands;  
Or what their duties may confer,  
In shades of peace or blasts of war.

The South abounds in bosom'd stores;  
    And cities smile from hill and plain:  
The ocean leaves her jewel'd shores;  
    And groans the fields with golden grain,  
Where Valor claims a noble birth,  
And men are measur'd by their worth.

There grows the cotton and the cane,  
    With fruits abundant on the trees;  
There lowing herds possess the plain,  
    And honey flows where the busy bees  
Gather freight from flower to flower,  
And birds enchant the woodland bower.

The land of the magnolia tree;  
    The walnut, pine and sturdy oak,  
As well the tree of Liberty,  
    Where Pride was born and Love awoke;  
Where Virtue smiles on ladies fair,  
And men of nerve will do and dare.



The South is dear to all her sons,  
And all her sons are true to her;  
Their blood in veins, untainted runs,  
Which father kept with jealous care  
And lavish'd on a hundred fields,  
Where Death, the kiss of honor feels.

And where are they, our honor'd dead?  
The dead that sleeps the soldier's sleep?  
Where are their bones? Where rests the head?  
Where are the lonely graves they keep?  
What marks the places where they fell?  
Go ask the angels, they can tell.

Some spotless wing of purest ray,  
May quiver o'er a bush or fell,  
And in the lowest whisper say,  
" 'Twas here, fond son, your father fell;  
'Twas here he drew that struggl'd breath,  
'Twas here his brow was bath'd in death."

In love she cast her eye afar  
O'er grims of death in glory carv'd  
Where lay the fruits of sullen war:  
Where man to man march'd, fought and starv'd:  
And lo the angel spake again,  
"All through the south their bones were lain."

"And by the blood that trinkl'd there,  
The south is made an hallow'd place,  
And all her sons should guard with care  
The honor of an honor'd race,  
Bred to glory, proud and brave,  
Although the path leads to the grave."

## COXCOMB.

LANGUAGE:—DOWDYISH.—AFFECTATION.

EMBLEM:—SELF IMPORTANCE.

Dudish, and foppish, vain, fickle and proud;  
 With nothing to back you, although very loud;  
 You make your pretensions with so little skill  
 That people all laugh at your presumptuous will;  
 Assuming so much, on little, so vaunted;  
 And pushing yourself where you are not wanted,  
 Make it a need, I would gladly forego,  
 To send you this coxcomb, an emblem of you.

---

## AMBROSIA.

LANGUAGE:—LOVE RETURNED.

I am, you say, "your last love;"  
 I know full well 'tis true;  
 Nor do I doubt, that you, my dear,  
 Love me as I love you.

The first love was a gushing stream,  
 That ran too quick away;  
 The last love, like the azure deep;  
 Is for eternity.

The last love is the fondest love;  
 The deepest and most true;  
 And as my heart can love but one.  
 That one, Jeanette, is you.

Oh! could you love as you are lov'd;  
 So fondly and so true,  
 You then could know the heart that beats,  
 Jeanette, alone for you.

But do not think that I can doubt,  
 Your love, so warm and true;  
 For well I know your precious soul  
 Loves me as I love you.

## IMPOMOEAE, OR MAN-OF-THE-WORLD.

LANGUAGE:—LOVE ON THE WANE.

When your love begins to wane,  
I will feel a poignant pain;—  
My own heart will tell me so;  
Spare your words, for I shall know.

By the half averted eyes;  
By the breast that no more sighs;  
By the rapture I shall miss  
Through thy strangely alter'd kiss.

By the arms that do infold;  
By that chill that is untold;  
By the absence of that glow;—  
I shall know love, I shall know.

Bitter will that stinging be;  
Worse than words express'd to me;  
Worse than sighs of utter'd pain;  
When your love begins to wane.

Though it come not from your tongue;  
Though you think my heart unstung;—  
When your love begins to go,  
I will know dear, I will know.

## MYRTLE.

LANGUAGE:—LOVE.

In that one word love, what sweet symphonies?  
How it thrills, soothes, awakens and cheers us?  
So mild and insinuating its power;  
So bold, courageous; yet so sly it is  
That scarce we perceive its coming until  
We are led captive by its stern commands.  
Its life is the great impulse of nature:  
'Tis born with the infant, smiles with the stars;  
Speaks through the eyes; rests on the lips, blooms on th'  
cheek,

Warms in the heart, dwells in the soul, blends  
 Through all existence. It is the binding tie  
 Of man to man and the crowning glory  
 Of his achievements. It is the foundation  
 Of kindness, goodness, and the fountain  
 Of true affection; and guide to virtue.

Love bend your pensive eye on man, and o'er  
 The world thy sylvan wing with Flora spread,  
 That he may know and honor thee as thou  
 In thy freshest beauty art. Find thee a  
 Home in ev'ry heart and in every soul  
 Embalm thyself that heaven, sweet, may bide  
 With all and in all implant the impress  
 That Love is heaven and heaven is love,  
 And where Love is, Guile cannot enter.

---

LUCERNE.

LANGUAGE:—LIFE.

All life is one unfathomed span—  
 A constant flow, through matter borne  
 With no Causation's moving plan  
 Superior to crude matter shown.

Forms and expressions come and go;  
 Worlds form, dissolve and pass away,  
 But life is ever in its flow;  
 It knows no birth and no decay.

Life is the only thing that lives,  
 Its flow is its eternal noon;  
 It spans the two eternities,  
 While rev'ling in its morning bloom.

Time, matter, space, the trinity  
 Whose presence boundless force traverse,  
 Which form'd that patent unity,  
 The vast, the formless universe.

When Time, in its infinitude,  
    Shall wear an old and furrowed brow,  
Life will through all its certitude,  
    Have but one throbbing, pregnant now.

Life knows no past, no future own,  
    The present is its only meed;  
No time but now was ever known,  
    The now will ever now succeed.

The past, with all its fruits has flown,  
    The future has not yet arrived,  
The pregnant now is all we own,  
    It is the all of either side.

Life like Pegasus flying on  
    From place to place, from town to town,  
Well freighted with a human throng  
    Of existence. On, ever on.

With even pace this life-fraught car  
    Bears all along to one grand goal,  
On through a flight that leads afar,  
    The longing of the human soul.

It recks not where, but speeds away,  
    On th' wings of Time not to return—  
It bears all to one destiny,  
    One pending fate, one common bourne.

No special car moves in this train,  
    No seats reserved for sect, or clan,  
Here all are on one level plain,  
    All travel here as fellow-man.

## MAGNOLIA.

LANGUAGE:—LOVE OF NATURE. MAGNIFICENCE.

## THE EARTH.

Oh! beautiful, beautiful earth!  
Rivers long and oceans wide and deep,  
Silver lakes and air of mighty sweep,  
Allow my thoughts reverent birth.  
Awake my heart again from sleep  
And lift my sluggish mind from the throw  
Of gloom, that I may see and know  
Thy fullness and grandeur complete.

Oh! let me drink thy flowing beauty in;  
Ken clouds upon their aqueous wing;  
And all of nature's bounteous weal,  
Oh! let me appreciate and feel.

Bright morning fair, dew-dress'd and cool,  
Be a teacher to me. Thy school  
Of loveliness will grace impart,  
Add meekness to a willing heart.  
Subdue my mind to thy control,  
Awake the windows of my soul  
To see the glowing sun at noon  
And stars that get the sky above,  
That twinkle at the swimming moon  
Discoursing symphonies of love.

On the new life-bud of swelling spring,  
Flush on the cheek of Nature fair,  
Latonia flits a balmy wing  
And prints her kisses rich and rare.  
That bursts into the summer bloom  
And ripens into autumn sear,  
Reminders that the turn of noon  
Typifies man's short journey here.

Oh! parent of our present bourn,  
Bend on me thy enchanting face,

And drive from me the frown ill-born,

And plant within my bosom grace,  
That I may see thee as thou art;  
The all of good, the every part;  
The all there is of Heaven's store;  
The now; the was, the evermore.

Oh! beautiful, beautiful earth!  
The grave of all, our life, our birth.  
To the mind unwed to guile  
The earth presents a living smile;  
'Tis seen in all of nature sweet,  
The bending sky, the ocean deep,  
The brook that murmurs at the feet;  
The balmy air, the tuneful birds;  
The lambkins gay, the lowing herds,  
And all the world, with joys prolong  
The measures of its rhythmic song.

Where can man, in his dreams afar,  
Find greater field for bliss than here?  
Oh! earth I love thee! I adore  
Thy completeness; I love thee, the more  
I know of thee and thy rich store.

Oh! thou art full of lovely things:

From each atom rightly known  
And appreciated, there springs

An interesting beauty, shown  
Through its life. A rich treasure  
To the mind, a glorious pleasure  
Meeting every want of the soul;  
Every demand in the control  
Of our nature, finds solace here,—  
Use and beauty reign everywhere.

Nature vast in its casualties  
Has produced more realities  
Than the dreamer of dreams can find  
Within his sleepy, rambling mind,

In its wildest fancies. The eyes  
Ken beauties all around. The skies,  
The earth, the air, the ocean deep  
And tiny grass have tongues that speak,  
And tell of latent beauties hidden  
In the womb of Time. Forbidden  
To the dull, dead mind,  
That can only find  
Pleasure through the appetite,  
And joy in the sable night  
Of man's austere ignorance,  
That now admits of no defense.

The rock-ribbed mountains speak to us  
In tones grandiloquent. The rill  
That trinkles down their aged sides  
Join their symphonies, that sweetly fill  
The heart with love, as downward glides  
The limpid waters to vales below,  
Where they may join the onward flow  
Of the slow-moving placid stream,  
As away to the ocean main  
It flows, and where at last  
Is swallowed up and lost  
In its own immensity!  
Oh! what intensity  
Of thought and admiration thrills  
Our very soul to view great hills,  
Whose vine-clad brows with grace arise  
To rift the curtains of the skies.

Beauty's fondest dreams of the sward  
And dew-kissed flowers, still afford  
The sweetest pleasure as they send  
Their fragrance on the breeze, to blend  
Their lovely smiles with whispering morn,  
And dally on the new joys borne  
By sun-light rays of gleaming light,  
As they paint on the skirts of night



The rosy tint of day unshent  
By sable folds of darkness spent.  
The sublimity of the flash  
    Of lightning, around the mountain  
Brow, playing, as the heavy crash  
    Of thunder breaks on the fountain  
Of nerve centres, as it bounds  
    From side to side, from crest to crest,  
Sending back echoes in its rounds,  
    Falling fainter and fainter, till lost  
In the dim, distant murmurings  
Of the far wide plains' surroundings;  
Find only their like in the inspired  
    Grandeur, fearful to despair,  
Of a raging sea storm, stirred  
    With a mad and furious air;  
Wrought to boiling gnarls, as it wreathes  
To burst its rock confines, and breathes  
A painful, mingling, distressing roar,  
As it clashes and lashes the shore  
In its terrible jury. Deep  
Running waves and surges sweep  
The ocean bed. Mists ascending  
The while, with lightning's blare blending,  
And lending new terror to the scene.  
    But when the storm winds lull,  
    And the swift sea gull  
Disports above the waves serene,  
And the sun laps its golden rays  
On the rolling, silvery sea waves,  
As they subside to a peaceful calm,  
The well trained mind in pure rapture then  
Drinks in a new refreshing zest,  
And thinks this, of all the worlds, the best.

The real of the earth is more wonderful,  
And its unfoldments more beautiful  
To the true child of thought  
Than Conception ever wrought,

Or Fancy can portray.  
Yes! It bears the soul away  
To the realms of ecstatic bliss,  
As the unclouded mind goes out  
To where the sky and ocean kiss,  
And silver wavelets play about  
The laughing moonbeams of nightfall.

How the swelling heart, brimming full  
Of sweet emotions, thrills the nerves!  
When the eye of beauty first observes  
The fairest gleams of morning, sending  
Like golden ribbons up the sky;  
Its flushes pure, and freshly blending  
With Night's dark curtain, spread across  
The surface of the star-lit dorse,  
To let the king of Day pass by.

Yes, smiling earth and star-lit skies  
Contain glorious mysteries  
For man to investigate,  
And, if of use, appropriate  
To his own desires and needs;  
For nature smiles where knowledge leads  
And knowledge leads to pleasure—

In nature lies the treasure.  
Oh, glorious, sweet necessity!  
Let us love, praise and honor thee,  
The one bright jewel in nature's course,  
The resultant of dynamic force!  
Our home, our earth and our heaven,  
Most beautiful, beautiful heaven.

Oh! judge me not a sinner blind;  
With heart seduced to evil ways;  
Till you unfold unto my mind  
A fairer world than this to praise.

## THE ROSE.

LANGUAGE:—LOVE.

There is one flower we should ever prize,  
It blooms eternal; and, it never dies:—  
Sweet as the morning dream of innocence;  
It sheds on all a mild, chas'd fragrance,  
In all climes, places, and in all nations:  
It blesses all people of all stations.

The lowly dweller of the humble cot,  
Lives not without it; nor is it forgot  
By the wayfarer, weary and alone  
Among strange faces and scenes which are known  
By the heart-aches which follow him along  
His road of life, without a smile or song  
Save from the birds which sing of this flower,  
And sport with its sweetness in the bower.  
'Tis in the vales companion of the bees;  
'Tis in the grasses green and in the leafy trees;  
In the mountain gorges deep and on the hills;  
In the oceans, seas, lakes, rivers and rills:  
'Tis blooming in the deep blue vaulted sky;  
In the hanging moon, and in the stars on high.

There is no heart that beats that knows it not;—  
It never was learn'd and never forgot:  
All mortals below and angels above,  
Know that the name of this flower is love.

---

The first grand principle is Love,  
It spans the two eternities,  
And in the heart should reign supreme,  
It guards from guile the minds which move  
In concord with its verities,  
And makes the mind of man serene.

## SONNET TO THE ROSE.

Queen of the beautiful ! Soul of true love !  
Speech of the silent heart, listen to me !  
Princes of earth as the stars are above,  
Awaking to truth the patrons of thee !  
No guile on thy cheek; no taint on thy clothes;  
Thy presence inspires the truest thought !  
Thy name is cherish'd in song, sweet rose;  
And honor'd alike in palace and cot:  
The rich and the poor; the great and the small;  
Know thee, and love thee and hallow thy name;  
Be it in South lands, or North's frigid squall;  
Where tongue has a language, or pen has fame:  
The rose has honor'd a place in the heart,  
By whispering love as its own counterpart.

---

## BRIDAL ROSE.

LANGUAGE:—HAPPY LOVE.

Patience; you ask where heaven can be:  
Where Bliss is enthron'd in perfection;  
Where the heart may reign in felicity  
And the soul feel not an infliction?  
  
I feel it is not beyond the blue skies;  
Nor in the sweet valley of Kender;  
But rather it is where your own hazel eyes  
Bend on me their beauty and splendor.  
  
'Tis heaven to me to sit by your side;  
Or be in your presence divine,  
And say to the world that "here is my pride,"  
And take your two hands in mine.  
  
'Tis heaven to go, or be where thou art;  
Or have you recline on my knee:  
To know that my love gets love in return;—  
That's heaven, sweet heaven to me.

## ROSE DOG.

LANGUAGE:—LOVE, PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Oh ! could I waft my thoughts of fire,  
That now inflame my yearning heart,  
And in your heaving breast inspire,  
A true conception of the spark  
That burns within my bosom true,  
With love intense for you, dear, you.

Words are too meager in their sweep,  
To picture love-throbs as they fly;  
But true hearts read their language deep,  
As telegraphed from eye to eye.  
When love's electric flashes roll  
From face to face, from soul to soul.

No linguist can those throbs portray;  
No language can the measure fill;  
No limner paint that ecstasy,  
Or speech describe the stirring thrill  
That two warm, loving hearts evolve,  
When kisses neath four lips dissolve.

## MOSS.

LANGUAGE:—MATERNAL LOVE.

One ray of sunshine;  
One little star;  
One little baby mine,  
How pretty you are?  
Come like angels come;  
A blessing of home;  
As a link that binds  
We parents as one.

Hands so beautiful;  
Those cute little feet;  
Eyes are so playful;  
Dimples so sweet:—

Nice little hopeful;  
Thou innocent dove;  
Filling my heart full  
Of mother's true love.

My heart leaps to see  
How you are growing;  
'Tis felicity  
To hear you cooing:  
Thou sweet infantine,  
Come to my breast;  
Of th' great love of mine,  
I love you the best.

---

IMPERIAL LILY.

LANGUAGE:—MAJESTY.—PRIDE.

The imperial lily from China we meet;  
With majestic mien our presence they greet;  
And the mind goes out in an exclaim of bliss,  
That the earth could produce such a flower as this:

The language of which is imperial pride,  
Which seeks in the heart for those of a bride.

Whom the angels esteem as pure and refined,  
A welcome to heaven where ecstasies find

A balm for the soul whose transit through life,  
Was guileless of sin and void of strife:

Who can call as a witness when passing away,  
If any he'd wrong'd and the world could say nay,—

This is the majesty this lily portends,  
The majesty of honor, where mercy extends.

ACONITE. (WOLFSBANE). AUTUMNAL LEAVES. DARK  
GERANIUM. DEAD LEAVES.

LANGUAGE:—MELANCHOLY.

Blue and down-cast, dejected and sad,  
Doleful in feelings and look;  
You seem as though you never was glad,  
And never depression forsook.

You foster sorrow to an extreme,  
And fill all around you with gloom;  
Your looks are so doleful that you seem  
Just hunting around for a tomb.

---

WHITE AMORANTH.

LANGUAGE:—MEMORY.

Mawking the mavis of the early spring,  
I heard a maiden of her secrets sing,  
In the deep dense woods as o'er the sea,  
"My heart and fondest thoughts will follow thee."

"Though withered thy love as the roses may be,  
I will wear it still in fond memory,  
And ever it shall in my fructuous brain,  
Inspire my heart to love, though love in vain."

"Thy love like the wind, listeth a while,  
Then changing its course, and simply a smile,  
Returning to me, when passing away;  
As if winning a heart means simply play."

"Your game has been play'd; your victory complete,  
Your songs were delusive, smiles were deceit,  
Your cheeks wore the tinge of a manly grace,  
But your heart belied the looks of your face."

"You may turn from me, as a victim cast,  
Your smiles will not glow, or victory last.  
Whatever you sow the harvest still gives,  
'Though hope may be crush'd, Memory still lives."

## WHAT TO REMEMBER.

What to remember and what to forget,  
Are problems well worthy the study of man;  
They often will save the sad sting of regret,  
That sometimes encumbers the past with a ban.

We should remember the smiles of mankind;  
The cheer-words and kindness which bless us in life:  
And banish for aye, from the seat of the mind,  
All thoughts of the past that's encumber'd with strife.

We should remember the goodness of friends,  
That kindness which flows from the depths of the heart;  
And forget the stings which sorrow portends,  
As well as the shadows which evils impart.

We should remember kind words and good deeds;  
As well as the flowers which bloom on our way;  
Like the redolent scent of the rosemary leads  
To the nectar of life which sends gloom away.

Remember our mothers and their good advice,  
And worthy examples of fathers before us;  
And banish forever Temptation's device,  
And all blandishing smiles which mislead us.

Remember the sun-lit days of our childhood;  
The prattles which came from an innocent heart;—  
Hold evil as loathsome, all through our man-hood,  
As we thought it to be in life's early start.

Remember the guide-boards which point to the way,  
Where honor is robed in its own purple gown;  
And follow directions as day follows day,  
Till Glory shall weave from our life a bright crown.



## THE IRIS.

LANGUAGE:—MESSAGE, A FRIEND.

Queen of the beautiful Iris  
O'er the mountain nimbus spread her  
Smiles; and, the king of kings appear'd,  
Robed in spotless purity. Led  
By his messenger of kindness,  
Who, in words of deepest pathos,  
Spoke to the nations;—Spoke in tones  
That all might hear the good news and  
Be joyful:—The glorious news  
That Death had lost his dreadful sting  
And the tomb's dark vault had been pierc'd  
By the light of life eternal.

“Oh! glorious advent; the king  
In his habit new has come. Man  
May no longer fear or shudder  
At the thought of Him. He is Love  
Embalm'd in sweet repose; and peace  
To troubl'd hearts.” Queen Iris said:

“Is it not enough that you can see?  
Is it not enough that you can hear  
And clasp the hand of some dear one  
Who tells you that Death ends not all?  
Or must you, like some sullen paon go  
To the drags of daily life, with no hope ahead,  
Save the relief that death alone can give?

Are you dead to the quiver of hearts,  
True to the sentiments of love? Dead  
To the trill on lips of innocence?  
Dead to the whispering of twilight  
When th' sun sinks below the occident  
And bids the stars to reign in glory?  
Dead to the impulses of Nature  
When she awakes to life anew?

Read you not within the lashing sea:—  
Upon the black and wasting storm-cloud

Casting devastation in its wake:  
In the lurid flash of lightning wild:  
In th' clap and role of storm stir'd thunder:  
In the sun-gleam through the rift of clouds,  
That life is active everywhere?  
Read you not upon the scent'd leaf  
Of the dew gilded rose, when Morning  
Breathes the strains of love and hope afresh  
To the drooping heart of man, that Death,  
Sweet angel of peace, his balmy wings  
Spread over all, and embalms alike,  
All with the wines of eternal life."

Holy Messenger, viscount divine  
Of heaven bless'd, let me worship you,  
Oh, Death! thou benign deliverer  
From sorrow deep and heart-aches galling  
To the soul of man, in dreaded fear  
Of his best, his last and truest friend.

That friend alone that breathes a soothing  
Balm on the fever'd brain and supplants  
The doubting gleams of Hope, half strangl'd  
With despair, with the fruits of knowledge,  
Grand and glorious, that eternal  
Are the days of man.

That one friend  
That whispers to the dying man,  
"All is well."

"Be he of station  
Grand and commanding, Death will add  
New glories to his name and raise  
Him higher still. None can get so  
Grand but death will make him grander;  
None can get so good, just and pure,  
But Death's kiss will make him purer;  
None can get so self degraded  
That death will not claim him and with

Loving care breathe sweet comfort  
To his passing soul; on and up.  
At each new birth, Death prints a kiss  
And claims it at the votive shrine.

Death has a balm for ev'ry wound,  
A calm for ev'ry falling tear,  
A peaceful rest for weary limbs  
And love for all the sighing world,  
Death is man's best and truest friend.

---

CLEMATIS.

LANGUAGE:—MENTAL BEAUTY.

Where is beauty? Is it in the sun's pulsating light  
Which shoots like sheets of gold across the orient and  
chases back the night?

Does it rest in the flitting smiles on the moon's fair face,  
As she queenly sails into the stellar deep, clad in her  
robes of argent grace?

Is it in the curvature of the eagle's sportive wing,  
As he parts the frore ether, in his flight, far above the  
reach of ken?

Is it in the rosy tinge upon the damsel's cheek,  
Where Modesty is found enthron'd and Innocence through  
all the graces speak?

Is it in the flow of spring with its wealth of flowers,  
Which merges into Summer's glow, enrich'h with vines,  
fruits and sylvan bowers?

Or in the autumn's seer, reminder of the close  
Of life, when man, cloth'd in the frosts of many years  
looks forward to repose?

Or frost which gilds the window pane, or howling blast,  
The lightning's flash, or deep sullen thunder as it rolls  
through heaven o'er cast?

Is it in the fret and surge of th' ocean old and deep,  
As the north winds gnarl and stir it to its verge with its  
on resistless sweep?

Is it in the stately mountain, cowl'd with ice and snow,  
Or in the gorgeous valley, where husbandmen smile and  
purling streamlets flow?

"There is a beauty ev'ry where," th' sage replied, "I  
wean;  
In all of boundless space afar; and, in things terrestrial  
and terene."

"But there is a beauty fair, which far outshines them all,  
'Tis not in the lamp-lit heavens high, mountains wild,  
nor in the storm's fierce squall;"

"Nor send its blushes from the dew-wash'd face of the  
rose;  
Dwell on infant lips, sparkle from the eye, nor on the  
fair cheek find repose."

"That beauty far outshines the sun, or moon its sylvan  
sheen;  
More gorgeous than Morn's golden dress; and yet that  
beauty was never seen."

'Tis a beauty which transcends that which they all reflect;  
That beauty in its splendor may be observed in a cultured  
intellect."

---

MAY FLOWERS.

LANGUAGE:—MEMORY DEAR.

DECORATION DAY.

Strew their lone graves with sweet flowers,  
Enrich'd with the dew of our tears;  
They died for this nation of ours,  
We mourn for the fate which was theirs.  
In the May time of life they went forward,  
When Hope had engarland each brow,

As patriot's sons they press'd onward.

But where are those patriots now?

Asleep 'neath the shades of the willow;

Asleep 'neath the holly and vine;

Asleep 'neath the serge of the billow;

Asleep 'neath the maple and pine.

Some went 'mid the prayers of a mother;

Some went while the babe was asleep,

Some kiss'd the tears back of a daughter;

Some left a lone sweet-heart to weep;—

How many look'd back in their going,

As the tears would unconsciously flow,

To a wife with her grief over-flowing.—

But where are those brave comrades now?

Asleep.

When traitors had menac'd the nation;

When the news that Fort Sumpter had fell,

When the flag was insulted by Treason,

Then off to the battle and fell

Quick hurried the old and the young men,

Who sent up to heaven a vow

To fall in the line or defend them;—

But where are those defenders now?

Asleep.

Some fell in the brawl of the battle,

And some on the long march as well,

Some fell in the army hospital,

And some in the dark prison cell;

Some fell in the morask and some on the plain,

Some when storming the bold mountain brow:

Many were starved to death, thousands were slain,

But all are calmly sleeping now.

Asleep 'neath the shades of the willows;

Asleep 'neath the holly and vine;

Asleep 'neath the serge of the billow;

Asleep 'neath the maple and pine.

## CYPRESS.

LANGUAGE:—MOURNING.—DEATH.

Oh, Death ! Sweet messenger, white wing'd and fair,  
Let our fondest praise go out to thee in song,  
And rescue from man's fears the name you bear,  
And place the honors where they should belong.  
Your touch, serene, will cool the fever'd head:  
You kiss the eyelids down to rest;  
You sooth the frame to sleep, and, then 'tis said  
A cruel thing you did, when you have bless'd.  
When life a burden is, you take the reign  
And drive all anguish from the aching heart:  
You lift man up to life renewed again,  
And place him where the sharpest, keenest dart  
Of pain, and all the ills of flesh have fled,  
And then, in ignorance, we call him dead.

---

## SAFFRON CROCUS.

LANGUAGE:—MIRTH.

Give me mirth and give me pleasure:  
Give me wine and give me laughter;  
Fill with fun my largest measure;  
But preach your sermons the day after.

---

The heart that thrills not at the pleasure of mirth,  
Is a misanthrope and should have never had birth.

---

## VIOLET.

LANGUAGE:—MODESTY.

When Morning stole across the distant plain  
To wreathe the peeping blooms with aerial dies;  
The first and foremost of the gaudy train  
That made her welcome was the azure eyes  
Of Violet, whose modest blushes said:  
"Come bless me, Morning, in my little bed."

When morning stoop'd to pay the want'd due,  
Drop'd from her heart, a jewel rich and rare,  
Wrap'd in the rays of golden hue:  
And Morning said, "fair one this jewel wear;  
'Twill ever be your truest, best, defence;  
It is Modesty rob'd in Innocence."

## CYPRESS.

LANGUAGE:—MOURNING, DEATH.

Out on the stream of human life I look—  
Out in the dark and changing scenes of earth,  
A wistful thought I send, and, in the book  
Of human destiny, along with birth,  
I see a reaper, we call death.  
I spoke to him one day, as on my mind  
Many fears came quivering; and, I said,  
"Thy name is Death, thy reign is not confined  
To man alone, but all the precious dead  
Bear record of thy blightful breath."  
  
"Oh! is there not, to suade thee from thy course  
Some ruling power, just, in the cause divine,  
That takes from thee the sting of thy remorse  
And let me feel that life will aye be mine  
And dread of thee be left behind?"  
Death raised his eyes and smiling said;  
"I am king who conquers all the ills of life,  
And in the place of heart-ache, sickness, pain and  
dread,  
The black horrors of war, bloodshed and strife:  
I bring life, health, and peace to all man-kind."  
  
"I dissipate all anguish, and the tears  
That course the cheeks and dim the eyes, I dry;  
I cool the fever'd brow, allay the fears  
Of anxious souls and make them know to die

Is but to live; that I am the one friend  
Who takes away the burdens of all grief;  
Down I kiss, the eyelids of sorrow;  
A kiss that brings to man a sweet relief;  
And through the night of death, shows him tomorrow;—  
Tomorrow that will never, never end.”

---

## THE REED.

LANGUAGE:—MUSIC.

Music is the soul of rhythmic nature;  
It enchants the bewitching spell of love  
That ever dwells in the heart when whispers  
Soft and gentle, bears us in ecstasy,  
On wings of Hope to the dream-land of bliss.  
Messenger it is of the highest heights  
Of ecstatic purity; and, the balm  
Of hearts, bleeding for sympathy and love.  
It purifies the mind and drives away  
The dark clouds of melancholy and makes  
The soul richer in friendship and goodness.  
It is harmonizing and refining;  
It attunes the mind to thoughts sublime and  
The soul to whispers soft of angels pure,  
And binds the two worlds with the golden cord  
Of love and brings man in sweet communion  
With the purest thoughts of the beautiful.  
It is the “Forget-Me-Not” of the heart,  
The harmonic messenger of heaven.  
It is the speech of the loved and gone ones,  
The language of the deepest feelings; the  
Silver lining to the holiest and  
Grandest conceptions. It is the mother  
Of harmony and sweet in tones of love;  
It lingers on the tongue of Innocence;  
Lives in the hearts of the pure; it is bourn  
Upon the breast of the wing’d wind; and speaks  
Through the waves and it breathes sweet symphonies



Through nature wild; it lives in the sun-gleams  
And sports with the stars; the earth, refulgent  
Is with rhythmic strains of melody.  
Birds teach it; rippling brooklets babble it;  
And the deep dense forest gives its slightest  
Strain a low solemn grandeur like moans  
From the orchestra of a dying storm.  
Song lightens the labours of the weary;  
Music diverts the mind and ills are lost  
In the fogs of forgetfulness, and cares  
Are lighter made by the bewitching strains  
Of its power. It soothes the sad spirit,  
And diverts the thoughts of gloom to the bright  
Pathway of cheerfulness. It dissipates  
Crime and weds the soul of man to heaven.  
It melts the deepest sorrow into song,  
And dries the flowing tears with eloquence  
Enchanted with the strains of melody.  
Music hath its charms, and th' soul that feels not,  
Is dead to the finer senses of man.  
It is the symphonies of heaven brought  
To earth to wed our aspirations to  
A higher and grander life to come.

---

BUNDLES OF REEDS WITH THEIR PANICLES.

LANGUAGE:—MUSIC.

Each heart has a music no other can trill,  
Each soul has a mission no other can fill,  
Each mind has a schooling no other can know,  
Each life like a river that ever will flow,  
On, on, forever.

