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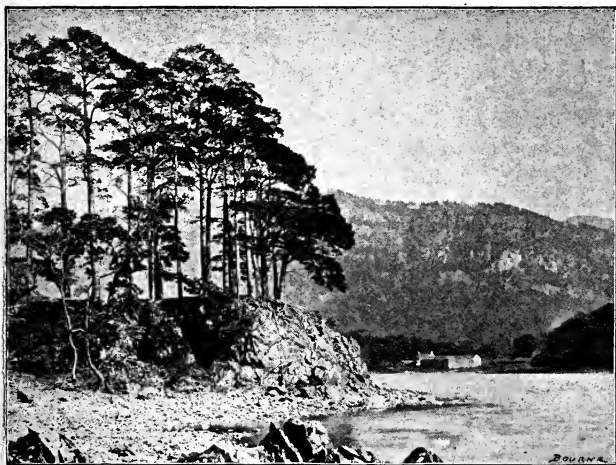
Flora of the * * * Wordsworth Country

By

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FRIARS' CRAG, DERWENTWATER.

KESWICK :

T. BAKEWELL, "GUARDIAN" OFFICE,
1899.



A PAPER

Read before

The Keswick and District Horticultural Association,

OCTOBER 11th, 1898.

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the Society.*

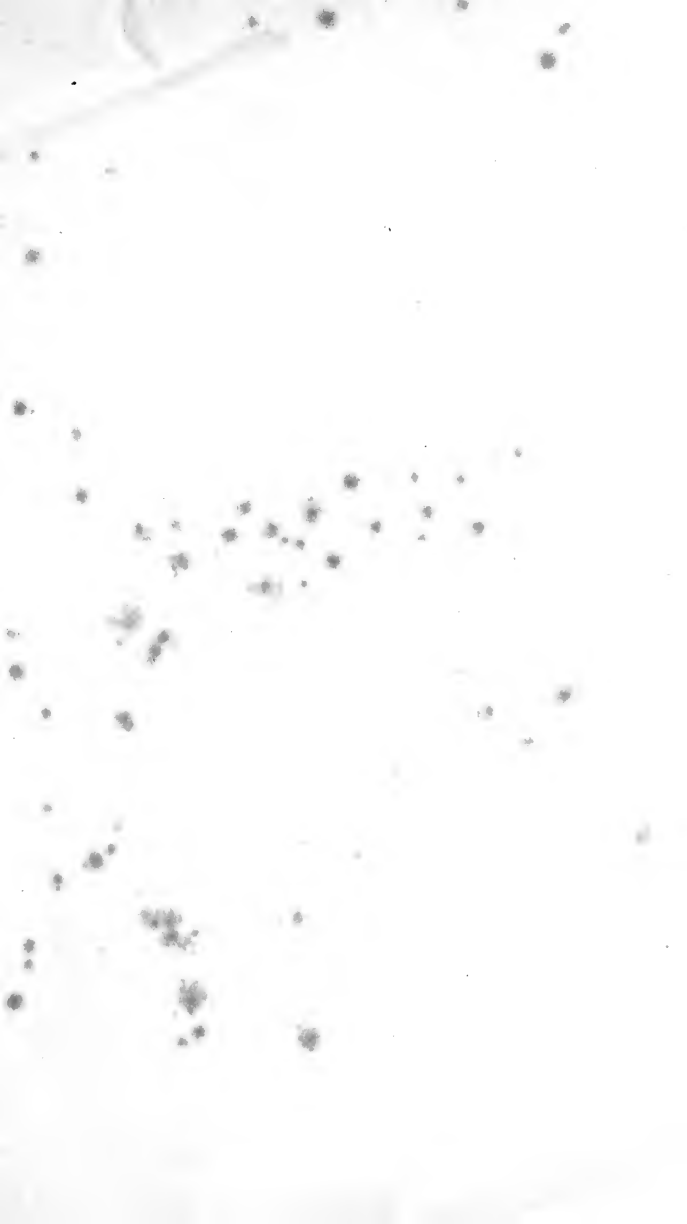
The Lecture was illustrated by a large and interesting
collection of rare Lake District Ferns, Plants, and
Flowers.

