

1810

# La Fete de la Rose:



OR, THE

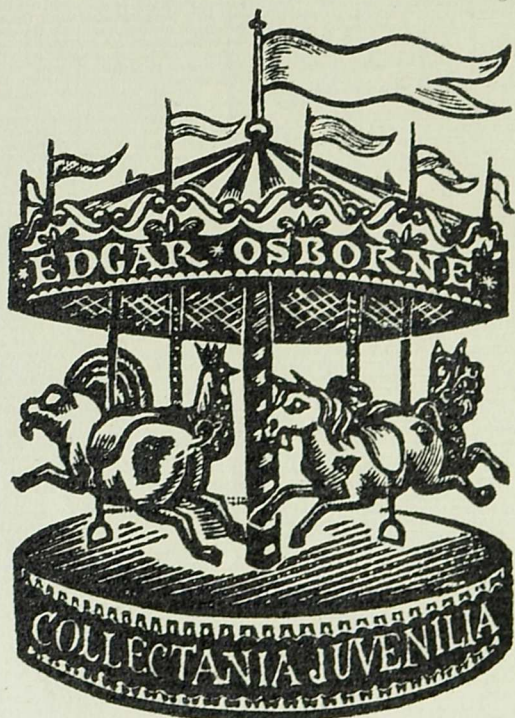
DRAMATIC FLOWERS.



{PRICE ONE SHILLING.}

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THE THEATRE.

# La Fete de la Rose:

OR, THE

## Dramatic Flowers.

*A Holiday Present, for young People.*

THIRD EDITION.

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By MRS. B. HOOLE.

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Knaresbrough:

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1810.

# La Fete de la Rose:

OF THE

HYGIENIC CULTURE

A Holiday Treatise for Young People.

SECOND EDITION.

BY MISS A. MOORE.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HENRY AND JOHN  
FOR EDWARD BURNETT AND COMPANY, 15 NASSAU  
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1888

## ADVERTISEMENT.



*The very liberal and flattering manner, in which this little poem is mentioned by The British Critic, for August, 1809, induces the author to intrude a third edition on the public. She is conscious, that her Dramatic Flowers cannot boast the high coloring, or exquisite perfume, which would entitle them to a place in the gardens of fame; but, she hopes it will not be deemed presumptuous in her, to weave a chaplet for the brow of youth, to offer a bouquet to the hand of innocence; and thus, strew a thornless rose, on the path of opening life.*

ADWYLLER'S REVENUE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

The very ill-considered and unwise measures, in which this  
book is mentioned by the British Code, for August, 1800,  
renders the author to intrude a third edition on the public. The  
transaction, that the President's Honor cannot bear the high  
costing, or exorbitant price, which would entitle them to a  
plentiful garden of fruit; but, that what is not to be deemed  
provisionally in fact, to some extent, for the benefit of goods,  
to offer a present to the hand of the people; and that, since

the author of the book of printing

the author of the book of printing

the author of the book of printing



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LA FETE DE LA ROSE,

&c..

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THE INVITATION.

TO her cousin, the *Lily*, one day, said the *Rose*,

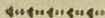
“ I’ve a scheme, my dear friend, which to you I’ll disclose :

“ Since BIRDS, BEASTS, and INSECTS, together combine

“ To give invitations, to dance, or to dine ;

“ Pray why may not I, who am Queen of the Flowers,

“ Just invite a few friends, to enliven my hours ?

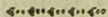


“ Though the *Snowdrop*, so puny, has fainted away,  
“ And the *Crocus* retired, from the sun-shine of May;  
“ Though the *Violet*'s so modest, we ne'er shall be able  
“ To bring her, or the valley's sweet *Lily*, to table;  
“ Yet, I think, if we look round about, we shall find  
“ Great plenty of Belles and of Beaux, to our mind;  
“ Who, drest in new suits, of most splendid apparel,  
“ With a treat, from their Queen, will not venture to quarrel.  
“ So I'll instantly order my footmen, the Bees,  
“ To assemble my company under the trees,  
“ Where the gentle *Acacia* still smiles o'er the plain,  
“ And the *Willow*, though weeping, forbears to complain:  
“ My handmaid, the *Woodbine*, shall twine round the place,  
“ Her curtains festoon'd, with an exquisite grace;

“ While my sweet *Mignonette* her soft carpet shall spread,  
“ And my *Passion-flower* flourish, high over my head.”