The music that flows from the heart in sweet song;  
The work of the soul as it passes along;  
The training that fashions the mind for its task,  
Impressions will make, that ever will last  
On, on, forever.

## CALCHICUM OR MEADOW SAFFRON.

LANGUAGE:—MY BEST DAYS ARE PAST.

I sat on the slope of a rock girded hill,  
Beneath the broad-spread of a giant old oak;  
And I look'd away to a neighborhood mill  
That stood on the verge of a clear running brook,  
Which turn'd with its force a great water wheel;  
Which went with a s-p-l-a-s-h and the burrs with a  
h-u-m,  
Grinding up corn into indian meal;  
While the wheel sang s-p-l-a-s-h and the burrs sang  
h-u-m.

The mill appear'd ancient and cover'd with mold  
From meal that was ground from many a grist:  
But the grists were not ground until they were toll'd,  
And shovel'd away into a hopper like chest;  
While round and round went the huge water wheel,  
With a song of s-p-l-a-s-h and the burrs with h-u-m,  
h-u-m,  
Grinding up corn into indian meal,  
While the wheel sang s-p-l-a-s-h and the burrs sang  
h-u-m, h-u-m.

For years the old mill had been the rendezvous,  
For yeoman who went there on carts and horse-back,  
To get their corn ground and learn what was new,  
Swap horses, shoot at mark, spin yarns and to chat:  
While round and round went the huge water wheel,  
With the song of s-p-l-a-s-h and the burrs with h-u-m,  
h-u-m.  
Grinding up corn into indian meal;  
While the wheel sang s-p-l-a-s-h and the burrs sang  
h-u-m, h-u-m.

The miller was as faithful as faithful could be;  
Always keeping the mill within his control;

Came a miller one day much older than he  
And took the old miller away for his toll;  
Then silently stood that great water wheel;  
And never again sang s-p-l-a-s-h nor the burrs sang  
h-u-m—  
Nor ground corn again into indian meal;  
Nor the wheel sang s-p-l-a-s-h, nor the burrs sang  
h-u-m, h-u-m.

---

## FUSCHIA.

LANGUAGE:—MY LOVE IS IN THE SHADE.

My love lies passive in the shade,  
Denied the sunlight bright of noon;  
Mine is a lot that fate has made,  
But yet my love will live and bloom.

But Oh, it wants a warm recluse  
In some true heart that it can own,  
But if fate must that boon refuse  
'Twill wither here and die alone.

And dying it will leave behind  
A pensive record of its worth;  
Neglected by a world unkind  
It sends kind blessings to the earth.

---

## NIGHT CONVULYUS.

LANGUAGE:—NIGHT.

Good night; the sun, his wings has closed,  
And sweetly sank into the west;  
And left the world, where light repos'd  
In starlight beauty and in rest.

Good night; this is the fittest time,  
To turn our thoughts to Memory's own;  
And contemplate on things divine,  
Amid the stillness of alone.

When all are hush'd, when all are still;  
 When but the "music of the spheres"  
 Play on our grateful souls and fill  
 Our hearts with love in place of tears

Propitious is this silent hour,  
 When angels whisper on the air;  
 To call upon a higher power,  
 And bend the knee in silent prayer.

---

## KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is the great anchorage of life,  
 The true sentinel on the watch tower  
 Th' safeguard, director and savior of man.

---

## SNAPDRAGON.

LANGUAGE:—NO.

Of th' eighty thousand words or more,  
 The English language has in store;  
 The most important of them all;  
 As I opine and now recall,  
 Is that short word we all well know,  
 And always recognize as "No."

Short and easy quite to spell;  
 And all pronounce it very well,  
 But hard to utilize at times  
 When smiles induce the way to crimes.

How many lovely lives are lost,  
 When at one time it would have cost  
 But one short word, to save the blow,  
 That oftentimes sends a soul to woe?

Learn that word as you would prayers,  
 And use it like a man of cares,  
 And turn from vice, your greatest foe,  
 With one decisive answer, "No."

'Twill save you in the days of youth  
And send you on the road to truth.

When Blandishments present their smiles  
And slight depressions, with their wiles,  
Proffer pleasures savored of vice,  
Say no at once is my advice;  
Though hard might be the effort then,  
And oft will win the jeers of men,  
But jeers will turn to fulsome praise,  
If you eschew their wicked ways.  
And all their offered smiles forego  
And with an emphasis say "No."

Learn that word and use it well,  
'Twill save you heart-aches and the spell  
That ruins lives where crimes appall;  
Say "No" at once and save your fall.

#### WATCHER BY THE WAYSIDE.

LANGUAGE:—NEVER DESPAIR.

The waves of a gleam, like the flits of a dream,  
As I stood by the banks of a river;  
Accosted my brain, will it come back again?  
And the answer was "never, no, never."

I cast a sere leaf, with the frets of relief  
On the face of that on-flowing river;  
I felt the refrain, it will come back again;  
But the answer was "never, no, never."

I wanted to know, if that deep onward flow,  
That mark'd the course of the river,  
Would ever remain, forever the same?  
And the answer was "never, no, never."

It whispered to me, as it roll'd to the sea,  
And its bosom was all in a quiver;  
"I want you to know, Life's river will flow,  
And will cease not, forever, no, never."

## TREE OF LIFE.

LANGUAGE:—OF AGE.

I wonder, often wonder, who  
 Can remain unmoved with feelings  
 Of grand emotion at even  
 Tide, as the old sun sets aglow  
 The placid bosom of the west,  
 And smiling, sends his golden greeting  
 To the outspread wings of heaven,  
 Then sinking calmly down to rest,  
 Whispers softly, sweet and low,

“Good night,  
 Fair world,  
 Fair world,  
 Good night;

I’ll come again to-morrow.”

I saw that old sun die last night  
 In his golden lustre of age,  
 And slowly sinking out of sight,  
 He spread upon the vermil page  
 Of heaven a smile  
 Of exquisite grace and richness.  
 I watched him awhile,  
 As he spread his tinted dye,  
 And gave the last strokes with aerial brush,  
 On the canvas of the sky;  
 Then fading, fading away to blend  
 Into star life, chaste, pure and bright—  
 Impressed me of that sweeter end,  
 Sublimar look, last good night,  
 Loving smile, cheerful words and departing breath,  
 Of silver Age, sinking, sinking into death.

“Good night,  
 Dear friends,  
 Dear friends,  
 Good night;

We’ll meet again to-morrow.”

## MY FLOWERS.

LANGUAGE:—PLEASURE.

I look at my flowers with exquisite pleasure;  
They cheer up my soul as the smiles of my friends;  
I cherish their worth as my heart's richest treasure;  
And give them my love as their bounty extends.

Here hang the roses with the sweetest perfume;  
The pansies there nestle beneath a light shade;  
The dahlias look up at the sun in full bloom,  
And the sweet eglantine on the trellis is stayed.

The candytuft grows in neat little clusters,  
The phlox dress'd so nicely invite a kind look;  
The anemone laughs at the wind when it blusters,  
While the lotus is calm on the face of the brook.

The gladiolus with corolas so red,  
Peep askance of pride at the lilies so fair;  
The pinks nodding love from their neat little bed  
Perfume with their breath the soft ambient air.

The canna's broad leaves and spikes of red bloom.  
Makes quite a contrast with alyssum so white;  
The heliotrope fears not the sun at high noon,  
And the sweet nightingale is the fairest at night.

I would not neglect the more hardy larkspur,  
The pride of my mother in year's that's gone by:  
The balsam and poppy were cherished by her,  
As well as sweet-william of poetic eye.

There cluster the daisies; here marigolds dwell;  
And there is plumbago so spotless in blue;  
The red oleander, so chaste to the smell;  
Vies in its pride with the amoranth's hue.

The pretty verbenas in clusters so neat,  
Fail not with their smiles to charm each passer by;  
The old honeysuckle with fragrance so sweet,  
Like lantana fair, steals a glance from the eye.

Pass not the crocus, sweet-peas and dianthus;  
The mignonette, yucca, carnation nor astor;  
For they will give zest to your pride like the cypress,  
Or make you seem rude like the blooms of clotbur.

And now we will rest from our stroll with the flowers,  
And take a sweet loll in the cool bracing shade,  
And watch the bees work in the vine cover'dsbower,  
And muse with the beauties that nature has made.

---

EVERGREEN CLEMATIS.

LANGUAGE:—POVERTY.

Poverty's wage is fasten'd on me;  
For no crime of mine I vaunt:  
The world is full of plenty, I see;  
But I must work and work and want.

The earth is rich and the garnerers are full;  
There is plenty for all in store;  
But I who work for daily toll;  
Must work in want and want for more.

Sweet smiles are born for faces fair,  
And for eyes of a calmer look;  
But I was born for labor and care,  
With hunger to follow my work.

The world goes on in laughter and glee;  
And cares not a turn of the head,  
If one so poor and wretched as I  
Have shelter, protection, or bed.

---

LAUREL ALMOND.

LANGUAGE:—PERFIDY.

Thou perfidious wretch! Go seek thine own  
Where Shame strikes Honor from her place,  
And wanton hearts, with foul deceits are sown,  
To fruit in your dishonor and disgrace.



## PINE, ALSO ANDROMEDIA.

LANGUAGE:—PITY.

Pity the poor little child of the street,  
With garments all tatter'd and tear bedew'd cheek,  
Who smothers his anguish as he passes by,  
And tries to suppress the outbursts of a sigh.

Pity the child who by sorrow is led,  
With a sad express'd eye, when its lustre has fled,  
When the glow of its cheek is faded and won,  
And th' buoyant ring of its laughter is gone.

Pity the child who with want must contend;  
Who battles with life without father or friend;  
Who knows not the fruits of a blessing that blesses;  
And shares not the gifts of a mother's caresses.

Pity the child who has parents alive,  
Whose saturated souls, through infamies thrive—  
It feels the deep weight of their wrong doings to,  
And prays for the smiles of a friend who is true.

Oh, pity the child with tear-swimming eyes;  
Whose life is the flow of a heart full of signs;  
Whose footsteps are guided thro' sin unsurpressed  
And th' wants of the soul are in silence expressed.

## APPLE BLOSSOMS.

LANGUAGE:—PREFERENCE.

Fair doweress of nature's wealth;  
I prize, adore and honor thee;  
As fond expressions of a tree  
Which brings both soul and body health,

Those apple blossoms rich and fair  
Iduna blessed in days of yore;  
And fructified the fountain store;  
Which brought forth fruit so rich and rare.

Of all I give you preference,  
 And bear you in my fond esteem,  
 And through yourself you must redeem  
 That which I hold by sufferance.

### EGLANTINE OR SWEETBRIAR.

LANGUAGE:—POETRY.

Poetry is the fire of the soul  
 Breathed into living words: It is the  
 Bride of heaven; whispers soft of angels:  
 Infinite rythm cloth'd in delicate language.  
 It is the dew of Inspiration; the soul of love;  
 Ladder to heaven and the silver wave  
 On the ocean of sublimity.  
 It glorifies mother-hood; Innocence  
 It protects and virtue it inspires.  
 It is the sun-light of Truth in the  
 Pathway of life. Store-house of trite expressions.  
 It is thought jewels of attun'd minds;  
 A reflecting mirror of ardent souls.  
 It is the picture of beauty in the  
 Landscape of eloquence. The guide board  
 To exalted manhood; stimulant of great  
 Minds in the field of pure thought; tenderness  
 In true hearts; the golden tie of home life;  
 Foundation of religion and heart-wave  
 To life eternal.  
 It parts the curtains of the tomb and plants  
 A light on the farther shore of the  
 River of Death, where Hope is realized  
 And man can say in the exultation of eld  
 "O Death where is thy sting?  
 O Grave where is thy victory?"

## AMARYLLIS.

LANGUAGE:—PRIDE.

“WHY ARE WE VAIN?”

“Not one spear of grass or leaf of a tree,  
Or smallest of insects existing can be  
Created by all combined efforts of man;  
Then why are we proud? Oh! why are we vain?”

GEORGE F. FAIR, York, Neb.

WE ARE NOT VAIN, BUT PROUD.

We are proud my dear George, because of the mind,  
In the riches of nature our intellects find  
The *causa causarum*, of things that were made,  
And rend from the grasp of that long gloomy shade,  
That things were created by Omnific will,  
And we silly mortals must accept it still.

We are proud my dear George, because we have broke  
The spell of creation, that long galling yoke,  
That fettered the mind through priestly pretenses  
And denied man the right to use his own senses  
In searching for beauties in Nature's rich vaults,  
For fear he'd expose theological faults.

We are proud my dear George, why should we not be?  
We know all the compounds that make up the tree;  
We know of the why of the fresh vernal showers:  
The aerial brush that tint the sweet flowers;  
The cable that anchors the earth to the sun,  
And the course that the planets forever have run.

We are proud my dear George, for the manhood of man,  
In his efforts to break the thrall of that ban  
That came from the craft of those priest-ridden ages;  
Which gleams at us still from those blood-written  
pages—  
With monuments left in the gloom of their wake  
Mid ashes of great men, by faggot and stake.

We are proud my dear George, for now we can see,  
 That man to be good, great, happy and free,  
 Needs but four simple rules for his admonition:  
 Right motives, right thought, right speech and right  
 action:  
 And the things he don't need, of the useless and least,  
 Is th' bite of a dog, holy-water or a priest.

---

HUNDRED-LEAVED ROSE.

LANGUAGE:—PRIDE.

If fire by fire can never be quench'd;  
 If floods are not suaged by a copious rain;  
 If anger by anger is fan'd into flame;  
 If sin begets sin in its hideous name;  
 We should have all the surplus retrench'd.

If kindness fed on kindness will grow;  
 If Love begets Love in the home of the soul;  
 If Truth added to Truth will form a control  
 That will lead man up to an honorable goal;  
 We should then to those principles sow.

If Pride is good as every one knows;  
 If it leads to dignity, honor and fame;  
 If it stimulates one to sustain a good name;  
 And follows the high-way that leads to the same,  
 Take for your emblem the hundred leaved Rose.

---

RED ROSEBUD.

LANGUAGE:—PURE AND LOVELY.

Pure as the snowdrop that falls from the heavens,  
 Chaste as the ice that spans the broad lakes;  
 Lovely, thou art, as the dew gilded flowers  
 That smiles at the sun when Aurora awakes.

Charming in actions and modest in graces;  
 Winning your way to our grandest esteem;

And leaving impressions that virtue enchases,  
Where birth-right and beauty possess what they seem.  
Like the half open bud, with its selix concealing  
The sweet scented petals that form the red bloom,  
Soon will appear with their beauty revealing,  
A heart that is true as the sunlight of noon.

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

LANGUAGE:—PURITY.

When I look in thy ardent eyes,  
And feel the warmth of thy pure soul;  
I know that Virtue never dies;—  
Its life seems of thine own control.

Fair as the kiss of morning dew;  
Chaste as the ice of crystal stream;  
Pure as the flakes of falling snow;  
True as the vows at Cupid's shrine.

So pure thou art in virtue's name,  
That none but love should call thee mine:  
For all that's lovely with you reign,  
And thou, though mortal, seem divine.

## PURPLE LILAC.

LANGUAGE:—PURITY.

When Spring surpress'd Old Winter's gloom  
And fan'd his face with balmy air:  
The lilac with her fragrant bloom,  
And purple petals, fresh and fair,  
Came as precursor of the train  
Of flowers gaudy, rich and rare,  
To swell the heart with hope anew,  
That Flora soon would freight the air  
With fragrance sweet and verdure new,  
And tune the heart to love again.

## SINGLE RED PINK.

LANGUAGE:—PURE LOVE.

## MAGDELINE.

There is a name that's dear to me,  
A name that brings sweet harmony;  
It soothes me like a pleasant dream;  
It is the name of Magdeline.  
O, Magdeline, Dear Magdeline,  
I long to see thy face again,  
And feel thy gentle presence near,  
That always fill'd my heart with cheer:  
O, Magdeline, Dear Magdeline,  
I long to see thy face again.

When clouds beset my lonely hour,  
And gloom o'er hangs me with its power  
I need but lisp thy gentle name,  
To bring me love and cheer again:  
O, Magdeline, Dear Magdeline;  
I long to see thy face again,  
And feel thy gentle presence near  
That always fills my heart with cheer:  
O, Magdeline, Dear Magdeline,  
I long to see thy face again.

There is a mine of wealth untold,  
More precious than the finest gold;  
'Tis richer than the diamond's gleam,  
It is the love of Magdeline:  
O, Magdeline, Dear Magdeline,  
I long to see thy face again,  
And feel thy gentle presence near,  
That always fills my heart with cheer:  
O, Magdeline, Dear Magdeline,  
I long to see thy face again.

## WHITE VERBENIA.

LANGUAGE:—PRAY FOR ME.

With all my heart and all my soul;  
I yield to your request;  
And pray that you may come out whole  
In life's race with the rest.

I pray that you may have good luck,  
And smooth your business run,  
And in your avocations look  
Ye well to number one.

I pray that you may act with sense,  
In ev'ry phase of life,  
And always keep astride the fence,  
In other people's strife.

I pray that you may breakfast well  
On beefsteak and pan cakes,  
And have a doctor at your call  
Whene'er your stomach aches.

I pray that you may be too cute  
To be caught on a fly;  
And never mind to follow suit,  
When other people lie.

Another game I would forego,  
The name I have forgot,  
But in the pass around you know,  
They fix up a JACK POT.

And when the pot is big enough,  
Two aces, I believe,  
Will justify you playing bluff,  
With two more in your sleeve.

If this prayer does your soul no good,  
I hope I'll not be blam'd,  
And ask'd the why if yet you should  
Stray off and then be d——d.

## DOCK. SORREL. RUMAX.

LANGUAGE:—PATIENCE.

Be patient my heart, be silent my tongue;  
The rage of the ocean is gather'd and gone;  
The storm of the passions subside like the sea,  
The bark that is safest floats easy and free.

Be patient my heart, be silent my tongue;  
What ever befalls me of right or of wrong;  
No weapon so potent as this in defence;  
That all will be right a hundred years hence.

## BURR OAK.

LANGUAGE:—PATERNAL LOVE.

With love that knows no human bounds,  
But is of law divine;  
I now confess with all my heart,  
I am dear Lena thine.

When first I saw thee, years ago,  
You was too young to name;  
I loved thee then with all my soul,  
I love thee still the same.

I loved thy laughter and thy cries,  
I loved thee for thyself;  
I loved thee for thy childish pranks,  
My own wee blue eyed elf.

Years have mass'd their hoary load.  
Upon thy father's head;  
But yet my heart grows young with love  
As years in flight have sped.

This you well know, as you have now  
Two prat'lers of your own;  
Who cherish all of mother's love  
The richest bounty known.



## THE WHITE LILY.

LANGUAGE:—PURITY. SWEETNESS.

White lily, Sweet smile of the angels, 'tis said  
The pure breath of heaven makes holy thy bed;  
And the wish of the heart of the happy and true,  
Is to be as chaste and as lovely as you:  
There nodding thy head in the breeze; pearly bloom,  
Inviting the good and aspiring to come  
And learn the lessons of purity; sweetness;  
And kindred emotions in their completeness.  
Sweet lily thy language impress on the heart  
Of those who aspire to be as thou art;  
Pure without pride and good without showing it;  
Sweet in demeanor without even knowing it.  
Thus giving the virtues commission to reign  
In the soul of the heart's capacious domain.  
Sweet lily I greet thee with fondest desire;  
To be as thou art with a heart to aspire.  
To be among mortals as you are with flowers,  
Dispensing true goodness with unceasing powers.

## MULTIFLORA ROSE.

LANGUAGE:—QUEENLY GRACE.

Could angels take a maid's address,  
And walk in flesh as mortals do,  
Yourself would on my mind impress,  
An angel was possessed of you.  
There rests on thee a queenly grace,  
In charms of sweetest beauty worn,  
You seem as of the finite race,  
Enwrapped in pure angelic form.

The visage cast in beauty mild,  
 My heart with purest thoughts inspire,  
 Enthrall me as a trusting child,  
 And thrills my breast with latent fire.

I cannot change my thoughts with coy,  
 I cannot move this heart of mine;  
 With fond devotions of a boy,  
 I kneel to worship at thy shrine.

---

THE FILBERT.

LANGUAGE:—RECONCILIATION.

When Winter smooths his rugged face,  
 And reconciled to Spring;  
 Releases then Frost's cold embrace  
 And birds begin to sing;  
 How happy then are we?  
 When friends estranged are reconciled  
 And they the Filbert take,  
 And Joy illum's the face that smil'd,  
 And smiles again awake;  
 How happy they should be?

---

BRAMBLE.

LANGUAGE:—REMORSE.

Ah, canker worm, gnaw, gnaw my soul,  
 Let not a vital be untouch'd—  
 Remorse, keen tooth'd has in control  
 My pumping heart:—My brain is clutch'd:—  
 The ban of hell sweet sentence is  
 To that remorse, deep set and black  
 That rages in my heart—It is,  
 It is my due. Ah! could I give it back—  
 No, no, the die is cast; and I  
 A victim am to my own deeds:

They burn my soul with grief, to die,  
 To live, it is the same, it leads—  
 It leads me on to whence  
 I know not—I care not;—  
 Which way I turn brings no defence;  
 And, even death me has forgot.

---

BIRDSFOOT:—TREFOIL.

LANGUAGE:—REVENGE.

Revenge is sweet just at the time  
 The deed is done or shaft is sent;  
 But we should ever bear in mind  
 That revenge is recalcitrant.

---

RASPBERRY.

LANGUAGE:—REMORSE.

CONSTANTINE'S SOLILOQUY.

Constantine goes to an old monkery and feeling the remorse of his past life; having on his mind the murder of his wife, Fausta, whom he drowned in a boiling cauldron of water, the murder of his son, Crispus, whom he beheaded, the murder of his father-in-law, his two brothers-in-law, his nephew, but eleven years old, and his old friend Sopater, and laments his crimes.

Into Fausta's grave went the seeds of love and forgiveness, from which sprang the tree of fraternal love and good will for all mankind, which stung Constantine to the heart.

This is propitious for meditation;  
 Within this dingy room, well hid away  
 From haunts of peeping eyes and eavesdrop ears,  
 Schemes have been laid, by craving Ambition,  
 Which have cast a gloom on the brightest days  
 Of man; and have suffused his eyes with tears.  
 Shut out from the world, and, for th' time being,  
 Tenanted with fetid air, dark and loathsome.

With vermin, which know not the light of day,  
I come, as before, with feelings teeming  
With thoughts akin to these dark and fullsome  
Surroundings; where Evil and Chicane play.

'Twas here that old Madarro, a carplie'd monk,  
Breathed on my pregnant ear, the first sordid thought  
Of Ambition. In this dark loathsome room,  
Where shimmering lamp light, in a niche sunk,  
Supplied th' want of sun-gleams, by hate shut out,  
Where to priest craft, darkness is effulgent noon.

I hate them, and yet, I must smile on them.  
I was a captive led, by a sly, meek  
Looking man, who, in his hand held a bright  
Jewel. In his heart fell the seeds of woe  
For my sowing. In this room we would meet  
In counsel as rogues in the gloom of night.

'Twas here that I drank of that woe brimming cup  
Which made me a wretch o' despicable guise.  
'Twas here that I pledged th' black oath of my soul  
That bound me through life to close follow up  
The worship of God in the venal disguise  
Of a vicegerent, in carplie and cowl.

'Twas here that I swore to deafen my ears  
To the wails of distress, and my eyes blind  
To deeds of horror, black, before me cast;  
In the name of the holy church, which leers  
At wronging th' name o' God, with proffers to find  
Requitals for crimes, in th' realms of the blest.

Oh, were I not Constantine I would be  
Happy, though I be but the cringing slave  
That trembles at the thought of purple gown.  
Far happier is that fawning wretch, then he  
Who trembles at the horrid thought that crave  
Requital through forgiven crimes and wrongs.

Oh, could I but turn to the day when, hand  
In hand, we walked in the garden of our love  
And plucked th' smiling roses of our fond hearts  
And vowed to each the vow of continence. Then  
How happy? Oh, Fausta, innocent as the dove,  
And mild as the rosy tint of morn that parts

The dusky folds of night; and, to the recluse  
Of curtain'd shaddows force them. To thee my soul  
Goes out in grief. Oh, Fausta, th' love I bore  
For thee comes back to me in hate; which, refuse  
I not to take to my soul in grief and woe, all  
Arise before me as demons in goar.

Well do I remember our pledge of love  
A fair cheek'd boy, who wore upon his face  
The smiles of a mother's love; on his brow  
The imprint of true honor; and, would move  
Across his boyish cheek the one purple trace  
Of Nature's nobleman. I see Crispus now.

I see his playful smiles; and, his mother  
Bending her love-lit eyes to join with his  
In mild and tender greetings to honor  
Me, an unworthy husband and father.  
The dimpled babe, had learned not what it was  
To taste woe, or how to wrong another.

Oh! could I drive that other sight away  
And shun the last look of that woe stung child  
Coming back upon me now, as they led  
That harmless boy out, on that accurs'd day  
To the blood stain'd block of death? Oh! how mild  
And plaintive was his look! how sad! when dead?

There is another, deeper crime than this,  
If crime there be, a deeper, darker, one,  
That crime must be, when I refused to hear  
Fausta's wailings when they thrust her *avis*  
At my command into that cauldron down  
To death, so horrid and so severe.

Oh! the thought burns my brain. Would I could die,  
But no! I cannot die and think to meet  
Her, Fausta, pure and innocent, so true  
And I so false. She so gentle and I  
Bearing a soul within me so effete  
With crime, so black and despicable to.

The deed was done. I could not smile, nor weep.

All night long, forlorn and disconsolate,  
I walk'd up and down th' aisles and corridors  
Of my sin struck palace. I could not sleep,  
Nor rest. At the first glim of morning's break  
Across th' gray blent sky of night, the orders

Of my own black soul of sin drove me where  
The thirsty ground had drank th' commingling blood  
Of my slain loving wife and helpless son.

From that goar drench'd spot, then so stench and bare  
Before my eyes burst'd a tiny bud,  
And sprang a tree with foilage and bloom.

While on it, I gazed, spell bound to the spot,  
On each pendant twig I observed, came  
Golden fruit, beautiful, fair, luscious  
And rich, I forth reach'd and pluck'd, ere I thought,  
And on the rind, as if in speech of flame,  
By limner unobserv'd words auspicious.

Written were, of sadness, in letters raised.  
Words, that to the core, stung me of my heart;  
And before my mind, brought my deed sowing  
Crimes so pointed, so telling, so deep. Phras'd  
The sentences and words so, I could not  
Oblivious be of my wrong doing.

The words were, "In blood the cross of Jesus  
Took its first baptismal rite," "Constantine  
The father is of this wrong, he before  
The Ages shall pale for this new Deus,  
Born through fraud, and, by force enthroned supreme  
Of the gods in the hearts of man, in goar."

## ROSEMARY.

LANGUAGE:—REMEMBRANCE.

'Twas in the silent hour of ease  
When mellow eve had spread her gorgeous robe  
Of gold and purple across the occident  
And conscious self was lost in revery.  
I sat: awoke my ears to mournful strains  
Of music sweet, so soft and low in plaint  
That the spheres, I felt, had in chorus joined  
To soothe the stillness dense, in awe sublime,  
As the wafting air on the rosemary  
Press'd a kiss redolent of sweetness there.

Emerg'd a fair form then, with stealth and slow,  
From out the somewhere, some lonesome deep:  
With a longing look it brought anew  
The memory of a gone one, one asleep  
Across the bourne of destiny where but few  
Return with tidings of the there; and none  
To doubt or deny. I, the memory  
Of friendship felt; as there in spirit form,  
She stood, my lost love, but not forgotten:  
Arous'd again that burning of the heart  
Which he only knows when a life, yet young,  
Is cut; and, Death reads the records of the past.

Oh, Memory, what a boom or what a curse?  
Bears thee the records of the long, long past;  
Which makes heaven bright with joys, or the worse  
Of hell black hung *like* treason on the blast.

## BUTTERCUPS.

LANGUAGE:—RICHES.—MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

I sing of that bright morning when childhood fresh and  
gay,  
Tripp'd over fields and wood-lands to fancies far away:  
When Joy was prince of wishes and sorrow was unknown,  
When heart-aches rode on wings of flight and soon away  
had flown.

I sing of those young pastimes when all the joys run  
To gaily now hurrah, hurrah, for laughter and for fun;  
When clouds of life soon pass'd away as Nature will'd  
they ought,  
And tears, and crosses wash'd away and pain was soon  
forgot;  
When laughter was the zest of life and anger could not  
last,  
And when the Future bode no ill, nor thought we of the  
past;  
When Pleasure seem'd a constant boon and every wish  
was now;  
We thought not of the cares of life, nor of the laurel'd  
brow.

Oh! could I sing as once I sang of childhood's golden  
hour  
And feel the heart-swells of that joy which clings to  
youthful power;  
And see the world as once it seem'd without a frown or  
snare,  
And be again a careless child with bright hopes ev'ry-  
where;  
See riches in the buttercups and ships within the sky,  
And happy thoughts drink from the brook as it ran swiftly  
by,  
And in the face behold no scar and in the heart no scheme,  
And innocence impell the thought that men are as they  
seem.



Oh! could I turn the wheels of time just backward for a day,

And be again a bare-foot child, so busy at my play,  
That Time press not upon my brow the thought of onward flight;

Nor know that ev'ry day of bliss must lose itself in night.

Oh! Mem'ry 'tis through thee alone and through thy spacious reign,

That I can feel that flush anew and be a child again.

A whisper comes so soft and sweet and bears me for a time

Upon the future wings of Hope to some celestial clime.

Where Innocence and Truth will bind the flight of happy hours

And all the strains of youthful bliss will ever be of ours.

#### TREFOIL.

LANGUAGE:—REVENGE.

Sweet as the carol of the birds  
That rolls upon the morning air;  
As soothing as the lowing herds  
That wend across the fields so fair,  
Shall be my revenge.

Deep as the deepest pit of hell;  
Which yawns to eat thy cringing soul;  
As bitter as the blackest gall  
That scowls the face beyond control,  
Is my sworn revenge.

Go where thou wilt. In flowery meads,  
Or in the North's eternal snow;  
In valleys deep, or mountain leads;  
Or where thy guilt may choose to go;  
Revenge and revenge,  
Make of thyself a lone recluse;  
Or seek your peace on oceans deep;

Or go wherever you may choose  
 When you awake, and when you sleep  
     You'll feel my revenge.

My oath is written on the air,  
 The deep blue sky my vow has saved.  
 The earth bears witness everywhere,  
 The devils have my oath engraved,  
     And that is revenge.

By all that's holy, I declare,  
 By the eternity of time;  
 By my life, head and heart I swear,  
 To work requital of your crime  
     Through my deep revenge.

---

#### FRENCH HONEYSUCKLE.

LANGUAGE:—RUSTIC BEAUTY.

Chaste in action, true to nature;  
     Damsel of the rustic charm;  
 Who would change the nomenclature  
     Of the quaint old woodland farm,  
 Where sweet-williams and the honeysuckle grow?  
     Where the birds with joy abounding,  
     Carol notes of sweetness lay,  
     And the merry laugh resounding  
     Over fields and far away  
 Where streamlets purl enchantments sweet and low?  
  
