

The Sweet-Briar Rose, it may be mentioned, was the Eglantine of the old poets. Chaucer calls it Eglantere. Milton, it has been frequently observed, when he spoke of the "twisted Eglantine," fell into error, by applying the name to the Woodbine or Honey-suckle, a plant which never seems to have been called Eglantine. Shakespeare speaks of the sweetness of the leaf of the Eglantine, and Spencer, referring to the Sweet-briar, says,—

"Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a breere,
Sweet is the Eglantine, that pricketh nee're."

The profusion of the bright red hips of the wilding rose of our woods and hedges was believed, as Lord Bacon tells us, to predict a severe winter, and modern rustics yet think so,—

"The thorns and briars, vermillion hue,
Now full of hips and haws are seen,
If village prophecies be true,
They prove that winter will be keen."

Last of all, in connection with the Rose, let me mention that the first English monarch, according to Mr. Lower, in his "Curiosities of Heraldry," who assumed the Rose, was Edward I. From this, in some way or other, not yet well explained, probably originated the white and red Roses of his descendants, the rival houses of York and Lancaster, who for many a long day wearied the country with wars which—

"Sent between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

THE THISTLE next solicits our attention, and certainly will not detain us so long as the Rose. It must be gratifying to every Scotchman to know that it was of old, sacred to Thor—a noble position, surely, for any plant to occupy. Its colour, it was said, came from the lightning, against which it is a certain safeguard.

When it is gathered for magical purposes, a dead silence must be observed. In this, however, the thistle is not exceptional; silence is an important element in almost all such ceremonies.

In an able article on "Mystic Trees and Flowers," by Mr. M. D. Conway, which appeared two or three years back in a contemporary, we are informed that the disease known among the poorer classes of Poland as "elflock," is supposed to be the work of evil demons, and that if one buries thistle-seed it will gradually disappear. It is said to be produced from a thistle-seed, and old wives crush it off with a sharp stone—a knife, or anything relating to our iron age, being prohibited. In East Prussia, if any domestic animal has a sore, the cure is to gather four red thistle blossoms before daybreak, and put one in each of the four directions of the compass, with a stone in the middle between them.

The Carline Thistle—that gay inhabitant of barren soil—has a curious tale attached to it, explaining how its name took its origin from the great Emperor Charlemagne. "A horrible pestilence," says the learned Tabernæmontanus, "broke out in Charle-