

RICHARD JEFFERIES SOCIETY
REFERENCES TO FLORA AND FAUNA IN

NATURE NEAR LONDON

By Richard Jefferies

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Format

The general format is to list references individually, and in alphabetical order under the specimen being referred to. However, sometimes there are sections listing various types of flora, etc, and in these cases I have decided to quote the complete section and list these separately from, and at the end of, the references to individual specimens.

Adders in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“... the furze ... is also believed to shelter adders.

There is, indeed, scarcely a cover in Surrey and Kent which is not said to have its adders; the gardeners employed at villas close to the metropolis occasionally raise an alarm, and profess to have seen a viper in the shrubberies, or the ivy, or under an old piece of bast. Since so few can distinguish at a glance between the common snake and the adder it is as well not to press too closely upon any reptile that may chance to be heard rustling in the grass, and to strike tussocks with the walking-stick before sitting down to rest, for the adder is only dangerous when unexpectedly encountered.” (p.91)

Adders in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“Adders are known to exist in the woods round about, but are never, or very seldom, seen upon the heath itself. In the woods of the neighbourhood they are not uncommon, and are sometimes killed for the sake of the oil. ...” (p.110) (the rest of this paragraph and the next deal with believed curative powers for deafness (dependent on cause), how the oil is procured, it's properties, etc)

Agrimony in the chapter entitled *A Barn*

“... By the hedge the agrimony frequently lifts its long stem, surrounded with small yellow petals. ...” (p.79) (The paragraph continues regarding it being collected and uses.)

Anemones in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Beyond the stile, the lane descends into a hollow, and is bordered by a small **furze** common, where under shelter of the hollow **brambles** and beneath the golden bloom of the **furze**, the pale **anemones** flower.” (p.5)

Ant-hills in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

(see Fern (brake) and general quotes.)

Anthills in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“... There were comparatively few (anthills) this season, but on the 4th August, which was a sunny day, I saw the inhabitants of a hill beside the road bringing out the eggs into the sunshine. They could not do it fast enough; some ran out with eggs, and placed them on the top of the little mound, and others seized eggs that had been exposed sufficiently and hurried with them into the interior.” (p.152)

Ants in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“Reddish ants hurry over. Time is money; and their business brooks no delay.” (page 16)

Ants – in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“In grass small objects often escape observation, but on such a bare surface everything becomes visible. Coming to one of these places on a summer day, I saw a stream of insects crossing and recrossing, from the fern upon one side to the fern upon the other.

They were ants, but of a very much larger species than the little red-and-black “emmetts” which exist in the meadows. These horse ants were not much less than half an inch in length, with a round spot at each end like beads, or the black top of long pins. The length of their legs enabled them to move much quicker, and they raced to and fro over the path with great rapidity. The space covered by the stream was a foot or more broad, all of which was crowded and darkened by them, and as there was no cessation in the flow of this multitude their numbers must have been immense.” (pps 101/102) (Many paragraphs follow describing the industry of the ants, an enormous ant-hill, the latter being raided for its eggs to be fed to partridges.)

Apple (Wild) in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“... Let us ... stay and watch the petals fall one by one from a wild apple and float down on the stream.” (p.62)

Apples in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“There are still, in October, a few red apples on the boughs of the trees in a little orchard beside the same road. It is a natural orchard – left to itself – therefore there is always something to see in it. ...

The apple trees are not set in straight lines: they were at first, but some have died away and left an irregularity; the trees lean this way and that, and they are scarred and marked as it were with lichen and moss. . . .” (p.143)

“On a bare bough, but lately scourged by the east wind, the apple bloom appears, set about with the green of the hedges and the dark spruce behind. . . . When the young apples take form and shape the grass is so high even the buttercups are overtopped by it. . . .

Now the apples are red that are left, and they hang on boughs from which the leaves are blown by every gust. . . .” (p.144)

Arum in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“The spotted leaves of the arum appeared in the ditches in this locality very nearly simultaneously with the first whistling of the blackbirds in February; . . .” (pps 39/40)

Arum in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“On the sward by the wayside, among the nettles and under the bushes, and on the mound the **dark green arum** leaves grew everywhere, sometimes in bunches close together. These bunches varied – in one place the leaves were all spotted with black irregular blotches; in another the leaves were without such markings. When the root leaves of the arum first push up they are closely rolled together in a pointed spike.

This, rising among the dead and matted leaves of the autumn, occasionally passes through holes in them. As the spike grows it lifts the dead leaves with it, which hold it like a ring and prevent it from unfolding. The force of growth is not sufficiently strong to burst the bond asunder till the green leaves have attained considerable size.” (pps 52/53)

Arum in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“. . . In spring, thrushes move along, rustling the fallen leaves as they search among the **arum** sheaths unrolling beside the sheltering palings. . . .” (p.145) Also noted under **thrushes**.

Ash in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“A solitary **robin** . . . perches on an **ash** branch opposite, and regards me thoughtfully. It is impossible to go anywhere in the open air without a **robin**; they are the very spies of the wood.” (p.9) (Also listed under ‘robin’.)

