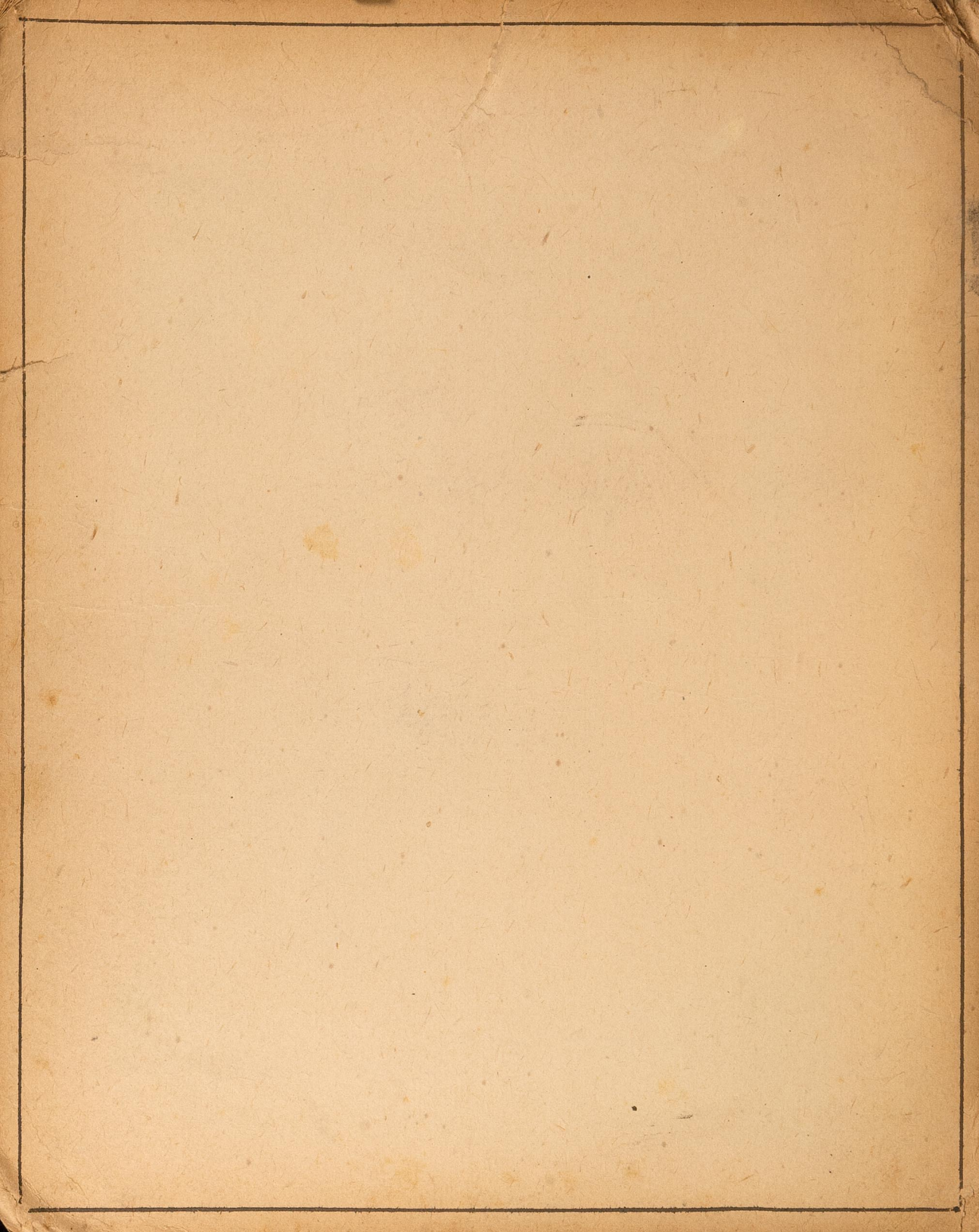


APRIL.



"Tomorrow to fresh Woods and Pastures new."





Wild flowers
by
N. H. Long

INDEX.

Page.

