

E. S. P.

Elizabeth H. Stebbins
Pubd April 29th 1834



THE
BOTANICAL
AND
HORTICULTURAL MEETING,
OR
FLORA'S AND POMONA'S FETE.

A POEM,

IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL,

&c. &c.

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS
BOTANICAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

BY A LADY.

FROM NOTES BY JOHN QUILL.

And under a *Flag*, looking lanky and taper,
Stood *Jonquil*, to write a report for the paper!

The Profits arising from the Sale of this little Book will be entirely
devoted to Charity.

BIRMINGHAM:

BEILBY, KNOTT, AND BEILBY.

April 9 1834.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

THE
BOTANICAL
AND
HORTICULTURAL MEETING.

PLORAS AND TOMAS KNOTT

AT the Buttery's hall and the Glasshouse's lawn
There was much to be seen, and as much to relate.
But the beauties of Flora were none of them there.
The beauties that had their home in the garden
The beauties that were the beauties of the garden
She drew them in, as well as within;
Her name was kept, and she was in her place.
No Huckle or Moll, that night should appear.
And an order went out to the garden that night.

BIRMINGHAM:

PRINTED BY THOMAS KNOTT.

Some called the town, and some the town
For she thought her name to be the town
And called them in, and called them in
To sing, with the singers, and the singers

THE END

FLORA'S FETE.

AT the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's fête
There was much to be seen, and as much to relate,
But the Beauties of Flora were none of them there,
Tho' kindly they lent their perfume to the air :
The Goddess resolv'd that the insects should find
She deem'd them ungrateful, as well as unkind ;
Her anger was rous'd, and she vow'd, in her *Rose*,
No Beetle or Moth, that night should repose :
And an order went out to the well-known *Blue Bells*
To say, they must shut up their little hotels.
Some nettles she took to the Butterfly's bower,
(For she thought he'd return to his fav'rite flower)
And conceal'd them where *Roses* and *Jesamines* meet,
To sting, with due vengeance, his wings and his feet.

Her *Rose* she protected with numerous thorns,
 And some of her *flowers* were guarded by horns,
 Whilst others she powder'd, in order to see,
 Should they dare to receive any insect or bee.
 The *Lily*, that sweet little belle of the *vale*,
 Then hung down her head, and grew pensive and pale ;
 For she knew that her bank was a fav'rite place
 With many of those that were now in disgrace.
 Flora car'd not about all the Grasshopper clan,
 Cried, " mean little creatures, so trod on by man !
 " Both you and the Glow-worm may go home together,
 " Like watchmen, proclaiming the hour and the weather ;
 " But since Bayly once said, ' He'd a Butterfly be,'
 " That gay rover, respects not my subjects nor me ;
 " All day o'er my flow'rets he flutters his wings,
 " ' And sleeps, in my *rose*, when the nightingale sings.' "

Now, when she'd completed her bus'ness on earth,
 And the nettles were safe, in the butterfly's berth ;
 " Ere the watchman (the glow-worm) appear'd with his light,
 " Or ev'ning gave place to the shadows of night,"

Away! to the Goddess Pomona, she flew,
 Who was painting some beautiful *Fruit*, as it grew :
 Her tale she related, with pitiful tone,
 And the wrongs of Pomona, were join'd to her own ;
 " Shall our beauties," she said, " in the desert air waste,
 " Because mortals, on earth, are deficient in taste ?
 " Whilst the Grasshopper's feast and the Butterfly's ball
 " Will long be the theme, of the great and the small ?
 " And the dresses, that shone at Sir Argus's route,
 " (Tho' pawn'd, if not borrow'd, I feel little doubt)
 " Are blazon'd about, as so rich, and so splendid,
 " I'm sure *we have* cause to be hurt and offended ;
 " Our colours are bright, and more beautiful too !
 " And I won't be outdone, Great Pomona, will you ?
 " New beauties for earth, (like new peers,) we'll create,
 " And then let us give a Magnificent Fête !!"
 Queen Pomona agreed, and sent invitations,
 To various provinces, kingdoms, and nations ;
 And Flora announc'd, they should both meet together,
 On a certain fixt day, spite of wind or of weather.

Horticulture and Botany, join'd hand in hand,
 Was the seal, on the cards, that went out, thro' the
 land.

