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The
DWARVES
OF



with botanic and poetic illustrations:

being a Selection of Flowers drawn from Nature.

arranged emblematically

with DIRECTIONS for COLOURING them, by

Eliza Eve Gleadall.



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INTRODUCTION.

At the present period, when the studies of youth are arranged so as to blend information with amusement, when the accomplishments are considered merely as the relaxation of the mind, I have thought this volume on Flowers (which comprehends a botanical account of each specimen, the appropriate emblem, accompanied with instructions for copying the design) might afford a chaste recreation, and contribute to encourage a taste for Flowers, and for that delightful art which teaches us—

“ To look through Nature up to Nature’s God.”

For as Henry G. Bell beautifully remarks—

“ ————— There is religion in a flower ;
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience :
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty Power,
In characters more legible than those
Which He hath written on the tiniest flower,
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop’s weight.”

The language of Flowers dates its existence with the world itself; it is a kind of parable which speaks to the eye, through which medium it is transmitted to the heart. It has aided gratitude, affection, benevolence and piety, by its silent eloquence, in the expression of the finest feelings and sentiments. Affliction has often been soothed by an emblematical communication of sentiment. “ Roucher, when imprisoned by the revolutionary tribunal of France, amused himself in the study of Floral language, his daughter being permitted to send flowers to the prison. A few days before he met his fate, he returned to his favourite child two dried lilies to express both the purity of his heart and the fate which awaited him.” Klopstock assuaged his grief by planting white lilies on the grave of his beloved Meta.

To the Persians, but particularly the Greeks, Flowers appear to have been a kind of poetic language whereby they have expressed an intensity of feeling unutterable in common language. Their grief, their joy, their religion and sports, their gratitude and admiration, have all been expressed by Flowers—

“ ————— that tell
What words can never speak so well.”

And in Turkey, Lady Wortley Montagu asserts, that there is not a weed or a flower, herb or fruit, that has not its appropriate symbol.

Philosophers, men of profound learning and great intellect, men engaged in the cares of state, business, or in literary pursuits, have found recreation in their garden, and pleasure in the cultivation of Flowers.

“ Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
 In the Salonian garden’s noble shade,
 Which by his own imperial hands was made :
 I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
 With the ambassadors, who come in vain
 T’entice him to a throne again.
 ‘ If I, my friends,’ said he, ‘ should you show
 All the delights which in these gardens grow,
 ’Tis likelier far that you with me should stay,
 Than ’tis that you should carry me away :
 And trust me not, my friends, if, every day,
 I walk not here with more delight,
 Than ever, after the most happy fight,
 In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
 To thank the gods, and to be thought myself a god.’ ”

COWLEY’S GARDEN.

The elegant author of *Flora Domestica* observes that, “ A poet sees in a Flower not only its form and colour, and the shadowing of its verdant foliage—his eye rests upon the dew-drop that trembles on the leaf; a gleam of sunshine darts across, and gives it the sparkling brilliancy of a diamond. He sees the bee hovering around, buzzing its joyous anticipation of the honey he shall draw from its very heart; and the delicate butterfly suspended as it were by magic from its silken petals. His imagination, too, brings around it a world of associations, adding beauty and interest to the object actually before his eye. Thus Flowers have been described in all their seasons, and in every situation and circumstance, budding forth in timid beauty early in the spring, glowing in the maturity of summer, lingering in the chilling breath of autumn, and some few as daring even the frosts of winter.”

The botanical information contained in this volume has been carefully gathered from the best authorities. To MR. SAMUEL CURTIS, F.L.S. I have a pleasure in acknowledging myself greatly indebted for his judicious opinion and friendly attention to the execution and style of the plates, which I trust will be deemed correct copies of Nature.

With every sentiment of respect and gratitude for the kind patronage of several distinguished personages with which I have been honoured, and for the kindness of my friends, I present this volume, for which, in their judgement, I plead indulgence.

E. E. G.

HEATH-HALL, NEAR WAKEFIELD,

January, 1834.

F L O W E R S .

“ I do love Flowers ! They are the very Poetry of Nature : we read on their glowing leaves every sympathy of the human heart. The natives of the sunny east have been their interpreters, and a more beautiful language never owned translation !

“ How delightful the tales which the modest Violet and the tintless Lily tell to the soul ! Where is the heart so dead as not to read volumes of feeling in the bell of the Spring Crocus, and on the more beautiful bosom of the Summer Rose ? There is something holy in the love shed upon these tinted children of Nature, these little silent portraitures of Heaven : we may scorn the tear which weeps the loss of a gemmed bandeau, or a diamond tiara, for they are but the types of vanity, but a fallen Rose and a trodden Violet are holy in their origin, pure in their existence, sweet amid their ruin. Does not heaven lend its sun-beam and its tear to gladden and support them ? and shall man coldly neglect that which heaven cherishes ?

“ Can there be aught more exquisitely touching than to see in France the corse of a young unmarried female bestrewed with Flowers, amongst which the Azure Periwinkle ranks pre-eminent. A few hours, and all appear to have perished together—the maiden and the Flowers,—the blossoms which had once adorned her tresses, and the cheek that had glowed with inward exultation at their beauty, are one common ruin ! Again, in that land of fancy, does the bride step forth from her chamber to meet the chosen one of her heart ; and her simple and appropriate ornaments are Flowers—the bouquet on her bosom, and the chaplet on her brow are composed of the fragrant and elegant blossoms of the Fleur

d'Orange, they are a type to the heart of the bridegroom, of the sweetness and innocence of her whom he has made his own.

“ Does a Persian fair favour the warrior who loves her, she teaches him his happiness by Flowers: does that warrior fear her fickleness, he deprecates her inconstancy by the same wordless oracles. The devotee decks the shrine of her favourite saint with blossoms; and the heathen crowns his idol with a coronal of the same fragrant but perishing gems—gems of which Nature is so justly vain, that while she coldly conceals in her bosom the virgin pearl and imperial diamond, she displays these in all their magnificence.”

“ Yes,—you, delightful handy-works of Him
 Who arch'd the heavens, and spann'd this solid earth,
 Before whose glory day's proud light is dim;
 And Arts' achievements, if not food for mirth,
 Display at best its barrenness and dearth,—
 You, too, instruct us, and with 'line on line,
 Precept on precept,' show us by your birth,
 Your bud, your blossoming, and your decline,
 Time's never ceasing flight, and tell us truths divine.

“ Nor do ye, while ye thus declare the flight
 Of times and seasons, want yet deeper lore;
 In you, with eager and unsated sight,
 The gentle moralist may such explore:—
 Even Religion's voice has heretofore
 Pointed a moral, and adorned a tale
 By illustration from your ample store;
 Nor could such touching illustrations fail
 When thus the Saviour preached, his text the lilies pale.

“ ‘ Consider ye the lilies of the field,
 Which neither toil nor spin,—not regal pride,
 In all its plenitude of pomp reveal'd,
 Could hope to charm, their beauties plac'd beside:
 If heavenly goodness thus for them provide,
 Which bloom to-day and wither on the morrow,
 Shall not your wants be from your God supplied,
 Without your vain anxiety and sorrow?
 Oh ye of little faith! from these a lesson borrow!

“ If such the soothing precepts taught from you,
 Beautiful blossoms ! well may ye appear
 As silent preachers in the Christian’s view ;
 And while ye decorate the changeful year,
 Imbued with power the mourner’s heart to cheer,—
 Not gratifying merely outward sense
 By tints and odours,—but dispelling fear,
 Awak’ning hope by your intelligence,
 And strength’ning humble faith in God’s omnipotence !

“ Come forth, then, lovely heralds of the Spring !
 Leave at your Maker’s call your earthly bed ;
 At his behest your grateful tribute bring
 To light and life, from darkness and the dead !
 Thou, timid *Snowdrop*, lift thy lowly head ;
Crocus and *Primrose*, show your varied dye ;
Violets, your ceaseless odours round you shed,
 Yourselves the while retiring from the eye,
 Yet loading with your sweets each breeze that passes by.

“ And where my favourite abbey rears on high
 Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest,
 Ye *Wallflowers*, shed your tints of golden dye,
 On which the morning sun-beams love to rest,—
 On which, when glory fills the glowing west,
 The parting splendour of the day’s decline,
 With fascination to the heart address’d,
 So tenderly and beautifully shine,
 As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

“ *Convolvulus*, expand thy cup-like flower,
 Graceful in form, and beautiful in hue ;
Clematis, wreath afresh thy garden bower ;
 Ye loftier *Lilies*, bath’d in morning dew,
 Of purity and innocence renew
 Each lovely thought ; and ye whose lowlier pride
 In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from view,
 You of The Valley named, no longer hide
 Your blossoms meet to twine the brow of chastest bride.

“ Fruitless and endless were the task, I ween,
With every flower to grace my votive lay ;
And unto thee, their long acknowledged Queen,
Fairest and loveliest ! and thy gentle sway,
Beautiful *Rose*, my homage I must pay,—
For how can minstrel leave thy charms unsung
Whose meek supremacy has been alway
Confess'd in many a clime, and many a tongue,
And in whose praise the harp of many a bard has rung ?

“ Vain were the hope to rival bards, whose lyres,
On such a theme, have left me nought to sing ;
And one more plant my humble muse inspires,
Round which my parting thoughts would fondly cling ;
Which, consecrate to Salem's peaceful king,
Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower,
Is linked to sorrow like an holy thing,
And takes its name from suff'ring's fiercest hour :—
Be this thy noblest fame, imperial *Passionflower* !”

BERNARD BARTON.



Passiflora

THE
BEAUTIES OF FLORA,

ETC. ETC.

