

ELIZABETH STEELE PERKINS

and her Poems

(by Janet Jordan, July 2020)



'The Bachelor'



'Flora & Pomona's
Fête'



'Flora's Fancy
Fête'

Just before the outbreak of the Corona Virus in March 2020, knowing that Sutton Coldfield Library might be closed for many months, I decided to look for some possible research material that could be worked upon solely from home.

I chanced upon a copy of *The Warden Nos 1-4, 1898-1899*, (Sutton Coldfield Library Ref: SH08.2) and, leafing through its pages, came across an article called *Miss Steele Perkins and her Poems*.

Knowing that this lady was the granddaughter of Elizabeth Duncumb (the wife of Joseph Duncumb, Warden of Sutton Coldfield in 1760) and daughter of Elizabeth Perkins (the wife of Shirley Farmer Steele Perkins, Warden in 1804), I felt that it might be nice to complete the trio of Elizabeths. Both her grandmother and mother have made their mark in a previous research article on this website (see www.sclhrg.org.uk - *Duncumb Recipe Book, 1791-1800s*)

All of these ladies are associated with Moat House, High Street (now Lichfield Road), one of the most notable residences in Sutton Coldfield from the mid-1700s.

Here is a Transcription of the article in question:-

The Warden Nos 1-4, 1898-99

Issue 2, September 1898



Miss Steele Perkins and her Poems

The sacred lamp of poesy was kept alive in the neighbourhood of Lichfield by a succession of female lyrists of more or less eminence, from Anna Seward, "The Sappho of the Midlands" in the days of Samuel Johnson, down to the last generation. Mrs Sawyer, Miss Hands, Mrs. Wolferstan (*i.e. Miss Elizabeth Wolferstan, first wife of Stanley Pipe-Wolferstan, not to be confused with Mrs Elizabeth Steele Wolferstan, second wife of S. Pipe-Wolferstan*) and others published poems of some merit, and Miss Twalmley's floral illustrations with pencil and with pen are dear to all lovers of natural beauty.

The lady whose productions are the subject of notice in this number of THE WARDEN was less celebrated, perhaps because many of her effusions were prompted by incidents and characters of personal acquaintance too trivial for print, so these, though spirited and lively, remain in manuscript.

But when she entered the lists of authorship in the year 1834, it was in rivalry of a poem much admired at the period, the "Butterfly's Ball" of the Liverpool historian Roscoe. The idea of a gathering of insects had been very gracefully rendered in that poem, and a similar idea, substituting birds as guests, "The Peacock at Home," had obtained an equal popularity. In Miss Perkins's verses, however, the vegetable creation furnished the *dramatis personae*, "**Flora and Pomona's Fête**" being the title of the imitation. The four hundred lines of which it consists, are smooth and elegant, without very much to break their level uniformity. The poem was well received by the public. It ran through three editions, one of which was illustrated by the elegant pencil of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of whose drawing a replica heads this notice.

Miss Perkins was the daughter of a gentleman highly respected in Sutton Coldfield, by his first wife, daughter of the Warden Duncumb, whose name was a household word with his townsmen in the last century, when he resided at the Moat House, to which he built an extensive range of stabling for his hunters. Mr. Perkins, a barrister of good Leicestershire ancestry, possessed considerable oratorical powers. A panegyric of his upon William Pitt, delivered in Birmingham, is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1817, and he was one of the counsel in the famous murder case of Mary Ashford. Nor did he confine his energies to the bar, for a commission is extant dated 1808, under the sign manual of the Lord Lieutenant, appointing him Major of the first Regiment of Local Warwickshire Militia. In 1797, under the first Sir Edmund Hartopp, he was lieutenant of the company of Sutton Volunteers, "Loyal firm and free," whose banner hangs in the Parish Church.

Miss Perkins resided with her father at the Moat House until his death in 1852. In 1863 she married Stanley Pipe Wolferstan of Statfold Hall, Tamworth, who died in 1867.

The best notion of her poetical powers may be formed from the short poem in humorous adaption of Southey's "Cataract of Lodore," entitled "The Bachelor," which was more than once printed and circulated for charitable objects.

THE BACHELOR

Some Gentlemen begged a Lady one day
To explain in a full, comprehensible way,
What the curious term "Old Bachelor" meant?
And declared till they knew they would not be content.

She was asked by a pair of elderly brothers,
By fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, and others,
And several sportsmen; and every guest
Came forward to second each others request;
An extraordinary fancy, it must be confest!

The Lady replied that she felt quite unable,
For Bachelors many were then at her table;
But as they were urgent, and still she had fears
That truth might be grating or harsh to their ears,
She promised to write, whene'er she had time,
A full and complete definition in rhyme;
And with their permission the same would inscribe
To themselves and their friends of the Bachelor tribe
(A nondescript race, very hard to describe).

The Gentlemen hoped that she soon might have leisure,
For to read of *themselves* would be infinite pleasure!
As they loved their *dear selves* they knew beyond measure,
And themselves, their own *selves* were their hearts' greatest treasure.

Then she sought for an eyeglass the better to see,
And this eyeglass, or *spy* glass, whiche'er it might be,
Could magnify *small* things, as all will agree;
And she took a *hard* pen or a pencil of steel,
To make these unfeeling Old Bachelors feel;
And pourtrayed them in rhymes of two three and four,
Dull prose having often described them before,
And prosing in prose being always a bore.

The Naturalists say these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features:
The Benedicts think that their senses are small;
While women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very odd stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and remarkably tough.
The old ones have wigs, and the young ones have hair,
And they curl it, and scent it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark should it chance to be fair.

They are wonderers and ramblers, and never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And everyone knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men;
A nook in the clouds of perhaps five feet by four,
Tho' sometimes perchance it may be rather more,
With skylight or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
and everywhere termed the Bachelor's room.

These creatures, they say, are not valued at all,
Except when *the Herd* give a Bachelors' Ball.
Then dressed in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis known as a fact that they act with much tact.
And they lisp out "How do?" and they coo and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guests to beguile;
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending;
Tho' inert, they exert to be pert and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist and they e'en play at whist:
And they whirl and they twirl, and they whisk and are brisk,

And they whiz and they quiz, and they spy with their eye,
And they sigh as they fly.
For they meet to be sweet, and be fleet on their feet.

Pattering and flattering and chattering,
Spluttering and fluttering and buttering;
Advancing and glancing and dancing and prancing,
And bumping and jumping and stumping and thumping,
Sounding and bounding around and around.
Sliding and gliding with minuet pace,
Pirouetting and setting with infinite grace!

They like dashing and flashing and lashing and splashing,
And racing and chasing and pacing and lacing;
They are frittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning and lounging all day:
Love living in London, life loitering away
At the Club and Crockford's, the Park and the Play.

But when the Bachelor boy grows old,
And those butterfly days are past;
When three-score years their tale have told,
He then repents at last.
When he become an *odd* old man,
With no warmer friend than his warming-pan,
He is grievously given to *goût* and to Gout,
Dyspeptic, Rheumatic, and never goes out,
He is figetty, fretful, frouzy, in fine
Loves *self*, his armchair and his dinner and wine!
And he prates and he rates as he reads the debates;
Abuses the world, and all in it he hates.
And is prosing and dozing and cozing all day,
And snoring and boring and roaring away.

And he's snuffy, and puffy, and huffy, and stuffy,
And musty and fusty, and rusty and crusty,
Sneezing and wheezing and teasing and freezing,
Provoking and croaking and joking and smoking,

And grumbling and mumbling and stumbling and tumbling,
Falling and bawling and sprawling and crawling,
And withering and dithering and quivering and shivering,
Waking and aching and quaking and shaking,
Ailing and failing and always prevailing,
Dreary and weary and nothing that's cheery,

Groaning and moaning, his selfishness owning,
And sighing and crying and every day dying,
And grieving and heaving when nought he is leaving
But wealth and ill-health and his pelf and his self.

Then he sends for a Doctor to cure or to kill,
Who gives him offence as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about making his will.
And as fretful antiquity cannot be mended,
The lonely life of a Bachelor's ended.

Nobody mourns him and nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him, nobody cries,
For nobody grieves when a Bachelor dies.

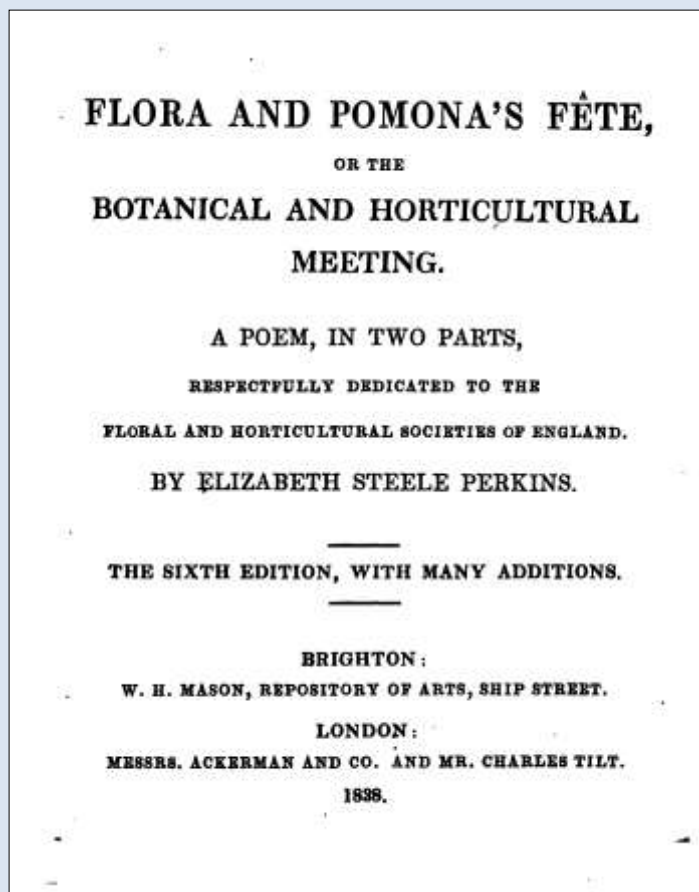
Now gentlemen hearken, for this is the life
That is led by a man never blest with a wife.
And this is the way that he yields up his breath;
Attested by all who are in at the death.

E.S.P.



It would appear that Elizabeth Steele Perkins spent much of her spinster life with her father, Shirley Farmer Steele Perkins in Moat House. Having been born on 4th August, 1797, she was soon to lose her mother, who died 4th April 1801 shortly after the birth of a son, John, who also died. However, her father married for a second time to Mrs Susan Walker, a widow, on 16th June 1806 when Elizabeth was nine years old. providing her with a new mother.