The answers arriv'd, and with little delay ;
 A few were engaged out to dinner that day,
 But most that were ask'd, were too happy to come,
 Tho' sev'ral regretted they couldn't leave home.
 The *Apple*, as usual, was still in the *straw*,
 And her *Nonpareil* partner had made it a law,
 That he never would leave her, when that was the case ;
 And the *Codlin*, at *Carlisle*, had got a *swell'd face*.
 The *Bergamy Pear* couldn't travel at all,
 On account of a bruise he'd receiv'd in a fall ;
 And an invalid, too, was the sweet *Chaumontelle*,
 For the climate was cold, and she didn't feel well.
 Old *Asparagus*, too, was afraid of the weather,
 Altho' it was said, that she look'd in *high feather* :
 Captains *Carrot* and *Parsnip* were living in camp,
 And suffering much from confinement and damp.

Mrs. *Artichoke* felt quite too old to appear ;
 And Miss *Onion* was laid on the shelf, for the year,
 Indeed, she'd so often been shunn'd at a route,
 She determin'd, in public, no more to go out.
 Mr. *Cabbage*, detain'd by a tailor at home,
 Felt great disappointment, that he couldn't come.
 The *Turnips* were ill, their disease was, the fly—
 It was gen'rally thought, they were likely to die.
 Doctor *Camomile*, had a few patients to see,
 But would hasten his visits, and drop in to tea.
 The *Myrtle*, must go to a marriage that morn,
 With the sweet *Orange Blossoms*, a bride to adorn.
 The *Rocket*, engaged to a fête at Vauxhall ;
London Pride would have come, but had met with a
 fall ;
 And the *Mimulus* vow'd, he'd not go for a bribe,
 For a *Monkey* they'd call'd him, or one of that tribe.
 And the *Sensitive Plant*, too, had taken offence,
 For she's known to be *touchy*, altho' she has sense.

* The *Mimulus*, vulgarly called the Monkey Plant.

The *Balm* was too high her relations to meet,
 Because, she had bought Gilead House for her seat,
 But should Flora, near Liverpool, visit old Neptune,
 She'd find at her house, a most *cordial* reception.
 There were several others, gone out, for the season,
 And they begg'd to decline, on account of this reason ;
 But the Goddess, who long o'er the garden has sway'd,
 Order'd some to return, and of course was obey'd.

It would take a whole volume, or more, to relate
 One-half of the dresses prepar'd for the Fête.
 What Sunbeams were sent out in ev'ry direction,
 With colours, with velvets, and hats for selection ;
 What flow'ring, what trimming, and spangling too !
 And embroid'ring, such as no fingers can do !
 Even Carson herself, in her very best day,
 Could never compete with old Sol in this way ;
 And oft, when some beautiful colour she'd show,
 If he peep'd thro' the window, 'twas certain to go !

But she bore all his thieving with very good humour,
Because he made fashions, for Winter and Summer.

One morn, when the Sun with his glorious light,
Had dispell'd, from the earth, the dark vapours of night;
Queen Flora appear'd, and then quickly descended,
Whilst the hours, and Summer, with garlands attended.
In a gossamer car, she was borne from above,
By the Zephyrs, that fly on the pinions of love;
And the trees of the wood, and the corn, and the rye,
All gracefully bent, as the Goddess flew by;
Their little red banners, the *Poppies* unfurl'd,
For gladness and joy seem'd to reign in the world.
Then the lark rose to meet her, and welcome the day,
And the praise of her flow'rets he caroll'd away;
He warbled their message of thanks, to the Sun,
And begg'd him to shine, till their gala was done:
For St. Swithin had come down, the morning before,
To christen the fruit, that the Apple-tree bore,

And they very much fear'd, if they saw him again,
He'd sprinkle their beautiful garments with rain.

An Emerald garden, the Queen had selected,
And thither the car, and the Zephyrs directed,
And there, were her Gnomes too, with Mercury sent,
To stretch out the wings, of her elegant tent.

