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<sup>olim</sup>  
[ Arch. Nat. Hist.  
O. 20. ]

Arch. C. xii. 19.

17078 c. 141







FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS;

TWELVE GROUPS  
OF FEMALE FIGURES,  
EMBLEMATIC OF FLOWERS:

DESIGNED BY E. T. PARRIS, ESQ.  
WITH POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, BY THE  
COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN AND COMPANY,  
STRAND.

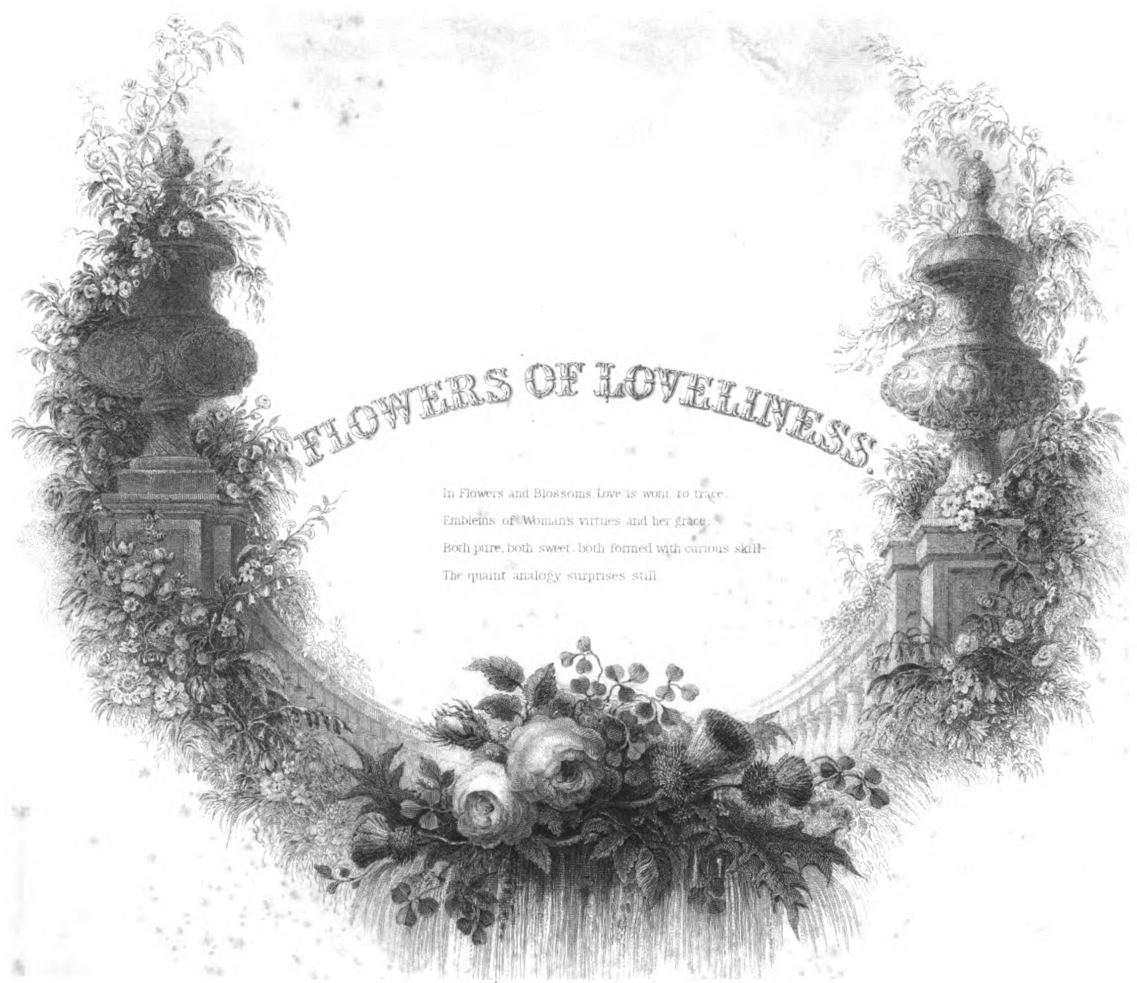
1836.



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VIZETELY, BRANSTON AND CO. PRINTERS,  
FLEET STREET, LONDON.

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FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS.

In Flowers and Blossoms Love is wont to trace,  
Emblems of Woman's virtues and her grace,  
Both pure, both sweet, both formed with curious skill—  
The quaint analogy surprises still.







*WIVES OF THE WILDERNESS.*

London: Published Oct. 2. 1835. by Arkermann & Co. 96 Strand.







## LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

---

'Tis said, the Rose, of all the flowers  
That bloom within our garden bowers,  
    Is chosen queen:—  
But more I love the Lily pale,  
That lingers in my native vale,  
    Fair and unseen—

Save by us, simple village maids,  
Who seek it in the greenwood shades,  
    At early morn.  
When we could think our hearts had wings  
Light as the bird's, who gaily sings  
    From the old thorn.

I found the flower in a green nook,  
Where crept a clear and laughing brook  
    The young boughs through;  
And king-cups spangled all the ground,  
And the pale wind-flower there was found,  
    And hare-bells blue.