“ By your leave,” said the *Lily*, “ I’ll put in a word,  
“ If you will not conclude my proposal absurd ;  
“ Could we make a snug Theatre here, on the lawn,  
“ And perform a deep Tragedy, properly drawn,  
“ With a Pantomime following, all in a hurry,  
“ —Processions and Witches, and whim wham, and flurry :  
“ The whole to conclude with a supper ; no doubt  
“ ’Twould exceed both the *Ball*, and the *Feast*, and the *Rout*.”

Her Majesty heard the gay *Lily*’s oration,  
She vowed that it met with her full approbation ;



And, courteously owning her Queenship outwitted,  
The care of the FETE, to her cousin committed:  
Who, instantly bade the bold *Sunflower* proclaim  
This royal design, in her Majesty's name;  
And, invite all the plants, who had any pretension  
To talents dramatic, or taste and invention.  
Now, so many there were, who thought well of themselves,  
The lawn was soon crowded with beautiful elves;  
Who each claimed a place, in this charming rehearsal,  
And proved the play-mania, in Flowers, universal.



## THE THEATRE.

---

**A**T length, the first morning, when JUNO display'd  
 The Ether's pure azure, untingur'd by shade;  
 The *Lily* drew out her sweet *corps dramatique*,  
 Who had liv'd a whole month, and rehears'd a whole week;  
 But ere we describe all their various perfection,  
 Let us open the Theatre first, for inspection.

On a hill, near the lawn, with pale *Violets* o'ergrown,  
 The Queen, in full Majesty, sat on her throne;  
 In a robe of pink-satin, this Venus was drest;  
 And a diamond of dew, glittered bright on her breast:

A mantle of green moss around her was borne,  
To soften the radiance it could not adorn;  
Behind her, as guards, the tall *Hollyhocks* stood—  
The *Carnation* sat near her, a prince of the blood;  
The white *Rose*, and damask too, claim'd their high stations,  
As peers of the realm, and as royal relations;  
For supporters, the *Lilac*, and *Jessamine* came,  
And the flexile *Laburnum* bow'd low to the dame;  
But *Geranium* declar'd, it was his place to stand  
Earl Marshall, by heirship, at Majesty's hand;  
And the *Myrtle*, with blossoms all white as a bride,  
Plac'd herself, with great modesty, close by his side:  
Then powder'd *Auricula* headed his cousins,  
*Cowslip*, *Primrose*, and *Polyenth*, walking by dozens:

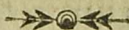
The flaunting *Ranunculus*, yellow and red,  
By the gentle *Anemone* softly was led;  
Rich *Stocks*, of all ages, behind them were plac'd,  
Gay *Pinks* intermingled, with infinite taste;  
*Convolvulus* open'd her eyes on the scene,  
And *Monkshood*, a moment, forgot all his spleen;  
The *Marygold* gaudy, and *Love in a Mist*,  
With *Larkspur* and *Hyacinth*, shone in the list;  
*Mezereon* was there, in his jacket of red,  
And pining *Narcissus*, still hanging his head;  
His dashing relation, the *Daffodil*, came  
With sprightly Miss *Jonquil*, a sweet-scented dame;  
Poor *Charity* too, in a bodice of blue,  
And low-bred *Nasturtiums*, whom nobody knew.

Though none were invited, some *Coxcombs* were there,  
And *London-pride* simper'd, to see them appear;  
The *Sweet-briar* and *Hawthorn*, united to screen  
From vulgar intrusion, the throne of their Queen;  
But, in spite of their thorns, 'twas beset at all hours,  
By elegant *Creepers*, and *Parasite* Flowers.



