

I once admired ; but I should find the banks of the Loire as smiling as ever, the meadows of St. Aubyn as full of violets and lilies of the valley, and its trees loftier and fairer. There are no vicissitudes for the eternal beauties of nature ; and while, amid blood-stained revolutions, palaces, columns, statues, disappear, the simple flowers of nature, regardless of the storm, grow into beauty, and multiply for ever !”

Hannah More felicitated herself through life on her attachment to the garden, and declared to an American friend, that in her eighty-third year the love of flowers was the only natural passion left to her which had lost none of its force.

The manufacturing classes in England and Scotland, especially in Staffordshire and Lancashire, and the vicinity of Paisley, are enthusiastic florists, and derive much enjoyment from their gardening societies ; they regard gardening as a relaxation. It is not underserving of a notice on this occasion, that a mechanic who labours daily in our city, has a garden in Williamsburgh, where he can show a finer collection of flowers than is possessed by most rich men, and his dahlias are now adorning our agricultural room at the Garden.

“Flowers are most innocently simple, and most superbly complex—playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse ! Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of science ! Flowers, that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow ; fit emblem of the victor’s triumph, of the young bride’s blushes ; welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves ? Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression ‘God is love’ is in revelation. One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are the emblems and manifestations of God’s love to the creation ; and they are the means and the ministration of man’s love to his fellow creatures, for they awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty, for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to selfishness : so that they are pretty lessons in nature’s book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread alone, but that he hath another than animal life.”

FARMERS.

From Howitt’s Rural Life.

There is no class of men, if times are but tolerably good, that enjoy themselves so highly as farmers—they are little kings. Their concerns are not huddled up into a corner as those of the town tradesmen are. In town, many a man who turns thousands per week is hemmed in close by buildings, and cuts no figure at all. A narrow shop, a contracted warehouse, without an inch of room to turn him on any hand, without a yard, stable, or outhouse of any description, perhaps hoisted aloft, up three or four pairs of dirty stairs, is all the room that the wealthy tradesman can often bless himself with,—and there, day after day, month after month, year after year, he is to be found, like a bat in the hole of a wall, or a toad in the heart of a stone or of an old oak tree. Spring, and summer, and autumn go round ; sunshine and flowers spread over the world ; the sweetest breezes blow, the sweetest waters murmur along the vales, but they are all lost upon him—he is the doleful prisoner of Mammon, and so he lives and dies. The farmer would not take the wealth of the world on such terms. His concerns, however small, spread themselves out in a pleasant amplitude both to his eye and heart. His house stands in its own spacious solitude ; his offices and outhouses stand round extensively without any stubborn or limiting contraction ; his acres stretch over hill and dale ; there his flocks and herds are feeding ; there his labourers are toiling—he is king and sole commander there. He lives among the purest air and the most delicious quiet. Often, when I see those healthy, hardy, full grown sons of the soil going out of town, I envy them the freshness and the repose of the spots to which they are going. Ample, old fashioned kitchens, with their chimney corners of the true, projecting, beamed and seated construction, still remaining ; blazing fires in winter, shining on suspended hams and fitches ; cool, shady parlours in summer, with open windows, and odours from garden and shrubbery blowing in ; gardens wet with purest dews, and humming at noontide with bees ; and green fields and verdurous trees, or deep woodlands lying all around, where a hundred rejoicing voices of birds or other creatures are heard, and winds blow to and fro, full of health and life-enjoyment. How enviable do such places seem to the fretted spirits of town, who are compelled not only to bear their burdens of cares, but to enter daily into the public strife against selfish evil and ever spreading corruption. When one calls to mind the simple abundance of farm houses, their rich cream and milk, and bread grown upon their own lands,—their fruits, ripe, and fresh, plucked from the sunny wall, or the garden bed, or the pleasant old orchard ; when one casts an eye upon, or calls to one’s mind the aspect of those houses, many of them so antiquesquely picturesque, or so bright looking and comfortable, in deep retired valleys, by beautiful streams