

WILD FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649002092

Wild flowers of Scotland by J. H. Crawford

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

J. H. CRAWFORD

**WILD FLOWERS
OF SCOTLAND**



Wild Flowers of Scotland

By J. H. CRAWFORD, F.L.S.

AUTHOR OF "WILD LIFE OF SCOTLAND," ETC.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WILLIAMSON

LONDON: JOHN MACQUEEN

MDCCLXXVII



QK81
C89
1897
MH/N

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
I. THE FLOWERS OF SPRING	17
II. THE BLUE BELLS	29
III. THE GARDEN AND THE WILDS	41
IV. WHIN AND BROOM	55
V. THE FLOWERS OF SUMMER	65
VI. MARGUERITES AND POPPIES	78
VII. THISTLES	89
VIII. IN THE WOODLANDS	100
IX. ON THE LINKS	111
X. THE PATH THROUGH THE CORNFIELDS	122
XI. FLOWERS OF THE FAR NORTH	134
XII. UP THE GLEN	147
XIII. THE HEATHER	161
XIV. ON THE MOUNTAINS	174
XV. ON THE MOUNTAINS	187
XVI. THE SAXIFRAGES	200
XVII. AMONG THE SOUTHERN UPLANDS	213

INTRODUCTION



LESS has been said in a pleasant way about the wild flowers than about the wild animals of Scotland.

Yet our four-footed creatures are few, and their tale easily told. Our wild birds, too, have been sadly thinned out, with the exception of sea forms; and these belong to other coasts as well. Birds have wings, and can cross water.

Whereas the many wild flowers are well-nigh untouched. Nor do they fly about from place to place, but remain pretty much where they have been all along. They are ours, in a sense in which other living things are not.

Moreover, they are out of fellowship with the wild flowers of other lands. There is no common border across which they mingle with kindred

forms. Like ourselves, they have a semi-island character, and have grown into what they are by long ages spent within the Channel. They have been shaped and coloured here.

If the quest is not exciting, it is not therefore less interesting. Some of the ruder elements of sport are absent. We do not shoot them, nor do we hunt them with dogs.

Nevertheless, it is not all dainty basket-work in shaded woodland glade, or on sunny bank, seeing that Scotland is not made up of such mild features as these. To the venturesome there is abundant opportunity of showing what is in him.

If the ledge of coast-cliff, where the peregrine builds, is bad to get at, either from the grassy top, or from the bottom where the water gurgles, the crack in which the rare seaside flower roots itself is still more puzzling. It needs a cool head as well as a rope and a belt.

If only a bold man dare take the golden eagle's eggs from the face of a Grampian precipice, it needs a bolder one still to rob that little colony of alpiners, faintly glowing, through the field-glass, five hundred feet above or below.