 Damsel of the farm come hither,  
     Let me see thy charming face;  
 Sun-kissed cheeks that blend together  
     Rustic mirth and modest grace  
 Which vie with daisies and sweet pansies wild.  
 Step elastic, carriage graceful;  
     Proud in thine own sterling worth;  
 Laughing beauty, bright and healthful:  
     Damsel of majestic birth,  
 Type of nature's best and perfect child:—Come hither.

## DRY LEAVES.

LANGUAGE:—SADNESS.

Sad is the heart where sorrow sits—  
Its presence leaves a gloomy trace;  
It hangs a curtain on the eye,  
And plants its foot-steps on the face.  
It gives the voice a plaintive tone,  
And blights the smile with its control:  
It writes upon its victim's brow,  
The story of a wounded soul.

## ADONIS FLOS.

LANGUAGE:—SAD MEMORIES.

Oh! wheels of Time, turn backward for me,  
Turn backward just for a few years;  
Turn back till my mind is made easy and free,  
And mem'ry is heal'd of its scars.  
Sad are my thoughts, when borne to the past;  
And heavy my heart with its load;  
Oh! that I had the power to cast  
Those skeletons out of my road.  
Could I but travel that road again,  
I would be more prudent and wise;  
I would not sow to sorrow and pain,  
To reap with hot tears in my eyes.  
Time is so firm, it will not turn back,  
Nor let me obscure the past;  
So I must follow memory's track,  
And bear with my load to the last.

## DEAD LEAVES.

LANGUAGE:—SADNESS.

Dark clouds o'er spread the sky tonight,  
The stars are closing out;  
And love sends not a smile of light  
To my poor breaking heart.

Sad is the thought that I must sit  
These long, long hours alone,  
With no hope that tomorrow's light,  
Will bring my love back home.

The clouds will part their dusky folds;  
The stars will smile again;  
For me the deepest gloom controls,  
And brings me naught but pain.

The fondest hopes of my poor breast,  
Are crush'd neath loads of gloom;  
Hope not with me again will rest  
This side the silent tomb.

So let my lone life go on,  
As waifs go on the sea;  
The cast of every beating storm:  
There is no port for me.

---

YELLOW ACASIA.

LANGUAGE:—SECRET LOVE.

Down in the depths of my own silent heart,  
A manied prisoner lies;  
He pleads for relief with an eloquent art,  
And feigns a degree of surprise  
That he should be kept thus confined.  
His pleadings are vain as he certainly knows;—  
The charges I cannot remove;  
Though mild is the stain that his guilt would impose,  
'Tis that of a deep secret love  
For you, and to you its confin'd.

## HOLLYHOCK.

LANGUAGE:—SELF ESTEEM WITH BUT LITTLE WORTH.

You hold your head so very high  
It will admit of no defense;  
If you don't know, the reason why  
'Tis for the want of better sense.

## HOLLYHOCK'S ANSWER.

Oh! would you rob me of my pride,  
Or take from me my self respect  
And have me languish by the side  
Of man's high-way, a poor neglect?

Was ever there a battle won;  
Was ever one great action done:  
Was ever man an honor'd son  
Who had not pride to goad him on?

Did ever poet breathe a strain;  
Did ever maiden sing a song;  
Did ever flash a noble brain  
When conscious self and pride were gone?

Then why should I not raise my head,  
If needs be to the bending sky,  
And by example proudly shed  
The love of self to passers by?

And those who spurn my self esteem,  
May seek their lowly place in life,  
And pass their days like in a dream  
Without achievements, pride or strife.

Be there a moral woven here  
Which the obtuse shall not deride;  
'Twould be to cultivate with care,  
Your self respect and native pride.

## SPANISH JASMINE.

LANGUAGE:—SENSUALITY.

The flush Spanish Jasmine, I prize the least,  
Because, like you, it typifies a beast:  
Lascivious thought to brutish action leads  
And lives to smile at the heart its passion bleeds.

---

## NARCISSUS.

LANGUAGE:—SELF-LOVE.

Narcissus fair, made thirsty by the chase;  
Bends o'er the brook and sees his lovely face;  
And with that face, so mirror'd on his eyes,  
He falls in love, and of that love he dies.

Lies like the pensive Echo, from the pain  
Of unrequitted love, the saddest in the train,  
Of all the anguish of a pliant heart,  
Which sighs to death, just for a counterpart.

Fix'd on the shadow is his anxious look,  
Deep searching in the clear and placid brook,  
Which mirrors back the image of his face,  
Too frail to catch, to fictious for embrace.

How sad, and yet how common the complaint?  
With it, like sylph's the human heart's acquaint;  
To which the anguish of slighted love applies,  
Which surcease only when Narcissus dies.

"Dies" is a metaphor, Love never dies,  
'Tis like the azure of the bending skies;  
Clouds may obscure, its glow may disappear,  
But with the sun it comes back bright and clear.

But when 'tis crush'd, Oh! heaven save the pang!  
A wound so deep will never heal again:  
Poor heart, let man for it, no fane arise:  
More hallow'd is the spot where Echo dies.

More sacred is the mem'ry of the pain  
The heart endures, for no response again,  
Oh ! what it is for one lone heart to feel;  
It lies too deep for aught but death to heal.

---

WHITE POPPY.

LANGUAGE:—SLEEP.

Sleeping beauty we are watching,  
While you nod your pretty head:—  
Sleeping beauty when you waken,  
List what my heart hath said.  
  
Could I press my thoughts upon you;  
How full of pathos they would seem:—  
Sleeping beauty wake to listen,  
To the pleadings of a dream.  
  
Pleadings of a dream that falleth,  
On thy ear, unconscious dove;  
Sleeping beauty now awaken  
To the pathos of my love.

---

CARLONIA JASMINE.

LANGUAGE:—SEPARATION.

Oft in the pressing surge of life;  
For pleasure or for gain,  
Good friends may bid a fond adieu  
But never meet again.  
  
For he who goes the world seems bright;  
For him the heart is glad:  
But for the lone one left behind  
The world is very sad.

She looks out on the scenes about,  
And there before her eyes  
The work of faithful fingers gone,  
Like ghosts before her rise.

Here something is that he has loved;  
And there some kindness done;  
And when she turns to shift the scenes;  
Reminder; others come.

She looks out from her window'd soul  
And sees his smiling face,  
Flit by as wont when he was there  
In manhood full of grace.

Then from the out and vacant air,  
Comes falling on her ears  
The echo of some cheerful word;  
Which melts her heart to tears,

She gathers from the moaning wind,  
As it goes listing on  
The intones of a mournful strain  
That he, the lov'd, is gone.—

The birds catch up the sad refrain,  
And carol back the tone:—  
The sad reflection of the heart  
That she is left alone.

To her the pleasing world is dead,  
And all that she would crave  
Are smother'd and her hopes are cast  
Into a living grave.

Thus friends may love and friends may part,  
And friends may meet again;  
But Oh! the anguish of the heart  
For those who do remain.



## SUNFLOWER.

LANGUAGE:—HOPE BEYOND.

Bend on the sun thy steady eyes;  
And feed thy heart of hope;  
Until he leaves the bending skies  
And down hesperian slope  
He sinks far out of sight;  
And then in Sable's sad recluse;  
All hush'd in silence deep;  
Unfold thy heart to love profuse  
And in its sacred precincts keep  
The vigil watch for light.

Although the sun has hid his face  
And frowns are left behind;  
Hope will his winding foot-prints trace  
And bearing to the mind  
Bring his warm smiles back again;  
And like the flower of the sun,  
Bid you to turn your gaze  
To meet his morning course begun  
Precursor of those sweeter days  
Where Love with Love shall reign,

## THE BRAMBLE.

LANGUAGE:—SELFISHNESS.

This world is one vast battlefield,  
And mankind forms the armies;  
Each one for self his weapon wield  
And there is where the harm is.

The fight begins when life begins,  
And all through life it rages;  
And each with all the world contends—  
It's been thus through all ages.

Some strive for love and some for fame,  
Some for hate and some for pelf;  
But each one through the love of gain,  
Contends with all the world for self.

Each act, each deed, each wish in life,  
The all of each man proves it;  
Be it for peaceful meed or strife,  
Some selfish motive moves it.

The merchant feigns a blandish smile,  
And apes all modern graces,  
And talks quite smooth that he might sell  
His shelf-worn goods and laces.

The doctor sells his potent pills,  
And tells of the great wonders;  
But when, forsooth, his nostrum kills  
The grace conceals his blunders.

The lawyer wears an honest mien,  
And never slights a duty;  
He first acquits the rogue, I ween,  
And then bears off the booty.

The parson bends the pregnant knee,  
And prays for saint and sinner;  
But all the while, "Oh, God!" thinks he,  
Let me come out the winner."

And thus the world goes on and on,  
The all of each man proves it;  
Be it for peaceful meed or song,  
Some selfish motive moves it.

## PEONY, OR POENY.

LANGUAGE:—SHAME. BASHFULNESS.

Shame wears no veil; for on the face  
The slightest taint the eye can trace:  
Although feigned smiles may flush the cheek:  
Shame lingers there without deceit  
And plants its footsteps on the heart  
So deep that all the studied art  
That wilful ways and schemes devise  
Cannot produce a good disguise.—  
Although firm efforts made with care  
To heal the wound, the scar is there—  
To leave its traces on the name  
That all may read the work of shame.

## ALMOND, COMMON. ALSO HORSESHOE-LEAF GERANIUM.

LANGUAGE:—STUPIDITY.

What makes you so stupid;  
What makes you so vain?  
What makes you so lacking in grace?  
In all the positions  
Politeness could name,  
It finds you so much out of place.  
  
True mirth you will murder;  
If you attempt wit  
A botch you will makè of the point:  
If puns are indulg'd in  
You see not the hit;  
Your balance-wheel seems out of joint.  
  
Advice I will offer,  
If that you will take;  
Although it is not my concern;  
Arouse up your senses,  
And be wide awake,  
Or never go out till you learn.

## HYACINTH.

LANGUAGE:—SPORT.—PLAY.—GAME.—SORROW.

Beautiful flower, precursor of spring,  
 Chaste as the smiles of the deep azure sky,  
 Nodding thy head to the birds as they sing,  
 And freighting with sweetness the air passing by.

The winter has flown and the storms are now o'er;  
 The genial rays of the sun doth appear;  
 Thou com'st like a blessing to cheer us once more,  
 On the drags of the skirt of the winter so drear.

The gorgeous sun with his flory of smiles,  
 Comes to adorn you in vernal array,  
 Soft zephyrs breathe on you their life giving wiles,  
 And the shroud of Boreas is melted away.

And you have emerg'd from his mantle of gloom,  
 And brought in your coming this lesson to man;  
 That life is not hush'd in the walls of the tomb,  
 And the soul is not dead though the body be calm.

## NAETH.

LANGUAGE:—SOLITUDE.

EVERGREEN SPRIG.

LANGUAGE:—BE HAPPY.

Had I a cottage in some forest wild,  
 Far from the haunts of cities and of strife,  
 To walk with nature as a trusting child  
 'Mid purling brooks and wild-wood ways of life;  
 And there unquestion'd of my rights to live  
 As pleaseth me without a multitude  
 Of rules to trammel me and make me give  
 Respectful court to that deep solitude  
 Which crowded places make. I'd be happy.

Could I live by some clear lake, deep shaded  
By trees primeval, wherein never rang  
The echo of woodman's axe, and graded  
Back the hill slopes were to the craggy range  
Of mountains high. Could I at evening time  
My longing soul fill with the magnitude  
Of kind nature and commune with my own  
Thoughts as they mingle with the solitude  
Of the scenes and feel I was not alone  
But with my spirit friends. I'd be happy.

Could I feel that man would ever arise  
To that plane of excellence that his soul  
Would see the good in fellow man and wise  
Mould his thoughts, speech; actions and the whole  
Trend of his being for that which is good  
Grand, great and noble; that he might weed  
From his nature the bane of guile, and, could  
I see within his heart deep hate of greed  
And love of Charity. I'd be happy.

---

BELLADONNA.

LANGUAGE:—SILENCE. HUSH.

There is a day coming whose silence I weep—  
Will come in grand splendor to find me asleep—  
A day filled with bustle, with sorrow and fun,  
After my pleasures and my course I have run.  
The world will be joyful, sorrowful, sad,  
And bend to the future all blissful and glad,  
To leave in the distance the now with the past,  
Too fleet in its transit to tarry or last,  
But wheeled to the rear in measures defined,  
For the now, which glides with time quickly behind,  
Will leave in its place the same rattle and roar  
That always have marked the days of before,

Whose humming of business and hurry will keep,  
While I in my chamber of silence will sleep;  
And thus will repose while tempests are twirled,  
Unmoved by the sorrows or cares of the world.  
As others take pleasure, at trifles may weep,  
I will, in quietude, slumber and sleep;  
While others contend and apply their caprice,  
I will repose in deep silence and peace.  
Though now I am vicing and pressing the race,  
But soon I will yield and to others give place,  
Who will, in their turn, their turmoils and strife  
Pass quickly their days Time allotted to life;  
And thus presseth man on, on to the end  
Without comprehending why he should contend.  
And thus passeth man to that on-pending deep,  
Where he, to, in silence and slumber shall sleep.  
The storm winds may madden the ocean and wave;  
The battle in thunder may silence the brave;  
And pain—reeking pain—may give the sad breast;  
All men in their time will pass on to their rest,  
And there with ages who pressed in the throng,  
In silence remain as the world passeth on.  
When I shall be silent, alone and asleep,  
With no one to care for me and no one to weep;  
Will you have the kindness “through memory dear,”  
To come to my tomb with one silent tear?  
Speak not a word in an audible tone,  
For I will be resting in silence alone.  
When you go to sleep, Oh, angels give ear,  
One who still loves you will linger so near;  
That the kiss of Death, a blessing will prove,  
For I will be there with a true kiss of love.

## PURPLE HYACINTH.

LANGUAGE:—SORROWFUL, I AM SORRY.

Bow'd down with sorrow, pain and grief,

My heart comes to confess;

'Twill give a sadden'd soul relief

To get your forgiveness:

Refuse me not this cherish'd boon,

For that is most I crave;

'Twill make my night as bright as noon,

Which now is like the grave.

Forgive me for my faults, I plead;

It is human to err;

Forgiveness is divine, indeed,

I pray you then confer

On me this best of heaven's gifts,

And may its fruits be thine

And shed on you that force which lifts

Man, up to smiles divine.

Forgive I pray you this one time;

And ease my heart again—

My faults I own, the woe is mine,

And poignant is my pain.

This hyacinth thus pleads for me,

Its silent plaint receive,

Be yielding as it asks of thee;

“Forgive me, Oh ! forgive.”

## SWEET NIGHTINGALE.

LANGUAGE:—SILENCE.

I came to the city of silence,  
As the moon was crowning the hill;  
The awe of the city so thrill'd me  
That I feel the sensations still.

There were the tall monuments standing,  
And there fell their shadows so grim:—  
A hushness seem'd settled around them,  
Which made a deep feeling within.

The city was speechless and silent;  
So silent I heard the moon beams  
As they fell on the tree-tops at twilight,  
Fold their silver curtains, 'twould seem.

The city lay spread there before me:—  
And flitted between the long rows  
Sepulchral shadows, like chorus  
Of stillness that loneliness knows.

No whisper came from those flit shadows:  
No sound broke the spell of their trance;—  
And there stood the little lone chapel;  
And there, the old grave-yard fence.

The gate to this city swings inward;  
As always it swang in the past;  
The people avoid this lone city,  
But all find its gate-way at last.

All stop in this city of silence;  
Where shadows flit by in the dark;—  
Those shadows that walk in this city;  
Those shadows that flit in the dark.



## HAREBELL.

LANGUAGE:—SUBMISSION.—GRIEF.

Sweet harebell ! blue harebell !  
Touch'd by the vernal breeze  
Send forth faint symphonies which dwell  
Upon the ear and please  
Its finest sense, blue harebell !

Among lone wastes, where shades appall  
The smiles of blushing rose;  
Where carpets of the moss recall  
The haunts where ivy grows:  
There you are found, blue harebell !

Among the waste and old debris,  
Of walls razed to the ground;  
And habitations in decay;  
There your low rustles sound,  
Like plaints of grief, blue harebell !

Around the tomb, where Memory  
Is chained by gnomes of grief;  
There rustles low your symphony  
As if to bring relief  
To some sad soul, blue harebell !

Endear'd to each lone aching heart,  
Which lives in shades of woe;  
Where grief, submissive, bears a part,  
You welcom'd there will grow;  
Sweet harebell ! Blue harebell !

## BALM.

LANGUAGE:—SYMPATHY.

You know not what a heart ache is  
Unless you've had a trial:  
You cannot feel another's woe  
Without a heart's denial.

You cannot know what sickness is,  
If always you've had health:  
Nor do you know a poor man's lot  
If yours has been of wealth.

You know not what it is to have  
The wolf howl at the door;  
If you have always had your meals  
And never have been poor.

You know not if another's shoe  
Abrase the toe or heel;—  
Unless you've had a corn yourself:  
Its pain you do not feel.

A cringing wretch before the bar  
Whom all the people blame  
Would be as nice as you appear  
If he were bred the same.

Before another you condemn,  
Or slime him with disgrace,  
Think what, perhaps, you might have been  
Had you been in his place.

All men, and I think women to,  
Do just the best they can;  
For brains and their environments  
Control the race of man.

Then give a thought of sympathy,  
For each lorn wail of woe;  
For you, no doubt, would be as he,  
Were you surrounded so.

## IPERIA.

(Moon Plant.)

LANGUAGE:—THE MOON IS MY LOVE.

Oh that I had at my command,  
A pen so deft that I could trace  
With a Pythagoraen hand,\*  
My thoughts, fair moon, upon thy face.

I would, as you are plowing through  
The vista of the stars above,  
Take from their gold and argent hue,  
And write on you the one word, "love."

And when that word should written be,  
Upon thee, queen of stellar light,  
I'd have all hearts that dwell on thee,  
As pure in thought as thee in light.

\*NOTE.—Pythagoras was said to have possessed the power of writing on the moon with a magic mirror.

## AGRIMONY.

(Small White Bellflowers.)

LANGUAGE:—THANKFULNESS; GRATITUDE.

I thank you, noble friend; could I do more,  
My heart would leap with pleasure for the meed;  
But as I am in goods so very poor  
I can but thank, but ah, that thank indeed  
Comes from a grateful soul.  
Could you but read the struggles of my mind,  
In this the moment of so great a need;  
Like I, you would appreciate the kind  
And generous heart that prompted you to lead  
Me to a brighter goal

## HELENIUM.

LANGUAGE:—TEARS.

Warm tears are jewels of the soul:  
When shed without the aid of art;  
They purify, as dew, the flower's scroll  
And lend a fragrance to the heart.

---

There is a balm for ev'ry woe,  
And a tear for every sigh:  
A chord of sympathy will flow  
From soul to soul, from eye to eye.

---

Pray let thy tears untrammeled roll,  
They come as dew-drops from the soul,  
They speak in tones of sympathy;  
Fresh from the fount of purity.  
They speak from out the heart of grief,  
And come to give the soul relief;  
They spring from fountains pure above,  
For no one weeps who does not love.

---

## THE APPLE.

LANGUAGE:—TEMPTATION.

Luscious fruit how much I prize thee,  
Hanging on the fabl'd tree;  
Twas no wonder Eve was tempted,  
When her eyes first fell on thee.

Good for food and rich in flavor;  
Tempting to the woman's eyes,  
Though she fell by thy temptation,  
Yet she made the nations wise.

Had she not from that forbidden,  
Pluck'd the fruit so rich and rare,  
Th' Jews would not been God's own chos'n,—  
We would have no clothes to wear.

Oh, the apple ripe and mellow;  
What a debt we owe to thee?  
Though you caused the fall of Adam,  
You blest all his posterity.

---

AZALEA.

LANGUAGE:—TEMPERANCE.

I swear,  
By all the unwept, marshal'd dead,  
By all the hearts that rum has bled,  
By all the wealth that vice consumes,  
By all who die of whiskey fumes,  
By all the paupers in the land,  
By all the days we have been damn'd,  
By all the man-destroying gnomes,  
By all the scattered, bleaching bones,  
Which have, for ages past, been strown,  
Before the gate of manhood's throne,  
By all the crimes, by all the deeds,  
By all the dens that whiskey feeds;  
By all the orphans and their cries,  
By all the woe beneath the skies;  
By all the guilt, where misery reigns,  
By all the blood that drench the plains;  
Besmear the hills, enrich the vales,  
By all the anguish crime entails;  
By all the demons chained in hell,  
By all the loathsome things that dwell  
Beneath the eyes of guilt and shame,  
By all the devils, by the name

Of all the imps that should be damn'd,  
And stricken from this rum-curs'd land.

I swear,  
That I will strive, do all I can,  
To kill this common foe of man,  
And hurl him from his lofty state,  
To feel its sting—a felon's fate.

---

Temperance raps at the door of  
Ev'ry heart and claims dominion  
There. But oft she is cajoled with  
Vows, and silenced, that he may quaff  
The dregs of drunkenness, th' union  
Of crime, disgrace, disease and death.

---

#### THE CEDAR.

LANGUAGE:—THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH IN THE WINTER OF AGE.

We measure not life by the throbs of the heart;  
Nor frosts that besilver the locks of the hair;  
But life is the longest when pleasures impart  
A thrill to the soul as if child-hood was there.

A life that is true to its nature should seem  
Like th' cedar whose rootlets the rocks interlace.  
In winter, like spring-time, its glow should be green;  
And smiles of the heart should appear on the face.

A soul should not brood over troubles or care;  
Nor change with the seasons or storms in their turn;  
But firm as the cedar, rock anchored and fair;  
Which gives to each buffet a smile in return.

## WHITE CLOVER.

LANGUAGE:—THINK OF ME.

Nestled away without gaudy adorning,  
My home is quite lowly, though modest and free;  
I smile with the dew on my lips in the morning,  
And wonder, Dear one, if you're thinking of me?

When at th' meridian, the sun sends his ray,  
So warm that the lambs seek the shade of the tree:  
I send up a kiss to the limner of day;  
And wonder, Dear one, if you're thinking of me!

When cool evening has come and the vespers are said;  
And I hear the hum from the last honey bee;  
When the birds are at rest and the pigs are in bed;  
I wonder, Dear one, if you're thinking of me?

## TWIN ROSES.

LANGUAGE:—THE RIVER OF LOVE.

I stood 'neath the bows of a willow,  
Where th' currents of two rivers meet;  
And look'd from the depths of its shadow  
That fell like a veil at my feet:—  
I watch'd the two rivers flow onward,  
In union, toward the deep sea;  
Flow on in felicity homeward;  
Embrac'd in their own harmony.

I thought, as I stood by that river,  
Made one by the union of two;  
Of lovers who journey together,  
As souls that are faithful and true:—  
I thought of the meed of their pleasure;  
As pure as the sun's golden beam,  
Which blesses true hearts without measure;  
As sweet as the smiles of a dream.

I thought of the lives that flow onward;  
 As rivers flow on to the sea,  
 Enrich'd with the fruitage of concord,  
 Which blesses through eternity:—  
 I look'd and I saw on that river,  
 Two lives that my heart did approve;  
 How fondly they smil'd on each other,  
 And named it "The River of Love."

---

FIR.

LANGUAGE:—TIME.

Time, what is Time? It is but yesterday  
 Lost in the gulf of Longago;  
 And Longago is but a spell, a play  
 Of words; which means, we do not know:  
 For Time was always in the flow  
 Of short events we measure by,  
 But cannot grasp the earth or sky;  
 Of how, or when, the things we see:  
 For Nature's fathom deeper be,  
 Then man's short tape-line of the mind,  
 Which backwards flash and then 'tis blind  
 To the yet beyond;—The grasp of the Before;  
 For all the scope of finite mind:  
 Yet backward still is more of Time, still more;  
 The all of which is not to find.

---

PANSY.

LANGUAGE:—THOUGHT.

I am a little pansy fair;  
 With winsome winning eyes;  
 I sweetly scent the morning air.  
 That plays beneath the skies,



And nod my head at purling brook  
That rolls beneath my feet,  
And catch the children's fondest look  
When hunting flowers sweet.

Their little fingers gather me  
At each return of spring,  
With feelings of felicity,  
    'They of me sweetly sing,  
Though chorus'd in their simple lays  
    They romp through field and grove,  
In simple little childish ways;  
    Which have a smack of love.

The children call me "pansy mere;"  
    But often change my name,  
When they grow older, year by year,  
    And love is in its flame.  
Sometimes they call me "hearts delight;"  
    Sometimes, as though to please,  
With a half suppress'd delight,  
    They call me "their hearts ease."

The English call me "violet;"  
    And court me when they can;  
My German name, pray don't forget;  
    It is "stief-mutterchen."  
The French with much esteem for me,  
    Perhaps with fancy wrought,  
Give me the pretty name "Pansee;"  
    The emblem of deep thought.

## BURDOCK.

LANGUAGE:—TOUCH ME NOT.

Touch me not, thy very looks, like the eyes  
Of serpents pierce me till I do shudder  
For relief, which only comes when thou art  
Out of my sight, and to, as well my mind.  
Were I born to be haunted by some gnome  
Of loathsome den, or cavern deep and dank  
In the maw of human form? Were that so,  
Then is my mission fill'd and I may curse  
The day when I was born and oblation  
Claim for my crime of birth by meeting you.  
Let me not again see thy hateful face  
Nor feel thy touch, more forbidding than the  
Looks and embrace of Cobolus from his  
Loathsome den. Touch me not.

---

## WHITE POPLAR.

LANGUAGE:—TIME.

Time withereth the forest leaves,  
The oak its lofty head reclines,  
And falls its trunk, and sinks to earth.  
The dahlia buds, blooms and fades,  
The oceans surge, their waters go,  
The mountains crumble and decay,  
Rocks, rivers, lakes stay but a time.

Then by Nature's fiat decay.  
All things celestial and terrene  
Shall pass before the monarch Time  
And bow to his impressive will.

## ETERNITY.

Oh! thou eternity, in vain  
I strive to fathom thee;  
Could I count the sands, grain by grain,  
That gird the mighty sea,  
A thousand years might roll between  
Each number of a sand,  
Which under grand old ocean gleam  
And glisten in the strand.  
Then could I take them one by one,\*  
And bear them from the sea,  
One moment will not have begun—  
Such is eternity.

## WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Bittersweet. (Nightshade.)

LANGUAGE:—TRUTH.

There liveth a jewel more precious than gold,  
More precious than diamonds from Africa's field,  
Which brighter appears as the wearer grows old,  
Protecting the breast as an armor and shield.

When th' shadow of Time as the mantle of night,  
In silence approaches, performing its task,  
Then welcomed the future will be with delight,  
The wearer will have no regrets of the past.

It softens the heart and it brightens the eye,  
Enchases the cheeks with sweet Innocence's bloom,  
It wards from the breast the sharp sting of a sigh  
And keepeth the mind from the trammels of gloom.

It honors the brow of both manhood and age,  
And shieldeth from evil the footsteps of youth;  
Enriches the mind of both statesman and sage,  
Who foster, with care this bright jewel of Truth.

Truth, the brightest jewel in  
Crown of all the virtues, shines forth  
In brilliant grandeur as the guide  
To all true excellence. To be  
Without its guiding light and worth  
Is but to sink 'neath Error's tide.

---

## OAK-LEAF GERANIUM.

LANGUAGE:—TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship, like the evergreen,  
When summer bloom has passed,  
Will still retain the flush of spring,  
Through autumn's chilly blast.

And when the winter's sky shall lower,  
With clouds obscure the day,  
It still retains its vernal power,  
Unconscious of decay.

---

## RED ROSE AND THE WHITE.

LANGUAGE:—UNITY.

I walked in the garden of roses,  
One morning, quite early to view  
The couch where sweet Flora reposes,  
Perfum'd by the honey of dew:  
The bees were there busily humming;  
The brown thrush was weaving a song:—  
They seem'd not to care for my coming;  
Nor if I there saunter'd along.

The roses were smiling so sweetly,  
I felt I was in a world new,  
Where Love held dominion completely  
And hearts were all faithful and true.

The bridal rose grew there in clusters,  
As if to adorn a fair brow,  
And witness the making of pledges  
In heart binding links of a vow.

The Tea rose, the China and Damask;  
The yellow, the pink and pale red;  
(I did not the other names then ask,  
'Twould aid not my song if I had.)  
Peeping through leaf-tether'd windows,  
Observed I two roses so fair,  
That I bent my way out to their recluse,  
And found them a beautiful pair:

Were smiling and chatting together:  
A delightful home was that spot;—  
I knew that they lov'd one another;  
At least from their actions I thought:  
The one was a neat little red rose;  
The other a delicate white;  
They pledg'd to be true until life close:  
As true as the moon's mellow light.

Next morning my heart to the flowers  
Went off with the sweetest commune:  
I wish'd that their moments were hours,  
And hours from April till June:  
I wish'd that my life work extended  
Through roses of various kinds;  
That hearts were as true as pretended,  
And smiles were not made for a blind.

I went by the force of impression  
To where the two roses called home;—  
I saw by his care-worn expression,  
The red rose was living alone:—  
I saw that the white rose was missing;  
Had gone to seek pleasures more gay:  
I learn'd without hazard of guessing,  
That breaking up home she thought play:—

The sun rose so lovely next morning;  
 And the birds were happy and gay:  
 Fair Nature with smiles was adorning  
 The landscape that sweeps far away;—  
 Again I walk'd down to the garden,  
 Where love ought to bask in repose:—  
 (My query I hope you will pardon,)  
 “But where is that little white rose?”

One nodded a wink to the other;  
 The boldest then made this reply:  
 “That little white rose over yonder,  
 Is hunting a home with a sigh;  
 Her petals are fading and falling,  
 But yet she will feign to be gay;  
 The truth she observes, though appalling,  
 That breaking up home is not play.”

---

DAFFODIL.

LANGUAGE:—UNREQUITED LOVE.

Cyone on Sicillian air  
 Heard music from the purling rills,  
 While watching Proserpine fair,  
 Pluck the laughing daffodils  
 With fingers deft in rural ways,  
 With none but nymphs and gods to praise.

Afar the blue sky bow'd to meet  
 The waving sward which stretch'd away  
 Across the meadows, at the feet  
 Of Etna whose works did display  
 The threatenings of an inner cell;  
 Where gods infernal lov'd to dwell.

The damsel thought not of the oath  
 That Pluto swore when mad with love;

Nor was her tripping foot-steps loath  
To follow bees which sent above  
Their hum to meet the robin's trill  
As she smil'd on the daffodil.

Lo, rushing through the stretching plain;  
Came sable steeds on flying wheels;  
A look, a shudder, shriek of pain;  
And all is what a damsel feels  
When arms uncouth around the waist  
With horror feels herself embrac'd.

A rush again, the champing steeds  
Obey the lash and on again;  
And Pluto great his danger heeds.  
As swift Cyone through the plain  
Kept step by step and side by side,  
With eyes of fire he claimed his bride.

