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*THE PLANT-LORE AND GARDEN-CRAFT OF
SHAKESPEARE.*

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“It would be hard to name a better commonplace book for summer lawns. . . . The lover of poetry, the lover of gardening, and the lover of quaint, out-of-the-way knowledge will each find something to please him. . . . It is a delightful example of gardening literature.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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THE
PLANT-LORE & GARDEN-CRAFT
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

BY
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SECOND EDITION.

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—
1884.

“ My Herbale booke in Folio I unfold.

I pipe of plants, I sing of somer flowers.’

CUTWODE, *Caltha Poetarum*, st. 1.

113148

TO THE READER.



“FAULTES escaped in the Printing, correcte with your pennes; omitted by my neglygence, overslippe with patience; committed by ignorance, remit with favour.”

LILY, *Euphues and his England*, Address to the gentlemen Readers.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



SINCE the publication of the First Edition I have received many kind criticisms both from the public critics and from private friends. For these criticisms I am very thankful, and they have enabled me to correct some errors and to make some additions, which I hope will make the book more acceptable and useful.

For convenience of reference I have added the line numbers to the passages quoted, taking both the quotations and the line numbers from the Globe Shakespeare. In a few instances I have not kept exactly to the text of the Globe Edition, but these are noted; and I have added the "Two Noble Kinsmen," which is not in that Edition.

In other respects this Second Edition is substantially the same as the First.

H. N. E.

BITTON VICARAGE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,

February, 1884.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.



THE following Notes on the "Plant-lore and Garden-craft of Shakespeare" were published in "The Garden" from March to September, 1877.

They are now republished with additions and with such corrections as the altered form of publication required or allowed.

As the Papers appeared from week to week, I had to thank many correspondents (mostly complete strangers to myself) for useful suggestions and inquiries; and I would again invite any further suggestions or remarks, especially in the way of correction of any mistakes or omissions that I may have made, and I should feel thankful to any one that would kindly do me this favour.

In republishing the Papers, I have been very doubtful whether I ought not to have rejected the cultural remarks on several of the plants, which I had added with a special reference to the horticultural character of "The Garden" newspaper. But I decided to retain them, on finding that they interested some readers, by whom the literary and Shakespearean notices were less valued.

The weekly preparation of the Papers was a very pleasant study to myself, and introduced me to much literary and horticultural information of which I was previously ignorant. In republishing them I hope that some of my readers may meet with equal pleasure, and with some little information that may be new to them.

H. N. E.

BITTON VICARAGE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,

May, 1878.



INTRODUCTION.



ALL the commentators on Shakespeare are agreed upon one point, that he was the most wonderfully many-sided writer that the world has yet seen. Every art and science are more or less noticed by him, so far as they were known in his day; every business and profession are more or less accurately described; and so it has come to pass that, though the main

circumstances of his life are pretty well known, yet the students of every art and science, and the members of every business and profession, have delighted to claim him as their fellow-labourer. Books have been written at various times by various writers, which have proved (to the complete satisfaction of the writers) that he was a soldier,¹ a sailor, a lawyer,² an astronomer, a physician,³ a divine,⁴ a printer,⁵ an

¹ "Was Shakespeare ever a Soldier?" by W. J. Thoms, F.S.A., 1865, 8vo.

² "Shakespeare's legal acquirements considered in a letter to J. P. Collier," by John, Lord Campbell, 1859, 12mo. "Shakespeare a Lawyer," by W. L. Rushton, 1858, 12mo.

³ "Remarks on the Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare," by J. C. Bucknill, 1860, 8vo.

⁴ Eaton's "Shakespeare and the Bible," 1858, 8vo.

⁵ "Shakespeare and Typography; being an attempt to show Shakespeare's personal connection with, and technical knowledge of, the Art of Printing," by William Blades, 1872, 8vo.

actor, a courtier, a sportsman, an angler,¹ and I know not what else besides.

I also propose to claim him as a fellow-labourer. A lover of flowers and gardening myself, I claim Shakespeare as equally a lover of flowers and gardening; and this I propose to prove by showing how, in all his writings, he exhibits his strong love for flowers, and a very fair, though not perhaps a very deep, knowledge of plants; but I do not intend to go further. That he was a lover of plants I shall have no difficulty in showing; but I do not, therefore, believe that he was a professed gardener, and I am quite sure he can in no sense be claimed as a botanist, in the scientific sense of the term. His knowledge of plants was simply the knowledge that every man may have who goes through the world with his eyes open to the many beauties of Nature that surround him, and who does not content himself with simply looking, and then passing on, but tries to find out something of the inner meaning of the beauties he sees, and to carry away with him some of the lessons which they were doubtless meant to teach. But Shakespeare was able to go further than this. He had the great gift of being able to describe what he saw in a way that few others have arrived at; he could communicate to others the pleasure that he felt himself, not by long descriptions, but by a few simple words, a few natural touches, and a few well-chosen epithets, which bring the plants and flowers before us in the freshest, and often in a most touching way.

For this reason the study of the Plant-lore of Shakespeare is a very pleasant study, and there are other things which add to this pleasure. One especial pleasure arises from the thoroughly English character of his descriptions. It has often been observed that wherever the scenes of his plays are laid, and whatever foreign characters he introduces, yet they really are all Englishmen of the time of Elizabeth, and the scenes are all drawn from the England of his day. This is certainly true of the plants and flowers we meet with in the plays; they are thoroughly English plants that (with very few exceptions) he saw in the hedgerows and woods of Warwickshire,² or in

¹ "Was Shakespeare an Angler," by H. N. Ellacombe, 1883, 12mo.

² "The country around Stratford presents the perfection of quiet English scenery; it is remarkable for its wealth of lovely wild flowers,

his own or his friends' gardens. The descriptions are thus thoroughly fresh and real; they tell of the country and of the outdoor life he loved, and they never smell of the study lamp. In this respect he differs largely from Milton, whose descriptions (with very few exceptions) recall the classic and Italian writers. He differs, too, from his contemporary Spenser, who has certainly some very sweet descriptions of flowers, which show that he knew and loved them, but are chiefly allusions to classical flowers, which he names in such a way as to show that he often did not fully know what they were, but named them because it was the right thing for a classical poet so to do. Shakespeare never names a flower or plant unnecessarily; they all come before us, when they do come, in the most natural way, as if the particular flower named was the only one that could be named on that occasion. We have nothing in his writings, for instance, like the long list of trees described (and in the most interesting way) in the first canto of the First Book of the "Faerie Queene," and indeed he is curiously distinct from all his contemporaries. Chaucer, before him, spoke much of flowers and plants, and drew them as from the life. In the century after him Herrick may be named as another who sung of flowers as he saw them; but the real contemporaries of Shakespeare are, with few exceptions,¹ very silent on the subject. One instance will suffice. Sir Thomas Wyatt's poems are all professedly about the country—they abound in woods and vales, shepherds and swains—yet in all his poems there is scarcely a single allusion to a flower in a really natural way. And because Shakespeare only introduces flowers in their right place, and in the most purely natural way, there is one necessary result. I shall show that the number of flowers he introduces is large, but the number he omits, and which he must have known, is also very large,

for its deep meadows on each side of the tranquil Avon, and for its rich, sweet woodlands."—E. DOWDEN'S *Shakespeare in Literature Primers*, 1877.

¹ The two chief exceptions are Ben Jonson (1574–1637) and William Browne (1590–1645). Jonson, though born in London, and living there the greatest part of his life, was evidently a real lover of flowers, and frequently shows a practical knowledge of them. Browne was also a keen observer of nature, and I have made several quotations from his "Britannia's Pastorals."

and well worth noting.¹ He has no notice, under any name, of such common flowers as the Snowdrop, the Forget-me-Not, the Foxglove, the Lily of the Valley,² and many others which he must have known, but which he has not named; because when he names a plant or flower, he does so not to show his own knowledge, but because the particular flower or plant is wanted in the particular place in which he uses it.

Another point of interest in the Plant-lore of Shakespeare is the wide range of his observation. He gathers flowers for us from all sorts of places—from the “turfy mountains” and the “flat meads;” from the “bosky acres” and the “unshrubbed down;” from “rose-banks” and “hedges even-pleached.” But he is equally at home in the gardens of the country gentlemen with their “pleached bowers” and “leafy orchards.” Nor is he a stranger to gardens of a much higher pretension, for he will pick us famous Strawberries from the garden of my Lord of Ely in Holborn; he will pick us White and Red Roses from the garden of the Temple; and he will pick us “Apricocks” from the royal garden of Richard the Second’s sad queen. I propose to follow Shakespeare into these many pleasant spots, and to pick each flower and note each plant which he has thought worthy of notice. I do not propose to make a selection of his plants, for that would not give a proper idea of the extent of his knowledge, but to note every tree, and plant, and flower that he has noted. And as I pick each flower, I shall let Shakespeare first tell us all he has to say about it; in other words, I shall quote every passage in which he names the plant or flower; for here,

¹ Perhaps the most noteworthy plant omitted is Tobacco—Shakespeare must have been well acquainted with it, not only as every one in his day knew of it, but as a friend and companion of Ben Jonson, he must often have been in the company of smokers. Ben Jonson has frequent allusions to it, and almost all the sixteenth-century writers have something to say about it; but Shakespeare never names the herb, or alludes to it in any way whatever.

² It seems probable that the Lily of the Valley was not recognized as a British plant in Shakespeare’s time, and was very little grown even in gardens. Turner says, “Ephemerū is called in duche meyblumle, in french Muguet. It groweth plentuously in Germany, but not in England that ever I coulde see, savinge in my Lordes gardine at Syon. The Poticaries in Germany do name it Liliū Cōvallium, it may be called in englishe May Lilies.”—*Names of Herbes*, 1548. Cohan in 1596 says much the same: “I say nothing of them because they are not usuall in gardens.”—*Haven of Health*.



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My subject naturally divides itself into two parts—

First, The actual plants and flowers named by Shakespeare ;
Second, His knowledge of gardens and gardening.

I now go at once to the first division, naming each plant in its alphabetical order.

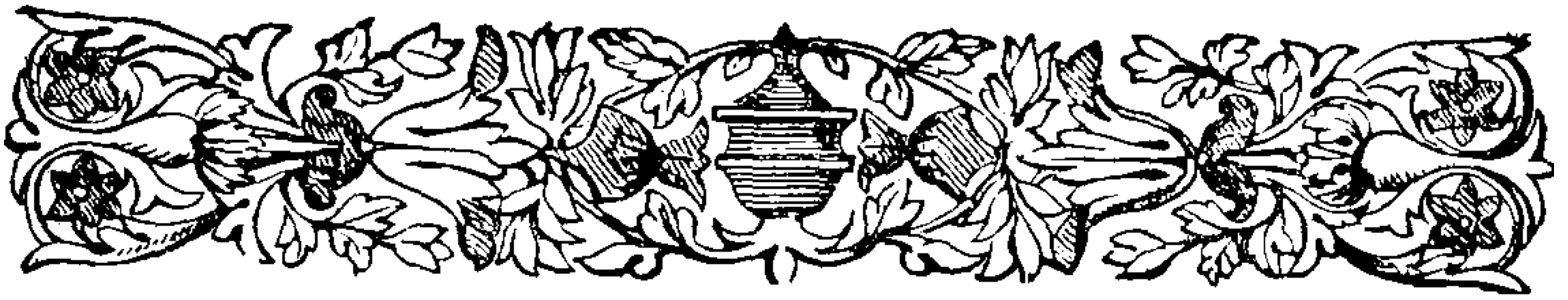
by J. C. Roach Smith, 8vo, London, 1870. A pleasant but short pamphlet.

7.—“A Brief Guide to the Gardens of Shakespeare,” 1863, 12mo. 12 pages, and

8.—“Shakespeare’s Home and Rural Life,” by James Walter, with Illustrations. 1874, folio. These two works are rather topographical guides than accounts of the flowers of Shakespeare.

9.—“The Flowers of Shakespeare,” depicted by Viola, coloured plates, 4to, 1882. A drawing-room book of little merit.

10.—“The Shakspeare Flora,” by Leo H. Grindon, 12mo, 1883. A collection of very pleasant essays on the poetry of Shakespeare, and his knowledge of flowers.



ACONITUM.

K. Henry. The united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As Aconitum or rash gunpowder.
2nd King Henry IV, act iv, sc. 4 (44).

There is another place in which it is probable that Shakespeare alludes to the Aconite; he does not name it, but he compares the effects of the poison to gunpowder, as in the passage above.

Romeo. Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Romeo and Juliet, act v, sc. 1 (59).

The plant here named as being as powerful in its action as gunpowder is the *Aconitum Napellus* (the Wolf's-bane or Monk's-hood). It is a member of a large family, all of which are more or less poisonous, and the common Monk's-hood as much so as any. Two species are found in America, but, for the most part, the family is confined to the northern portion of the Eastern Hemisphere, ranging from the Himalaya through Europe to Great Britain. It is now found wild in a few parts of England, but it is certainly not indigenous; it was, however, very early introduced into England, being found in all the English vocabularies of plants from the tenth century downwards, and frequently mentioned in the early English medical recipes.

Its names are all interesting. In the Anglo-Saxon Vocabularies it is called *thung*, which, however, seems to have been a general name for any very poisonous plant;¹ it was then called Aconite, as the English form of its Greek and Latin name, but this name is now seldom used, being, by a curious perversion, solely given to the pretty little early-flowering Winter Aconite (*Eranthis hyemalis*), which is not a true Aconite, though closely allied; it then got the name of Wolf's-bane, as the direct translation of the Greek *lycottonum*, a name which it had from the idea that arrows tipped with the juice, or baits anointed with it, would kill wolves and other vermin; and, lastly, it got the expressive names of Monk's-hood² and the Helmet-flower, from the curious shape of the upper sepal overtopping the rest of the flower.

As to its poisonous qualities, all authors agree that every species of the family is very poisonous, the *A. ferox* of the Himalaya being probably the most so. Every part of the plant, from the root to the pollen dust, seems to be equally powerful, and it has the special bad quality of being, to inexperienced eyes, so like some harmless plant, that the poison has been often taken by mistake with deadly results. This charge against the plant is of long standing, dating certainly from the time of Virgil—*miseros fallunt aconita legentes*—and, no doubt, from much before his time. As it

¹ "*Aconita*, thung." Ælfric's "Vocabulary," 10th century.

"*Aconitum*, thung." Anglo-Saxon Vocabulary, 11th century.

"*Aconita*, thung." "Durham Glossary of the names of Worts," 11th century.

The ancient Vocabularies and Glossaries, to which I shall frequently refer, are printed in

I. Wright's "Volume of Vocabularies," 1857.

II. "Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft of Early England," by Rev. O. Cockayne, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, 3 vols., 1866.

III. "Promptorium Parvulorum," edited by Albert Way, and published by the Camden Society, 3 vols., 1843-65.

IV. "Catholicon Anglicum," edited by S. J. Hertage, and published by the Early English Text Society, 1881, and by the Camden Society, 1882.

² This was certainly its name in Shakespeare's time—

"And with the Flower Monk's-hood makes a coole."

CUTWODE, *Caltha Poetarum*, 1599 (st. 117).

was a common belief that poisons were antidotes against other poisons, the Aconite was supposed to be an antidote against the most deadly one—

“ I have heard that Aconite
Being timely taken hath a healing might
Against the scorpion’s stroke.”

BEN JONSON, *Sejanus*, act iii, sc. 3.

Yet, in spite of its poisonous qualities, the plant has always held, and deservedly, a place among the ornamental plants of our gardens ; its stately habit and its handsome leaves and flowers make it a favourite. Nearly all the species are worth growing, the best, perhaps, being *A. Napellus*, both white and blue, *A. paniculatum*, *A. japonicum*, and *A. autumnale*. All the species grow well in shade and under trees. In Shakespeare’s time Gerard grew in his London garden four species—*A. lycoctonum*, *A. variegatum*, *A. Napellus*, and *A. Pyrenaicum*.

ACORN, *see* OAK.

ALMOND.

Thersites. The parrot will not do more for an Almond.

Troilus and Cressida, act v, sc. 2 (193).

“ An Almond for a parrot ” seems to have been a proverb for the greatest temptation that could be put before a man. The Almond tree is a native of Asia and North Africa, but it was very early introduced into England, probably by the Romans. It occurs in the Anglo-Saxon lists of plants, and in the “ Durham Glossary ” (11th century) it has the name of the “ Easterne nutte-beam.” The tree was always a favourite both for the beauty of its flowers, which come very early in the year, and for its Biblical associations, so that in Shakespeare’s time the trees were “ in our London gardens

and orchards in great plenty" (Gerard). Before Shakespeare's time, Spenser had sung its praises thus—

“ Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At everie little breath that under Heaven is blowne.”
F. Q., i. 7, 32.

The older English name seems to have been *Almande*—

“ And Almandres gret plente,”
Romaunt of the Rose ;

“ Noyz de l'almande, nux Phyllidis,”
 ALEXANDER NECKAM ;

and both this old name and its more modern form of Almond came to us through the French *amande* (Provençal, *amondala*), from the Greek and Latin *amygdalus*. What this word meant is not very clear, but the native Hebrew name of the plant (*shaked*) is most expressive. The word signifies “awakening,” and so is a most fitting name for a tree whose beautiful flowers, appearing in Palestine in January, show the wakening up of Creation. The fruit also has always been a special favourite, and though it is strongly imbued with prussic acid, it is considered a wholesome fruit. By the old writers many wonderful virtues were attributed to the fruit, but I am afraid it was chiefly valued for its supposed virtue, that “five or six being taken fasting do keepe a man from being drunke” (Gerard).¹ This popular error is not yet extinct.

As an ornamental tree the Almond should be in every shrubbery, and, as in Gerard's time, it may still be planted in town gardens with advantage. There are several varieties of the common Almond, differing slightly in the colour and size of the flowers; and there is one little shrub (*Amygdalus nana*) of the family that is very pretty in the front row of a shrubbery. All the species are deciduous.

¹ “Plutarch mentions a great drinker of wine who, by the use of bitter almonds, used to escape being intoxicated.”—*Flora Domestica*, p. 6.



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as the Sea Houseleek ; and Gerard tells us that they were grown as vegetable curiosities, for “the herbe is alwaies greene, and likewise sendeth forth branches, though it remaine out of the earth, especially if the root be covered with lome, and now and then watered; for so being hanged on the seelings and upper posts of dining-roomes, it will not onely continue a long time greene, but it also groweth and bringeth forth new leaves.”¹

ANEMONE.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up chequer'd with white.
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

Venus and Adonis (1165).

Shakespeare does not actually name the Anemone, and I place this passage under that name with some doubt, but I do not know any other flower to which he could be referring.

The original legend of the Anemone as given by Bion was that it sprung from the tears of Venus, while the Rose sprung from Adonis' blood—

ἄιμα ροδον τίκτει, τὰ δὲ δάκρυα τὰν ἀνεμώναν.

Bion Idyll, i, 66.

“Wide as her lover's torrent blood appears
So copious flowed the fountain of her tears ;
The Rose starts blushing from the sanguine dyes,
And from her tears Anemones arise.”

POLWHELE'S Translation, 1786.

But this legend was not followed by the other classical writers, who made the Anemone to be the flower of Adonis. Theocritus compares the Dog-rose (so called also in his day, *κυννοσβατος*) and the Anemone with the Rose, and the Scholia

¹ In the emblems of Camerarius (No. 92) is a picture of a room with an Aloe suspended.

comment on the passage thus—“Anemone, a scentless flower, which they report to have sprung from the blood of Adonis; and again Nicander says that the Anemone sprung from the blood of Adonis.”

The storehouse of our ancestors' pagan mythology was in Ovid, and his well-known lines are—

“Cum flos e sanguine concolor ortus
Qualem, quæ lento celant sub cortice granum
Punica ferre solent; brevis est tamen usus in illis,
Namque male hærentem, et nimiâ brevitæ caducum
Excutiunt idem qui præstant nomina, venti,”—

Thus translated by Golding in 1567, from whom it is very probable that Shakespeare obtained his information—

“Of all one colour with the bloud, a flower she there did find,
Even like the flower of that same tree, whose fruit in tender rind
Have pleasant graines enclosede—howbeit the use of then: is
short,
For why, the leaves do hang so loose through lightnesse in such
sort,
As that the windes that all things pierce¹ with everie little blast
Do shake them off and shed them so as long they cannot last.”²

I feel sure that Shakespeare had some particular flower in view. Spenser only speaks of it as a flower, and gives no description—

“In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her Paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre.”

F. Q., iii, 1, 34.

“When she saw no help might him restore
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew.”

F. Q., iii, 1, 38.

Ben Jonson similarly speaks of it as “Adonis' flower” (Pan's Anniversary), but with Shakespeare it is different; he describes the flower minutely, and as if it were a well-known flower, “purple chequered with white,” and considering that

¹ Golding evidently adopted the reading “qui perflant omnia,” instead of the reading now generally received, “qui præstant nomina.”

² Gerard thought that Ovid's Anemone was the Venice Mallow—*Hibiscus trionum*—a handsome annual from the South of Europe.

in his day Anemone was supposed to be Adonis' flower (as it was described in 1647 by Alexander Ross in his "Mystagogus Poeticus," who says that Adonis "was by Venus turned into a red flower called Anemone"), and as I wish, if possible, to link the description to some special flower, I conclude that the evidence is in favour of the Anemone. Gerard's Anemone was certainly the same as ours, and the "purple" colour is no objection, for "purple" in Shakespeare's time had a very wide signification, meaning almost any bright colour, just as *purpureus* had in Latin,¹ which had so wide a range that it was used on the one hand as the epithet of the blood and the poppy, and on the other as the epithet of the swan ("purpureis ales oloribus," Horace) and of a woman's white arms ("brachia purpurea candidiora nive," Albinovanus). Nor was "chequered" confined to square divisions, as it usually is now, but included spots of any size or shape.

We have transferred the Greek name of Anemone to the English language, and we have further kept the Greek idea in the English form of "wind-flower." The name is explained by Pliny: "The flower hath the propertie to open but when the wind doth blow, wherefore it took the name Anemone in Greeke" ("Nat. Hist." xxi. 11, Holland's translation). This, however, is not the character of the Anemone as grown in English gardens; and so it is probable that the name has been transferred to a different plant than the classical one, and I think no suggestion more probable than Dr. Prior's that the classical Anemone was the Cistus, a shrub that is very abundant in the South of Europe; that certainly opens its flowers at other times than when the wind blows, and so will not well answer to Pliny's description, but of which the flowers are bright-coloured and most fugacious, and so will answer to Ovid's description. This fugacious character of the Anemone is perpetuated in Sir William Jones' lines ("Poet. Works," i, 254, ed. 1810)—

¹ In the "Nineteenth Century" for October, 1877, is an interesting article by Mr. Gladstone on the "colour-sense" in Homer, proving that Homer, and all nations in the earlier stages of their existence, have a very limited perception of colour, and a very limited and loosely applied nomenclature of colours. The same remark would certainly apply to the early English writers, not excluding Shakespeare.

“ Youth, like a thin Anemone, displays
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays ;”

but the lines, though classical, are not true of the Anemone, though they would well apply to the Cistus.¹

Our English Anemones belong to a large family inhabiting cold and temperate regions, and numbering seventy species, of which three are British.² These are *A. Nemorosa*, the common wood Anemone, the brightest spring ornament of our woods ; *A. Apennina*, abundant in the South of Europe, and a doubtful British plant ; and *A. pulsatilla*, the Passe, or Pasque flower, *i.e.*, the flower of Easter, one of the most beautiful of our British flowers, but only to be found on the chalk formation.

APPLE.

- (1) *Sebastian.* I think he will carry this island home and give it his son for an Apple.
Tempest, act ii, sc. 1 (91).
- (2) *Malvolio.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a Squash is before 'tis a Peascod, or a Codling when 'tis almost an Apple.
Twelfth Night, act i, sc. 5 (165).
- (3) *Antonio.* An Apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures.
Ibid., act 5, sc. 1 (230).
- (4) *Antonio.* An evil soul producing holy witness Is like a villain with a smiling cheek, A goodly Apple rotten at the heart.
Merchant of Venice, act i, sc. 3 (100).
- (5) *Tranio.* He in countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Biondello. As much as an Apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Taming of the Shrew, act iv, sc. 2 (100).

¹ Mr. Leo Grindon also identifies the classical Anemone with the Cistus. See a good account of it in “Gardener’s Chronicle,” June 3, 1876.

² The small yellow *A. ranunculoides* has been sometimes included among the British Anemones, but is now excluded. It is a rare plant, and an alien.

- (6) *Orleans.* Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth
of a Russian bear, and have their heads
crushed like rotten Apples.
Henry V, act iii, sc. 7 (153).
- (7) *Hortensio.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten
Apples.
Taming of the Shrew, act i, sc. 1 (138).
- (8) *Porter.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-
house, and fight for bitten Apples.
Henry VIII, act v, sc. 4 (63).
- (9) *Song of Winter.*
When roasted Crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (935).
- (10) *Puck.*
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted Crab ;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (47).
- (11) *Fool.* Shal't see thy other daughter will use thee
kindly ; for though she's as like this as a Crab's
like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. Why, what can'st thou tell, my boy ?
Fool. She will taste as like this as a Crab does to a
Crab. *King Lear*, act i, sc. 5 (14).
- (12) *Caliban.* I prithee, let me bring thee where Crabs grow.
Tempest, act ii, sc. 2 (171).
- (13) *Petruchio.* Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so
sour.
Katherine. It is my fashion, when I see a Crab.
Petruchio. Why, here's no Crab, and therefore look not
sour.
Taming of the Shrew, act ii, sc. 1 (229).
- (14) *Menenius.* We have some old Crab-trees here at home that
will not
Be grafted to your relish.
Coriolanus, act ii, sc. 1 (205).
- (15) *Suffolk.* Noble stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slip.
2nd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2 (213).
- (16) *Porter.* Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree staves, and strong
ones. *Henry VIII*, act v, sc. 4 (7).

- (17) *Falstaff*. My skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old Apple-john.
1st Henry IV, act iii, sc. 3 (3).
- (18) *1st Drawer*. What the devil hast thou brought there? Apple-johns? Thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an Apple-john.
2nd Drawer. Mass! thou sayest true; the prince once set a dish of Apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.
2nd Henry IV, act ii, sc. 4 (1).
- (19) *Shallow*. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's Pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of Caraways, and so forth.
- Davey*. There's a dish of Leather-coats for you.
Ibid., act v, sc. 3 (1, 44).
- (20) *Evans*. I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner. There's Pippins and cheese to come.
Merry Wives of Windsor, act i, sc. 2 (11).
- (21) *Holofernes*. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as the Pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *terra*—the soil, the land, the earth.
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv, sc. 2 (3).
- (22) *Mercutio*. Thy wit is a very Bitter Sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.
Romeo. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 4 (83).
- (23) *Petruchio*. What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon. What! up and down, carved like an Apple-tart?
Taming of the Shrew, act iv, sc. 3 (88).
- (24) How like Eve's Apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!
Sonnet xciii.

Here Shakespeare names the Apple, the Crab, the Pippin, the Pomewater, the Apple-john, the Codling, the Caraway, the Leathercoat, and the Bitter-Sweeting. Of the Apple generally I need say nothing, except to notice that the name

was not originally confined to the fruit now so called, but was a generic name applied to any fruit, as we still speak of the Love-apple, the Pine-apple,¹ &c. The Anglo-Saxon name for the Blackberry was the Bramble-apple; and Sir John Mandeville, in describing the Cedars of Lebanon, says: "And upon the hills growen Trees of Cedre, that ben fulle hye, and they beren longe Apples, and als grete as a man's heved"² (cap. ix.). In the English Bible it is the same. The Apple is mentioned in a few places, but it is almost certain that it never means the *Pyrus malus*, but is either the Orange, Citron, or Quince, or is a general name for a tree fruit. So that when Shakespeare (24) and the other old writers speak of Eve's Apple, they do not necessarily assert that the fruit of the temptation was our Apple, but simply that it was some fruit that grew in Eden. The Apple (*pomum*) has left its mark in the language in the word "pomatum," which, originally an ointment made of Apples, is now an ointment in which Apples have no part.

The Crab was held in far more esteem in the sixteenth century than it is with us. The roasted fruit served with hot ale (9 and 10) was a favourite Christmas dish, and even without ale the roasted Crab was a favourite, and this not for want of better fruit, for Gerard tells us that in his time "the stocke or kindred of Apples was infinite," but because they were considered pleasant food.³ Another curious use of Crabs is told in the description of Crab-wake, or "Crabbing the Parson," at Halesowen, Salop, on St. Kenelm's Day (July 17), in Brand's "Popular Antiquities" (vol. i. p. 342, Bohn's edition). Nor may we now despise the Crab tree, though we do not eat its fruit. Among our native trees there is none more beautiful than the Crab tree, both in flower and in fruit. An old Crab tree in full flower is a sight that will delight any artist, nor is it altogether useless; its wood is very hard and very lasting, and from its fruit ver-

¹ See PINE, p. 208.

² "A peche appulle." "The appulys of a peche tre."—*Porkington MSS. in Early English Miscellany*. (Published by Warton Club.)

³ "As for Wildings and Crabs . . . their tast is well enough liked, and they carrie with them a quicke and a sharp smell; howbeit this gift they have for their harsh sournesse, that they have many a foule word and shrewd curse given them."—PHILEMON HOLLAND'S *Pliny*, book xv. c. 14.



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water is an excellent, good, and great whitish Apple, full of sap or moisture, somewhat pleasant sharp, but a little bitter withall ; it will not last long, the winter frosts soon causing it to rot and perish." It must have been very like the modern Lord Suffield Apple, and though Parkinson says it will not last long, yet it is mentioned as lasting till the New Year in a tract entitled "Vox Graculi," 1623. Speaking of New Year's Day, the author says : " This day shall be given many more gifts than shall be asked for ; and apples, egges, and oranges shall be lifted to a lofty rate ; when a Pomewater bestuck with a few rotten cloves shall be worth more than the honesty of a hypocrite " (quoted by Brand, vol. i. 17, Bohn's edition).

We have no such difficulty with the "dish of Apple-johns" (17 and 18). Hakluyt recommends "the Apple John that dureth two years to make show of our fruit" to be carried by voyagers.¹ "The Deusan (*deux ans*) or Apple-john," says Parkinson, "is a delicate fine fruit, well relished when it beginneth to be fit to be eaten, and endureth good longer than any other Apple." With this description there is no difficulty in identifying the Apple-john with an Apple that goes under many names, and is figured by Maund as the Easter Pippin. When first picked it is of a deep green colour, and very hard. In this state it remains all the winter, and in April or May it becomes yellow and highly perfumed, and remains good either for cooking or dessert for many months.

The Codling (2) is not the Apple now so called, but is the general name of a young unripe Apple.

The "Leathercoats" (19) are the Brown Russets ; and though the "dish of Caraways" in the same passage may refer to the Caraway or Caraway-russet Apple, an excellent little apple, that seems to be a variety of the Nonpareil, and has long been cultivated in England, yet it is almost certain that it means a dish of Caraway Seeds. (*See CARRAWAYS.*)

¹ "Voyages," 1580, p. 466.

APRICOTS.

- (1) *Titania*. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (167).
- (2) *Gardener*. Go, bind thou up yon dangling Apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.
Richard II, act iii, sc. 4 (29).
- (3) *Palamon*. Would I were,
For all the fortunes of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming Apricocke ;
How I would spread and fling my wanton armes
In at her window ! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act ii, sc. 2 (291).

Shakespeare's spelling of the word "Apricocks" takes us at once to its derivation. It is derived undoubtedly from the Latin *præcox* or *præcoquus*, under which name it is referred to by Pliny and Martial ; but, before it became the English Apricot it was much changed by Italians, Spaniards, French, and Arabians. The history of the name is very curious and interesting, but too long to give fully here ; a very good account of it may be found in Miller and in "Notes and Queries," vol. ii. p. 420 (1850). It will be sufficient to say here that it acquired its name of "the precocious tree," because it flowered and fruited earlier than the Peach, as explained in Lyte's "Herbal," 1578 : "There be two kinds of Peaches, whereof the one kinde is late ripe, . . . the other kinds are soner ripe, wherefore they be called Abrecox or Aprecox." Of its introduction into England we have no very certain account. It was certainly grown in England before Turner's time (1548), though he says, "We have very few of these trees as yet ;" ¹ but the only account of its introduction is by Hakluyt, who states that it was brought from Italy by one Wolf, gardener to King Henry the Eighth. If that be its true history, Shakespeare was in

¹ "Names of Herbes," s.v. *Malus Armeniaca*.

error in putting it into the garden of the queen of Richard the Second, nearly a hundred years before its introduction.¹

In Shakespeare's time the Apricot seems to have been grown as a standard; I gather this from the description in Nos. 2 (see the entire passage s.v. "Pruning" in Part II.) and 3, and from the following in Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals"—

“ Or if from where he is² he do espy
 Some Apricot upon a bough thereby
 Which overhangs the tree on which he stands,
 Climbs up, and strives to take them with his hands.”
 Book ii. Song 4

ASH.

Aufidius. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And starr'd the moon with splinters.
Coriolanus, act iv, sc. 5 (112).

Warwickshire is more celebrated for its Oaks and Elms than for its Ash trees. Yet considering how common a tree the Ash is, and in what high estimation it was held by our ancestors, it is strange that it is only mentioned in this one passage. Spenser spoke of it as “the Ash for nothing ill;” it was “the husbandman's tree,” from which he got the wood for his agricultural implements; and there was connected with it a great amount of mystic folk-lore, which was carried to its extreme limit in the Yggdrasil, or legendary Ash of Scandinavia, which was almost looked upon as the parent of Creation: a full account of this may be found in Mallet's “Northern Antiquities” and other works on Scandinavia. It is an English native tree,³ and it adds much to

¹ The Apricot has usually been supposed to have come from Armenia, but there is now little doubt that its original country is the Himalaya (M. Lavallee).

² On a Cherry tree in an orchard.

³ It is called in the “*Promptorium Parvulorum*” “*Esche*,” and the seed vessels “*Esche key*.”

the beauty of any English landscape in which it is allowed to grow. It gives its name to many places, especially in the South, as Ashdown, Ashstead, Ashford, &c. ; but to see it in its full beauty it must be seen in our northern counties, though the finest in England is said to be at Woburn.

“ The Oak, the Ash, and the Ivy tree,
O, they flourished best at hame, in the north countrie.”
Old Ballad.

In the dales of Yorkshire it is especially beautiful, and any one who sees the fine old trees in Wharfdale and Wensleydale will confess that, though it may not have the rich luxuriance of the Oaks and Elms of the southern and midland counties, yet it has a grace and beauty that are all its own, so that we scarcely wonder that Gilpin called it “ the Venus of the woods.”

ASPEN.

- (1) *Marcus.* O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like Aspen leaves, upon a lute.
Titus Andronicus, act 2, sc. 4 (44).
- (2) *Hostess.* Feel, masters, how I shake. . . . Yea, in
very truth do I an 'twere an Aspen leaf.
2nd Henry IV, act ii, sc. 4 (114).

The Aspen or Aspe¹ (*Populus tremula*) is one of our three native Poplars, and has ever been the emblem of enforced restlessness, on account of which it had in Anglo-Saxon times the expressive name of quick-beam. How this perpetual motion in the “ light quivering Aspen ” is produced has not been quite satisfactorily explained ; and the mediæval legend that it supplied the wood of the Cross, and has never since ceased to tremble, is still told as a sufficient reason both in Scotland and England.

“ Oh ! a cause more deep,
More solemn far the rustic doth assign,
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves ;

¹ “ Espe ” in “ Promptorium Parvulorum.” “ Aspen ” is the case-ending of “ Aspe.”

The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
 The meek Redeemer bowed His head to death,
 Was formed of Aspen wood ; and since that hour
 Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
 A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
 Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
 Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
 The light lines of the shining gossamer."

MRS. HEMANS.

The Aspen has an interesting botanical history, as being undoubtedly, like the Scotch fir, one of the primæval trees of Europe ; while its grey bark and leaves and its pleasant rustling sound make the tree acceptable in our hedgerows, but otherwise it is not a tree of much use. In Spenser's time it was considered "good for staves ;" and before his time the tree must have been more valued than it is now, for in the reign of Henry V. an Act of Parliament was passed (4 Henry V. c. 3) to prevent the consumption of Aspe, otherwise than for the making of arrows, with a penalty of an Hundred Shillings if used for making pattens or clogs. This Act remained in force till the reign of James I., when it was repealed. In our own time the wood is valued for internal panelling of rooms, and is used in the manufacture of gunpowder.

By the older writers the Aspen was the favourite simile for female loquacity. The rude libel is given at full length in "The Schoole-house of Women" (511-545), concluding thus—

"The Aspin lefe hanging where it be,
 With little winde or none it shaketh ;
 A woman's tung in like wise taketh
 Little ease and little rest ;
 For if it should the hart would brest."

HAZLITT'S *Popular English Poetry*, vol. iv, p. 126.

And to the same effect Gerard concludes his account of the tree thus : "In English Aspe and Aspen tree, and may also be called Tremble, after the French name, considering it is the matter whereof women's tongues were made (as the poets and some others report), which seldom cease wagging."

BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

Hostess. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his Buttons; he will carry't. *Merry Wives*, act iii, sc. 2 (67).

“Though the Bachelor's Button is not exactly named by Shakespeare, it is believed to be alluded to in this passage; and the supposed allusion is to a rustic divination by means of the flowers, carried in the pocket by men and under the apron by women, as it was supposed to retain or lose its freshness according to the good or bad success of the bearer's amatory prospects.”¹

The true Bachelor's Button of the present day is the double *Ranunculus acris*, but the name is applied very loosely to almost any small double globular flowers. In Shakespeare's time it was probably applied still more loosely to any flowers in bud (according to the derivation from the French *bouton*). Button is frequently so applied by the old writers—

“The more desire had I to goo
Unto the roser where that grewe
The freshe Bothum so bright of hewe.

.
.

But o thing lyked me right welle;
I was so nygh, I myght fele
Of the Bothom the swote odour
And also see the fresshe colour;
And that right gretly liked me.”

Romaunt of the Rose.

And by Shakespeare—

The canker galls the infants of the Spring
Too oft before their Buttons be disclosed.

Hamlet, act i, sc. 3 (54).

¹ Mr. J. Fitchett Marsh, of Hardwicke House, Chepstow, in “The Garden.” I have to thank Mr. Marsh for much information kindly given both in “The Garden” and by letter.

BALM, BALSAM, OR BALSAMUM.

- (1) *K. Richard.* Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the Balm from an anointed king.
Richard II, act iii, sc. 2 (54).
- (2) *K. Richard.* With mine own tears I wash away my Balm.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 1 (207).
- (3) *K. Henry.* 'Tis not the Balm, the sceptre, and the ball.
Henry V, act iv, sc. 1 (277).
- (4) *K. Henry.* Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy Balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast
anointed. *3rd Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 1 (16).
- (5) *K. Henry.* My pity hath been Balm to heal their wounds.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 8 (41).
- (6) *Lady Anne.* I pour the helpless Balm of my poor eyes.
Richard III, act i, sc. 2 (13).
- (7) *Troilus.* But, saying thus, instead of oil and Balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.
Troilus and Cressida, act i, sc. 1 (61).
- (8) *1st Senator.* We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balm.
Timon of Athens, act v, sc. 4 (16).
- (9) *France.* Balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest.
King Lear, act i, sc. 1 (218).
- (10) *K. Henry.* Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of Balm to sanctify thy head.
2nd Henry IV, act iv, sc. 5 (114).
- (11) *Mowbray.* I am disgraced, impeach'd, and baffled here :
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;
The which no Balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.
Richard II, act i, sc. 1 (170).
- (12) *Dromio of Syracuse.* Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have conveyed aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the Balsamum, and aqua vitæ.
Comedy of Errors, act iv, sc. 1 (187).
- (13) *Alcibiades.* Is this the Balsam that the usuring Senate
Pours into captains' wounds ?
Timon of Athens, act iii, sc. 5 (110).



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BARLEY.

- (1) *Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Vetches, Oats, and Pease.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (60).
- (2) *Constable.* Can sodden water,
A drench for surrein'd jades, their Barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
Henry V, act iii, sc. 5 (18).¹

These two passages require little note. The Barley (*Hordeum vulgare*) of Shakespeare's time and our own is the same. We may note, however, that the Barley broth (2) of which the French Constable spoke so contemptuously as the food of English soldiers was probably beer, which long before the time of Henry V. was so celebrated that it gave its name to the plant (Barley being simply the Beer-plant), and in Shakespeare's time, "though strangers never heard of such a word or such a thing, by reason it is not everywhere made," yet "our London Beere-Brewers would scorne to learne to make beere of either French or Dutch" (Gerard).

BARNACLES.

- Caliban.* We shall lose our time
And all be turn'd to Barnacles.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (248).

It may seem absurd to include Barnacles among plants; but in the time of Shakespeare the Barnacle tree was firmly believed in, and Gerard gives a plate of "the Goose tree, Barnacle tree, or the tree bearing Geese," and says that he declares "what our eies have seene, and our hands have touched."

A full account of the fable will be found in Harting's "Ornithology of Shakespeare," p. 247, and an excellent account in Lee's "Sea Fables Explained" (Fisheries Exhibition handbooks), p. 98. But neither of these writers have quoted

¹ "Vires ordea prestant."—*Modus Cenandi*, 176. ("Babee's Book.")

the testimony of Sir John Mandeville, which is, however, well worth notice. When he was told in "Caldilhe" of a tree that bore "a lytylle Best in Flessche in Bon and Blode as though it were a lytylle Lomb, withouten Wolle," he did not refuse to believe them, for he says, "I tolde hem of als gret a marveylle to hem that is amonges us; and that was of the Bernakes. For I tolde hem, that in our Contree weren Trees, that beren a Fruyt, that becomen Briddes fleeynge; and tho that fallen in the Water lyven, and thei that fallen on the Erthe dyen anon; and thei ben right gode to mannes mete. And here of had thei als gret marvaylle that sume of hem trowed, it were an impossible thing to be" ("Voiage and Travaille," c. xxvi.).

BAY TREES.

- (1) *Captain.* 'Tis thought the King is dead; we will not stay.
The Bay-trees in our country are all wither'd.
Richard II, act ii, sc. 4 (7).
- (2) *Bawd.* Marry come up, my dish of chastity with Rosemary
and Bays!
Pericles, act iv, sc. 6 (159).
- (3) *The Vision*--Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six
personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their
heads garlands of Bays, and golden vizards on
their faces, branches of Bays or Palms in their
hands.
Henry VIII, act iv, sc. 2

It is not easy to determine what tree is meant in these passages. In the first there is little doubt that Shakespeare copied from some Italian source the superstition that the Bay trees in a country withered and died when any great calamity was approaching. We have no proof that such an idea ever prevailed in England. In the second passage reference is made to the decking of the chief dish at high feasts with garlands of flowers and evergreens. But the Bay tree had been too recently introduced from the South of Europe in Shakespeare's time to be so used to any great extent, though the tree was known long before, for it is mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon Vocabularies by the name of

Beay-beam, that is, the Coronet tree ;¹ but whether the Bcay-beam meant our Bay tree is very uncertain. We are not much helped in the inquiry by the notice of the “flourishing green Bay tree” in the Psalms, for it seems very certain that the Bay tree there mentioned is either the Oleander or the Cedar, certainly not the *Laurus nobilis*.

The true Bay is probably mentioned by Spenser in the following lines—

“The Bay, quoth she, is of the victours born,
Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne
To sing the glory of their famous deeds.”

Amoretti—Sonnet xxix

And in the following passage (written in the lifetime of Shakespeare) the Laurel and the Bay are both named as the same tree—

“And when from Daphne’s tree he plucks more Baies
His shepherd’s pipe may chant more heavenly lays.”
Christopher Brooke—Introd. verses to BROWNE’S Pastorals.

In the present day no garden of shrubs can be considered complete without the Bay tree, both the common one and especially the Californian Bay (*Oreodaphne Californica*), which, with its bright green lanceolate foliage and powerful aromatic scent (to some too pungent), deserves a place everywhere, and it is not so liable to be cut by the spring winds as the European Bay.² Parkinson’s high praise of the Bay tree (forty years after Shakespeare’s death) is too long for insertion, but two short sentences may be quoted: “The Bay leaves are of as necessary use as any other in the garden or orchard, for they serve both for pleasure and profit, both for ornament and for use, both for honest civil

¹ “The Anglo-Saxon Beay was not a ring only, or an armlet; it was also a coronet or diadem. . . . The Bays, then, of our Poets and the Bay tree were in reality the Coronet and the Coronet tree.”—COCKAYNE, *Spoon and Sparrow*, p. 21.

² The Californian Bay has not been established in England long enough to form a timber tree, but in America it is highly prized as one of the very best trees for cabinet work, especially for the ornamental parts of pianos.

uses and for physic, yea, both for the sick and for the sound, both for the living and for the dead; . . . so that from the cradle to the grave we have still use of it, we have still need of it."

The Bay tree gives us a curious instance of the capriciousness of English plant names. Though a true Laurel it does not bear the name, which yet is given to two trees, the common (and Portugal) Laurel, and the Laurestinus, neither of which are Laurels—the one being a Cherry or Plum (*Prunus* or *Cerasus*), the other a Guelder Rose (*Viburnum*).¹

BEANS.

- (1) *Puck*. When I a fat and Bean-fed horse beguile.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (45).
- (2) *Carrier*. Peas and Beans are as dank here as a dog; and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots.
1st Henry IV, act ii, sc. 1 (9).

The Bean (*Faba vulgaris*), though an Eastern plant, was very early introduced into England as an article of food both for men and horses. As an article of human food opinions were divided, as now. By some it was highly esteemed—

“Corpus alit Faba; stringit cum cortice ventrem,
Desiccat fleuma, stomachum lumenque relidit”—

is the description of the Bean in the “*Modus Cenandi*,” l. 182 (“*Babee's Book*,” ii, 48). While H. Vaughan describes it as—

“The Bean
By curious pallats never sought;”

and it was very generally used as a proverb of contempt—

¹ For an interesting account of the Bay and the Laurels, giving the history of the names, &c., see two papers by Mr. H. Evershed in “*Gardener's Chronicle*,” September, 1876.

“None other lif, sayd he, is worth a Bene.”¹

“But natheles I reche not a Bene.”²

It is not apparently a romantic plant, and yet there is no plant round which so much curious folk-lore has gathered. This may be seen at full length in Phillips' "History of Cultivated Vegetables." It will be enough here to say that the Bean was considered as a sacred plant both by the Greeks and Romans, while by the Egyptian priests it was considered too unclean to be even looked upon; that it was used both for its convenient shape and for its sacred associations in all elections by ballot; that this custom lasted in England and in most European countries to a very recent date in the election of the kings and queens at Twelfth Night and other feasts; and that it was of great repute in all popular divinations and love charms. I find in Miller another use of Beans, which we are thankful to note among the obsolete uses: "They are bought up in great quantities at Bristol for Guinea ships, as food for the negroes on their passage from Africa to the West Indies."

As an ornamental garden plant the Bean has never received the attention it seems to deserve. A plant of Broad Beans grown singly is quite a stately plant, and the rich scent is an additional attraction to many, though to many others it is too strong, and it has a bad character—"Sleep in a Bean-field all night if you want to have awful dreams or go crazy," is a Leicestershire proverb:³ and the Scarlet Runner (which is also a Bean) is one of the most beautiful climbers we have. In England we seldom grow it for ornament, but in France I have seen it used with excellent effect to cover a trellis-screen, mixed with the large blue *Convolvulus major*.

¹ Chaucer, "The Marchandes Tale," 19.

² Ibid., "The Man of Lawes Tale," prologue.

³ Copied from the mediæval proverb: "Cum faba florescit, stultorum copia crescit."

BILBERRY.

Pistol. Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as Bilberry—
Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Merry Wives, act v, sc. 5 (48).

The Bilberry is a common British shrub found on all mossy heaths, and very pretty both in flower and in fruit. Its older English name was Heathberry, and its botanical name is *Vaccinium myrtillus*. We have in Britain four species of *Vaccinium*: the Whortleberry or Bilberry (*V. myrtillus*), the Large Bilberry (*V. uliginosum*), the Crowberry (*V. vitis idæa*), and the Cranberry (*V. oxycoccos*). These British species, as well as the North American species (of which there are several), are all beautiful little shrubs in cultivation, but they are very difficult to grow; they require a heathy soil, moisture, and partial shade.

BIRCH.

Duke. Fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of Birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd.

Measure for Measure, act i, sc. 3 (23).

Shakespeare only mentions this one unpleasant use of the Birch tree, the manufacture of Birch rods; and for such it seems to have been chiefly valued in his day. "I have not red of any vertue it hath in physick," says Turner; "howbeit, it serveth for many good uses, and for none better than for betynge of stubborn boys, that either lye or will not learn." Yet the Birch is not without interest. The word "Birch" is the same as "bark," meaning first the rind of a tree and then a barque or boat (from which we also get our word "barge"), and so the very name carries us to those early times when the Birch was considered one

of the most useful of trees, as it still is in most northern countries, where it grows at a higher degree of latitude than any other tree. Its bark was especially useful, being useful for cordage, and matting, and roofing, while the tree itself formed the early British canoes, as it still forms the canoes of the North American Indians, for which it is well suited, from its lightness and ease in working.

In Northern Europe it is the most universal and the most useful of trees. It is "the superlative tree in respect of the ground it covers, and in the variety of purposes to which it is converted in Lapland, where the natives sit in birchen huts on birchen chairs, wearing birchen boots and breeches, with caps and capes of the same material, warming themselves by fires of birchwood charcoal, reading books bound in birch, and eating herrings from a birchen platter, pickled in a birchen cask. Their baskets, boats, harness, and utensils are all of Birch; in short, from cradle to coffin, the Birch forms the peculiar environment of the Laplander."¹ In England we still admire its graceful beauty, whether it grows in our woods or our gardens, and we welcome its pleasant odour on our Russia leather bound books; but we have ceased to make beer from its young shoots,² and we hold it in almost as low repute (from the utilitarian point of view) as Turner and Shakespeare seem to have held it.

BITTER-SWEET, *see* APPLE (22).

¹ "Gardener's Chronicle."

² "Although beer is now seldom made from birchen twigs, yet it is by no means an uncommon practice in some country districts to tap the white trunks of Birches, and collect the sweet sap which exudes from them for wine-making purposes. In some parts of Leicestershire this sap is collected in large quantities every spring, and birch wine, when well made, is a wholesome and by no means an unpleasant beverage."—B. in *The Garden*, April, 1877. "The Finlanders substitute the leaves of Birch for those of the tea-plant; the Swedes extract a syrup from the sap, from which they make a spirituous liquor. In London they make champagne of it. The most virtuous uses to which it is applied are brooms and wooden shoes."—*A Tour Round My Garden*, Letter xix.



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vessel, while the Bramble seizes hold of every passing sheep to make up his loss by stealing the wool."

As a garden plant, the common Bramble had better be kept out of the garden, but there are double pink and white-blossomed varieties, and others with variegated leaves, that are handsome plants on rough rockwork. The little *Rubus saxatilis* is a small British Bramble that is pretty on rockwork, and among the foreign Brambles there are some that should on no account be omitted where ornamental shrubs are grown. Such are the *R. leucodermis* from Nepaul, with its bright silvery bark and amber-coloured fruit; *R. Nootkanus*, with very handsome foliage, and pure white rose-like flowers; *R. Arcticus*, an excellent rockwork plant from Northern Europe, with very pleasant fruit, but difficult to establish; *R. Australis* (from New Zealand), a most quaint plant, with leaves so depauperated that it is apparently leafless, and hardy in the South of England; and *R. deliciosus*, a very handsome plant from the Rocky Mountains. There are several others well worth growing, but I mention these few to show that the Bramble is not altogether such a villainous and useless weed as it is proverbially supposed to be.

BOX.

Maria. Get ye all three into the Box tree.

Twelfth Night, act ii, sc. 5 (18).

The Box is a native British tree, and in the sixteenth century was probably much more abundant as a wild tree than it is now. Chaucer notes it as a dismal tree. He describes Palamon in his misery as—

“ Like was he to byholde,
The Boxe tree or the Asschen deed and colde.”

The Knightes Tale.

Spenser noted it as “ The Box yet mindful of his olde offence,” and in Shakespeare’s time there were probably more woods of Box in England than the two which still remain

- (4) *Puck*. I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through Brake,
through Brier.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (10).
- (5) *Puck*. For Briars and Thorns at their apparel snatch.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 2 (29).
- (6) *Hermia*. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with Briars.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 2 (443).
- (7) *Oberon*. Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from Brier.
Ibid., act v, sc. 1 (400).
- (8) *Adriana*. If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping Ivy, Brier, or idle Moss.
Comedy of Errors, act ii, sc. 2 (179).
- (9) *Plantagenet*. From off this Brier pluck a white Rose with
me. *1st Henry VI*, act ii, sc. 4 (30).
- (10) *Rosalind*. O! how full of Briars is this working-day
world! *As You Like It*, act i, sc. 3 (12).
- (11) *Helena*. The time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaves as well as
Thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.
All's Well, act iv, sc. 4 (32).
- (12) *Polyxenes*. I'll have thy beauty scratched with Briars.
Winter's Tale, act. iv, sc. 4 (436).
- (13) *Timon*. The Oaks bear mast, the Briars scarlet hips.
Timon of Athens, act iv, sc. 3 (422).
- (14) *Coriolanus*. Scratches with Briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
Coriolanus, act iii, sc. 3 (51).
- (15) *Quintus*. What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing
Briers?
Titus Andronicus, act iii, sc. 3 (198).

In Shakespeare's time the "Brier" was not restricted to the Sweet Briar, as it usually is now; but it meant any sort of wild Rose, and even it would seem from No. 9 that it was applied to the cultivated Rose, for there the scene is laid in the Temple Gardens. In some of the passages it probably does not allude to any Rose, but simply to any

wild thorny plant. That this was its common use then, we know from many examples. In “Le Morte Arthur,” the Earl of Ascolot’s daughter is described—

“Hyr Rode was rede as blossom or Brere
Or floure that springith in the felde” (179).

And in “A Pleasant New Court Song,” in the Roxburghe Ballads—

“I stept me close aside
Under a Hawthorn Bryer.”

It bears the same meaning in our Bibles, where “Thorns,” “Brambles,” and “Briers,” stand for any thorny and useless plant, the soil of Palestine being especially productive of thorny plants of many kinds. Wickliffe’s translation of Matthew vii. 16, is—“Whether men gaderen grapis of thornes; or figis of Breris?” and Tyndale’s translation is much the same—“Do men gaddre grapes of thornes, or figges of Bryeres?”¹

BROOM.

- (1) *Iris.* And thy Broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being Iass-lorn. *Tempest*, act iv, sc. 1 (66).
- (2) *Puck.* I am sent with Broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.
 Midsummer Night’s Dream, act v, sc. 1 (396).
- (3) *Man.* I made good my place; at length they came to
the Broomstaff with me.
 Henry VIII, act v, sc. 4 (56).

The Broom was one of the most popular plants of the Middle Ages. Its modern Latin name is *Cytisus scoparius*, but under its then Latin name of *Planta genista* it gave its name to the Plantagenet family, either in the time of Henry II., as generally reported, or probably still earlier. As the

¹ “Brere—Carduus, tribulus, vepres, veprecula.”—*Catholicon Anglicum*.

favourite badge of the family it appears on their monuments and portraits, and was embroidered on their clothes and imitated in their jewels. Nor was it only in England that the plant was held in such high favour; it was the special flower of the Scotch, and it was highly esteemed in many countries on the Continent, especially in Brittany. Yet, in spite of all this, there are only these three notices of the plant in Shakespeare, and of those three, two (2 and 3) refer to its uses when dead; and the third (1), though it speaks of it as living, yet has nothing to say of the remarkable beauties of this favourite British flower. Yet it has great beauties which cannot easily be overlooked. Its large, yellow flowers, its graceful habit of growth, and its fragrance—

“Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough”—
SPENSER, *Sonnet* xxvi.

at once arrest the attention of the most careless observer of Nature. We are almost driven to the conclusion that Shakespeare could not have had much real acquaintance with the Broom, or he would not have sent his “dismissed bachelor” to “Broom-groves.”¹ I should very much doubt that the Broom could ever attain to the dimensions of a grove, though Steevens has a note on the passage that “near Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places where it is cultivated still higher.” Chaucer speaks of the Broom, but does not make it so much of a tree—

“Amid the Broom he basked in the sun.”

And other poets have spoken of the Broom in the same way—thus Collins—

“When Dan Sol to slope his wheels began
 Amid the Broom he basked him on the ground.”
Castle of Indolence, canto i.

And a Russian poet speaks of the Broom as a tree—

¹ Yet Bromsgrove must be a corruption of Broom-grove, and there are other places in England named from the Broom.

“ See there upon the Broom tree’s bough
The young grey eagle flapping now.”

Flora Domestica, p. 68.

As a garden plant it is perhaps seen to best advantage when mixed with other shrubs, as when grown quite by itself it often has an untidy look. There is a pure white variety which is very beautiful, but it is very liable to flower so abundantly as to flower itself to death. There are a few other sorts, but none more beautiful than the British.

BULRUSH.

Woer.

Her careless tresses
A wreake of Bulrush rounded.

Two Noble Kinsmen, act iv, sc. 1 (104).

See RUSH, p. 262.

BURDOCK AND BURS.

- (1) *Celia.* They are but Burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths our very petticoats will catch them.
- Rosalind.* I could shake them off my coat ; these Burs are in my heart. *As You Like It*, act i, sc. 3 (13).
- (2) *Lucio.* Nay, friar, I am a kind of Bur ; I shall stick.
Measure for Measure, act iv, sc. 3 (149).
- (3) *Lysander.* Hang off, thou cat, thou Burr.
Midsummer Night’s Dream, act iii, sc. 2 (260).
- (4) *Pandarus.* They are Burs, I can tell you ; they’ll stick where they are thrown.
Triolus and Cressida, act iii, sc. 2 (118).
- (5) *Burgundy.* And nothing teems
But hateful Docks, rough Thistles, Kecksies, Burs.
Henry V, act v, sc. 2 (51).

- (6) *Cordelia*. Crown'd with rank Fumiter and Furrow-weeds,
With Burdocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckoo-
flowers. *King Lear*, act iv, sc. 4 (3).

The Burs are the unopened flowers of the Burdock (*Arctium lappa*), and their clinging quality very early obtained for them expressive names, such as *amor folia*, love leaves, and *philantropium*. This clinging quality arises from the bracts of the involucre being long and stiff, and with hooked tips which attach themselves to every passing object. The Burdock is a very handsome plant when seen in its native habitat by the side of a brook, its broad leaves being most picturesque, but it is not a plant to introduce into a garden.¹ There is another tribe of plants, however, which are sufficiently ornamental to merit a place in the garden, and whose Burs are even more clinging than those of the Burdock. These are the *Acænas*; they are mostly natives of America and New Zealand, and some of them (especially *A. sarmentosa* and *A. microphylla*) form excellent carpet plants, but their points being furnished with double hooks, like a double-barbed arrow, they have double powers of clinging.

BURNET.

- Burgundy*. The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover.
Henry V. act v, sc. 2 (48).

The Burnet (*Poterium sanguisorba*) is a native plant of no great beauty or horticultural interest, but it was valued as a good salad plant, the leaves tasting of Cucumber, and Lord Bacon (contemporary with Shakespeare) seems to have been especially fond of it. He says ("Essay of Gardens"):

¹ "A Clote-leef he had under his hood
For swoot, and to keep his heed from hete."

CHAUCER, *Prologue of the Chanounes Yeman* (25¹).
This Clote leaf is by many considered to be the Burdock leaf, but it was more probably the name of the Water-lily.



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den into the flower garden on account of the beautiful variegation of its leaves. This, however, is no novelty, for Parkinson said of the many sorts of Cabbage in his day: "There is greater diversity in the form and colour of the leaves of this plant than there is in any other that I know groweth on the ground. . . . Many of them being of no use with us for the table, but for delight to behold the wonderful variety of the works of God herein."

CAMOMILE.

Falstaff. Though the Camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears.

1st Henry IV, act ii, sc. 4 (443).

The low-growing Camomile, the emblem of the sweetness of humility, has the lofty names of Camomile (*Chamæmelum, i.e.,* Apple of the Earth) and *Anthemis nobilis*. Its fine aromatic scent and bitter flavour suggested that it must be possessed of much medicinal virtue, while its low growth made it suitable for planting on the edges of flower-beds and paths, its scent being brought out as it was walked upon. For this purpose it was much used in Elizabethan gardens; "large walks, broad and long, close and open, like the Tempe groves in Thessaly, raised with gravel and sand, having seats and banks of Camomile; all this delights the mind, and brings health to the body."¹ As a garden flower it is now little used, though its bright starry flower and fine scent might recommend it; but it is still to be found in herb gardens, and is still, though not so much as formerly, used as a medicine.

Like many other low plants, the Camomile is improved by being pressed into the earth by rolling or otherwise, and there are many allusions to this in the old writers: thus Lily in his "Euphues" says: "The Camomile the more it

¹ Lawson, "New Orchard," p. 54.

is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth ;” and in the play, “*The More the Merrier*” (1608), we have—

“The Camomile shall teach thee patience
Which riseth best when trodden most upon.”

CARDUUS, *see* HOLY THISTLE.

CARNATIONS.

(1) *Perdita*. The fairest flowers o’ the season
Are our Carnations and streak’d Gillyvors,
Which some call Nature’s bastards.
Winter’s Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (81).

(2) *Polyxenes*. Then make your garden rich in Gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards. *Ibid.* (98).

There are two other places in which Carnation is mentioned, but they refer to carnation colour—*i.e.*, to pure flesh colour.

(3) *Quickly*. ’A could never abide Carnation ; ’twas a colour
he never liked. *Henry V*, act ii, sc. 3 (35).

(4) *Costard*. Pray you, sir, how much Carnation riband may a
man buy for a remuneration?
Love’s Labour’s Lost, act iii, sc. 1 (146).

Dr. Johnson and others have supposed that the flower is so named from the colour, but that this is a mistake is made very clear by Dr. Prior. He quotes Spenser’s “*Shepherd’s Calendar*”—

“Bring Coronations and Sops-in-Wine
Worn of Paramours.”

and so it is spelled in Lyte’s “*Herbal*,” 1578, coronations or cornations. This takes us at once to the origin of the name. The plant was one of those used in garlands (*coronæ*),

and was probably one of the most favourite plants used for that purpose, for which it was well suited by its shape and beauty. Pliny gives a long list of garland flowers (*Coronamentorum genera*) used by the Romans and Athenians, and Nicander gives similar lists of Greek garland plants (*στεφανωματικά ἄνθη*), in which the Carnation holds so high a place that it was called by the name it still has—*Dianthus*, or Flower of Jove.

Its second specific name, *Caryophyllus*—*i.e.*, Nut-leaved—seems at first very inappropriate for a grassy-leaved plant, but the name was first given to the Indian Clove-tree, and from it transferred to the Carnation, on account of its fine clove-like scent. Its popularity as an English plant is shown by its many names—Pink, Carnation, Gilliflower¹ (an easily-traced and well-ascertained corruption from *Caryophyllus*), Clove, Picotee,² and Sops-in-Wine, from the flowers being used to flavour wine and beer.³ There is an historical interest also in the flowers. All our Carnations, Picotees, and Cloves come originally from the single *Dianthus caryophyllus*; this is not a true British plant, but it holds a place in the English flora, being naturalized on Rochester and other castles. It is abundant in Normandy, and I found it (in 1874) covering the old castle of Falaise in which William the Conqueror was born. Since that I have found that it grows on the old castles of Dover, Deal, and Cardiff, all of them of Norman construction, as was

¹ This is the more modern way of spelling it. In the first folio it is “Gillyvor.” “Chaucer writes it Gylofre, but by associating it with the the Nutmeg and other spices, appears to mean the Clove Tree, which is, in fact, the proper signification.”—*Flora Domestica*. In the “Digby Mysteries” (Mary Magdalene, l. 1363) the Virgin Mary is addressed as “the Jentyll Jelopher.”

