INDISPENSABLE HANDY BOOKS. WILD FLOWERS: SHOWING WHERE TO GATHER THEM; HOW TO PRESERVE THEM; THEIR USES AND SEASONS FOR FLOWERING AND THEIR MEDICINAL USES

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INDISPENSABLE HANDY BOOKS.

WILD FLOWERS

REOWING

WHERE TO GATHER THEM: HOW TO PRESERVE THEM: THEIR USES AND SEASONS FOR FLOWERING,

AND THEIR

Medicinal Ases.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MANY BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS.

"Take, sister, this from me—
A bonquet of wild flowers; which
I have rambled into lovely haunts to gather for you."

LONDON:

WARD & LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

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PREFACE.

Over meadows—through country lanes—peeping into hedges—can there be anything more delightful than Rambles after Wild Flowers?

> While the bee is humming in the sun, The yellow cowalip springs; And hark! from yonder woodland's side Again the cuckoo sings!

It is the purpose of this little Hanny Book to point out the most beautiful haunts of these "darlings of the woods and hedges"—to describe their habits, forms, and uses,—and, through them, to awaken in the mind a love of the Beautiful.

We shall also show how Wild Flowers may be successfully cultivated in Windows and Town Gardens, and thus present us at all seasons with the best assemblage of beautiful and interesting forms, either of single plants or well-massed groups.

....

Our labours in this delightful pursuit have furnished us with some little wisdom as to the growth of Wild Flowers in gardens and windows, and their capabilities of adding to the beauty of the parterre or border, as well as interesting the grower with all manner of suggestions.

"Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft eirs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view!
In childhood's sports, companions gay;
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true."

HANDY BOOK

OP

WILD FLOWERS.

JANUARY.

ALL things are very still, methinks, and quiet,
Insects are sleeping, and beneath the cold earth
Are seeds unnumber'd, waiting for the summer,
That calls them forth. A few frail, friendly plants,
Withstand all storms, and, e'en in this dull month,
Look green and cheerful.

LET us go into the fields, for January will soon give place to her sister, February: she has already wakened up her sleeping flowers, harbingers of lengthened days, and the coming back of punctual birds, and bade the hazel to hang forth her tassels in sheltered places. Leaves of the wild Honeysuckle began to open nearly a week since, but now they are fully expanded among the brakes, and present a cheerful contrast to leafless branches, or dark green bushes of wild juniper.

It is cheering to look upon their young green tints, to think that in the course of a few short weeks the dull and cheerless landscape will be reclothed with beauty—that the leafless shrubs and trees will blossom and look green, and that where not a sound is heard, except the sighing of the wind or the rushing of some wayside stream, glad songs of singing birds will resound from every bush, with the bleating of sheep, and insects' hum of joy. Did you hear the voice of one who spoke from out the hedge-bank? It was a small grasshopper, awakened from his winter sleep. The bright warm sunbeams of this unusually mild morning has caused his weak voice to be heard.

The garland which botanists have woven whereby to adorn the brow of January is but slender. Stillingfleet, in his Calendar of Flora, speaks of six different flowers as pertaining to this dull month. But changes have taken place since then; and botanists of the present time refer to the snowdrop (Galanthus nivalis), and the daisy (Bellis perennis). to a somewhat later period. True it is, that the peeping forth of the first from her green hood, and the expanding of the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," depends on the mildness of the season. The Snowdrop, or Fair Maid of February, may be seen by chance in sheltered places, beside streams, at the end of January; but she pretends by right to the month whose name she bears; the daisy, too, rarely expands till March; a child is she of blustering winds and hurrying showers, yet most unlike her parents, meekly smiling from amid the turf, and seeming to propitiate the racking clouds when they hurry athwart the heavens.

Surely the Common Chickweed (Stellaria media) groweth everywhere, and at all seasons, except when the ground is hard frozen, or covered deep with snow. She belongs, therefore, to January, and may be numbered among the small flowers which this month calls forth, with little of outward beauty to commend them, and yet wonderfully adapted for their place in the creation.

The common chickweed has many sisters, and of these some are found in meadows and hedge-banks, or in thickets; others on the banks of mountain streams; others again on high hills; but the common chickweed grows everywhere—by streams, in meadows, on heaps of rubbish, or sandy places, where most other plants refuse to vegetate.

Old Gerard wrote concerning this plant in his time, and notices her dissimilar localities. "The common chickweed," said he, in his quaint way, "rises up with stalks a cubit high, and cometimes higher, yet oft-times she almost creepeth upon the ground. A great many stalks spring from one root, long, and round, and alender, full of joints, with a couple of leaves growing out of every knot or joint, of a light green colour. The stalks are something cleare, and as it were transparent, or thorow-shining; and about the joints they may be oftentimes of a very light red colour, as be those of pellitoric of the wall; the floures be whitish on the top, like the floures of stitchwort, but yet lesser, in whose places sunceed long knops, but not great, wherein the seed is contained."



Such is the description given by Gerard when he looked upon this invaluable plant, growing, it might be, in his garden at Nantwich, in Cheshire, during the reign of Henry VIII., or beside the river Weever, where he loved to wander in his boyhood days, searching for wild plants, and taking notes of their wonderful construction. He speaks of the long knops wherein seed is contained, and no part of this wild plant is more worthy of remark, either in their perfect condition or when advancing to maturity.

Observe the variety which, even at this dull season, the whole plant presents. One might almost fancy that she had within her some magic power whereby to concentrate the developments of different seasons. One small branch is covered with green leaves; another presents a bud in different stages of verdure, or of decay; a third upholds a white star-like blossom to the sun; a fourth is covered with four-sided and light-green capsules; and, lastly, in women.