

Shakspearean bouquet : the flowers and plants of Shakspere, with their scientific names and quotations from his works, wherein allusion is made to them ... / [collected] by William Elder.

Contributors

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.
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Shakspearean Bouquet.

THE
FLOWERS AND PLANTS

OF SHAKSPERE,

WITH THEIR

Scientific Names and Quotations from his Works,

WHEREIN

ALLUSION IS MADE TO THEM.

By WILLIAM ELDER.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

PUBLISHED AT

THE PAISLEY HERALD OFFICE, BY W. B. WATSON.

1872.



TO

THOMAS COATS, ESQ.,

OF FERGUSLIE,

THIS SHAKSPEREAN BOUQUET

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED ;

It was awarded the First Prize for "The Best
Collection of Flowers and Plants named by Shakspeare,"
at the Paisley Horticultural Society's Show and
Grand Floral Fete,
Held on the 12th and 13th July, 1872,

IN FOUNTAIN GARDENS,

Your magnificent gift to the Town of Paisley ;


WHICH GIFT

Is only one of many tangible evidences of your princely
munificence in promoting Horticultural Science. It will remain
a perpetual memento of your generosity, and a lasting proof of
your anxiety to secure healthful means of recreation for the
inhabitants of your native town. In admiration of which, and
as an acknowledgment of many personal favours this dedication
is made by,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

WM. ELDER.



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P R E F A C E .

THE following quotations from Shakspeare contain allusions to nearly every flower or plant named in the works of our Immortal Dramatist. They were put together, as here presented, for the purpose of competing for a Prize offered by JAMES J. LAMB, Esq., of Underwood Cottage, Paisley, for "A Shakspearean Bouquet, or Collection of Plants and Flowers named by Shakspeare, with the quotations in which allusion is made to them," at the Paisley Horticultural Society's Show, held in the Fountain Gardens on 12th and 13th July, 1872. The collection named in the following pages was awarded the first prize in the competition, and contained nearly one hundred distinct varieties.

Mr. Lamb, I believe, offered this prize with the laudable object of trying to promote a love of nature and natural science, together with a love of literature, which his own labours in various fields have done so much to adorn and extend, and to stimulate the study of his favourite author's works, wherein nature—and especially human nature—is laid bare before us, and its innermost secrets revealed with a supernal light, and with a skill and art all but perfect.

I had conned often, and lovingly, the pages of Shakspeare, but I confess that the reiterated perusal of his works had given me no conception, till I took to reading them on set purpose for this competition, that he had named such a variety of plants and flowers; but here, as in every other department of human knowledge, he seems to have been at home, having familiar acquaintance with plants, their names and properties, "from the hyssop that groweth by the wall to the cedar that is on Lebanon."

I shall not attempt any laboured encomiums on the graceful felicity with which he has interwoven so many floral gems into the threadwork of his plays—such as the rose, so pure in its blushing beauty, but which if left to flourish in its virgin state may fail (as higher existences too may fail) to fulfil the noblest purposes of their being; for as he assures us—

“ . . . Earthlier happy is the rose distilled
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.”

Then we have

“ Pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they behold
Bright Pheebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids.”

And again—

“ Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.”

The “oxlip,” the “iris,” or *fleur-de-luce*, and “lilies of all kinds” are scattered as from a cornucopiæ over his pages, and all seem to bloom with brighter lustre as we view them irradiated in the light of his genius, as he depicts their beauty and evokes and diffuses their fragrance—blending them all with subtle skill and consummate taste in the most beautiful similes, where they sparkle

“ Like stars in the galaxy
From odoriferous Nature’s sun-elad groves,
From airy mountain-tops, and valleys deep ;”

Whilst other plants, such as the rosemary, the rue, the mints, the darnel, nettle, &c., he introduces, choosing them for their popularly assigned *emblematical* and *symbolical* attributes—in which sense, when understood by the reader, their introduction is at once seen to give force and point to his meaning.

Need I add more? Nay, why say so much? Do the flowers of Shakspeare need any commendation? No! His mere mention of them has ensured their blooming in perennial freshness—that their beauty shall never be blighted, their fragrance never be evaporated while nature endures, mankind live, language is spoken, and genius appreciated. To say more would be

“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 ;”

And that, in the language of Shakspeare following up the above quotation,—

“Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.”

FOUNTAIN GARDENS,
Paisley, 1872.

A

SHAKSPEREAN BOUQUET.

PROLOGUE.

