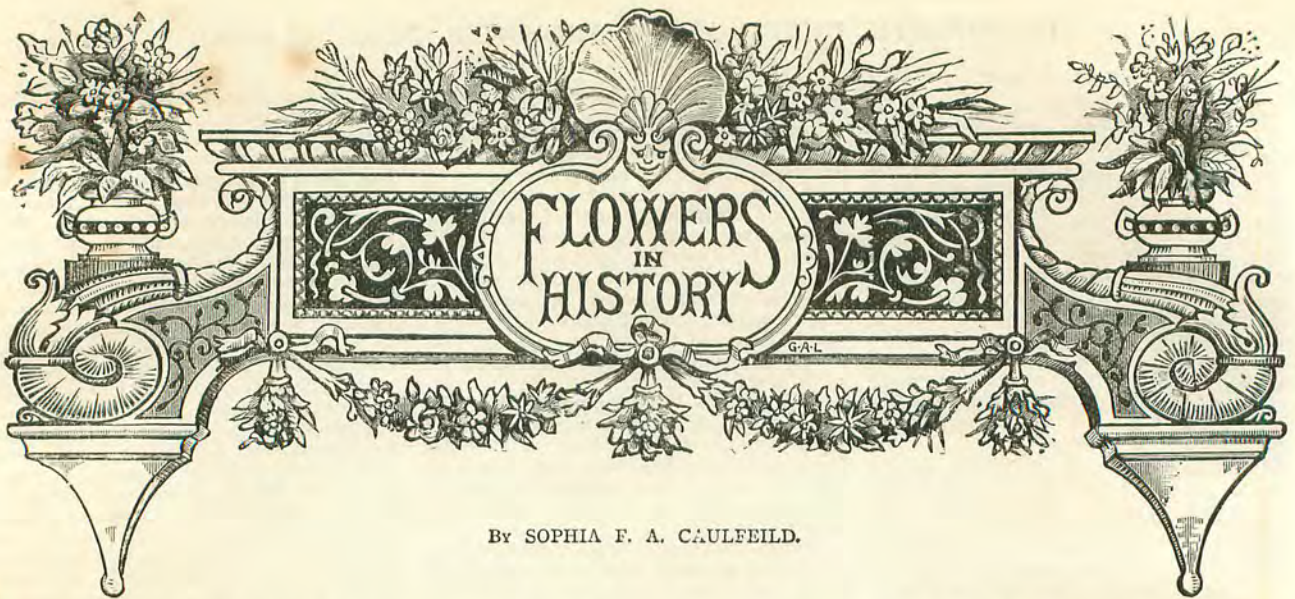




By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

To those who have read the series of articles on "Heraldry" and "The Days of Chivalry," the employment of flowers as badges, devices, and heraldic insignia, of emblematic significance and historic interest, must be familiar. To treat such a subject exhaustively could not be attempted within space so limited; thus I can only select an example here and there amongst those best known to fame.

Many amongst those made historical by their adoption as devices or heraldic cognisances were specially chosen on account of their emblematic character or traditional interest. Thus were they classified under the various distinctive headings to which they might lay claim, perpetual repetitions would be rendered unavoidable.

anemone, myrtle, poppy, rose, and violet were all dedicated to Venus; the anemone credited with having sprung from the tears, mingled with his blood, which she wept over the body of Adonis. The poppy, the dittany of Crete, and all wild flowers in untrodden dells, were symbols of Diana, named, as the special Deity of the Ephesians, in the "Book of Acts." The sunflower was assigned to Apollo, and poppies to Ceres and Somnus, the god of sleep. The narcissus formed alike the emblem of Pluto and the Fates, because their sweet and powerful odour was thought to produce madness. The couch of Zeus and Juno was composed, amongst other flowers, of the asphodel, the iris, poppy, white lily, pomegranate, and dittany being emblems.

The victors in the athletic games wore wreaths of tree foliage or parsley, not flowers; but at the sacrificial rites and feasts, garlands of the latter were employed to deck the victims sacrificed, and the idol deity to which they were offered. To this practice reference is also made in the Book of Acts xiv. 13.

Some of my readers may be acquainted with Kingsley's "Heroes," and need not that I should extend this part of my subject. Suffice it to add that flowers formed a species of sacrifice, offered in great profusion on the occasion of the Roman Fontinalia, which took place on the 13th of October, in honour of the Naiades, or guardian spirits, who protected the streams and wells. Garlands were then hung over the wells, and bunches of flowers thrown into the fountains, while the water nymphs themselves were crowned with flowers and sedges.

In imitation of the rites of classical times, the floral games of the ancient city of Toulouse were instituted A.D. 1324, and these games were revived under the auspices of Charles IV. and his bride, who endeavoured to reanimate the ancient literary character of the city, and induced the "Capitouls" to offer a golden violet to the successful poet competitor of the province and city. This floral prize was awarded to Arnaud Vidal, of Castelmandry. Another revival took place through the instrumentality of Clemence Isaure, the poet, who died A.D. 1540. She was a woman of fortune, who left the greater part of her wealth to the reintroduction and maintenance of these annual

fêtes, held the first week in May, for the bestowal of prizes for poetic merit. These prizes were presented to them on the occasion of the floral games. At this their fresh revival Pierre Rousard was the first to receive the silver eglantine blossom, a silver crown and the title of Poet of France, which distinction was confirmed by Francis I. A golden amaranth was awarded for the best lyric composition. On the high altar of the church of "La Daurade," where Clemence Isaure was buried, the golden flowers subsequently won by poet competitors at these floral games are still, it is said, preserved.

In the year 1694 the *Jeux Floraux*, which had again revived after a season of disuse, received a new impetus from the powerful support of Louis XIV., and were regularly kept up under the instrumentality of a society inaugurated by him, and that with considerable magnificence.



CONVENTIONAL ACANTHUS LEAF.

To obviate this difficulty I shall consider them in alphabetical order, treating them under every aspect in which they merit to be seen. So, when my young readers take a stroll—whether through the stately walks of some ancient country seat or manor house, with its geometrical parterres, balustraded terraces, and its wilderness shrubberies, where Nature is permitted to cast off all restraint, and weave wild garlands at her own sweet will; or whether the stroll be restricted to the bounds of a cottage flower plot—it may be that my sketches of flower lore may enhance the pleasure of the hour. Thus I invite them to wander with me to what must seem little more substantial than dreamland, where, amongst more glowing hues of sky and land, we may view the games and sacred rites of ancient Greece and Rome, in which floral decorations formed so important a feature.

In the study of their mythology we find that a flower, plant, or tree was employed as a distinctive emblem of every god and goddess, having reference to supposititious incidents in their several histories. For instance, the



THE ALMOND.

In our own country, I need not remind our readers, floral fêtes and religious rites have obtained since their institution by the Druids. We have also had our May festivals, with the garland-hung maypoles and the flower-crowned "Queen of the May." At Knutsford (Canute's Ford), Cheshire, this pretty

fête is still kept up, and it is to be regretted that with the decadence of these simple historic customs the wholesome simplicity and loyalty of our country-folk should undergo a process of deterioration and decay likewise. It is recorded that noble and simple met together in kindly fashion on the occasion of such like festivities; the proud and haughty Henry, and his good Queen Katherine of Arragon, having danced together round the maypole in the early days of their wedded life. We have also our floral commemoration of the Canterbury Pilgrims in Kent, when little girls walk in procession, carrying baskets containing the emblematic flowers, each dedicated to some saint belonging to that original pilgrim band.

In all Christian countries we find that flowers have been specially dedicated to certain Christian anniversaries, such as the holly for Christmas, lilies for Easter, etc., and to so well-known a fact I need but make a passing allusion. I now proceed to specify certain flowers, as I proposed, in alphabetical order, which have been dignified by historical significance, and woven into lives of celebrated men and institutions, often of world-wide importance.

The first to which special notice shall be given is the *Acanthus*, which must carry us back to classic times. To this beautiful plant we owe the most elegant of all our designs for the capitals of pillars, the Greek architect, Callimachus, originating the idea of its representation. The story runs thus. After the interment of a young Corinthian girl, her trinkets were collected and placed by her loving nurse near her tomb in a basket, which she covered with a tile to preserve it from the inclemency of the weather. It was placed over the root of the *Acanthus*, and on the return of spring, when the stalks and leaves burst forth, they spread around the sides of the basket, and shooting upwards met with an obstruction in the corners of the tile. This caused them to bend backwards, and attracted the notice of the architect on his chancing to pass the spot. He seized the idea at once, and carried it out in the design of the capitals which surmount those elegant fluted pillars known as "Corinthian."



THE AMARANTH.

The Romans, as well as the Greeks, made much use of the *Acanthus mollis* for artistic purposes, and Roman drinking cups are found

decorated with its leaves; while the northern nations preferred the *Acanthus spinosus*, which is both smaller and rougher in character. Virgil says that the *Acanthus* formed the basis of the design which was embroidered on the mantle of Helen of Troy.

Amongst the earliest in the year of tree blossoms are those of the *Almond*, whose beautiful pink flowers appear in advance of the long narrow leaves. This tree has been rendered specially remarkable in its historical character by the miracle performed upon a rod taken from it, "Aaron's rod that budded." (Book of Numbers xvii. 8, and Heb. ix. 4.) There are other historic references made to it in Holy Writ, as for example in the Prophecies of Jeremiah i. 2, and the Book of Ecclesiastes xii. 5; and the third mention of it is to be found in Jeremiah i. 12, which refers to the meaning of the Hebrew word from which it is derived—*shaked*, signifying "haste" or "awake early," a name appropriate to a tree blossoming before all its fellows. The prophet says, "I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen: for I will hasten My word to perform it." This tree, *Amygdalus communis*, of the family *drupacea*, is a native of Persia and temperate India. It spread westward to Palestine, but did not grow in Egypt when Jacob gave a



THE ASPHODEL.

present to Pharaoh, on the occasion of his sending for corn. It spread afterwards through middle Europe, and was imported into England about 300 years ago; but the blossoms do not bear fruit in this climate, which is imported from Malaga and Valencia. Thomas Moore uses the symbol of the tree in blossom thus—

"The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,
That alights upon Misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough."

The blossoming almond tree, together with the white iris, white lily, and narcissus, are assigned in sacred art as emblems of the Virgin Mary. Pope Pius II. adopted a hand holding "Aaron's rod that budded" as his device, with the motto, *Insuperata floruit*—"It flowered unhopd for"—in allusion to his unexpected elevation.

The *Amaranth* must be familiar as a "household word" to all students of the poets, as an emblem of immortality. Milton speaks of it as the

"Immortal amaranth, a flower that once,
In Paradise, fast by the 'Tree of Life,'
Began to bloom."

The *Amaranth* is an annual of many species,

having crimson, green, or purplish flowers in large spiked clusters. The widow of Vespasian Colonna, Giulia Gonzaga (1566), great granddaughter of Louis III., Marquis of Mantua, who, according to history, was the most lovely woman of her time, adopted the amaranth as her device, together with the motto, *Non moritura*, "undying," to indicate the unchangeable character of her love for her husband, and never-ceasing grief at his loss. All proposals of marriage were rejected by her, even those of the Emperor Solymán, who endeavoured to seize her by force, and for that purpose sent Barbarossa, the Corsair, to make a descent upon Fondi for that purpose. But the faithful mourner effected her escape at night on horseback. The name of this flower is derived from the Greek *Amaranthus*, being descriptive of its unfading character. This order and genus of plants includes 500 species. The Greeks regarded it as the emblem of friendship, and used to employ it, as well as the myrtle and polyanthus, in their funeral rites, the dead being crowned, and the mourners otherwise decorated, with the blossoms. In Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Two Angels," allusion is made to both the amaranth and the asphodel, of which latter flower I shall now speak.

The *Asphodel* denotes, in the "language of flowers," "My regrets follow you to the grave." It has not many varieties of species, and these are, for the most part, natives of those countries bordering on the Mediterranean. One kind, the *Asphodelus ramosus*, is found widely spread over the southern parts of Palestine, and very abundantly in Italy also, and is regarded as good food for sheep. The asphodel is a species of lily, belonging to the order of *Liliaceae*, and it is thought to be that to which allusion is made in the Canticles, "He feedeth among the lilies."

The common English name for Asphodel is "daffodil," and the golden ones are dedicated to Eastertide. They are also known as "Lent lilies." No flower, perhaps, has been more frequently woven into a garland of song than the asphodel, under its several names, Old Herrick, Milton, and Shakespeare being amongst the most remarkable. Speaking of Easter, the poet Drayton says—

"See that there be stores of lilies,
Called by shepherds 'daffodillies.'"



THE BROOM
(*Planta Genista*).

By the French these "Lent lilies" are designated "*Pauvres filles de Ste. Claire*." The yellow-blossomed *A. luteus*, the white *A. albus*, or "king's spear," and the branching *A. ramosus*, are all very ornamental garden plants. The Greeks used to plant the asphodel

round their tombs, under the belief that its seed supplied the dead with nourishment.

