

*Ye Narcissus or Daffodyl
Flowre, and hys Roots*

WITH HYS HISTORIE AND CULTURE,
©c., ©c.

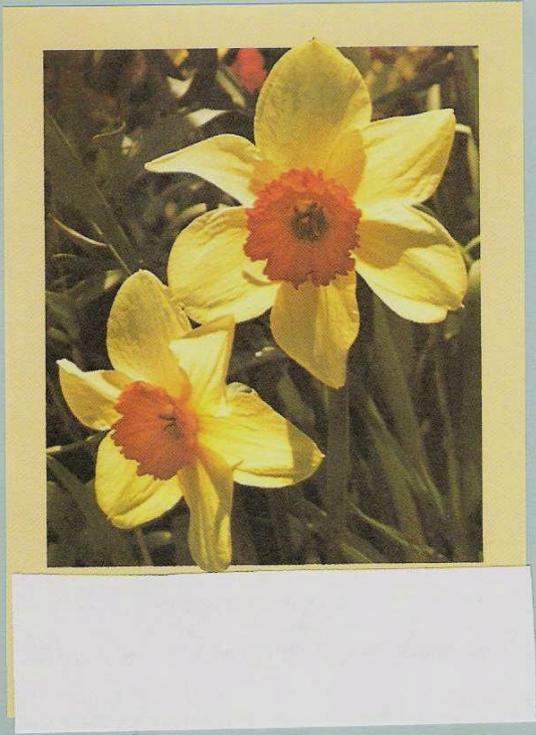
*With a Compleat List of all the Kindes grown
in Englishe Gardines.*

Embellished With manie Woodcuts.

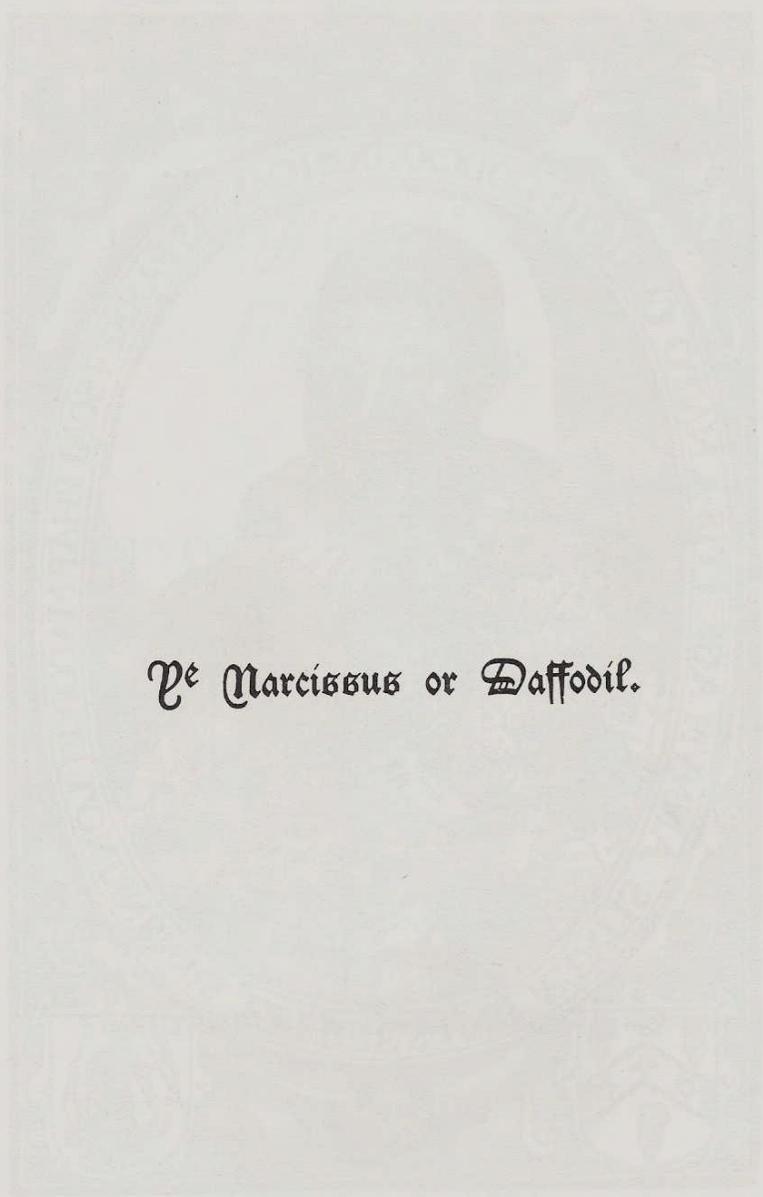
LONDON A. D. 1884.

