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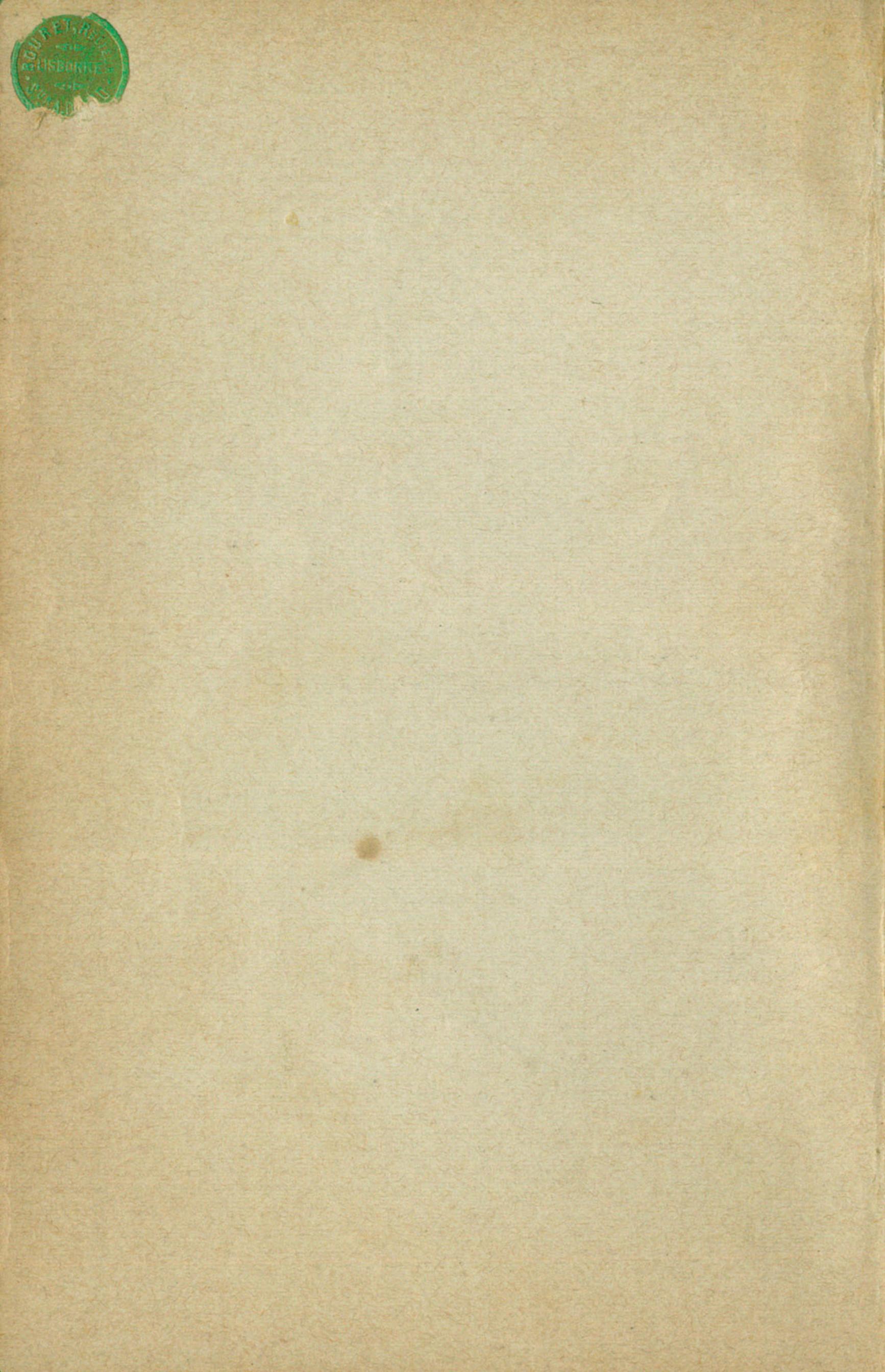
FLOBAL