Ashes in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

During the year “Ashes change from almost black to a light green, then a deeper green, and again light green and yellow. . . .” (p.174)

“. . . Ash plantations attract wood-pigeons and turtle-doves. Thrushes are fond of the ash, and sing much on its boughs. . . .” (pps 179/180)

Aspens in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“... The aspens rustle louder in the stillness of the evening; their leaves not only sway to and fro, but semi-rotate upon the stalks, which causes their scintillating appearance. ...” (p.86)

Bank-martins – see **Martins (Bank-)**

Barley in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“A barley field is within the gate; the mowers have just begun to cut it on the opposite side.” (p.7)

Bats in the chapter entitled *The River*

“... In the evening, the rosy or golden hues of the sunset will be reflected on the surface from the clouds; then the bats wheel to an fro, ...” (pps 115/116)

Beans in the chapter entitled *The River*

“...Occasionally (in early June) the odour of beans in blossom floats out over the river. ...” (p.112)

Beech in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“... There is a beech in the plantation standing so near the verge of the stream that its boughs droop over. It has a number of twigs around the stem – as a rule the beech-bole is clear of boughs, but some which are of rather stunted growth are fringed with them. The leaves on the longer boughs above fall off and voyage down the brook, but those on the lesser twigs beneath, and only a little way from the ground, remain on, and rustle, dry and brown, all through the winter.” (p. 64)

Beech in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“... The beech is the woodpecker’s tree so soon as it grows old ...” (p.180)

Bees in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“... Bees come upon the light wind, gliding with it, but with their bodies aslant across the line of current.” (p.6)

“The **bees** are busy on the heaths and along the hill-tops, where there are still flowers and honey, and the **butterflies** are with them. ...” (p.10) Also listed under butterflies.

Bees in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“... Large dark humble bees roam slowly, and honey bees with more decided flight.” (p.16)

Bees in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“... The bees in spring come to the broad wayside sward by the great mound to the bright dandelions; presently to the white clover, and later to the heaths.” (p.40)

Bees in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“The scented clover field – the white champions dot it here and there – yields a rich, nectareous food for ten thousand bees, whose hum comes together with its odour on the air. . . .” (p.87)
(see also under clover and champions)

Bees in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“ . . . The dewdrops of the morning . . . linger on late . . . on drooping blades of grass . . . Wild bees and wasps may often be noticed on these blades of grass that are still wet, as if they could suck some sustenance from the dew. . . .” (p.127)

Bees in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“ . . . From this bed of varieties of thyme there rises up a pleasant odour which attracts the bees. Bees and humble-bees, indeed, buzz everywhere, but they are much too busily occupied to notice you or me.” (p.165)

Beetles in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“ . . . Glistening beetles, green and gold, run across the bare earth of the path, coming from one crack in the dry ground and disappearing in the (to them) mighty chasm of another.” (p.16)

Beetles in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“ . . . beetles of every kind and size, from the great stag beetle, helplessly floundering through the evening air and slinging to your coat, down to the green, bronze, and gilded species that hasten across the path, appear extremely numerous. Warm, dry sands, light soils, and furze and heath are probably favourable to them.” (p.42)

Bell-flower in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“ . . . Once now and then a blue and slender bell-flower is lighted on; in Sussex the larger varieties bloom till much later.” (p.125)

Bennets in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Tall **bennets** and red sorrel rise above the grass, white ox-eye daisies chequer it below; the distant hedge quivers as the air, set in motion by the intense heat, runs along.” (p.5). Also listed under Sorrel (red) and daisies (ox-eye).

“ . . . Butterflies flutter over the mowing grass, hardly clearing the **bennets**.” (p.6) (Also listed under butterflies.)

Bennets in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“The stalks of the bennets vary, some green, some yellowish, some brown, some approaching whiteness, according to age and the condition of the sap. Their tops, too, are never the same, whether the pollen clings to the surface or whether it has gone. Here the green is almost lost

in red, or quite; here the grass has a soft, velvety look; yonder it is hard and wiry, and again graceful and drooping. Here there are bunches so rankly verdant that no flower is visible and no other tint but dark green; here it is thick and short, and the flowers, and almost the turf itself, can be seen; then there is an array of bennets (stalks which bear the grass-seed) with scarcely any grass proper.” (p.13)

Bennets in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... Bennets – the flower of the grass – come up; the first bennet is to green things what the first swallow is to the breathing creatures of summer.” (pp 143/144)

Bennets in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... The bennets, the flower of the grass, on their tall stalks, go down in numbers as countless as the sand of the seashore before his scythe.

But here (in the herb garden at Kew Gardens) the bennets are watched and tended, the weeds removed from around them, and all the grasses of the field cultivated as affectionately as the finest rose. There is something cool and pleasant in this green after the colours of the herbs in flower, though each grass is but a bunch, yet it has with it something of the sweetness of the meadows by the brooks. ...” (pps 166/167)

Betony in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“After a time, when the corn is ripening, the herb **betony** flowers on the mounds under the oaks.” (p.7)

Betony (Water) in the chapter entitled *The River*

“Water betony, or persicaia, lifts its pink spikes everywhere, tiny florets close together round the stem at the top; the leaves are will-shaped, and there is scarcely a hollow or break in the bank where the earth has fallen which is not clothed with them.” (p.113)

Bindweed – see **Convolvulus**

Birch in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“By the ... wayside ... there is a birch copse, through which runs a road open to foot passengers ... and also a second footpath. From these a little observation will show that almost all the life and interest of the copse is at, or near, the edge, and can be readily seen without trespassing a single yard.” (p.35)

Birch in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... In the furze there is still much yellow, and wherever heath grows it spreads in shimmering gleams of purple between the **birches**; for these three, furze, heath and **birch** are usually together. ...” (p.125) Also listed under furze and heath.