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”—*Wordsworth.*

KESWICK :

T. BAKEWELL, “GUARDIAN” OFFICE,

1899.



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“Call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.”—Milton's *Lycidas*.

FLORA OF THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY.

The Flora of the Wordsworth Country is one of unusual interest, not only to the Botanist but to the ever-increasing number of visitors who flock in from the crowded cities of our land, because it brings us into close communion with Nature's grandeur, with which we are so richly endowed; it also brings us into closer fellowship with those great poets and writers of our present century who have lived and died, and whose bodies rest among these everlasting hills; but their works still live, and how much we cherish them! And well may we love our mountains, for in their far recesses and sheltered glens, where the silence is only broken by the rush of torrents, have been spent our happiest moments. And it is true that Nature

“Can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of this our daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.”

Yes; we cannot but feel impressed with the magnificent blending of foliage now the summer fades away; and here, in our valleys, where the trees retain their rich

garniture till far into the autumn, nor dream of decay until the setting of October suns.

Scarcely, if ever, have the woodlands presented such a gorgeous display of fruit and foliage as at present: the bramble almost weighed down under its load, and the rowan tree (*pyrus aucuparia*), with its clustering scarlet berries, being so abundant that the trees bend with their weight; and one would think it impossible to imagine a better display of wild flowers and ferns than this summer has recorded. The heathers illumined the mountain slopes with their brilliant tinge of purple—Skiddaw especially presenting a magnificent picture, with its bold front of heather shaded by the intense green of bracken. Nevertheless, this gigantic mountain is not rich in choice plants. You will find chiefly *lycopodium clavatum* and *alpinum*; also, *cystopteris fragilis*, and *regia* (the bladder terns), *lastrea montana*, *vaccinium vitis idæa* (the whortleberry), and occasional tufts of white heather (*salix herbacea* and *dianthus deltoides*); whilst, in the opposite direction, over Grisedale Pike, Hobcarton, and Brackenthwaite, we find one of the rarest alpine plants in Britain—and, in all probability, established there during the ice period—*lychnis alpina* (or mountain catch fly), beautiful in the extreme when seen flowering in its native habitat, and at the foot of the deep ravine I gathered this plant. My friend, Mr. Stansfield (who is an expert in botanical science), accompanied me. On emerging from this deep ravine, we discovered a nest containing four young buzzards in a cliff some eight or ten feet above our heads, and in close proximity a fine specimen of this rare plant in full bloom—a charming glimpse of Nature. And here, in this perfect solitude, our thoughts are drawn to those beautiful lines from the “Minstrel,” by James Beattie, Professor of Botany, Aberdeen University:—

“ Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store,
 Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields?
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields!
 And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
 Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?”

Here, all around, were beautiful mosses and masses of fern—beech, oak, blechnums—growing in great luxuriance and apparently undisturbed for a generation: but these are seldom found at this altitude. *Vaccinium vitis idæa* (the whortleberry) a rare alpine shrub, but almost invisibly nestling amongst the grass, grows over this range of mountains. This and other rare plants—including *salix herbacea*, the smallest tree in the world—are found growing on the summit of Scawfell; also, in some of the deep ravines and ghylls of this mountain, are found some of our rarest alpine plants, especially *saxifragaceæ* (or stone break), *sax. oppositifolia*, *sax. azoides*, *nivalis*, *hypnoides*, *stellaris*, *thalictrum minus*, and *alpinum* (rue), *oxyria reniformis*; also, *Saussurea alpina* (named after Saussure, who made the first ascent of Mont Blanc in 1777), and *arbutus uva-ursi* (bears whortleberry bearing white flowers). Rare ferns are found among these silurian rocks, especially *asplenium germanicum*, *asp. septentrionale*, *asp. viride*, *cystopteris regia*, *cys. montana*, and the holly fern (*polystichum lonchitis*).