BIRTHDAY BOOK



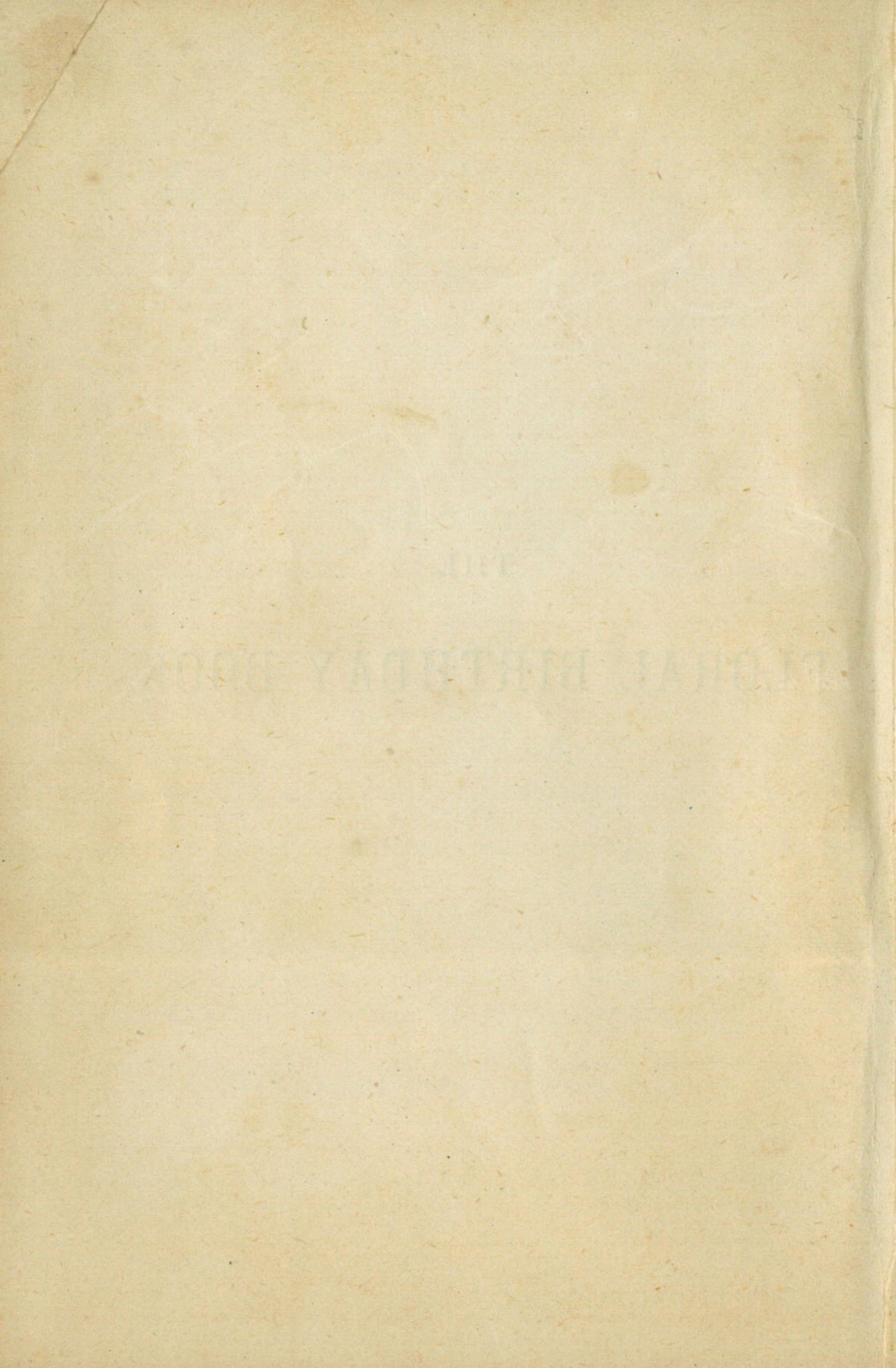






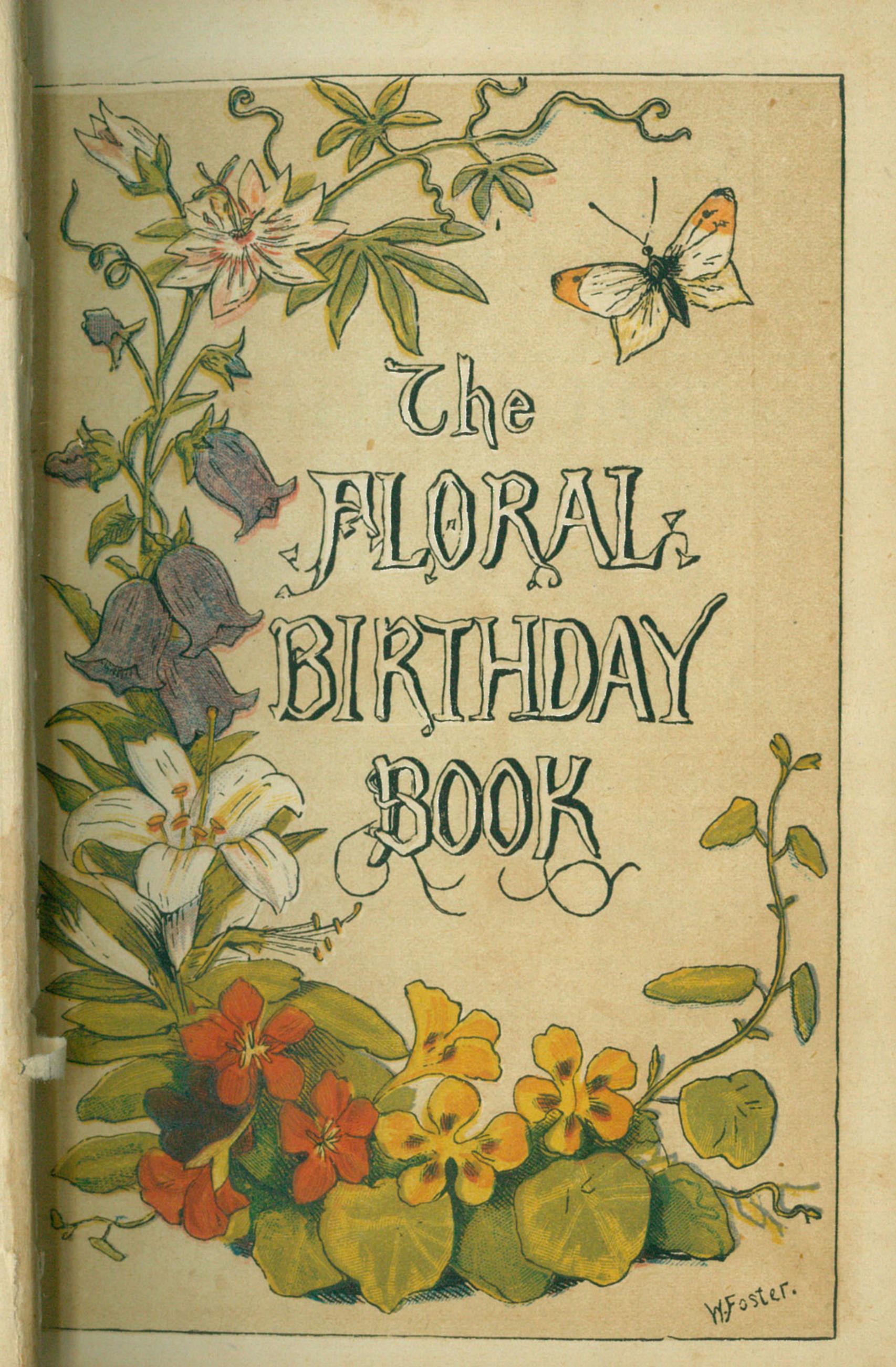
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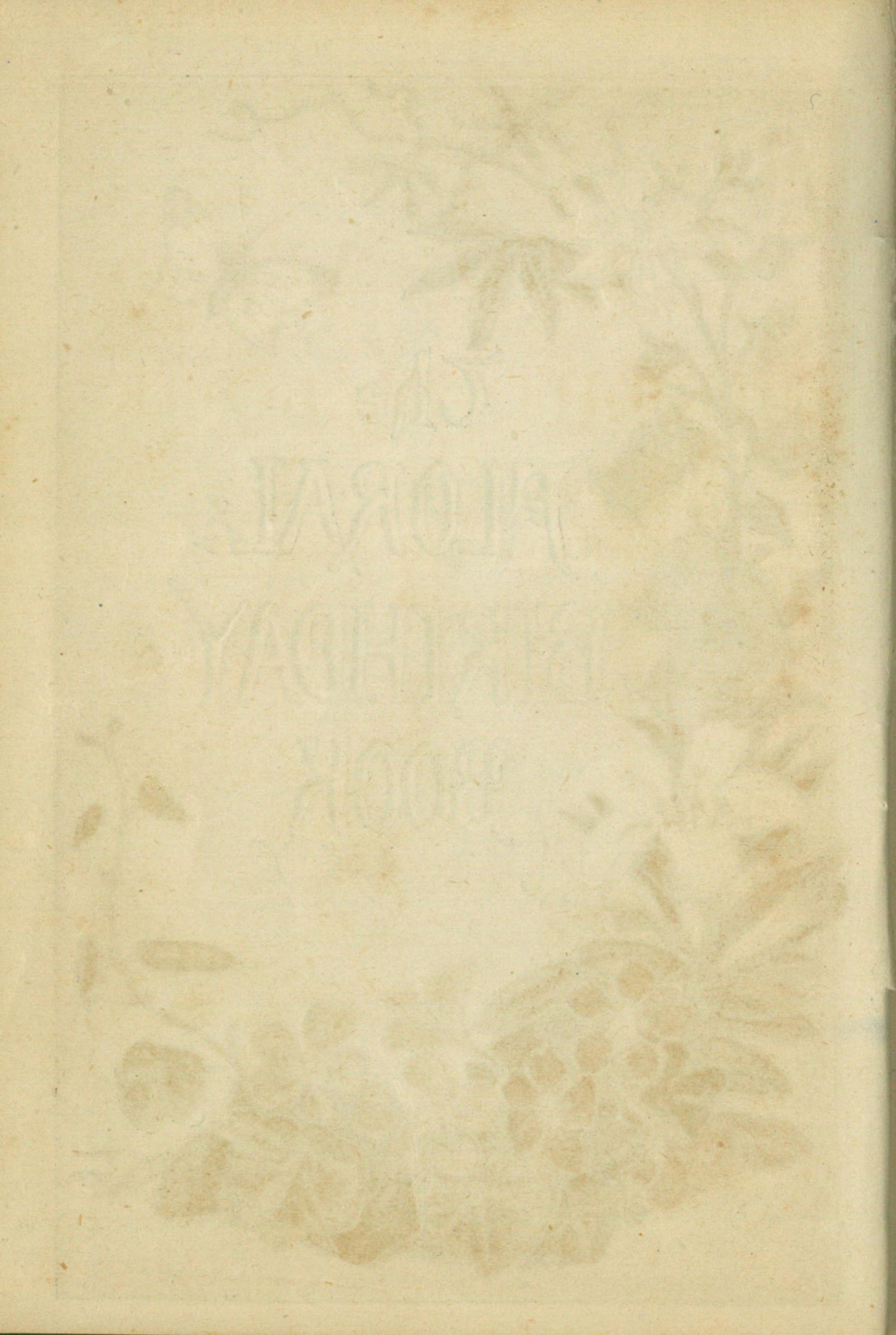
FLORAL BIRTHDAY BOOK.



Maria manuela Terreza Rosa Duas







FLORAL

BIRTHDAY BOOK:

Flowers and their Emblems,

WITH

APPROPRIATE SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS.

WITH 368 ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED IN COLOURS BY EDMUND EVANS.



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.

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Mrs. Kitzhardinge Berkeley Portman,

THIS LITTLE WORK

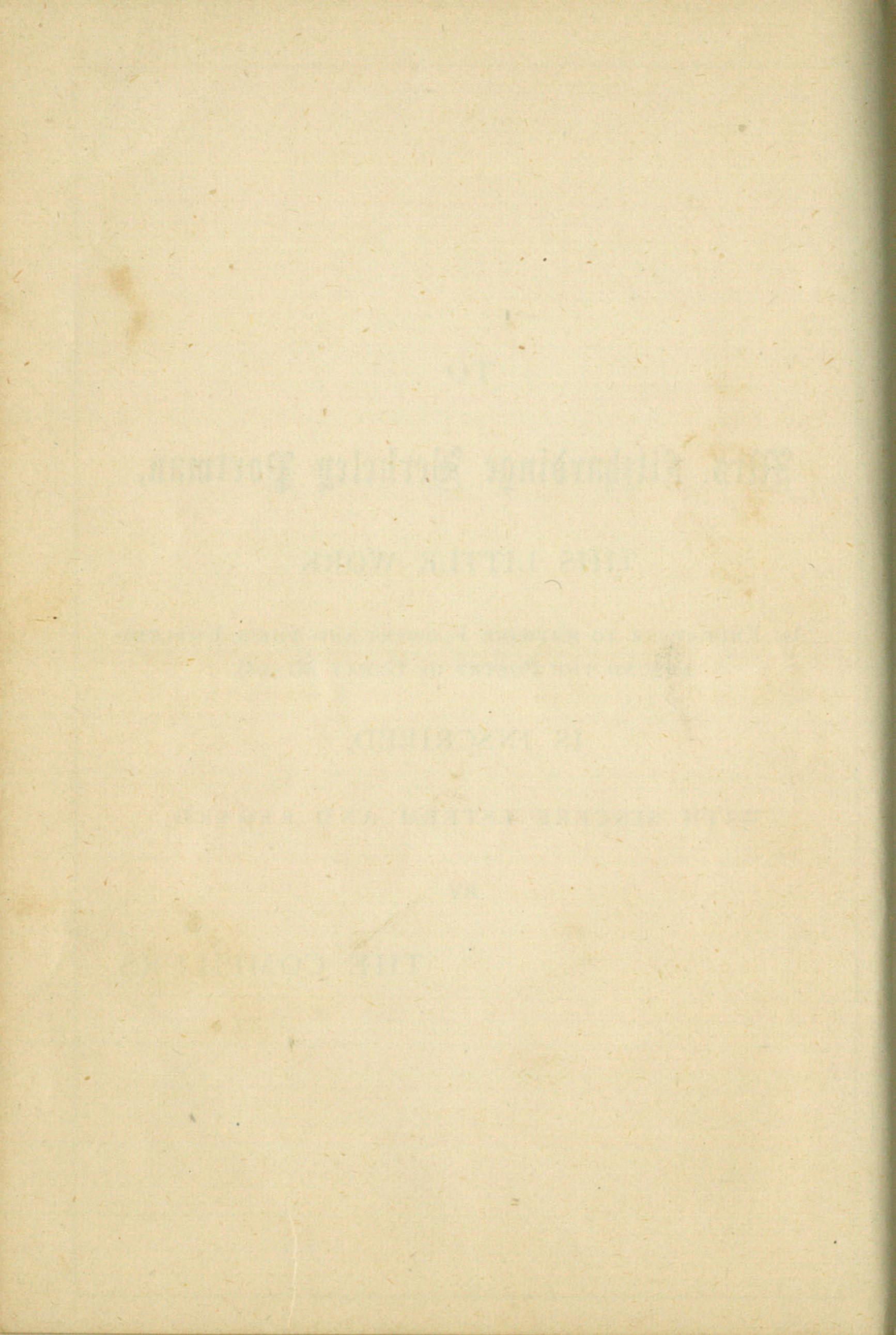
(AN ENDEAVOUR TO ENTWINE FLOWERS AND THEIR EMBLEMS AROUND THE POETRY OF GREAT MINDS),

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH SINCERE ESTEEM AND REGARD,

BY

THE COMPILERS.



The Compilers desire to express their thanks to the various Authors and Publishers, for their kindness in allowing the use of the extracts from their works; especially to Miss Jean Ingelow, Alfred Austin, Esq., and Robert Browning, Esq.; also to Messrs. Bell and Sons, for selections from the poems of Miss Adelaide Procter; to Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, for extracts from Professor Aytoun's poems; to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, for passages from Whyte Melville's poems; to Messrs. Longmans and Co., for quotation from Lord Macaulay's poem; to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., for selection from the poems of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Charles Kingsley, Robert Nicoll, Coventry Patmore, and Charles Wolfe; and to Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., for the extract from the poems of Charlotte Brontë.