Her years of growing up seem to be somewhat unremarkable. Perhaps she was tutored at a local dame school in Sutton, of which there were several in the early 1800s. For instance, across the road from Moat



House at *The Rookery*, a Miss Everitt was known to have taught Sarah Holbeche, the well known Sutton diarist, junior by 6 years to Elizabeth. There is no doubt that Elizabeth was well educated, as evidenced by several horticultural publications made in her later life.

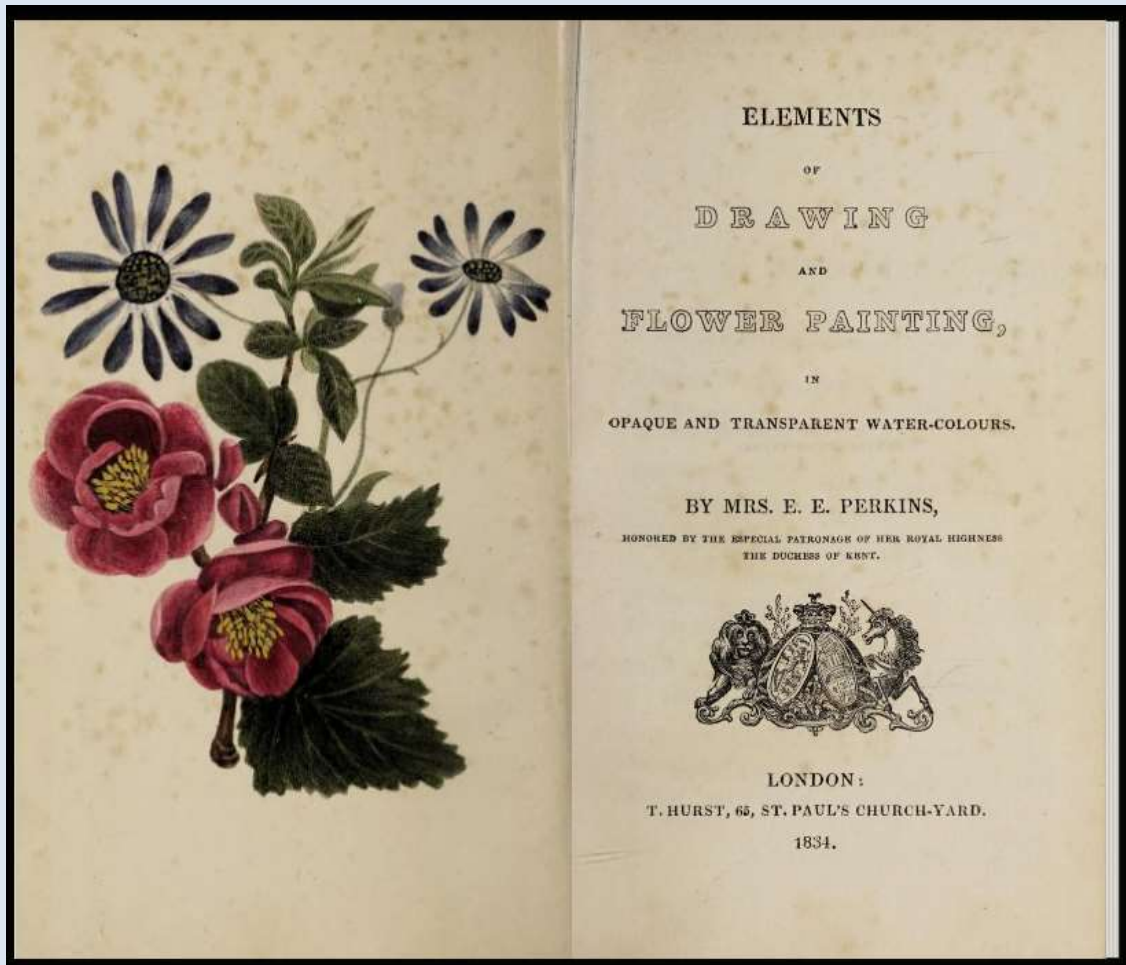
Roger Lea's article on this website ([www.sclhrg.org.uk/HistorySpot/Elizabeth Steele Perkins \[356\]](http://www.sclhrg.org.uk/HistorySpot/ElizabethSteelePerkins[356])), led me to search for her delightful poem, *Flora and Pomona's Fête*, which

was written in 1834 when she was about 37 years of age. I found it on www.google.co.uk/books; the title page of the Sixth Edition is depicted here.

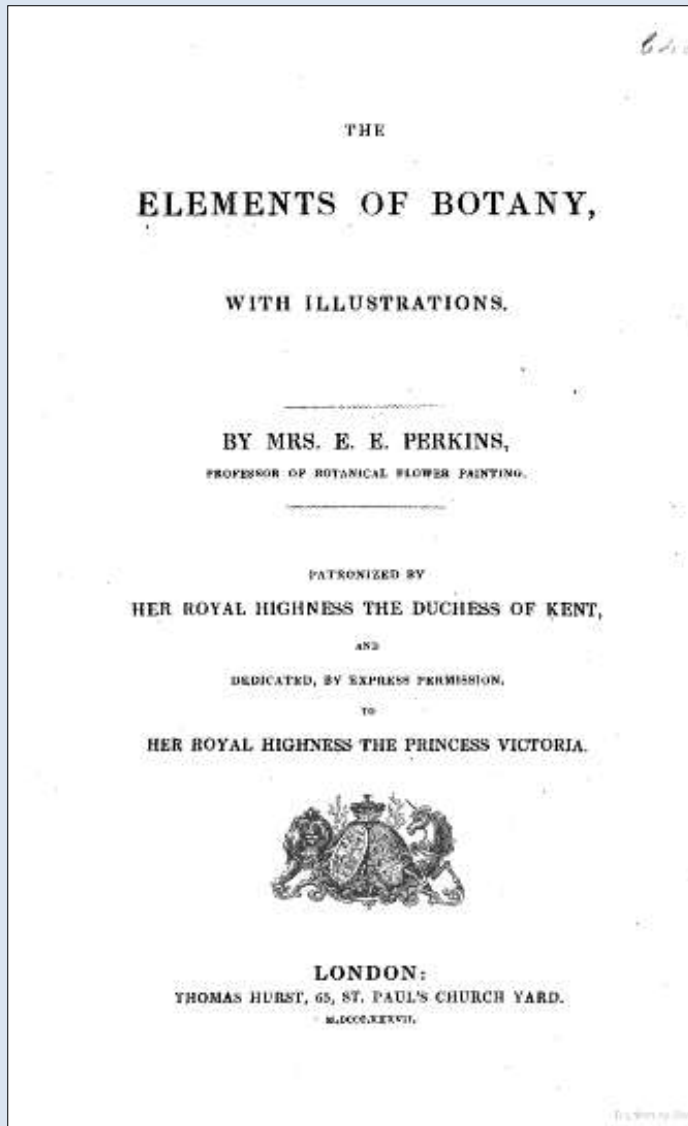
Another edition was advertised in *The Birmingham Journal* for Saturday 8th July 1854 (www.britishnewspaperarchive) announcing that the

proceeds from its sale would benefit the new church about to be erected on the Coldfield (i.e. St Michael's in Boldmere).

Two other books relating to the world of plants, both to be found in www.books.google.co.uk/books and published by Thomas Hurst of London, appear to be written by her, i.e. *Elements of Drawing and Flower Painting*, in 1834, and *Elements of Botany*, in 1837.



In both, she is cited as Mrs E.E. Perkins, her drawings containing a high degree of artistic skill. One referred to the fact that she was a Professor of Botanical Flower Painting. It is a mystery why she is referred to as 'Mrs' as she did not marry until 8th June 1861, at the age of 64, when she became Lady Wolferstan of Statfold Hall, Staffordshire, wife of Stanley Pipe-Wolferstan.

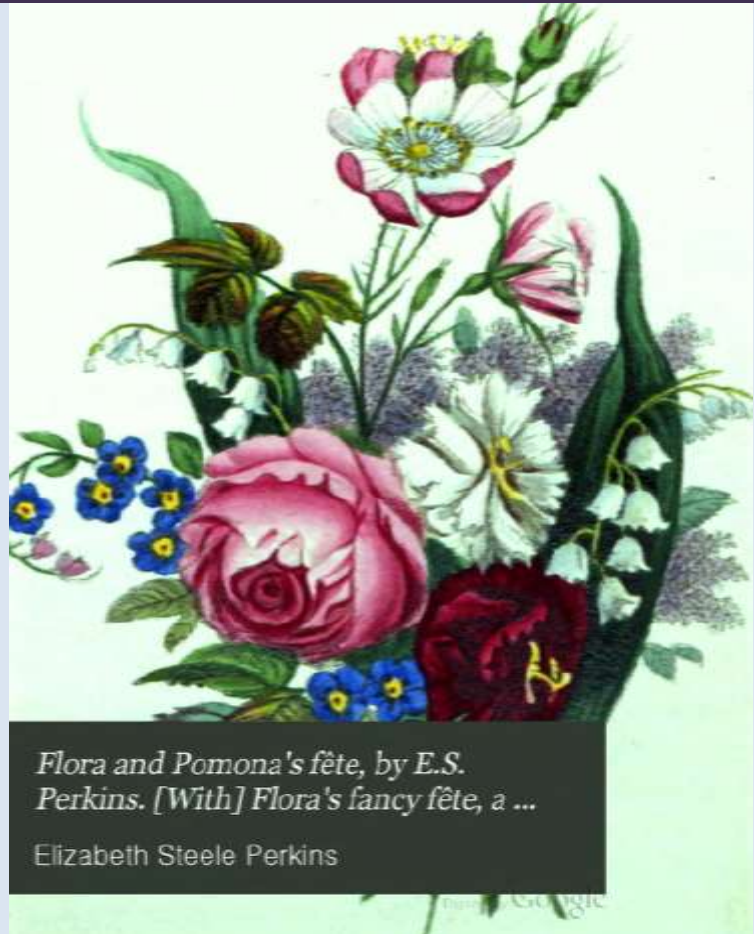


There are many newspaper reports in the 1850s to be found on *www.british newspaperarchive* of Elizabeth winning prizes for showing poultry - ducks, hens and cocks - and it may be that she also wrote other poetry such as *The Batchelor*, although none have been discovered. As with her mother's *Duncumb Recipe Book*, perhaps such archives may be discovered in time in a New York Academy!