Birches in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“Hardy birches . . . will grow in thin soil. Just compare the delicate drooping boughs of birch – they could not have been more delicate if sketched with a pencil . . .” (p.175)

“The . . . birch (is) one of the missel-thrush’s (trees).” (p.180)

Bitter Sweet in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“In the roadside ditch by the furze . . . the woody bines, if so they may be called, or stalks of **bitter-sweet**, remain all the winter standing in the hawthorn hedge. . . .” (p.91)

Blackberries – see **Brambles**

Blackbird/s in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“The sweet murmuring coo of the turtle dove comes from the copse, and the rich notes of the **blackbird** from the oak into which he has mounted to deliver them.” (p.5) Also see turtle dove.

“In August it is true most birds cease to sing but . . . if there were any about something would be heard of them. There would be a rustling, a **thrush** would fly across the lane, a **blackbird** would appear by the gateway yonder in the shadow which he loves, a **finch** would settle in the oaks.” (page 9) Also listed under **thrush** and **finch**.

“. . . Thrushes and **blackbirds** have gone to the streams, to splash and bathe, and to the mown meadows, where in the short aftermath they can find their food. There they will look out on the shady side of the hedge as the sun declines, six or eight perhaps of them along the same hedge, but all in the shadow, where the dew forms first as the evening falls, where the grass feels cool and moist, while still on the sunny side it is warm and dry.” (p.10) Also listed under **thrushes**.

Blackbirds in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“The thick hedge mentioned is a favourite resort of blackbirds, and on a warm May morning, after a shower - they are extremely fond of a shower - half-a-dozen may be heard at once whistling in the elms. They use the elms here because there are not many oaks; the oak is the blackbird’s favourite song-tree. . . .” (p.27)

Blackbird in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“. . . I have observed a blackbird . . . streaked with white. . . .” (p.46)

Blackbirds in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“This hollow is the very place of singing birds in June. Up in the oaks blackbirds whistle – you do not often see them, for they seek the leafy top branches, but once now and then while fluttering across to another perch. The blackbird’s whistle is very human, like some one playing the flute; an uncertain player now drawing forth a bar of a beautiful melody and then losing it again. He does not know what quiver or what turn his note will take before it ends;

the note leads him and completes itself. His music strives to express his keen appreciation of the loveliness of the days, the golden glory of the meadow, the light, and the luxurious shadows.

. . . Now and again the blackbird feels the beauty of the time, the large white daisy stars, the grass with yellow-dusted tips, the air which comes so softly unperceived by any precedent rustle of the hedge. He feels the beauty of the time, and he must say it. His notes come like wild flowers not sown in order. There is not an oak here in June without a blackbird.” (pps 141/142)

Blackbirds in the chapter entitle *Magpie Fields*

“The abundant bird life is again demonstrated as the evening approaches. Along the hedgerows, at the corners of the copses, wherever there is the least cover, so soon as the sun sinks, the blackbirds announce their presence by their calls. Their “ching-chinging” sounds everywhere; they come out on the projecting branches and cry, then fly fifty yards farther down the hedge, and cry again. During the day they may not have been noticed, scattered as they were under the bushes, but the dusky shadows darkening the fields send them to roost, and before finally retiring, they “ching-ching” to each other.” (pps 156-157)

Blackbirds in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“As evening draws on, the whistling of blackbirds and the song of thrushes seem to come from everywhere around. The trees are full of them. Every few moments a blackbird passes over, flying at some height, from the villa gardens and the orchards without. The song increases; the mellow whistling is without intermission; but the shadow has nearly reached the wall, and I must go.” (p.171) (also noted under **Thrushes**)

Blackcaps in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“. . . In the hornbeams at the verge blackcaps sing in spring a sweet and cultured song, which does not last many seconds. They visit a thick bunch of ivy in the garden. . . .” (p.140)

Blackheaded Bunting – see under Bunting (Blackheaded)

Blackthorn in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“How pleasant . . . to see the clear white flower of the blackthorn come out in the midst of the bitter easterly breezes! It is like a white handkerchief beckoning to the sun to come. . . .” (p.176)

Bluebells in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“. . . the patch skirts the hedge enclosing a copse, part of which had been cut in the winter, so that a few weeks since in spring the bluebells could be seen, instead of being concealed by the ash branches and the woodbine. Among them grew one with white bells, like a lily, solitary in the midst of the azure throng.” (p.17)

Brake fern – see under **Fern (Brake)**

Brambles in the chapter entitled *Woodlands* – also see **Blackberries**

“Beyond the stile, the lane descends into a hollow, and is bordered by a small **furze** common, where under shelter of the hollow **brambles** and beneath the golden bloom of the **furze**, the pale **anemones** flower.” (p.4)

“The hedgerows on either side are here higher than ever, and are thickly fringed with bramble bushes, which sometimes encroach on the waggon ruts in the middle, and are covered with flowers and red, and green, and ripe blackberries together.” (p.7)

“**Rushes** have sprung up and mark the line of the ruts, and **willow stoles**, **bramble bushes**, and thorns growing at the side, make, as it were, a third hedge in the middle of the lane.” (p.8) (Also listed under brambles and willow.)

Brambles in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... A few white or pink flowers appear on the brambles, ...” (p.124)

Brambles in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“The very brambles are superior (to foreign shrubs); there is the flower, the sweet berry, and afterwards the crimson leaves – three things in succession.” (p.177)

Brambles in the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“... Bramble bushes project over the dangerous wall of chalk, and grasses fill up the interstices, a hedge suspended in air; but be careful not to reach too far for the blackberries.” (p.208)

Briar/s - see **roses**

Brook-Sparrow – see Sparrow (Brook)

Broom Rape in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“... The stalk of the broom rape is clammy to touch, and is an unwholesome greenish yellow, a dull undecided colour; if cut, it is nearly the same texture throughout. There are numerous dull purplish flowers at the top, but it has no leaves. It is not a pleasant-looking plant - a strange and unusual growth.” (p.151) (Two paragraphs or so are devoted to the broom rape, most of it in connection with its parasitic growth on fields of clover.)