Sweet Flora was drest in cerulean blue,
With a cestus of gold, and bespangled with dew ;
A wreath of wild flowers, which Fairies had made,
Encircled her forehead, and twin'd in her braid :
There was *Venus' Looking-glass* hung very near,
To make e'en her beauty more lovely appear ;
Her own *Crown Imperial* lay at her feet,

^{The}
~~And~~ *Noli me tangere* guarded her seat.
And a Sag Rose was planted just outside the Gate
To guard from intrusion the Goddess' fête.
Old Zephyrus, as chamberlain, then had the honour,
To present all the *Flowers*, that waited upon her ;

Whilst *Lavender* stood at the front of the door,
 To keep order, and take all the tickets they bore ;
 And a troop of fine *Dahlias*, plac'd in a row,
 On each side of the tent, made a very bright show ;
 The Band was, as usual, conducted and led
 By the *Trumpeter Woodbine*, drest out in his red :
 And under a *Flag*, looking lanky and taper,
 Stood *Jonquil*, to write a report for the paper.

The pride of the Garden, a *Rose*, in full bloom,
 Was the first of the guests, that now enter'd the room,
 Flora started, surprised, at such beauty terrestrial,
 And dropt, from her bosom, her own *Rose Celestial*,
 And did so much delight, and such pleasure evince,
 That she made Miss *Rose blush*, and she's blush'd ever
 since ;

Lord *Geranium* came next, and excited much wonder,
 At the *belles* that he brought, and his family *number* ;
 All *Lordlings* and *Ladies*, and *Admirals* some !
 And *Commanders-in-Chief* ! (but these last didn't come) ;

The Ladies were lovely, so lowly and bending,
 'Twas charming, to see such *high rank* condescending !
 Then follow'd the stately *Camellia* clan,
 Who, a few years ago, arriv'd from Japan ;
 Such elegant flowers we rarely have seen,
 And their beauty was highly extoll'd by the Queen.
 Sir *Pyrus Japonica* came with 'em too ;
 A *Campanula* follow'd, as usual in blue.
 A Red-headed *Coxcomb*—a pert, forward fellow !
 Next push'd in his way, before Miss *Gentianelli* ;
 And a very *tall Lily* came, after him, stalking,
 And lean'd on his stick, as if tir'd of walking.
 A *Cactus*, in pink, then appear'd in her pride,
 With *Speciossimus*, close to her side ;
 And the *Crassula*, bringing her choicest perfume,
 With the *Heliotrope*, perfectly scented the room.
 The *single Rose Brier* came in, with *Sweet Pea*,
 And they felt some *attachment*, one plainly might see ;
 But Major *Convolvulus* clung, to Miss *Rose*,
 To whom he is partial, as ev'ry one knows.

The *Panseys*, in deep purple velvet were drest,
 With bright yellow satin, composing their vest,
 They used to be reckon'd, quite vulgar and mean,
 But are now, in good company, constantly seen.
 A *Rose*, and a *Shamrock*, and *Thistle* invited,
 Came, like three loving sisters, together united ;
 The *Clarkia*, *Eschscholtia*, and *Salvias* follow,
 With *Daphne*, who's said to have fled from Apollo.

Then, a nymph, drest in scarlet, the pretty *Verbena*,
 'Twas her first coming out, and no one had seen her,
 She was thought very charming, and much more refin'd
 Than the *Belle of the City*, where Becket's enshrin'd,
 Who was next usher'd in, with more of her order,
 Whilst the band play'd, " The *Blue Bonnets* over the
 border."

The *Violet* had left its green bank, in the woods,
 And the *white Water Lily*, her seat, on the floods.
 From Lincolnshire's fens, came the *Marsh-loving Mal-*
low ;

From her Palace of Crystal, the wonderful *Aloe* !

Some would not believe it, and many felt doubt,
 For not *twice* in a century, will she *come out*.^{*}
Tigridia pavonia,† beautiful flower!
 Came in splendid attire, and staid but an hour,
 Then put on her hood, and she hasten'd away,
 For she deem'd it *recherché*, to make a short stay.

Narcissus moved in, with her elegant stoop,
 In a gold-colour'd toque, and she sported a hoop;
 Her dress *Soleil d'Or*, and the garniture round
 Compos'd of green leaves, on a very dark ground:
 In pity, we hope she's not fond of reflexion,
 As her ancestor was, (she's a *sallow* complexion).
 Then *Climatus* came *creeping*, and couldn't move faster;
 But *Nasturtian* was *running*, and rudely he pass'd her:
 A companion who follow'd, we mean *Passiflora*,
 Look'd *red* and enrag'd, at his going before her.
 Sweet *Columbine*, clad in her usual costume,
 And the *Tulip*, as Harlequin, enter'd the room:

* The Aloe is said to flower but once in a hundred years.