But to the valiant youth's dismay  
Pluto drew his scepter from th' sheath  
And with one stroke the earth gave way  
And drew the flying train beneath—  
The maid forgave the nether bound  
For she in hell as queen was crown'd.

At each return of April showers,  
Cyone sad, comes back again,  
And searching through the nodding flowers  
Which grow upon Sicillian plain  
He bears the daffodil above  
To sooth his unrequited love.

## LILY OF THE VALLEY.

LANGUAGE:—UNCONSCIOUS SWEETNESS: RETURN OF HAPPINESS.

Sacred in song, an example to man;  
A flower blooms down in the valley;  
Like the incense of heaven is its perfume;  
We call that sweet flower the lily.

Unconscious its sweetness, unconscious its worth;  
It smiles like the rays of the morning;  
Hallow'd its mission but lowly its birth;  
The zephyrs stoop down for adorning.

Pride of the twilight when evening is here;  
Beauty and worth as sisters embrace;  
With belgards enchant us when Love lingers near,  
And enriching our hearts with its grace.

When Gloom casts a veil o'er the pleasures of man,  
And the heart feels the press of despair;  
The voice of the lily impress us again,  
Look up, heaven is just over there.

Look up, the stars are above; their twinkling light  
Shines out from their stellar abode;  
As the daylight succeeds the darkness of night,  
So the heart is reliev'd of its load.

Look up, weary one and take courage anew;  
The clouds of earth will soon pass away;  
And happiness again, like heavenly dew,  
Will swell the heart like showers of May.

And deterge all the sin that presses the soul;  
With a balm from the regions above;  
Where ills which oppress us have lost their control,  
For up there is the haven of love.



## GRASS.

LANGUAGE:—UTILITY.

Soft carpet of Old Mother Earth,  
The firstling of the vernal birth  
That springs from out that cold repose  
Where nature sleeps beneath the snows.  
I sing in deepest love of thee—!  
Sing of thy great utility;  
As well as beauty you afford  
To cheer man on that rugged road  
That leads up to that mystic stream  
That feeds the horrors of a dream.  
To do thee honor, just, with songs,  
I'd clothe the rocks with Syron tongues,  
And all the leaf-clad trees should raise  
In dulcet songs to thrill thy praise.

Gay flowers fade and pass away,  
And floral wreaths last but a day,  
But you in robes of living green,  
In all the seasons may be seen—  
In all lands, in every zone,  
Where man can live or beasts are known,  
Or tree, or shrub, or plants are found,  
Your verdant mattings grace the ground.

The eye may look and look in vain  
Across the broad and reaching plain,  
Or in the nestled, quiet nooks,  
Or on the banks of wending brooks;  
On shed-lands, or vales below,  
Or on the mountains cap'd with snow,  
Grass, grass, grass is seen everywhere,  
Around the fields and over there:  
Upon the lawn, across the street;  
In marts of trade its tufts we meet:  
And by the Pathway's winding thread,  
It peeps its tiny green-tipped head.

It grows around the rich man's door,  
 And cheers the heart-throbs of the poor,  
 And spreads its matting far away  
 Where lambkins graze and children play.

The earth would be a cheerless place  
 Did not the grasses robe its face,  
 In sunshine deep and shades beneath,  
 To give the tired eye relief.

For beasts it spreads a pliant bed,  
 And covers up the quiet dead,  
 And by example true exclaim,  
 That man, though dead, shall live again.

---

DARNEL.

(Ray Grass.)

LANGUAGE:—VICE.

Aristo was an artist, and so deft was he as such,  
 That nature seemed to smile anew at his most skillful  
 touch;

Yet, with his skill in paints, he wore a heavy hanging eye,  
 Portraying that his heart suppressed a deep and hidden  
 sigh.

To drive the mien of gloom away, that wrestled with his  
 soul,

He sought, within a busy mart, to take an idle troll;  
 When, gazing through the broad highway, his eyes, with  
 gleams of joy,  
 Fell on a most angelic form, a blooming little boy.

The lad so charm'd his swelling heart, that he forgot his  
 woe,

And felt he had a world of bliss within his studio,  
 If he could get a sitting from the boy, so fair and gay,  
 That sported such a comely face, so innocent at play.

“My little man, I would delight to paint your picture free,  
If you will stop your play awhile, and take a walk with me,  
To where my studio is found, a neat and cozy place,  
Where I can rightly use my brush, to paint your pretty  
face.”—

Hand in hand they walked along, the child as if on duty,  
Not dreaming that he was himself, the empire of beauty;  
The child beheld so many things in the room, beguiling,  
But most surprised when he saw himself on canvass  
smiling.

So perfect was the child of bliss, upon the canvass born,  
The artist placed it where his eyes could see it night and  
morn;  
And when his spirits drooped in gloom, he sought the  
picture fair,  
Whose face of innocence sublime, dispelled all gloom and  
care.—

Years came and went, and in their course brought riches  
and renown;  
To the artist, who was impress'd to keep all feelings down,  
That would conduce to thoughts impure by looking at the  
face  
Of this fair child of innocence, which did his heart  
enchase.—

He wondered often what had become of that once hand-  
some boy,  
Whether he had grown up to shame, or to his friends a joy.  
One day, while walking down the street, he saw a man  
forlorn,  
Whose mien was so forbidding that the dogs passed by in  
scorn.

The artist thought the subject was so lorn in the extreme,  
He'd take him to his studio and sketch a beggar scene.

The pose was through—the artist saw the child, the beggar eyeing,  
Then turned he from the picture, with his eyes suffused  
with crying.

“Oh, chide me not, old artist now,” the beggar said and sobbed,  
“The smile that parts that glowing face, long years ago I robb’d—  
’Twas twenty years ago when I came here, at your advice,  
A smiling child, now here again, with twenty years of vice.”

---

AFRICAN MARIGOLDS.

LANGUAGE:—VULGAR MINDS.

Your awkward ways and uncouth tones;  
Your want of manners which refines;  
Place you in the class of buffoons,  
And as well of vulgar minds.

---

YORK AND LANCASTER ROSE.

Also *Achillea Millefolia*.

LANGUAGE:—WAR.

War is heartless, war is cruel,  
War is what the savage crave;  
But its frown is a renewal  
Of the duties of the brave.

Bring my lance and sound the bugle;  
Rouse the brave from shore to shore;  
Now again for manly struggle,  
In the din and smoke of war.

Bare this arm up to my shoulder,  
Let me meet a foe that’s brave;  
Not too frail for I, nor older,  
With whom to test this burnish’d glave.

In yonder field my father fought;  
In yonder field he met th' foe:  
He struck as a brave father ought;  
And his son, will thither go.

And there, like he, I will defend  
Our flag, country and our pride,  
And with the strongest foe contend,  
Or will fall where father died.

---

COWSLIP OR MULLEIN.

LANGUAGE:—PENSIVENESS—WINNING YOUTHFUL GRACES.

Pensive beauty of the sterile waste;  
Companion of my childhood hours;  
With playful mirth and rural taste,  
Oftimes I've dallied with thy flowers.

Over waste fields and far away;  
Hard by the streamlet and the lea;  
I've watch'd thy waving plumes display  
Their vestments to the honey bee.

Like knights of honor wearing high  
Your coronets so rich and rare;  
Your face is mirror'd on the sky  
By sun-gleams shot athwart the air.

Reflecting back a joyous gleam  
O'er barren peaks and pasture lands;  
Which seems more like Enchantment's dream  
Than verdure born of desert sands.

## SMALL WHITE AMARANTH.

LANGUAGE:—WE LIVE AFTER DEATH.

There is a silken chain that binds,  
Mother dear, your child to thee:  
There is a hope that love refines,  
When we cross that fabl'd sea;  
The sea of death.

Tender are the cords that bind us,  
Hallow'd with angelic love;  
Tender are the words of comfort  
Sent you from our home above,  
The sea of death.

Mourn not for your babe, dear Mother;  
Shed no tears that I am gone;  
I'm only out to play, Mother,  
In the realms of love and song;  
The fruits of death.

We all are playful children here;  
All are happy, pure and mild;  
All are waiting for a mother,  
Like your own dear absent child,  
The fruits of death.

We are happy children, Mother,  
Happy in our gleeful play;  
Soon you'll come and join us, Mother,  
In the realms of endless day;  
Found after death.

Here we have no heartaches, Mother,  
No clouds cross our wake of day;  
No sickness, pain, or grief, Mother;  
Come to bother us in play;  
Here, after death.

## SWEET ALYSSUM.

LANGUAGE:—WORTH BEYOND BEAUTY.

Sweet alyssum, how I prize thee;  
Though you claim but modest birth;  
Dress'd in pure and lovely flowers,  
Dainty carpet for the earth.

Sweet alyssum, how you charm me  
With thy pure and simple grace;  
Though your life is unpretentious,  
Worth is written on thy face.

Others raise their heads more lofty,  
Others claim a reign more bright;  
But with all their gaudy pretense,  
None there are more pure and white.

## TWO RED ROSES.

LANGUAGE:—WE JOURNEY TOGETHER.

We are walking down the stream of time;  
Alice, you and I.  
With my hand in yours and yours in mine;  
Alice, you and I.

We are sauntering on the earth bound side:  
Alice, you and I.  
But soon will cross its swelling tide:  
Alice, you and I.

No sorrow, then, will our hearts betide:  
Alice, you and I.  
We will journey onward, side by side:  
Alice, you and I.

We will walk on up the steps of time,  
Alice, you and I.  
With my hand in yours and yours in mine:  
Alice, you and I.

## GUELDER ROSE.

LANGUAGE:—WINTER.

Old Boreas comes down with a scowl on his face,  
From the seas of the north and land of despair;  
His coat is of snow, and his boots are of ice;  
Has frost for his whiskers; icicles for hair;  
He whistles and whistles wherever he goes,  
Not minding the weather, or caring for clothes.

He sweeps through the forest and over the glen,  
And spreads on the ground a white shroud as he goes  
With manners so rude, that whenever he can,  
Through each little crevice, obtrudes he his nose,  
And once he has ingress, audacious and bold,  
He makes all about him feel chilly and cold.

A blast from his nostrils makes hoary the air,  
And freezes the waters of river and lake.  
He nips with his teeth the green boughs until bare,  
And leaves devastation wide strewn in his wake;  
Whatever he touches, with finger or breath,  
Assumes at his bidding the visage of death.

He comes from the north with a rush and a roar;  
With a storm in his mouth, and blasts in his hand,  
He raps at the window, and screams at the door;  
And shoots frigid arrows, like frost through the land—  
With eyes of fierce frore, he pierces the throng,  
And snaps at the ground as he passes along.

As an animal wild, unloosed from his cage,  
Flies hither and thither in search of his prey,  
Incited by hunger, and goaded by rage,  
He bites every object that comes in his way;  
He drinks up the water wherever 'tis found,  
Then away and away he goes with a bound.



Mad, fierce and courageous, he howls through the plains,  
And spreads freezing terror wherever he goes,  
Nor slackens his speed, nor tightens his reins,  
In the fiercest of gales, in rain storms or snows;  
But in the cold frost-land his recluse is chosen  
Where th' air is congealed and ocean is frozen.

But Notus, fair dame of the south, with her wiles,  
'Comes conquering on like a float on the wing,  
And flushes his face with the press of her smiles,  
And quiets his howl by the music of spring;  
Disrobes him of terror by a whiff of her breath,  
And gives him sweet life by a genial death.

---

BLUE SALVIA.

LANGUAGE:—WISDOM.

Wisdom is the fruit of age  
When garner'd in the bins of truth:  
To yield a fair percentage  
Its blossom must appear in youth.

Wisdom yields the better fruit  
When cultur'd in the proper schools;  
But withers in the vain pursuit  
Of cramming it, in heads of fools.

---

Many a man presumes himself wise  
When fed upon taffy, or pomper'd on lies.

---

A fool will take a pose and roll his eyes  
To make another fool presume him wise.

## MEADOW LYCHNIS.

LANGUAGE:—WIT.

When native wit in rapture moves the mind,  
Laugh rushes in a quick response to find;—  
The fool will stand and stagger at a pun;  
Not dreaming that the wise are moved by fun.

---

## BLUE SALVIA.

LANGUAGE:—WISDOM.

To be great you must be wise;  
To be good you must be just:  
To be both is a surprise  
To the people thinking most.

'Tis a problem we must solve  
In these fast progressive days;  
How we can the best evolve,  
Out of poor to better ways.

Should I for you make a rule  
That would serve you in the cause;  
I would tell you drop the fool,  
Put more wisdom in your laws.

When you get rid of the fool,  
A task you'll find hard to do;  
For more belong to that school  
Than the ratio five to two.

Place the rest on their defense,  
Trust no man not tried and true;  
Let Wisdom guide common sense,  
And their badge be Salvia Blue.

## CALADIUM.

LANGUAGE:—I WONDER.

I stood in the whispers of twilight,  
As sun-set was passing away,  
And I look'd where an unseen artist  
Was painting the close of day:—  
Such beautiful colors were blended;  
So rich, so gaudy and gay;  
The red was melted to orange,  
And violet passed into gray.

And there on a deep mellow back-ground,  
Were linings with tinges of white;  
Through which peep'd the first star of ev'ning;  
The out picket guard of the night:  
Behind lay a deep stellar army,  
Encamp'd in a fathomless deep;  
Before spread the plain of Immensity,  
Through which, in one boundless sweep

Millions of bright pointed star-gleams  
Shot out from their awe pending height.  
And, with deft ariel brushes  
Bright Ev'ning was changed into night;  
And there was the long sabled curtain,  
Enwove with a star-spangl'd blent  
Across the rich flush of twilight  
And clos'd out the gay occident.

The world roll'd on mid the grandeur  
Of star-illum'd depths of the sky,  
So strikingly grand that I wonder'd:  
As I gave a sweep of the eye  
Across the blue deck of heaven;  
All studded with diamonds so bright,  
If nature could show greater beauties  
Than a star-spangl'd canvass of night?

I wonder who painted those star-gleams  
And made them the scene of delight?  
I wonder if all those bright twinkles  
That laughs from the bosom of night,  
Are worlds; and, if they are peopl'd  
With folks like the plains of the earth,  
Where Want and contention and war-clouds  
Are mingl'd with laughter and mirth!

I wonder if each has a heaven;  
And each a sweet beatitude there?  
If each had a special creation,  
And each a grim place of despair?  
Are those who inhabit fair Eta;  
Or dwell on the red face of Mars  
Controll'd by the same laws that we are?  
Does it rule the folks of the stars?

Who carries the news of the changes  
Man makes in this Bible of ours?  
Who wings all the creeds of the churches  
To the millions and millions of stars?  
Or do they run there without Bibles,  
Saint Peters and Zeus as well:  
And do they still group in their darkness  
Without an improvement on hell?

I wonder, and O how I wonder  
If JAH is still taking his rest,  
And people who live where the star gleams  
Have never been cors'd or been bless'd?  
I wonder if JAH sends his only  
To all of the stars throughout space  
To blot out the frowns of the father  
From an apple-damn'd cure of the race!  
I wonder, O how I wonder.

## SWEET MIGNONETTE.

LANGUAGE:—YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR CHARMS.

And here a farmer is; a noble brow  
He wears, sun-kiss'd and brown, should I forget  
His worth, or fail to do him honor now?  
For him there grows the low sweet Mignonette.

---

## PETUNIA.

LANGUAGE:—YOUR PRESENCE SOOTHES ME.

Red, pink, purple, variegated and white;  
From the early spring till the frost bites your head;  
So fragrant and fertile; your presence bedight,  
A charm to the eye, as you nestle in bed,  
So rich that you send me a glow of delight.  
Your presence so soothes me as I look on your bloom,  
That something ecstatic creeps over my mind,  
And I wonder why man should be groping in gloom,  
When one pleasant look upon you he would find  
A balm for his gloom in the pleasures of light.

---

## FICOIDES.

(Ice Plant.)

LANGUAGE:—YOUR LOOKS FREEZE ME.

Like frigid arrows from the dart  
Of Boreas, I feel  
Your freezing glances strike my heart,  
Like Death's portending steel,  
When it a prey would find:  
Go hence that I some sweets of life  
May reap without a blight;  
For you are only dear to me  
When you are out of sight;  
And to, out of my mind.

## WILD VERBENIA.

LANGUAGE:—YOU ENCHANT ME.

I plead with thy enchanting wiles,  
Oh, Vervain of the untame field;  
Thy charms enthrall me with a spell  
I would not break, nor can I yield.

And like a trusting fawn I lay  
A plaintive victim at thy feet:—  
Oh, Vervain, must I plead in vain?  
Thy victory will be my defeat.

## WHITE LILAC.

LANGUAGE:—YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE.

Days of childhood, hours of pleasure,  
Moments strewn with pure delight;  
Leave me not the sad reflection  
Of an act that casts a blight  
On the brow of coming age.

Days of childhood now upon me,  
Fill'd with hopes of coming bliss;  
Lead me not in paths forbidden,  
Neither let me be remiss  
Of my duties to engage.

Days of childhood full of promise,  
Full of sweet days of pleasure;  
Fill my heart with love unfathom'd;  
Fill my mind with Wisdom's treasure,  
Guided always by the truth.  
Days of childhood I invoke thee  
In this hour of greatest moment,  
Guide my foot-steps in their duty;  
Let there be no cause to lament  
Inadvertent acts of youth.

## DIPLAEMIA CRASSINODA.

LANGUAGE:—YOU ARE TOO BOLD.

You are too bold: kind modesty  
Sustain'd by looks of courtesy,  
Without too much anxiety,  
Lead up to good society.

---

A bold appearance, brazen face,  
Leave behind the telling trace  
That she who wears them may be said  
Shows signs that she was quite ill-bred.

---

Those women bold and hen-peck'd men,  
Will fail in life as nine to ten.

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## AMERICAN ELM.

LANGUAGE:—PATRIOTISM.

Think well of your country, be proud of its fame;  
And curs'd be the traitor who'd tarnish its name;  
And curs'd be the foot that would cowardly lag  
When Treason or enemies threaten our flag.  
Then let the old banner be placed on the wall  
And guarded with nerve by the bravest of all;  
For dearer it is to American sons  
Than blood from the heart when it gushes it runs  
In defense of the stars and stripes.

Think well of your country, think well of its cause;  
Uphold it with honor and bow to its laws;  
And think when the enemy threaten it most  
What blood it has honor'd, what lives it has cost.

Cast your eye over the blood red'nd fields,  
Where battle scar'd fathers whose breasts were their shields  
Went forward with shouts to that old battle cry,  
"Now conquer we must or to-day we will die  
In defense of the stars and stripes."

How dear to the heart is our country's domains?  
How dear are her mountains, her valleys and plains?  
How dear are the heavens that smile from above?  
How dear are the homes of the lov'd that we love?  
How dear are the graves where our forefathers lie?  
The prayers of our mothers which echo on high,  
The pledge of allegiance each patriot owes  
To stand like a man in the face of her foes,  
In defense of the stars and stripes.





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## APPENDIX.

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THE CLASSIC OF FLOWERS AND VOCABULARY.

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## PREFACE.

In offering the "Classic of Flowers" to the public, in connection with the "Bouquet," we feel that our services will be of value to the lovers of floral myths. What is more tasteful to the refined than the charms of sweet flowers comingled with the religion of those far away times when Greece and Rome blended the two worlds and held converse with the gods and commemorated their powers, in many ways, in the balm of beautiful flowers?

What is more elevating to the soul, or useful to the refinement of man, than to walk in the garden of floral conceptions and associate with the great and good of nations gone and people of esthetic attainments who live through their transmission of humanizing influences and grand mental endowments to the admiring ages following them?

Some men scatter flowers of thought all along their pathway of life, to these we bow a grateful head; they are the saviors of the world, the star-gleams of hope eternal, the anchorage that holds the ship in the sea of love when storms of contention, temptation and sin are sweeping the frail and unstable into the whirlpool of destruction. The heart goes out at the mention of Homer; Pinder glows in beauty; Sappho lives in thoughts of fire; Gray in his grand simplicity; Milton in his sublimity; Shakespeare in that universal passion of man that all nations feel; Poe in the wierd; Bryant in *Thanatopsis* and Longfellow in *Evangeline*; they have strewn flowers along the highway of love, beauty and grandeur. There are many others who have sent gleaming into the world, flowers that will live as long as man has a mind to appreciate the good, beautiful and true, or a heart to love the loveable. To those our mind goes out in grateful reverence. May their benedictions find a home in every soul and every heart become a garden rich in the flowers of noble aspirations.

G. H. WALSER.



## ALYSSUM.

The alyssum is a hardy, perennial plant which was very much esteemed by the ancients because of the belief that it had the power of allaying anger. Persons addicted to an excess of this passion was expected to wear a sprig of alyssum about the person until the feelings were soothed down and the habit overcome by an amiable disposition.

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## ASPEN.

The Germans have a legend that the Lord took a stroll one day among the trees of a primeval forest. As he walked his divinity was recognized by all the trees which paid obeisance to him except one species of the poplar; this tree refused to recognize his divinity nor even bowed in respect to him. This insolence the Lord then and there rebuked in words of condemnation and as a punishment for its conduct he convicted it of disrespect and condemned it to "forever tremble like a fragile reed in the calm as well as in the breeze. It should never be still in sunshine nor in storm, in the calm nor in the wind, but always should tremble, shake and twirl in evidence of its sin." He changed its name from poplar to that of "aspen," and ever since that time its leaves have been kept in continual motion.

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## ASPHODEL.

This stately flower was anciently dedicated to the memory of the dead; it was planted around the tombs of the deceased. It was believed, that, beyond the river Acheron the souls of dead men wandered in great fields of asphodels which gave them food from substances of its flowers. It gave them a drink that obliterated all unpleasant knowledge of their past lives.

Pope mentions the asphodel in his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day:"

"By the streams that ever flow,  
By the fragrant winds that blow  
O'er the Elysian flowers;  
By those happy souls that dwell  
In yellow meads of asphodel  
Or amaranthine bowers."

## AGAVE. CENTURY PLANT.

This celebrated and splendid plant is a native of South America and was introduced in 1640. The striped century plant is considered the most desirable. If given sufficient heat it will flower when it is from ten to twelve years old; the flower stem rises from the center to the height of thirty feet, producing an immense number of yellowish-green flowers, after which the plant perishes. It furnishes a variety of products; when set close together it makes impenetrable fences; the leaves furnish fibres of various qualities; from them are made the finest thread and also the coarsest and strongest rope cables; the juice, when the watery part is evaporated, forms a good soap, and will mix and form a lather with salt water as well as fresh; a very intoxicating drink is also made of the juice; the leaves are made into razor strops, and are also used in scouring all sorts of culinary utensils.

Agave, daughter of Cadmus and Hermoine, married Echion, by whom she had Pentheus, who was torn to pieces by bacchanals. Pentheus refused to acknowledge the divinity of Bacchus, and refused his subjects the privilege of paying divine worship to this new god, and when the Theban women, among whom were his mother and his two aunts, had gone out of the city to celebrate the orgies of Bacchus, Pentheus, apprised of the debauchery attending these orgies of Bacchus, ordered that the god be seized and placed in prison, but when he found that the prison doors opened of their own accord and let the god escape. Pentheus became more irritated than ever and ordered that all the women engaged in the orgies be put to death; but before the order was put into effect Pentheus was seized with a desire to witness the ceremonies and to that end went in a disguise to the mount of Cithaeron from whence he could witness all the ceremonies unperceived; but his curiosity proved fatal to him; becoming discovered the women rushed upon him, foremost among them was his mother and two aunts, Ino and Autonoe, and his body was torn to pieces. The tree on which Pentheus was placed in a mangled condition was cut down by the order of the oracle and with it two statues of the god to wine were made and placed in the forum.

Agave is said to have killed her husband in celebrating the orgies of Bacchus; she received divine honors after death because she had contributed to the education of that god.

This god punished all kinds of indignities offered him with the

severest means, Alcithoe, a Theban woman, ridiculed his orgies, for which she was changed into a bat and her spindle and yarn on which she was working into a vine and ivy.

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#### ANEMONE.

Adonis was a favorite of Venus, he was the son of Cynras by his daughter Myrrha. He was fond of hunting and was often cautioned by Venus not to hunt wild beasts for fear of being killed in the attempt. This advice he slighted and at last received a mortal bite from a wild boar which he had wounded, and Venus, after having shed many tears at his death, changed him into a flower called the Anemone. Procerpine is said to have restored him to life on condition that he should live with her six months out of the year and the other six months with Venus. This implies the alternate return of winter and summer.

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#### AMARYLLIS.

Amaryllis, a mythical country girl celebrated by Virgil as his beautiful mistress, who invoked the gods to induce Augustus to restore to him his lands which had been confiscated and given to the veteran soldiers who fought at the battle of Philippi.

"We fly our pleasant fields and our country, while you, Tityrus, (Virgil) stretched at ease in the shade teach the woods to re-echo the beauteous Amaryllis." There is one of the species called *Jacobean Lily*. It is called Jacobean because of its scarlet flowers which the Spaniards of Peru presume resembles the scarlet swords worn by the Knights of the order of St. James. (Jacobean.)

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#### AMORANTH.

There are about two hundred and fifty different species of this plant, one hundred and five of which belong to America. This is one of the most poetical of all the plants. Its symbol is immortality. This signification was derived from the fact that the flowers after they are plucked and dried retain their fresh color as perfect as when they were on the stalk in full life.

## APPLE.

The apple is supposed to be a native of Palestine, of which the parent stock was the crab. Through cultivation it has greatly increased in quality and varieties; Pliny mentions twenty-two known to the Romans; now there are over two hundred. The apple is a long lived tree, some are still bearing fruit at the age of two hundred years. Apples flourish the best in limestone soil. The apple tree played an important part in Scandinavian mythology, The goddess Iduna was supposed to have charge of the tree, the fruit of which, when eaten under her care, had the power to impart immortality to the person eating. It was reserved for the use of the gods; when they found themselves growing old they partook of this fruit and their youth was restored. Loki, god of the lower regions, becoming angered at the gods of heaven, carried off the lovely Iduna and also the apple tree and hid them in a deep forest so they could not be found by the gods. In consequence of this theft everything went wrong, both in heaven and earth. The gods grew old and infirm, became unable to perform their duties in the government of man and the result was man became very wicked and under the charge of Loki; things grew worse and worse until the gods combined and made war upon Loki, and after a terrible struggle they overcame him and obtained the return of the apple tree.

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## BROOM.

Plantagenet was the surname of the royal family of England from Henry II. to Richard III., inclusive. It commenced with the house of Anjou, through Count Geoffry; as it is said, on the day of one of the great battles in which the Britons were engaged, Count Geoffry wore a sprig of broom, *plantagenistae*, in his helmet and so distinguished himself on the field that he was surnamed Plantagenet; he afterwards married Matelda, or Maud, Empress of Germany who was daughter of Henry I. from whom sprang the long line of kings from Henry II. up through the Henrys and to Richard III. The name is now borne through collateral descent by the duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

The name is also connected with the story that Fulk, the first earl of that family, having committed some crime, in remorse went on a pilgrimage to Rome where he was scourged with broom twigs; hence the name and language of the flower in one sense, humility.



The other is courage, having waved defiantly in a hotly contested battle, and the best is neatness, emblematic of the domestic broom in the hands of a good housewife.

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#### CELANDINE.

The celandine is the emblem of deceptive hopes; its name is derived from the Greek word a *swallow*, because of the fact that it seems to come and go with the migrations of that bird. It was thought by the old people that the swallow used this flower to restore sight to their young when their eyes were out.

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#### CYPRESS.

The cypress is a tree native to Candia, Cypress, Greece, Turkey, Persia and Asia Minor; it is remarkable for its durability. Instances are mentioned of doors and posts made of this wood that are over eleven hundred years old. It is the kind mentioned in the Bible and was famous among the ancients. For a long time it has been cultivated in gardens because of its deep evergreen branches and leaves, and for the peculiar gloomy air it imparts to the neighborhood where grown. It is used among the Turks for cemeteries. The most renowned cypress is that of Somma, in Lombardy, said to have been planted the year of the birth of Christ, but records in existence make it a considerable tree forty two years before Christ. It was found when measured a few years ago to be a tree one hundred and twenty feet high and twenty-three feet in circumference. Ovid surrounds the tree with a mythical history. It seems that in the fields of Caea was a pet stag; it was the favorite of all the nymphs and especially was it the favorite of Cyparissus. One day this youth, being an adept with the bow and arrow, shot and accidentally killed the pet stag. When the fact was ascertained by the youth what he had done he became so grief stricken that he prayed to the gods in expiation of his crime to cause him to mourn for all time to come; Apollo hearing his prayer transformed him into the cypress tree and condemned him to preside at all funerals. Hence the cypress became the emblem of mourning.

## CROCUS.

There are two kinds of crocuses; those which blossom in the spring and those which blossom in the fall. The spring blossoming crocus, (*crocus vernus*) has a purple or white flower with finely netted root coats; and the cloth of gold crocus, with a small deep yellow flower; the sepals of which are deeply veined with dark chocolate brown lines. The saffron crocus (*crocus sativus*.) blossoms in October. It is extensively cultivated in England, Italy and France for its produce of saffron. It grows wild in Asia. For saffron its flowers are picked just as they are opening in the morning and the stigmas carefully extracted; they are then dried in a kiln, pressed between rough cloth and several sheets of white paper, into a cake, when it is ready for the market. The yield of saffron is about two lbs. per acre, for the first year; more for the second and as much as twenty-four lbs. the third year.

Crocus is derived from *crocua* a beautiful Roman youth who was greatly in love with Smilax, a lovely nymph, and being so impatient of the delays of the consummation of his love that he became annoying to the gods in his importunities to hasten his suit; therefore to punish him for his impatience he was transformed into a crocus and his lady love into a yew tree.

## COWSLIP. OR MULLEIN.

Cowslip is one of the branches of the Mullein family of which there are about twenty-five varieties. It is a biennial herb, and a native of Europe. It flourishes the best on waste and wornout lands; the presence of the mullein always indicates poor husbandry. Its bloom is borne on a long, slender terminal spike, and is of a bright yellow color. The motn mullein grows from two to five feet high, its flowers grow on a long leafy raceme; each flower is exerted on a pedestal about an inch long, the color of this flower is either a bright yellow or white, tinted with purplish. The yellow oxslip is larger than the cowslip and not so common. The cowslip is a great honey bearer and furnishes a rich field for bees. Many poets have sang in honor of the cowslip, among whom are Shakespeare, Milton, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hewitt and Miss Landon.

## THE CORNFLOWER.

Delicate flower I pray you tell,  
Does my lover still love me and love me well?

The classic name of the cornflower is *Cyanus*: which was the name of a devotee of the goddess *Flora*.

To satisfy the burning love he had for this goddess of flowers he usually spent his time in the fields of corn gathering wild flowers and weaving them into garlands for festive occasions, his favorite flower was the delicate cornflower with its deep blue blushes.

The petals of the cornflower were formerly used for love definitions; the uses of which *Cyanus* gives, or is supposed to give, in the lines on the cornflower, which young girls take great delight in practicing in their playful fortune finding in the mines of the heart.