I lov'd it, for its pearly bell,  
And for its scent, that sweetly fell  
    On the still air:  
O! more than garden blossom nursed,  
I lov'd it—for my hand was first  
    To find it there!

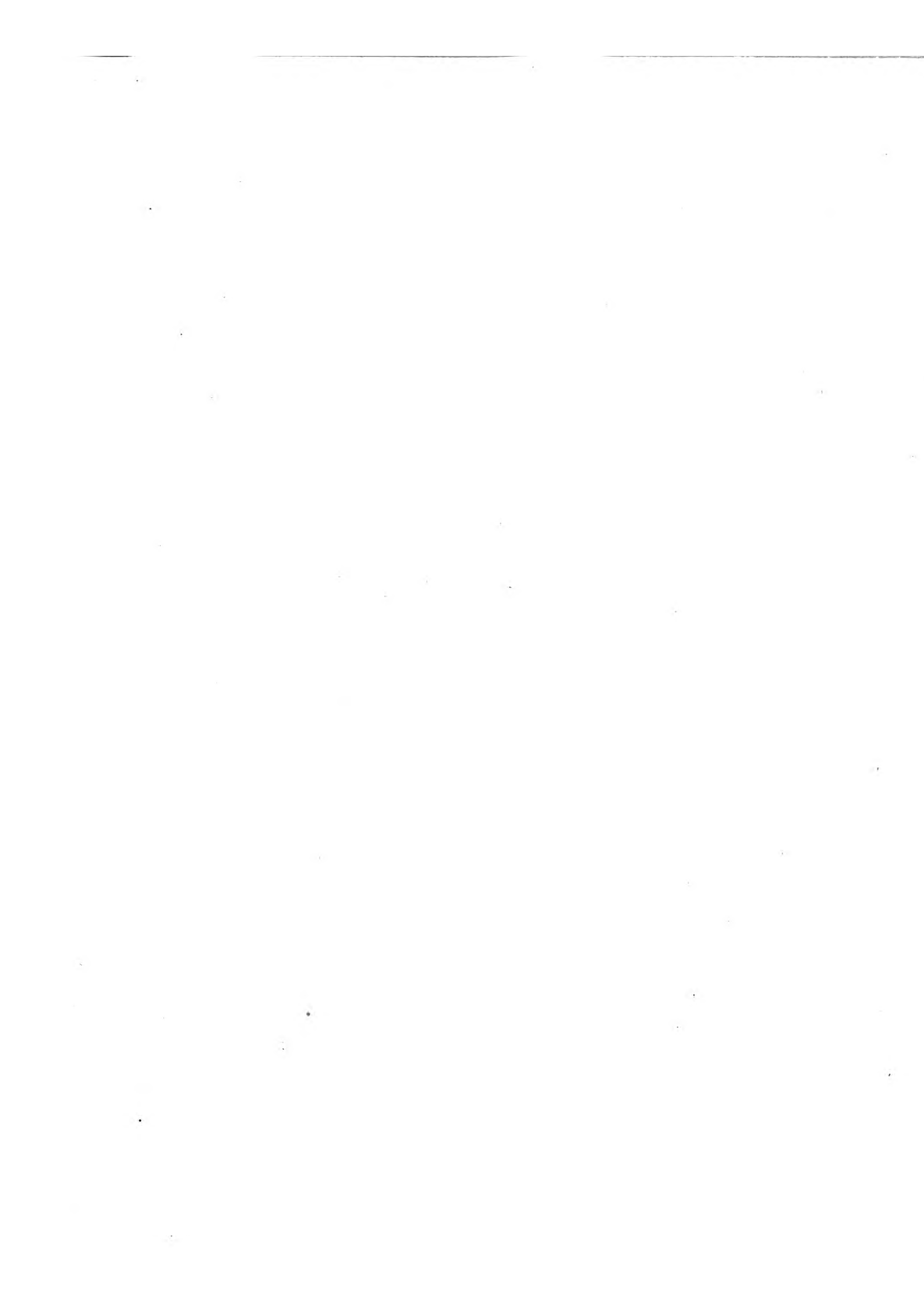






GRASSY

London, published Oct. 2, 1871, by Ag. New and S. Co. 26, Abchurch Lane.





## DAISIES.

---

"Flowers sweet and gay, and delicate, like you;  
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too."

Mrs. BARBAULD.

---

SIMPLE flowers although ye be,\*  
Ye are dearly loved by me;  
Simple children—ye no less  
Touch me with your lowliness,  
Both my native fields adorn,  
Joyous as the breath of morn;  
Both, when comes the dewy night,  
Seek repose, in slumbers light;  
And, when shines the morning ray,  
Re-awaken like the day—  
*He* was *lowly* too—the Power  
Who created child and flower!

Poets have not scorned to sing  
Daisies;—and a mighty king, †  
Brave and pious, good and wise,  
Chose one for his quaint device.