The *Broom*, of the genus *Cytisus*, is a favourite flower in heraldry. So early as the year 1234 St. Louis made it the insignia of a new order of knighthood, entitled *l'Ordre du genêt*, the hundred knights of which formed his bodyguard, and wore a chain composed of golden blossoms of the genêt and white enamelled fleur de lys, suspended from which was a cross of gold, with the motto, "*Deus exaltat humiles*." Our Richard II. was a member of the order, The broom, as you know, gave their surname

to our Plantagenet princes. By some it is said that Fulk of Anjou was the first of the race so designated, but others maintain that it was his son Gefroi, Earl of Anjou and father of Henry II., the Empress Matilda's husband, from the fact that he wore a plume of the broom (or *Planta Genista*) in blossom, the *gen* of the Celts and the *genêt* of the French.

It has been suggested that when Gefroi laid claim to the sovereignty of the province of Brittany, he assumed the ancient badge of the country, which seems a very natural idea; but according to a legend, Gefroi was on his way

to the battlefield, through a rocky pathway, on either side of which the yellow broom clung firmly to the boulders upholding the crumbling earth. Breaking off a sprig he fixed it in his cap, observing, "Thus shall this golden plant ever be my cognisance—rooted firmly among rocks, yet upholding that which is ready to fall." He thenceforth assumed the name "Plantagenet," and transmitted it to his descendants. Its first official heraldic was on the great seal of Cœur de Lion, and it remained the family device down to the time of Richard III. (inclusive).

(To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE man saw Eve hesitated, and probably for that reason added this last remark, for in point of fact there was plenty of time, for it was only half-past three now, but it had the desired effect, and overcame her hesitation. She was disappointed that Arthur had not been able to meet her himself, but no doubt there was some good reason for his failing to do so, and after all it was only a delay of ten minutes, so she stepped into the boat without the slightest suspicion that there was anything amiss, and her companion rowed her quickly along the dyke towards Filton Broad, where, as he said, the wherry lay waiting her arrival.

Ten minutes later Arthur Clifford reached the spot where he had left his boat moored the night before, on the opposite side of the river, at the lower end of Muck Fleet, but to his consternation he found it was gone.

Gone! and it was now a quarter to four, and he had told Eve to meet him at the heronry at four. What ever was he to do? Between him and the heronry rolled the river, rippling merrily as the rosy tints of the rising sun flooded the eastern sky, softly tinging the waters of Filton Broad where his chartered wherry was awaiting him. The dawning day now was strong enough for the flower-crowned banks to show forth their summer beauty; the rosebay and purple loosestrife were gorgeous in their rose-coloured robes, the magenta bells of the tall foxglove, the graceful, feathery, white-crowned king of the meadow, the tufts of red valerian, the blue cranesbill, all blended their tints in one harmonious mass of colour, but none of them won so much as a glance from Arthur Clifford; he no more saw them than he heard the matinsong the larks were chanting overhead and the blackbirds and thrushes in the neighbouring bushes. A flock of rooks, mingled with seagulls (no uncommon sight in this part of the country), passed over him to breakfast off the worms and cockchafer in one of the damp low-lying meadows close at hand, but Arthur paid no heed to the cawing of the rooks or the cry of the gulls. He stood for a moment as if paralysed; without the boat all his plans were frustrated, and

they had been so carefully laid! True, he could and must swim across the river and meet Eve, and tell her his boat was gone, but then how were they to reach the wherry?

Only by walking to the end of Muck Fleet, and endeavouring to catch the attention of the men he had left on board her, and signal to them to put off a boat and fetch them. This was the only thing to be done, and he doubted not that by shouting and signalling he would succeed in making them understand the plight he was in; but this proceeding would delay them, and he was at a loss to get his clothes over the river dry. But there was no time to be lost, and he was in the act of taking off his coat when to his surprise he saw Adam Day coming towards him. In a moment it flashed into his mind that Adam was the cause of his trouble—that in some way or other he had become aware of his plan, and had determined to frustrate it by taking away the boat, and was now come to glory in his discomfiture. Mad with anger, Arthur advanced to meet Adam, and with an oath demanded to know what he meant by stealing his boat, and coming to gloat over him afterwards?

"You are forgetting yourself strangely, Mr. Clifford; I know nothing at all about your boat; it is a pure accident that I am walking here this morning. I could not sleep, and some impulse which I cannot explain led me here. But if I can be of any use to you I shall be happy to help you," said Adam, gravely.

All Arthur now wanted was to get rid of Adam as quickly as possible, that he might swim across to Eve; so finding he had made a mistake he apologised.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Day, but the truth is I am very much annoyed; I am going on a fishing expedition."

"Indeed. Where is your tackle?" thought Adam.

"And I am expecting a friend to meet me on the other side of the river. Do you know the nearest place to borrow a boat?"

"Noah Oldman's is the nearest from here, sir, but his boat is on the other side, I noticed as I came here, and I wonder at it, for I know when Noah went to bed last night it was on this side. I

am inclined to think Jack Farrar has been playing some of his tricks last night."

Arthur paid no heed to this suggestion; all he cared for was to get Adam out of sight, that he might swim across to Eve, who must be waiting for him, since she had evidently crossed the river.

"For the love of everything that is kind go and borrow Noah's boat for me! I am losing all the best of the morning, and my friend will never forgive me for keeping him waiting all this time," said Arthur, earnestly.

Adam hesitated. All this excitement about a fishing expedition struck him as very strange. No doubt to have his boat made use of in this unceremonious fashion was very annoying, but it hardly accounted for the extreme vexation and despair from which Arthur was evidently suffering. He began to suspect there was some ulterior reason for this emotion, and he looked keenly at him with his clear grey eyes, though he was far from guessing at the truth.

The momentary and somewhat awkward pause was interrupted by the approach of a boat down the shallow waters of Muck Fleet, which immediately arrested the attention of both men.

"Hulloa! here comes a boat; who can this be?" said Arthur.

"The borrower of your boat returning it probably," said Adam.

"No. My boat is painted white. Why, it is Spurgin! Hulloa! what does this mean, Spurgin?" shouted Arthur, as the boat came into the river.

"Beg pardon, sir, we think something has gone wrong," returned the man, as he rowed across the river.

"What do you mean?" demanded Arthur, turning very pale.

"Why, sir, Jack Farrar's wherry has been lying to just at the head of Muck Fleet all night, and about half-an-hour ago my mate and I saw a white boat containing a man and a lady dressed in white come up Muck Fleet; we made sure it was you, sir, before your time; but when we found the boat made for Farrar's wherry, and paid no attention to our shouts, we didn't know what to make of it. Then we heard a woman's screams, and Farrar drew his anchor directly the lady and the sailor who

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.



SCARCELY know whether the family of *Campanulaceæ*, or bell-flowers, may be fitly awarded a place amongst those styled "historical"; but the "blue-bells of Scotland" has become a household phrase. Another species, "Venus's looking-glass," has been the subject of classical fables, and the "Canterbury bells" (or nettle-leaved bell-flower) are associated with the pilgrims who flocked to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, for these pilgrims rang bells placed upon poles as they went, chiming (in harmony, it is to be hoped) with those on their horses' necks. These flowers used to grow in great abundance in the low woods around or near the

ancient city, and there exists a tradition that they were likewise so called in memory of St. Augustine of Canterbury. The blue harebell may be included with its fellows of the family as being the emblem of St. George. The "azure harebell" is mentioned by Shakespeare, and old herbalists so called the *Hyacinthus non scriptus*; but the "nodding blue-bell" of the heathland, or *Campanula rotundifolia*, is the harebell of modern poets, and is said to have been originally termed "air-bell" on account of their waving under the slightest breeze, supported on such slender and delicate stems, called by the country-folk of some counties the "witches' thimbles."

Amongst the special favourites of the flower-loving world, the *Chrysanthemum* most certainly may be ranked, although it makes no appeal to our love of perfume. It was first introduced into this country by Miller (1764), who had received a specimen from Nimpu, a *Kokfa* or *Chrysanthemum indicum*, and he cultivated it in the Chelsea Botanical Gardens. But we have some indigenous species of our own; as, for example, the "corn-marigold," the "feverfew," and the "ox-eyed daisy." These all bloom in summer only, while the Chinese, Indian, and Japanese *chrysanthemums* blossom in the autumn and as late as November. As the special heraldic emblem of the Mikados of Japan, this flower deserves some notice, and because it is honoured with a special festival in that country, being one of the five annual flower fêtes, viz., those of the golden *Kiku* (or *chrysanthemum*), the cherry-tree, the iris, the *Fudsi* (or *Wistaria sinensis*), and the plum-tree. The Japanese florists build up their *chrysanthemums* into effigies of their deities and celebrated heroes, real or fabulous; so arranging the colours of the flowers as to array these personages in gorgeous fashion, the "Sun-goddess" being clothed in golden blossoms. What are called by English florists the "Pompon" varieties are produced from the Chusan daisy, brought to England in 1846 by Mr. Fortune. It is much used in Japanese art for house decoration; "sprinkled" in the irregular style which

has appealed so strongly to English taste, and superseded the hitherto formal lines of our own designs.

Clover, known by its old English name of "Trefoil," is a plant likewise dignified by historic associations. The ancients symbolised Hope as a little child standing on tip-toe holding a clover blossom in his hand. I need not do more than notice the fact that St. Patrick is said to have represented it as an emblem of the Holy Trinity, having endeavoured to explain the mysterious nature of the holy "Three in One" to the ignorant heathen to whom he preached in Ireland.

The *Shamrock*, or common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), thenceforth became the badge or distinctive heraldic device of that country. By old herbalists it used to be called both "Alleluja" and "Cuckoo's Meat." Gerard says, in explanation of these names, that "when it springeth forth the cuckoo singeth most; at which time also 'alleluja' was wont to be sung in our churches." The finding of a four-leaved clover is variously regarded in different countries as very "lucky," or much the reverse. The Druids esteemed it greatly, and believed it to be a charm against evil spirits; and even now, in the North of England, it is placed in dairies and stables to ensure them against the spells of witches. We find the trefoil much employed in architectural decorations, the form being adopted in church windows, for the capitals of pillars, and as a finish to the four limbs of crosses. In the "language of flowers" it is used to symbolise "fertility," and it possesses the distinctive characteristic of being able to vegetate after having lain dormant for many years. The early Italian painters in their representations of the crucifixion introduce the wood-sorrel on account of its symbolic meaning.

The next flower to which a few words of notice may justly be given is very specially an English one; I refer to the *Daisy* (*Bellis perennis*). The Welsh call it *Llygad y dydd*, which translated into English means "Eye of the day," or "Day's-eye," the ancient English name of the flower, and so written by Ben Jonson, while Chaucer calls it the "ee of the daie." We read of it in the poems of Burns as the "wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower," and Shelley describes them as—

"... Those pearl'd *Arcturi* of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets."

Certainly this simple wild flower has been more distinguished in the songs of the poets than the majority of its fellows, whether of the woods and hedgerows, the meadows, or even the luxuriously cultured denizens of garden parterres. Poets have immortalised it from the days of Chaucer in the land of its birth, and the great and the noble have exalted it to the honour of a distinguishing badge. Louis IV. associated it with the royal *Fleur-de-lis*, and wore a ring, which he caused to be made, round which was a wreath of daisies and *Fleur-de-lis* enamelled in relief, the two flowers being engraved on a sapphire, with this inscription: "*Hors cest anel, point n'ay amour.*" This motto may be explained by the fact that he referred to his wife, Marguerite of Provence, and implied that his affections were centred in her and in his country.

Margaret of Anjou likewise selected it as her emblem, and the knights who entered the lists at the tournament at Nancy, held in honour of her marriage (at the tender age of fifteen), wore garlands of daisies, as did all our nobility, knights, and squires, in their bonnets and caps of estate, on her arrival in England. Moreover, King Henry caused her device to be enamelled and engraved on his plate, and

the modest little flower, now so ruthlessly beheaded by the modern gardener's daisy-mowing machine, was cultivated in the greatest profusion in the gardens of the palace. The words of Drayton (attributed to the lovely queen on a different occasion) are now again applicable:

"My daisy flower, which erst perfumed the air,
Which for my favour princes deigned to wear,
Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground."

Queen Katherine Parr adopted a tuft of three daisies and two buds as her badge; a pretty design much employed in modern decorative embroidery. There are many ancient legends connected with this flower, and amongst them we find its origin traced to the race of nymphs called *Dryads*, through one of the *Belides*. She is said to have encouraged the suit of *Ephigeus*, the rural divinity, and while dancing with him on the green sward, attracted the admiration of the guardian deity of orchards—*Vertumnus*. To escape from his attentions she was changed into the daisy. There are other fables connected with it, which are scarcely worthy of relation. In an ancient floral vocabulary it is said to represent "candour and innocence."