The ancients crown'd their poets with green bays,
Fit emblem of their never-dying lays ;
Proclaimed them Heroes—sounded high their names—
Their works recited at the Olympian games ;
So we will henceforth, at our Floral Fete,
I hope and trust the ancients emulate.
We'll twine a wreath at least, and dress it gay
Of flowers, named in some fav'rite poet's lay;
Since James J. Lamb, with sterling taste and sense
Has now come forward willing to dispense
The cash for prizes, as he 's done to-day,
For loved Shakspearean, or other bouquet.
Whilst too, we hope, the Laird of Brediland,*
(With cultured mind and open liberal hand)
Will in the future nobly patronise
Our Show—be ever ready with a prize
To keep the mem'ry green of gentle Hugh
MacDonald, or other poet good and true,
Who've graced our land, and sung her hills and streams
Or wove her wild flowers in their vocal themes.
Thus may they rouse, incite, each Florists' mind
To hope of winning what they'll surely find
Rich pleasure in, if they'll but use their eyes
Whilst they go rambling to pick up such prize:
May others come and do as they've just done
And keep the custom up thus well begun.

My hope excited by the proffer'd prize,
I've joined with ardour in this enterprise ;
Whilst "honour" too methought might appertain
To him who won—so, I've roamed hill and plain,
For those fair gems in my bouquet display'd
In lovely tints, and various hues array'd ;
But should I fail to win, as fail I may,
Why, then ! I'll try again some other day ;
But win or lose, which ever may betide
I'll prize my bouquet since the mountain side
I've clomb to gather many gems you see
Bound in it—named in Shakspeare's poesy—
I've pluck'd the "wild thyme" where it fragrant grows
Just near the spot where trickling water flows
From that loved Well, where our own Tannahill,
Whilst pensive wand'ring, often drank his fill,

* Patrick Comyn Macgregor, Esq.

On steep Gleniffer, where it blooms as bright,
 As on that "bank," in loved "Midsummer Night's
 Dream," where fair Titania, lay on flow'ry bed,
 And deck'd with fairy gems poor "Bottom's" head
 The "nodding violet" and the "oxlip" too
 So sweet and lovely when suffused with dew
 I've gather'd; also the flower where Ariel swung
 (Most sweet conception ere by poet sung)—
 The yellow cowslip, wherein high and dry
 He lurk'd and suck'd as bees went "sipping by;"
 I've wreathed them all—each flowret's fragile stem
 Our Bard e'er nam'd or which his works begem.
 The rose, which Juliet said "would smell as sweet
 Though known by any other name," from its retreat
 In garden bower, I've gather'd, where so meek
 It blushed in beauty.—Whilst I too the leek,
 With odour rank have placed in my bouquet
 Not for its beauty—nor for colour gay,
 No, not for these, but still I could not spare
 The plant which Pistol ate whilst "eke I swear"
 He said, as Fluellen's cudgel tamed him meek
 And bit by bit whilst swearing "ate the leek."
 Here sweetly drooping, also you may see
 A sprig from off a weeping willow-tree
 Whose "hoary leaves," the gentle Zephyrs shook
 As they hung dangling o'er a glassy brook,
 As Shakspeare pictures in that doleful theme
 Where sweet "Ophelia plunges" in the stream
 With her strange garland most fantastic strung
 Where nettles, crowflowers, and long purples hung,
 In disarray, sad emblems of her state,
 As she with mind distraught met her dire fate.
 The "daisies pied," those gentle eyes of day,
 Our Bard so loving wove in many a lay;
 The cuckoo flower, the early Spring's delight,
 And lady-smocks all dressed in "silver white."
 The samphire, too, with pungent leaves and stems,
 I here present 'mong these Shaksperian gems,
 As fresh and fragrant, as erect and stiff,
 As 'twere new gather'd from old Dover cliff;
 Where gallant Edgar, in the sad "King Lear,"
 In feigning stands appall'd, awe-struck with fear
 And tells his father, noble Glo'ster, how
 He's led him to the steep cliff's beetling brow,
 (Whence he so injured, longs through fell despair
 To downward leap and so escape from care);
 There peering over, Edgar tells the Duke
 How fearful dizzy 'tis to stand and look
 To where below the ocean heaves and roars,
 Wind-toss'd and furious, 'gainst the rock-bound shores;
 Whilst choughs and crows they've startled from their lair
 "Show scarce so gross as beetles," in mid-air,
 "And half-way down" (in pursuit of his trade)
 "Hangs one" (who seems no bigger than his head)
 "That gathers samphire;"—so this plant I sought,
 And here, you see, it has been safely brought.

By "parcel-post" it came the other day,
Pick'd up on "Beacon Cliff," near by Torquay,
By friendly hands of one who brav'd the sea
And slipp'ry Cliff to find this plant for me.
The oak, the vine, sweet brier, rosemary, rue,
Mints, ivy, elm, I've placed with varied hue
In my bouquet, and darnel from the corn
Fields, all which you'll find the page adorn
Of our loved Bard, and so I proudly bring
Them thus before you tied within this string,
All marked and number'd, so, that if you look
You'll find from out our lovéd author's book
I quote correct, and name each Act and Scene
Wherein he weaves those flowers, with skill I ween
Which none can equal; so, I hope, and trust,
You'll test my bouquet with a judgment just
Turn it round and round, smell it, feast your eyes,
Judge fair and say, if it deserves the prize.



QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKSPERE,

Having reference to Plants and Flowers.

The figures had reference to a corresponding No. which was attached to each species of Plant or Flower as sent in for competition.

No. 1. THE IVY (*Hedera Helix*).

The Tempest. Act I., Scene 2.

“That now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.”

No. 2. THE ELDER TREE (*Sambucus Nigra*).

Merry Wives of Windsor. Act II., Scene 3.

“ Is he dead my Ethiopian?
Is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my
Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?”*

No. 3. POTATO (*Solanum Tuberosum*).

Merry Wives of Windsor. Act V., Scene 3.

“My doe!—let thy sky rain Potatoes,” &c.

No. 4. THE ELM (*Ulmus Campestris*). 5. THE VINE (*Vitis Vinifera*). 6. THE BRIER (*Rosa Rubiginosa*). (IVY—see No. 1.) 7. THE MOSS (*Selaginella*).

Comedy of Errors. Act II., Scene 2.

“Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss, &c.”

* “Heart of Elder” in contradistinction to “Heart of Oak.”
Elder wood having nothing but soft pith at heart.—W. E.

No. 8. MUSK ROSE (*Rosea Moschitus*). No. 9. PEASE BLOSSOM (*Pisus Sativum*). No. 10. MUSTARD (*Sinapis Alba*). No. 11. THE THISTLE (*Carduus*). No. 12. HONEYSUCKLE (*Lonicera Periclymenum*). (IVY—see No. 1.) (ELM—see No. 4.)

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act IV., Scene 1.

Titania.—"Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

Bottom.—"Where's Pease-blossom?"

Pease-blossom.—"Ready."

Bot.—"Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb?"

Cobweb.—"Ready."

Bot.—"Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle."

Bot.—"Where's Monsieur Mustard Seed?"

Mus.—"Ready."

Titania.—"Sleep thou and I will wind thee in my arms,—
Fairies, be gone, and be always away."

[Exit Fairies.]

"So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist, the female ivy so
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm," &c.

No. 13. THE HOLLY (*Ilex Aquifolia*).

As you Like It. Act II., Scene 7.

"Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! unto the green holly," &c.

No. 14. THE DAISY (*Bellis Perennis*). No. 15. THE VIOLET (*Viola*). No. 16. THE LADY'S SMOCK (*Cardamine Pratensis*). No. 17. THE CUCKOO FLOWER (*Lychnis Flos Cucculi*). (Also No. 16, with some.)

Love's Labour's Lost. Act V., Scene 2.

"When daisies pied,* and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver white;
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Adorn the meadows with delight."

No. 17. WHEAT (*Triticum*). No. 18. HAWTHORN (*Crataegus Oxycantha*).

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act I., Scene 1.

"When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear," &c.

* Shakspeare's "Daisies pied" are Burns's "Wee modest crimson-tipped flowers."—W. E.

No. 19. LOVE-IN-IDLENESS (or the PANSY)*

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act II., Scene 2.

"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 maiden's call it 'Love-in-Idleness,' &c.

No. 20. WILD THYME (*Thymus Serpyllum*). 21. OXLIP
(*Primula Elatior*). No. 22 VIOLETS (*Viola*). No. 23.
MUSK ROSE. No. 24. EGLANTINE—BRIER (*Rosea Rubi-
ginosa*). No. 25. WOODBINE (*Lonicera*).

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act II., Scene 2.

Oberon—"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine—
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers, with dances and delight."

No. 26. THE APRICOT (*Armeniaca Vulgaris*). No. 26½.
DEWBERRIES (*Rubus Coeossius*). No. 27. GRAPE VINE (*Vitis
Vinifera*). No. 28. THE FIG (*Ficus Carica*). No. 29.
THE MULBERRY (*Morus Nigra*).

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act III., Scene 1.

"Feed him with apricots and dewberries—
With purple grapes, greenfigs, and mulberries."

No. 30. THE DOUBLE CHERRY (*Cerassus*).*Love's Labour's Lost.* Act III., Scene 2.

"So we grew together like to a double cherry."

No. 31. THE PINE. 32. THE CEDAR.

The Tempest. Act V., Scene 2.

"The strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar."

No. 33. THE COWSLIP (*Primula Vera*).Named in "Ariel's" song in *The Tempest*—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's cup I lie," &c.

