

Laura Amelia Pereira

Wenestau aloga Pereira Lima

## November 13.

SHALL I be left forgotten in the dust,  
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower  
 revive?  
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
 Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope  
 to live?  
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive  
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?  
 No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet  
 arrive,  
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
 Bright through the eternal year of Love's  
 triumphant reign.

BEATTIE.

Cedar of Lebanon—  
 Incorruptibility.



## November 14.

. . . . .  
 A VIOLET by a mossy stone,  
 Half hidden from the eye,—  
 Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky :  
 She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be ;  
 But she is in her grave, and, oh !  
 The difference to me !

WORDSWORTH.

Bramble—Lowliness.



## November 15.

GOLDEN sparkles, flashing gem,  
 Lit the robes of each of them ;  
 Cloak of velvet, robe of silk,  
 Mantle snowy-white as milk ;  
 Ring upon our bridle hand,  
 Jewels on our belt and band ;  
 Bells upon our golden reins,  
 Tinkling spurs, and shining chains,—  
 In such merry mob we went,  
 Riding to the tournament.

THORNBURY.

Red Salvia—Pomp.



Variegated Ivy—Brightness.



November 16.

OH! the light of life that sparkled  
In those bright and bounteous eyes!  
Oh! the blush of happy beauty,  
Tell-tale of the heart's surprise!  
Oh! the radiant light that girdled  
Field and forest, land and sea,  
When we all were young together,  
And the earth was new to me.

AYTOUN.

Cudweed—Remembrance.



November 17.

YET whenever I cross the river,  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odour of brine from the ocean,  
Comes the thought of other years.

And for ever, and for ever,  
As long as the river flows,—  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes;—

The moon and its broken reflection,  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of Love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

LONGFELLOW.

Fern Moss—Content.



November 18.

DIVINE Content!  
O! could the world resent,  
How much of bliss doth lie  
Wrapp'd up in thy  
Delicious name; and at  
How low a rate  
'Thou might'st be bought!  
No trade would driven be,  
To purchase any wealth, but only thee.

BEAUMONT.

Genevra Petra

Maria Manuela Nogueira Rosa Dias .

Maria Gracia Pereira  
Laphia Cardoso e Silva Velloso



## November 19.

How canst thou dream of Beauty as a thing  
On which depends the heart's own withering?

Lips budding red, with tints of vernal years,  
And delicate lids of eyes that shed no tears,  
And light that falls upon the shining hair,  
As though it found a secret sunbeam there,—  
These must go by, my Gertrude, must go by;  
The leaf must wither, and the flower must die;

The rose can only have a rose's bloom :  
Age would have wrought thy wondrous beauty's doom.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

## November 20.

BUT where is Harold? Shall I then forget  
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?  
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;  
No loved one now in feign'd lament could rave;

No friend the parting hand extended gave,  
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes;  
Hard in his heart, whom charms may not enslave;

But Harold felt not as in other times,  
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

BYRON.

## November 21.

METHINKS I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,

By Fra Hilario in his diocese;

As up the convent walls, in golden streaks  
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;

And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,

Thy voice along the cloister whispers—  
Peace!

LONGFELLOW.

Parti-coloured Daisy—  
Beauty.



Ebony—"You are hard."



Gardinea—Peace.



Black Prince Geranium—  
Delusive Hopes.



Sorrel—Parental Affection.



Goat's Rue—Reason.



## November 22.

OH! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nurst a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft brown eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die.

MOORE.

## November 23.

AH, God! my child! my first, my living  
child!

I have been dreaming of a thing like thee,  
Ere since, a babe, upon the mountains wild.  
I nursed my mimic babe upon my knee.  
In girlhood I had visions of thee; Love  
Came to my riper youth, and still I clove  
Unto thine image, born within my brain,  
So like, as even there thy germ had lain!  
My blood! my voice! my thought! my  
dream achieved!

Oh! till this double life, I had not lived!

WADE.

## November 24.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and  
stars,

To lone, weary, wandering travellers,  
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high  
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering  
ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better day.  
And as those nightly tapers disappear,  
When day's bright lord ascends our hemi-  
sphere;

So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,  
So dies, and so dissolves, in supernatural  
light.

DRYDEN.