Upon reaching the lowlands, in the swamps, are the carnivorous and insectivorous plants—*drosera rotundifolia* (native sundew), *pinguicula vulgaris* (butterwort). These we find growing to perfection on the western side of Derwentwater, and this is not only attributable to more moisture but also to a more abundant supply of insects, which are trapped by the hair-like glands, and devoured—thus sustaining the plant. The hair-like glands of *drosera* contain spiral vessels, and cause the irritability of these

hairs. An insect, when it gets entangled amongst these viscid glands, struggles to obtain its liberty, and, in doing so, draws the glands in close contact with it. Darwin, by his experiments on the leaves of the *drosera*, clearly shows that this little plant of our bogs is capable of digesting meat as well as insect life; and shows conclusively it is adapted for catching insects and feeding on their decomposing matter.

Coming to a depression on the left, before descending the steep hill to Grange, we have the finest display of *lobelia dortmanna* in the entire district. Borrowdale is rich in wild flowers, but not rarities. One beautiful alpine plant, however, (*silene maritima*) is found near Grange Bridge; and further up the valley may be found *geum rivale* (water avens) and *geum urbanum* (wood avens). Some of the following are peculiarities:—*Adoxa moschatallina*, a small, insignificant plant in the hedgerows—as the name denotes, *adox*a, without glory; *chærophyllum temulentum* (cherville), *galium aparine* (goose grass), *galium cruciatum* (crosswort), *galium saxatile* (bed straw), *thymus serpyllum* (creeping thyme), *arctium lappa* (burdock), *polygonum bistorta* (snake weed), foxgloves, and ferns innumerable. *Chenopodium bonus Henricus* (or good King Henry), used in olden times as a vegetable, still adheres to these ancient hamlets. Nowhere can be found growing in such rich profusion as in the meadow at the head of Derwentwater the *nymphæa alba* and *nuphar lutea* (the white and yellow water lilies), with *equisetum sylvaticum* (the giant horsetail) predominating among the flowers so beautifully cushioned on the still waters in the depression. The meadow sweet (*spiræa ulmaria*) appears at its best in this locality, also ragged robin (*lychnis flos cuculi*) with its rosy purple flowers; *Claytonia iberica* and *albus*, pretty pink and white flowers, as seen cultivated in the cottage gardens of Borrowdale;

lactuca paludosa (lettuce); and not the least interesting the little (eye bright) *euphrasia officinalis*; and in the woods above the Lodore Falls, may be found *lastrea remota*, a very handsome fern, and comparatively rare.

Where can there be found more picturesque views than from these rocks? And where can there be found words more appropriate for the scene than the following magnificent passage from Thomson's "Castle of Indolence?"

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny :
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the window of the sky
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve ;
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave ;
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave."

Upon emerging from these woods we find quantities of cow wheat (*melampyrum*), with bright yellow flowers, usually found most plentifully where the ants are numerous. The seed of this plant closely resembles the ant's eggs; and, upon coming to maturity, the ants bundle them about in all directions, thus spreading the seeds which so quickly germinate. In the surrounding woods may be found the St. John's wort (*hypericum pulchrum*) and *androsæmum*. And on the way to Watendlath, heather and ferns drape the hillsides, whilst in the meadows are numerous choice flowers. *Carduus hetrophyllus* (melancholy thistle), with large heads of purple flowers; *narthecium ossifragum* (Lancashire bog asphodel or bone breaker), with its charming golden flowers; *myrrhis odorata* (sweet Cicely); *sanguisorba officinalis* (bloodwort); *carex aquatilis* (sedge); *campanula latifolia*, with large spikes of pale mauve flowers; *bunium fluxuosum*; *pinguicula vulgaris*; and *ægopodium podagraria* (bishop's weed); and on the mountain slopes, near the kist, we find *gnaphalium dioicum* (the cudweed), resembling the edelweiss of the Alps; wild orchids, butter-

fly and mascula; timothy and doddering grass; *gentiana campestris* and *amarella*, *lastrea montana* and *erica tetralix* (the cross-leaved heath).