PARTY OF THE PARTY

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden, One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine, When he call'd the flowers, so blue and golden, Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;—

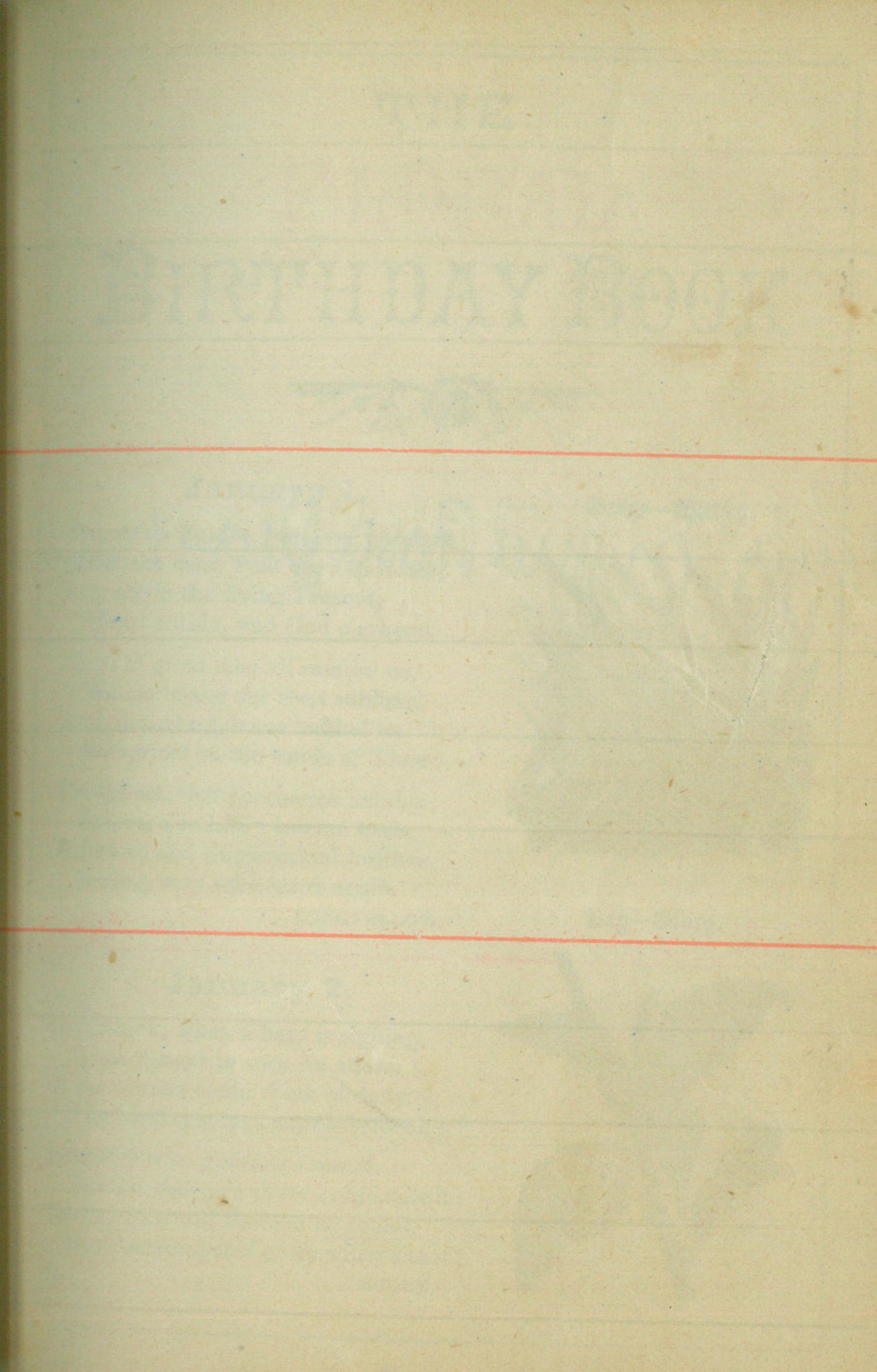
Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

LONGFELLOW.



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Species Miguel Rosa Deas (Jamão)

THE

FLORAL BIRTHDAY BOOK



January 1.

TRUST no Future, however pleasant, Let the dead Past bury its dead; Act, act in the living Present, Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time;—

Footprints, that perchance another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.
LONGFELLOW.

January 2.

OH! think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman could think of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her?

No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it;
No bosom could slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of glory will wake it!
MOORE.

Grass-Atility.



Bay-Glory.



Kby-Friendship.



Laurel—Ambition.



Typress-Mourning.



January 3.

Some I remember, and will ne'er forget, My early friends, friends of my evil day, Friends of my mirth, friends of my misery too;

Friends given by God, in mercy and in love;

My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;

My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy; Companions of my young desire; in doubt,

My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
POLLOK.

January 4.

HE who ascends to mountain tops shall find

The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;

He who surpasses, or subdues, mankind,

Must look down on the hate of those below.

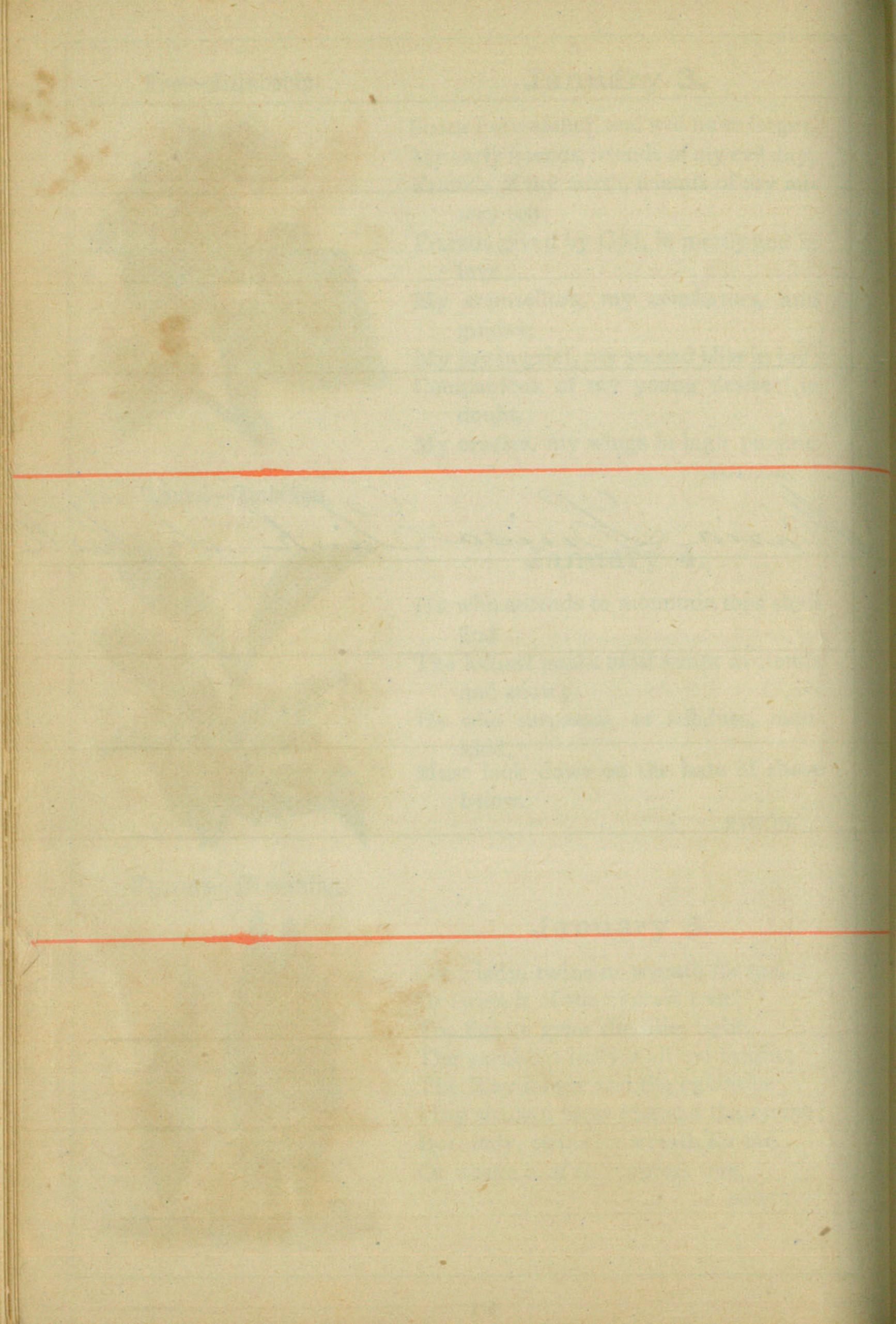
BYRON.

January 5.

On ! lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lightly grow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright;
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree.

SCOTT.

Maria Buisa Tink of Halle



January 6.

Bur when he came, though pale and wan,

He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye;
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.

AYTOUN.

January 7.

LADY, you are the cruellest she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

SHAKSPEARE.

January 8.

"Он! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining

An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;

But you little god upon roses reclining, We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden,

She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:

"Farewell," said the sculptor; "you're not the first maiden

Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love."

MOORE

Box—Firmness.



Resected Addresses.



Arbutus— Love or Friendship.



Turnip—Tharity.



Meath—Solitude.



Cresses—Stability.



January 9.

BLEST Charity! the grace long-suffering, kind,

Which envies not, has no self-vaunting mind;

Is not puffed up, makes no unseemly show,

Seeks not her own, to provocation slow;
No evil thinks, in no unrighteous choice
Takes pleasure, doth in truth rejoice;
Hides all things, still believes, and hopes
the best,

All things endures, averse to all contest.

BISHOP KEN.

January 10.

To climb the trackless mountain 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 view her stores unrolled.

BYRON.

January 11.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volcean home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his, who kept the bridge so well,
In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY.

Leriz Miguel Mogreira Rosaltid

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Carlotton d'Avellon

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Maria Louiza Marcellin

January 12.

OH, haste! hark the shepherd
Hath waken'd his pipe,
And led out his lambs
Where the blae-berry's ripe:
The bright sun is tasting
The dew on the thyme;
Yon glad maiden's lilting
An old bridal-rhyme.
There's joy in the heaven,
And gladness on earth—
So come to the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

January 13.

THE angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought;

Subduing and subdued the petty strife
Which clouds the colour of domestic
life;

The sober comfort, all the peace which springs

From the large aggregate of little things,—

On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,

The almost sacred joys of home depend.

HANNAH MORE.

January 14.

Oh! the bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man!—
Nature, by magnetic laws,
Circle into circle draws;
But they only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet!
LORD HOUGHTON.

Houseleek—Dibacity



Zage-Domestic Virtues.



Lichen—Dejection.



Kir-Elebation.



Reeland Moss-Nealth.



Orange-Generosity.



January 15.

I know we shall behold them raised, complete,

The dust swept from their beauty,—
glorified;

New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

January 16.

And though I cannot boast, O Health!
Of aught besides, but only thee,
I would not change this bliss for wealth,
No, not for all the eye can see.

Then hail, sweet charm! ye breezes, blow!

Ransack the flower and blossom'd tree;

All, all your stolen gifts bestow,

For Health has granted all to me.

CLARE.

January 17.

I GIVE thee all,—I can no more
Though poor the offering be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can give to thee.

MOORE.

João Maria Mogueira Rosa Tos

Beatry Conceirs Patoch Anna lastota Mortins Janyslone

January 18.

BE such, and only such, my friends, Once mine, and mine for ever; And here's a hand to clasp in theirs, That shall desert them never.

And thou be such, my gentle love,
Time, chance, the world defying;
And take—'tis all I have—a heart
That changes but in dying.

DOANE.

January 19.

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell who share, like me,
In turn, thy converse and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come, By friendship ever deemed too nigh, And "Memory," o'er her Druid's tomb Shall weep that aught of thee can die:

How fondly will she then repay

The homage offered at thy shrine,

And blend, while ages roll away,

Her name immortally with thine

BYRON.

January 20.

Too late for the lamb the shepherd's pain-

Too late for the lamb the shepherd's pain-Mary Hamilton.

Too late at the door the maiden's stroke;

Too late for the plea when the doom hath
been spoke!

Too late the balm when the heart is broke—

Mary Hamilton.

WHYTE MELVILLE.

Cedar-Constant.