Jaime P. A. Neves

Emilia da Costa Dias (Tia)

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November 23

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November 24

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Henriqueta Madalena Maria Nogueira  
Rosa D'Al (Mãe)

## November 25.

THERE is no dearth of kindness  
 In this world of ours,  
 Only in our blindness  
 We gather thorns for flowers !  
 Outward we are spurning,  
 Trampling one another,  
 While we are inly yearning  
 At the name of brother.

MASSEY.

## November 26.

ARE there not aspirations in each heart,  
 After a better, brighter world than this?  
 Longings for beings nobler in each part,  
 Things more exalted, steep'd in deeper  
 bliss ?

Who gave us these ? what are they ? Soul,  
 in thee

The bud is budding now for Immortality !

NICOLL

## November 27.

The might of one fair face sublimed my  
 love,  
 For it hath wean'd my heart from low de-  
 sires ;

Nor death I heed, nor purgatory fires :  
 Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,  
 Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve :  
 For, oh ! how good, how beautiful must be  
 The God that made so good a thing as thee,  
 So fair an image of the Heavenly Dove !  
 Forgive me if I cannot turn away  
 From those sweet eyes, that are my earthly  
 heaven ;

For they are guiding stars, benignly given,  
 To tempt my footsteps to the upward way ;  
 And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,  
 I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fir of Gilead—Kindness.



Pine Branch—Aspiration.



Variegated Geranium—  
 Charms of Women.



Helenium—Tears.



Czar Violet—  
Kindness and Worth.



Fuller's Thistle—  
Misanthropy.



November 28.

How lovely in her tears!  
What beams her beauty darts through  
clouds of woe!  
So Venus look'd, when, wet with silver  
drops,  
Above the floods she raised her shining  
head,  
Gilded the waves, and charm'd the won-  
dering gods.

OWEN.

November 29.

AND never brooch the folds combined,  
Above a heart more good and kind:  
Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye.  
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every free-born glance confess'd  
The guileless movements of her breast.

SCOTT.

November 30.

AND dost thou ask what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?  
It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,  
That bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I prized the most.  
It is that weariness that springs  
From all I meet, or hear, or see;  
To me no pleasure beauty brings,  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me

BYRON.

Joaquín D. Andrade y

Julia Párron

Jouguin Homem Leonardo

Antonio Carlos Assencio Leal

## December 1.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee ;  
 And like music on the waters  
 Is thy sweet voice to me :  
 When, as if its sound were causing  
 The charmed ocean's pausing,  
 The waves lie still and gleaming,  
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming,  
 And the midnight moon is weaving  
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,  
 Whose breast is gently heaving,  
 As an infant's asleep :  
 So the spirit bows before thee,  
 To listen and adore thee,  
 With a full but soft emotion,  
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

BYRON.

## December 2.

I SHALL know by the gleam and glitter  
 Of the golden chain you wear—  
 By your heart's calm strength in loving,  
 Of the fire they have had to bear.  
 Beat on, true heart, for ever ;  
 Shine bright, strong golden chain,  
 And bless the cleansing fire,  
 And the furnace of living pain.

