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THE
POETIC GARLAND;

IN
IMITATION OF THE

CELEBRATED
GARLAND OF JULIA,

BY THE
DUKE DE MONTAUSIER.

ILLUSTRATED BY
FIGURES FROM THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

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PREFACE.

THE Poetical Garland of Julia, of which the following pages are an humble imitation, was a wreath of love, presented as a new-year's gift by the Duke de Montausier to the fair Julia d'Angennes. It consisted of a number of flowers painted in miniature, on vellum, by a celebrated artist, and arranged in a book, with a madrigal underneath each, either from the pen of the Duke himself, or from the hand of some of his friends. It was splendidly bound; and on the morn of new-year's day, secretly conveyed into the chamber of his admired, and left on her toilette. Julia, on perusal, was highly delighted with the present, and the Duke's suit prospered.

In the year 1784, this literary trifle was sold for the amazing sum of 14,510 livres. During the troubles of the French Revolution it was transferred to this country, and again offered for sale; but whether its merit was here undervalued, or its paintings had lost some of their brilliance, it found no purchaser at the sum demanded, and was returned to the continent.

To give our fair readers an idea of its constitution, we have composed the following Garland; and if its flowers are less beautiful, we trust their arrangement is not less pleasing, nor their moral less instructive.

ARKANSA COREOPSIS.

Say, what is beauty? 'Tis a flow'r,
In gorgeous grandeur gleaming.
Say, what is beauty? 'Tis a show'r,
'Mid sportive sunbeams streaming.
Say, what is beauty? 'Tis a grace,
With tint and form united.
Ah! hapless Celia! 'twas thy face,
Before thy charms were blighted.

TIGER FLOWER.

Sweet Julia, whilst thy raptur'd eye
Exults in pleasure's lightness,
Viewing yon meteor gild the sky,
Enrob'd in glory's brightness ;
'Tis fled.—So fades the beauteous dye
That stains my glowing flow'r :
So wanes the flame that lights thine eye ;
The meteor of an hour.

CHANGEABLE IRIS.

When Zephyr shakes the vernal skies,
 Array'd in robe of blue,
 How gaily dance the spangled dyes,
 Amid the pearly dew !
 Yet while delighting human eye,
 Our sep'rate glories shine ;
 A Mist can bid those glories die,
 A Worm can wither mine.

CHINESE PRIMROSE.

Hail, lovely stranger! in thy face
Sweet innocence lies painted;
Thy smiles recall those blissful days,
E'er I with Vice was tainted.
And e'en while now I scan thy charms,
A pleasing thrill runs o'er me,
My breast no low'ring cloud alarms,
And hope exults before me.

BLUE-FLOWERED CATANANCHE.

Sophy, mankind believe thee true,
 And court thee as a treasure,
 But soon, dissembler, shalt thou rue,
 And weep thy short-liv'd pleasure;
 For I, like thee, was once caress'd,
 By Kings and Seers respected,
 Admir'd for charms I ne'er possess'd,
 And now I mourn neglected.

THREE-COLOURED LACHENALIA.

The verdure of the vernal bow'r,
 The soften'd gold which summer gives,
 The deepen'd brown of autumn's hour,
 In me, behold, soft blended lives.
 So shines the soul which Virtue sways,
 Truth, Honour, Justice, beam combin'd;
 And though compos'd of various rays,
 One Sun is form'd,—the Christian mind.

ALPINE FLAX.

While plaintive Zephyrs round me sigh,
 My tender leaflet skimming,
 See, Lucy, in my azure eye,
 The pearl of beauty swimming.
 So 'tis with thee, my Lucy fair,
 When thy soft eye beams brightly,
 Thy bosom pure, must heave with care,
 Or sorrow touch thee lightly.

TARTARIAN HONEYSUCKLE.

Though rosy Titan paints my cheeks,
And Flora stains my robe with green,
Humility my form bespeaks,
And simple neatness marks my mien.
Learn hence, ye fair, the loveliest grace,
When with simplicity combin'd,
Exalts the beauties of the face,
And brightens those which gem the mind.

BOX-LEAVED MILKWORT.

When braided in Clorinda's hair,
 With mimick flow'rs united,
 Though these may bloom more gay and fair,
 And I droop wan and blighted ;
 Yet see the busy wand'rer, fly
 With seeming anxious labour,
 Drink my sweet breath before I die,
 But slight my fairer neighbour.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.

Hark ! what strange noises rend the air !
Sure monsters haunt the scene !
See how they grin, and snatch, and tear,
And gorge the foliage green.
Well, let them gorge, and grin, and smile,
Their breasts are free from sorrow ;
Why should they quit Antyc'ra's Isle,
To know a gloomy morrow ?

EARLY DWARF HEATH.

Where'er Creation's works obtain,
 'Neath Afric's Sun, or Greenland's sky,
 On snowy waste, or arid plain,
 I cheer the languid trav'ler's eye:
 And yet no balmy sighs I heave,
 Though oft unseen my beauties shine,
 But in my gentle whispers breathe,
 "The hand that made me is divine."

YELLOW-FLOWERED STRAWBERRY.

Through fragrant hours my life I pass,
 Beneath the shelt'ring Yew ;
And gaily raise my laughing face,
 Suffus'd with roseate dew.
But, Celia, press me to thy lip,
 (A lip that pouts for kisses)
No other dew I'd care to sip,
 But die amid such blisses.

YELLOW AMARYLLIS.

Beauteous as many a neighb'ring flow'r,
In fragrance not less sweet,
I grace no lover's sylvan bow'r,
Where balmy odours meet;
Yet I a classic name can boast!
A name,—a thing of air!
But why repine? Behold an host
Of slighted germs, as fair!

COMMON PASSION FLOWER.

Why bends the holy pilgrim low,
Beneath yon tott'ring tow'r,
Where am'rous woodbines love to grow,
And many a laughing flow'r?
'Tis there a living leaf is spread,
Which when it meets his eye,
Then Duty bids him bow his head,
And Pity prompts a sigh.

THREE-FLOWERED PHLOX.

Reject me not, O lovely maid !
 Nor spurn my faded cheek ;
 'Twas Strephon mov'd me from the shade,
 Who now for thee doth seek :
 Then kindly wreath a chaplet trim,
 And place me 'mid thy locks,
 Thus Celia's love will gleam to him,
 And Strephon own his Phlox.

COMMON MARVEL OF PERU.

Amelia, when thy soul shall fly,
To seek its kindred sphere,
No useless woe shall dim our eye,
No wails assail thy bier.
Thy virtues shall our grief relieve,
Enshrin'd in mem'ry bright;
As flow'r that blooms at dewy eve,
Sheds fragrance through the night.

The habits, &c. of the plants, to which the preceding Madrigals have peculiar reference, will be found explained in Maund's Botanic Garden.

MAUND, PRINTER, BROMSGROVE.