1.	"Damped Pleasures". (Cover).	
"	by "Tweedle-Dum and Dee."	
2.	Frontispiece, by "Tweedle Dum."	1.
3.	Index. and Postage .	2.
4.	The Holly Tree. by "Amica".	3.
5.	Flowers of the Month. by "Monkey."	7.
6.	Story of a little Bird. by "Primrose."	11.
7.	The Fox Glove. by "Froggy."	17.
8.	The Robin Red breast. by "Canary."	20.
9.	The Cuckoo Pint. by "Iris".	24.
10.	The Shamrock, by "Erin-go-bragh."	28.
11.	The Three little Wild Flowers.	30.
"	from the German, by "Amica."	"
12.	Register and Criticism Pages.	33.

Postage, 3 ^d/₄

The Holly Tree from Southey-

" Below, a living fence its leaves are seen
 " Wrinkled and keen;
 " No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 " Can reach to wound;
 " But as they grow, when nothing is to fear
 " Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.
 " Used as when all the summer leaves are seen
 " So bright and green -
 " The Holly-leaves a sober hue display
 " Less bright than they;
 " But when the bare and wintry woods we see
 " What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree?"

The holly grows wild in the woods to the height of 20 or 30 feet - I believe sometimes more; I think I have seen it higher than that in the New Forest in Hampshire, where it flourishes splendidly. In gardens, we see it more in the form of a shrub. It is evergreen, and its shining leaves & bright berries make it a principal decoration in winter.

landscape. There is an ancient legend that only its lower branches are clothed with the sharp prickly leaves we all know so well, and that those which grow on the higher branches have no prickles; but although I cannot speak with certainty, I think from my own observation and experience, that this is only a pretty legend and if I could ascertain it to be a fact, I should be glad to accept it, but I have never been able to ascertain its actual truth. The lines written in its praise by the poet Southey (some of which I have copied) describe it as an intentional plan for the protection of other trees and shrubs and plants, enclosed in holly hedges, from animals or other foes of the garden - and his poem declares, that when the tree rises in growth above their reach, the leaves cease to be prickly. I think they may be rather less fierce when first breaking out into leaf, on the new shoots, but I greatly doubt their being altogether unarmed as he

is the 'holly' holly tree
 beyond 13 feet - rock.

describes them. It is always a beautiful object all the year round - and how gladly we welcome its cheerful green and scarlet at Christmas! when flowers can hardly be said to exist and trees are leafless and bare. There are many varieties of holly - and all are beautiful; the wood of the tree is the hardest of white woods and is much used for inlaying furniture and by wood carvers, turners, and mill-wrights. When stained black it is a good imitation of Ebony.

I advise my young friends who are fond of anything beautiful, to search in the spring among the dead leaves under holly trees or bushes, to find some of its leaves which have become skeletons during the damp of the winter. I have often found them quite perfect, and I know nothing more beautiful - they may easily be washed and arranged in little bouquets, and I am sure those who try this will be well pleased.

Amica

Flowers of the month.

March

"..... This roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus....." Tennyson.

March 6th Red Kettle - ^{Lamium} Lamium Purpureum.

March 7th Common Alder - Alnus Glutinosa.

This Alder is very pretty, for you see the catkins, the pistillate flowers, and the old cases of the seeds, which are like little fir-cones, all together.

The fruiting catkins under the microscope are very pretty - the scales (which form the miniature fir-cone) are a very dark, ruddy, purple, colour, out of which appear the bright little red styles, like the hazel only much more numerous.

The old husks hang on the bough all the season.

The catkins are long and spotted with black, reminding one of those greenish caterpillars, which have black bristles.

14th The Spurge Laurel - Daphne Laureola.

the Common Elm - Ulmus campestris.

Wych Elm - Ulmus montana.

17th The Common Primrose - *Primula vulgaris* or *veris*.

The Sweet Violet - *Viola odorata*.

the white violet - *Viola odorata* or *alba*.

Lesser Celandine *Ranunculus Ficaria*.