Solde by PETER BARRE and hys SONNE, at their Shoppe in King Strete,
by y^e Convent Garden, nigh y^e Strande, in the Parish of St. Paul's,
Westminster^e.

One Shilling.



Reprinted by the
American Daffodil Society
Washington, D. C.
November 1968



P^e Narcissus or Daffodil.

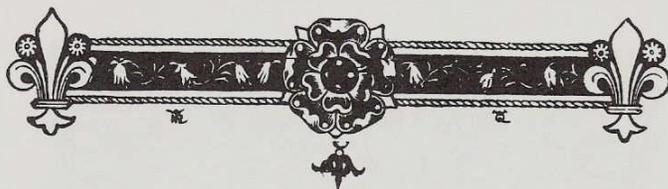
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JOHN PARKINSON, A. D. 1629.

[Aet. 62.]

"There hath bene great confusion among many of our moderne writers of plants, in not distinguishing the manifold varieties of Daffodils." "To avoid therefore that gulfe, whereof I complaine, and to reduce the Daffodils into such methodicall order, that every one may know, to what classis or forme any one doth appertaine." "And this is chiefly in the cup or chalice." "Pseudo-Narcissus, whose cup is as long, and sometimes a little longer then the outter leaves (perianth), so that it seemeth rather like a trunke or long nose, then a cup or chalice, such as almost all true Daffodils have; I say almost, because some of them have their cup so small, that we rather call it a crowne then a cup; and againe, some of them have them so long, that they may seeme to be of the number of the Pseudo-Narcissi, but yet may easily be knowne from them, in that the cup of some, is wider open at the brim or edge and not so long and narrow; and this is the chiefe and only way to know the severall kinds."



*Ye Narcissus or Daffodyl
Flowers,*

CONTAINING

HIS HISTORIE AND CULTURE, &c.,

WITH A

*Compleat Liste of all the Species and Varieties known
to Englyshe Amateurs.*

Illustrated with Wood Engravings.

LONDON A. D. 1884.

And to be Solde by BARRE & SONNE, over in KING STRETE (No. 12 & 13),
in the Parish of Saint Paul, in ye Convent Garden (nigh to ye Strande),
Westminster.

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N.B.—This List covers a period of about 300 years.





PREFACE.

IN that ponderous old tome called Hale's "Eden" or a "Compleat Body of Gardening," published by Sir John Hill in the year 1757, there is on plate 42 a very fair portrait of the "Poetick Daffodil" (N. poeticus). Of this plant we are informed that "The garden does not afford in its kind a prettier plant than this; nor do we know one that has been so early or so honorably mentioned by all Kinds of Writers." "This," as Sir John informs us, "is the Narcissus celebrated in *Greek* and *Roman* verse, the *ναρχισσος* *υπνιος*; the fragrant Daffodil of THEOCRITUS; the first Flower he has placed in his 'Europa's Garland,' this the *ναρχισσος* of Theophrastus, which he describes with the naked stalk and Asphodel Leaf, but broader; this the rosy-bottom'd Daffodil which they say reflected its bright Image in the clear Streams of their favourite Rivers."

There will always be doubts as to what particular species some of the early writers and poets of Greece and Italy really alluded to under the above names, but we had better rest satisfied with a beautiful tradition, especially as it may possibly be true, and cannot be proved to be false, so misty and obscure is the mirage as now seen over the stretch of time.

Turner, who wrote his famous Herbal yclept "The names of Herbes in Greke, Latin, English, Duch, and Frenche, wyth the commune names that Herbaries and Apotecaries yse," in 1548, tells us therein that "Narcissus is of diuerse sortes. There is one wyth a whyte floure which groweth pleteously in my Lorde's Gardine in Syon, and it is called of diuerse whyte Lans tibi; it may be called also whyte Daffodyl. Plenie maketh mention of a kynde called Narcissus herbaceus, which is, after my iudgement, our yellowe Daffodyl." Of the "yellowe" Daffodil there can be no doubt, but the question yet remains as to whether Turner's "whyte Lans tibi" was N. poeticus, or whether, as others think, it was Narcissus cernuus, or N. biflorus! Lobel alluded to Narcissi as far back as 1570, and I have now before me a fine copy of Clusius' "Rariorum Stirpium Historiæ," published at Antwerp in 1576, in which he describes and figures several well-known species. Of the six or eight kinds mentioned by Clusius at p. 245 of his "Second Book," we at least know four, of which characteristic wood-cut figures are given. These are "N. flore multiplici" (or "Double Roman" of Modern gardens); "N. totus albus prior" is the "Paper White" as sold in our seed shops to-day; "N. juncifolius prior" is really N. jonquilla; and "N. autumnalis minor" is N. serotinus, an Algerian