* Love-in-Idleness, a name bestowed on the Pansy (a corruption of the French word *Pensee*—thought) or Heart's-Ease. This and many other fondling names has been popularly given to this flower, of which there are now an immense variety, some of which are very pretty—white, blue, puce, purple, &c. The sorts with white grounds and purple blotches might readily suggest to Shakspeare's poetical imagination the stains from "love's wound" in the text.—W. E.

No. 34. THE WILLOW (*Salix Pendula*).*Twelfth Night*. Act I., Scene 5.*Olivia*—"Why, what would you?"*Viola*—"Make me a willow cabin at your gate," &c.No. 35. THE CYPRESS (*Cupressus Lawsoniana*). No. 36.
THE COMMON YEW (*Taxus Baccata*).*Twelfth Night*. Act II., Scene 4 (song by Clown.)

"Come away, come away, death,
And in a sad Cypress let me be laid—
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid—
My shroud of white stuck all with yew," &c.

No. 37. ROSEMARY (*Rosemarinus Officinalis*). No. 38. RUE
(*Ruta Graveolens*).

As a garland for old men.

Winter's Tale. Act IV., Scene 3.

"Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue: these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long."

No. 39. CARNATION (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*). No. 40. GIL-
LYFLOWER (STOCK) or PINK.**Winter's Tale*. Act IV., Scene 3.

Perdita—"Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o' the
season,
Are our carnations, and streaked gilliflowers."

No. 41. LAVENDER (*Lavendula Spica*). No. 42. MINTS
(*Mentha*)—various. No. 43. SAVOURY (*Saturega Hor-
tensis*). No. 44. MARJORAM (*Origanum Majoranum*).
No. 45. MARIGOLD (*Calendula Officinalis*).*Winter's Tale*. Act IV., Scene 3.

Garland for middle-aged men.

"Here's flowers for you,
Hot Lavender—mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age."

No. 46. DAFFODILS. No. 47. VIOLETS. No. 48. PRIMROSE
(*Primula Vulgaris*). No. 49. OXLIP (*Primula Elatior*).
No. 50. CROWN IMPERIAL. No. 51. LILIES (varieties).
No. 52. FLEUR-DE-LUCE (or IRIS,) of various sorts.

* In Shakspeare's time Sweet Williams, Pinks, and the whole family *Dianthus* were known as Gilliflowers.—W. E.

No. 62. ROSEMARY (*Rosemarinus Officinalis*).

King Lear. Act II., Scene 3.

“The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary.”

No. 63. FUMITORY (*Fumaria Officinalis*). No. 64. CHAR-
LOCKS (*Sinapis Alba*). No. 65. HEMLOCK (*Conium*
Maculatum). No. 66. NETTLES. No. 67. CUCKOO
FLOWER (*Lychnisflor Cucculi*). No. 68. DARNEL (*Lol-
ium Tremulentum*). No. 69. CORN (OATS, WHEAT, OR
BARLEY).

King Lear. Act II., Scene 2.

Lear's distraction described.

“Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now,
As mad as the vexed sea, singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumitor, and furrow weeds—
With charlocks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.”

No. 70. THE POPPY (*Papaver Somnifera*). No. 71. THE
MANDRAGORA (*Atropis Mandragora*.)

Othello. Act III. Descriptive of the tortures of jealousy.

Iago.—“Look where he comes! (Enter *Othello*.)
Not poppy, not mandragora
Not all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.”

No. 72. THE ROSE (*Rosea*).

Romeo and Juliet. Act II. (The Garden Scene.)

“What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.”

For another beautiful simile wherein the rose is mentioned,
see

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act I., Scene 3.

“But earthlier happy is the rose distilled
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.”

No. 73. THE POMEGRANATE (*Punica Granatum*).

Romeo and Juliet. Where in the garden scene we read:—

“It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.”

No. 74. THE OAK (*Quercus*). No. 75. SWEET BRIER (*Rosca Rubiginosa*).

Timon of Athens. Act IV. (Timon to the thieves.)

"Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the brier scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her fullness before you, &c."

No. 76. MOSS (*Selaginella*). No. 77. MISLETOE (*Viscum Album*).

Titus Andronicus. Act II., Scene 2.

Descriptive of a melancholy valley.

"A barren detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe."

No. 78. THE ASPEN, or POPLAR (*Populus Tremula*).

Titus Andronicus. Lavinia pictured at her lute.

"O, had the monster seen her lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon her lute."

No. 79. THE ASH TREE (*Fraxinus Excelsior*).

Coriolanus. Act IV., Scene 5.

"Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grain'd Ash a hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters."

The above refers to the fact of lance shafts having been made principally from Ash wood.

No. 80. THE RUSH (*Juncus*).

Romeo and Juliet. Act I., Scene 4.

"A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels."

In allusion to the rushes that were strewn on the floors of rooms before carpets came into use.

No. 81. THE MANDRAKE (*Atropis Mandragora*).