Broom (Wild) in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“For colour add the wild broom and some furze. Those who have seen broom in full flower, golden to the tip of every slender bough, cannot need any persuasion, surely to introduce it. ...” (pps 177/178)

Bryony (White) in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

The first frosts, ... shrivel the bines of **white bryony**, which part and hang separated, and in the spring a fresh bine pushes up with greyish green leaves and tendrils feeling for support. It

is often observed that the tendrils of this bryony coil both ways, with and against the sun.” (p.91) (A few sentences follow qualifying this statement.)

Bryony (Black) in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“There is a young oak beside the highway which in autumn was wreathed as artistically as could have been done by hand. A **black bryony** plant grew up round it, rising in a spiral. The heart-shaped leaves have dropped from the bine, leaving thick bunches of red and green berries clustering about the greyish stem of the oak.” (pps 155/156) also noted under **Oak**.

Bugloss (Viper’s) in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“The angle of a field by the woods . . . the entire corner, is blue in July with viper’s bugloss. The stalks rise some two feet, and are covered with minute brown dots; they are rough, and the lower part prickly. Blue flowers in pairs, with pink stamens and pink buds, bloom thickly round the top, and as each plant has several stalks, it is very conspicuous where the grass is short.

There are hundreds of these flowers in this corner, and along the edge of the wood; a quarter of an acre is blue with them. So indifferent are people to such things that men working in the same field, and who had pulled up the plant and described its root as like that of a dock, did not know its name. Yet they admired it. “It is an innocent-looking flower,” they said, that is, pleasant to look at.” (p.109)

“. . . Viper’s bugloss, which grows so freely by the heath, was so called because anciently it was thought to yield an antidote to the adder’s venom.” (p.110)

Bunting (Blackheaded) in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“Upon the willow trees which border it (a roadside pond), a reed-sparrow or blackheaded bunting may often be observed. . . .” (p.99) (Also noted under Sparrow (Reed).)

Butcher-birds – see **Shrikes**

Buttercups in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“In the meadows, everything comes pressing lovingly up to the path. . . . Tall buttercups, round whose stalks the cattle have carefully grazed, stand in ranks; . . .” (p.12)

Buttercups in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“This meadow in June, . . . when the buttercups are high, is one broad expanse of burnished gold. The most careless passer-by can hardly fail to cast a glance over acres of rich yellow.” (p.24)

Butterflies in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“. . . **Butterflies** flutter over the mowing grass, hardly clearing the **bennets**.” (p.6)

“The **bees** are busy on the heaths and along the hill-tops, where there are still flowers and honey, and the **butterflies** are with them. . . .” (p.10) Also listed under **bees**.

Butterflies in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“ . . . Butterflies, white, parti-coloured, brown, and spotted, and light blue flutter along beside the footpath; two white ones wheel about each other, rising higher at every turn till they are lost and no more to be distinguished against a shining white cloud.” (pps 15/16)

Butterflies in the chapter entitled *The River*

“ . . . later on (into June) the butterflies wander over the yellow ears (of wheat). . . .” (p.112)

Campanula in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“ . . . By a gateway stands a tall campanula or bell-flower, two feet high or nearly, with great bells of blue.” (p.190)

Campions in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“The scented clover field – the white **campions** dot it here and there – yields a rich, nectareous food for ten thousand bees, whose hum comes together with its odour on the air. . . .” (p.87)
(see also under clover and bees)

Caterpillars as in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“From the oak green caterpillars slide down threads of their own making to the bushes below . . .” (p.19)

Caterpillar as in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“ . . . This hairy caterpillar, creeping along the hawthorn, which if touched, immediately coils itself in a ring, very recently was thought a charm in distant country places for some diseases of childhood, if hung about the neck. . . .” (p.86)

Celandine (Lesser) in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“ . . . last spring the chiffchaff sang soon after the flowering of the lesser celandine . . .” (p.40) (see also under **chiffchaff**)

Celandine in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“ . . . The dusty celandine grows under the bushes; and its light green leaves seem to retain the white dust from the road. . . .” (p.92)

Chaffinch – see under **Finch**

Chestnuts in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

(In June) “The oaks and **chestnuts**, though too young to form a complete arch cross their green branches, and cast a delicious shadow. For it is in the shadow that we enjoy the summer, looking forth from the gateway upon the mowing grass where the glowing sun pours down his fiercest beams.” (p.5)

Chestnut (Horse) in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“... A horse-chestnut drops its fruit in the dusty road; high above its leaves are tinted with scarlet.” (p.65)

Chestnut (Horse) in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... White horse-chestnut blooms stand up in their stately way, lighting the path which is strewn with the green moss-like flowers fallen from the oaks. ...” (p.144)

Chestnut (Horse) in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“A little distance away, and almost on the shore ... of the Thames, is a really noble horse-chestnut, whose boughs, untouched by cattle, come sweeping down to the ground, and then, continuing, seem to lie on and extend themselves along it, yards beyond their contact. Underneath, it reminds one of sketches of encampments in Hindostan beneath banyan trees, where white tent cloths, are stretched from branch to branch. Tent cloths might be stretched here in similar manner, and would enclose a goodly space. Or in the boughs above, a savage’s tree-hut might be built, and yet scarcely be seen.” (pps 170/171)

Chiffchaff in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“... last spring the chiffchaff sang soon after the flowering of the lesser celandine ...” (p.40) (see also under **celandine (lesser)**)

Chiffchaff in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“... just as the first leaves (of the gorse) are opening – the chiffchaffs come.