\* "Daisy (Bellis, taken from bellus, pretty or handsome). Fabulous history informs us that it owes its origin to Belides, grand-daughter to Danaus, one of the Nymphs called Dryads, that presided over meadows and pastures in ancient times. Belides, whilst dancing on the grass with Ephigeus (a rural Deity), attracted the admiration of Vertumnus (the Deity who presided over the spring and orchards), and to escape from him she was transformed into a Daisy. Chaucer affirms that the fair Queen Alceste, (wife of Admetus King of Pheræ, in Thessaly,) who sacrificed her own life to preserve that of her husband, was, for this proof of affection, transformed into a Daisy. The English name of Daisy is derived from a Saxon word, meaning Day's Eye, from the flower's closing its petals at night."

† Saint Louis avait pris pour devise, une Marguerite. The English Daisy is called Marguerite in France.



One a queen decreed to be\*  
Guerdon for sweet poesy.  
Flowers and children—emblems meet,  
Of all things innocent and sweet;  
Gifts of tenderness and love,  
Sent to bless us from above,  
Smile, oh! smile on me, and pour  
Your fragrance round me evermore.

\* Marguerite of Scotland, the first Queen of Louis the Eleventh, presented Marguerite Clotilda de Surville, a bouquet of Daisies, the leaves wrought in silver, and the flowers in gold, in acknowledgment of her poetical skill. The bouquet bore the following quaint inscription: "Marguerite d'Ecosse à Marguerite d'Helicon."





SNOWDROP.

THE LITTLE FLOWER.





## SNOW-DROP.

---

You have told me, Sister dear,  
I should see our Mother's bed;  
But I see no pillow here:  
Where, then, does she rest her head?

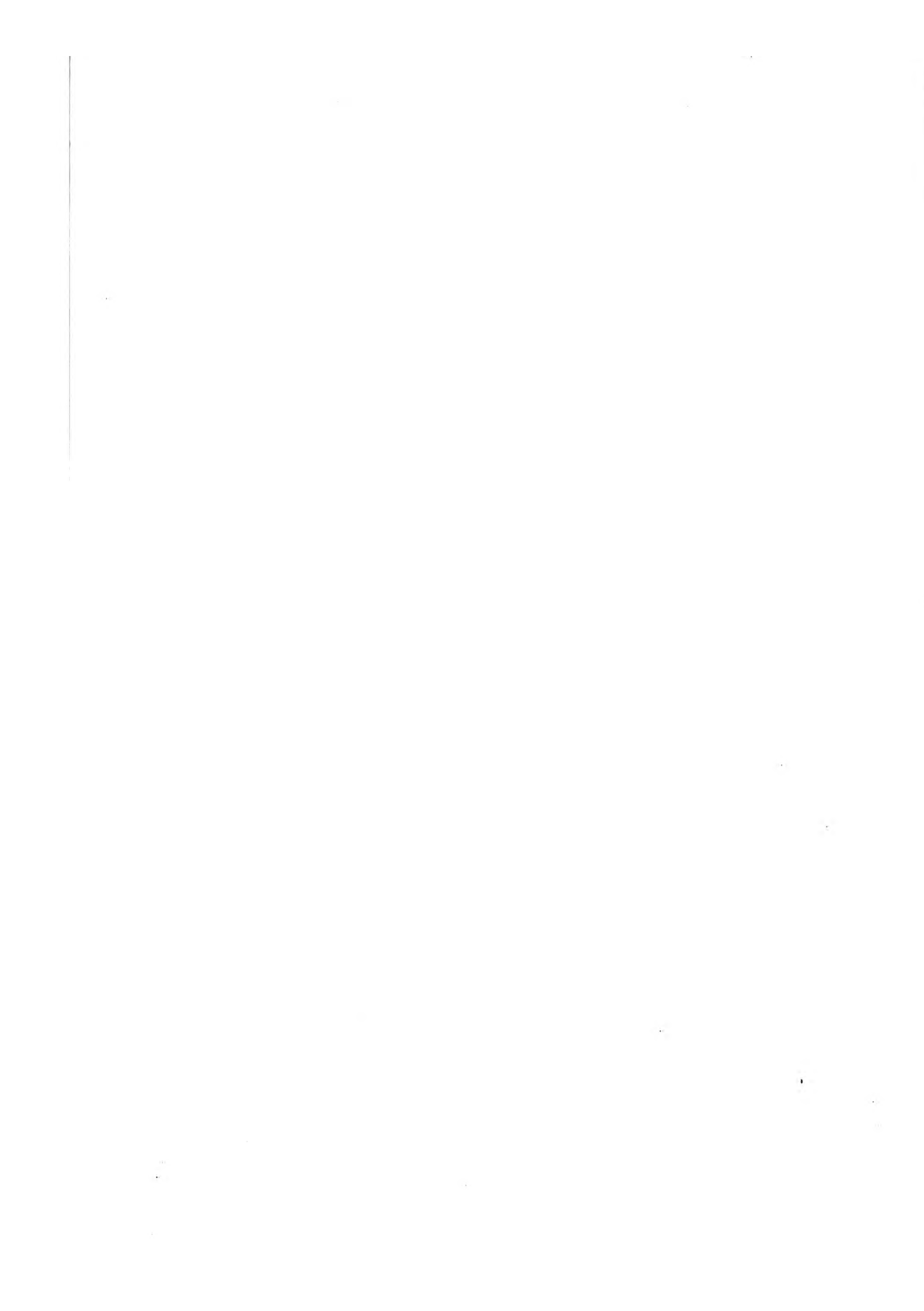
Tell me, Sister—ah! you weep,  
Looking on that cold, cold stone!  
Does our darling Mother sleep  
In a place so sad and lone?