In Teutonic and Scandinavian mythology, the special flower dedicated to the moon is the daisy; which seems a curious idea, since the "wee crimson-tippit flower" closes her "ee" to the light of her nocturnal patroness. There is another name by which it has been called—i.e., *Herba Marguerita*, after St. Margaret of Cortona. In French a *Marguerite* means a pearl; and in German, also, it is known as the "Meadow-pearl." The Greek for pearl, *Margarites*, became in Latin *Margarita*, as it remains in Italian; the same word in each language denoting both a pearl and a daisy. The mother of Henry VII.—the



BLUE-BELL.

Lady Margaret—wore three white daisies; and so likewise did the charming sister of Francis I., so called by him his "Pearl of Pearls." But no loving appreciation of her merits,

when, being threatened with defeat in this before-named battle with the Huns, he prayed to the God of his holy wife and recommended his army to Him, the tide of battle turned, resulting not only in a splendid victory, but in his obtaining baptism at the hands of St. Renie (early in the sixth century).

It will be observed by those who may see any pictures of St. Clotilda, that she is represented with an angel attendant, bearing a shield with the device of three *Fleurs-de-Lys*.

Many of the Carolingian monarchs wore this latter flower on their crowns, as did Frederic-gonda. Their sceptres bore the white lily. The banner presented to Charlemagne by Leo III., when he gave him the title of "Defender of the Church of St. Peter," was blue, *Semée* with *Fleurs-de-Lys* of gold. Prior to this, toads were the heraldic emblems emblazoned on the flag of France. See Givillim's "Display of Heraldrie," 1611. He states that the charges were "three toads, erect, *saltant*." Referring to this fact, Nostradamus, in the previous century, calls Frenchmen *Crapauds*, a nickname which has naturally stuck to them ever since, notwithstanding that Louis VII. dismissed them from their exalted position. The circumstance which induced him to exchange these reptiles for the elegant *Fleur-de-Lys* is said to have been a vision or dream on the occasion of the second Crusade, and they were then designated the *Fleurs-de-Luce*.

I said that the word *Lys* was a corruption of "Louis," but other derivations are assigned to it; amongst others, that it was from *Löys*, in which manner the first twelve monarchs of that name spelt it. It was also said that the flower was so called because it grew on the banks of the river Lis.

We find the lilies of France in combination with the lions of England, and for the first time, on the escutcheon of Edmund of Lancaster, second son of Henry III. This circumstance is explained by the fact that in 1075 he married Blanche of Artois. In the year 1340, when the crown of France was claimed by Edward III., the shield of that country was quartered with the lions of England. In the first year of the present century the lilies finally disappeared.

Before concluding my remarks in reference to this distinguished historical flower, I must observe that it was not alone the symbol of royalty. When residing at Rouen, many years ago, I often had occasion to pass through the square of La Pucelle, in the centre of which a statue of Jeanne d'Arc was erected. The *Fleurs-de-Lys* emblazoned on her banner, and borne by her as her insignia, by royal grant, were sculptured on her monument, together with an inscription, which, being translated from the Latin, ran as follows:—

"The maiden's sword protects the royal crown;
Beneath the maiden's sword, the lilies safely blow."

It may be observed that the *Fleur-de-Lys* was chosen by Flavio Gioja to surmount the northern radius of the compass; this was done in honour of Charles of Anjou, in whose reign, as King of Sicily and Naples, that great discovery was made. The Bourbons retained this flower in its conventional form as their emblem; but its assumption was not limited to royal personages and races; it was borne by

the Medici, and Est, by our own Montgomeries, Earls of Eglintoun, inherited from their ancestor, John Mundegumri, on whose seal it is found (about the year 1175). The Chateaubriands also bore it, with the motto, *Mon sang teint les Bannières de France*, conferred by St. Louis; and several of the Spanish Orders of Knights assumed it likewise.

Returning to the question of its origin as the royal badge, I should not omit to name an idea promulgated by some—viz., that it was adopted in allusion to the "Salic law" or "code," denying the sovereignty of the kingdom to a woman, and with reference to the passage of Scripture which says of the "lilies of the field," that "they toil not, neither do they spin;" and here we find the origin of the proverb, *Le Royaume de France ne tombe point en quenouille* (freely translated, "the kingdom of France falls not under the distaff").

The initial letter of this section of the series on "Historical Flowers" gives a representation of the *Forget-me-not* (*Mysotis palustris*). Another plant, the identity of which has not been very decisively determined, was woven into collars, and was likewise so called in the days of chivalry, or designated in the language of the times, "*Souveign vous de moy*." At a famous joust between Edward IV.'s brother-in-law, Lord Scales (brother of Elizabeth Woodville), and a French knight, of Burgundy, such a collar formed the prize. But the flowers may have been the *Veronica chamaedrys*. Yet as far back as the year 1500 (and odd) German botanists gave the name *Vergiss mich nicht* to the *Mysotis palustris*, as we do ourselves. According to Miss Agnes Strickland (in her "Queens of England"), Henry of Lancaster (Henry IV.) "gave to the *Mysotis* its emblematical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of 'S.S.' with the initial letter of his *Mot*, or watchword, '*Souveign vous de moy*.' It was with his hostess, wife of the Duke of Bretagne, that Henry exchanged this token of goodwill and remembrance."

But there is likewise a German legend, which disputes with Henry the origin of this poetical name as connected with these pretty blue clustering flowers. Two affianced lovers—a knight and his lady-love—observed a spray of them floating by on the waters of the Danube. The bride-elect expressed her regret at their fate, and the devoted lover



CLOVER.

(a, b, c) Various forms of Clover or Trefoil.
(d) The Trefoil in Heraldry.

whether mental, moral, or physical, appeared to affect her extreme humility. In writing to the Bishop of Meaux (Briconnet) she calls herself "that imperfect, ill-shaped, and counterfeit pearl!" and her piety was of a public and an active, as well as passive and private character; distinguishing herself as she did, as the protector of Calvin, Clement, Beza, Marot and others, who took refuge at her Court at Nérac.

The *Fleurs-de-Lys* (or *de Luce*) are conventional representations of the Iris. The French name is a corruption of *Fleur de Louis*, originating in the fact that Louis VII. of France adopted it as his device, A.D. 1137. But it would seem that, as a symbol of that country, the Iris is traced back to the time of Hadrian, A.D. 100 (and odd), when, according to Nicholas Cousin, a lady holding one of these flowers (a lily or a gladiolus) was the emblem of Gaul. Tradition relates how, on the field of Tolbiac, Clovis, being converted to the true faith, was made victorious, and was presented with a lily, with which flowers the soldiers crowned themselves, finding them in the vicinity of the battlefield. These were probably blossoms of the Iris.



CHRYSANTHEMUM.

It would seem that the conversion of this warlike sovereign was due to the persevering prayers of his Christian wife, Clotilda, and



DAISY.

(a) Natural Daisy.
(b) Daisy Badge. From old Embroidery.

plunged in to secure them. The flowers were grasped, but the current carried the knight away; and he flung them on the bank as he

swept past, exclaiming, "*Vergiss mich nicht!*"

"History repeats itself;" and just such a fate might have overtaken the late Emperor, Louis Napoleon, when walking by the Rhine with his thoughtless cousin, the Princess Marie of Baden. It is related that she was inveighing against the degeneracy of modern gallants, as compared with the chivalrous

knights of old. Just at the spot where the Neckar and Rhine unite, a flower was blown from the hair of the Princess into the rushing stream, eliciting from her unwary lips the exclamation, "There! that would have been an opportunity for a cavalier of the olden time to have shown his devotion!" "That is a challenge, cousin," returned the Prince, and without a moment's hesitation he sprang into

the surging waters. The story goes that again and again he rose, to disappear beneath them, but in the end reached the bank with the so nearly fatal flower in his hand. "Take it, Marie," he gasped, as he shook the water from his clothing; "but never again speak to me about your 'cavalier of the olden time!'" The regretful Princess afterwards married the Duke of Hamilton, and died very recently.



FLEURS-DE-LYS.

Conventional Forms of the Fleur-de-Lys.

- (a) *From the First Seal of Eton College, Bucks.*
- (b) *From a French MSS. (circa 1430).*
- (c) *From the tomb of Lady Elizabeth Montacute (circa 1354) in Oxford Cathedral.*

PIANOFORTE DUETS AND PIANOFORTE DUET PLAYING.

FANTASIAS, VARIATIONS, AND ARRANGEMENTS—

COMPOSITIONS of considerable utility when used in the right way, which unfortunately is rarely the case. When there are two sisters or cousins in a family, or any two players in the habit of meeting frequently, the opportunity ought not to be lost of making the acquaintance of these works written in duet form. Of course I am addressing myself to those of my readers who play and practise the piano.

In my previous papers I have indicated (of course briefly) the composers of duets in the various classic forms, and though I have left till last the consideration of works coming under the above heads, it is not to be assumed that they are altogether to be treated with indifference and neglect.

The number of fantasias, etc., is very large. As soon as a new opera, symphony, etc., makes a success, the various airs are reproduced for all manner of instruments, singly and in combination. Some of these are merely pot-pourris, which I certainly opine should be left in oblivion; some are passable transcriptions; and some are fantasias which are worth performing.

In the present age the fashion is not for variations, but for transcriptions and illustrations, as they are called, written so as to present not a single difficulty to the merest tyro in music. Such should not be.

It is certainly right for beginners to have pieces written for their capacity, but the truth is that there is a disinclination on the part of students to take trouble over anything in which the honours are shared by a colleague, and for that reason the various mongrel productions called part songs, trios, duets, etc., that are written and published at the present time are so wanting in musical interest and device. "Too difficult," say the publishers. "Cannot sell anything that amateurs cannot read at sight." Of course there are brilliant exceptions to the rule, and I hope and trust that all my readers are brilliant exceptions. This, of course, applies equally well to all vocal con-

certed music. It is really painful to listen to the efforts, even of good players, to read the most simple duets at sight; and as for the vocalists, the less said the better.

Now if you want operatic airs for the piano, why not go to the best transcriber for the piano that ever existed—Czerny? whose name probably brings to the mind of my readers visions of exercises of all kinds, wearily performed under the direction of that hindrance and block to learning music—the nursery or other governess, whose knowledge of the piano consists generally of Czerny's 101 Exercises and a piece or two of that clever arrangement manufacturer—Sydney Smith.

Czerny's arrangements and variations can be got by hundreds at Messrs. Cocks. He possessed the art (of which the present arrangers are ignorant) of turning the various airs he worked on into melodies and passages adapted to the genius of the instrument. As a tribute to his genius in this branch of art, I may mention that I have long had a duet of Czerny's on airs from *The Huguenots*. I had lost the title-page, but on the blank page before the music there was written "Duet on the Huguenots." Czerny.

I was always under the impression that it was a genuine pianoforte duet; there was no internal evidence to show that it was anything different; but on taking it to Signor Li Calsi to play through, he at once recognised it as an arrangement of Thalberg and De Beriot's fantasia on Meyerbeer's great opera, but the violin passages and the melodies were so beautifully and ingeniously adapted to the piano, that it is impossible for anyone who did not know the violin and piano duet to recognise it as anything else than a pianoforte duet. Therefore I say, if you wish for transcriptions of operas, etc., go and get Czerny's. There are also a number of admirable transcriptions of Duarte dos Santos published at Messrs. Cocks. Beethoven has written two sets of duet variations, on various airs. Herz is another prolific writer in this respect, but I cannot call to mind a single living writer who has written duet fantasias or

transcriptions worth playing by the intelligent player.

I notice in Messrs. Schott's catalogue a number of operatic fantasias by H. Bertini. I would recommend to advanced players one or two excerpts from Wagner (including a magnificent transcription of the march from *Tannhäuser*), arranged for piano duet by Von Bulow; and the arrangements of Burgmüller are also worth playing. Döhler's arrangements are also good.

I notice in the catalogue of Durand and Schönewerk some fantasias or operas, by Edward Wolff, which are sure to be musicianly and worth playing.

I recommend very much the arrangements of the great symphonies published by Augeners (Peters' edition). When a new symphony or overture, etc., is to be performed, it is highly useful to play it though as a piano duet (not as a solo, where it is impossible to give all the counterpoint), thus acquiring a knowledge of the subjects and the construction of the movements, which helps you to realise the efforts on the orchestra far easier than if you heard the subjects for the first time. Do not practise them as pianoforte work, but have them to refresh your memory when you are going to an orchestral concert. I remember some three years ago or more I bought as a duet Moszkowski's "*Joan of Arc*" symphony. I knew it almost by heart when it was played by the Philharmonic orchestra, under the composer's direction; thus I was enabled to follow the orchestra effects without having to get the subjects in my head.