² Picotee is from the French word *picoté* marked with little pricks round the edge, like the “picots,” on lace, *picot* being the technical term in France for the small twirls which in England are called “purl” or “pearl.”

³ Wine thus flavoured was evidently a very favourite beverage. “Bartholemeus Peytevyn tenet duas Caracutas terræ in Stony-Aston in Com. Somerset de Domino Rege in capite per servitium unius (a) Sextarii vini Gariophilati reddendi Domino Regi per annum ad Natale Domini. Et valet dicta terra per ann. xl.”

(a) “A Sextary of July-flower wine, and a Sextary contained about a pint and a half, sometimes more.”—BLOUNT’S *Antient Tenures*.

Rochester, which was built by Gundulf, the special friend of William. Its occurrence on these several Norman castles make it very possible that it was introduced by the Norman builders, perhaps as a pleasant memory of their Norman homes, though it may have been accidentally introduced with the Normandy (Caen) stone, of which parts of the castles are built. How soon it became a florist's flower we do not know, but it must have been early, as in Shakespeare's time the sorts of Cloves, Carnations, and Pinks were so many, that Gerard says: "A great and large volume would not suffice to write of every one at large in particular, considering how infinite they are, and how every yeare, every clymate and countrey, bringeth forth new sorts, and such as have not heretofore bin written of;" and so we may certainly say now—the description of the many kinds of Carnations and Picotees, with directions for their culture, would fill a volume.

CARRAWAYS.

Shallow. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour we will eat a last year's Pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of Caraways and so forth.

2nd Henry IV, act v, sc. 3 (1).

Carraways are the fruit of *Carum carui*, an umbelliferous plant of a large geographical range, cultivated in the eastern counties, and apparently wild in other parts of England, but not considered a true native. In Shakespeare's time the seed was very popular, and was much more freely used than in our day. "The seed," says Parkinson, "is much used to be put among baked fruit, or into bread, cakes, &c., to give them a rellish. It is also made into comfits and put into Trageas or (as we call them in English) Dredges, that are taken for cold or wind in the body, as also are served to the table with fruit."

Carraways are frequently mentioned in the old writers as an accompaniment to Apples. In a very interesting bill of fare of 1626, extracted from the account book of Sir Edward Dering, is the following—

“Carowaye and comfites, 6d.

A Warden py that the cooke
Made—we fining y^e Wardens. 2s. 4d.

Second Course.

A cold Warden pie.

Complement.

Apples and Carrawayes.”—*Notes and Queries*, i, 99.

So in Russell’s “Book of Nurture :” “After mete . . . pepyns Careaway in comfyte,” line 78, and the same in line 714 ; and in Wynkyn de Worde’s “Boke of Kervynge” (“Babee’s Book,” p. 266 and 271), and in F. Seager’s “Schoole of Vertue” (“Babee’s Book,” p. 343)—

“Then cheese with fruite On the table set,
With Bisketes or Carowayes As you may get.”

The custom of serving roast Apples with a little saucerful of Carraway is still kept up at Trinity College, Cambridge, and, I believe, at some of the London Livery dinners.

CARROT.

Evans.
Quickly.

Remember, William, focative is *caret*,
And that’s a good root.

Merry Wives, act iv, sc. 1 (55).

Dame Quickly’s pun gives us our Carrot, a plant which, originally derived from our wild Carrot (*Daucus Carota*), was introduced as a useful vegetable by the Flemings in the time of Elizabeth, and has probably been very little altered or improved since the time of its introduction. In Shakespeare’s time the name was applied to the “Yellow Carrot” or Parsnep, as well as to the Red one. The name of Carrot comes directly from its Latin or rather Greek name, *Daucus*

Carota, but it once had a prettier name. The Anglo-Saxons called it "bird's-nest," and Gerard gives us the reason, and it is a reason that shows they were more observant of the habits of plants than we generally give them credit for: "The whole tuft (of flowers) is drawn together when the seed is ripe, resembling a bird's nest; whereupon it hath been named of some Bird's-nest."

CEDAR.

- (1) *Prospero*. And by the spurs pluck'd up
The Pine and Cedar.
Tempest, act v, sc. 1 (47).
- (2) *Dumain*. As upright as the Cedar.
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv, sc. 3 (89).
- (3) *Warwick*. As on a mountain top the Cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.
2nd Henry VI, act v, sc. 1 (205).
- (4) *Warwick*. Thus yields the Cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch o'erpeered Jove's spreading
tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
wind. *3rd Henry VI*, act v, sc. 2 (11).
- (5) *Cranmer*. He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain Cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him.
Henry VIII, act v, sc. 5 (215).
- (6) *Posthumus*. When from a stately Cedar shall be lopped
branches, which, being dead many years,
shall after revive.
Cymbeline, act v, sc. 4 (140); and act v, sc. 5 (457).
- (7) *Soothsayer*. The lofty Cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee. Thy lopp'd branches
. are now revived,
To the majestic Cedar join'd.
Ibid., act v, sc. 5 (453).

- (8) *Gloucester.* But I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the Cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.
Richard III, act i, sc. 3 (263).
- (9) *Coriolanus.* Let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery sun.
Coriolanus, act v, sc. 3 (59).
- (10) *Titus.* Marcus, we are but shrubs, no Cedars we.
Titus Andronicus, act iv, sc. 3 (45).
- (11) *Daughter.* I have sent him where a Cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a Plane
Fast by a brook.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act ii, sc. 6 (4).
- (12) The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That Cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.
Venus and Adonis (856).
- (13) The Cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the Cedar's root.
Lucrece (664).

The Cedar is the classical type of majesty and grandeur, and superiority to everything that is petty and mean. So Shakespeare uses it, and only in this way ; for it is very certain he never saw a living specimen of the Cedar of Lebanon. But many travellers in the East had seen it and minutely described it, and from their descriptions he derived his knowledge of the tree ; but not only, and probably not chiefly from travellers, for he was well acquainted with his Bible, and there he would meet with many a passage that dwelt on the glories of the Cedar, and told how it was the king of trees, so that "the Fir trees were not like his boughs, and the Chestnut trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty, fair by the multitude of his branches, so that all the trees of Eden that were in the garden of God envied him" (Ezekiel xxxi. 8, 9). It was such descriptions as these that supplied Shakespeare with his imagery, and which made our ancestors try to introduce the tree into England. But there seems to have been much difficulty in establishing it. Evelyn tried to introduce it, but did not succeed at first, and the tree is not mentioned in his "Sylva" of 1664. It was,



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- (3) *Constance.* And it' grandam will
Give it a Plum, a Cherry, and a Fig.
King John, act ii, sc. 1 (161).
- (4) *Lady.* 'Tis as like you
As Cherry is to Cherry.
Henry VIII, act v, sc. 1 (170).
- (5) *Gower.* She with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape of bud, bird, branch, or
berry ;
That even her art sisters the natural Roses,
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied Cherry.
Pericles, act v, chorus (5).
- (6) *Dromio of Syracuse.*
Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A Rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A Nut, a Cherry-stone.
Comedy of Errors, act iv, sc. 3 (72).
- (7) *Queen.* Oh, when
The twyning Cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act i, sc. 1 (198).
- (8) When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him Mulberries and ripe-red Cherries.
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.
Venus and Adonis (1101).

Besides these, there is mention of "cherry lips"¹ and "cherry-nose,"² and the game of "cherry-pit."³ We have the authority of Pliny that the Cherry (*Prunus Cerasus*) was introduced into Italy from Pontus, and by the Romans was introduced into Britain. It is not, then, a true native, but it has now become completely naturalized in our woods and hedgerows, while the cultivated trees are everywhere favourites for the beauty of their flowers, and their rich and handsome fruit. In Shakespeare's time there were almost as many, and probably as good varieties, as there are now.

¹ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v, sc. 1 ; *Richard III*, act i, sc. 1 ; *Two Noble Kinsmen*, act iv, sc. 1.

² *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v, sc. 1.

³ *Twelfth Night*, act iii, sc. 4.

CHESTNUTS.

- (1) *Witch.* A sailor's wife had Chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd.
Macbeth, act i, sc. 3 (4).
- (2) *Petruchio.* And do you tell me of a woman's tongue
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a Chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Taming of the Shrew, act i, sc. 2 (208).
- (3) *Rosalind.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.
Celia. An excellent colour; your Chestnut was ever the
only colour. *As You Like It*, act iii, sc. 4 (11).

This is the Spanish or Sweet Chestnut, a fruit which seems to have been held in high esteem in Shakespeare's time, for Lyte, in 1578, says of it, "Amongst all kindes of wilde fruites the Chestnut is best and meetest for to be eaten." The tree cannot be regarded as a true native, but it has been so long introduced, probably by the Romans, that grand specimens are to be found in all parts of England; the oldest known specimen being at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, which was spoken of as an old tree in the time of King Stephen; while the tree that is said to be the oldest and the largest in Europe is the Spanish Chestnut tree on Mount Etna, the famous Castagni du Centu Cavalli, which measures near the root 160 feet in circumference. It is one of our handsomest trees, and very useful for timber, and at one time it was supposed that many of our oldest buildings were roofed with Chestnut. This was the current report of the grand roof at Westminster Hall, but it is now discovered to be of Oak, and it is very doubtful whether the Chestnut timber is as lasting as it has long been supposed to be.

The Horse Chestnut was probably unknown to Shakespeare. It is an Eastern tree, and in no way related to the true Chestnut, and though the name has probably no connection with horses or their food, yet it is curious that the petiole has (especially when dry) a marked resemblance to a horse's leg and foot, and that both on the parent stem and the petiole may be found a very correct representation of a horseshoe with its nails.²

² For an excellent description of the great differences between the Spanish and Horse Chestnut, see "Gardener's Chronicle," Oct. 29, 1881.

CLOVER.

- (1) *Burgundy*. The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover.
Henry V, act v, sc. 2 (48).
- 2) *Tamora*. I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or Honey-stalks to sheep,
When, as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.
Titus Andronicus, act iv, sc. 4 (89).

“Honey-stalks” are supposed to be the flower of the Clover. This seems very probable, but I believe the name is no longer applied. Of the Clover there are two points of interest that are worth notice. The Clover is one of the plants that claim to be the Shamrock of St. Patrick. This is not a settled point, and at the present day the Woodsorrel is supposed to have the better claim to the honour. But it is certain that the Clover is the “clubs” of the pack of cards. “Clover” is a corruption of “Clava,” a club. In England we paint the Clover on our cards and call it “clubs,” while in France they have the same figure, but call it “trefle.”

CLOVES.

- Biron*. A Lemon.
Longaville. Stuck with Cloves.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (633).¹

As a mention of a vegetable product, I could not omit this passage, but the reference is only to the imported spice and not to the tree from which then, as now, the Clove was gathered. The Clove of commerce is the unexpanded flower of the *Caryophyllus aromaticus*, and the history of its dis-

¹ “But then 'tis as full of drollery as ever it can hold; 'tis like an orange stuck with Cloves as for concept.”—*The Rehearsal*, 1671, act iii, sc. 1.

covery and cultivation by the Dutch in Amboyna, with the vain attempts they made to keep the monopoly of the profitable spice, is perhaps the saddest chapter in all the history of commerce. See a full account with description and plate of the plant in "Bot. Mag.," vol. 54, No. 2749.

COCKLE.

(1) *Biron*. Allons ! allons ! sowed Cockle reap'd no Corn.
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv, sc. 3 (383).

(2) *Coriolanus*. We nourish 'gainst our senate
The Cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd,
By mingling them with us.
Coriolanus, act iii, sc. 1 (69).

In Shakespeare's time the word "Cockle" was becoming restricted to the Corn-cockle (*Lychnis githago*), but both in his time, and certainly in that of the writers before him, it was used generally for any noxious weed that grew in corn-fields, and was usually connected with the Darnel and Tares.¹ So Gower—

"To sowe Cockel with the Corn
So that the tilthe is nigh forlorn,
Which Crist sew first his owne hond—
Now stant the Cockel in the lond
Where stood whilom the gode greine,
For the prelates now, as men sain,
For slouthen that they shoulde tiller."
Confessio Amantis, lib. quintus (2-190, Paulli).

Latimer has exactly the same idea: "Oh, that our prelates would bee as diligent to sowe the corne of goode doctrine as Sathan is to sow Cockel and Darnel." . . . "There was never such a preacher in England as he (the devil) is. Who is able to tel his dylygent preaching? which every daye and every houre laboreth to sowe Cockel and

¹ "Cokylle—quædam aborigo, zazannia."—*Catholicon Anglicum*.

Darnel" (Latimer's Fourth Sermon). And to the same effect Spenser—

“And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care,
Which when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley bare.”

The Cockle or Campion is said to do mischief among the Wheat, not only, as the Poppy and other weeds, by occupying room meant for the better plant, but because the seed gets mixed with the corn, and then “what hurt it doth among corne, the spoyle unto bread, as well in colour, taste, and unwholsomness is better known than desired.” So says Gerard, but I do not know how far modern experience confirms him. It is a pity the plant has so bad a character, for it is a very handsome weed, with a fine blue flower, and the seeds are very curious objects under the microscope, being described as exactly like a hedgehog rolled up.¹

COLOQUINTIDA.

Iago. The food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as Coloquintida.
Othello, act i, sc. 3 (354).

The Coloquintida, or Colocynth, is the dried fleshy part of the fruit of the Cucumis or *Citrullus colocynthis*. As a drug it was imported in Shakespeare's time and long before, but he may also have known the plant. Gerard seems to have grown it, though from his describing it as a native of the sandy shores of the Mediterranean, he perhaps confused it with the Squirting Cucumber (*Momordica elaterium*). It is a native of Turkey, but has been found also in Japan. It is also found in the East, and we read of it in the history of Elisha: “One went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild Vine, and gathered thereof wild

¹ In Dorsetshire the Cockle is the bur of the Burdock. Barnes' Glossary of Dorset.

Gourds, his lap full.”¹ It is not quite certain what species of Gourd is here meant, but all the old commentators considered it to be the Colocynth,² the word “vine” meaning any climbing plant, a meaning that is still in common use in America.

All the tribe of Cucumbers are handsome foliaged plants, but they require room. On the Continent they are much more frequently grown in gardens than in England, but the hardy perennial Cucumber (*Cucumis perennis*) makes a very handsome carpet where the space can be spared, and the Squirting Cucumber (also hardy and perennial) is worth growing for its curious fruit. (*See also PUMPKION.*)

COLUMBINE.

- (1) *Armado.* I am that flower,
Dumain. That Mint.
Longaville. That Columbine.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (661).
- (2) *Ophelia.* There's Fennel for you and Columbines.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 5 (189).

This brings us to one of the most favourite of our old-fashioned English flowers. It is very doubtful whether it is a true native, but from early times it has been “carefully nursed up in our gardens for the delight both of its forme and colours” (Parkinson); yet it had a bad character, as we see from two passages quoted by Steevens—

“What's that—a Columbine?”

No! that thankless flower grows not in my garden.”

All Fools, by CHAPMAN, 1605.

and again in the 15th Song of Drayton's “Polyolbion”—

“The Columbine amongst they sparingly do set.”

¹ 2 Kings iv. 39.

² “Invenitque quasi vitem sylvestrem, et collegit ex ea Colocynthidas agri.”—*Vulgate*.

Spenser gave it a better character. Among his "gardyn of sweet flonres, that dainty odours from them threw around," he places—

"Her neck lyke to a bonnch of Cullambynes."

And, still earlier, Skelton (1463–1529) spoke of it with high praise—

"She is the Vyolet,
The Daysy delectable,
The Columbine commendable,
The Ielofer amyable."—*Phyllip Sparrow*.

Both the English and the Latin names are descriptive of the plant. Columbine, or the Dove-plant, calls our attention to the "resemblance of its nectaries to the heads of pigeons in a ring round a dish, a favourite device of ancient artists" (Dr. Prior); or to "the figure of a hovering dove with expanded wings, which we obtain by pulling off a single petal with its attached sepals" (Lady Wilkinson); though it may also have had some reference to the colour, as the word is used by Chaucer—

"Come forth now with thin eyghen Columbine."

The Marchaundes Tale (190).

The Latin name, *Aquilegia*, is generally supposed to come from *aquilegus*, a water-collector, alluding to the water-holding powers of the flower; it may, however, be derived from *aquila*, an eagle, but this seems more doubtful.

As a favourite garden flower, the Columbine found its way into heraldic blazonry. "It occurs in the crest of the old Barons Grey of Vitten, as may be seen in the garter coat of William Grey of Vitten (Camden Society 1847), and is thus described in the Painter's bill for the ceremonial of the funeral of William Lord Grey of Vitten (MS. Coll. of Arms, i, 13, fol. 35a): "Item, his creste with the favron, or, sette on a leftehande glove, argent, out thereof issuyinge, caste over threade, a braunch of Collobyns, blue, the stalk vert." Old Gwillim also enumerates the Columbine among his "Coronary Herbs," as follows: "He beareth argent, a chevron sable between three Columbines slipped proper, by the name of Hall of Coventry. The Columbine is pleasing



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“ Strip off my bride’s array,
 My Cork-shoes from my feet,
 And, gentle mother, be not coy
 To bring my winding sheet.”

The Bride’s Burial—Roxburghe Ballads.

The Cork tree is a necessary element in all botanic gardens, but as an ornamental tree it is not sufficiently distinct from the Ilex. Though a native of the South of Europe it is hardy in England.

CORN.

- (1) *Gonzalo.* No use of metal, Corn, or wine, or oil.
Tempest, act ii, sc. I (154).
- (2) *Duke.* Our Corn’s to reap, for yet our tithe’s to sow.
Measure for Measure, act iv, sc. I (76).
- (3) *Titania.* Playing on pipes of Corn, (67)

 The green Corn
 Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.
Midsummer Night’s Dream, act ii, sc. I (94).
- (4) *K. Edward.* What valiant foemen, like to autumn’s Corn,
 Have we mowed down in tops of all their pride!
3rd Henry VI, act v, sc. 7 (3).
- (5) *Pucelle.* Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
 That come to gather money for their Corn.
1st Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2 (4).
 Poor market folks that come to sell their Corn.
Ibid. (14).
 Good morrow, gallants! want ye Corn for
 bread?
Ibid. (41).
- Burgundy.* I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
 And make thee curse the harvest of that Corn.
Ibid. (46).
- (6) *Duchess.* Why droops my lord like over-ripened Corn
 Hanging the head at Ceres’ plenteous load?
2nd Henry VI, act i, sc. 2. (1).

- (7) *Warwick.* His well-proportioned beard made rough and ragged
Like to the summer's Corn by tempest lodged.
2nd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2 (175).
- (8) *Mowbray.* We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our Corn shall seem as light as chaff.
2nd Henry IV, act iv, sc. 1 (194).
- (9) *Macbeth.* Though bladed Corn be lodged and trees blown down.
Macbeth, act iv, sc. 1 (55).
- (10) *Longaville.* He weeds the Corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
Love's Labour's Lost, act i, sc. 1 (96).
- (11) *Biron.* Allons! allons! sowed Cockle reap'd no Corn.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 3 (383).
- (12) *Edgar.* Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the Corn.
King Lear, act iii, sc. 6 (43).
- (13) *Cordelia.* All the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining Corn. *Ibid.*, act iv, sc. 4 (6).
- (14) *Demetrius.* First thrash the Corn, then after burn the straw.
Titus Andronicus, act ii, sc. 3 (123).
- (15) *Marcus.* O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered Corn into one mutual sheaf.
Ibid., act v, sc. 3 (70).
- (16) *Pericles.* Our ships are stored with Corn to make your needy bread.
Pericles, act i, sc. 4 (95).
- (17) *Cleon.* Your grace that fed my country with your Corn.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 3 (18).
- (18) *Menenius.* For Corn at their own rates.
Coriolanus, act i, sc. 1 (193).
- Marcus.* The gods sent not Corn for the rich men only.
Ibid. (211).
- Marcus.* The Volsces have much Corn. *Ibid.* (253).
- Citizen.* We stood up about the Corn.
Ibid., act ii, sc. 3 (16).
- Brutus.* Corn was given them gratis.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 1 (43).
- Coriolanus.* Tell me of Corn! *Ibid.* (61).
- The Corn of the storehouse gratis. *Ibid.* (125).
- The Corn was not our recompense. *Ibid.* (120).

This kind of service
Did not deserve Corn gratis.
Coriolanus, act iii, sc. 1 (124).

(19) *Cranmer*. I am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my
chaff
And Corn shall fly asunder.
Henry VIII, act v, sc. 1 (110).

(20) *Cranmer*. Her foes shake like a field of beaten Corn
And hang their heads with sorrow.
Ibid., act v, sc. 4 (32).

(21) *K. Richard*. We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer
Corn. *Richard II*, act iii, sc. 3 (161).

(22) *Arcite*. And run
Swifter then winde upon a field of Corne
(Curling the wealthy eares) never flew.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act ii, sc. 3 (91).

23) As Corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Lucrece (281).

I have made these quotations as short as possible. They could not be omitted, but they require no comment.

COWSLIP.

(1) *Burgundy*. The even mead that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green
Clover. *Henry V*, act v, sc. 2 (48).

(2) *Queen*. The Violets, Cowslips, and the Primroses,
Bear to my closet. *Cymbeline*, act i, sc. 5 (83).

(3) *Iachimo*. On her left breast
A mole, cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a Cowslip.
Ibid., act ii, sc. 2 (37).

(4) *Ariel*. Where the bee sucks there suck I,
In a Cowslip's bell I lie.
Tempest, act v, sc. 1 (88).

(5) *Thisbe*. Those yellow Cowslip cheeks.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act v, sc. 1 (339).

(6) *Fairy*. The Cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see ;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours ;
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every Cowslip's ear.

Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (10).¹

“Cowslips ! how the children love them, and go out into the fields on the sunny April mornings to collect them in their little baskets, and then come home and pick the pips to make sweet unintoxicating wine, preserving at the same time untouched a bunch of the goodliest flowers as a harvest-sheaf of beauty ! and then the white soft husks are gathered into balls and tossed from hand to hand till they drop to pieces, to be trodden upon and forgotten. And so at last, when each sense has had its fill of the flower, and they are thoroughly tired of their play, the children rest from their celebration of the Cowslip. Blessed are such flowers that appeal to every sense.” So wrote Dr. Forbes Watson in his very pretty and Ruskinesque little work “Flowers and Gardens,” and the passage well expresses one of the chief charms of the Cowslip. It is the most favourite wild flower with children. It must have been also a favourite with Shakespeare, for his descriptions show that he had studied it with affection. The minute description in (6) should be noticed. The upright golden Cowslip is compared to one of Queen Elizabeth's Pensioners, who were splendidly dressed, and are frequently noticed in the literature of the day. With Mrs. Quickly they were the *ne plus ultra* of grandeur—“And yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners” (“Merry Wives,” act ii, sc. 2). Milton, too, sings in its praise—

“Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The flowering May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow Cowslip and the pale Primrose.”

Song on May Morning.

¹ Drayton also allotted the Cowslip as the special Fairies' flower—

“For the queene a fitting bower,
 (Quoth he) is that tall Cowslip flower.”—*Nymphidia*.

“ Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Then I set my printless feet
O'er the Cowslip's velvet head
That bends not as I tread.”

Sabrina's Song in Comus.

But in “*Lycidas*” he associates it with more melancholy ideas—

“ With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.”

This association of sadness with the Cowslip is copied by Mrs. Hemans, who speaks of “*Pale Cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier;*” but these are exceptions. All the other poets who have written of the Cowslip (and they are very numerous) tell of its joyousness, and brightness, and tender beauty, and its “*bland, yet luscious, meadow-breathing scent.*”

The names of the plant are a puzzle; botanically it is a Primrose, but it is never so called. It has many names, but its most common are Paigle and Cowslip. Paigle has never been satisfactorily explained, nor has Cowslip. Our great etymologists, Cockayne and Dr. Prior and Wedgwood, are all at variance on the name; and Dr. Prior assures us that it has nothing to do with either “*cows*” or “*lips*,” though the derivation, if untrue, is at least as old as Ben Jonson, who speaks of “*Bright Dayes-eyes and the lips of Cowes.*” But we all believe it has, and, without inquiring too closely into the etymology, we connect the flower with the rich pastures and meadows of which it forms so pretty a spring ornament, while its fine scent recalls the sweet breath of the cow—“*just such a sweet, healthy odour is what we find in cows; an odour which breathes around them as they sit at rest on the pasture, and is believed by many, perhaps with truth, to be actually curative of disease*” (Forbes Watson).

Botanically, the Cowslip is a very interesting plant. In all essential points the Primrose, Cowslip, and Oxlip are identical; the Primrose, however, choosing woods and copses and the shelter of the hedgerows, the Cowslip choosing the open meadows, while the Oxlip is found in either. The garden “*Polyanthus of unnumbered dyes*” (Thomson's “*Seasons:*” Spring) is only another form produced by cul-

tivation, and is one of the most favourite plants in cottage gardens. It may, however, well be grown in gardens of more pretension; it is neat in growth, handsome in flower, of endless variety, and easy cultivation. There are also many varieties of the Cowslip, of different colours, double and single, which are very useful in the spring garden.

CRABS, *see* APPLE.

CROCUS, *see* SAFFRON.

CROW-FLOWERS.

Queen. There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and Long Purples.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 7 (169).

The Crow-flower is now the Buttercup,¹ but in Shakespeare's time it was applied to the Ragged Robin (*Lychnis flos-cuculi*), and I should think that this was the flower that poor Ophelia wove into her garland. Gerard says, "They are not used either in medicine or in nourishment; but they serve for garlands and crowns, and to deck up gardens." We do not now use the Ragged Robin for the decking of our gardens, not that we despise it, for it is a flower that all admire in the hedgerows, but because we have other members of the same family as easy to grow and more

¹ In Scotland the Wild Hyacinth is still called the Crow-flower—

“Sweet the Crow-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel,
My young, my artless dearie, O.”

TANNAHILL, *Gloomy Winter.*

handsome, such as the double variety of the wild plant, *L. Chalcedonica*, *L. Lagascæ*, *L. fulgens*, *L. Haagena*, &c. In Shakespeare's time the name was also given to the Wild Hyacinth, which is so named by Turner and Lyte; but this could scarcely have been the flower of Ophelia's garland, which was composed of the flowers of early summer, and not of spring. (See Appendix, p. 388.)

CROWN IMPERIAL.

Perdita.

Bold Oxlips, and
The Crown Imperial.

Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (125).

The Crown Imperial is a Fritillary (*F. imperialis*). It is a native of Persia, Afghanistan, and Cashmere, but it was very early introduced into England from Constantinople, and at once became a favourite. Chapman, in 1595, spoke of it as—

“Fair Crown Imperial, Emperor of Flowers.”

OVID'S *Banquet of Sense*.

Gerard had it plentifully in his garden, and Parkinson gave it the foremost place in his “*Paradisus Terrestris*.” “The Crown Imperial,” he says, “for its stately beautifulnesse deserveth the first place in this our garden of delight, to be here entreated of before all other Lillies.” George Herbert evidently admired it much—

“Then went I to a garden, and did spy

A gallant flower,

The Crown Imperial.”

Peace (13).

And if not in Shakespeare's time, yet certainly very soon after, there were as many varieties as there are now. The plant, as a florist's flower, has stood still in a very remarkable way. Though it is apparently a plant that invites the attention of the hybridizing gardener, yet we still have but the two colours, the red and the yellow (a pure white would



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• CUCKOO-BUDS AND FLOWERS.

(1) *Song of Spring.*

When Daisies pied, and Violets blue,
And Lady-smocks all silver-white,
And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (904).

(2) *Cordelia.*

He was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea ; singing aloud ;
Crown'd with rank Fumiter and Furrow-weeds,
With Burdocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining Corn.

King Lear, act iv, sc. 4 (1).

There is a difficulty in deciding what flower Shakespeare meant by Cuckoo-buds. We now always give the name to the Meadow Cress (*Cardamine pratensis*), but it cannot be that in either of these passages, because that flower is mentioned under its other name of Lady-smocks in the previous line (No. 1), nor is it "of yellow hue;" nor does it grow among Corn, as described in No. 2. Many plants have been suggested, and the choice seems to me to lie between two. Mr. Swinfen Jervis¹ decides without hesitation in favour of Cowslips, and the yellow hue painting the meadows in spring time gives much force to the decision; Schmidt gives the same interpretation; but I think the Buttercup, as suggested by Dr. Prior, will still better meet the requirements.

CUPID'S FLOWER, *see* PANSIES.

CURRANTS.

(1) *Clown.* What am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?

Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currants.

Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (39).

¹ "Dictionary of the Language of Shakespeare," 1868.

- (2) *Theseus*. I stamp this kisse upon thy Currant lippe.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act i, sc. 1 (241).

The Currants of (1) are the Currants of commerce, the fruit of the *Vitis Corinthiaca*, whence the fruit has derived its name of Corans, or Currants.

The English Currants are of an entirely different family ; and are closely allied to the Gooseberry. The Currants—black, white, and red—are natives of the northern parts of Europe, and are probably wild in Britain. They do not seem to have been much grown as garden fruit till the early part of the sixteenth century, and are not mentioned by the earlier writers ; but that they were known in Shakespeare's time we have the authority of Gerard, who, speaking of Gooseberries, says : " We have also in our London gardens another sort altogether without prickes, whose fruit is very small, lesser by much than the common kinde, but of a perfect red colour." This "perfect red colour" explains the "currant lip" of No. 2.

CYME, *see* SENNA.

CYPRESS.¹

- (1) *Suffolk*. Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cypress trees !
2nd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2 (322).

¹ Cypress, or Cyprus (for the word is spelt differently in the different editions), is also mentioned by Shakespeare in the following—

- (1) *Clown*. In sad Cypress let me be laid.
Twelfth Night, act ii, sc. 4.

- (2) *Olivia*. To one of your receiving
 Enough is shown ; and Cyprus, not a bosom,
 Hides my poor heart. *Ibid.*, act iii, sc. 1.

- (3) *Autolycus*. Lawn as white as driven snow,
 Cyprus, black as e'er was crow.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 3.

But in all these cases the Cypress is not the name of the plant, but is the fabric which we now call crape, the "sable stole of Cypre's lawn" of Milton's "Penseroso."

- (2) *Aufidius*. I am attended at the Cypress grove.
Coriolanus, act i, sc. 10 (30).
- (3) *Gremio*. In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
 In Cypress chests my arras counterpoints.
Taming of the Shrew, act ii, sc. 1 (351).

The Cypress (*Cupressus sempervirens*), originally a native of Mount Taurus, is found abundantly through all the South of Europe, and is said to derive its name from the Island of Cyprus. It was introduced into England many years before Shakespeare's time, but is always associated in the old authors with funerals and churchyards; so that Spenser calls it the "Cypress funereal," which epithet he may have taken from Pliny's description of the Cypress: "Natu morosa, fructu supervacua, baccis torva, foliis amara, odore violenta, ac ne umbrâ quidem gratiosa—Diti sacra, et ideo funebri signo ad domos posita" ("Nat. Hist.," xvi. 32).

Sir John Mandeville mentions the Cypress in a very curious way: "The Cristene men, that dwellen beyond the See, in Grece, seyn that the tree of the Cros, that we callen Cypresse, was of that tree that Adam ete the Appule of; and that fynde thei writen" ("Voiage," &c., cap. 2). And the old poem of the "Squyr of lowe degre," gives the tree a sacred pre-eminence—

"The tre it was of Cypresse,
 The fyrst tre that Iesu chese."
 RITSON'S *Ear. Eng. Met. Romances*, viii. (31).

"In the Arundel MS. 42 may be found an alphabet of plants. . . . The author mentions his garden 'by Stebenhythe by syde London,' and relates that he brought a bough of Cypress with its Apples from Bristol 'into Estbritzlond,' fresh in September, to show that it might be propagated by slips."—*Promptorium Parvulorum*, app. 67.

The Cypress is an ornamental evergreen, but stiff in its growth till it becomes of a good age; and for garden purposes the European plant is becoming replaced by the richer forms from Asia and North America, such as *C. Lawsoniana*, *macrocarpa*, *Lambertiana*, and others.

DAFFODILS.¹

- (1) *Autolycus*. When Daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh ! the doxy o'er the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (1).
- (2) *Perdita*. Daffodils
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 4 (118).
- (3) *Wooper*. With chaplets on their heads of Daffodillies.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act iv, sc. 1 (94).

See also NARCISSUS, p. 175.

Of all English plants there have been none in such constant favour as the Daffodil, whether known by its classical name of Narcissus, or by its more popular names of Daffodil, or Daffadowndilly, and Jonquil. The name of Narcissus it gets from being supposed to be the same as the plant so named by the Greeks first and the Romans afterwards. It is a question whether the plants are the same, and I believe most authors think they are not; but I have never been able to see very good reasons for their doubts. The name Jonquil comes corrupted through the French, from *junci-folius* or "rush-leaf," and is properly restricted to those species of the family which have rushy leaves. "Daffodil" is commonly said to be a corruption of Asphodel ("Daffodil is Ασφοδελον, and has capped itself with a letter which eight hundred years ago did not belong to it."—COCKAYNE, *Spoon and Sparrow*, 19), with which plant it was confused (as it is in Lyte's "Herbal"), but Lady Wilkinson says very positively that "it is simply the old English word 'affodyle,'²

¹ This account of the Daffodil, and the accounts of some other flowers, I have taken from a paper by myself on the common English names of plants read to the Bath Field Club in 1870, and published in the "Transactions" of the Club, and afterwards privately printed.—H. N. E.

² "Herbe orijam and Thyme and Violette
 Eke Affodyle and savery thereby sette."
Palladius on Husbandrie, book i, 1014. (E. E. Text Soc.)

which signifies ‘that which cometh early.’” “Daffadown-dilly,” again is supposed to be but a playful corruption of “Daffodil,” but Dr. Prior argues (and he is a very safe authority) that it is rather a corruption of “Saffron Lily.” Daffadown-dilly is not used by Shakespeare, but it is used by his contemporaries, as by Spenser frequently, and by H. Constable, who died in 1604—

“Diaphenia, like the Daffadown-dilly,
White as the sun, fair as the Lilly,
Heigh, ho ! how I do love thee !”

But however it derived its pretty names, it was the favourite flower of our ancestors as a garden flower, and especially as the flower for making garlands, a custom very much more common then than it is now. It was the favourite of all English poets. Gower describes the Narcissus—

“For in the winter fresh and faire
The flowres ben, which is contraire
To kind, and so was the folie
Which fell of his surquedrie”—*i.e.*, of Narcissus.
Confes. Aman. lib. prim. (l. 121 Paulli).

Shakespeare must have had a special affection for it, for in all his descriptions there is none prettier or more suggestive than Perdita’s short but charming description of the Daffodil (No. 2). A small volume might be filled with the many poetical descriptions of this “delectable and sweet-smelling flower,” but there are some which are almost classical, and which can never be omitted, and which will bear repetition, however well we know them. Milton says, “The Daffodillies fill their cups with tears.”¹ There are Herrick’s well-known lines—

“Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon,
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon ;

¹ “The cup in the centre of the flower is supposed to contain the tears of Narcissus, to which Milton alludes ; . . . and Virgil in the following—

‘Pars intra septa domorum
Narcissi lacrymas . . . ponunt.’”—*Flora Domestica*, 268.

Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.

We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

And there are Keats' and Shelley's well-known and beautiful lines which bring down the praises of the Daffodil to our own day. Keats says—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness.
. In spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pale
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are Daffodils
With the green world they live in."

Shelley is still warmer in his praise—

"Narcissus, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness."

The Sensitive Plant, p. 1.

Nor must Wordsworth be left out when speaking of the poetry of Daffodils. His stanzas are well known, while his sister's prose description of them is the most poetical of all :
"They grew among the mossy stones ; . . . some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow, the rest tossed

and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.”¹

But it is time to come to prose. The Daffodil of Shakespeare is the Wild Daffodil (*Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*) that is found in abundance in many parts of England. This is the true English Daffodil, and there is only one other species that is truly native—the *N. biflorus*, chiefly found in Devonshire. But long before Shakespeare’s time a vast number had been introduced from different parts of Europe, so that Gerard was able to describe twenty-four different species, and had “them all and every of them in our London gardens in great abundance.” The family, as at present arranged by Mr. J. G. Baker, of the Kew Herbarium, consists of twenty-one species, with several subspecies and varieties; all of which should be grown. They are all, with the exception of the Algerian species, which almost defy cultivation in England, most easy of cultivation—“*Magnâ curâ non indigent Narcissi.*” They only require after the first planting to be let alone, and then they will give us their graceful flowers in varied beauty from February to May. The first will usually be the grand *N. maximus*, which may be called the King of Daffodils, though some authors have given to it a still more illustrious name. The “Rose of Sharon was the large yellow *Narcissus*, common in Palestine and the East generally, of which Mahomet said: “He that has two cakes of bread, let him sell one of them for some flower of the *Narcissus*, for bread is the food of the body, but *Narcissus* is the food of the soul.” From these grand leaders of the tribe we shall be led through the Hoop-petticoats, the many-flowered Tazettas, and the sweet

¹ The “Quarterly Review,” quoting this description, says that “few poets ever lived who could have written a description so simple and original, so vivid and descriptive.” Yet it is an unconscious imitation of Homer’s account of the *Narcissus*—

“*νάρκισσόν* δ’ . . .
δαυμαστὸν γανόωντα· σέβας δέ τε πᾶσιν ἰδέσθαι
ἀθανάτοις τε θεοῖς ἠδὲ θνητοῖς ἀνθρώποις
τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ ρίζης ἑκατὸν κᾶρα ἐξεπεφύκει
κηῶδει τ’ ὄδμῃ πᾶς τ’ οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ὑπερθευ,
γαῖά τε πᾶσ’ ἐγέλασσε, καὶ ἄλμυρόν οἶδμα θαλάσσης.”

Hymn to Demeter, 8-14.



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DARNEL.

- (1) *Cordelia*. Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining Corn.
King Lear, act iv, sc. 4 (5). (See CUCKOO-FLOWERS.)
- (2) *Burgundy*. Her fallow leas,
The Darnel, Hemlock, and rank Fumitory
Doth root upon. *Henry V*, act v, sc. 2 (44).
- (3) *Pucelle*. Good morrow, Gallants ! want ye Corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate ;
'Twas full of Darnel ; do you like the taste ?
1st Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2 (41).

Virgil, in his Fifth Eclogue, says—

“Grandia sæpe quibus mandavimus hordea solcis
Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenæ.”

Thus translated by Thomas Newton, 1587—

“Sometimes there sproutes abundant store
Of baggage, noisome weeds,
Burres, Brembles, Darnel, Cockle, Dawke,
Wild Oates, and choaking seedes.”

And the same is repeated in the first Georgic, and in both places *lolium* is always translated Darnel, and so by common consent Darnel is identified with the *Lolium temulentum* or wild Rye Grass. But in Shakespeare's time Darnel, like Cockle (which see), was the general name for any hurtful weed. In the old translation of the Bible, the *Zizania*, which is now translated Tares, was sometime translated Cockle,¹ and Newton, writing in Shakespeare's time, says—
“Under the name of Cockle and Darnel is comprehended all vicious, noisom and unprofitable graine, encombring and hindring good corne.”—*Herball to the Bible*. The Darnel is not only injurious from choking the corn, but its seeds become mixed with the true Wheat, and so in Dorsetshire—

¹ “When men were a sleepe, his enemy came and oversowed Cockle among the wheate, and went his way.”—*Rheims Trans.*, 1582. For further early references to Cockle or Darnel see note on “Darnelle” in the “*Catholicon Anglicum*,” p. 90, and Britten's “*English Plant Names*,” p. 143.

and perhaps in other parts—it has the name of “Cheat” (Barnes’ Glossary), from its false likeness to Wheat. It was this false likeness that got for it its bad character. “Darnell or Juray,” says Lyte (“Herball,” 1578), “is a vitious graine that combereth or anoyeth corne, especially Wheat, and in his knotten straw, blades, or leaves is like unto Wheate.” Yet Lindley says that “the noxious qualities of Darnel or *Lolium temulentum* seem to rest upon no certain proof” (“Vegetable Kingdom,” p. 116).

DATES.

- (1) *Clown.* I must have Saffron to colour the Warden pies—
Mace—Dates? none; that’s out of my note.
Winter’s Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (48).
- (2) *Nurse.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the pastry.
Romeo and Juliet, act iv, sc. 4 (2).
- (3) *Parolles.* Your Date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek.
All’s Well that Ends Well, act i, sc. 1 (172).
- (4) *Pandarus.* Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?
Cressida. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no Date in the pye; for then the man’s date’s out.
Troilus and Cressida, act i, sc. 2 (274).

The Date is the well-known fruit of the Date Palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*), the most northern of the Palms. The Date Palm grows over the whole of Southern Europe, North Africa, and South-eastern Asia; but it is not probable that Shakespeare ever saw the tree, though Neckam speaks of it in the twelfth century, and Lyte describes it, and Gerard made many efforts to grow it; he tried to grow plants from the seed, “the which I have planted many times in my garden, and have grown to the height of three foot, but the first frost hath nipped them in such sort that they perished,

notwithstanding mine industrie by covering them, or what else I could do for their succour." The fruit, however, was imported into England in very early times, and was called by the Anglo-Saxons Finger-Apples, a curious name, but easily explained as the translation of the Greek name for the fruit, *δακτυλοι*, which was also the origin of the word date, of which the olden form was dactylle.¹

DEAD MEN'S FINGERS.

Queen. Our cold maids do Dead Men's Fingers call them.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 7 (172).

See LONG PURPLES, p. 148.

DEWBERRIES.

Titania. Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries.
Midsommer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (169).

The Dewberry (*Rubus cæsius*) is a handsome fruit, very like the Blackberry, but coming earlier. It has a peculiar sub-acid flavour, which is much admired by some, as it must have been by Titania, who joins it with such fruits as Apricots, Grapes, Figs, and Mulberries. It may be readily distinguished from the Blackberry by the fruit being composed of a few larger drupes, and being covered with a glaucous bloom.

DIAN'S BUD.

Oberon. Be, as thou wast wont to be
(touching her eyes with an herb),
See, as thou wast wont to see ;

¹ "A dactylle frute dactilis."—*Catholicon Anglicum*.

Quite over-canopied with luscious Woodbine,
With sweet Musk-Roses and with Eglantine.

Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (249).

(2) *Arviragus*.

Thou shalt not lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose, nor
The azured Harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

Cymbeline, act iv, sc. 2 (220).

If Shakespeare had only written these two passages they would sufficiently have told of his love for simple flowers. None but a dear lover of such flowers could have written these lines. There can be no doubt that the Eglantine in his time was the Sweet Brier—his notice of the sweet leaf makes this certain. Gerard so calls it, but makes some confusion—which it is not easy to explain—by saying that the flowers are white, whereas the flowers of the true Sweet Brier are pink. In the earlier poets the name seems to have been given to any wild Rose, and Milton certainly did not consider the Eglantine and the Sweet Brier to be identical. He says (“L’Allegro”)—

“Through the Sweet Briar or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.”

But Milton's knowledge of flowers was very limited. Herrick has some pretty lines on the flower, in which it seems most probable that he was referring to the Sweet Brier—

“From this bleeding hand of mine
Take this sprig of Eglantine,
Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretful Briar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many Thorns to be in love.”

It was thus the emblem of pleasure mixed with pain—

“Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere.”

SPENSER, *Sonnet* xxvi.

And so its names pronounced it to be ; it was either the Sweet Brier, or it was Eglantine, the thorny plant (Fr., *aiglentier*). There was also an older name for the plant, of which I can give no explanation. It was called Bedagar.

“Bedagar dicitur gallice aiglentier” (John de Gerlande).
 “*Bedagrage*, spina alba, wit-thorn” (Harl. MS., No. 978 in
 “*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*,” i, 36).¹ The name still exists, though
 not in common use; but only as the name of a drug made
 from “the excrescences on the branches of the Rose, and
 particularly on those of the wild varieties” (Parsons on the
 Rose).

It is a native of Britain, but not very common, being
 chiefly confined to the South of England. I have found it
 on Maidenhead Thicket. As a garden plant it is desirable
 for the extremely delicate scent of its leaves, but the flower
 is not equal to others of the family. There is, however, a
 double-flowered variety, which is handsome. The fruit of
 the single-flowered tree is large, and of a deep red colour,
 and is said to be sometimes made into a preserve. In
 modern times this is seldom done, but it may have been
 common in Shakespeare’s time, for Gerard says quaintly:
 “The fruit when it is ripe maketh most pleasant meats and
 banqueting dishes, as tarts and such like, the making whereof
 I commit to the cunning cooke, and teeth to eat them in
 the rich man’s mouth.” And Drayton says—

“They’ll fetch you conserve from the hip,
 And lay it softly on your lip.”

Nymphal II.

Eglantine has a further interest in being one of the many
 thorny trees from which the sacred crown of thorns was
 supposed to be made—“And afterwards he was led into a
 garden of Cayphas, and there he was crowned with Eglan-
 tine” (Sir John Mandeville).

ELDER.

(1) *Arviragus*. And let the stinking Elder, grief, untwine
 His perishing root with the increasing Vine!
Cymbeline, act iv, sc. 2 (59).

¹ “Est et cynosrodos, rosa camina, ung eglantier, folia myrti habens,
 sed paulo majora; recta assurgens in mediam altitudinem inter arborem
 et fruticem; fert spongiolas, quibus utuntur medici, ad malefica capitis
 ulcera, la malle tigne, vocatur antem vulgo in officinis pharmacopolarum,
 bedegar.”—*Stephani de re Hortensi Libellus*, p. 17, 1536.



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(*i.e.*, Christ. Irvine), a book that, in its Latin and English form, went through several editions. And this favourable estimate of the tree is still very common in several parts of the Continent. In the South of Germany it is believed to drive away evil spirits, and the name “‘Holderstock’ (Elder Stock) is a term of endearment given by a lover to his beloved, and is connected with Hulda, the old goddess of love, to whom the Elder tree was considered sacred. In Denmark and Norway it is held in like esteem, and in the Tyrol an “Elder bush, trained into the form of a cross, is planted on the new-made grave, and if it blossoms the soul of the person lying beneath it is happy.” And this use of the Elder for funeral purposes was, perhaps, also an old English custom ; for Spenser, speaking of Death, says—

“The Muses that were wont greene Baies to weare,
Now bringen bittre Eldre braunches seare.”

Shepherd's Calendar—November.

Nor must we pass by the high value that was placed on the wood both by the Jews and Greeks. It was the wood chiefly used for musical instruments, so that the name Sambuke was applied to several very different instruments, from the fact that they were all made of Elder wood. The “sackbut,” “dulcimer,” and “pipe” of Daniel iii. are all connected together in this manner.

As a garden plant the common Elder is not admissible, though it forms a striking ornament in the wild hedgerows and copses, while its flowers yield the highly perfumed Elder-flower water, and its fruits give the Elder wine ; but the tree runs into many varieties, several of which are very ornamental, the leaves being often very finely divided and jagged, and variegated both with golden and silver blotches. There is a handsome species from Canada (*Sambucus Canadensis*), which is worth growing in shrubberies, as it produces its pure white flowers in autumn.

ELM.

- (1) *Adriana.* Thou art an Elm, my husband, I a Vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
Comedy of Errors, act ii, sc. 2 (176).
- (2) *Titania.* The female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv, sc. 1 (48).
- (3) *Poins.* Answer, thou dead Elm, answer! ¹
2nd Henry IV, act ii, sc. 4 (358).

Though Vineyards were more common in England in the sixteenth century than now, yet I can nowhere find that the Vines were ever trained, in the Italian fashion, to Elms or Poplars. Yet Shakespeare does not stand alone in thus speaking of the Elm in its connection with the Vine. Spenser speaks of "the Vine-prop Elme," and Milton—

"They led the Vine
To wed her Elm ; she spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves."

And Browne—

"She, whose inclination
Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know
He was the Elm, whereby her Vine did grow."
Britannia's Pastorals, book i, song 1.

"An Elm embraced by a Vine,
Clipping so strictly that they seemed to be
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one tree ;
Her boughs his arms ; his leaves so mixed with hers,
That with no wind he moved, but straight she stirs."
Ibid., ii, 4.

But I should think that neither Shakespeare, nor Browne, nor Milton ever saw an English Vine trained to an Elm; they were simply copying from the classical writers.

¹ Why Falstaff should be called a dead Elm is not very apparent; but the Elm was associated with death as producing the wood for coffins. Thus Chaucer speaks of it as "the piler Elme, the cofre unto careyne," *i.e.*, carrion ("Parliament of Fowles," 177).

The Wych Elm is probably a true native, but the more common Elm of our hedgerows is a tree of Southern Europe and North Africa, and is of such modern introduction into England that in Evelyn's time it was rarely seen north of Stamford. It was probably introduced into Southern England by the Romans.

ERINGOES.

Falstaff. Let the sky rain Potatoes ; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow Eringoes. *Merry Wives*, act v, sc. 5 (20).

Gerard tells us that Eringoes are the candied roots of the Sea Holly (*Eryngium maritimum*), and he gives the recipe for candying them. I am not aware that the Sea Holly is ever now so used, but it is a very handsome plant as it is seen growing on the sea shore, and its fine foliage makes it an ornamental plant for a garden. But as used by Falstaff I am inclined to think that the vegetable he wished for was the Globe Artichoke, which is a near ally of the Eryngium, was a favourite diet in Shakespeare's time, and was reputed to have certain special virtues which are not attributed to the Sea Holly, but which would more accord with Falstaff's character.¹ I cannot, however, anywhere find that the Artichoke was called Eringoes.

FENNEL.

- (1) *Ophelia.* There's Fennel for you and Columbines.
Hamlet, act iv, sc 5 (189).
- (2) *Falstaff.* And a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and Fennel. *2nd Henry IV*, act ii, sc. 4 (266).

¹ For these supposed virtues of the Artichoke see Bullein's "Book of Simples."



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Roman schoolmaster using the stalks of the Fennel for the same purpose as the modern schoolmaster uses the cane.

The early poets looked on the Fennel as an emblem of the early summer—

“Hyt befell yn the month of June
When the Fenell hangeth yn toun.”

Libæus Diaconus. (1225).

As a useful plant, the chief use is as a garnishing and sauce for fish. Large quantities of the seed are said to be imported to flavour gin, but this can scarcely be called useful. As ornamental plants, the large Fennels (*F. Tingitana*, *F. campestris*, *F. glauca*, &c.) are very desirable where they can have the necessary room.

FERN.

Gadshill. We have the receipt of Fern-seed—we walk invisible.

Chamberlain. Now, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to Fern-seed for your walking invisible.

1st Henry IV, act ii, sc. 1 (95).

There is a fashion in plants as in most other things, and in none is this more curiously shown than in the estimation in which Ferns are and have been held. Now-a-days it is the fashion to admire Ferns, and few would be found bold enough to profess an indifference to them. But it was not always so. Theocritus seems to have admired the Fern—

“Like Fern my tresses o'er my temples streamed.”

Idyll xx. (Calverley.)

“Come here and trample dainty Fern and Poppy blossom.”

Idyll v. (Calverley.)

But Virgil gives it a bad character, speaking of it as “*flicem invisam*.” Horace is still more severe, “*neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris*.” The Anglo-Saxon translation of Boethius spoke contemptuously of the “Thorns, and the Furzes, and the Fern, and all the weeds” (Cockayne). And so it was in Shakespeare's time. Butler spoke of it as the—

“ Fern, that vile, unuseful weed,
That grows equivocably without seed.”

Cowley spoke the opinion of his day as if the plant had neither use nor beauty—

“ Nec caulem natura mihi, nec Floris honorem,
Nec mihi vel semen dura Noverca dedit—
Nec me sole fovet, nec cultis crescere in hortis
Concessum, et Follis gratia nulla meis—
Herba invisæ Deis poteram cœloque videri,
Et spurio Terræ nata puerperio.”

Plantarum, lib. i.

And later still Gilpin, who wrote so much on the beauties of country scenery at the close of the last century, has nothing better to say for Ferns than that they are noxious weeds, to be classed with “Thorns and Briers, and other ditch trumpery.” The fact, no doubt, is that Ferns were considered something “uncanny and eerie ;” our ancestors could not understand a plant which seemed to them to have neither flower nor seed, and so they boldly asserted it had neither. “This kinde of Ferne,” says Lyte in 1587, “beareth neither flowers nor sede, except we shall take for sede the black spots growing on the backsides of the leaves, the whiche some do gather thinking to worke wonders, but to say the trueth it is nothing els but trumperie and superstition.” A plant so strange must needs have strange qualities, but the peculiar power attributed to it of making persons invisible arose thus :—It was the age in which the doctrine of signatures was fully believed in ; according to which doctrine Nature, in giving particular shapes to leaves and flowers, had thereby plainly taught for what diseases they were specially useful.¹ Thus a heart-shaped leaf was for heart disease, a liver-shaped for the liver, a bright-eyed flower was for the eyes, a foot-shaped flower or leaf would certainly cure the gout, and so on ; and then when they found a plant which certainly grew and increased, but of which the organs of fructification were invisible, it was a clear conclusion that properly used the plant would confer the gift of invisibility. Whether the

¹ See Brown’s “Religio Medici,” p. ii. 2.

people really believed this or not we cannot say,¹ but they were quite ready to believe any wonder connected with the plant, and so it was a constant advertisement with the quacks. Even in Addison's time "it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand of a doctor who had arrived at the knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had discovered the female Fern-seed. Nobody ever knew what this meant" ("Tatler," No. 240). But to name all the superstitions connected with the Fern would take too much space.

The name is expressive; it is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *fepern*, and so shows that some of our ancestors marked its feathery form; and its history as a garden plant is worth a few lines. So little has it been esteemed as a garden plant that Mr. J. Smith, the ex-Curator of the Kew Gardens, tells us that in the year 1822 the collection of Ferns at Kew was so extremely poor that "he could not estimate the entire Kew collection of exotic Ferns at that period at more than forty species" (Smith's "Ferns, British and Exotic," introduction). Since that time the steadily increasing admiration of Ferns has caused collectors to send them from all parts of the world, so that in 1866 Mr. Smith was enabled to describe about a thousand species, and now the number must be much larger; and the closer search for Ferns has further brought into notice a very large number of most curious varieties and monstrosities, which it is still more curious to observe are, with very few exceptions, confined to the British species.

¹ It probably was the real belief, as we find it so often mentioned as a positive fact; thus Browne—

"Poor silly fool! thou striv'st in vain to know
If I enjoy or love where thou lov'st so;
Since my affection ever secret tried
Blooms like the Fern, and seeds still unespied."

Poems, p. 26 (Sir E. Brydges' edit. 1815).



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importance.¹ But in the others the dainty fruit, the green Fig, is noticed.

The Fig tree, celebrated from the earliest times for the beauty of its foliage and for its "sweetness and good fruit" (Judges ix. 11), is said to have been introduced into England by the Romans; but the more reliable accounts attribute its introduction to Cardinal Pole, who is said to have planted the Fig tree still living at Lambeth Palace. Botanically, the Fig is of especial interest. The Fig, as we eat it, is neither fruit nor flower, though partaking of both, being really the hollow, fleshy receptacle enclosing a multitude of flowers, which never see the light, yet come to full perfection and ripen their seed. The Fig stands alone in this peculiar arrangement of its flowers, but there are other plants of which we eat the unopened or undeveloped flowers, as the Artichoke, the Cauliflower, the Caper, the Clove, and the Pine Apple.

FILBERTS.

Caliban. I'll bring thee to clustering Filberds.
Tempest, act ii, sc. 2 (174). (See HAZEL.)

FLAGS.

Cæsar. This common body
Like to a vagabond Flag upon the stream
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.
Antony and Cleopatra, act i, sc. 4 (44).

We now commonly call the Iris a Flag, and in Shakespeare's time the *Iris pseudoacorus* was called the Water Flag, and so this passage might, perhaps, have been placed

¹ This proverbial worthlessness of the Fig is of ancient date. Theocritus speaks of *σुकινοι ανδρες*, useless men; Horace, "Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum;" and Juvenal, "Sterilis mala robora ficus."

under Flower-de-luce. But I do not think that the Flower-de-luce proper was ever called a Flag at that time, whereas we know that many plants, especially the Reeds and Bulrushes, were called in a general way Flags. This is the case in the Bible, the language of which is always a safe guide in the interpretation of contemporary literature. The mother of Moses having placed the infant in the ark of Bulrushes, "laid it in the Flags by the river's brink," and the daughter of Pharaoh "saw the ark among the Flags." Job asks, "Can the Flag grow without water?" and Isaiah draws the picture of desolation when "the brooks of defence shall be emptied and dried up, and the Reeds and the Flags shall wither." But in these passages, not only is the original word very loosely translated, but the original word itself was so loosely used that long ago Jerome had said it might mean any marsh plant, *quidquid in palude virens nascitur*. And in the same way I conclude that when Shakespeare named the Flag he meant any long-leaved waterside plant that is swayed to and fro by the stream, and that therefore this passage might very properly have been placed under Rushes.

FLAX.

- (1) *Ford*. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of Flax?
Merry Wives, act v, sc. 5 (159).
- (2) *Clifford*. Beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and Flax.
2nd Henry VI, act v, sc. 2 (54).
- (3) *Sir Toby*. Excellent; it hangs like Flax in a distaff.
Twelfth Night, act i, sc. 3 (108).
- (4) *3rd Servant*.
 Go thou: I'll fetch some Flax and white of eggs
 To apply to his bleeding face.¹
King Lear, act iii, sc. 7 (106).

¹ "*Juniper*. Go get white of egg and a little Flax, and close the breach of the head; it is the most conducive thing that can be."—BEN JONSON, *The Case Altered*, act ii, sc. 4.

- (5) *Ophelia*. His beard was as white as snow,
All Flaxen was his poll.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 5 (195).
- (6) *Leontes*. My wife deserves a name
As rank as any Flax-wench.
Winter's Tale, act i, sc. 2 (276).
- (7) *Emilia*. It could
No more be hid in him, than fire in Flax.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act v, sc. 3 (113).

The Flax of commerce (*Linum usitatissimum*) is not a true native, though Turner said: "I have seen flax or lynt growyng wilde in Sommerset shyre" ("Herbal," part ii. p. 39); but it takes kindly to the soil, and soon becomes naturalized in the neighbourhood of any Flax field or mill. We have, however, three native Flaxes in England, of which the smallest, the Fairy Flax (*L. catharticum*), is one of the most graceful ornaments of our higher downs and hills.¹ The Flax of commerce, which is the plant referred to by Shakespeare, is supposed to be a native of Egypt, and we have early notice of it in the Book of Exodus; and the microscope has shown that the cere-cloths of the most ancient Egyptian mummies are made of linen. It was very early introduced into England, and the spinning of Flax was the regular occupation of the women of every household, from the mistress downwards, so that even queens are represented in the old illuminations in the act of spinning, and "the spinning-wheel was a necessary implement in every household, from the palace to the cottage."—WRIGHT, *Domestic Manners*. The occupation is now almost gone, driven out by machinery, but it has left its mark on our language, at least on our legal language, which acknowledges as the only designation of an unmarried woman that she is "a spinster."

A crop of Flax is one of the most beautiful, from the rich colour of the flowers resting on their dainty stalks. But it is also most useful; from it we get linen, linseed oil, oilcake, and linseed-meal; nor do its virtues end there, for "Sir

¹ "From the abundant harvests of this elegant weed on the upland pastures, prepared and manufactured by supernatural skill, 'the good people' were wont, in the olden time, to procure the necessary supplies of linen!"—JOHNSTON.



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Adhuc sub judice lis est—and it is never likely to be satisfactorily settled. I need not therefore dwell on it, especially as my present business is to settle not what the Fleur-de-luce meant in the arms of France, but what it meant in Shakespeare's writings. But here the same difficulty at once meets us, some writers affirming stoutly that it is a Lily, others as stoutly that it is an Iris. For the Lily theory there are the facts that Shakespeare calls it one of the Lilies, and that the other way of spelling it is Fleur-de-lys. I find also a strong confirmation of this in the writings of St. Francis de Sales (contemporary with Shakespeare). "Charity," he says, "comprehends the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, and resembles a beautiful Flower-de-luce, which has six leaves whiter than snow, and in the middle the pretty little golden hammers" ("Philo," book xi., Mulholland's translation). This description will in no way fit the Iris, but it may very well be applied to the White Lily. Chaucer, too, seems to connect the Fleur-de-luce with the Lily—

"Her nekke was white as the Flour de Lis."

These are certainly strong authorities for saying that the Flower-de-luce is the Lily. But there are as strong or stronger on the other side. Spenser separates the Lilies from the Flower-de-luces in his pretty lines—

"Strow mee the ground with Daffadown-Dillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies ;
The Pretty Pawnce
And the Chevisaunce
Shall match with the fayre Floure Delice."

Shepherd's Calendar.

Ben Jonson separates them in the same way—

"Bring rich Carnations, Flower-de-luces, Lillies."

Lord Bacon also separates them: "In April follow the double White Violet, the Wall-flower, the Stock-Gilliflower, the Cowslip, the Flower-de-luces, and Lilies of all Natures ;" and so does Drayton—

"The Lily and the Flower de Lis
For colours much contenting."

Nymphal V.

In heraldry also the Fleur-de-lis and the Lily are two distinct bearings. Then, from the time of Turner in 1568, through Gerard and Parkinson to Miller, all the botanical writers identify the Iris as the plant named, and with this judgment most of our modern writers agree.¹ We may, therefore, assume that Shakespeare meant the Iris as the flower given by Perdita, and we need not be surprised at his classing it among the Lilies. Botanical classification was not very accurate in his day, and long after his time two such celebrated men as Redouté and De Candolle did not hesitate to include in the "Liliacæ," not only Irises, but Daffodils, Tulips, Fritillaries, and even Orchids.

What Iris Shakespeare especially alluded to it is useless to inquire. We have two in England that are indigenous—one the rich golden-yellow (*I. pseudacorus*), which in some favourable positions, with its roots in the water of a brook, is one of the very handsomest of the tribe; the other the Gladwyn (*I. fœtidissima*), with dull flowers and strong-smelling leaves, but with most handsome scarlet fruit, which remain on the plant and show themselves boldly all through the winter and early spring. Of other sorts there is a large number, so that the whole family, according to the latest account by Mr. Baker, of Kew, contains ninety-six distinct species besides varieties. They come from all parts of the world, from the Arctic Circle to the South of China; they are of all colours, from the pure white Iris Florentina to the almost black *I. Susiana*; and of all sizes, from a few inches to four feet or more. They are mostly easy of cultivation and increase readily, so that there are few plants better suited for the hardy garden or more ornamental.

¹ G. Fletcher's Flower-de-luce was certainly the Iris—

“The Flower-de-Luce and the round specks of dew
That hung upon the azure leaves did shew
Like twinkling stars that sparkle in the evening blue.”

The “leaves” here must be the petals.

FUMITER, FUMITORY.

- (1) *Cordelia*. Crown'd with rank Fumiter and Furrow-weeds.
King Lear, act iv, sc. 4 (3). (See CUCKOO-FLOWERS.)
- (2) *Burgundy*. Her fallow leas
 The Darnel, Hemlock, and rank Fumitory
 Doth root upon. *Henry V*, act v, sc. 2 (44).