† The Mexican Tiger Flower, which only opens for a few hours,
 and begins to close about noon.

Cynoglossum, who wore a more delicate hue,
 And was rather admired, altho' *a bas bleu*.
 With a *Traveller's joy*, came the pretty *Schizánthus*,
 The *Delphinium*, in white, and a Mr. *Dyanthus* :
 Then *Carnations*, *Bizarres*, and a *Pink*, like a Fairy,
 With the *Dwarf Marigold*, and the little *Rosemary*.
 Now a member appear'd, not a Whig, nor a Tory,
 But annex't to his name, is a very old story ;
 Half his dress was quite red, and the rest was quite
 white,

Yet the colours were blended, and seemed to unite :
 And he certainly does what no other can do,
 For he represents *York* and *Lancaster* too.*
 Then came the *Blue Doctor*, the famous old *Squills*,
 Who never gives med'cine, but what he *distils* ;
 A friend to the bottle, a noted old quack,
 Who cures the deep cough, and the phthisical hack.

The *Auriculas*, children of April and May,
 Next approach'd the great Goddess, their *devoirs* to pay,

* The York and Lancaster Rose.

Some look'd rather formal, and bore a long name,
 Such as *Pillar of Beauty*, and *Pillar of Fame*;
 And many wore powder, but some with *bright eyes*,
 Had been at a contest, where each won a prize
 Mr. *Holyhock* came, from a neighbouring thicket,
 He had put on his red, and forgotten his ticket;
 But he *brought out* the *Foxgloves*, and when they were
 seen,
 A gracious admission was sent from the Queen.
 Then came *Lupins*, *Lobelias*, sweet *Mignonette*,
 And various others, whose names we forget.
 The *Gumcistus* was mourning, and dropping with dew,
 And she sent her excuse by the *Cypress* and *Yew*.
 Her blossoms were fair—but, alas! the poor mother
 Consign'd them to earth one after another:
 Like many a flower, as pallid and pure,
 Whose beauty's too great in this world to endure;
 Created in Eden, and loving the light,
 They droop in a day, that is follow'd by night;

But gather'd by Angels, recover their bloom,
 And all that is wither'd, they leave in the tomb.
 The *Snow-drop* and *Crocus*, who'd shone in their day,
 Had, somehow or other, gone out of the way ;
 They had both disappear'd, for they each lay in bed,
 And their neighbours and friends suppos'd they were
 dead,
 Till *Forget-Me-Not* said, that they bid her remember,
 To expect them again, the last week in December.

A great many guests from America came,
Rhododendrons, *Azalias*, too num'rous to name ;
 From India, and China, and Africa too,
 Arriv'd many beauties, that nobody knew.
 The *Chrysanthemums*, *Asters*, and many, no doubt,
 Much wish'd to be there, tho' they were not come out ;
 But they and the others, that now were prevented,
 Still hoped, for the honor of being presented.

And a dog rose has planted just outside the gate
 To frighten intruders away from the Fête

POMONA'S FETE.

WE must now to Pomona's high temple repair,
 For the bountiful Goddess, Pomona, was there,
 In etherial robes which the graces had wove,
 And as charming as Venus, the goddess of love.
 Sol lent her his chariot, the elements brought her
 The earth and the air, and the fire and the water !
 On a basket of fruit she had taken her seat,
 And Vertumnus stood by with his horn at her feet,
 That horn which he waves at her sov'reign command,
 Diffusing rich plenty all over our land ;
 And gales of Ambrosia perfum'd the fresh air,
 Whilst Vertumnus announc'd all the names of the fair.
Queen Pine had the entrè, and came in great state,
 As befitted her beauty, her rank, and her weight ;