1.

RELIGIOUS SUPERSTITION.

Passiflora racemosa.

Natural Order.

PASSIFLOREÆ.

The racemose Passionflower.

Class and Order.

GYNANDRIA PENTANDRIA.

PASSIFLORA is derived from the Latin *patior*, 'to suffer,' and *flos*, 'a flower,' from the fancied resemblance of the different parts of the flower and plant, to the instruments of Christ's suffering. The five stamens were compared to his five wounds; the three styles to the nails by which he was fastened to the cross; the column which elevates the germen, to the cross itself; and the rays of the nectary to his crown of thorns; the petals to the ten apostles, Judas and Peter being rejected; the tendrils to a cord; the leaf to a hand.

“ If Superstition's baneful art
First gave thy mystic name,
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
Against its groundless claim.

“ But if in Fancy's pensive hour,
By grateful feelings stirr'd,
Her fond imaginative power
That name at first conferr'd—

THE BEAUTIES OF FLORA.

“ Though lightly Truth her flights may prize
 By wild vagary driven,
 For once their blameless exercise
 May surely be forgiven.

“ We roam the seas—give new-found isles
 Some king’s or conqueror’s name ;
 We rear on earth triumphal piles,
 As meeds of earthly fame :

“ We soar to heaven—and to outlive
 Our life’s contracted span,
 Unto the glorious stars we give
 The names of mortal man.

“ Then may not one poor flow’ret’s bloom
 The holier memory share
 Of Him who, to avert our doom,
 Vouchsaf’d our sins to bear ?

“ God dwelleth not in temples rear’d
 By work of human hands :
 Yet shrines august, by men rever’d,
 Are found in Christian lands.

“ And may not e’en a simple flower
 Proclaim His glorious praise,
 Whose *Fiat* only had the power
 Its form from earth to raise ?

“ Then freely let thy blossom ope
 Its beauties—to recall
 A scene which bids the humble hope
 In Him who died for all !”

B. BARTON.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The neutral teint for the shading of the flowers and leaves is composed of indigo and venetian red, for the diluting of which I prefer boiled water. The corolla has first a wash of Indian yellow, to which, for the second wash, carmine is added: the darker petals are afterwards strengthened with a deeper shade of the same colours; for the more brilliant ones permanent scarlet is used. The whole is then finely worked with a long sable pencil and a greater consistency of colour until the finish is attained. The nectarium, pistillum, and stamina, are formed with Newman’s constant white, touched with green and chrome yellow, No. 1. The green is a mixture of gamboge and Prussian blue, with which, for the floral leaves, carmine is blended: Cobalt blue and carmine are used in finishing the stalk.



THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Vinca major cœrulea.

Natural Order.

VINCEÆ.

The large blue Periwinkle.

Class and Order.

PENTANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

MILLER says that botanists formerly called this plant *Pervinca*, from the Latin *pervincere*, 'to overcome thoroughly,' because it resists the winter's cold: it has also been named *Clematis*, for the same reason as the *Clematis* now so called bears that name, from its tendency to climb upon neighbouring plants.

“ Perchance 'tis very childishness that weaves
Fancies with flowers, and borrows from their hue
A colour for our thoughts;—but if it be,
It is a weakness that will win a smile,
Not tempt a frown from sage Philosophy;
Or if he frown, in sooth, he's not the sage
Men take him for,—————”

Rousseau tells us, that walking with Madame Warren, she suddenly exclaimed, “There is the Periwinkle yet in flower.” Being too short-sighted to see the plant on the earth without stooping, he had never observed the Periwinkle: he gave it a passing glance, and saw it no more for thirty years. At the end of that period, as he was walking with a friend, “having then begun,” he says, “to herbarize a little, in looking among the bushes by the way, I uttered a cry of joy: ‘Ah, there is the Periwinkle!’ and it was so.” This he gives as an instance of the vivid recollection he had of every incident occurring at a particular period of his life; hence the Periwinkle has been chosen by the admirers of Rousseau as the symbol of the Pleasures of Memory. It is placed here, a simple memento of the great bard of Abbotsford; the azure tint of the flower being a simile of his chaste and elegant mind, the unfading leaves an emblem of the immortality of his fame.

“ Ennobler of man's name! thy mind
Is as the free air unconfined;
Thou wav'st thy wand—and from the tomb
Long vanished spirits trooping come;
Tradition's shadowy ages pass
Before our thoughts as in a glass:
The past is as the present seen,
And hoar antiquity looks green.
There glide they on revived once more,
The feelings and the forms of yore,
The cuirassed warrior, stern and high;
Beauty with soul-subduing eye;
Religion's choir in cloistral nave;
The hermit in his mossy cave;

THE BEAUTIES OF FLORA.

The warder on the bastion's brow ;
 The peasant at his peaceful plough ;
 The simple serf ; the lettered sage ;
 Soul-glowing youth, and chastened age ;—
 The loftiest and the lowliest birth ;—
 The pomp and poverty of earth !

“ Thy soul-born greatness can deride,
 Illustrious bard, all paltry pride,
 And midst thy fellows thou might'st pass
 As not apart, but of the mass.
 Yet who hath won a fame like thee,
 Throughout the world, by land or sea ?
 With it Time's empire is allied,
 And the world rings from side to side :
 'Tis fame, the loftiest and the best
 That ever mortal genius blest :
 'Tis pure—that fame owes not a jot
 From pandering to unworthy thought ;
 It ne'er awakened virtue's sigh ;
 Nor flush'd the cheek of modesty :
 'Tis bloodless—from another's woe
 Thy laurels were not trained to grow.

“ Brother of Homer, and of him,
 By Avon's shore 'mid twilight dim,
 Who dream'd immortal dreams, and took
 From Nature's hand the pictured book,
 Time hath not seen, and may not see,
 Till ends his reign, a third like thee.”

△.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—After the effect of light and shade is well produced by the grey mentioned in the preceding definition, give the flowers a light wash of crimson lake, gradually softening it towards the centre, so as to leave it white, and using the same precaution, proceed with Cobalt blue. The darker parts are strengthened with a mixture of these colours, and the whole carefully worked. Newman's constant white is used in forming the mouth of the corolla and the anthera ; the latter is finished with Chrome yellow, No. 1. The leaves are naturally opaque, and will be better represented in body colours, viz. indigo and king's yellow ; the darker parts comprise more of the former, softened by a brighter shade ; the shining appearance is given by applying gum water. For the younger leaves, calyces, and stalks, use Prussian blue and gamboge ; the under parts of the leaves are well shaded with grey and worked with this green.



3.

BEAUTY IS YOUR ONLY ATTRACTION.*Camellia japonica myrtifolia.**The myrtle-leaved Camellia or Japan Rose.*

Natural Order.

CAMELLIÆ.

Class and Order.

MONADELPHIA POLYANDRIA.

THE Camellias, sometimes called Japan Roses, are designated in honour of Joseph Kamel or Camellus, a jesuit. The variety Myrtifolia, from the semblance which the leaves bear to those of the myrtle.

“ As Venus wandered 'midst the Idælian bower,
 And marked the loves and graces round her play,
 She plucked a moss-rose from its dew-bent spray,
 ‘ And this,’ she said, ‘ shall be my favourite flower ;
 For o'er its crimson leaflets I will shower
 Dissolving sweets to steal the soul away.
 That Dian's self shall own their sovereign sway,
 And feel the influence of my mightier power !’
 Then spoke fair Cynthia, as severe she smiled ;—
 ‘ Be others by thy amorous arts beguiled,
 Ne'er shall thy dangerous gift these brows adorn,
 To me more dear than all their rich perfume,
 The chaste Camellia's pure and spotless bloom,
 That boasts no fragrance, and conceals no thorn.’ ”

W. ROSCOE.

DIFFIDENCE.*Cyclamen Persicum.**The Persian Cyclamen.*

Natural Order.

PRIMULACEÆ.

Class and Order.

PENTANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

“ THOUGH the Cyclamen towards yon luminous sky
 Is expanding its delicate petals,
 Its head is unlifted, its mild dewy eye
 On the earth ever modestly settles :—
 And thus lovely diffidence still will be found,
 Like its beautiful emblem retiring ;
 With soft bashful eyes meekly cast on the ground,
 In beauty and grace un aspiring.”

WALLIS.

The name of this elegant family is of Greek origin, and signifies circular, which alludes either to the rotundity of the leaves or of the roots. The *Cyclamen Persicum* is extremely fragrant, and varies in its hue from pure white to white and purple, or sometimes to a beautiful blush colour. *Persicum* implies it to be a native of Persia, but it appears to have been introduced from the island of Cyprus, about the year 1731; the root is noted for its acridity, and Lindley, in his *Introduction to the Natural System of Botany*, states that it is the principal food of the wild boars of Sicily, whence the common name of sow-bread. When the seeds are ripe, the stalk of the flower gradually twists itself spirally downwards, till it touches the ground, and forcibly penetrating the earth lodges its seeds, which are thought to receive nourishment from the parent root.