Of Fumitories we have five species in England, all of them weeds in cultivated grounds and in hedgerows. None of them can be considered garden plants, but they are closely allied to the *Corydalis*, of which there are several pretty species, and to the very handsome *Dielytras*, of which one species—*D. spectabilis*—ranks among the very handsomest of our hardy herbaceous plants. How the plant acquired its name of Fumitory—*fume-terre*, earth-smoke—is not very satisfactorily explained, though many explanations have been given; but that the name was an ancient one we know from the interesting Stockholm manuscript of the eleventh century published by Mr. J. Pettigrew, and of which a few lines are worth quoting. (The poem is published in the “*Archæologia*,” vol. xxx.)—

“Fumiter is erbe, I say,
 Yt spryngyth ī April et in May,
 In feld, in town, in yard, et gate,
 Yer lond is fat and good in state,
 Dun red is his flour
 Ye erbe smek lyk in colowur.”

FURZE.

- (1) *Ariel*. So I charm'd their ears,
 That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd Briers, sharp Furzes, pricking Goss, and
 Thorns. *Tempest*, act iv, sc. 1 (178).
- (2) *Gonzalo*. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for
 an acre of barren ground, long Heath, brown
 Furze, anything. *Ibid.*, act i, sc. 1 (70).



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GARLICK.

- (1) *Bottom.* And, most dear actors, eat no Onions nor Garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv, sc. 2 (42).
- (2) *Lucio.* He would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and Garlic.
Measure for Measure, act iii, sc. 2 (193).
- (3) *Hotspur.* I had rather live
With cheese and Garlic in a windmill.
1st Henry IV, act iii, sc. 1 (161).
- (4) *Menenius.* You that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of Garlic-eaters.
Coriolanus, act iv, sc. 6 (96).
- (5) *Dorcas.* Mopsa must be your mistress ; marry, Garlic to mend her kissing with.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (162).

There is something almost mysterious in the Garlick that it should be so thoroughly acceptable, almost indispensable, to many thousands, while to others it is so horribly offensive as to be unbearable. The Garlick of Egypt was one of the delicacies that the Israelites looked back to with fond regret, and we know from Herodotus that it was the daily food of the Egyptian labourer ; yet, in later times, the Mohammedan legend recorded that "when Satan stepped out from the Garden of Eden after the fall of man, Garlick sprung up from the spot where he placed his left foot, and Onions from that which his right foot touched, on which account, perhaps, Mohammed habitually fainted at the sight of either." It was the common food also of the Roman labourer, but Horace could only wonder at the "dura messorum illia" that could digest the plant "cicutis allium nocentius." It was, and is the same with its medical virtues. According to some it was possessed of every virtue,¹ so that it had the name of Poor Man's Treacle

¹ "You (*i.e.*, citizens) are still sending to the apothecaries, and still crying out to 'fetch Master Doctor to me ;' but our (*i.e.*, countrymen's) apothecary's shop is our garden full of pot herbs, and our doctor is a good clove of Garlic."—*The Great Frost of January*, 1608.

(the word treacle not having its present meaning, but being the Anglicised form of theriake, or heal-all¹); while, on the other hand, Gerard affirmed “it yieldeth to the body no nourishment at all; it ingendreth naughty and sharpe blond.”

Bullein describes it quaintly: “It is a grosse kinde of medicine, verye unpleasant for fayre Ladies and tender Lilly Rose coloured damsels which often time profereth sweet breathes before gentle wordes, but both would do very well” (“Book of Simples”). Yet if we could only divest it of its evil smell, the wild Wood Garlick would rank among the most beautiful of our British plants. Its wide leaves are very similar to those of the Lily of the Valley, and its starry flowers are of the very purest white. But it defies picking, and where it grows it generally takes full possession, so that I have known several woods—especially on the Cotswold Hills—that are to be avoided when the plant is in flower. The woods are closely carpeted with them, and every step you take brings out their foetid odour. There are many species grown in the gardens, some of which are even very sweet smelling (as *A. odorum* and *A. fragrans*); but these are the exceptions, and even these have the Garlick scent in their leaves and roots. Of the rest many are very pretty and worth growing, but they are all more or less tainted with the evil habits of the family.

GILLIFLOWERS, *see* CARNATIONS.

GINGER.

- (1) *Clown*. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden pies—
Mace—Dates? none, that’s out of my note;
Nutmegs, seven—a race or two of Ginger,
but that I may beg.

Winter’s Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (48).

¹ “Crist, which that is to every harm triacle.”

CHAUCER, *Man of Lawes Tale*.

“Treacle was there anone forthe brought.”

Le Morte Arthur, 864.

- (2) *Sir Toby.* Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
there shall be no more cakes and ale.
Clown. Yes, by St. Anne, and Ginger shall be hot i' the
mouth too.
Twelfth Night, act ii, sc. 3 (123).
- (3) *Pompey.* First, here's Young Master Rash, he's in for a
commodity of brown paper and old Ginger,
nine score and seventeen pounds, of which he
made five marks ready money; marry, then,
Ginger was not much in request, for the old
women were all dead.
Measure for Measure, act iv, sc. 3 (4).
- (4) *Salanio.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that as
ever knapped Ginger.
Merchant of Venice, act iii, sc. 1 (9).
- (5) *2nd Carrier.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of
Ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.
1st Henry IV, act ii, sc. 1 (26).
- (6) *Orleans.* He's of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Dauphin. And of the heat of the Ginger.
Henry V, act iii, sc. 7 (20).
- (7) *Julia.* What is't you took up so Gingerly?
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act i, sc. 2 (70).
- (8) *Costard.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou
should'st have it to buy Ginger-bread.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 1 (74).
- (9) *Hotspur.* Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth,"
And such protest of pepper Ginger-bread
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
1st Henry IV, act iii, sc. 1 (258).

Ginger was well known both to the Greeks and Romans. It was imported from Arabia, together with its name, Zingiberri, which it has retained, with little variation, in all languages.

When it was first imported into England is not known, but probably by the Romans, for it occurs as a common ingredient in many of the Anglo-Saxon medical recipes. Russell, in the "Boke of Nurture," mentions several kinds of Ginger; as green and white, "colombyne, valadyne, and Maydelyn." In Shakespeare's time it was evidently very common and cheap.



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GORSE OR GOSS.

Ariel. Tooth'd Briers, sharp Furzes, pricking Goss, and Thorns.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (180).

In speaking of the Furze (which see), I said that in Shakespeare's time the Furze and Gorse were probably distinguished, though now the two names are applied to the same plant. "In the 15th Henry VI. (1436), license was given to Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, to inclose 200 acres of land—pasture, wode, hethe, vrisen,¹ and gorste (*bruere, et jamprorum*), and to form thereof a Park at Greenwich."—*Rot. Parl.* iv. 498.² This proves that the "Gorst" was different from the "Vrise," and it may very likely have been the Petty Whin. "Pricking Goss," however, may be only a generic term, like Bramble and Brier, for any wild prickly plant.

GOURD.

Pistol. For Gourd and fullam holds.³
Merry Wives, act i, sc. 3 (94).

I merely mention this to point out that "Gourd," though probably originally derived from the fruit, is not the fruit here, but is an instrument of gambling. The fruit, however, was well known in Shakespeare's time, and was used as the type of intense greenness—

"Whose cœrule stream, rombling in pebble-stone,
 Crept under Moss, as green as any Gourd."
 SPENSER, *Virgil's Gnat*.

GRACE, *see* RUE.

¹ There is a hill near Lansdown (Bath) now called Frizen or Freezing Hill. Within memory of man it was covered with Gorse. This was probably the origin of the name, "Vrisen Hill."

² "Promptorium Parvulorum," p. 162, note.

GRAPES, *see* VINES.

GRASSES.

- (1) *Gonzalo.* How lush and lusty the Grass looks ! how green !
Tempest, act ii, sc. 1 (52).
- (2) *Iris.* Here, on this Grass-plot, in this very place
To come and sport. *Ibid.*, act iv, sc. 1 (73).
- (3) *Ceres.* Why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green?
Ibid. (82).
- (4) *Lysander.* When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed Grass.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act i, sc. 1 (209).
- (5) *King.* Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this Grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on the Grass.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (184).
- (6) *Clown.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not
much skill in Grass.
All's Well that Ends Well, act iv, sc. 5 (21).
- (7) *Luciana.* If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dromio of Syracuse.
'Tis true ; she rides me, and I long for Grass.
Comedy of Errors, act ii, sc. 2 (201).
- (8) *Bolingbroke.* Here we march
Upon the Grassy carpet of the plain.
Richard II, act iii, sc. 3 (49).
- (9) *King Richard.* And bedew
Her pasture's Grass with faithful English blood.
Ibid. (100).
- (10) *Ely.* Grew like the summer Grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.
Henry V, act i, sc. 1 (65).
- (11) *King Henry.* Mowing like Grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 3 (13).

- (12) *Grandpre.*
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'd Grass, still and motionless.
Henry V, act iv, sc. 2 (49).
- (13) *Suffolk.* Though standing naked on a mountain top
Where biting cold would never let Grass grow.
2nd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2 (336).
- (14) *Cade.* All the realm shall be in common; and in Cheap-
side shall my palfrey go to Grass.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 2 (74).
- (15) *Cade.* Wherefore on a brick wall have I climbed into
this garden, to see if I can eat Grass or pick
a Sallet another while, which is not amiss to
cool a man's stomach this hot weather.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 10 (7).
- (16) *Cade.* If I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail,
I pray God I may never eat Grass more.
Ibid. (42).
- (17) *1st Bandit.*
We cannot live on Grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.
Timon of Athens, act iv, sc. 3 (425).
- (18) *Saturninus.*
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As Flowers with frost or Grass beat down with
storms. *Titus Andronicus*, act iv, sc. 4 (70).
- (19) *Hamlet.* Ay but, sir, "while the Grass grows"—the
proverb is something musty.
Hamlet, act iii, sc. 2 (358).
- (20) *Ophelia.* He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a Grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone. *Ibid.*, act iv, sc. 5 (29).
- (21) *Salarino.* I should be still
Plucking the Grass to know where sits the wind.
Merchant of Venice, act i, sc. 1 (17).

In and before Shakespeare's time Grass was used as a general term for all plants. Thus Chaucer—

"And every grass that groweth upon roote
Sche schal eek know, to whom it will do boote
Al be his woundes never so deep and wyde."

The Squyeres Tale.



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in profusion wherever it establishes itself, and being found of various colours—pink, white, and blue. As a garden flower it may well be introduced into shrubberies, but as a border plant it cannot compete with its rival relation, the *Hyacinthus orientalis*, which is the parent of all the fine double and many coloured Hyacinths in which the florists have delighted for the last two centuries.

HARLOCKS.

Cordelia. Crown'd with rank Fumiter and Furrow-weeds,
With Harlocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckoo-flowers.
King Lear, act iv, sc. 4 (3). (See CUCKOO-FLOWERS.)

I cannot do better than follow Dr. Prior on this word: "Harlock, as usually printed in 'King Lear' and in Drayton, ecl. 4—

'The Honeysuckle, the Harlocke,
The Lily and the Lady-smocke,'

is a word that does not occur in the Herbals, and which the commentators have supposed to be a misprint for Charlock. There can be little doubt that Hardock is the correct reading, and that the plant meant is the one now called Burdock." Schmidt also adopts Burdock as the right interpretation.

HAWTHORNS.

(1) *Rosalind.* There's a man hangs odes upon Hawthorns and elegies on Brambles.

As You Like It, act iii, sc. 2 (379).

(2) *Quince.* This green plot shall be our stage, this Hawthorn-brake our tiring house.

Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (3).

(3) *Helena.* Your tongue's sweet air,
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When Wheat is green, when Hawthorn-buds
appear. *Ibid.*, act i, sc. 1 (183).

- (4) *Falstaff*. I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispig Hawthorn-buds.
Merry Wives, act iii, sc. 3 (76).
- (5) *K. Henry*. Gives not the Hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
3rd Henry VI, act ii, sc. 5 (42).
- (6) *Edgar*. Through the sharp Hawthorn blows the cold
wind (*bis*).
King Lear, act iii, sc. 4 (47 and 102).
- (7) *Arcite*. Againe betake you to yon Hawthorne house.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act iii, sc. 1 (90).

Under its many names of Albespeine, Whitethorn, Haythorn or Hawthorn, May, and Quickset, this tree has ever been a favourite with all lovers of the country.

“ Among the many buds proclaiming May,
Decking the field in holiday array,
Striving who shall surpass in braverie,
Mark the faire blooming of the Hawthorn tree,
Who, finely cloathed in a robe of white,
Fills full the wanton eye with May's delight.
Yet for the braverie that she is in
Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,
Nor changeth robes but twice ; is never seen
In other colours but in white or green.”

such is Browne's advice in his “*Britannia's Pastorals*” (ii. 2). He, like the other early poets, clearly loved the tree for its beauty ; and in picturesque beauty the Hawthorn yields to none, when it can be seen in some sheltered valley growing with others of its kind, and allowed to grow unpruned, for then in the early summer it is literally a sheet of white, yet beautifully relieved by the tender green of the young leaves, and by the bright crimson of the anthers, and loaded with a scent that is most delicate and refreshing. But not only for its beauty 'is the Hawthorn a favourite tree, but also for its many pleasant associations—it is essentially the May tree, the tree that tells that winter is really past, and that summer has fairly begun. Hear Spenser—

“Thilke same season, when all is yclade
 With pleasaunce ; the ground with Grasse, the woods
 With greene leaves, the bushes with blooming buds,
 Youngthes folke now flocken in everywhere
 To gather May-baskets and smelling Brere ;
 And home they hasten the postes to dight,
 And all the kirk-pillours eare day-light,
 With Hawthorne-buds, and sweet Eglantine,
 And girlondes of Roses, and soppes-in-wine.”

Shepherd's Calendar—May.

Yet in spite of its pretty name, and in spite of the poets, the Hawthorn now seldom flowers till June, and I should suppose it is never in flower on May Day, except perhaps in Devonshire and Cornwall ; and it is very doubtful if it ever were so found, except in these southern counties, though some fancy that the times of flowering of several of our flowers are changed, and in some instances largely changed. But “it was an old custom in Suffolk, in most of the farm-houses, that any servant who could bring in a branch of Hawthorn in full blossom on the 1st of May was entitled to a dish of cream for breakfast. This custom is now disused, not so much from the reluctance of the masters to give the reward, as from the inability of the servants to find the Whitethorn in flower.”—BRAND'S *Antiquities*.¹ Even those who might not see the beauty of an old Thorn tree, have found its uses as one of the very few trees that will grow thick in the most exposed places, and so give pleasant shade and shelter in places where otherwise but little shade and shelter could be found.

“Every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.”—MILTON.

And “at Hesket, in Cumberland, yearly on St. Barnabas' Day, by the highway side under a Thorn tree is kept the court for the whole forest of Englewood.”—*History of Westmoreland*.

The Thorn may well be admitted as a garden shrub either

¹ “Gilbert White in his ‘Naturalists' Calendar’ as the result of observations taken from 1768 to 1793 puts down the flowering of the Hawthorn as occurring in different years upon dates so widely apart as the twentieth of April and the eleventh of June.”—MILNER'S *Country Pleasures*, p. 83.



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- (3) *Caliban*. I'll bring thee to clustering Filberts.
Tempest, act ii, sc. 2 (174).
- (4) *Touchstone*. Sweetest Nut hath sourest rind,
Such a Nut is Rosalind.
As You Like It, act iii, sc. 2 (115).
- (5) *Celia*. For his verity in love I do think him as concave
as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten Nut.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 4 (25).
- (6) *Lafeu*. Believe this of me, there can be no kernel in
this light Nut.
All's Well that Ends Well, act ii, sc. 5 (46).
- (7) *Mercutio*. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking Nuts,
having no other reason but because thou
hast Hazel eyes.
Romeo and Juliet, act iii, sc. 1 (20).
- (8) *Thersites*. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out
either of your brains ; a' were as good crack
a fusty Nut with no kernel.
Troilus and Cressida, act ii, sc. 1 (109).
- (9) *Gonzalo*. I'll warrant him for drowning ; though the ship
were no stronger than a Nut-shell.
Tempest, act i, sc. 1 (49).
- (10) *Titania*. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new Nuts.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv, sc. 1 (40).
- (11) *Hamlet*. O God, I could be bounded in a Nut-shell and
count myself a king of infinite space, were it
not that I have bad dreams.
Hamlet, act ii, sc. 2 (260).
- (12) *Dromio of Syracuse*.
Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A Rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A Nut, a Cherry-stone.
Comedy of Errors, act iv, sc. 3 (72).

Dr. Prior has decided that " ' Filbert ' is a barbarous compound of *phillon* or *feuille*, a leaf, and *beard*, to denote its distinguishing peculiarity, the leafy involucre projecting beyond the nut." But in the times before Shakespeare the name was more poetically said to be derived from the nymph Phyllis. *Nux Phyllidos* is its name in the old vocabularies, and Gower (" *Confessio Amantis* ") tells us why—

“ Phyllis in the same throwe
Was shape into a Nutte-tree,
That alle men it might see ;
And after Phyllis philliberde,
This tre was cleped in the yerde ”

(Lib. quart.),

and so Spenser spoke of it as “ ‘ Phillis ’ philbert ” (Elegy 17).¹

The Nut, the Filbert, and the Cobnut, are all botanically the same, and the two last were cultivated in England long before Shakespeare’s time, not only for the fruit, but also, and more especially, for the oil.

There is a peculiarity in the growth of the Nut that is worth the notice of the botanical student. The male blossoms, or catkins (anciently called “ agglettes or blow-inges ”), are mostly produced at the ends of the year’s shoots, while the pretty little crimson female blossoms are produced close to the branch ; they are completely sessile or unstalked. Now in most fruit trees, when a flower is fertilized, the fruit is produced exactly in the same place, with respect to the main tree, that the flower occupied ; a Peach or Apricot, for instance, rests upon the branch which bore the flower. But in the Nut a different arrangement prevails. As soon as the flower is fertilized it starts away from the parent branch ; a fresh branch is produced, bearing leaves and the Nut or Nuts at the end, so that the Nut is produced several inches away from the spot on which the flower originally was. I know of no other tree that produces its fruit in this way, nor do I know what special benefit to the plant arises from this arrangement.

Much folk-lore has gathered round the Hazel tree and the Nuts. The cracking of Nuts, with much fortune-telling connected therewith, was the favourite amusement on All Hallow’s Eve (Oct. 31), so that the Eve was called Nutcrack Night. I believe the custom still exists ; it certainly has not been very long abolished, for the Vicar of Wakefield and his neighbours “ religiously cracked Nuts on All

¹ “ Hic fullus—a fylberd-tre. ”—*Nominale*, 15th cent.

“ Fylberde, notte—Fillum. ”

“ Filberde, tre—Phillis. ”—*Promptorium Parvulorum*.

“ The Filbyrdes hangyng to the ground. ”—*Squyr of Lowe Degre* (37).

Hallow's Eve." And in many places "an ancient custom prevailed of going a Nutting on Holy Rood Day (Sept. 14), which it was esteemed quite unlucky to omit."—FORSTER.¹

A greater mystery connected with the Hazel is the divining rod, for the discovery of water and metals. This has always by preference been a forked Hazel-rod, though sometimes other rods are substituted. The belief in its power dates from a very early period, and is by no means extinct. The divining-rod is said to be still used in Cornwall, and firmly believed in; nor has this belief been confined to the uneducated. Even Linnæus confessed himself to be half a convert to it, and learned treatises have been written accepting the facts, and accounting for them by electricity or some other subtle natural agency. Most of us, however, will rather agree with Evelyn's cautious verdict, that the virtues attributed to the forked stick "made out so solemnly by the attestation of magistrates, and divers other learned and credible persons, who have critically examined matters of fact, is certainly next to a miracle, and requires a strong faith."

HEATH.

Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an
acre of barren ground, long Heath, brown Furze,
anything. *Tempest*, act i, sc. 1 (70).

There are other passages in which the word Heath occurs in Shakespeare, but in none else is the flower referred to; the other references are to an open heath or common. And in this place no special Heath can be selected, unless by "long Heath" we suppose him to have meant the Ling (*Calluna vulgaris*). And this is most probable, for so Lyte calls it. "There is in this cuntrye two kindes of Heath, one which beareth the flowres alongst the stemmes, and is called Long Heath." But it is supposed by some that the correct reading is "Ling, Heath," &c., and in that case Heath will be a generic word, meaning any of the British

¹ See a long account of the connection of nuts with All Hallow's Eve in Hanson, "Med. ævi Calend." i. 363.



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HEBENON OR HEBONA.¹

Ghost. Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed Hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of my ear did pour
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood ; so did it mine ;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body. *Hamlet*, act i, sc. 5 (61).

Before and in the time of Shakespeare other writers had spoken of the narcotic and poisonous effects of Heben, Hebenon, or Hebona. Gower says—

“ Ful of delite,
 Slepe hath his hous, and of his couche,
 Within his chambre if I shall touche,
 Of Hebenus that slepy tre
 The bordes all aboute be.”

Conf. Aman., lib. quart. (ii. 103, Paulli).

Spenser says—

“ Faire Venus sonne, . . .
 Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart.”

F. Q., introd., st. 3.

“ There (in Mammon's garden) Cypresse grew in greatest store,
 And trees of bitter gall and Heben sad.”

F. Q., book ii, c. viij, st. 17.

And he speaks of a “speare of Heben wood,” and “a Heben lance.” Marlowe, a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare, makes Barabas curse his daughter with—

“ In few the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
 The juice of Hebon, and Cocytus breath,
 And all the poison of the Stygian pool.”

Jew of Malta, act iii, st. 4.

¹ Hebona is the reading of the First Quarto (1603) and of the Second Quarto (1604), and is decided by the critics to be the true reading.

It may be taken for granted that all these authors allude to the same tree, but what tree is meant has sorely puzzled the commentators. Some naturally suggested the Ebony, and this view is supported by the respectable names of Archdeacon Nares, Douce, Schmidt, and Dyce. A larger number pronounced with little hesitation in favour of Henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*), the poisonous qualities of which were familiar to the contemporaries of Shakespeare, and were supposed by most of the botanical writers of his day (and on the authority of Pliny) to be communicated by being poured into the ears. But the Henbane is not a tree, as Gower's "Hebenus" and Spenser's "Heben" certainly were; and though it will satisfy some of the requirements of the plant named by Shakespeare, it will not satisfy all.¹

It might have been supposed that the difficulty would at once have been cleared up by reference to the accounts of the death of Hamlet's father, as given by Saxo Grammaticus, and the old "Hystorie of Hamblet," but neither of these writers attribute his death to poison.²

The question has lately been very much narrowed and satisfactorily settled (for the present, certainly, and probably altogether) by Dr. Nicholson and the Rev. W. A. Harrison. These gentlemen have decided that the true reading is Hebona, and that Hebona is the Yew. Their views are stated at full length in two exhaustive papers contributed to the New Shakespeare Society, and published in their "Transactions."³ The full argument is too long for insertion here,

¹ Mr. Beisley suggests Enoron, *i.e.*, Nightshade, which Mr. Dyce describes as "a villainous conjecture." In my first edition I expressed my belief that Hebenon was either Henbane or a general term for a deadly poisonous plant; but I had not then seen Dr. Nicholson's and Mr. Harrison's papers.

² Saxo Grammaticus: "Ubi datus parricidio locus, cruenta manu mentis libidinem satiavit; trucidati quoque fratris uxore potitus, incestum parricidio adjecit." — *Historiæ Danorum*, lib. iii, fol. xxvii, Ed. 1514.

"The Historie of Hamblet, Prince of Denmark:" Fergon "having secretly assembled certain men and perceiving himself strong enough to execute his enterprize, Horvendile, his brother, being at a banquet with his friends, sodainely set upon him, where he slewe him as treacherously, as cunningly he purged himselfe of so detestable a murder to his subjects." — COLLIER'S *Shakespeare's Library*.

³ "Hamlet's Cursed Hebenon," by Dr. R. B. Nicholson, M.D. (read Nov. 14, 1879). "Hamlet's Juice of Cursed Hebona," by Rev. W. A.

and my readers will thank me for referring them to the papers in the "Transactions." The main arguments are based on three facts : 1. That in nearly all the northern nations (including, of course, Denmark) the name of the Yew is more or less like Heben. 2. That all the effects attributed by Shakespeare to the action of Hebona are described as arising from Yew-poisoning by different medical writers, some of them contemporary with him, and some writing with later experiences. 3. That the *post mortem* appearances after Yew-poisoning and after snake-poisoning are very similar, and it was "given out, that sleeping in my orchard, a serpent stung me."

But it may well be asked, How could Shakespeare have known of all these effects, which (as far as our present search has discovered) are not named by any one writer of his time, and some of which have only been made public from the results of Yew-poisoning since his day? I think the question can be answered in a very simple way. The effects are described with such marked minuteness that it seems to me not only very probable, but almost certain, that Shakespeare must have been an eye-witness of a case of Yew-poisoning, and that what he saw had been so photographed on his mind that he took the first opportunity that presented itself to reproduce the picture. With his usual grand contempt for perfect accuracy he did not hesitate to sweep aside at once the strict historical records of the old king's death, and in its place to paint for us a cold-blooded murder carried out by means which he knew from his personal experience to be possible, and which he felt himself able to describe with a minuteness which his knowledge of his audiences assured him would not be out of place even in that great tragedy.

The objection to the Yew theory of Hebona, that the Yew is named by Shakespeare under its more usual name, is no real objection. On the same ground Ebony and Henbane must be excluded ; together with Gilliflowers, which he elsewhere speaks of as Carnations ; and Woodbine, because he also speaks of Honeysuckle.

Harrison, M.A. (read May 12, 1882). Both the papers are published in the "Transactions" of the Society.



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- (3) *Puck*. What Hempen homespuns have we swaggering here?
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (79).
- (4) *Cade*. Ye shall have a Hempen caudle then, and the pap of a hatchet. *2nd Henry VI*, act iv, sc. 7 (95).
- (5) *Hostess*. Thou Hemp-seed.
2nd Henry IV, act ii, sc. 1 (64).

In all these passages, except the last, the reference is to rope made from Hemp, and not to the Hemp plant, and it is very probable that Shakespeare never saw the plant. It was introduced into England long before his time, and largely cultivated, but only in few parts of England, and chiefly in the eastern counties. I do not find that it was cultivated in gardens in his time, but it is a plant well deserving a place in any garden, and is especially suitable from its height and regular growth, for the central plant of a flower-bed. It is supposed to be a native of India, and seems capable of cultivation in almost any climate.¹

The name has a curious history. "The Greek *κάνναβις*, and Latin *cannabis*, are both identical with the Sanscrit *kanam*, as well as with the German *hanf*, and the English *hemp*. More directly from *cannabis* comes canvas, made up of hemp or flax, and canvass, to discuss: *i.e.*, sift a question; metaphorically from the use of hempen sieves or sifters."—BIRDWOOD'S *Handbook to the Indian Court*, p. 23.

HERB OF GRACE, *see* RUE.

HOLLY.

Song. Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green Holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the Holly!
 This life is most jolly.
As You Like It, act ii, sc. 7 (180).

¹ In Shakespeare's time the vulgar name for Hemp was Neckweed, and there is a curious account of it under that name by William Bullein, in "The Booke of Compounds," f. 68.

From this single notice of the Holly in Shakespeare, and from the slight account of it in Gerard, we might conclude that the plant was not the favourite in the sixteenth century that it is in the nineteenth ; but this would be a mistake. The Holly entered largely into the old Christmas carols.

“ Christmastide
Comes in like a bride,
With Holly and Ivy clad ”—

and it was from the earliest times used for the decoration of houses and churches at Christmas. It does not, however, derive its name from this circumstance, though it was anciently spelt “ holy,” or called the “ holy tree,” for the name comes from a very different source, and is identical with “ holm,” which, indeed, was its name in the time of Gerard and Parkinson, and is still its name in some parts of England, though it has almost lost its other old name of Hulver,¹ except in the eastern counties, where the word is still in use. But as an ornamental tree it does not seem to have been much valued, though in the next century Evelyn is loud in the praises of this “ incomparable tree,” and admired it both for its beauty and its use. It is certainly the handsomest of our native evergreens, and is said to be finer in England than in any other country ; and as seen growing in its wild habitats in our forests, as it may be seen in the New Forest and the Forest of Dean, it stands without a rival, equally beautiful in summer and in winter ; in summer its bright glossy leaves shining out distinctly in the midst of any surrounding greenery, while as “ the Holly that outdares cold winter’s ire ” (Browne), it is the very emblem of bright cheerfulness, with its foliage uninjured in the most severe weather, and its rich coral berries, sometimes borne in the greatest profusion, delighting us with their brilliancy and beauty. And as a garden shrub, the Holly still holds its own, after all the fine exotic shrubs that have been introduced into our gardens during the present century. It can be grown as a single shrub, or it may be clipped, and will then form the best and the most impregnable hedge that can be grown. No other

¹ “ *Hulwur-tre* (huluyr), hulmus, hulcus aut huscus.”—*Promptorium Parvulorum*.

plant will compare with it as a hedge plant, if it be only properly attended to, and we can understand Evelyn's pride in his "glorious and refreshing object," a Holly hedge 160ft. in length, 7ft. in height, and 5ft. in diameter, which he could show in his "poor gardens at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves," and "blushing with their natural corale." Nor need we be confined to plain green in such a hedge. The Holly runs into a great many varieties, with the leaves of all shapes and sizes, and blotched and variegated in different fashions and colours. All of these seem to be comparatively modern. In the time of Gerard and Parkinson there seems to have been only the one typical species, and perhaps the Hedgehog Holly.

I may finish the notice of the Holly by quoting two most remarkable uses of the tree mentioned by Parkinson: "With the flowers of Holly, saith Pliny from Pythagoras, water is made ice; and againe, a staffe of the tree throwne at any beast, although it fall short by his defect that threw it, will flye to him, as he lyeth still, by the speciall property of the tree." He may well add—"This I here relate that you may understand the fond and vain conceit of those times, which I would to God we were not in these dayes tainted withal."

HOLY THISTLE.

Margaret. Get you some of this distilled *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a Thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral! No, by my troth, I have no moral meaning: I meant plain Holy Thistle.

Much Ado About Nothing, act iii, sc. 4 (73).

The *Carduus benedictus*, or Blessed Thistle, is a handsome annual from the South of Europe, and obtained its name from its high reputation as a heal-all, being supposed



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I have joined together here the Woodbine and the Honeysuckle, because there can be little doubt that in Shakespeare's time the two names belonged to the same plant,¹ and that the Woodbine was (where the two names were at all discriminated, as in No. 3), applied to the plant generally, and Honeysuckle to the flower. This seems very clear by comparing together Nos. 1 and 2. In earlier writings the name was applied very loosely to almost any creeping or climbing plant. In an Anglo-Saxon Vocabulary of the eleventh century it is applied to the Wild Clematis ("Viticella—Weoden-binde"); while in Archbishop Ælfric's "Vocabulary" of the tenth century it is applied to the *Hedera nigra*, which may be either the Common or the Ground Ivy ("Hedera nigra—Wude-binde"); and in the Herbarium and Leechdom books of the twelfth century it is applied to the *Capparis* or Caper-plant, by which, however (as Mr. Cockayne considers), the *Convolvulus Sepium* is meant. After Shakespeare's time again the words began to be used confusedly. Milton does not seem to have been very clear in the matter. In "Paradise Lost" he makes our first parents "wind the Woodbine round this arbour" (perhaps he had Shakespeare's arbour in his mind); and in "Comus" he tells us of—

" A bank
With ivy-canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Honeysuckle." ²

While in "Lycidas" he tells of—

" The Musk Rose and the well-attired Woodbine."

And we can scarcely suppose that he would apply two such contrary epithets as "flaunting" and "well-attired" to the same plant. And now the name, as of old, is used with great uncertainty, and I have heard it applied to many

¹ "Woodbines of sweet honey full."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Tragedy of Valentinian*.

² Milton probably took the idea from Theocritus—

" Ivy reaches up and climbs,
Gilded with blossom-dust about its lip;
Round which a Woodbine wreathes itself, and flaunts
Her saffron fruitage."—*Idyll i. (Calverley)*.

plants, and especially to the small sweet-scented Clematis (*C. flammula*).

But with the Honeysuckle there is no such difficulty. The name is an old one, and in its earliest use was no doubt indifferently applied to many sweet-scented flowers (the Primrose amongst them); but it was soon attached exclusively to our own sweet Honeysuckle of the woods and hedges. We have two native species (*Lonicera periclymenum* and *L. xylosteum*), and there are about eighty exotic species, but none of them sweeter or prettier than our own, which, besides its fragrant flowers, has pretty, fleshy, red fruit.

The Honeysuckle has ever been the emblem of firm and fast affection—as it climbs round any tree or bush, that is near it, not only clinging to it faster than Ivy, but keeping its hold so tight as to leave its mark in deep furrows on the tree that has supported it. The old writers are fond of alluding to this. Bullein in “*The Book of Simples*,” 1562, says very prettily, “Oh, how swete and pleasant is Woodbinde, in woodes or arbours, after a tender, soft rain; and how friendly doe this herbe, if I maie so name it, imbrace the bodies, armes, and branches of trees, with his long winding stalkes, and tender leaves, openyng or spreading forthe his swete Lillis, like ladie’s fingers, emōg the thornes or bushes,” and there is no doubt from the context that he is here referring to the Honeysuckle. Chaucer gives the crown of Woodbine to those who were constant in love—

“And tho that weare chaplets on their hede
Of fresh Woodbine, be such as never were
To love untrue in word, thought, ne dede,
But aye stedfast; ne for pleasaunce ne fere,
Though that they should their hertes al to-tere,
Would never flit, but ever were stedfast
Till that there lives there asunder brast.”

The Flower and the Leaf.

The two last lines well describe the fast union between the Honeysuckle and its mated tree.

HYSSOP.

Iago. 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners ; so that if we will plant Nettles or sow Lettuce, set Hyssop, and weed up Thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or maimed with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

Othello, act i, sc. 3 (322).

We should scarcely expect such a lesson of wisdom drawn from the simple herb-garden in the mouth of the greatest knave and villain in the whole range of Shakespeare's writings. It was the preaching of a deep hypocrite, and while we hate the preacher we thank him for his lesson.¹

The Hyssop (*Hyssopus officinalis*) is not a British plant, but it was held in high esteem in Shakespeare's time. Spenser spoke of it as—

“Sharp Isope good for green wounds remedies”—

and Gerard grew in his garden five or six different species or varieties. He does not tell us where his plants came from, and perhaps he did not know. It comes chiefly from Austria and Siberia ; yet Greene in his “*Philomela*,” 1615, speaks of “the Hyssop growing in America, that is liked of strangers for the smell, and hated of the inhabitants for the operation, being as prejudicial to the one as delightful to the other.” It is now very little cultivated, for it is not a plant of much beauty, and its medicinal properties are not much esteemed ; yet it is a plant that must always have an interest to readers of the Bible ; for there it comes before us as the plant of purification, as the plant of which the study was not beneath the wisdom of Solomon, and especi-

¹ It seems likely from the following passage from Lily's “*Euphues, the anatomy of wit*,” 1617, that the plants were not named at random by Iago, but that there was some connection between them. “Good gardeners, in their curious knots, mixe Isope with Time, as aiders the one with the others ; the one being dry, the other moist.” The gardeners of the sixteenth century had a firm belief in the sympathies and antipathies of plants.



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(4) *Shepherd.* They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them 'tis by the seaside browsing of Ivy.¹

Winter's Tale, act iii, sc. 3 (66).

(5) *Perithores.* His head's yellow,
Hard hayr'd, and curl'd, thicke twin'd like Ivy
tops,
Not to undoe with thunder.

Two Noble Kinsmen, act iv, sc. 2 (115).

The rich evergreen of "the Ivy never sear" (Milton) recommended it to the Romans to be joined with the Bay in the chaplets of poets—

"Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere lauros."—VIRGIL.

"Seu condis amabile carmen
Prima feres Hederæ victricis præmia."—HORACE.

And in mediæval times it was used with Holly for Christmas decorations, so that Bullein called it "the womens Christmas Herbe." But the old writers always assumed a curious rivalry between the two—

"Holly and Ivy made a great party
Who should have the mastery
In lands where they go."

And there is a well-known carol of the time of Henry VI., which tells of the contest between the two, and of the mastery of the Holly; it is in eight stanzas, of which I extract the last four—

"Holly he hath berries as red as any Rose,
The foresters, the hunters, keep them from the does;
Ivy she hath berries as black as any Sloe,
There come the owls and eat them as they go;
Holly he hath birds, a full fair flock,
The nightingale, the popinjay, the gentle laverock;
Good Ivy, say to us, what birds hast thou?
None but the owlet that cries 'How, how!'"

¹ Sheep feeding on Ivy—

"My sheep have Honeysuckle bloom for pasture; Ivy grows
In multitudes around them, and blossoms like the Rose."
THEOCRITUS, *Idyll* v. (*Calverley*).

Thus the Ivy was not allowed the same honour inside the houses of our ancestors as the Holly, but it held its place outside the houses as a sign of good cheer to be had within. The custom is now extinct, but formerly an Ivy bush (called a tod of Ivy) was universally hung out in front of taverns in England, as it still is in Brittany and Normandy. Hence arose two proverbs—"Good wine needs no bush," *i.e.*, the reputation is sufficiently good without further advertisement; and "An owl in an Ivy bush," as "perhaps denoting originally the union of wisdom or prudence with conviviality, as 'Be merry and wise.'"—NARES.

The Ivy was a plant as much admired by our grandfathers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as it is now by us. Spenser was evidently fond of it—

"And nigh thereto a little chappel stooode
Which being all with Yvy overspread
Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the rode
Seem'd like a grove faire branched over hed."
F. Q., vi, v, 25.

In another place he speaks of it as—

"Wanton Yvie, flouing fayre."—*F. Q.*, ii, v, 29.

And in another place—

"Amongst the rest the clambering Iwie grew
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brother's strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs till they the top surwey,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold."
VIRGIL'S *Gnat.*

Chaucer describes it as—

"The erbe Iwie that groweth in our yard that mery is."

And in the same poem he prettily describes it as—

"The pallid Iwie building his own bowre."

As a wild plant, the Ivy is found in Europe, Asia, and Africa, but not in America, and wherever it is found it loves to cover old walls and buildings, and trees of every sort,



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LADY-SMOCKS.

Song of Spring. And Lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (905).

Lady-smocks are the flowers of *Cardamine pratensis*, the pretty early meadow flower of which children are so fond, and of which the popularity is shown by its many names: Lady-smocks, Cuckoo-flower,¹ Meadow Cress, Pinks, Spinks, Bog-spinks, and May-flower, and “in Northfolke, Canterbury Bells.” The origin of the name is not very clear. It is generally explained from the resemblance of the flowers to smocks hung out to dry, but the resemblance seems to me rather far-fetched. According to another explanation, “the Lady-smock, a corruption of Our Lady’s-smock, is so called from its first flowering about Lady-tide. It is a pretty purplish-white, tetradynamous plant, which blows from Lady-tide till the end of May, and which during the latter end of April covers the moist meadows with its silvery-white, which looks at a distance like a white sheet spread over the fields.” —*Circle of the Seasons*. Those who adopt this view called the plant Our Lady’s-smock, but I cannot find that name in any old writers. Drayton, coeval with Shakespeare, says—

“Some to grace the show,
 Of Lady-smocks most white do rob each neighbouring mead,
 Wherewith their loose locks most curiously they braid.”

And Isaac Walton, in the next century, drew that pleasant picture of himself sitting quietly by the waterside—“looking down the meadows I could see here a boy gathering Lilies and Lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping Culverkeys and Cowslips.”²

¹ “Ladies-smock.—A kind of water cresses, of whose virtue it partakes; and it is otherwise called Cuckoo-flower.”—PHILLIPS, *World of Words*, 1696.

² Culverkeys is mentioned in Dennis’ “Secrets of Angling” as a meadow flower: “pale Ganderglas, and azor Culverkayes.” It is also mentioned by Aubrey, in his “Natural History of Wilts;” but the name is found in no other writer, and is now extinct. It is difficult to say what

There is a double variety of the Lady-smock which makes a handsome garden plant, and there is a remarkable botanical curiosity connected with the plant which should be noticed. The plant often produces in the autumn small plants upon the leaves, and by the means of these little parasites the plant is increased, and even if the leaves are detached from the plant, and laid upon moist congenial soil, young plants will be produced. This is a process that is well known to gardeners in the propagation of Begonias, and it is familiar to us in the proliferous Ferns, where young plants are produced on the surface or tips of the fronds ; and Dr. Masters records “the same condition as a teratological occurrence in the leaves of *Hyacinthus Pouzolsii*, *Drosera intermedia*, *Arabis pumila*, *Chelidonium majus*, *Chirita Sinensis*, *Epicia bicolor*, *Zamia*, &c.”—*Vegetable Teratology*, p. 170.

LARK'S HEELS.

Larks heels trim.

Two Noble Kinsmen, Introd. song.

Lark's heels is one of the many names of the Garden Delphinium, otherwise called Larkspur, Larksclaw, Larkstoets.

LAUREL.

(1) *Clarence*. To whom the heavens in thy nativity
 Adjudged an Olive branch and Laurel crown
 As likely to be blest in peace and war.
3rd Henry VI, act iv, sc. 6 (33).

plant is meant ; many have been suggested : the Columbine, the Meadow Orchis, the Bluebell, &c. I think it must be the Meadow Geranium, which is certainly “azor” almost beyond any other British plant. “Culver” is a dove or pigeon, and “keyes” or “kayes” are the seeds of a plant, and the seeds of the Geranium were all likened to the claws of birds, so that our British species is called *G. columbinum*.

- (2) *Titus.* Cometh Andronicus bound with Laurel boughs.
Titus Andronicus, act i, sc. 1 (74).
- (3) *Cleopatra.* Upon your sword
Sit Laurel victory.
Antony and Cleopatra, act i, sc. 3 (99).
- (4) *Ulysses.* Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, Laurels.
Troilus and Cressida, act i, sc. 3 (107).

This is one of the plants which Shakespeare borrowed from the classical writers ; it is not the Laurel of our day, which was not introduced till after his death,¹ but the *Laurea Apollinis*, the *Laurea Delphica*—

“The Laurel meed of mightie conquerors
And poet’s sage,”—SPENSER ;

that is, the Bay. This is the tree mentioned by Gower—

“This Daphne into a Lorer tre
Was turned, whiche is ever grene,
In token, as yet it may be sene,
That she shalle dwelle a maiden stille.”
Conf. Aman. lib. terc.

There can be little doubt that the Laurel of Chaucer also was the Bay, the—

“Fresh grene Laurer tree
That gave so passing a delicious smelle
According to the Eglantere ful welle.”

He also spoke of it as the emblem of enduring freshness—

“Myn herte and al my lymes be as grene
As Laurer, through the yeer is for to seene.”
The Marchaundes Tale.

The Laurel in Lyte’s “Herbal” (the Lauriel or Lourye) seems to be the *Daphne Laureola*. But unconsciously Chaucer and Shakespeare spoke with more botanical accuracy than we do, the Bay being a true Laurel, while the Laurel is a Cherry (*see* BAY).

¹ The first Laurel grown in Europe was grown by Clusius in 1576.



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LEEK.

- (1) *Thisbe*. His eyes were green as Leeks.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act v, sc. 1 (342).
- (2) *Pistol*. Tell him I'll knock his Leek about his pate upon
 Saint Davy's Day.
Henry V, act iv, sc. 1 (54).
- (3) *Fluellen*. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welsh-
 men did good service in a garden where Leeks
 did grow, wearing Leeks in their Monmouth
 caps ; which your majesty knows to this hour is
 an honourable badge of the service ; and I do
 believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the
 Leek upon Saint Tavy's Day.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 7 (101).
- (4) In act v, sc. 1, is the encounter between Fluellen and Pistol,
 when he makes the bully eat the Leek ; this causes
 such frequent mention of the Leek that it would be
 necessary to extract the whole scene, which, therefore,
 I will simply refer to in this way.

We can scarcely understand the very high value that was placed on Leeks in olden times. By the Egyptians the plant was almost considered sacred, "Porum et cæpe nefas violare et frangere morsu" (Juvenal) ; we know how Leeks were relished in Egypt by the Israelites ; and among the Greeks they "appear to have constituted so important a part in ancient gardens, that the term *πρασιά*, or a bed, derived its name from *πρασον*, the Greek word for Onion," or Leek¹ (Daubeny) ; while among the Anglo-Saxons it was very much the same. The name is pure Anglo-Saxon, and originally meant any vegetable ; then it was restricted to any bulbous vegetable, before it was finally further restricted to our Leek ; and "its importance was considered so much above that of any other vegetable, that *leac-tun*, the Leek-garden, became the common name of the kitchen garden, and *leac-ward*, the Leek-keeper, was used to designate the gardener" (Wright). The plant in those days gave its name

¹ For a testimony of the high value placed on the Leek by the Greeks see a poem on *Μῶλυ*, in "Anonymi Carmen de Herbis" in the "Poetæ Bucolici et didactici."

to the Broad Leek which is our present Leek, the Yne Leek or Onion, the Garleek (Garlick), and others of the same tribe, while it was applied to other plants of very different families, as the Hollow Leek (*Corydalis cava*), and the House Leek (*Sempervivum tectorum*).

It seems to have been considered the hardiest of all flowers. In the account of the Great Frost of 1608, "this one infallible token" is given in proof of its severity. "The Leek whose courage hath ever been so undaunted that he hath borne up his lusty head in all storms, and could never be compelled to shrink for hail, snow, frost, or showers, is now by the violence and cruelty of this weather beaten unto the earth, being rotted, dead, disgraced, and trod upon."

Its popularity still continues among the Welsh, by whom it is still, I believe, very largely cultivated; but it does not seem to have been much valued in England in Shakespeare's time, for Gerard has but little to say of its virtues, but much of its "hurts." "It hateth the body, ingendreth naughty blood, causeth troublesome and terrible dreames, offendeth the eyes, dulleth the sight, &c." Nor does Parkinson give a much more favourable account. "Our dainty eye now refuseth them wholly, in all sorts except the poorest; they are used with us sometimes in Lent to make pottage, and is a great and generall feeding in Wales with the vulgar gentlemen." It was even used as the proverbial expression of worthlessness, as in the "Roumaunt of the Rose," where the author says, speaking of "Phiciciens and Advocates"—

"For by her wille, without leese,
Everi man shulde be seke,
And though they die, they settle not a Leke."

And by Chaucer—

"And other suche, deare ynough a Leeke."
Prologue of the Chanoune's Tale.

"The beste song that ever was made
Ys not worth a Leky's blade,
But men will tend ther tille."

The Child of Bristowe.

LEMON.

Biron. A Lemon.
Longaville. Stuck with Cloves.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (654).

See ORANGE AND CLOVES.

LETTUCE.

Iago. If we will plant Nettles or sow Lettuce. (See HYSSOP.)
Othello, act i, sc. 3 (324).

This excellent vegetable with its Latin name probably came to us from the Romans.

“ Letuce of lac derivyed is perchaunce ;
 For milk it hath or yeveth abundaunce.”

Palladius on Husbandrie, ii, 216 (15th cent.) E. E. Text Soc.

It was cultivated by the Anglo-Saxons, who showed their knowledge of its narcotic qualities by giving it the name of Sleepwort ; it is mentioned by Spenser as “ cold Lettuce ” (“ Muiopotmos ”). And in Shakespeare’s time the sorts cultivated were very similar to, and probably as good as, ours.

LILY.

- (1) *Iris.* Thy banks with Pioned and Lilied ¹ brims.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (64).
- (2) *Launce.* Look you, she is as white as a Lily and as small as
 a wand.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii, sc. 3 (22).
- (3) *Julia.* The air hath starved the Roses in her cheeks,
 And pinch’d the Lily-tincture of her face.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 4 (160).
- (4) *Fiute.* Most radiant Pyramus, most Lily-white of hue.
Midsummer Night’s Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (94).
- (5) *Thisbe.* These Lily lips. *Ibid.*, act v, sc. 1 (337).

¹ This is a modern reading, the older and more correct reading is “ twilled.”



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- (19) For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Sonnet xciv.
- (20) Nor did I wonder at the Lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion of the Rose
Ibid. xcvi.
- (21) The Lily I condemned for thy hand. *Ibid. xcix.*
- (22) Their silent war of Lilies and of Roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.
Lucrece (71).
- (23) Her Lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss. *Ibid. (386).*
- (24) The colour in thy face
That even for anger makes the Lily pale,
And the red Rose blush at her own disgrace.
Ibid. (477).
- (25) A Lily pale with damask die to grace her.
Passionate Pilgrim (89).
- (26) Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A Lily prison'd in a jail of snow.
Venus and Adonis (361).
- (27) She locks her Lily fingers one in one. *Ibid. (228).*
- (28) Whose wonted Lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
Ibid. (1053).

Which is the queen of flowers? There are two rival candidates for the honour—the Lily and the Rose; and as we look on the one or the other, our allegiance is divided, and we vote the crown first to one and then to the other. We should have no difficulty “were t’other fair charmer away,” but with two such candidates, both equally worthy of the honour, we vote for a diarchy instead of a monarchy, and crown them both.¹ Yet there are many that would at

¹ “Within the garden’s peaceful scene
Appeared two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of Queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

• • • • •
Yours is, she said, the noblest hue,
And yours the statelier mien,
And till a third surpasses you
Let each be deemed a Queen.”—COWPER.

once choose the Lily for the queen, and that without hesitation, and they would have good authority for their choice. "O Lord, that bearest rule," says Esdras, "of the whole world, Thou hast chosen Thee of all the flowers thereof one Lily." Spenser addresses the Lily as—

"The Lily, lady of the flow'ring field"—*F. Q.*, ii, 6, 16,

which is the same as Shakespeare's "mistress of the field," (8), and many a poet since his time has given the same vote in many a pretty verse, which, however, it would take too much space to quote at length; so that I will content myself with these few lines by Alexander Montgomery (coeval with Shakespeare)—

"I love the Lily as the first of flowers
Whose stately stalk so straight up is and stay;
To whom th' lave ay lowly louts and cowers
As bound so brave a beauty to obey."

Montgomery here has clearly in his mind's eye the Lily now so called; but the name was not so restricted in the earlier writers. "Lilium, cojus vox generali et licentiosa usurpatione adscribitur omni flori commendabili" (Laurentbergius, 1632). This was certainly the case with the Greek and Roman writers, and it is so in our English Bible in most of the cases where the word is used, but perhaps not universally so. It is so used by Gower, describing Tarquin cutting off the tall flowers, by some said to be Poppies and by others Lilies—

"And in the garden as they gone,
The Lile croppes one and one,
Where that they were sprongen out,
He smote off, as they stood about."

Conf. Ama. lib. sept.

It is used in the same way by Bullein when, speaking of the flower of the Honeysuckle (*see HONEYSUCKLE*), and it must have been used in the same sense by Isaak Walton, when he saw a boy gathering "Lilies and Lady-smocks" in the meadows.

We have still many records of this loose way of speaking of the Lily, in the Water Lily, the Lily of the Valley, the

Lent Lily, St. Bruno's Lily, the Scarborough Lily, the Belladonna Lily, and several others, none of which are true Lilies.

But it is time to come to Shakespeare's Lilies. In all the twenty-eight passages the greater portion simply recall the Lily as the type of elegance and beauty, without any special reference to the flower, and in many the word is only used to express a colour, Lily-white. But in the others he doubtless had some special plant in view, and there are two species which, from contemporary writers, seem to have been most celebrated in his day. The one is the pure White Lily (*Lilium candidum*), a plant of which the native country is not yet quite accurately ascertained. It is reported to grow wild in abundance in Lebanon, and it probably came to England from the East in very early times. It was certainly largely grown in Europe in the Middle Ages, and was universally acknowledged by artists, sculptors, and architects, as the emblem of female elegance and purity, and none of us would dispute its claim to such a position. There is no other Lily which can surpass it, when well grown, in stateliness and elegance, with sweet-scented flowers of the purest white and the most graceful shape, and crowning the top of the long leafy stem with such a coronal as no other plant can show. On the rare beauties and excellences of the White Lily it would be easy to fill a volume merely with extracts from old writers, and such a volume would be far from uninteresting. Those who wish for some such account may refer to the "Monographie Historique et Littéraire des Lis," par Fr. de Cannart d'Hamale, 1870. There they will find more than fifty pages of the botany, literary history, poetry, and medical uses of the plant, together with its application to religious emblems, numismatics, heraldry, painting, &c. Two short extracts will suffice here:—"Le lis blanc, surnommé la fleur des fleurs, les délices de Venus, la Rose de Junon, qu'Anguillara désigna sous le nom d'Ambrosia, probablement à cause de son parfum suivant, et peut être aussi de sa soidisante divine origine, se place tout naturellement à le tête de ce groupe splendide." "C'est le Lis classique, par excellence, et en même temps le plus beau du genre."

The other is the large Scarlet or Chalcedonian Lily; and this also is one of the very handsomest, though its beauty



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Artichoke, the Sternbergia, the Tulip, and many others, but the most generally received opinion now is, that if a true Lily at all, the evidence runs most strongly in favour of the *L. Chalcedonicum*; but that Dean Stanley's view is more probably the correct one, that the term "Lily" is generic, alluding to the many beautiful flowers, both of the Lily family and others, which abound in Palestine. The question, though deeply interesting, is not one for which we need to be over-curious as to the true answer. All of us, and gardeners especially, may be thankful for the words which have thrown a never-dying charm over our favourites, and have effectually stopped any foolish objections that may be brought against the deepest study of flowers, as a petty study, with no great results. To any such silly objections (and we often hear them) the answer is a very short and simple one—that we have been bidden by the very highest authority to "consider the Lilies."

LIME.

- (1) *Ariel*. All prisoners, sir,
In the Line-grove which weather-fends your cell.
Tempest, act v, sc. 1 (9).
- (2) *Prospero*. Come, hang them on this Line.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 1 (193).
- (3) *Stephano*. Mistress Line, is not this my jerkin?
Ibid., act iv, sc. 1 (235).

It is only in comparatively modern times that the old name of Line or Linden, or Lind,¹ has given place to Lime. The tree is a doubtful native, but has been long introduced, perhaps by the Romans. It is a very handsome tree when allowed room, but it bears clipping well, and so is very often tortured into the most unnatural shapes. It was a very favourite tree with our forefathers to plant in avenues, not only for its rapid growth, but also for the delicious scent of its flowers; but the large secretions of honey-dew which

¹ "Be ay of chier as light as lyf on Lynde."—CHAUCER, *The Clerikes Tale*, *l'envoi*.

load the leaves, and the fact that it comes late into leaf and sheds its leaves very early, have rather thrown it out of favour of late years. As a useful tree it does not rank very high, except for wood-carvers, who highly prize its light, easily-cut wood, that keeps its shape, and is very little liable to crack or split either in the working or afterwards. Nearly all Grinling Gibbons' delicate carving is in Lime wood. To gardeners the Lime is further useful as furnishing the material for bast or bazen mats,¹ which are made from its bark, and interesting as being the origin of the name of Linnæus.

LING.

Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, Ling, Heath, brown Furze, anything. *Tempest*, act i, sc. 1 (70).

If this be the correct reading (and not Long Heath) the reference is to the Heather or Common Ling (*Calluna vulgaris*). This is the plant that is generally called Ling in the South of England, but in the North of England the name is given to the Cotton Grass (*Eriophorum*). It is very probable, however, that no particular plant is intended, but that it means any rough, wild vegetation, especially of open moors and heaths.

LOCUSTS.

Iago. The food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as Coloquintida. *Othello*, act i, sc. 3 (354).

The Locust is the fruit of the Carob tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*), a tree that grows naturally in many parts of the South of Europe, the Levant, and Syria, and is largely culti-

¹ "Between the barke and the woode of this tree, there bee thin pellicles or skins lying in many folds together, whereof are made bands and cords called Bazen ropes."—PHILEMON HOLLAND'S *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* xvi. 14. The chapter is headed "Of the Line or Linden Tree."

vated for its fruit.¹ These are like Beans, full of sweet pulp, and are given in Spain and other southern countries to horses, pigs, and cattle, and they are occasionally imported into England for the same purpose. The Carob was cultivated in England before Shakespeare's time. "They grow not in this countrie," says Lyte, "yet, for all that, they be sometimes in the gardens of some diligent Herboristes, but they be so small shrubbes that they can neither bring forth flowers nor fruite." It was also grown by Gerard, and Shakespeare may have seen it; but it is now very seldom seen in any collection, though the name is preserved among us, as the jeweller's carat weight is said to have derived its name from the Carob Beans, which were used for weighing small objects.

The origin of the tree being called Locust is a little curious. Readers of the New Testament, ignorant of Eastern customs, could not understand that St. John could feed on the insect locust, which, however, is now known to be a common and acceptable article of food, so they looked about for some solution of their difficulty, and decided that the Locusts were the tender shoots of the Carob tree, and that the wild honey was the luscious juice of the Carob fruit. Having got so far it was easy to go farther, and so the Carob soon got the names of St. John's Bread and St. John's Beans, and the monks of the desert showed the very trees by which St. John's life was supported. But though the Carob tree did not produce the locusts on which St. John fed, there is little or no doubt that "the husks which the swine did eat," and which the Prodigal Son longed for, were the produce of the Carob tree.

LONG PURPLES.

Queen. There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and Long Purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do Dead Men's Fingers call them.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 7 (169).

¹ Pods of the Carob tree were found in a house at Pompeii. For an account of the use of the Locust as an article of food, both in ancient and modern times, see Hogg's "Classical Plants of Sicily," p. 114.



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and so it is another of those curious instances which are so hard to explain, where an old and common English word has been replaced by a Greek or Latin word, which must be entirely without meaning to nine-tenths of those who use it.¹ There are similar instances in Crocus, Cyclamen, Hyacinth, Narcissus, Anemone, Beet, Lichen, Polyanthus, Polypody, Asparagus, and others.

The Orchid family is certainly the most curious in the vegetable kingdom, as it is almost the most extensive, except the Grasses. Growing all over the world, in any climate, and in all kinds of situations, it numbers 3000 species, of which we have thirty-seven native species in England; and with their curious irregular flowers, often of very beautiful colours, and of wonderful quaintness and variety of shape, they are everywhere so distinct that the merest tyro in botany can separate them from any other flower, and the deepest student can find endless puzzles in them, and increasing interest.

Though the most beautiful are exotics, and are the chief ornaments of our stoves and hothouses, yet our native species are full of interest and beauty. Of their botanical interest we have a most convincing proof in Darwin's "Fertilization of Orchids," a book that is almost entirely confined to the British Orchids, and which, in its wonderfully clear statements, and its laborious collection of many little facts all leading up to his scientific conclusions, is certainly not the least to be admired among his other learned and careful books. And as to their horticultural interest, it is most surprising that so few gardeners make the use of them that they might. They were not so despised in Shakespeare's time, for Gerard grew a large number in his garden. It is true that some of them are very impatient of garden cultivation, especially those of the Ophrys section (such as the Bee, Fly, and Spider Orchises), and the rare *O. hircina*, which

¹ Though country people generally have no common name for the *Orchis morio*, yet it is called in works on English Botany the Fool Orchis; and it has the local names of "Crake-feet" in Yorkshire; of "giddy-gander" in Dorset; and "Keatlegs and Neatlegs" in Kent. Dr. Prior also gives the names "Goose and goslings" and "Gander-gooses" for *Orchis morio*, and "Standerwort" for *Orchis mascula*. This last is the Anglo-Saxon name for the flower, but it is now, I believe, quite extinct.

will seldom remain in the garden above two or three years, except under very careful and peculiar cultivation. But, on the other hand, there are many that rejoice in being transferred to a garden, especially *O. maculata*, *O. mascula*, *O. pyramidalis*, and the Butterfly Orchis of both kinds (*Habenaria bifolia* and *chlorantha*). These, if left undisturbed, increase in size and beauty every year, their flowers become larger, and their leaves (in *O. maculata* and *O. mascula*) become most beautifully spotted. They may be placed anywhere, but their best place seems to be among low shrubs, or on the rockwork. Nor must the hardy Orchid grower omit the beautiful American species, especially the *Cypripedia* (*C. spectabile*, *C. pubescens*, *C. acaule*, and others). They are among the most beautiful of low hardy plants, and they succeed perfectly in any peat border that is not too much exposed to the sun. The only caution required is to leave them undisturbed; they resent removal and broken roots; and though I hold it to be one of the first rules of good gardening to give away to others as much as possible, yet I would caution any one against dividing his good clumps of *Cypripedia*. The probability is that both giver and receiver will lose the plants. If, however, a plant must be divided, the whole plant should be carefully lifted, and most gently pulled to pieces with the help of water.

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS, *see* PANSY.

MACE.

Clown. I must have Saffron to colour the warden-pies—Mace
—Dates? none. *Winter's Tale*, act iv, sc. 3 (48).

The Mace is the pretty inner rind that surrounds the Nutmeg, when ripe. It was no doubt imported with the Nutmeg in Shakespeare's time. (*See* NUTMEG.)

MALLOWS.

Antonio. He'ld sow't with Nettle seed.

Sebastian. Or Docks, or Mallows. *Tempest*, act ii, sc. 1 (145).

The Mallow is the common roadside weed (*Malva sylvestris*), which is not altogether useless in medicine, though the Marsh Mallow far surpasses it in this respect. Ben Jonson speaks of it as an article of food—

“The thresher . . . feeds on Mallows and such bitter herbs.”
The Fox, act i, sc. 1.

It is not easy to believe that our common Wild Mallow was so used, and Jonson probably took the idea from Horace—

“Me pascant olivæ,
Me chichorea, levesque malvæ.”

But the common Mallow is a dear favourite with children, who have ever loved to collect, and string, and even eat its “cheeses;” and these cheeses are a delight to others besides children. Dr. Lindley, certainly one of the most scientific of botanists, can scarcely find words to express his admiration of them. “Only compare a vegetable cheese,” he says, “with all that is exquisite in marking and beautiful in arrangement in the works of man, and how poor and contemptible do the latter appear. . . . Nor is it alone externally that this inimitable beauty is to be discovered; cut the cheese across, and every slice brings to view cells and partitions, and seeds and embryos, arranged with an unvarying regularity, which would be past belief if we did not know from experience, how far beyond all that the mind can conceive, is the symmetry with which the works of Nature are constructed.”

As a garden plant of course the Wild Mallow has no place, though the fine-cut leaves and faint scent of the Musk Mallow (*M. moschata*) might demand a place for it in those parts where it is not wild, and especially the white variety, which is of the purest white, and very ornamental. But our common Mallow is closely allied to some of the handsomest plants known. The Hollyhock is one very near



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scribed them: "There hath been many ridiculous tales brought up of this plant, whether of old wives or some runagate surgeons or physicke-mongers I know not. . . . They adde that it is never or very seldome to be found growing naturally but under a gallowes, where the matter that has fallen from a dead body hath given it the shape of a man, and the matter of a woman the substance of a female plant, with many other such doltish dreams. They fable further and affirme that he who would take up a plant thereof must tie a dog thereunto to pull it up, which will give a great shreeke at the digging up, otherwise, if a man should do it, he should surely die in a short space after." This, with the addition that the plant is decidedly narcotic, will sufficiently explain all Shakespeare's references. Gerard, however, omits to notice one thing which, in justice to our forefathers, should not be omitted. These fables on the Mandrake are by no means English mediæval fables, but they were of foreign extraction, and of very ancient date. Josephus tells the same story as held by the Jews in his time and before his time. Columella even spoke of the plant as "semi-homo;" and Pythagoras called it "Anthropomorphus;" and Dr. Daubeny has published in his "Roman Husbandry" a most curious drawing from the Vienna MS. of Dioscorides in the fifth century, "representing the Goddess of Discovery presenting to Dioscorides the root of this Mandrake" (of thoroughly human shape) "which she had just pulled up, while the unfortunate dog which had been employed for that purpose is depicted in the agonies of death."¹ All these beliefs have long, I should hope, been extinct among us; yet even now artists who draw the plant are tempted to fancy a resemblance to the human figure, and in the "Flora Græca," where, for the most part, the figures of the plants are most beautifully accurate, the figure of the Mandrake is painfully human.²

¹ In the "Bestiary of Philip de Thaun" (12 cent.), published in Wright's Popular Treatises on Science written during the Middle Ages, the male and female Mandrake are actually reckoned among living beasts (p. 101).