Passing by Harrop and Blea Tarns, over the mosses and heather-clad moors to Deer Biolds or Far Easdale, there are found *cystopteris* and *asplenium adiantum nigrum* in the sheltered crevices of the rocks; and above are massive, perpendicular rocks, where the ravens build their nests.

“The crags repeat the raven’s croak
In symphony austere.”

Again, how beautifully this perfect solitude is set forth by the Poet Wordsworth in “The Excursion.”

“How divine
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time; and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there.”

Some twenty-five years ago I was present when a nest, containing three ravens, was hauled down the precipice by means of ropes, etc. The enormous nest, composed almost entirely of bones, came with a crash, scattering the onlookers in all directions. Two of the ravens fluttered down unhurt, and grew to be magnificent birds, which were eventually set at liberty,

Descending into the valley towards Grasmere, Boothwaite (half marsh half meadow land) is gay with flowers. Here is the cotton grass (*eriphorum*), and the lousewort (*pedicularis*), *Parnassia palustris*, *menyanthes trifoliata* (bog bean), *campanula rotundifolia* (blue bell), crowfoot or scillas, and scores of different varieties of grasses; *chrysanthemum leucanthemum* (oxeye daisy), and *Bellis perennis* (the lesser daisy) everywhere.

Here at Grasmere the woods, ghylls, and mountain slopes are richly clad with ferns, flowers, grasses, and mosses: nowhere in the Lake District do ferns grow in such luxuriance. The glorious tufts of plummy lady fern and buckler fern; *ophioglossum vulgatum* (adder's tongue) and *botrychium lunaria* (moonwort)—both the latter growing only in the upland meadows. The black maidenhair spleenwort, which Gray describes as the "shining spleenwort;" also, *hymenophyllum Wilsoni* and *Tunbridgense* are found on Hammarscar, and, in the opinion of experts, unsurpassed in this country. Further over to the Easdale Fells and Blindtarn Ghyll are the purple ling and cross-leaved heaths; also, the bilberry, crowberry, cranberry, and cowberry; wild roses, hawthorns, and rowans, with their gorgeous display of hips and berries, standing out conspicuously from the hazel and the honeysuckle; and, still higher, the juniper and bracken take sole possession. Near at hand is Whiteside, the memorable spot where George and Sarah Green perished early in this century. The story is graphically related by De Quincey. These *lycopodiums* were gathered there by me a few days ago. Wordsworth describes them as "fox's tails and staghorn" in the "Idle Shepherd Boys of Dungeon Ghyll." The varieties here are *lycopodium clavatum*, *alpinum*, and *selago*, the latter a medicinal plant, and of commercial value to hosiers and theatricals. Bearing to the left over the crest of Silver How and Gamses Quarry, wild strawberries, toad flax, moneywort, and cranesbill are woven into the primitive rocks; and in the sheltered recesses of the ghyll, are primroses, mosses, and *lysimachia nummularia*, with its long racemes of golden, pendulous blossoms.

But to find these and other native plants acclimatised from their haunts, take a glance round the old home of Wordsworth, Dove Cottage, where the snowdrops, fox-

gloves, daffodils, primroses, celandines, and daisies emerge from the grassy slopes in rich profusion; of which Wordsworth writes:—

“Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises,
Long, as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets
They will have a place in story;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.”



DOVE COTTAGE AND GARDEN.

Surrounding the memorable well are moneyworts, *poly-podiums*, *blechnums*, parsley, lady ferns, and shield ferns revelling in the ever ceaseless spring; also, laburnums, willows, and sycamores, with pendulous catkins of orange and gold. Near these are the rugged steps and natural rock work, covered with mosses, ferns, lichens, stonecrop, and *saxifragas*—a truly picturesque garden. The Poet writes of it thus:—

“Oh happy garden, whose secluded spot
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours,
And to soft slumbers that did gently steep
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of flowers.”