## THE DAISY.

The daisy or day's eye (*bellis perennis*,) is a small perennial plant and a native of England. It was formerly employed as edgings or for small patches, which if frequently mown present a pleasing appearance. The florets are numerous, and in the native state it is white tipped with a stain of crimson, in a single row around the central florets of the disk; this is the single daisy but through cultivation it has become very double or multiplex and has run into many curious varieties, some of which are white, some bluish, rose color, striped, and other hues. According to the classics, this little flower was created by Belides one of the dryads and nymphs who presided over woodlands. While this damsel was dancing with Ephigeus, her favorite suitor, Vertumnus, the guardian nymph of orchards fell in love with her and sought to capture her; to protect her from his pursuit she was transformed into the daisy or *Boellis*, day's eye, as the old poets called it, which is the flower of faithful love and innocence, and opens and closes with the sun. The French call it *Marguerite*, or *Pearl*.

It was chosen as the device of Margaret of Anjou, the beautiful but unfortunate queen of England; who was married to Henry VI, through the Marquis of Suffolk as Henry's proxy.

It was also adopted as the emblem of the beautiful, but cruel and profligate Margaret of Valois from whom it derived the title of *La Marguerite*.

## DAFFODIL.

The daffodil is a bulbous plant, quite hardy and one of the earliest spring bloomers. Its blossom is a golden yellow. It makes a beautiful showy bed when planted in clusters. The name is a corruption of Dis's lily. According to Grecian mythology, Pluto was king of Hell. Because of his gloomy abode in the infernal regions none of the goddesses would marry him; for this reason he made up his mind to obtain a wife by force. One day as the beautiful Proserpine was gathering flowers in Sicily, supposed to be the daffodil, Pluto in a black chariot, driving a coal black team of horses, surprised and seized her and bore her away, notwithstanding her tears and protestations. The young lover Cyone tried to stop the running steeds, but Pluto struck the ground with his scepter and instantly the earth opened and admitted Pluto, Proserpine and the chariot into the lower regions, where Proserpine was made queen of Hell. In Pluto's flight from the enraged Cyone, he dropped from his chariot the daffodil. This beautiful flower has been honored by the poets, Jean, Ingelow, Herrick, Wordsworth, Shakespeare and Chaucer.

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DAHLIA.

The dahlia represents strictly mental culture more than natural endowments; it is characteristic of a person who has filled the mind with the learning of others, rather than enriched his own powers through original thought and investigation.

The dahlia is a native of Mexico, where Baron Humboldt found it growing many hundred feet above the level of the sea in a sandy meadow. It was introduced in England in 1789, but was neglected and the genus lost. It ornamented the Escorial, at Madrid, for several years before Spanish jealousy would permit it to be introduced into other countries of Europe. It derives its name from Professor Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist: in 1804 he presented it to Lady Holland who was its first successful English cultivator. Its coarse foliage, gaudy flowers and want of perfume seem to have prevented it from becoming a favorite with our poets and it has not enriched the world with song, though Mrs. Sigourney has mentioned it in her "Farewell," and Martinus honored it with a fitting tribute.

## FLOWERS.

Euterpe, one of the muses and daughter of Jupiter and Mue-mosyne, presided over music and was supposed to be the inventress of the flute and of all wind instruments. She is represented as wearing a crown of flowers and holding a flute in her hand. She was supposed by some to be the inventress of tragedy, but the honor is also claimed for Melpomone.

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## FOX GLOVE.

The *Fox Glove* is typical of *insincerity* because of the fact that within its bright blossoms an insidious poison lurks. It is the medical *digitalis*. In England it is called Witches' Fingers. In France and Germany it is known as *Finger Flowers* because it resembles the finger of a glove. Its flower is beautiful but its poison insidious; therefore its language is *insincerity*.

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## FORGET-ME-NOT.

This beautiful little flower has a charming legend attached to it that is worthy our admiration. Bertha and Rodolph were standing one day on the bank of the Danube when Bertha spied a bunch of these little blue flowers washed and tossed on the waves of the stream. She, in admiration of them and with a seeming pity for their fate, which must be a water grave, expressed a wish that they should not in bloom and beauty perish thus; the youth assayed to rescue them to please their fair sympathizer that she might wear them in her sunny hair, and plunged into the stream. The sullen waves were too strong for him, but he reached the flowers and threw them to his bride, but could not save himself and as he sank beneath the water he said, "Forget-me-not."

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## THE HELLEBORE.

The black hellebore is a wild plant found in southern Europe and America. It is cultivated as a garden flower; it has a beautiful rose colored bloom. It blooms in winter in England and America in the spring; the herb and root possess a very acrid property. It is a powerful emetic and cathartic. It is used as a domestic remedy for worms. It has been known to cause the expulsion of tape-worms.

## HELIOTROPE.

A perennial plant with vanilla scented blossoms. Pliny and Dioscorides assert that its flowers turn toward the sun, hence its generic name. It was also called *verrucaria* by the Latins from the notion that its expressed juice mixed with salt would cure warts.

The heliotrope is typical of Clytia who fell in love with the sun and died of love when he retired to rest in the evening.

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## HAREBELL.

The harebell is a small bell-shaped blue flower when found in its native state; harebell means bell-shape, bell flower. In its cultivated state it is a profuse bloomer, bearing blue, red, purple and white flowers. In a gentle breeze the rustle of its little bells sends forth sweet faint concordances which breathes the strains of suppressed grief, submissive and suppliant; hence its language. It loves the shade, old walls, decaying tombs, and by-places to chant its requiem of sorrow.

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## HAWTHORNE.

The hawthorne is a small tree, indigenous in both Europe and America. It leafs out very early in the spring, for which the legend is attached that it sprang from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea. It is used in Great Britain for hedges; the Greeks considered it a fortunate tree; and the Romans esteemed it as a signal of good luck to marriages; it was used as emblematic of domestic success at weddings. The hedgethorn was carried by the Roman youths at the time of the Cincensian games, first established by Romulus, and performed in the circus at home. On one occasion the Romans had invited their neighbors, the Sabines, to the celebration of these games, and while the unsuspecting guests were being entertained as they thought, the Romans seized and carried off all the Sabine women, and forced them to become their wives. After this event, the hawthorn was considered as a symbol of marriage.

## HYACINTH.

The name of this beautiful flower is derived from the name of Hyacinthus, a beautiful Grecian youth, who was greatly loved by both Apollo and Zephyrus. His father Amyclas and mother Diomedé entrusted the education of the youth to the keeping of Apollo; the youth became very much attached to Apollo to the neglect of the love of Zephyrus; this seeming neglect of the proffered love of this god, Zephyrus, that he resolved on revenge. One day while Apollo and the youth were engaged in a game of quoits Zephyrus embraced the opportunity; and when Apollo threw the quoit at the mark Zephyrus blew it aside and caused it to hit Hyacinthus who was killed by the blow. Apollo was so disconsolate at the death of Hyacinthus that he changed the flowing blood into a flower by that name and placed his body among the constellations. The Spartians also established yearly feasts in honor of this youth.

The blood of Hyacinthus commemorates the grief of Apollo but the blood of Ajax, his name. Ajax and Ulyssus had a disputation over the honor of having the armor of Achilles. Ajax claimed the honor because of his great strength and prowess in war; Ulyssus because of his powers of mind in directing a doubtful war to a successful close. He claimed that the powers of the mind were more useful and powerful than great personal strength and manly courage. The disputation was left to the arbitrament of the Grecian chieftains; who hearing the arguments and claims of each, gave the decision to Ulyssus; this so outraged the feelings of Ajax that he took his sword and sent its point to his own heart and from his faithful blood a green stem grew and produced the purple Hyacinth, which was held in commemoration of the name of Hyacinthus.

## JOB'S TEARS—COIX.

*Coix* or *Job's Tears* was a name given to a red leaved plant by Theophrastus. This is a genus of perennial grasses that succeed well under ordinary care in the open garden. *Coix lachryma*, is a native of the East Indies and was introduced in this country in the year 1596. It was formerly cultivated for its seeds which are commonly known as *Job's Tears*. Mothers in the past century thought that their children could not go safely through the period of teething without a string of Job's Tears around their necks.



## THE LAUREL, OR SWEET BAY TREE.

The laurel, or sweet bay was deemed by both the Romans and Greeks as emblematic of *Victory* and *Clemency*.

The achievements of all noble deeds, especially in war, were signalized by laurel crowns. The leaves of the tree were esteemed as very efficacious in sickness, and its shelter was believed to prevent damage by lightning.

In the classics the laurel is called *Daphne*, because of the ancient legend that a nymph, by that name, who was a daughter of the river-god Peneus. Appolo observed her and at once fell deeply in love with her beauty. This passion had been raised by Cupid with whom Appollo had been in dispute about the power of his darts. Daphne heard with horror the addresses of Appollo and endeavored to escape from his importunities by flight; Appollo following, on and on she went over mountains through deep forest and unfrequented places, but being fearful that she would finally be caught she importuned the gods for assistance, who heard her prayers, and in order to save her, transformed her into a laurel. Appollo, to appease his unrequited love, wove a crown out of the leaves of the tree and ordered that ever afterwards that tree should be held in sacred memory of his divinity.

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## LILY.

Lily is derived from the Celtic word *li* signifying whiteness; the lily having long been an emblem of whiteness and purity. The lily was sacred to Juno but afterward became consecrated to the Virgin Mary.

It is the emblem of heavenly grace and angelic love, pure and holy. While the rose is emblematic of human love the lily is of angelic love; it is said to be a gift from the angel world as a token of pure thoughts knocking at the door of each heart for the admittance of good intentions and an upright life.

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## THE LOTUS.

There are several species of the lotus. There is one kind in Africa that grows to a tree thirty feet high and bears an edible fruit. The blue water lotus of the Nile was sacred to Osiris and Isis and in Egyptian delineations they signified the creation of the world.



Ulysses in his journeys in Africa wished to detain his companions and to that end gave them some of the fruit of the lotus to eat, as it was supposed that whoever ate of that fruit would never desire to see his native country again. The Arabs call it the fruit of destiny, which is to be eaten in paradise.

It is supposed that the Egyptian lotus has the power to take all memory of past events out of the mind to never return again.

It would be a very popular flower if it could be cultivated in this country if it has the power of taking from the memory the sting of the past.

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#### MISTLETOE.

The mistletoe is a parasite; it is an evergreen shrub with forked branch stems, parasitically implanting themselves in the woody portion of various trees; sometimes insinuating themselves by creeping roots under the bark and seldom growing in the ground. It is sought after, and hung up with the holly at Christmas festivals where the custom of kissing beneath its branches is a part of the merriment.

This pleasant Christmas custom most likely came from the Saxons and commemorative of Balder the son of Oden, who was the principal Deity of Scandinavian mythology. He was wise, mild, eloquent and beautiful. He had a presentiment that he was to die soon. His anxious mother, Frigga, called all creation, animate and inanimate, together and exacted from every god, spirit, mountain, ocean and river an oath that they would do him no harm; she overlooked the parasitical devil called Mistel, or mistletoe, who seemed of so little importance that she did not care to regard him worthy of a summons. Loki, the god of malice, got Hodur, an exceedingly strong but blind god, to throw Mistletoe at Balder which perforated the brilliant god and let his divine soul out. Balder descended to the lower regions; his brother, Hermoder, rode to hell on Sleipner, his steed, to treat for Balder's extradition, which was granted on condition that all the gods would weep for Balder; this Loki refused to do, then was ordered a great wake to be held over the body of Balder.

"During Christmas festivities it is considered proper for any lad to exact from any lass the toll of one kiss when they accidentally meet where ceilings festooned neat and gay with branches of the mistletoe."

## MARIGOLD.

The marigold is an old and favorite flower of England; in former times it was called "Golden," but in medieval times the name was changed to Marigold. It was the custom in doing honor to the Virgin Mary to name useful and beautiful things after her, so in the course of time it went by the name of Marigold. The marigold, in itself, expresses grief but by a judicious combination of other flowers with it, its significance is changed: for instance, when it is combined with roses it is symbolic of "the pleasant pains of love," when mingled in a bouquet with poppies it signifies "I will allay your pain;" associated with cypress it is an emblem of death and betokens despair. A garland of marigold is typical of jealousy, yellow being the emblematical color of that passion.

The Marigold is usually open from nine in the morning until late in the afternoon, this foreshadows a continuance of dry weather; should the blossom remain closed, rain is likely to come.

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## NARCISSUS.

Narcissus is a beautiful flowering plant. It grows in abundance in a wild state on the table lands of the Jura mountains of Europe. It also occurs in great quantities in Great Britain and is esteemed one of the most beautiful flowers of the kingdom. There is a double variety cultivated in our gardens; it is used as edgings, or planted in beds in some warm sunny place where they exhibit their flowers in April. The Narcissus also has a place in Mythology. The river god Cephissus and nymph Liriope had a very beautiful son; but he was wholly inaccessible to love. The nymph Echo died of grief because he would not reciprocate her love. He rejected all proffers of love from the goddesses. One of his rejected admirers sought for revenge for the humiliation of his rejection and to that end she begged Nemesis to punish him for his disregard for her. It was foretold that the youth should be happy until he should see his own face; one day after being heated in the chase he came to a clear spring of water where he stooped down to drink, on seeing the reflection of his own face in the clear water he became enamored of himself; he could not get away from the strange fascination, he was spellbound to the spot where he pined away and died under the influence of this passion. After his death the Niades prepared a funeral pyre for him and when all was ready for his burial they went

for his body but it was gone; it had been changed into a flower, which ever afterwards went by his name. The poetic Narcissus has a snow white flower, fringed on the borders with a crimson circle. It is very sweet scented, and flowers in May. There is a sort of a cup in the center which Linnius called the "nectary," this cup is supposed to contain the tears of the unfortunate Narcissus.

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### NERINE, OR GUERNSEY LILY.

The Guernsey Lily is a native of Japan, and the reason it is called by that name is said to be a ship laden with these bulbs and other plants from China was wrecked on the coast of Guernsey; the bulbs of the nerine being washed on shore took root in the sandy soil and became so prolific that it was supposed to be a native of the island. The bulbs are generally planted in the spring in pots in sandy loam, and in September and October they bloom.

Mythology:—The Nerine is named after Nerine, one of the daughters of Nerius, a deity of the sea and Doris his wife; there were fifty of those daughters in number called nereids; they were implored as rests of the deities; there were altars erected to them chiefly on the coast of the sea where the piety of mankind made offerings of milk, oil and honey and sometimes of the flesh of goats. When the nereids were on shore they generally resided in grottos and caves which were adorned with shells and shaded by vines. Their duties were to attend upon the more powerful deities of the sea and to be observant to the will of Neptune. They were particularly fond of alcyons, and as they had the power of ruffling or calming the waters, they were always addressed by sailors who implored their protection, that they might grant them a favorable voyage and a safe return. They are represented as young and handsome virgins, sitting on dolphins and holding Neptune's trident in their hand, or sometimes garlands of flowers.

Nereus, their father, was the son of Oceanus and Terra. He is generally represented as an old man with a long flowing beard, and hair of an azure color. The chief place of his residence was in the Aegean sea, where he was surrounded by his daughters who often danced in chorus around him. He had the gift of prophesy and informed those who consulted him of their future. He acquainted Paris with the consequences of his elopement with Helen, and it was by his directions that Hercules obtained the golden apple of the

Hesperides. He could change his shape and by this means he often avoided those who would consult him.

Nereus is often taken for the sea itself. Nereus is sometimes called the most ancient of the gods.

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### THE OAK.

The oak has a mythical history attending it that dates far back into the ages of mental culture and religion. Like the oaks of Mamre which served as temples of worship to the early Hebrews, the sacred shadows of the oak was hallowed by the Druids who had no other temples for worship than beneath the boughs of these ancient trees.

The history of the Druistic religion is so shadowed by the long past that historians can but conjecture as to its origin or fundamental teachings; it is known, however, that it had both an exoteric and essoteric side; like ancient Budhism, the exoteric was for the people and the essoteric for the priests and is perhaps an offshoot of Braminism. The Druids were ancient inhabitants of Gaul and the islands of Britain. They believed in one God and many minor deities among which were Hesus, Tarann, Belen, etc.

The name Druid was derived from the oak, the Celtic name of which was *deru*. This name was given them from the fact that their worship was in the open air and beneath the shades of these venerable trees. While there were many blind superstitions connected with their religion it is evident from relics now in the "Royal Irish Academy," pertaining to the fact that they were acquainted with our solar system and computed their year by lunations which supposes an acquaintance with astronomy with a goodly mixture of astrology.

They held a great many plants in reverent esteem; among which was the mistletoe, the sanitary virtues of which were so great that it was esteemed an antidote to all poisons and a cure for all diseases. It was gathered during the month of August of each year with the most formal and pompous ceremonies. As soon as it was discovered twining around the sacred oak, the Druids collected in crowds about the tree; a banquet and a sacrifice were prepared, and amid dancing and choral hymns to their deities the grand ceremonial of cutting the mistletoe from the oak took place; the chief Druid, robed in white, ascended the tree, and with a golden sickle severed the mis-

tletoe from the tree; two other white robed priests caught it in a white cloak as it fell. Two white bulls fastened to the tree by the horns were then offered in sacrifice amid great joy and acclamation of the participants.

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#### OLIVE.

Alirrothius, son of Neptune, hearing that his father had been defeated by Minerva, in his dispute about giving a name to Athens, went to the citadel and endeavored to cut down the olive tree which had sprung from the ground and giving the victory to Minerva, but in the attempt he missed his mark and cut his own legs so badly that he expired immediately.

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#### THE WILD OLIVE.

During the Trogen war, the nymphs were accustomed to meet in a deep cool grotto, near a cave, shaded by trees, ornamented with swards of grass and trembling reeds. The deep cool shade quite hid out the rays of the piercing sun; winding brooklets and small cascades made it a lovely spot fit for nymphs and gods to frequent. Here cool zephyrs fan'd in joyous play. The goathered god was wot to come there too, as were the sylvan nymphs; Appulus, who was a kind of a jesting wag and buffoon made it a point to go there to and amused himself by mimizing the ways of the nymphs, and used obscene jests and loose language. To punish him for his obtrusion and ill-bred conduct, his tongue was tied with films of bark so he could not speak, and then he was metamorphosed into a wild olive tree.

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#### PANSY.

The pansy or *pensee*, as the French say, is symbolical of remembrance. The Italians call it *flammola*, "the little flame." It is also called "Love-in-Idleness," "Jump-Up-and-Kiss-Me-Quick," "The herb Trinity," "Three-Face-Under-a-Hood," "Kiss-Me-Behind-the-Garden-Gate," "Cuddle-Me-to-You" and "Call-Me-to-You," as evidence of the great favoritism in which it is held by the people.

## PAEONIA.

This flower, common in our gardens, derived its name from Paeon, a celebrated Greek physician, who cured the wounds that the gods received in the Trojan war. It is said he employed this flower in medicine. From him physicians are sometimes called *paeonii*.

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## PERIWINKLE, VINCA, OR CREEPING MYRTLE.

The periwinkle is an evergreen creeping plant much used in cemeteries for covering graves. For this reason in Italy it is called the "Flower of Death" and also "Winter Verdure" because its myrtle green leaves last through the winter. The French call it the "Magician's Violet." It is considered by them the emblem of sincere friendship. The English esteem this evergreen as representing tender recollections. The Germans use it as the symbol of immortality. Chaucer honored it as being one of the ornaments of the god of love.

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## PIMPERNEL.

The pimpernel, or *anagallis* is a genus of annual and biennial plants; they are universal favorites for planting in the beds of flower gardens. They are propagated by seeds or by cuttings. The name is derived from *anageleo*, to laugh. The Pimpernel is fabled as having the power to drive away gloom and despondency. It does not unfold its petals until eight o'clock in the morning and then closes them again towards noon; from this habit it has gained the cognomen of "the poor man's hour glass. "It is also sometimes called the "Shepherd's Warning," from the fact that it closes its petals on the approach of rain.

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## PLEIONE.

This flower belongs to the Orchides family; it is remarkable for its dwarf habits and richly colored blooms which are produced in the fall or early winter after having had a rest from growth. Its name is derived from Pleione, wife of Atlas, king of Mauritania,

who bore him twelve daughters and one son named Hyas. After their death seven of these daughters were formed into a constellation called Pleaides, situate near the back of the bull in the Zodiac.

The son was killed by a wild boar; this so grieved the other five daughters that they pined away and died, and after death were changed into stars and were placed near Taurus one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. They are called Hyades from the name of their brother Hyas.

All of the seven daughters forming the Pleaides had immortal gods for their suitors save Merope who married Sisyphus, king of Corinth, and because she married a mortal she was veiled and appears in the Pleaides obscure and indistinct.

The meaning of Pleaides is *to sail*, because the constellation shows mariners the best time for navigation.

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#### POPLAR.

It was on the banks of the Eridanus, now called the river Po, one of the largest rivers in Italy, rising in the Alps and easing itself in the Adriatic sea by several mouths. It was on its fertile border that the Heliades, Lampertie, Phaetusa and Lampethusa, daughters of the sun and Clymene, who became so broken-hearted at the death of their brother, Phaeton, that the gods took pity on them and changed them into poplar trees, and their tears into precious amber.

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#### PRIMROSE OR PRIMULA.

This is one of the first flowers that shows its head above the frozen earth in spring time, and is greatly beloved by both peasant and poet, the low and the high. It is emblematic of youth and innocence.

This little flower is classically known as Paraisos. It was thus styled in commemoration of a youth so named who pined away with grief for the loss of his betrothed, Melicerta, and was metamorphosed into the primrose.



## POPPY.

The goddess Ceres had a favorite daughter by Jupiter named Proserpine, who was carried away by Pluto while she was plucking flowers in Sicily and taken to hell where she was crowned queen.

The news of the loss of her daughter so exercised her mother Ceres that she commenced a thorough search for her, she hunted all over Sicily; night coming on she lighted two torches from the flame of Aetna and continued her search, finding her veil near the fountain of Cyane where she met the nymph Arethusa, who informed her that Pluto had captured her daughter and cleft the ground near by and descended to the lower regions with her; this so enraged Ceres that she went to heaven in a chariot drawn by two dragons and demanded of Jupiter the restoration of her daughter. Jupiter endeavored to dissuade the infuriated goddess by telling her that she ought to be proud of having such a strong god as Pluto as her son-in-law, but she would not be quieted until Pluto soothed her condition by creating the poppy and giving her of its nectar to drink, and then agreeing that if Proserpine had eaten nothing since she was in hell that he would let her come back, but upon enquiry she had eaten a pomegranate seed, which was discovered to Jupiter by Ascalapheus, and therefore her return was impracticable. Ascalapheus was turned into an owl.

Ceres was represented with a garland of ears of corn on her head, in one hand was a lighted torch and in the other a poppy which was sacred to her.

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PASSION FLOWER.

Passiflora, or Passion Flower. From *passio*, suffering, and *flos*, a flower, referring to the filaments or rays and other parts being like the circumstances of the crucifixion of Christ.

The name was derived from the parts resembling the instruments used at the crucifixion: thus the three nails, two for the hands and one for the feet are represented by the stigmas, the five anthers indicate the five wounds; the rays of glory, or, as some say, the crown of thorns, are represented by the rays of the "corona;" the ten parts of the perianth represents the Apostles, two of them absent, Peter who denied and Judas who betrayed. The hands of his executioners are seen in the digitate leaves of the plant and the scourges in the tendrils.



## THE REED.

Syrinx, a beautiful nymph who frequented the plains of Arcadia became the adored of all the sylvan gods. They eagerly sought her company which she did not wish to encourage and to avoid their presence she often secluded herself in the forest and rural places. Pan was one of her suitors; placing on his brow a pine wreath he went to pay his addresses to the fair goddess but she would not receive him, and to avoid his importunities fled and was soon out of sight. Becoming fatigued, she stopped on the banks of the Ladon to rest. While there Pan overtook her, having with him some reeds. While singing his songs of love the wind sprang up and breathed through the reeds a mournful air, it so charmed Pan with the sweetness of the music he addressed the object of his adorations thus: "Though thou can'st not be the partner of my bed, you shall be the consort of my mind and oft to my lips be joined." Saying this he metamorphosed her into a reed.

## ROSES.

The red rose is an emblem of love, while the lily is an emblem of spirituality, or angelic purity. Hymen is represented as being crowned with roses. Hymen or Hymenaeus was a beautiful youth of Athens, of lowly origin but of great qualities of beauty, courage and adventure. He became greatly enamored of the daughter of one of the richest families of Athens; the disparity of social conditions removed him from the presence and conversation of the idol of his heart, consequently he contented himself to follow her wherever she went. The matrons of Athens joined in a religious procession to Eleusis. Hymenaeus, in order to accompany his mistress, dressed himself in the disguise of a woman, his fair face and comely features greatly aided him in his disguise; on the way they were intercepted by a band of robbers and carried away. Hymenaeus shared the captivity and abiding his time and opportunity, slew their captors when asleep; he then went to Athens and offered to release the women and restore them to their homes if he be granted the privilege of marriage to his choice among them which was granted; he restored the captives and chose as his companion the mistress of his heart; his marriage condition was so felicitous that the people of Athens instituted festivals in his honor and after death gave him divine honors and invoked him at their nuptials.

He is represented as wearing a crown of roses holding a burning torch in one hand and in the other a purple colored vase. It was supposed that he always attended at nuptials and should a marriage be celebrated without his presence it always ended with disaster, hence people ran about calling aloud "Hymen, Hymen, at marriages."

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#### RUE.

The *rue* is an old fashion garden plant, its flowers are usually yellow and disposed in terminal corymbs.

In the days of prowling devils, priestly ignorance and general superstition the rue was held in great esteem, and was then called "the herb of grace," because the priests pretended to use it in exorcisms, that is driving out devils from sick people. It is used also in connection with the rosemary at wedding festivals.

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#### ROSEMARY.

The rosemary is a verticillate plant growing in southern France, Italy and the United States. It is too tender for northern culture except it be sheltered from the frosts of winter. It is so fragrant when in bloom that it makes the air redolent. It is oftimes used at marriages, funerals and on festive occasions. It is symbolic of remembrance. Shakespeare says in Hamlet:

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

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#### RED CLOVER.

Red clover represents rural life: a person delighted in nature. It represents domesticity; with a beautiful sacrificing life and purity of disposition.

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#### SENSITIVE PLANT.

Qualities: This emblem of bashfulness is a member of the Mimosa family. In India it grows to be a tree. There it is called the "Friendly Tree," because of the fact that it droops its branches on the approach of a person. Moore calls it

"That courteous tree,  
Which bows to all who seek its canopy."

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This tree and its family must be possessed of nerve forces, and in that respect, at least, possess slight qualities of the animal kingdom.

It is now well known that in some instances plants are endowed with animal qualities, for instance the "Venus Fly Trap" has not only sensory nerves, but it catches, with its wide mouth, insects and digests them for food. In the venus fly trap, (*diones muscipula*) and snow dew, (*drosera*) the barriers between the animal and vegetable kingdoms are entirely broken down; these plants and several other kinds have carnivorous qualities; they have a kind of a nerve system in their leaf structure and also digestive qualities. On their leaves are small sensitive filments which stand out at right angels, they are possessed of qualities that attract insects; as soon as an insect touches one of the leaves it at once contracts and incloses the unsuspecting fly in its maw, which dissolves the soluble parts and rejects the hard and indigestible substances.

See Orthopaedia, title Vegetable Life.

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#### SWEET PEA.

The sweet pea is a delicate climbing flower; it grows from three to five feet high. If planted early in the spring in good rich soil it presents a pleasant effect. The flowers are of various shades and hues; if trained on trellises, they make a grand display all summer long. If the flowers are picked when they begin to fade; if allowed to go to seed, the pea soon ceases to bloom and dies down. The sweet pea is a very popular garden flower; their pretty colors and delightful perfume make them favorites.

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#### SNOWDROP.

The snowdrop is a pretty early flower, blooming from the last of February to the beginning of April; it belongs to the amaryllis; it is indigenous in meadows and along river banks of Europe; there are three varieties, the single, semi-double and double. It is a white heart-shaped blossom, striped interiorly with greenish lines. It grows from bulbs which should be planted in autumn in clusters of six or eight in a row. They should be lifted and reset every few years on account of their rapid increase. Traditions have it that

the snowdrop blossoms on the second day of February, or candlemas day, in honor of the Virgin Mary. This day is kept by the Catholics in celebration of the Holy Virgin taking Jesus to the Jewish Temple and presenting the offering of two turtle doves.

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#### SWEET NIGHTINGALE.

The sweet Nightingale or *Latura*, is a beautiful night blooming flower; it is closely allied to the *Grand Brugmansis*; it presents a striking beauty in the evening, as it is an evening bloomer. It opens about sun-set and lasts until nearly noon next day. Its flowers are pure white, they sometimes measure nine inches long and five to six inches across the top. It fills the air with delicious fragrance.

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#### SWEET-WILLIAM.

In the charming manner the Sweet-William arranges its variegated flowers into bouquet clusters has won for it the sobriquet of "Poet's Eye." It belongs to the pink family and is well worthy the honors conferred upon it.

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#### SUNFLOWER.

The beautiful and as well the sorrowful legend of Clytie makes the sunflower an emblem of Hope looking up through tears of affliction to the sunlight of happiness beyond.

The sunflower is the emblem of the Spiritualists of America. Clytie was the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, she was beloved by Helois, and she loved him in return to such an extent that he became her idol of all that was good, manly and lovable; but he was not so devoted and his love was changed to *Leucothea*, a daughter of King *Orchamns*. Clytie, smarting under the infliction of desertion by her beloved, discovered his liaisons with *Leucothea* to her father, who, feeling the family insult, caused his daughter to be entombed alive; this tragedy so outraged the feelings of Helois that he totally abandoned Clytie. This so depressed Clytie that she became overwhelmed with grief, she prostrated herself on the ground with her eyes fixed steadily on the sun whose course she followed, with the

hope of again obtaining the object of her affections, but died with only hope that in the future she might regain what she had lost on earth. The sunflowers ever afterwards kept his face towards the sun.

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#### SWEET SEDGE.

The sedge is a species of the rush; its principal use is for mats, chair bottoms and rough carpets. In northwest England, in olden times, the gentle folks strewed the floors of their churches with the sweet sedge because the language meant resignation. When oppressed and trodden upon the incense to God was the sweetest. Which taught them to bear with humiliation and meekness the gibes, jeers and oppressions of the world with resignation and forgiveness.

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#### THE SWEETBRIAR, OR EGLANTINE.

The language of this flower is, "I wound to heal." I know not the reason of the language given to it, unless it be typical of the surgeon's knife, which amputates a limb to save the life of his patient and then heals the wound by appropriate remedies. The sharp prick of the briar is compensated for by the sweet perfume of the flower, which is so strong, when combined with other flowers in a bouquet, the one combined with it soon decays.

It is called by older poets the "Eglantine." That name is also sometimes applied to the Honeysuckle.

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#### THYMUS, OR THYME.

The name is derived from *Thumus*, which signifies courage, or strength. The smell of the thyme is quite invigorating and was held in great esteem by the pagans who used it for incense in their worship. A curious legend is connected with this plant which makes Vulcan, if true, more than human in his birth. Juno, his mother brought forth this god of old from the effects of smelling the fresh leaves of a plant supposed to be the thyme.

