

# THE SATURDAY READER.

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FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,  
"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."  
TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY READER FROM  
THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

IN beholding the frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael, at Rome, one cannot help reflecting that they were indebted for their preservation solely to the durable material upon which they were painted. There they are, the permanent monuments of genius and skill, while many others of their mighty works have become the spoils of insatiate avarice, or the victims of wanton barbarism. How grateful ought mankind to be, that not only the Bible, but so many of the great literary productions of antiquity have come down to us—that the Word of God and the works of Homer, Virgil, and Plato, have been preserved—while we possess those of the early fathers of the church, as well as those of Shakspeare, Milton, and Bacon. These, fortunately, may be considered indestructible: they shall remain to us till the end of time itself—till time, in the words of Ben Jonson, has thrown his last dart at death, and shall himself submit to the final and inevitable destruction of all created matter. A second irruption of the Goths and Vandals could not now endanger their existence, secured as they are by the wonders of modern invention, and by the affectionate admiration of myriads of human beings. It is now more than two hundred and fifty years since Shakspeare ceased to write, but when shall he cease to be read? when shall he cease to give light and delight? It might seem arrogance and presumption to write anything about him after the world of commentaries already written upon his plays and sonnets. Among the numerous readers of this journal, not a few are desirous of instruction and literary amusement, and some require it. Let them not think that this is an attempt to add anything to the superstructure of that great temple already built by Coleridge, Hazlitt, Chas. Knight, Goethe, Schlegel, and Ulrici. Presuming that most of them have a knowledge of Shakspeare, I shall consider myself merely as a servant bringing a bouquet into a well-furnished apartment. My regret is that neither the reader nor myself have the flowers before us; but it may amuse some to collect them during the coming summer, and arrange them in posies; and others to refer to the texts, and thereby discover, hitherto to them, latent beauties in the great dramatist. I do not intend saying anything about botany, or anything about the characters introducing the flowers, but shall content myself by giving you the acts and scenes of the different plays in which the passages occur. My only labour, and that one of love—"The labour we delight in physics pain"—is the compiling and arranging what may be termed—

### THE FLOWERS OF SHAKSPEARE

If music be the food of love, play on—  
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again:—it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.  
*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Scene 1.*

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidenhood, honour, truth and everything,  
I love thee so,—that manage all thy pride,  
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.  
*Ibid, Act 3, Scene 1.*

Merciful Heaven!  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Split'st at the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
Than the soft myrtle.  
*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Scene 2.*

Bid her steal into the peached bower,  
Where *honeysuckles*, ripen'd by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter,—like favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
Against the power that bred it.  
*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Scene 1.*

No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—  
Therefore, the moon the governess of floods  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
And through this distemperature, we see  
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;  
And on old Hymen's thin and icy crown,  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set.

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;  
And the imperial votaries passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
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*.

I know a bank where the *wild thyme* blows,  
Where *ox-lips* and the nodding *violet* grows;  
Quite over-canopied 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.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Scene 2.*

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick *musk-roses* in thy sleek smooth head,  
And keep thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Where's the *peas-blossom*?  
Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms,  
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.  
So doth the *woodbine*, the sweet *honeysuckle*  
Gently entwine; the female ivy so  
Earings the bony fingers of the elm.  
*Ibid, Act 4, Scene 1.*

SONG.  
When *daisies* pied, and *violets* blue,  
And *lady-smocks* all silver white,  
And *cuckoo's-buds* of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo!  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5*

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, *vetches*, oats and peas;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And fat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;

With sweetest music; so I charm'd their ears,  
That calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through  
Tooth'd briars, *sharp furzes*, *pricking goss* and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins.  
*Tempest, Act 4, Scene 1.*

There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our  
young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks;  
hangs odes upon *hawthorns*, and elegies on brambles;  
all, forsooth, defying the name of Rosalind; if I  
could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some  
good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of  
love upon him.  
*As You Like It, Act 4, Scene 3.*

Enter AUTOLYOUS, singing.  
When *daffodils* begin to peer  
With height the doxy over the dale,  
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.  
She hath made me four-and-twenty *nosegays* for the  
shearers; three-man song-men all,\* and very good

ones; but they are, most of them, means and bases:†  
but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms  
to hornpipes.‡

The fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streaked gillyvors.

Here's flowers for you;  
*Hot lavender, mints, savory marjoram;*  
The *marigold*, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping.

*Daffodils*,  
That come before the swallow dars, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; *violets*, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; *pale primroses*, *bold oclips*,  
And the crown *imperialis*; lilies of all kinds,  
The *flower-de-luce* being one.  
*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Scene 3.*

There's *rosemary*,—that's for remembrance; pray,  
love remember; and there is *pansties*, that's for  
thoughts.—There's *fennel* for you, and *columbines*:—  
there's *rue* for you; and here's some for me:—we may  
call it the herb-grace o' Sundays:—There's a *daisy*:—  
I would give you some *violets*, but they withered all,  
when my father died.  
*Hamlet, Act 4, Scene 6.*

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There with fantastic garlands did she come,  
Of *crow-flowers*, *nettles*, *daisies*, and *long purples*,  
There, on the pendant boughs her cofonnet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious silver broke;  
When down the weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook.  
*Act 4, Scene 7.*

With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidelo*,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, *pale primrose*; nor  
The *azur'd harebell*, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of *eglantine*, whom not to slander,  
Out sweeten'd not thy breath.

*Belarius, with the body of Cloten*—  
Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:  
The hearts that have on them cold dew o' the  
night  
Are strewing fitt'st for graves.  
*Cymbeline, Act 4, Scene 3.*

Alack, 'tis he; why he was met even now  
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;  
Crown'd with rank *furmites*, and *furrow weeds*  
With *harlocks*, *hemlock*, *nettles*, *cuckoo flowers*,  
*Darnel*, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.  
*Lea, Act 4, Scene 4.*

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 4, Scene 2.*

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with *Ulysses* boast  
And with the half-blown rose.  
*King John, Act 3, Scene 1.*

Scene.—The Temple Garden.  
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.

I love no colours; and, without all colour  
Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

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.  
*King Henry VI, Part I, Act 3, Scene 4.*

Girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms;  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
*Richard III, Act IV, Scene 3.*

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

But straight they told me they would bind me here  
Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
And leave me to this miserable death.  
*Titus Andronicus, Act II, Scene 3.*

\*Singers of three part songs, i. e., songs for three voices.

†Means are tenor—intermediate voices between the treble and the base.

‡In the early days of psalmody, it was not unusual to adapt the popular secular tunes to versions of the Psalms.