Arbor Vitæ— Anchanging Friendship.



Laurustinus— "K die if neglected."



Endibe-Frugality.



Hlex—Endurance.



Fennel-Strength.



January 21.

NEVER exceed thy income. Youth may make

Even with the year; but age, if it will hit, Shoots a bow shot, and lessens still his stake

As the day lessens, and his life with it.

Thy children, kindred, friends, upon thee call:

Before thy journey, fairly part with all.

GEORGE HERBERT.

January 22.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain.

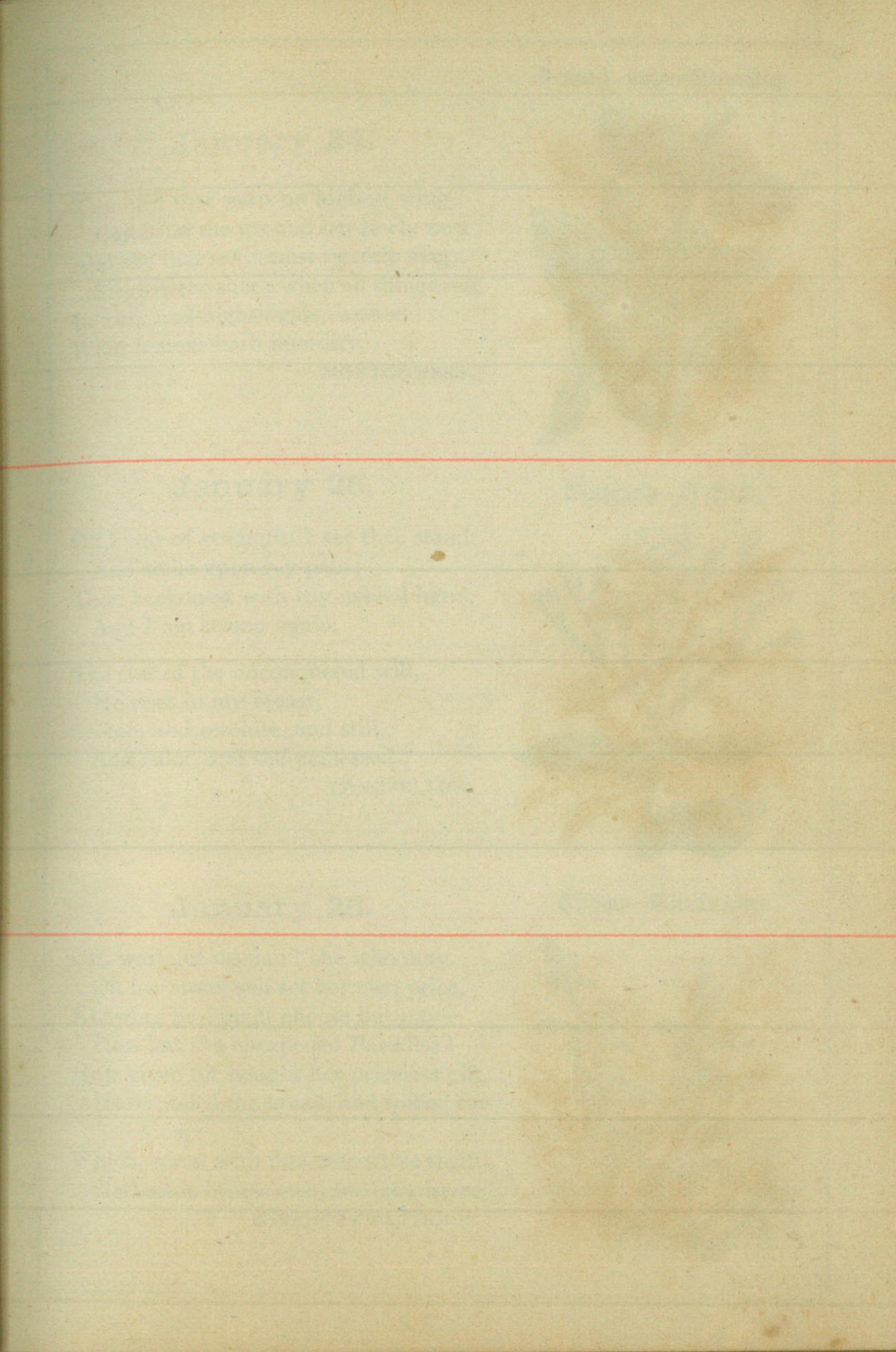
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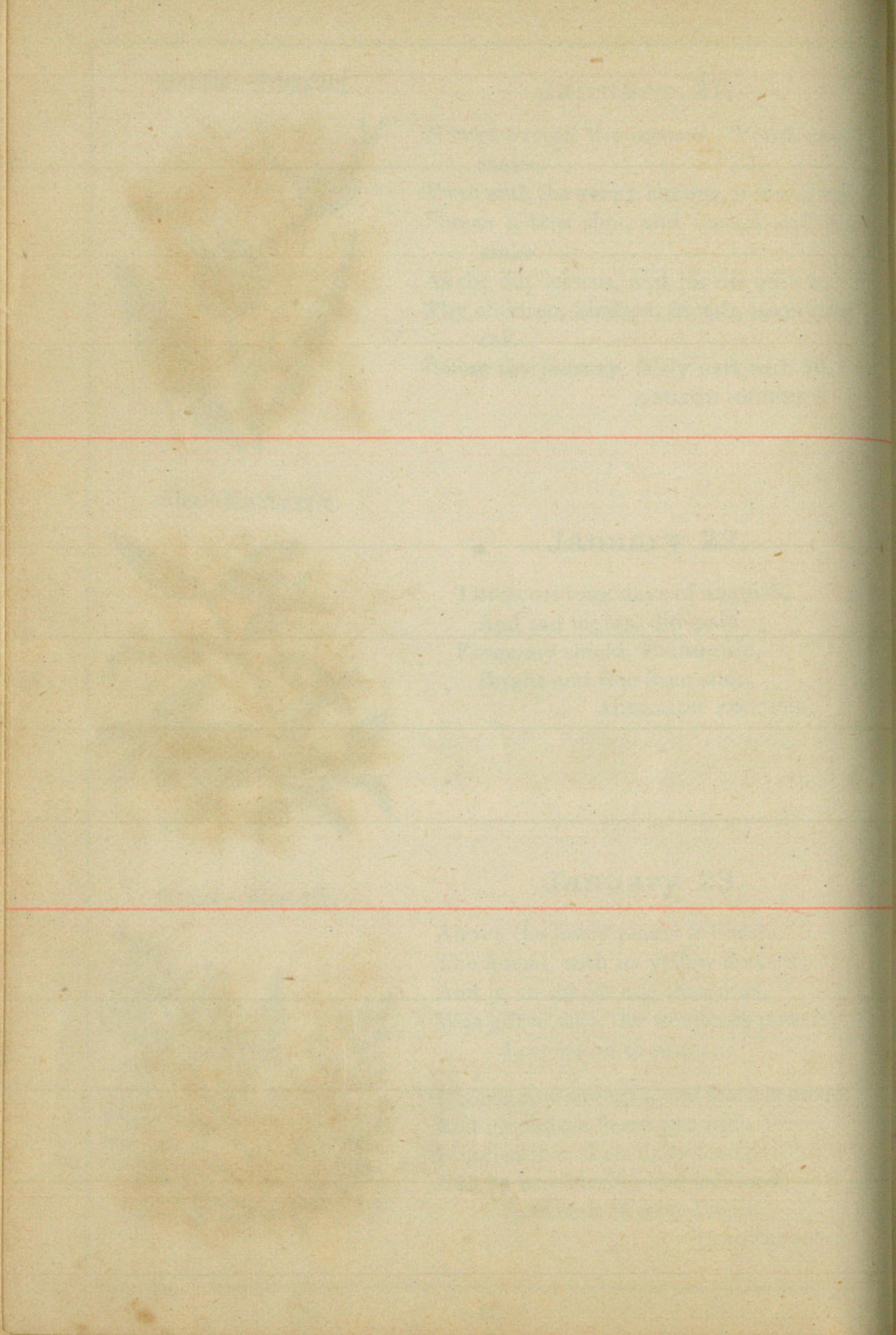
January 23.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers;
And in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

LONGFELLOW.





Ground Kby—Humility.

January 24.

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

MONTGOMERY.



Cineraria—A Star.

January 25.

On! star of strength, I see thee stand,
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

The star of the unconquered will,

He rises in my breast,

Serene, and resolute, and still,

And calm, and self-possessed.

LONGFELLOW.



Thyme—Thriftiness.

January 26.

Oн, wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread, and spilled the
wine,

Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!

COVENTRY PATMORE.



Olive-Peace.



Stonecrop—Tranquillity.



Truffle—Zurprise.



January 27.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rovest!

May life be for thee one summer's day;
And all that thou wishest, and all that
thou lovest,

Come smiling around thy sunny way.

If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more
brightly.

MOORE.

January 28.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels her droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain,

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,

Molest her ancient solitary reign.

GRAY.

January 29.

"Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee
more."

"What! love no more? Oh, why this alter'd vow?"

"Because I cannot love thee more—than now."

MOORE.

Maria Amélia Tousa de Meneza

Carolina Isa de Manezes Marcel

CHILD SHALL IN SHALL BE SHALL

January 30.

AND her against sweet Cheerfulnesse was placed,

Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,

Were deckt with smiles, and all sad humours chased,

And darted forth delight, the which her goodly graced.

SPENSER.

Variegated Molly— Always Theerful.



White Kop—Rarity.

January 31.

The seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought,

To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.

MILTON.

February 1.

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor
friend?

SHAKSPEARE.



Thilian Pine— "You bewilder me."



Snowdrop—Nope.



Thampignon—Zuspicion.



Ebergreen Clematis— Poberty.



February 2.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?

On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

MOORE.

February 3.

"AND on!" said the youth, "since tomorrow I go,

To fight in a far distant land,

Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,

Some other will court you, and you will bestow

On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh! hush those suspicions!" fair Imogine said,

"Offensive to love and to me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be!"

LEWIS.

February 4.