The rustic seat in the orchard, entwined by honeysuckle and sheltered by quaint old apple trees, has afforded rest and quietude for thousands of the Poet's admirers. By the way, these trees were planted by Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy; and, though the fruit is inferior, they still blossom in rich profusion. There are herbs and other beautiful Lakeland flowers here—white heathers, roses, jasmines, rosemary, violets, gowans, and columbines. There is still another important plant—the royal fern (*osmunda regalis*) towering majestically above all others in a secluded corner of the garden, and which formerly grew so luxuriantly by the margin of the lake. Wordsworth's poetical reference thereto—which De Quincey pronounced to be the most beautiful passage in the whole wide range of English poetry—runs as follows:—

“ Many such there are.
Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall fern
So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named;
Plant lovelier in its own retired abode
On Grasmere beach, than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere
Sole sitting by the shores of old romance.”

And as we look at the marked change in and about Dove Cottage in the past few years, we must feel what a deep debt of gratitude we owe to those great writers, thinkers, and preachers—Rev. Stopford Brooke, Canon Rawnsley, Professor Knight, Matthew Arnold, and others—who have given their valuable services and financial support so ungrudgingly to this noble scheme.

There are other historical places, where Nature has been lavish in her distribution of wealth. Fox Ghyll, with its noble pines, ferns, and flowers; and, closely situated, Fox How (the home of the late Dr. Arnold), where daffodils, snowdrops, primroses, roses, brooms, and ferns grow in rich luxuriance. Trees, sown by Nature into the crevices of the rock-work bordering on the River Rothay, with

beeches, laurels, and silver birches, are grouped in splendid harmony.

Rydal Mount, a picturesque, and beautifully-secluded spot, most attractively furnished with laburnums, wild cherries, sycamores, and mountain ash, which are not only conspicuous by their robust growth but by the great profusion of blossom and fruit during the spring and summer months. The rock-work, walls, and borders are richly clad with royal and other native ferns; also, sedums,



RYDAL MOUNT.

stonecrops, lichens, foxgloves, wild strawberries, *geranium Robertianum* (or, red-stalked cranesbill), harebells, and *meconopsis* (the Welsh poppy)—the latter establishing and reproducing itself in every conceivable crevice and cranny where there is the least particle of soil to aid its germination, giving forth myriads of golden yellow blossoms, thus producing a striking effect when naturalised in this way. Laurels, azaleas, and rhododendrons, stand out in perfect splendour from the undulating stretch of lawns,

presenting in the springtime a brilliant and fascinating spectacle, as in a descriptive line by the Poet :—

“The lawn, a carpet all alive.”

To myself, these lovely and classic grounds and the immediate vicinity have a deep interest and special charm, for it was here that my father laboured amongst the flowers during the time of Wordsworth, exactly half a century ago.

Brantwood, Coniston, is another charming place, especially in the springtime, old English perennials predominating almost everywhere: *lithospermum*, with its intense blue flowers; narcissus, anemones, lilies, aubretias, columbines, and a choice collection of alpine strawberries. Naturalised ferns—such as the royal, beech, oak, and lady—grace the shady corners; whilst, in the grove adjoining, are lilacs filling the air with their sweet perfume. Azaleas, roses (tea, and hybrid perpetual), the poet's narcissus, primroses and lilies flowering upon the grassy slope, of which the poet writes :—

“Comes there from that bright flower blooming
In the shadow of the grove,
Rapture all thy grief consuming,
Waking all thy soul to love.”

On the hedgerows sloping to the lake, crimson rambler and old Scotch yellow roses are rambling over the rustic fence in perfect grandeur, whilst the golden poppy (*meconopsis Cambrica*) illumines the margin of the lake. The surrounding woods and lanes were rapidly acquiring their summer garniture. Primroses, violets, mosses, and ferns bedecked the hedgerows, whilst larks, linnets, black-caps, and thrushes filled the woods and meadows with their joyous melodies.

“The woods were filled so full with song,
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.”