## TREE OF LIFE.

This is a mythical tree, not found in botany or in floral catalogues so far as we know. The idea sprang from the scriptures. In Genesis 2:7 it is spoken of as one of the trees of the Garden of Eden. Clark, in his comments on this verse thinks that it alluded to any tree or herb which was good for medicine, or healthy for food. In the reference to the tree of life in Rev. 2:7, and 23:2, 23, he thinks it had reference to a future life in the paradise of God, but not to a literal tree of earth. In poetical allusion we think it might apply to any of the evergreens.

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## TREFOIL.

The Trefoil is a species of the clover: *Tria*, three, *Folium*, leaf. Therefore it means three leafed, and is applicable to any kind of clover, whether red or white.

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## THE WALLFLOWER.

The Wallflower is a common plant in England, which is very fragrant. It is symbolical of *Fidelity in Misfortunes*. Its name is from *cheir* the hand and *anthos* a flower in reference to the custom of carrying the wallflower in the hand as a nosegay. It was worn in the Middle Ages by the troubadors and musicians as emblematic of their unchangeableness in affection.

There is a legend attached to the wallflower to the effect that there was a very beautiful maiden who was in love with a youth whom her father disliked; and to keep the young girl from his associations the father had her placed in close surveillance, in order to see her lover, the maiden climbed upon a wall and fastened herself there by a silken cord, by means of which she attempted to let herself down; but she slipped and fell, the cord became unloosed and she was precipitated to the ground and was killed by the effects of the fall. Jove took pity on her and to commemorate her memory turned her into the wallflower.

## THISTLE.

The *thistle* is the national emblem of Scotland and has long been the theme of many a song by that brave people. "The thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave," associates it with the highest feelings of patriotism.

There is an ancient order in Scotland called "The Order of the Thistle." Through the vicissitudes of wars and revolutions the order had become in disuse, but James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, in the year 1687, issued a warrant of its restitution. It fell into obedience again after the abdication of James, but was restored by Anna in 1703, and is now one of the recognized orders of the British empire.

The warrant of 1687 restricted the number of knights to twelve besides the sovereign, but since May, 1827, it has been extended to sixteen. Formerly no one was admitted into the order but Scotch peers, but now the rule is not so strictly observed.

The principal decorations are a gold collar with sixteen thistles interlaced with sprigs of rue to which is suspended a small image of St. Andrew and St. Andrew's cross of silver, in the center of which is a thistle surrounded with the motto of Scotland, "*Nemo me pune lacessit*," from which emanates silver rays forming a star. In the heat and hatred of religious wars, triumphs and defeats as to which should hold dominion, Catholicism or Protestantism, the figure of St. Giles, which had long been triumphantly born through battle and breeze, was torn from the old standard and the hardy thistle put in its place.

## THE LILY.

The lily, rose and violet have come down side by side from the earliest recollections of man.

The lily of the valley seems to have a closer association with our affections than the others, perhaps because the name is associated with Holy Writ; but in fact the lily of the valley that we know is a native of the Alleghanies of Virginia and southward. "The lily of the field," Math. 6:28, are supposed to be the *amaryllis lutea*. The lily is supposed to be the favorite flower of the angel world, because perhaps it was fabled that the white lily sprang from the milk of Hera and was therefore called the flower of angelic purity in contrast



with the rose which was the favorite flower of the incontinent Aphrodite, or Venus. This goddess wore a belt, the peculiar attributes of which was to excite a devouring passion of love for the one who wore it. This girdle was embroidered with roses.

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#### VIOLET.

Violets, beautiful flowers, rich in color and delightfully fragrant. They commence blooming early and continue until late in the fall. If grown in the house as a winter flower. They should be kept at a low temperature; if kept in the open ground they should be protected with a light covering of leaves to prevent too frequent freezing and thawing. The violet is typical of modesty; but by some it is used as an emblem of faithfulness. When the great Napoleon was in exile his faithful followers adopted this little beauty as emblematic of their faithfulness to his cause and memory. A small bunch of the violets hung up in the house or worn on the person indicated their adherence to him. Napoleon was called *Pere le Violette*. It is still the emblem of the Bonapartes. The violet was much esteemed by the Ionic Athenians; they called it "Ion." It was created in the grass by Jupiter as food for Io, who was the daughter of Inachus who founded the worship of Juno or Jasus. Io was beloved by Jupiter and because of the jealousy of Juno, he metamorphosed her into a heifer, and created the beautiful violet as her food. Juno, the wife of Jupiter, obtained from him a gift to her of the heifer and she then placed her under the control of Argus Panoptes and put her in her grove at Mycenea. Mercury being commissioned by Jupiter to release Io was guided by a bird to Aruus where he killed Panoptes with a stone and released Io. Juno's jealousy being increased created the gad-fly which tormented poor Io into a frenzy and ran her over the whole earth; but at last she came to the valley of the Nile where she was restored to her human form. She afterwards bore a son to Jupiter, and introduced the worship of Isis; with whom she afterwards became identified.

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#### VERVAIN.

This is the wild verbenia and has been the symbol of enchantment from time immemorial. To the Greeks it was esteemed sacred and called it the "Sacred Herb." It was highly esteemed by them



from the fact that they thought it had the power of reconciling enemies. The Romans thought it clothed with the same charm; they always sent a twig of it with their ambassadors when sent on treaties of peace, and whenever they dispatched their heralds to offer the terms of peace to an enemy or desired the suspension of hostilities. Dryden calls it "holy vervain."

It was also used in the decoration of altars by the ancients, they presumed it had peculiar powers in reconciling the names of the departed to the gods. The Druids held it in the same esteem as the mistletoe; they used it in devinations and casting of lots. It was used by the Cornish peasantry as a charm against ague. Gathering the vervain was gathering "good luck."

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#### WEeping WILLOW.

Emblematic of mourning is this tree of fragile limbs and pendant boughs. The weeping willow was first introduced by Pope, it came from Spain used as a tether around a package sent as a present to Lady Suffolk. Poet Pope was present when the covering was taken off, and perceiving that the twig was alive, concluded to try the experiment of propagating it by cuttings, so he stuck it in the ground in his garden, it grew and the result was the introduction of the Weeping Willow in England, and from England to America.

It is often planted over graves, and with its sorrowful looks it presents a fitting guardian for the loved and departed ones, particularly when laden with dew-drops hanging like tears from upon the drooping leaves.

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#### WORMWOOD.

From the aromatic herb is distilled a liquor which the French call *Extract d'Absithe*. It is principally manufactured in Switzerland and is exported in great quantities all over the world; it is said that France consumes annually 2,000,000 gallons. It is a very soothing and a very dangerous drink. It is worse and more poisonous than opium and infinitely worse than alcohol. It was formerly used by the French soldiers as a febrifuge by mixing it with his wine, but now its use is forbidden in the French army.

It is said that Absinthe, when first taken has a most exhilarat-

ing effect on the intellect. It awakens all the powers of the mind and produces the grandest conceptions imaginable. The feeling is like a mild state of intoxication, in which the memory can call up, as vividly as when the transaction occurred, it soars away into the realms of the sublime; it grasps, it comprehends, but alas how fatal! An unappeasable thirst takes hold of the victim, with giddiness, tingling of the ears and hallucinations of sight and hearing, and when the habit is carried on long a mental depression supplants that of vivacity, followed by a loss of brain power and often idiocy. Shun it as you would a venomous serpent.



## THE LINDEN TREE.

LANGUAGE:—CONJUGAL LOVE.

TO MY WIFE.

In the absent hours of thine,  
How sad it is for me?  
How slowly rolls the wheels of Time;  
How oft I pine for thee;  
My own, my darling wife?  
The present has no charm I own;  
The future seems afar;  
I only feel that thou art gone,  
My sunshine and my star—  
The solace of my life.

The refrain of those smiles are gone,  
That made our lives so bright;  
And now I hear within our home  
The whispers lone of night,  
And sad, so sad I feel.

The flowers in our window there  
Contain no charm for me;  
Their leaflets and corollas fair  
Seem wishing too for thee  
As if in sorrow real.

The carols of the birds of air,  
In plaintive strains prolong  
The agonies my heart must bear  
Until that sweeter song,  
Awakes my sadden ear—  
The song of love I oft have heard,  
Roll from your lips so true,  
Which told me by the sweetest word  
That ever mortal knew,  
That love gives home its cheer.

O, bring me back that cheer again,  
That heart swell of your love,  
And let me hear that sweet refrain,  
Like wavelets from above;  
I am coming, I am coming.  
O, that joyful thought, sweet refrain,

That cheers my heart anew,  
 That home will soon be bright again,  
 And I will soon see you;  
 My own Alice coming.

And in that word a pleasure lives,  
 Ecstatic in extreme,  
 For coming pleasure always gives  
 To Hope a wakeful dream;  
 And life a blissful glow.  
 'Tis coming; O, that sweeter day,  
 When we in sweet commune  
 With spirits bright will pass away  
 To our eternal home,  
 Where pleasures ever flow.

And in that home which love has made,  
 With true angelic care,  
 No sorrow will its bliss invade;  
 No parting will be there;—  
 No one be left alone.  
 Then hand to hand, and heart to heart,  
 We will each other give,  
 That true angelic counterpart  
 Where Love alone can live,  
 And discord never come.

### BEAUTIFUL SPIRITS OF LIGHT.

A SONG.

(TUNE: We are Marching to Zion )

Come ye who love the light  
 And let your joys be known;  
 Join in the song of sweetest note,  
 Join in the song of sweetest note  
 Where love and truth are sown,  
 Where love and truth are sown.

#### CHORUS:

We're marching to join them,  
 Beautiful spirits of light:  
 We're marching upward to join them;  
 Those beautiful spirits of light.

O, stay not in the dark,  
Nor starve your precious soul  
But come and join us hand in heart,  
But come and join us hand in heart  
And march on to the light;  
And march on to the light.

CHORUS—

They're calling; they're calling;  
They're calling from afar;  
Come join the throng as we pass on,  
Come join the throng as we pass on  
Where life eternal reigns,  
Where life eternal reigns.

CHORUS—

We're marching to join them,  
Beautiful spirits of light:  
We're marching upward to join them;  
Those beautiful spirits of light.

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### THE CHESTNUT.

LANGUAGE:—DO ME JUSTICE. WE LIVE IN OUR DEEDS.

BEN VOTAH.

Ben Votah was as sweet in song as ever thrill'd a lyre,  
He play'd and sang such dulcit strains the string seem'd e'en on fire;  
He chose the songs that others sang and sung them o'er again,  
And ev'ry note he struck so deft it breath'd a sweeter strain,  
And told of melodies in store that aye had slumber'd there  
Until a master broke the spell that erst had bound them there.  
Ben sang of childhood's playful glee, of birds, trees and flowers,  
And with such themes he sat and sang for hours and for hours.  
All nature seem'd akin to him and he akin to it.  
And when he sang of posies fair he knew not when to quit.  
The lofty trees their branches waved in measures on their air  
And swards of green still brighter grew when he was lolling there.  
The Daisy broke the spell of frost to listen at his strains;  
Narcissus woke from out her sleep to catch the floating trains  
Of music on the balmy air as they went rolling on  
To depths within the heart of love that lives in mirth and song.

The rose unrol'd its petals sweet to get a morning kiss  
From busy bees that join'd their hum to swell the tide of bliss.  
The lily loan'd ecstatic grace to that melodic flow  
That charms the sacred heart of man which angels only know.  
The Pink dressed in her gaudy hues as if from out a dream  
Look'd down to see if Lotus sang from off the wimpled stream,  
That one soft lullaby of old that murmurs soft and low  
Adown the winding of the stream to ocean deep below,  
Where all are blended in the flush of that ne'er ceasing tide  
That throbs like life through all the bounds of Nature deep and wide.

He sang to scorn that cynic thought that it but seemeth wrong  
That Age should throw his cares aside for laughter and for song,  
And court that long drawn crepitude that crimple on the face  
To make the passing fools believe that sighs are drips of grace.  
Ben felt that in the stream of Time at ripe old Sixty-Two  
That heart attun'd to thoughts aright should be as good as new;  
That heart beats measure not the life that crumbled in the span,  
Nor do the wrinkles on the face portray the worth of man;  
For some are dead when they are born and some seer in the teen,  
While others smiling on the road see eighty in the green.

Ben never saw a cloud in life but peek'd he through the rift  
To see the gleaming sun above which gave him such a lift  
That he surmounted with great ease obstacles in the way,  
And never saw a night so dark but it gave place to day.  
He never gnaw'd the old dry bones encumber'd with the past,  
And never would give up a smile as long as it would last.  
Another rule Ben had in life, and ne'er had cause to rue it,  
He never crossed the bridge, its said, until he came up to it.  
He never bought a pleasure at the anguish of a sigh,  
And never caused a tear of grief to trickle from the eye.  
Ben sang a better song than these, a song he lov'd to sing,  
A song that chang'd the winter's frown into the smiles of spring;  
A song that nestled to the heart and in low whispers said  
"Brace up against the ills of now relief is just ahead;  
Brace up, faint soul, and bear your cross though you feel overcast.  
However dark the now may be it cannot always last."  
Ben never traded for a sigh the playful gleams of joy,  
And never felt he was too old to laugh, just like a boy.  
He never felt it was beneath his station as a man  
To catch the rich sun-gleams of mirth and laughter as they ran.

And always tried, through life's long span, to keep his lyre strung,  
And always sang the sweetest songs that ever mortal sung.

The morning beam'd as gorgeously as ever caught a view,  
The cloudlets chang'd their grayish cast to gold enambl'd hue;  
The airy songsters warbled out their wild and piping lays;  
And lambkins blated from the green as if to join in praise;  
The woods re-echo'd melodies, to hear was to admire;  
All seem'd alive to mirth and song except the old man's lyre;  
That was hush'd, forever hush'd, for some low voice said  
The heart that tun'd that instrument, Ben Votah old, is dead.

The parson came with visage long with prayerbook in his hand,  
To say the funeral obsequy as God, he said, had plann'd;  
And as Old Ben, in all his life had never join'd a church,  
He knew, according to the book, Old Ben was in the lurch;  
And as he preach'd, and sniff'd and preach'd, he got Ben nigh to hell,  
But just before he shov'd him in, Bill Stanton spoke, "its well  
To weigh Old Ben, on other scales, than those of Adam's sin,  
And if Old Ben don't come out right then you may send him in;  
And when you weigh Old Ben, now mind, let Justice be your scales,  
For Justice, when uncramp'd by creeds, never, no never fails.  
Before you send Old Ben below, I think a juster plan  
Would be to cut your preachin' short and call the world of man,  
And ask of all who knew Old Ben, in life's plethoric throng,  
If they had ever heard one say, that Ben had done him wrong?"  
The world was call'd, the trial had, and each was ask'd to say  
If Ben had ever injur'd him? and each one answer'd "nay."  
Although Ben knew not how to pray, as do the most of men,  
They all declar'd that hell was not the proper place for Ben;  
And with his lyre by his side they plac'd him in his grave,  
And wrote upon his small head-board, "good deeds will ever save.

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NOTE.—This poem was written after the first part was in press, hence it lost its alphabetical position in the book.





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THE VOCABULARY.

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## THE VOCABULARY.

### PART THE FIRST.

ABECEDARY.....	<i>Volubility.</i>
Abatina .....	<i>Fickleness.</i>
Acacia.....	<i>Friendship.</i>
Acacia, Rose or White .....	<i>Elegance.</i>
Acacia, Yellow.....	<i>Secret love.</i>
Acanthus ....	<i>The fine arts. Artifice.</i>
Acalia.....	<i>Temperance.</i>
Achillea Millefolia .....	<i>War.</i>
Achimenes Cupreata.....	<i>Such worth is rare.</i>
Aconite (Wolfsbane).....	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Aconite, Crowfoot .....	<i>Luster.</i>
Adonis, Flos .....	<i>Sad memories.</i>
African Marigold ..	<i>Vulgar minds.</i>
Agnus Castus .....	<i>Coldness. Indifference.</i>
Agrimony .....	<i>Thankfulness. Gratitude.</i>
Almond, Common ....	<i>Stupidity. Indiscretion.</i>
Almond, Flowering.....	<i>Hope.</i>
Almond, Laurel.....	<i>Perfidy.</i>
Allspice.....	<i>Compassion.</i>
Aloe.....	<i>Grief. Religious Superstition.</i> <i>Bitterness.</i>
Althæa Frutex (Syrian Mallow) ..	<i>Persuasion.</i>
Alyssum, Sweet.....	<i>Worth beyond beauty.</i>
Amaranth, Globe.....	<i>Immortality. Unfading love.</i>
Amaranth, Small White.....	<i>We live after death.</i>
Amaranth (Cockscomb) ....	<i>Foppery. Affectation.</i>
Amaryllis.....	<i>Pride. Timidity. Splendid beauty.</i>
Ambrosta .....	<i>Love returned.</i>
American Cowslip .....	<i>Divine beauty.</i>
American Elm .....	<i>Patriotism.</i>
American Linden.....	<i>Matrimony.</i>
American Starwort ...	<i>Welcome to a stranger. Cheer-</i> <i>fulness in old age.</i>

Amethyst.....	Admiration.
Andromeda.....	Self-sacrifice.
Anemone (Zephyr Flower).....	Sickness. Expectation.
Anemone, Garden.....	Forsaken.
Angelica.....	Inspiration, or Magic.
Angrec.....	Royalty.
Apocynum (Dogsbane).....	Deceit.
Apple.....	Temptation.
Apple Blossom.....	Preference. Fame speaks him great and good.
Apple, Thorn.....	Deceitful charms.
Apricot Blossom.....	Doubt.
Arbor Vitæ.....	Unchanging friendship. Live for Me.
Arbutus.....	Thee only do I love.
Arum (Wake Robin).....	Ardor. Zeal.
Ash-leaved Trumpet Flower.....	Separation.
Ash, Mountain.....	Prudence, or With me you are safe.
Ash Tree.....	Grandeur.
Aspen Tree.....	Lamentation, or Fear.
Aster (China).....	Variety. After-thought.
Asphodel.....	My regrets follow you to the grave.
Auricula.....	Painting.
Auricula, Scarlet.....	Avarice.
Auricula, Yellow.....	Splendor.
Autumnal Leaves.....	Melancholy.
Azalea.....	Temperance.
BACHELOR'S Button.....	Celibacy.
Balm.....	Sympathy.
Balm, Gentle.....	Pleasantry.
Balm of Gilead.....	Cure. Relief.
Balsam, Red.....	Touch me not. Impatient resolves.
Balsam, Yellow.....	Impatience.
Barberry.....	Sharpness of temper.
Basil.....	Hatred.
Bay Leaf.....	I change but in death.
Bay (Rose) Rhododendron.....	Danger. Beware.
Bay Tree.....	Glory.
Bay Wreath.....	Reward of merit.
Bearded Crepis.....	Protection.

Beech Tree.....	<i>Prosperity.</i>
Bee Orchis .....	<i>Industry.</i>
Bee Ophrys.....	<i>Error.</i>
Begonia .....	<i>Deformity.</i>
Belladonna .....	<i>Silence. Hush!</i>
Bell Flower, Pyramidal.....	<i>Constancy.</i>
Bell Flower (small white).....	<i>Gratitude.</i>
Belvedere.....	<i>I declare against you.</i>
Betony .....	<i>Surprise.</i>
Bilberry .....	<i>Treachery.</i>
Bindweed, Great.....	<i>Insinuation. Importunity.</i>
Bindweed, Small.....	<i>Humility.</i>
Birch.....	<i>Meekness.</i>
Birdsfoot (Trefoil).....	<i>Revenge.</i>
Bittersweet (Nightshade).....	<i>Truth.</i>
Black Poplar .....	<i>Courage. Affliction.</i>
Blackthorn.....	<i>Difficulty.</i>
Bladder Nut Tree.....	<i>Frivolity. Amusement.</i>
Bluebottle (Centaur).....	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Bluebell.....	<i>Constancy. Sorrowful regret.</i>
Blue-flowered Greek Valerian....	<i>Rupture.</i>
Bonus Henricus.....	<i>Goodness.</i>
Borage .....	<i>Bluntness.</i>
Box Tree.....	<i>Stoicism.</i>
Bramble.....	<i>Lowliness. Envy. Remorse.</i>
Branch of Currants.....	<i>You please all.</i>
Branch of Thorns.....	<i>Severity. Rigor.</i>
Bridal Rose.....	<i>Happy love.</i>
Broom.....	<i>Humility. Neatness.</i>
Browallia Jamisonii.....	<i>Could you bear poverty?</i>
Buckbean .....	<i>Calm repose.</i>
Bud of White Rose.....	<i>A heart ignorant of love.</i>
Buglos .....	<i>Falsehood.</i>
Bulrush .....	<i>Indiscretion. Docility.</i>
Bundle of Reeds, with their Pa- nicles.....	<i>Music.</i>
Burr .....	<i>Rudeness. You weary me.</i>
Burdock.....	<i>Importunity. Touch me not.</i>
Buttercups (Kingcup).....	<i>Ingratitude. Childishness.</i>
Buttercups .....	<i>Riches.</i>
Butterfly Orchis.....	<i>Gayety.</i>
Butterfly Weed.....	<i>Let me go.</i>

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CABBAGE .....	<i>Profit.</i>
Cacalia .....	<i>Adulation.</i>
Cactus .....	<i>Warmth.</i>
Calla Æthiopica .....	<i>Magnificent beauty.</i>
Calceolaria .....	<i>I offer you pecuniary assistance, or I offer you my fortune.</i>
Caladium .....	<i>I wonder.</i>
Calycanthus .....	<i>Benevolence.</i>
Camellia Japonica, Red .....	<i>Unpretending excellence.</i>
Camellia, White .....	<i>Perfected loveliness,</i>
Campanula Pyramida .....	<i>Aspiring.</i>
Camphire .....	<i>Fragrance.</i>
Canary Grass .....	<i>Perseverance.</i>
Candytuft .....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Canterbury Bell .....	<i>Acknowledgment.</i>
Cape Jasmine .....	<i>I am too happy.</i>
Cardamine .....	<i>Paternal error.</i>
Carnation, Deep Red .....	<i>Alas! for my poor heart.</i>
Carnation, Striped .....	<i>Refusal.</i>
Carnation, Yellow .....	<i>Disdain.</i>
Cardinal Flower .....	<i>Distinction.</i>
Catchfly .....	<i>Snare.</i>
Catchfly, Red .....	<i>Youthful love.</i>
Catchfly, White .....	<i>Betrayed.</i>
Cattleya .....	<i>Mature charms.</i>
Cattleya, Pineli .....	<i>Matronly grace.</i>
Cedar .....	<i>Strength.</i>
Cedar of Lebanon .....	<i>Incorruptible.</i>
Cedar Leaf .....	<i>I live for thee.</i>
Celandine, Lesser .....	<i>Joys to come.</i>
Cereus, Creeping .....	<i>Modest genius.</i>
Centaury .....	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Chamomile .....	<i>Energy in adversity.</i>
Chamignon .....	<i>Suspicion.</i>
Checkered Fritillary .....	<i>Persecution.</i>
Cherry Tree, White .....	<i>Good education.</i>
Cherry Blossom .....	<i>Insincerity.</i>
Chestnut, The .....	<i>Do me justice. We live in our deeds.</i>
Chinese Primrose .....	<i>Lasting love.</i>
Chickweed .....	<i>Rendezvous.</i>
Chicory .....	<i>Frugality.</i>

China Aster .....	<i>Variety.</i>
China Aster, Double .....	<i>I partake your sentiments.</i>
China Aster, Single .....	<i>I will think of it.</i>
China or Indian Pink .....	<i>Aversion.</i>
China Rose .....	<i>Beauty always new.</i>
Chinese Chrysanthemum .....	<i>Cheerfulness under adversity.</i>
Chorozema Varium .....	<i>You have many lovers.</i>
Christmas Rose .....	<i>Relieve my anxiety.</i>
Chrysanthemum, Red .....	<i>I love.</i>
Chrysanthemum, White .....	<i>Truth.</i>
Chrysanthemum, Yellow .....	<i>Slighted love.</i>
Cineraria .....	<i>Always delightful.</i>
Cinquefoil .....	<i>Maternal affection.</i>
Circæa .....	<i>Spell.</i>
Cistus, or Rock Rose .....	<i>Popular favor.</i>
Cistus, Gum .....	<i>I shall die to-morrow.</i>
Citron .....	<i>Ill-natured beauty.</i>
Clarkia .....	<i>The variety of your conversation delights me.</i>
Clematis .....	<i>Mental beauty. Artifice.</i>
Clematis, Evergreen .....	<i>Poverty.</i>
Cliaanthus .....	<i>Worldliness. Self-seeking.</i>
Clotbur. ....	<i>Rudeness. Pertinacity.</i>
Cloves .....	<i>Dignity.</i>
Clover, Four-leaved .....	<i>Be mine.</i>
Clover, Red .....	<i>Industry.</i>
Clover, White .....	<i>Think of me. Promise.</i>
Cobæa .....	<i>Gossip.</i>
Cockscomb (Amaranth) .....	<i>Foppery. Affectation. Singularity</i>
Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron ..	<i>My best days are past.</i>
Coltsfoot .....	<i>Justice shall be done.</i>
Columbine .....	<i>Folly.</i>
Columbine, Purple .....	<i>Resolved to win.</i>
Columbine, Red .....	<i>Anxious and trembling.</i>
Convolvulus .....	<i>Bonds.</i>
Convolvulus Bl., Minor .....	<i>Repose. Night.</i>
Convolvulus Major .....	<i>Extinguished hopes.</i>
Convolvulus, Pink .....	<i>Worth sustained by judicious and tender affection.</i>
Convulus Closed .....	<i>Forlorn hope.</i>
Corchorus .....	<i>Impatient of absence.</i>
Coreopsis .....	<i>Always cheerful.</i>





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Daphne .....	<i>Glory. Immortality.</i>
Daphne Odora.....	<i>Painting the lily.</i>
Darnel .....	<i>Vice.</i>
Dead Leaves.....	<i>Sadness.</i>
Deadly Nightshade .....	<i>Falsehood.</i>
Dew Plant.....	<i>A Serenade.</i>
Dianthus.....	<i>Make haste.</i>
Diosma.....	<i>Your simple elegance charms me.</i>
Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.....	<i>Fortitude.</i>
Diplademia Crassinoda.. ..	<i>You are too bold.</i>
Dittany of Crete.....	<i>Birth.</i>
Dittany of Crete, White.....	<i>Passion.</i>
Dock.....	<i>Patience.</i>
Dodder of Thyme.....	<i>Baseness.</i>
Dogsbane.....	<i>Deceit. Falsehood.</i>
Dogwood .....	<i>Durability.</i>
Dragon Plant.....	<i>Snare.</i>
Dragonwort .....	<i>Horror.</i>
Dried Flax .....	<i>Utility.</i>
EBONY Tree.....	<i>Blackness.</i>
Echites Atropurpurea....	<i>Be warned in time.</i>
Eglantine (Sweetbrier).....	<i>Poetry. I wound to heal.</i>
Elder.....	<i>Zealousness.</i>
Elm.....	<i>Dignity.</i>
Enchanter's Nightshade... ..	<i>Witchcraft. Sorcery.</i>
Endive.....	<i>Frugality.</i>
Eschscholtzia.....	<i>Do not refuse me.</i>
Eupatorium .....	<i>Delay.</i>
Evening Primrose.....	<i>Silent love.</i>
Ever-bowing Candytuft....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Evergreen Clematis.....	<i>Poverty.</i>
Evergreen Thorn .....	<i>Solace in Adversity.</i>
Everlasting .....	<i>Never-ceasing remembrance.</i>
Everlasting Pea.....	<i>Lasting Pleasure.</i>
FENNEL.....	<i>Worthy all praise. Strength.</i>
Fern .....	<i>Fascination. Magic. Sincerity.</i>
Ficoides (Ice Plant).....	<i>Your looks freeze me.</i>
Fig .....	<i>Argument.</i>
Fig Marigold .....	<i>Idleness.</i>
Fig Tree.....	<i>Prolific.</i>

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Filbert .....	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Fir .....	<i>Time.</i>
Fir Tree .....	<i>Elevation.</i>
Flax .....	<i>Domestic industry. Fate. I feel your kindness.</i>
Flax-leaved Golden-locks .....	<i>Tardiness.</i>
Fleur-de-Lis .....	<i>Flame. I burn.</i>
Fleur-de-Luce .....	<i>Fire.</i>
Flowering Fern .....	<i>Reverie.</i>
Flowering Reed .....	<i>Confidence in Heaven.</i>
Flower-of-an-Hour .....	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Fly Orchis .....	<i>Error.</i>
Flytrap .....	<i>Deceit.</i>
Fool's Parsley .....	<i>Silliness.</i>
Forget-me-not .....	<i>Forget me not.</i>
Foxglove .....	<i>Insincerity.</i>
Foxtail grass .....	<i>Sporting.</i>
Franciscea Latifolia .....	<i>Beware of false friends.</i>
French Honeysuckle .....	<i>Rustic beauty.</i>
French Marigold .....	<i>Jealousy.</i>
French Willow .....	<i>Bravery and Humanity.</i>
Frog Ophrys .....	<i>Disgust.</i>
Fuller's Teasel .....	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Fumitory .....	<i>Spleen.</i>
Fuchsia, Scarlet .....	<i>Taste.</i>
Furze, or Gorse .....	<i>Love for all seasons. Anger.</i>
GARDEN Anemone .....	<i>Forsaken.</i>
Garden Chervil .....	<i>Sincerity.</i>
Garden Daisy .....	<i>I partake your sentiments.</i>
Garden Marigold .....	<i>Uneasiness.</i>
Garden Ranunculus .....	<i>You are rich in attraction.</i>
Garden Sage .....	<i>Esteem.</i>
Garland of Roses .....	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Gardenia .....	<i>Refinement.</i>
Gentian .....	<i>I love you best when you are sad.</i>
Germander Speedwell .....	<i>Facility.</i>
Geranium .....	<i>Deceit.</i>
Geranium, Dark .....	<i>Melancholy.</i>
Geranium, Horseshoe-leaf .....	<i>Stupidity.</i>
Geranium, Ivy .....	<i>Bridal Favor.</i>
Geranium, Lemon .....	<i>Unexpected meeting.</i>