The first spring I had any knowledge of this spot was mild, and had been preceded by mild seasons. The chiffchaffs arrived all at one, as it seemed, in a bevy, and took possession of every birch about the furze, calling incessantly with might and main. The willow-wrens were nearly as numerous. All the gorse seemed full of them for a few days. Then by degrees they gradually spread abroad, and dispersed among the hedges.” (pps 92/93) (A paragraph follows mentioning the difference the following spring and reasons why this may have been so.)

Chiffchaff in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... there was a chiffchaff calling in a copse as merrily as in the spring. This little bird is the first, or very nearly the first, to come in the spring, and one of the last to go as autumn approaches. It is curious that, though singled out as a first sign of spring, the chiffchaff has never entered into the home life of the people like the robin, the swallow, or even the

sparrow.” (p.128) There follows 2 paragraphs elaborating on the chiffchaff not having entered into the home-life of the people.

Clematis in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“... Let the wild clematis climb wherever it will. ...” (p.178)

Clematis in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... Just by the corner the hedge is grey with silky clocks of clematis; the hawthorn is hidden by it. ...” (p.190)

Clover in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“In the meadows, everything comes pressing lovingly up to the path. The small-leaved clover can scarce be driven back by frequent footsteps from endeavouring to cover the bare earth of the centre. ...” (p.12)

“Behind the bunches where the grass is thinner are the heads of purple clover; pluck one of these, and while meditating draw forth petal after petal and imbibe the honey with the lips till nothing remains but the green framework, like stolen jewellery from which the gems have been taken.” (p.14)

Clover in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“In the evening, as the dew gathers on the grass, ... the clover and vetches close their leaves ...” (p.86) (see also under vetches)

“The scented clover field – the white champions dot it here and there – yields a rich, nectareous food for ten thousand bees, whose hum comes together with its odour on the air. ...” (p.87) (see also under champions and bees)

Comfrey in the chapter entitled *The River*

“... Bunches of rough-leaved comfrey grow down to the water’s edge – indeed, the coarse stems sometimes bear signs of having been partially under water when a freshet followed a storm. The flowers are not so perfectly bell-shaped as those of some plants, but are rather tubular. They appear in April, though then green, and may be found all the summer months. Where the comfrey grows thickly the white bells give some colour to the green of the bank, and would give more were they not so often overshadowed by the leaves.” (pps 112/113)

Comfrey in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... Rough-leaved comfrey of the side of the river and brook, one species of which is so much talked of as better forage than grass, is here (in the herb garden at Kew Gardens), its bells opening.” (p.165)

Convolvulus in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“... The sheaf (of wheat) grows under her (the reaper’s) fingers, it is bound about with a girdle of twisted stalks, in which mingle the green bine of convolvulus and the pink-streaked bells that must fade.” (p.81)

Convolvulus in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... The hedge opposite (the natural orchard) in autumn, when reapers are busy with the sheaves, is white with the large trumpet flowers of the great wild convolvulus (or bindweed). The hedge there seems made of convolvulus then; nothing but convolvulus, and nowhere else does the flower flourish so strongly; the bines remain till the following spring.” (p.144)

Corncrake in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“From this roadside I have seldom heard the corncrake, and never once the grasshopper lark. These two birds are so characteristic of the meadows in south-western counties that a summer evening seems silent to me without the “crake, crake!” of the one and the singular sibilous rattle of the other. ...” (p.42) (also listed under lark (grasshopper))

Cornflower in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“... A cornflower ... flowered in (a) field, quite a treasure to find where these beautiful blue flowers are so scarce. ...” (p.152)

Cow in chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“... In the pasture over the stile a roan cow feeds unmoved, calmly content, gathering the grass with rough tongue.” (p.17)

Cowslips in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“These meadows in spring are full of cowslips, and in one part the meadow-orchis flourishes. ...” (p.38) (see also **meadow orchis**)

Crab-apple in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“... the old hedge crab – the common, despised crab-apple – in spring is covered with blossom, such a mass of blossom that it may be distinguished a mile. ...” (p.176)

Crane’s-bill in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“Just above Molesey Lock, in the meadows beside the towing-path, the blue meadow geranium, or crane’s-bill, flowers in large bunches in the summer. It is one of the most beautiful flowers of the field, and after having lost sight of it for some time, to see it again seemed to bring the old familiar far-away fields close to London. ...” (p.153)

Crickets (field) in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“... On the mounds field crickets cry persistently.” (p.42)

Crows in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

They (the crows) are always somewhere near, now in the ploughed fields, now in the furze, and during the severe frost of last winter in the road itself, so sharply driven by hunger as to rise very unwillingly on the approach of passengers. A meadow opposite the copse is one of their favourite resorts. There are anthills, rushes, and other indications of not too rich a soil in this meadow, . . . Perhaps the coarse grass and poor soil are productive of grubs and insects, for not only the crows, but the rooks, continually visit it.” (p.95)

Pages 95 – one and a bit paragraphs on crows raiding the nest of a missle-thrush.