Believe me, fair readers, when I assure you that if you were to play any orchestral work on the piano before going to hear it, your enjoyment would increase fourfold; but do not (I must repeat) practise passages on the piano that were never intended to be played on and are not suited to the instrument.

Adieu; and if my observations have the effect of turning your attention to a beautiful form of art, I am more than rewarded for my trouble.

WALTER VAN NOORDEN.

people will only throw a handful of consecrated earth after any Will-o'-the-Wisp that cross their path, these unhappy children will be released from their wanderings.

The belief in Ireland used to be that a Jack-o'-Lantern was a soul which had broken loose from purgatory. There was a book published in 1704, called "A Wonderful History of all the Storms, Hurricanes, Earthquakes, &c., and Lights that Lead People out of Their Way in the Night." In this we are told about these "lights usually seen in churchyards and moorish places," that in superstitious times "the popish clergy persuaded the ignorant people that they were souls come out of purgatory all in flame, to move the people to pray for their deliverance; by which they gulled them of much money to say mass for them, everyone thinking it might be the soul of his or her deceased relations."

The Will-o'-the-Wisp was long supposed to be an omen of death, and information as to the house in which the death was to take place was sometimes derived from the direction in which it moved in the air.

An illustration of this belief is given by Brand, from an account of the surprising preservation and happy deliverance of three

women who were buried thirty-seven days in the ruins of a stable by a heavy fall of snow from the mountains, at the village of Berge-moletto, in Italy. The writer, who was the physician to the King of Sardinia, states that when the unhappy prisoners "seemed for the first time to perceive some glimpse of light, the appearance of it scared Anne and Margaret to the last degree, as they took it for a forerunner of death, and thought it was occasioned by the dead bodies; for it is a common opinion with the peasants that those wandering wild-fires which one frequently sees in the open country are a sure presage of death to the persons constantly attended by them, whichever way they turn themselves, and they accordingly call them death-fires."

In his "Popular Antiquities," published in 1777, Brand also mentions that "a species of this phenomenon, known in Buckinghamshire by the name of 'the Wat,' is said also to haunt prisons." At that time executions were common even for small offences, and when on the night before the arrival of the judge at the assizes the little flame was seen, it was accounted a fatal omen by every felon. "The moment the unhappy wretch sees it,"

says Brand, "he reckons his case hopeless, and resigns himself to the gallows."

It used to be a very common notion that Will-o'-the-Wisp delighted in the mischief of leading men astray on dark nights. Indeed, there have been many instances of people being decoyed by these lights into marshy places, where they perished. The poet Gay tells us "How Will-o'-Wisp misleads nightfaring

clowns

O'er hill and sinking bogs, and pathless downs."

Milton also refers to it as

"A wandering fire
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night

Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit

attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amazed night wanderer from his way

To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,

There swallowed up and lost, from succour far."

(To be continued.)

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART III.



the *Hawthorn* (*Crataegus*) is so familiar to most of us, not only as a hedge tree or bush, but as having a special history, interwoven with pretty and curious legends, it cannot be omitted from its place in this series of historical flowers.

Its name is supposed to be a corruption of the Dutch *Hag*, or "hedge thorn," and the name given it by the country folks, "May," is merely one denoting the month in which it beautifies the roadsides. The pink variety was first, accidentally, discovered in a hedge near Perth, and was long since introduced into England. The wreaths of Greek brides are composed of this flower, and it is otherwise very largely used at wedding festivities; besides which, on May-day boughs of it are hung over their doors, as we use holly at Christmas time. The use of the hawthorn, as being a tree of good augury, dates back to the time of the ancient Greeks, and was to them a symbol of conjugal union. On the other hand, it was connected with the rites for the dead by the ancient Germans, who consumed the wood on their funeral pyres, and believed that the souls of the deceased ascended to heaven in the flames that shot upwards. To the student of the Holy Scriptures this must recall the

wonderful historical incident that occurred when the angel of the Lord went up to heaven in the flame from the altar raised by Manoah (Judges xiii. 20).

One legend in connection with this thorn is that it was of its branches that the crown of thorns was composed which encircled the brow of the Redeemer; and in France it is distinguished as *l'Épine noble* on that account. Indeed, it is supposed there that the original crown was given by the Venetians to St. Louis, who placed it in the Ste. Chapelle which he had erected.

The house of Tudor assumed, as a specially distinguishing badge, a crown in a bush of hawthorn. This circumstance was accounted for by the hiding of the crown which encircled the helmet of Richard III., in a hawthorn bush, after he was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field. This same crown was presented by his father-in-law to Henry VII.

The "Glastonbury thorn," credited from ancient times to have been the pilgrim's staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, stuck by him into the ground on Werrall (anciently called "Weary-all") Hill, is now no more; although we may believe that the numberless thorn trees and bushes in that neighbourhood were cuttings raised from that original tree. A flat memorial stone now indicates the spot where it stood. In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was cut down by a zealous Puritan, and again in those of Charles I., and from time immemorial a thriving trade was carried on, both with the young offshoots, and the blossoms of the original much-suffering parent thorn.

The miraculous character attributed to this particular tree seems to have exhibited further development in the fact of its budding and blossoming annually on Old Christmas Day, the 6th of January. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1753, it is stated that "a vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn on Christmas Day, new style; but, to their great disappointment, there was no appearance of its blowing; which made them watch it narrowly the 6th of January—the Christmas Day, old style—when it blew as usual!"

Few trees have been the subject of so many superstitions. In some countries misfortune is attached to both bringing it into a house or cutting it down. In others it is regarded as a tree of good influences, and to bring it into the home is to ensure the latter against storm and lightning and the visitation of evil spirits. The presentation of a branch by a Turkish lover is an indication that he desires the favour of a kiss!

There is a very ancient specimen enclosed in Cawdor Castle (Inverness-shire), round which it has been the usage of guests to meet and drink a toast to the prosperity of the House of Cawdor; the venerable tree having been an indication to the original proprietor where the Castle was to be built.

Heather (*Erica*, of the natural order of *Ericaceæ*) must follow next in our series; little, albeit, that I may have to say about it. To our Scotch friends it is a kind of national flower, almost as dear as their royal badge, the thistle. To no less than nine of their clans the heather, or heath, serves as a badge.

Although this plant grows in such luxuriance on the Scottish mountains, from their base up to a height of 3,300 feet above the sea, a greater variety of it abounds in Ireland, where it



HAWTHORN.

has been less affectionately regarded, and with which country it has not been specially identified. Altogether, distributed throughout Europe, North Asia, and the Cape of Good



HEATHER, OR PLANTA GENISTA.

Hope, some 400 species are to be found. It is also a native of North America and Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Cape Bréton, etc. This is the common Ling (*Calluna vulgaris*).

There is an allusion to "the heath in the desert" by the prophet Jeremiah, but it is supposed that the plant to which he alludes, translated "heath," was the juniper. The *Erica tetralix* and the *E. cinerea*, though more rare than the Ling, are very abundant on the Scottish hills, and occasionally produce white flowers. The former is the badge of the Clan Macdonald, the latter that of the Clan McAlister, and the white heather that of the Captain of Clanronald. Those acquainted with the early history of the country will remember that "Con, of a hundred fights," adopted heather as his special badge.

There is tradition that after the slaughter of the Picts by Kenneth, two only having sur-

demanded it of the father, with the promise of his life as the reward; but his son was first put to death before his eyes, to enforce consent, by order of the cruel monster. Naturally, this was just the way to make the brave prisoner of war hold faster to the secret than ever. "Your threats," he said, "might, perhaps, have influenced my son, but they have no effect on me!" The heroism of the fine old soldier told on the Conqueror, now vanquished in his turn, and he allowed him to live out his life in bereavement, still keeping the coveted secret, which died with him at last. Nevertheless, the natives of Isla in the Jura and that neighbourhood have a recipe for brewing a mixture of considerable strength, composed of two-thirds of the tops of the heather to one of malt.

Poets have each respectively sung the praises of some particular flower. Burns, Gray, Sir W. Scott, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Grant, and many more have written with enthusiasm about heather. Walter von der Vogelweide says, in one of his *minnie-lieder*, "The heather blushes red in spring to see how green the forest is growing; so sorrow is ashamed at sight of joy."

At the present time white heather is much worn as a wedding decoration.

The *Hemlock* (old English, *Hemleac*—*leac* a plant) which has been illustrated, it will at once be seen, is not Longfellow's "hemlock tree." This latter may be better known as the "Canadian spruce" fir (*Abies Canadensis*); the description of its unchanging greenness—in the lines by which that charming writer has immortalised it—does not apply to the wild flower so named, of sinister reputation and lugubrious historical associations.

"Oh, hemlock tree! oh, hemlock tree!

How faithful are thy branches.

Green, not alone in summer time,

But in the winter's frost and rime.

Oh, hemlock tree! oh, hemlock tree!

How faithful are thy branches."

The tree in appearance is worthy of notice, for it is a fine one in height and size, and the bark is employed for tanning purposes, though the timber, I believe, is not of much value.

The wild flowering hemlock plant (*Conium maculatum*) is distinguished by its poisonous properties, and the ancients availed themselves of a deadly decoction made from it to escape from the troubles of their mortal life, or the privations and infirmities of age. On these occasions they bedecked themselves

with garlands, and drank the fatal draught with much ostentation before admiring spectators, who praised them for what they misnamed "heroism." True fortitude is shown in



HOLLY.

braving all trials, rather than in running away from them and turning the coward's back on the dreaded enemy.

"The brave live on."

A great truth, which these worthies failed to see, and to be recognised quite apart from any knowledge which we possess of Christian endurance, or trust in a higher Power for help to triumph over all. The great Socrates, Phocion, and Theramenes were victims to the influences of this deadly narcotic, which has, it would seem, a chilling effect on the blood.



HEMLOCK.

vived the extermination, the Conqueror was desirous of learning the valuable secret that this people possessed of making beer from heather. When brought before him he



(A) YELLOW IRIS.



(B) SMALL-HEADED IRIS.

But my young readers may remember that Socrates did not fly of his own accord from the troubles of life, like so many of his countrymen, but was condemned to death by

the magnates of the Areopagus, B.C. 300, having been falsely accused of impiety by Anytus and Melitus. He was a reformer, and taught that there was but one supreme Deity, although there were many minor gods or agencies under Him, and he protested against the evil stories which became matters of faith about these multitudinous and fabulous deities, and thus he raised a persecution against him by those who were censured by his highly moral life and teachings. But the details of this story are almost out of place in dealing with the history of a flower.

As one of evil physical influences, it has always been associated with bad spiritual ones. *Offensive in odour*, and growing in waste places, we can understand the reference made to it by the prophet Hosea, when he said: "Judgment springeth up as hemlock, in the furrows of the field." What a significant emblem of a terrible miscarriage of justice, and what a putting of "sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet" in that land!

The hemlock plant is known also by country folks as "Cowbane," from its effects on the cattle that chance to eat it. There is one species (*Cicuta virosa*) equally dangerous in its character, growing along the margin of locks and ponds. But with all its baleful properties, it has much medicinal value, and amongst other evils for which it is employed as a palliative or cure, it is a direct sedative, more especially in its action on the spinal cord.

What can I say of *Holly* that my readers could not tell me themselves? And, moreover, some may object that while it has a small white flower, it is not the flower, but the berry, that is its special characteristic, and that it is therefore an interloper amongst the historical flowers of this series. But so national an emblem has it been from time immemorial of our great winter festival, and connected with our own family reunions, dating from the happy spring time of life, that it possesses too dear and sacred a significance to be excluded from

the list of historical flowers. In making such a concession to the berry-bearing holly, the berry-bearing *Mistletoe* must share an equal privilege, although it be not, as the former, the offspring of a flower. Associated as it is with the early history of our country, and with the Yule-tide merry-makings of our English homes, it could no less be omitted than the holly. It is too closely bound up with

"The days that are no more,"

and the

"Voices that are heard in dreams alone!"

The Holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) derives its English name from the Anglo-Saxon *Holegn*. Chaucer called it *Hulfeere*, from the old Norse, *Hulfr*. It is known in Germany as *Christdorn*, because supposed by them to have supplied, by its sharply-pointed leaves, the crown of thorns that encircled the Redeemer's head, although not at all likely, when thorns exceptionally long abound in Palestine. But there is a fable tradition respecting the holly, derived from the red berries, symbolic of drops of blood, and the name resembling the word "holy," as well as the thorny nature of the leaf, which name also renders it specially obnoxious to witches (so say the "Folklore" historians). This idea is to be recognised in one of the old carols.

"The holly bears a berry

As red as any blood,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

To do poor sinners good.

Oh! the rising of the sun,

The running of the deer,

The playing of the merry organ,

The singing of the choir!"