² For some curious early English notices of the Mandrake, see "Promptorium Parvulorum," p. 324, note. See also Brown's "Vulgar Errors," book ii. c. 6, and Dr. M. C. Cooke's "Freaks of Plant Life."

As a garden plant, the Mandrake is often grown, but more for its curiosity than its beauty ; the leaves appear early in the spring, followed very soon by its dull and almost inconspicuous flowers, and then by its Apple-like fruit. This is the Spring Mandrake (*Mandragora vernalis*), but the Autumn Mandrake (*M. autumnalis* or *microcarpa*) may be grown as an ornamental plant. The leaves appear in the autumn, and are succeeded by a multitude of pale-blue flowers about the size of and very much resembling the Anemone pulsatilla (see Sweet's "Flower Garden," vol. vii. No. 325). These remain in flower a long time. In my own garden they have been in flower from the beginning of November till May. I need only add that the Mandrake is a native of the South of Europe and other countries bordering on the Mediterranean, but it was very early introduced into England. It is named in Archbishop Ælfric's "Vocabulary" in the tenth century with the very expressive name of "Earth-apple ;" it is again named in an Anglo-Saxon Vocabulary of the eleventh century (in the British Museum), but without any English equivalent ; and Gerard cultivated both sorts in his garden.

MARIGOLD.

- (1) *Perdita*. The Marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (105).
- (2) *Marina*. The purple Violets and Marigolds
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave
While summer-days do last.
Pericles, act iv, sc. 1 (16).
- (3) *Song*. And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.
Cymbeline, act ii, sc. 3 (25).
- (4) Marigolds on death-beds blowing.
Two Noble Kinsmen, Introd. song.
- (5) Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the Marigolds at the sun's eye. *Sonnet xxv.*

- (6) Her eyes, like Marigolds, had sheathed their light,
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day. *Lucrece* (397).

There are at least three plants which claim to be the old Marigold. 1. The Marsh Marigold (*Caltha palustris*). This is a well-known golden flower—

“The wild Marsh Marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray.”
 TENNYSON.

And there is this in favour of its being the flower meant, that the name signifies the golden blossom of the marsh or marsh ; but, on the other hand, the *Caltha* does not fulfil the conditions of Shakespeare’s Marigold—it does not open and close its flowers with the sun. 2. The Corn Marigold (*Chrysanthemum segetum*), a very handsome but mischievous weed in Corn-fields, not very common in England and said not to be a true native, but more common in Scotland, where it is called Goulands. I do not think this is the flower, because there is no proof, as far as I know, that it was called Marigold in Shakespeare’s time. 3. The Garden Marigold or Ruddes (*Calendula officinalis*). I have little doubt this is the flower meant ; it was always a great favourite in our forefathers’ gardens, and it is hard to give any reason why it should not be so in ours. Yet it has been almost completely banished, and is now seldom found but in the gardens of cottages and old farmhouses, where it is still prized for its bright and almost everlasting flowers (looking very like a *Gazania*) and evergreen tuft of leaves, while the careful housewife still picks and carefully stores the petals of the flowers, and uses them in broths and soups, believing them to be of great efficacy, as Gerard said they were, “to strengthen and comfort the heart ;” though scarcely perhaps rating them as high as Fuller : “we all know the many and sovereign vertues . . . in your leaves, the Herb Generall in all pottage” (“*Antheologie*,” 1655, p. 52).

The two properties of the Marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers. T. Forster, in the “*Circle of the Seasons*,” 1828, says that “this plant received the name of *Calendula*, because it was



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“The Sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she did when he rose.”

It was the Heliotrope or Solsequium or Turnesol of our forefathers, and is the flower often alluded to under that name.¹ “All yellow flowers,” says St. Francis de Sales, “and, above all, those that the Greeks call Heliotrope, and we call Sunflower, not only rejoice at the sight of the sun, but follow with loving fidelity the attraction of its rays, gazing at the sun, and turning towards it from its rising to its setting” (“Divine Love,” Mulholland’s translation).

Of this higher and more religious use of the emblematic flower there are frequent examples. I will only give one from G. Withers, a contemporary of Shakespeare’s later life—

“When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays ;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk ;
How when he down declines she droops and mourns,
Bedewed, as ’twere, with tears till he returns ;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone.
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.”

From the time of Withers the poets treated the Marigold very much as the gardeners did—they passed it by altogether as beneath their notice.

¹ “Solsequium vel heliotropium ; Solsece vel sigel-hwerfe” (*i.e.*, sun-seeker or sun-turner).—ÆLFRIC’S *Vocabulary*.

“Marigolde ; solsequium, sponsa solis.”—*Catholicon Anglicum*.

In a note Mr. Herbage says, “the oldest name for the plant was *ymbglidegold*, that which moves round with the sun.”

MARJORAM.

- (1) *Perdita.* Here's flowers for you ;
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjoram.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (103).
- (2) *Lear.* Give the word.
Edgar. Sweet Marjoram.
Lear. Pass. *King Lear*, act iv, sc. 6 (93).
- (3) The Lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of Marjoram had stolen thy hair.
Sonnet xcix.
- (4) *Clown.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet Marjoram of the
Salad, or rather the Herb-of-grace.
All's Well that Ends Well, act iv, sc. 5 (17).

In Shakespeare's time several species of Marjoram were grown, especially the Common Marjoram (*Origanum vulgare*), a British plant, the Sweet Marjoram (*O. Marjorana*), a plant of the South of Europe, from which the English name comes,¹ and the Winter Marjoram (*O. Heracleoticum*). They were all favourite pot herbs, so that Lyte calls the common one "a delicate and tender herb," "a noble and odoriferous plant;" but, like so many of the old herbs, they have now fallen into disrepute. The comparison of a man's hair to the buds of Marjoram is not very intelligible, but probably it was a way of saying that the hair was golden.

MARYBUDS, *see* MARIGOLD.

MAST.

Timon. The Oaks bear Mast, the Briers scarlet hips.
Timon of Athens, act iv, sc. 3 (174).

We still call the fruit of beech, beech-masts, but do not apply the name to the acorn. It originally meant food used for fattening, especially for fattening swine. See note in "Promptorium Parvulorum," p. 329, giving several instances of this use, and Strattmann, s.v. Mæst.

¹ See "Catholicon Anglicum," s.v. Marioron and note.

MEDLAR.

- (1) *Apemantus.* There's a Medlar for thee, eat it.
Timon. On what I hate I feed not.
Apemantus. Dost hate a Medlar?
Timon. Ay, though it looks like thee.
Apemantus. An thou hadst hated Meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.
Timon of Athens, act iv, sc. 3 (305).
- (2) *Lucio.* They would have married me to the rotten Medlar.
Measure for Measure, act iv, sc. 3 (183).
- (3) *Touchstone.* Truly the tree yields bad fruit.
Rosalind. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a Medlar; then it will be the earliest fruit in the country, for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the Medlar. *As You Like It*, act iii, sc. 2 (122).
- (4) *Mercutio.* Now will he sit under a Medlar tree.
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call Medlars when they laugh alone.
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 1 (80).¹

The Medlar is an European tree, but not a native of England; it has, however, been so long introduced as to be now completely naturalized, and is admitted into the English flora. It is mentioned in the early vocabularies, and Chaucer gives it a very prominent place in his description of a beautiful garden—

“ I was aware of the fairest Medler tree
 That ever yet in alle my life I sie,
 As ful of blossomes as it might be ;
 Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile
 Fro' bough to bough, and as him list, he eet
 Here and there of buddes and floweres sweet.”
The Flower and the Leaf (240).

And certainly a fine Medlar tree “ful of blossomes” is a handsome ornament on any lawn. There are few deciduous trees that make better lawn trees. There is nothing stiff about the growth even from its early youth; it forms a low,

¹ So Chester speaks of it as “the Young Man's Medlar” (“Love's Martyr,” p. 96, New Sh. Soc.).



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The Mints are a large family of highly-perfumed, strong-flavoured plants, of which there are many British species, but too well known to call for any further description.

MISTLETOE.

Tamora. The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with Moss and baleful Mistletoe.

Titus Andronicus, act ii, sc. 3 (94).

The Mistletoe was a sore puzzle to our ancestors, almost as great a mystery as the Fern. While they admired its fresh, evergreen branches, and pretty transparent fruit, and used it largely in the decoration of their houses at Christmas, they looked on the plant with a certain awe. Something of this, no doubt, arose from its traditional connection with the Druids, which invested the plant with a semi-sacred character, as a plant that could drive away evil spirits; yet it was also looked upon with some suspicion, perhaps also arising from its use by our heathen ancestors, so that, though admitted into houses, it was not (or very seldom) admitted into churches. And this character so far still attaches to the Mistletoe, that it is never allowed with the Holly and Ivy and Box to decorate the churches, and Gay's lines were certainly written in error—

“Now with bright Holly all the temples strow,
With Laurel green and sacred Mistletoe.”

The mystery attaching to the Mistletoe arose from the ignorance as to its production. It was supposed not to grow from its seeds, and how it was produced was a fit subject for speculation and fable. Virgil tells the story thus—

“Quale solet sylvis brumali frigore viscum
Fronde virere novâ, quod non sua seminat arbos,
Et croceo fœtu teretes circumdare truncos.”

• *Æneid*, vi, 205.

In this way Virgil elegantly veils his ignorance, but his commentator in the eighteenth century (*Delphic Classics*)

tells the tale without any doubts as to its truth. "Non nascitur e semine proprio arboris, at neque ex insidentum volucrum fimo, ut putavere veteres, sed ex ipso arborum vitali excremento." This was the opinion of the great Lord Bacon; he ridiculed the idea that the Mistletoe was propagated by the operation of a bird as an idle tradition, saying that the sap which produces the plant is such as "the tree doth excerne and cannot assimilate," and Browne ("Vulgar Errors") was of the same opinion. But the opposite opinion was perpetuated in the very name ("Mistel; fimus, muck," Cockayne),¹ and was held without any doubt by most of the writers in Shakespeare's time—

"Upon the oak, the plumb-tree and the holme,
The stock-dove and the blackbird should not come,
Whose mooting on the trees does make to grow
Rots-curing hyphear, and the Mistletoe.

BROWNE, *Brit. Past.* i, 1.

So that we need not blame Gerard when he boldly said that "this excrescence hath not any roote, neither doth encrease himselfe of his seed, as some have supposed, but it rather commeth of a certaine moisture gathered together upon the boughes and joints of the trees, through the barke whereof this vaporous moisture proceeding bringeth forth the Misseltoe." We now know that it is produced exclusively from the seeds probably lodged by the birds, and that it is easily grown and cultivated. It will grow and has been found on almost any deciduous tree, preferring those with soft bark, and growing very seldom on the Oak.² Those who wish for full information upon the propor-

¹ "Mistel est a mist stercus, quod ex stercore avium pronascitur, nec aliter pronasci potest."—WACHTER, *Glossary* (quoted in "Notes and Queries," 3rd series, vii. 157. In the same volume are several papers on the origin of the word). Dr. Prior derives it from *mistl* (different), and *tan* (twig), being so unlike the tree it grows upon.

² Mistletoe growing on an oak had a special legendary value. Its rarity probably gave it value in the eyes of the Druids, and much later it had its mystic lore. "By sitting upon a hill late in a evening, near a Wood, in a few nights a fire drake will appeare, mark where it lighteth, and then you shall find an oake with Mistletoe thereon, at the Root whereof there is a Misle-childe, whereof many strange things are conceived. *Beati qui non crediderunt.*"—PLAT., *Garden of Eden*, 1659, No. 68.

tionate distribution of the Mistletoe on different British trees will find a good summary in "Notes and Queries," vol. iii. p. 226.

MOSS.

- (1) *Adriana*. If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping Ivy, Brier, or idle Moss.
Comedy of Errors, act ii, sc. 2 (179).
- (2) *Tamora*. The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with Moss and baleful Mistletoe.
Titus Andronicus, act ii, sc. 3 (94).
- (3) *Apemantus*. These Moss'd trees
That have outlived the eagle.
Timon of Athens, act iv, sc. 3 (223).
- (4) *Hotspur*. Steeples and Moss-grown towers.
1st Henry IV, act iii, sc. 1 (33).
- (5) *Oliver*. Under an Oak whose boughs were Moss'd with
age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity.
As You Like It, act iv, sc. 3 (105).
- (6) *Arviragus*. The ruddock would,
With charitable bill,
bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides, when flowers are
none,
To winter-ground thy corse.
Cymbeline, act iv, sc. 2 (224).¹

If it were not for the pretty notice of Moss in the last passage (6), we should be inclined to say that Shakespeare had as little regard for "idle Moss" as for the "baleful Mistletoe." In his day Moss included all the low-growing and apparently flowerless carpet plants which are now divided into the many families of Mosses, Lichens, Club

¹ There may be special appropriateness in the selection of the "furr'd Moss" to "winter-ground thy corse." "The final duty of Mosses is to die; the main work of other leaves is in their life, but these have to form the earth, out of which other leaves are to grow."—RUSKIN, *Proserpina*, p. 20.



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than quote his description. It is well known to many, but none will regret having it called to their remembrance—"placuit semel—decies repetita placebit"—space, however, will oblige me somewhat to curtail it. "Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dentless rocks: creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the sacred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet fingers on the trembling stones to teach them rest. No words that I know of will say what these Mosses are; none are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. . . . They will not be gathered like the flowers for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest and the wearied child its pillow, and as the earth's first mercy so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain from plant and tree, the soft Mosses and grey Lichens take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing Grasses have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, Corn for the granary, Moss for the grave."

MULBERRIES.

- (1) *Titania*. Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (169).
- (2) *Volumnia*. Thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry
That will not bear the handling.
Coriolanus, act iii, sc. 2 (78).
- (3) *Prologue*. Thisby tarrying in Mulberry shade.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act v, sc. 1 (149).
- (4) *Woocr*. Palamon is gone
Is gone to the wood to gather Mulberries.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act iv, sc. 1 (87).
- (5) The birds would bring him Mulberries and ripe-red Cherries.
Venus and Adonis (1103). (See CHERRIES.)

We do not know when the Mulberry, which is an Eastern tree, was introduced into England, but probably very early.

We find in Archbishop Ælfric's "Vocabulary," "morus vel rubus, mor-beam," but it is doubtful whether that applies to the Mulberry or Blackberry, as in the same catalogue Blackberries are mentioned as "flavi vel mori, blace-berian." There is no doubt that Morum was a Blackberry as well as a Mulberry in classical times. Our Mulberry is probably the fruit mentioned by Horace—

" Ille salubres
 Æstates peraget, qui nigris prandia Moris
 Finiet ante gravem quæ legerit arbore solem."
Sat. ii, 4, 24.

And it certainly is the fruit mentioned by Ovid—

" In duris hærentia mora rubetis." *Metam.*, i, 105.

In the Dictionarius of John de Garlande (thirteenth century)¹ we find, "Hec sunt nomina silvestrium arborum, qui sunt in luco magistri Johannis; quercus cum fago, pinus cum lauro, celsus gerens celsa;" and Mr. Wright translates "celsa" by "Mulberries," without, however, giving his authority for this translation.² But whenever introduced, it had been long established in England in Shakespeare's time.

It must have been a common tree even in Anglo-Saxon times, for the favourite drink, Morat, was a compound of honey flavoured with Mulberries (Turner's "Anglo-Saxons").³ Spenser spoke of it—

" With love juice stained the Mulberie,
 The fruit that dewes the poet's braine." *Elegy*, 18.

Gerard describes it as "high and full of boughes," and growing in sundry gardens in England, and he grew in his own London garden both the Black and the White Mulberry. Lyte also, before Gerard, describes it and says: "It is called

¹ The Dictionarius of John de Garlande is published in Wright's "Vocabularies." His garden was probably in the neighbourhood of Paris, but he was a thorough Englishman, and there is little doubt that his description of a garden was drawn as much from his English as from his French experience.

² The authority may be in the "Promptorium Parvulorum:" "Mulberry, Morum (selsus)."

³ "Moratum potionis genus, f. ex vino et moris dilutis confectæ."—*Glossarium Adelung.*

in the fayning of Poetes the wisest of all other trees, for this tree only among all others bringeth forth his leaves after the cold frostes be past;" and the Mulberry Garden, often mentioned by the old dramatists, "occupied the site of the present Buckingham Palace and Gardens, and derived its name from a garden of Mulberry trees planted by King James I. in 1609, in which year 935*l.* was expended by the king in the planting of Mulberry trees near the Palace of Westminster."¹

As an ornamental tree for any garden, the Mulberry needs no recommendation, being equally handsome in shape, in foliage, and in fruit. It is a much prized ornament in all old gardens, so that it has been well said that an old Mulberry tree on the lawn is a patent of nobility to any garden; and it is most easy of cultivation; it will bear removal when of a considerable size, and so easily can it be propagated from cuttings that a story is told of Mr. Payne Knight that he cut large branches from a Mulberry tree to make standards for his clothes-lines, and that each standard took root, and became a flourishing Mulberry tree.

Though most of us only know of the common White or Black Mulberry, yet, where it is grown for silk culture (as it is now proposed to grow it in England, with a promised profit of from £70 to £100 per acre for the silk, and an additional profit of from £100 to £500 per acre from the grain (eggs) !!), great attention is paid to the different varieties; so that M. de Quatrefuges briefly describes six kinds cultivated in one valley in France, and Royle remarks, "so many varieties have been produced by cultivation that it is difficult to ascertain whether they all belong to one species; they are," as he adds, "nearly as numerous as those of the silkworm" (Darwin).

We have good proof of Shakespeare's admiration of the Mulberry in the celebrated Shakespeare Mulberry growing in his garden at New Place at Stratford-on-Avon. "That Shakespeare planted this tree is as well authenticated as anything of that nature can be, . . . and till this was planted there was no Mulberry tree in the neighbourhood. The tree was celebrated in many a poem, one especially by Dibdin, but

¹ Cunningham's "Handbook of London," p. 346, with many quotations from the old dramatists.



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The three first passages, besides the notice of the Mushroom, contain also the notice of the fairy-rings, which are formed by fungi, though probably Shakespeare knew little of this. No. 4 names the 'Toadstool, and the four passages together contain the whole of Shakespeare's fungology, and it is little to be wondered at that he has not more to say on these curious plants. In his time "Mushrumes or Toadstooles" (they were all classed together) were looked on with very suspicious eyes, though they were so much eaten that we frequently find in the old herbals certain remedies against "a surfeit of Mushrooms." Why they should have been connected with toads has never been explained, but it was always so—

"The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I see,
And loathed paddocks lording on the same."—SPENSER.

They were associated with other loathsome objects besides toads, for "Poisonous Mushrooms groweth where old rusty iron lieth, or rotten clouts, or neere to serpent's dens or rootes of trees that bring forth venomous fruit.¹ . . . Few of them are good to be eaten, and most of them do suffocate and strangle the eater. Therefore, I give my advice unto those that love such strange and new-fangled meates to beware of licking honey among thornes, lest the sweetnesse of one do not counteracte the sharpnesse and pricking of the other." This was Gerard's prudent advice on the eating of "Mushrumes and Toadstooles," but nowadays we know better. The fungologists tell us that those who refuse to eat any fungus but the Mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) are not only foolish in rejecting most delicate luxuries, but also very wrong in wasting most excellent and nutritious food. Fungologists are great enthusiasts, and it may be well to take their prescription *cum grano salis*; but we may qualify Gerard's advice by the well-known enthusiastic description of Dr. Badham, who certainly knew much more of fungology than Gerard, and did not recommend to others what he had not personally tried himself. After praising the beauty of an English autumn, even in comparison with Italy, he thus concludes his pleasant and useful

¹ Herrick calls them "brownest Toadstones."

book, "The Esculent Funguses of England": "I have myself witnessed whole hundredweights of rich, wholesome diet rotting under trees, woods teeming with food, and not one hand to gather it. . . . I have, indeed, grieved when I reflected on the straitened conditions of the lower orders to see pounds innumerable of extempore beefsteaks growing on our Oaks in the shape of *Fistula hepatica*; *Ag. fusipes*, to pickle in clusters under them; *Puffballs*, which some of our friends have not inaptly compared to sweet-bread for the rich delicacy of their unassisted flavour; *Hydna*, as good as oysters, which they very much resemble in taste; *Agaricus deliciosus*, reminding us of tender lamb's kidneys: the beautiful yellow *Chantarelle*, that *kalon kagathon* of diet, growing by the bushel, and no basket but our own to pick up a few specimens in our way; the sweet nutty-flavoured *Boletus*, in vain calling himself *edulis* when there was none to believe him; the dainty *Orcella*; the *Ag. hetherophyllus*, which tastes like the crawfish when grilled; the *Ag. ruber* and *Ag. virescens*, to cook in any way, and equally good in all."

As to the fairy rings (Nos. 1, 2, and 3) a great amount of legendary lore was connected with them. Browne notices them—

"A pleasant mead
Where fairies often did their measures tread,
Which in the meadows makes such circles green
As if with garlands it had crowned been."

Britannia's Pastorals.

Cowley said—

"Where once such fairies dance,
No grass does ever grow;"

and in Shakespeare's time the sheep refused to eat the grass on the fairy rings (1); I believe they now feed on it, but I have not been able to ascertain this with certainty. Others, besides the sheep, avoided them. "When the damsels of old gathered may-dew on the grass, which they made use of to improve their complexions, they left undisturbed such of it as they perceived on the fairy-rings, apprehensive that the fairies should in revenge destroy their beauty, nor was it reckoned safe to put the foot within the rings, lest they should be liable to fairies' power."—DOUCE'S *Illustrations*, p. 180.

MUSK ROSES, *see* ROSE.

MUSTARD.

- (1) *Doll.* They say Poins has a good wit.
Falstaff. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury Mustard; there is no more conceit in him than in a mallet.
2nd Henry IV, act ii, sc. 4 (260).
- (2) *Titania.* Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!
- Bottom.* Your name, I beseech you, sir?
Mustardseed. Mustardseed.
Bottom. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well; that same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (165, 194).
- (3) *Bottom.* Where's the Mounsieur Mustardseed?
Mustardseed. Ready.
Bottom. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.
Mustardseed. What's your will?
Bottom. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. *Ibid.*, act iv, sc. 1 (18).
- (4) *Grumio.* What say you to a piece of beef and Mustard?
Katharine. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Grumio. Ay, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Katharine. Why then, the beef, and let the Mustard rest.
Grumio. Nay e, I will not; you shall have the Mustardh n
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Katharine. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
Grumio. Why then, the Mustard without the beef.
Taming of the Shrew, act iv, sc. 3 (23).
- (5) *Rosalind.* Where learned you that oath, fool?



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MYRTLE.

- (1) *Euphronius*. I was of late as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on the Myrtle-leaf
 To his grand sea.
Antony and Cleopatra, act iii, sc. 12 (8).
- (2) *Isabella*. Merciful Heaven,
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak
 Than the soft Myrtle.
Measure for Measure, act ii, sc. 2 (114).
- (3) Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,
 Under a Myrtle shade began to woo him.
Passionate Pilgrim (143).
- (4) Then sad she hasteth to a Myrtle grove.
Venus and Adonis (865).

Myrtle is of course the English form of *myrtus*; but the older English name was Gale, a name which is still applied to the bog-myrtle.¹ Though a most abundant shrub in the South of Europe, and probably introduced into England before the time of Shakespeare, the myrtle was only grown in a very few places, and was kept alive with difficulty, so that it was looked upon not only as a delicate and an elegant rarity, but as the established emblem of refined beauty. In the Bible it is always associated with visions and representations of peacefulness and plenty, and Milton most fitly uses it in the description of our first parents' "blissful bower"—

"The rooffe
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf." *Paradise Lost*, iv.

In heathen times the Myrtle was dedicated to Venus, and from this arose the custom in mediæval times of using the flowers for bridal garlands, which thus took the place of Orange blossoms in our time.

"The lover with the Myrtle sprays
 Adorns his crisped cresses."
 DRAYTON, *Muse's Elysium*.

¹ "Gayle; mirtus."—*Catholicon Anglicum*, p. 147, with note.

“ And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered o’er with leaves of Myrtle.”

Roxburghe Ballads.

As a garden shrub every one will grow the Myrtle that can induce it to grow. There is no difficulty in its cultivation, provided only that the climate suits it, and the climate that suits it best is the neighbourhood of the sea. Virgil describes the Myrtles as “*amantes littora myrtos*,” and those who have seen the Myrtle as it grows on the Devonshire and Cornish coasts will recognise the truth of his description.

NARCISSUS.

Emilia. This garden has a world of pleasures in’t,
What flowre is this ?

Servant. ’Tis called Narcissus, madam.

Emilia. That was a faire boy certaine, but a foole,
To love himselfe ; were there not maides enough ?

Two Noble Kinsmen, act ii, sc. 2 (130).

See DAFFODILS, p. 73.

NETTLES.

(1) *Cordelia.* Crown’d with rank Fumiter and Furrow-weeds,
With Burdocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckoo-flowers.
King Lear, act iv, sc. 4 (3).

(2) *Queen.* Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and Long Purples.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 7 (170). (See CROW-FLOWERS.)

(3) *Antonio.* He’d sow’t with Nettle-seed.
Tempest, act ii, sc. 1 (145).

(4) *Saturninus.* Look for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder Tree.
Titus Andronicus, act ii, sc. 3 (271).

- (5) *Sir Toby*. How now, my Nettle of India?
Twelfth Night, act ii, sc. 5 (17).¹
- (6) *King Richard*.
 Yield stinging Nettles to my enemies.
Richard II, act iii, sc. 2 (18).
- (7) *Hotspur*. I tell you, my lord fool, out of this Nettle, danger,
 we pluck this flower, safety.
1st Henry IV, act ii, sc. 3 (8).
- (8) *Ely*. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle.
Henry V, act i, sc. 1 (60).
- (9) *Cressida*. I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a Nettle
 against May.
Troilus and Cressida, act i, sc. 2 (190).
- (10) *Menenius*.
 We call a Nettle but a Nettle, and
 The fault of fools but folly.
Coriolanus, act ii, sc. 1 (207).
- (11) *Laertes*. Goads, Thorns, Nettles, tails of wasps.
Winter's Tale, act i, sc. 2 (329).
- (12) *Iago*. If we will plant Nettles or sow Lettuce.
Othello, act i, sc. 3 (324). (See HYSSOP.)
- (13) *Palamon*. Who do bear thy yoke
 As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
 Than lead itself, stings more than Nettles.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act v, sc. 1 (101).

The Nettle needs no introduction; we are all too well acquainted with it, yet it is not altogether a weed to be despised. We have two native species (*Urtica urens* and *U. dioica*) with sufficiently strong qualities, but we have a third (*U. pilulifera*) very curious in its manner of bearing its female flowers in clusters of compact little balls, which is far more virulent than either of our native species, and is said by Camden to have been introduced by the Romans to chafe their bodies when frozen by the cold of Britain. The story is probably quite apocryphal, but the plant is an alien, and only grows in a few places.

Both the Latin and English names of the plant record its qualities. *Urtica* is from *uro*, to burn; and Nettle is (etymologically) the same word as needle, and the plant is so named, not for its stinging qualities, but because at one

¹ This a modern reading; the correct reading is "metal."



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but encouraged, and even cultivated. And this is an old practice ; Lawson's advice in 1683 was—"For the gathering of all other stone-fruit, as Nectarines, Apricots, Peaches, Pear-plums, Damsons, Bullas, and such like, . . . in the bottom of your large sives where you put them, you shall lay Nettles, and likewise in the top, for that will ripen those that are most unready" ("New Orchard," p. 96).

The "Nettle of India" (No. 5) has puzzled the commentators. It is probably not the true reading ; if the true reading, it may only mean a Nettle of extra-stinging quality ; but it may also mean an Eastern plant that was used to produce cowage, or cow-itch. "The hairs of the pods of *Mucuna pruriens*, &c., constitute the substance called cow-itch, a mechanical Anthelmintic."—LINDLEY. This plant is said to have been called the Nettle of India, but I do not find it so named in Shakespeare's time.

In other points the Nettle is a most interesting plant. Microscopists find in it most beautiful objects for the microscope ; entomologists value it, for it is such a favourite of butterflies and other insects, that in Britain alone upwards of thirty insects feed solely on the Nettle plant, and it is one of those curious plants which mark the progress of civilization by following man wherever he goes.¹

But as a garden plant the only advice to be given is to keep it out of the garden by every means. In good cultivated ground it becomes a sad weed if once allowed a settlement. The Himalayan *Böhmerias*, however, are handsome, but only for their foliage ; and though we cannot, perhaps, admit our roadside Dead Nettles, which however are much handsomer than many foreign flowers which we carefully tend and prize, yet the Austrian Dead Nettle (*Lamium orvala*, "Bot. Mag.," v. 172) may be well admitted as a handsome garden plant.

NUT, *see* HAZEL.

¹ "L'ortie s'établit partout dans les contrées tempérées à la suite de l'homme pour disparaître bientôt si le lieu où elle s'est ainsi implantée cesse d'être habité."—M. LAVAILLEE, *Sur les Arbres*, &c., 1878.

NUTMEG.

- (1) *Dauphin.* He's [the horse] of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Henry V, act iii, sc. 7 (20).
- (2) *Clown.* I must have . . . Nutmegs Seven.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (50).
- (3) *Armado.* The omnipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift—
Dumain. A gilt Nutmeg.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (650).

Gerard gives a very fair description of the Nutmeg tree under the names of *Nux moschata* or *Myristica*; but it is certain that he had not any personal knowledge of the tree, which was not introduced into England or Europe for nearly 200 years after. Shakespeare could only have known the imported Nut and the Mace which covers the Nut inside the shell, and they were imported long before his time. Chaucer speaks of it as—

“Notemygge to put in ale
Whether it be moist or stale,
Or for to lay in cofre.”—*Sir Thopas*,

And in another poem we have—

“And trees ther were gret foisoun,
That beren notes in her sesoun.
Such as men Notemygges calle
That swote of savour ben withalle.”
Romaunt of the Rose,

The Nutmeg tree (*Myrista officinalis*) “is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, principally confined to that group denominated the Islands of Banda, lying in lat. 4° 30' south; and there it bears both blossom and fruit at all seasons of the year” (“Bot. Mag.,” 2756, with a full history of the spice, and plates of the tree and fruit).

OAK.

- (1) *Prospero.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails,
Tempest, act i, sc. 2 (294).
- (2) *Prospero.* To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout Oak
With his own bolt. *Ibid.*, act v, sc. 1 (44).
- (3) *Quince.* At the Duke's Oak we meet.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act i, sc. 2 (113).
- (4) *Benedick.* An Oak with but one green leaf on it would
have answered her.
Much Ado About Nothing, act ii, sc. 1 (247).
- (5) *Isabella.* Thou split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak.
Measure for Measure, act ii, sc. 2 (114). (*See MYRTLE.*)
- (6) *1st Lord.* He lay along
Under an Oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.
As You Like It, act ii, sc. 1 (30).
- (7) *Oliver.* Under an Oak, whose boughs were Mossed
with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 3 (156).
- (8) *Paulina.* As ever Oak or stone was sound.
Winter's Tale, act ii, sc. 3 (89).
- (9) *Messenger.* And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd Oak.
3rd Henry VI, act ii, sc. 1 (54).
- (10) *Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes that Herne the
Hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time at still midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with great ragg'd
horns.
-
- Page.* Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's Oak.
-
- Mrs. Ford.* That Falstaff at that Oak shall meet with us.
Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv, sc. 4 (28).



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- (19) *Nestor*. When the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oaks.
Troilus and Cressida, act i, sc. 3 (49).
- (20) *Volumnia*. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he re-
turned, his brows bound with Oak.
Coriolanus, act i, sc. 3 (14).
- Volumnia*. He comes the third time home with the Oaken
garland. *Ibid.*, act ii, sc. 1 (137).
- Cominius*. He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the Oak.
Ibid., act ii, sc. 2 (101).
- 2nd Senator*. The worthy fellow is our general ; he's the
rock, the Oak, not to be wind-shaken.
Ibid., act v, sc. 2 (116).
- Volumnia*. To charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an Oak.
Ibid., act v, sc. 3 (152).
- (21) *Casca*. I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty Oaks.
Julius Cæsar, act i, sc. 3 (5).
- (22) *Celia*. I found him under a tree like a dropped
Acorn.
- Rosalind*. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops
forth such fruit.
As You Like It, act iii, sc. 2 (248).
- (23) *Prospero*. Thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and
husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled.
Tempest, act i, sc. 2 (462).
- (24) *Puck*. All their elves for fear
Creep into Acorn-cups, and hide them there.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (30).
- (25) *Lysander*. Get you gone, you dwarf—you heed—you
Acorn ! *Ibid.*, act iii, sc. 2 (328).
- (26) *Posthumus*. Like a full-Acorned boar—a German one.
Cymbeline, act ii, sc. 5 (16).
- (27) *Messenger*. About his head he weares the winner's Oke.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act iv, sc. 2 (154).
- (28) Time's glory is
To dry the old Oak's sap. *Lucrece* (950).

Here are several very pleasant pictures, and there is so much of historical and legendary lore gathered round the Oaks of England that it is very tempting to dwell upon them. There are the historical Oaks connected with the names of William Rufus, Queen Elizabeth, and Charles II. ; there are the wonderful Oaks of Wistman's Wood (certainly the most weird and most curious wood in England, if not in Europe); there are the many passages in which our old English writers have loved to descant on the Oaks of England as the very emblems of unbroken strength and unflinching constancy; there is all the national interest which has linked the glories of the British navy with the steady and enduring growth of her Oaks; there is the wonderful picturesqueness of the great Oak plantations of the New Forest, the Forest of Dean, and other royal forests; and the equally, if not greater, picturesqueness of the English Oak as the chief ornament of our great English parks; there is the scientific interest which suggested the growth of the Oak for the plan of our lighthouses, and many other interesting points. It is very tempting to stop on each and all of these, but the space is too limited, and they can all be found ably treated of and at full length in any of the books that have been written on the English forest trees.

OATS.

- (1) *Iris*. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Vetches, Oats, and
Pease. *Tempest*, act iv, sc. 1 (60).
- (2) *Spring Song*. When shepherds pipe on Oaten straws.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (913).
- (3) *Bottom*. Truly a peck of provender; I could munch
your good dry Oats.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv, sc. 1 (35).
- (4) *Grumio*. Ay, sir, they be ready; the Oats have eaten
the horses.
Taming of the Shrew, act iii, sc. 2 (207).

- (5) *First Carrier.* Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of
Oats rose—it was the death of him.
1st Henry IV, act ii, sc. 1 (13).
- (6) *Captain.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried Oats,
If it be man's work, I'll do it.
King Lear, act v, sc. 3 (38).

Shakespeare's Oats need no comment, except to note that the older English name for Oats was Haver (*see* "Promptorium Parvulorum," p. 372; and "Catholicon Anglicum," p. 178, with the notes). The word was in use in Shakespeare's time, and still survives in the northern parts of England.

OLIVE.

- (1) *Clarence.* To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an Olive branch.
3rd Henry VI, act iv, sc. 6 (33). (*See* LAUREL.)
- (2) *Alcibiades.* Bring me into your city,
And I will use the Olive with my sword.
Timon of Athens, act v, sc. 4 (81).
- (3) *Cæsar.* Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd
world
Shall bear the Olive freely.
Antony and Cleopatra, act iv, sc. 6 (5).
- (4) *Rosalind.* If you will know my house
'Tis at the tuft of Olives here hard by.
As You Like It, act iii, sc. 5 (74).
- (5) *Oliver.* Where, in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenced about with Olive trees?
Ibid, act iv, sc. 3 (77).
- (6) *Viola.* I bring no overture of war, no taxation of
homage; I hold the Olive in my hand; my
words are as full of peace as matter.
Twelfth Night, act i, sc. 5 (224).
- (7) *Westmoreland.* There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her Olive everywhere.
2nd Henry IV, act iv, sc. 4 (86).
- (8) And peace proclaims Olives of endless age.
Sonnet cvii.



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ἀχείρωτον ἀντύποιον, Sophocles; “non ulla est oleis cultura,” Virgil), it was looked upon with special pride, as one of the most blessed gifts of the gods, and under the constant protection of Minerva, to whom it was thankfully dedicated.¹

We seldom see the Olive in English gardens, yet it is a good evergreen tree to cover a south wall, and having grown it for many years, I can say that there is no plant—except, perhaps, the Christ’s Thorn—which gives such universal interest to all who see it. It is quite hardy, though the winter will often destroy the young shoots; but not even the winter of 1860 did any serious mischief, and fine old trees may occasionally be seen which attest its hardiness. There is one at Hanham Hall, near Bristol, which must be of great age. It is at least 30ft. high, against a south wall, and has a trunk of large girth; but I never saw it fruit or flower in England until this year (1877), when the Olive in my own garden flowered, but did not bear fruit. Miller records trees at Campden House, Kensington, which, in 1719, produced a good number of fruit large enough for pickling, and other instances have been recorded lately. Perhaps if more attention were paid to the grafting, fruit would follow. The Olive has the curious property that it seems to be a matter of indifference whether, as with other fruit, the cultivated sort is grafted on the wild one, or the wild on the cultivated one; the latter plan was certainly sometimes the custom among the Greeks and Romans, as we know from St. Paul (Romans xi. 16–25) and other writers, and it is sometimes the custom now. There are a great number of varieties of the cultivated Olive, as of other cultivated fruit.

One reason why the Olive is not more grown as a garden tree is that it is a tree very little admired by most travellers. Yet this is entirely a matter of taste, and some of the greatest authorities are loud in its praises as a picturesque tree. One short extract from Ruskin’s account of the tree will suffice, though the whole description is well worth reading. “The Olive,” he says, “is one of the most characteristic and beautiful features of all southern scenery. . . . What the Elm and the Oak are to England, the Olive is to

¹ See Spenser’s account of the first introduction of the Olive in “Muiopotmos.”

Italy. . . . It had been well for painters to have felt and seen the Olive tree, to have loved it for Christ's sake ; . . . to have loved it even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it for ever ; and to have traced line by line the gnarled writhing of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small, rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the heads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs—the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver-grey, and tender, like the down on a bird's breast, with which far away it veils the undulation of the mountains.”—*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. p. 176.

ONIONS.

- (1) *Bottom*. And, most dear actors, eat no Onions nor
 Garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv, sc. 2 (42).
- (2) *Lafew*. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weep anon :
 Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher.
All's Well that Ends Well, act v, sc. 3 (321).
- (3) *Enobarbus*. Indeed the tears live in Onion that should
 water this sorrow.
Antony and Cleopatra, act i, sc. 2 (176).
- (4) *Enobarbus*. Look, they weep,
 And I, an ass, am Onion-eyed.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 2 (34).
- (5) *Lord*. And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An Onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close conveyed
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
Taming of the Shrew, Induction, sc. 1 (124).

There is no need to say much of the Onion in addition to what I have already said on the Garlick and Leek, except to

note that Onions seem always to have been considered more refined food than Leek and Garlick. Homer makes Onions an important part of the elegant little repast which Hecamede set before Nestor and Machaon—

“Before them first a table fair she spread,
Well polished and with feet of solid bronze ;
On this a brazen canister she placed,
And Onions as a relish to the wine,
And pale clear honey and pure Barley meal.”

Iliad, book xi. (Lord Derby's translation).

But in the time of Shakespeare they were not held in such esteem. Cohan, writing in 1596, says of them: “Being eaten raw, they engender all humourous and corruptible putrifactions in the stomacke, and cause fearful dreames, and if they be much used they snarre the memory and trouble the understanding” (“Haven of Health,” p. 58).

The name comes directly from the French *oignon*, a bulb, being the bulb *par excellence*, the French name coming from the Latin *unio*, which was the name given to some species of Onion, probably from the bulb growing singly. It may be noted, however, that the older English name for the Onion was Ine, of which we may perhaps still have the remembrance in the common “Inions.” The use of the Onion to promote artificial crying is of very old date, Columella speaking of “lacrymosa cæpe,” and Pliny of “cæpis odor lacrymosus.” There are frequent references to the same use in the old English writers.

The Onion has been for so many centuries in cultivation that its native home has been much disputed, but it has now “according to Dr. Regel (‘Gartenflora,’ 1877, p. 264) been definitely determined to be the mountains of Central Asia. It has also been found in a wild state in the Himalaya Mountains.”—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

ORANGE.

(1) *Beatrice*. The count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry nor well ; but civil count, civil as an Orange, and something of that jealous complexion.
Much Ado About Nothing, act ii, sc. 1 (303).



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lived at the Orangery at Versailles till November, 1876, and was called the Grand Bourbon. "In 1421 the Queen of Navarre gave the gardener the seed from Pampeluna; hence sprang the plant, which was subsequently transported to Chantilly. In 1532 the Orange tree was sent to Fontainebleau, whence, in 1684, Louis XIV. transferred it to Versailles, where it remained the largest, finest, and most fertile member of the Orangery, its head being 17yds. round." It is not likely that a tree of such beauty should be growing so near England without the English gardeners doing their utmost to establish it here. But the first certain record is generally said to be in 1595, when (on the authority of Bishop Gibson) Orange trees were planted at Beddington, in Surrey, the plants being raised from seeds brought into England by Sir Walter Raleigh. The date, however, may be placed earlier, for in Lyte's "Herbal" (1578) it is stated that "In this countrie the Herboristes do set and plant the Orange trees in there gardens, but they beare no fruite without they be wel kept and defended from cold, and yet for all that they beare very seldome." There are no Oranges in Gerard's catalogue of 1596, and though he describes the trees in his "Herbal," he does not say that he then grew them or had seen them growing. But by 1599 he had obtained them, for they occur in his catalogue of that date under the name of "Malus orantia, the Arange or Orange tree," so that it is certainly very probable that Shakespeare may have seen the Orange as a living tree.

As to the beauty of the Orange tree, there is but one opinion. Andrew Marvel described it as—

"The Orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night."

Bermudas.

George Herbert drew a lesson from its power of constant fruiting—

"Oh that I were an Orenge tree,
That busie plant;
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me."

Employment.

And its handsome evergreen foliage, its deliciously scented flowers, and its golden fruit—

“A fruit of pure Hesperian gold
That smelled ambrosially”—

TENNYSON.

at once demand the admiration of all. It only fails in one point to make it a plant for every garden: it is not fully hardy in England. It is very surprising to read of those first trees at Beddington, that “they were planted in the open ground, under a movable covert during the winter months; that they always bore fruit in great plenty and perfection; that they grew on the south side of a wall, not nailed against it, but at full liberty to spread; that they were 14ft. high, the girth of the stem 29in., and the spreading of the branches one way 9ft., and 12ft. another; and that they so lived till they were entirely killed by the great frost in 1739-40.”—MILLER.¹ These trees must have been of a hardy variety, for certainly Orange trees, even with such protection, do not now so grow in England, except in a few favoured places on the south coast. There is one species which is fairly hardy, the *Citrus trifoliata*, from Japan,² forming a pretty bush with sweet flowers, and small but useless fruit (seldom, I believe, produced out-of-doors); it is often used as a stock on which to graft the better kinds, but perhaps it might be useful for crossing, so as to give its hardiness to a variety with better flower and fruit.

Commercially the Orange holds a high place, more than 20,000 good fruit having been picked from one tree, and England alone importing about 2,000,000 bushels annually. These are almost entirely used as a dessert fruit and for marmalade, but it is curious that they do not seem to have been so used when first imported. Parkinson makes no mention of their being eaten raw, but says they “are used as sauce for many sorts of meats, in respect of the sweet sourness giving a relish and delight whereinsoever they are used;” and he mentions another curious use, no longer in

¹ In an “Account of Gardens Round London in 1691,” published in the “Archæologia,” vol. xii., these Orange trees are described as if always under glass.

² “Bot. Mag.,” 6513.

fashion, I believe, but which might be worth a trial: "The seeds being cast into the ground in the spring time will quickly grow up, and when they are a finger's length high, being pluckt up and put among Sallats, will give them a marvellous fine aromattick or spicy tast, very acceptable."¹

OSIER, *see* WILLOW.

OXLIPS.

- (1) *Perdita*. Bold Oxlips, and
The Crown Imperial.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (125).
- (2) *Oberon*. I know a bank where the wild Thyme blows,
Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (249).
- (3) Oxlips in their cradles growing.
Two Noble Kinsmen, Intro. song.

The true Oxlip (*Primula eliator*) is so like both the Primrose and Cowslip that it has been by many supposed to be a hybrid between the two. Sir Joseph Hooker, however, considers it a true species. It is a handsome plant, but it is probably not the "bold Oxlip" of Shakespeare, or the plant which is such a favourite in cottage gardens. The true Oxlip (*P. elatior* of Jacquin) is an eastern counties' plant; while the common forms of the Oxlip are hybrids between the Cowslip and Primrose. (*See* COWSLIP and PRIMROSE.)

PALM TREE.

- (1) *Rosalind*. Look here what I found on a Palm tree.
As You Like It, act iii, sc. 2 (185).

¹ For an account of the early importation of the fruit see "Promptorium Parvulorum," p. 371, note.



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the wonderful grace of the tree, or its many uses in its native countries, so many, that Pliny says that the Orientals reckoned 360 uses to which the Palm tree could be applied. Turner, in 1548, said: "I never saw any perfit Date tree yet, but onely a little one that never came to perfection ;"¹ and whether Shakespeare ever saw a living Palm tree is doubtful, but he may have done so. (*See DATE.*) Now there are a great number grown in the large houses of botanic and other gardens, the Palm-house at Kew showing more and better specimens than can be seen in any other collection in Europe: even the open garden can now boast of a few species that will endure our winters without protection. *Chamærops humilis* and *Fortunei* seem to be perfectly hardy, and good specimens may be seen in several gardens; *Corypha australis* is also said to be quite hardy, and there is little doubt but that the Date Palm (*Phœnix dactylifera*), which has long been naturalized in the South of Europe, would live in Devonshire and Cornwall, and that of the thousand species of Palms growing in so many different parts of the world, some will yet be found that may grow well in the open air in England.

But the Palm tree in No. 1 is a totally different tree, and much as Shakespeare has been laughed at for placing a Palm tree in the Forest of Arden, the laugh is easily turned against those who raise such an objection. The Palm tree of the Forest of Arden is the

"Satin-shining Palm
On Sallows in the windy gleams of March"—
Idylls of the King—Vivien.

that is, the Early Willow (*Salix caprea*), and I believe it is so called all over England, as it is in Northern Germany, and probably in other northern countries. There is little doubt that the name arose from the custom of using the Willow branches with the pretty golden catkins on Palm Sunday as a substitute for Palm branches.

"In Rome upon Palm Sunday they bear true Palms,
The Cardinals bow reverently and sing old Psalms ;

¹ "Names of Herbes," s.v. Palma.

Elsewhere those Psalms are sung 'mid Olive branches,
The Holly branch supplies the place among the avalanches ;
More northern climes must be content with the sad Willow."

GOETHE (quoted by Seeman).

But besides Willow branches, Yew branches are sometimes used for the same purpose, and so we find Yews called Palms. Evelyn says they were so called in Kent ; they are still so called in Ireland, and in the churchwarden's accounts of Woodbury, Devonshire, is the following entry : " Memorandum, 1775. That a Yew or Palm tree was planted in the churchyard, ye south side of the church, in the same place where one was blown down by the wind a few days ago, this 25th of November." ¹

How Willow or Yew branches could ever have been substituted for such a very different branch as a Palm it is hard to say, but in lack of a better explanation, I think it not unlikely that it might have arisen from the direction for the Feast of Tabernacles in Leviticus xxiii. 40 : " Ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, the branches of Palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and Willows of the brook." But from whatever cause the name and the custom was derived, the Willow was so named in very early times, and in Shakespeare's time the name was very common. Here is one instance among many—

" Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
The Palms and May make country houses gay,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pee-we, to-witta-woo."

T. NASH. 1567-1601.

¹ In connection with this, Turner's account of the Palm in 1538 is worth quoting : " Palmā arborem in anglia nunq' me vidisse memini. Indie tamen ramis palmarū (ut illi loqūntur) sœpius sacerdotē dicentē andivi. Bendic etiā et hos palmarū ramos, quū præter salignas frondes nihil omnino viderē ego, quid alii viderint nescio. Si nobis palmarum frondes non suppeterent ; præstaret me iudice mutare lectionem et dicere. Benedic hos salicū ramos q' falso et mendaciter salicum frondes palmarum frondes vocare."—LIBELLUS, *De re Herbaria*, s.v. Palma.

PANSIES.

- (1) *Ophelia*. And there is Pansies—that's for thoughts.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 5 (176).
- (2) *Lucentio*. But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Love-in-Idleness.
Taming of the Shrew, act i, sc. 1 (155).
- (3) *Oberon*. Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-Idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee
once ;
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (165).
- (4) *Oberon*. Dian's Bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such free and blessed power.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 1 (78).

The Pansy is one of the oldest favourites in English gardens, and the affection for it is shown in the many names that were given to it. The Anglo-Saxon name was Banwort or Bonewort, though why such a name was given to it we cannot now say. Nor can we satisfactorily explain its common names of Pansy or Pawnce (from the French, *pensées*—"that is, for thoughts," says Ophelia), or Heart's-ease,¹ which name was originally given to the Wallflower. The name Cupid's flower seems to be peculiar to Shakespeare, but the other name, Love-in-idle, or idleness, is said to be still in use in Warwickshire, and signifies love in vain, or to no purpose, as in Chaucer : "The prophet David saith ; If God ne kepe not the citee, in ydel waketh he that keptit it."² And in Tyndale's translation of the New

¹ "The Pansie Heart's-ease Maiden's call."—DRAYTON *Ed.*, ix.

² And again—

"The oþer heste of hym is this,
Take not in ydel my name or amys."

Pardeners Tale.

"Eterne God, that through thy purveance
Ledest this world, by certein governance,
In idel, as men seyn, ye noþinge make."

The Frankelynes Tale.



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Parsley is the abbreviated form of *Apium petroselinum*, and is a common name to many umbelliferous plants, but the garden Parsley is the one meant here. This well-known little plant has the curious botanic history that no one can tell what is its native country. In 1548 Turner said, "Perseley groweth nowhere that I knowe, but only in gardens."¹ It is found in many countries, but is always considered an escape from cultivation. Probably the plant has been so altered by cultivation as to have lost all likeness to its original self.

Our forefathers seem to have eaten the parsley *root* as well as the leaves—

"Quinces and Peris cirypppe with Parcely rotes
Right so bygyn your mele."

RUSSELL'S *Boke of Nurture*, 826.

"Peres and Quynces in syrupe with Percely rotes."

WYNKYN DE WORDE'S *Boke of Kervynge*.

PEACH

(1) *Prince Henry*. To take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz., these, and those that were thy Peach-coloured ones! *2nd Henry IV*, act ii, sc. 2 (17).

(2) *Pompey*. Then there is here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of Peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar.
Measure for Measure, act iv, sc. 3 (10).

The references here are only to the colour of the Peach blossom, yet the Peach tree was a well-known tree in Shakespeare's time, and the fruit was esteemed a great delicacy, and many different varieties were cultivated. Botanically the Peach is closely allied to the Almond, and still more closely to the Apricot and Nectarine; indeed, many writers consider both the Apricot and Nectarine to be only varieties of the Peach.

The native country of the Peach is now ascertained to be

¹ "Names of Herbes," s.v. *Apium*.

China, and not Persia, as the name would imply. It probably came to the Romans through Persia, and was by them introduced into England. It occurs in Archbishop's Ælfric's "Vocabulary" in the tenth century, "Persicarius, Perseoc-treow;" and John de Garlande grew it in the thirteenth century, "In virgulto Magistri Johannis, pessicus fert pessica." It is named in the "Promptorium Parvulorum" as "Peche, or Peske, frute—Pesca Pomum Persicum;" and in a note the Editor says: "In a role of purchases for the Palace of Westminster preserved amongst the miscellaneous record of the Queen's remembrance, a payment occurs, Will le Gardener, pro iij koygnere, ij pichere iijs.—pro groseillere iij*d*, pro j peschere v*d*." A.D. 1275, 4 Edw: 1—"

We all know and appreciate the fruit of the Peach, but few seem to know how ornamental a tree is the Peach, quite independent of the fruit. In those parts where the soil and climate are suitable, the Peach may be grown as an ornamental spring flowering bush. When so grown preference is generally given to the double varieties, of which there are several, and which are not by any means the new plants that they are generally supposed to be, as they were cultivated both by Gerard and Parkinson.

PEAR.

- (1) *Falstaff*. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried Pear.
Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv, sc. 5 (101).
- (2) *Parolles*. Your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered Pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered Pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered Pear.
All's Well that Ends Well, act i, sc. 1 (174).
- (3) *Clown*. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden pies.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (48).
- (4) *Mercutio*. O, Romeo . . . thou a Poperin Pear.
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 1 (37).

If we may judge by these few notices, Shakespeare does not seem to have had much respect for the Pear, all the

references to the fruit being more or less absurd or unpleasant. Yet there were good Pears in his day, and so many different kinds that Gerard declined to tell them at length, for "the stocke or kindred of Pears are not to be numbered; every country hath his peculiar fruit, so that to describe them apart were to send an owle to Athens, or to number those things that are without number."

Of these many sorts Shakespeare mentions by name but two, the Warden and the Poperin, and it is not possible to identify these with modern varieties with any certainty. The Warden was probably a general name for large keeping and stewing Pears, and the name was said to come from the Anglo-Saxon *wearden*, to keep or preserve, in allusion to its lasting qualities. But this is certainly a mistake. In an interesting paper by Mr. Hudson Turner, "On the State of Horticulture in England in early times, chiefly previous to the fifteenth century," printed in the "Archæological Journal," vol. v. p. 301, it is stated that "the Warden Pear had its origin and its name from the horticultural skill of the Cistercian Monks of Wardon Abbey in Bedfordshire, founded in the twelfth century. Three Warden Pears appeared in the armorial bearings of the Abbey."

It was certainly an early name. In the "Catholicon Anglicum" we find: "A Parmayn, volemum, Anglice, a Warden;" and in Parkinson's time the name was still in use, and he mentions two varieties, "The Warden or Lukewards Pear are of two sorts, both white and red, both great and small." (The name of Lukewards seems to point to St. Luke's Day, October 18, as perhaps the time either for picking the fruit or for its ripening.) "The Spanish Warden is greater than either of both the former, and better also." And he further says: "The Red Warden and the Spanish Warden are reckoned amongst the most excellent of Pears, either to bake or to roast, for the sick or for the sound—and indeed the Quince and the Warden are the only two fruits that are permitted to the sick to eat at any time." The Warden pies of Shakespeare's day, coloured with Saffron, have in our day been replaced by stewed Pears coloured with Cochineal.¹

¹ The Warden was sometimes spoken of as different from Pears. Sir Hugh Platt speaks of "Wardens *or* Pears."



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- (5) *Fool.* That a shealed Peascod?
King Lear, act i, sc. 4 (219).
- (6) *Touchstone.* I remember the wooing of a Peascod instead
of her. *As You Like It*, act ii, sc. 4 (51).
- (7) *Malvolio.* Not yet old enough to be a man, nor young
enough for a boy; as a Squash is before 'tis
a Peascod, or a Codling when 'tis almost an
Apple. *Twelfth Night*, act i, sc. 5 (165).
- (8) *Hostess.* Well, fare thee well! I have known thee these
twenty-nine years come Peascod time.
2nd Henry IV, act ii, sc. 4 (412).
- (9) *Leontes.* How like, methought, I then was to this
kernel,
This Squash, this gentleman.
Winter's Tale, act i, sc. 2 (159).
- (10) *Peascod, Pease-Blossom, and Squash*—Dramatis personæ
in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

There is no need to say much of Peas, but it may be worth a note in passing that in old English we seldom meet with the word Pea. Peas or Pease (the Anglicised form of *Pisum*) is the singular, of which the plural is Peason. "Pisum is called in Englishe a Pease;" says Turner—

"Alle that for me thei doo pray,
Helpeth me not to the uttermost day
The value of a Pese."

The Child of Bristowe, p. 570.

And the word was so used in and after Shakespeare's time, as by Ben Jonson—

"A pill as small as a pease."—*Magnetic Lady*.

The Squash is the young Pea, before the Peas are formed in it, and the Peascod is the ripe shell of the Pea before it is shelled.¹ The garden Pea (*Pisum sativum*) is the cultivated form of a plant found in the South of Europe, but very much altered by cultivation. It was probably not introduced into England as a garden vegetable long before

¹ The original meaning of Peascod is a bag of peas. Cod is bag as Matt. x. 10—"ne codd, ne hlaf, ne feo on heora gyrdlum—"not a bag, not a loaf, not (fee) money in their girdles.'"—COCKAYNE, *Spoon and Sparrow*, p. 518.

Shakespeare's time. It is not mentioned in the old lists of plants before the sixteenth century, and Fuller tells us that in Queen Elizabeth's time they were brought from Holland, and were "fit dainties for ladies, they came so far and cost so dear."

The beautiful ornamental Peas (Sweet Peas, Everlasting Peas, &c.) are of different family (Lathyrus, not Pisum), but very closely allied. There is a curious amount of folklore connected with Peas, and in every case the Peas and Peascods are connected with wooing the lasses. This explains Touchstone's speech (No. 6). Brand gives several instances of this, from which one stanza from Browne's "Pastorals" may be quoted—

"The Peascod greene, oft with no little toyle,
He'd seek for in the fattest, fertil'st solle,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosom for acceptance woee her."

Book ii, song 3.

PEONY, *see* PIONY.

PEPPER.

- (1) *Hotspur*. Such protest of Pepper-gingerbread.
1st Henry IV, act iii, sc. i (260). (*See* GINGER, 9.)
- (2) *Falstaff*. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a Pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. *Ibid.*, act iii, sc. 3 (8).
- (3) *Poins*. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.
Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for, for I have Peppered two of them.
Ibid., act ii, sc. 4 (210).
- (4) *Falstaff*. I have led my ragamuffins, where they are Peppered.
Ibid., act v, sc. 3 (36).
- (5) *Mercutio*. I am Peppered, I warrant, for this world.
Romeo and Juliet, act iii, sc. i (102).

(6) *Ford*. He cannot 'scape me, 'tis impossible he should ; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse or into a Pepper-box.

Merry Wives, act iii, sc. 5 (147).

(7) *Sir Andrew*. Here's the challenge, read it ; I warrant there's vinegar and Pepper in't.

Twelfth Night, act iii, sc. 4 (157).

Pepper is the seed of *Piper nigrum*, "whose drupes form the black Pepper of the shops when dried with the skin upon them, and white Pepper when that flesh is removed by washing."—LINDLEY. It is, like all the pepperworts, a native of the Tropics, but was well known both to the Greeks and Romans. By the Greeks it was probably not much used, but in Rome it seems to have been very common, if we may judge by Horace's lines—

"Deferar in vicum, vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis."

Epistolæ ii, 1-270.

And in another place he mentions "Pipere albo" as an ingredient in cooking. Juvenal mentions it as an article of commerce, "piperis coemti" (Sat. xiv. 293). Persius speaks of it in more than one passage, and Pliny describes it so minutely that he evidently not only knew the imported spice, but also had seen the living plant. By the Romans it was probably introduced into England, being frequently met with in the Anglo-Saxon Leech-books. It is mentioned by Chaucer—

"And in an erthen pot how put is al,
And salt y-put in and also Paupere."

Prologue of the Chanoun's Yeman.

It was apparently, like Ginger, a very common condiment in Shakespeare's time, and its early introduction into England as an article of commerce is shown by passages in our old law writers, who speak of the reservation of rent, not only in money, but in "pepper, cummim, and wheat ;" whence arose the familiar reservation of a single peppercorn as a rent so nominal as to have no appreciable pecuniary value.¹

¹ Littleton does not mention Pepper when speaking of rents reserved otherwise than in money, but specifies as instances, "un chival, ou un esperon dor, ou un clovegylofer"—a horse, a golden spur, or a clove gilliflower.



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- (3) *Prospero.* And by the spurs plucked up
The Pine and Cedar. *Tempest*, act v, sc. 1 (47).
- (4) *Agamemnon.*
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound Pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Troilus and Cressida, act i, sc. 3 (7).
- (5) *Antony.* Where yonder Pine does stand
I shall discover all.
This Pine is bark'd
That overtopped them all.
Antony and Cleopatra, act iv, sc. 12 (23).
- (6) *Belarius.* As the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.
Cymbeline, act iv, sc. 2 (174).
- (7) *1st Lord.* Behind the tuft of Pines I met them.
Winter's Tale, act ii, sc. 1 (33).
- (8) *Richard.* But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud top of the eastern Pines.
Richard II, act iii, sc. 2 (41).
- (9) *Antonio.* You may as well forbid the mountain Pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven.
Merchant of Venice, act iv, sc. 1 (75).
- (10) Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty Pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.
Lucrece (1167).

In No. 8 is one of those delicate touches which show Shakespeare's keen observation of nature, in the effect of the rising sun upon a group of Pine trees. Mr. Ruskin says that with the one exception of Wordsworth no other English poet has noticed this. Wordsworth's lines occur in one of his minor poems on leaving Italy—

“My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines
On the steep's lofty verge—how it blackened the air!
But touched from behind by the sun, it now shines
With threads that seem part of its own silver hair.”

While Mr. Ruskin's account of it is this: “When the sun

rises behind a ridge of Pines, and those Pines are seen from a distance of a mile or two against his light, the whole form of the tree, trunk, branches and all, becomes one frost-work of intensely brilliant silver, which is relieved against the clear sky like a burning fringe, for some distance on either side of the sun.”—*Stones of Venice*, i. 240.

The Pine is the established emblem of everything that is “high and lifted up,” but always with a suggestion of dreariness and solitude. So it is used by Shakespeare and by Milton, who always associated the Pine with mountains; and so it has always been used by the poets, even down to our own day. Thus Tennyson—

“They came, they cut away my tallest Pines—
My dark tall Pines, that plumed the craggy ledge—
High o’er the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Fostered the callow eaglet; from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther’s roar came muffled while I sat
Down in the valley.” *Complaint of Ænone.*

Sir Walter Scott similarly describes the tree in the pretty and well-known lines—

“Aloft the Ash and warrior Oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the Pine tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow sky.”

Yet the Pine which was best known to Shakespeare, and perhaps the only Pine he knew, was the *Pinus sylvestris*, or Scotch fir, and this, though flourishing on the highest hills where nothing else will flourish, certainly attains its fullest beauty in sheltered lowland districts. There are probably much finer Scotch firs in Devonshire than can be found in Scotland. This is the only indigenous Fir, though the *Pinus pinaster* claims to be a native of Ireland, some cones having been supposed to be found in the bogs, but the claim is not generally allowed (there is no proof of the discovery of the cones); and yet it has become so completely naturalized on the coast of Dorsetshire, especially about Bournemouth,

that it has been admitted into the last edition of Sowerby's "English Botany."