“There are more crows round London than in a whole county, where the absence of manufactures and the rural quiet would seem favourable to bird life. The reason, of course, is that in the country the crows frequenting woods are shot and kept down as much as possible by gamekeepers.” (pps 95/96)

“. . . The numerous pieces of waste ground, “to let on building lease,” the excavated ground, where rubbish can be thrown, the refuse and ash heaps – these are the haunts of the London crow. Suburban railway stations are often haunted by crows, which perch on the telegraph wires close to the back windows of the houses that abut upon the metals. There they sit, grave and undisturbed by the noisy engines which pass beneath them.” (p.96)

Crowsfoot (Water) in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“A patch of water crowsfoot grows on the farthest side of the pond, and in early summer sends up lovely white flowers.” (p.100)

Cuckoos in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“. . . Nightingale Copse is also a great favourite with cuckoos. There are a few oaks in it, and in the meadows in the rear many detached hawthorn bushes, and two or three small groups of trees, chestnuts, Lime, and elm. From the hawthorns to the elms, and from the elms to the oaks, the cuckoos continually circulate, calling as they fly.

One morning in May, while resting on a rail in the copse, I heard four calling close by, the furthest not a hundred yards distant, and as they continually changed their positions flying round there was always one in sight. They circled round, singing; the instant one ceased another took it up, a perfect madrigal. In the evening, at eight o’clock, I found them there again, still singing. . . .” (p.37)

Cuckoo/s in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“There is a detached ash tree in the field by the copse; it stands apart, and about sixty or seventy yards from the garden. A cuckoo came to this ash every morning, and called there for an hour at a time, his notes echoing along the building, one following the other as wavelets roll on the summer sands. After awhile two more used to appear, and then there was a chase round the copse, up to the tallest birch, and out to the ash tree again. This went on day after day, and was repeated every evening. Flying from the ash to the copse and

returning, the birds were constantly in sight . . . Till the very last the cuckoos remained there, and never ceased to be heard till they left to cross the seas.

That was the cuckoos' season; next spring, they returned again, but much later than usual, and did not call so much, nor were they seen so often while they were there. . . ." (pps 136/137)

". . . The cuckoos which come to the copse do not call till some time after others have been heard in the neighbourhood. There is another favourite copse a mile distant, and the cuckoo can be heard near it quite a week earlier. This last spring there were two days' difference – a marked interval." (p.145)

Daisies (ox-eye) in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

"Tall bennets and red sorrel rise above the grass, white **ox-eye daisies** chequer it below; the distant hedge quivers as the air, set in motion by the intense heat, runs along." (p.5). Also see bennets and sorrel (red).

Daisies (ox eye) in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

"In the meadows, everything comes pressing lovingly up to the path. . . . strong ox-eye daisies, with broad white disks and torn leaves, form with the grass the tricolour of the pasture – white, green, and gold." (p.12)

Dandelion in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

"By the wayside lie rings of dandelion stalks carelessly cast down by the child who made them . . ." (p.7)

Dandelions in the chapter entitled *The River*

". . . across the stream, a wide green sward stretches beside the towing-path, it up with sunshine which touches the dandelions till they glow in the grass. . . ." (p.120)

Dandelions in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

". . . In spring the dandelions here are pulled in sackfuls, to be eaten as salad. . . ." (p.154)

Dandelions in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

"(In the herb garden at Kew Gardens) Dandelions lift their yellow heads, classified and cultivated – the same dandelions whose brilliant colour is admired and imitated by artists, and whose prepared roots are still in use in country places to improve the flavour of coffee." (p.164)

Dove/s (turtle) in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

"The sweet murmuring coo of **the turtle dove** comes from the copse, and the rich notes of the blackbird from the oak into which he has mounted to deliver them." (p.5) Also see blackbird.

“From the stubble by the nearest shock (of wheat) two turtle doves rise, alarmed, and swiftly fly towards a wood which bounds the field.” (p.8)

Doves (turtle) in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“. . . turtle-doves had built in the copse since I knew it. . . . The turtle-dove has a way of gurgling the soft vowels “oo” in the throat. Swallows do not make a summer, but when the turtle-dove coos summer is certainly come. . . .” (p.135)

Dragon Flies in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Green rushes line the way, and **green dragon flies** dart above them.” (p.7) Also see rushes.

“Two large dragon-flies rush up and down, and cross the lane, and rising suddenly almost to the tops of the oaks swoop down again in bold sweeping curves.” (p.10)

Dragon-flies in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“Dragon-flies of the larger size are now very busy rushing to and fro on their double wings; those who go blackberrying or nutting cannot fail to see them. . . .” p.128)

Duck-weed in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“These (vast ruts) then filled with water, and on the water duck-weed grew, and aquatic grasses at the sides. Summer heats have evaporated the water, leaving the weeds and grasses prone upon the still moist earth.” (p.8)

Duckweed in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“. . . in this flower-pot, sunk so as to be n the water, and yet so that the rim may prevent it from spreading and coating the entire tank with green, is the strangest of all, actually duckweed. The still ponds always found close to cattle yards, are in summer green from end to end with this weed. I recommend all country folk who come up to town in summer time to run down here (the herb garden in Kew Gardens) just to see duckweed cultivated once n their lives.” (p.167)

“. . . I turn down by the river; in the ditch at the foot of the ha-ha wall is plenty of duckweed, . . .” (p.170)

Elder in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“the elder . . . though flowering, the scent is heavy, and . . . was believed of old time to possess some of the virtue now attributed to the blue gum, and to neutralise malaria by its own odour.” (p.177)

Elm/s in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“The road now becomes bordered by elms on either side, forming an irregular avenue. Almost every elm in spring has its chaffinch loudly challenging. . . .” (p.27) (see also chaffinch)