And she also brought with her a certain *Black Prince*,
 Who's been very much talk'd of, and often *cut* since.
 A large party were present from *Strawberry hill*,
 Where the host had declar'd all his *beds* he would fill ;
 The *juvenile Keans* were in *scarlet* attired,
 And thought *sweetly* pretty, and all much admired ;
 But their cousins, the *Wilmots*, look'd truly *superb*,
 " Perhaps a little too large," said an old *bitter herb* ;
 Their aunt *Carolina* came in with 'em too,
 And, antique as she is, was surpass'd but by few !
 The Miss *Melons*, in number, at least half-a-dozen,
 Besides *Cantaloupe*, and his awkward first-cousin,
 Whose name we scarce heard, but believe 'twas *Pumpkin*—
 He reminded us much of a great country bumpkin.
 The *Grapes* kept together, and look'd *very fine* !
 'Tis said they inherit their pride from the *Vine*.
 And Sir *Apricot* left his abode at *Moor park*,
 To come to this meeting, by way of a lark.
 Mrs. *Nectarine* too, with her pretty smooth skin,
 Felt most happy, she said, " just to take a peep in,"

But a titter was rais'd at the sight of her face,
 For the rouge had been laid, too much in one place :
 Mrs. *Peach*, tho' so lovely, had painted her cheeks,
 And on one side, had plac'd, a few singular streaks ;
 Notwithstanding all this, they both look'd very well,
 And in shape and in goodness were thought to excel.
 Th' *Impératrice Plum* came, with six little pages,
 All drest in light *green*, they were six Master *Gages* ;
 And her nieces from *Orleans*, just now in their bloom,
 Attracted the eyes, of the whole of the room.
 The *Cherry*, in black for his brother *Morrello*,
 Who'd fallen a victim to brandy, poor fellow !
 The *Gooseberry* follow'd, and so did the *Fig*,
 And the *Raspberry*, wearing his very best wig :
 Then enter'd the *Currants*, and blush'd very red—
 'Twas distressing to see how they hung down their
 head,
 For some of them, finding all other trades fail,
 Were reduc'd e'en to *rob*, and they now lay in jail !

Very late in the day, came the Lords *Magnum Bonum*,
 And because they were *great*, much attention was
 shown 'em—

May their names and their virtues be ever preserv'd,
 For a title so *good* was ne'er better deserved.

The *Nuts* and the *Walnuts* both travell'd from Kent,
 And a neighbour (not ask'd) his best *Services* sent.

The *Mulberry*, meant to have been at the fête,
 But her dress was not ready, which made her too late.

The *Champion*, *Potatoe* from Lancashire, came,
 Who had challeng'd all England, and not lost his name :

A fat *Cucumber* follow'd, in green and in gold,
 Seeming somewhat deform'd, and a little too old.

The *Bean* came from Windsor, and look'd very great,
 Because, he'd been living in regions of state !

But he couldn't compete with his sisters from France,
 Who'd been train'd to excel in the twirligig dance.

The *Mustard* and *Cress*, and the *Lettuce* and *Beet*,
 (Accustom'd so often at table to meet,)

All travell'd *en suite*, and Sir *Radish* forgot,
 But he mounted his *horse*, and arriv'd very hot ;*
 And after him came, looking round and well-fed,
 Most excellent *Cauliflow'r*, with his white head ;
 He exprest much regret, and was sorry to say,
 That his cousin, Miss *Brocoli*, 'd quite run away.
 The *Peas* arriv'd late, and assign'd as the reason,
 They were only just come into town for the season.
 The *Mushroom*, who'd long from a cold kept her bed,
 Was *forced* to appear with a hat on her head ;
 She seem'd to have *started* in terrible haste,
 But when she is drest with *exquisite taste*
 She shews no *haut ton*—nor ever can do,
 For all the world knows, she's a mere *parvenu*.
 The Goddess receiv'd all her subjects with grace,
 And gave to each beauty, her rank and due place :
 On her right hand, she seated the famous *Queen Pine*,
 On her left hand, she plac'd the fair fruit of the vine ;
 The *Melons* were next, to the *Grapes*, in high station,
 And the *Peach*, and the *Nectarine*, both in rotation.

* Horseradish.