“ The gentle *Cyclamen* with dewy eye
Breathes o'er her lifeless babe the parting sigh;
And bending low to earth, with pious hands
Inhumes her dear departed in the sands.
' Sweet nursling! withering in thy tender hour,
Oh, sleep,' she cries, ' and rise a fairer flower!'
So when the Plague o'er London's gasping crowds
Shook her dank wing, and steer'd her murky clouds;
When o'er the friendless bier no rites were read,
No dirge slow-chanted, and no pall outspread,
While Death and Night piled up the naked throng,
And Silence drove their ebon cars along;
Six lovely daughters and their father swept
To the throng'd grave Cleone saw, and wept.
Her tender mind, with meek Religion fraught,
Drank all-resigned Affliction's bitter draught;
Alive and listening to the whisper'd groan
Of other's woes, unconscious of her own!—
One smiling boy, her last sweet hope, she warms
Hushed on her bosom, circled in her arms,—
Daughter of woe! ere morn in vain caress'd,
Clung the cold babe upon thy milkless breast,
With feeble cries thy last sad aid required!—
Long with wide eye-lids on her child she gazed,
And long to heaven their tearless orbs she raised;
Then with quick foot and throbbing heart she found,
Where Chartreuse open'd deep his holy ground,
Bore her last treasure through the midnight gloom,
And kneeling dropp'd it in the mighty tomb.
' I follow next!' the frantic mourner said,
And living plunged amid the festering dead.”

DARWIN.

The church has dedicated this flower to St. Romuald.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—Carmine alone is used for the centre of the corolla of the *Camellia*, and a compound of this colour and Indian yellow for the outer petals. The same observations which were made on the leaves under the *Periwinkle*, are applicable here, excepting that Chrome yellow is substituted for king's yellow in finishing them, the leaves of the *Camellia* having a brighter appearance. The stalk is burnt-umber. It will be requisite to add a trifling quantity of gamboge to the neutral teint for the corollas of the *Cyclamen*, and great care should be taken to produce the proper effect without making them dark. The colours used for the flowers are Cobalt blue and crimson lake. The leaf requires strong shading, the green is composed of indigo and gamboge, but if there be much gum in the latter, Chrome yellow, No. 1, will be preferable.



INFIDELITY.

Rosa odorata flavescens.

Natural Order.

ROSACEÆ.

The sweet-scented China Rose.

Class and Order.

ICOSANDRIA POLYGYNIA.

ROSA is derived from *rhos*, in Armorican, whence *rodon*, Greek, and *rosa*, Latin. A Rose, the queen of flowers and the pride of Flora, has been, from time immemorial, the favoured flower of every civilized nation, no other having been deemed so expressive of the most tender and the most exalted sentiments of the soul. There is scarcely a poet who has not eulogized these lovely gems of nature; the ancients adorned their temples, their altars, and the statues of their gods with them, and grief has often assuaged its sorrow and testified its regard by planting them on the tombs of departed friends.

“ A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely lustre meek and pale :
 It looks as planted by despair—
 So white, so faint—the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high ;
 And yet though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky
 May wring it from the stem—in vain—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again !
 The stalk some spirit gently rears,
 And waters with celestial tears.”

Bride of Abydos.

Chaucer delighted in wreathing his heads with Roses. The goddess Venus is sometimes represented as wearing a crown composed of Red and White Roses. The Red Rose is said to have been indebted for its colour to the blood which flowed from her thorn-wounded feet when running through the woods in despair for the loss of Adonis.

“ White as the native Rose before the change,
 Which Venus' blood did on her leaves impress.”

SPENCER.

Though sacred to her, they are emblematical of a diversity of sentiments, and of things the most opposite to each other. The Yellow Rose from its teint is made the symbol of Infidelity.

“ I listened to a traitor's tale,
 I left the convent and the veil,
 For three long years I bowed my pride,
 A horse-boy in his train to ride ;
 And well my folly's meed he gave,
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,
 All here, and all beyond the grave.
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
 And Constance was beloved no more.”

Marmion.

CONFIDENCE.

Hepatica cœrulea.

Natural Order.

RANUNCULACEÆ.

The blue Hepatica.

Class and Order.

POLYANDRIA POLYGYNIA.

THE Hepatica is a species of the Swiss anemone, and was formerly called 'The noble Liverwort,' from the Greek, *hepaticos*, of or relating to the liver, to which the three lobes of the leaves have been compared. From the early appearance of this beautiful little flower, it is regarded as the emblem of Confidence.

" Dear little plant ! that here amid the gloom
 And chill of winter putteth forth thy flowers,
 Why waste on dreary scenes thy tender bloom,
 Nor spread thy beauties in more genial bowers,
 Where neither snows descend nor tempest lowers ?"

" Unlike the blossoms that in summer skies
 Alone bud forth, and shed their fragrance round ;
 Though at thy birth the genial sun denies
 His fostering care and warmth, thou still art found
 Raising thy hardy stem above the ground.
 Bleak is the prospect, and the teeming earth
 Lies fast in Winter's icy fetters bound ;
 Hush'd is all Nature's melody and mirth,
 The frosts and snows of Heaven the handmaids of thy birth."

N.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The Yellow Rose is shaded with a grey composed of indigo and yellow ochre, which permits a closer resemblance to nature than the greys before-mentioned. The corolla may receive an entire wash of gamboge and a little yellow ochre, thinly diluted ; the darkest petals may be strengthened with French yellow. In finishing the leaves and stalks carmine should be mixed with the green to give the red tinge, and sepia added for the darker stem.

The neutral tint for the Hepaticas is a mixture of indigo and venetian red. The corollas are delicately shaded and worked with Cobalt blue and lake. For the stamina Newman's constant white is used ; it is also carefully applied to the buds. The green is gamboge and Prussian blue. The veins are taken off with a clear pencil when nearly completed.



5.

SINGULARITY.

Erythrina crista galli.

Natural Order.

LEGUMINOSÆ.

The Cock's Comb Coral-Tree.

Class and Order.

DIADELPHIA DECANDRIA.

THUS named from the Greek, *eruthros*, signifying 'red,' most of the species being remarkable for the brilliant scarlet colour of their flowers. The *Erythrina crista galli* is a native of Brazil.

" Whilst *Erythrina* o'er her tender flower
Bends all her leaves, and braves the sultry hour."

DARWIN.

" ————— plants divine and strange,
That ev'ry day their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues !
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand, the wonder of the bowers,
From morn to evening dews."

The emblem arises from the rarity of the *Erythrina crista galli* and the singular appearance of its blossoms. It has been justly observed that " Singularity is frequently adopted by those who have no other claims to public notice; but to be singular in any thing that is wise and worthy is not a disparagement but a praise."

BEAUTY IS YOUR ONLY ATTRACTION.

*Camellia japonica flore simplici alba.**The single white flowered Camellia or Japan Rose.*

Natural Order.

CAMELLIÆ.

Class and Order.

MONADELPHIA POLYANDRIA.

THIS chaste and elegant flower, so pleasing to the eye, from its want of fragrance is deemed the emblem of " Beauty is your only attraction:" though void of the sweets of the Rose, it possesses, nevertheless, a charm to allure the observation of a poet.

THE BEAUTIES OF FLORA.

" Say, what impels me, pure and spotless flower,
 To view thee with a secret sympathy ?
 Is there some living spirit shrined in thee ?
 That as thou bloom'st within thy humble bower,
 Endows thee with some strange mysterious power,
 Waking high thought?—As there perchance might be
 Some angel form of truth and purity,
 Whose hallowed presence shared my lonely hour ?
 Yes, lovely flower, 'tis not thy virgin glow,
 Thy petals whiter than descending snow ;
 'Tis the soft image of some beaming mind,
 By grace adorned, by elegance refined,
 That o'er my heart thus holds its silent sway."

For a detailed history of the Camellias, with an account of their mode of treatment and for the most splendid figures of the different varieties, see MR. SAMUEL CURTIS'S admirable work on Camellias.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The corollas have a fleshy appearance and require deep shading, and with the exception of the under corolla and carina, they have previously a wash of Indian yellow; carmine is then added, the shades are strengthened with a greater proportion of these colours and well worked; the buds and leaves from their situation and nature demand a lighter and more delicate finish. Carmine and Indian yellow will give the tint of the upper calyces and stalks; burnt-sienna the lower ones. The green is a compound of gamboge and Prussian blue; carmine is used for the carina.

The shades of the white Camellia must be delicately and cautiously given by a compound of the colours mentioned under the Cyclamen, and the centre lightly worked with gamboge. The filamenta are formed with Newman's constant white and Chrome yellow; the anthera of French yellow. A greater depth of shade is required to give the character of the leaves; Indigo, Chrome, and King's yellow comprise the green; the darker parts of which are softened by a brighter shade of the same colours; when quite finished and perfectly dry, gum-water of a tolerable consistency is applied.



6.

PREFERENCE.

Pelargonium Helena.

Natural Order.

GERANIACEÆ.

The Helen Geranium.

Class and Order.

MONADELPHIA HEPTANDRIA.

THIS is a beautiful family of plants, comprehending numerous species, herbaceous and shrubby, but of a succulent or spongy nature. They have lately been divided by botanists into several genera, of which the chief are Erodium, so called from the Greek, *erodias*, 'a heron,' because the fruit resembles the head and breast of the bird; Pelargonian from *pelargo*, 'a stork,' for a similar reason; and Geranium from *geranos*, 'a crane,' the capsule and its beak resembling the head of the crane. The emblem arises from the popular taste for Geraniums or the Pelargonian tribe.

“ ————— genteel Geranium,
With a leaf for all that come.”

Sir Walter Scott in the *Lady of the Lake* has very sweetly defined Preference.

“ Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steep'd
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she, that fear, (affection's proof,)
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.
Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the chieftain's pride,
Then dashed, with hasty hand, away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,

‘ Can'st thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came,
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true,
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast
O! it out-beggars all I lost!’”

The Island.

FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNE.

*Cheiranthus cheiri.*Natural Order.
CRUCIFERÆ.*The Garden Wallflower.*Class and Order.
TETRADYNAMIA SILIQUOSA.