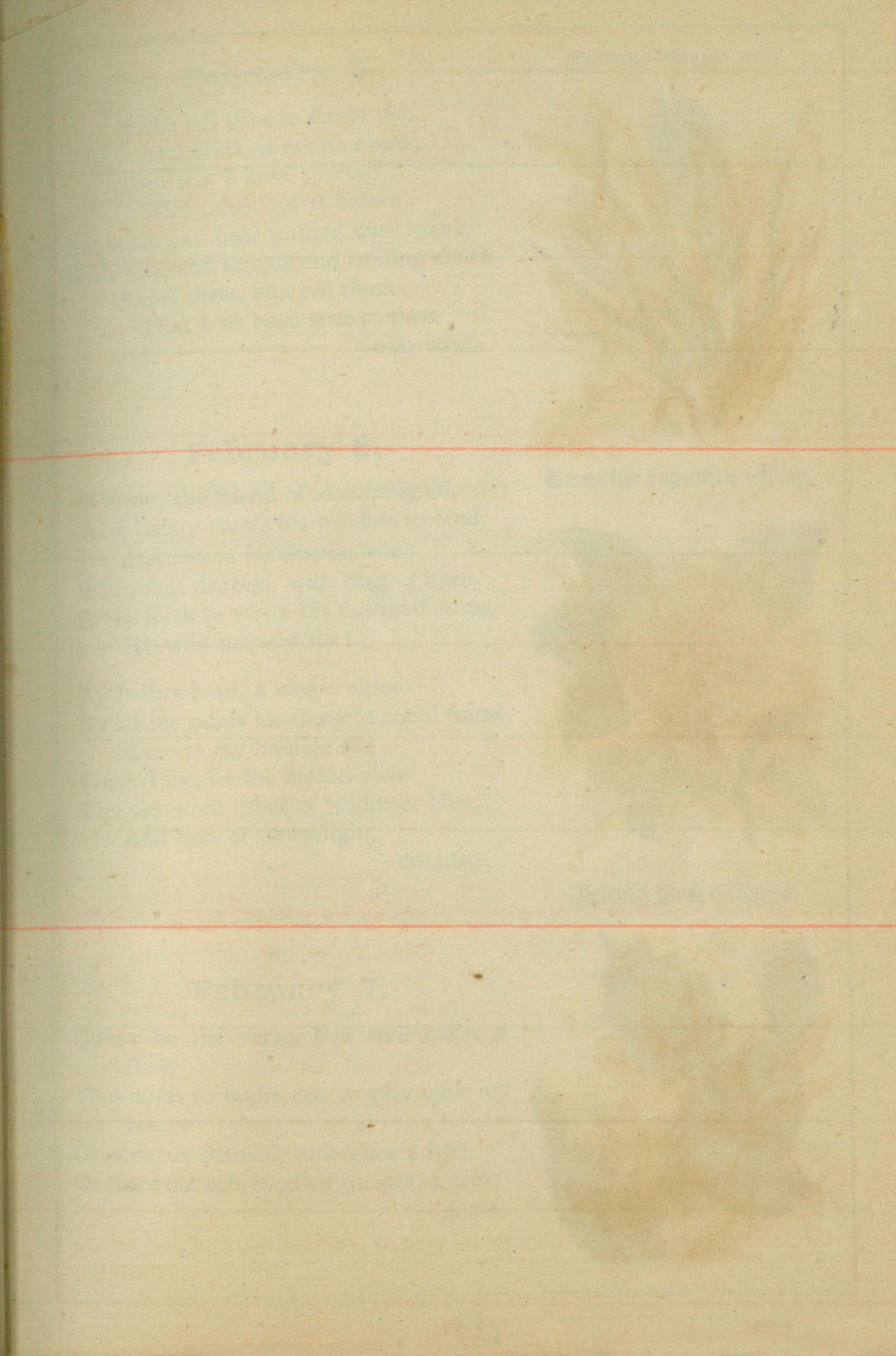
ALAS! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither
Such sweets to wither!

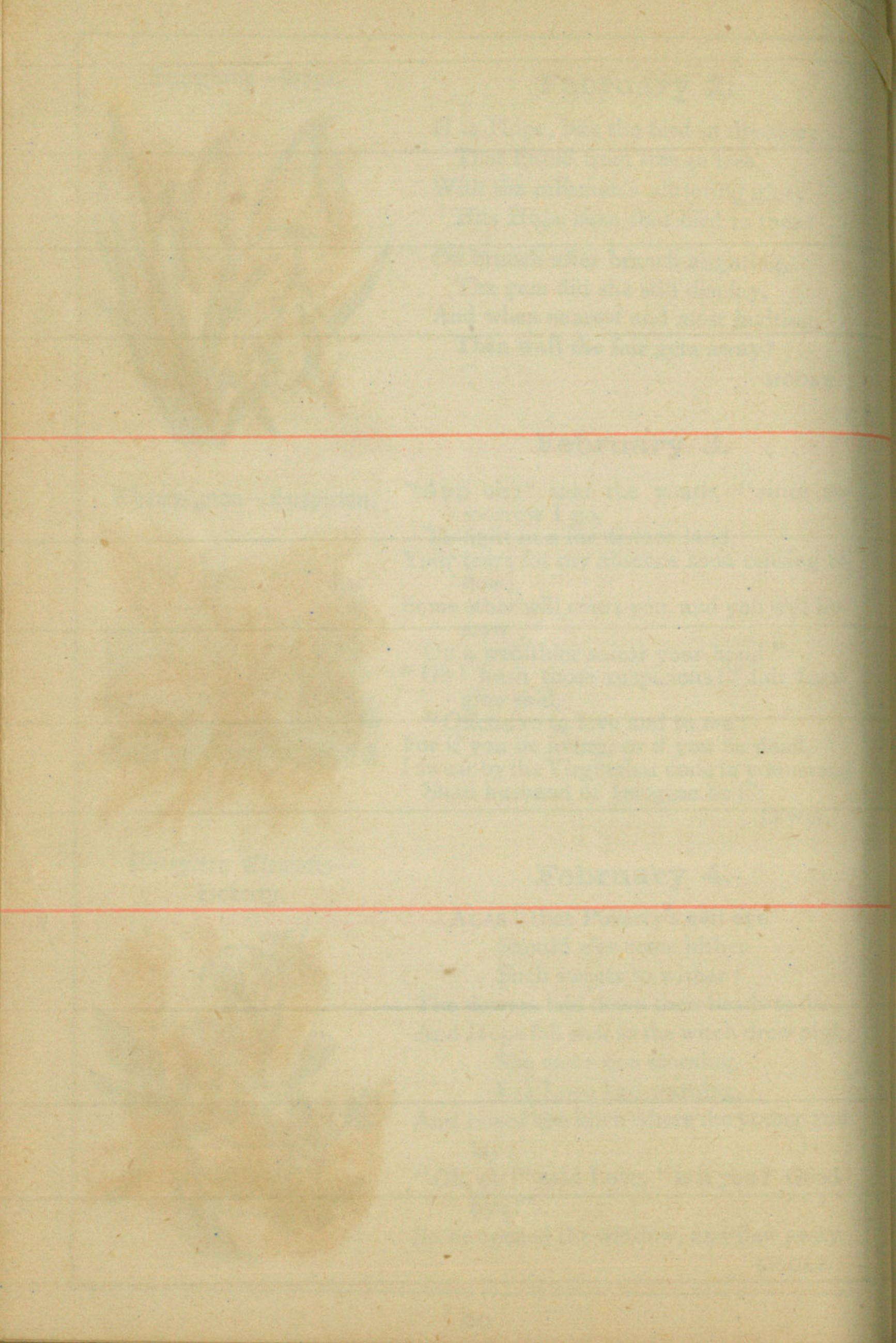
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And raised the latch where the young god lay:

"Oh, oh!" said Love, "is it you? Goodbye!"

So he opened the window, and flew away.

MOORE.





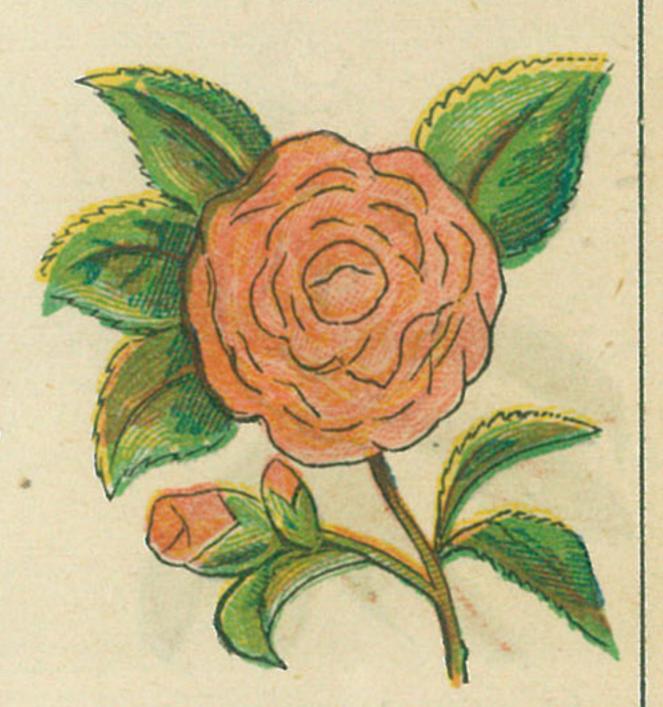
February 5.

They tell thee to doubt me,
And think of me no more;
They say I have sported
With other hearts before:
But when you hear unkind ones speak,
With venomed tongue and smiling cheek,
Repel them, and tell them
That I've been true to thee.
OLD SONG.

Trocus-Abuse not.



Camellia Iaponica—Pity.



Priekly Pear—Satire.



February 6.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe;
When first distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name—
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nation view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

COLLINS.

February 7.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe,—

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.
POPE.

Almond Tree— Undiscretion.



Kalmia—Pature.



Primula—Animation.



February 8.

But 'tis not to list to the waterfall,
That Parisina leaves her hall;
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night
And if she sits in Este's bower;
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown
flower;

She listens—but not for the nightingale,
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.

BYRON.

February 9.

How canst thou renounce the boundless store

Of charms which Nature to her votary yields,—

The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,

The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom
yields,

And all the dread magnificence of Heaven, Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

BEATTIE.