It is a sacred plant in India and Persia, and the fire worshippers (Zoroastrians) are under the curious delusion that the tree casts no shadow. Boughs of holly were mutually exchanged by friends amongst the ancient Romans during the Saturnalia; and while the early Christian Church objected to the continuance of any practices by the believers in Christ, however

innocent, which had any connection with the heathen rites, yet the Roman Christians would not be deprived of a natural provision so beautiful for the decoration of their own churches on the anniversary of the Blessed Redeemer's birth.

I have already incidentally referred to the *Iris* as supplying the origin of the conventional *Fleurs-de-Lys*, or *de Luce*. Further than this I shall only make a few additional notes respecting it. The name ("all hues") is derived from a fabulous deity and special attendant on Juno. She was entitled "the Goddess of the Rainbow," and was represented with variegated colours on her wings, and as the Greeks supposed that she guided the souls of the women to their spiritual resting-place (as Mercury those of men), they planted her emblematic flower round the tombs of their women. The Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians held the *Iris* in much esteem; with it they crowned the brows of the sphinx, and adorned the sceptres of their kings; and the flower may be seen as the terminal ornament on the latter, and on the monuments of the kings of Assyria and Babylon. The same idea of its regal character or its stately beauty caused the selection of this flower-crowned reed or flag, by the ancient Franks (the yellow *Pseud-acorus*) as a sceptre, which they placed in the hand of a newly-proclaimed king, when they elevated him upon a shield, and bore him in state upon their shoulders.

This beautiful flower has been immortalised by poets, from the time when Virgil sang of the goddess of whom it was the chosen emblem, down to that of Longfellow—some of my readers recognising the quotation—

"O! flower de luce, bloom on, and let the river

Linger to kiss thy feet!

O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever

The world more fair and sweet."

(To be continued.)

LOVE VERSUS MONEY.

By L. SHARP, Author of "Nan's Story," "May's Dream," etc.

CHAPTER II.

A GOOD deal can happen in six months, and the months that followed the introduction to Dr. Owen seemed to Leslie the fullest and the happiest that she had ever known. She had never worked so hard in her life. Fortunately for her, Mr. Barton had allowed her to do as she liked, being persuaded by Miss Cameron that it was only a whim which would ere long pass away.

"She will soon grow tired, dear Mr. Barton," Miss Cameron had remarked on his expostulating with her; "believe me, Leslie is very self-willed, and it is best to let these fits of enthusiasm die a natural death. After some time, say about Christmas, you could fill the house with guests, and that would be quite enough excuse to withdraw her from her present work."

"You ought to know best, my dear young lady," had been the gallant reply. "I shall leave her in your hands until then, but I ain't going to put up with her ways after Christmas."

And thus Leslie had had peace, and began to be a familiar sight in the homes of the mill hands of Hazeldean. She had a class for girls two hours twice a week; one afternoon devoted to the mothers, either in teaching them cooking or sewing; one afternoon at the Infirmary, where her bright presence was a very sunbeam in the wards; and one evening given up to the weekly entertaining of men and women, boys and girls, which Dr. Owen

had started in the public hall. This, with horse exercise, driving, occasional calls, and tramps over the hills, kept her constantly employed. While as for her free evenings, somehow it grew to be an established thing to find Dr. Owen quite frequently at Fern Tower.

It wanted but a week to Christmas. The invitations for the festivities with which Mr. Barton had determined to wean back his niece to her former gay if useless life had been issued, and were the subject of many comments among the young people of the neighbourhood.

Sir Philip and Miss Seymour had duly received theirs, but it was not Leslie's dainty note that the former was twisting fiercely in his hand this stormy day in the large morning room of Hazeldean Castle.

"I'm in a wretched mess!" he muttered, glaring angrily at his sister and Captain Northbrook, who were laughing merrily over some old reminiscences. "I say, Ethel," he added, sullenly, rising from his almost untasted breakfast, "if I cannot bring that girl to book I'm done for. Can't you do something to help a fellow on with her?"

"My dear boy," replied his sister, calmly, "heiresses are not to be won every day; you must not be so impatient; you will have plenty of time during our fortnight's stay at Fern Tower to win your charmer, though I am afraid that you are superseded in that quarter now."

"What do you mean?" sharply.

"What you would have seen for yourself, Philip, were you not always so much taken up with number one," was the petulant reply; "the continual presence of a clever, handsome young biped, of course."

Captain Northbrook whistled.

"Oh, sits the wind so?" he exclaimed, glancing at Philip's darkening face. "Never mind, old fellow, we'll do our best to help you to cut him out."

Philip bit his lips, his usual drawl disappearing as he asked, curtly—

"Is it that poor Dr. Owen that is my rival?"

"The very same."

"Surely the doctor of a small place like Hazeldean can have no chance with a girl of old Barton's stamp compared with you, Phil, the owner of a name and place as old as the very town itself," queried Captain Northbrook, incredulously. "I would put it to the test if I were you."

"Unfortunately for my plans, Leslie is not the least like her noble uncle," retorted Seymour, drily.

"No; I am afraid that she appreciates brains more than anything," said Ethel, with a mischievous glance at her fiancé.

"I don't exactly see the connection!" And Sir Philip scowled at his sister as she spoke.

"Stupid boy; 'none so blind as won't see'; however, why can't we ride over there by-and-by, provided the snowstorm conde-

those tiny tubes which the fluid has to pass through on its way from an artery to a vein, and these form a perfect labyrinth or network of little tubes. What are they made of? Have you ever seen at a scientific conversazione the circulation of blood in a frog's foot? If you have, you will have seen these little tubes or "capillaries," as they are called; they consist of a simple tube of epithelium (Fig. 5), a thin epithelium, somewhat curved, and joining with its fellows at its edges.

The specimen indicated in Fig. 5 has been prepared in a particular way, to show the individual cells and their nuclei. The part has been dipped in lunar caustic or nitrate of silver solution, and exposed to the sunlight for a short time, after which the specimen is stained in hæmatoxylin, and thus the nuclei are brought out in bold relief. You see, then, that the capillaries are merely a repetition of the tunica intima of the artery or vein without the two additional coats.

These are the three great constituents of the blood circulating system—the arteries, veins and capillaries; each set has its special functions to perform, and each is specially adapted for the performance of that function. You will, after knowing as much as you now do know about the structure of these tubes, easily appreciate and realise the reason for their variations of structure, and see the wants that those variations are intended to meet.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART IV.

THE *Laurel* (*Laurus nobilis*) or "Daphne," known in this country as the "Sweet Bay," is the next flower-bearing shrub that claims consideration. It is improperly called "Bay," which is the name of the fruit alone; derived from *baie*, the French for fruit. The species (of which there are many) known by its large and beautifully lustrous leaves, has usurped the name of "Laurel," as the chief representative of the genus, and is erroneously supposed to be that from which our more favoured poets derive their title, "Laureate."

The flowers of the *Laurus nobilis* are of a yellowish-white colour, small in size, and growing in clusters on their axils; and the fruit or berry is of a purple colour. It was a favourite decoration of the Greeks and Romans, for their temples, palaces, and statues, employed at their feasts and in their devotions, and was conferred as a mark of distinction on their kings and warriors, their distinguished scholars, poets, and the victors at their public games. The fêtes held every ninth year at Thebes,

fold. It has had a reputation of being propitious, to the human race, averting the evil influences of sorcery, and dangers attending storms with lightning. The tyrant Tiberius



ARUM LILY.

was a coward as regards the latter; and, like a timid child, would creep under his bed and cover his head with laurel leaves to ensure his safety. His pusillanimity may be explained by Shakespeare; for

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

The withering of the laurel was considered a bad omen, a reference to which tradition is to be found in *Hamlet*—

"The King is dead! The bay-trees are withered."

In early ages this tree was credited with disinfectant properties, such as are ascribed to the Eucalyptus. An example of this belief is to be met with in the removal of the Emperor Claudius, during a severe outbreak of the pestilence, to Laurentium, the capital of Latium, by recommendation of his physicians, on account of the large number of laurels growing in the neighbourhood, after which the city was named.

Another historical flower is the *Leek* (*Allium parvum*), which, though of ill flavour as such, must hold a very distinguished position, as being the national emblem of our Ancient British brethren of Wales.

The origin of wearing it on St. David's Day, March 1st (that of their patron saint, Arch-

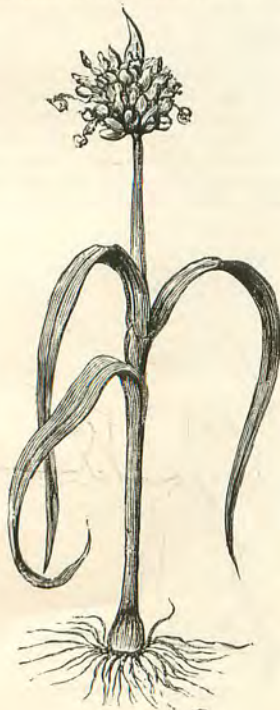
bishop of Cærlleon, A.D. 544) appears to be rather a vexed question. According to Shakespeare it dates from the battle of Cressy, the site of which is twelve miles from Abbeville, where Edward III. and the "Black Prince" gained such a splendid victory. "Fluellen," addressing Henry V., reminds him that "The Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow; wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service, and I do pelieve your Majesty takes no scorn to wear leek upon St. Tavy's Day." Indeed, the King need not to have scorned it, for he owed his life, when, at the battle of Agincourt, he engaged in personal conflict with the French knight, the Duc d'Alençon. The latter had vowed to kill or take the King a prisoner, and eighteen other knights pledged themselves to do the same. But three gallant Welshmen, David Gam (his squire) and two others, not only rescued the King when the French knight clove the crown in two which encircled his helmet, but killed the duke and all the eighteen knights that had conspired against him. And there, as the three noble Welshmen lay bleeding to death at their sovereign's feet, he did all that was left in his power to do for them, and made them "Knights Banneret" on the "field of their fame." Doubtless the green and white emblem of their nationality was to be seen on their headgear, though the old Cymric colours must then have worn a very unnatural hue.

Other historians affirm that the wearing of the Leek was in commemoration of a great victory of theirs over the Saxons, and that they put them into their hats by order of St. David, thereby



THE LOTUS.

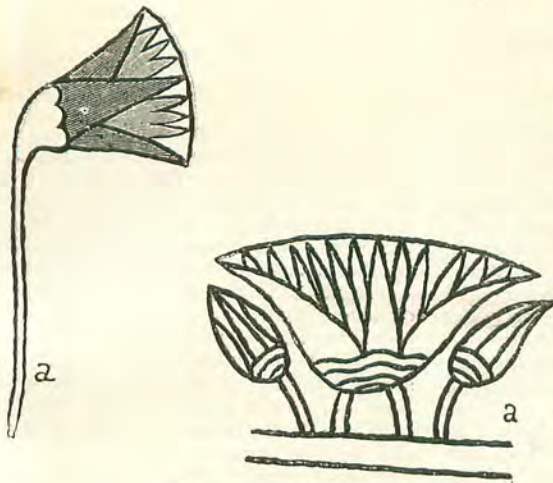
the better to distinguish themselves from their enemies. These also can quote a poem in support of their tradition (Cambria of Rolt, 1759):—



LEEK.

called "Boeotian fêtes," and in honour of Apollo, were designated "Daphnephoriæ."

The superstitions connected with the laurel in modern, as well as ancient times, are mani-



CONVENTIONAL LOTUS.

From Egyptian Mummy Case about B.C. 1350.

"Tradition's tale
Recounting, tells how famed Menevia's
priest

Marshaled his Britons, and the Saxon host
Discomfited; how the green leek his bands
Distinguished, since, by Britons annual
worn,

Commemorates their tutelary saint.

Readers of the Holy Scriptures will recognise in this vegetable one of those to which the ancient Israelites looked back with hungry longing and regret, though enjoyed in the land of their cruel bondage, so degenerate and demoralised had they become. According to Pliny, the Romans had an equal esteem for them, Nero having brought them into notice by his use of them taken with oil, to clear his voice for singing, a fancy that gave him the sobriquet of *Porrophagus*, or "the Leek-eater."

Some affirm, and amongst them Dr. Owen Pugh, that the origin of the adoption of the leek as an emblem of the Ancient British race is to be found in the custom of their meeting at the Cymmortha, or association for mutual assistance in the ploughing of their land. On such occasions the farmers each contributed his leeks to help out their general repast. Again, another tradition solves the question by reference to the extreme abstinence of their patron saint, who fed on the leeks he gathered in the fields. So to commemorate his holiness and extreme self-denial, the Welsh have worn a leek in their hats as his emblem on each successive anniversary of his special day. This is a legend related by Drayton, and, I believe, it sums up the whole list; and I leave my Welsh readers to select from amongst them the story that bears the strongest internal or historical evidence of truth.