And as we emerge from the abode of this great thinker, writer, and philanthropist, we cannot but feel inspired by

the beautiful surroundings which he loves so well. Speaking on flowers, Ruskin says: "To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, the grisette and the nun, to the lover and the monk, flowers, they are precious always." Ruskin's intense love of Nature and landscape is such as to arouse his indignation at the so-called pioneers of "modern progress" who, on a pretence of benefitting the community, "deform the beauty of the country, and turn the groves of paradise into so many pandemoniums, where furnaces send flame and smoke into a once pure atmosphere, blighting the flowers and grasses of the fields and lanes, and turning a garden of Nature's own making into a desert, where nothing but ugliness and impurity survives."

Leaving historical places and resuming our subject, with which our Lake District is so rich, owing in a certain extent to the geological formation, which includes, limestone, slate, silurian, and igneous rock, sandstone, &c. Each class of rock presents a different variety of plants: on the limestone, over the Kendal Fells, we have quantities of the limestone-loving plants—polypody, *polypodium calcareum*, *asplenium viride* (green stemmed spleenwort), *ceterach officinarum* (scaly spleenwort), *scolopendrium vulgare* (hart's tongue), *asplenium marinum*, *lastrea rigida* (a rare European species extremely limited in its geographical distribution, both on the Continent and in this country, confined here to three counties bordering on each other, South Westmorland, North Lancashire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire), *adiantum capillus veneris* (the true maidenhair), recently found on the limestone rocks of South Westmorland, by Mr. W. H. Stansfield, an entirely new habitat for this the most interesting of our British plants, specimens of which, after being submitted for identification to Professor Baker,

keeper of the Royal Herbarium at Kew, and author of "The Lake District Flora," were afterwards deposited in the British Museum for further reference and inspection; *meum athemanticum* (baldmoney), a somewhat scarce and pretty-foliaged plant, belonging to the *umbelliferæ*, grows on the opposite range of mountains towards Tebay. Jonathan Otley also gives Crosthwaite Vicarage as a station fifty years ago.

And again, different classes of plants frequent our bogs, lakes, and ghylls. On Loughrigg hills we find quantities of the charming bird's-eye primrose (*primula farinosa*), most beautiful when seen in the very early summer morn, with its silvery foliage and dewdrops suspended from its pretty pale pink blossoms. There are two other habitats for this little gem in Westmorland, of which it would not be wise to particularise, on account of its extreme rarity in the adjoining counties. And what a charming ramble over the Loughrigg Fells, from Ambleside to Grasmere, with most delightful views of the surrounding lakes, mountains, woods, and fells, of which those descriptive lines by Smollett are most fitting:—

" Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell."

There are many charming plants on the way—*saxifraga*, sedums, *potentilla* (or cinquefoil), *polygala vulgaris* (lady's mantle), heather, gorse, lousewort, cotton grass, parsley and hard fern, lady fern, and many others garnish the hillsides. At the head of Rydal Lake there are rushes, grasses, and bulrushes galore.

Generally speaking, those who ramble through the woods and over the mountains gather a few flowers. The following is a good recipe for their preservation, given by the expert, Prof. Romanes:—*i.e.*, sulphurous acid (two-thirds),

methyated spirits (one-third), Soak 10 or 12 minutes and place on a newspaper to dry ; afterwards press between sheets of clean blotting paper, and mount as required. By this process the colours of the flowers are generally maintained.

Now, as is well known to all professionals, most of our rarest plants are found in higher altitudes. Winding our way towards Fairfield and Helvellyn, passing the memorable shepherd's house, leaving Tongue Ghyll on the right, crossing the beck on to the greensward, at every step as we ascend the mighty Helvellyn how the panorama widens ! hill beyond hill, with undulating verdant pastures afar below. Having traversed a considerable distance, and inclining to the left towards a deep ghyll, what a charming picture greets one ! Wild orchids in divers colours, and the golden *saxifraga*, aizoides, heathers, primulas, and beautiful mosses overhang the rock ; and, at the foot of the rock, the moss campion is flowering profusely, carrying on its petals like crystal the spray from the rushing torrents. Still further, through Grizedale Pass and near the tarn, are masses of the beautiful moss campion (*silene acaulis*).