species sometimes imported as *N. oxypetalus*, and which has solitary flowers not much larger than a flower of the common white Jasmine, the shallow cup being of a rich orange yellow colour.

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."

Only a few years later (1629), John Parkinson published his folio "*Paradisus Terrestris*," in which nearly a hundred kinds of *Narcissus* are figured or described. This book is a real treasure to all lovers of hardy flowers, and more especially to those who, like Parkinson himself, make a favourite of the Daffodil.

In later times Haworth and the late Dean Herbert alike did much to popularise the various species and varieties of *Narcissus* in English Gardens, and now-a-days we may leave our favourite flower in the hands of the gentle cultivator, feeling fully assured of its beauty being treasured; in a word, the artist and the gardener must now continue what the historians and the poets have so well begun.



JOHN PARKINSON.
(AGE PROBABLY ABOUT 80.)

"The delight of the varieties both of formes, colours, and properties of flowers hath ever bene powerfull over dull, unnurtured, rusticke, and savage people, led only by Nature's instinct; how much more powerfull is it, or should be, in the minds of generous persons? for it may well be said he is not humane, that is not allured with this object it is not only pleasant, but profitable, by comforting the mind, spirits, and senses with an harmless delight."



A May-Day Joyl.

(A.D. 1610.)

*Writ by one Ralph Cunnyngname in Letters to his cousin, Sir Robert Stapleton,
in London.—(Harper's Magazine for May.)*

“YESTERMORN I was abroad while the dewe still laye upon the grasse, for it was sweete and bright. I knowe not what it is that bringeth at such tymes of spring a fullness of joye to the heart, but so it is, and certes was with me especiallie on this sweet daye, for alle thinges were budding tenderlie, and the whole worlde seemed full of pure delighte. And soe I walked through the meadowes, and alle the gronde beneath my feet was carpeted with the daintie beauties of manie flowers, and over my heade the larke his songe fell like a sweet shower of praise from the golden skye, so that, what with alle the dearefullness of spring, my hearte did fairlie ake with keen blissfullnesse.”

“WITH DAFFODILS BEDIGHT.”

“And soe at last I came to a certaine spott I wotted of where alle around the bankes of a tiny lakelet stood a whole hoste of Daffodillies growne talle and statelie and fayre; neither coulede there haue been lesse than thousandes of them, so that the whole earthe coadjacent seemed strewn thicke with bright yellow flakes of golde; and whenever a smalle wynde came they bowed in greate rowes lyke a sea of golden starrs. I know not why it was, Amadis, but certes my hearte was so flooded with a bliss and strong love longinge that big teares of tender joye did fill mine eyes, and soe I lay me downe upon a greene banke of Grasse and sweete herbes, and gazed at those fayre blossoms with gentle joyance. Thus lying, suddenlie I saw the sweetest mayde that e'er mine eyes behelde come walkynge through this platt of flowers, and meantyme, moving not, I laye and gazed like one enchanted, and scarce dare breathe lest I should frighte the fayre vision, and dissolve alle into nothingnesse.”

THE FLOWER GATHERER.

“And oh, Amadis, never saw I so sweete a mayde in all my life before, nor likewise one with eyes so brighte, and countenance so gentle and yett withal soe arch; and I saw that her arms were alle overladen with Daffodillies, like a greate cluster of beauteous starrs; and soe she walked amid the flowers that reached nigh to her knees, and came, and was gone, leaving me lying as tho' entranced with what I had beholden. And alle the rest of the daye ever and anon woulde come greate waves of happinesse that flooded my hearte full even in the midst of grosser thoughtes whene'er somewhat touched the chord that awakened the memorie music of that scene. Trulie, my friende, tho' towne is merrie I do love the countrie, its joyous beauties of meadowe and meade, and coulede dwelle blissefullie here for ever. Again to-daye I went with tender hopes to the same platt of Daffodillies, and there remained a long tyme, but my mayde of the flowers came not againe.”