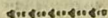


## THE TRAGEDY.



NOW, when all were arrang'd, in this grand exhibition,  
With many more beauties, of rank and condition,  
Which, barely to mention, would take so much time,  
That you all would be tired of my gossipping rhyme;  
So the Boxes and Pit, we no longer display,  
The *Blue-bell* has rung!—and now opens the Play.

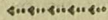
The *Ivy-green* curtain is gently withdrawn,  
And, lo! the fair Actors step forth, on the lawn;  
B



A Stage justly fitted, by Nature and Art,  
For Flowers of great talents, to act a great part;  
There clothed in bright crimson, and carried in state,  
The *Piony* comes, ALEXANDER the GREAT—  
By crowds of *Sweet-Williams* the Prince is upborne,  
In uniform doublets, as gay as the morn;  
Twelve *Mountain Ranunculi*, spotless as snow,  
The Sun's lovely virgins, are first in the show;  
Four captive Kings follow'd, bewailing their fate,  
*Crowns Imperial* they wore, the last remnants of state;  
HEPHESTION, the Friend, was a *Poppy* so bright,  
As a *Sedum* LYSIMACHUS tower'd to the sight;  
*Snap-Dragon* in CLYTUS was thought very fine,  
And *Lupin* allow'd in CASSANDER to shine—

(Alas! poor *Snap-Dragon* was fated to feel,  
 In the moment of madness, the *Piony's* steel:  
 For, the old fellow fancied, because he was drunk,  
 That the King, in the bottle-companion, was sunk:  
 So he told him the truth, (a most terrible blunder,  
 And got himself stabb'd for't—no very great wonder!  
 Since all the world knew 'twas the Conqueror's fashion,  
 To play madman, or butcher, when put in a passion.)

But the Ladies excell'd, beyond all expectation,  
 Proving Siddons, herself, not alone in the nation:  
 A fine *China-Aster*, in purple array'd,  
 As Queen *SYSIGAMBIS* her glories display'd,



While the *Pansey* so rich, with so modest an air,  
Look'd charmingly in PARISATIS the fair;  
With colors just stole from the Rainbow on high,  
And stretching her neck, while she gaz'd on the sky;  
The *Tulip* appear'd, in a state of much splendor,  
ROXANA was she, and had guards to attend her.  
But the *Lily*, herself, all majestic and white,  
Whose sigh is perfume, and whose smile is delight,  
Play'd the beauteous STATIRA, so pensive and mild,  
That the Audience, with ecstasy, almost were wild.  
ROXANA first open'd this exquisite scene,  
Crying, "Pray, Madam Pale-face! what is it you mean?"  
"To suppose, for a moment, your pitiful charms  
" Can regain the World's Conqueror back, from my arms;

- “ Remember my courage—my beauty behold!  
 “ Roxana, the fair! is Roxana, the bold!  
 “ So tremble, rash girl! for, as no one is nigh us,  
 “ I may murder thee—daughter of fallen DARIUS!”

- The *Lily* repli'd, as she wav'd her fine form,  
 “ Be decent, young lady! nor scold thus, and storm;  
 “ Remember the manners to royalty due,  
 “ And reflect—I'm a princess, much greater than you;  
 “ And though, as to beauty, you flaunt very well,  
 “ They say, Ma'am, at SUSA, you've got a bad smell!  
 “ Nor to BABYLON is it discreet thus to wander—  
 “ Know *I* am *sole Queen* of the great ALEXANDER!!”

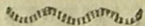
“ Then die like a Queen! thou fond fool,” cried the vixen,  
And pull’d out her dagger, (a *Holly*, with pricks on;)   
It tore the soft skin of the *Lily* so silky,  
And made her pale cheeks still more pale and more milky,  
She sunk on the grass, and cried out for her lover,  
Who instantly ran, the dread deed to discover;  
But, who shall relate, how he rages and grieves,  
And shakes his red toppin, and scatters his leaves?  
His gory locks witness how dreadful his trouble,  
He sighs like a furnace!—he froths like a bubble!  
Calls out for Bucephalus, makes such exertions,  
As rouse all the Greeks, and alarm all the Persians;  
’Till, nature exhausted, he falls in a lump,  
And the grass-plot all trembles, beneath such a bump.