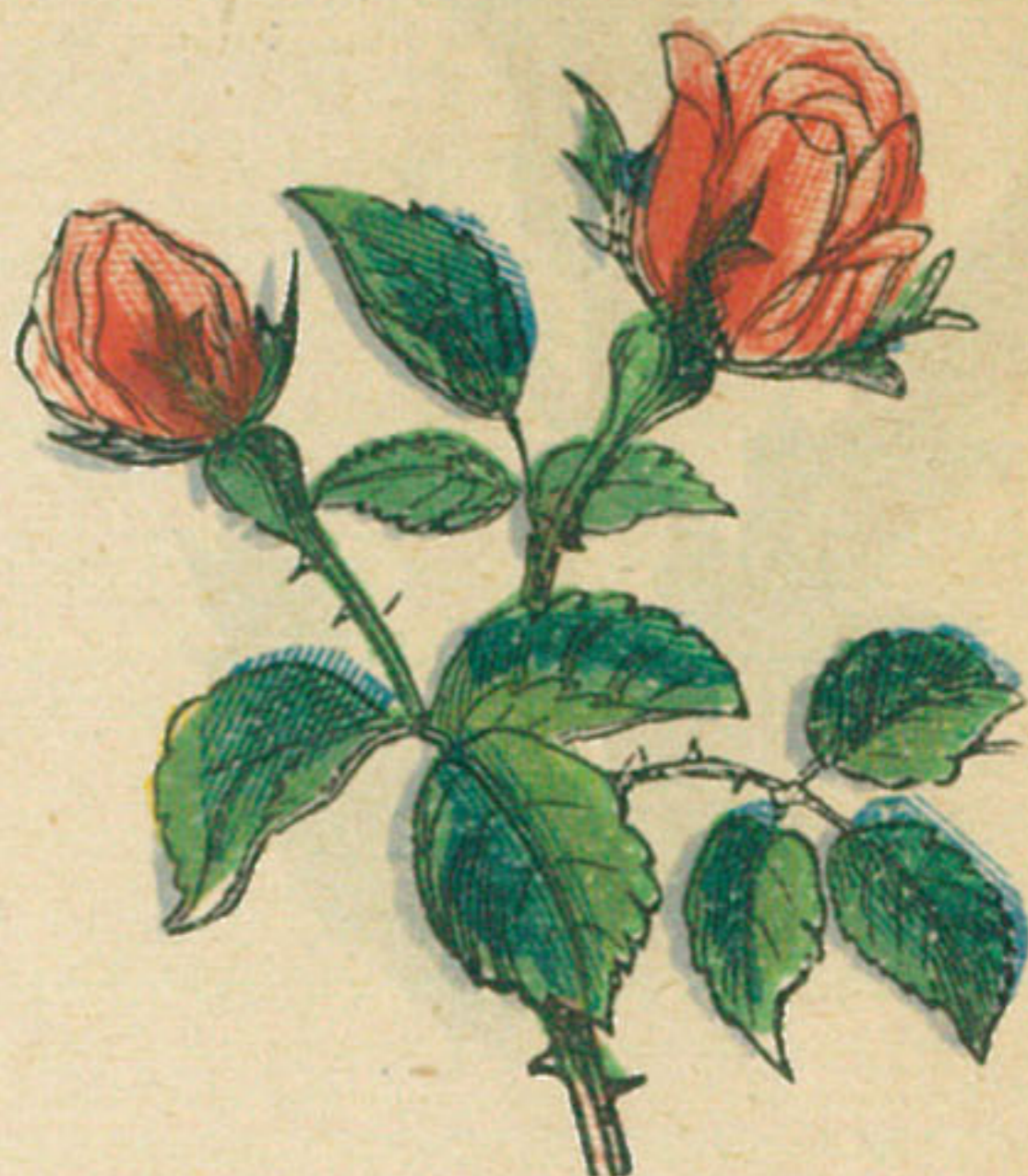
ADELAIDE PROCTER.

## December 3.

No single virtue we could most commend,  
 Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend :  
 For she was all, in that supreme degree,  
 That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.  
 The several parts lay hidden in the piece,  
 The occasion but exerted that or this.  
 A wife as tender, and as true withal,  
 As the first woman was, before her fall ;  
 Made for the man, of whom she was a part,  
 Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.

DRYDEN.

Monthly Rose-bud—  
 Enchantment.



Hyssop—Purity.



White Camellia—  
 Excellence in Woman.



Scotch Thistle—Retaliation.



Withered Leaves—  
Melancholy.



Hibiscus—Change.



December 4.

LEARN from yon orient shell to love thy  
foe,  
And store with pearls the hand that brings  
thee woe ;  
Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive  
pride,  
Emblaze with gems the wrist that tears  
thy side.  
With fruit nectareous, or balmy flower,  
All Nature calls aloud, " Shall man do less,  
Than heal the smiter, and the railer bless?"

HAFIZ.

December 5.

YES, the year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and blear'd ;  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard--  
Sorely, sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow ;  
Caw, caw ! the rooks are calling :  
It is a sound of woe—  
A sound of woe !

LONGFELLOW.

December 6.

AND when to me you first made suit,  
How fair I was, you oft would say,  
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,  
Then left the blossom to decay.

Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds,  
Where roses and where lilies vie,  
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades  
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

MICKLE.

Viscondessa d. Godwin

João Nogueira de Freitas.