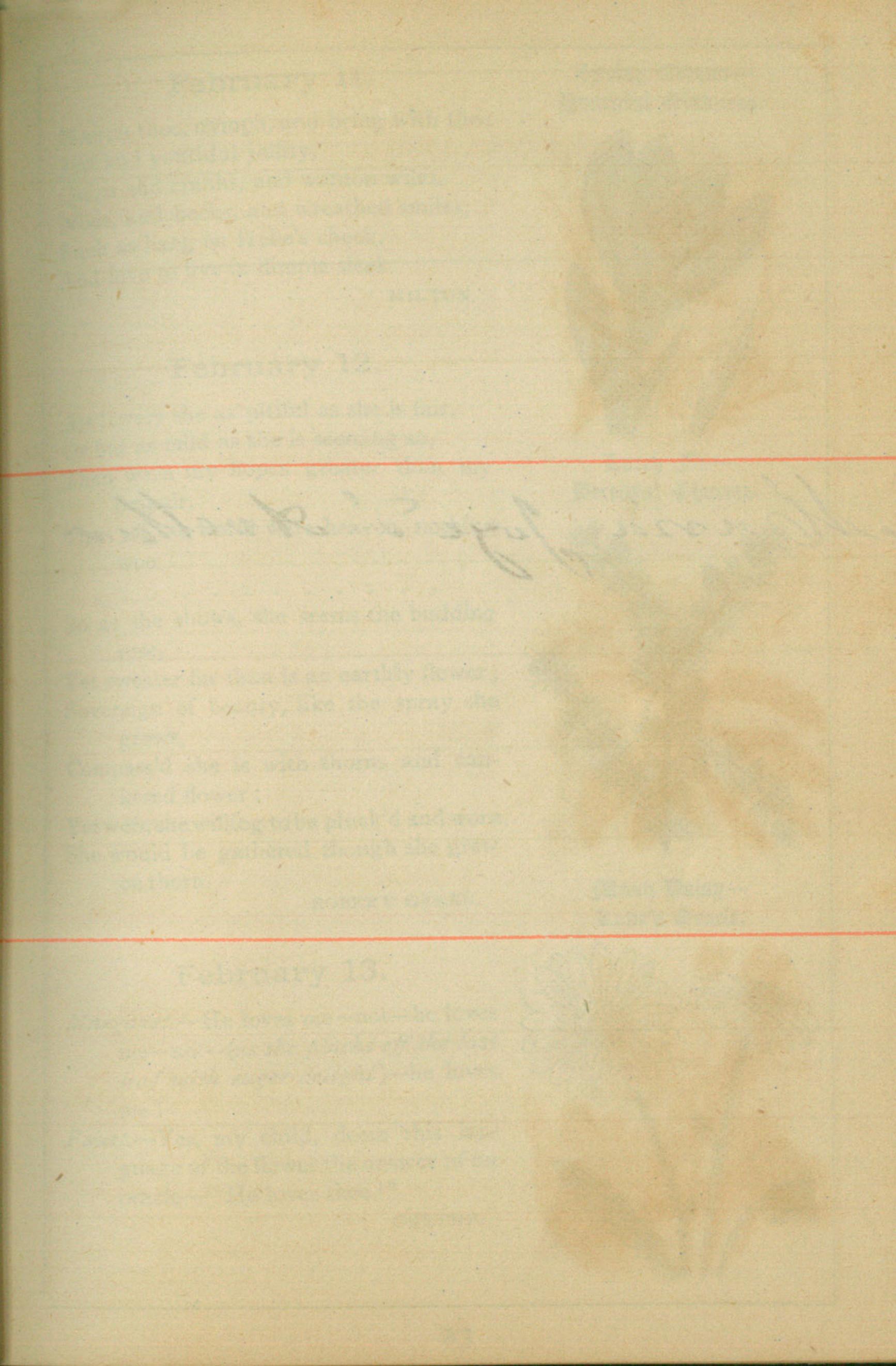
February 10.

LIGHTSOME, brightsome cousin mine, Easy, breezy Caroline! With thy locks all raven shaded, From thy merry brow up-braided, And thine eyes of laughter full,

Brightsome cousin mine!
Thou in chains of love hast bound me,
Wherefore dost thou flit around me,

Laughter-loving Caroline?

BON GAULTIER.



Monsia Joye D'Avellan

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THE WINDS HERE

February 11.

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek.

MILTON.

February 12.

AH! were she as pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my
despair,

Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.

So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,

Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower; Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,

Compass'd she is with thorns and cankered flower;

Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn, She would be gathered though she grew on thorn.

ROBERT GREEN.

February 13.

Margaret.—He loves me—not—he loves me—not—(as she pluchs off the last leaf with eager delight)—he loves me!

Faust.—Yes, my child, deem this language of the flower the answer of an oracle—"He loves thee!"

GOETHE.

Spring Crocus— Youthful Gladness.



Larch Fir— Deceitful Tharms.



Moon Daisy— Lobe's Oracle.



Pyrus Iaponica— Lobe at First Zight.



Krish Kby— Clinging Affection,



Purple Violet— "You occupy my thoughts."



February 14.

OH! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if those very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then.
So came thy every look and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

MOORE.

February 15.

I THINK of thee! my thoughts do twine and bud

About thee, as wild vines, about a tree, Put out broad leaves, and soon there's nought to see,

Except the straggling green which hides the wood.

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

February 16.

Oн, how, or by what means may I contrive To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live

Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy dear sake I will lay hold

Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee, In worthy deeds, each moment that is told, While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

FANNY KEMBLE.

Ant de Moura Fourer Cellow

Redrivyosé maria Corrièra de Saugaio

A SOUTH PROPERTY AND ADDRESS.

THE PERSON IN

Sparkers and spain telephone in the

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February 17.

AWAKE, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!

Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries, But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance, Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:

Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies, And speaks in thunder through you engines' roar:

In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

BYRON.

February 18.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;

If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O why lament its fall?

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

February 19.

Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd

With such ingredients of good sense, and taste

Of what is excellent in man—they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them
more

Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake,

Nor can example hurt them.

COWPER.

Daffodil—Thibalry.



Daisy-Theerfulness.



Weodora—Zelf=reberence.



Arum Lily—Ardour.



Gorse— Enduring Affection.



Reeds-Music.



February 20.

HE had no breath, no being but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his
sight,

For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,

Which coloured all his objects; he had ceased

To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and
flow,

And his cheek change tempestuously his heart

Unknowing of its cause of agony.

BYRON.

February 21.

Not lightly did I love, nor lightly choose: Whate'er thou losest, I will also lose; If bride of death—being first my chosen bride,

I'll await death, lingering by thy side.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

February 22.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out.
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON.

Jose Eduardo Vinto Conceiro da Cunha Escuibio I. d'Abolla,

Munuel Kato

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Variegated Laurel— Attractibe.

February 23.

As the ore must for ever obedient be found,

By the loadstone attracted along; So in England you drew all the poets around,

By the magical force of your song. DR. BURNEY.



Cedar Leaf—

"I live for thee."



Tyclamen—Hope.



February 24.

THERE was but one spell upon my brain, Upon my pencil, on my strain; But one face to my colours came; My chords replied to but one name-Lorenzo!—all seemed vowed to thee, To passion, and to misery!

L. E. L.

February 25.

Bur thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair, What was thy delighted measure? Still it whisper'd promised pleasure, And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong; And from the rocks, the woods, the vale, She called on Echo still through all the song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose, A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,

And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

COLLINS.

Mepatica—Considence.



Garden Daisy—"I share your sentiments."



Buttercups—Childhood:



February 26.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green
Isle;

And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

MOORE.

February 27.

And when, as how often I eagerly listen
To stories thou read'st of the dear olden
day,

How delightful to see our eyes mutually glisten,

And feel that affection has sweeten'd the lay.

Yes, love,—and when wandering at even or morning,

Through forest or wild, or by waves foaming white,

I have fancied new beauties the landscape adorning,

Because I have seen thou wast glad in the sight.

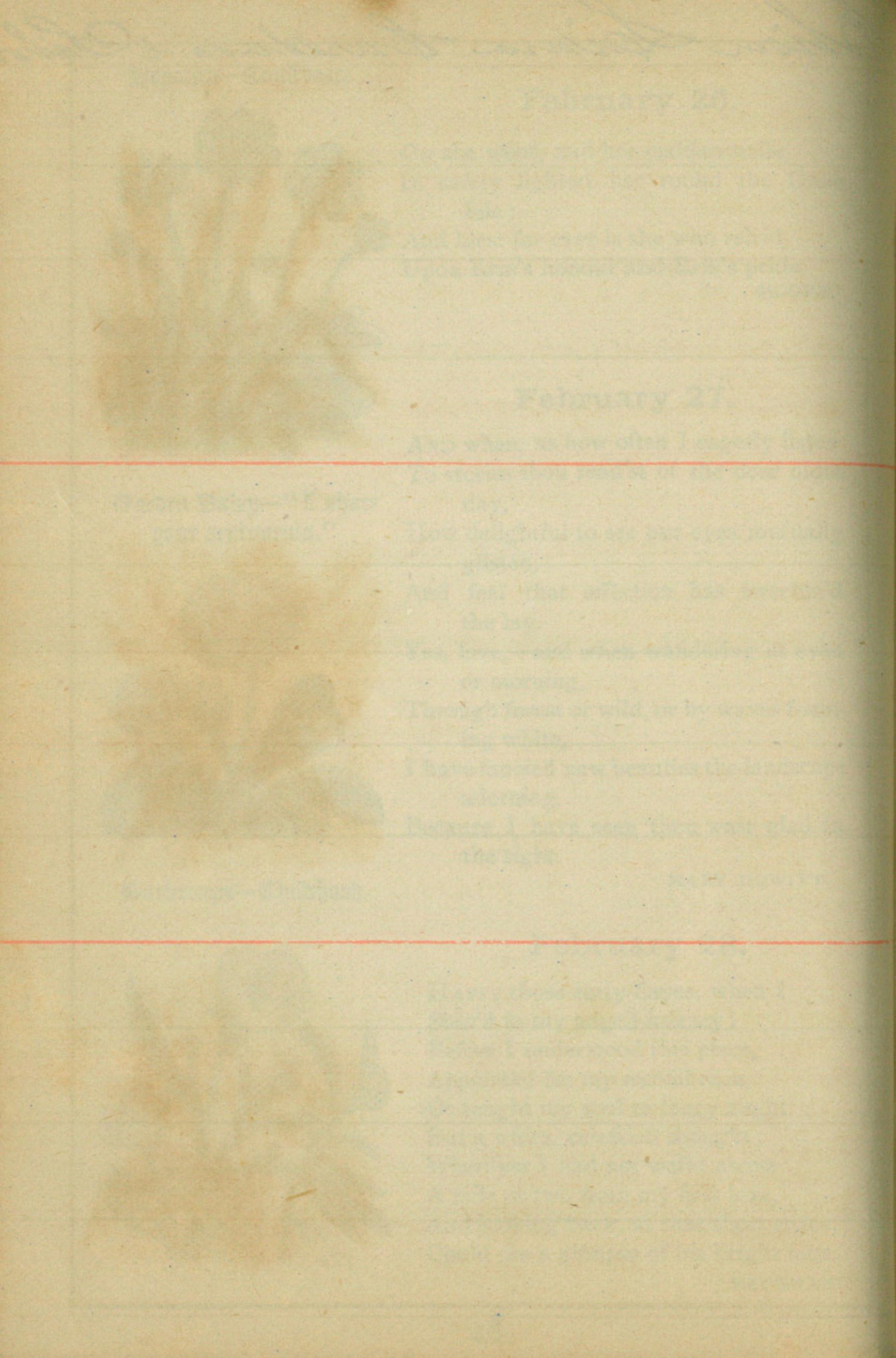
MARY HOWITT.

February 28.

Happy those early dayes, when I Shin'd in my angell-infancy! Before I understood this place, Appointed for my second race, Or taught my soul to fancy aught But a white, celestiall thought; When yet I had not walkt above A mile or two from my first love, And looking back, at that short space, Could see a glimpse of his bright face.

VAUGHAN

Elisa Cima Bardaso e Shih THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T The state of the s The shall ever the like the THE PARTY NAMED IN COLUMN



February 29.

THY husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in
cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands, But love, fair looks, and true obedience,— Too little payment for so great a debt.

SHAKSPEARE.

March 1.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight;
Wherefore hast thou left me now,
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free,
Thou wilt scoff at pain,
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who heed thee not.