This is not like her sweet room,  
With its fire, that glanced so gay;  
*There* was neither chill nor gloom,  
But fond words and smiles all day.

Here's a flower—the first I found,  
'Gainst she wakes—she loves it well.  
Ah! how still is all around!  
*Will* she waken?—Sister, tell.

Oft I see her when I sleep,  
And her kiss feel on my brow;  
But when morning comes, I weep,  
Just as you do, Sister, now.

Ah! you say to Heaven she's gone.  
Would that we were there to-day!  
Everything's so grave and lone,  
Since our Mother went away!



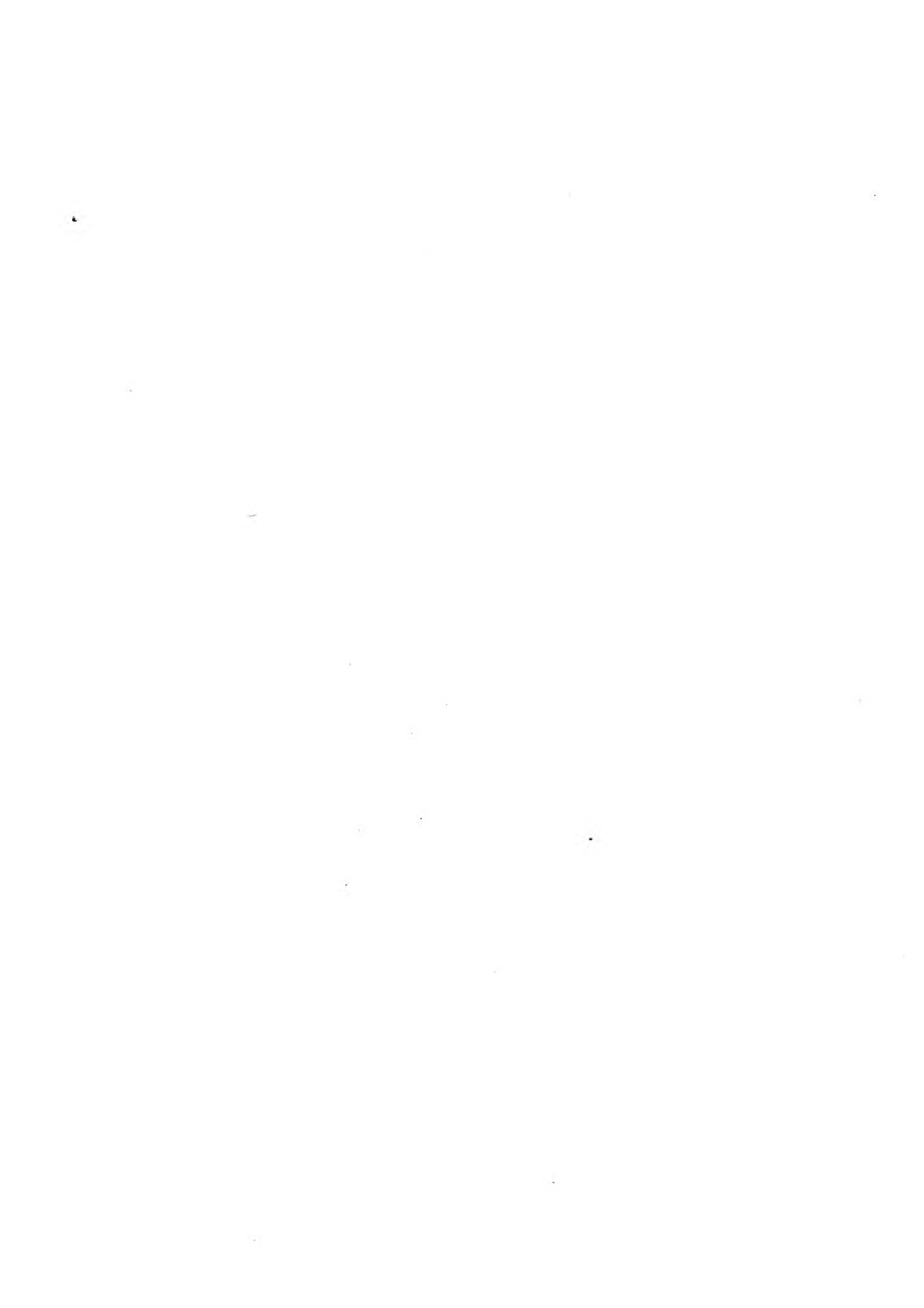






*W. G. Smith del.*

*W. G. Smith sculp.*





## FORGET-ME-NOT.

---

Two Maidens launched a little bark,  
Upon a summer day,  
And as they slowly sailed from shore,  
One waved a silken scarf she bore,  
As she sang this roundelay :

“How blest are we,  
On the bright blue sea,  
Like birds that cleave the air,  
With the wind that sings  
In the sails—our wings  
That waft us, we reck not where.