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Geranium, Nutmeg .....	<i>Expected meeting.</i>
Geranium, Oak-leaved.....	<i>True Friendship.</i>
Geranium, Penciled.....	<i>Ingenuity.</i>
Geranium, Rose-scented.....	<i>Preference.</i>
Geranium, Scarlet .....	<i>Comforting.</i>
Geranium, Silver-leaved.....	<i>Recall.</i>
Geranium, Willd .....	<i>Steadfast piety.</i>
Gillyflower.....	<i>Bonds of affection.</i>
Gladioli.....	<i>Ready armed.</i>
Glory Flower .....	<i>Glorious beauty.</i>
Goat's Rue .....	<i>Reason.</i>
Golden Rod.....	<i>Precaution.</i>
Gooseberry .....	<i>Anticipation.</i>
Gourd.....	<i>Extent. Bulk.</i>
Grammanthus Chloratflora.....	<i>Your temper is too hasty.</i>
Grape, Wild .....	<i>Charity.</i>
Grass.....	<i>Submission. Utility.</i>
Guelder Rose.....	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
HAND Flower Tree.....	<i>Warning.</i>
Harebell .....	<i>Submission. Grief.</i>
Hawkweed.....	<i>Quick-sightedness.</i>
Hawthorn .....	<i>Hope.</i>
Hazel.....	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Heartsease, or Pansy.....	<i>Thoughts.</i>
Heath.....	<i>Solitude.</i>
Helenium.....	<i>Tears.</i>
Heliotrope.....	<i>Devotion; or, I turn to thee.</i>
Hellebore .....	<i>Scandal. Calumny.</i>
Helmet Flower (Monkshood).....	<i>Knight-errantry.</i>
Hemlock.....	<i>You will be my death.</i>
Hemp .....	<i>Fate.</i>
Henbane .....	<i>Imperfection.</i>
Hepatica .....	<i>Confidence.</i>
Hibiscus .....	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Holly.....	<i>Foresight.</i>
Holly Herb .....	<i>Enchantment.</i>
Hollyhock.....	<i>Ambition. Fecundity.</i>
Honesty .....	<i>Honesty. Fascination.</i>
Honey Flower.....	<i>Love sweet and secret.</i>
Honeysuckle .....	<i>Generous and devoted affection.</i>
Honeysuckle, Coral .....	<i>The color of my fate.</i>

- Honeysuckle, French.....*Rustic beauty.*  
 Hop.....*Injustice.*  
 Hornbeam.....*Ornament.*  
 Horse Chestnut.....*Luxury.*  
 Hortensia.....*You are cold.*  
 Houseleek.....*Vivacity. Domestic industry.*  
 Houstonia.....*Content.*  
 Hoya.....*Sculpture.*  
 Hoyabella.....*Contentment.*  
 Humble Plant.....*Despondency.*  
 Hundred-leaved Rose.....*Dignity of mind.*  
 Hyacinth.....*Sport. Game. Play.*  
 Hyacinth, Purple.....*Sorrowful. I am sorry.*  
 Hyacinth, White.....*Unobtrusive loveliness.*  
 Hydrangea.....*A boaster.*  
 Hyssop.....*Cleanliness.*
- ICELAND Moss.....*Health.*  
 Ice Plant.....*Your looks freeze me.*  
 Imbricata.....*Uprightness. Sentiments of honor.*  
 Imperial Montague.....*Power.*  
 Impomœa, or Man of the World.....*Love on the wane.*  
 Indian Cress.....*Warlike trophy.*  
 Indian Jasmine (Impomœa).....*Attachment.*  
 Indian Pink (double).....*Always lovely.*  
 Indian Plum.....*Privation.*  
 Iris.....*Message.*  
 Iris, German.....*Flame.*  
 Ivy.....*Friendship. Fidelity. Marriage.*  
 Ivy, Sprig of, with Tendrils.....*Assiduous to please.*
- JACOB'S Ladder.....*Come down.*  
 Japan Rose.....*Beauty is your only attraction.*  
 Japanese Lilies.....*You cannot deceive me.*  
 Jasmine.....*Amiability.*  
 Jasmine, Cape.....*Transport of joy.*  
 Jasmine, Carolina.....*Separation.*  
 Jasmine, Indian.....*I attach myself to you.*  
 Jasmine, Spanish.....*Sensuality.*  
 Jasmine, Yellow.....*Grace and elegance.*  
 Jonquil.....*I desire a return of affection.*  
 Judas Tree.....*Unbelief. Betrayal.*

- Julienne, White.....*Despair not; God is everywhere.*  
 Juniper. . . . .*Succor. Protection.*  
 Justicia.....*The perfection of female loveliness.*  
  
 KENNEDIA.....*Mental beauty.*  
 Kingcups.....*Desire of riches.*  
  
 LABURNUM.....*Forsaken. Pensive beauty.*  
 Lady's Slipper.....*Capricious beauty. Win me and  
wear me.*  
 Lagerstræmia, Indian.. . . .*Eloquence.*  
 Lantana.....*Rigor.*  
 Lapageria Rosea.....*There is no unalloyed good.*  
 Larch.....*Auaacity. Boldness.*  
 Larkspur.....*Lightness. Levity.*  
 Larkspur, Pink.....*Fickleness.*  
 Larkspur, Purple.....*Haughtiness.*  
 Laurel.....*Glory.*  
 Laurel, Common, in flower.....*Perfidy.*  
 Laurel, Ground.....*Perseverance.*  
 Laurel, Mountain.....*Ambition.*  
 Laurel-leaved Magnolia.....*Dignity.*  
 Laurestina.....*A token.*  
 Lavender.....*Distrust.*  
 Leaves (dead).....*Melancholy.*  
 Lemon.....*Zest.*  
 Lemon Blossoms.....*Fidelity in Love.*  
 Leschenaultia Splendens.....*You are charming.*  
 Lettuce.....*Cold-heartedness.*  
 Lichen.....*Dejection. Solitude.*  
 Lilac, Field.....*Humility.*  
 Lilac, Purple.....*First emotions of love.*  
 Lilac, white.....*Joy of youth.*  
 Lily, Day.....*Coquetry.*  
 Lily, Imperial.....*Majesty.*  
 Lily, White.....*Purity. Sweetness.*  
 Lily, Yellow.....*Falsehood. Gayety.*  
 Lily of the Valley.....*Return of happiness. Unconscious  
sweetness.*  
 Linden or Lime Trees.....*Conjugal love.*  
 Lint.....*I feel my obligations.*  
 Live Oak.....*Liberty.*

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Liverwort.....	<i>Confidence.</i>
Liquorice, Wild.....	<i>I declare against you.</i>
Lobelia.....	<i>Malevolence.</i>
Locust Tree.....	<i>Elegance.</i>
Locust Tree (green) .....	<i>Affection beyond the grave.</i>
London Pride.....	<i>Frivolity.</i>
Lote Tree.....	<i>Concord.</i>
Lotus.....	<i>Eloquence. Repose.</i>
Lotus Flower.....	<i>Estranged love.</i>
Lotus Leaf .....	<i>Recantation.</i>
Love-in-a-Mist.....	<i>Perplexity.</i>
Love-lies-bleeding .....	<i>Hopeless, not heartless.</i>
Lucerne.....	<i>Life.</i>
Lupin.....	<i>Voraciousness.</i>
MADDER.....	<i>Calumny.</i>
Magnolia.....	<i>Love of nature. Magnificence.</i>
Magnolia, Swamp.....	<i>Perseverance.</i>
Mallow.....	<i>Mildness.</i>
Mallow, Marsh.....	<i>Beneficence.</i>
Mallow, Syrian .....	<i>Consumed by love.</i>
Mallow, Venetian.....	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Malon Creeana.....	<i>Will you share my fortunes?</i>
Manchineal Tree.....	<i>Falsehood.</i>
Mandrake.....	<i>Horror.</i>
Maple.....	<i>Reserve.</i>
Marianthus.....	<i>Hope for better days.</i>
Marigold .....	<i>Grief.</i>
Marigold, African.....	<i>Vulgar minds.</i>
Marigold, French .....	<i>Jealousy.</i>
Marigold, Prophetic.....	<i>Prediction.</i>
Marigold and Cypress.....	<i>Despair.</i>
Marjoram.....	<i>Blushes.</i>
Marvel of Peru.....	<i>Timidity.</i>
May Flowers.....	<i>Memory dear.</i>
Meadow Lychnis.....	<i>Wit.</i>
Meadow Saffron.....	<i>My best days are past.</i>
Meadowsweet.....	<i>Uselessness.</i>
Mercury .....	<i>Goodness.</i>
Mesembryanthemum.....	<i>Idleness.</i>
Mezereon.....	<i>Desire to please.</i>
Michaelmas Daisy.....	<i>After-thought.</i>

Mignonnette.....	<i>Your qualities surpass your charms.</i>
Milfoil.....	<i>War.</i>
Milkvetch .....	<i>Your presence softens my pains.</i>
Milkwort.....	<i>Hermitage.</i>
Mimosa (Sensitive Plant).....	<i>Sensitiveness.</i>
Mint.....	<i>Virtue.</i>
Mistletoe .....	<i>I surmount difficulties.</i>
Mitraria Coccinea.....	<i>Indolence. Dullness.</i>
Mock Orange.....	<i>Counterfeit.</i>
Monarda Amplexicaulis .....	<i>Your whims are quite unbearable.</i>
Monkshood.....	<i>A deadly foe is near.</i>
Monkshood (Helmet Flower).....	<i>Chivalry. Knight-errantry.</i>
Moonwort .....	<i>Forgetfulness.</i>
Morning Glory .....	<i>Affectation.</i>
Moschatel.....	<i>Weakness.</i>
Moss .....	<i>Maternal love.</i>
Mosses .....	<i>Ennui.</i>
Mossy Saxifrage.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Motherwort.....	<i>Concealed love.</i>
Mountain Ash.....	<i>Prudence.</i>
Mourning Bride.....	<i>Unfortunate attachment. I have lost all</i>
Mouse-eared Chickweed.....	<i>Ingenious simplicity.</i>
Mouse-eared Scorpion Grass.....	<i>Forget me not.</i>
Moving Plant.....	<i>Agitation.</i>
Mudwort .....	<i>Happiness. Tranquility.</i>
Mulberry Tree, Black.....	<i>I shall not survive you.</i>
Mulberry Tree, White.....	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Mushroom .....	<i>Suspicion; or, I can't entirely trust</i> <i>you.</i>
Musk Plant.....	<i>Weakness.</i>
Mustard Seed.....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Myrobalan.....	<i>Privation.</i>
Myrrh.....	<i>Gladness.</i>
Myrtle ... ..	<i>Love.</i>
NARCISSUS. ....	<i>Egotism.</i>
Nasturtium .....	<i>Patriotism.</i>
Nemophila .....	<i>Success everywhere.</i>
Nettle, Common Stinging.....	<i>You are spiteful.</i>
Nettle, Burning.....	<i>Slander.</i>
Nettle Tree.....	<i>Conceit.</i>
Night-blooming Cereus.....	<i>Transient beauty.</i>

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Night Convolvulus.....	<i>Night.</i>
Nightshade.....	<i>Falsehood.</i>
OAK Leaves.....	<i>Bravery.</i>
Oak Tree.....	<i>Hospitality.</i>
Oak, White.....	<i>Independence.</i>
Oats.....	<i>The witching soul of music.</i>
Oleander.....	<i>Beware.</i>
Olive.....	<i>Peace.</i>
Orange Blossoms.....	<i>Your purity equals your loveliness.</i>
Orange Flowers.....	<i>Chastity. Bridal festivities.</i>
Orange Tree.....	<i>Generosity.</i>
Orchis.....	<i>A belle.</i>
Osier.....	<i>Frankness.</i>
Osmunda.....	<i>Dreams.</i>
Ox Eye.....	<i>Patience.</i>
Oxlip.....	<i>Speak out.</i>
PALM.....	<i>Victory.</i>
Pansy.....	<i>Thought.</i>
Parsley.....	<i>Festivity. To win.</i>
Pasque Flower.....	<i>You have no claims.</i>
Passion Flower.....	<i>Religious superstition when the flower is reversed, or Faith if erect.</i>
Patience Dock.....	<i>Patience.</i>
Pea, Everlasting.....	<i>An appointed meeting. Lasting pleasure.</i>
Pea, Sweet.....	<i>Departure.</i>
Peach.....	<i>Your qualities, like your charms, are unequaled.</i>
Peach Blossom.....	<i>I am your captive.</i>
Pear.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Pear-tree.....	<i>Comfort.</i>
Pentstemon Azureum.....	<i>High-bred.</i>
Pennyroyal.....	<i>Flee away.</i>
Peony.....	<i>Shame. Bashfulness.</i>
Peppermint.....	<i>Warmth of feeling.</i>
Periwinkle, Blue.....	<i>Early friendship.</i>
Periwinkle, White.....	<i>Pleasures of memory.</i>
Persicaria.....	<i>Restoration.</i>
Persimmon.....	<i>Bury me amid Nature's beauties.</i>
Peruvian Heliotrope.....	<i>Devotion.</i>



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Petunia.....	<i>Your presence soothes me.</i>
Pheasant's Eye.....	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Phlox.....	<i>Unanimity.</i>
Pigeon Berry.....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Pimpinel.....	<i>Change. Assignment.</i>
Pine.....	<i>Pity.</i>
Pine-apple.....	<i>You are perfect.</i>
Pine, Pitch.....	<i>Philosophy.</i>
Pine, Spruce.....	<i>Hope in adversity.</i>
Pink.....	<i>Boldness.</i>
Pink, Carnation.....	<i>Woman's love.</i>
Pink, Indian Double.....	<i>Always lovely.</i>
Pink, Indian Single.....	<i>Aversion.</i>
Pink, Mountain.....	<i>Aspiring.</i>
Pink, Red Double.....	<i>Pure and ardent love.</i>
Pink, Single.....	<i>Pure love.</i>
Pink, Variegated.....	<i>Refusal.</i>
Pink, White.....	<i>Ingeniousness. Talent.</i>
Plantain.....	<i>White man's footsteps.</i>
Plane Tree.....	<i>Genius.</i>
Plum, Indian.....	<i>Privation.</i>
Plum Tree.....	<i>Fidelity.</i>
Plum, Wild.....	<i>Independence.</i>
Plumbago Larpenda.....	<i>Holy wishes.</i>
Polyanthus.....	<i>Pride of riches.</i>
Polyanthus, Crimson.....	<i>The heart's mystery.</i>
Polyanthus, Lilac.....	<i>Confidence.</i>
Pomegranate.....	<i>Foolishness.</i>
Pomegranate Flower.....	<i>Mature elegance.</i>
Poor Robin.....	<i>Compensation, or an Equivalent.</i>
Poplar, Black.....	<i>Courage.</i>
Poplar, White.....	<i>Time.</i>
Poppy, Red.....	<i>Consolation.</i>
Poppy, Scarlet.....	<i>Fantastic extravagance.</i>
Poppy, White.....	<i>Sleep. My bane.</i>
Potato.....	<i>Benevolence.</i>
Potentilla.....	<i>I claim, at least, your esteem.</i>
Prickly Pear.....	<i>Satire.</i>
Pride of China.....	<i>Dissension.</i>
Primrose.....	<i>Early youth and sadness.</i>
Primrose, Evening.....	<i>Inconstancy.</i>
Primrose, Red.....	<i>Unpatronized merit.</i>

Privet.....	<i>Prohibition.</i>
Purple Clover.....	<i>Provident.</i>
Pyrus Japonica.....	<i>Fairies' fire.</i>
QUAKING-GRASS.....	<i>Agitation</i>
Quamoclit.....	<i>Busybody.</i>
Queen's Rocket.....	<i>You are the queen of coquettes.</i>
	<i>Fashion.</i>
Quince .....	<i>Temptation.</i>
RAGGED-ROBIN .....	<i>Wit.</i>
Ranunculus.....	<i>You are radiant with charms.</i>
Ranunculus, Garden.....	<i>You are rich in attractions.</i>
Ranunculus, Wild.....	<i>Ingratitude.</i>
Raspberry.....	<i>Remorse.</i>
Ray Grass.....	<i>Vice.</i>
Red Catchfly.....	<i>Youthful love.</i>
Reed .....	<i>Complaisance. Music.</i>
Reed, Split .....	<i>Indiscretion.</i>
Rhododendron (Rosebay).....	<i>Danger. Beware.</i>
Rhubarb.....	<i>Advice.</i>
Rocket .....	<i>Rivalry.</i>
Rosa Mundi.....	<i>Variety.</i>
Rose, Austrian.....	<i>Thou art all that is lovely.</i>
Rose, Bridal.....	<i>Happy love.</i>
Rose, Burgundy.....	<i>Unconscious beauty.</i>
Rose, Cabbage.....	<i>Ambassador of love.</i>
Rose, Campion.....	<i>Only deserve my love.</i>
Rose, Caroline.....	<i>Love is dangerous.</i>
Rose, China.....	<i>Beauty always new.</i>
Rose, Christmas .....	<i>Tranquilize my anxiety.</i>
Rose, Daily.....	<i>Thy smile I aspire to.</i>
Rose, Damask.....	<i>Brilliant complexion.</i>
Rose, Deep Red.....	<i>Bashful shame.</i>
Rose, Dog .....	<i>Love, pleasure, and pain.</i>
Rose, Guelder.....	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
Rose, Hundred-leaved.....	<i>Pride.</i>
Rose, Japan.....	<i>Beauty is your only attraction.</i>
Rose, Maiden-blush.....	<i>If you love me you will find it out.</i>
Rose, Montiflora.....	<i>Grace.</i>
Rose, Musk.....	<i>Capricious beauty.</i>
Rose, Musk, Cluster .....	<i>Charming.</i>

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Rose, Red .....	<i>Love.</i>
Rose, Single .....	<i>Simplicity.</i>
Rose, Thornless.....	<i>Early attachment.</i>
Rose, Unique .....	<i>Call me not beautiful.</i>
Rose, White .....	<i>I am worthy of you.</i>
Rose, white (withered) .....	<i>Transient impressions.</i>
Rose, Yellow .....	<i>Decrease of love. Jealousy.</i>
Rose, York and Lancaster.....	<i>War.</i>
Rose, Full-blown, placed over two Buds .....	<i>Secrecy.</i>
Rose, White and Red together ....	<i>Unity.</i>
Roses, Crown of.....	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Rosebud, Red.....	<i>Pure and lovely.</i>
Rosebud, White.....	<i>Girlhood.</i>
Rosebud, Moss.....	<i>Confession of love.</i>
Rose Leaf .....	<i>You may hope.</i>
Rosemary .....	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Rudbeckia .....	<i>Justice.</i>
Rue .....	<i>Disdain.</i>
Rush.....	<i>Docility.</i>
Rye Grass.....	<i>Changeable disposition.</i>
SAFFRON.....	<i>Beware of excess.</i>
Saffron Crocus.....	<i>Mirth.</i>
Saffron, Meadow .....	<i>My happiest days are past.</i>
Sage.....	<i>Domestic virtue.</i>
Sage, Garden.....	<i>Esteem.</i>
Sainfoin.....	<i>Agitation.</i>
Saint John's Wort .....	<i>Animosity.</i>
Salvia, Blue .....	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Salvia, Rea.....	<i>Energy.</i>
Saxifrage, Mossy.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Scabious.....	<i>Unfortunate love.</i>
Scabious, Sweet.....	<i>Widowhood.</i>
Scarlet Lychnis.....	<i>Sunbeaming eyes.</i>
Schinus .....	<i>Religious enthusiasm.</i>
Scotch Fir.....	<i>Elevation.</i>
Sensitive Plant .....	<i>Sensibility.</i>
Senvy .....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Shamrock .....	<i>Light-heartedness.</i>
Shepherd's Purse.....	<i>I offer you my all.</i>
Siphocampylos.....	<i>Resolved to be noticed.</i>

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Snakesfoot .....	<i>Horror.</i>
Snapdragon .....	<i>Presumption, also "No."</i>
Snowball .....	<i>Bound.</i>
Snowdrop .....	<i>Hope.</i>
Sorrel .....	<i>Affection.</i>
Sorrel, Wild .....	<i>Wit ill-timed.</i>
Sorrel, Wood .....	<i>Joy.</i>
Southernwood .....	<i>Jest. Bantering.</i>
Spanish Jasmine .....	<i>Sensuality.</i>
Spearmint .....	<i>Warmth of sentiment.</i>
Speedwell .....	<i>Female fidelity.</i>
Speedwell, Germander .....	<i>Faculty.</i>
Speedwell, Spiked .....	<i>Seemance.</i>
Spider Ophrys .....	<i>Adroitness.</i>
Spiderwort .....	<i>Esteem, not love.</i>
Spiked Willow Herb .....	<i>Pretension.</i>
Spindle Tree .....	<i>Your charms are engraven on my heart.</i>
Star of Bethlehem .....	<i>Purity.</i>
Starwort .....	<i>After-thought.</i>
Starwort, American .....	<i>Cheerfulness in old age.</i>
Stephanotis .....	<i>Will you accompany me to the East?</i>
St. John's Wort .....	<i>Superstition.</i>
Stock .....	<i>Lasting beauty.</i>
Stock, Ten-week .....	<i>Promptness.</i>
Stonecrop .....	<i>Tranquility.</i>
Straw (broken) .....	<i>Rupture of a contract.</i>
Straw (whole) .....	<i>Union.</i>
Strawberry Blossoms .....	<i>Foresight.</i>
Strawberry Tree .....	<i>Esteem, not love.</i>
Sultan, Lilac .....	<i>I forgive you.</i>
Sultan, White .....	<i>Sweetness.</i>
Sultan, Yellow .....	<i>Contempt.</i>
Sumach, Venice .....	<i>Splendor.</i>
Sunflower, Dwarf .....	<i>Adoration.</i>
Sunflower, Tall .....	<i>Haughtiness. False riches.</i>
Swallow-wort .....	<i>Cure for heartache.</i>
Sweet Basil .....	<i>Good wishes.</i>
Sweetbrier, American .....	<i>Simplicity.</i>
Sweetbrier, European .....	<i>I wound to heal.</i>
Sweetbrier, Yellow .....	<i>Decrease of Love.</i>
Sweet Pea .....	<i>Delicate pleasures.</i>
Sweet Sultan .....	<i>Felicity.</i>

- Sweet Sedge ..... *Resignation.*  
 Sweet-William ..... *Gallantry. Dexterity.*  
 Sycamore ..... *Curiosity.*  
 Syringa ..... *Memory. Fraternal sympathy.*  
 Syringa, Carolina ..... *Disappointment.*
- TAMARISK ..... *Crime.*  
 Tansy, Wild ..... *I declare war against you.*  
 Teasel ..... *Misanthropy.*  
 Tendrils of Climbing Plants ..... *Ties.*  
 Thistle, common ..... *Austerity. Independence.*  
 Thistle, Fuller's ..... *Misanthropy.*  
 Thistle, Scotch ..... *Retaliation.*  
 Thorn Apple ..... *Deceitful charms.*  
 Thorn, branch of ..... *Severity.*  
 Thrift ..... *Sympathy.*  
 Throatwort ..... *Neglected beauty.*  
 Thyme ..... *Activity or Courage.*  
 Tiger Flower. .... *For once may priue befriend me.*  
 Taveler's Joy ..... *Safety.*  
 Tree of Life ..... *Old age.*  
 Trefoil ..... *Revenge.*  
 Tremella Nestoc ..... *Resistance.*  
 Trillium Pictum ..... *Modest beauty.*  
 Triptilion Spinosum ..... *Be prudent.*  
 Truffle ..... *Surprise.*  
 Trumpet Flower ..... *Fame.*  
 Tuberosc ..... *Dangrous pleasures.*  
 Tulip, Red ..... *Declaration of love.*  
 Tulip, Varigated ..... *Beautiful eyes.*  
 Tulip, Yellow ..... *Hopeless love.*  
 Tulip ..... *Charity.*  
 Tussilage, Sweet-scented ..... *Justice shall be done you.*
- VALERIAN ..... *An accommodating disposition.*  
 Valerian, Greek ..... *Rupture.*  
 Venice Sumach ..... *Intellectual excellence. Splendor.*  
 Venus's Car ..... *Fly with me.*  
 Venus's Looking-glass ..... *Flattery.*  
 Venus's Trap ..... *Deceit.*  
 Verbena, Pink ..... *Family union.*  
 Verbena, Scarlet ..... *Unite against evil; or Church unity.*

Verbena, White.....	<i>Pray for me.</i>
Vernal Grass.....	<i>Poor, but happy.</i>
Veronica.....	<i>Fidelity.</i>
Veronica Speciosa.....	<i>Keep this for my sake.</i>
Vervain.....	<i>Enchantment.</i>
Vine.....	<i>Intoxication.</i>
Violet, Blue.....	<i>Faithfulness.</i>
Violet, Dame.....	<i>Watchfulness.</i>
Violet, Sweet.....	<i>Modesty.</i>
Violet, Yellow.....	<i>Rural happiness.</i>
Virginia Creeper.....	<i>I cling to you both in sunshine and shade.</i>
Virgin's Bower.....	<i>Filial love.</i>
Viscaria Oculata.....	<i>Will you dance with me?</i>
Volkamenia.....	<i>May you be happy.</i>
WALLFLOWER.....	<i>Fidelity in Adversity.</i>
Walnut.....	<i>Intellect. Stratagem.</i>
Watcher by the Wayside.....	<i>Never Despair.</i>
Water-Lily.....	<i>Purity of heart.</i>
Water-Melon.....	<i>Bulkiness.</i>
Wax-Plant.....	<i>Susceptibility.</i>
Wheat Stalk.....	<i>Riches.</i>
Whin.....	<i>Anger.</i>
White Flytrap.....	<i>Deceit.</i>
White Jasmine.....	<i>Amiability.</i>
White Lily.....	<i>Purity and modesty.</i>
White Mullein.....	<i>Good nature.</i>
White Oak.....	<i>Independence.</i>
White Pink.....	<i>Talent.</i>
White Poplar.....	<i>Time.</i>
White Rose (dried).....	<i>Death preferable to loss of innocence.</i>
Whortleberry.....	<i>Treason.</i>
Willow, Creeping.....	<i>Love forsaken.</i>
Willow, French.....	<i>Bravery and humanity.</i>
Willow Herb.....	<i>Pretension.</i>
Willow, Water.....	<i>Freedom.</i>
Willow, Weeping.....	<i>Mourning.</i>
Winter Cherry.....	<i>Deception.</i>
Wisteria.....	<i>Welcome, fair stranger.</i>
Witch Hazel.....	<i>A spell.</i>
Woodbine.....	<i>Fraternal love.</i>

Wood Sorrel.....	<i>Jov. Maternal tenderness.</i>
Wormwood .....	<i>Absence.</i>
XANTHIUM.....	<i>Rudeness. Pertinacity.</i>
Xeranthemum.....	<i>Cheerfulness under adversity.</i>
YEW.....	<i>Sorrow.</i>
ZEPHYR Flower.....	<i>Expectation.</i>
Zinnia.....	<i>Thoughts of absent friends.</i>

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## PART THE SECOND.

|                                 |                            |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| ABSENCE.....                    | <i>Wormwood.</i>           |
| Abuse not .....                 | <i>Crocus.</i>             |
| Acknowledgment .....            | <i>Canterbury Bell.</i>    |
| Activity or Courage.....        | <i>Thyme.</i>              |
| A deadly foe is near.....       | <i>Monkshood.</i>          |
| Admiration.....                 | <i>Amethyst.</i>           |
| Adoration .....                 | <i>Dwarf Sunflower.</i>    |
| Adroitness.....                 | <i>Spider Ophrys.</i>      |
| Adulation .....                 | <i>Cacalia.</i>            |
| Advice .....                    | <i>Rhubarb.</i>            |
| Affection.....                  | <i>Mossy Saxifrage.</i>    |
| Affection.....                  | <i>Pear.</i>               |
| Affection .....                 | <i>Sorrel.</i>             |
| Affection beyond the grave..... | <i>Green Locust.</i>       |
| Affection, Maternal.....        | <i>Cinquefoil.</i>         |
| Affectation .....               | <i>Cockscomb Amaranth.</i> |
| Affectation .....               | <i>Morning Glory.</i>      |
| Affliction .....                | <i>Black Poplar.</i>       |
| After-thought .....             | <i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>   |
| After-thought .....             | <i>Starwort.</i>           |
| After-thought .....             | <i>China Aster.</i>        |
| Agreement.....                  | <i>Straw.</i>              |
| Age .....                       | <i>Guelder Rose.</i>       |
| Agitation. ....                 | <i>Moving Plant.</i>       |
| Agitation.....                  | <i>Sainfoin.</i>           |
| Alas! for my poor heart.....    | <i>Deep Red Carnation</i>  |
| Always cheerful .....           | <i>Coreopsis.</i>          |

|                            |                                     |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Always delightful.....     | <i>Cineraria.</i>                   |
| Always lovely.....         | <i>Indian Pink (double).</i>        |
| Ambassador of Love.....    | <i>Cabbage Rose.</i>                |
| Amiability.....            | <i>Jasmine.</i>                     |
| Anger.....                 | <i>Whin</i>                         |
| Anger.....                 | <i>Furze.</i>                       |
| Animosity.....             | <i>St. John's Wort.</i>             |
| Anticipation.....          | <i>Gooseberry.</i>                  |
| Anxious and trembling..... | <i>Red Columbine.</i>               |
| Ardor, Zeal.....           | <i>Cuckoo Point. Arum.</i>          |
| Argument.....              | <i>Fig.</i>                         |
| Arts.....                  | <i>Acanthus.</i>                    |
| Artifice.....              | <i>Clematis.</i>                    |
| Assiduous to please.....   | <i>Sprig of ivy, with tendrils.</i> |
| Assignment.....            | <i>Pimpernel.</i>                   |
| Attachment.....            | <i>Indian Jasmine.</i>              |
| Audacity.....              | <i>Larch.</i>                       |
| Avarice.....               | <i>Scarlet Auricula.</i>            |
| Aversion.....              | <i>Chinese or Indian Pink.</i>      |

|                          |                             |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| BANTERING.....           | <i>Southernwood.</i>        |
| Baseness.....            | <i>Dodder.</i>              |
| Bashfulness.....         | <i>Pony.</i>                |
| Bashful shame....        | <i>Deep Red Rose.</i>       |
| Be prudent.....          | <i>Triptilion Spinosum.</i> |
| Be warned in time.....   | <i>Echtes Atropurpurea.</i> |
| Beautiful eyes... ..     | <i>Variegated Tulip.</i>    |
| Beauty.....              | <i>Parti-colored Daisy.</i> |
| Beauty always new.....   | <i>China Rose.</i>          |
| Beauty, Capricious.....  | <i>Lady's Slipper.</i>      |
| Beauty, Capricious.....  | <i>Musk Rose.</i>           |
| Beauty, Delicate.....    | <i>Flower of an hour.</i>   |
| Beauty, Delicate.....    | <i>Hibiscus.</i>            |
| Beauty, Divine.....      | <i>American Cowslip.</i>    |
| Beauty, Glorious.....    | <i>Glory-flower.</i>        |
| Beauty, Lasting.....     | <i>Stock.</i>               |
| Beauty, Magnificent..... | <i>Calla Æthiopica.</i>     |
| Beauty, Mental....       | <i>Clematis.</i>            |
| Beauty, Modest.....      | <i>Trillium Pictum.</i>     |
| Beauty, Neglected.....   | <i>Throatwort.</i>          |
| Beauty, Pensive.....     | <i>Laburnum.</i>            |
| Beauty, Rustic.....      | <i>French Honeysuckle.</i>  |