This is the memorable place where Wordsworth and his brother parted, and so graphically described by Canon Rawnsley in those charming works, his "Literary Associations of the Lakes ;" also, by Professor Knight and Goodwin, "Through the Wordsworth Country ;" and again in that unique edition, "The English Lake District," by Professor William Knight, St. Andrew's University. I gathered this plant recently from the very spot, and acclimatised it to the lowlands. In elegiac verse the poet wrote these touching lines upon the influencing nature of this modest little flower :—

" Even this plant
Is in its beauty ministrant
To comfort and to peace.

He would have loved thy modest grace,
 Meek Flower! To him I would have said
 'It grows upon its native bed
 Beside our parting-place;
 There, cleaving to the ground it lies
 With multitude of purple eyes,
 Spangling a cushion green like moss;
 But we will see it, joyful tide!
 Some day, to see it in its pride,
 The mountain will we cross.'

The further you ascend Helvellyn, rarer varieties of plants are found. *Thalictrum minus*, resembling the maiden hair; *saxifrage oppositifolia*, which clothes some of the ridges with its thousands of purple blossoms; *asplenium viride*, and the holly fern, or *polystichum lonchitis*; *asplenium septentrionale* (forked spleenwort), *asplenium germanicum*, are all plants that a century ago garnished the primeval rocks of Helvellyn; but to-day some are conspicuous by their absence, and, until a few years ago, it was thought that the native holly fern had been entirely extirpated. When we found that some Wythburn shepherd lads were in possession of a few of the original plants—and good, sturdy specimens they were—and fearing they might be picked up by some lynx-eyed pedestrian and taken from the district, my brother (who is keeper of the Wordsworth garden at Grasmere) finally secured them, and has now added one of these specimens to the Dove Cottage collection, so as to make sure of its preservation to the district. The *silene* (or campion) will also be added, there being few plants of more importance in this already extensive collection.

No doubt exists in our minds as to the reason these rarest gems have been extirpated from their native haunts. The over-zealous guides, quarrymen, with a sprinkling of so-called local enthusiasts, have much to answer for as regards the extermination of these extreme rarities. It is a gross error to attribute all vandalism to tourists and

excursionists, as the generality of these, from lack of experience, take nothing but the common forms—such as *polypodiums*, *lastreas*, *athyriums*, *blechnums*, parsley, &c.—which grow in such plentifulness, quickly multiply their crowns, and in this moist climate of ours reproduce themselves so freely from spores and bulbils that it is almost impossible to exterminate these varieties. The more educated people who visit our Lake Country, and who understand the composition of our flora and know the habitats of rarest ferns and choicer alpine plants and flowers have, I believe, too deep a reverence for the inspiring influences of Nature to uproot any scarce species.

There are numbers of other flowers which might be detailed, but mostly of minor importance to those already mentioned, my object being for the most part to discuss some of the more popular and rarer of our native alpine plants, the study of which has been to me a great joy and privilege. The following to a certain extent are common, and may be met with in almost every lane and woodland:—*alchemilla alpina* (lady's mantle), *trollius Europæus* (globe flower), *thalictrum flavum* (rue), *armeria maritima* (thrift), *campanula glomerata* (bell flower), *myosotis repens* (forget-me-not), *rubus chamæmorus* and *saxatilis*, *polygonum viviparum*, *veronica* (speedwell), bog myrtle or sweet gale, *anemone nemorosa* (wood anemone), hawkweed, valerian, plantain, betony, ground ivy, "Jack-by-the-hedge," starry saxifrage (*s. stellaris*), henbane, agrimony, iris, loosestrife, wood sorrel, toad flax or "rambling sailor," cleavers or "Robin-run-by-t'-dyke," enchanter's nightshade, *hippocrepis comosa* (horseshoe vetch), *arenaria verna* (sandwort), *cerastium alpinum* (mouse ear chickweed), *asperula odorata* (woodruffe), *rhodiola rosea* (rose root), *epilobium angustifolium* (willow herb).

