

wich on the 23d of December, 1783, written to President Laurens, and introducing Captain William Hubbard. To the introduction he added:

"We are anxiously waiting to hear of some efficacious measures adopted by Congress relative to our [circulating] medium, and presume they are not inattentive to an object of such importance."

The finances were then in a wretched state. The Continental bills had become worthless. There was a heavy public debt, and no co-operative action among the several States could be obtained for sustaining the public credit. Wise men saw clearly, at that early period, that the Confederation, as a national government, was a failure.

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*Sam<sup>l</sup> Huntington*

#### HELIOTROPE.

HELIOTROPE, Flower of the Sun, Flower of the Wedded,  
So purple and sweet by my side,  
Now are the days, midsummer days, longed for yet dreaded,  
When Love is no longer a bride;

No longer a bride, Heliotrope, but a deep-seeing wife;  
No longer a queen, Heliotrope, but a heart-slave for life,  
No longer a bud, Heliotrope, but a full-blooming flower—  
Nothing to wish for better than Now, the rich Present's rich hour.

Flower of the Sun, down in thy heart, gentle and tender,  
Oh, art thou not proud of thy lot?  
Rose in her red, lily in white, tulip in splendor,  
Thou seest, and enviest not.

All purple thy robe, mystical hue that denoteth crowned love;  
No tremor is thine; well dost thou know bright Apollo above;  
Firm fixed is thy life; changes are past; and forever till death  
Thou drest in love, livest in love, in the Present's warm breath.

Heliotrope, look in mine eyes. I am thy sister;  
I worship, flower-sister, my Sun.

Care I for wealth, rubies' red fire, diamonds' glister,  
The films by the lace-makers spun!

They flutter in vain, ghost-lily maids, as they cross my sweet path;  
They hold up their gems, summer-rose girls, and shed sparkles in wrath  
Athwart my still life, trying to see what the charm is, and how  
All of their future, all of their past, can not equal my Now.

Flower of the Sun, well do we know, know it together,  
Our secret, our secret so sweet:

Sing we our song in the July's midsummer weather  
As we lie at Apollo's feet.

Great is thy Sun-God up in the sky, and he calls thee his own;  
Great is my Life-God here on the earth, and he loves me alone;  
Great is our heart-bliss—all my dull words in its ardor consume:  
Breathe, then, our story, Heliotrope, in thy silent perfume.