Romeo and Juliet. Act IV., Scene 3.

"Alack, alack, it is not like that I,
So early waking—what with loathsome smells
And shrieks like * mandrakes," &c.

No. 82. GRASS.

Hamlet. Act III., Scene 2.

"Aye, sir, but 'while the grass grows'
— the proverb is something musty," &c.

* It was fabled that the mandrake shrieked when riven from the ground.—W. E.

No. 83. FENNEL (*Anethum Fœniculum*).

No. 84. COLUMBINES (*Aquilegia*).

Hamlet. Act IV., Scene 5.

Ophelia—"There's fennel for you and columbine," &c.

No. 85. SAMPHIRE (*Crithmum Maritimum*).

King Lear. Act IV., Scene VI.

Edgar—"Come on, sir; here's the place! Stand still.

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire," &c.

No. 86. THE LEEK (*Allium Porrum*).

Henry V. Act V., Scene 1.

Fluellen—"I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb."

Pistol—"Must I bite?"

Flu.—Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist.—By this leek I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear," &c.

No. 87. THE BURNET (*Poterium Sanguisorba*). No. 88.

COWSLIP (*Primula Vera*). No. 89. THE CLOVER

(*Trifolium*). No. 90. THE DOCK (*Rumex*). No. 91.

THISTLE (*Carduus*). No. 92. KECKSIES, or HEM-

LOCK. No. 93. THE BUR or BURDOCK (*Arctium Lappa*).

King Henry V. Act V., Scene 2.

Burgundy—"The even mead, that erst brought sweetly
forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,

Losing both beauty and utility," &c

(No. 6. BRIER). No. 94. THE FURZE or WHIN (*Ulex*

Europœus). No. 95. THE GOSS. No. 96. THE THORN

(*Cratægus*).

The Tempest. Act IV., Scene 2.

Ariel— "Then I beat my tabor,

At which, like unbacked colts, they prick'd their
ears

That, calf-like, they my lowing followed through

Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which entered their frail shins," &c.

No. 97. THE LILY (*Lilium Auratum*). No. 98. THE
VIOLET (*Viola*).

Perfection admits of no addition.

“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 a taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess,” &c.

No. 98. CARRAWAY. (*Carum carui*.)

King Henry IV., part 2nd. Act IV., Scene 3.

Shallow—“Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where
In an arbour we will eat last year’s pippin
Of my grafting, with a dish of carraway,” &c.

No. 99. THE STRAWBERRY. (*Fragaria*.)

King Henry V. Act I., Scene 1.

Ely—“The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour’d by fruit of baser quality,” &c.

No. 100. THE WHITE ROSE. No. 107. THE RED ROSE.

King Henry VI., part 1. Act II., Scene 4.

Plantagenet—“Since you are tongue-tied and so loth to
speak,
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,” &c.

No. 101. GREEN BAYS. (*Laurus*.)

Henry VIII. Act IV., Scene 2. (Queen Catherine’s vision.)

Stage Directions—“Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on
their heads garlands of bays, . . . branches of bays
or palms in their hands,” &c.

No. 102. STINGING NETTLES. (*Urtica*.)

King Richard II. Act III., Scene 2.

King Rich.—“Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies,” &c.

No. 103. FERNS (shewing seed spores.)

King Henry IV. Act II., Scene 2—(part 1st.)*Gadshill*—"We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have
The receipt of fern seed.—we walk invisible."No. 104. BLACKBERRY OR BRAMBLE (*Rubus fruticosus*.)*King Henry IV.* Act II., Scene 4.*Falstaff*—"Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons
Were as plenty as blackberries, I would give
no man
A reason upon compulsion," &c., &c.No. 105. SPEAR-GRASS. *Henry IV.* Act II., Scene 4.*Bardolph*—"Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass,
to make them bleed," &c., &c.No. 106. CAMOMILE (*Matricaria*.)*King Henry IV.*, part 1. Act II., Scene 4.*Falstaff*—"For though the camomile, the more it is trod-
den on the faster it grows," &c., &c.No. 187. BOX TREE OR BOXWOOD (*Buxus sempervirens*.)*Twelfth Night.* Act II., Scene 5.*Maria*—"Get ye all three into the Box Tree,"No. 108. THE BROOM (*Genista*.)*Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V., Scene 2.*Puck*—"Now are frolic, not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door."

EPILOGUE

TO

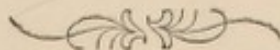
SHAKSPEREAN BOUQUET.