’Tis folly to grieve  
For the friends we leave;  
New lands—new friends we’ll find.  
Then away! away!  
Is our burthen gay;  
Let us leave all care behind.”

But the other maiden pensive sat,  
As they slowly sailed away;  
And her head was drooped, and a tear fell o’er  
The pale blue flower in her hand she bore,  
As she sang a sadder lay :

“Our bark is on the azure main :  
Are all my dreams of hope then, vain ?  
And shall we never meet again ?  
Mine own!—Forget me not!

When musing in some well-known scene,  
Where we together oft have been,  
By fountain side—in alley green;  
Mine own!—Forget me not!

Think how I planted every flower  
That climbs around our garden bower;  
Think of my song at twilight hour—  
Mine own!—Forget me not!

I'll see thy form in every cloud  
That o'er the bright sky casts its shroud;  
I'll dream of thee, though storms are loud;  
Mine own!—Forget me not!

Ah! now the land sinks fast from view,  
Into the world of waters blue.  
Bear him, soft winds! my last adieu!  
Mine own!—Forget me not!"





*L. J. Davis*







## LILIES.\*

---

Is it not, dear one! sweet to see  
An infant, in its purity,  
Calm slumbering, like a folded flower,  
That shuts its leaves at evening hour?

O! mark, how smiles play round its mouth,  
Like sunrise in the genial south:  
I love to think, that, while it sleeps,  
Converse with angel-bands it keeps.†

The Lilies on thy cradle flung,  
Though from the milk of Juno sprung,‡  
And known by every bard to be  
The type of spotless modesty,

Less lovely are, fair babe! than thou,  
With that soft cheek, and placid brow.  
Spare, spare that cheek—relentless years!  
From wrinkling cares, and streaming tears!

O! why shouldst thou be doom'd to know  
Of weary life th' increasing woe!  
When Lilies, free from care or sin,  
Stainless, do neither toil nor spin.

\* "The French Lis, or Fleur-de-Lis. The ancients named this plant after Iris, the messenger of the gods, and more particularly of Juno:

† "The various Iris Juno sends with haste."—OVID.

‡ "About the middle of the twelfth century, Louis the Seventh, of France, when about to undertake a second Crusade, chose the Iris for his blazon. It was hence called Fleur de Luce, Louis Flower, and again corrupted into Fleur-de-Lis. The number of Fleur-de-Lis, used in emblazoning the arms of France, were reduced to three, in the reign of Charles the Sixth, about the year 1381."

† A belief prevails in Ireland, among the peasantry, that, when children smile in their sleep, they are conversing with angels.—See Mr. Lover's charming song of "*The Angel's Whisper*."

‡ "La Fable dit, que le Lis naquit du lait de Junon."

*La Botanique Historique et Littéraire.*







*R. G. S.*

London: Published by J. G. S. at the Sign of the Crown, in the Strand.









HERMIONE. No, not of gloom,—'tis but a gentle grief,—  
Because I feel, that like to all that's fair,  
Soon may these bright flowers droop—and fade—and die.  
'Twas thus with her—our lost, our sainted ANNE—  
Blooming and bright as Roses in their prime,  
And like them, fragile, too. A few brief days—  
A Spring of joy—a Summer of decay—  
And Autumn found her not!—Dost thou remember?

HELENA. O, my sweet Sister! canst thou ask me this,  
When I most think of her in loving thee,  
Who art so like her in thy gentleness?

HERMIONE. I doubted not thy sad, rememb'ring love—  
I meant but to recal her last brief hours,  
Which every dying Rose—

HELENA. Brings back to thee.  
While I—

HERMIONE. Nay, weep not thus, my precious one!

HELENA. Ay, well, how well! do I remember still,  
The wond'rous beauty of her hectic blush;  
Th' unearthly lustre of her sparkling eyes;  
Her pallid brow, by Death's cold finger trac'd;  
And the long glance of tender, speechless love,  
Fixed on our faces, even unto the last,  
When her dear voice already was in Heaven!

HERMIONE. When Summer brings the Roses back to us,  
And their rich fragrance loads the golden air,  
Like incense offered up from earth to Heaven!  
And birds are all abroad—I think of her  
Who walked the earth—a thing of light and hope,  
Loving all Nature—feeling it was bliss  
To live among bright, odour-breathing flowers,  
And listen to the music of the woods—  
I think of her, within the narrow grave,  
To whom, nor sunshine, nor the breath of flowers,  
Nor song of birds, can ever come again!





*Illustration of a woman, child, and woman on a balcony.*





## HONEYSUCKLE.

---

SEE the Honeysuckle twine\*  
Round this casement:—'tis a shrine  
Where the heart doth incense give,  
And the pure affections live  
In the Mother's gentle breast,  
By her smiling infant pressed.