But though the Scotch Fir is a true native, and was probably much more abundant in England formerly than it is now, the tree has no genuine English name, and apparently never had. Pine comes directly and without change from the Latin, *Pinus*, as one of the chief products, pitch, comes directly from the Latin, *pix*. In the early vocabularies it is called "Pin-treow," and the cones are "Pin-nuttles." They were also called "Pine-apples," and the tree was called the Pine-Apple Tree.¹ This name was transferred to the rich West Indian fruit² from its similarity to a fir-cone, and so was lost to the fruit of the fir-tree, which had to borrow a new name from the Greek; but it was still in use in Shakespeare's day—

"Sweete smelling Firre that frankensence provokes,
And Pine Apples from whence sweet juyce doth come."

CHESLER'S *Love's Martyr*.

And Gerard describing the fruit of the Pine Tree, says: "This Apple is called in . . . Low Dutch, Pyn Appel, and in English, Pine-apple, clog, and cones." We also find "Fyre-tree," which is a true English word meaning the "fire-tree;" but I believe that "Fir" was originally confined to the timber, from its large use for torches, and was not till later years applied to the living tree.

The sweetness of the Pine seeds, joined to the difficulty of extracting them, and the length of time necessary for their ripening, did not escape the notice of the emblem-writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With them it was the favourite emblem of the happy results of persevering labour. Camerarius, a contemporary of Shakespeare and a great botanist, gives a pretty plate of a man holding a Fir-cone, with this moral: "Sic ad virtutem et honestatem et laudabiles actiones non nisi per labores ac varias difficultates perveniri potest, at postea sequuntur suavissimi fructus." He acknowledges his obligation for this moral to the pro-

¹ For many examples see "Catholicon Anglicum," s.v. Pyne-Tree, with note.

² The West Indian Pine Apple is described by Gerard as "Ananas, the Pinea, or Pine Thistle."



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The name has a curious history. It is not, as most of us would suppose, derived from the colour, but the colour gets its name from the plant. The name (according to Dr. Prior) comes through *Pinksten* (German), from Pentecost, and so was originally applied to one species—the Whitsuntide Gil-liflower. From this it was applied to other species of the same family. It is certainly “a curious accident,” as Dr. Prior observes, “that a word that originally meant ‘fiftieth’ should come to be successively the name of a festival of the Church, of a flower, of an ornament in muslin called *pink-ing*, of a colour, and of a sword-stab.” Shakespeare uses the word in three of its senses. First, as applied to a colour—

Come, thou monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with Pink eyne.

Antony and Cleopatra, act ii, sc. 7.¹

Second, as applied to an ornament of dress in Romeo’s person—

Then is my pump well flowered ;

Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 4.

i.e., well pinked. And in Grumio’s excuses to Petruchio for the non-attendance of the servants—

Nathaniel’s coat, Sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel’s pumps were all unpinked
I’ the heel.

Taming of the Shrew, act iv, sc. 1.

And thirdly, as the pinked ornament in muslin—

There’s a haberdasher’s wife of small wit near him, that
railed upon me till her Pink’d porringer fell off her
head.

Henry VIII, act v, sc. 3.

And as applied to the flower in the passage quoted above. He also uses it in another sense—

This Pink is one of Cupid’s carriers ;
Clap on more sail—pursue !

Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii, sc. 7.

where pink means a small country vessel often mentioned under that name by writers of the sixteenth century.

¹ It is very probable that this does not refer to the colour—“Pink = winking, half-shut.”—SCHMIDT. And see Nares, s.v. Pinke eyne.

PIONY.

Iris. Thy banks with Pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (65).

There is much dispute about this passage, the dispute turning on the question whether "Pioned" has reference to the Peony flower or not. The word by some is supposed to mean only "dugged," and it doubtless often had this meaning,¹ though the word is now obsolete, and only survives with us in "pioneer," which, in Shakespeare's time, meant "digger" only, and not as now, "one who goes before to prepare the way"—thus Hamlet—

Well said, old mole ! cans't work i'the earth so fast ?
A worthy pioner ?
Hamlet, act i, sc. 5 (161).

and again—

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust.
Lucrece (1380).

But this reading seems very tame, tame in itself, and doubly tame when taken in connection with the context, and "Certainly savours more of the commentators' prose than of Shakespeare's poetry" ("Edinburgh Review," 1872, p. 363). I shall assume, therefore, that the flower is meant, spelt in the form of "Piony," instead of Peony or Pæony.²

The Pæony (*P. corallina*) is sometimes allowed a place in the British flora, having been found apparently wild at the Steep Holmes in the Bristol Channel and a few other places,

¹ "Which to outbarre, with painful pyonings,
From sea to sea, he heapt a mighty mound !"
SPENSER, *F. Q.*, ii, 10, 46.

² The name was variously spelt, *e.g.*—
"And other trees there was mane one
The Pyany, the Poplar, and the Plane."
The Squyr of Lowe Degre, 39.

"The pretie Pinke and purple Pianet."
CUTWODE, *Caltha Poetarum*, 1599, st. 24.

"A Pyon (Pyion A.) dionia, herba est."—*Catholicon Anglicum*.

but it is now considered certain that in all these places it is a garden escape. Gerard gave one such habitat: "The male Peionie groweth wilde upon a Coneyberry in Betsome, being in the parish of Southfleet, in Kent, two miles from Gravesend, and in the ground sometimes belonging to a farmer there, called John Bradley;" but on this his editor adds the damaging note: "I have been told that our author himselfe planted that Peionee there, and afterwards seemed to find it there by accident; and I do believe it was so, because none before or since have ever seen or heard of it growing wild since in any part of this kingdome."

But though not a native plant, it had been cultivated in England long before Shakespeare's and Gerard's time. It occurs in most of the old vocabularies from the tenth century downwards, and in Shakespeare's time the English gardens had most of the European species that are now grown, including also the handsome double-red and white varieties. Since his time the number of species and varieties has been largely increased by the addition of the Chinese and Japanese species, and by the labours of the French nurserymen, who have paid more attention to the flower than the English.

. In the hardy flower garden there is no more showy family than the Pæony. They have flowers of many colours, from almost pure white and pale yellow to the richest crimson; and they vary very much in their foliage, most of them having large fleshy leaves, "not much unlike the leaves of the Walnut tree," but some of them having their leaves finely cut and divided almost like the leaves of Fennel (*P. tenuifolia*). They further vary in that some are herbaceous, disappearing entirely in winter, while others, Moutan or Tree Pæonies, are shrubs; and in favourable seasons, when the shrub is not injured by spring frosts, there is no grander shrub than an old Tree Pæony in full flower.

Of the many different species the best are the Moutans, which, according to Chinese tradition, have been grown in China for 1500 years, and which are now produced in great variety of colour; *P. corallina*, for the beauty of its coral-like seeds; *P. Cretica*, for its earliness in flowering; *P. tenuifolia*, single and double, for its elegant foliage; *P. Whitmaniana*, for its pale yellow but very fleeting flowers,



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PLANTAIN.

- (1) *Costard.* O sir, Plantain, a plain Plantain ! no l'envoy, no l'envoy ; no salve, sir, but a Plantain.

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.
 Then call'd you for the l'envoy.
Costard. True ! and I for a Plantain.
Love's Labour's Lost, act iii, sc. 1 (76).
- (2) *Romeo.* Your Plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Benvolio. For what, I pray thee ?
Romeo. For your broken shin.
Romeo and Juliet, act i, sc. 2 (52).
- (3) *Troilus.* As true as steel, as Plantage to the moon.
Troilus and Cressida, act iii, sc. 2 (184).
- (4) *Palamon.* These poore slight sores
 Neede not a Plantin.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act i, sc. 2 (65).

The most common old names for the Plantain were Waybroad (corrupted to Weybread, Wayborn, and Wayforn) and Ribwort. It was also called Lamb's-tongue and Kemps, while the flower spike with the stalk was called Cocks and Cockfighters (still so called by children).¹ The old name of Ribwort was derived from the ribbed leaves, while Waybroad marked its universal appearance, scattered by all roadsides and pathways, and literally bred by the wayside. It has a similar name in German, Wegetritt, that is Waytread ; and on this account the Swedes name the plant Wagbredblad, and the Indians of North America Whiteman's Foot, for it springs up near every new settlement, having sprung up after the English settlers, not only in America, but also in Australia and New Zealand—

“Whereso'er they move, before them
 Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
 Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;

¹ Of these names Plantain properly belongs to *Plantago major* ; Lamb's-tongue to *P. media* ; and Kemps, Cocks, and Ribwort to *P. lanceolata*.

Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
 Springs a flower unknown among us,
 Springs the 'White man's foot' in blossom."

LONGFELLOW'S *Hiawatha*.

And "so it is a mistake to say that Plantain is derived from the likeness of the plant to the sole of the foot, as in Richardson's Dictionary. Rather say, because the herb grows under the sole of the foot."—JOHNSTON. How, or when, or why the plant lost its old English names to take the Latin name of Plantain, it is hard to say. It occurs in a vocabulary of the names of plants of the middle of the thirteenth century—"Plantago, Planteine, Weibrode," and apparently came to us from the French, "Cy est assets de Planteyne, Weybrede."—WALTER DE BIBLESWORTH (13th cent.) But with the exception of Chaucer¹ I believe Shakespeare is almost the only early writer that uses the name, though it is very certain that he did not invent it; but "Plantage" (No 3), which is doubtless the same plant, is peculiar to him.²

It was as a medical herb that our forefathers chiefly valued the Plantain, and for medical purposes its reputation was of the very highest. In a book of recipes (Lacnunga) of the eleventh century, by Ælfric, is an address to the Waybroad, which is worth extracting at length—

"And thou, Waybroad!
 Mother of worts,
 Open from eastward,
 Mighty within;
 Over thee carts creaked,
 Over thee Queens rode,
 Over thee brides bridalled,
 Over thee bulls breathed,
 All these thou withstood'st
 Venom and vile things
 And all the loathly ones
 That through the land rove."

COCKAYNE'S *Translation*.

¹ "His forehead dropped as a stillatorie
 Were ful of Plantayn and peritorie."

Prologue of the Chanoune's Yeman.

² Nares, and Schmidt from him, consider Plantage = anything planted.

In another earlier recipe book the Waybread is prescribed for twenty-two diseases, one after another; and in another of the same date we are taught how to apply it: "If a man ache in half his head . . . delve up Waybread without iron ere the rising of the sun, bind the roots about the head with Crosswort by a red fillet, soon he will be well." But the Plantain did not long sustain its high reputation, which even in Shakespeare's time had become much diminished. "I find," says Gerard, "in ancient writers many good-morrowes, which I think not meet to bring into your memorie againe; as that three roots will cure one griefe, four another disease, six hanged about the neck are good for another maladie, &c., all which are but ridiculous toys." Yet the bruised leaves still have some reputation as a styptic and healing plaster among country herbalists, and perhaps the alleged virtues are not altogether fanciful.

As a garden plant the Plantain can only be regarded as a weed and nuisance, especially on lawns, where it is very difficult to destroy them. Yet there are some curious varieties which may claim a corner where botanical curiosities are grown. The Plantain seems to have a peculiar tendency to run into abnormal forms, many of which will be found described and figured in Dr. Masters' "Vegetable Teratology," and among these forms are two which are exactly like a double green Rose, and have been cultivated as the Rose Plantain for many years. They were grown by Gerard, who speaks of "the beauty which is in the plant," and compared it to "a fine double Rose of a hoary or rusty greene colour." Parkinson also grew it and valued it highly.

PLUMS, WITH DAMSONS AND PRUNES.

(1) *Constance*. Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a Plum, a Cherry, and a Fig.

King John, act ii, sc. 1 (161).

(2) *Hamlet*. The satirical rogue says here that old men have
grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their
eyes purging thick amber and Plum-tree gum.

Hamlet, act ii, sc. 2 (198).



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have been considered great delicacies, as in a curious allegorical drama of the fifteenth century, called "La Nef de Sante," of which an account is given by Mr. Wright: "Bonne-Compagnie, to begin the day, orders a collation, at which, among other things, are served Damsons (*Prunes de Damas*), which appear at this time to have been considered as delicacies. There is here a marginal direction to the purport that if the morality should be performed in the season when real Damsons could not be had, the performers must have some made of wax to look like real ones" ("History of Domestic Manners," &c.).

The garden Plums are a good cultivated variety of our own wild Sloe, but a variety that did not originate in England, and may very probably have been introduced by the Romans. The Sloe and Bullace are, speaking botanically, two sub-species of *Prunus communis*, while the Plum is a third sub-species (*P. communis domestica*). The garden Plum is occasionally found wild in England, but is certainly not indigenous. It is somewhat strange that our wild plant is not mentioned by Shakespeare under any of its well-known names of Sloe, Bullace, and Blackthorn. Not only is it a shrub of very marked appearance in our hedgerows in early spring, when it is covered with its pure white blossoms, but Blackthorn staves were indispensable in the rough game of quarterstaff, and the Sloe gave point to more than one English proverb: "as black as a Sloe," was a very common comparison, and "as useless as a Sloe," or "not worth a Sloe," was as common.

"Sir Amys answered, 'Tho'
I give thee thereof not one Sloe!
Do right all that thou may!"

Amys and Amylion—ELLIS'S Romances.

"The offecial seyde, Thys ys nowth
Be God, that me der bowthe,
Het ys not worthe a Sclo."

The Frere and His Boy—RITSON'S Ancient Popular Poetry.

Though even as a fruit the Sloe had its value, and was not altogether despised by our ancestors, for thus Tusser advises—

with the loveliest flowers; filmy petals of scarlet lustre are put forth from the solid crimson cup, and the ripe fruit of richest hue and most admirable shape.”—LADY CALCOTT’S *Scripture Herbal*. A simpler but more valued testimony to the beauty of the Pomegranate is borne in its selection for the choicest ornaments on the ark of the Tabernacle, on the priest’s vestments, and on the rich capitals of the pillars in the Temple of Solomon.

The native home of the Pomegranate is not very certainly known, but the evidence chiefly points to the North of Africa. It was very early cultivated in Egypt, and was one of the Egyptian delicacies so fondly remembered by the Israelites in their desert wanderings, and is frequently met with in Egyptian sculpture. It was abundant in Palestine, and is often mentioned in the Bible, and always as an object of beauty and desire. It was highly appreciated by the Greeks and Romans, but it was probably not introduced into Italy in very early times, as Pliny is the first author that certainly mentions it, though some critics have supposed that the *aurea mala* and *aurea poma* of Virgil and Ovid were Pomegranates. From Italy the tree soon spread into other parts of Europe, taking with it its Roman name of *Punica malus* or *Pomum granatum*. *Punica* showed the country from which the Romans derived it, while *granatum* (full of grains) marked the special characteristic of the fruit that distinguished it from all other so-called Apples. Gerard says: “Pomegranates grow in hot countries, towards the south in Italy, Spaine, and chiefly in the kingdom of Granada, which is thought to be so named of the great multitude of Pomegranates, which be commonly called *Granata*.”¹ This derivation is very doubtful, but was commonly accepted in Gerard’s day.² The Pomegranate lives and flowers well in England, but when it was first introduced is not recorded. I do not find it in the old vocabularies, but a prominent place is given to it in “that Gardeyn, wele wrought,” “the garden that so lyked me;”—

¹ In a Bill of Medicines furnished for the use of Edward I. 1306–7, is—

“Item pro malis granatis vi. lx s.

Item pro vino malorum granatorun xx lb., lx s.”

Archæological Journal, xiv, 27.

² See Prescott’s “Ferdinand and Isabella,” vol. iii. p. 346, note (Ed. 1849)—the arms of the city are a split Pomegranate.



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be worth eating, but they are curious and handsome. The sorts usually grown are the pure scarlet (double and single), and a very double variety with the flowers somewhat variegated. These are the most desirable, but there are a few other species and varieties, including a very beautiful dwarf one from the East Indies that is too tender for our climate out-of-doors, but is largely grown on the Continent as a window plant.

POMEWATER, *see* APPLE.

POPERING, *see* PEAR.

POPPY.

Iago.

Not Poppy or Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ownedst yesterday.

Othello, act iii, sc. 3 (330).

The Poppy had of old a few other names, such as Corn-rose and Cheese-bowls (a very old name for the flower), and being "of great beautie, although of evil smell, our gentlewomen doe call it Jone Silverpin." This name is difficult of explanation, even with Parkinson's help, who says it meanes "faire without and foule within," but it probably alludes to its gaudy colour and worthlessness. But these names are scarcely the common names of the plant, but rather nicknames; the usual name is, and always has been, Poppy, which is an easily traced corruption from the Latin *papaver*, the Saxon and Early English names being variously spelt, *popig* and *papig*, *popi* and *papy*; so that the Poppy is another

instance of a very common and conspicuous English plant known only or chiefly by its Latin name Anglicised.

Our common English Poppy, "being of a beautiful and gallant red colour," is certainly one of the handsomest of our wild flowers, and a Wheat field with a rich undergrowth of scarlet Poppies is a sight very dear to the artist,¹ while the weed is not supposed to do much harm to the farmer. But this is not the Poppy mentioned by Iago, for its narcotic qualities are very small; the Poppy that he alludes to is the Opium Poppy (*P. somniferum*). This Poppy was well known and cultivated in England long before Shakespeare's day, but only as a garden ornament; the Opium was then, as now, imported from the East. Its deadly qualities were well known. Gower describes it—

"There is growend upon the ground
Popy that bereth the sede of slepe."

Conf. Aman., lib. quint. (2, 102 Paulli).

Spenser speaks of the plant as the "dull Poppy," and describing the Garden of Proserpina, he says—

"There mournful Cypress grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall, and Heben sad,
Dead-sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore,
Cold Coloquintida."

F. Q., ii, 7, 52.

And Drayton similarly describes it—

"Here Henbane, Poppy, Hemlock here,
Procuring deadly sleeping."

Nymphal v.

The name of opium does not seem to have been in general use, except among the apothecaries. Chaucer, however, uses it—

"A claire made of a certayn wyn,
With necotykes, and opye of Thebes fyn."

The Knightes Tale.

¹ "We usually think of the Poppy as a coarse flower; but it is the most transparent and delicate of all the blossoms of the field. The rest, nearly all of them, depend on the texture of their surface for colour. But the Poppy is painted *glass*; it never glows so brightly as when the sun shines through it. Wherever it is seen, against the light or with the light, always it is a flame, and warms the wind like a blown ruby."—RUSKIN, *Proserpina*, p. 86.

And so does Milton—

“ Which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from Snowy Alp ;
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure.”

Samson Agonistes.

Many of the Poppies are very ornamental garden plants. The pretty yellow Welsh Poppy (*Meconopsis Cambrica*), abundant at Cheddar Cliffs, is an excellent plant for the rock-work where, when once established, it will grow freely and sow itself; and for the same place the little Papaver Alpinum, with its varieties, is equally well suited. For the open border the larger Poppies are very suitable, especially the great Oriental Poppy (*P. orientale*) and the grand scarlet Siberian Poppy (*P. bracteatum*), perhaps the most gorgeous of hardy plants; while among the rarer species of the tribe we must reckon the Meconopses of the Himalayas (*M. Wallichii* and *M. Nepalensis*), plants of singular beauty and elegance, but very difficult to grow, and still more difficult to keep, even if once established; for though perfectly hardy, they are little more than biennials. Besides these Poppies, the large double garden Poppies are very showy and of great variety in colour, but they are only annuals.

POTATO.

(1) *Thersites*. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and Potato-finger, tickles these together.

Troilus and Cressida, act v, sc. 2 (55).

(2) *Falstaff*. Let the sky rain Potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow Eringoes.

Merry Wives of Windsor, act v, sc. 5 (20).

The chief interest in these two passages is that they contain almost the earliest notice of Potatoes after their introduction into England. The generally received account is that they were introduced into Ireland in 1584 by Sir



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handsome, but little better than an annual. The pretty Winter Cherry (*Physalis alkekengi*) is another member of the family, and so is the Mandrake (*see* MANDRAKE). The whole tribe is poisonous, or at least to be suspected, yet it contains a large number of most useful plants, as the Potato, Tomato, Tobacco, Datura, and Cayenne Pepper.

, PRIMROSE.

- (1) *Queen.* The Violets, Cowslips, and the Primroses,
Bear to my closet. *Cymbeline*, act i, sc. 5 (83).
- (2) *Queen.* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as Primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
2nd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2 (62).
- (3) *Arviragus.* Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose.
Cymbeline, act iv, sc. 2 (220).
- (4) *Hermia.* In the wood where often you and I
Upon faint Primrose-beds were wont to lie.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act i, sc. 1 (214).
- (5) *Perdita.* Pale Primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (122).
- (6) *Ophelia.* Like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the Primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.
Hamlet, act i, sc. 3 (49).
- (7) *Porter.* I had thought to have let in some of all profes-
sions that go the Primrose way to the everlast-
ing bonfire. *Macbeth*, act ii, sc. 3 (20).
- (8) Primrose, first-born child of Ver
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim.
Two Noble Kinsmen, Introd. song.
- (9) Witness this Primrose bank whereon I lie.
Venus and Adonis (151).

Whenever we speak of spring flowers, the first that comes

into our minds is the Primrose. Both for its simple beauty and for its early arrival among us we give it the first place over

“Whatsoever other flowre of worth
And whatso other hearb of lovely hew,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth
To cloath herself in colours fresh and new.”

It is a plant equally dear to children and their elders, so that I cannot believe that there is any one (except Peter Bell) to whom

“A Primrose by the river’s brim
A yellow Primrose is to him—
And it is nothing more ;”

rather I should believe that W. Browne’s “Wayfaring Man” is a type of most English countrymen in their simple admiration of the common flower—

“As some wayfaring man passing a wood,
Whose waving top hath long a sea-mark stood,
Goes jogging on and in his mind nought hath,
But how the Primrose finely strews the path,
Or sweetest Violets lay down their heads
At some tree’s roots or mossy feather beds.”

Britannia’s Pastorals, i, 5.

It is the first flower, except perhaps the Daisy, of which a child learns the familiar name ; and yet it is a plant of un-failing interest to the botanical student, while its name is one of the greatest puzzles to the etymologist. The common and easy explanation of the name is that it means the first Rose of the year, but (like so many explanations that are derived only from the sound and modern appearance of a name) this is not the true account. The full history of the name is too long to give here, but the short account is this—“The old name was Prime Rolles—or primerole. Primerole is an abbreviation of Fr., *primeverole*: It., *primaverola*, diminutive of *prima vera* from *flor di prima vera*, the first spring flower. *Primerole*, as an outlandish unintelligible word, was soon familiarized into *primerolles*, and this into *primrose*.”—DR. PRIOR. The name Primrose was not at first always applied to the flower, but was an old English word, used to show excellence—

“A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eie,
She is the pride and Primrose of the rest.”

SPENSER, *Colin Clout.*

“Was not I [the Briar] planted of thine own hande
To bee the Primrose of all thy lande ;
With flow’ring blossomes to furnish the prime
And scarlet berries in sommer time ?”

SPENSER, *Shepherd’s Calendar—Februarie.*

It was also a flower name, but not of our present Primrose, but of a very different plant. Thus in a *Nominale* of the fifteenth century we have “hoc ligustrum, a Primerose;” and in a *Pictorial Vocabulary* of the same date we have “hoc ligustrum, A^{ce} a Prymrose;” and in the “*Promptorium Parvulorum*,” “Prymerose, primula, calendula, ligustrum”—and this name for the Privet lasted with a slight alteration into Shakespeare’s time. Turner in 1538 says, “ligustrum arbor est non herba ut literatorū vulgus credit; nihil que minus est quam a Prymerose.” In Tusser’s “*Husbandry*” we have “set Privie or Prim” (September Abstract), and—

“Now set ye may
The Box and Bay
Hawthorn and Prim
For clothe’s trim”—(*January Abstract*).

And so it is described by Gerard as the Privet or Prim Print (*i.e.*, *primé printemps*), and even in the seventeenth century, Cole says of ligustrum, “This herbe is called Primrose.” When the name was fixed to our present plant I cannot say, but certainly before Shakespeare’s time, though probably not long before. It is rather remarkable that the flower, which we now so much admire, seems to have been very much overlooked by the writers before Shakespeare. In the very old vocabularies it does not at all appear by its present Latin name, *Primula vulgaris*, but that is perhaps not to be wondered at, as nearly all the old botanists applied that name to the Daisy. But neither is it much noticed by any English name. I can only find it in two of the vocabularies. In an *English Vocabulary* of the fourteenth century is “Hæc pimpinella, A^e primerolle,” but it is very doubtful if this can be our Primrose, as the Pimpernel of old writers was the



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emblem of cheerfulness. Yet it is very curious to note what entirely different ideas it suggested to our forefathers. To them the Primrose seems always to have brought associations of sadness, or even worse than sadness, for the "Primrose paths" and "Primrose ways" of Nos. 6 and 7 are meant to be suggestive of pleasures, but sinful pleasures.

Spenser associates it with death in some beautiful lines, in which a husband laments the loss of a young and beautiful wife—

"Mine was the Primerose in the lowly shade !

Oh ! that so fair a flower so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fade away."

Daphnidia, 232.

In another place he speaks of it as "the Primrose trew"—*Prothalamion*; but in another place his only epithet for it is "green," which quite ignores its brightness—

"And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet."

Shepherd's Calendar—April.

Shakespeare has no more pleasant epithets for our favourite flower than "pale," "faint," "that die unmarried;" and Milton follows in the same strain yet sadder. Once, indeed, he speaks of youth as "Brisk as the April buds in Primrose season" ("Comus"); but only in three passages does he speak of the Primrose itself, and in two of these he connects it with death—

"Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears."—*Lycidas.*

"O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie ;
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossoms drie."

On the Death of a Fair Infant.

His third account is a little more joyous—

"Now the bright morning star, daye's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip and the pale Primrose."

On May Morning.

And nearly all the poets of that time spoke in the same strain, with the exception of Ben Jonson and the two Fletchers. Jonson spoke of it as "the glory of the spring" and as "the spring's own spouse." Giles Fletcher says—

"Every bush lays deeply perfumed
With Violets; the wood's late wintry head,
Wide flaming Primroses set all on fire."

And Phineas Fletcher—

"The Primrose lighted new her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays.
And here and there sweet Primrose scattered.

.
Nature seem'd work'd by Art, so lively true,
A little heaven or earth in narrow space she drew."

I can only refer very shortly to the botanical interest of the *Primula*, and that only to direct attention to Mr. Darwin's paper in the "Journal of the Linnæan Society," 1862, in which he records his very curious and painstaking inquiries into the dimorphism of the *Primula*, a peculiarity in the *Primula* that gardeners had long recognized in their arrangement of Primroses as "pin-eyed" and "thrum-eyed." It is perhaps owing to this dimorphism that the family is able to show a very large number of natural hybrids. These have been carefully studied by Professor Kerner, of Innsbruck, and it seems not unlikely that a further study will show that all the European so-called species are natural hybrids from a very few parents.

Yet a few words on the Primrose as a garden plant. If the Primrose be taken from the hedges in November, and planted in beds thickly in the garden, they make a beautiful display of flowers and foliage from February till the beds are required for the summer flowers; and there are few of our wild flowers that run into so many varieties in their wild state. In Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire I have seen the wild Primrose of nearly all shades of colour, from the purest white to an almost bright red, and these can all be brought

into the garden with a certainty of success and a certainty of rapid increase. There are also many double varieties, all of which are more often seen in cottage gardens than elsewhere ; yet no gardener need despise them.

One other British Primrose, the Bird's-eye Primrose, almost defies garden cultivation, though in its native habitats in the north it grows in most ungenial places. I have seen places in the neighbourhood of the bleak hill of Ingleborough, where it almost forms the turf ; yet away from its native habitat it is difficult to keep, except in a greenhouse. For the cultivation of the other non-English species, I cannot do better than refer to an excellent paper by Mr. Niven in the "The Garden" for January 29, 1876, in which he gives an exhaustive account of them.

I am not aware that Primroses are of any use in medicine or cookery, yet Tusser names the Primrose among "seeds and herbs for the kitchen," and Lyte says "the Cowslips, Primroses, and Oxlips are now used dayly amongst other pot herbes, but in physicke there is no great account made of them." They occur in heraldy. The arms of the Earls of Rosebery (Primrose) are three Primroses within a double tressure fleury counter-fleury, or.

PRUNES, *see* PLUMS.

PUMPKION.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then. We'll use this unwholesome humidity,
this gross watery Pumpion.

Merry Wives of Windsor, act iii, sc. 3 (42).

The old name for the Cucumber (in Ælfric's "Vocabulary") is hwer-hwette, *i.e.*, wet ewer, but Pumpion, Pompion, and Pumpkin were general terms including all the Cucurbitaceæ such as Melons, Gourds, Cucumbers, and Vegetable Marrows. All were largely grown in Shakespeare's days, but I should



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QUINCE.

Nurse. They call for Dates and Quinces in the pastry.
Romeo and Juliet, act iv, sc. 4 (2).

Quince is also the name of one of the "homespun actors" in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and is no doubt there used as a ludicrous name. The name was anciently spelt "coynes"—

"And many homely trees ther were
 That Peches, Coynes, and Apples bere,
 Medlers, Plommes, Perys, Chesteyns,
 Cherys, of which many oon fayne is."
Romaunt of the Rose.

The same name occurs in the old English vocabularies, as in a *Nominale* of the fifteenth century, "hæc cocianus, a coventre;" in an English vocabulary of the fourteenth century, "Hoc coccinum, a quoyne," and in the treatise of Walter de Biblesworth, in the thirteenth century—

"Issi troverez en ce verger
 Estang un sek Coigner (a Coyn-tre, Quince-tre)."

And there is little doubt that "Quince" is a corruption of "coynes" which again is a corruption, not difficult to trace, of Cydonia, one of the most ancient cities of Crete, where the Quince tree is indigenous, and whence it derived its name of *Pyrus Cydonia*, or simply *Cydonia*. If not indigenous elsewhere in the East, it was very soon cultivated, and especially in Palestine. It is not yet a settled point, and probably never will be, but there is a strong consensus of most of the best commentators, that the *Tappuach* of Scripture, always translated Apple, was the Quince. It is supposed to be the fruit alluded to in the Canticles, "As the Apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons; I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste;" and in Proverbs, "A word fitly spoken is like Apples of gold in pictures of silver;" and the tree is supposed to have given its name to various places in Palestine, as Tappuach, Beth-Tappuach, and Aen-Tappuach.

By the Greeks and Romans the Quince was held in

honour as the fruit especially sacred to Venus, who is often represented as holding a Quince in her right hand, the gift which she received from Paris. In other sculptures "the amorous deities pull Quinces in gardens and play with them. For persons to send Quinces in presents, to throw them at each other, to eat them together, were all tokens of love; to dream of Quinces was a sign of successful love" (Rosenmuller). The custom was handed down to mediæval times. It was at a wedding feast that "they called for Dates and Quinces in the pastry;" and Brand quotes a curious passage from the "Praise of Musicke," 1586 ("Romeo and Juliet" was published in 1596)—"I come to marriages, wherein as our ancestors did fondly, and with a kind of doting, maintaine many rites and ceremonies, some whereof were either shadowes or abodements of a pleasant life to come, as the eating of a Quince Peare to be a preparative of sweet and delightful dayes between the married persons."

To understand this high repute in which the Quince was held, we must remember that the Quince of hot countries differs somewhat from the English Quince. With us the fruit is of a fine, handsome shape, and of a rich golden colour when fully ripe, and of a strong scent, which is very agreeable to many, though too heavy and overpowering to others. But the rind is rough and woolly, and the flesh is harsh and unpalatable, and only fit to be eaten when cooked. In hotter countries the woolly rind is said to disappear, and the fruit can be eaten raw; and this is the case not only in Eastern countries, but also in the parts of Tropical America to which the tree has been introduced from Europe.

In England the Quince is probably less grown now than it was in Shakespeare's time—yet it may well be grown as an ornamental shrub even by those who do not appreciate its fruit. It forms a thick bush, with large white flowers, followed in the autumn by its handsome fruit, and requires no care. "They love shadowy, moist places;" "It delighteth to grow on plaine and even ground and somewhat moist with-all." This was Lyte's and Gerard's experience, and I have never seen handsomer bushes or finer fruit than I once saw on some neglected bushes that skirted a horsepond on a farm in Kent; the trees were evidently revelling in their state of moisture and neglect. The tree has a horticultural value as

giving an excellent stock for Pear-trees, on which it has a very remarkable effect, for “Cabanis asserts that when certain Pears are grafted on the Quince, their seeds yield more varieties than do the seeds of the same variety of Pear when grafted on the wild Pear.”—DARWIN. Its economic value is considered to be but small, being chiefly used for Marmalade,¹ but in Shakespeare’s time, Browne spoke of it as “the stomach’s comforter, the pleasing Quince,” and Parkinson speaks highly of it, for “there is no fruit growing in the land,” he says, “that is of so many excellent uses as this, serving as well to make many dishes of meat for the table, as for banquets, and much more for their physical virtues, whereof to write at large is neither convenient for me nor for this work.”

RADISH.

(1) *Falstaff*. When a’ was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork’d Radish.

2nd Henry IV, act iii, sc. 2 (333).

(2) *Falstaff*. If I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish. *1st Henry IV*, act ii, sc. 4 (205).

There can be no doubt that the Radish was so named because it was considered by the Romans, for some reason unknown to us, *the root par excellence*. It was used by them, as by us, “as a stimulus before meat, giving an appetite thereunto”—

“Acria circum
Rapula, lactucæ, Radices, qualia lassum
Pervellunt stomachum.”—HORACE.

But it was cultivated, or allowed to grow, to a much larger size than we now think desirable. Pliny speaks of Radishes weighing 40lb. each, and others speak even of 60lb. and 100lb. But in Shakespeare’s time the Radish was very much what it is now, a pleasant salad vegetable, but of no

¹ This was a very old use for the Quince. Wynkyn de Worde, in the “Boke of Kervynge” (p. 266), speaks of “char de Quynce;” and John Russell, in the “Boke of Nurture” (l. 75), speaks of “chare de Quynces.” This was Quince marmalade.



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are plentifully spread with Radishes and brown bread and butter, the tables being repeatedly furnished with guests” (“Gardener’s Chronicle”).

RAISINS.

Clown. Four pounds of Prunes and as many of Raisins o’ the sun. *Winter’s Tale*, act iv, sc. 3 (51).

Raisins are alluded to, if not actually named, in “1st Henry IV.,” act ii, sc. 4, when Falstaff says: “If reasons were as plentiful as Blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I——” “It seems that a pun underlies this, the association of reasons with Blackberries springing out of the fact that *reasons* sounded like *raisins*.” —EARLE, *Philology*, &c.

Bearing in mind that Raisin is a corruption of *racemus*, a bunch of Grapes, we can understand that the word was not always applied, as it is now, to the dried fruit, but was sometimes applied to the bunch of Grapes as it hung ripe on the tree—

“For no man at the firste stroke
He may not felle down an Oke;
Nor of the Reisins have the wyne
Till Grapes be ripe and welle afyne.”

Romaunt of the Rose.

The best dried fruit were Raisins of the sun, *i.e.*, dried in the sun, to distinguish them from those which were dried in ovens. They were, of course, foreign fruit, and were largely imported. The process of drying in the sun is still the method in use, at least, with “the finer kinds, such as Muscatels, which are distinguished as much by the mode of drying as by the variety and soil in which they are grown, the finest being dried on the Vines before gathering, the stalk being partly cut through when the fruits are ripe, and the leaves being removed from near the clusters, so as to allow the full effect of the sun in ripening.”

The Grape thus becomes a Raisin, but it is still further

transformed when it reaches the cook ; it then becomes a Plum, for Plum pudding has, as we all know, Raisins for its chief ingredient and certainly no Plums ; and the Christmas pie into which Jack Horner put in his thumb and pulled out a Plum must have been a mince-pie, also made of Raisins ; but how a cooked Raisin came to be called a Plum is not recorded. In Devonshire and Dorsetshire it undergoes a further transformation, for there Raisins are called Figs, and a Plum pudding is called a Fig pudding.

REEDS.

- (1) *2nd Servant.* I had as lief have a Reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.
Antony and Cleopatra, act ii, sc. 7 (13).
- (2) *Arviragus.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To'thee the Reed is as the Oak ;
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Cymbeline, act iv, sc. 2 (264).
- (3) *Ariel.* His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of Reeds.
Tempest, act v, sc. 1 (16).
- (4) *Ariel.* With hair up-staring—then like Reeds, not hair—
Ibid., act i, sc. 2 (213).
- (5) *Hotspur.* Swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds.
1st Henry IV, act 1, sc. 3 (103).
- (6) *Portia.* And speak between the change of man and boy
With a Reed voice.
Merchant of Venice, act iii, sc. 4 (66).
- (7) *Wooper.* In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace
From the far shore thick set with Reeds and Sedges.

The Rushes and the Reeds
Had so encompass it.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act iv, sc. 1 (71, 80).

(8) To Simois' Reedy banks the red blood ran.
Lucrece (1437).

Reed is a general term for almost any water-loving, grassy plant, and so it is used by Shakespeare. In the Bible it is perhaps possible to identify some of the Reeds mentioned, with the Sugar Cane in some places, with the Papyrus in others, and in others with the *Arundo donax*. As a Biblical plant it has a special interest, not only as giving the emblem of the tenderest mercy that will be careful even of "the bruised Reed," but also as entering largely into the mockery of the Crucifixion: "They put a Reed in His right hand," and "they filled a sponge full of vinegar, and put it upon a Reed and gave Him to drink." The Reed in these passages was probably the *Arundo donax*, a very elegant Reed, which was used for many purposes in Palestine, and is a most graceful plant for English gardens, being perfectly hardy, and growing every year from 12ft. to 14ft. in height, but very seldom flowering.¹

But in Shakespeare, as in most writers, the Reed is simply the emblem of weakness, tossed about by and bending to a superior force, and of little or no use—"a Reed that will do me no service" (No. 1). It is also the emblem of the blessedness of submission, and of the power that lies in humility to outlast its oppressor—

"Like as in tempest great,
Where wind doth bear the stroke,
Much safer stands the bowing Reed
Then doth the stubborn Oak."

Shakespeare mentions but two uses to which the Reed was applied, the thatching of houses (No. 3), and the making of Pan or Shepherd's pipes (No. 6). Nor has he anything to say of its beauty, yet the Reeds of our river sides (*Arundo*

¹ I have only been able to find one record of the flowering of *Arundo donax* in England—"Mem: *Arundo donax* in flower, 15th September, 1762, the first time I ever saw it, but this very hot dry summer has made many exotics flower. . . . It bears a handsome tassel of flowers."—P. COLLINSON'S *Hortus Collinsonianus*.



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sugar cannot but be very effectual in dejected appetites." Yet even in 1807 Professor Martyn, the editor of "Millar's Dictionary," in a long article on the Rhubarb, makes no mention of its culinary qualities, but in 1822 Phillips speaks of it as largely cultivated for spring tarts, and forced for the London markets, "medical men recommending it as one of the most cooling and wholesome tarts sent to table."

As a garden plant the Rhubarb is highly ornamental, though it is seldom seen out of the kitchen garden, but where room can be given to them, *Rheum palmatum* or *Rheum officinale*, will always be admired as some of the handsomest of foliage plants. The finest species of the family is the Himalayan *Rheum nobile*, but it is exceedingly difficult to grow. Botanically the Rhubarb is allied to the Dock and Sorrel, and all the species are herbaceous.

RICE.

Clown. Let me see ; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? Three pound of sugar, five pound of Currants, Rice——What will this sister of mine do with Rice ?¹
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (38).

Shakespeare may have had no more acquaintance with Rice than his knowledge of the imported grain, which seems to have been long ago introduced into England, for in a Nominale of the fifteenth century we have "Hoc risi, indeclinabile, Ryse." And in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," "Ryce, frute. Risia, vel risi, n. indecl. secundum quosdam, vel risium, vel risorum granum (rizi vel granum Indicum)." Turner was acquainted with it : "Ryse groweth plentuously in watery myddowes between Myllane and Pavia."² And Shakespeare may have seen the plant, for Gerard grew it in his London garden, though "the floure did not show itselfe by reason of the injurie of our unseasonable yeare 1596." It is a native of Africa, and was soon

¹ In 1468 the price of rice was 3d. a pound = 3s. of our money ("Babee's Book," xxx.).

² "Names of Herbes," s.v. *Oryza*.

transferred to Europe as a nourishing and wholesome grain, especially for invalids—"sume hoc ptisanarium oryzæ," says the doctor to his patient in Horace, and it is mentioned both by Dioscorides and Theophrastus. It has been occasionally grown in England as a curiosity, but seldom comes to any perfection out-of-doors, as it requires a mixture of moisture and heat that we cannot easily give it. There are said to be species in the North of China growing in dry places, which would perhaps be hardy in England and easier of cultivation, but I am not aware that they have ever been introduced.

ROSES.

- (1) *Titania.* Some to kill cankers in the Musk-rose buds.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 3 (3).
- (2) *Titania.* And stick Musk-Roses in thy sleek, smooth
head. *Ibid.*, act iv, sc. 1 (3).
- (3) *Julia.* The air hath starved the Roses in her cheeks.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv, sc. 4 (159).
- (4) *Song.* There will we make our beds of Roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.
Merry Wives of Windsor, act iii, sc. 1 (19).
- (5) *Autolycus.* Gloves as sweet as Damask Roses.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (222).
- (6) *Olivia.* Cæsario, by the Roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so.
Twelfth Night, act iii, sc. 1 (161).
- (7) *Diana.* When you have our Roses,
You barely leave us thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.
All's Well that Ends Well, act iv, sc. 2 (18).
- (8) *Lord.* Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of Rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers.
Taming of the Shrew, Induction, sc. 1 (55).
- (9) *Petruchio.* I'll say she looks as clear
As morning Roses newly wash'd with dew.
Ibid., act ii, sc. 1 (173).

- (10) *Tyrrell.* Their lips were four red Roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
Richard III, act iv, sc. 3 (12).
- (11) *Friar.* The Roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes.
Romeo and Juliet, act iv, sc. 1 (99).
- (12) *Romeo.* Remnants of packthread and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Ibid., act v, sc. 1 (47).
- (13) *Hamlet.* With two Provincial Roses on my razed shoes.
Hamlet, act iii, sc. 2 (287).
- (14) *Laertes.* O Rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
Ibid., act iv, sc. 5 (157).
- (15) *Duke.* For women are as Roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.
Twelfth Night, act ii, sc. 4 (39).
- (16) *Constance.* Of Nature's gifts, thou may'st with Lilies boast,
And with the half-blown Rose.
King John, act iii, sc. 1 (153).
- (17) *Queen.* But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair Rose wither.
Richard II, act v, sc. 1 (7).
- (18) *Hotspur.* To put down Richard, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke.
1st Henry IV, act i, sc. 3 (175).
- (19) *Hostess.* Your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any Rose.
2nd Henry IV, act ii, sc. 4 (27).
- (20) *York.* Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fumed.
2nd Henry VI, act i, sc. 1 (254).
- (21) *Don John.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a Rose
in his grace.
Much Ado About Nothing, act i, sc. 3 (27).
- (22) *Thesus.* But earthlier happy is the Rose distill'd
Than that which withering on the virgin Thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.¹
Midsummer Night's Dream, act i, sc. 1 (76).

¹ This was a familiar idea with the old writers: "Therefore, sister Bud, grow wise by my folly, and know it is far greater happinesse to lose thy virginity in a good hand than to wither on the stalk whereon thou growest."—THOMAS FULLER, *Antheologia*, p. 32. (See also Chester's "Cantoës," No. 13, p. 137, New Shak. Soc.)



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- (34) *Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall
see a Rose ; and she were a Rose indeed !
Pericles, act iv, sc. 6 (37).
- (35) *Gower.* Even her art sisters the natural Roses.
Ibid., act v, chorus (7). (See CHERRY, No. 5.)
- (36) *Juliet.* What's in a name? That which we call a Rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 2 (43).
- (37) *Ophelia.* The expectancy and Rose of the fair state.
Hamlet, act iii, sc. 1 (160).
- (38) *Hamlet.* Such an act . . . takes off the Rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 4 (40).
- (39) *Othello.* When I have pluck'd the Rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither. I'll smell it on the tree.
Othello, act v, sc. 2 (13).
- (40) *Timon.* Rose-cheeked youth.
Timon of Athens, act iv, sc. 3 (86).
- (41) *Othello.* Thou young and Rose-lipp'd cherubim.
Othello, act iv, sc. 2 (63).
- (42) Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royall in their smells alone
But in their hue.
Two Noble Kinsmen, Introd. song.
- (43) *Emilia.* Of all flowres
Methinks a Rose is best.
Woman. Why, gentle madam ?
Emilia. It is the very Embleme of a maide.
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the Sun
With her chaste blushes? When the north
winds neere her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,
Shee locks her beauties in her bud againe,
And leaves him to base Briers.
Ibid., act ii, sc. 2 (160).
- (44) *Wooer.* With cherry lips and cheekes of Damaske Roses.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 2 (95).
- (45) See NETTLES, No. 13.
- (46) Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud. *Sonnet xxxv.*

- (47) The Rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour that doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves—sweet Roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
Sonnet liv.
- (48) Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true ?
Ibid. lxxvii.
- (49) Shame, like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name.
Ibid. xcvi.
- (50) Nor did I wonder at the Lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion of the Rose.
Ibid. xcvi.
- (51) The Roses fearfully in thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath.
Ibid. xcix.
- (52) I have seen Roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such Roses see I in her cheeks.
Ibid. cxxx.
- (53) More white and red than dove and Roses are.
Venus and Adonis (10).
- (54) • What though the Rose has prickles ? yet 'tis plucked.●
Ibid. (574).
- (55) Who, when he lived, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the Rose, smell to the Violet.
Ibid. (935).
- (56) Their silent war of Lilies and of Roses.
Lucrece (71).
- (57) O how her fear did make her colour rise,
 First red as Roses that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the Roses took away.
Ibid. (257).
- (58) That even for anger makes the Lily pale,
 And the red Rose blush at her own disgrace.
Ibid. (477).
- (59) I know what Thorns the growing Rose defends.
Ibid. (492).
- (60) Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase.
Venus and Adonis. (3).
- (61) A sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing Rose,
 Usurps her cheek.
Ibid. (589).

- (62) That beauty's Rose might never die. *Sonnet i.*
- (63) Nothing this wide universe I call
Save thou, my Rose ; in it thou art my all. *Ibid. cix.*
- (64) Rosy lips and cheeks
Within time's bending sickle's compass come. *Ibid. cxvi.*
- (65) Sweet Rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring !
The Passionate Pilgrim (131).

In addition to these many passages, there are perhaps thirty more in which the Rose is mentioned with reference to the Red and White Roses of the houses of York and Lancaster. To quote these it would be necessary to extract an entire act, which is very graphic, but too long. I must, therefore, content myself with the beginning and the end of the chief scene, and refer the reader who desires to see it *in extenso* to "1st Henry VI.," act ii, sc. 4. The scene is in the Temple Gardens, and Plantagenet and Somerset thus begin the fatal quarrel—

Plantagenet. Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Brier pluck a White Rose with me.

Somerset. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a Red Rose from off this Thorn with me.

And Warwick's wise conclusion on the whole matter is—

This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send, between the Red Rose and the White,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

There are further allusions to the same Red and White Roses in "3rd Henry VI.," act i, sc. 1 and 2, act ii, sc. 5, and act v, sc. 1 ; "1st Henry VI.," act iv, sc. 1 ; and "Richard III.," act v, sc. 4.

There is no flower so often mentioned by Shakespeare as the Rose, and he would probably consider it the queen of flowers, for it was so deemed in his time. "The Rose doth



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sins, for which the earth was doomed to bear thorns." And it would be easy to fill a volume, and it would not be a cheerless volume, with beautiful and expressive passages from poets, preachers, and other authors, who have taken the Rose to point the moral of the fleeting nature of all earthly things. Herrick in four lines tells the whole—

“Gather ye Roses while ye may
Old time is still a-flying,
And the same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.”

But Shakespeare's notices of the Rose are not all emblematical and allegorical. He mentions these distinct sorts of Roses—the Red Rose, the White Rose, the Musk Rose, the Provençal Rose, the Damask Rose, the Variegated Rose, the Canker Rose, and the Sweet Briar.

The Canker Rose is the wild Dog Rose, and the name is sometimes applied to the common Red Poppy.

The Red Rose and the Provençal Rose (No. 13) are no doubt the same, and are what we now call *R. centifolia*, or the Cabbage Rose; a Rose that has been supposed to be a native of the South of Europe, but Dr. Lindley preferred “to place its native country in Asia, because it has been found wild by Bieberstein with double flowers, on the eastern side of Mount Caucasus, whither it is not likely to have escaped from a garden.”¹ We do not know when it was introduced into England, but it was familiar to Chaucer—

“The savour of the Roses swote
Me smote right to the herté rote,
As I hadde alle embawmed be.

.
Of Roses there were grete wone,
So faire were never in Rone.”

i.e., in Provence, at the mouth of the Rhone. For beauty in shape and exquisite fragrance, I consider this Rose to be still unrivalled; but it is not a fashionable Rose, and

¹ We have an old record of the existence of large double Roses in Asia by Herodotus, who tells us, that in a part of Macedonia were the so-called gardens of Midas, in which grew native Roses, each one having sixty petals, and of a scent surpassing all others (“Hist.,” viii. 138).

is usually found in cottage gardens, or perhaps in some neglected part of gardens of more pretensions. I believe it is considered too loose in shape to satisfy the floral critics of exhibition flowers, and it is only a summer Rose, and so contrasts unfavourably with the Hybrid Perpetuals. Still, it is a delightful Rose, delightful to the eye, delightful for its fragrance, and most delightful from its associations.

The White Rose of York (No. 20) has never been satisfactorily identified. It was clearly a cultivated Rose, and by some is supposed to have been only the wild White Rose (*R. arvensis*) grown in a garden. But it is very likely to have been the *Rosa alba*, which was a favourite in English gardens in Shakespeare's time, and was very probably introduced long before his time, for it is the double variety of the wild White Rose, and Gerard says of it: "The double White Rose doth grow wilde in many hedges of Lancashire in great abundance, even as Briars do with us in these southerly parts, especially in a place of the countrey called Leyland, and in a place called Roughford, not far from Latham." It was, therefore, not a new gardener's plant in his time, as has been often stated. I have little doubt that this is the White Rose of York; it is not the *R. alba* of Dr. Lindley's monograph, but the double variety of the British *R. arvensis*.

The White Rose has a very ancient interest for Englishmen, for "long before the brawl in the Temple Gardens, the flower had been connected with one of the most ancient names of our island. The elder Pliny, in discussing the etymology of the word Albion, suggests that the land may have been so named from the White Roses which abounded in it—'Albion insula sic dicta ab albis rupibus, quas mare alluit, vel ob rosas albas quibus abundat.' Whatever we may think of the etymological skill displayed in the suggestion . . . we look with almost a new pleasure on the Roses of our own hedgerows, when regarding them as descended in a straight line from the 'rosas albas' of those far-off summers."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. cxiv.

The Damask Rose (No. 5) remains to us under the same name, telling its own history. There can be little doubt that the Rose came from Damascus, probably introduced into Europe by the Crusaders or some of the early travellers

in the East, who speak in glowing terms of the beauties of the gardens of Damascus. So Sir John Mandeville describes the city—"In that Cytee of Damasce, there is gret plentee of Welles, and with in the Cytee and with oute, ben many fayre Gardynes and of dyverse frutes. Non other Cytee is not lyche in comparison to it, of fayre Gardynes, and of fayre desportes."—*Voiage and Travaile*, cap. xi. And in our own day the author of "Eöthen" described the same gardens as he saw them: "High, high above your head, and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of Roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. There are no other flowers. The Rose trees which I saw were all of the kind we call 'damask;' they grow to an immense height and size."—*Eothen*, ch. xxvii. It was not till long after the Crusades that the Damask Rose was introduced into England, for Hakluyt in 1582 says: "In time of memory many things have been brought in that were not here before, as the Damaske Rose by Doctour Linaker, King Henry the Seventh and King Henrie the Eight's Physician."—*Voiages*, vol. ii.¹

As an ornamental Rose the Damask Rose is still a favourite, though probably the real typical *Rosa Damascena* is very seldom seen—but it has been the parent of a large number of hybrid Roses, which the most critical Rosarian does not reject. The whole family are very sweet-scented, so that "sweet as Damask Roses" was a proverb, and Gerard describes the common Damaske as "in other respects like the White Rose; the especiale difference consisteth in the colour and smell of the floures, for these are of a pale red colour and of a more pleasant smell, and fitter for meate or medicine."

The Musk Roses (No. 1) were great favourites with our forefathers. This Rose (*R. moschata*) is a native of the North of Africa and of Spain, and has been also found in Nepaul. Hakluyt gives the exact date of its introduction. "The turkey cockes and hennes," he says, "were brought about fifty yeres past, the Artichowe in time of King Henry the

¹ The Damask Rose was imported into England at an earlier date but probably only as a drug. It is mentioned in a "Bill of Medicynes furnished for the use of Edward I., 1306-7: 'Item pro aqua rosata de Damasc,' lb. xl, iiiili."—*Archæological Journal*, vol. xiv. 271.



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these are old Roses, and very probably quite as old as the sixteenth century. There are two varieties: in one each petal is blotched with white and pink; this is the *R. versicolor* of Parkinson, and is a variety of *R. Damascena*; in the other most of the petals are white, but with a mixture of pink petals; this is the *Rosa mundi* or *Gloria mundi*, and is a variety of *R. Gallica*.

These, with the addition of the Eglantine or Sweet Brier (*see* EGLANTINE), are the only Roses that Shakespeare directly names, and they were the chief sorts grown in his time, but not the only sorts; and to what extent Roses were cultivated in Shakespeare's time we have a curious proof in the account of the grant of Ely Place, in Holborn, the property of the Bishops of Ely. "The tenant was Sir Christopher Hatton (Queen Elizabeth's handsome Lord Chancellor) to whom the greater portion of the house was let in 1576 for the term of twenty-one years. The rent was a Red Rose, ten loads of hay, and ten pounds per annum; Bishop Cox, on whom this hard bargain was forced by the Queen, reserving to himself and his successors the right of walking in the gardens, and gathering twenty bushels of Roses yearly."—CUNNINGHAM. We have records also of the garden cultivation of the Rose in London long before Shakespeare's time. "In the Earl of Lincoln's garden in Holborn in 24 Edw. I., the only flowers named are Roses, of which a quantity was sold, producing three shillings and twopence."—HUDSON TURNER.

My space forbids me to enter more largely into any account of these old species, or to say much of the many very interesting points in the history of the Rose, but two or three points connected with Shakespeare's Roses must not be passed over. First, its name. He says through Juliet (No. 36) that the Rose by any other name would smell as sweet. But the whole world is against him. Rose was its old Latin name corrupted from its older Greek name, and the same name, with slight and easily-traced differences, has clung to it in almost all European countries.

Shakespeare also mentions its uses in Rose-water and Rose-cakes, and it was only natural to suppose that a flower so beautiful and so sweet was meant by Nature to be of great use to man. Accordingly we find that wonderful virtues

were attributed to it,¹ and an especial virtue was attributed to the dewdrops that settled on the full-blown Rose. Shakespeare alludes to these in Nos. 22 and 27; and from these were made cosmetics only suited to the most extravagant.

“The water that did spryng from ground
She would not touch at all,
But washt her hands with dew of Heaven
That on sweet Roses fall.”

The Lamentable Fall of Queen Ellinor.—Roxburghe Ballads.

And as with their uses, so it was also with their history. Such a flower must have a high origin, and what better origin than the pretty mediæval legend told to us by Sir John Mandeville?—“At Bethelheim is the Felde *Floridus*, that is to seyne, the *Feld florished*; for als moche as a fayre mayden was blamed with wrong and sclaundered, for whiche cause sche was demed to the Dethe, and to be brent in that place, to the whiche she was ladd; and as the Fyre began to brent about hire, sche made hire preyeres to oure Lord, that als wissely as sche was not gyilty of that Synne, that He wolde helpe hire and make it to be knowen to alle men, of his mercyfulle grace. And when sche hadde thus seyde, sche entered into the Fuyr; and anon was the Fuyr quenched and oute; and the Brondes that weren brennyng becomen red Roseres, and the Brondes that weren not kyndled becomen white Roseres, full of Roses. And these weren the first Roseres and Roses, both white and rede, that evere ony man saughe.”—*Voiage and Travaile*, cap. vi.

With this pretty legend I may well conclude the account of Shakespeare's Roses, commending, however, M. Biron's sensible remarks on unseasonable flowers (No. 26) to those who estimate the beauty of a flower or anything else in proportion to its being produced out of its natural season.

¹ “A Rose beside his beauty is a cure.”—G. HERBERT, *Providence*.

ROSEMARY.

- (1) *Perdita.* Reverend Sirs,
For you there's Rosemary and Rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be to you both.¹
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (73).
- (2) *Bawd.* Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with Rosemary
and bays. *Pericles*, act iv, sc. 6 (159).
- (3) *Edgar.* Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, and sprigs of Rosemary.
Lear, act ii, sc. 3 (14).
- (4) *Ophelia.* There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray,
love, remember. *Hamlet*, act iv, sc. 5 (175).
- (5) *Nurse.* Doth not Rosemary and Romeo begin both with a
letter?
Romeo. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.
Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the
——. No; I know it begins with some other
letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious
of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you
good to hear it.
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 4 (219).
- (6) *Friar.* Dry up your tears, and stick your Rosemary
On this fair corse. *Ibid.*, act iv, sc. 5 (79).

The Rosemary is not a native of Britain, but of the sea-coast of the South of Europe, where it is very abundant. It was very early introduced into England, and is mentioned in an Anglo-Saxon Herbarium under its Latin name of *Ros marinus*, and is there translated by Bothen, *i.e.* Thyme; also in an Anglo-Saxon Vocabulary of the eleventh century, where it is translated Feld-madder and Sun-dew. In these places our present plant may or may not be meant, but there is no doubt that it is the one referred to in an ancient English poem of the fourteenth century, on the virtues of herbs, published in Wright and Halliwell's "*Reliquiæ Antiquæ.*" The account of "*The Glorouse Rosemaryne*" is long, but the beginning and ending are worth quoting—

¹ Grace was symbolized by the Rue, or Herb of Grace, and remembrance by the Rosemary.



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time unto a very great height, with a great and woody stem of that compasse that, being cloven out into boards, it hath served to make lutes or such like instruments, and here with us carpenters' rules and to divers others purposes." It was the favourite evergreen wherever the occasion required an emblem of constancy and perpetual remembrance, such especially as weddings and funerals, at both of which it was largely used; and so says Herrick of "The Rosemarie Branch"—

"Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be't for my bridall or my buriall."

Its use at funerals was very widespread, for Laurembergius records a pretty custom in use in his day, 1631, at Frankfort: "Is mos apud nos retinetur, dum cupresso humile, vel rore marino, non solum coronamus funera jamjam ducenda, sed et iis appendimus ex iisdem herbis litteras collectas, significatrices nominis ejus quæ defuncta est. Nam in puellarum funeribus hæc fere fieri solent" ("Horticulturæ," cap. vj.).

Its use at weddings is pleasantly told in the old ballad of "The Bride's Good-morrow"—

"The house is drest and garnisht for your sake
With flowers gallant and green;
A solemn feast your comely cooks do ready make,
Where all your friends will be seen:
Young men and maids do ready stand
With sweet Rosemary in their hand—
A perfect token of your virgin's life.
To wait upon you they intend
Unto the church to make an end:
And God make thee a joyfull wedded wife."

Roxburghe Ballads, vol. i.

It probably is one of the most lasting of evergreens after being gathered, though we can scarcely credit the statement recorded by Phillips that "it is the custom in France to put a branch of Rosemary in the hands of the dead when in the coffin, and we are told by Valmont Bomarc, in his 'Histoire Naturelle,' that when the coffins have been opened after several years, the plant has been found to have vegetated so much that the leaves have covered the corpse." These were

the general and popular uses of the Rosemary, but it was of high repute as a medicine, and still holds a place, though not so high as formerly, in the "Pharmacopœia." "Rosemary," says Parkinson, "is almost of as great use as Bayes, both for inward and outward remedies, and as well for civill as physicall purposes—inwardly for the head and heart, outwardly for the sinews and joynts ; for civile uses, as all do know, at weddings, funerals, &c., to bestow among friends ; and the physicall are so many that you might as well be tyred in the reading as I in the writing, if I should set down all that might be said of it."

With this high character we may well leave this good, old-fashioned plant, merely noting that the name is popularly but erroneously supposed to mean the Rose of Mary. It has no connection with either Rose or Mary, but is the *Ros marinus*, or *Ros Maris* (as in Ovid—

"Ros maris, et Iaurus, nigraque myrtus olent ;"
De Arte Aman., iii, 390),

the plant that delights in the sea-spray ; and so the old spelling was *Rosmarin*. Gower says of the Star Alpheta—

"His herbe proper is Rosmarine ;"
Conf. Aman., lib. sept.

a spelling which Shenstone adopted—

"And here trim Rosmarin that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer."

It was also sometimes called *Guardrobe*, being "put into chests and presses among clothes, to preserve them from mothes and other vermine."

RUE.

(1) *Perdita*. For you there's Rosemary and Rue.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (74). (See ROSEMARY, No. 1.)

(2) *Gardener*. Here did she fall a tear ; here in this place
I'll set a bank of Rue, sour Herb of Grace :
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall beseen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
Richard II, act iii, sc. 4 (104).

- (3) *Antony.* Grace grow where these drops fall.
Antony and Cleopatra, act iv, sc. 2 (38).
- (4) *Ophelia.* There's Rue for you ; and here's some for me :
 we may call it Herb-grace o' Sundays : O, you
 must wear your Rue with a difference.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 5 (181).
- (5) *Clown.* Indeed, sir, she was the Sweet Marjoram of the
 salad, or rather the Herb of Grace.
Lafeu. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are
 nose-herbs.
All's Well that Ends Well, act iv, sc. 5 (17).

Comparing (2) and (3) together, there is little doubt that the same herb is alluded to in both ; and it is, perhaps, alluded to, though not exactly named, in the following :

Friar Laurence. In man, as well as herbs, grace and rude will.
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 3 (28).

Shakespeare thus gives us the two names for the same plant, Rue and Herb of Grace, and though at first sight there seems to be little or no connection between the two names, yet really they are so closely connected, that the one name was derived from, or rather suggested by, the other. Rue is the English form of the Greek and Latin *ruta*, a word which has never been explained, and in its earlier English form of *rude* came still nearer to the Latin original. But *ruth* was the English word for sorrow and remorse, and *to rue* was to be sorry for anything, or to have pity ;¹ we still say a man will rue a particular action, *i.e.*, be sorry for it ; and so it was a natural thing to say that a plant which was so bitter, and had always borne the name *Rue* or *Ruth*, must be connected with repentance. It was, therefore, the Herb of Repentance, and this was soon transformed into the Herb of Grace (in 1838 Loudon said, "It is to this day called Ave Grace in Sussex"), repentance being the chief sign of grace ; and it is not unlikely that this idea was strengthened by the connection of Rue with the bitter herbs of the Bible, though it is only once mentioned, and then with no special remark,

¹ "Rewe on my child, that of thyn gentilnesse
 Rewest on every sinful in destresse."

CHAUCER, *The Man of Lawes Tale*.



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“It is a common received opinion that Rue will grow the better if it bee filched out of another man’s garden.”—*HOLLAND’S Pliny*, xix. 7.