|                                    |                               |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Beauty, Unconscious.....           | <i>Burgundy Rose.</i>         |
| Beauty is your only attraction.... | <i>Japan Rose.</i>            |
| Belle.....                         | <i>Orchis.</i>                |
| Be mine.....                       | <i>Four-leaved Clover.</i>    |
| Beneficence.....                   | <i>Marshmallow.</i>           |
| Benevolence.....                   | <i>Potato.</i>                |
| Betrayed.....                      | <i>White Catchfly.</i>        |
| Beware.....                        | <i>Oleander.</i>              |
| Beware.....                        | <i>Rosebay.</i>               |
| Beware of a false friend.....      | <i>Francisca Latifolia.</i>   |
| Bitterness.....                    | <i>Aloe.</i>                  |
| Blackness.....                     | <i>Ebony Tree.</i>            |
| Bluntness.....                     | <i>Borage.</i>                |
| Blushes.....                       | <i>Marjoram.</i>              |
| Boaster.....                       | <i>Hydrangea.</i>             |
| Boldness.....                      | <i>Pink.</i>                  |
| Bonds.....                         | <i>Convolvulus.</i>           |
| Bonds of affection.....            | <i>Gillyflower.</i>           |
| Bravery.....                       | <i>Oak Leaves.</i>            |
| Bravery and humanity.....          | <i>French Willow.</i>         |
| Bridal favor.....                  | <i>Ivy Geranium.</i>          |
| Brilliant complexion.....          | <i>Damask Rose.</i>           |
| Bulk.....                          | <i>Water-Melon.</i>           |
| Bulk.....                          | <i>Gourd.</i>                 |
| Busybody.....                      | <i>Quamoclit.</i>             |
| Bury me amid nature's beauties..   | <i>Persimmon.</i>             |
|                                    |                               |
| CALL me not beautiful.....         | <i>Rose Unique.</i>           |
| Calm repose.....                   | <i>Buckbean.</i>              |
| Calumny.....                       | <i>Hellbore.</i>              |
| Calumny.....                       | <i>Madder.</i>                |
| Change.....                        | <i>Pimpernel.</i>             |
| Changeable disposition.....        | <i>Rye Grass.</i>             |
| Charity.....                       | <i>Turnip.</i>                |
| Charming.....                      | <i>Cluster of Musk Roses.</i> |
| Charms, Deceitful.....             | <i>Thorn Apple.</i>           |
| Cheerfulness.....                  | <i>Saffron Crocus.</i>        |
| Cheerfulness in old age.....       | <i>American Starwort.</i>     |
| Cheerfulness under adversity.....  | <i>Chinese Chysanthemum.</i>  |
| Chivalry.....                      | <i>Monkshood.</i>             |
| Cleanliness.....                   | <i>Hyssop.</i>                |
| Cold-heartedness.....              | <i>Lettuce.</i>               |

|                                             |                               |
|---------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Coldness .....                              | <i>Agnus Castus.</i>          |
| Color of my life .....                      | <i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>     |
| Come down .....                             | <i>Jacob's Ladder.</i>        |
| Comfort .....                               | <i>Pear Tree.</i>             |
| Comforting .....                            | <i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>      |
| Compassion .....                            | <i>Allspice</i>               |
| Concealed love .....                        | <i>Motherwort.</i>            |
| Concert .....                               | <i>Nettle Tree.</i>           |
| Concord .....                               | <i>Lote Tree</i>              |
| Confession of love .....                    | <i>Moss Rosebud.</i>          |
| Confidence .....                            | <i>Hepatica.</i>              |
| Confidence .....                            | <i>Lilac Polyanthus.</i>      |
| Confidence .....                            | <i>Liverwort.</i>             |
| Confidence in Heaven .....                  | <i>Flowering Reed.</i>        |
| Conjugal love .....                         | <i>Lime or Linden Tree.</i>   |
| Consolation .....                           | <i>Red Poppy.</i>             |
| Constancy .....                             | <i>Bluebell.</i>              |
| Consumed by love .....                      | <i>Syrian Mallow.</i>         |
| Contentment .....                           | <i>Hoyabella.</i>             |
| Could you bear poverty? .....               | <i>Browallia Jamisonii.</i>   |
| Counterfeit .....                           | <i>Mock Orange.</i>           |
| Courage .....                               | <i>Black Poplar.</i>          |
| Crime .....                                 | <i>Tamarisk.</i>              |
| Cure .....                                  | <i>Balm of Gilead.</i>        |
| Cure for heartache .....                    | <i>Swallow-wort.</i>          |
| Curiosity .....                             | <i>Sycamore.</i>              |
| DANGER .....                                | <i>Rhododendron. Rosebay.</i> |
| Dangerous pleasures .....                   | <i>Tuberose.</i>              |
| Death .....                                 | <i>Cypress.</i>               |
| Death preferable to loss of innocence ..... | <i>White Rose (dried).</i>    |
| Deceit .....                                | <i>Apocynum.</i>              |
| Deceit .....                                | <i>White Flytrap.</i>         |
| Deceit .....                                | <i>Dogshane.</i>              |
| Deceit .....                                | <i>Geranium.</i>              |
| Deceitful charms .....                      | <i>Thorn Apple.</i>           |
| Deception .....                             | <i>White Cherry Tree.</i>     |
| Declaration of love .....                   | <i>Red Tulip.</i>             |
| Decrease of love .....                      | <i>Yellow Rose.</i>           |
| Deformed .....                              | <i>Begonia.</i>               |
| Dejection .....                             | <i>Lichen.</i>                |

|                                   |                                         |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Delay.....                        | <i>Eupatorium.</i>                      |
| Delicacy.....                     | <i>Bluebottle. Centaury.</i>            |
| Delicacy.....                     | <i>Cornflower.</i>                      |
| Depart.....                       | <i>Dandelion Seeds in the ball.</i>     |
| Desire to please.....             | <i>Mezereon.</i>                        |
| Despair.....                      | <i>Cypress.</i>                         |
| Despair not, God is everywhere... | <i>White Julianne.</i>                  |
| Despondency.....                  | <i>Humble Plant.</i>                    |
| Devotion, or, I turn to thee..... | <i>Peruvian Heliotrope.</i>             |
| Dexterity.....                    | <i>Sweet-William.</i>                   |
| Difficulty.....                   | <i>Blackthorn.</i>                      |
| Dignity.....                      | <i>Cloves.</i>                          |
| Dignity.....                      | <i>Laurel-leaved Magnolia.</i>          |
| Disappointment.....               | <i>Carolina Spring.</i>                 |
| Disdain.....                      | <i>Yellow Carnation.</i>                |
| Disdain.....                      | <i>Rue.</i>                             |
| Disgust.....                      | <i>Frog Ophrys.</i>                     |
| Dissension.....                   | <i>Pride of China.</i>                  |
| Distinction.....                  | <i>Cardinal Flower.</i>                 |
| Distrust.....                     | <i>Lavender.</i>                        |
| Divine beauty.....                | <i>American Cowslip.</i>                |
| Docility.....                     | <i>Rush.</i>                            |
| Domestic industry.....            | <i>Flax.</i>                            |
| Domestic virtue.....              | <i>Sage.</i>                            |
| Do not despise my poverty.....    | <i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>                |
| Do not refuse me.....             | <i>Eschscholtzia, or Carrot Flower.</i> |
| Doubt.....                        | <i>Apricot Blossom.</i>                 |
| Durability.....                   | <i>Dogwood.</i>                         |
| Duration.....                     | <i>Cornel Tree.</i>                     |
| EARLY attachment.....             | <i>Thornless Rose.</i>                  |
| Early friendship.....             | <i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>                 |
| Early youth.....                  | <i>Primrose.</i>                        |
| Elegance.....                     | <i>Locust Tree.</i>                     |
| Elegance and grace.....           | <i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>                  |
| Elevation.....                    | <i>Scotch Fir.</i>                      |
| Eloquence.....                    | <i>Lagerstræmia, Indian.</i>            |
| Enchantment.....                  | <i>Holly Herb.</i>                      |
| Enchantment.....                  | <i>Vervain.</i>                         |
| Energy.....                       | <i>Red Salvia.</i>                      |
| Energy in adversity.....          | <i>Camomile.</i>                        |
| Envy.....                         | <i>Bramble.</i>                         |

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|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Error.....                       | ... <i>Bee Orchis.</i>                  |
| Error... ..                      | ... <i>Fly Orchis.</i>                  |
| Esteem.....                      | ... <i>Garden Sage.</i>                 |
| Esteem, not love.....            | ... <i>Spiderwort.</i>                  |
| Esteem, not love.....            | ... <i>Strawberry Tree.</i>             |
| Estranged love.....              | ... <i>Lotus Flower.</i>                |
| Excellence .....                 | ... <i>Camellia Japonica.</i>           |
| Expectation .....                | ... <i>Anemone.</i>                     |
| Expectation.....                 | ... <i>Zephyr Flower.</i>               |
| Expected meeting....             | ... <i>Nutmeg Geranium.</i>             |
| Extent .....                     | ... <i>Gourd</i>                        |
| Extinguished hopes.....          | ... <i>Convolvulus Major.</i>           |
|                                  |                                         |
| FACILITY .....                   | ... <i>Germander Speedwell</i>          |
| Fairies' fire.. ..               | ... <i>Pyrus Japonica.</i>              |
| Faithfulness.....                | ... <i>Blue Violet.</i>                 |
| Faithfulness.....                | ... <i>Heliotrope.</i>                  |
| Falsehood .....                  | ... <i>Bugloss. Deadily Nightshade.</i> |
| Falsehood .....                  | ... <i>Yellow Lily.</i>                 |
| Falsehood .....                  | ... <i>Manchineal Tree.</i>             |
| False riches.....                | ... <i>Tall Sunflower.</i>              |
| Fame.....                        | ... <i>Tulip.</i>                       |
| Fame speaks him great and good.. | ... <i>Apple Blossom.</i>               |
| Family union... ..               | ... <i>Pink Verbena.</i>                |
| Fantastic extravagance.....      | ... <i>Scarlet Poppy.</i>               |
| Farewell.....                    | ... <i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>            |
| Fascination.....                 | ... <i>Fern.</i>                        |
| Fascination.....                 | ... <i>Honesty.</i>                     |
| Fashion .....                    | ... <i>Queen's Rocket.</i>              |
| Fecundity.....                   | ... <i>Hollyhock.</i>                   |
| Felicity.....                    | ... <i>Sweet Sultan.</i>                |
| Female fidelity.....             | ... <i>Speedwell.</i>                   |
| Festivity .....                  | ... <i>Parsley.</i>                     |
| Fickleness.....                  | ... <i>Abatina.</i>                     |
| Fickleness.....                  | ... <i>Pink Larkspur.</i>               |
| Filial love.....                 | ... <i>Virgin's bower.</i>              |
| Fidelity .....                   | ... <i>Veronica. Ivy.</i>               |
| Fidelity .....                   | ... <i>Plum Tree.</i>                   |
| Fidelity in adversity ....       | ... <i>Wallflower.</i>                  |
| Fidelity in love .....           | ... <i>Lemon Blossoms.</i>              |
| Fire.....                        | ... <i>Fleur-de-Luce.</i>               |
| First emotions of love.....      | ... <i>Purple Lilac.</i>                |

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|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Flame .....                       | <i>Fleur-de-lis, Iris.</i>         |
| Flattery .....                    | <i>Venus's Looking-glass.</i>      |
| Flee away .....                   | <i>Pennyroyal.</i>                 |
| Fly with me .....                 | <i>Venus's Car.</i>                |
| Folly .....                       | <i>Columbine.</i>                  |
| Foppery .....                     | <i>Cockscomb, Amaranth.</i>        |
| Foolishness .....                 | <i>Pomegranate.</i>                |
| Foresight .....                   | <i>Holly.</i>                      |
| Forgetfulness .....               | <i>Moonwort.</i>                   |
| Forget me not .....               | <i>Forget-me-not.</i>              |
| Forlorn Hope .....                | <i>Convolvus closed.</i>           |
| For once may pride befriend me .. | <i>Tiger Flower.</i>               |
| Forsaken .....                    | <i>Garden Anemone.</i>             |
| Forsaken .....                    | <i>Laburnum.</i>                   |
| Fortitude .....                   | <i>Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.</i> |
| Fragrance .....                   | <i>Camphire.</i>                   |
| Frankness .....                   | <i>Osier.</i>                      |
| Fraternal love .....              | <i>Woodbine.</i>                   |
| Fraternal sympathy .....          | <i>Syringa.</i>                    |
| Freedom .....                     | <i>Water Willow.</i>               |
| Freshness .....                   | <i>Damask Rose.</i>                |
| Friendship .....                  | <i>Acacia, Ivy.</i>                |
| Friendship, early .....           | <i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>            |
| Friendship, true .....            | <i>Oak-leaved Geranium.</i>        |
| Friendship, unchanging .....      | <i>Arbor Vita.</i>                 |
| Frivolity .....                   | <i>London Pride.</i>               |
| Frugality .....                   | <i>Chicory, Endive.</i>            |
| GAYETY .....                      | <i>Butterfly Orchis.</i>           |
| Gayety .....                      | <i>Yellow Lily.</i>                |
| Gallantry .....                   | <i>Sweet-William.</i>              |
| Generosity .....                  | <i>Orange Tree.</i>                |
| Generous and devoted affection .. | <i>French Honeysuckle.</i>         |
| Genius .....                      | <i>Plane Tree.</i>                 |
| Gentility .....                   | <i>Corn Cockle.</i>                |
| Girlhood .....                    | <i>White Rosebud.</i>              |
| Give me your good wishes .....    | <i>Sweet Basil.</i>                |
| Gladness .....                    | <i>Myrrh.</i>                      |
| Glory .....                       | <i>Laurel.</i>                     |
| Glory, Immortality .....          | <i>Daphne.</i>                     |
| Glorious beauty .....             | <i>Glory Flower.</i>               |
| Goodness .....                    | <i>Bonus Henricus.</i>             |

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|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Goodness .....           | <i>Mercury.</i>                |
| Good education.....      | <i>Cherry Tree.</i>            |
| Good wishes.....         | <i>Sweet Basil.</i>            |
| Good nature.....         | <i>White Mullein.</i>          |
| Gossip.....              | <i>Cobea.</i>                  |
| Grace .....              | <i>Multiflora Rose.</i>        |
| Grace and elegance ..... | <i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>         |
| Grandeur .....           | <i>Ash Tree.</i>               |
| Gratitude.....           | <i>Small White Bellflower.</i> |
| Grief.....               | <i>Harebell.</i>               |
| Grief .....              | <i>Marigold.</i>               |

|                              |                             |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| HAPPY love.....              | <i>Bridal rose.</i>         |
| Hatred.....                  | <i>Basil.</i>               |
| Haughtiness.....             | <i>Purple Larkspur.</i>     |
| Haughtiness.....             | <i>Tall Sunflower.</i>      |
| Health .....                 | <i>Iceland Moss.</i>        |
| Hermitage.....               | <i>Milkwort.</i>            |
| Hidden worth.....            | <i>Coriander.</i>           |
| High-bred.....               | <i>Pentstemon Azureum.</i>  |
| Holy wishes.....             | <i>Plumbago Larpendula.</i> |
| Honesty.....                 | <i>Honesty.</i>             |
| Hope.....                    | <i>Flowering Almond.</i>    |
| Hope.....                    | <i>Hawthorn.</i>            |
| Hope.....                    | <i>Snowdrop.</i>            |
| Hope in adversity.....       | <i>Spruce Pine.</i>         |
| Hopeless love.....           | <i>Yellow Tulip.</i>        |
| Hopeless, not heartless..... | <i>Love-lies-bleeding.</i>  |
| Horror.....                  | <i>Mandrake.</i>            |
| Horror .....                 | <i>Dragonwort.</i>          |
| Horror.....                  | <i>Snakesfoot.</i>          |
| Hospitality... ..            | <i>Oak Tree.</i>            |
| Humility .....               | <i>Broom.</i>               |
| Humility .. .                | <i>Smaller Bindweed.</i>    |
| Humility.....                | <i>Field Lilac.</i>         |

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|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| I AM too happy.....               | <i>Cape Jasmine.</i>      |
| I am your captive.....            | <i>Peach Blossom.</i>     |
| I am worthy of you .....          | <i>White Rose.</i>        |
| I change but in death.....        | <i>Bay Leaf.</i>          |
| I claim at least your esteem..... | <i>Potentilla.</i>        |
| I dare not.....                   | <i>Veronica Speciosa.</i> |

|                                                              |                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| I declare against you.....                                   | <i>Belvedere.</i>                |
| I declare against you .....                                  | <i>Liquorice.</i>                |
| I declare war against you ....                               | <i>Wild Tansy.</i>               |
| I die if neglected.....                                      | <i>Laurestina.</i>               |
| I desire a return of affection.....                          | <i>Jonquil.</i>                  |
| I feel my obligations.....                                   | <i>Lint.</i>                     |
| I feel your kindness.....                                    | <i>Flax.</i>                     |
| I have lost all.....                                         | <i>Mourning Bride.</i>           |
| I live for thee.....                                         | <i>Cedar leaf.</i>               |
| I love.....                                                  | <i>Red Chrysanthemum.</i>        |
| I offer you my all. ....                                     | <i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>         |
| I offer you my fortune, or I offer<br>you pecuniary aid..... | <i>Calceolaria.</i>              |
| I share your sentiments.....                                 | <i>Double China Aster.</i>       |
| I share your sentiments.....                                 | <i>Garden Daisy.</i>             |
| I shall die to-morrow .....                                  | <i>Gum Cistus.</i>               |
| I shall not survive you.....                                 | <i>Black Mulberry.</i>           |
| I surmount difficulties .....                                | <i>Mistletoe.</i>                |
| I watch over you.....                                        | <i>Mountain Ash.</i>             |
| I weep for you.....                                          | <i>Purple Verbena.</i>           |
| I will think of it.....                                      | <i>Single China Aster.</i>       |
| I will think of it, or hope.....                             | <i>Wild Daisy.</i>               |
| I wonder .....                                               | <i>Caliarum.</i>                 |
| I wound to heal .....                                        | <i>Eglantine, Sweetbrier.</i>    |
| If you love me, you will find it out..                       | <i>Maiden Blush Rose.</i>        |
| Idleness.....                                                | <i>Mesembryanthemum.</i>         |
| Ill-nature....                                               | <i>Crab Blossom.</i>             |
| Ill-natured beauty.....                                      | <i>Citron.</i>                   |
| Imagination .....                                            | <i>Lupine.</i>                   |
| Immortality .....                                            | <i>Globe Amaranth.</i>           |
| Impatience .....                                             | <i>Yellow Balsam.</i>            |
| Impatient of absence.....                                    | <i>Corchorus.</i>                |
| Impatient resolves.....                                      | <i>Red Balsam.</i>               |
| Imperfection.....                                            | <i>Henbane.</i>                  |
| Importunity.....                                             | <i>Burdock.</i>                  |
| Inconstancy .....                                            | <i>Evening Primrose.</i>         |
| Incorruptible.....                                           | <i>Cedar of Lebanon.</i>         |
| Independence.....                                            | <i>Common Thistle.</i>           |
| Independence.....                                            | <i>Wild Plum Tree.</i>           |
| Independence.....                                            | <i>White Oak.</i>                |
| Indifference .....                                           | <i>Ever-flowering Candytuft.</i> |
| Indifference .....                                           | <i>Mustard Seed.</i>             |

|                                    |                                               |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Indifference .....                 | <i>Pigeon Berry.</i>                          |
| Indifference .....                 | <i>Senry.</i>                                 |
| Indiscretion .....                 | <i>Split Reed.</i>                            |
| Indolence .....                    | <i>Mittraria Coccinea.</i>                    |
| Industry .....                     | <i>Red Clover.</i>                            |
| Industry, Domestic .....           | <i>Flax.</i>                                  |
| Ingenuousness .....                | <i>White Pink.</i>                            |
| Ingenuity .....                    | <i>Penciled Geranium.</i>                     |
| Ingenuous simplicity .....         | <i>Mouse-eared Chickweed.</i>                 |
| Ingratitude .....                  | <i>Crowfoot.</i>                              |
| Innocence .....                    | <i>Daisy.</i>                                 |
| Insincerity .....                  | <i>Foxglove.</i>                              |
| Insinuation .....                  | <i>Great Bindweed.</i>                        |
| Inspiration .....                  | <i>Angelica.</i>                              |
| Instability .....                  | <i>Dahlia.</i>                                |
| Intellect .....                    | <i>Walnut.</i>                                |
| Intoxication .....                 | <i>Vine.</i>                                  |
| Irony .....                        | <i>Sardony.</i>                               |
|                                    |                                               |
| JEALOUSY .....                     | <i>French Marigold.</i>                       |
| Jealousy .....                     | <i>Yellow Rose.</i>                           |
| Jest .....                         | <i>Southernwood.</i>                          |
| Joy .....                          | <i>Wood Sorrel.</i>                           |
| Joys to come .....                 | <i>Lesser Celandine.</i>                      |
| Justice .....                      | <i>Rudbeckia.</i>                             |
| Justice shall be done to you ..... | <i>Coltsfoot, or Sweet-scented Tussilage.</i> |
|                                    |                                               |
| KEEP your promise .....            | <i>Petunia.</i>                               |
| Kindness .....                     | <i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>                      |
| Knight-errantry .....              | <i>Helmet Flower (Monkshood).</i>             |
|                                    |                                               |
| LAMENTATION .....                  | <i>Aspen Tree.</i>                            |
| Lasting beauty .....               | <i>Stock</i>                                  |
| Lasting pleasures .....            | <i>Everlasting Pea.</i>                       |
| Let me go .....                    | <i>Butterfly Weed.</i>                        |
| Levity .....                       | <i>Larkspur.</i>                              |
| Liberty .....                      | <i>Live Oak.</i>                              |
| Life .....                         | <i>Lucerne.</i>                               |
| Light-heartedness .....            | <i>Shamrock.</i>                              |
| Lightness .....                    | <i>Larkspur.</i>                              |
| Live for me .....                  | <i>Arbor Vite.</i>                            |
| Love .....                         | <i>Myrtle</i>                                 |



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|----------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| Love .....                 | <i>Rose.</i>                                                |
| Love, forsaken .....       | <i>Creeping Willow.</i>                                     |
| Love, returned .....       | <i>Ambrosia.</i>                                            |
| Love is dangerous .....    | <i>Carolina Rose.</i>                                       |
| Love for all seasons ..... | <i>Furze.</i>                                               |
| Love on the wane .....     | <i>Impomœa, or Man-of-the-World.</i>                        |
| Luster .....               | <i>Aconite-leaved Crowfoot, or Fair Maid<br/>of France.</i> |
| Luxury .....               | <i>Chestnut Tree.</i>                                       |
| MAGNIFICENCE .....         | <i>Magnolia.</i>                                            |
| Magnificent beauty .....   | <i>Calla .Ethiopica.</i>                                    |
| Majesty .....              | <i>Crown Imperial.</i>                                      |
| Make haste .....           | <i>Dianthus.</i>                                            |
| Malevolence .....          | <i>Lobelia.</i>                                             |
| Marriage .....             | <i>Ivy.</i>                                                 |
| Maternal affection .....   | <i>Cinquefoil.</i>                                          |
| Maternal love .....        | <i>Moss.</i>                                                |
| Maternal tenderness .....  | <i>Wood Sorrel.</i>                                         |
| Matrimony .....            | <i>American Linden.</i>                                     |
| Matronly grace .....       | <i>Cattleya</i>                                             |
| Mature charms .....        | <i>Cattleya Pineli.</i>                                     |
| May you be happy ....      | <i>Volkamenia.</i>                                          |
| Meanness .....             | <i>Cuscuta.</i>                                             |
| Meekness .....             | <i>Birch.</i>                                               |
| Melancholy .....           | <i>Autumnal Leaves.</i>                                     |
| Melancholy .....           | <i>Dark Geranium.</i>                                       |
| Melancholy .....           | <i>Dead Leaves.</i>                                         |
| Memory Dear .....          | <i>May Flowers.</i>                                         |
| Mental beauty .....        | <i>Clematis.</i>                                            |
| Mental beauty .....        | <i>Kennedia.</i>                                            |
| Message .....              | <i>Iris.</i>                                                |
| Mildness .....             | <i>Mallow.</i>                                              |
| Mirth .....                | <i>Saffron Crocus.</i>                                      |
| Misanthropy .....          | <i>Aconite (Wolsbane.)</i>                                  |
| Misanthropy .....          | <i>Fuller's Teazle.</i>                                     |
| Modest beauty .....        | <i>Trillium Pictum.</i>                                     |
| Modest genius ....         | <i>Creeping Cereus.</i>                                     |
| Modesty .....              | <i>Violet.</i>                                              |
| Modesty and purity .....   | <i>White Lily.</i>                                          |
| Momentary happiness .....  | <i>Virginian Spiderwort.</i>                                |
| Mourning ....              | <i>Weeping Willow.</i>                                      |

Music ..... *Bundles of Reed with their Panicles.*  
 My best days are past ..... *Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron.*  
 My regrets follow you to the grave. *Asphodel.*

NEATNESS ..... *Broom.*  
 Neglected beauty ..... *Throatwort.*  
 Never-ceasing remembrance ..... *Everlasting.*  
 Never despair ..... *Watcher by the Wayside.*  
 No ..... *Snapdragon.*

OLD AGE ..... *Tree of Life.*  
 Only deserve my love. .... *Rose Campion.*

PAINFUL recollections ..... *Flos Adonis.*  
 Painting ..... *Auricula.*  
 Painting the lily ..... *Daphne Adora.*  
 Passion ..... *White Dittany.*  
 Paternal error ..... *Cardamine.*  
 Patience ..... *Dock. Ox-eye.*  
 Patriotism ..... *American Elm.*  
 Patriotism ..... *Nasturtium.*  
 Peace ..... *Olive.*  
 Perfected loveliness ..... *White Camellia Japonica.*  
 Perfidy ..... *Common Laurel, in flower.*  
 Pensive beauty ..... *Laburnum.*  
 Perplexity ..... *Love-in-a-Mist.*  
 Persecution ..... *Checkered Fritillary.*  
 Perseverance. .... *Swamp Magnolia.*  
 Persuasion ..... *Althea Frutex.*  
 Persuasion .... *Syrian Mallow*  
 Pertinacity ..... *Clothur.*  
 Pity ..... *Pine, also Andromeda.*  
 Pleasure ..... *My Flowers.*  
 Pleasure and pain ..... *Dog Rose.*  
 Pleasure, lasting ..... *Everlasting Pea.*  
 Pleasures of memory .... *White Periwinkle.*  
 Pomp ..... *Dahlia.*  
 Popular favor ..... *Cistus, or Rock Rose.*  
 Poverty ..... *Evergreen Clematis.*  
 Power ..... *Imperial Montague.*  
 Power ..... *Cress.*  
 Pray for me ..... *White Verbena.*

|                                       |                                |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Precaution.....                       | <i>Golden Rod.</i>             |
| Prediction.....                       | <i>Prophetic Marigold.</i>     |
| Pretension .....                      | <i>Spiked Willow Herb.</i>     |
| Pride.....                            | <i>Hundred-leaved Rose.</i>    |
| Pride.....                            | <i>Amaryllis.</i>              |
| Privation.....                        | <i>Indian Plum.</i>            |
| Privation.....                        | <i>Myrobalan.</i>              |
| Profit.....                           | <i>Cabbage.</i>                |
| Prohibition.....                      | <i>Privet.</i>                 |
| Prolific.....                         | <i>Fig Tree.</i>               |
| Promptness.....                       | <i>Ten-week Stock.</i>         |
| Prosperity.....                       | <i>Beech Tree.</i>             |
| Protection.....                       | <i>Bearded Crepis.</i>         |
| Prudence.....                         | <i>Mountain Ash.</i>           |
| Pure love.....                        | <i>Single Red Pink.</i>        |
| Pure and ardent love.....             | <i>Double Red Pink.</i>        |
| Pure and lovely.....                  | <i>Red Rosebud.</i>            |
| Purity ... ..                         | <i>Star of Bethlehem.</i>      |
| QUARREL .....                         | <i>Broken Corn Straw.</i>      |
| Quicksightedness .....                | <i>Hawkweed.</i>               |
| READY-ARMED.....                      | <i>Gladioli.</i>               |
| Reason.....                           | <i>Goat's Rue.</i>             |
| Recantation .....                     | <i>Lotus Leaf.</i>             |
| Recall.....                           | <i>Silver-leaved Geranium.</i> |
| Reconciliation.....                   | <i>Filbert.</i>                |
| Reconciliation.....                   | <i>Hazel.</i>                  |
| Refinement.....                       | <i>Gardenia.</i>               |
| Refusal.....                          | <i>Striped Carnation.</i>      |
| Regard.....                           | <i>Daffodil.</i>               |
| Regret.....                           | <i>Purple Verbena.</i>         |
| Relief.....                           | <i>Balm of Gilead.</i>         |
| Relieve my anxiety .....              | <i>Christmas Rose.</i>         |
| Religious superstition.....           | <i>Aloe.</i>                   |
| Religious superstition, or Faith..... | <i>Passion Flower.</i>         |
| Religious enthusiasm.....             | <i>Schinus.</i>                |
| Remembrance.....                      | <i>Rosemary.</i>               |
| Remorse .....                         | <i>Bramble.</i>                |
| Remorse .....                         | <i>Raspberry.</i>              |
| Rendezvous.....                       | <i>Chickweed.</i>              |
| Reserve.....                          | <i>Maple.</i>                  |

|                             |                                 |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Resistance.....             | <i>Tremilla Nestor.</i>         |
| Resolved to be noticed..... | <i>Siphocampylus.</i>           |
| Restoration.....            | <i>Persicaria.</i>              |
| Retaliation.....            | <i>Scotch Thistle.</i>          |
| Return of happiness.....    | <i>Lily of the Valley.</i>      |
| Revenge.....                | <i>Birdsfoot Trefoil.</i>       |
| Reverie.....                | <i>Flowering Fern.</i>          |
| Reward of merit.....        | <i>Bay Wreath.</i>              |
| Reward of virtue.....       | <i>Garland of Roses.</i>        |
| Riches.....                 | <i>Corn.</i>                    |
| Riches.....                 | <i>Buttercups.</i>              |
| Rigor.....                  | <i>Lantana.</i>                 |
| Rivalry.....                | <i>Rocket</i>                   |
| Rudeness.....               | <i>Clothw.</i>                  |
| Rudeness.....               | <i>Xanthium.</i>                |
| Rural happiness.....        | <i>Yellow Violet.</i>           |
| Rustic beauty.....          | <i>French Honeysuckle.</i>      |
| Rustic oracle.....          | <i>Dandelion.</i>               |
| SADNESS.....                | <i>Dead Leaves.</i>             |
| Safety.....                 | <i>Traveler's Joy</i>           |
| Satire.....                 | <i>Prickly Pear.</i>            |
| Sculpture.....              | <i>Hoya.</i>                    |
| Secret love.....            | <i>Yellow Acacia.</i>           |
| Semblance.....              | <i>Spiked Speedwell.</i>        |
| Sensitiveness.....          | <i>Mimosa.</i>                  |
| Sensuality.....             | <i>Spanish Jasmine.</i>         |
| Separation.....             | <i>Carolina Jasmine.</i>        |
| Severity.....               | <i>Branch of Thorns.</i>        |
| Shame.....                  | <i>Peony.</i>                   |
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