I must not omit the name of one of our most

enthusiastic visitors to the Lakes, who has given us valuable information upon our flora, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A., esteemed and honoured by great numbers in this country who know him as a most delightful lecturer, and author of the charming "Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stones," a book interesting to lovers of flower lore, containing as it does special references to our Lake Country.

In closing, I should like to add that it is of the utmost importance that every inducement should be given to the boys and girls in the Lake District to arrange flowers for competition at our various horticultural exhibitions, and so encourage them in the knowledge and love of the many beautiful varieties that are to be seen on every side in this one vast, wild garden of the Lake Country.

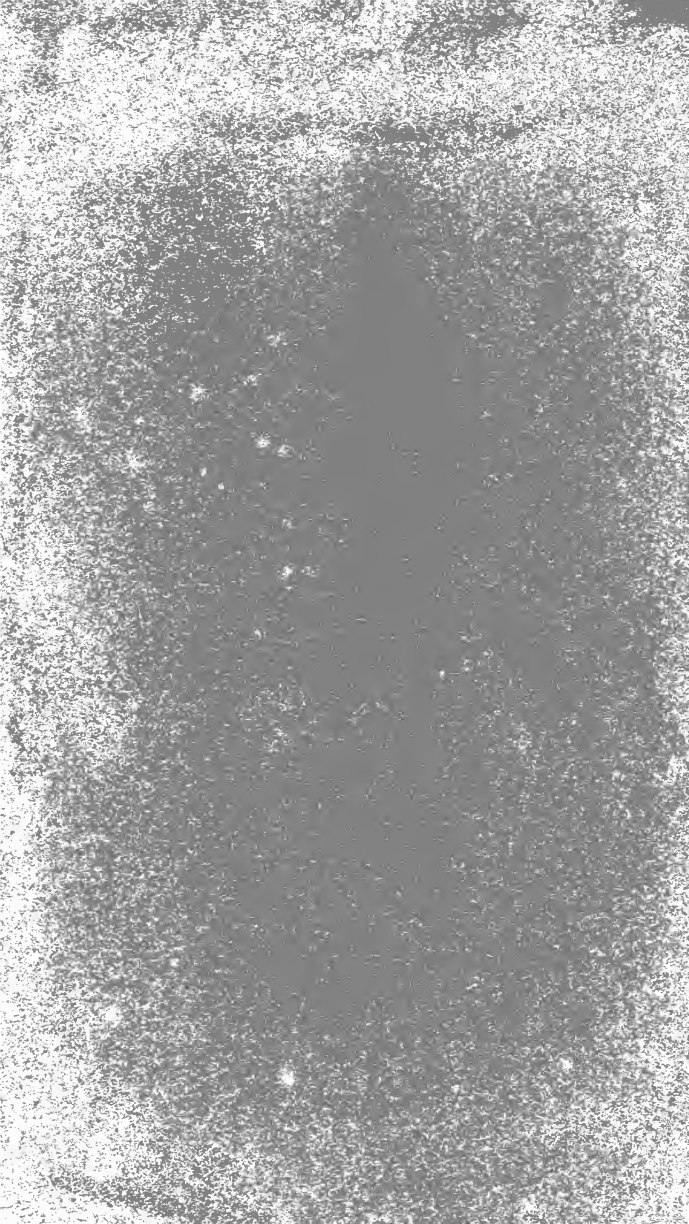
"The works of human artifice soon tire
 The curious eye, the fountain's sparkling rill,
 And gardens, when adorned by human skill,
 Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
 But oh, the free and wild magnificence
 Of Nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal,
 In admiration silent and intense,
 The soul of him who hath a soul to feel!
 The river moving on its ceaseless way,
 The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
 And the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene,
 These speak of grandeur that defies decay—
 Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,
 Who stamps on all His works His own eternity!"

T. R. HAYES.

St. Kentigern's Terrace,
 Keswick.



CROSTHWAITE CHURCH.



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