Elms in the chapter entitled *The River*

“ . . . in the elms of the park hard by a crowd of jackdaws chatter. . . .” (p.120) (also noted under jackdaws)

Elms in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

3 paragraphs are devoted to describing the symptoms which show something to be wrong with the elms in 1881. (pps 126/127)

Elms in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“ . . . Thrice a year the oaks become beautiful in a different way. . . . With elms it is the same; they are reddish with flower and bud very early in the year, the fresh leaf is a tender green; in autumn they are sometimes one mass of yellow.” (pps 173/174)

“ . . . Elms are resorted to by most of the larger birds. . . .” (p.179)

Fern (brake) in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Along the hedge the **brake fern** has then grown, in the corner of the copse there is a beautiful mass of it, and several detached bunches away from the hedge among the **ant-hills**. From out of the fern, which is a favourite retreat with them, **rabbits** are continually coming, feeding awhile, darting after each other, and back again to cover. To-day there are but three, and they do not venture far from their buries.” (p.4)

Fern (brake) in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“ . . . The brake fern – it is early in July – has not yet reached its full height, but what that will be is shown by these thick stems which rise smooth and straight, fully three feet to the first frond.” (p.107)

Figwort in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“In the roadside ditch by the furze the figwort grows, easily known by its coarse square stem; . . .” (p.91)

Filbert – see under **Hazel**

Finches in the first chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“ . . . From out of the mowing grass, **finches** rise and fly to the hedge; from the hedge again others fly out, and, descending into the grass, are concealed as in a forest.” (p.5)

“In August it is true most birds cease to sing but . . . if there were any about something would be heard of them. There would be a rustling, a **thrush** would fly across the lane, a **blackbird** would appear by the gateway yonder in the shadow which he loves, a **finch** would settle in the oaks.” (page 9) Also listed under **thrush** and **blackbird**.

“The finches have gone forth in troops to the stubble where the wheat has been cut, and where they can revel on the seeds of the weeds now ripe.” (p.10)

Bullfinch/es in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“ . . . The rarest bird seems to be the bullfinch. I have only seen bullfinches three or four times in three seasons, and the only pair. Now, this is worthy of note, as illustrating what I have often ventured to say about the habitat of birds being so often local, for if judged by observation here the bullfinch would be said to be a scarce bird by London. But it has been stated upon the best authority that only a few miles distant, and still nearer town, they are common.” (p.27)

Chaffinch in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“ . . . A white butterfly comes fluttering along the lane, and as it passes under a tree a chaffinch swoops down and snaps at it, but rises again without doing apparent injury, for the butterfly continues its flight.” (pp 2/3)

Chaffinch in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

Almost every elm in spring has its chaffinch loudly challenging. . . .” (p.27) (see also elm/s)

Goldfinches in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“The sward each side (of the track are) concealed by endless **thistles**, on the point of sending forth clouds of **thistledown**, and to which presently the **goldfinches** will be attracted.” (p.9) (Also listed under thistles.)

Goldfinches in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“Goldfinches come by occasionally, not often, but still they do come.” (p.27)

Greenfinch in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“ . . . A greenfinch rises with a yellow gleam and a sweet note from the grass and is off with something for his brood, . . .” (p.16)

Greenfinches in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“ . . . Greenfinches in the elms never cease love-making; and love-making needs much soft talking. . . .” (pps 142/143)

“ . . . Along the edge of the roadside footpath, where the dandelions, plantains, and grasses are thick with seed, the **green-finches** come down and feed.” (p.144) (also noted under **grasses**)

Firs

Firs (Scotch) in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“ Sometimes they (nightingales) sing from the dark foliage of the Scotch firs.” (p.37)

Flags (Sword) in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“The sword-flags are rusting at their edges, and their sharp points are turned.” (p.59)

“Under the shelter of these (beech) leaves, and close to the trunk, there grew a plant of flag – the tops of the flags almost reached to the leaves – and all the winter through, despite the frosts for which it was remarkable, despite the snow and the bitter winds which followed, this plant remained green and fresh. . . .” (p.64)

Flags in the chapter entitled *The River*

“. . . Green flags on a sandbank far out in the stream, their roots covered and their bent tips only visible, now swing with the water and now hell over with the breeze. . . .” (p.123)

Flies in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“Bee-like **flies** of many stripes and parti-coloured robes face you, suspended in the air with wings vibrating so swiftly as to be unseen; then suddenly jerk themselves a few yards to recommence hovering.” (p.16)

Forget-me-not in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“The true forget-me-not can hardly be seen in passing, so much does it nestle under flags and behind sedges, and it is not easy to gather because it flowers on the very verge of the running stream. The shore is bordered with matted vegetation, aquatic grass, and flags and weeds, and outside these, where its leaves are washed and purified by the clear stream, its blue petals open. . . .” (p.18)

Foxes in the chapter entitled *The Southdown Shepherd*

“. . . The foxes’ earths were in their (the rabbits) burrows or sometimes under a hollow tree, and when the word was sent round the shepherds stopped them for the hunt very early in the morning. Foxes used to be almost thick. He had seen as many as six (doubtless the vixen and cubs) sunning themselves on the cliffs at Beachy Head, lying on ledges before their inaccessible breeding-places, in the case of the chalk.

At present he did not think there were more than two there. They ascended and descended the cliff with ease, though not, of course, the straight wall or precipice. He had known them fall over and be dashed to pieces, as when fighting on the edge, or in winter by the snow giving way under them. . . .