She condol'd with the *Cherry* the loss of his brother,
 And to each of her guests she said something or other,
 " And hoped they'd in Summer and Autumn attend,
 " At the summons that she and Queen Flora would send ;
 " For that goddess with her, would in future unite,
 " And often their subjects and vot'ries invite :
 " Competition for prizes, she said, was their will ;
 " There'd be prizes for beauty and prizes for skill ;
 " And as long as she reign'd over orchard and wood,
 " She'd always promote, what is useful and good !"

This speech was receiv'd, with applause, by the crowd—
 For Fruit is *most grateful*, it must be allow'd ;
 And the beautiful plants that were under the tent,
 Immediately offer'd a volume of *scent* !

Now Flora kept out, from the first to the least,
 All the insects that went to the Grasshopper's feast :
 But the Fly, in a passion determin'd to enter,
 Was caught, in a gossamer, hung in the centre,

Where he buzz'd his invectives, the rest of the day,
 And felt for his rashness, he'd dearly to pay ;
 Whilst the Gnats, on the Sunbeams, were dancing a
 reel,

(Too airy and light, their exclusion to feel.)

The Bee wanted honey, and murmur'd about,
 And wonder'd how flowers could go to a rout ?

The Butterfly droop'd, and died the same day,
 For he fancied " that fair things had faded away :"

But the Wasp climb'd the window, notorious thief,
 And sat, for a while unperceiv'd, on a leaf,

Then slily he crept, and he bit *Lady Grape*,
 And was trod under foot, ere he made his escape !

Then the *Queen* of the *Fruit* was delighted to see,
 How she'd murder'd the *Wasp*, and punish'd the *Bee*,

But Flora rejoic'd o'er the *Butterfly's* fall,
 For she hated his pride, and remember'd his *Ball*.

The rest of the day was harmoniously spent—
 The Spheres, as a favour, their music had sent,

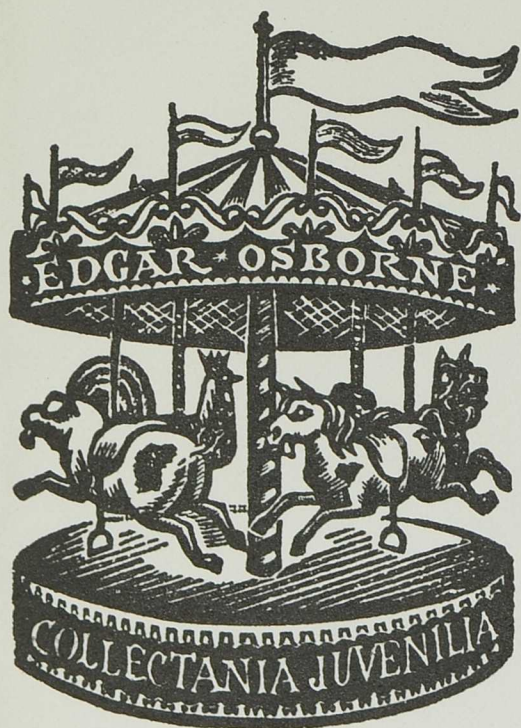
And groups of gay flowers were scatter'd around,
 Whilst many paraded the beautiful ground,
 Till the *Nightshade* was caught darting into the room,
 With his poisonous vapours and poisonous gloom ;
 And the *Night-blowing Cereus*, beginning to yawn,
 Gave the hint to her friends, that it soon would be dawn ;
 Then they look'd at the *Thyme*, and they ask'd if he'd
 stay ?

The *Old Man* shook his head, and was hastening away :
 So the Goddesses summon'd their car and withdrew,
 And each Beauty return'd to the place where she grew.
Pomona and *Flora*, the theme of their song,
 To them may the garden of England belong ;
 Their colours display to the sceptical eye,
 Which no longer the hand of a God *can deny* !
 Let ambition *their seeds* in this Fairy land sow,
 They'll never be blighted, but prosper and grow ;
 Their *Olive tree* plant, and here carefully nourish,
 And its *Branch*, like our *Laurels*, will certainly flourish ;

For the Sun of *Prosperity* shines on this land,
 And Content, Peace, and Plenty, should go hand in
 hand.

May each Cottager then find repose at his door,
 When the toils of the day, and his labours, are o'er,
 Sitting under his Fig tree, and under his *Vine*,
 As foretold in *that Book* which is *true* and *Divine*.

THE END.



37131 053 580 981