The Daffodil or Lent Lily - *Papaverus Pseudonarcissus*

Poets are fond of Spring flowers I think, for there is such a great deal written about them; for Wordsworth says:

"Long as there's a sun that sets,"

"Primroses will have their glory";

"Long as there are violets"

"They shall have a place in story."

and, "There's a flower that shall be mine,

"Tis the Little Celandine".

and, "A host of golden Daffodils"

and, "A violet by a mossy stone"

"Half hidden from the view"

also Shakespeare says the Daffodils "That ^{take} ~~beare~~ the winds
of March with beauty"



From *Natural*

Lent lilies
By Monkey



From
Nature

Common Elm
Ulmus campestris

by Monkey



Common Alder

From Nature. by Monkey

Story of a little bird.

A friend of mine told me a story about a

little bird I will

tell it to you, for

I think it very pretty

One morning in the

middle of last winter

when the snow was on

the ground, the servant
 was in the kitchen and
 she heard a tapping
 at the window and
 ran out to look what
 it was, what do you
 think she saw? a little
 bird with a bright
 yellow breast, she put
 out some crumbs

but he would not
eat them at first but
flew away and called
a number of other
birds to the breakfast.
At dinner time he
came again and if he
could not make
anyone hear at the
back he would go

14.
to the front of the
house and keep on
tapping at the win-
dow with his little
bill, till he got
his dinner.

Was he not a dear
little bird to think
of his friends before
himself. He came

every morning for
 more than a month,
 but at last one day
 he did not come, and
 he has never been
 seen since. I am afraid
 he must have died from
 the cold.

We think it was a
 Yellow-hammer.

Primrose.

16.



From

recollection.

Froggy.

The Fogglove.

This name is supposed by some to have arisen from "Folk's-glove," or "Fairys-glove," but it is also very likely that, as a German writer on the subject was named Fuchsius, or Fuchs, & "Fuchs" is the German for "fox," that the name is so derived.

This flower belongs to the Figwort tribe, & the most common variety is of a rich purple colour, about 3 or 4 feet in height. The white fogglove is often 6 or 7 feet high, at any rate in a cultivated state, & both varieties have drab or white spots on the under lip, as it were, of the flower, (the purple, white spots, & the white, ^{fox-glove} drab.)

The bell-shaped flowers are arranged in a tapering spike, having buds at the top, & full-blown flowers further down

the stalk, & when these wither & drop off, only the calyx & pistil remain.