Blessed shrine! dear, blissful home!  
Source whence happiness doth come!  
Round thy cheerful hearth we meet  
All things beauteous—all things sweet—  
Ev'ry solace of Man's life,  
Mother,—Daughter,—Sister,—Wife!

England, Isle of free and brave,  
Safely guarded by the wave,  
Though we seek the fairest land  
That the south wind ever fanned,  
Never may we hope to see  
Homes so *holy* as in thee.

As the tortoise turns its head  
Toward its native ocean bed,†  
Howsoever far it be  
From its own beloved sea,  
Thus, proud Albion, evermore  
Do we turn, to seek thy shore!

\* Chèvre-feuille.—Liens d'amour.—*Le Langage des Fleurs*.

† A fact in the natural history of the Tortoise.









W. & A. G. B. & Co.

London: Published and Sold by W. & A. G. B. & Co. 15, Abchurch Lane.





## VIOLETS.

---

HONOUR to her who chose this fragrant flower,  
As meed befitting gentle Poesy—  
'Twas a sweet thought, conceived in happy hour!  
Worthy, fair Clemence!\* to owe birth to thee!

Methinks 'twas pleasant, at the Floral games,†  
Listening, amid the Troubadours to sit,  
While the gay minstrels sung their secret flames  
In choicest language—Love embalm'd by Wit!

Proud was he there who won the golden prize;  
Proud the bright maiden who inspir'd his lays;  
Poets found favour then in ladies' eyes;—  
Ah! gentle Cousin—those were pleasant days!

Fair women were immortalized in verse;  
And even when Time, their rude, relentless foe,  
Had dimmed their charms, their lovers could rehearse  
The beauty which they boasted—long ago!

But let us to our Violets back once more,  
No sweeter theme the wandering thoughts can find,  
Than their dear flowers, (by poet sung of yore,)  
When they are sigh'd o'er by the soft south wind.

The nymph, who, blushing, from Apollo fled,  
By Dian saved, a Violet became;  
And hence, by grave mythologists, 'tis said,  
The flower its blue eye droopeth still in shame.

\* Clemence Isaure, who instituted the golden violet as the prize in the floral games.—See Miss Landon's beautiful poem on the subject.

† Un des prix des jeux floraux est une Violette d'or.—*La Botanique Historique et Littéraire*.

‡ Suivant la fable, Ia, fille d'Atlas, en fuyant les poursuites d'Apollon, fut changée en Violette.

It was 'mid Violet wreaths, on Enna's mead,  
That Pluto made fair Proserpine\* his own;  
While Ceres stormed, (and truly she had need,)  
For no such garlands deck'd his dismal throne.

And though the days of legend are gone by,  
They still to every poet must be dear;  
In their soft hue he sees his lady's eye—  
In their rich breath she whispers in his ear.

And, as their odours they exhale around,  
Though rudely crush'd upon their verdant bed,  
So even Virtue, when oppress'd, is found  
A precious never-dying balm to shed.

\* Les Mythologues disent que lorsque Proserpine fut enlevée par Pluton, elle cueilloit des Violettes.





*H. A. R. S. & Co.*

Printed and Sold by A. S. W. & Co. 10, Strand.







## HEART'S-EASE.

---

FRANCES.                   What, drooping and alone?  
Turn to me—borrow sunshine from my brow—  
Nay—smile, be joyous—look, I place this flower  
On thy warm breast; and there should Heart's-ease dwell;  
For never could it find a sweeter home.  
Why—what is this? A fresh tear on thy cheek?—  
Away with it! I will not have thee sad!  
*(Kisses her tenderly.)*

LOUISA. A cloud is o'er me—brooding, shadowy fears,  
That dim the sunshine of my lonely mind,  
'Till all that pleas'd me once, can please no more.

FRANCES. Thou hast been gazing on his picture, love;  
Which but reminds thee *he* is far away:  
'Tis this that casts a shadow on thy brow;  
'Tis this that calls the tear-drop to thy cheek;  
For absence darkens all the heart of love.  
How, when he comes—and trust me, 'twill be soon,—  
How wilt thou smile at all these phantom thoughts  
That chill thy spirit now!

LOUISA.                   Ay—*when* he comes,  
(But not till then) I'll smile. O! he has stolen  
My smiles away, and left me, in their stead,  
Tears, bitter tears,—unseemly dew for flowers:  
Take back thy gift, then, dear one; it would die,  
Wet by such showers—for Heart's-ease never bloom'd  
On heart from its twin heart by absence left.







*ORANGE BLOSSOM.*

London. Published Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> 1835 by Arkerman & Co. 96 Strand.





## ORANGE-FLOWERS.

---

FLORENCE. O! droop not, dear one!—Cheer thee, Sister mine!  
Nay—I must see thee smile, 'twill arm my heart  
With courage to bear up against my grief,  
And, O, *what* grief! . . . when thou art here no more!—  
I never thought it could be hard to bind  
The bridal wreath around thy polished brow;  
Yet now, its odours, balmy though they be,  
Breathe but of parting—Smile, my Sister, smile!