CHEIRANTHUS is from the Arabic *kheyry*, the name of a plant with red sweet-scented flowers. The Wallflower is chosen the symbol of Fidelity in Misfortune on account of its growing in desolate places and enlivening the ruins which time and neglect have made. "It hides the savage strokes of feudal times on the castle walls; fills the space of the wanted stone in the mouldering church, and wreathes a garland on the crumbling monument, where grateful memory no longer lingers."

"For this, obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turret's mould;
And undispers'd by tempest there,
They rise in vegetable gold."

LANGHORN§.

"The Wallflower only shall be mine;
Its simple faith is dear to me;
To roofless tower and prostrate shrine
It clings with patient constancy.

"And prodigal of love, blooms on,
Though all unseen its beauties die,
And, though for desert gales alone,
Breathes fragrance rich as Araby.

"Oh, there appears a generous scorn
Of all requital in its choice!
The thousand flowers that earth adorn,
In earth's exuberant stores rejoice.

"It only asks the freshening dew,
Imparting all where naught is given—
Raised above earth, as if it drew
Its only nutriment from heaven."

C. H. TOWNSEND.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The corollas of the Helen Geranium are shaded with Indian ink and crimson lake; the Wallflower and leaves with the grey as usual. Lake is delicately used for the former, to which in giving the veins and splash of colour in the darker petals add Cobalt blue: the stamina ^{are} formed of white and finished with mineral orange. The brighter parts of the Wallflower must receive a wash of Indian yellow alone. Carmine is added for the darker. Gamboge and Prussian blue comprise the green for both. Venetian red will give the red tint on the veins.



7.

PREFERENCE.

*Pelargonium Smithii.**Smith's Geranium.*

“ ————— Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours.”

PURITY OF SENTIMENT, CANDOUR, MODESTY, AND INNOCENCE.

*Viola odorata purpurea et alba.**The sweet purple and white flowered Violets.*

Natural Order,
VIOLACEÆ.

Class and Order,
PENTANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

VIOLETS from their fragrance and early appearance have received but little less of the poets' favour than the Rose itself, and have been presented as emblems of many sweet and endearing qualities; the white Violet, “Purity of Sentiment”—the sweet white, “Modesty”—the sweet purple Violet, “Candour and Innocence.”

Rapin says, that Apollo becoming enamoured with Ia or Ianche, one of the nymphs of Diana, the goddess to cure him of his passion transformed Ia into the Violet, and that as in life she withdrew herself from the admiration of Apollo, so now she blooms the emblem of Modesty and Innocence beneath her dark green foliage.

“ The Violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.”

SIR W. SCOTT.

The sweet Violet is dedicated to St. Gertrude, and its motto is “*Il faut me chercher.*” Shakespeare has made an elegant allusion to this lovely flower in his “Twelfth Night.”

“ That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.”

Again, in his "Winter's Tale:"—

"————— Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

The modesty and timidity of the Violet have been noticed by Bernard Barton, and Moore:—

" Beautiful are you in your lowliness ;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent,
Lovely your modest blossoms downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer-by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely eloquent,
Are unobtrusive worth and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess."

Poetic Vigils.

"————— steals timidly away,
Shrinking as Violets do in summer's ray."

Lalla Rookh.

And Lord Byron has beautifully observed:—

" The sweetness of the Violet's deep blue eyes
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies."

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The darker petals of the Geranium are coloured with carmine and Indian yellow, the lighter ones with carmine alone. The white Violet requires a little gamboge in the neutral tint. Cobalt blue and crimson lake produce the hue of the purple Violet. The green for both is a compound of Prussian blue and gamboge, with which carmine and Indian yellow are mixed for the buds and faded leaf. The saucer is well shaded and finished with sepia, the colouring is orpiment or Chrome yellow. No. 2 Indigo will represent the water, and Newman's constant white will be requisite in shading the interior of the saucer.



EGOTISM AND SELF-LOVE.

Narcissus tereticaulis.

Natural Order.

AMARYLLIDEE.

The snow flake-leaved Narcissus.

Class and Order.

HEXANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

FROM the fabulous transformation of the youth Narcissus into this flower, have originated the name and the emblem. *Narcissus Tereticaulis* is a native of France, and is annually imported from Holland with other bulbs by the name *Surpassant*, and ranks in the genus at the head of the section *Rotulares*, on account of its roundish stem and green leaves.

“ What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o’er the untainted spring ?
In some delicious ramble he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round ;
And in the midst thereof a clearer pool
Than e’er reflected in its pleasant cool,
The blue sky here and there serenely peeping
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping,
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower with naught of pride,
Drooping its beauty o’er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness.
Deaf to light Zephyrus, it would not move ;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So, while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleanings o’er his fancy shot ;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo’s vale.”

KEATS.

The cup in the centre of the flower is supposed to contain the tears of Narcissus, to which Milton alludes in the following lines :—

“ Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.”

The Naiades, as the poets relate, lamenting the death of Narcissus, prepare a funeral pile,—

“ When, looking for his corse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown’d.”

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The neutral teint in this style of painting being always the first shade given to a flower, it will be deemed tautology to repeat the observation under each. Three different greys having been mentioned in the course of these definitions, it may be proper to remark, that Indigo and Venetian red are used alone for the leaves and coloured flowers, to which, for transparent or blue white flowers, a little gamboge is added. A grey composed of indigo and yellow ochre is preferable for pale yellow flowers, or white ones having a yellow hue. The Narcissus is shaded with the latter grey, which gives the soft and wavy appearance it possesses in nature; a light mixture of yellow ochre and gamboge is used for the petals, the cup or crown is Chrome yellow, the stamina are touched with red lead. The green is a compound of Prussian blue and gamboge.



9.

DANGER.*Rhododendron arboreum rubrum.**The red-flowered tree Rhododendron.*

Natural Order.

RHODORACEÆ.

Class and Order.

DECANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

RHODODENDRON is deduced from two Greek words, *rodon*, a 'rose,' and *dendron*, a 'tree.' The variety *rubra* was introduced into this country in 1820 with the varieties *alba* and *roseum*. Dr. Wallich, curator of the East-India Company's botanic garden at Calcutta, says, they are all natives of the Burmese mountain in Nepaul or Nepal, and that *roseum* is frequently found growing on the summit of the mountain, 6000 feet above the level of the sea. *Rubra* and *alba* are more tender and are generally found on the sides of the mountain.

" O'er pine-clad hills and dusky plains,
In silent state Rhododendron reigns,
And spreads, in beauty's softest blooms,
Her crimson glories through the glooms."

SHAW.

The cups of the flowers when in full bloom are partly filled with a transparent liquid resembling a mixture of honey and water, which from its poisonous quality has given rise to the emblem.

" Ev'n as those bees of Trebizond,
Which from the sunniest flowers that clad
With their pure smile the garden round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad."

MOORE.

" Dew-drops like diamonds hung on every tree,
And sprinkled silvery lustre o'er the lea;
And all the verdurous herbage of the ground
Was decked with pearls which cast a splendour round;
The flowers, the buds, and every plant that grew,
Sipp'd the fresh fragrance of the morning dew,
In every plant the liquid nectar flow'd,
In every bud, and every flower that blow'd;
Here roved the busy bees without control,
Robbed the sweet bloom, and suck'd its balmy soul."

GAWIN DOUGLAS, modernized by FAWKES.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The principal part of this flower will require deep shading, particularly the cups of the corollas and the under leaves; the spots are also grey. A wash of carmine and gallstone is given to the whole of the flower, with which, but of greater consistency, it is then worked; more carmine is required for the lower petals, and if the grey be not sufficiently dark sepia is added in finishing them. The filamenta and anthera are formed first of white and afterwards coloured, the former with Chrome yellow No. 1, the latter with sepia; the farina is a compound of white and yellow applied with the brush rather dry. The honey-drops are left white and shaded to produce the effect.



10.

RESEMBLANCE.

Cypripedium insigne.

Natural Order.

ORCHIDEÆ.

The noble Lady's Slipper.

Class and Order.

GYNANDRIA DIANDRIA.

THE Noble Lady's Slipper has not yet found its way into the language of flowers; from its peculiar character it is, however, here placed as the emblem of Resemblance.

“ Fairest resemblance of thy maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on.”

