

**THE ENCHANTED
PLANTS,
FABLES IN VERSE**

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The Enchanted Plants, Fables in Verse by Maria Henrietta Montolieu

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MARIA HENRIETTA MONTOLIEU

**THE ENCHANTED
PLANTS,
FABLES IN VERSE**

THE
ENCHANTED PLANTS,

FABLES IN VERSE.

INSCRIBED TO
MISS MONTOLIEU, AND MISS JULIA MONTOLIEU.

SECOND EDITION.

Blush as thou may'st, my little book, for shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame,
For such thy maker chose, and so designed,
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind. . . *Dryden.*

LONDON.

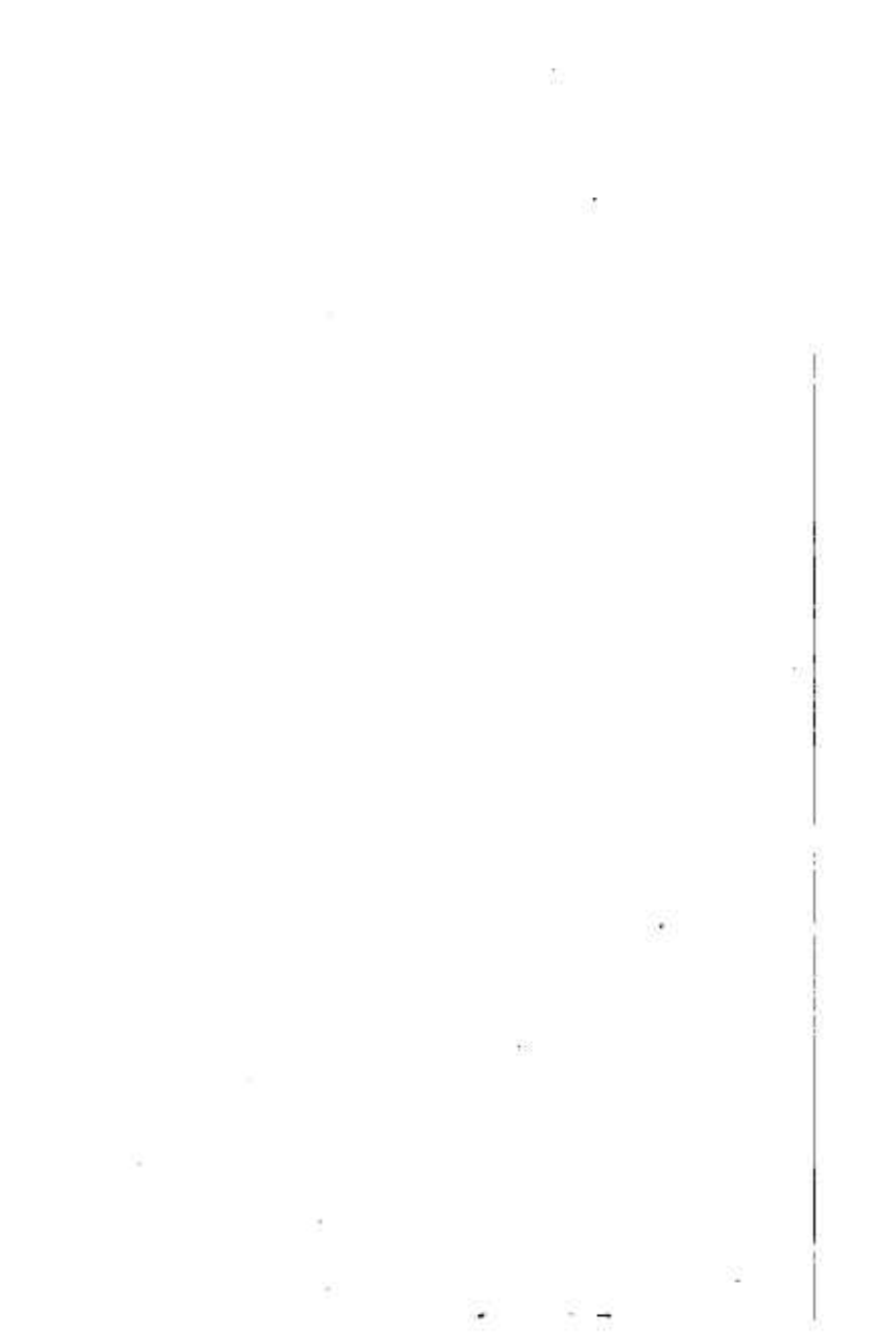
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M DCCCL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author conceiving that any allusion to the botanic distinctions of plants would be inconsistent with the simplicity intended to be preserved in the following Fables, has waved the attempt, and has hazarded in personifying them, to give to each individual the sex she thought best adapted to the moral the fable is meant to convey.

The few Notes she wrote for her children, (to whom the poems are inscribed) and which may be of use to young readers, will be found at the end of the book.



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INTRODUCTION.

Of, to beguile the sultry hours,
In thought I've animated flowers,
 Enlivening every walk,
And though no botanist professed,
Their reasoning powers have shrewdly guessed,
 And longed to hear them talk.

It chanced one lovely day in June,
Just at the madding time of moon,
 I spoke this wish aloud;
When from a Pansy, with surprise,
I saw a gradual mist arise,
 And form a silvery cloud.

Forth from the glittering veil, behold,
In insect trappings, green and gold,
 A fairy figure sprung,
Her wand a cowslip's stamen seemed,
And on her head like diamonds beamed
 A casque with dew-drops hung.

Her silken pinions as she flew,
Seemed by their size and purple hue,
 Spoils of the flower she left;
She soared aloft, and touched mine ear,
While I half-pleased, half-dead with fear,
 Remained of speech bereft.

Then first a small melodious tone,
Before to mortal wight unknown,
 Struck my enraptured sense;
'Flora,' it murmured, 'grants thy prayer,
Long have her treasures been thy care,
 Receive thy recompense.'

This said, she vanished from my sight,
And since, with ever new delight,
 I tend my fragrant boards;
No solitude exists for me,
Since every flower, and shrub, and tree,
 Society affords.