VIOLA. How can I smile, when, in a few brief hours,  
I leave my blessed home,—my childhood's home,  
My Father's sheltering care,—my Mother's love,—  
And *thee*, too, Sister of my blood and heart!—  
Our thoughts have been twin echoes,—was 't not so?  
How can I choose but weep?

FLORENCE. Bid thy soul dwell  
On him who comes to claim thee for his bride.  
Asks he not some return for so much love?  
Be sure he does; and thou must render him  
Measure o'erflowing,—thou must love him well;  
Adorn his side, enrich his stately home,  
And make it joyous as our own fire-side,  
When laughter was our music.—For myself,  
My fate will be to see (through mists of tears)  
Thy image always—in thy vacant chair,  
By thy still harp, and near the books thou lov'dst,  
And near the sweet frail blossoming Orange Flowers;  
And I shall hear thy voice in every breeze,  
And answer thee—And then . . . did I not bid thee  
Smile out, like morning?—Smile, sweet Sister, smile!  
And save us both from these sad phantasies.









AMERICAN SERENITY





## PASSION-FLOWERS.

“High o'er the pointal, deck'd with gold,  
(Emblem mysterious to behold!)  
A radiant cross its form expands;  
Its op'ning arms appear t' embrace  
The whole collective human race,  
Refuge of all men, in all lands.”

HARTE.

*Lady reading a letter. Alice entering softly behind her.*

- ALICE. (*aside*) What doth my Lady read?—(*steals nearer.*)  
O Heavens!—the letter,—all is known—and lost!  
Where shall I fly? I cannot meet her eyes!  
How could I hear his vows,—his sweet, sweet vows!  
Knowing that they were her's—my only friend—  
My refuge in distress. Would I were laid  
Beside my sainted mother in the grave!
- LADY. (*looks up.*) Who waits?—
- ALICE. I dare not answer!
- LADY. (*turning round with forced calmness.*) Is it thou?  
Alice, thou hast deceived me—'twas not well—
- ALICE. Dear Lady—
- LADY. Speak!—I'll know the worst at once!  
How long has he—Lord Bertram—sought thy love?  
Speak! 'ere my passion rise—(*aside*) I will be calm.  
Aid me, good Angels!—Alice, speak—and fear not.
- ALICE. Dear Lady,—'twas—I know not when it was  
He wiled me with his tongue's sweet witchery.—  
I blush to think I listened—and repent—  
Ay—in the dust—ungrateful as I am  
To thee, my benefactress!—O, forgive me!
- LADY. Didst thou not know him my affianced Lord?  
And knowing, listened—smiled on him—was won?
- ALICE. I was not won! yet, woe is me! I listened;  
And let him plead to me, from day to day.  
Thou lovedst him not, he swore;—or, if 'twas love,—  
'Twas only as a sister's, cold and pure.—

He said that thou couldst yield him without pain,  
And I—(indeed I thought his words were true!)  
Weakly believed—

LADY. Alice! come hither, Alice!

(*Aside*) Is it her beating heart, or mine, I hear?  
Down, rebel spirit, down!

(*To her*) Believe it still!

And wed him. Alice, he is mine no more!

And I—now leave me—I would be alone.

ALICE. Dear Lady—but forgive me!

LADY. I have said it:

Go—go—no more of this! (*Alice retires dejectedly*)

Alone at last!

Am I awake? or is it all a dream?

Is this the chamber where he swore so oft,

Even by the sacred symbol which that flower\*

Doth image forth upon its mystic breast,

That, next to God, he loved me—me alone!

O! *He*, who reads our inmost hearts, can tell

How mine did answer his—And all is past!

'Tis bitter! but I'll bear it as becomes

A woman—and though weak, a Christian still.

Here I resign him—let her be his bride.

Flowers! that have heard his vows, at twilight time

Breath'd, and in no cold ear,—beautiful flowers!

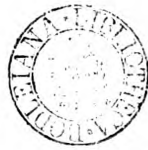
Be now my teachers—tell this wayward heart

To suffer patiently—and look to *Him*

Who sorrow, torture, death, sustained for me!

(*She kneels—Scene closes.*)

\*“Passion-Flowers, natives of America, are said to owe their name to the missionaries, who first discovered them while travelling over the country. The instruments of our Saviour's passion, were thought to be represented by it. The stamens were his five wounds; the three styles, the nails by which he was fixed to the cross; the column which elevates the germen, to the cross itself; the rays of the nectary, to the crown of thorns.”