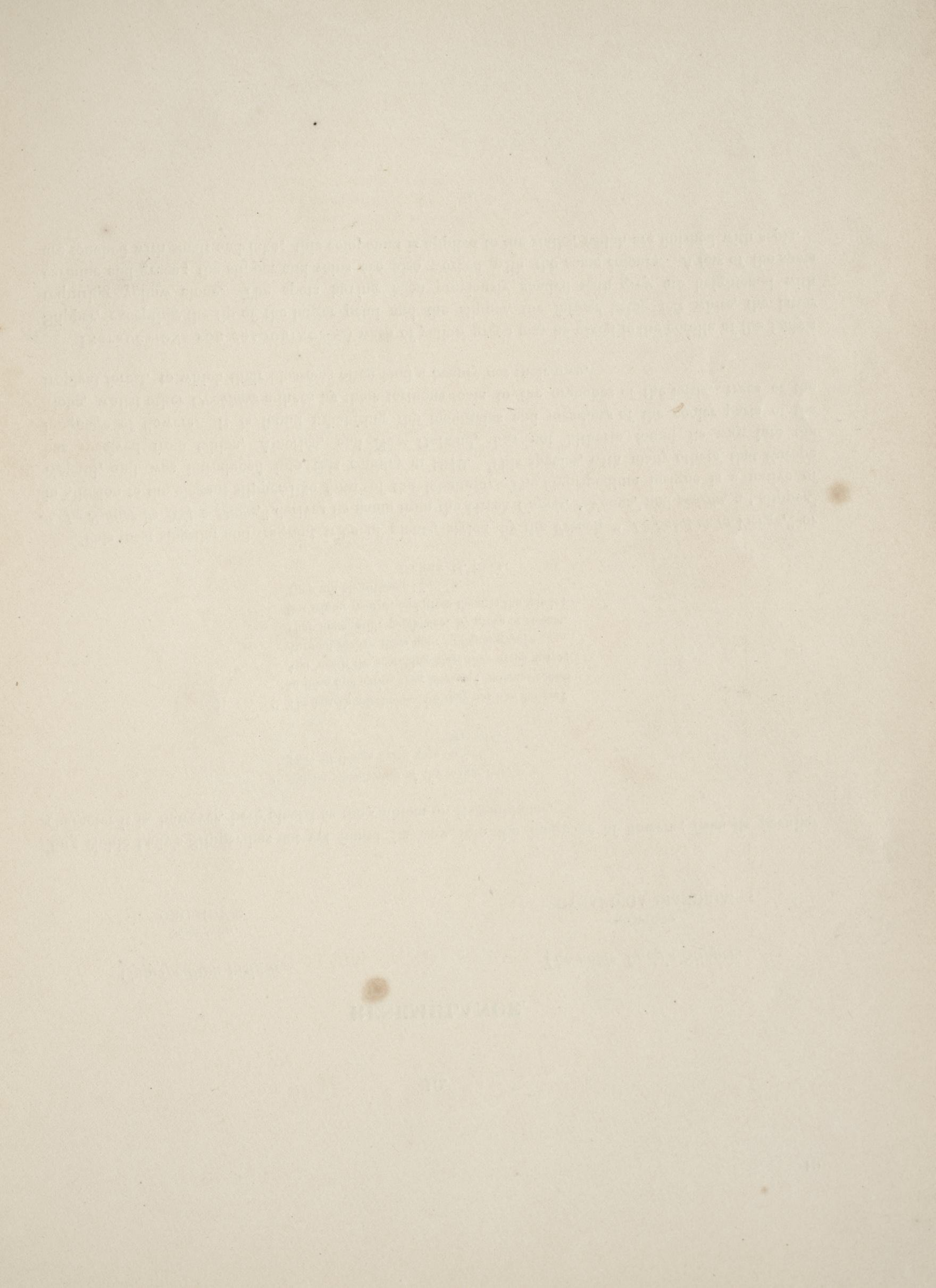
MILTON.

“ The heart's affections—are they not like flowers?
In life's first spring they blossom; summer comes
And 'neath the scorching blaze they droop apace;
Autumn revives them not: in liquid groups
They linger still, perchance, by grove or stream,
But winter frowns, and gives them to the winds;—
They are all withered!”

HENRY G. BELL.

This most singular and fragrant tribe of plants, styled by the French “ *Le Sabot de la Vierge*,” or “ *Le Soulier de Nôtre-Dame*,” derives its name from the Greek *Cupris*, ‘Venus,’ and *podrôn*, a ‘slipper,’ in allusion to the elegant slipper-like form of the labellum. The *Cypripedium insigne* is a native of Nepaul, and was introduced into this country in 1819. This species, with many others that Europe has received from China, America, and New Holland, has not hitherto found its way into the language of flowers. It is found inhabiting the mountains and meadows of the cooler parts of the globe, whilst other *Orchideæ* adhere by their tortuous roots to the branches of the loftiest trees of the tropical forest, to which their blossoms often lend a beauty not their own.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—A wash of yellow green may be given to the corolla of the Lady's Slipper, excepting the tip of the larger petal and the slipper, the former being left white, the latter requiring yellow alone. The spots having been previously shaded with grey are heightened with carmine and green; the slipper and veins are also worked with the same colours. A few of the spots are touched with smalt and lake; this compound is applied to the stalks, which are finished with sepia.





11.

HORROR.*Cactus speciosissimus.*

Natural Order.

CACTI.

The beautiful Cactus.

Class and Order.

ICOSANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

CACTI, sometimes called Nopaleæ, are succulent plants destitute for the most part of leaves, the place of which is supplied by fleshy stems of the most grotesque figure; some are angular, and attaining the height of thirty feet; others are round, covered with stiff spines like the hedgehog, and not exceeding the stature of a few inches. The flowers are generally large and remarkably specious, varying from pure white to rich scarlet and purple, through all the intermediate gradations of colours. The species are chiefly natives of the hottest and driest parts of the tropics, and are cultivated with little care.

From the disagreeable properties of the stems of the Cactus, which are both dangerous and painful to the touch, has originated the emblem.

“ ————— O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!”

MILTON.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—A few of the petals of the pink Cactus have a wash of Cobalt blue previous to that of lake, with which it is principally worked, a few touches of carmine being only required in finishing. The edges of the inner petals of the *Cactus speciosissimus* are shaded with Cobalt blue and crimson lake separately; carmine and Indian yellow are the colours used for the other parts of the corolla. To blend these colours softly, and to produce the brilliant hue which it has in nature, will require great attention and a judicious method of working the flower. Indigo, gamboge, and a trifling portion of Venetian red, comprise the green for the stem of *Cactus speciosissimus*; some of the spines are made of Newman's constant white and yellow ochre, some of grey, and others with a mixture of carmine and green. In tinting the pistillum mineral orange is used.



SOLITUDE.

*Erica grandiflora.**Erica vestita fulgida.**Erica ventricosa.**Great flowered Heath.**Bright red Heath.**Porcelain Heath.*Natural Order.
ERICACEÆ.Class and Order.
OCTANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

THIS genus of plants derives its name from the Greek *ereico*, 'to break,' in allusion to the brittle branches of the plant, or from its supposed quality of breaking or rather dissolving the stone in the bladder. Miller, sixty years ago, described but five sorts of Heath as known in England; at present there are upwards of three hundred species, and according to Dr. Withering's arrangement, five only are indigenous to Great Britain; most of the varieties have been introduced from the Cape of Good Hope, since in the possession of the English. The different species of native *Erica* are made conducive to a great variety of useful purposes, in the bleak and barren highlands of Scotland and other northern countries. The poorer inhabitants cover their cabins with them instead of thatch, or by twisting them into ropes bind down the thatch in a kind of lattice work. The hardy Highlanders frequently make their beds with them, and in many of the western isles they dye their yarn of a yellow colour by boiling it in water with the green tops and flowers. Formerly the young tops were used alone to brew a kind of ale. Boethius says, the Picts were partial to this liquor.

Sir Walter Scott, in *Rob Roy*, describes the Highland Heath-bed.—“ While the unpleasant ideas arising from this suggestion counteracted the good effects of appetite, welcome, and good cheer, I remarked that Rob Roy's attention had extended itself to providing us better bedding than we had enjoyed the night before. Two of the least fragile of the bedsteads, which stood by the wall of the hut, had been stuffed with Heath, then in full flower, so artificially arranged that the flowers, being uppermost, afforded a mattress at once elastic and fragrant. Cloaks, and such bedding as could be collected, stretched over this vegetable couch, made it both soft and warm.”

“ ————— The *Erica* here,
That o'er the Caledonian hills sublime
Spreads its dark mantle, (where the bees delight
To seek their purest honey,) flourishes,
Sometimes with bells like amethysts, and then
Paler, and shaded like the maiden's cheek
With gradual blushes—other while, as white
As rime that hangs upon the frozen spray.
Of this, old Scotia's hardy mountaineers
Their rustic couches form; and there enjoy
Sleep, which, beneath his velvet canopy,
Luxurious idleness implores in vain.”

MRS. C. SMITH.

THE BEAUTIES OF FLORA.

“ Flower of the waste ! the heath-fowl shuns
 For thee the brake and tangled wood ;
 To thy protecting shade she runs,
 Thy tender buds supply her food ;
 Her young forsake her downy plumes,
 To rest upon thy opening blooms.”

Heaths have been chosen the emblem of Solitude, from growing only in poor acrid soil and in dreary situations.

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been ;
 To climb the trackless ocean all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms and see her stores unroll'd.

“ But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, followed, sought, and sued :
 This is to be alone ; this, this is Solitude !”

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The corollas of *Erica grandiflora* are coloured with Chrome yellow, heightened and finished with French yellow ; those of *Erica vestita* with carmine and Indian yellow ; *Erica ventricosa* is lightly shaded with lake and Indian ink, and faintly worked with the former. In delineating the foliage of the *Ericas* great attention and accuracy will be requisite, and also a smaller pencil. The green is a compound of gamboge and Prussian blue ; for the darkest parts Venetian red is added, and for the lightest Chrome yellow is substituted for gamboge.



PURITY AND RETURN OF HAPPINESS.

Convallaria majalis.

Natural Order.

SMILACEÆ.

Lillies of the Valley.

Class and Order.

HEXANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

CONVALLARIA derives its name from *convallis*, 'a valley,' in reference to the places where it grows. *Convallaria majalis*, in French *Le Muguet*, is an elegant and delicate-scented plant, which has long been a favourite of the florist. The fields of the Levant are overrun with the *Amaryllis lutea*, whose golden lilaceous flowers in autumn afford one of the most brilliant and gorgeous objects in nature; they are therefore conjectured by Sir James Edward Smith to be the flowers alluded to by our Saviour, neither the white lily nor the tulip, to which He is generally supposed to have referred, growing wild in Palestine, and it is natural to presume that according to our Saviour's usual custom He called the attention of his hearers to some subject at hand. Thus the expression, "That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," appears peculiarly appropriate. Notwithstanding the fragrance of the blossoms of the *Convallaria majalis* when green, yet when dried they have a narcotic odour, and if reduced to powder excite sneezing. A beautiful and durable green colour may be prepared from the leaves of these plants with lime. They are most common in the woods about Woburn, in Bedfordshire.