Guilherme Guilleran Bachado



## December 7.

DUTY, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown ;  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While youth's roses are thy crown.  
Grasp it : if thou shrink and tremble.  
Fairest damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine Queen.

WORDSWORTH.

## Lint—Obligation.



## December 8.

AND dreams in their development have  
breath ;  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of  
joy ;  
They leave a weight upon our waking  
thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our waking  
toils :  
They do divide our being ; they become  
A portion of ourselves, as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity.  
They pass like spirits of the past ; they  
speak  
Like sibyls of the future ; they have power,  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain.

BYRON.

## Osmunda—Dreams.



## December 9.

PINS she sticks into my shoulder,  
Places needles in my chair ;  
And when I begin to scold her,  
Tosses back her combèd hair,  
With so saucy, vex'd an air,  
That the pitying beholder  
Cannot brook that I should scold her ;  
Then again she comes, and bolder,  
Blacks again this face of mine.

BON GAULTIER.

## Lemon—Piquancy.



American Ivy—  
Strong Friendship.



Lignum Vitæ—Homage.



Broken Straws—Division.



## December 10.

FOR we were nursed upon the selfsame  
hill,

Fed the same flock by fountain, shade,  
and rill ;

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd,  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry  
horn ;

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of  
night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his  
west'ring wheel.

MILTON.

## December 11.

AND I watch'd thee ever fondly—

Watch'd thee, dearest, from afar,  
With the mute and humble homage  
Of the Indian to a star.

AYTOUN.

## December 12.

AND ruder words will soon rush in,  
To spread the breach that words begin,  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day ;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said ;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesss of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds, or like the stream  
That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
As though its water ne'er could sever,  
Yet, ere it reach'd the plain below,  
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

MOORE.



December 10  
Maria Luzia Chaves de Zeal

December 11

December 12

## December 13.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?—rise, and  
share it with another,  
And through all the years of famine, it  
shall serve thee and thy brother.  
Love Divine will fill the storehouse, and  
thy handful still renew :  
Scanty fare for one, will often make a  
royal feast for two.  
For the heart grows rich in giving ; all its  
wealth is living gain :  
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scat-  
tered, fill with gold the plain.

MRS. CHARLES.

Hops and Haws—  
Compensation.



## December 14.

LIKE as the culver on the barèd bough  
Sits mourning for the absence of her  
mate,  
And in her songs sends many a wishful  
vow  
For his return, that seems to linger late ;  
So I, alone now left, disconsolate,  
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,  
And wandering here and there, all deso-  
late,  
Seek with my plaints to match that  
mournful dove.

SPENSER.

Wormwood — Absence.



## December 15.

OH ! why left I my hame ?  
Why did I cross the deep ?  
Oh ! why left I the land  
Where my forefathers sleep ?  
I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
And I gaze across the sea ;  
But I canna get a blink  
O' my ain countrie.

GILFILLAN.

Hothouse Heath — Exile.



Scotch Fir—Perseverance in  
Pursuit of Knowledge.



Flowering Laurel—  
Goodness.



Ivy Berry—Warning.



December 16.

WHAT is earthly victory? Press on !  
For it hath tempted angels—yet press on !  
For it shall make you mighty among men,  
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought  
Ye shall look down on monarchs—O, press  
on !

For the high ones, and powerful, shall come  
To do you reverence ; and the beautiful  
Will know the purer language of your brow,  
And read it like a talisman of love.  
Press on ! for it is godlike to unloose  
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought.

WILLIS.

December 17.

THOUGH holy in himself, and virtuous,  
He still to sinful men was mild and piteous ;  
Not of reproach imperious or malign,  
But in his teaching soothing and benign.  
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair  
And good example, was his daily care.  
But were there one perverse and obstinate,  
Were he of lofty or of low estate,  
Him would he sharply with reproof astound :  
A better priest is nowhere to be found.  
He waited not on pomp or reverence,  
Nor made himself a spiced conscience.  
The love of Christ and his apostles twelve  
He taught ; but first he followed it him-  
self.

CHAUCER.

December 18.