As other medicines were introduced the Rue declined in favour, so that Parkinson spoke of it with qualified praise—“Without doubt it is a most wholesom herb, although bitter and strong. Some do rip up a bead-rowl of the virtues of Rue, . . . but beware of the too-frequent or over-much use therof.” And Dr. Daubeny says of it, “It is a powerful stimulant and narcotic, but not much used in modern practise.”

As a garden plant, the Rue forms a pretty shrub for a rock-work, if somewhat attended to, so as to prevent its becoming straggling and untidy. The delicate green and peculiar shape of the leaves give it a distinctive character, which forms a good contrast to other plants.

RUSH.

- (1) *Rosalind*. He taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of Rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.
As You Like It, act iii, sc. 2 (388).
- (2) *Phæbe*. Lean but on a Rush,
The cicatrice and capable impresseure
Thy palm some moment keeps.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 5 (22).
- (3) *Clown*. As fit as Tib’s Rush for Tom’s forefinger.
All’s Well that Ends Well, act ii, sc. 2 (24).
- (4) *Romeo*. Let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless Rushes with their heels.
Romeo and Juliet, act i, sc. 4 (35).
- (5) *Dromio of Syracuse*. Some devils ask but the parings of one’s nail,
A Rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A Nut, a Cherry-stone.
Comedy of Errors, act iv, sc. 3 (72).
- (6) *Bastard*. A Rush will be a beam
To hang thee on.
King John, act iv, sc. 3 (129).

- (7) *1st Groom.* More Rushes, more Rushes.
2nd Henry IV, act v, sc. 5 (1).
- (8) *Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns
 The Rush that lies before him.
Antony and Cleopatra, act iii, sc. 5 (17).
- (9) *Othello.* Man but a Rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires. *Othello*, act v, sc. 2 (270).
- (10) *Grumio.* Is supper ready, the house trimmed, Rushes
 strewed, cobwebs swept?
Taming of the Shrew, act iv, sc. 1 (47).
- (11) *Katherine.* Be it moon or sun, or what you please,
 And if you please to call it a Rush-candle,
 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 5 (13).
- (12) *Glendower.* She bids you on the wanton Rushes lay you
 down,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap.
1st Henry IV, act iii, sc. 1 (214).
- (13) *Marcus.* He that depends
 Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
 And hews down Oaks with Rushes.
Coriolanus, act i, sc. 1 (183).
- (14) *Iachimo.* Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the Rushes.
Cymbeline, act ii, sc. 2 (12).
- (15) *Senator.* Our gates
 Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
 Rushes !
 They'll open of themselves.
Coriolanus, act i, sc. 4 (16).
- (16) And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;
 He takes it from the Rushes where it lies.
Lucrece (316).
- (17) See REEDS, No. 7.
- (18) *Wooer.* Rings she made
 Of Rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
 The prettiest posies.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act iv, sc. 1 (109).

See also FLAG, REED, *and* BULRUSH.

Like the Reed, the Rush often stands for any water-loving,

grassy plant, and, like the Reed, it was the emblem of yielding weakness and of uselessness.¹ The three principal Rushes referred to by Shakespeare are the Common Rush (*Juncus communis*), the Bulrush (*Scirpus lacustris*), and the Sweet Rush (*Acorus calamus*).

The Common Rush, though the mark of badly cultivated ground, and the emblem of uselessness, was not without its uses, some of which are referred to in Nos. 1, 3, and 11. In Nos. 3 and 18 reference is made to the Rush-ring, a ring, no doubt, originally meant and used for the purposes of honest betrothal, but afterwards so vilely used for the purposes of mock marriages, that even as early as 1217 Richard Bishop of Salisbury had to issue his edict against the use of "annulum de junco."

The Rush betrothal ring is mentioned by Spenser—

"O thou great shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy grieve!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted Rush-ringes and gilt Rosemarie."

Shepherd's Calendar—November.

And by Quarles—

"Love-sick swains
Compose Rush-rings, and Myrtle-berry chains,
And stuck with glorious King-cups in their bonnets,
Adorned with Laurel slip, chant true love sonnets."

But the uses of the Rush were not all bad. Newton, in 1587, said of the Rush—"It is a round smooth shoote without joints or knots, having within it a white substance or pith, which being drawn forth showeth like long white, soft, gentle, and round thread, and serveth for many purposes. Heerewith be made manie pretie imagined devises for Bride-ales and other solemnities, as little baskets, hampers, frames, pitchers, dishes, combs, brushes, stooles, chaires, purses with strings, girdles, and manie such other

¹ "Around the islet at its lowest edge,
Lo, there beneath, where breaks th' encircling wave,
The yielding mud is thick with Rushes crowned.
No other flower with frond or leafy growth
Or hardened fibre there can life sustain,
For none bend safely to the watery shock."

DANTE, *Purgatorio*, canto i. (Johnston).



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For this purpose the Sweet-scented Rush was always used where it could be procured, and when first laid down it must have made a pleasant carpet; but it was a sadly dirty arrangement, and gives us a very poor idea of the cleanliness of even the best houses, though it probably was not the custom all through the year, as Newton says, speaking of Sedges, but evidently confusing the Sedge with the Sweet-scented Rush, "with the which many in this countrie do use in sommer time to straw their parlours and churches, as well for cooleness as for pleasant smell."¹ This Rush (*Acorus calamus*) is a British plant, with broad leaves, which have a strong cinnamon-like smell, which obtained for the plant the old Saxon name of Beewort. Another (so-called) Rush, the Flowering Rush (*Butomus umbellatus*), is one of the very handsomest of the British plants, bearing on a long straight stem a large umbel of very handsome pink flowers. Wherever there is a pond in a garden, these fine Rushes should have a place, though they may be grown in the open border where the ground is not too dry.

There is a story told by Sir John Mandeville in connection with Rushes which it not easy to understand. According to his account, our Saviour's crown of thorns was made of Rushes! "And zif alle it be so that men seyn that this Croune is of Thornes, zee shall undirstande that it was of Jonkes of the See, that is to sey, Russches of the See, that prykken als scharpely as Thornes. For I have seen and beholden many times that of Parys and that of Constantynoble, for thei were bothe on, made of Russches of the See. But men have departed hem in two parties, of the which on part is at Parys, and the other part is at Constantynoble—and I have on of the precyouse Thornes, that semethe licke a white Thorn, and that was zoven to me for great specyaltee. . . . The Jewes setten him in

¹ "In the South of Europe Juniper branches were used for this purpose, as they still are in Sweden."—*Flora Domestica*, p. 213.

"As I have seen upon a bridal day,
Full many maids clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride, come with their flaskets
Filled full of flowers, other in wicker-baskets
Bring from the Marsh Rushes, to overspread
The ground whereon to Church the lovers tread."

a chayere and clad him in a mantelle, and then made thei the Croune of Jonkes of the See.”—*Voiage and Travaile*, c. 2.

I have no certainty to what Rush the pleasant old traveller can here refer. I can only guess that as Rushes and Sedges were almost interchangeable names, he may have meant the Sea Holly, formerly called the Holly-sedge, of which there is a very appropriate account given in an old Saxon runelay thus translated by Cockayne: “Hollysedge hath its dwelling oftenest in a marsh, it waxeth in water, woundeth fearfully, burneth with blood (*i.e.*, draws blood and pains) every one of men who to it offers any handling.”¹

RYE.

- (1) *Iris*. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Vetches, Oats, and Pease.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (60).
- (2) *Iris*. You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry;
Make holiday; your Rye-straw hats put on.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 1 (135).
- (3) *Song*. Between the acres of the Rye
These pretty country folks would lye.
As You Like It, act v, sc. 3 (23).

The Rye of Shakespeare's time was identical with our own (*Secale cereale*). It is not a British plant, and its native country is not exactly known; but it seems probable that both the plant and the name came from the region of the Caucasus.

As a food-plant Rye was not in good repute in Shakespeare's time. Gerard said of it, “It is harder to digest

¹ I leave this as I first wrote it, but I have to thank Mr. Britten for the very probable suggestion that Sir John Mandeville was right. Not only does the *Juncus acutus* “prykken als scharpely as Thomes,” but “what is shown in Paris at the present day as the crown of Thorns is certainly, as Sir John says, made of rushes; the curious may consult M. Rohault de Fleury's sumptuous ‘Mémoire sur les Instruments de la Passion,’ for a full description of it.”

than Wheat, yet to rusticke bodies that can well digest it, it yields good nourishment." But "recent investigations by Professor Wanklyn and Mr. Cooper appear to give the first place to Rye as the most nutritious of all our cereals. Rye contains more gluten, and is pronounced by them one-third richer than Wheat. Rye, moreover, is capable of thriving in almost any soil."—*Gardener's Chronicle*, 1877.

SAFFRON.

- (1) *Ceres*. Who (*i.e.*, Iris), with thy Saffron wings upon my flowers,
Diffusest honeydrops, refreshing showers.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (78).
- (2) *Antipholus of Ephesus*.
Did this companion with the Saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day?
Comedy of Errors, act iv, sc. 4 (64).
- (3) *Clown*. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden pies.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 3 (48).
- (4) *Lafeu*. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous Saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour.
All's Well that Ends Well, act iv, sc. 5 (1).

Saffron (from its Arabic name, *al zahafaran*) was not, in Shakespeare's time, limited to the drug or to the Saffron-bearing Crocus (*C. sativus*), but it was the general name for all the Croci, and was even extended to the Colchicums, which were called Meadow Saffrons.¹ We have no Crocus really a native of Britain, but a few species (*C. vernus*, *C. nudiflorus*, *C. aureus*, and *C. biflorus*) have been so naturalized in certain parts as to be admitted, though very doubtfully, into the British flora; but the Saffron Crocus can in no way be considered a native, and the history of its introduction into England is very obscure. It is mentioned

¹ Fuller says of the crocodile—"He hath his name of χρροχό-δειλος, or the Saffron-fearer, knowing himself to be all poison, and it all antidote."—*Worthies of England*, i, 336, ed. 1811.



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this realme with venture of his life, for if he had bene taken, by the law of the countrey from whence it came, he had died for the fact.”—*English Voiages, &c.*, vol. ii. From this account it seems clear that even in Hakluyt’s time Saffron had been so long introduced that the history of its introduction was lost ; and I think it very probable that, as was suggested by Coles in his “Adam in Eden” (1657), we are indebted to the Romans for this, as for so many of our useful plants. But it is not a Roman or Italian plant. Spenser wrote of it as—

“Saffron sought for in Cilician soyle—”¹

and Browne—

“Saffron confected in Cilicia”—*Brit. Past.*, i, 2 ;

which information they derived from Pliny. It is supposed to be a native of Asia Minor, but so altered by long cultivation that it never produces seed either in England or in other parts of Europe.² This fact led M. Chappellier, of Paris, who has for many years studied the history of the plant, to the belief that it was a hybrid ; but finding that when fertilized with the pollen of a *Crocus* found wild in Greece, and known as *C. sativus* var. *Græcus* (*Orphanidis*), it produces seed abundantly, he concludes that it is a variety of that species, which it very much resembles, but altered and rendered sterile by cultivation. It is not now much cultivated in England, but we have abundant authority from Tusser, Gerard, Parkinson, Camden, and many other writers, that it was largely cultivated before and after Shakespeare’s time, and that the quality of the English Saffron

¹ “Cilician,” or “Corycean,” were the established classical epithets to use when speaking of the Saffron. Cowley quotes—

“Corycii pressura Croci”—LUCAN ;

“Ultima Corycio quæ cadit aura Croco”—MARTIAL ;

and adds the note—“Omnes Poetæ hoc quasi solenni quodam Epitheto utuntur. Corycus nomen urbis et montis in Cilicia, ubi laudatissimus *Crocus* nascebatur.”—*Plantarum*, lib. i, 49.

² “Saffron is . . . a native of Cashmere, . . . and the . . . Saffron *Crocus* and the Hemp plant have followed their (the Aryans) migrations together throughout the temperate zone of the globe.”—BIRDWOOD, *Handbook to the Indian Court*, p. 23.

was very superior.¹ The importance of the crop is shown by its giving its name to Saffron Walden in Essex,² and to Saffron Hill in London, which “was formerly a part of Ely Gardens” (of which we shall hear again when we come to speak of Strawberries), “and derives its name from the crops of Saffron which it bore.”—CUNNINGHAM. The plant has in the same way given its name to Zaffarano, a village in Sicily, near Mount Etna, and to Zafaranboly, “ville située près Inobole en Anatolic, au sud-est de l’ancienne Héraclée.”—CHAPPELLIER. The plant is largely cultivated in many parts of Europe, but the chief centres of cultivation are in the arrondissement of Pithiviers in France, and the province of Arragon in Spain; and the chief consumers are the Germans. It has also been largely cultivated in China for a great many years, and the bulbs now imported from China are found to be, in many points, superior to the European—“l’invasion Tartare aurait porté le Safran en Chine, et de leur côté les croisés l’auraient importé en Europe.”—CHAPPELLIER.

I need scarcely say that the parts of the plant that produce the Saffron are the sweet-scented stigmata, the “Crocei odores” of Virgil; but the use of Saffron has now so gone out of fashion, that it may be well to say something of its uses in the time of Shakespeare, as a medicine, a dye, and a confection. On all three points its virtues were so many that there is a complete literature on Crocus. I need not name all the books on the subject, but the title page of one (a duodecimo of nearly three hundred pages) may be quoted as an example: “Crocologia seu curiosa Croci Regis Vegetabilium enucleatio continens Illius etymologiam, differentias, tempus quo viret et floret, culturam, collectionem, usum mechanicum, Pharmaceuticum, Chémico-medicum, omnibus pene humani corporis partibus destinatum additis diversis observationibus et questionibus Crocum concernentibus ad normam et formam S. R. I. Academiæ Naturæ curiosorum congesta a Dan: Ferdinando Hertodt, Phys. et

¹ “Our English hony and Safron is better than any that commeth from any strange or foregn land.”—BULLEIN, *Government of Health*, 1588.

² The arms of the borough of Saffron Walden are “three Saffron flowers walled in.”

Med. Doc., &c., &c. Jenæ. 1671." After this we may content ourselves with Gerard's summary of its virtues: "The moderate use of it is good for the head, and maketh sences more quicke and lively, shaketh off heavy and drowsie sleep and maketh a man mery." For its use in confections this will suffice from the "Apparatus Plantarum" of Laurembergius, 1632: "In re familiari vix ullus est telluris habitatus angulus ubi non sit Croci quotodiana usurpatio, aspersi vel incocti cibis." And as to its uses as a dye, its penetrating powers were proverbial, of which Luther's Sermons will supply an instance: "As the Saffron bag that hath bene ful of Saffron, or hath had Saffron in it, doth ever after savour and smel of the swete Saffron that it contayneth; so our blessed Ladye which conceived and bare Christe in her wombe, dyd ever after resemble the maners and vertues of that precious babe which she bare" ("Fourth Sermon," 1548). One of the uses to which Saffron was applied in the Middle Ages was for the manufacture of the beautiful gold colour used in the illumination of missals, &c., where the actual gold was not used. This is the recipe from the work of Theophilus in the eleventh century: "If ye wish to decorate your work in some manner take tin pure and finely scraped; melt it and wash it like gold, and apply it with the same glue upon letters or other places which you wish to ornament with gold or silver; and when you have polished it with a tooth, take Saffron with which silk is colored, moistening it with clear of egg without water, and when it has stood a night, on the following day cover with a pencil the places which you wish to gild, the rest holding the place of silver" (Book i, c. 23, Hendrie's translation).

Though the chief fame of the Saffron Crocus is as a field plant, yet it is also a very handsome flower; but it is a most capricious one, which may account for the area of cultivation being so limited. In some places it entirely refuses to flower, as it does in my own garden, where I have cultivated it for many years but never saw a flower, while in a neighbour's garden, under apparently the very same conditions of soil and climate, it flowers every autumn. But if we cannot succeed with the Saffron Crocus, there are many other Croci which were known in the time of Shakespeare, and grown not "for any other use than in regard of



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the honey-gathering bees which hum around the chalices.”
—FORBES WATSON.

With this pretty picture I may well close the account of the Crocus, but not because the subject is exhausted, for it is very tempting to go much further, and to speak of the beauties of the many species, and of the endless forms and colours of the grand Dutch varieties; and whatever admiration may be expressed for the common yellow Dutch Crocus, the same I would also give to almost every member of this lovely and cheerful family.

SAMPHIRE.

Edgar.

Half-way down

Hangs one that gathers Samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

King Lear, act iv, sc. 6 (14).

Being found only on rocks, the Samphire was naturally associated with St. Peter, and so it was called in Italian *Herba di San Pietro*, in English *Sampire* and *Rock Sampire*¹—in other words, Samphire is simply a corruption of Saint Peter. The plant grows round all the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, wherever there are suitable rocks on which it can grow, and on all the coasts of Europe, except the northern coasts; and it is a plant very easily recognized, if not by its pale-green, fleshy leaves, yet certainly by its taste, or its “smell delightful and pleasant.” The leaves form the pickle, “the pleasantest sauce, most familiar, and best agreeing with man’s body,” but now much out of fashion. In Shakespeare’s time the gathering of Samphire was a regular trade, and Steevens quotes from Smith’s “*History of Waterford*” to show the danger attending the trade: “It is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathoms from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air.” In our own time the quantity required could be easily got without much danger, for it grows in places perfectly accessible in sufficient quantity for the present requirements, for in some parts it grows away from the cliffs, so that “the fields about Porth Gwylan, in Car.

¹ Dr. Prior.

narvonshire, are covered with it." It may even be grown in the garden, especially in gardens near the sea, and makes a pretty plant for rockwork.

There is a story connected with the Samphire which shows how botanical knowledge, like all other knowledge, may be of great service, even where least expected. Many years ago a ship was wrecked on the Sussex coast, and a small party were left on a rock not far from land. To their horror they found the sea rising higher and higher, and threatening before long to cover their place of refuge. Some of them proposed to try and swim for land, and would have done so, but just as they were preparing for it an officer saw a plant of Samphire growing on the rock, and told them they might stay and trust to that little plant that the sea would rise no further, for that the Samphire, though always growing within the spray of the sea, never grows where the sea could actually touch it. They believed him and were saved.

SAVORY.

Perdita.

Here's flowers for you ;
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjoram.

Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (103).

Savory might be supposed to get its name as being a plant of special savour, but the name comes from its Latin name *Satureia*, through the Italian *Savoreggia*. It is a native of the South of Europe, probably introduced into England by the Romans, for it is mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon recipes under the imported name of Savorie. It was a very favourite plant in the old herb gardens, and both kinds, the Winter and Summer Savory, were reckoned "among the farsing or farseting herbes, as they call them" (Parkinson), *i.e.*, herbs used for stuffing.¹ Both kinds are still grown in herb gardens, but are very little used.

¹ "His typet was ay farsud ful of knyfes
And pynnes, for to give fair wyves."

Canterbury Tale, Prologue.

"The farced title running before the King."

Henry V, act iv, sc. 1 (431).

The word still exists as "forced ;" *e.g.*, "a forced leg of mutton," "forced meat balls."

SEDGE.

- (1) *2nd Servant.* And Cytherea all in Sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her
breath,
Even as the waving Sedges play with wind.
Taming of the Shrew, Induction, sc. 2. (53).
- (2) *Iris.* You nymphs, called Naiads, of the winding
brooks,
With your Serged crowns and ever-harmless
looks. *Tempest*, act iv, sc. 1 (128).
- (3) *Julia.* The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth
rage ;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every Sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii, sc. 7 (25).
- (4) *Benedick.* Alas, poor hurt fowl ! now will he creep into
Sedges.
Much Ado About Nothing, act ii, sc. 1 (209).
- (5) *Hotspur.* The gentle Severn's Sedgy bank.
1st Henry IV, act i, sc. 3 (98).
- (6) See REEDS, No. 7.

Sedge is from the Anglo-Saxon *Secg*, and meant almost any waterside plant. Thus we read of the Moor *Secg*, and the Red *Secg*, and the Sea Holly (*Eryngium maritimum*) is called the Holly Sedge. And so it was doubtless used by Shakespeare. In our day Sedge is confined to the genus *Carex*, a family growing in almost all parts of the world, and containing about 1000 species, of which we have fifty-eight in Great Britain ; they are most graceful ornaments both of our brooks and ditches ; and some of them will make handsome garden plants. One very handsome species—perhaps the handsomest—is *C. pendula*, with long tassel-like flower-spikes hanging down in a very beautiful form, which is not uncommon as a wild plant, and can easily be grown



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called Speargrass, and stamp it and lay a little thereof upon the grief." The plant is not mentioned by Lyte, Gerard, Parkinson, or the other old herbalists, and so it is somewhat of a puzzle. Steevens quotes from an old play, "Victories of Henry the Fifth": "Every day I went into the field, I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose, and make my nose bleed;" but a straw was never called Speargrass. Asparagus was called Speerage, and the young shoots might have been used for the purpose, but I have never heard of such a use; *Ranunculus flammula* was called Spearwort, from its lanceolate leaves, and so (according to Cockayne) was *Carex acuta*, still called Spiesgrass in German. Mr. Beisly suggests the Yarrow or Millfoil; and we know from several authorities (Lyte, Hollybush, Gerard, Phillip, Cole, Skinner, and Lindley) that the Yarrow was called Nose-bleed; but there seems no reason to suppose that it was ever called Speargrass, or could have been called a Grass at all, though the term Grass was often used in the most general way. Dr. Prior suggests the Common Reed, which is probable. I have been rather inclined to suppose it to be one of the Horse-tails (*Equiseta*).¹ They are very sharp and spearlike, and their rough surfaces would soon draw blood; and as a decoction of Horse-tail was a remedy for stopping bleeding of the nose, I have thought it very probable that such a supposed virtue could only have arisen when remedies were sought for on the principle of "similia similibus curantur;" so that a plant, which in one form produced nose-bleeding, would, when otherwise administered, be the natural remedy. But I now think that all these suggested plants must give way in favour of the common Couch-grass (*Triticum repens*). In the eastern counties, this is still called Speargrass; and the sharp underground stolons might easily draw blood, when the nose is tickled with them. The old emigrants from the eastern counties took the name with them to America, but applied it to a *Poa* (Webster's "Dictionary," s.v. Speargrass).

¹ "Hippurus Anglice dicitur sharynge gyrs."—TURNER'S *Libellus*, 1538.

SQUASH, *see* PEAS.

STOVER.

Iris. Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with Stover, them to keep.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (62).

In this passage, Stover is probably the bent or dried Grass still remaining on the land, but it is the common word for hay or straw, or for "fodder and provision for all sorts of cattle; from *Estovers*, law term, which is so explained in the law dictionaries. Both are derived from *Estouvier* in the old French, defined by Roquefort—"Convenance, nécessité, provision de tout ce qui est nécessaire." —NARES. The word is of frequent occurrence in the writers of the time of Shakespeare. One quotation from Tusser will be sufficient—

"Keepe dry thy straw—

"If house-roome will serve thee, lay Stover up drie,
And everie sort by it selfe for to lie.
Or stack it for litter if roome be too poore,
And thatch out the residue, noieng thy door."
November's Husbandry.

STRAWBERRY.

(1) *Iago.* Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with Strawberries in your wife's hand? ¹
Othello, act iii, sc. 3 (434).

¹ "Mrs. Somerville made for me a delicate outline sketch of what is called Othello's house in Venice, and a beautifully coloured copy of his shield surmounted by the Doge's cap, and bearing three Mulberries for device—proving the truth of the assertion that the *Otelli del Moro* were a noble Venetian folk, who came originally from the Morea, whose device was the Mulberry, the growth of that country, and showing how curious a jumble Shakespeare has made both of name and device in calling him a *Moor*, and embroidering his arms on his handkerchief as *Strawberries*."—F. KEMBLE'S *Records*, vol. i. 145.

- (2) *Ely*. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality ;
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness.

Henry V, act i, sc. 1 (60).

- (3) *Gloster*. My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good Strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Where is my lord Protector? I have sent
For these Strawberries.

King Richard III, act iii, sc. 4 (32).

The Bishop of Ely's garden in Holborn must have been one of the chief gardens of England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, for this is the third time it has been brought under our notice. It was celebrated for its Roses (*see* ROSE); it was so celebrated for its Saffron Crocuses that part of it acquired the name which it still keeps, Saffron Hill; and now we hear of its "good Strawberries;" while the remembrance of "the ample garden," and of the handsome Lord Chancellor to whom it was given when taken from the bishopric, is still kept alive in its name of Hatton Garden. How very good our forefathers' Strawberries were, we have a strong proof in old Isaak Walton's happy words: "Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of Strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." I doubt whether, with our present experience of good Strawberries, we should join in this high praise of the Strawberries of Shakespeare's or Isaak Walton's day, for their varieties of Strawberry must have been very limited in comparison to ours. Their chief Strawberry was the Wild Strawberry brought straight from the woods, and no doubt much improved in time by cultivation. Yet we learn from Spenser and from Tusser that it was the custom to grow it just as it came from the woods.

Spenser says—

"One day as they all three together went
Into the wood to gather Strawberries."—*F. Q.*, vi. 34 ;



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can always smell the excellent cordial odour, and very delicious and refreshing it is. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the great old families of England were a distinct race, just as a cart-horse is one creature and very useful in its place, and Childers or Eclipse is another creature, though both are of the same species. So the old families have gifts and powers of a different and higher class to what the other orders have. My dear, remember that you try and smell the scent of dying Strawberry leaves in this next autumn, you have some of Ursula Hanbury's blood in you, and that gives you a chance.' 'But when October came I sniffed, and sniffed, and all to no purpose; and my lady, who had watched the little experiment rather anxiously, had to give me up as a hybrid'" ("Household Words," vol. xviii. On this I can only say in the words of an old writer, "A rare and notable thing, if it be true, for I never proved it, and never tried it; therefore, as it proves so, praise it.""¹ Spenser also mentions the scent, but not of the leaves or fruit, but of the flowers—

“Comming to kisse her lyps (such grace I found),
 Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres
 That dainty odours from them threw around :

 Her goodly bosome, lyke a Strawberry bed,

 Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell.”²
Sonnet lxiv.

There is a considerable interest connected with the name of the plant, and much popular error. It is supposed to be called Strawberry because the berries have straw laid under them, or from an old custom of selling the wild ones strung on straws.³ In Shakespeare's time straw was used for the protection of Strawberries, but not in the present fashion—

¹ “Quæ neque confirmare argumentis neque refellere in animo est; ex ingenio suo quisque demat vel addat fidem.”—TACITUS.

² The flowers of *Fragaria lucida* are slightly violet-scented, but I know of no Strawberry flower that can be said to “give most odorous smell.”

³ “The wood nymphs oftentimes would busied be,
 And pluck for him the blushing Strawberry,
 Making from them a bracelet on a bent,
 Which for a favour to this swain they sent.”

BROWNE'S *Brit. Past.*, i, 2.

“If frost doe continue, take this for a lawe,
The Strawberies look to be covered with strawe.
Laid ouerly trim upon crotchis and bows,
And after uncovered as weather allows.”

TUSSER, *December's Husbandry*.

But the name is much more ancient than either of these customs. Strawberry in different forms, as Strea-berige, Streaberie-wisan, Strew-berige, Strew-berian wisan, Streberilef, Strabery, Strebere-wise, is its name in the old English Vocabularies, while it appears first in its present form in a Pictorial Vocabulary of the fifteenth century, “Hoc ffragrum, A^{ce} a Strawberry.” What the word really means is pleasantly told by a writer in Seeman's “Journal of Botany,” 1869: “How well this name indicates the now prevailing practice of English gardeners laying straw under the berry in order to bring it to perfection, and prevent it from touching the earth, which without that precaution it naturally does, and to which it owes its German *Erdbeere*, making us almost forget that in this instance ‘straw’ has nothing to do with the practice alluded to, but is an obsolete past-participle of ‘to strew,’ in allusion to the habit of the plant.” This obsolete word is preserved in our English Bibles, “gathering where thou hast not strawed,” “he strawed it upon the water,” “straw me with apples;” and in Shakespeare—

The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed
With sweets.—*Venus and Adonis*.

From another point of view there is almost as great a mistake in the second half of the name, for in strict botanical language the fruit of the Strawberry is not a berry; it is not even “exactly a fruit, but is merely a fleshy receptacle bearing fruit, the true fruit being the ripe carpels, which are scattered over its surface in the form of minute grains looking like seeds, for which they are usually mistaken, the seed lying inside of the shell of the carpel.” It is exactly the contrary to the Raspberry, a fruit not named by Shakespeare, though common in his time under the name of Rasps. “When you gather the Raspberry you throw away the receptacle under the name of core, never suspecting that it is the very part you had just before been feasting upon in the Strawberry. In the one case, the receptacle robs the

carpels of all their juice in order to become gorged and bloated at their expense ; in the other case, the carpels act in the same selfish manner upon the receptacles.”—LINDLEY, *Ladies' Botany*.

Shakespeare's mention of the Strawberry and the Nettle (No. 2) deserves a passing note. It was the common opinion in his day that plants were affected by the neighbourhood of other plants to such an extent that they imbibed each other's virtues and faults. Thus sweet flowers were planted near fruit trees, with the idea of improving the flavour of the fruit, and evil-smelling trees, like the Elder, were carefully cleared away from fruit trees, lest they should be tainted. But the Strawberry was supposed to be an exception to the rule, and was supposed to thrive in the midst of “evil communications” without being corrupted. Preachers and emblem-writers naturally seized upon this: “In tilling our gardens we cannot but admire the fresh innocencé and purity of the Strawberry, because although it creeps along the ground, and is continually crushed by serpents, lizards, and other venomous reptiles, yet it does not imbibe the slightest impression of poison, or the smallest malignant quality, a true sign that it has no affinity with poison. And so it is with human virtues,” &c. “In conversation take everything peacefully, no matter what is said or done. In this manner you may remain innocent amidst the hissing of serpents, and, as a little Strawberry, you will not suffer contamination from slimy things creeping near you.”—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

I need only add that the Strawberry need not be confined to the kitchen garden, as there are some varieties which make very good carpet plants, such as the variegated Strawberry, which, however, is very capricious in its variegation ; the double Strawberry, which bears pretty white button-like flowers ; and the *Fragaria lucida* from California, which has very bright shining leaves, and was, when first introduced, supposed to be useful in crossing with other species ; but I have not heard that this has been successfully effected.



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- (10) *Gloucester*. Your grace attended to their Sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.
Richard III, act iii, sc. 1 (13).
- (11) *Polonis*. We are oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious actions we do Sugar o'er
The devil himself. *Hamlet*, act iii, sc. 1 (46).
- (12) *Brabantio*. These sentences, to Sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
Othello, act i, sc. 3 (216).
- (13) *Timon*. And never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The Sugar'd game before thee.
Timon of Athens, act iv, sc. 3 (257).
- (14) *Pucelle*. By fair persuasion mix'd with Sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy.
1st Henry VI, act iii, sc. 3 (18).
- (15) *K. Henry*. Hide not thy poison with such Sugar'd words.
2nd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2 (45).
- (16) *Prince Henry*.
One poor pennyworth of Sugar-candy, to make
thee long-winded.
1st Henry IV, act iii, sc. 3 (180).
- (17) Thy Sugar'd tongue to bitter Wormwood taste.
Lucrece (893).

As a pure vegetable product, though manufactured, Sugar cannot be passed over in an account of the plants of Shakespeare; but it will not be necessary to say much about it. Yet the history of the migrations of the Sugar-plant is sufficiently interesting to call for a short notice.

Its original home seems to have been in the East Indies, whence it was imported in very early times. It is probably the "sweet cane" of the Bible; and among classical writers it is named by Strabo, Lucan, Varro, Seneca, Dioscorides, and Pliny. The plant is said to have been introduced into Europe during the Crusades, and to have been cultivated in the Morea, Rhodes, Malta, Sicily, and Spain.¹ By the Spaniards

¹ "It is the juice of certain canes or reedes whiche growe most plentifully in the Ilandes of Madera, Sicilia, Cyprus, Rhodus and Candy. It is made by art in boyling of the Canes, much like as they make their white salt in the Witches in Cheshire."—COGHAN, *Haven of Health*, 1596, p. 110.

it was taken first to Madeira and the Cape de Verd Islands, and, very soon after the discovery of America, to the West Indies. There it soon grew rapidly, and increased enormously, and became a chief article of commerce, so that though we now almost look upon it as entirely a New World plant, it is in fact but a stranger there, that has found a most congenial home.

In 1468 the price of Sugar was sixpence a pound, equal to six shillings of our money,¹ but in Shakespeare's time it must have been very common,² or it could not so largely have worked its way into the common English language and proverbial expressions; and it must also have been very cheap, or it could not so entirely have superseded the use of honey, which in earlier times was the only sweetening material.

Shakespeare may have seen the living plant, for it was grown as a curiosity in his day, though Gerard could not succeed with it: "Myself did plant some shootes thereof in my garden, and some in Flanders did the like, but the coldness of our clymate made an end of myne, and I think the Flemmings will have the like profit of their labour." But he bears testimony to the large use of Sugar in his day; "of the juice of the reede is made the most pleasant and profitable sweet called Sugar, whereof is made infinite confecti-
ons, sirupes, and such like, as also preserving and conserving of sundrie fruits, herbes and flowers, as roses, violets, rosemary flowers and such like."

SWEET MARJORAM, *see* MARJORAM.

SYCAMORE.

(1) *Desdemona* (singing).

The poor soul sat sighing by a Sycamore tree.
Othello, act iv, sc. 3 (41).

¹ "Babee's Book," xxx.

² It is mentioned by Chaucer—

"Gyngerbred that was so fyn.
And licorys and eek comyn
With Sugre that is trye."—*Tale of Sir Thopas*.

- (2) *Benvolio.* Underneath the grove of Sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Romeo and Juliet, act i, sc. 1 (130).
- (3) *Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a Sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (89).

In its botanical relationship, the Sycamore is closely allied to the Maple, and was often called the Great Maple, and is still so called in Scotland. It is not indigenous in Great Britain, but it has long been naturalized among us, and has taken so kindly to our soil and climate that it is one of our commonest trees. It is one of the best of forest trees for resisting wind; it "scorns to be biassed in its mode of growth even by the prevailing wind, but shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weatherside to the storm, and may be broken, but never can be bended."—*Old Mortality*, c. i.

The history of the name is curious. The Sycomore, or Zicamine tree of the Bible and of Theophrastus and Dioscorides, is the Fig-mulberry, a large handsome tree indigenous in Africa and Syria, and largely planted, partly for the sake of its fruit, and especially for the delicious shade it gives. With this tree the early English writers were not acquainted, but they found the name in the Bible, and applied it to any shade-giving tree. Thus in Ælfric's Vocabulary in the tenth century it is given to the Aspen—"Sicomorus vel celsa æps." Chaucer gives the name to some hedge shrub, but he probably used it for any thick shrub, without any very special distinction—

"The hedge also that yedde in compas
And closed in all the greene herbere
With Sicamour was set and Eglateere,
Wrethen in fere so well and cunningly
That every branch and leafe grew by measure
Plaine as a bord, of an height by and by."

The Flower and the Leaf.

Our Sycamore would be very ill suited to make the sides and roof of an arbour, but before the time of Shakespeare it seems certain that the name was attached to our present tree, and it is so called by Gerard and Parkinson.



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(2) *Bottom*. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons ready in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on the top of a Thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag.

Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv, sc. 1 (10).

Thistle is the old English name for a large family of plants occurring chiefly in Europe and Asia, of which we have fourteen species in Great Britain, arranged under the botanical families of *Carlina*, *Carduus*, and *Onopordon*. It is the recognized symbol of untidiness and carelessness, being found not so much in barren ground as in good ground not properly cared for. So good a proof of a rich soil does the Thistle give, that a saying is attributed to a blind man who was choosing a piece of land—"Take me to a Thistle;" and Tusser says—

"Much wetnes, hog-rooting, and land out of hart
makes Thistles a number foorthwith to upstart.
If Thistles so growing proove lustie and long,
It signifieth land to be hartie and strong."

October's Husbandry (13).

If the Thistles were not so common, and if we could get rid of the associations they suggest, there are probably few of our wild plants that we should more admire: they are stately in their foliage and habit, and some of their flowers are rich in colour, and the Thistledown, which carries the seed far and wide, is very beautiful, and was once considered useful as a sign of rain, for "if the down flyeth off Coltsfoot, Dandelyon, or Thistles when there is no winde, it is a signe of rain."—COLES.

It had still another use in rustic divination—

"Upon the various earth's embroidered gown,
There is a weed upon whose head grows down,
Sow Thistle 'tis y'clept, whose downy wreath
If anyone can blow off at a breath
We deem her for a maid."—BROWNE'S *Brit. Past.*, i, 4.

But it is owing to these pretty Thistledowns that the plant becomes a most undesirable neighbour, for they carry the seed everywhere, and wherever it is carried, it soon vegetates, and a fine crop of Thistles very quickly follows. In

this way, if left to themselves, the Thistles will soon monopolize a large extent of country, to the extinction of other plants, as they have done in parts of the American prairies, and as they did in Australia, till a most stringent Act of Parliament was passed about twenty years ago, imposing heavy penalties upon all who neglected to destroy the Thistles on their land. For these reasons we cannot admit the Thistle into the garden, at least not our native Thistles; but there are some foreigners which may well be admitted. There are the handsome yellow Thistles of the South of Europe (*Scolymus*), which besides their beauty have a classical interest. "Hesiod elegantly describing the time of year, says,

ἤμος δε σκολυμος τ'ανθει,

when the *Scolymus* flowers, *i.e.*, in hot weather or summer ("Op. et dies," 582). This plant crowned with its golden flowers is abundant throughout Sicily."—HOGG'S *Classical Plants of Sicily*. There is the Fish-bone Thistle (*Chamæpeuce diacantha*) from Syria, a very handsome plant, and, like most of the Thistles, a biennial; but if allowed to flower and go to seed, it will produce plenty of seedlings for a succession of years. And there is a grand scarlet Thistle from Mexico, the *Erythrolena conspicua* ("Sweet," vol. ii. p. 134), which must be almost the handsomest of the family, and which was grown in England fifty years ago, but has been long lost. There are many others that may deserve a place as ornamental plants, but they find little favour, for "they are only Thistles."

Any notice of the Thistle would be imperfect without some mention of the Scotch Thistle. It is the one point in the history of the plant that protects it from contempt. We dare not despise a plant which is the honoured badge of our neighbours and relations, the Scotch; which is ennobled as the symbol of the Order of the Thistle, that claims to be the most ancient of all our Orders of high honour; and which defies you to insult it or despise it by its proud mottoes, "Nemo me impune læcessit," "Ce que Dieu garde, est bien gardé." What is the true Scotch Thistle even the Scotch antiquarians cannot decide, and in the uncertainty it is perhaps safest to say that no Thistle in particular can claim

the sole honour, but that it extends to every member of the family that can be found in Scotland.¹

Shakespeare has noticed the love of the bee for the Thistle, and it seems that it is for other purposes than honey gathering that he finds the Thistle useful. For "a beauty has the Thistle, when every delicate hair arrests a dew-drop on a showery April morning, and when the purple blossom of a roadside Thistle turns its face to Heaven and welcomes the wild bee, who lies close upon its flowerets on the approach of some storm cloud until its shadow be past away—For with unerring instinct the bee well knows that the darkness is but for a moment, and that the sun will shine out again ere long."—LADY WILKINSON.

THORNS.

- (1) *Ariel*. Tooth'd Briers, sharp Furzes, pricking Goss, and Thorns,
Which entered their frail skins.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (180).
- (2) *Quince*. One must come in with a bush of Thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes in to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (60).
- (3) *Puck*. For Briers and Thorns at their apparel snatch.
Ibid., act iii, sc. 2 (29).
- (4) *Prologue*. This man with lanthorn, dog, and bush of Thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine.
Ibid., act v, sc. 1 (136).
- (5) *Moonshine*. All that I have to say, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this Thorn-bush, my Thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog. *Ibid.* (261).
- (6) *Dumain*. But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy Thorn.
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv, sc. 3 (111).

¹ See an interesting and fanciful account of the fitness of the Thistle as the emblem of Scotland in Ruskin's "Proserpina," pp. 135-139.



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doubtful as to admitting them among his other plants, but as in some of the passages they stand for the Hawthorn tree and the Rose bush, I could not pass them by altogether. They might need no further comment beyond referring for further information about them to Hawthorn, Briar, Rose, and Bramble ; but in speaking of the Bramble I mentioned the curious legend which tells why the Bramble employs itself in collecting wool from every stray sheep, and there is another very curious instance in Blount's "Antient Tenures" of a connection between Thorns and wool. The original document is given in Latin, and is dated 39th Henry III. It may be thus translated: "Peter de Baldwyn holds in Combes, in the county of Surrey, by the service to go a wool gathering for our Lady the Queen among the White Thorns, and if he refuses to gather it he shall pay into the Treasury of our Lord the King xxs. per annum." I should almost suspect a false reading, as the editor is inclined to do, but that many other services, equally curious and improbable, may easily be found.

THYME.

- (1) *Oberon*. I know a bank where the wild Thyme blows.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (249).
- (2) *Iago*. We will plant Nettles or sow Lettuce, set Hyssop
 and weed up Thyme.
Othello, act i, sc. 3 (324). (*See* HYSSOP.)
 And sweet Time true.
Two Noble Kinsmen, Introd. song.

It is one of the most curious of the curiosities of English plant names that the Wild Thyme—a plant so common and so widely distributed, and that makes itself so easily known by its fine aromatic, pungent scent, that it is almost impossible to pass it by without notice—has yet no English name, and seems never to have had one. Thyme is the Anglicised form of the Greek and Latin *Thymum*, which name it probably got from its use for incense in sacrifices, while its other name of *serpyllum* pointed out its creeping habit. I do not know when the word Thyme was first

introduced into the English language, for it is another curious point connected with the name, that *thymum* does not occur in the old English vocabularies. We have in Ælfric's "Vocabulary," "Pollegia, hyl-wyrt," which may perhaps be the Thyme, though it is generally supposed to be the Pennyroyal; we have in a Vocabulary of thirteenth century, "Epitime, epithimum, fordboh," which also may be the Wild Thyme; we have in a Vocabulary of the fifteenth century, "Hoc sirpillum, A^{ce} petergrys;" and in a Pictorial Vocabulary of the same date, "Hoc cirpillum, A^{ce} a pellek" (which word is probably a misprint, for in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," c. 1440, it is "Peletyr, herbe, *scrpillum piretrum*), both of which are almost certainly the Wild Thyme; while in an Anglo-Saxon Vocabulary of the tenth or eleventh century we have "serpulum, crop-leac," *i.e.*, the Onion, which must certainly be a mistake of the compiler. So that not even in its Latin form does the name occur, except in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," where it is "Tyme, herbe, *Tima, Timum*—Tyme, floure, *Timus*;" and in the "Catholicon Anglicum," when it is "Tyme; *timum epitimum; flos ejus est.*" It is thus a puzzle how it can have got naturalized among us, for in Shakespeare's time it was completely naturalized.

I have already quoted Lord Bacon's account of it under BURNET, but I must quote it again here: "Those flowers which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three—that is Burnet, Wild Thyme, and Water mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread;" and again in his pleasant description of the heath or wild garden, which he would have in every "prince-like garden," and "framed as much as may be to a natural wildness," he says, "I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths) to be set some with Wild Thyme, some with Pinks, some with Germander." Yet the name may have been used sometimes as a general name for any wild, strong-scented plant. It can only be in this sense that Milton used it—

"Thee, shepherd! thee the woods and desert caves,
With Wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn."
Lycidas.

for certainly a desert cave is almost the last place in which we should look for the true Wild Thyme.

It is as a bee-plant especially that the Thyme has always been celebrated. Spenser speaks of it as “the bees-alluring Tyme,” and Ovid says of it, speaking of Chloris or Flora—

“Mella meum munus ; volucres ego mella daturos
Ad violam et cytisos, et Thyma cana voco.”

Fasti, v.

so that the Thyme became proverbial as the symbol of sweetness. It was the highest compliment that the shepherd could pay to his mistress—

“Nerine Galatea, Thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ.”

VIRGIL, *Ecl.* vii.

And it was because of its wild Thyme that Mount Hymettus became so celebrated for its honey—“Mella Thymi redolentia flore” (Ovid). “Thyme, for the time it lasteth, yeeldeth most and best honni, and therefore in old time was accounted chief (Thymus aptissimus ad mellificum—Pastus gratissimus apibus Thymum est—Plinii, ‘His. Nat.’)

‘Dum thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ.’

VIRGIL, *Georg.*

Hymettus in Greece and Hybla in Sicily were so famous for Bees and Honni, because there grew such store of Tyme ; propter hoc Siculum mel fert palmam, quod ibi Thymum bonum et frequens est.”—VARRO, *The Feminine Monarchie*, 1634.

The Wild Thyme can scarcely be considered a garden plant, except in its variegated and golden varieties, which are very handsome, but if it should ever come naturally in the turf, it should be welcomed and cherished for its sweet scent. The garden Thyme (*T. vulgaris*) must of course be in every herb garden ; and there are a few species which make good plants for the rockwork, such as *T. lanceolatus* from Greece, a very low-growing shrub, with narrow, pointed leaves ; *T. carnosus*, which makes a pretty little shrub, and others ; while the Corsican Thyme (*Mentha Requiemi*) is perhaps the lowest and closest-growing of all herbs, making a dark-green covering to the soil, and having a very strong scent, though more resembling Peppermint than Thyme.



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chief or gutte de Larmes. This is a wholesome root, and yieldeth great relief to the poor, and prospereth best in a hot sandy ground, and may signifie a person of good disposition, whose vertuous demeanour flourisheth most prosperously, even in that soil, where the searching heat of envy most aboundeth. This differeth much in nature from that whereof it is said, 'And that there should not be among you any root that bringeth forth gall and wormwood.'"—GWILLIM'S *Heraldry*, sec. iii. c. 11.

VETCHES.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas,
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Vetches, Oats, and Pease.
Tempest, act iv, sc. 1 (60).

The cultivated Vetch (*Vicia sativa*) is probably not a British plant, and it is not very certain to what country it rightly belongs; but it was very probably introduced into England by the Romans as an excellent and easily-grown fodder-plant. There are several Vetches that are true British plants, and they are among the most beautiful ornaments of our lanes and hedges. Two especially deserve to take a place in the garden for their beauty; but they require watching, or they will scramble into parts where their presence is not desirable; these are *V. cracca* and *V. sylvatica*. *V. cracca* has a very bright pure blue flower, and may be allowed to scramble over low bushes; *V. sylvatica* is a tall climber, and may be seen in copses and high hedges climbing to the tops of the Hazels and other tall bushes. It is one of the most graceful of our British plants, and perhaps quite the most graceful of our climbers; it bears an abundance of flowers, which are pure white streaked and spotted with pale blue; it is not a very common plant, but I have often seen it in Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, and wherever it is found it is generally in abundance.

The other name for the Vetch is Tares, which is, no doubt, an old English word that has never been satisfactorily explained. The word has an interest from its biblical

associations, though modern scholars decide that the *Zizania* is wrongly translated Tares, and that it is rather a bastard Wheat or Darnel.

VINES.

- (1) *Titania.* Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii, sc. 1 (169).
- (2) *Menenius.* The tartness of his face sours ripe Grapes.
Coriolanus, act v, sc. 4 (18).
- (3) *Song.* Come, thou monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our hairs be crown'd.
Antony and Cleopatra, act ii, sc. 7 (120).
- (4) *Cleopatra.* Now no more
The juice of Egypt's Grape shall moist this lip.
Ibid., act v, sc. 2 (284).
- (5) *Timon.* Dry up thy Marrows, Vines, and plough-torn leas.
Timon of Athens, act iv, sc. 3 (193).
- (6) *Timon.* Go, suck the subtle blood o' the Grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth.
Ibid. (432).
- (7) *Touchstone.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire
to eat a Grape, would open his lips when he
put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that
Grapes were made to eat and lips to open.
As You Like It, act v, sc. 1 (36).
- (8) *Iago.* Blessed Fig's end! the wine she drinks is made
of Grapes. *Othello*, act ii, sc. 1 (250).
- (9) *Lafeu.* O, will you eat no Grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble Grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them.
All's Well that Ends Well, act ii, sc. 1 (73).
- (10) *Lafeu.* There's one Grape yet.
Ibid., act ii, sc. 1 (105).
- (11) *Pompey.* 'Twas in "The Bunch of Grapes," where, in-
deed, you have a delight to sit.
Measure for Measure, act ii, sc. 1 (133).

- (12) *Constable.* Let us quit all
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous people.
Henry V, act iii, sc. 5 (3).
- (13) *Burgundy.* Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned, dies. . . .
Our Vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
Ibid., act v, sc. 2 (41, 54).
- (14) *Mortimer.* And pithless arms, like to a wither'd Vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.
1st Henry VI, act ii, sc. 5 (11).
- (15) *Cranmer.* In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own Vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
Henry VIII, act v, sc. 5 (34).
- (16) *Cranmer.* Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him.
Ibid. (48).
- (17) *Lear.* Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least ; to whose young love
The Vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd.
King Lear, act i, sc. 1 (84).
- (18) *Arviragus.* And let the stinking Elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing Vine !
Cymbeline, act iv, sc. 2 (59).
- (19) *Adriana.* Thou art an Elm, my husband, I a Vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
Comedy of Errors, act ii, sc. 2 (176).
- (20) *Gonzalo.* Bound of land, tilth, Vineyard, none.
Tempest, act ii, sc. 1 (152).
- (21) *Iris.* Thy pole-clipt Vineyard.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 1 (68).
- (22) *Ceres.* Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing.
Ibid. (112).
- (23) *Richmond.* The usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful
Vines. *Richard III*, act v, sc. 2 (7).



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at Wecet, with the Vine-dressers.”—TURNER’S *Anglo-Saxons*. “‘Domesday Book’ contained thirty-eight entries of valuable Vineyards; one in Essex consisted of six acres, and yielded twenty hogsheads of wine in a good year. There was another of the same extent at Ware.”—H. EVERSLED, in *Gardener’s Chronicle*. So in the Norman times, “Giraldus Cambrensis, speaking of the Castle of Manorbeer (his birthplace), near Pembroke, said that it had under its walls, besides a fish-pond, a beautiful garden, enclosed on one side by a Vineyard and on the other by a wood, remarkable for the projection of its rocks and the height of its Hazel trees. In the twelfth century Vineyards were not uncommon in England.”—WRIGHT. Neckam, writing in that century, refers to the usefulness of the Vine when trained against the wall-front: “Pampinus latitudine suâ excipit æris insultus, cum res ita desiderat, et fenestra clementiam caloris solaris admittat.”—HUDSON TURNER.

In the time of Shakespeare I suppose that most of the Vines in England were grown in Vineyards of more or less extent, trained to poles. These formed the “pole-clipt Vineyards” of No. 21, and are thus described by Gerard: “The Vine is held up with poles and frames of wood, and by that means it spreadeth all about and climbeth aloft; it joyneth itselfe unto trees, or whatsoever standeth next unto it”—in other words, the Vine was then chiefly grown as a standard in the open ground.

There are numberless notices in the records and chronicles of extensive vineyards in England, which it is needless to quote; but it is worth noticing that the memory of these Vineyards remains not only in the chronicles and in the treatises which teach of Vine-culture, but also in the names of streets, &c., which are occasionally met with. There is “Vineyard Holm,” in the Hampshire Downs, and many other places in Hampshire; the “Vineyard Hills,” at Godalming; the “Vines,” at Rochester and Sevenoaks; the “Vineyards,” at Bath and Ludlow; the “Vine Fields,” near the Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds;¹ the “Vineyard

¹ At Stonehouse “there are two arpens of Vineyard.”—*Domesday Book*, quoted by Rudder. Also “the Vineyard” was the residence of the Abbots of Gloucester. It was at St. Mary de Lode near Gloucester, and “the Vineyard and Park were given to the Bishopric of Gloucester at its foundation and again confirmed 6th Edward VI.”—RUDDER.

Walk" in Clerkenwell; and "near Basingstoke the 'Vine' or 'Vine House,' in a richly wooded spot, where, as is said, the Romans grew the first Vine in Britain, the memory of which now only survives in the Vine Hounds;"¹ and probably a closer search among the names of fields in other parts would bring to light many similar instances.²

Among the English Vineyards those of Gloucestershire stood pre-eminent. William of Malmesbury, writing of Gloucestershire in the twelfth century, says: "This county is planted thicker with Vineyards than any other in England, more plentiful in crops, and more pleasant in flavour. For the wines do not offend the mouth with sharpness, since they do not yield to the French in sweetness" ("De Gestis Pontif.," book iv.) Of these Vineyards the tradition still remains in the county. The Cotswold Hills are in many places curiously marked with a succession of steps or narrow terraces, called "litchets" or "lynches;" these are traditionally the sites of the old Vineyards, but the tradition cannot be fully depended on, and the formation of the terraces has been variously accounted for. By some they are supposed to be natural formations, but wherever I have seen them they appear to me too regular and artificial; nor, as far as I am aware, does the oolite, on which formation these terraces mostly occur, take the form of a succession of narrow terraces. It seems certain that the ground was artificially formed into these terraces with very little labour, and that they were utilized for some special cultivation, and as likely for Vines as for any other.³ It is also certain that as the Gloucestershire Vineyards were among the most ancient and the best in England, so they held their ground till within a very recent period. I cannot find the exact date, but some time during the last century there is "satisfactory testimony of the full success of a plantation in Cromhall Park, from which ten hogsheads of wine were made in the year. The Vine plantation was discontinued or destroyed in consequence of a dispute with the Rector on a claim of the tythes."—

¹ "Edinburgh Review," April, 1860.

² See Preface to "Palladius on Husbandrie," p. viii. (Early English Text Society), for a further account of old English Vineyards.

³ For a very interesting account of the formation of lynches, and their connection with the ancient communal cultivation of the soil see Seebohm's "English Village Community," p. 5.

RUDGE'S *History of Gloucestershire*. This, however, is not quite the latest notice I have met with, for Phillips, writing in 1820, says: "There are several flourishing Vineyards at this time in Somersetshire; the late Sir William Basset, in that county, annually made some hogsheads of wine, which was palatable and well-bodied. The idea that we cannot make good wine from our own Grapes is erroneous; I have tasted it quite equal to the Grave wines, and in some instances, when kept for eight or ten years, it has been drunk as hock by the nicest judges."—*Pomarium Britannicum*. It would have been more satisfactory if Mr. Phillips had told us the exact locality of any of these "flourishing Vineyards," for I can nowhere else find any account of them, except that in a map of five miles round Bath in 1801 a Vineyard is marked at Claverton, formerly in the possession of the Bassets, and the Vines are distinctly shown.¹ At present the experiment is again being tried by the Marquis of Bute, at Castle Coch, near Cardiff, to establish a Vineyard, not to produce fruit for the market, but to produce wine; and as both soil and climate seem very suitable, there can be little doubt that wine will be produced of a very fair character. Whether it will be a commercial success is more doubtful, but probably that is not of much consequence.

I have dwelt at some length on the subject of the English Vineyards, because the cultivation of the Vine in Vineyards, like the cultivation of the Saffron, is a curious instance of an industry foreign to the soil introduced, and apparently for many years successful,² and then entirely, or almost, given up. The reasons for the cessation of the English Vineyards are not far to seek. Some have attributed it to a change in the seasons, and have supposed that our summers were formerly hotter than they are now, bringing as a proof the Vineyards and English-made wine of other days. This was Parkinson's idea. "Our yeares in these times do not fall

¹ On this Vineyard Mr. Skrine, the present owner of Claverton, has kindly informed me that it was sold in 1701 by Mr. Richard Holder for £21,367, of which £28 was for "four hogsheads of wine of the Vineyards of Claverton."

² Andrew Boorde was evidently a lover of good wine, and his account is: "This I do say that all the kingdoms of the world have not so many sundry kindes of wine as we in England, and yet *there is nothing to make of.*"—*Breviary of Health*, 1598.



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There is no need to say anything of the modern culture of the Vine, or its many excellent varieties. Even in Virgil's time the varieties cultivated were so many that he said—

“Sed neque quam multæ species, nec nomina quæ sint
Est numerus ; neque enim numero comprehendere refert ;
Quem qui scire velit, Lybici velit æquoris idem
Discere quam multæ Zephyro turbentur arenæ ;
Aut ubi navigiis violentior incidit Eurus
Nosse quot Ionil veniant ad littora fluctus.”

Georgica, ii, 103.

And now the number must far exceed those of Virgil's time. “The cultivated varieties are extremely numerous ; Count Odart says that he will not deny that there may exist throughout the world 700 or 800, perhaps even 1,000 varieties ; but not a third of these have any value.”—DARWIN. These are the Grapes that are grown in our hothouses ; some also of a fine quality are produced in favourable years out-of-doors. There are also a few which are grown as ornamental shrubs. The Parsley-leaved Vine (*Vitis laciniosa*) is one that has been grown in England, certainly since the time of Shakespeare, for its pretty foliage, its fruit being small and few ; but it makes a pretty covering to a wall or trellis. The small Variegated Vine (*Vitis* or *Cissus heterophyllus variegatus*) is another very pretty Vine, forming a small bush that may be either trained to a wall or grown as a low rockwork bush ; it bears a few Grapes of no value, and is perfectly hardy. Besides these there are several North American species, which have handsome foliage, and are very hardy, of which the *Vitis riparia* or Vigne des Battures is a desirable tree, as “the flowers have an exquisitely fine smell, somewhat resembling that of Mignonnette.”—DON. I mention this particularly, because in all the old authors great stress is laid on the sweetness of the Vine in all its parts, a point of excellence in it which is now generally overlooked. Lord Bacon reckons “Vine flowers” among the “things of beauty in season” in May and June, and reckons among the most sweet-scented flowers, next to Musk Roses and Strawberry leaves dying, “the flower of the Vines ; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which

grows among the cluster in the first coming forth." And Chaucer says: "Scorners faren like the foul toode, that may noughte endure the soote smel of the Vine roote when it flourisheth."—*The Persones Tale*.

Nor must we dismiss the Vine without a few words respecting its sacred associations, for it is very much owing to these associations that it has been so endeared to our forefathers and ourselves. Having its native home in the East, it enters largely into the history and imagery of the Bible. There is no plant so often mentioned in the Bible, and always with honour, till the honour culminates in the great similitude, in which our Lord chose the Vine as the one only plant to which He condescended to compare Himself—"I am the true Vine!" No wonder that a plant so honoured should ever have been the symbol of joy and plenty, of national peace and domestic happiness.

VIOLETS.

- (1) *Queen*. The Violets, Cowslips, and the Primroses,
Bear to my closet. *Cymbeline*, act i, sc. 5 (83).
- (2) *Angelo*. It is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.
Measure for Measure, act ii, sc. 2 (165).
- (3) *Oberon*. Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (250).
- (4) *Salisbury*. To gild refined gold, to paint the Lily,
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
King John, act iv, sc. 2 (11).
- (5) *K. Henry*. I think the king is but a man, as I am; the
Violet smells to him as it doth to me.
Henry V, act iv, sc. 1 (105).

- (6) *Laertes.* A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent ; sweet, not lasting.
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;
No more. *Hamlet*, act i, sc. 3 (7).
- (7) *Ophelia.* I would give you some Violets, but they withered
all when my father died.
Ibid., act iv, sc. 5 (184).
- (8) *Laertes.* Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May Violets spring ! *Ibid.*, act v, sc. 1 (261).
- (9) *Belarius.* They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head.
Cymbeline, act iv, sc. 2 (171).
- (10) *Duke.* That strain again ! It had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving odour !
Twelfth Night, act i, sc. 1 (4).
- (11) *Song of Spring.*
When Daisies pied, and Violets blue, &c.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (904). (See CUCKOO-BUDS.)
- (12) *Perdita.* Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (120).
- (13) *Duchess.* Welcome, my son ; Who are the Violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?
Richard II, act v, sc. 2 (46).
- (14) *Marina.* The yellows, blues,
The purple Violets and Marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave
While summer-days do last.
Pericles, act iv, sc. 1 (16).
- (15) These blue-veined Violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.
Venus and Adonis (125).
- (16) Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the Rose, smell to the Violet.
Ibid. (936).
- (17) When I behold the Violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white,



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which again is the Latin form of the Greek *ἰοῦ*. In the old Vocabularies *Viola* frequently occurs, and with the following various translations:—“*Ban-wyrt*,” *i.e.*, Bone-wort (eleventh century Vocabulary); “*Clæfre*,” *i.e.*, Clover (eleventh century Vocabulary); “*Violé, Appel-leaf*” (thirteenth century Vocabulary);¹ “*Wyolet*” (fourteenth century Vocabulary); “*Vyolytte*” (fifteenth century *Nominale*); “*Violetta, A^{ce}, a Violet*” (fifteenth century Pictorial Vocabulary); and “*Viola Cleafre, Ban-vyrt*” (Durham Glossary). It is also mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Herbarium of Apuleius in the tenth century as “the Herb *Viola purpurea*; (1) for new wounds and eke for old; (2) for hardness of the maw” (Cockayne’s translation). In this last example it is most probable that our sweet-scented Violet is the plant meant, but in some of the other cases it is quite certain that some other plant is meant, and perhaps in all. For Violet was a name given very loosely to many plants, so that Laurembergius says: “*Vox Violæ distinctissimis floribus communis est. Videntur mihi antiqui suaveolentes quosque flores generatim Violas appellasse, cujuscunque etiam forent generis quasi vi oleant.*” —*Apparat. Plant.*, 1632. This confusion seems to have arisen in a very simple way. Theophrastus described the *Leucojum*, which was either the Snowdrop or the spring Snowflake, as the earliest-flowering plant; Pliny literally translated *Leucojum* into *Alba Viola*. All the earlier writers on natural history were in the habit of taking Pliny for their guide, and so they translated his *Viola* by any early-flowering plant that most took their fancy. Even as late as 1693, Samuel Gilbert, in “*The Florists’ Vade Mecum*,” under the head of Violets, only describes “the lesser early bulbous Violet, a common flower yet not to be wasted, because when none other appears that does, though in the snow, whence called Snowflower or Snowdrop;” and I think that even later instances may be found.

When I say that there is no genuine English name for the Violet, I ought, perhaps, to mention that one name has been attributed to it, but I do not think that it is more than a clever guess. “The commentators on Shakespeare have

¹ *Appel-leaf* is given as the English name for *Viola* in two other MS. Glossaries quoted by Cockayne, vol. iii. p. 312.

been much puzzled by the epithet 'happy lowly down,' applied to the man of humble station in "Henry IV.," and have proposed to read 'lowly clown,' or to divide the phrase into 'low lie down,' but the following lines from Browne clearly prove 'lowly down' to be the correct term, for he uses it in precisely the same sense—

'The humble Violet that lowly down
Salutes the gay nymphs as they trimly pass.'
Poet's Pleasance."

This may prove that Browne called the Violet a Lowly-down, but it certainly does not prove that name to have been a common name for the Violet. It was, however, the character of lowliness combined with sweetness that gave the charm to the Violet in the eyes of the emblem writers: it was for them the readiest symbol of the meekness of humility. "Humilitas dat gratiam" is the motto that Camerarius places over a clump of Violets. "A true widow is, in the church, as a little March Violet shedding around an exquisite perfume by the fragrance of her devotion, and always hidden under the ample leaves of her lowliness, and by her subdued colouring showing the spirit of her mortification, she seeks untrodden and solitary places," &c.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. And the poets could nowhere find a fitter similitude for a modest maiden than

"A Violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye."