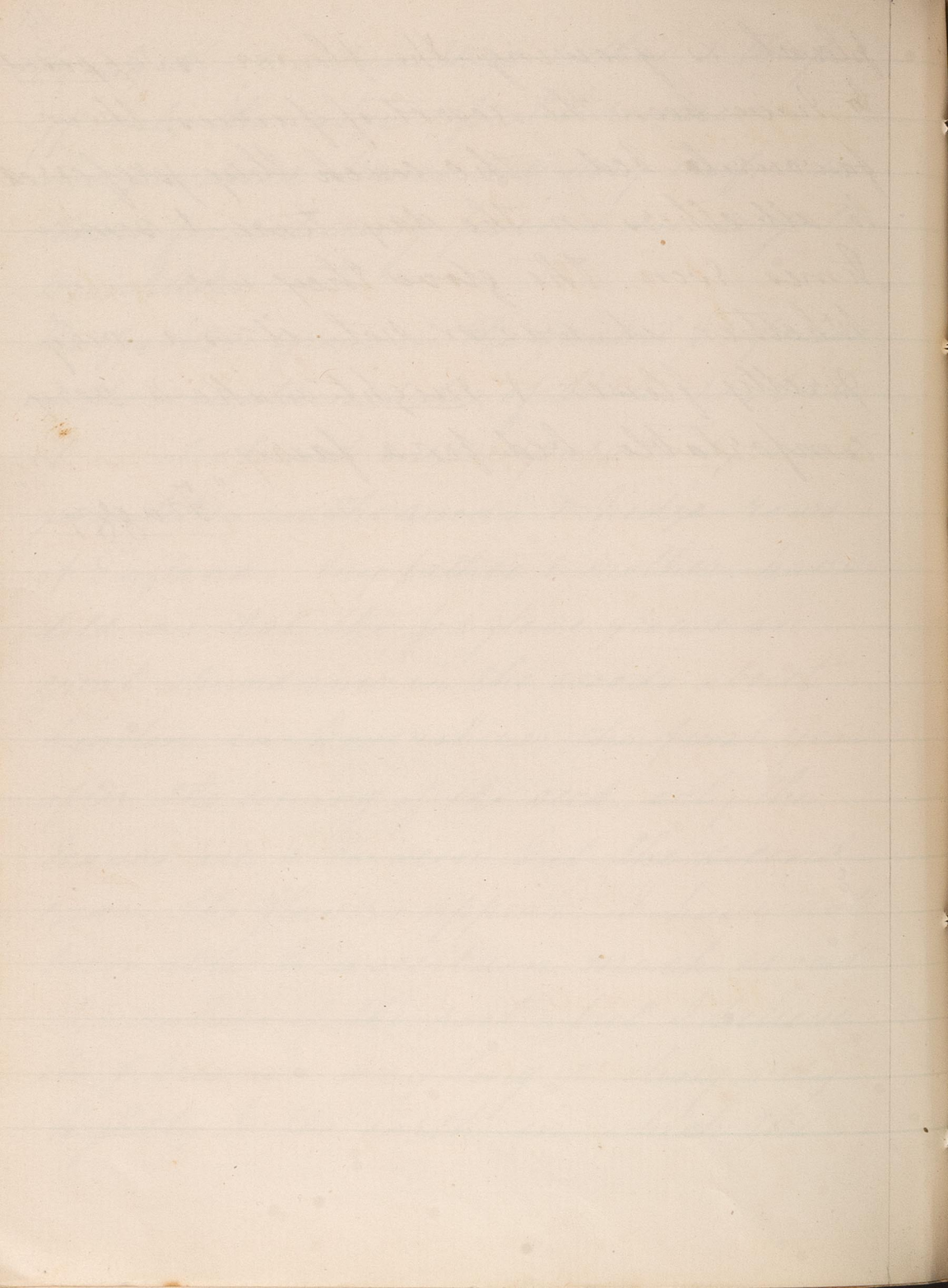
The powdered leaves are very useful in illness, for reducing fever, & are large & wrinkled.

The fox-glove grows in the greatest profusion on the mountain sides of Wales &c, but it is also found in comparatively small quantities in the woods & hedge-rows of England. My father & mother have told me that the fox-glove grows in great abundance in the woods about Linton, in Devonshire; the first year after the sowing of the seed, only the leaves are to be seen, but the second year, the flowers appear. I have not been able to ascertain much about the nature of the root, but I believe its fibres are very long, & cling very lightly to the earth in which the

19.
plant is growing. The flower is supposed
to have been the resort of fairies, their
favourite bed, the coach they preferred
to all others in the day-time, & some-
times even, the gloves they wore.

Whether it was or not, it is a very
pretty flower, & might make a very
comfortable bed for a fairy.

"Fraggy."



The Robin Redbreast

20.

Although the Redbreast remains in England throughout the winter, it yet feels the cold & is one of the first birds to seek for shelter.

In cold weather it seldom perches upon twigs & branches, but crouches in holes & sits upon the ground.

The Robin being both bold & shy, soon gains peoples affection & can easily be tamed by feeding. —

It is very fond of bread, butter, or fat. The nest of the bird is generally placed near the ground, in a thick leafy bush or in a bank, & is made of dry leaves, moss, grass,

hair & feathers.

The bird does not fly straight to it, but creeps under the twigs & thus reaches its home.

The Redbreasts eggs are five in number, (the same as most song birds) their color a greyish white covered with spots of pale rusty red.

The bird sings throughout the greater part of the year, beginning in spring & singing late in the autumn.

The color of the Robin is olive brown back, & bright orange red throat, chin breast & eye.