She died on 12th March 1874 and Probate of her Will dated 10 August 1874 surprisingly showed her estate to be under £2,000.

To return to her pièce de résistance, *Flora & Pomona's Fête*, this is a surprisingly long poem with superb rhythm and rhyme and was written in the style of *The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast*. This last poem was written by William Roscoe in 1802 telling the story of a party for insects and other small animals, whereas Elizabeth's masterpiece concerns fruits and flowers.

The following transcription is taken from a digitized text, freely available from *www.google.co.uk.books*. It includes a sequel called *Flora's Fancy Fête*, (a poem illustrative of the language and sentiments of flowers). The illustrations in the book are also by her.



Flora's Fête

At the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's fête
There was much to be seen and as much to relate;
But the Beauties of Flora were none of them there,
Tho' kindly they lent their perfume to the air:
The Goddess resolv'd that the insects should find
She deem'd them ungrateful as well as unkind;
Her anger was rous'd, and she vow'd, in her *Rose*,
No Beetle or Moth that night should repose:
And an order went out to the well-known *Blue Bells*
To say, they must shut up those little hotels.
Some nettles she took to the Butterfly's bower,
For she thought he'd return to his fav'rite flower)

And conceal'd them where *Roses* and *Eglantines* meet,
To sting with due vengeance, his wings and his feet.

The *Rose*, she protected with numerous thorns,
And some of her *flowers* were guarded by horns;
Whilst others she powder'd, in order to see,
Should they dare to receive any insect or Bee.
The *Lily*, that sweet little belle of the *vale*,
Then hung down her head and grew pensive and pale;
For she knew that her bank was a fav'rite place
With many of those that were now in disgrace
Flora car'd not about all the Grasshopper clan,
Cried, "mean little creatures, so trod on by man!
"Both you and the Glow-worm may go home together,
"Like watchmen procliming the hour and the weather;
"But since Bayly once said, 'He'd a Butterfly be,'
"That gay rover respects not my subjects nor me.
"Yet all day o'er my flow'rets he flutters his wings,
" 'And he sleeps in my Rose, when the nightingale sings.' "

Now having completed her bus'ness on earth,
When the nettles were safe in the Butterfly's berth;
"Ere the watchman (the Glow-worm) appear'd with his light,
"Or ev'ning gave place to the shadows of night,"

Away! to the Goddess Pomona, she flew,
Who was painting some beautiful *Fruit*, as it grew;
Her tale she related, with pitiful tone,
And the wrongs of Pomona were join'd to her own;
Shall our beauties, she said, in the desert air waste,
Because mortals on earth are deficient in taste?
Whils the Grasshopper's feast and the Butterfly's ball
Will long be the theme of the great and the small?
And the dresses that shone at Sir Argus's rout,
(Tho pawn'd, if not borrow'd, I feel little doubt)
Are blazon'd about, as so rich and so splendid!
I'm sure *we have* cause to be hurt and offended;
Our colours are bright, and more beautiful too!
And I won't be outdone, Great Pomona, will you?
New beauties for earth, like new Peers, we'll create,
And then let us give a magnificent Fête!!
Queen Pomona agreed, and sent invitations

To various provinces, kingdoms and nations;
And Flora announc'd, they should both meet together
On a certain fix'd day, spite of wind or of weather.
Horticulture and Botany join'd hand in hand,
Was the seal, on the cards, that went out thro' the land.

All the answers arriv'd, and with little delay;
A few were engag'd out to dinner that day,
But most that were ask'd, were too happy to come,
Tho' several regretted they could not leave home.
The *Apple*, as usual, was still in the *straw*,
And her *Nonpareil* partner had made it a law,
That he never would leave her, when that was the case;
And the *Codlin*, of *Carlisle*, had then a *swell'd face*.
The *Bergamot Pear* could not travel at all,
On account of a bruise he receiv'd in a fall;
And a sad invalid was the sweet *Chaumontelle*,
For the climate was cold, and she did not feel well.
Old *Asparagus* too was afraid of the weather,
Altho' it was said, that she look'd in *high feather*:
Captains *Carrot* and *Parsnip* were living in camp,
And suffering much from confinement and damp.
Mrs. *Artichoke* felt quite too old to appear,
And Miss *Onion* was laid on the shelf for the year,
Indeed, having often been shunn'd at a rout,
She determin'd, in public, no more to go out.
Mr. *Cabbage* detain'd by a tailor at home,
Felt great disappointment, that he could not come.
The *Turnips* were ill, their disease was the fly -
'Twas generally thought, they were likely to die.
Doctor *Camomile* had a few patients to see
But would hasten his visits, and drop in to *tea*.
The *Myrtle* must go to a marriage that morn,
With the sweet *Orange Blossoms*, a bride to adorn.
The *Rocket* engaged to a fête at Vauxhall:
London Pride would have come, but *Pride* met with his fall.
The *Mimulus** vowed he'd not go for a bribe,
For a *Monkey*, they call'd him, or one of that tribe;
And the *Sensitive Plant* too, had taken offence -
She's apt to be *touchy*, altho' she has sense.

*The *Mimulus*, vulgarly called the *Monkey Plant*.

The *Balm* was too high her relations to meet,
Because, she had brought *Gilead House* for her seat,
But should Flora, near Liverpool, visit old Neptune,
She would find at her house, a most *cordial* reception.
There were several others, gone out, for the season,
And they begg'd to decline, on account of this reason;
But the Goddess, who long o'er the garden has sway'd
Bid many return, and of course was obey'd.

It would take a whole volume, or more, to relate
One-half of the dresses prepar'd for the fête.
What Sunbeams were sent out in every direction,
With colours, with velvets and hats for selection;
What flow'ring, what trimming and spangling too!
And embroid'ring! such as no fingers can do!
Even Carson herself, in her very best day,
Could never compete with old Sol, in this way;
And oft, when some beautiful colour she'd show,
If he peep'd thro' the window, 'twas certain to go!
But she bore all his thieving with very good humour,
Because he made fashions, for Winter and Summer.

On a beautiful morn, in the month of July,
When the Sun's golden rays had illumin'd the sky,
And dried all the tears and the dew-drops away,
Which Evening had shed at the parting of Day,
Queen Flora was seen, to our region descending,
The hours, and Summer with garlands attending.
In a gossamer car, she was borne from above
By the Zephyrs, that fly on the pinions of love;
And the trees of the wood, the corn and the rye,
All gracefully bent, as the Goddess flew by;
Their little red banners, the *Poppies* unfurl'd
For gladness and joy seem'd to reign in the world.
Then the lark rose to meet her, and welcome the day,
And the praise of her flow'rets he caroll'd away;
He warbled their message of thanks, to the Sun,
And begg'd him to shine, till their gala was done:
For St. Swithin had come down, the morning before,
To christen the fruit, that the Apple-tree bore,
And they very much fear'd, if they saw him again,
He might springle their beautiful garments with rain.

An Emerald garden the Queen had selected,
And thither the car, and the Zephyrs directed,
And there, were her Gnomes and old Mercury sent,
To stretch out the wings of her elegant tent.
Sweet Flora was drest in cerulean blue,
With a cestus of gold and bespangled with dew;
A wreath of wild flowers, which fairies had made,
Encircled her forehead and twin'd in her braid:
And *Venus's Looking-glass* hung very near,
To make her great beauty more lovely appear;
Her own *Crown Imperial* lay at her feet,
The *Noli me tangere* guarded her seat,
And a *Dog-Rose* was planted just outside the gate,
To frighten intruders away from the fête.

Her chamberlain *Zephyrus*, then had the honour,
To present all the *Flowers* that waited upon her;
Whilst *Lavender* stood at the front of the door,
To keep order, and take all the tickets they bore:
And a troupe of fine *Dahlias* place in a row,
On each side of the tent, made a very birght show;
The Band was as usual conducted and led
By the *Trumpeter Woodbine* drest out in his red;
And under a *Flag*, looking lanky and taper,
Stood *Jonquil*, to write a report for the paper.
The pride of the Garden, a *Rose* in full bloom,
Was the first of the guests that now enter'd the room,
Flora started, surprised at such beauty terrestrial,
And dropt from her bosom, her own *Rose Celestial*;
And so much delight did the Goddess evince,
That she made Miss *Rose blush*, and she's blush'd ever since.
Lord *Geranium* came next, and excited much wonder
At the *belles* that he brought and his family number;
All *Lordlings* and *Ladies* and *Admirals* some!
And *Commanders-in-Chief*! (but these last didn't come);
The Ladies were lovely, so lowly and bending,
'Twas charming to see such *high rank* condescending;
Then follow'd the stately *Camellia* clan,
Who a few years ago, arriv'd from Japan;
Such elegant flowers we rarely have seen,
And their beauty was highly extoll'd by the Queen,
Sir *Pyrus Japonica* came with 'em too;
A *Campanula* follow'd as usual in blue.
A red-headed *Coxcomb* - a rude, forward fellow!

Next push'd in his way, before Miss *Gentianella*;
 And a *Lily* from Guernsey came after him talking,
 And lean'd on a stick, as if tir'd of walking
 A *Cactus* in pink, then appar'd in her pride,
 With *Speciosissimus* close to her side;
 And the *Crassula* bringing her choicest perfume,
 With the *Heliotrope*, perfectly scented the room.
 The single *Rose Briar* came in with *Sweet Pea*,
 And they felt some *attachment*, one plainly might see;
 But Major *Convolvulus* clung to Miss *Rose*,
 To whom he is partial, as ev'ry one knows.
 The *Panseys*, in deep purple velvet, were drest,
 With bright yellow satin composing their vest.
 They used to be reckon'd quite vulgar and mean,
 But are now, in good company, constantly seen.
 A *Rose* and a *Shamrock* and *Thistle* invited,
 Came, like three loving sisters together united;
 The *Clarkia*, *Eschscholtzia*, and *Salvias* follow,
 With *Daphne*, who's said to have fled from Apollo.
 Then, a nymph, drest in scarlet, the pretty *Verbena*,
 'Twas her first coming out, in Fashion's Arena,
 She was thought very charming, and much more refin'd
 Than the *Belle of the City*, where Becket's enshrined,
 Who was next usher'd in with some more of her order,
 The band playing "Blue Bonnets over the border."
 The *Pale Primrose* for once had deserted her glade,
 Where retiring and modest she blooms in the shade.
 The *Violet* had left the green bank, in the woods,
 And the great *Water Lily*, her throne on the floods.
 From Lincolnshire's fens, came the *March-loving Mallow*;
 From her Palace of Crystal the wonderful *Aloe*!
 Some would not believe it and many felt doubt,
 For not *twice* in a century will *she come out*.
Sir Buck-bean was call'd from his peaceful retreat,
 On the Banks of the Lakes is his fav'rite seat -
 He came up by water (objecting to steam),
 And his green boat was row'd by the Sun's pilot Beam.
 The *Ericas* were summon'd to leave the lone wild
 Where neglected they liv'd, and in solitude smil'd,
 And deck'd in new colours look'd lovely and gay,
 And by far the most beauteous *belles* of the day.