Violets, like Primroses, must always have had their joyful associations as coming to tell that the winter is passing away and brighter days are near, for they are among

"The first to rise
And smile beneath spring's wakening skies,
The courier of a band
Of coming flowers."

Yet it is curious to note how, like Primroses, they have been ever associated with death, especially with the death of the young. I suppose these ideas must have arisen from a sort of pity for flowers that were only allowed to see the opening year, and were cut off before the full beauty of

summer had come. This was prettily expressed by H. Vaughan, the Silurist :

“ So violets, so doth the primrose fall
At once the spring's pride and its funeral,
Such early sweets get off in their still prime,
And stay not here to wear the foil of time ;
While coarser flowers, which none would miss, if past,
To scorching summers and cold winters last.”

Daphnis, 1678.

'It was from this association that they were looked on as apt emblems of those who enjoyed the bright springtide of life and no more. This feeling was constantly expressed, and from very ancient times. We find it in some pretty lines by Prudentius—

“ Nos tecta fovebimus ossa
Violis et fronde frequente,
Titulumque et frigida saxa
Liquido spargemus odore.”

Shakespeare expresses the same feeling in the collection of “purple Violets and Marigolds” which Marina carries to hang “as a carpet on the grave” (No. 14), and again in Laertes' wish that Violets may spring from the grave of Ophelia (No. 8), on which Steevens very aptly quotes from Persius Satires—

“ e tumulo fortunataque favillâ
Nascentur Violæ.”

In the same spirit Milton, gathering for the grave of Lycidas—

“ Every flower that sad embroidery wears,”

gathers among others “the glowing Violet;” and the same thought is repeated by many other writers.

There is a remarkable botanical curiosity in the structure of the Violet which is worth notice : it produces flowers both in spring and autumn, but the flowers are very different. In spring they are fully formed and sweet-scented, but they are mostly barren and produce no seed, while in autumn they are



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the old gardener I might well close my account of this favourite flower, but I must add George Herbert's lines penned in the same spirit—

“Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures ;
I follow straight without complaint or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.” *Poems on Life.*

WALNUT.

- (1) *Petruchio*. Why, 'tis a cockle or a Walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Taming of the Shrew, act iv, sc. 3 (66).
- (2) *Ford*. Let them say of me, “As jealous as Ford that
searched a hollow Walnut for his wife's leman.”
Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv, sc. 2 (170).

The Walnut is a native of Persia and China, and its foreign origin is told in all its names. The Greeks called it Persicon, *i.e.*, the Persian tree, and Basilikon, *i.e.*, the Royal tree ; the Latins gave it a still higher rank, naming it Juglans, *i.e.*, Jove's Nut. “Hæc glans, optima et maxima, ab Jove et glande juglans appellata est.”—VARRO. The English names tell the same story. It was first simply called Nut, as the Nut *par excellence*. “*Juglantis vel nux, knutu.*”—ÆLFRIC'S *Vocabulary*. But in the fourteenth century it had obtained the name of “Ban-nut,” from its hardness. So it is named in a metrical Vocabulary of the fourteenth century—

Pomus	Pirus	Corulus nux	Avelanaque	Ficus
Appul-tre	Peere-tre	Hasyl Note	Bannenote-tre	Fygge ;

and this name it still holds in the West of England. But at the same time it had also acquired the name of Walnut. “*Hec avelana, A^{ce} Walnot-tree*” (Vocabulary fourteenth century). “*Hec avelana, a Walnutte and the Nutte*” (Nominale fifteenth century). This name is commonly supposed to have reference to the hard shell, but it only

means that the nut is of foreign origin. "Wal" is another form of Walshe or Welch, and so Lyte says that the tree is called "in English the Walnut and Walshe Nut tree." "The word Welsh (*wilisc, woelisc*) meant simply a foreigner, one who was not of Teutonic race, and was (by the Saxons) applied especially to nations using the Latin language. In the Middle Ages the French language, and in fact all those derived from Latin, and called on that account *linguæ Romanæ*, were called in German *Welsch*. France was called by the mediæval German writers *daz Welsche lant*, and when they wished to express 'in the whole world,' they said, *in allen Welschen und in Tiutschen richen*, 'in all Welsh and Teutonic kingdoms.' In modern German the name *Wälsch* is used more especially for Italian."—WRIGHT'S *Celt, Roman, and Saxon*.¹ This will at once explain that Walnut simply means the foreign or non-English Nut.

It must have been a well-established and common tree in Shakespeare's time, for all the writers of his day speak of it as a high and large tree, and I should think it very likely that Walnut trees were even more extensively planted in his day than in our own. There are many noble specimens to be seen in different parts of England, especially in the chalk districts, for "it delights," says Evelyn, "in a dry, sound, rich land, especially if it incline to a feeding chalk or marl; and where it may be protected from the cold (though it affects cold rather than extreme heat), as in great pits, valleys, and highway sides; also in stony ground, if loamy, and on hills, especially chalky; likewise in cornfields." The grand specimens that may be seen in the sheltered villages lying under the chalk downs of Wiltshire and Berkshire bear witness to the truth of Evelyn's remarks. But the finest English specimens can bear no comparison with the size of the Walnut trees in warmer countries, and especially where they are indigenous. There they "sometimes attain prodigious size and great age. An Italian architect mentions having seen at St. Nicholas, in Lorraine, a single plank of the wood of the Walnut, 25ft. wide, upon which the Emperor Frederick III. had given a sumptuous banquet. In the Baidar Valley, near Balaclava, in the Crimea, stands a Walnut tree at least 1000 years old. It yields annually from

¹ See Earle's "Philology of the English Tongue," p. 23.

80,000 to 100,000 Nuts, and belongs to five Tartar families, who share its produce equally.”—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

The economic uses of the Walnut are now chiefly confined to the timber, which is highly prized both for furniture and gun-stocks, and to the production of oil, which is not much used in Europe, but is highly valued in the East. “It dries much more slowly than any other distilled oil, and hence its great value, as it allows the artist as much time as he requires in order to blend his colours and finish his work. In conjunction with amber varnish it forms a vehicle which leaves nothing to be desired, and which doubtless was the vehicle of Van Eyck, and in many instances of the Venetian masters, and of Correggio.”—*Arts of the Middle Ages*, preface. In mediæval times a high medicinal value was attached to the fruit, for the celebrated antidote against poison which was so firmly believed in, and which was attributed to Mithridates, King of Pontus, was chiefly composed of Walnuts. “Two Nuttes (he is speaking of Walnuts) and two Figges, and twenty Rewe leaves, stamped together with a little salt, and eaten fasting, doth defende a man from poison and pestilence that day.”—BULLEIN, *Governmente of Health*, 1558.

The Walnut holds an honoured place in heraldry. Two large Walnut trees overshadow the tomb of the poet Waller in Beaconsfield churchyard, and “these are connected with a curious piece of family history. The tree was chosen as the Waller crest after Agincourt, where the head of the family took the Duke of Orleans prisoner, and took afterwards as his crest the arms of Orleans hanging by a label in a Walnut tree with this motto for the device: *Hæc fructus virtutis*.”—*Gardener's Chronicle*, Aug., 1878.

Walnuts are still very popular, but not as poison antidotes; their popularity now rests on their use as pickles, their excellence as autumn and winter dessert fruits, and with pseudo-gipsies for the rich olive hue that the juice will give to the skin. These uses, together with the beauty in the landscape that is given by an old Walnut tree, will always secure for it a place among English trees; yet there can be little doubt that the Walnut is a bad neighbour to other crops, and for that reason its numbers in England have been much diminished. Phillips said there was a decided antipathy between Apples and Walnuts, and spoke of the Apple tree as—



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found in graves, and strange stories have been told of the plants that have been raised from these old seeds; but a more scientific inquiry has proved that there have been mistakes or deceits, more or less intentional, for "Wheat is said to keep for seven years at the longest. The statements as to mummy Wheat are wholly devoid of authenticity, as are those of the Raspberry seeds taken from a Roman tomb."—HOOKER, "Botany" in *Science Primers*. The oft-repeated stories about the vitality of mummy Wheat were effectually disposed of when it was discovered that much of the so-called Wheat was South American Maize.

WILLOW.

- (1) *Viola*. Make me a Willow cabin at your gate.
Twelfth Night, act i, sc. 5 (287).
- (2) *Benedick*. Come, will you go with me?
Claudio. Whither?
Benedick. Even to the next Willow, about your own business.
Much Ado About Nothing, act ii, sc. 1 (192).
- Benedick*. I offered him my company to a Willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped. *Ibid.* (223).
- (3) *Nathaniel*. These thoughts to me were Oaks, to thee like Osiers bow'd.
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv, sc. 2 (112).
- (4) *Lorenzo*. In such a night
Stood Dido, with a Willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks.
Merchant of Venice, act v, sc. 1 (9).
- (5) *Bona*. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the Willow garland for his sake.
3rd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 3 (227).
- Post*. [The same words repeated.]
Ibid., act iv, sc. 1 (99).
- (6) *Queen*. There is a Willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke.
Hamlet, act iv, sc. 7 (167).

- (7) *Desdemona* (singing)—
 The poor soul sat sighing by a Sycamore tree.
 Sing all a green Willow ;
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
 Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.
 The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;
 Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.
 Her salt tears fell from her and soften'd the stones,
 Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.
 Sing all a green Willow must be my garland.
Othello, act iv, sc. 3 (41).
- (8) *Emilia*. I will play the swan,
 And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, Willow, Willow.
Ibid., act v, sc. 2 (247).
- (9) *Woer*. Then she sang
 Nothing but Willow, Willow, Willow.
Two Noble Kinsmen, act iv, sc. 1 (100).
- (10) *Friar*. I must up-fill this Willow cage of ours
 With baleful Weeds and precious juiced Flowers.
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 3 (7).
- (11) *Celia*. West of this place, down in the neighbour
 bottom ;
 The rank of Osiers by the murmuring stream
 Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
As You Like It, act iv, sc. 3 (79).
- (12) When Cytherea all in love forlorn
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made
 Under an Osier growing by a brook.
Passionate Pilgrim vi.
- (13) Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
 prove ;
 Those thoughts, to me like Oaks, to thee like
 Osiers bow'd. *Ibid.* v.

See also PALM TREE, No. 1, p. 192.

Willow is an old English word, but the more common and perhaps the older name for the Willow is *Withy*, a name which is still in constant use, but more generally applied to the twigs when cut for basket-making than to the living tree. "Withe" is found in the oldest vocabularies, but we do not find "Willow" till we come to the vocabularies of the fifteenth century, when it occurs as "Hæc Salex, A^e Wyllo-tre ;" "Hæc Salix-icis, a Welogh ;" "Salix, Welig."



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The ballad is entitled "The Complaint of a Lover Forsaken of His Love—To a Pleasant New Tune," and is printed in the "Roxburghe Ballads." This curious connection of the Willow with forsaken or disappointed lovers stood its ground for a long time. Spenser spoke of the "Willow worne of forlorne paramoures." Drayton says that—

"In love the sad forsaken wight
The Willow garland weareth"—

Muse's Elysium.

and though we have long given up the custom of wearing garlands of any sort, yet many of us can recollect one of the most popular street songs, that was heard everywhere, and at last passed into a proverb, and which began—

"All round my hat I veers a green Willow
In token," &c.

It has been suggested by many that this melancholy association with the Willow arose from its Biblical associations; and this may be so, though all the references to the Willow that occur in the Bible are, with one notable exception, connected with joyfulness and fertility. The one exception is the plaintive wail in the 137th Psalm—

"By the streams of Babel, there we sat down,
And we wept when we remembered Zion.
On the Willows among the rivers we hung our harps."

And this one record has been sufficient to alter the emblematic character of the Willow—"this one incident has made the Willow an emblem of the deepest of sorrows, namely, sorrow for sin found out, and visited with its due punishment. From that time the Willow appears never again to have been associated with feelings of gladness. Even among heathen nations, for what reason we know not, it was a tree of evil omen, and was employed to make the torches carried at funerals. Our own poets made the Willow the symbol of despairing woe."—JOHNS. This is the more remarkable because the tree referred to in the Psalms, the Weeping Willow (*Salix Babylonica*), which by its habit of growth is to us so suggestive of crushing sorrow, was quite unknown in Europe till a very recent period. "It

grows abundantly on the banks of the Euphrates, and other parts of Asia, as in Palestine, and also in North Africa ;” but it is said to have been introduced into England during the last century, and then in a curious way. “Many years ago, the well-known poet, Alexander Pope, who resided at Twickenham, received a basket of Figs as a present from Turkey. The basket was made of the supple branches of the Weeping Willow, the very same species under which the captive Jews sat when they wept by the waters of Babylon. The poet valued highly the small and tender twigs associated with so much that was interesting, and he untwisted the basket, and planted one of the branches in the ground. It had some tiny buds upon it, and he hoped he might be able to rear it, as none of this species of Willow was known in England. Happily the Willow is very quick to take root and grow. The little branch soon became a tree, and drooped gracefully over the river, in the same manner that its race had done over the waters of Babylon. From that one branch all the Weeping Willows in England are descended.”—KIRBY’S *Trees*.¹

There is probably no tree that contributes so largely to the conveniences of English life as the Willow. Putting aside its uses in the manufacture of gunpowder and cricket bats, we may safely say that the most scantily-furnished house can boast of some article of Willow manufacture in the shape of baskets. British basket-making is, as far as we know, the oldest national manufacture ; it is the manufacture in connection with which we have the earliest record of the value placed on British work. British baskets were exported to Rome, and it would almost seem as if baskets were unknown in Rome until they were introduced from Britain, for with the article of import came the name also, and the British “basket” became the Latin “*bascauda*.” We have curious evidence of the high value attached to these baskets. Juvenal describes Catullus in fear of shipwreck throwing overboard his most precious treasures : “*precipitare volens etiam pulcherrima*,” and among these “*pulcherrima*” he mentions “*bascaudas*.” Martial bears a still higher testimony to the

¹ This is the traditional history of the introduction of the Weeping Willow into England, but it is very doubtful.

value set on "British baskets," reckoning them among the many rich gifts distributed at the Saturnalia—

"Barbara de pictis veni bascauda Britannis
Sed me jam vult dicere Roma suam."—Book xiv, 99.

Many of the Willows make handsome shrubs for the garden, for besides those that grow into large trees, there are many that are low shrubs, and some so low as to be fairly called carpet plants. *Salix Reginæ* is one of the most silvery shrubs we have, with very narrow leaves; *S. lanata* is almost as silvery, but with larger and woolly leaves, and makes a very pretty object when grown on rockwork near water; *S. rosmarinifolia* is another desirable shrub; and among the lower-growing species, the following will grow well on rockwork, and completely clothe the surface: *S. alpina*, *S. Grahami*, *S. retusa*, *S. serpyllifolia*, and *S. reticulata*. They are all easily cultivated and are quite hardy.

WOODBINE, *see* HONEYSUCKLE.

WORMWOOD.

- (1) *Rosaline*. To weed this Wormwood from your fruitful brain.
Love's Labour's Lost, act v, sc. 2 (857).
- (2) *Nurse*. For I had then laid Wormwood to my dug.
When it did taste the Wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool.
Romeo and Juliet, act i, sc. 3 (26).
- (3) *Hamlet* (aside). Wormwood, Wormwood.
Hamlet, act iii, sc. 2 (191).
- (4) Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter Wormwood taste.
Lucrece (890).

See also DIAN'S BUD.



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What saver is better (if physick be true),
 For places infected than Wormwood and Rue?
 It is as a comfort for hart and the braine,
 And therefore to have it, it is not in vaine."

July's Husbandry.

This quality was the origin of the names of Mugwort¹ and Wormwood. Its other name (in the Stockholm MS. referred to), Avoyne or Averoyne is a corruption of the specific name of one of the species, *A. Abrotanum*. Southernwood is the southern Wormwood, *i.e.*, the foreign, as distinguished from the native plant. The modern name for the same species is Boy's Love, or Old Man. The last name may have come from its hoary leaves, though different explanations are given: the other name is given to it, according to Dr. Prior, "from an ointment made with its ashes being used by young men to promote the growth of a beard." There is good authority for this derivation, but I think the name may have been given for other reasons. "Boy's Love" is one of the most favourite cottage-garden plants, and it enters largely into the rustic language of flowers. No posy presented by a young man to his lass is complete without Boy's Love; and it is an emblem of fidelity, at least it was so once. It is, in fact, a Forget-me-Not, from its strong abiding smell; so St. Francis de Sales applied it: "To love in the midst of sweets, little children could do that; but to love in the bitterness of Wormwood is a sure sign of our affectionate fidelity." Not that the Wormwood was ever named Forget-me-Not, for that name was given to the Ground Pine (*Ajuga chamaepitys*) on account of its unpleasant and long-enduring smell, until it was transferred to the Myosotis (which then lost its old name of Mouse-ear), and the pretty legend was manufactured to account for the name.

In England Wormwood has almost fallen into complete disuse; but in France it is largely used in the shape of Absinthe. As a garden plant, Tarragon, which is a species

¹ In connection with Mugwort there is a most curious account of the formation of a plant name given in a note in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," s.v. Mugworte: "Mugwort, al on as seyn some, Modirwort; lewed folk that in manye wordes conne no rygt sownyge, but ofte shortyn wordys, and changyn lettrys and silablys, they coruptyn the *o* in to *a* and *d* in to *g*, and syncopyn *i* smytyn a-vey *i* and *r* and seyn mugwort." —*Arundel MS.*, 42, f. 35 v.

of Wormwood, will claim a place in every herb garden, and there are a few, such as *A. sericea*, *A. cana*, and *A. alpina*, which make pretty shrubs for the rockwork.

YEW.

- (1) *Song.* My shroud of white, stuck all with Yew,
Oh ! prepare it.
Twelfth Night, act ii, sc. 4 (56).
- (2) *3rd Witch.* Gall of goat, and slips of Yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.
Macbeth, act iv, sc. 1 (27).
- (3) *Scroop.* Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal Yew against thy state.
Richard II, act iii, sc. 2 (116).
- (4) *Tamora.* But straight they told me they would bind me
here
Unto the body of a dismal Yew.
Titus Andronicus, act ii, sc. 3 (106).
- (5) *Paris.* Under yond Yew-trees lay thee all along,¹
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it.
Romeo and Juliet, act v, sc. 3 (3).
- (6) *Balthasar.* As I did sleep under this Yew tree here,¹
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him. *Ibid.* (137).

See also HEBENON, p. 118.

The Yew, though undoubtedly an indigenous British plant, has not a British name. The name is derived from the Latin *Iva*, and "under this name we find the *Yew* so inextricably mixed up with the *Ivy* that, as dissimilar as are the two trees, there can be no doubt that these names are in their origin identical." So says Dr. Prior, and he proceeds to give a long and very interesting account of the origin of the name. The connection of Yew with *iva* and

¹ The reading of the folio is "young tree," for "Yew tree."

Ivy is still shown in the French *if*, the German *eibe*, and the Portuguese *iva*. *Yew* seems to be quite a modern form; in the old vocabularies the word is variously spelt *iw*, *ewe*,¹ *eugh-tre*,² *haw-tre*, *new-tre*, *ew*, *uhe*, and *iw*.

The connection of the Yew with churchyards and funerals is noticed by Shakespeare in Nos. 1, 5, and 6, and its celebrated connection with English bow-making in No. 3, where "double-fatal" may probably refer to its noxious qualities when living and its use for deadly weapons afterwards. These noxious qualities, joined to its dismal colour, and to its constant use in churchyards, caused it to enter into the supposed charms and incantations of the quacks of the Middle Ages. Yet Gerard entirely denies its noxious qualities: "They say that the fruit thereof being eaten is not onely dangerous and deadly unto man, but if birds do eat thereof it causeth them to cast their feathers and many times to die—all which I dare boldly affirme is altogether untrue; for when I was yong and went to schoole, divers of my schoolfellowes, and likewise my selfe, did eat our fils of the berries of this tree, and have not only slept under the shadow thereof, but among the branches also, without any hurt at all, and that not at one time but many times." Browne says the same in his "Vulgar Errors:" "That Yew and the berries thereof are harmlesse, we know" (book ii. c. 7). There is no doubt that the Yew berries are almost if not quite harmless,³ and I find them forming an element in an Anglo-Saxon recipe, which may be worth quoting as an example of the medicines to which our forefathers submitted. It is given in a Leech Book of the tenth century or earlier, and is thus translated by Cockayne: "If a man is in the water elf disease, then are the nails of his hand livid, and the eyes tearful, and he will look downwards. Give him this for a leechdom: Everthroat, cassuck, the netherward part of fane, a yew berry, lupin, helenium, a head of marsh mallow, fen, mint, dill, lily,

¹ "An Eu tre (Ewetre); taxus, taximus."—*Catholicon Anglicum*.

² "The eugh obedient to the bender's will."—SPENSER, *F. Q.*, i. 9.

"So far as eughen bow a shaft may send."—*F. Q.*, ii. 11-19.

³ There are, however, well-recorded instances of death from Yew berries. The poisonous quality, such as it is, resides in the hard seed, and not in the red mucilaginous skin, which is the part eaten by children. (See HEBENON.)



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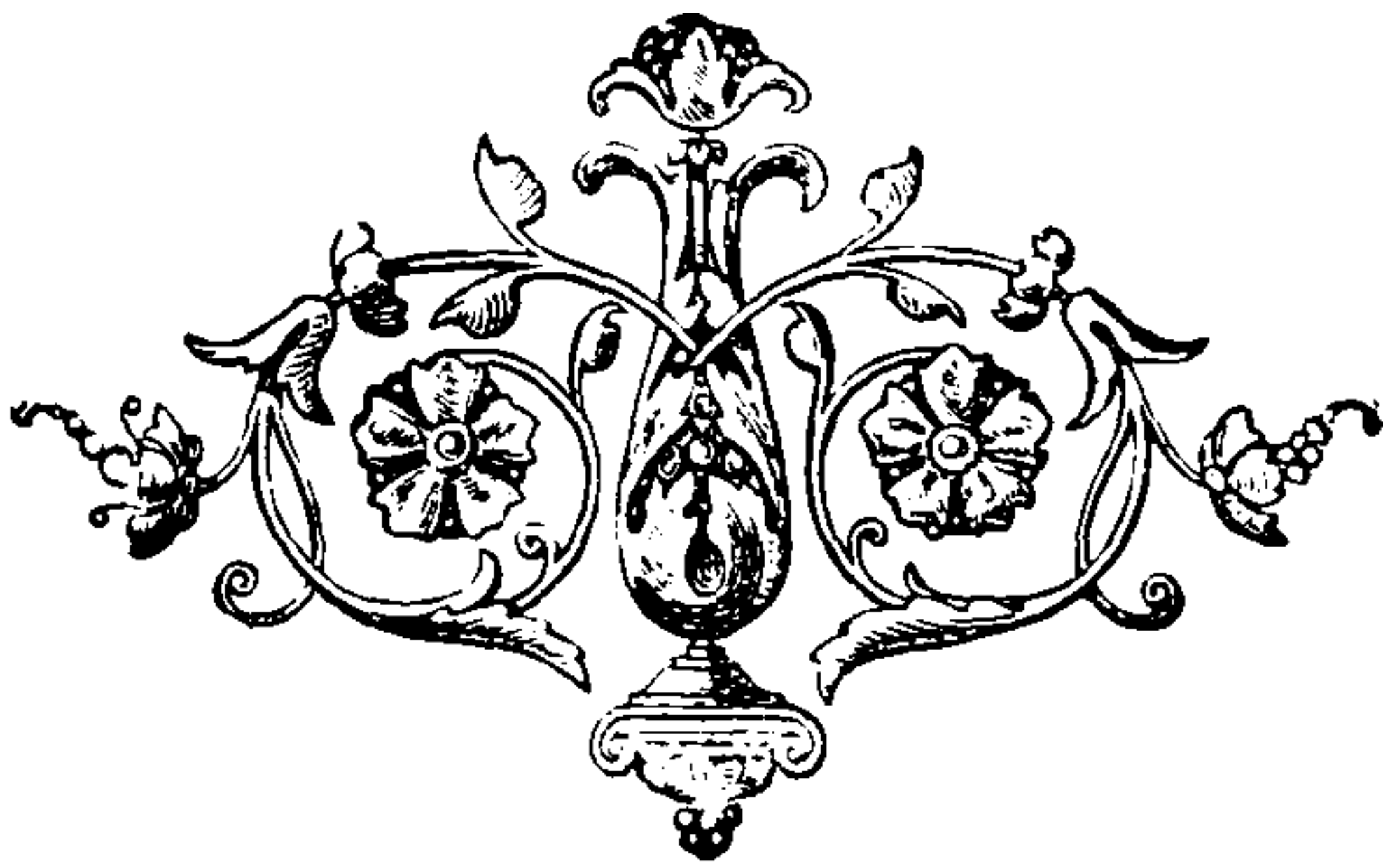
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hundred names of plants in one writer, and that writer not at all writing on horticulture, but only mentioning plants and flowers in the most incidental manner as they happened naturally to fall in his way. I should doubt if there is any similar instance in any modern English writer, and feel very sure that there is no such instance in any modern English dramatist. It shows how familiar gardens and flowers were to Shakespeare, and that he must have had frequent opportunities for observing his favourites (for most surely he was fond of flowers), not only in their wild and native homes, but in the gardens of farmhouses and parsonages, country houses, and noblemen's stately pleasaunces. The quotations that I have been able to make from the early writers in the ninth and tenth centuries, down to gossiping old Gerard, the learned Lord Chancellor Bacon, and that excellent old gardiner Parkinson, all show the same thing, that the love of flowers is no new thing in England, still less a foreign fashion, but that it is innate in us, a real instinct, that showed itself as strongly in our forefathers as in ourselves; and when we find that such men as Shakespeare and Lord Bacon (to mention no others) were almost proud to show their knowledge of plants and love of flowers, we can say that such love and knowledge is thoroughly manly and English.

In the inquiry into Shakespeare's plants I have entered somewhat largely into the etymological history of the names. I have been tempted into this by the personal interest I feel in the history of plant names, and I hope it may not have been uninteresting to my readers; but I do not think this part of the subject could have been passed by, for I agree with Johnston: "That there is more interest and as much utility in settling the nomenclature of our pastoral bards as that of all herbalists and dry-as-dust botanists" ("Botany of the Eastern Border"). I have also at times entered into the botany and physiology of the plants; this may have seemed needless to some, but I have thought that such notices were often necessary to the right understanding of the plants named, and again I shelter myself under the authority of a favourite old author: "Consider (gentle readers) what shiftes he shall be put unto, and how rawe he must needs be in explanation of metaphors, resemblances,

and comparisons, that is ignorant of the nature of herbs and plants from whence their similitudes be taken, for the inlightening and garnishing of sentences.”—NEWTON’S *Herball for the Bible*.

I have said that my subject naturally divides itself into two parts, first, The Plants and Flowers named by Shakespeare; second, His Knowledge of Gardens and Gardening. The first part is now concluded, and I go to the second part, which will be very much shorter, and which may be entitled “The Garden-craft of Shakespeare.”





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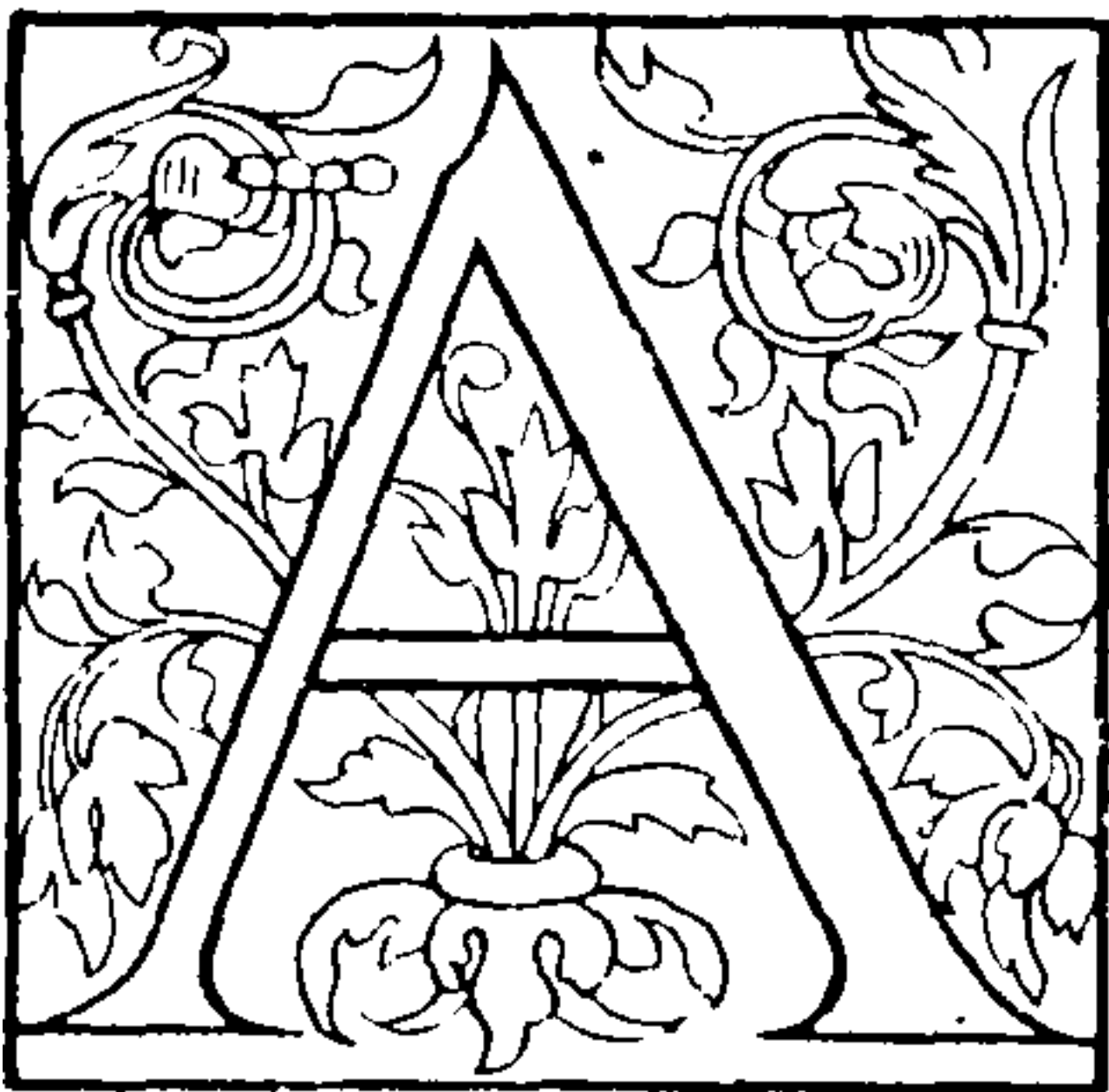
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GARDEN-CRAFT.



ANY account of the "Plant-lore of Shakespeare" would be very incomplete if it did not include his "Garden-craft." There are a great many passages scattered throughout his works, some of them among the most beautiful that he ever wrote, in which no particular tree, herb, or flower is mentioned by name, but which show his intimate knowledge of plants and gardening, and his great affection for them. It is from these passages, even more than from the passages I have already quoted, in which particular flowers are named, that we learn how thoroughly his early country life had influenced and marked his character, and how his whole spirit was most naturally coloured by it. Numberless allusions to flowers and their culture prove that his boyhood and early manhood were spent in the country, and that as he passed through the parks, fields, and lanes of his native county, or spent pleasant days in the gardens and orchards of the manor-houses and farm-houses of the neighbourhood, his eyes and ears were open to all the sights and sounds of a healthy country life, and he was, perhaps unconsciously, laying up in his memory a goodly store of pleasant pictures and homely country talk, to be introduced in his own wonderful way in tragedies and comedies, which, while often professedly treating of very different times and countries,

have really given us some of the most faithful pictures of the country life of the Englishman of Queen Elizabeth's time, drawn with all the freshness and simplicity that can only come from a real love of the subject.

“Flowers I noted,” is his own account of himself (Sonnet xcix.), and with what love he noted them, and with what carefulness and faithfulness he wrote of them, is shown in every play he published, and almost in every act and every scene. And what I said of his notices of particular flowers is still more true of his general descriptions—that they are never laboured, or introduced as for a purpose, but that each passage is the simple utterance of his ingrained love of the country, the natural outcome of a keen, observant eye, joined to a great power of faithful description, and an unlimited command of the fittest language. It is this vividness and freshness that gives such a reality to all Shakespeare's notices of country life, and which make them such pleasant reading to all lovers of plants and gardening.

These notices of the “Garden-craft of Shakespeare” I now proceed to quote; but my quotations in this part will be made on a different plan to that which I adopted in the account of his “Plant-lore.” I shall not here think it necessary to quote all the passages in which he mentions different objects of country life, but I shall content myself with such passages as throw light on his knowledge of horticulture, and which to some extent illustrate the horticulture of his day, and these passages I must arrange under a few general heads. In this way the second part of my subject will be very much shorter than my first, but I have good reasons for hoping that those who have been interested in the long account of the “Plant-lore of Shakespeare” will be equally interested in the shorter account of his “Garden-craft,” and will acknowledge that the one would be incomplete without the other. I commence with those passages which treat generally of—



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- (10) *Juliet.* This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 2 (121)
- (11) *Titania.* An odorous chaplet of sweet summer-buds.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 1 (110)
- (12) *Friar Laurence.*
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's Nature's mother is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 3 (7).
- (13) *Iago.* Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Othello, act ii, sc. 3 (382).
- (14) *Dumain.* Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair
Playing in the wanton air ;
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find.
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv, sc. 3 (102).
- (15) Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.
Venus and Adonis (131).

- (16) The flowers are sweet, the colours fresh and trim,
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.
Venus and Adonis (1079).
- (17) Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May.
Ibid. xviii.
- (18) With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare,
That Heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
Ibid. xxi.
- (19) The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Ibid. xcix
- (20) Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Ibid. xcvi.

“Of all the vain assumptions of these coxcombical times, that which arrogates the pre-eminence in the true science of gardening is the vainest. True, our conservatories are full of the choicest plants from every clime : we ripen the Grape and the Pine-apple with an art unknown before, and even the Mango, the Mangosteen, and the Guava are made to yield their matured fruits ; but the real beauty and poetry of a garden are lost in our efforts after rarity, and strangeness, and variety.” So, nearly forty years ago, wrote the author of “The Poetry of Gardening,” a pleasant, though somewhat fantastic essay, first published in the “Carthusian,” and afterwards re-published in Murray’s “Reading for the Rail,” in company with an excellent article from the “Quarterly” by the same author under the title of “The Flower Garden ;” and I quote it because this “vain assumption” is probably stronger and more widespread now than when that article was written. We often hear and read accounts of modern gardening in which it is coolly assumed, and almost taken for granted, that the science of horticulture, and almost the love of flowers, is a product of the nineteenth century. But the love of flowers is no new taste in English-

men, and the science of horticulture is in no way a modern science. We have made large progress in botanical science during the present century, and our easy communications with the whole habitable globe have brought to us thousands of new and beautiful plants in endless varieties; and we have many helps in gardening that were quite unknown to our forefathers. Yet there were brave old gardeners in our forefathers' times, and a very little acquaintance with the literature of the sixteenth century will show that in Shakespeare's time there was a most healthy and manly love of flowers for their own sake, and great industry and much practical skill in gardening. We might, indeed, go much further back than the fifteenth century, and still find the same love and the same skill. We have long lists of plants grown in times before the Conquest, with treatises on gardening, in which there is much that is absurd, but which show a practical experience in the art, and which show also that the gardens of those days were by no means ill-furnished either with fruit or flowers. Coming a little later, Chaucer takes every opportunity to speak with a most loving affection for flowers, both wild and cultivated, and for well-kept gardens; and Spenser's poems show a familiar acquaintance with them, and a warm admiration for them. Then in Shakespeare's time we have full records of the gardens and gardening which must have often met his eye; and we find that they were not confined to a few fine places here and there, but that good gardens were the necessary adjunct to every country house, and that they were cultivated with a zeal and a skill that would be a credit to any gardener of our own day. In Harrison's description of "England in Shakespeare's Youth," recently published by the new Shakespeare Society, we find that Harrison himself, though only a poor country parson, "took pains with his garden, in which, though its area covered but 300ft. of ground, there was 'a simple' for each foot of ground, no one of them being common or usually to be had." About the same time Gerard's Catalogues show that he grew in his London garden more than a thousand species of hardy plants; and Lord Bacon's famous "Essay on Gardens" not only shows what a grand idea of gardening he had himself, but also that this idea was not Utopian, but one that sprang from personal ac.



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- (3) *Antonio.* The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine.
Much Ado About Nothing, act i, sc. 2 (9).
- (4) *Iago.* Our bodies are our Gardens, &c.
(See HYSSOP.) *Othello*, act i, sc. 3 (323).
- (5) *1st Servant.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing as in a model our firm estate,
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges
ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome
herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Richard II, act iii, sc. 4 (40).

The flower-gardens of Shakespeare's time were very different to the flower-gardens of our day; but we have so many good descriptions of them in books and pictures that we have no difficulty in realizing them both in their general form and arrangement. I am now speaking only of the flower-gardens; the kitchen-gardens and orchards were very much like our own, except in the one important difference, that they had necessarily much less glass than our modern gardens can command. In the flower-garden the grand leading principle was uniformity and formality carried out into very minute details. "The garden is best to be square," was Lord Bacon's rule; "the form that men like in general is a square, though roundness be *forma perfectissima*," was Lawson's rule; and this form was chosen because the garden was considered to be a purtenance and continuation of the house, designed so as strictly to harmonize with the architecture of the building. And Parkinson's advice was to the same effect: "The orbicular or round form is held in its own proper existence to be the most absolute form, containing within it all other forms whatsoever; but few, I think, will chuse such a proportion to be joyned to their habitation. The triangular or three-square form is such a form also as is seldom chosen by any that may make another choise. The four-square form is the most usually accepted with all, and doth best agree with any man's dwelling."

This was the shape of the ideal garden—

“And whan I had a while goon,
I saugh a gardyn right anoon,
Full long and broad ; and every delle
Enclosed was, and walled welle
With high walles embatailled.

.

I felle fast in a waymenting
By which art, or by what engyne
I might come into that gardyne ;
But way I couthe fynd noon
Into that gardyne for to goon.

.

Tho' gan I go a fulle grete pas,
Environyng evene in compas,
The closing of the square walle,
Tyl that I fonde a wicket smalle
So shett that I ne'er myght in gon,
And other entre was ther noon.”

Romaunt of the Rose.

This square enclosure was bounded either by a high wall—“circummured with brick,” “with high walles embatailled,”—or with a thick high hedge—“encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge.” These hedges were made chiefly of Holly or Hornbeam, and we can judge of their size by Evelyn's description of his “impregnable hedge of about 400ft. in length, 9ft. high, and 5ft. in diameter.” Many of these hedges still remain in our old gardens. Within this enclosure the garden was accurately laid out in formal shapes,¹ with paths either quite straight or in some strictly mathematical figures—

¹ These beds (as we should now call them) were called “tables” or “plots”—

“Mark out the tables, ichon by hem selve
Sixe foote in brede, and^l xii in length is beste
To clense and make on evey side honest.”

Palladius on Husbandrie, i. 116.

“Note this generally that all plots are square.”—LAWSON'S *New Orchard*, p. 60.

“ And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
 With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes ;
 And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
 And shadle seats, and sundry flowring bankes,
 To sit and rest the walkers' wearie shankes.”

F. Q., iv, x, 25.

The main walks were not, as with us, bounded with the turf, but they were bounded with trees, which were wrought into hedges, more or less open at the sides, and arched over at the top. These formed the “close alleys,” “covert alleys,” or “thick-pleached alleys,” of which we read in Shakespeare and others writers of that time. Many kinds of trees and shrubs were used for this purpose ; “every one taketh what liketh him best, as either Privit alone, or Sweet Bryer and White Thorn interlaced together, and Roses of one, two, or more sorts placed here and there amongst them. Some also take Lavender, Rosemary, Sage, Southernwood, Lavender Cotton, or some such other thing. Some again plant Cornel trees, and plash them or keep them low to form them into a hedge ; and some again take a low prickly shrub that abideth always green, called in Latin *Pyracantha*” (Parkinson). It was on these hedges and their adjuncts that the chief labour of the garden was spent. They were cut and tortured into every imaginable shape, for nothing came amiss to the fancy of the topiarist. When this topiary art first came into fashion in England I do not know, but it was probably more or less the fashion in all gardens of any pretence from very early times, and it reached its highest point in the sixteenth century, and held its ground as the perfection of gardening till it was driven out of the field in the last century by the “picturesque style,” though many specimens still remain in England, as at Levens¹ and Hardwicke on a large scale, and in the gardens of many ancient English mansions and old farm-houses on a smaller scale. It was doomed as soon as landscape gardeners aimed at the natural, for even when it was still at its height Addison described it thus : “Our British gardeners, instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from

¹ For an account of Levens, with a plate of the Topiarian garden, see “*Archæological Journal*,” vol. xxvi.



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tested by his skill and experience in "knot-work," as the efficiency of a modern gardener is tested by his skill in "bedding-out," which is the lineal descendant of "knot-work." In one most essential point, however, the two systems very much differed. In "bedding-out" the whole force of the system is spent in producing masses of colours, the individual flowers being of no importance, except so far as each flower contributes its little share of colour to the general mass; and it is for this reason that so many of us dislike the system, not only because of its monotony, but more especially because it has a tendency "to teach us to think too little about the plants individually, and to look at them chiefly as an assemblage of beautiful colours. It is difficult in those blooming masses to separate one from another; all produce so much the same sort of impression. The consequence is people see the flowers on the beds without caring to know anything about them or even to ask their names. It was different in the older gardens, because there was just variety there; the plants strongly contrasted with each other, and we were ever passing from the beautiful to the curious. Now we get little of quaintness or mystery, or of the strange delicious thought of being lost or embosomed in a tall rich wood of flowers. All is clear, definite, and classical, the work of a too narrow and exclusive taste."—FORBES WATSON. The old "knot-work" was not open to this censure, though no doubt it led the way which ended in "bedding-out." The beginning of the system crept in very shortly after Shakespeare's time. Parkinson spoke of an arrangement of spring flowers which, when "all planted in some proportion as near one unto another as is fit for them will give such a grace to the garden that the place will seem like a piece of tapestry of many glorious colours, to encrease every one's delight." And again—"The Tulipas may be so matched, one colour answering and setting off another, that the place where they stand may resemble a piece of curious needle-work or piece of painting." But these plants were all perennial, and remained where they were once planted, and with this one exception named by Parkinson, the planting of knot-work was as different as possible from the modern planting of carpet-beds. The beds were planted inside their thick margins with a great variety of plants, and apparently

set as thick as possible, like Harrison's garden quoted above, with its 300 separate plants in as many square feet. These were nearly all hardy perennials,¹ with the addition of a few hardy annuals, and the great object seems to have been to have had something of interest or beauty in these gardens at all times of the year. The principle of the old gardeners was that "Nature abhors a vacuum," and, as far as their gardens went, they did their best to prevent a vacuum occurring at any time. In this way I think they surpassed us in their practical gardening, for, even if they did not always succeed, it was surely something for them to aim (in Lord Bacon's happy words), "to have *ver perpetuum* as the place affords."

Where the space would allow of it, the garden was further decorated with statues, fountains, "fair mounts," labyrinths, mazes,² arbours and alcoves, rocks, "great Turkey jars," and "in some corner (or more) a true Dial or Clock, and some Antick works" (Lawson). These things were fitting ornaments in such formal gardens, but the best judges saw that they were not necessities, and that the garden was complete without them. "They be pretty things to look on, but nothing for health or sweetness." "Such things are for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden."

Such was the Elizabethan garden in its general outlines; the sort of garden which Shakespeare must have often seen both in Warwickshire and in London. According to our present ideas such a garden would be far too formal and artificial, and we may consider that the present fashion of our gardens is more according to Milton's idea of Eden, in which there grew—

"Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plaine."
Paradise Lost, book iv.

¹ Including shrubs—

" 'Tis another's lot
To light upon some gard'ner's curious knot,
Where she upon her breast (love's sweet repose),
Doth bring the Queen of flowers, the English Rose."

BROWNE'S *Brit. Past.*, i, 2.

² For a good account of mazes and labyrinths see "Archæological Journal," xiv. 216.

None of us probably would now wish to, exchange the straight walks and level terraces of the sixteenth century for our winding walks and undulating lawns, in the laying out of which the motto has been “ars est celare artem”—

“That which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeareth in no place.”
F. Q., ii, xii, 58.

Yet it is pleasant to look back upon these old gardens, and to see how they were cherished and beloved by some of the greatest and noblest of Englishmen. Spenser has left on record his judgment on the gardens of his day—

“To the gay gardens his unstaide desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights ;
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Poures forth sweete odors and alluring sights :
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire
To excell the naturall with made delights ;
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

.

There he arriving around about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border ;
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order.”

Muiopoimos.

Clearly in Spenser's eyes the formalities of an Elizabethan garden (for we must suppose he had such in his thoughts) did not exclude nature or beauty.

It was also with such formal gardens in his mind and before his eyes that Lord Bacon wrote his “Essay on Gardens,” and commenced it with the well-known sentence (for I must quote him once again for the last time), “God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of all human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks ; and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.” And, indeed, in spite of their stiffness and unnaturalness, there must have been a great charm in those gardens, and though it would be antiquarian affectation to



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Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall?

Richard II, act iii, sc. 4 (24, 72).

(2) *Clown*. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen
but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they
hold up Adam's profession.

Hamlet, act v, sc. 1 (34).

Very little is recorded of the gardeners of the sixteenth century, by which we can judge either of their skill or their social position. Gerard frequently mentions the names of different persons from whom he obtained plants, but without telling us whether they were professional or amateur gardeners or nurserymen; and Hakluyt has recorded the name of Master Wolfe as gardener to Henry VIII. Certainly Richard II.'s Queen did not speak with much respect to her gardener, reproving him for his "harsh rude tongue," and addressing him as a "little better thing than earth"—but her angry grief may account for that. Parkinson also has not much to say in favour of the gardeners of his day, but considers it his duty to warn his readers against them: "Our English gardeners are all, or the most of them, utterly ignorant in the ordering of their outlandish (*i.e.*, exotic) flowers as not being trained to know them. . . . And I do wish all gentlemen and gentlewomen, whom it may concern for their own good, to be as careful whom they trust with the planting and replanting of their fine flowers, as they would be with so many jewels, for the roots of many of them being small and of great value may soon be conveyed away, and a clean tale fair told, that such a root is rotten or perished in the ground if none be seen where it should be, or else that the flower hath changed his colour when it hath been taken away, or a counterfeit one hath been put in the place thereof; and thus many have been deceived of their daintiest flowers, without remedy or true knowledge of the defect." And again, "idle and ignorant gardeners who get names by stealth as they do many other things." This is not a pleasant picture either of the skill or honesty of the sixteenth-century gardeners, but there must have been skilled gardeners to keep those curious-knotted gardens in order, so as to have a "*ver perpetuum* all the year." And there must

have been men also who had a love for their craft ; and if some stole the rare plants committed to their charge, we must hope that there were some honest men amongst them, and that they were not all like old Andrew Fairservice, in “Rob Roy,” who wished to find a place where he “wad hear pure doctrine, and hae a free cow’s grass, and a cot and a yard, and mair than ten pund of annual fee,” but added also, “and where there’s nae leddy about the town to count the Apples.”

IV.—GARDENING OPERATIONS.

A. PRUNING, ETC.

(1) *Orlando*. But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and industry.
As you Like It, act ii, sc. 3 (63).

(2) *Gardener*. Go, bind thou up yon dangling Apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ’d, I would go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil’s fertility from wholesome flowers.

O, what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm’d and dress’d his land
As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty ; superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
Richard II, act iii, sc. 4 (29).

This most interesting passage would almost tempt us to say that Shakespeare was a gardener by profession ; certainly no other passages that have been brought to prove his real profession are more minute than this. It proves him to have had practical experience in the work, and I think we may safely say that he was no mere 'prentice hand in the use of the pruning knife.

The art of pruning in his day was probably exactly like our own, as far as regarded fruit trees and ordinary garden work, but in one important particular the pruner's art of that day was a far more laborious art than it is now. The topiary art must have been the triumph of pruning, and when gardens were full of castles, monsters, beasts, birds, fishes, and men, all cut out of Box and Yew, and kept so exact that they boasted of being the "living representations" and "counterfeit presentments" of these various objects, the hands and head of the pruner could seldom have been idle ; the pruning knife and scissors must have been in constant demand from the first day of the year to the last. The pruner of that day was, in fact, a sculptor, who carved his images out of Box and Yew instead of marble, so that in an amusing article in the "Guardian" for 1713 (No. 173), said to have been written by Pope, is a list of such sculptured objects for sale, and we are told that the "eminent town gardener had arrived to such perfection that he cuts family pieces of men, women, and children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in Myrtle, or their husbands in Hornbeam. He is a Puritan wag, and never fails when he shows his garden to repeat that passage in the Psalms, 'Thy wife shall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy children as Olive branches about thy table.' "

B. MANURING, ETC.

Constable. And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Henry V, act ii, sc. 4 (36).

The only point that needs notice under this head is that



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- (3) *King.* His plausible words
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
 To grow there and to bear.
All's Well that Ends Well, act i, sc. 2 (53).
- (4) *Perdita.* The fairest flowers o' the seasion
 Are our Carnations and streak'd Gillyvors,
 Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
 Our rustic garden's barren; I care not
 To get slips of them.
- Polixenes.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,
 Do you neglect them?
- Perdita.* For I have heard it said
 There is an art which in their piedness shares
 With great creating Nature.
- Polixenes.* Say there be;
 Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
 But Nature makes that mean: so, over that art
 Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
 That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
 marry
 A gentle scion to the wildest stock,
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By bud of nobler race: this is an art
 Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
 The art itself is nature.
- Perdita.* So it is.
- Polixenes.* Then make your garden rich in Gillyvors,
 And do not call them bastards.
- Perdita.* I'll not put
 The dibble in the earth to set one slip of them.
Winter's Tale, act iv, sc. 4 (81).

The various ways of propagating plants by grafts, cuttings, slips, and artificial impregnation (all mentioned in the above passages), as used in Shakespeare's day, seem to have been exactly like those of our own time, and so they need no further comment.

V.—GARDEN ENEMIES.

A. WEEDS.

- (1) *Hamlet.* How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fye on it, ah fye! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. *Hamlet*, act i, sc. 2 (133).

(2) *Titus*. Such withered herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up.

Titus Andronicus, act iii, sc. 1 (178).

(3) *York*. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My Uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. "Ay," quoth my Uncle
Glo'ster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow
apace ;"

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make
haste. *Richard III*, act ii, sc. 4 (10).

(4) *Queen*. Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted ;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

2nd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 1 (31).

(5) Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers. *Lucrece* (869).

(6) *K. Henry*. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds.

2nd Henry IV, act iv, sc. 4 (54).

The weeds of Shakespeare need no remark ; they were
the same as ours ; and, in spite of our improved cultivation,
our fields and gardens are probably as full of weeds as they
were three centuries ago. -

B. BLIGHTS, FROSTS, ETC.

(1) *York*. Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

2nd Henry VI, act iii, sc. 1 (89).

(2) *Montague*. But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so sweet and close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Romeo and Juliet, act i, sc. 1 (153).

(3) *Imogene.*

Comes in my father,
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
 Shakes all our buds from growing.
Cymbeline, act i, sc. 3 (35).

(4) *Bardolph.*

A cause on foot
 Lives so in hope as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds—which to prove
 fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
 That frost will bite them.
2nd Henry IV, act i, sc. 3 (37).

(5) *Violet.*

She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek.
Twelfth Night, act ii, sc. 4 (113).

(6) *Proteus.*

Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Valentine.

And writers say as the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act i, sc. 1 (42).

(7) *Capulet.*

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
Romeo and Juliet, act iv, sc. 5 (28).

(8) *Lysimachus.*

O sir, a courtesy
 Which if we should deny, the most just gods
 For every graff would send a caterpillar,
 And so afflict our province.
Pericles, act v, sc. 1 (58).

(9) *Wolsey.*

This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do.

Henry VIII, act iii, sc. 2 (352).(10) *Saturninus.*

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
 As Flowers with frost, or Grass beat down with
 storms. *Titus Andronicus, act iv, sc. 4 (70).*



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APPENDIX I.

THE DAISY:
ITS HISTORY, POETRY, AND BOTANY.

There's a Daisy.—*Ophelia.*

Daisies smel-lesse, yet most quaint.

Two Noble Kinsmen, Introd. song.

The following Paper on the Daisy was written for the Bath Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club, and read at their meeting, January 14th, 1874. It was then published in "The Garden," and a few copies were reprinted for private circulation. I now publish it as an Appendix to the "Plantlore of Shakespeare," with very few alterations from its original form, preferring thus to reprint it *in extenso* than to make an abstract of it for the illustration of Shakespeare's Daisies.



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Europe (*Globularia*). The name has been also given to a few other plants, but none of them are true Daisies.

I begin with its name. Of this there can be little doubt; it is the "Day's-eye," the bright little eye that only opens by day, and goes to sleep at night. This, whether the true derivation or not, is no modern fancy. It is, at least, as old as Chaucer, and probably much older. Here are Chaucer's well-known words—

"Men by reason well it calle may
The Daisie, or else the Eye of Day,
The Empresse and the flowre of flowres all."

And Ben Jonson boldly spoke of them as "bright Daye's-eyes."

There is, however, another derivation. Dr. Prior says: "Skinner derives it from dais or canopy, and Gavin Douglas seems to have understood it in the sense of a small canopy in the line:

"The Daisie did unbraid her crounall small.

"Had we not the A.-S. *dæges-eage*, we could hardly refuse to admit that this last is a far more obvious and probable explanation of the word than the pretty poetical thought conveyed in Day's-eye." This was Dr. Prior's opinion in his first edition of his valuable "Popular Names of British Plants;" but it is withdrawn in his second edition, and he now is content with the Day's-eye derivation. Dr. Prior has kindly informed me that he rejected it because he can find no old authority for Skinner's derivation, and because it is doubtful whether the Daisy in Gavin Douglas's line does not mean a Marigold, and not what we call a Daisy. The derivation, however, seemed worth a passing notice. Its other English names are Dog Daisy, to distinguish it from the large Ox-eyed Daisy; Banwort, "because it helpeth bones^r to knit agayne" (Turner); Bruisewort, for the same reason; Herb Margaret, from its French name; and in the

^r "In the curious Treatise of the Virtues of Herbs, Royal MS. 18, a. vi, fol. 72 b, is mentioned: 'Brysewort, or Bonwort, or Daysye, *consolida minor*, good to breke bocches.'"—*Promptorium Parvulorum*, p. 52, note. See also a good note on the same word in "Babee's Book," p. 185.

North, Bairnwort, from its associations with childhood. As to its other names, the plant seems to have been unknown to the Greeks, and has no Greek name, but is fortunate in having as pretty a name in Latin as it has in English. Its modern botanical name is *Bellis*, and it has had the name from the time of Pliny. *Bellis* must certainly come from *bellus* (pretty), and so it is at once stamped as the pretty one even by botanists—though another derivation has been given to the name, of which I will speak soon. The French call it Marguerite, no doubt for its pearly look, or Pasquette, to mark it as the spring flower; the German name for it is very different, and not easy to explain—Gänseblume, *i.e.*, Goose-flower; the Danish name is Tusinfryd (thousand joys); and the Welsh, Sensigl (trembling star).

As Pliny is the first that mentions the plant, his account is worth quoting. “As touching a Daisy,” he says (I quote from Holland’s translation, 1601), “a yellow cup it hath also, and the same is crowned, as it were, with a garland, consisting of five and fifty little leaves, set round about it in manner of fine pales. These be flowers of the meadow, and most of such are of no use at all, no marvile, therefore, if they be namelesse; howbeit, some give them one tearme and some another” (book xxi. cap. 8). And again, “There is a hearbe growing commonly in medows, called the Daisie, with a white floure, and partly inclining to red, which, if it is joined with Mugwort in an ointment, is thought to make the medicine farre more effectual for the King’s evil” (book xxvi. cap. 5).

We have no less than three legends of the origin of the flower. In one legend, not older, I believe, than the fourteenth century (the legend is given at full length by Chaucer in his “Legende of Goode Women”), Alcestis was turned into a Daisy. Another legend records that “this plant is called *Bellis*, because it owes its origin to Belides, a granddaughter to Danaus, and one of the nymphs called Dryads, that presided over the meadows and pastures in ancient times. Belides is said to have encouraged the suit of Ephi-geus, but whilst dancing on the grass with this rural deity she attracted the admiration of Vertumnus, who, just as he was about to seize her in his embrace, saw her transformed into the humble plant that now bears her name.” This

legend I have only seen in Phillips's "Flora Historica." I need scarcely tell you that neither Belides or Ephigeus are classical names—they are mediæval inventions. The next legend is a Celtic one; I find it recorded both by Lady Wilkinson and Mrs. Lankester. I should like to know its origin; but with that grand contempt for giving authorities which lady-authors too often show, neither of these ladies tells us whence she got the legend. The legend says that "the virgins of Morven, to soothe the grief of Malvina, who had lost her infant son, sang to her, 'We have seen, O! Malvina, we have seen the infant you regret, reclining on a light mist; it approached us, and shed on our fields a harvest of new flowers. Look, O! Malvina. Among these flowers we distinguish one with a golden disk surrounded by silver leaves; a sweet tinge of crimson adorns its delicate rays; waved by a gentle wind, we might call it a little infant playing in a green meadow; and the flower of thy bosom has given a new flower to the hills of Cromla.'" Since that day the daughters of Morven have consecrated the Daisy to infancy. "It is," said they, "the flower of innocence, the flower of the newborn." Besides these legends, the Daisy is also connected with the legendary history of St. Margaret. The legend is given by Chaucer, but I will tell it to you in the words of a more modern poet—

"There is a double flouret, white and rede,
That our lasses call Herb Margaret
In honour of Cortona's penitent;
Whose contrite soul with red remorse was rent.
While on her penitence kind Heaven did throwe
The white of puritie surpassing snowe;
So white and rede in this faire floure entwine,
Which maids are wont to scatter on her shrine."

Catholic Florist, Feb. 22, St. Margaret's Day.

Yet, in spite of the general association of Daisies with St. Margaret, Mrs. Jameson says that she has seen one, and only one, picture of St. Margaret with Daisies.

The poetry or poetical history of the Daisy is very curious. It begins with Chaucer, whose love of the flower might almost be called an idolatry. But, as it begins with Chaucer, so, for a time, it almost ends with him. Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton scarcely mention it. It holds almost



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In an early poem published by Ritson is the following—

“Lenten ys come with love to toun
 With blosmen ant with briddes roun
 That al thys blisse bryngeth ;
 Dayeseyes in this dales,
 Notes suete of nyghtegales
 Vch foul song singeth.”

Ancient Songs and Ballads, vol. i, p. 63.

Stephen Hawes, who lived in the time of Henry VII., wrote a poem called the “Temple of Glass.” In that temple he tells us—

“I saw depycted upon a wall,
 From est to west, fol many a fayre image
 Of sundry lovers.”

And among these lovers—

“And Alder next was the freshe quene,
 I mean Alceste, the noble true wife,
 And for Admete howe she lost her life,
 And for her trouthe, if I shall not lye,
 How she was turned into a Daysye.”

We next come to Spenser. In the “Muiopotmos,” he gives a list of flowers that the butterfly frequents, with most descriptive epithets to each flower most happily chosen. Among the flowers are—

“The Roses raigning in the pride of May,
 Sharp Isope good for greene woundes’ remedies,
 Faire Marigoldes, and bees-alluring Thyme,
 Sweet Marjoram, and Daysies decking prime.”

By “decking prime” he means they are the ornament of the morning.¹ Again he introduces the Daisy in a stanza of much beauty, that commences the June Eclogue of the “Shepherd’s Calendar.”

“Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasaunt syte
 From other shades hath weand my wandring minde.
 Tell me, what wants me here to work delyte?
 The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,

¹ This is the general interpretation, but “decking prime” may mean the ornament of spring.

So calm, so cool, as no where else I finde ;
The Grassie ground, with daintie Daysies dight ;
The Bramble bush, where byrdes of every kinde
To the waters' fall their tunes attemper right."

From Spenser we come to Shakespeare, and when we remember the vast acquaintance with flowers of every kind that he shows, and especially when we remember how often he almost seems to go out of his way to tell of the simple wild flowers of England, it is surprising that the Daisy is almost passed over entirely by him. Here are the passages in which he names the flowers. First, in the poem of the "Rape of Lucrece," he has a very pretty picture of Lucrece as she lay asleep—

"Without the bed her other faire hand was
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Showed like an April Daisy on the Grass."

In "Love's Labour's Lost" is the song of Spring, beginning—

"When Daisies pied, and Violets blue ;
And Lady-smocks all silver-white,
And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."

In "Hamlet" Daisies are twice mentioned in connection with Ophelia in her madness. "There's a Daisy!" she said, as she distributed her flowers ; but she made no comment on the Daisy as she did on her other flowers. And, in the description of her death, the Queen tells us that—

"There with fantastick garlands did she come
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and Long Purples."

And in "Cymbeline" the General Lucius gives directions for the burial of Cloten —

"Let us
Find out the prettiest Daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave."

And in the introductory song to the "Two Noble Kinsmen," which is claimed by some as Shakespeare's, we find among the other flowers of spring—

“Daisies smel-lesse, yet most quaint.”

These are the only places in which the Daisy is mentioned in Shakespeare's plays, and it is a little startling to find that of these six one is in a song for clowns, and two others are connected with the poor mad princess. I hope that you will not use Shakespeare's authority against me, that to talk of Daisies is only fit for clowns and madmen.

Contemporary with Shakespeare was Cutwode, who in the “*Caltha Poetarum*,” published in 1599, thus describes the Daisy—

“On her attends the Daisie dearly dight
that pretty Primula of Lady Ver
As handmaid to her Mistresse day and night
so doth she watch, so waiteth she on her,
With double diligence, and dares not stir,
A fairer flower perfumes not forth in May
Then is this Daisie or this Primula.

About her neck she wears a rich wrought ruffe,
with double sets most brave and broad bespread,
Resembling lovely Lawn or Cambrick stuffe
pind up and prickt upon her yealow head,
Wearing her haire on both sides of her shead ;
And with her countenance she hath acast
Wagging the wāton with each wynd and blast.”

Stanza 21, 22.

Drayton, in the “*Polyolbion*,” 15th Song, represents the Naiads engaged in twining garlands for the marriage of Tame and Isis, and considering that he—

“Should not be dressed with flowers to garden that belong
(His bride that better fitteth), but only such as spring
From the replenisht meads and fruitful pasture neere,”

they collect among other wild flowers—

“The Daysie over all those sundry sweets so thick
As nature doth herself, to imitate her right ;
Who seems in that her pearle so greatly to delight
That every plaine therewith she powdereth to beholde.”

And to the same effect, in his “*Description of Elysium*”—

“There Daisies damask every place,
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud Phœbus turns his face,
Themselves they scorn to close.”



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And again—

“Young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With Daffodils and Daisies crowned.”

George Herbert had a deep love for flowers, and a still deeper love for finding good Christian lessons in the commonest things about him. He delights in being able to say—

“Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay ;”

but I believe he never mentions the Daisy.

Of the poets of the seventeenth century I need only make one short quotation from Dryden—

“And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sang a tirelay ;
And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song—‘The Daisy is so sweet,
The Daisy is so sweet’—when she began
The troops of knights and dames continued on
The consort ; and the voice so charmed my ear
And soothed my soul that it was heaven to hear.”