When our blessed Lord counselled His hearers to "consider the lilies of the field," He did not refer to the English "lilies of the valley," nor were those so named in the Canticles of the same species. Of the wild lilies of Palestine, Sir J. E. Smith, the famous botanist, speaks much. He says that "the fields of the Levant are overrun with *Amaryllis lutea*, whose golden liliaceous flowers, blossoming in autumn, afforded one of the most brilliant and gorgeous objects in nature." To this flower the statement that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," was (says this writer) "peculiarly appropriate." The species of lily named at verse 13, chapter v. of the Canticles is supposed to have been that of Persia, in the flower-cup of which a fluid somewhat like myrrh is contained; the lily named in chap. ii., ver. 1

(*Ibid*), was, it is supposed, a species growing wild, much under cover of leaves and hidden from view. According to R. Folkard, the lily of Palestine was the *Lilium chalcidonicum* of some fifty species. The white, or "poet's lily," *L. candidum*; the orange, *L. bulbiferum*; the "Turk's cap," *L. Martagon*; the "Tiger Lily," *Tigrinum*; and the *L. superbum* and *L. canadense* are the best known, and have been the longest under cultivation.

An order of knighthood was instituted by Ferdinand of Aragon, A.D. 1403, known as the "Order of the Lily," the collar being composed of these flowers and in combination with gryphons. The fact of the lily being an emblem of the Blessed Virgin was the origin of this order, but why associated with gryphons does not, I think, appear.

What are commonly called "Lent lilies" are Daffodils, or otherwise Narcissus, an emblematic flower of Lent and Eastertide, once, in the long past, called "Affodilly," a corruption of *Asphodelus*. I have already named these and the *Fleur-de-Luce* or *de-Lys*, of heraldic history, and shall thus pass over the subject, only including in this beautiful family of flowers the majestic Ethiopic species of *Arum* (*Calla Ethiopica*). The Hebrew name "Susannah" signifies "a lily," and became the special emblem of purity and chastity. It is associated, as I said, with representations of the Blessed Virgin and many of the ancient saints as well as angels in the paintings of the old masters. The white lily was the badge of the Ghibellines, and the red of the Guelfs.

Following naturally in succession is the Lotus or water-lily, that grows in the inundated lands of Egypt (*Lin. Nymphaea lotus*). Amongst the Greeks and Romans this flower is associated with their mythological histories; and in Hindu theology it is regarded as specially sacred. In the representations of their various deities the latter are often to be seen seated on a flower of the lotus. It was adopted as typical of Upper, and the papyrus of Lower Egypt. In the British Museum there are several statues holding sceptres of this flower, and also a mummy, with the arms crossed, holding one in each hand. The Persians regard it with similar reverence, and so do the Hindu, Tibetan, Chinese, Japanese, and most of the Oriental races. The Persians represent the sun as crowned with it, and it is the special symbol of Buddha; his followers also associating it with the sun, being surmounted by a trident (typical of the sun). The *Scābhavikas* inscribed their temples with the words *Aum* (Jehovah) *Mani* (the Jewel) *Padmi* (Lotus), *Hoong* (Amen). "This sentence," says Richard Folkard, "forms the Alpha and Omega of Lama worship, and is unceasingly repeated by the devotees of Tibet and the slopes of the Himalayas." He goes on to say that "for the easy multiplication of this prayer, the 'praying wheel' was invented," than which a more impious travesty of homage to the Divine Creator was never conceived. It virtually declares, "I offer an act of worship without giving myself the smallest

trouble; neither using my brain, nor sacrificing my breath in words. I have no sin to confess; no pardon nor grace to crave; no gratitude to express, no desire for closer communion with my God. A long course of years, replete with ever-accumulating proofs of Divine forbearance and love, finds me just as I was, when I began to grind the machine, and to present four words neither expressive of prayer nor praise. I am saved all trouble, and that is enough for my Maker and for me!"

David declined to offer to God "that which had cost him nothing." If your offering cost you no thought, self-denial, fatigue, time, nor money, it is worthless. Excuse the digression.

There are three species of the Lotus (*Nymphaeaceae*) cultivated in Egypt. One has fragrant white blossoms, bearing edible fruit and resembling our white water-lily. The streams near Damietta are full of it, the flowers rising two feet above the water. Then there is the blue Lotus; but the sacred "rose-lily of the Nile," so called by Herodotus, is a larger flower than either of the foregoing, and its blossoms are of a brilliant red colour. Its roots, seeds, and stalks are all good for food, as well as its fruit, which is formed of many valves, and consists of a cluster of almond-flavoured nuts, each valve containing a nut. The somewhat obscure passage, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," is elucidated by the fact that the seeds of the *Nelumbo* are made into bread, and sown, by enclosing each in a ball of clay, and throwing it into the water. The *Nymphaea lutea* and *Nymphaea odorata* (the latter very beautiful, and of exquisite perfume) are natives also of North America; likewise the *Nymphaea gigantea*, the flowers of which very frequently measure twelve inches across, and afford an edible fruit. But for size and beauty no other species can compare with that of British Guiana and in La Plata, discovered by M. d'Orbigny in the river Berice, the leaves stretching out twelve feet in diameter, and the blossoms fifteen inches across. The *Zizyphus Lotus* is a thorny middle-sized tree, and must not be confounded with the sacred Pythagorean bean of Egypt, or lotus lily.



LAUREL (BAY).

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART V.



T will be remembered by the readers of this series that a brief notice has been given to the daisy. The *Marguerite* is otherwise known as the "ox-eye daisy" or "chrysanthemum," of the genus *Helenium*, and grows wild, and in as great abundance as the small daisy (*Bellis perennis*.) The two flowers appear to be

somewhat confounded together in their historical associations, although respectively of a different species. Certainly, the larger flower, of which we now give a passing notice, is the one which is said to have been plucked, in mediæval stories, by disconsolate maidens who felt dubious as to the true-love assurances of their knights and squires. The augury on which their hopes reposed was divined and decided by the last petal of the flower which they destroyed, as they mournfully inquired, "He loves me? Loves me not! Loves me? Loves me not!" or "Loves me!" A pastime with which our village maidens are, to this day, very familiar.

The *Marigold* is a flower of the same character as that above named, but it differs in colour and odour. The common species which often glorifies the English cottage gardens is the *Calendula officinalis*. It is employed as an ingredient in soups, but appears to be of little value otherwise than for its beauty. The African marigold (*Tugetes erecta*) is one of the sacred flowers of northern India, and its European cousin, the *Calendula*, or flower of the calends, was so named by the Romans under the idea that it blossomed the whole year round. In the days of Henry VIII. it was worn with the pansy in wreaths, and went by the name of *Souvenir*. In some of our counties it is still called "Mary Gowles," or "Goulans," a name little euphonious, but taken from the "Grete Harball," the most ancient of English works on the subject. It used also to be called "Ruddes," from its tawny hue. But the old poets, Shakespeare included, employ the more distinctive name of "marigold." In *The Winter's Tale*, the latter says—

"The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping."

It was to our mediæval monks and nuns that the "gold" was prefixed by "mari," as an old tradition existed that the Blessed Virgin used to wear this flower in her bosom. Rich in names and much in favour, it shares with the giant *Helianthus annuus*, the name of "sunflower;" also the "spouse of the sun," as it shares with its more remarkable sister the habit of turning its golden face

towards the great luminary. In allusion to this the marigold was adopted by the maternal grandmother of Henri IV., Marguerite of Orleans, as her armorial device, and with it the motto, "*Je ne veux suivre que lui seule.*"

But there is yet another name by which this gorgeous little flower is known, and that is perhaps the origin of the meaning given to it in the language of flowers, i.e., "sorrow," and "cares." In America there is a tradition that the Mexicans, who fell victims to the greed of gold of their cruel exterminating invaders, stained with their blood the yellow blossoms of the fields, and so they changed to a deep ruby-red colour, and have been known ever since by the lugubrious name of "death flowers."

Like the holly, the *Mistletoe* (*Viscum album*) claims a place amongst our historical flowers, being employed at the winter festival so time-honoured and dear to us all. It is somewhat difficult to record any circumstances respecting its history with which the reader is not already acquainted; yet, perhaps, the origin of the primitive fashion of kissing under the white-berried branches may be known to comparatively few. For the explanation we must go back to very early ages in the history of northern nations, and dip into the annals of Scandinavian mythology. Baldr, the Beautiful (the northern Apollo), the son of Odin, had a potent foe in the evil spirit, Loki; and this latter endeavoured to compass his destruction by the hands of the blind god, Hödr. So he made an arrow out of the wood of the mistletoe (supposed to proceed from none of the elements), and placing it in his hands, directed it to Baldr, who fell to the earth—a catastrophe which by no other weapon could have been effected, as his mother, Frigga (or Freyja), had rendered him proof against harm from any of the four elements. This outrage displeased the gods, and they restored Baldr to life, and as they dedicated to Frigga the only instrument by which her son could be harmed, she took the precaution of having it placed out of touch of the earth, and thus beyond the jurisdiction of Loki. From this



MARIGOLD.

old fable the practice of hanging bunches of mistletoe from the ceilings and tops of the doorways has arisen, and the "kiss of peace" beneath them followed in natural sequence. The non-formation of arrows from its wood, with which to compass the death of anyone, was guaranteed so long as hung aloft; the kiss was an assurance of good faith and harmony.

The use of the mistletoe in the heathen sacrificial rites of the Druids needs no comment, so well is the subject known. They regarded it as a cure for every disease, an antidote to all poisons, and a talisman against witchcraft and all spiritual evil influences, a belief obtaining amongst the Greeks, Romans, in France, and all European nationalities. But it is the mistletoe that grows on the oak that used to be specially esteemed by the Druids and in Scandinavian countries. The natural order to which it belongs is the *Loranthaceæ*, consisting of some 450 evergreen parasitic shrubs, chiefly tropical, though found in temperate climates. It cruelly kills the branch on which it grows, and whence it derives its nourishment, and thus compasses its own death. The brittle twigs which we obtain for homestead decorations might well be supposed unsuitable for the construction of the shaft that transfixed the beautiful Baldr, but the stem, if left to attain its full growth, is sometimes upwards of an inch in diameter, and subdivides into a fork, thus lending itself naturally to the form of an arrow. More mistletoes are found on the apple tree than any other, but it grows on the hawthorn, lime, maple, mountain ash, poplar, larch, pear, and others. Though propagated in Ireland and Scotland, it is not a native of those countries. There are only about ten or a dozen examples in England of mistletoe-bearing oaks. It is said that the finest specimen is one at Bredwardine, discovered by Sir G. Cornewall in 1871, a fine oak, as yet proof against the feeding of no less than fifteen clusters of this parasite. In France and Switzerland it is found on the spruce firs; in Italy on the vine and *loranthus*; and in the Himalayas on the apricot. It is also a native of Siberia. The "spiguel" (or "bald-meigne"), otherwise "Baldrs-money," was dedicated to Baldr, and the "may-weed"



MARGUERITE.

(*Anthemis cotula*) is still said to be as fair as the brow of

"Baldr, the beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the gods;"

of whose story Longfellow sang so sweet a lay. No earlier notice of the time-honoured custom of "kissing under the mistletoe" appears to be on record than about the middle of the 17th century.

Few amongst our flowering shrubs and plants are so truly classical in their associations as the *Myrtle*, the emblem of love amongst the ancients of Greece and Rome, and of peace amongst the Jews. We find references to it in the Books of Nehemiah, Isaiah, Zechariah, as also in the Psalms. To this day the Jews employ branches of the myrtle, a broad-leaved species, in the construction of their booths or tents during the "Feast of Tabernacles," and which is cultivated near London for their special use. Those who have visited Aleppo at such seasons have seen an outer covering of myrtle branches over their tabernacles, laid upon a foundation of green reeds, forming a sort of diaper-work, and stretched between four slight supports, which are attached to a wooden divan.

Amongst the Arabs there is a tradition that when Adam was driven out



MISTLETOE.

To the loving students of Holy Writ, the *Olive* must have a special interest. Between thirty and forty references are made to it in the sacred books. Our Saviour's latter days on earth were connected with the Mount of Olives, which has rendered that grove of trees one of exceptional interest. But the historical character of this tree dates back to the time when the dove bore the tiny branch over the subsiding waters, and conveyed the emblem of peace to the redeemed from the flood.

Looking back to those long-ago times, our thoughts pass down through a long course of eventful centuries, to the day when, as I have already observed, our Divine Redeemer "poured out His soul unto death, in that olive-grown garden of Gethsemane, bringing pardon and peace to the children of men."