**The Aloe flowers but once in a hundred years.*

Their neighbour *the Gorse*, who is *rich* we are told,
 Came with them, and wore his best doublet of gold;
 Now greatly preferring the Court to the Dingle,
 Avows that no longer he means to be single.†
 Then the *Hyacinths* followed (the pride of the Dutch),
 The *Illustrious Beauty*, and little *Nonsuch*,
 The *Ranunculas* tribe, and *Anemonies* too
 In dresses of purple, red, crimson and blue
 Narcissus mov'd in with her elegant stoop,
 In a gold colour'd toque and she sported a hoop;
 Her dress *Soleil d'Or* and the garniture round,
 Compos'd of green leaves, on a very dark ground:
 In pity, we hope she's not fond of reflexion,
 As her ancestor was, (she's a *sallow* complexion).
Nasturtium who boasts that he *runs* very fast
 Set out after *Glycine* and found himself last
 As the fable relates that the Tortoise by *creeping*
 Arriv'd at the goal, whilst the fleet hare was sleeping
 Sweet *Columbine* clad in her usual costume,
 And the *Tulip*, as Harlequin, enter'd the room:

Cynoglossum, who wore a more delicate hue,
 And was rather admired, altho' *a bas bleu*.
 With a *Traveller's joy* came the pretty *Schizanthus*,
 The *Delphinium* in white and a Mr. *Dianthus*:
Carnations, *Bizarres*, and a *Pink*, like a Fairy,
 With the *Dwarf Marigold* and the little *Rose Mary*.
Old Honesty came with the *Stocks* from their bank;
Herb Christopher too, with Sir *Lupine* Cruickshank.
 The *Amaranth* follow'd, still bearing his Plume,
 And the black ey'd *Hybiscus*, in beautiful bloom.
 Then a member appear'd not a Whig nor a Tory,
 But annex'd to his name is a very old story;
 Half his dress was of red with the other part white,
 Yet the colours were blended and seem'd to unit:
 And he certainly does what no other can do,
 For he represents *York* and *Lancaster* too.*
 Next came the *Blue Doctor*, the famous old *Squills*,
 Who never gives med'cine, but what he *distils*;

† The double-flowering *Gorse* is becoming an universal favourite on
 Lawns and in Shrubberies.

*The *York* and *Lancaster Rose*.

A friend to the bottle, a noted old quack,
Who cures the deep cough, and the phthisical hack.

The *Auriculas*, children of April and May,
Then approach'd the great Goddess their devoirs to pay.
Some were formal and upright and bore a long name,
They have *Pillars of Beauty* and *Pillars of Fame*;
They are Knights, they are Heroes, and Conquerers too,
And we constantly hear, of some title that's new.
The most noted wore Powder, and those with bright eyes
Had just been at a contest and borne off the Prize.
The little *Miss Daisies* look'd simple and sweet
In their small yellow caps, trimm'd with Fringes so neat;
Their forms are like Fairies, altho' rustic graces,
And the soft smile of Innocence, plays on their faces.
Flora gave them that smile when she bid them to grow,
And she strew'd them for innocent Childhood below.
The *Sunflower* which sprung from Clytia, they say,
Was brilliantly clad by the great Orb of Day;
She wore his own colours, she borrow'd his rays,
And attached to the Sun, she speaks much in his praise.
Tigridia pavonia, * beautiful flower!
Came in splendid attire and staid but an hour

Then put on her hood and she hasten'd away,
For she deem'd it *récherché*, to make a short stay.
† Sir *Hollyhock* rode from a neighbouring thicket,
He had put on his red and forgotten his ticket;
But he *brought out* the *Foxgloves* and when they were seen,
A gracious admission was sent from the Queen.
Then came *Lupins*, *Lobelias*, sweet *Mignonette*,
And various others whose names we forget.

The *Gum Cistus* was mourning, and dropping with dew,
And she sent her excuse by the *Cypress* and *Yew*.
Her blossoms were fair - but alas! the poor mother
Consign'd them to earth one after another:
Like many a flower, as pallid and pure,
With beauty too great in this world to endure;

**The Mexican Tiger Flower, only blooms for a few hours.*
† *The late Master of the Quorndon Pack.*

Created in Eden and loving the light,
They droop in a day that is followed by night;
But gather'd by Angels, recover their bloom,
And all that is wither'd they leave in the tomb.

The *Snow-drop* and *Crocus*, who shone in their day,
Were, somehow or other, gone out of the way;
They had both disappear'd, for they each lay in bed,
And their neighbours and friends suppos'd they were dead
Till *Forget-me-not* said, that they bid her remember,
To expect them again, the last week in December.

A great many guest from America came,
Rhododendrons, *Azalias*, too num'rous to name;
From India, from China, and Africa too,
Arriv'd many beauties, that nobody knew.
The *Chrysanthemums*, *Asters*, and many, no doubt,
Much wish'd to be there, but they were not come out;
And they and all others, that now were prevented,
Still hoped, for the honour of being presented.



Pomona's Fête

We must now to Pomona's high temple repair,
For the bountiful Goddess Pomona, was there,
In ethereal robes, which the graces had wove,
And as charming as Venus, the Goddess of Love.
Sol lent her his chariot, the elements brought her
The earth and the air, and the fire and the water!
The *Orange* and *Citron* embower'd her seat,
And Vertumnus stood by, with his horn at her feet,
That horn, which he waves at her sov'reign command,
Diffusing rich plenty all over our land;
Royal Foresters stood in detachments around,
And some in the avenues, guarding the ground;
And gales of Ambrosia perfum'd the fresh air,
Whilst Vertumnus announc'd all the names of the fair,

Who eager their dutiful homage to pay
 Pass'd in rapid succession and splendid array.
Queen Pine had the entrée, and came in great state,
 As befitting her beauty, her rank and her *weight*;
 And she also brought with her a certain *Black Prince*, ††
 Who's been very much talk'd of, and often *cut* since.
 A large party were present from *Strawberry Hill*,
 Where the host had declar'd, ev'ry *bed* he would fill;
 The *juvenile Keans** were in *scarlet* attired,
 And thought *sweetly* pretty and all much admired;
 But their cousins, the *Wilmots*,† look'd truly *superb*,
 "P'rhaps a little too large," said an old Bitter Herb;
 Their aunt *Carolina*+ came in with them too,
 And the Hero of Battle,% who won Waterloo!
 The Miss *Melons*, in number, at least half-a-dozen,
 Beside *Cantaloupe*, and his awkward first cousin,
 Whose name we scarce heard, but believe 'twas *Pumpkin* -
 (He reminded us much of a great country bumpkin.)
 The *Grapes* hung together, and look'd very *fine*!
 'This said they inherit their pride from the *Vine*.
 And Sir *Apricot* left his abode at *Moor Park*,
 To come to this meeting, by way of a lark.
 Mrs. *Nectarine* too, with her pretty smooth skin,
 Felt most happy, she said, "just to take a peep in,"
 But a titter was rais'd at the sight of her face,
 Four the rouge had been laid too much in one place:
 Mrs. *Peach*, tho's so lovely, had painted her cheeks,
 And on one side, had plac'd, a few singular streaks;
 Notwithstanding all this, they both look'd very well,
 And in shape and in goodness were thought to excel.

Th' *Impératrice Plum* came with six little pages,
 All drest in light *green*, they were six Master *Gages*:
 And her nieces from *Orleans*, just now in their bloom,
 Attracted the eys of the whole of the room.
 The *Cherry*, in black for his brother *Morello*,
 Who had fallen a victim to brandy, poor fellow!

†† *The Black Prince Pine*
Strawberries:-
 † *The Wilmot's Superb*
 * *The Kean's Seedling*
 + *The Old Carolina*
 % *The Wellington*

The *Gooseberry* follow'd, and so did the *Fig*,
 And the *Raspberry*, wearing his very best wig:
 Then enter'd the *Currants*, and blush'd very red -
 'Twas distressing to see how they hung down the head,
 For some of them finding all other trades fail,
 Were reduc'd e'en to *rob*, and they now lay in jail!
 Very late in the day, came the Lords *Magnum Bonum*,
 And because they were *great* much attention was shown 'em.
 May their names and their virtues be ever *preserv'd*,
 For a title so *good* was ne'er better deserv'd.
 The *Nuts* and the *Walnuts* both travell'd from Kent,
 And a neighbour (not ask'd) his best *Services* sent.
 The *Mulberry* meant to have been at the fête,
 But her dress was not ready, which made her too late.

The *Champion Potato* from Lancashire came,
 Who had challeng'd all England, and not lost his fame:
 A fat *Cucumber* follow'd, in green and in gold,
 Seeming somewhat deform'd, and a little too old.
 The *Bean* came from Windsor, and look'd very great,
 Because he was living, in regions of state;
 Tho' he could not compete with his sisters from *France*,
 Who were train'd to excel in the twirligig dance.
 The *Mustard* and *Cress* and the *Lettuce* and *Beet*,
 (Accustom'd so often at table to meet,)
 All travell'd *en suite*, and Sir *Radish* forgot,
 Then he mounted his *horse* and arriv'd very hot;
 And after him came looking round and well-fed,
 Most excellent *Cauliflower*, with his white head;
 The report was too true, he was sorry to say,
 Of his cousin, Miss *Broccoli*, running away.
 The *Peas* arrived late, and assign'd as the reason
 They were only just come into town for the season.
 The *Mushroom* who long for a cold kept her bed,
 Was *forced* to appear with a hat on her head;
 She seem'd to have *started* in terrible haste,
 But when she is drest with most exquisite taste
 She knows no haut ton - nor ever can do,
 For all the world knows, she's a mere *parvenu*.
 The *Leek* came from Wales in his uniform gay
 The same that he wears, on the jubilee day
 When he represents Cambria's tutular Saint,
 And some thought on the whole, that he look'd rather quaint.

Don *Garlick* stood nigh him, a native of Spain,
Who loves England so well, where he means to remain.