This wreath I've strung with loving soul-felt pride,
Of gems from mossy dells, from mountain side ;
From bosky glens, as well as shady grove
I've cull'd the treasures I have here enwove,
To form this chaplet wherewith I would crown
Thy bust, oh, Shakspeare ! England's chief renown
And world's glory ! for—tho' England bore
Thee to the world—yet now, from shore to shore,
Thy fame is sounded, whilst the glory rays
Thy genius shed, expandeth as the days
Roll into years, and widen out to ages ;
So, wide and wider spreads thy storied pages ;
Where all mankind, whate'er their colour, creed,
May knowledge find with pleasure, when they read.
With rev'rant love I now approach thy shrine
With this my off 'ring, conscious, where the NINE
Have pour'd their favours, shed their ev'ry grace,
Such humble effort scarce deserves a place ;
Nor would my muse now dare to feebly raise
This loving tribute, loyal though the praise
She brings, nor think she can enhance thereby
Thy worth, thy fame, thy glory, dignity ;
Thy works alone can these most fitly sound
Where wisdom, philosophic thought profound,
And wit to charm, and peerless humour, grace,
Are found abounding, clear for all to trace.
For there all hearts, all minds, throughout all time
Express their hopes, their fears, their love, hate, crime.
How oft' at close of days of weary toil,
They solace us—the jaded mind with oil
Of gladness filling, nor e'er clog nor cloy,
They wisdom teaching, whilst too we enjoy
Thy boundless mirth, and anon rapt sublime
Forget the world, its cares, the passing time !
Or now with grief oppressed, now shake with fear,
Or wipe, unseen, the slowly trickling tear ;
Forget in thine the soulless scenes of earth,
Our sides now aching at the madcap mirth
The varied throng provoke, imbued by thee
With life and language, which we passing see

As thou direct'st—to work out thy intention,
 In worlds created by thy sage invention.
 Ophelia, Desdemona, loving Juliet,
 Fair Rosalind, thou paint'st before us set ;
 Bianca modest, Portia wise and true,
 Sweet Jessica, lov'd daughter of the Jew,
 The "super dainty Kate," as "shrew" so famed,
 Whom bold Petruchio so completely "tamed,"
 And Isabella, chaste and virtuous maid ;
 Leontes' Queen, Fair Hermione, upright, staid,
 And countless heroines as pure and true,
 Thy mind creative, bodies forth to view,
 And sets before us whereby we can trace
 What priceless virtues and what peerless grace,
 What stored love-wealth fair woman's heart contains,
 What treasures they who win them surely gains.
 Whilst at the bidding of thy wond'rous art,
 Thou bring'st to life fair woman's counterpart,
 Their "better halves," as they are said to be,
 Men, kings, and peasants, knights of each degree ;
 Macbeth and Lear, Hamlet, Jacques, Othello,
 Iago subtle, Falstaff witty—mellow —
 All "fret their hour" before our wond'ring view,
 Each act perform'd, each sentence spoken true
 To art and nature, whilst thy wond'rous pen
 Reveals with clearness to the humblest ken
 Of all who read thy glowing pages,
 Of men, their manners, and what thoughts engages
 Their various minds, whate'er their birth or station,
 Whate'er their creed or colour, state or nation ;
 Each thought, each action, whether sinful, pure,
 Stands there reveal'd in words that shall endure
 Whilst nature holds, and men prize mental worth,
 So long thy genius shall illumine the earth !
 Oh, who amongst us has not shed a tear
 In sympathetic grief with old *King Lear* ?
 When, greatly injured by his daughters twain,
 Deceived, maltreated, tortur'd, mind or brain,
 At last o'erbalanced through the baleful seeds
 Of poison gender'd by unfilial deeds
 And acts perform'd, by those who should have shed
 Their choicest blessings on their father's head ?
 What strange emotions, too, thy power evokes
 When Prosp'ro wields his wand, whose magic strokes
 Makes Ariel rise—exert his spirit—pow'r,
 The storm to rouse, and cause the billows tow'r—
 To surge and foam, whilst stately vessels reel,
 And shake from stem to stern, from deck to keel ;
 Whilst pure Miranda (loveliest Heroine
 E'er poet pictur'd) spotless and divine
 She seems, created by thy master-hand,
 As standing gazing from the wreck-strew'd strand,
 Far out to sea she spies a vessel brave,
 Storm-toss'd, and prays at once for pow'r to save ;
 A pray'r in which all human hearts would join
 To ask the God of Love—the pow'r Divine,