Dean Stanley speaks of the eight remarkable olives still standing on the hill of that "garden"—gnarled and venerable, perfectly distinct in character from any of their fellows. But whether they once sheltered the God-man,



MYRTLE.

of Eden he carried away an ear of wheat, representing the chief food and staff of life; a date, representing fruit; and the myrtle, as the sweetest scented of flowers (in their estimation). Indeed, all Oriental nations hold the latter in special esteem, and the superstitions connected with it abound equally in the West as the East. The Roman bridal-wreath for men and women was composed of it. At the sacred Greek festival of the Eleusinian mysteries the high priest officiating and the initiates were crowned with it, and the Athenian magistrates wore it as a badge of their authority, while heroes entwined it in their wreaths of laurel, as a symbol of victory. So, likewise, it was worn in chaplets by the Romans with the same symbolic motive, and one of the observances of the 1st of April amongst the Roman ladies consisted in crowning themselves with the leaves of this beautiful tree, after bathing under its shadow, when they set forth to offer sacrifice at the altar of Venus, to whom, as the "goddess of Love," it was consecrated.



OLIVE.

who sought the shade for meditation and prayer, we cannot decide.

The Delphic oracle was consulted by the Athenians, each holding a branch of the olive; and as to classical traditions connected with the tree, as well as those of modern date, they are fully as numerous as those regarding the myrtle. As an emblem of peace and reconciliation, the early Christians engraved a representation of it on the tombs of the martyrs, for the flood of cruel persecution had ceased for them, and the blessed peace-bringing spirit, once appearing as a dove, had brought them that which the olive branch typified—everlasting rest in "the haven where they would be."

It seems a curious confirmation of the aptness with which, in all ages, this beautiful tree has been made a symbol of "peace and security," that oil alone—of all the products of nature with which we are acquainted—can still the raging of the storm-tossed waters, and bring instant relief and security to those in peril. Victors at the Olympic games were awarded crowns of the olive, and in China they are conferred for literary merit.

The *Orange* tree, or *Citrus aurantium*, affords a blossom as fragrant as it is beautiful. The varieties are very many; amongst them the Chinese, Maltese, Tangerine, Seville, and St. Michaels are the most important.



ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

It seems not improbable that the origin of wearing orange blossoms for bridal wreaths may be traced to the mythological story of the nuptials of Juno and Jupiter, as Milton and Spenser considered the "golden apple," presented by the goddess to her spouse on the day of their marriage, was intended by the ancients to signify an orange. Those conversant with these old-world fables may remember that orange groves grew near Mount Atlas, in the garden of the Hesperides, under the care of the daughters of Hesperus, and guarded by a dragon. The story goes that Hercules slew the monster and stole the fruit; but Minerva restored them to the garden as the only place where they could be preserved. This idea has long since been proved to be as fabulous as the rest of the story. It would seem that the introduction of the tree into Europe from China was due to a present made to the old

Conde Mellor, Prime Minister of the King of Portugal; and Le Comte, the Jesuit, who wrote in 1697, stated that "the first and unique orange tree" brought into Europe was still preserved in the house of Count St. Laurent at Lisbon, and that from this tree all the others abounding in the South had sprung. On landing in India the Portuguese found it growing in abundance, according to the account given by Vasco di Gama, and it is supposed that it had been imported from that country to Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, in about the 9th century. It may be desirable to explain that the orange tree has nothing to do with

the title of our William of Orange, who took it from the name of a town of France, in the department of Vaucluse, which was, from the 11th to the 16th century, the capital of a small independent principality. This most interesting town—the *Arausia* of the Romans—passed, at the death without issue of the last sovereign Philibert de Chalons (1531), to a younger branch of the house of Nassau. It was held by the Dutch Stadtholders until the death of our William III. (1702), and was ultimately ceded to France. But the heir-presumptive to the crown of the Netherlands still holds the title of Prince of Orange. As a natural sug-

gestion (supplied by the beautiful hue of the golden fruit that shares the name of the ancient birthplace of the King) the loyal subjects of the Crown in Ireland adopted it for their distinctive colours.

The practice of wearing orange blossoms for bridal adornment was derived from the Saracens, who regarded them as emblematic of happiness in marriage. Orange flower water is sprinkled over the wedded pair in Crete, and in Sardinia oranges are hung on the horns of the oxen attached to the wagons that convey them on the day of their nuptials.

(To be concluded.)

MY LADY'S REST.

By FLORENCE WILLSON.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. DEANE'S VISITOR.



LIFE at Ashdeane passed in the same quiet way now in the hot autumn days as it had done in the changeable month of May, when I first made my way to Mrs. Deane's cottage and incurred the displeasure of Dandy by invading his premises.

Mr. Yorke was as energetic as ever, and aided by his vicar's sympathy and larger experience, his work prospered in an encouraging manner. He had been wise enough to abandon, or, at least, to modify, some of his plans, which were too advanced for the leisurely nature and habits of his people. Miss Marchmont continued one of his most faithful supporters, and even went so far as to visit some of her poorer neighbours; but the experiment was not successful. She felt that she was conferring a favour on the people whose humble homes she visited, and they showed plainly enough that they did not appreciate her condescension or wish for it, and so she was disgusted at their ingratitude, and ceased to go amongst them.

Mr. Yorke had expected this result, and was not disappointed by it; in fact, he was better pleased that Miss Marchmont should help his poor through him, as she had done, than spoil her well-meant kindness by an irritating patronising manner.

Very different was Mrs. Deane, who was well-known and loved by all around her, and to whose sympathising ears all the village troubles and joys were told, sure of a patient hearing, and a helping hand, where needed, frankly and freely held out.

This had been a delightful summer for me. I had come to the Vicarage for change of air and rest, which had been declared necessary for me after a long illness, brought on, the doctor said, by too hard work, for most of the day I taught in a school, and the evenings were devoted to study on my own account, to pass my examinations.

These summer months I had almost completely lived in the fresh country air, and had not studied at all, and now I felt strong bodily and mentally, and able to resume my work.

But at present Miss Brown and her brother would not hear of my testing my strength, and as I was not dependent on my own exertions, I agreed to postpone my return to work, although I was beginning to weary of such an idle, easy life as I led with my kind friends at the Vicarage.

There was another reason why I was anxious to leave Ashdeane, but this I could not mention to anyone, not even to Mrs. Deane, but I could not help thinking sometimes that Mr. Yorke was anxious to interest me in his work and in himself in a degree I was not prepared to do.

Again, I persuaded myself that it was only my fancy, and that as there were very few young girls near us, it was only natural that Mr. Yorke should like to talk to me, with whom he was brought so much in contact and daily intercourse at the Vicarage, where he came and went as he liked.

Still, I sometimes felt uncomfortable on his account, all the more because I liked him, and did not want to make myself disagreeable, as if I was sure he would fall in love with me, if I was natural and friendly in my manners to him, and still less did I wish to mislead him as to my feelings.

Mrs. Deane, I imagine, had some idea of the state of affairs, although she never alluded to the subject, but once, when Miss Marchmont made some remark to me about the interest girls now-a-days took in parochial affairs, especially when good-looking young curates were connected with them, Mrs. Deane quietly turned the conversation into safer channels, for which I felt truly grateful to her.

Lady Constance was to be married in September, and Ashdeane was fully occupied with all the preparations for the event, which was to be celebrated in the little village church; the bride elect was staying in London, and would only return a day or two before the marriage to the Manor House.

Mr. Willoughby was altering and refurnishing his house, and Ashdeane was all astir with workpeople and the arrival and departure of furniture vans; people talked of nothing but the wedding, and Miss Marchmont was so deeply interested in it that she allowed me to pass unnoticed, for which I felt deeply grateful.

One hot afternoon I was sauntering slowly through the lanes to Mrs. Deane's cottage, having promised to come to tea, and bring some of my new songs with me, when I met a stranger, who seemed as if he were trying to find his way to some given point, stopping every now and then, looking about him.

I at once guessed that he must be one of Mr. Willoughby's guests, come for the wedding, and thought no more about him, as I went on to Mrs. Deane's, where Dandy gave me a lazy wag of his tail as welcome; he felt it too hot to bark or jump about in his usual fashion, and was asleep before I entered the house.

We had tea out of doors, under the trees on the tiny lawn, where we sat and talked, and I gathered flowers for the drawing-room, as I

always arranged them for Mrs. Deane when spending an evening with her; and as we went into the house I fastened a spray of scarlet geranium and heliotrope in my white dress.

After filling the flower stands, I sang one song after another, and I was in the middle of one of my favourites, when some one was ushered into the room, accompanied by Dandy, who barked and growled in a very indignant and wide-awake manner.

As I turned round at the noise, I recognised the stranger I had met in the lane, and began to wonder what could have brought him there, when I was struck by Mrs. Deane's look of bewilderment as she gazed at the card the stranger gave her; she turned it over and over, and then read the name slowly aloud—"Harry Marsden," and looked from the card to her visitor, and then at me, as if in a dream.

"I am Harry Marsden," said the stranger, "and if the information is correct which I received, you must be my sister."

Mrs. Deane sat down, with a look of bewilderment on her face, and then answered—

"You must be mistaken, for I have no brother; I was an only child. Who could have so misled you, I wonder?"

"I do not think I am mistaken," replied the stranger. "You must surely have heard of your father's second marriage in Australia, and of my birth."

"I heard he was married again, but nothing more," said Mrs. Deane. "Is it possible that I should never have heard of your existence all these years!"

"I have plenty of proofs as to my identity," said the young man, half-smiling at her bewildered incredulity. "This I fancy you will recognise," and he drew a case from his pocket and showed her a miniature, which she at once recognised as one of her father.

"You know my father's portrait, I see," said her visitor. "And here are some letters of his that I should like you to read." He took out a pocket-book and turned over its contents, and happening to raise his eyes they met mine, and I felt that I had no business whatever to be there and had better retire.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Deane," I said, putting on my hat and gloves. "I shall come and see you to-morrow if I may; but now I must go back to the Vicarage."

"Good-bye, dear," she said, as she pressed my hand in her cold ones. "Come as early as you can to-morrow; I shall want to see you."

The stranger opened the door for me and accompanied me to the hall door, apologising politely for having disturbed me in the middle of my song. I assured him it was of no consequence, and with a bow we parted.

As I ran down the steps I saw Miss Marchmont staring at me, having heard our voices, I suppose, as she came up the garden path.

and sometimes bunches of grapes hung down over our heads.

There was also close by a beautiful pomegranate tree, with its glossy leaves and scarlet bell-shaped flowers. Also some large trees which had sweet-scented, small, lilac flowers, which I have never seen since; I believe in India they are called "Neem."

Our Mahommedan servant who took charge of this place used to make up pyramid bouquets of these flowers, arranged with roses round a stick, and tied securely on without a green leaf showing.

Not far off was the Valley of Roses, where quantities are grown and brought to Jerusalem by peasant women in piled-up baskets carried on their heads.

From here we had a very fine view of Jerusalem on the west side, and facing us in the wall was the grand tower of David, which is now the Turkish citadel. It was a very pretty sight to see salutes fired from there, and to watch the curling smoke and then hear the report, whenever there was a Mahommedan festival, the Turkish scarlet flag and white crescent floating gaily in the breeze. We

could also hear the call to prayers from the minarets in the city when the wind blew our way. The Mahommedans, instead of ringing a bell to summon the worshippers to remind the people that it is the prayer hour, have tall towers called minarets, near the top of which men with powerful voices walk round and call out, in a clear, musical voice, the notices: "Prayer is better than sleep"; and the Mahommedan belief, "There is no God but One, and Mahomet is His prophet."

(To be concluded.)

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART VI.



ROSE, THE ROYAL BADGE.
(From old embroidery).

THE *Passion-flower* (*Passiflora cærulea*) was a native of the forests of South America,

and first introduced to our notice by a Mexican, Emmanuel de Villegas, an Augustinian friar, who brought over a drawing of the flower thought to bear in so many respects a resemblance to the several accessories of our Saviour's passion and death. When shown to Bosio, a writer on sacred subjects at Rome, 1610, he forebore to make any allusion to

them in his works, until further confirmation arrived from New Spain, when some Dominicans at Bologna engraved and published the drawings received, with their description. Then, fully assured, Bosio introduced the flower to further notice. The crown of thorns, three nails, blood-red fringe of filaments (representing the scourge), the column of flagellation, five spots of blood, leaves like spears having round spots beneath them, denoting the thirty pieces of silver, and the seed-vessels, or sponge for the vinegar, all attracted notice, as the beautiful blossoms hung from the branches of the forest trees. The passion-flower is also a native of Peru, but the upper petals there are of a tawny hue.

In 1625 the flower was blooming in the garden of Cardinal Odoardo Farnese (Rome), and his physician and manager of his garden, Aldinus, wrote of the curative properties of the plant, and added that its white petals typified the white robe and purity of Christ, observing that as it would fain climb upwards, but cannot without support, so the Christian's faith needs support, and his weakness must be supplemented with Divine power from on high. Some may say that the so-called *Fiore della Passione* bears an emblematic character in the eyes only of the superstitious. Be the idea far-strained in its several minutiae, at least it is well to find food for reflection in the works of the great Father's hands, and they will lose the benefit of much designed to edify who fail to discern those "many voices in the world," which are "none of them without sig-

nification to him who owns the seeing eye and the hearing ear."