SHELLEY.

March 2.

I AM bound by the old promise;
What can break that golden chain?
Not even the words that you have spoken,
Or the sharpness of my pain.

Do you think, because you fail me,
And draw back your hand to-day,
That from out the heart I gave you,
My strong love can fade away?

ADELAIDE PROCTEF.

Bullrush-Docility.



Willow-Jorsaken.



Blue Violet— Faithfulness.



Tape Iasmine— Anticipation.



Mallstower-Fidelity.



Karden Anemone— Forsaken.



March 3.

Oн! how impatience gains upon the soul, When the long-promised hour of joy draws near!

How slow the tardy moments seem to roll
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!
To the fond doubting heart its hopes appear

Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize; All seem but day-dreams of delight too dear!

Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,

While the scarce-trusted bliss seems but to cheat the eyes.

MRS. TIGHE.

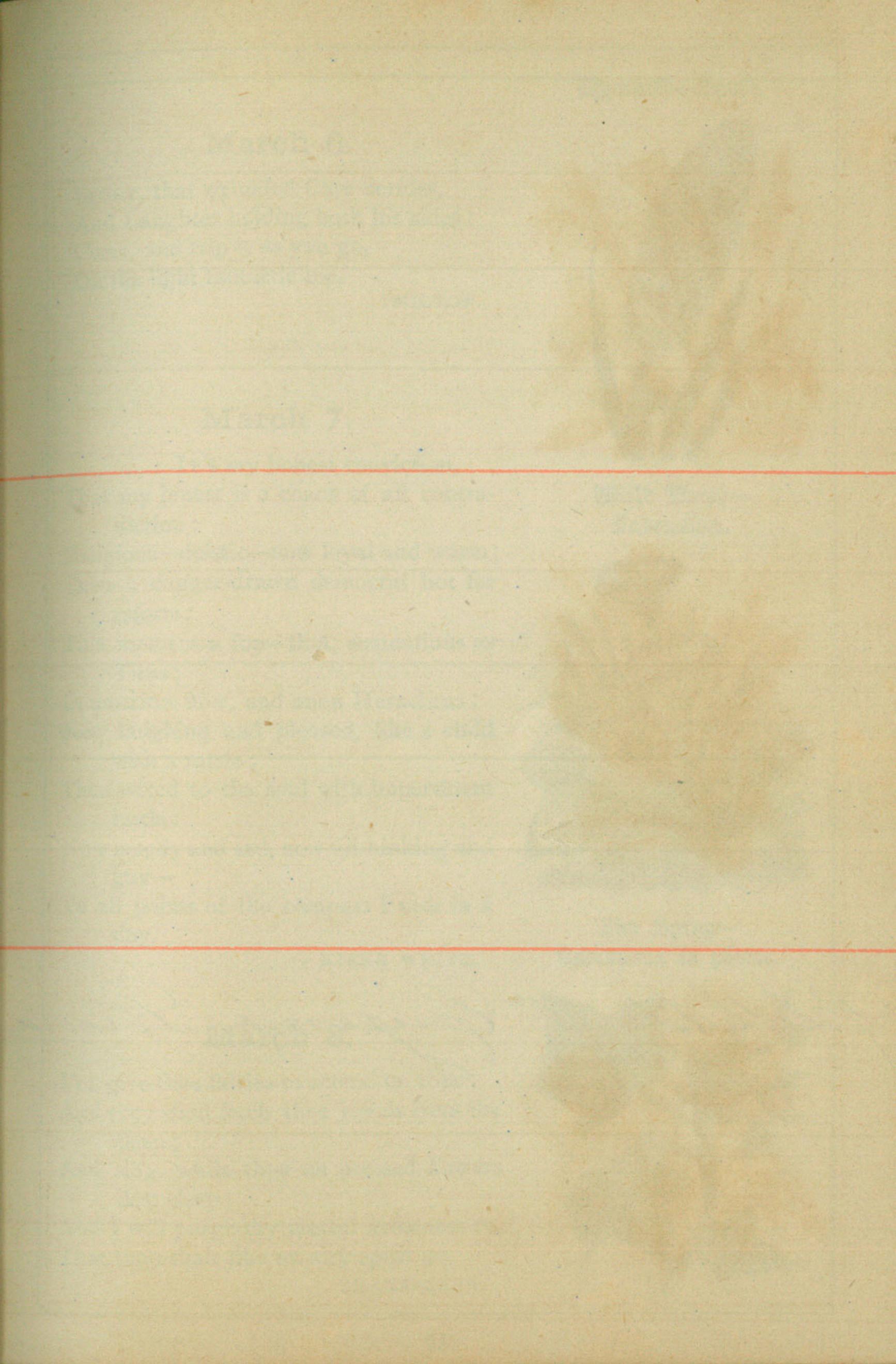
March 4.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

SCOTT.

March 5

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me!
BURNS.



Blothilde St. Engema Gereira

Myacinth—Sport.

March 6.

SPORT, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

MILTON.

March 7.

That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction:

Religious—deistic—now loyal and warm; Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform:

This moment a fop—that, sententious as Titus;

Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus:

Now laughing and pleased, like a child

with a rattle;

Then vexed to the soul with impertinent tattle:

Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay-

To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

KIRKE WHITE.

March 8.

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep;

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so, That thou shalt like an airy spirit go,

Waisy— Undecision.



Iby Spray— Assiduous to please.



SHAKSPEARE.

Tingcup— " I wish I was rich."



Willet-Modesty.



Marshmallow— Kindness.



March 9.

Then why this ceaseless, vain unrest?
Earth opens her impartial breast
To prince and beggar both; nor might
Gold e'er tempt Hell's grim satellite
To waft astute Prometheus o'er
From yonder ghastly Stygian shore.
Proud Tantalus and all his race
He curbs within that rueful place;
The toil-worn wretch, who cries for ease,
Invoked or not, he hears and frees.

HORACE.

March 10.

True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks,
through fear,

Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t'appear:

Humility the parent of the first,

The last by vanity produced and nursed.

COWPER.

March 11.

Who is Sylvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she,

The beavens such grace did lend he

The heavens such grace did lend her, That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For Beauty lives with kindness;
Love doth to her eyes repair,

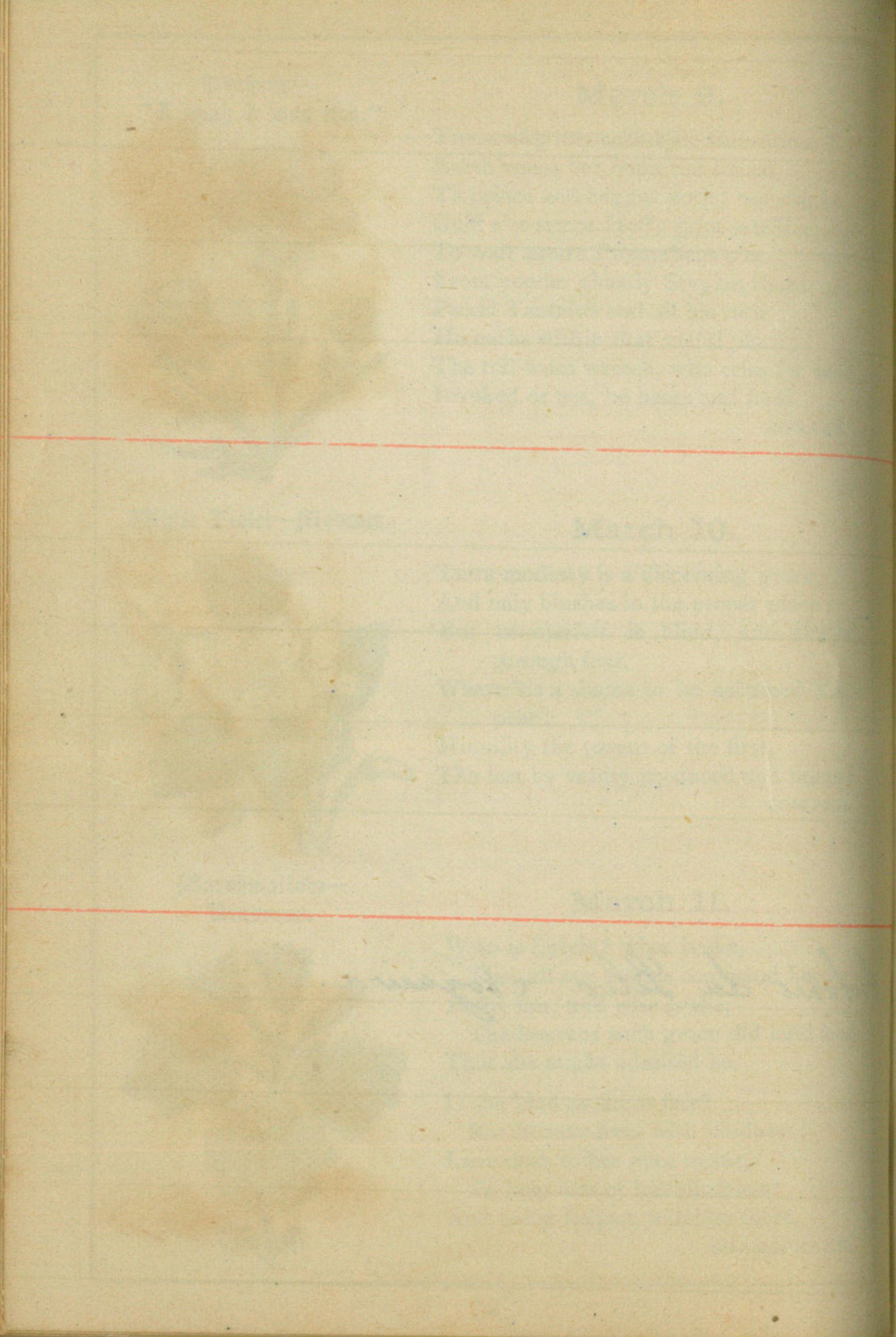
To help him of his blindness;

And being helped, inhabits there.

SHAKSPEARE.

Antonir da Lilva Nogueira.

CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE



March 12.

AH! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast, Nor in the critic let the man be lost. Good nature and good sense must ever

join;
To err is human, to forgive Divine.

POPE.

March 13.

STAR-LIKE her eyes—but seem'd suffused with woe,

As thus she spoke, in accents soft and low:
Poet! whose fame shall reach from sea to
sea,

Till Heaven's eternal orbs forget to roll, Oh! haste thee hence, and save a sinking soul,

Forlorn by Fortune, yet beloved by me!

Beatrice sends thee to the world above (Her bosom throbbing with eternal love, That leads her from the fount of pure delight),

In mercy to oppose his mad career,
Where yonder paths to swift destruction
bear,

She hovers on the bounds of ancient night.

DANTE.

March 14.

Thou sail'st with others in this Argus here,

No wrack or bulging thou hast cause to fear;

But trust to this, my noble passenger:

Who swims with Virtue, he shall still be sure,

Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure,
And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

HERRICK.

