

And quick with scents that make one long to be
A-gathering sweets, bloom-buried utterly."

And about 50 years ago, during a period of fierce political agitation, the Radical poet, *par excellence*, Ebenezer Elliott, pleaded:—

"Beneath the schemes of wicked men
Our country's head is bowing,
But thanks to God, they can't prevent
The sweet wild-flowers from blowing."

Thomas Campbell, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, wrote:—

Ye field flowers! the gardens may eclipse ye, 'tis true,
Yet wildings of Nature. I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

* * * * *

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionate stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

Mrs. Hemans has some pretty verses in praise of wild-flowers, and Eliza Cook gives us some simple lines about *Buttercups and Daisies*:—

"Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With childhood's love? Can any please
Or light the infant eye like these?
No, no; there's not a bud on earth
Of richest tint, or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.
Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers:
"Buttercups and Daisies"?"

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell
And though old Time has mark'd my brow
With cares and thought—I love them now.

"Smile if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest link'd to simplest things;
And these wild-flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past;
And then the only wish I have,
Is, that the one who raises
The turf sod o'er me, plant my grave
With "Buttercups and Daisies."

Tennyson, too, sings:—

"Flowers in the crannied wall:
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all in my hand.
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

And so on to the end of the chapter, I might quote them all:

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
The Poets; who have made us heirs on earth
Of truth and pure delight, through heavenly lays."
"For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall?
Whenever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all!"

Of miscellaneous market edibles, not derived from the home garden, about half a dozen kinds are mentioned by Shakespeare, two of them, *Samphire* and *Eryngoes*, prepared from productions of the sea-shore.

"Eryngoes," named in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, were the candied roots of the *Eryngium Maritimum*, grey denizens of the seaside sandhills,—a veritable "touch-me-not," distinguished at once by its intense prickliness, (whence the synonym of "sea holly,") and its large egg-shaped head of sky blue flowers.

Samphire (*crithmum maritimum*) never grows upon the sandhills, but exclusively upon rocks and cliffs, such as are daily splashed by the salt-water. The leaves are many-fingered and very succulent, the flowers are produced in yellowish umbles, the plant becoming a mass of about six inches in height. The juiciness and pleasant saline flavor recommended it at a very early period, for use as a pickling vegetable. The collecting of it is at all times somewhat dangerous. As a rule, samphire is often quite inaccessible except by means such as those referred to in the inimitable description in which it is mentioned by Shakespeare,—suspending a man by a rope from the brow of the cliff,—this particular cliff—the most interesting in England, since it is at Dover, overlooking the Channel.

Edgar in *King Lear*, standing on the top of this cliff, known as Shakespeare's Cliff to this day, says:—

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles; half-way down
Hangs one who gathers samphire—dreadful trade,
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head,
The fishermen who walk upon the beach
Appear like mice:"

"The murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd pebbles chafe,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

Let me here say, in parenthesis, that I have seen this picture. I do believe that if I were asked what is the grandest sight I ever saw, I should reply without hesitation, sunrise from the summit of Shakespeare's Cliff,—to look across the channel towards