" From purity of thought all pleasure springs,
And from an humble spirit all our peace."

YOUNG.

" Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet, see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?"

THOMSON.

" No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers."

" _____ And valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love."

KEATS'S ENDYMION.

" The lily, silver mistress of the vale."

CHURCHILL.

" White bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean
Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow;
Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

" White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing—
The broken spirit, that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heav'n the holy fragrance of its tears."

C—.

The dew-drop and dew on flowers have drawn many sweet comparisons from the poets, and have given birth to some of the loveliest gems of poetry.

" Scarce touching where it lies
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere,
Restless it rolls, and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

" So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven, in an heaven less."

ANDREW MARVEL.

“ That same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell like round orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eye
Like tears.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty leaved and finely tapering stems
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.”

KEATS.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Papilio purpureus Imperator.

The purple Emperor Butterfly.

WHEN the butterfly departs from the chrysalis which encloses it, it leaves on earth its vitiated remains, unfolds its wings, and wafts its airy flight towards heaven, in beautiful allusion to the bursting of the soul from its earthly envelope. Thus the Greeks considered it the striking and appropriate emblem of the Immortality of the Soul, and in this simple instance strongly evinced a reflective and ingenious observation of the works of Nature. The moderns have chosen it as the symbol of Inconstancy because it roams from flower to flower.

“ Gaze on its varied tints and tell me why
There is such beauty in a Butterfly!
Mark then its form—how delicate! how light!
How gracefully the insect wings its flight!
Come! let us follow it from spray to spray,
And trace the rover in its airy way;
See from flower to flower it skims along,
Then rests as 'twere to listen to the song

Of some feathered warbler. Look once more!
Vainly it flutters, and attempts to soar,—
It is entrapp'd within a silken net,—
Its little fluttering wings seem to regret
Their former liberty,—it sinks—it dies!
And what are we, but busier Butterflies?”

“ Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
The humblest form in Nature's train,
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

“ And shalt thou, number'd with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shall no future morrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow?

“ Ah! where were once her golden eyes,
Her glittering wings of purple pride?
Conceal'd beneath a rude disguise!
A shapeless mass to earth allied.

“ Is this the bound of power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not He who moulded thine,
Wake at his will the vital flame?

“ Like thee, the hapless reptile liv'd;
Like thee she toil'd, like thee she spun;
Like thine her closing hour arriv'd,
Her labours ceas'd, her web was done.

“ Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
Enough to know to thee is giv'n;
Go! and the joyful truth relate,
Frail child of Earth, high heir of Heav'n.”

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—To give these beautiful blossoms the chaste and delicate appearance which in nature charms the eye of every beholder, a soft but expressive method will be required in shading them; a few of the corollas will have greater effect if touched with Newman's constant white. The green is a mixture of gamboge and Prussian blue; the parts in shade have Indigo and Venetian red compounded. A variety of colours are used for the butterfly, all softly blended so as to produce a diversity of shades; smalt, the sepias, white, and orpiment are the principal. The bloom and hairy appearance will be attained, by working the parts with a finer pencil, and by applying the gold and silver saucer where perceptible.



Plate.14.

14.

BEAUTY ALWAYS NEW.

Rosa semperflorens.

Natural Order.
ROSACEÆ.

The ever-blowing Rose.

Class and Order.
ICOSANDRIA POLYGYNIA.

THOUGH this variety is not found to blossom well in the vicinity of London, yet in the country where it is cultivated it enlivens the parterre with its luxuriant flowers throughout the year; hence the name and the emblem.

“ ————— Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,

Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue, and fragrant sigh.”

GIAOUR.

In the “Bride of Abydos,” Byron, speaking of Beauty, observes,—

“ Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness.

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

“ ————— Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, e'en in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind;
By steps conducting our enraptured search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.

Mind, mind alone, ‘bear witness, earth and heaven!’
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the graces; here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.”

AKENSIDE.

The following stanzas are addressed to the *Rosa semperflorens*, and are also descriptive of it.

“ Why do I love thee, monthly Rose?
There's many a brighter flower,
And many a one that round her throws
A more luxuriant shower.

“ But yet I prize them not, for they,
Like many a worldly friend,
Will with the sunshine fade away,
And fragrance cease to lend.

“ Thy tints are pale compared with those
That light the brilliant cheek
Of yonder glowing damask Rose,
Or her with crimson streak.*

“ But thou, my own sweet, gentle one!
Wilt bloom through wintry days;
Thou liv'st not for the summer sun,
Nor witherest with its rays.”

* The symbol of England usually designated the York and Lancaster Rose.

“ Emblem of England, hail! thou fairest flower,
That paints the garden and perfumes the gale.”

FITZJOHN.

THE BEAUTIES OF FLORA.

At the festival of Salency a chaplet of Roses is annually given to the most virtuous daughter of the hamlet, whence has originated the emblem, "A Crown of Roses, the Reward of Virtue."

"And on hire hed, ful semely for to see
A rose gerland fresh and well smelling."
CHAUCER.

"If there's a power above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works, he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy."
ADDISON.

As the rising and setting of the sun are contemplated and admired, and the effect which its various beautiful appearances produce on different objects is viewed with delight, so are the lustre and beauty which the mind and soul fling over the human person and actions. A mind fraught with the virtues is the natural soil of beauty and elegance. Unaffected truth, generosity, and grandeur of soul, for ever please; even when they spring from the poor and uneducated, they still are beautiful.

"Oh! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The Rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live;
The cankered blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,—
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They lived unwooded, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves.—Sweet Roses, do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth."
SHAKSPEARE.

"And first of all, the Rose; because its breath
Is rich beyond the rest; and when it dies,
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death."
BARRY CORNWALL'S *Flood of Thessaly*.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The Indian-ink shades in *Rosa semperflorens*, particularly the lighter petals, should be softly and faintly given. The buds and blossoms are then finely worked with carmine. The leaves under the Rose require stronger shading; gamboge and Prussian blue compose the green, with which carmine is mixed for the younger leaves, stalks, and thorns.



Plate.15.

MEMORY.

Mauranda Barclayiana.

Natural Order.

SCROPHULARINÆ.

Barclay's Maurandia.

Class and Order.

DIDYNAMIA ANGIOSPERMIA.

THIS elegant climbing plant bears the name of two eminent encouragers of botany, Dr. Maurandy, Professor of Botany at Carthage, and Robert Barclay, Esq. late of Bury-Hill, Surrey.

The *Maurandia Barclayana* is a native of Mexico, and was introduced into this country in 1826, by Mr. Barclay, a most zealous promoter of the cultivation of ornamental plants and edible vegetables, to whom, both this and foreign countries are indebted for the propagation of many beautiful plants.

“ ———thy meek flower, the memory of thy name!
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument
Or purer fame?”

B. BARTON.

“ Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
The only pleasure we can call our own.”

“ What is Memory? 'Tis the light
Which hallows life;—a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night;
An echo—time the passing sound;—
A mirror—its bright surface shows
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret:
A generous spring; a beam which glows
Long after sun and star have set:
A leaf—nor storm nor blight can fade—
An ark on Time's bereaving sea—
A perfume from a flower decayed—
A treasure for eternity.”

C. SWAIN.

In consequence of the *Maurandia Barclayana* and *Thunbergia* having been named in honour of three distinguished botanists, they are selected as the appropriate emblem of Memory.

“ Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run,
To hang their lovely blossoms in the sun;
Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
Where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe;
O'er all, the bees with murmuring music flew
From bell to bell, to sip the honey'd dew.”

MONTGOMERY.

Thunbergia alata.

Natural Order.

ACANTHACEÆ.

The winged Thunbergia.

Class and Order.

DIDYNAMIA ANGIOSPERMIA.

Thunbergia Alata is another variety of fragrant climbing flowers; it derives its appellation from Charles Peter Thunberg, M.D. Knight of the Order of Vasa, Professor of Botany in the University of Upsal, member of several learned societies, and the author of *Travels into Europe, Africa, and Asia*, and also *Flora Japonica*.

FORGET ME NOT.

Myosotis Scorpioides.

Natural Order.
BORAGINÆÆ.

Scorpion Grass.

Class and Order.
PENTANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

MYOSOTIS SCORPIOIDES has its specific name from the racemes of flowers, which when young bend in at the top like a scorpion's tail. This pretty sentimental flower will blow anywhere; but it varies more than most plants according to situation; on dry walls and desolate places it is dwarfish, rough, and hairy; in muddy ditches it is completely smooth, the leaves are of a shining light green, and it grows to the height of two or three feet. Coleridge describes the *Myosotis* as

“ The blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not !”

“ Pour exprimer l'amour, ces fleurs semblent éclore ;
Leur langage est un mot — mais il est plein d'appas !
Dans la main des amans elles disent encore :
Aimez-moi, ne m'oubliez pas.”

“ When the heavens and earth had been summoned into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of the celestial Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam, that it might inherit from him its befitting name. And flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eye did rest upon; and as he named each of them, according to its own peculiar form or fragrance, or colour, he added, ‘ Be ye mindful of the name by which the image of your Maker hath called you.’ And it was but a short time afterwards that a floweret, arrayed in the meek azure of the firmament, spake unto Adam, saying, ‘ Lord ! by what name didst thou call me ? Of a truth it shameth me that I did not heed it.’ And the first man answered saying, ‘ Forget me not !’ Then the floweret drooped its head, and went and hid itself in the lonely shade beneath the bough that waveth over the murmuring brook; and there it bideth, mourning. And when the gentle hand of friendship, or the eager finger of love, stoopeth to pluck it in its lowliness, it still doth whisper softly—

“ FORGET ME NOT.”