His hand to stretch, (as love might prompt to do,)
 And save from surging grave the struggling crew.
 Oh! who has stood upon the sea-beat shore
 And heard the angry tempest's howling roar,
 And watch'd a vessel as its quiv'ring spars
 To splinters driven o'er deck—whilst wearied tars
 Convulsive, grasping, cling, till chilling cold,
 Thirst, hunger, weakness makes them lose their hold;
 Whilst rav'nous sharks, with open jaw and throat,
 Are seen to mark them, as they helpless float,
 For their own prey, whilst lashing wave on wave
 Is snatching one by one to wat'ry grave?
 What man of heart, if he were arm'd with might,
 But would them rescue from such fearful plight?
 What recreant soul, if he could raise his word,
 And make his voice amid the storm be heard,
 Directions giving—which that struggling brave,
 Heroic crew, might from destruction save?
 But would his voice upraise, his pow'r exert,
 And life and comfort, hope and joy impart?
 The father to preserve for babe unborn,
 Love sons to mother's fond embrace return;
 The maiden's heart with tend'rest rapture fill,
 Cause sweet emotions through her being thrill,
 To find her lover safely face to face
 Restored, again to lock in fond embrace.
 Pow'r such as that, alas! no man can sway
 By magic-charm, nor spell, in this our day;
 Nor *Ave*, pray'r of any form bind
 The surging billows, still the growling wind;
 And yet, methinks, no pow'r with might possessed,
 With love imbued, could hear the cry distressed
 Outpoured by creatures in such fearful strait,
 But would, through love, use pow'r, avert their fate.
 Such thoughts as these thou mak'st Miranda feel,
 When, out at sea she sees the vessel reel
 On crested wave, now sunk in trough of sea,
 Her quiv'ring sails now dipping in the breeze;
 Whilst through her cordage shrieking loud and shrill,
 Destruction carrying, drive the winds at will;
 Then fair Miranda, at thy high behest,
 Puts up her prayer, her modest, fair request:—
 That power be granted, so that she might save
 That noble crew from surging, briny grave;
 That she might "pluck the vessel safe from harm,"
 Her crew safe rescue from the howling storm.
 And thus, oh Shakspeare! by thy subtle art,
 Thou mov'st, thou mould'st at will the human heart;
 With magic skill thou pli'st thy plummet line,
 Mankind to gauge, each feature to divine;
 The heights and depths of Nature freely trace,
 Give man and woman each their proper place.
 For worlds to conquer Alexander wept;
 But thou, when o'er the earth thou'd'st swept
 With eagle glance, thy superhuman view
 Our world exhausted—thou created'st new

Worlds—where lovely fairies in "Midsummer's Night"
 Revel, and youth and age alike delight.
 With what dread feeling in that mystic hour,
 When spirits, disembodied, have the pow'r
 To walk abroad—we see thee with a stroke
 Of Wizard's pen so spell-like forth evoke
 The ghost of Hamlet's father, there to chide
 Foul murd'rous crimes, and walk with stately stride
 In burnished armour o'er the earth aboon,
 Revisiting the "glimpses of the moon."
 Then in Macbeth, what mystic awe we feel,
 When wild and haggard forth the witches reel
 Around the cauldron, and with hellish din
 Of screeching song, pour foul ingredients in,
 As "eye of newt," and "toe of [venom'd] frog,"
 The "wool of bat," and barking "tongue of dog,"
 An "adder's fork," and "blind-worm's [poisoned] sting,"
 A "lizard's leg," and screeching "owlet's wing."
 All these and other loathsome charms we see
 Thrown in the cauldron, by the "sisters three,"
 With fatal spells, they conjure "toil and trouble,"
 As round they dance, and bid it "boil and babble;"
 Which *Incantation* weaves the fatal charm,
 To work King Duncan and his kingdom harm.
 Thus, o'er the superhuman too thy pow'r
 Extendeth wide; o'er elves in fairy bow'r;
 Each witch and sprite, where'er their magic span,
 Come at thy call, Puck, Ariel, Caliban!
 Whilst we delighted o'er thy subjects pore
 Of earth or air, and wonder at thy lore,
 Your "Wives of Windsor," and your "Bluff King Hall,"
 Your "Jolly Falstaff," blustr'ing, stout and tall,
 Whose freaks of wit we loving ponder o'er,
 While Hall and Pistol loud in chorus roar;
 Your Mrs Quickly, Bardolph, Evans, Ford—
 All shades of life, king, peasant, beggar, lord,
 Come at thy *fiat*, "strut" across the stage,
 To name all which would more than fill my page;
 Nor needs I should, since mankind all agree
 That none may hope or dare to vie with thee;
 In flight of genius, in creative pow'r,
 From earliest ages to this latest hour,
Unique, unrivall'd, unapproach'd you stand,
 The mightiest mind—the glory of our land!



A P P E N D I X .

THE same spirit which animated Mr. Lamb, and which prompted him to offer a prize for "The best Collection of Flowers and Plants named by Shakspeare," &c., was equally present with his friend and fellow-townsmen, Patrick Comyn Macgregor, of Brediland, who offered a prize to be competed for on the same occasion for "The best Collection of Flowers and Plants named in Hugh Macdonald's 'Rambles Round Glasgow.'" In this Competition the first prize was very creditably carried off by Mr. James Walker, Gardener, Paisley, whose Collection will be found named with the quotations, &c., in the pages which follow.