## THE INTERLUDE.

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**N**OW, the Tragedy clos'd, and the stage swept quite clean,  
 A *Blackbird* step'd in, to enliven the scene;  
 He sung "Rule Britannia," (though gratis) so finely,  
 Catalani, herself, could not charm more divinely.  
 An address was then spoke, by a fine *Fleur de lis*,  
 Part English, part French, a *Pic Nic*, *Jeu d' Esprit*.

## The Pantomime.



THE Pantomime follow'd,—and then, on my word,  
 Whatever was beautiful, grand, or absurd,  
 Appear'd in such style, there were many old flowers  
 Declar'd, they had ne'er seen such sights, all their hours.  
 The *Lark-heel*, so gay, variegated, and slim,  
 Was an excellent HARLEQUIN—who could catch him?  
 The COLUMBINE honor'd her name; for, her merit  
 By none was disputed, she danc'd with such spirit.  
*Hydrangea* appear'd, like the wonderful LIZARD\*  
 Still changing it's hue,—a most excellent Wizzard!

\* The Cameleon.



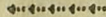
So great, in this line of enchantment, his fame,  
Circe, Proteus, and Merlin, must bow to his name.  
The *Fuchsia* was there, like a Sylph, light and airy,  
And *Hepatica* came, a benevolent fairy;  
Pantaloon by a *Scabious* was gravely pourtray'd;  
The Clown in a huge *Guelder-Rose* was display'd,  
Who tumbled so often, from quaking or quaffing,  
He kept the whole Audience dying with laughing,  
The *Powder'd Beau* shone, as a Lover profess'd,  
And oft on the heels of poor Harlequin press'd;  
Who, follow'd by him, Pantaloon, and the Clown,  
Through the wide-gaping mouth of a *Poppy* jump'd down;  
Made a somerset leap, o'er a *Laurel* so high,  
And he danc'd on the rope, from the *Traveller's Joy*:

At length the *Sweet-pea*, as a *Venus*, descended,  
By a beautiful *Daisy*, as *Cupid*, attended ;  
(For, since this small flower has been sung by a poet,  
It's haughty relations, some honor will shew it.)  
A procession of *Batchelor-buttons* was made,  
*Periwinkles* fell in, with the grand cavalcade ;  
The whole form'd a group, on each side of a bower,  
Made by one *Laurustinus*, an ever-green flower.  
And there this sweet *Venus* with *Cupid* did join  
POOR HARLEQUIN'S hand, to his fair COLUMBINE ;  
And, so the grand Spectacle gaily concluded,  
With a Chorus and Dance, from which none were excluded.

## THE BANQUET.



BUT, how shall I tell of the Banquet so rare,  
Which the company blended were now called to share?  
Alas! though the Queen had provided a treat,  
Yet she could not prevail on one Floweret to eat;  
But, they all were agreed, as the day had been warm,  
In drinking a little there could be no harm;  
And the *Actors*, especially, weary and fainting,  
For cups of sweet chrystal, and dew-drops, were panting.  
So the Queen still attentive to subjects of worth,  
Call'd her Butler, the Gardener, speedily forth;  
Who saw, in the languor which dwelt in each eye,  
That the Queen and her courtiers, were all very dry,



And, anxiously wishing to comfort their sorrow,  
Rich Nectarean draughts, from the spring he did borrow,  
And swiftly dispersing them all o'er the table,  
The guests freely drank, while to drink they were able;  
E'en Royalty's self, 'tis with blushes I own,  
Fill'd her cup to the brim, and drank just like the Clown;  
Till tipsy and sleepy, she hung down her head,—  
The guests took the hint, and all march'd off to bed;  
Declaring, in words of sweet fragrance, no bliss  
Ever found in their lives, had been equal to this;  
And wishing some Bard, in strains truly Darwinian,  
Would sing this proud epoch of ROSE's dominion.

*FINIS.*





*A Holiday Present,*

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