We have had a kind of cage

made of three wires with a wooden
 bottom, & hung from the centre is
 a bag of suet for the larks, but the
 Robins do not seem able to cling to
 the bag like the Blue tits so fetch the
 crumbs instead. I have heard
 of a robin which has returned to
 the same house for the last three
 winters, it hops upon the table &
 mantelpiece, & seems quite at home,
 no doubt it is glad to get shelter
 during the late severe winters.

Canary.



from a stuffed robin

Cuckoo pint. *Arum maculatum*.

This is one of the most poisonous of British plants. It has been used in medicine but is much too powerful in its effects & the use of it has been given up. One of its names is Starch-weed, (or weed) and in Queen Elizabeth's time it was used for stiffening the enormous ruffs which were then worn, but the laundresses complained that it blistered their hands. Drying the root takes a great deal of the acrid quality from it, and it is then powdered and used to adulterate arrowroot, (which is made from the root of a foreign *Arum*) and a kind of Sago, called Portland Sago, was made in the island of that name, but it took a long time to make a small quantity.

It was also much used in hair-powder. There is a great deal of soapy material in the plant, and this is supposed to cause its acrid taste. The corms, as the bulbs are called are used in Switzerland instead of soap.

This plant is grown a great deal in India for food.

This is the only British species, and in the spring may be seen in shady woods and under hedges all over England. The beautiful shining leaves are among the first to appear. It blooms about the middle of April, and is often found in bloom till the end of May. The leaves die in the summer and only the bright scarlet berries on their stem are to be seen in

Autumn.

Many children have been poisoned by eating the pretty tempting berries but even the leaves and stem are deadly poison, and cause a great suffering.

Arum is taken from the old Hebrew and Egyptian word ar, or aur, meaning fire from its acrid taste; maculatum means spotted, and it given to many of our spotted plants.

It is called Wake robin, Lords and Ladies, and English passion flower but why! I have not been able to learn.

Iris

27.



Copied by "Iris."

CUCKOO-PINT.
Arum maculatum.

The Shamrock.

The Shamrock is the national emblem of Ireland. It is a small three-leaved plant, which grows along the ground, spreading itself by means of runners, after the fashion of the strawberry plant. In appearance it is like clover, with which it is often confused (by the English), but, on close examination a great difference may be discovered between them: The clover has a larger leaf, the back of which is coarse and rough, and it grows upright like grass; whereas the Shamrock has a most delicate leaf the back is smooth and shining like satin. It has been the national emblem of Ireland ever since St Pat-

rick took it up to help him in the explanation of the Trinity. On the seventeenth of March, which is dedicated to our patron Saint St Patrick, the Irish (who are naturally more attached to their country than other nations) wear a bit of Shamrock fastened into some part of their dress: from daybreak men and women are busy searching for the plant. To find a four-leaved Shamrock is considered by the people a very lucky omen; but as I have never found one myself I begin to doubt its existence.

Erin go bragh.

The three little wild flowers.

There are three little blossoms both fair and sweet
 In Our Father's bright garden on earth
 In the valleys where meadows and forests meet
 And the Angels watch over their birth
 And childish hands pluck them with childish delight
 To wind them in garlands and nosegays bright.

The tender May-blossom so pure and white
 With buds, set like pearls in a ring,
 As a precious encouragement, placed in sight,
 Some good thought to our hearts to bring;
 For whenever they grow, they speak thus, "Be sure
 To praise our Maker with soul as pure."

Then the Violet - "Eye of the Spring" - soft blue
 Nestled deep in its leaves of green,
 Is known by its breath, when 'tis wet with dew,
 Though its beauty may be unseen.

31.
So modestly, sweetly, it meets the sense
'Tis the emblem of silent Benevolence.

By the stream the beloved Forget me not grows,
Which mirrors its heavenly blue
Blooming and fading, it withers and blows
And seems always refreshed and new.
An Emblem of Love and of Friendship true
Though faded, we still may them both renew.

So these three pretty flowers, my children, bind
Into a wreath and remember well
With a pious, benevolent, faithful mind
What each of these flowers should tell:
And as long as obedience to them shall last
Like the Angels, your days shall in peace be
passed.

From the German of Ch^r Schmid-
by Amice