The Goddess receiv'd all her subjects with grace,
And assign'd to each beauty, her rank and due place:
On her right hand, she seated the famous Queen Pine,
On her left hand, she plac'd the fair fruit of the vine;
The *Melons* were next to the *Grapes*, in high station,
And the *Peach*, and the *Nectarine*, both in rotation.
She condol'd with the *Cherry* the loss of his brother,
And to each of her guest she said something or other,
"And hoped they would often in future attend,
"At the summons that she and Queen Flora would send;
"For in Summer and Autumn, they meant to unite,
"The levees to hold and their subjects invite:
"And this was the spot, where they purpos'd to meet -
""Twas the Goddesses' choice, and a favour'd retreat.
"Competition for prizes, she said, was their will;
"Some prizes for beauty and other for skill;
"And so long as she reign'd over orchard and wood,
"She would ever promote what is useful and good!"

This speech was receiv'd, with applause by the crowd -
For Fruit is *most grateful*, it must be allow'd!
And the beautiful plants that were under the tent,
Immediately offer'd a volume of *scent*!

Now Flora kept out, from the first to the least,
All the Insects that went to the Grasshopper's feast;
But the Fly, in a passion determin'd to enter,
Was caught, in a gossamer, hung in the centre,
Where he buzz'd out invectives the rest of the day,
And felt for his rashness, he dearly must pay;
Whilst the Gnats, on the Sunbeams, were dancing a reel,
Too airy and light, their exclusion to feel.
The Bee wanted honey and murmur'd about
And wonder'd how flowers could go to a rout;
The poor Butterfly droop'd and died the same day,
For he fancied "all fair things had faded away:"
The Wasp climb'd the window, notorious thief,
And sat for awhile unperceiv'd on a leaf,
But slily he crept and he bit *Lady Grape*,

And was trod under foot, ere he made his escape!
Then the *Queen* of the *Fruit* was delighted to see
They had murder'd the *Wasp*, and punish'd the *Bee*,
And Flora rejoic'd o'er the *Butterfly's* fall,
For she hated his pride, and remember'd his *Ball*.

The rest of the day was harmoniously spent -
For the *Spheres*, as a favour, their music had lent,
And groups of gay flowers were scatter'd around,
Whilst many paraded the beautiful ground;
They danc'd in the breeze, looking lovely and sweet,
And seem'd to hold converse, delighted to meet,
For the language of *Flora*, e'erspeaks to the heart,
'This a language of love, which no words can impart.
But the *Nightshade* was caught darting into the room,
With his poisonous vapours and poisonous gloom;
And the *Night-blowing Cereus* beginning to yawn,
Gave a hint to her friends, that it soon would be dawn;
Then they look'd at the *Thyme*, and they ask'd him to stay;
The *Old Man* shook his head, and he hasten'd away:
So the Goddesses summon'd their car and withdrew,
And each Beauty returned to the place where she grew.

To *Pomona* and *Flora*, the theme of our song,
May the Garden, of *England*, for ever belong,
And their colours be seen by the sceptical eye,
Which no longer the hand of a God can deny.
Let ambition, *their seeds*, in this Fairy land sow,
Where they'll never be blighted, but prosper and grow.
The *Olive* is green, and if carefully nourish'd,
The Branch will extend as our *Laurels* have flourish'd;
For the Sun of *Prosperity* shines on this land,
And Content, Peace and Plenty should walk hand in hand.
May each Cottager soon find repose at his door,
When the toils of the day, and his labours, are o'er,
Sitting under his Fig-tree, and under his *Vine*,
As foretold in *The Book* which is *true* and *Divine*.

FINIS

FLORA'S FANCY FETE,
OR FLORAL CHARACTERISTICS.
A Poem.
Illustrative of the Language and Sentiment
OF FLOWERS.

WRITTEN AS A SEQUEL TO
FLORA AND POMONA'S FETE.

*And Respectfully Inscribed, Dedicated and Offered,
as an Humble Tribute.*



*By Her Ladyship's most Obedient Servant,
Elizabeth Hall, Perkins.*



Flora's Fancy Fête

The child of the flowery quiver and bow,
Delighting to roam in the gardens below,
From the throne of his mother flew swiftly away
To visit the earth on a bright sunny day.
He knew that the Roses and Lilies grew there -
That those Roses were sweet and those Lilies were fair;
And as soon as the gay golden meads were in sight
Love flutter'd his little blue wings with delight!
For the face of all nature was smiling and glad,
Her mountains and valleys were verdantly clad;
And Summer had strew'd with a liberal hand
Her beautiful ornaments over the land!
And he long'd for those fragrant and delicate flowers
To live in Elysium and bloom in his bow'rs,

Saying surely each blossom would exquisite be
Were the sprig my own planting and nurtur'd by me.

The pinions of Love far swifter than wind,
Had left all the breezes of morning behind;
But Frolic and Fancy continued their sway
One sat on his wings, and one guided his way:
They are favourite playmates of Venus's son,
Projecting his pastimes and leading him on.
Now being on mischievous pleasure intent,
Consulting them whither his course should be bent,
They show'd him a garden and bade him explore,
Love laugh'd at the lock and broke open the door;
Then enter'd in triumph, for Beauty was there,
And flow'rets of loveliness perfumed the air
And the birds amid blossoms were warbling their lays
Till the little god thought they were singing his praise.

Now slyly he peep'd in the bee-hives to see
How honey was made by the labouring bee,
Now search'd the Campanula's silvery cell
Where he fancied the Fairies might possibly dwell:
And chasing the Dragon-flies! beautiful things!
Most cruelly clipt many gossamer wings;
And pilfer'd the down the bright Butterflies wear,
To powder his pinions and make them as fair!

Then out of the quiver gold arrows were drawn,
And the point of each weapon was tipt with a thorn;
The shafts were well aim'd and they speedily flew
Where the choicest of Flora's own favourites grew:
Till many a beauty was touch'd by the dart,
And many were wounded with infinite art;
Whilst others more lovely, more fragrant or gay,
The Archer most archly, then carried away:
For the child of the bow loves to pilfer and steal,
And always endeavours his thefts to conceal.

The arrows of Cupid thus scatter'd around,
By Flora, the queen of the garden, were found,

When she roam'd with her Sylphs, in the ev'ning hours,
To fold up the leaves of her delicate flow'rs,
For as soon as we lose the bright lustre of day,
When the crimson of evening is changing to grey,
And the curtain of heav'n grows sable in hue,
She feeds them with honey and bathes them in dew!
But sore was her anger and sad her dismay,
To find how her flow'rets had faded away;
How many were wounded and droop'd on the stem,
And she wish'd Beauty's child might be wither'd like them;
Nay, she vow'd she would make the young Archer repent,
That his arrows were plum'd or his little bow bent -
But she sought him in vain—the truant had flown
To play with the Graces round Venus's throne!
The wrath of that goddess 'twere rash to incur,
To offend the fair child, would draw clouds upon her;
For once, when a Rose proffer'd honey to sip
The Bee most indignantly stung his red lip;
And thus, to avenge him, the stings of the Bees
By Venus were turn'd into thorns on the trees.
Besides it was known Love was jealous of late,
No card had been sent him to Flora's last Fête;

Tho' the urchin had often been heard to declare,
No Fête could be perfect if *he* were not there.
And it certainly sounds and does seem very strange,-
When the goddesses met to decide and arrange,
Who *should* be invited, and who should be *not*,
That one so important could e'er be forgot.
Perhaps they fancied him blind, but we certainly know
Love never was blind, tho' he renders *us so* :
Or how could the boy with so matchless an art,
Just strike whilst it flutters an innocent heart ?
Perchance they might deem him too young to appear,
Like the seedlings they nurse for a forthcoming year:
And were the soft wings of the scion unfurl'd
They could not endure the chill blasts of the world.
Be this as it may, Love could very well see -
Could distinguish a beautiful flow'ret or tree!
For strong were his pinions and bright were his eyes,
When he flew to that Fête in a flow'ry disguise,
And Fancy conducted him there, as a Sprite,
Whilst the Fairies were dancing their rounds in the night;
And found him a hiding place under the Rose

Where Silence and Secrecy often repose !
And he toy'd with the Cowslip and Primrose all day,
For they represent Childhood —and children love play!

The goddess with sorrow and cares overcome,
Flew back to the Fields of Elysium, her home;
But cares cannot enter a region so fair,
And they dropp'd one by one as she mounted in air:
She summon'd her Nymphs to a council of state,
Around her the Sylphs and Aeriels await,
Who always are hovering nigh to fulfil
The task she assigns them, and flee at her will.
To each and to all is some mission assign'd,
They are borne thro' the world, on the wings of the wind;
They ride on the sunbeams and traverse the earth,
To guard it from pestilence, famine and dearth;
Strewing sweets as they fly, o'er the hill and the dale,
Hanging pearls on the Lily that grows in the vale,
And painting the gardens, and clothing the trees,
To those giving colours, and blossoms to these!
Some streak the gay Tulip and perfume the Rose,
Or watch o'er the tender young plant as it grows;

Whilst others fresh wreaths for the Muses entwine,
And garlands of beauty, they weave for the Nine !

They protect the young blooms from the Fairy and Fay
Who trip o'er the branches in frolicsome play,
For "under the blossom" that hangs on the tree
Still sportive as ever, will Ariel be.

The Iris commission'd on *errands* above,
Was quickly dispatch'd with a *message of love*
To Cupid the culprit, to call him away
From Venus, the Graces, his loves and his play:
To the court of queen Flora who bade her prepare
New toys and new pleasures to welcome him there.

Now Cupid has conscience, tho' perhaps it is small,
(But 'tis well if he have any conscience at all),

He knew the sad havoc his arrows had made,
And the eye of the goddess, he fain would evade;
But her mandate was come, and alas! he must go,
So sighing, he snatch'd up his little bright bow;
With this weapon, said he, I am "Cupid all arm'd,"
And why should a hero like me be alarm'd?
I broke the strong thunder-bolts forged for old Jove,
They yielded like twigs to the arm of young Love;
So pluming his pinions, he stretch'd them and smil'd
As they bore off to Flora, the beautiful child!