I COME—and if I come in vain,  
Never, oh ! never we meet again !  
Thou hast done a fearful deed,  
In falling away from thy fathers' creed ;  
But dash that turban to earth, and sign  
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ;  
Wring the black drop from thy heart,  
And to-morrow unites us, no more to part.

BYRON.

Maria Aug<sup>ta</sup> Conceição Pölsek

Elzira Math. Noronha



## December 19.

AND may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit, and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth show,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

MILTON.

## December 20.

WHO seeks a friend, should come disposed  
To exhibit, in full bloom disclosed,  
The graces and the beauties  
That form the character he seeks ;  
But 'tis a union that bespeaks  
Reciprocated duties.

But will sincerity suffice?  
It is indeed above all price,  
And must be made the basis ;  
But every virtue of the soul  
Must constitute the charming whole,  
All shining in their places.

COWPER.

## December 21.

ALAS ! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love —  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow had more closely tied ;  
That stood the storm when waves were  
rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off ;  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity !  
A something light as air—a look—  
A word unkind, or wrongly taken,—  
Oh ! love that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken.

MOORE.

Moss—Seclusion.



Fern—Sincerity.



Broken Stalks—Dissension.



Parsley—Feasting.



Crefoil—Revenge.



Holly Berry—Greeting.



December 22.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving-man ;  
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high  
Crested with bays and rosemary.

The wassail round, in good brown bowls  
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trolls.  
Then the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by,  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie.

SCOTT.

December 23.

" BUT, oh ! revenge is sweet ! "—  
Thus think the crowd, who, eager to en-  
gage,  
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage.  
Not so mild Thales nor Chrysippus thought  
Nor that good man, who drank the poison-  
ous draught,  
With mind serene, and could not wish to see  
His vile accuser drink so deep as he.  
Exalted Socrates ! divinely brave !  
Injured he fell, and dying he forgave :  
Too noble for revenge, which still we find  
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.

DRYDEN.

December 24.

AND who but listen'd, till was paid  
Respect to every inmate's claim ;  
The greeting given, the music played,  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced, with lusty call,  
And merry Christmas wish'd to all.

WORDSWORTH.



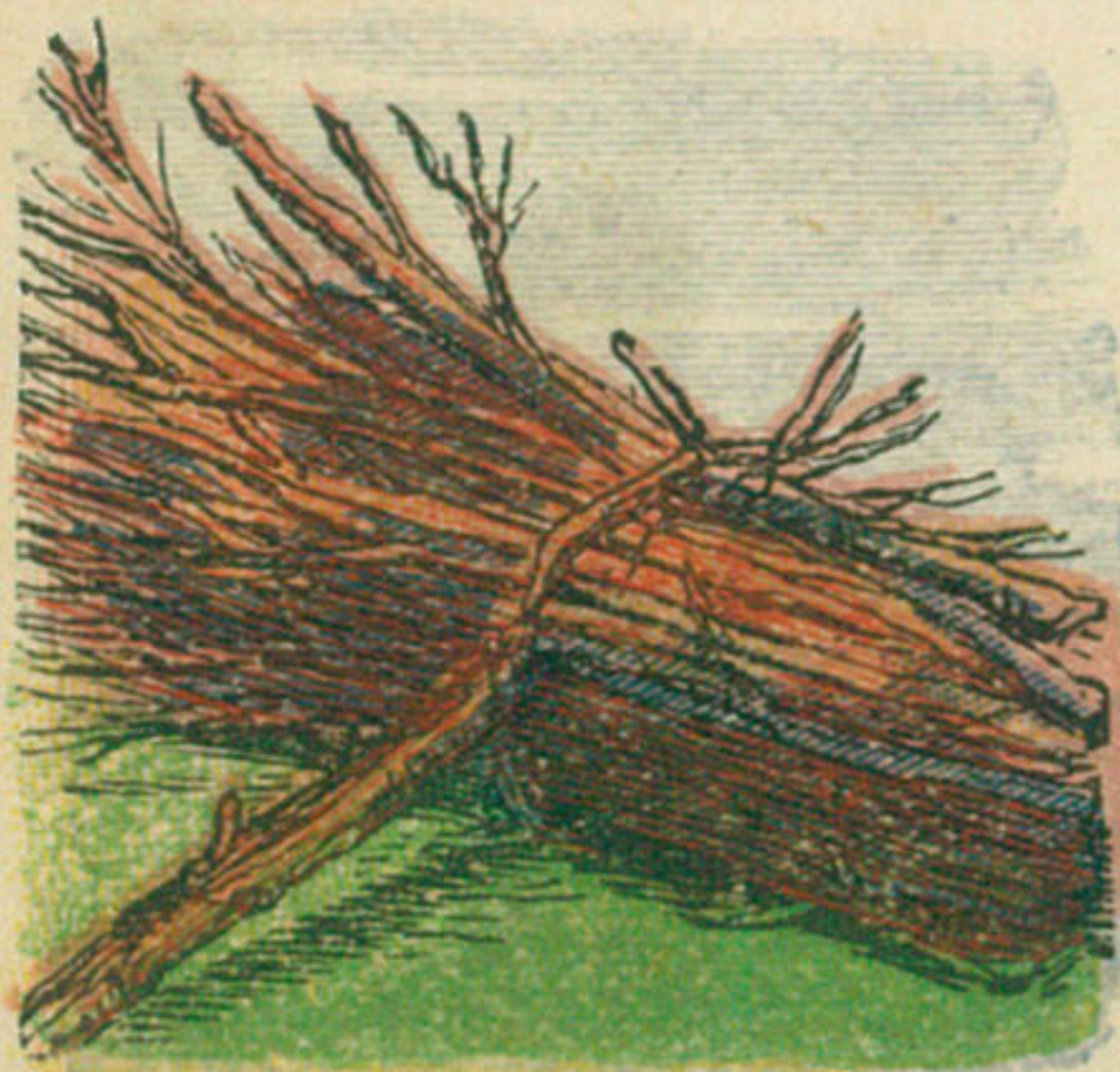
Holly—Foresight.