Cucumber—Criticism.



Mouble Wassodil—Regard.



Mint—Virtue.



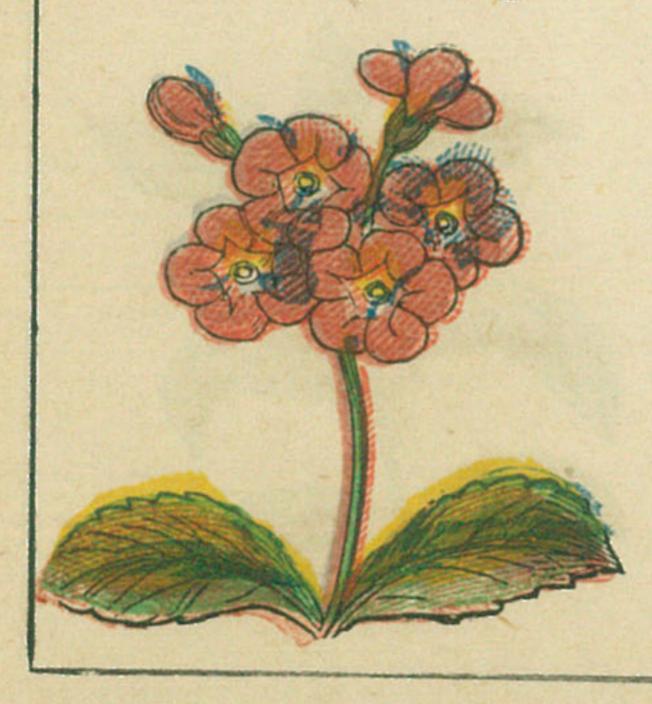
Primrose-Youth.



Mustard-Indisterence.



Auricula—Painting.



March 15.

I would I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave

BYRON.

March 16.

When Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me;
But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things,
Love may go hang!

MOORE.

March 17.

Lady, where'er you roam, whatever land Woos the bright touches of that artist hand;

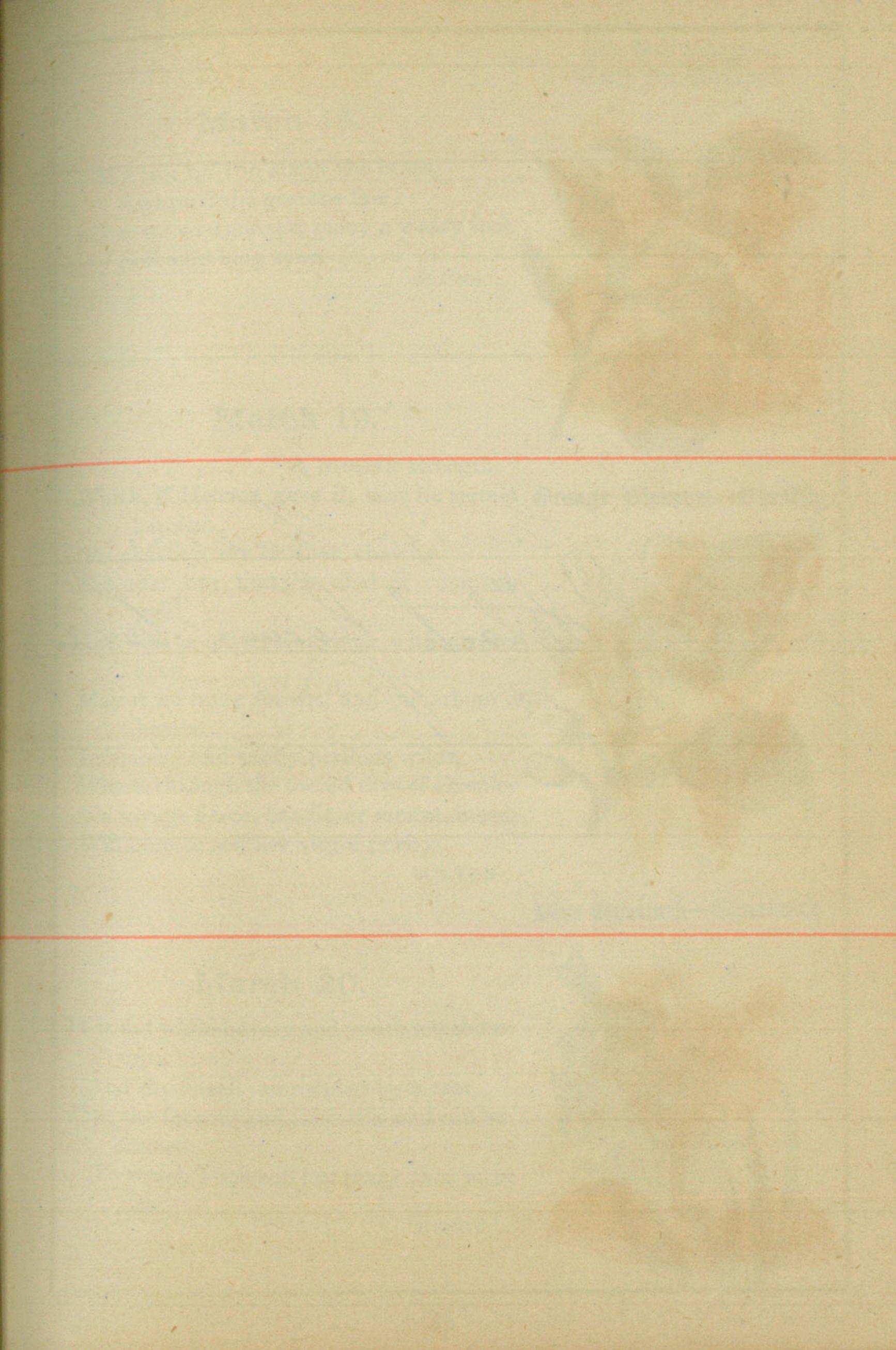
Whether you sketch the valley's golden meads,

Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;

Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep
At eve on Mielleries' immortal steep:
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on that holy shrine,
Where many a night the shade of Tell
complains

Of Gullias' triumph, and Helvetia's chains; Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by, Turn from the canvas that creative eye, And let its splendour, like the morning ray Upon a shepherd's harp, illume my lay.

MOORE.



Ancia Buiga Cinheir Maga

Red Periwinkle— Early Friendships.

March 18.

We twa ha' run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

BURNS.



March 19.

Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd heroism:

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,

And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,

May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,

Infamous, and sandy perilous wilds.
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,

Will dare to soil her virgin purity.

MILTON.



Orange Blossom—Thastity.

Blue Hyacinth—Constancy

March 20.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,

And thy cheek unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be
known,

To which Time will but make thee more dear.

MOORE.



Rhubarb—Advice.



Earden Ranunculus— "You are rich in attraction."



Orchis—A Beauty.



March 21.

Do not trust him, gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet;
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Gently pleading at thy feet.

COARD.

March 22.

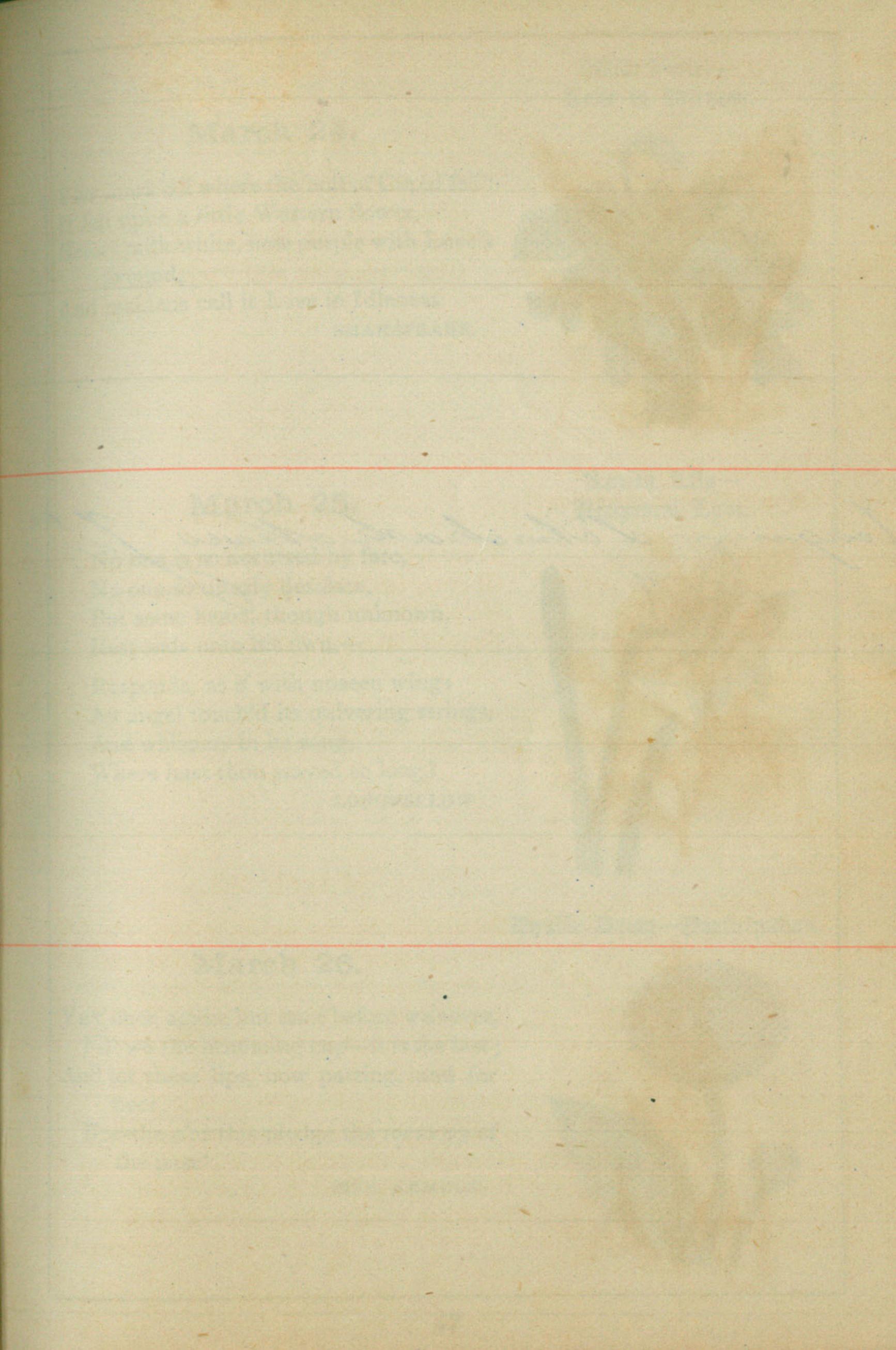
They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest Of every fair and brilliant throng,—
No wit like thine to wake the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song.

MOORE.

March 23.

On her fair cheeks' unfading hue,
The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair in hyacinthine flow,
Then left to roll its folds below,
(As 'midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,)
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet,
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.

BYRON.



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