I need not dwell on the other poets of the seventeenth century. In most of them a casual allusion to the Daisy may be found, but little more. Nor need I dwell at all on the poets of the eighteenth century. In the so-called Augustan age of poetry, the Daisy could not hope to attract any attention. It was the correct thing if they had to speak of the country to speak of the “Daisied” or “Daisy-spangled” meads, but they could not condescend to any nearer approach to the little flower. If they had they would have found that they had chosen their epithet very badly. I never yet saw a “Daisy-spangled” meadow.¹ The flowers may be there, but the long Grasses effectually hide them. And so I come *per saltum* to the end of the eighteenth

¹ This statement has been objected to, but I retain it, because in speaking of a meadow, I mean what is called a meadow in the south of England, a lowland, and often irrigated, pasture. In such a meadow Daisies have no place. In the North the word is more loosely used for any pasture, but in the South the distinction is so closely drawn that hay dealers make a great difference in their prices for “upland” or “meadow hay.”

century, and at once to Burns, who brought the Daisy again into notice. He thus regrets the uprooting of the Daisy by his plough—

“Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou’st met me in an evil hour ;
For I must crush amongst the stour
 Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.

Cold blew the bitter, biting north,
Upon thy humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou venturèst forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the Parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and walks must shield ;
But thou, between the random bield
 Of clod or stone,
Adorn’st the rugged stubble field,
 Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift’st thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !”

With Burns we may well join Clare, another peasant poet from Northamptonshire, whose poems are not so much known as they deserve to be. His allusions to wild flowers always mark his real observation of them, and his allusions to the Daisy are frequent ; thus—

“Smiling on the sunny plain
 The lovely Daisies blow,
Unconscious of the careless feet
 That lay their beauties low.”

Again, alluding to his own obscurity—

“Green turf’s allowed forgotten heap,
 Is all that I shall have,
Save that the little Daisies creep
 To deck my humble grave.”

Again, in his description of evening, he does not omit to notice the closing of the Daisy at sunset—

“ Now the blue fog creeps along,
And the birds forget their song ;
Flowers now sleep within their hoods,
Daisies button into buds.”

And so we come to Wordsworth, whose love of the Daisy almost equalled Chaucer's. His allusions and addresses to the Daisy are numerous, but I have only space for a small selection. First, are two stanzas from a long poem specially to the Daisy—

“ When soothed awhile by milder airs,
Thee Winter in the garland wears,
That thinly shades his few gray hairs,
Spring cannot shun thee.
While Summer fields are thine by right,
And Autumn, melancholy wight,
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

Child of the year that round dost run
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful when thy day's begun
As morning leveret.

Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain,
Dear shalt thou be to future men,
As in old time, thou not in vain
Art nature's favourite.”

The other poem from Wordsworth that I shall read to you is one that has received the highest praise from all readers, and by Ruskin (no mean critic, and certainly not always given to praises) is described as “two delicious stanzas, followed by one of heavenly imagination.”¹ The poem is “An Address to the Daisy”—

“ A nun demure—of holy port ;
A sprightly maiden—of love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations.
A queen in crown of rubies drest,
A starveling in a scanty vest,
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

¹ “Modern Painters,” vol. ii. p. 186.



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species of the Groundsel alone, of which eleven are in England. I shall not weary you with a strictly scientific description of the Daisy, but I will give you instead Rousseau's well-known description. It is fairly accurate, though not strictly scientific: "Take," he says, "one of those little flowers, which cover all the pastures, and which every one knows by the name of Daisy. Look at it well, for I am sure you would never have guessed from its appearance that this flower, which is so small and delicate, is really composed of between two and three hundred other flowers, all of them perfect, that is, each of them having its corolla, stamens, pistil, and fruit; in a word, as perfect in its species as a flower of the Hyacinth or Lily. Every one of these leaves, which are white above and red underneath, and form a kind of crown round the flower, appearing to be nothing more than little petals, are in reality so many true flowers; and every one of those tiny yellow things also which you see in the centre, and which at first you have perhaps taken for nothing but stamens, are real flowers. . . . Pull out one of the white leaves of the flower; you will think at first that it is flat from one end to the other, but look carefully at the end by which it was fastened to the flower, and you will see that this end is not flat, but round and hollow in the form of a tube, and that a little thread ending in two horns issues from the tube. This thread is the forked style of the flower, which, as you now see, is flat only at top. Next look at the little yellow things in the middle of the flower, and which, as I have told you, are all so many flowers; if the flower is sufficiently advanced, you will see some of them open in the middle and even cut into several parts. These are the monopetalous corollas. . . . This is enough to show you by the eye the possibility that all these small affairs, both white and yellow, may be so many distinct flowers, and this is a constant fact" (Quoted in Lindley's "Ladies' Botany," vol. i.)¹

¹ In the "Cornhill Magazine" for January, 1878, is a pleasant paper on "Dissecting a Daisy," treating a little of the Daisy, but still more of the pleasures that a Daisy gives to different people, and the different reasons for the different sorts of pleasure. See also on the same subject the "Cornhill" for June, 1882.

But Rousseau does not mention one feature which I wish to describe to you, as I know few points in botany more beautiful than the arrangement by which the Daisy is fertilized. In the centre of each little flower is the style surrounded closely by the anthers. The end of the style is divided, but, as long as it remains below among the anthers, the two lips are closed. The anthers are covered, more or less, with pollen; the style has its outside surface bristling with stiff hairs. In this condition it would be impossible for the pollen to reach the interior (stigmatic) surfaces of the divided style, but the style rises, and as it rises it brushes off the pollen from the anthers around it. Its lips are closed till it has risen well above the whole flower, and left the anthers below; then it opens, showing its broad stigmatic surface to receive pollen from other flowers, and distribute the pollen it has brushed off, not to itself (which it could not do), but to other flowers around it. By this provision no flower fertilizes itself, and those of you who are acquainted with Darwin's writings will know how necessary this provision may be in perpetuating flowers. The Daisy not only produces double flowers, but also the curious proliferous flower called Hen and Chickens, or Childing Daisies, or Jackanapes on Horseback. These are botanically very interesting flowers, and though I, on another occasion, drew your attention to the peculiarity, I cannot pass it over in a paper specially devoted to the Daisy. The botanical interest is this: It is a well-known fact in botany, that all the parts of a plant—root, stem, flowers and their parts, thorns, fruits, and even the seeds, are only different forms of leaves, and are all interchangeable, and the Hen and Chickens Daisy is a good proof of it. Underneath the flowerhead of the Daisy is a green cushion, composed of bracts; in the Hen and Chickens Daisy some of these bracts assume the form of flowers, and are the chickens. If the plant is neglected, or does not like its soil, the chickens again become bracts.

The only other point in the botany of the Daisy that occurs to me is its geographical range. The old books are not far wrong when they say "it groweth everywhere." It does not, however, grow in the Tropics. In Europe it is everywhere, from Iceland to the extreme south, though not abundant in the south-easterly parts. It is found in North

America very sparingly, and not at all in the United States. It is also by no means fastidious in its choice of position—by the river-side or on the mountain-top it seems equally at home, though it somewhat varies according to its situation, but its most chosen habitat seems to be a well-kept lawn. There it luxuriates, and defies the scythe and the mowing machine. It has been asserted that it disappears when the ground is fed by sheep, and again appears when the sheep are removed, but this requires confirmation. Yet it does not lend itself readily to gardening purposes. It is one of those—

“Flowers, worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature’s boon
Pour’d forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc’d shade
Imbrown’d the noontide bowers.”

Paradise Lost, iv, 240.

Under cultivation it becomes capricious ; the sorts degenerate and require much care to keep them true. As to its time of flowering it is commonly considered a spring and summer flower ; but I think one of its chief charms is that there is scarcely a day in the whole year in which you might not find a Daisy in flower.

I have now gone through something of the history, poetry, and botany of the Daisy, but there are still some few points which I could not well range under either of these three heads, yet which must not be passed over. In painting, the Daisy was a favourite with the early Italian and Flemish painters, its bright star coming in very effectively in their foregrounds. Some of you will recollect that it is largely used in the foreground of Van Eyck’s grand picture of the “Adoration of the Lamb,” now at St. Bavon’s, in Ghent. In sculpture it was not so much used, its small size making it unfit for that purpose. Yet you will sometimes see it, both in the stone and wood carvings of our old churches. In heraldry it is not unknown. When Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was about to marry Margaret of Flanders, he instituted an order of Daisies ; and in Chifflet’s *Lilium Francicum* (1658) is a plate of his arms, France and Flanders quarterly surrounded by a collar of Daisies. A



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have pleasant dreams of the loved and absent, should put 'Dazy roots under their pillow.' ”

On the English language, the Daisy has had little influence, though some have derived “lackadaisy” and “lackadaisical” from the Daisy, but there is, certainly, no connection between the words. Daisy, however, was (and, perhaps, still is) a provincial adjective in the eastern counties. A writer in “Notes and Queries” (2nd Series, ix. 261) says that Samuel Parkis, in a letter to George Chalmers, dated February 16, 1799, notices the following provincialisms: “Daisy: remarkable, extraordinary excellent, as ‘She’s a Daisy lass to work,’ *i.e.*, ‘She is a good working girl.’ ‘I’m a Daisy body for pudding,’ *i.e.*, ‘I eat a great deal of pudding.’”

And I must not leave the Daisy without noticing one special charm, that it is peculiarly the flower of childhood. The Daisy is one of the few flowers of which the child may pick any quantity without fear of scolding from the surliest gardener. It is to the child the herald of spring, when it can set its little foot on six at once, and it readily lends itself to the delightful manufacture of Daisy chains.

“In the spring and play-time of the year,
 the little ones, a sportive team,
 Gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
 And prank their hair with Daisies.”—COWPER.

It is then the special flower of childhood, but we cannot entirely give it up to our children. And I have tried to show you that the humble Daisy has been the delight of many noble minds, and may be a fit subject of study even for those children of a larger growth who form the “Bath Field Club.”

APPENDIX II.

THE SEASONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Biron. I like of each thing that in season grows.
Love's Labour's Lost, act i, sc. 1.

This paper was read to the New Shakespeare Society in June, 1880, and to the Bath Literary Club in the following November. The subject is so closely connected with the "Plant-lore of Shakespeare," that I add it as an Appendix.



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Twelfth Night. Apple, box, ebony, flax, nettle, olive, squash, peascod, codling, roses, violet, willow, yew.

Measure for Measure. Birch, burs, corn, garlick, medlar, oak, myrtle, peach, prunes, grapes, vine, violet.

Much Ado. Carduus benedictus, honeysuckle, woodbine, oak, orange, rose, sedges, willow.

Midsummer Night's Dream. Crab, apricots, beans, briar, red rose, broom, bur, cherry, corn, cowslip, dewberries, oxlip, violet, woodbine, eglantine, elm, ivy, figs, mulberries, garlick, onions, grass, hawthorn, nuts, hemp, honeysuckle, knot-grass, leek, lily, peas, peas-blossom, oak, acorn, oats, orange, love-in-idleness, primrose, musk-rose buds, musk-roses, rose, thistle, thorns, thyme, grapes, violet, wheat.

Love's Labour's Lost. Apple, pomewater, crab, cedar, lemon, cockle, mint, columbine, corn, daisies, lady-smocks, cuckoo-buds, ebony, elder, grass, lily, nutmeg, oak, osier, oats, peas, plantain, rose, sycamore, thorns, violets, wormwood.

Merchant of Venice. Apple, grass, pines, reed, wheat, willow.

As You Like It. Acorns, hawthorn, brambles, briar, bur, chestnut, cork, nuts, holly, medlar, moss, mustard, oak, olive, palm, peascod, rose, rush, rye, sugar, grape, osier.

All's Well. Briar, date, grass, nut, marjoram, herb of grace, onions, pear, pomegranate, roses, rush, saffron, grapes.

Taming of Shrew. Apple, crab, chestnut, cypress, hazel, oats, onion, love-in-idleness, mustard, parsley, roses, rush, sedges, walnut.

Winter's Tale. Briars, carnations, gillyflower, cork, oxlips, crown imperial, currants, daffodils, dates, saffron, flax, lilies, flower-de-luce, garlick, ivy, lavender, mints, savory, marjoram, marigold, nettle, oak, warden, squash, pines, prunes, primrose, damask-roses, rice, raisins, rosemary, rue, thorns, violets.

Comedy of Errors. Balsam, ivy, briar, moss, rush, nut, cherrystone, elm, vine, grass, saffron.

HISTORIES.

King John. Plum, cherry, fig, lily, rose, violet, rush, thorns.

Richard II. Apricots, balm, bay, corn, grass, nettles, pines, rose, rue, thorns, violets, yew.

1st Henry IV. Apple-john, pease, beans, blackberries, camomile, fernseed, garlick, ginger, moss, nettle, oats, prunes, pomegranate, radish, raisins, reeds, rose, rush, sedges, speargrass, thorns.

2nd Henry IV. Aconite, apple-john, leathercoats, aspen, balm, carraways, corn, ebony, elm, fennel, fig, gooseberries, hemp, honeysuckle, mandrake, olive, peach, peascod, pippins, prunes, radish, rose, rush, wheat.

Henry V. Apple, balm, docks, elder, fig, flower-de-luce, grass, hemp, leek, nettle, fumitory, kecksies, burs, cowslips; burnet, clover, darnel, strawberry, thistles, vine, violet, hemlock.

1st Henry VI. Briar, white and red rose, corn, flower-de-luce, vine.

2nd Henry VI. Crab, cedar, corn, cypress, fig, flax; flower-de-luce, grass, hemp, laurel, mandrake, pine, plums, damsons, primrose, thorns.

3rd Henry VI. Balm, cedar, corn, hawthorn, oaks, olive, laurel, thorns.

Richard III. Balm, cedar, roses, strawberry, vines.

Henry VIII. Apple, crab, bays, palms, broom, cherry, cedar, corn, lily, vine.

TRAGEDIES.

Troilus and Cressida. Almond, balm, blackberry, burs, date, nut, laurels, lily, toadstool, nettle, oak, pine, plantain, potato, wheat.

Timon of Athens. Balm, balsam, oaks, briars, grass, medlar, moss, olive, palm, rose, grape.

Coriolanus. Crab, ash, briars, cedar, cockle, corn, cypress, garlick, mulberry, nettle, oak, orange, palm, rush, grape.

Macbeth. Balm, chestnut, corn, hemlock, insane root, lily, primrose, rhubarb, senna (cyme), yew.

Julius Cæsar. Oak, palm.

Antony and Cleopatra. Balm, figs, flag, laurel, mandragora, myrtle, olive, onions, pine, reeds, rose, rue, rush, grapes, wheat, vine.

Cymbeline. Cedar, violet, cowslip, primrose, daisies,

harebell, eglantine, elder, lily, marybuds, moss, oak, acorn, pine, reed, rushes, vine.

Titus Andronicus. Aspen, briars, cedar, honeystalks, corn, elder, grass, laurel, lily, moss, mistletoe, nettles, yew.

Pericles. Rosemary, bay, roses, cherry, corn, violets, marigolds, rose, thorns.

Romeo and Juliet. Bitter-sweeting, dates, hazel, mandrake, medlar, nuts, popering pear, pink, plantain, pomegranate, quince, roses, rosemary, rush, sycamore, thorn, willow, wormwood, yew.

King Lear. Apple, balm, burdock, cork, corn, crab, fumiter, hemlock, harlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers, darnel, flax, hawthorn, lily, marjoram, oak, oats, peascod, rosemary, vines, wheat, samphire.

Hamlet. Fennel, columbine, crow-flower, nettles, daisies, long purples or dead-men's-fingers, flax, grass, hebenon, nut, palm, pansies, plum-tree, primrose, rose, rosemary, rue, herb of grace, thorns, violets, wheat, willow, wormwood.

Othello. Locusts, coloquintida, figs, nettles, lettuce, hyssop, thyme, poppy, mandragora, oak, rose, rue, rush, strawberries, sycamore, grapes, willow.

Two Noble Kinsmen. Apricot, bulrush, cedar, plane, cherry, corn, currant, daffodils, daisies, flax, lark's heels, marigolds, narcissus, nettles, oak, oxlips, plantain, reed, primrose, rose, thyme, rush.

This I believe to be a complete list of the flowers of Shakespeare arranged according to the plays, and they are mentioned in one of three ways—first, adjectively, as “flaxen was his pole,” “hawthorn-brake,” “barley-broth,” “thou honeysuckle villain,” “onion-eyed,” “cowslip-cheeks,” but the instances of this use by Shakespeare are not many; second, proverbially or comparatively, as “tremble like aspen,” “we grew together like to a double cherry seeming parted,” “the stinking elder, grief,” “thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,” “not worth a gooseberry.” There are numberless instances of this use of the names of flowers, fruits, and trees, but neither of these uses give any indication of the seasons; and in one or other of these ways they are used (and only in these ways) in the following plays:—*Tempest, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure, Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, Taming of the Shrew, Comedy of*



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“Steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter” (act iii, sc. 1).

Midsummer Night's Dream. The name marks the season, and there is a profusion of flowers to mark it too. It may seem strange to us to have “Apricocks” at the end of June, but in speaking of the seasons of Shakespeare and others it should be remembered that their days were twelve days later than ours of the same names; and if to this is added the variation of a fortnight or three weeks, which may occur in any season in the ripening of a fruit, “apricocks” might well be sometimes gathered on their Midsummer day. But I do not think even this elasticity will allow for the ripening of mulberries and purple grapes at that time, and scarcely of figs. The scene, however, being laid in Athens and in fairyland, must not be too minutely criticized in this respect. But with the English plants the time is more accurately observed. There is the “green corn;” the “dewberries,” which in a forward season may be gathered early in July; the “lush woodbine” in the fulness of its lushness at that time; the pansies, or “love-in-idleness,” which (says Gerard) “flower not onely in the spring, but for the most part all sommer thorowe, even untill autumne;” the “sweet musk-roses and the eglantine,” also in flower then, though the musk-roses, being rather late bloomers, would show more of the “musk-rose buds” in which Titania bid the elves “kill cankers” than of the full-blown flower; while the thistle would be exactly in the state for “Mounsieur Cobweb” to “kill a good red-hipped humble bee on the top of it” to “bring the honey-bag” to Bottom. Besides these there are the flowers on the “bank where the wild thyme blows; where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,” and I think the distinction worth noting between the “blowing” of the wild thyme, which would then be at its fullest, and the “growing” of the oxlips and the violet, which had passed their time of blowing, but the living plants continued “growing.”¹

¹ If “the rite of May” (act iv, sc. 1) is to be strictly limited to May-Day, the title of a “*Midsummer Night's Dream*” does not apply. The difficulty can only be met by supposing the scene to be laid at any night in May, even in the last night, which would coincide with our 12th of June.

Love's Labour's Lost. The general tone of the play points to the full summer, the very time when we should expect to find Boyet thinking "to close his eyes some half an hour under the cool shade of a sycamore" (act v, sc. 2).

All's Well that Ends Well. There is a pleasant note of the season in—

"The time will bring on summer,
When briars will have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp" (act iv, sc. 4) ;

but probably that is only a proverbial expression of hopefulness, and cannot be pushed further.

Winter's Tale. There seems some little confusion in the season of the fourth act—the feast for the sheep-shearing, which is in the very beginning of summer—yet Perdita dates the season as "the year growing ancient"—

"Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter"—

and gives Camillo the "flowers of middle summer." The flowers named are all summer flowers; carnations or gilliflowers, lavender, mints, savory, marjoram, and marigold.

Richard II. There are several marked and well-known dates in this play, but they are not much marked by the flowers. The intended combat was on St. Lambert's day (17th Sept.), but there is no allusion to autumn flowers. In act iii, sc. 3, which we know must be placed in August, there is, besides the mention of the summer dust, King Richard's sad strain—

"Our sighs, and they (tears) shall lodge the summer corn,"

and in the same act we have the gardener's orders to trim the rank summer growth of the "dangling apricocks," while in the last act, which must be some months later, we have the Duke of York speaking of "this new spring of time," and the Duchess asking—

"Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?"

and though in both cases the words may be used proverbially,

yet it seems also probable that they may have been suggested by the time of year.

2nd Henry IV. There is one flower-note in act ii, sc. 4, where the Hostess says to Falstaff, "Fare thee well! I have known thee these twenty-five years come peascod time," of which it can only be said that it must have been spoken at some other time than the summer.

Henry V. The exact season of act v, sc. 1, is fixed by St. David's day (March 1) and the leek.

1st Henry VI. The scene in the Temple gardens (act ii, sc. 4), where all turned on the colour of the roses, must have been at the season when the roses were in full bloom, say June.

Richard III. Here too the season of act ii, sc. 4, is fixed by the ripe strawberries brought by the Bishop of Ely to Richard. The exact date is known to be June 13, 1483.

Timon of Athens. An approximate season for act iv, sc. 3, might be guessed from the medlar offered by Ape-mantus to Timon. Our medlars are ripe in November.

Antony and Cleopatra. The figs and fig-leaves brought to Cleopatra give a slight indication of the season of act v.¹

Cymbeline. Here there is a more distinct plant-note of the season of act i, sc. 3. The queen and her ladies, "whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather flowers," which at the end of the scene we are told are violets, cowslips, and primroses, the flowers of the spring. In the fourth act Lucius gives orders to "find out the prettiest daisied plot we can," to make a grave for Cloten; but daisies are too long in flower to let us attempt to fix a date by them.

Hamlet. In this play the season intended is very distinctly marked by the flowers. The first act must certainly be some time in the winter, though it may be the end of winter or early spring—"The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold." Then comes an interval of two months or more,

¹ "The Alexandrine figs are of the black kind having a white rift or Chamfre, and are surnamed Delicate. . . . Certain figs there be, which are both early and also lateward; . . . they are ripe first in harvest, and afterwards in time of vintage; . . . also some there be which beare thrice a year" (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* b. xv., c. 18, P. Holland's translation, 1601).



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Two Noble Kinsmen. Here the season is distinctly stated for us by the poet. The scene is laid in May, and the flowers named are all in accord—daffodils, daisies, marigolds, oxlips, primrose, roses, and thyme.

I cannot claim any great literary results from this inquiry into the seasons of Shakespeare as indicated by the flowers named; on the contrary, I must confess that the results are exceedingly small—I might almost say, none at all—still I do not regret the time and trouble that the inquiry has demanded of me. In every literary inquiry the value of the research is not to be measured by the visible results. It is something even to find out that there are no results, and so save trouble to future inquirers. But in this case the research has not been altogether in vain. Every addition, however small, to the critical study of our great Poet has its value; and to myself, as a student of the Natural History of Shakespeare, the inquiry has been a very pleasant one, because it has confirmed my previous opinion, that even in such common matters as the names of the most familiar every-day plants he does not write in a careless hap-hazard way, naming just the plant that comes uppermost in his thoughts, but that they are all named in the most careful and correct manner, exactly fitting into the scenes in which they are placed, and so giving to each passage a brightness and a reality which would be entirely wanting if the plants were set down in the ignorance of guess-work. Shakespeare knew the plants well; and though his knowledge is never paraded, by its very thoroughness it cannot be hid.

APPENDIX III.

NAMES OF PLANTS.

Juliet. What's in a name? That which we call a Rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Romeo and Juliet, act ii, sc. 2.



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ACORN.

Promptorium. Accorne, or archarde, frute of the oke ; *Glans.*
Catholicon. An Acorne ; *hæc glans dis, hec glandicula.*
Cotgrave. Gland ; *An Acorne ; Mast of Oakes or other trees.*

ALMOND.

Promptorium. Almaund, frute ; *Amigdalum.*
Catholicon. An Almond tre ; *amigdalus.*
Turner. The Almon tree.
Gerard. The Almond tree.
Cotgrave. Amygdales ; *Almonds.*

ALOES.

Turner. Aloe.
Gerard. Of Herbe Aloe, or Sea Houseleeke.
Cotgrave. Aloës ; *The hearbe Aloes, Sea Houseleeke, Sea aigreen.*

APPLE.

Promptorium. Appule, frute ; *Pomum, malum.*
Catholicon. An Appylle ; *pomum, malum, pomulum.*
Turner. Apple tree.
Gerard. The Apple tree.
Cotgrave. Pomme ; *An Apple.*

APRICOTS.

Turner. Abricok.
Gerard. The Aprecocke or Abrecocke tree.
Cotgrave. Abricot ; *The Abricot, or Apricocke Plum.*

ASH.

Promptorium. Asche tre ; *Fraxinus.*
Turner. Ashe tree.
Gerard. The Ash tree.
Cotgrave. Fraisne ; *An Ash tree.*

ASPEN.

Promptorium. Aspe tre ; *Tremulus.*
Turner. Asp tree.
Gerard. The Aspen tree.
Cotgrave. Tremble ; *An Aspe or Aspen tree.*

BALM AND BALSAM.

Promptorium. Bawme, herbe or tre ; *Balsamus, melissa, melago.*

Catholicon. Balme ; *balsamum, colo balsamum, filo balsamum, opobalsamum.*

Turner. Baume.

Gerard. Balme or Balsam tree.

Cotgrave. Basme ; *Balme, balsamum, or more properly the balsamum tree, from which distils our Balme.*

BARLEY.

Promptorium. Barlycorne ; *Ordeum, triticum.*

Catholicon. Barly ; *Ordeum, ordeolum.*

Turner. Barley.

Gerard. Of Barley.

Cotgrave. Orge ; *Barlie.*

BARNACLE.

Catholicon. A Barnakylle ; avis est.

Gerard. Of the Goose tree, Barnacle tree, or the tree bearing geese.

Cotgrave. Bernaque ; *The foule called a Barnacle.*

BAY.

Promptorium. Bay, frute ; *Bacca.*

Catholicon. A Bay ; *bacca, est fructus lauri et olive.*

Turner. Bay tree.

Gerard. Of the Bay or Laurel tree.

Cotgrave. Laurier ; *A Laurell or Bay tree.*

BEANS.

Promptorium. Bene corne ; *Faba.*

Catholicon. A Bene ; *faba, fabella.*

Turner. Beane.

Gerard. Beane and his kinds.

Cotgrave. Febue ; *A Beane.*

BILBERRY.

Catholicon. A Blabery.

Cotgrave. Hurelles ; *Whoortle berries, wyn-berries, Bill-berries, Bull-berries.*

BIRCH.

Promptorium. Byrche tre ; *Lentiscus, cinus.*

Catholicon. Byrke ; *Lentiscus.*

Turner. Birch tree ; Birke tree.

Gerard. Of the Birch tree.

Cotgrave. Bouleau ; *Birche.*

BLACKBERRIES.

Turner. Blake bery bush.

Gerard. Blacke-berry.

Cotgrave. Meuron ; *A blacke, or bramble berrie.*

BOX.

Promptorium. Box tre ; *Buxus.*

Catholicon. A Box tre ; *buxus buxum.*

Turner. Box.

Gerard. Of the Box tree.

Cotgrave. Blanc bois ; *Box, &c.*

BRAMBLE.

Promptorium. Brymbyll.

Turner. Bramble bushe.

Gerard. Of the Bramble or blacke-berry bush.

Cotgrave. Ronce ; *A Bramble or Brier.*

BRIER.

Promptorium. Brere or Brymmeylle ; *Tribulus, vepres.*

Catholicon. A Breire ; *carduus, tribulus, vepres, veprecula.*

Turner. Brier tree.

Gerard. The Brier or Hep tree.

Cotgrave. See BRAMBLE.

BROOM.

Promptorium. Brome, brusche ; *Genesta, mirica.*

Catholicon. Brune ; *genesta, merica, tramarica.*

Turner. Broume.

Gerard. Broome.

Cotgrave. Genest ; *Broome.*

BULRUSH.

Promptorium. Holrysche or Bulrysche ; *Papirus.*

Cotgrave. Jonc ; *A Rush, or Bulrush.*

BURS AND BURDOCK.

Catholicon. A Burre ; *bardona, glis, lappa, paliurus.*

Turner. Clote Bur.

Gerard. Clote Burre, or Burre Docke.

Cotgrave. Bardane la grande ; *The burre-dock, clote, bur, great burre.*



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CHESTNUTS.

- Promptorium.* Castany, frute or tre ; *idem*, *Castanea*.
Catholicon. A Chestan ; *balanus*, *Castanea*.
Turner. Chesnut tree.
Gerard. The Chestnut tree.
Cotgrave. Chastaignier ; *A Chessen*, or Chestnut, tree.

CLOVER.

- Turner.* Claver.
Gerard. Three-leaved grass ; Claver.
Cotgrave. Treffle ; *Trefoil*, *Clover*, *Three-leaved Grasse*.

CLOVES.

- Promptorium.* Clowe, spyce ; *Gariofolus*.
Catholicon. A Clowe ; *garifolus*, *species est*.
Gerard. The Clove tree.
Cotgrave. Girofle, cloux de Girofle ; *Cloves*.

COCKLE.

- Promptorium.* Cokylle, wede ; *Nigella*, *lollium*, *zizania*.
Catholicon. Cokylle ; *quædam aborigo*, *zazannia*.
Turner. Cockel.
Gerard. Cockle.

COLOQUINTIDA.

- Turner.* Coloquintida.
Gerard. The wilde Citrull, or Coloquintida.
Cotgrave. Coloquinthe ; *The wilde and fleme-purging Citrull*
Coloquintida.

COLUMBINE.

- Promptorium.* Columbyne, herbe ; *Columbina*.
Catholicon. Columbyne ; *Columbina*.
Gerard. Columbine.
Cotgrave. Colombin ; *The hearbe Colombine*.

CORK.

- Promptorium.* Corkbarke ; *Cortex*.
Catholicon. Corke.
Gerard. The Corke Oke.
Cotgrave. Liege ; *Corke*.

CORN.

- Promptorium.* Corne ; *Granum*, *gramen*.
Catholicon. Corn ; *Granum*, *bladum*, *annona*, *seges*.
Gerard. Corne.
Cotgrave. Grain ; *Graine*, *Corne*.

COWSLIP.

Promptorium. Cowslope, herbe ; *Herba petri, herba paralysis, ligustra.*

Catholicon. A Cowslope ; *ligustrum, vaccinium.*

Turner. Cowslop, Cowslip.

Gerard. Cowslips.

Cotgrave. Prime-vere ; . . . a Cowslip.

CRABS.

Promptorium. Crabbe, appule or frute ; *Macianum.*

Catholicon. A Crab of ye wod ; *acroma ab acritudine dictum.*

Gerard. The wilding or Crabtree.

Cotgrave. Pommier Sauvage ; *A Crab Tree.*

CROW-FLOWERS.

Promptorium. Crowefote, herbe ; *amarusca vel amarusca eme-roydarum, pes corvi.*

Turner. Crowfote.

Gerard. Crowfloures or Wilde Williams.

Cotgrave. Hyacinthe ; *The blew, or purple Jacint, or Hyacinth flower ; we call it also, Crow-toes.*

CROWN IMPERIAL.

Gerard. The Crowne Imperiall.

Cotgrave. Couronne Imperiale ; *The Imperial Crowne ; (a goodlie flower).*

CUCKOO-FLOWERS.

Gerard. Wild Water Cresses or Cuckow-floures.

Cotgrave. See LADY-SMOCKS.

CURRANTS.

Catholicon. Rasyns of Coran ; *uvapassa.*

Turner. Rasin tree.

Gerard. Corans or Currans, or rather Raisins of Corinth.

Cotgrave. Raisins de Corinthe ; *Currans, or small Raisins.*

CYPRESS.

Promptorium. Cypresse, tre ; *Cipressus.*

Catholicon. A Cipirtre ; *cipressus, cipressimus.*

Turner. Cypresse tree.

Gerard. The Cypresse tree.

Cotgrave. Cyprés ; *The Cyprus Tree ; or Cyprus wood.*

DAFFODILS.

Promptorium. Affodylle herbe ; *Affodillus, albucea.*

Catholicon. An Affodylle ; *Affodillus, harba est.*

Turner. Affodill, Daffadyll.

Gerard. Daffodils.

Cotgrave. Asphodile ; *The Daffadill, Affodill, or Asphodell Flower.*

DAISIES.

Promptorium. Daysy, floure ; *Consolida minor et major dicitur Confery.*

Catholicon. A Daysy ; *Consolidum.*

Turner. Dasie.

Gerard. Little Daisies.

Cotgrave. Marguerite ; *A Daisie.*

DAMSONS.

Promptorium. Damasyn', frute ; *Prunum Damascenum, Coquinella.*

Catholicon. A Damysyn tre ; *damiscenus, nixa pro arbore and fructu, conquinella.*

Gerard. The Plum or Damson tree.

Cotgrave. Prune de Damas ; *A Damson or Damask Plumme.*

DARNEL.

Promptorium. Dernel, a wede ; *Zizania.*

Catholicon. Darnelle ; *Zizannia.*

Turner. Darnel.

Gerard. Darnell.

Cotgrave. Yvraye ; *The vicious graine called Ray, or Darnell.*

DATES.

Promptorium. Date, frute ; *Dactilus.*

Catholicon. A Date ; *dactulus, dactilicus.*

Turner. Date tre.

Gerard. The Date tree.

Cotgrave. Dacte ; *A Date.*

DOCKS.

Promptorium. Dockeweede ; *Padella.*

Catholicon. A Dokan ; *paradilla, emula, farella.*

Turner. Docke.

Gerard. Docks.

Cotgrave. Parelle ; *The hearbe Dockes.*



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Turner. Ferne or brake.

Gerard. Ferne.

Cotgrave. Feuchiere ; *Fearne, brakes.*

FIGS.

Promptorium. Fygge or fyge tre ; *Ficus.*

Catholicon. A dry Fige ; *ficus -i, ficus -us, ficulus.*

Turner. Fig tree.

Gerard. The Fig tree.

Cotgrave. Figue ; *A Fig.*

FILBERTS.

Promptorium. Fylberde, notte ; *Fillum.*

Catholicon. A Filbert ; *Fillium vel fillum.*

Gerard. The Fillberd Nutt.

Cotgrave. Avelaine ; *A Filbeard.*

FLAGS.

Gerard. Water Flags.

FLAX.

Promptorium. Flax ; *Linum.*

Catholicon. Lyne ; *linum.*

Turner. Flax.

Gerard. Garden Flaxe.

Cotgrave. Lin ; *Line, flax.*

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Turner. Flour de luce.

Gerard. The Floure de-luce.

Cotgrave. Iris ; *The rainbow ; also a Flower de luce.*

FUMITER.

Promptorium. Fumeter, herbe ; *Fumus terræ.*

Turner. Fumitarie.

Gerard. Fumitorie.

Cotgrave. Fume-terre ; *The hearbe Fumitorie.*

FURZE.

Promptorium. Fyrrys, or qwyce tre, or gorstys tre ; *Ruscus.*

Gerard. Furze, Gorsse, Whin, or prickley Broome.

Cotgrave. Genest espineux ; *Furres, whinnes, gorse, Thorn broome.*

GARLICK.

Promptorium. Garlekkke ; *Allium.*

Catholicon. Garleke ; *Alleum.*

Turner. Garlike.

Gerard. Garlicke.

Cotgrave. Ail ; *Garlicke, poore-man's Treacle.*

GILLIFLOWERS.

Promptorium. Gyllofre, herbe ; *Gariophyllus.*

Turner. Gelover, Gelefloure.

Gerard. Clove Gillofloures.

Cotgrave. Giroflée ; *A gilloflower, and most properly, the Clove Gilloflower.*

GINGER.

Promptorium. Gyngere ; *Zinziber.*

Catholicon. Ginger ; *zinziber, zinzebrum.*

Gerard. Ginger.

Cotgrave. Gingembre ; *Ginger.*

GOOSEBERRIES.

Turner. Goosebery bush.

Gerard. Goose-berrie or Fea-berry Bush.

Cotgrave. Groselles ; *Gooseberries.*

GORSE.

Promptorium. See FURZE.

Gerard. See FURZE.

Cotgrave. See FURZE.

GOURD.

Promptorium. Goord ; *Cucumer, cucurbita, colloquintida.*

Catholicon. A Gourde ; *Cucumer vel cucumis.*

Turner. Gourde.

Gerard. Gourds.

Cotgrave. Cource ; *The fruit called a Gourd.*

GRAPES.

Promptorium. Grape ; *Uva.*

Catholicon. A Grape ; *Apiana, botrus, passus, uva.*

Turner. Grapes.

Gerard. Grapes.

Cotgrave. Raisin ; *A Grape, also a Raisin.*

GRASS.

Promptorium. Gresse, herbe ; *Herba, gramen.*

Catholicon. A Gresse ; *gramen, herba, herbala.*

Turner. Grasse.

Gerard. Grasse.

Cotgrave. Herbe ; . . . *also Grasse.*

HAREBELL.

Gerard. Hare-bells.

HAWTHORN.

Promptorium. Hawe thorne ; *ramnus.*

Catholicon. An Hawe tre ; *sinus, rampnus.*

Turner. Hawthorne tree.

Gerard. The White Thorne or Hawthorne tree.

Cotgrave. Aubespin ; *The White-thorne or Hawthorne.*

HAZEL.

Promptorium. Hesyl tre ; *Colurus, Colurnus.*

Catholicon. An Heselle ; *corulus.*

Turner. Hasyle tree.

Gerard. The Hasell tree.

Cotgrave. Noisiller ; *A Hazel, or small nut tree.*

HEATH.

Promptorium. Hethe ; *Bruera, bruare.*

Turner. Heth.

Gerard. Heath, Hather, or Linge.

Cotgrave. Bruyere ; *Heath, ling, hather.*

HEBONA.

HEMLOCK.

Promptorium. Humlok, herbe ; *Sicuta, lingua canis.*

Catholicon. An Hemlok ; *cicuta, harba benedicta, intubus.*

Turner. Hemlocke.

Gerard. Homlocks or herb Bennet.

Cotgrave. Cigne ; *Hemlocke, Homlocke, hearbe Bennet, Kex.*

HEMP.

Promptorium. Hempe ; *Canabum.*

Catholicon. Hempe ; *Canabus, canabum.*

Turner. Hemp.

Gerard. Hempe.

Cotgrave. Chanure ; *Hempe.*

HOLLY.

Promptorium. Holme or holy ; *Ulmus, hussus.*

Catholicon. An Holynge ; *hussus.*

Gerard. The Holme, Holly, or Hulver tree.

Cotgrave. Houx ; *The Hollie, Holme, or Hulver tree.*



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LARK'S HEELS.

Gerard. Larks heele or Larks claw.

Cotgrave. Herbe moniale; *Wilde Larkes-heele, purple Monkes-flower.*

LAUREL.

Promptorium. Lauryol, herbe; *Laureola.*

Catholicon. Larielle; *laurus.*

Turner. Laurel tree.

Gerard. The Bay or Laurel tree.

Cotgrave. Laureole; *Lowrie, Lauriell, Spurge Laurell, little Laurell.*

LAVENDER.

Promptorium. Lavendere, herbe; *Lavendula.*

Turner. Lauender.

Gerard. Lavander Spike.

Cotgrave. Lavande; *Lavender, Spike.*

LEEK.

Promptorium. Leek or garleke; *Alleum.*

Catholicon. A Leke; *porrum.*

Turner. Leke.

Gerard. Leekes.

Cotgrave. Porreau; *A Leeke.*

LEMON.

Turner. Limones.

Gerard. The Limon tree.

Cotgrave. Limon; *A Lemmon.*

LETTUCE.

Promptorium. Letuce, herbe; *Lactuca.*

Catholicon. Letuse; *lactuca.*

Turner. Lettis.

Gerard. Lettuce.

Cotgrave. Laictuë; *Lettuce.*

LILY.

Promptorium. Lyly, herbe; *Lilium.*

Catholicon. A Lyly; *lilium, librellum.*

Turner. Lily.

Gerard. White Lillies.

Cotgrave. Lis; *A Lillie.*

LIME.

Promptorium. Lynde tre ; *Filia.*

Catholicon. A Linde tre ; *tilia.*

Turner. Linden tre.

Gerard. The Line or Linden tree.

Cotgrave. Til ; *The Line, Linden, or Teylet tree.*

LING.

Promptorium. Lyngge of the hethe ; *Bruera vel brueria.*

Turner. Ling.

Gerard. Heath, Hather, or Linge.

Cotgrave. Bruyere ; *Heath, ling, hather.*

LOCUST.

Turner. Carobbeanes.

Gerard. The Carob tree or St. John's Bread.

LONG PURPLES.

Turner. Hand Satyrion.

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.

Gerard. Live in idlenesse.

Cotgrave. Herbe clavelée ; *Paunsie. . . . Love or live in idleness.*

MACE.

Promptorium. Macys, spyce ; *Macie in plur.*

Catholicon. Mace ; *Macia.*

Gerard. Mace.

Cotgrave. Macis ; *The spice called Mace.*

MALLOWS.

Promptorium. Malwe, herbe, *Malva.*

Catholicon. A Malve ; *Altea, malva.*

Turner. Mallowe.

Gerard. The wilde Mallowes.

Cotgrave. Maulve ; *The hearbe Mallow.*

MANDRAKES.

Promptorium. Mandragge, herbe ; *Mandragora.*

Turner. Mandrage.

Gerard. Mandrake.

Cotgrave. Mandragore ; *Mandrake, Mandrage, Mandragon.*

MARIGOLD.

Promptorium. Golde, heabe ; *Solsequium, quia sequitur solem,*
&c.

Catholicon. Marigolde ; *Solsequium, sponsa solis, herba est.*

Turner. Marygoulde.

Gerard. Marigolds.

Cotgrave. Soulsi ; *the Marigold, Ruds.*

MARJORAM.

Promptorium. Mageræm, herbe ; *Majorona.*

Catholicon. Marioron ; *herba Maiorana.*

Turner. Margerum.

Gerard. Marjerome.

Cotgrave. Marjolaine ; *Marierome, sweet Marierome, fine*
Marierome, Marierome gentle.

MEDLAR.

Turner. Medler tre.

Gerard. The Medlar tree.

Cotgrave. Nefle ; *a Medler.*

MINT.

Promptorium. Mynte, herbe ; *Minta.*

Catholicon. Minte ; *Menta, herba est.*

Turner. Mint.

Gerard. Mints.

Cotgrave. Mente ; *the hearbe Mint, or Mints.*

MISTLETOE.

Turner. Misceldin, or Miscelto.

Gerard. Misseltoe or Misteltoe.

Cotgrave. Guy ; *Misseltoe, or Misseldine.*

MOSS.

Promptorium. Mosse, growynge a-mongys stonys ; *Muscus.*

Catholicon. Mosse ; *muscus, ivena.*

Gerard. Ground Mosse.

Cotgrave. Mousse ; *Mosse.*

MULBERRY.

Promptorium. Mulbery ; *Morum.*

Catholicon. A Mulbery ; *Morum.*

Turner. Mulbery tree.

Gerard. The Mulberrie tree.

Cotgrave. Meure ; *A Mulberrie.*



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OATS.

Promptorium. Ote or havur Corne ; *Avena.*

Catholicon. Otys ; *ubi* haver (*Havyr* ; *avena, avenula*).

Turner. Otes.

Gerard. Otes.

Cotgrave. Avoyne ; *Oats.*

OLIVE.

Promptorium. Olyve, tre ; *Oliva.*

Catholicon. An Olyve tre ; *olea, oleaster, oliva ; olivaris.*

Turner. Olyve tree.

Gerard. The Olive tree.

Cotgrave. Olivier ; *An Olive tree.*

ONIONS.

Promptorium. Onyone ; *Sepe.*

Catholicon. Onyōn ; *bilbus, cepa, cepe.*

Turner. Onyon.

Gerard. Onions.

Cotgrave. Oignon ; *An Onyon.*

ORANGE.

Promptorium. Oronge, fructe ; *Pomum citrinum, citrum.*

Turner. Orenge trec.

Gerard. The Orange tree.

Cotgrave. Orange ; *An Orange.*

OSIER.

Promptorium. Osyere ; *Vimen.*

Turner. Osyer tree.

Gerard. The Ozier or Water Willow.

Cotgrave. Osier ; *The Ozier, red Withie, water Willow tree.*

OXLIP.

Gerard. Field Oxlips.

Cotgrave. Arthetiques ; *Cowslips or Oxlips.*

PALM.

Promptorium. Palme ; *Palma.*

Catholicon. A Palme tre ; *palma, palmula.*

Gerard. The Date tree.

Cotgrave. Palmier ; *The Palme, or Date tree.*

PANSIES.

Turner. Panses.

Gerard. Hearts-ease or Pansies.

Cotgrave. Pensée ; *The flower Paunsie.*

PARSLEY.

Promptorium. Persley, herbe ; *Petrocillum.*

Catholicon. Parcelle ; *Petrocillum, herba est.*

Turner. Persely.

Gerard. Parsley.

Cotgrave. Persil ; *Parsely.*

PEACH.

Promptorium. Peche, or peske, frute : *Pesca, pomum Persicum.*

Turner. Peche tree.

Gerard. The Peach tree.

Cotgrave. Pesche ; *A Peach.*

PEAR.

Promptorium. Pere, tre ; *Pirus.*

Catholicon. A Pere tre ; *Pirus.*

Turner. Peare tree.

Gerard. The Peare tree.

Cotgrave. Poire ; *A Peare.*

PEAS.

Promptorium. Pese, frute of come ; *Pisx*

Catholicon. A Peise ; *Pisa.*

Turner. A Pease.

Gerard. Peason.

Cotgrave. Pois ; *A Peas or Peason.*

PEPPER.

Promptorium. Pepyr ; *Piper.*

Catholicon. Pepyr ; *Piper.*

Turner. Indishe Peper.

Gerard. The Pepper plant.

Cotgrave. Poyvre ; *Pepper.*

PIGNUTS.

Turner. Ernutte.

Gerard. Earth-Nut, Earth Chestnut, or Kippernut.

Cotgrave. Faverottes ; *Earth-nuts, Kipper-nuts, Earth-Chest-nuts.*

PINE.

Promptorium. Pynot, tre ; *Pinus.*

Catholicon. A Pyne tree ; *pinus.*

Turner. Pyne tre.

Gerard. The Pine tree.

Cotgrave. Pin ; *A Pine tree.*

PINKS.

Gerard. Pinks or wilde Gillofloures.

Cotgrave. Oeillet ; *A Gilliflower ; also, a Pinke.*

PIONY.

Promptorium. Pyany, herbe ; *Pionia.*

Catholicon. A Pyōn ; *pionia, herba est.*

Turner. Pyony.

Gerard. Pelonie.

Cotgrave. Pion ; *A certaine great, round, and Bulbus-rooted flower, of one whole colour.*

PLANE.

Promptorium. Plane, tre ; *Platanus.*

Catholicon. A Playne tre ; *platanus.*

Turner. Playne tree.

Gerard. The Plane tree.

Cotgrave. Platane ; *The right Plane tree (a stranger in England).*

PLANTAIN.

Promptorium. Planteyne, or plawnteyn, herbe ; *Plantago.*

Turner. Plantaine.

Gerard. Land Plantaine.

Cotgrave. Plantain ; *Plantaine, Way-bred.*

PLUMS.

Promptorium. Plowme ; *Prunum.*

Catholicon. A Plowmbe ; *prunum.*

Turner. Plum tree.

Gerard. The Plum tree.

Cotgrave. Prune ; *A Plumme.*

POMEGRANATE.

Promptorium. Pomegarnet, frute ; *Pomum granatum, vel malum granatum.*

Catholicon. A Pomgarnett ; *Malogranatum, Malumpunicum.*



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REEDS.

Promptorium. Reed, of the fenne ; *Arundo, canna.*
Catholicon. A Rede ; *Arundo, canna, canula.*
Turner. Reed.
Gerard. Reeds.
Cotgrave. Roseau ; *A Reed, a Cane.*

RHUBARB.

Gerard. Rubarb.
Cotgrave. Reubarbe ; *The root called Rewbarb, or Rewbarb of the Levant.*

RICE.

Promptorium. Ryce, frute ; *Risia, vel risi.*
Catholicon. Ryse ; *risi indeclinabile.*
Turner. Ryse.
Gerard. Rice.
Cotgrave. Ris ; *The graine called Rice.*

ROSE.

Promptorium. Rose, floure ; *Rosa.*
Catholicon. A Rose ; *rosa-sula, rosella.*
Turner. Rose.
Gerard. Roses.
Cotgrave. Rose ; *A Rose.*

ROSEMARY.

Promptorium. Rose Mary, herbe ; *Ros marinus, rosa marina.*
Catholicon. Rosemary ; *Dendrolibanum, herba est.*
Turner. Rosemary.
Gerard. Rosemary.
Cotgrave. Rosmarin ; *Rosemarie.*

RUE.

Promptorium. Ruwe, herbe ; *Ruta.*
Catholicon. Rewe ; *ruta, herba est.*
Turner. Rue.
Gerard. Rue or Herb Grace.
Cotgrave. Rue ; *Rue, Hearbe Grace.*

RUSH.

Promptorium. Rysche, or rusche ; *Cirpus, juncus.*
Catholicon. A Rysche ; *ubi a Sefe (a Seyfe, juncus, biblus, cirpus.*
Gerard. Rushes.
Cotgrave. Jonc ; *A rush, or bulrush.*

RYE.

Promptorium. Rye, corn ; *Siligo.*
Catholicon. Ry ; *Sagalum.*
Turner. Rye.
Gerard. Rie.
Cotgrave. Seigle ; *Rye.*

SAFFRON.

Promptorium. Safrun ; *Crocum.*
Catholicon. Saferon ; *Crocus, crocum.*
Turner. Safforne, Saffron.
Gerard. Saffron.
Cotgrave. Saffron ; *Saffron.*

SAMPHIRE.

Turner. Sampere.
Gerard. Sampier.
Cotgrave. Creste marine ; *Sampier, Sea Fennell, Crestmarine.*

SAVORY.

Promptorium. Saverey, herbe ; *Satureia.*
Catholicon. Saferay ; *Satureia, herba est.*
Turner. Saueray or Sauery.
Gerard. Savorie.

SEDGE.

Promptorium. Segge, of fenne, or wyld gladon ; *Acorus.*
Catholicon. A Segg ; *Carex.*
Turner. Sege or Sheregres.
Cotgrave. Glayeul bastard ; *Sedge, wild flags, &c.*

SENNA.

Turner. Sene.
Gerard. Sene.
Cotgrave. Senné ; *The purging plant Sene.*

SPEARGRASS.

STOVER.

STRAWBERRY.

Promptorium. Strawberry ; *Fragum.*
Catholicon. A Strabery ; *Fragum.*
Turner. Strawberry.
Gerard. Straw-berries.
Cotgrave. Fraise ; *A strawberrie.*

SYCAMORE.

Promptorium. Sycomoure, tree ; *Sicomorus, celsa.*
Gerard. The Sycomore tree.
Cotgrave. Sycomore ; *The Sycomore.*

THISTLES.

Promptorium. Thystylle ; *Cardo, Carduus.*
Catholicon. A Thystelle ; *Cardo.*
Turner. Thistle.
Gerard. Thistles.
Cotgrave. Chardon ; *A Thistle.*

THORN.

Promptorium. Thorne ; *Spina, sentis, sentix.*
Catholicon. A Thorne ; *Spina, spinula, sentis.*
Turner. Whyte Thorne.
Gerard. White Thorne.
Cotgrave. Espine ; *A thorne.*

THYME.

Promptorium. Tyme, herbe ; *Tima, timum.*
Catholicon. Tyme ; *timum, epitimum.*
Turner. Wild Thyme.
Gerard. Wilde Time.
Cotgrave. Thym ; *The hearbe Time.*

TOADSTOOLS.

Catholicon. A Paddockstole ; *boletus, fungus, tuber, &c.*
Gerard. Toadstooles.
Cotgrave. Champignon ; *A Mushrum, Toadstoole, Paddock-*
stoole.

TURNIPS.

Turner. Rape or Turnepe.
Gerard. Turneps.
Cotgrave. Naveau blanc de Jardin ; *Th' ordinarie Rape, or*
Turneps.

VETCHES.

Promptorium. Fetcche, corne, or tare ; *Vicia.*
Turner. Fyche.
Gerard. The Vetch or Fetch.
Cotgrave. Vesce ; *The pulse called Fitch, or Vetch.*



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Turner. Wodbynde.

Gerard. Wood-bind or Honeysuckle.

Cotgrave. Chevre-fueille ; *The wood-bind or honie-suckle.*

WORMWOOD.

Promptorium. Wyrmwode, herbe ; *Absinthum.*

Catholicon. Wormede ; *absinthum.*

Turner. Mugwort, Wormwod.

Gerard. Wormewood.

Cotgrave. Absynthe ; *Wormewood.*

YEW.

Promptorium. V tree ; *Taxus.*

Catholicon. An Eu tre ; *taxus.*

Turner. Yewtree.

Gerard. The Yew tree.

Cotgrave. If ; *An Yew or Yew tree.*



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- Act IV., sc. 2. Walnut.
 sc. 4. Oak.
 sc. 5. Pear.
 sc. 6. Oak.
 Act V., sc. 1. Oak.
 sc. 3. Oak.
 sc. 5. Balm, Bilberry, Eringoes, Flax, Oak, Plums,
 Potatoes.

Twelfth Night—

- Act I., sc. 1. Violets.
 sc. 3. Flax.
 sc. 5. Apple, Codling, Olive, Peascod, Squash,
 Willow.
 Act II., sc. 3. Ginger.
 sc. 4. Roses.
 sc. 5. Box, Nettle, Yew.
 Act III., sc. 1. Roses.
 Act IV., sc. 2. Ebony, Pepper.
 Act V., sc. 1. Apple.

Measure for Measure—

- Act I., sc. 3. Birch.
 Act II., sc. 1. Prunes, Grapes.
 sc. 2. Myrtle, Oak, Violet.
 sc. 3. Ginger.
 Act III., sc. 2. Garlick.
 Act IV., sc. 1. Corn.
 sc. 3. Burs, Medlar, Peach.

Much Ado About Nothing—

- Dramatis Personæ. Dogberry.
 Act I., sc. 3. Rose.
 Act II., sc. 1. Oak, Orange, Sedge, Willow.
 Act III., sc. 1. Honeysuckle, Woodbine.
 sc. 4. Cardus Benedictus, Holy Thistle.

Midsummer Night's Dream—

- Act I., sc. 1. Grass, Hawthorn, Musk Roses, Primrose,
 Rose, Wheat.
 sc. 2. Orange.
 Act II., sc. 1. Acorn, Beans, Brier, Corn, Cowslip, Crab,
 Eglantine, Love-in-idleness, Musk Rose,
 Oxlip, Thyme, Violet, Woodbine.
 Act III., sc. 1. Acorn, Apricot, Brier, Dewberries, Figs,
 Grapes, Hawthorn, Hemp, Knot-grass,
 Lily, Mulberries, Orange, Rose, Thorns.
 sc. 2. Acorn, Brier, Burs, Cherry, Thorns.

- Act IV., sc. 1. Elm, Honeysuckle, Ivy, Nuts, Oats, Peas,
Thistle, Woodbine.
sc. 2. Garlick, Onions.
Act V., sc. 1. Brier, Broom, Cowslip, Leek, Lily, Thorns.

Love's Labour's Lost—

- Act I., sc. 1. Corn, Ebony, Rose.
Act III., sc. 1. Plantain.
Act IV., sc. 2. Crab, Oak, Osier, Pomewater.
sc. 3. Cedar, Cockle, Corn, Rose, Thorns.
Act V., sc. 1. Ginger.
sc. 2. Columbine, Cloves, Crabs, Cuckoo-buds,
Daisies, Grass, Lady-smocks, Lemon,
Lily, Mint, Nutmeg, Oats, Peas, Rose,
Sugar, Sycamore, Violets, Wormwood.

Merchant of Venice—

- Act I., sc. 1. Grass, Wheat.
sc. 3. Apple.
Act III., sc. 1. Ginger, Sugar.
sc. 4. Reed.
Act IV., sc. 1. Pine.
Act V., sc. 1. Willow.

As You Like It—

- Act I., sc. 2. Mustard.
sc. 3. Briers, Burs.
Act II., sc. 1. Oak.
sc. 4. Peascod.
sc. 7. Holly.
Act III., sc. 2. Brambles, Cork, Hawthorn, Medlar, Nut,
Rose, Rush.
sc. 3. Sugar.
sc. 4. Chestnut, Nut.
sc. 5. Rush.
Act IV., sc. 3. Moss, Oak, Osier.
Act V., sc. 1. Grape.
sc. 3. Rye.

All's Well that Ends Well—

- Act I., sc. 1. Date, Pear.
sc. 3. Rose.
Act II., sc. 1. Grapes.
sc. 2. Rush.
sc. 3. Pomegranate.
sc. 5. Nut.

- Act IV., sc. 2. Roses.
 sc. 4. Briers.
 sc. 5. Grass, Marjoram, Herb of Grace, Saffron.
 Act V., sc. 3. Onion.

Taming of the Shrew—

- Induction. Onions, Rose, Sedge.
 Act I., sc. 1. Apple, Love-in-idleness.
 sc. 2. Chestnut.
 Act II., sc. 1. Crab, Cypress, Hazel.
 Act III., sc. 2. Oats.
 Act IV., sc. 1. Rushes.
 sc. 3. Apple, Mustard, Walnut.
 sc. 4. Parsley.

Winter's Tale—

- Act I., sc. 2. Flax, Nettles, Squash, Thorns.
 Act II., sc. 1. Pines.
 sc. 3. Oak.
 Act III., sc. 3. Cork.
 Act IV., sc. 4. Brier, Carnations, Crown Imperial, Daffodils, Flower-de-duce, Garlick, Gillyflowers, Lavender, Lilies, Marigold, Marjoram, Mint, Oxlips, Primroses, Rosemary, Rue, Savory, Thorns, Violets.

Comedy of Errors—

- Act II., sc. 2. Ivy, Brier, Moss, Elm, Vine, Grass.
 Act IV., sc. 1. Balsamum, Cherry, Rush, Nut.
 sc. 4. Saffron.

HISTORIES.

King John—

- Act I., sc. 1. Rose.
 Act II., sc. 1. Cherry, Fig, Plum.
 Act III., sc. 1. Lily Rose.
 Act IV., sc. 2. Lily, Violet.
 sc. 3. Rush, Thorns.

Richard II.—

- Act II., sc. 3. Sugar.
 sc. 4. Bay.
 Act III., sc. 2. Balm, Nettles, Pine, Yew.
 sc. 3. Corn, Grass.
 sc. 4. Apricots.
 Act IV., sc. 1. Balm, Thorns.
 Act V., sc. 1. Rose.
 sc. 2. Violets.



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- Act III., sc. 1. Thorns.
 sc. 2. Corn, Crab, Cypress, Darnel, Grass, Man-
 drake, Primrose, Sugar.
- Act IV. sc. 2. Grass.
 sc. 7. Hemp.
 sc. 10. Grass.
- Act V., sc. 1. Cedar, Flower-de-luce.
 sc. 2. Flax.

3rd Henry VI.—

- Act II., sc. 1. Oak.
 sc. 5. Hawthorn.
- Act III., sc. 1. Balm.
 sc. 2. Thorns.
- Act IV., sc. 6. Laurel, Olive.
 sc. 8. Balm.
- Act V., sc. 2. Cedar.
 sc. 4. Thorns.
 sc. 5. Thorns.
 sc. 7. Corn.

Richard III.—

- Act I., sc. 2. Balm.
 sc. 3. Cedar, Sugar.
- Act III., sc. 1. Sugar.
 sc. 4. Strawberries.
- Act IV., sc. 3. Rose.
- Act V., sc. 2. Vine.

Henry VIII.—

- Act III., sc. 1. Lily.
- Act IV., sc. 2. Bays, Palms.
- Act V., sc. 1. Cherry, Corn.
 sc. 4. Apple, Crab, Broom.
 sc. 5. Corn, Lily, Vine.

TRAGEDIES.

Troilus and Cressida—

- Act I., sc. 1. Balm, Wheat.
 sc. 2. Date, Nettle.
 sc. 3. Laurel, Oak, Pine.
- Act II., sc. 1. Nut, Toadstool.
- Act III., sc. 2. Burs, Lily, Plantain (?).
- Act V., sc. 2. Almond, Potato.
 sc. 4. Blackberry.

Timon of Athens—

Act III., sc. 5. Balsam.

Act IV., sc. 3. Briers, Grape, Grass, Masts, Medlar, Moss,
Oak, Rose, Sugar, Vines.

Act V., sc. 1. Palm.

sc. 4. Balm, Olive.

Coriolanus—

Act I., sc. 1. Corn, Oak, Rush.

sc. 3. Oak.

sc. 10. Cypress.

Act II., sc. 1. Crabs, Nettle, Oak, Orange.

sc. 2. Oak.

sc. 3. Corn.

Act III., sc. 1. Cockle, Corn.

sc. 2. Mulberry.

sc. 3. Briers.

Act IV., sc. 5. Ash.

sc. 6. Garlick.

Act V., sc. 2. Oak.

sc. 3. Cedar, Oak, Palm.

Macbeth—

Act I., sc. 1. Chestnuts, Insane Root.

Act II., sc. 2. Balm.

sc. 3. Primrose.

Act IV., sc. 1. Corn, Hemlock, Yew.

Act V., sc. 3. Lily, Rhubarb, Senna, or Cyme.

Julius Cæsar—

Act I., sc. 2. Palm.

sc. 3. Oak.

Antony and Cleopatra—

Act I., sc. 2. Fig, Onion.

sc. 3. Laurel.

sc. 4. Flag.

sc. 5. Mandragora.

Act II., sc. 6. Wheat.

sc. 7. Grapes, Reeds, Vine.

Act III., sc. 3. Rose.

sc. 5. Rush.

sc. 12. Myrtle.

Act IV., sc. 2. Grace (Rue).

sc. 6. Olive.

sc. 12. Pine.

Act V., sc. 2. Balm, Figs.

Cymbeline—

- Act I., sc. 5. Cowslip, Primrose, Violet.
 Act II., sc. 1. Cowslip.
 sc. 2. Lily, Rushes.
 sc. 3. Marybuds.
 sc. 5. Acorn.
 Act IV., sc. 2. Daisy, Eglantine, Elder, Harebell, Moss,
 Oak, Pine, Primrose, Reed, Vine.
 Act V., sc. 4. Cedar.
 sc. 5. Cedar.

Titus Andronicus—

- Act I., sc. 1. Laurel.
 Act II., sc. 3. Corn, Elder, Mistletoe, Moss, Nettles, Yew.
 sc. 4. Aspen, Briers, Lily.
 Act IV., sc. 3. Cedar, Corn.
 sc. 4. Grass, Honeystalks.

Pericles—

- Act I., sc. 4. Corn.
 Act III., sc. 3. Corn.
 Act IV., sc. 1. Marigold, Rose, Violet.
 sc. 6. Bays, Rose, Rosemary, Thorn.
 Act V., Chorus. Cherry, Rose.

Romeo and Juliet—

- Act I., sc. 1. Sycamore.
 sc. 2. Plantain.
 sc. 3. Wormwood.
 sc. 4. Hazel, Rush, Thorn.
 Act II., sc. 1. Medlar, Poperin Pear.
 sc. 2. Rose.
 sc. 3. Willow.
 sc. 4. Bitter Sweet, Pink, Rosemary.
 Act III., sc. 1. Nuts, Pepper.
 sc. 5. Pomegranate.
 Act IV., sc. 1. Rose.
 sc. 3. Mandrake.
 sc. 4. Date, Quince.
 Act V., sc. 1. Rose.
 sc. 3. Yew.

King Lear—

- Act I., sc. 1. Balm, Vine.
 sc. 4. Peascod.
 sc. 5. Crab.
 Act II., sc. 2. Lily.
 sc. 3. Rosemary.
 Act III., sc. 2. Oak.



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