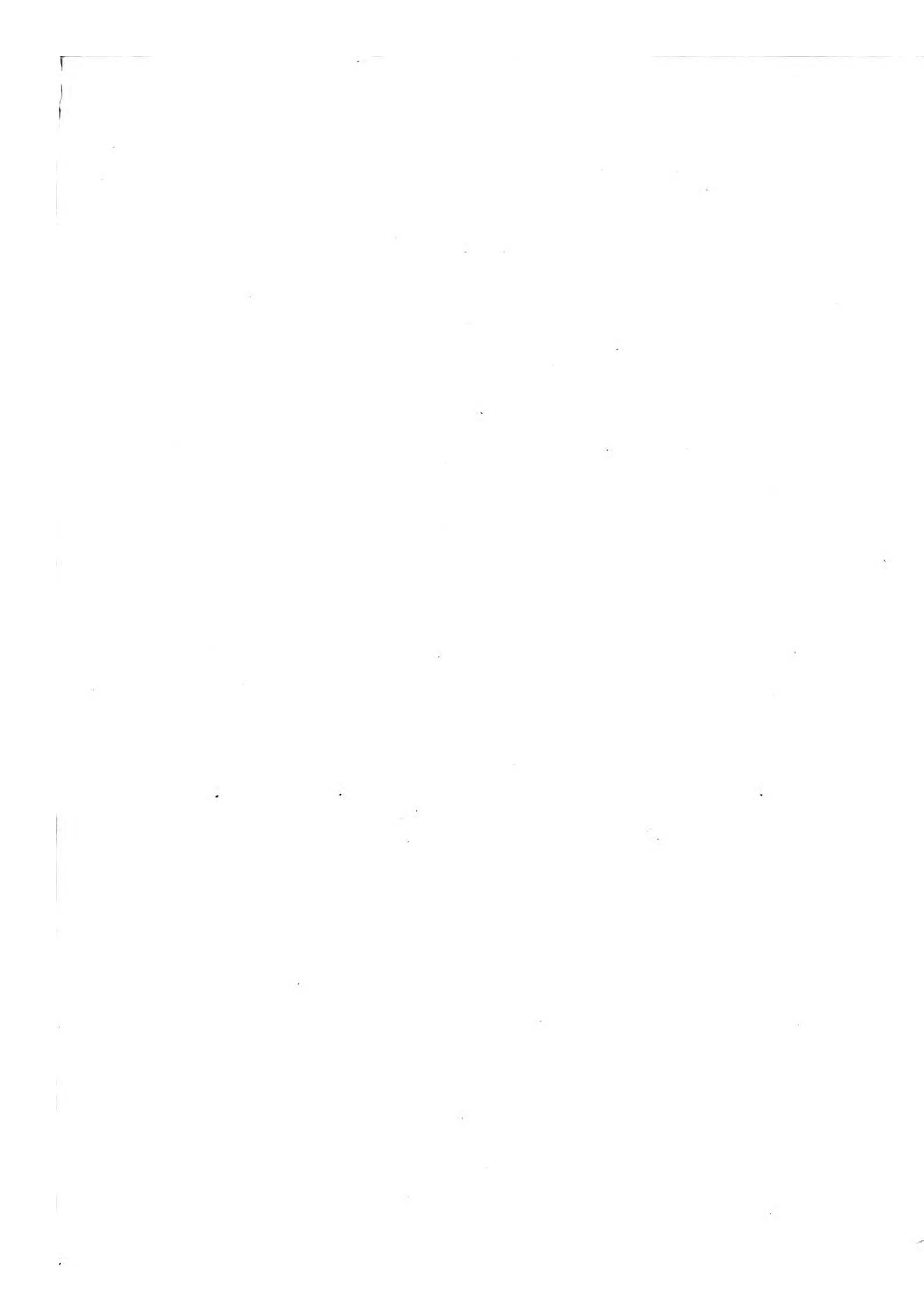






*SUNFLOWER.*

London Published Oct 17<sup>th</sup> 1834 by A. K. Newman & Co. Strand





## SUN-FLOWERS.

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"She, enamoured of the sun,  
At his departure hangs her head and weeps,  
And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps  
Sad vigils, like a cloistered nun;  
'Till his reviving ray appears,  
Waking her beauty as he dries her tears."

MOORE.

I GAZE on yonder parting sun, ere quite he fades away,—  
A little lingering moment more, and all is dark and gray;  
'Till morning brings him back to us, as joyous as of yore,  
To smile away the tears of night, and gladness to restore.

And yet it saddens me to view his royal splendour die,  
To see his glorious light go out—to think of darkness nigh,  
To watch the landscape in the shades of twilight disappear:  
There's melancholy in the hour—and yet, though sad, 'tis dear!

O! then, what tender thoughts will steal into the pensive mind,  
Like visions, such as dreams reveal, of days long left behind!  
The loved, the distant, and the dead, by Memory's magic power,  
Are gathered round us in the shade of the sweet twilight hour.

Dost thou remember, dear one, say, when 'neath a brighter sky,  
The setting of each golden day brought tears into the eye?  
And oft as sunk yon orb of light into the purple sea,  
Our thoughts would wing their rapid flight, *dear* England! back to thee:

Ay! like this bright and constant flower,\* enamoured of the sun,  
That follows him with burning gaze, where'er his chariot run,  
So turns each fond and faithful heart, wherever wanderers roam,  
To all from whom 'twas grief to part—to home—dear, blessed home!

\*The Heliotrope, Hyacinth, and Sun-Flower, have the same peculiarity of turning to the sun; hence the various fables to which each of these flowers has given rise.



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“IN Flowers and Blossoms, Love is wont to trace  
Emblems of Woman's virtues and her grace;  
Both pure, both sweet, both formed with curious skill,  
The quaint analogy surprises still.”

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