The wrath of the goddess had vanish'd away
Like a cloud passing swift o'er the sunshine of May,
And calm and serenely her countenance shone,
For the storm had subsided, the tempest was gone.
Boy of Beauty, she said, in the accents of love,
Were thine arrows e'er pointed at Venus's Dove?
Oh no! he replied, 'tis an innocent thing,
Yet I once pluck'd a feather or two from its wing;
And Venus, my mother, was greatly enrag'd,
And kept me awhile, as a captive encag'd:
The Graces then call'd me a mischievous child
And whimp'd, and whining, and wayward, and wild !
And then they declar'd I was idle and sly,
While they fondled the Dove with the pretty pink eye;
And they said it was plaintive and innocent too,
An emblem of Constancy all the world through.
In vain I assur'd them *that* never could be,
'Twas an attribute always pertaining to me;
And while in my prison, the motto I wore,
But lost it as soon as I pass'd the cage door:
When Venus releas'd me and set my wings free,
I flutter'd and dropt it, alas ! in my glee.
Then I flew to the flower where *Constancy* dwells
And bade the *Campanula* shake her *Blue-bells*,
And proclaim that the motto which now is the Dove's,
By all that is right ought to be little Love's.

The tale pleas'd the goddess who playfully smil'd
To hear how fair Venus imprison'd her child,
Then darting upon him a glance from an eye
As bright as the sun and as blue as the sky,

Young truant, she cried, if thou lay by thy bow
To the garden of Beauty together we'll go;

And there for the theft of the Dove to atone,
Select a sweet flow'ret and make it thine own.
But promise, and let not that promise be vain,
That no more thou wilt shoot in my bow'rs again.
Or I'll break thy gold darts and clip thy bow-string
And ev'ry soft feather I'll pluck from thy wing;
Then ne'er wilt thou stretch them to soar in the air,
And Psyche a garland of willow must wear,
But if with my wish, thou wilt freely comply,
To the land of delight we will presently fly;
Since Constancy's flow'ret is claim'd by the Dove
There find a meet emblem of *Beauty and Love*.
And give it that motto, declare it to be
E'er sacred to Venus, and sacred to thee!

The child was delighted, the grievance was heal'd,
The truce and conditions were presently seal'd;
The question was now, whether Flora should call
Her subjects to come to a breakfast or ball?
Should they borrow the light of the Sun or the Moon,
And send invitations for Evening or Noon?

So after a great length of flow'ry debate
They issued their cards for a Fanciful Fête
To commence with the day, at the note of the Lark,
And to close with the twilight before it grew dark:
For the flow'rs of Flora look fairest in light
Tho' the beauties of art may eclipse them at night,
But these very rarely are seen in the day,
For they seldom come out, till the Sun is away;
Avoiding alike both the light and the dew,
No freshness they bear, and no brightness of hue!

Spring fashion'd the dresses with exquisite skill,
She ranks at the head of Couturières still:
She formed the costumes, by her hand they were made,
And the Sun in pure courtesy lent her his aid!

Sweet Summer work'd early and late at her part,
And finished her portion with wonderful art:
She embroider'd the chapeaux and made all the flow'rs,
She furnish'd the wreaths for the roseate hours;
And many a garment which niggardly Frost
Had lock'd up so long 'twas considered as lost,
Came forth once again looking splendid and gay,
And quite the fit thing for the Fête of the day!
For old fashion'd plants which old characters bore,
They suited so well, having worn them before:
The dresses of Fancy were beautiful too,
Some freshly imported and all of them new :
The colours well chosen, well blended and bright,
Such as purple and gold, red, crimson and white :
Whilst Morning lent many a jewel and gem,
To sparkle away in a dew diadem.

A midsummer day when all nature is fair,
When breezes are balmy and sweet is the air,
Was the season that Flora had fixed for her Fête,
For Spring was too early and Autumn too late.
She knew little of Winter except that his frown,
Makes the berries to blush and the leaves to turn brown;
And Cupid loves sunshine and never could brook,
Cold weather, cold words, or a cold icy look!

'Twas decreed from the first, that the Sun should adorn
The garden for Flora, and spread out her lawn,
With carpets of velvet-like verdure and flow'rs
Besprinkled on earth in luxuriant show'rs.
Each morn 'twas observ'd that at day break he rose,
And he shorten'd his hours of seeming repose
To accomplish his task, and to make the world gay,
For Flora's reception - Love's jubilee day!
First lighting his torch, as he rose from his bed,
The flames made his chambers look fiery and red;
And straightway he sent out, this powerful light
To replace the pale lamp of the guardian of night:
Then hasted the gates of the east to unfold,
To display to the world his bright palace of gold,
'Mid mountains and plains of rich purple and grey,
Which seem to belong to the temple of day;

Where the lucid and radiant tints of the sky
With the Topaz, the Ruby, and Amethyst vie!
And all that looks happy and glad to the sight,
Succeeds the dark shades of the empire of night.

From these realms of the morn, as the queen of the east
Did the goddess of Flow'rs step forth to her feast,
Attended by Sylphis and Aerial quires
A numerous band with their silvery lyres;
And Cupid stood waiting impatient to go,
With his little blue wings but no quiver or bow;
When the harbinger Skylark was heard in the sky,
And was soaring, and rising, and singing on high
Whilst mounting thro' æther he warbled away
His sweet serenade to the palace of day.
And the star of the morning was still to be seen
When the rosy Aurora went forth with the queen,
When the beautiful Flora, and Cupid or Love,
Were conducted by her from their regions above.
And the hours flew swiftly and made them their care,
Waving garlands and wreaths as they pass'd thro' the air:
No Sprite did they meet, no Fairy or Fay,
These elfins had flown at approach of the day;
Yet the dew on the grass and dark circlets of green
Shew'd where Mab and her own tiny people had been -
Where they danc'd in the night, for their revels they keep,
By the light of the Moon, when the world is asleep.

Wild beauties were summon'd and sprung from their beds
As the hours of Summer flew over their heads,
The gales caught up all that were lovely and sweet,
To present to the goddess and strew at her feet;
Whilst the *Harebells*, tho' lowly, still *constant and true*
Saluted young Love with their bonnets of blue.

And the beautiful *Iris* appear'd with her bow,
In colours, which only the Sun can bestow;
She bore from bright Phoebus a message to say,
He would grace with his presence the rest of the day.
Then myriads of rays more brilliant than gold,
The scenes of Elysium dart forth to unfold.

'Twas Adonis's garden and Beauty's delight,
Where no clouds intervene and the Sun's ever bright,
Whose banks are enamell'd with all that is rare,
And flow'rets of loveliness fairer than fair;
Which bloom in Elysium where only they grow,
And never are found in this region below:
Not Fancy herself such embroidery can paint,
Her hand is too feeble, her colours too faint.

But there we are told 'mid Arcadian bow'rs
Dwells the genius of Plants and the angel of Flow'rs,
And there in a grove of green Myrtle alone
Rose the temple of Flora, the goddess's throne;
Commanding the garden, the beautiful scene,
Prepar'd for young Cupid, the guest of the queen;
Who shrewdly suspecting the truant would stray
Now begg'd his attendance as page for the day.
Love peevishly cried, am I thus to be bound
Whilst Beauty unheeded is blushing around ?
No, no, I'm a god and delight to be free,
Hyacinthean fetters shall never bind me.
And have I not promis'd my Psyche to bring
A wreath for her brow from the garland of Spring?
I'll seek for the *Rose*, the *Forget-me-not* too,
The lovely *Carnation* which borrows my hue,
The *Lily*, the *Pink*, and the *Heliotrope* flow'r,
And an *Eglantine* sprig from the Paphian bow'r.

I'll entwine the gay *Tulip*, the *Myrtle* and *May*
With a *Rose* that can tell, what the Tulip would say
When this *bouquet of sweets* I have sought and have found
And with *Tendrils of Woodbine* encircled around
I'll present it to Psyche, my love to disclose,
For sure there is "*Love* in the breath of the *Rose*:"
And thy language fair Flora, all language excels,
What no words can express, in sweet silence it tells!

Then sounds of soft music were heard in the grove
Pan piping on *Reeds* to amuse little Love,
Whilst Eolus gently stole down from the skies
To give the guests pleasure and Flora surprise;

With his harp, he conceal'd himself under the trees,
Till discover'd by Zephyr, a whispering breeze:
The god of the Winds was soon known to be there
By waving of bonnets and caps in the air!
A mark of respect the plants never forget,
They bow at his presence whenever he's met.

O'er the bower of Flora a *Chesnut Tree* spread
In *splendour* and *pomp* its *luxuriant* head;
'Twas cover'd with blossoms which made it appear
Like a lustre of pearl or a vast chandelier.
And nigh to the Chesnut a *Juniper* threw
Protection around the sweet spot where it grew,
And the goddess's temple, her evergreen throne,
With *Vervain* and *Scarlet Ipomea* o'ergrown,
Stood richly enwreath'd with each odorous flow'r,
The brightest of buds, and the gems of the bow'r;
And the hours of morn that preceded her way
Had strew'd with Red Roses, the paths of the day;
And lightly Love tript o'er the *Rose without Thorn*
The pleasures of Childhood are *Roses of Morn*.

The goddess here sounded her silvery shell,
Till echo resounded thro' mountain and dell,
And Zephyrus hearing the signal of state
Flew in haste to unbar and throw open the gate,
To receive the fair guests and then softly proclaim,
The mottos and titles of each as they came.
For Spring was approaching admission to gain,
With the infantine flow'rets she brings in her train;
And the flowers of Summer were coming so fast,
They would be at the gate 'ere the others had pass'd;
So Flora was graciously pleas'd to declare
To the Zephyrs around that were clearing the air,
That whatever their splendour, their tribe or condition
She gave to the Seasons an equal admission.
As the Spring and as Summer and Autumn descend
Admit them, she said, that their colours may blend:
When Nature is beaming, below and above,
With rapture and joy, and with beauty and love,
'Tis befitting and meet that my glitt'ring care,
Uniting their odours, should perfume the air;

I have summon'd them all to appear at my Fête,
'Tis my will they should come whether early or late:
For once then let Autumn her colours display
'Mid the children of June and the infants of May!
Go haste ye bright Sunbeams, flee swiftly and fling
The portals wide open, to welcome the Spring,
Be the gates of the South too unfolded to-day,
That Summer may enter with all that is gay:

And Autumn resplendent in golden attire
Will follow ensuite, in a chariot of fire!
But if the glad harbinger *Snow-drop* appear
With its train of small florets, first gems of the year,
'Tis the emblem of *Hope* and has dropt from her wing,
Give precedence to *Hope* and the *Herald of Spring*!

The words of the goddess were heard and obey'd -
The *Snow-drop* was there like a bride all array'd;
Her entrée was gladly announc'd by the gale,
As she timidly peep'd thro' a snowy white veil :
Her appearance was hail'd and her beauty admired,
Till she bow'd her meek head, bade adieu and retir'd.
As one of her train came a small Fairy Knight,
The *Crocus*, whose motto is, "*all that is bright.*"
And *Hepaticas* wearing the heavenly hue
Emblematic of *Hope* and of *Confidence* too.