Although as a distinctive badge of a large party in the realm the *Primrose* cannot be omitted in our series of historical flowers, there is little of old-world interest attached to it. The ancient name for it was *Paralisos*, from the name of a son of Priapus and Flora, who dying of grief at the loss of his betrothed Melicerta, was rescued from death by his parents, and transformed into "the rather primrose, that forsaken dies." Chaucer called it the "Primerole," derived from the old French *Primeverole*, the first spring flower.

Associated with the memory and principles of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who honoured it with his special preference, it gives its name to the great League which endeavours to promulgate and carry out his views.

The *Rose of Sharon* is familiar by name to all students of the Scriptures; but it seems to be an error to associate that typical flower with the rose of our gardens. The rose of Scripture is believed to have been the tulip. The so-called "Rose of Jericho," brought from the "Casa Nuova" Convent of Jerusalem,

is, likewise, no species of the real rose. These "resurrection flowers" (*Anastaticæ*



PRIMROSE BADGE.

Hierochuntina) are only called roses because their little branches curl inwards, and assume a round rose shape.

The presentation of "the golden rose" by a Roman Pontiff dates back to the eleventh century, and is ascribed to the pontificate of St. Leo IX. It takes the form of a branch, planted in a vase, well supplied with leaves, buds, blossoms, and thorns, the topmost flower being the largest, and the whole wrought in pure gold. Within the principal flower is a small receptacle—usually a cup with a lid—in which, when blessing it on "Rose Sunday" (the fourth in Lent), his Holiness places some balm and musk; and on the pedestal his name and arms are engraved. Our kings, Henry IV., James III. of Scotland, and Henry VIII., were recipients of this distinction.

Amongst the ancients the rose was dedicated to Venus. According to Catullus, the pink colouring was due to its blushing for the wound its thorns inflicted on the foot of the goddess when she hastened to the aid of Adonis, an ancient epigram recording the fable—

"Her step she fixes on the cruel thorns,
And with her blood the pallid rose adorns."

Brides and bridegrooms were crowned with chaplets of white and red roses, Roman brides wearing them in combination with myrtle blossoms. Indeed, there were no public festivities into which they did not enter. The Falernian wine was drunk in goblets swimming with



PASSION FLOWER.

rose petals, and the Lucrine Lake, at the Regatta of Baia, was strewn with them. Cleopatra had a bed-like carpet of roses an ell deep on the floor of her banquet-chamber, kept in place by a thin netting; and Nero and Heliogabalus were specially



CONVENTIONAL ROSE.

(From English MS., 1500, in British Museum.)

extravagant in their employment. According to Suetonius, the former spent more than four million sesterces (some £30,000) on these flowers at one supper alone. It was amongst the ancients a symbol of joy, amongst moderns of love; but it was originally the emblem of the god of silence—Hippocrates. To this fact we owe the phrase "Under the rose" as signifying secrecy. Roses used to be painted on our banquet-room ceilings, and the central ornament in plaster is still called "a rose," though of conventional type. Carrying out the idea thus, the Jacobins adopted the white rose as a symbol of the "Pretender," whose followers assisted him "under the rose."



SUNFLOWER.

The "Rosary," introduced by St. Dominic, was attributed to the legend, that a chaplet of roses was thrown to him by the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the first instance it consisted of a string of beads composed of rose leaves, compressed into moulds in that form. But their employment as chaplets is of Eastern origin,

dating from the time of the Egyptian anchorites, and their use (with variations as to size and number) obtains amongst the Mahomedans and the Buddhists of China, Japan, and India. The phrase, "a bed of roses," has reference to a once existing fact, for, as I said, the Greeks and Romans had their beds and cushions stuffed with them. There is a pretty tradition ascribed to Zoroaster, that the rose was free from thorns until the coming into the world of Ahrimanes, the evil spirit. It is greatly esteemed in Persia, where there is a feast held in its honour, lasting the whole time that the flower remains in bloom; and pelting with them is a favourite game. The world-famed "attar" which they manufacture from them has made them a valuable article of commerce.

The "rose of England," *par excellence*, is the large red one (*Rosa centifolia*), of which the "cabbage rose" of Provence is a variety. It became the distinctive badge of England at the time of the Wars of the Roses (into which history I need scarcely enter), although the elder Pliny seems to find a connection between the name "Albion" and the white roses, *ob rosas albas*, which abounded in this country. At Upsal, the northern portal of the cathedral is covered with them, which the local historian, Scheffer, supposed was designed to commemorate the fact that the Christian missionaries to the North came from England. The first appearance of this flower on the Great Seal was in the reign of Edward IV., and it was repeated on those of all the succeeding monarchs, down to James II., and it appeared on the coinage in the "Rose-noble" of Henry VI. The coins struck to commemorate the coronation of Charles I. bore it on the reverse, an equestrian figure of that monarch on the obverse. On the badge of Mary I. it is united with the pomegranate, and on that of James I. with the thistle. That of Edward IV. and Richard II. represented a white rose. The origin of the *Rosa Galica*, or Rose of Provins, is attributed to the poet King of Navarre and Count of Champagne, Thibault IV., surnamed "the Song-maker." It is said that on his return from the Crusades he brought back a rose tree, which he planted in his City of Provins, where so greatly did it thrive that it made its new home famous, and the king's successor adopted the flower as his badge. The charming peculiarity of giving forth sweetness in its decay has been exquisitely enlarged upon by Elizabeth Browning in her poem "To a Dead Rose."

The *Shamrock*, which constitutes the national badge of Ireland, has been noticed under the name "trefoil," thus I shall only note the assertion of some that "shamrock" is derived from the Arabic *Shamrookh*, a club or "shillelagh"; and if so the emblem is more apposite than most are to those who adopt them in its suitability as a badge for the peasant population of that unquiet land.

The magnificent *Sunflower* must now claim a brief notice, so popular has it recently become. It is a herbaceous plant (*Helianthus annuus giganteus*) which attains a height of twenty feet, and the golden-rayed flowers often measure a foot and a half in diameter. Numerous representations of them, made in pure gold, were found by the early Spanish invaders of Peru in the Temples of the Sun, the workmanship of which was perfectly exquisite, so much so as to outvalue by far their weight in that precious metal. The priestesses were crowned with these; they wore them in their bosoms and carried them in their hands, as emblems of the sun. But this gorgeous flower, so much affected as an ornament and badge by aspirants to æstheticism, is not that of classical fable; the

"Symbol of unhappy love
Sacred to the slighted Clytie,"

whose devotion to Apollo (*Helios*—the Sun) may be remembered by many of my readers, was transformed into the classic heliotrope, an insignificant flower of the natural order of *Boraginæ*—a native of the South and West of Europe—not the Peruvian heliotrope, vul-



THISTLE. ROYAL BADGE.

(From stained glass, date about 1670. In private possession.)

garly called "cherry-pie." Moore adopts the theory that the sunflower was so designated because of its ever turning towards the sun; but Gerarde, writing in 1507, says: "Some have reported it to turn with the sunne, which I could never observe . . . but I think it was so called because it resembles the radiant beams of the sunne."



VIOLET.

(1500. In the British Museum.)

The incomparable Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis I., when Duchesse d'Alençon, chose (says Brantôme) the sunflower for her device, "to show that her heart was devoted to God; this flower bearing the greatest

affinity to the sun by the similarity of its rays and leaves, and that it turns to where He moves." Thus she signified, he continues, "how she directed all her thoughts, will, and affections towards that great sun, which is God." Her device was accompanied by the motto—*Non inferiora secutus*. A medal was struck in 1636 in honour of Frederick Henry of Orange, bearing a sunflower with the same motto; and Catherine, daughter of the Emperor Albert I., adopted the same flower, but with the motto—*Deorsum nunquam*, "never downwards."

How the *Thistle* became the symbol of Scotland I need scarcely relate, yet some reader may not have heard that an attempt being made to surprise the Scotch army at night, on one memorable occasion, by the invading Danes, one of the latter trod on a prickly thistle, and his involuntary exclamation roused some wakeful ones, who, flying to arms, drove out the enemy. The stemless thistle (*Oniscus acaulis*) is considered by some to be the true Scotch device, being that re-

presented in the gold bonnet-piece of James V. But opinion is divided on the question of the species. The Scotch order of knighthood was instituted, it is believed, by Achaius, King of the Scots, on the occasion of his victory over Athelstan.

I must now conclude with that lowly-growing and sweet amongst the sweetest of flowers, the *Violet* (*Viola odorata*). I have spoken of the games at Toulouse, when a golden violet was awarded for the best poem. When the unfortunate foundress was undergoing imprisonment, she sent her emblem to her knight to be worn as a token of her constancy, and thenceforth it was adopted (with a similar significance) by the Troubadours. In the olden days of "Merrie England," it told the same story from those presenting it, and in the reign of Charles II. it was reputed by doctors to cure consumption. Pliny affirmed that a chaplet of violets was a preventive of headache. As a family badge it was adopted by the Bonapartes, from the time of the exile to Elba of Napoleon I., and it is said that the

ex-Empress Eugenie appeared one evening decorated with a profusion of them, during the time that her future husband was paying her his addresses, as significant of her intention to accept his suit. At the touching funeral of her most promising and England-loving son, the Prince Imperial, I noticed that the coffin, drawn on a gun-carriage, was covered with violets, and an arch composed of them surmounted the head, several feet in height. As an emblem of sweetness, unobtrusive and lowly, the suitability of the flower is very obvious; as that of "constancy," the idea seems obscure. On what more beautiful attributes can I leave the reader to dwell, or can I commend to her cultivation in "the garden of the soul"? Modesty, sweetness, and constancy—surely these are amongst the spiritual blossoms that bear a "sweet-smelling savour," and amongst those "fruits of the spirit" which are "lovely and of good report."

[THE END.]



THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. HOPE was genuinely anxious to make Evelyn as comfortable as possible, and not to let her find her life under his roof dreary. As he had prophesied, Mrs. Grant, a motherly, good-natured soul, innocent of her husband's scientific tastes, was extremely kind to the girl, and would have had her be all day long with her own daughters. But these were two young ladies of the most conventional type; without an interest beyond dress and amusement, and Evelyn, though grateful for their goodwill, much preferred solitude to their society.

One evening Mr. Hope, Evelyn, and the Grant family found themselves at one of those exhibitions which, under the familiar appellations of Healtneries, Fisheries, Colinderies, etc., have enlivened London of late years. The gardens were glittering with electric light; the fountains were playing in silver radiance, and an excellent band was rehearsing strains of well-chosen music. A throng of people, testifying by their dress to the comparative exclusiveness of a "half-crown day," strolled about, enjoying the breath of the spring night, the music, and the brilliance of the illuminations.

"This is one of the tolls one has to pay to society in the course of the season," grumbled Mr. Hope, who

would very much rather have been in his library at home. The Misses Grant were in high spirits, greeting one and another acquaintance. Evelyn felt terribly lonely, and as the plaintive strains of a waltz by Gung'l sounded from the orchestra, her melancholy deepened. Just then she heard her uncle accosting someone, and looking up, she perceived it was Mr. Muir.

Evelyn's first introduction to him a year ago had been through Mr. Hope, and she was aware that the two men knew and liked one another. She felt it was a very pleasant coincidence, and was glad when Mr. Muir took a vacant chair at her side.

"Mr. Hope tells me you are staying with him for the present," he said, after the first greetings had passed. Evelyn felt, she did not know how or why, that he was thoroughly glad to see her; and as she always had the consciousness through all her uncle's kindness that she was at his house on sufferance, this cordiality and interest were pleasant to her. She felt very much inclined to tell him more about herself, for she knew instinctively he would like to hear.

"I have no settled home," she answered, "I am rather like a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. When I met you first, I was living with my aunt and cousin, where

I had been ever since I was a child. Afterwards I went to stay with an American lady, Miss Wentworth. Now I am at Kensington. I have scarcely any relatives belonging to me; my parents died long ago."

"I am very sorry," was all Mr. Muir's reply; but Evelyn knew it was not conventional, and that he *was* very sorry for her. "You will probably return to your aunt?" he remarked in a minute or two.

"I don't think so."

Evelyn gave a sudden, violent start, and almost knocked her chair backwards as she spoke; for among the crowds of people sauntering close by she had recognised Algy—Algy, looking particularly bright and handsome, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, side by side with a well-dressed young lady of dark eyes and vivacious mien, whom Evelyn knew to be Emily Thorne, a former member of the Mayflower Club. The two were evidently on the best of terms. Algy was discoursing eloquently, and Miss Thorne appeared to be listening with much delight. Neither of them saw Evelyn; they were far too intent upon their own conversation. She looked for Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie, but if they were in the grounds they certainly were nowhere in the immediate vicinity.

"Has anything startled you? Did anyone push against you?" asked Mr.