“ The chaplet ! the chaplet ! 'tis merit's reward,
'Tis the meed of the victor, the prize of his sword ;
'Tis beauty's adornment, a pledge of the vow
Which stole through the gems that bedeck her bright brow.

“ The chaplet ! the chaplet ! it tells to the heart
Of the worth whose remembrance may never depart ;
And visions of long-fleeted years we behold
In the scenes its significant emblems unfold.

“ The chaplet ! the chaplet ! mementos are breathed
O'er the beautiful chaplet that Memory has wreathed ;
And a glance at the flowers in its circle entwined,
Brings the loved, and the lost, and the absent to mind.”

WALLIS.

“ Go, wreathed flowers ! down life's rude stream
Away ye'll wander far from her
Who twined your leaves of fading green,
The record of her thoughts to bear ;
I would not wish to see ye fade,
Like those romantic dreams of joy,
Which my heart's buoyant fancy made
For calmer reason to destroy.

“ I know not, nor would ask to know
Your future destiny, sweet flowers !
For Hope has power to paint more fair
Than Truth can in her gayest hours ;
And youthful fancy throws more bright,
More glowing beauty o'er the scene,
Which, seen by Reason's clearer light,
We wonder where its charms have been.”

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The rich purple hue of the *Maurandia Barclayana* will be acquired with greater accuracy by occasionally working the smalt and lake, which form the purple, separately. In finishing the tubes, and the centre of the corollas of the *Maurandia* and *Myosotis*, Newman's white is sparingly used; the florets of the latter are tinted with Cobalt blue. The leaves of both are a compound of Prussian blue and gamboge finely finished. Venetian red is added, and indigo substituted for Prussian blue in those of the *Thunbergia*, the blossoms of which are represented by yellow ochre and a little gamboge, and Madder brown for the centre. A few strokes and touches of the purple and of bright green, composed of Chrome yellow No. 1 and Prussian blue, will give the fine hairy appearance on the calyces of the *Maurandia*.



BEAUTY, LOVE, AND POETRY.

*Rosæ muscosæ.*Natural Order.
ROSACEÆ.*Pink and scarlet Moss Rose-Buds.*Class and Order.
ICOSANDRIA POLYGYNIA.

THE attributes and loveliness of the Rose, it has been already observed, have been sung by the poets of every country.

“ Et qui peut refuser un hommage à la Rose,
La Rose, dont Venus compose ses bosquets,
Le printemps sa guirlande, et l’amour ses bouquets,
Qu’ Anacréon chanta, qui formoit avec grace
Dans les jours de festin les couronnes d’ Horace,
La Rose au doux parfum, de qui l’ extrait divin
Goutte à goutte versé par une avare main
Parfume, en s’exhalant, tout un palais d’ Asie,
Comme un doux souvenir remplit toute la vie ? ”

Les Jardins, de DELILLE.

But the Rose has perhaps never been more beautifully described than by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, when he compares its charms and fleeting existence to the life of man. “ But so I have seen a Rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb’s fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds, and worn-out faces.”

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

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

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

“ Rose ! for the banquet gathered, and the bier ;
Rose ! coloured now by human hope or pain ;
Surely where death is not,—nor change, nor fear,
Yet we may meet thee, Joy’s own Flower, again.”

MRS. HEMANS.

The cause of the mossy appearance of this variety has been sweetly told by a German writer ; and though the lines may be familiar to almost every reader, as illustrative of it they are here quoted.

“ The Angel of the flowers one day
 Beneath a *Rose-tree* sleeping lay ;
 That Spirit, to whose charge is given
 To bathe young buds in dew from heaven,
 Awaking from his light repose,
 The Angel whispered to the Rose :
 ‘ O fondest object of my care,
 Still fairest found where all are fair,
 For the sweet shade thou’st given to me ;
 Ask what thou wilt, ’tis granted thee.’
 ‘ Then,’ said the Rose, with deepened glow,
 ‘ On me another grace bestow.’
 The Spirit paused, in silent thought,
 What grace was there that flower had not !
 ’Twas but a moment :—o’er the Rose
 A veil of moss the Angel throws,
 And robed in Nature’s simplest weed,
 Could there a flower that Rose exceed ?”

Roses, the flowers of Beauty, Love, and Poetry, are held in great esteem in Persia and are cultivated to great perfection ; during their continuance in bloom the Persians have a festival, which they call the Feast of Roses. Sir Robert Ker Porter, in the third volume of ‘*Persia in Miniature*,’ thus describes a garden attached to one of the royal palaces :—“ On my first entering this bower of fairy land I was struck with the appearance of two *Rose-trees* full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that imbued the whole atmosphere with exquisite perfume. Indeed, I believe that in no country in the world does the *Rose* grow in such perfection as in Persia ; in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded by its plants, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every bath strewed with the full-blown flowers plucked from the ever replenished stems. But in this delicious garden of Negaaristan, the eye and the smell are not the only senses regaled by the presence of the *Rose*. The ear is enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers. Here indeed the stranger is more powerfully reminded that he is in the genuine country of the nightingale and the rose.”

“ To it the livelong night there sings
 A bird unseen, but not remote ;
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that *Houri* strings
 His long entrancing note.”

Bride of Abydos.

“ ———— though rich the spot
 With every flower this earth has got,
 What is it to the nightingale
 If there his darling rose is not ?”

Lalla Rookh.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—Indian-ink is preferable for the shades of the *Rose*, in colouring which carmine is used ; a few of the petals in the interior of the *Rose* and the scarlet buds require Indian yellow to brighten the teint. To produce a good representation of the moss a nicety will be needful in the disposal of the different colours to prevent too harsh an appearance.



17.

CHANGE.

Tigridia Pavonia.

Natural Order.
IRIDEÆ.

The Mexican Tiger-flower.

Class and Order.
MONADELPHIA TRIANDRIA.

LINNÆUS named this plant *Ferraria Pavonia* in compliment to Jean Baptiste Ferrari, an Italian botanist, who first figured and described the *Ferraria undulata*. The specific name *Pavonia* was in consequence of Mutis having sent him a drawing of the flower under this appellation, which he had designated from Pavon, the name of a favourite pupil, and not, as is generally understood, from *pavo*, 'a peacock,' on account of the beauty of its colours. This species is a native of Mexico, and is now separated from the genus *Ferraria*; its present name *Tigridia* comes from *tigris*, 'a tiger,' in reference to its spots. The blossoms of the *Tigridia Pavonia* are of short duration. Sturm justly observes, "If flowers retained their beauty throughout the year, they would not impart to us the delight they do. The constant variation and succession of all terrestrial objects constitutes one of the chief sources of our happiness."

" Sweet Julia, whilst thy raptured eye
Exults in pleasure's lightness,
Viewing yon meteor gild the sky,
Enrob'd in glory's brightness;
'Tis fled.— So fades the beauteous dye
That stains my glowing flow'r:
So wanes the flame that lights thine eye;
The meteor of an hour."

NIGHT.

Convolvulus major cœrulea.

Natural Order.
CONVOLVULACEÆ.

The blue major Convolvulus.

Class and Order.
PENTANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

THIS extensive and beautiful genus is designated *Convolvulus*, from *convolvere*, 'to entwine,' its peculiar property, whence the common name bind-weed:—

" *Convolvulus*, expand thy cup-like flower,
Graceful in form, and beautiful in hue."

The French have styled the large *Convolvulus la belle de jour*, from its folding its lovely blossoms at the close of day as if to sleep through the dewy night; on which account it is selected to represent the hours of darkness, when—

“ All things are hush'd as nature's self lay dead.”

“ Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence, bid the world repose.”

PARNELL.

“ We cannot trace the hidden power
Which folds thine azure petals up,
When evening shadows dimly lower,
And dew-drops gem each floweret's cup.

“ Methinks I should not wish to be
Like thee, a votary of the sun;
To bask beneath his beams, yet flee
Whene'er his brilliant race is run.

“ O dearer far the silent night,
And lovelier far the star-lit sky,
Than gaudy day with sun-beams bright,
And loud with nature's minstrelsy.

“ The night bird's song is not for thee,
The beautiful, the silver moon,
The holy calm o'er flowers and tree;
The stillness,—nature's dearest boon.”

Belfast.

M.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The corolla of the *Tigridia Pavonia* is washed over with Indian yellow before carmine is added, the darkest spots are well shaded with grey and worked with these colours. The circle in the outer petals may be heightened by chrome yellow, and if the tint of the scarlet be not sufficiently vivid, mineral orange or permanent scarlet may be used to brighten its hue. The *Convolvulus* is principally worked with Cobalt blue, but some parts of it require a mixture of lake. The green is a compound of Prussian blue and gamboge; Venetian red or carmine is occasionally added.



18.

SILENCE.*Nymphæa alba et Nuphar lutea.**The white Water-Lily and yellow Nuphar.*

Natural Order.

NYMPHÆACEA.

Class and Order.

POLYANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

THIS species of plants are beautiful aquatics, and held in great veneration in all the mythological systems of the East, especially in that of the Hindus. *Nymphæa alba*, the Nymph or Naiad of the Streams, is an elegant flower, constituting, with several others, what Linnæus terms the Horologe or Watch of Flora. He enumerates forty-six flowers which possess this kind of sensibility, and divided them into meteoric, tropical, and equinoctial flowers. The meteoric observe less accurately the hour of unfolding and expanding, varying according to the cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere. Tropical flowers open in the morning and close before evening, but the hour of expanding becomes earlier or later as the length of the day increases or decreases. The equinoctial open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and for the most part close at another determinate period. *Nymphæa alba* raises itself out of the water, and expands about seven in the morning, and closes again, reposing on the surface, about four in the afternoon.