Sweet *Violet* enter'd with *Modesty's* mien,
Having bloom'd in the shade as a beauty unseen:
Now charming all hearts, throwing gladness around,
Like a gem that was lost, unexpectedly found.
Love smil'd at this flow'ret for once when he flew
O'er the odorous bank where the *Violet* grew;
He met with the Zephyrs who told him a tale
Of fragrance and sweetness borne off by the gale;
Till the *Violet* laughing, confessed with her eye
'Twas bestow'd as a gift on a gale passing by.

Mezereon travell'd thro' frost and thro' wet
And acted as usual the little *Coquette*

With garlands of flow'rs now wreathing her head,
Now decking it richly with berries of red;
Resolv'd o'er all hearts to establish her sway,
She varies for ever the dress of the day.

Then came in *Narcissus* who droop'd from the hour
He descried his own Beauty - now chang'd to a flower
Retaining the emblem, his motto of old,
He was *Self-love* and *Vanity* drest out in gold.

The *Pansey* as Heartsease, well acted her part,
And offer'd relief to the wounds of the heart;
Love in Idleness, one of her numerous names,
(Tho' cited by Shakespeare himself) she disdains
With the little sly god, she seem'd much *èprit*,
For she gave him a flow'ret and said " *think of me.*"

Then follow'd a group by simplicity clad
As emblems of *Happiness*, joyous and glad!
When Zephyr announc'd them he bade the plants hail
"The sweet little Lilies that grow in the Vale!"
They told that the fair fruits of promise would grow,
And they spoke of much *Happiness* beaming below:
But *that lovely Exotic*, celestial by birth,
Forms beautiful buds, which ne'er blossom on earth.
'Tis the fragrance of Heav'n that perfumes its breath
With exquisite sweetness most perfect in death.

A procession of flowers now coming in view,
Excited surprise, it was something so new :

The *Lucerne* advancing declar'd he was there
As Life's representative; destin'd to bear
From the seedling of Heaven transplanted in mould,
Such fruit as no mortals (*while mortals*) behold
Then a path was mark'd out for Life's pageant to pass
It commenc'd with soft *Moss* and *luxuriant Grass*,
And was studded with *flowers of roseate hue*
To recreate *Childhood* and *Infancy* too

It thence became serpentine, rugged, forlorn,
Perplext with the *Thistle*, the *Brier* and *Thorn*,
And many a pebble, and many a stone,
In the pathway of Life were incessantly thrown.

First enter'd the *Daisy*, or eye of the day
As *Infantine Innocence*, smiling and gay;
Then follow'd, protected by Zephyr's soft wing,
Sweet Childhood, the *Primrose*, a nursling of Spring,
The Lilac in White, emblematic of youth,
With *Bitter-sweet Nightshade* to represent *Truth*,
And *Manhood* succeeded, which part was pourtray'd
By plants in perfection, and blossoms array'd;

In the pathway of Truth follow'd cheerful *Old Age*,
The Michaelmas *Daisy* with *Salvia* or *Sage*;
The last was *esteem* and one plainly might see
Their prop was a branch of the sweet Olive Tree:
At the end of Life's path they were hid from our view
Beneath the dark shade of the *Cypress* and *Yew*,
Where the *Amaranth* wav'd its bright leaves in the air,
And tho' lost to the sight, 'twas known where they were.
Life's pageant here ended, and as it mov'd on
Love utter'd *encore* - but the *Lucerne* was gone.

Ah! *Beauty is fleeting*, a *wither'd Rose* said,
As she droop'd on the stem, her once beautiful head;
With *sadness* her *dead leaves* dropt down in a show'r,
Exciting the pity of many a flow'r:
Till the sweet little plant that is call'd *Mignonette*,
Whose delicate fragrance we ne'er can forget,
Then caught the poor leaves as they fell in her arms
And said that "*their virtues surpass'd their lost charms*."
The Ivy observ'd, when he saw the sad fall,
"What sweet recollections those *Rose* leaves recall;

Busy *Memory* has always a vast deal to say,
And spoke of past seasons the whole of the day:
'Tis the tree of the mind, and where e'er it takes root,
It clings very closely, as none can dispute:
In sunshine this evergreen often will fade,
But it grows, and it lasts and delights in the shade.

Now the goddess of Flowers by Zephyr was told
That banners were flying with mottos of gold,
And a glitt'ring pageant more splendid and gay
Than that which the Lucerne brought forward to-day,
Was coming, with joy, to the goddess's bow'r,
With the bright Crown Imperial, the ensign of *power*.
The *Angrec*, said *Royalty* made its approach,
And requested no plant would presume to encroach.
Curiosity then or the Sycamore Tree,
Determin'd to plant herself where she could see,
And old *Mistletoe* climb'd o'er the top of a wall,
Some *obstacles* met, and *surmounted* them all.
The flowers bow'd down at her *majesty's* name,
The trees in the grove wav'd their arms as she came;

And Flora and Cupid arose from the throne,
Due homage to pay to the sovereign they own.
The Sun at this moment attain'd its full height,
And shot forth its rays more resplendent and bright;
Then the *Rose* and the *Shamrock* and *Thistle* entwin'd,
Came floating and streaming away in the wind,
To wave on those banners and join in that crown,
Which for ages has given Great Britain renown.
To the *Rose* of old *England* obsequence was made,
To the *Thistle* of *Scotland* all honor was paid ;
And the emerald *Shamrock* as green as *its Isle*,
Was greeted and courted with many a smile.

Then Majesty enter'd with every grace,
And virtue that long have distinguished her race,
Which the noble White Lily did aptly portray,
With her unspotted leaves, just expanded to-day,
Like the wings of an angel, spread over the earth,
O'er the ground where she grew, and the land of her birth.
In the suite of the *Lily* came all that is fair,
Exotics in bloom and the *plants of the air*,

And those which the *mountainous* regions supply,
To bloom as it were 'twixt the earth and the sky!
And the *Fuschias* around were in waiting upon her,
These *elegant* flowers were maidens of honor;

And the beauteous *Moss Rose*, the emblem of *Joy*,
Of *Pleasure usullied*, that knows not alloy,
The bosom of Royalty begg'd to adorn,
For she never could plant in that bosom a thorn!

As the *Rose* is a queen, 'twas thought to be meet,
The *emblem of Joy* should be rais'd to that seat.
'Twas blooming in sunshine! the canker-worm, Grief,
Had never been traced on its delicate leaf,
For the *Moss* had protected its stem from the wind,
Like, *the love of a mother*, e'er watchful and kind!

"Speedwell!" cried *Veronica faithful and true*
As she stood on her bank in a vesture of blue;
"*Long life!*" cried the Fig, and the whispering Beech,
Then prompted the *Lotus's eloquent* speech,
Of *glory, peace, strength*, and *duration* it spoke,
For the *Laurel*, the *Olive* and *old English Oak*.

The pageant now ended, like all that is bright,
As transient, as fleeting, as human delight!
Yet 'ere it had pass'd the green avenues through,
Love follow'd, half sighing, and whisper'd adieu.
Then, sorrow forgetting, he chased a fleet hour
But to stop one were hopeless—not *Love* hath the power !
Flora charged all the Sylphs of the air in their flight,
To guard the fair Lily from mildew and blight,
To spread o'er her petals their gossamer wings,
When the dew-drops descend and the Nightingale sings,
That nothing come nigh where the White Lily grows,
Save the south wind of Summer, the sunshine and Rose.

The *Acanthus* renown'd for its beautiful parts
Came in as the emblem of *Science* and *Arts*,
'Twas discover'd of old, o'er a trophy of grief
Where the Graces in tears, must have cultur'd the leaf;

Now exalted in station the foliage is found,
On Corinthian columns recoiling around:
As an exquisite model 'twas never surpast,
'Tis a beautiful leaf and its fashion will last.

The *Eglantine* sent from Eratos green bow'r
Appear'd as a *Muse* or *poetical* flower.
Angelica also sublimely *inspir'd*
With *genius* (the *Plane-tree*) was duly admir'd
They came in together and often are found
Growing near to each other and on the same ground

Circæa, a *spell*, was encircled around
With magical cords which the Fairies had wound.
Love look'd at the *Sorceress* with scorn in his eye,
And how dare she, he cried, with *my* witcheries vie ?
In working by mystic, and magic, and darts,
And various enchantments and curious arts -
Of charms and devices, I leave *her* to tell,
But *I* can at *my will* borrow Venus's spell -

The Cestus of Love-irresistible zone,
Which the goddess of beauty e'er wears on her throne.

Next came the proud *Hollyhock* waving its head,
With the bright *Amaryllis* array'd in her red,
For *Ambition* is still the attendant of *Pride*,
And if not her sister, is nearly allied!
Till the *Broom as Humility* swept them away,
Saying, "flowers and honors endure but a day !"
The beautiful Stocks, then on hearing this said,
Grew crimson and white, as they rose from their bed.
For " *Beauty is lasting*," they seem to declare
To the Beetles of earth and the Moths of the air!
But the *Amaranth* told them their colours would fail,
And their perfume and fragrance be lost to the gale;
Whilst he as *immortal* would ever be found
In verdure and bloom all the four seasons round.
Then *Envy* (the Bramble) demanded his name,
For the Stocks begg'd to know whence the Amaranth came.
Immortality said, I am not of the earth,
My origin's heaven, for *there* was my birth;
Tho' my green leaves are sometimes rais'd over the tomb,
To enliven its darkness and dissipate gloom;
And oft have my seedlings been planted below
Where perhaps for a season they flourish and grow;

But *I blossom* aloft, and my foliage shades
The fountain of Life, where no flow'ret e'er fades.
Helianthus was sent from the great orb of day
Due homage to Flora, its goddess to pay;
And it bow'd in *devotion* its beautiful head
Whilst rays of gold sunshine upon it were shed;
But its eye, like a star most resplendently bright
Aspiring to heaven still turns to the light.

The Pinks as *Affection* - an exquisite group,
Came encircled together, and link'd in a loop.
Fascination and charms were observ'd in their air
They are tokens of love and Love's motto they bear !
The goddess appear'd much diverted to see
Great Dignity's garb on a little *Clove Tree* ;
The *Sardony* said, with ironical tone,
'Twas quite the *quintessence* of *taste* she had shewn.