The novelty of these Competitions caused considerable interest to attach to the Flower Show; and it is the first occasion that has come within my knowledge, of such a feature being added to a *Floral Fete*. But I hope it will not be the last. May other places follow the example of Paisley. Poetry and flowers are inseparably connected, and Floriculturists may come to have a higher appreciation of their beauty, take a deeper interest—and have an enhanced pleasure in their labours, when they realise from reading the works of Shakspeare or Macdonald, of Milton or Burns, &c., the powerful influence which flowers in their beauty exercised over such authors' minds. To aid in this I believe was the intention of the donors of the prizes which evoked the competition that called this *Brochure* to light.

"RAMBLES ROUND GLASGOW"

COLLECTION.

Prize presented by P. COMYN MACGREGOR, Esq.
Gained by Mr. James Walker.

No. I. THE PUBLIC GREEN. . . "Numerous handsome specimens of the *elm*, the *beech*, the *sawgh*, and the *ash*, diversify and adorn the scene. . . . While the wide spreading lawns and gently sloping banks are spangled with the *daisy*, the *dandelion*, and the *buttercup*. We may also mention the *shamrock* and the mystic *yarrow*."

No. II. CARMYLE AND KENMUIR. " . . . At present the Marsh Marigold (*caltha palustris*), the red campion (*lychnis dioica*), the odorons woodruff (*asperula odorata*), and many others are in full bloom." "Coltsfoot and Celandine." "While rosebud and hawthorn their dens are perfuming."

No. III. CAMBUSLANG AND DYCHMONT.

"Scarlet-hips and stony haws,
Or blushing *crabs* or berries that emboss.
The *bramble*, black as jet;
Or *Sloes* austere."

"We here find the woody nightshade (*Solanum dulcamara*), common valerian (*val. officinalis*), and a numerous variety of others as woodsage, &c.

No. IV. BLANTYRE AND BOTHWELL. "In the deeper recesses of the wood we observe the

'Stately foxglove fair to see,'

(*digitalis purpurea*), and that most beautiful of our indigenous geraniums, the wood crane's-bill growing in great abundance while the pink flowered woundwort, the purple tufted vetch, the yellow bedstraw, are thickly strewn around." "The walls are beautifully clad with clematis and the greater convolvulus, &c., while the wall flower and the nettle nod mournfully from their summits." "We are shown sensitive plants, cacti, &c., and pansies, pelargoniums, calceolarias, and fushias are plentifully strewn around."

No. V. RUTHERGLEN AND CATHKIN. "We observe the water hen swimming about among the "puddock pipes (*equisetas*) in search of small fishes." "Among these are

the periwinkle, various species of guania and others,"
 "Scattered around our feet is the blaeberry plant," "and
 the marsh cinquefoil rises above the dark moss-waters."

No. VI. CATHCART AND LANGSIDE. "The sweet, little
 field, *forget-me-not*, *silverweed*, perforated *St. John's Wort*,
 intermingled with clusters of speedwell and bird's foot
 trefoil, forming altogether as lovely a fringe to the brown
 foot-path as a poet's eye might wish to gaze upon."

"When daises pied and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks, all silver white;
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue," &c.

No. VIII. EAGLESHAM AND LOCHGOIN. "The potato
 ridges are blooming while the *bean* lends a honeyed
 fragrance to the wind."

No. IX. THE MEARNS, MEARNS CASTLE, AND MOORHOUSE.
 "The hazel with clear brown clusters." "Stately
 thistles." "The tris and meadow-sweet will accompany
 us still."

"The pea puts on its bloom."
 "And heather on the moorland green."

No. X. BARRHEAD AND NEILSTON. "The road side
 fringed with fragrant *meadow green*, and at intervals *rasp-*
bushes, *roses*," &c. "The acid juice of the *sourock* removes
 the stains of the berries." "Feathery breckans fringe
 every rock."

No. XIII. GLENIFFER AND ELDERSLIE. "The yellow
 blossoms of the whin and the golden tassels of the broom
 wave in the breeze." "Ferns."

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The white pink and the pansy flaked with jet,
 The glowing violet, and well attired woodbine."

No. XVII. NEW KILPATRICK AND THE WHANGIE. "The wee
 trickling burn fringed with the bloom of lady's mantle,"
 &c. "The columbine blooms on the very door step—the
 purple orchis—and we observe the wood rust and wood
 sorrel both in bloom."

No. XVIII. MILNGAVIE AND STRATHBLANE.

"My love is like a red red rose."

"Tormentil is strewn in great profusion over every bank
 and brae." "The surface of the loch is covered with
 the broad heart-shaped leaves of the yellow water lilly—
 (nuphar lutea.)"