“ ’Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer’s day.

“ Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose colour’d vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

“ Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.”

MRS. HEMANS.

Adam appears to have calculated time by the opening and closing of the flowers in Paradise.

“ As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then returned at shut of evening flowers.”

Paradise Lost, Book IX.

Antiquarians having recognised the Water Lily on the head of Harpocrates, an Egyptian divinity, the God of Silence and Meditation, has occasioned its being placed among the floral emblems as symbolical of Silence.

THE BEAUTIES OF FLORA.

“ The pale flowers gather'd up their leaves to sleep ;
 In silence lay the lonely vale below ;
 In silence spread the venerable deep ;
 The ancient mountains dream'd in loneliness ;
 A languor seem'd even in the moonlight ray ;
 The fresh clear stream, that gurgled through the day,
 Now passed in calm and holy quietness.

“ Those virgin lilies, all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,
 That they may rise more fresh and bright
 When their beloved sun's awake.”

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*.

“ And now the sharp keel of his little boat
 Comes up with a ripple, and with easy float,
 And glides into a bed of water lilies ;
 Broad-leaved are they, and their white canopies
 Are upward turn'd to catch the heaven's dew.”

KEATS.

The Water Lily is regarded in Japan as the emblem of purity, from its remaining unsullied by contact with the muddy water in which it often grows.

“ Come away, Puck! while the dew is sweet,
 Come to the dingles where fairies meet ;
 Know that the Lilies have spread their bells
 O'er all the pools in our forest dells ;
 Stilly and lightly their vases rest
 On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,
 Catching the sunshine through the leaves that throw
 To their scented bosoms an emerald glow ;
 And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,
 A golden star, unto heaven looks up,
 As if seeking its kindred, where bright they lie,
 Set in the blue of the summer-sky.
 Come away! under arching boughs we'll float,
 Making those urns each a fairy-boat ;
 We'll row them with reeds o'er the fountain's free,
 And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer be ;
 And we'll send out wild music, so sweet and slow,
 It shall seem from the bright flower's heart to flow,
 As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh,
 Or water-drops trained into melody.
 Come away! for the midsummer sun grows strong,
 And the life of the Lily may not be long.”

MRS. HEMANS.

Nuphar Lutea is a native of most parts of Europe, and closely resembles *Nymphæa*.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The interior of *Nuphar Lutea* will require care in the disposal of the neutral shade ; it is coloured with Chrome yellow No. 1 ; the darkest touches are French yellow.

A few of the petals of *Nymphæa alba* are very delicately tinted with gamboge and a little yellow ochre ; others, if the tint of the paper require it, are touched with Newman's constant white, to raise them more effectually from its surface. The white is so apt to change that, unless it be of a good quality, and be carefully applied, it will be better to produce the effect without its aid.



19.

TASTE.

Fuchsia gracilis et globosa.

Natural Order.

ONAGRARIEÆ.

The slender and globose Fuchsia.

Class and Order.

OCTANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

THE Fuchsia is named in honour of Leonard Fucks, a famous German botanist, and the author of *Historia Stirpium*. Most of the varieties are natives of Chili; they are placed as the symbol of Taste, on account of the peculiar harmony and beauty apparent in their unassuming but richly coloured blossoms, which hang with so much gracefulness amongst the foliage.

“Elegant with ease.”

“Here pendent 'mid its leafy shade,
The graceful Fuchsia blooms, confest,
With neat simplicity arrayed
In scarlet robe and purple vest:
What though it lacks the rose's scent,
The dies which late the tulip graced,
Its elegance and ease present
The fair expressive emblem, Taste.”

WALLIS.

“Say, what is Taste, but the internal pow'rs
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.”

AKENSIDE.

“Beautiful child of a tropic sun,
How hast thou been from thy far home won
To bloom in our chilly northern air,
Where the frost may blight, or the wind may tear

“Dost thou not pine for thine own dear land,
For its cloudless skies,—for its zephyrs bland,
For its graceful flowers of matchless hues;
Bright as the dreams of an eastern muse?

THE BEAUTIES OF FLORA.

“ Doth thy modest head as meekly bend,
 In thine own bright clime,—or doth exile lend,
 To thy fragile stalk its drooping grace,
 Like the downcast look of a lovely face ?

“ No, thou wouldst murmur, were language thine,
 It is not for these I appear to pine ;
 Nor for glorious flowers, nor cloudless skies,
 Nor yet for the plumage of rainbow dyes.

“ The kindly care I have met with here—
 The dew that is soft as affection’s tear
 Would have soothed, if sorrow had bent my head,
 And life and vigour around me shed.

“ But I do not pine, and I do not grieve ;
 Why should I mourn for the things I leave ?
 I feel the sun and the gladsome air,
 And all places are joyous if they be there.”

Belfast.

M.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—Carmine and Indian-yellow will give the teint of the *Fuchsia gracilis*, the *globosa* will require simply carmine. The interior of both the *Fuchsias* may receive a wash of carmine and Indian-yellow previous to that of purple, which is a mixture of Cobalt blue and lake. The filamenta and anthera in these as in every other flower included in this volume are formed first of white and afterwards coloured agreeably to Nature, the farina similar to the directions under the *Rhododendron*. Carmine is worked over the green for the stalks, and mixed with a bluer green it gives the varied tinge of the leaves.



THOUGHTS.—YOU OCCUPY MY THOUGHTS, OR PENSEZ À MOI.

Viola tricolor.

Natural Order.
VIOLACEÆ.

Pansies, Pensées, or Heart's Ease.

Class and Order.
PENTANDRIA MONOGYNIA.

THE Heart's Ease, or Pansy, from the French *pensée*, a thought, is a species of violet, and a native of Siberia, Japan, and many parts of Europe. Mr. Brooke, speaking of the forests in Sweden, says, "innumerable flowers, of the liveliest colours, peeped out between the masses of brown rock, enamelled with various kinds of lichens; and huge fragments were variegated with beds of the Pansy, or Heart's Ease, displaying its different hues, relieved by the dark green of the sweeping pine." This lovely flower, "freaked with jet," is very appropriately selected as the emblem of Thoughts, which are scarcely more numerous than its sportive varieties.

"What is Thought? It is a mine
Whose gems are of a land divine:
A power no tyrant may control;
An emanation of the soul!
A spark of a celestial fire
To favoured man in mercy given;
Spirit of an immortal sire!
A plant, whose flower is Heaven!
Oh! not beneath the sky's array
May highest thought with man unite;
'Tis but a gleam of that fine light
Whose glory shines through an eternal day."

C. SWAIN.

Though "the delicacy of its texture and the vivacity of its purple" render it almost inimitable, it is hoped that each variety will be recognized, as they are here placed without a specific name; it being the wish to gratify every admirer and cultivator in the pleasure of calling them by their own familiar appellations.

"———And there are Pansies that's for Thoughts."
SHAKSPEARE.

"And thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing
To hearts that own our nature's common lot;
Those styl'd by sportive fancy's better feeling
'A Thought,' 'the Heart's Ease,' or 'Forget me not.'"
B. BARTON.

"The 'thoughts that lie too deep for tears'
May, by some wond'rous power,
Be called up in life's future years
By gazing on a flower,
Whose mute expression well can reach
The soul;—more eloquent than speech."
THE REV. W. B. CLARKE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLOURING.—The Countess in "*Le Spectacle de la Nature*" very justly says, "the softest velvet, if set in competition with these flowers, would appear to the eye as coarse as canvas." In copying these, and every production of Nature, the truth of Thomson's beautiful lines will be forcibly felt.

THE BEAUTIES OF FLORA.

“ ————— Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amidst his gay creation, hues like hers ;
And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows ?”

Again, another poet observes—

“ ——— No mortal eye can reach the flowers ;
And 'tis right just ; for well Apollo knows
'Twould make the poet quarrel with the rose.”

It is only by judiciously intermixing the various shades and colours, and softly working them, that even an imperfect resemblance can be obtained. The darkest petals of these lovely blossoms are coloured with a mixture of carmine and smalt; the next shade is lake and smalt, (observe the lowest Pansy.) Three of the petals of the Pansy, placed apart from the others, require smalt alone, and but little lake in the darkest ones. The entire blue one, placed above, is teinted with Cobalt blue and lake; the lightest blue shade is a compound of these colours, but *principally* the former. In the highest Pansy use carmine and a very trifling addition of smalt. The lightest shade of yellow is gamboge and a little yellow ochre; the second is gamboge alone and the most brilliant Chrome yellow.

EMBLEM FLOWERS.

FOR THE YOUNG.

“ The Lily in its spotless pride,
Its unassuming grace,
Looking like some sweet floweret bride,
The loveliest of her race ;
Tenant of some sequestered spot,
Disdaining hall or bower ;
Say, would you share the Lily's lot ?
Is this your *Emblem Flower* ?”

“ Or do you love the rose's bloom,
In haughtier charms arrayed ;
Whose regal dress and rich perfume
Befit the proud parade ?

The bud, which courts the sunniest ray,
Gay reveller of an hour ;
Or lowlier plant ? Say, maidens, say,
Which is your *Emblem Flower* ?”

“ The brightest tint which morning shows
Is faded quite at even ;
The sunniest beam that Heaven bestows
With darkest clouds is riven.
But there are sweets which long survive
The blossoms' fleeting hours ;
May you from these your joys derive,
Be these your *Emblem Flowers* !”

THE END.

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