The Clove Tree was wounded and piquantly said,
With dignified air and a toss of her head,
My extraction is good and most highly I'm prized,
And am sought for my virtues, whilst thou art despis'd.
The Orchis came forth from the marshes as Error,
The Sensitive Plant as the emblem of Terror;
Horror brought up the rear, with *Grief* and *Despair*,
In the garbs which the *Cactus* and *Marigold* wear.
Then *Frivolity* follow'd (the small *London Pride*)
And the Larkspur tript close to her side ;
The old cap of *Folly* fair *Columbine* wore,
While *Flattery*, *Venus's Looking Glass* bore.
And to speak of good *morals* the *primitive Rue*,
In a dress of pale green half inclining to blue;
Till a *White Rose* said, *silence*, which caus'd her to stop,
For fear of the scales of *Injustice* (the Hop,)
Whose weights are so false, that the Rue was afraid,
Good *morals* in them might be partially weigh'd.

Flora's *Oracle** came in a gold color'd suit,
Having left in the earth his indigenous root ;

* *The Dandelion*.

Tho' despis'd and neglected, this singular flower
When duly consulted, can *point out the hour*.
The Pimpernel came from her home in the corn,
And the poor little rustic was treated with scorn;
When she folded her petals and prophesied rain,
Like another Cassandra, she warn'd them in vain:
There were some *among them*, could the weather discern,
So they bade her to reapers and shepherds return.

The Wall-flower known as Adversity's friend,
And *Rosemary* and *Cypress* were gone to attend,
And to deck out the grave and the winding sheet strew,
Of a *beautiful bud* that had dropt where it grew.
Child of Promise and Hope it was cut down alas
In mistake by the scythe and lay wither'd like grass.
By the *Yew-tree* invited and summon'd by *Grief*,
They had put on her garb and each wore the *dead leaf*.
Helinia delared she must follow the bier,
For *Sorrow* demanded the fall of *her tear*.
And the other chief *mourner*, the *White Asphodel*,
Was oblig'd to attend the funereal knell;
Old *Wormwood* remark'd that their absence was sad,
To him *absence* and death were both equally bad;
The *Thrift* with much *sympathy* heard what was said,
And she griev'd for the absent and mourned for the dead.

The *Aster* of *China* objected to come,
Like his countrymen too, he was partial to home;
But *Afterthought* struck him, he order'd a vest,
And gaudy and gay was this mandarin drest;
He travell'd but slowly, yet met at the gate
With many a cousin as formal and late.

The *Moonwort* was *absent* and no one knew where,
The *Yellow Carnation* *disdain'd* to appear;
Anemone sorely against her own will
Remain'd in her woods, for she really was *ill*;
The *Indian Pink* felt a rooted *aversion*
To public assemblies and foolish diversion.
And they caus'd the poor *Saint-foin* so much *agitation*
She wisely declin'd the polite invitation.

Hemlock came to the portal and tried very hard
To enter therein without shewing his card;
But when it was known *Death*, was written thereon,
Zephyr fasten'd the gate and then bade him begone:
Death's visage looked grim - he said turning away
Frost will give me the entrée on some future day;
Arbor-Vitæ remark'd this was merely chagrin,
In the vales of *Elysium* death never is seen.

Vast numbers of plants from all parts of the globe,
In many a costume and singular robe,
Attended the court of the goddess to-day,
With tokens for *Cupid* to form a bouquet.
Some wore their court dresses the same as before,
And appear'd in the stars and the orders they bore,
While many refus'd in the pageants to act,
As the *Ophrys* affirm'd it requir'd much *tact*.
And others who often had shone in the field,
Whose emblems and mottos emblazon'd the shield,
Had sent an excuse by a native of France
Old *Fleur-de-lys*, famed in the page of Romance.

Each moment of time wore a roseate hue,
Till the close of the *Fête* at the fall of the dew;
Ambrosia, the food of the gods, we are told
Was handed around on bright petals of gold !
And *Nectar* supplied for young *Cupid* to drink,
In the cups of the *Cowslip* fill'd up to the brink.
The draughts were delicious - so deep did he quaff,
That he made little *Primrose* and *Hyacinth* laugh.
Then a *Garland* was gather'd of *Roses* that grow
On the evergreen trees that are ever in blow;
With this odorous chaplet fair *Virtue* was crown'd,
And hail'd with delight by the beauties around;
And incense was offer'd and perfume was shed,
And sweet honey'd words by sweet flowrets were said,
Till the music had ceas'd, and the harp in the trees
No longer was play'd by the murmuring breeze.
Then appear'd in the heav'ns a radiant light,
'Twas the eye of fair *Venus* refulgent and bright;
Love knew the kind signal, that time was at hand
When pleasures must close in the sweet floral land,

Yet he linger'd a moment to hear in the grove
Why the *Myrtle* was ever the emblem of *Love*.

When the goddess of Beauty first sprang from the Sea,
Her garland was form'd of the green Myrtle-tree,
And the Houris of paradise gather'd the flow'r
From the grove that environs Adonis's bow'r;
And in joyful remembrance of Venus's birth
They dropt a small sprig as a boon to the earth
Flora found the fair flow'ret and made it to grow
As an emblem of *Love* in her garden below!

Love listen'd with rapture, but made no reply,
For a *Rose* in full bloom had attracted his eye;
And resolving to have it and make it his own
To entwine it with Myrtle round Venus's throne,
He pluck'd the sweet Rose and he bore it above,
And render'd it sacred to *Beauty* and *Love*.

Now the Sun in the west hid his diadem'd head,
Eve's mantle of mist o'er the garden was spread;
The *Nasturtium** emitted her flashes of light,
And *Convolvulus* folded her leaves for the *night*,

For the *dial* of Flora is mark'd by the flow'rs
As *opening* and *closing*, they tell of the hours :
So Time, from his wreath, as he rapidly flew,
To the goddess a sprig of *Forget-me-not* threw;
Then a Zephyr was sent to the lethean spring,
And return'd with the drops it had caught on its wing;
And Flora requested her plants to inhale
The genial moisture supplied by the gale:
That the flow'rets of earth when refresh'd with the dew,
Might return in full bloom to the land were they grew.

Then she bade them their leaves in *forgetfulness* steep,
And they bow'd to the *Poppy* and all fell *asleep*;

**The Nasturtium.--This plant is said to emit flashes of light after sun-set and during the night.*

And were found on the earth by the first rays of light
Reviewing these scenes as the visions of night.

FINIS.



THE KEY.

Under the Rose	Silence and Secresy
The Cowslip and Primrose	Childhood
A Garland of Willow	Forsaken
The Harebell	Constant and True
The Rose	Beauty and Love
Campanula	Constancy
The Pink	Pure Love and Affection
The Lily of the Valley	Happiness
The Forget-me-not.....	Remembrance
The Crimson Carnation	Pure Love
The Heliotrope	Ardent Attachment
Pink Hawthorn, or May	Hope
The Eglantine	Poetry
The Myrtle	Love
The Tulip.....	A Proposal, a Declaration
Bouquet.....	Gallantry
Reeds	Music
Tendrils	Ties
The Chesnut Tree	Splendour and Luxury
The Vervain.....	Enchantment
The Ipomea	Attachment
The Juniper.....	Protection
Bright Buds	Promised Pleasure
Red Roses.....)The Pleasures of Childhood and
Roses of Morn)Youth
Snow-drop.....	Hope
The Crocus	Bright hopes, bright views, &c.
The Hepatica	Confidence
The Mezereon.....	Coquetry, desire to please
The Violet	Modesty
The Narcissus	Self-love andVanity
The Lucerne	Life
Moss.....	Maternal Love
Flowers of brilliant hues	Pleasures and Amusements
The Thistle, the Briar, the Thorn.....	Care, Trouble, Perplexity
The Daisy	Infancy and Innocence
The White Lilac.....	Youth
The Bitter-sweet Nightshade.....	Truth

Plants in full bloom	Manhood
The Michaelmas Daisy	Old Age
Salvia, or Sage.....	Esteem
The Olive Branch	Peace
Cypress and Yew.....	Sorrow and Mourning
The Amaranth.....	Immortality
A withered Rose	Fleeting Beauty
Dead Leaves	Sadness
Mignonette	Good qualities surpass fair charms
Ivy.....	Memory and Attachment
The Crown Imperial	Power
The Angrec.....	Royalty
Sycamore Tree	Curiosity
The Rose, Shamrock and Thistle.....	England, Ireland, and Scotland
The White Lily	Majesty
The Mountain and Alpine Plants.....	Aristocracy
The Fuschia	Elegance
Moss Rose	Joy and Felicity
The Speedwell, or Veronica.....	Fidelity
The Fig.....	Longevity
The Beech	Prosperity
The Lotus	Eloquence
The Laurel.....	Glory
The Olive	Peace
The Oak	Strength, Duration, Hospitality
Eglantine	Poetry
Angelica	Inspiration
The Plane Tree	Genius
Circæa.....	A spell, a charm
Hollyhock.....	Ambition
Amaryllis	Pride
Broom	Humility
Stocks.....	Lasting Beauty
Amaranth	Immortality
Bramble.....	Envy
Helianthus, or Sunflower	Devotion and Adoration
The Pink.....	Pure Affection
Clove Tree.....	Dignity and Strength
Sardony	Irony
Orchis.....	Error
Sensitive Plant.....	Terror
Cactus	Horror
Marigold.....	Grief and Despair
London Pride.....	Frivolity
The Larkspur	Lightness

The Columbine.....	Folly
Venus's Looking-glass.....	Flattery
The Rue.....	Morals
White Rose.....	Silence
The Flop.....	Injustice
Wallflower	Fidelity in Adversity
Rosemary	Remembrance, Fidelity, and a Funereal flower
A Beautiful Bud	A Young Girl
Yew Tree.....	Sorrow
Dead Leaf.....	Sadness and Mourning
Helenia.....	Tears
The Asphodel	Regret follows you to the Grave
Wormwood	Absence
Thrift.....	Sympathy
China Aster	Afterthought
Moonwort.....	Forgetfulness
Yellow Carnation	Disdain
Field Anemone	Disease
Indian Pink	Aversion
Saint-foin	Agitation
Ophrys	Skill and Tact
Hemlock.....	Death and Poison
Fleur-de-lis	Gallantry, Knight-errantry
Ambrosia.....	Reciprocal Love
Arbor Vitæ	The Tree of Life
The Acanthus	The Arts
The Dandelion.....	Rustic Oracles
The Pimpernel	ditto
Hyacinth.....	Playfulness and Mirth
A Garland of Roses	Reward of Virtue
Myrtle	Love
The Rose	Beauty and Love
Nasturtium.....	Warning
Convolvulus	Night
Forget-me-not.....	Remembrance
The Poppy	Sleep and Forgetfulness

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