Christmas Rose—  
"Tranquillize my anxiety."



Ashen Faggot—Festivity.



December 28.

"PROPHET," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Äidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"  
Quoth the Raven, "Never more!"

EDGAR POE.

December 29.

THOUGH the doom of swift decay  
Shocks the soul, where life is strong,—  
Though, for frailer hearts, the day  
Lingers sad and overlong;—  
Still the weight will find a leaven,  
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,  
While the future has its Heaven,  
And the past, its long ago.

LORD HOUGHTON,

December 30.

THEN came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong;  
Who lists, might in the mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery.  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made;  
But, O! what maskers richly dight  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was Merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.

SCOTT.

Leonor Croft de Moura

Maria Magdalena Pinheiro Nogueira.



## December 31.

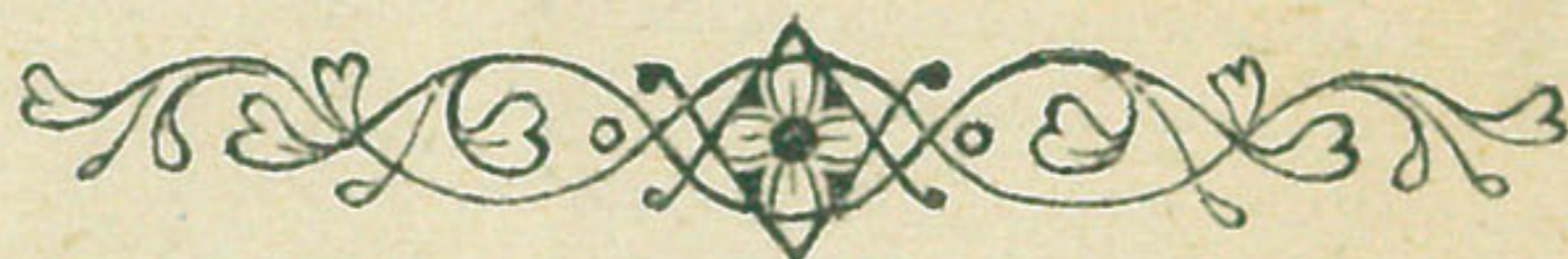
New—Sadness.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead ;  
Come and sigh, come and weep !  
Merry hours, smile instead,  
For the year is but asleep :  
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.

. . . . .

January grey is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave  
February bears the bier,  
March with grief doth howl and rave ;  
And April weeps—but, O ye hours !  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

SHELLEY.





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