. . . Last winter (the shepherd) had had two lambs, each a month old, killed by a fox which ate the heads and left the bodies; the fox always eating the head first, severing it, whether of a hare, rabbit, duck, or the tender lamb, and “covering” – digging a hole and burying – that which he cannot finish. To the buried carcase the fox returns the next night before he kills again.” (pps 194/195)

Foxgloves in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“ . . . most of the cottage gardens have foxgloves in them, but I had not observed any wild, till one afternoon near some woods I found a tall and beautiful foxglove, richer in colour than the garden specimens, and with bells more thickly crowded, lifting its spike of purple above the low cropped hawthorn. In districts where the soil is favourable to the foxglove it would not have been noticed, but here, alone and unexpected, it was welcomed. . . .” (p.40)

Fumitory in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“ . . . Some fumitory appeared this summer in a field of barley; till then I had not observed any for some time in that district. This plant, once so common, but now nearly eradicated by culture, has a soft pleasant green. . . .” (p.152)

Furze in the first chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“Beyond the stile, the lane descends into a hollow, and is bordered by a small **furze** common, where under shelter of the hollow **brambles** and beneath the golden bloom of the **furze**, the pale **anemones** flower.” (pp 4/5)

Furze in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“ . . . In the **furze** there is still much yellow, and wherever heath grows it spreads in shimmering gleams of purple between the birches; for these three, furze, heath and birch are usually together. . . .” (p.125) Also listed under heath and birch.

Furze in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“For colour add the wild broom and some furze. . . . Furze is specked with yellow when the skies are dark and the storms sweep around, besides its prime display. . . .” (pps 177/178)

Furze in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“ . . . Into and between its (the hawthorn bushes) branches, dry and leafless, furze boughs have been woven in and out, so as to form a shield against the breeze. . . .” (p.192)

Furze in the chapter entitled *The Southdown Shepherd*

“The furze is everywhere full of finches, troops of them; . . .” (p.203)

Furze Chat in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“ . . . On a furze branch, which projects above the rest, a **furze chat** perches, with yellow blossom above and beneath him. Rushes mark the margin of small pools and marshy spots, so overhung with brambles and birth branches, and so closely surrounded by gorse, that they would not otherwise be noticed. . . .” (p.90)

Goldfinches – see under **Finches**

Golden-Crested Wren – see under **Wren (Golden-crested)**

Gossamer in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“There is some honeysuckle still flowering at the tops of the hedges, where in the morning gossamer lies like a dewy net. The gossamer is a sign both of approaching autumn and, exactly at the opposite season of the year, of approaching spring. It stretches from pole to pole, and bough to bough, in the copses in February, as the lark sings. It covers the furze, and lies along the hedge-tops in September, as the lark, after a short or partial silence, occasionally sings again.” (p.124) (also noted under **honeysuckle** and **lark**)

Grass in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“The surface of mowing grass is indeed made up of so many tints that at the first glance it is confusing; and hence, perhaps, it is that hardly ever has an artist succeeded in getting the effect upon canvas. Of the million blades of grass no two are of the same shade.

Pluck a handful and spread them out side by side and this is at once evident. Nor is any single blade the same shade all the way up. There may be a faint yellow towards the root, a full green about the middle, at the tip perhaps the hot sun has scorched it, and there is a trace of brown. The older grass, which comes up earliest, is distinctly different in tint from that which has but just reached its greatest height, and in which the sap has not yet stood still.

Under all there is the new grass, short, sweet, and verdant, springing up fresh between the old, and giving a tone to the rest as you look down into the bunches. Some blades are nearly grey, some the palest green, and among them others, torn from the roots perhaps by rooks searching for grubs, are quite white. The very track of a rook through the grass leaves a different shade each side, as the blades are bent or trampled down.” (p.13) An extract also listed under **rooks**.

“Every variety of grass – and they are many – has its own colour, and every blade of every variety has its individual variations of that colour. The rain falls, and there is a darker tint at large upon the field, fresh but darker; the sun shines and at first the hue is lighter, but presently if the heat last a brown comes. The wind blows, and immediately as the waves of grass roll across the meadow a paler tint follows it.

A clouded sky dulls the herbage, a cloudless heaven brightens it, so that the grass almost reflects the firmament like water. At sunset the rosy rays bring out every tint of red or purple. At noonday, watch as alternate shadow and sunshine come one after the other as the clouds are wafted over. By moonlight perhaps the **white ox-eyed daisies** show the most. But never will you find the mowing grass in the same field looking twice alike.

Come again the day after to-morrow only, and there is a change; some of the grass is riper, some is thicker, with further blades which have pushed up, some browner. Cold northern winds cause it to wear a dry, withered aspect; under warm showers it visibly opens itself; in a hurricane it tosses itself wildly to and fro; it laughs under the sunshine.” (pps 13/14)

Grass (scorpion) in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*)

“. . . On the bank there is a flower which is often gathered for the forget-me-not and is not unlike it at the first glance; but if the two be placed side by side, this, the **scorpion grass**, is

but a pale imitation of the true plant; its petals vary in colour and are often dull, and it has not the yellow central spot. Yet it is not unfrequently sold in pots in the shops as forget-me-not. It flowers on the bank, high above the water of the ditch.” (pps 17/18)

Grasses in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... Along the edge of the roadside footpath, where the dandelions, plantains, and grasses are thick with seed, the green-finches come down and feed.” (p.144) (also noted under **green-finches**)

Grasshoppers in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“The only sound is the continuous singing of the grass-hoppers, and the peculiar snapping noise they make as they spring, leaping along the sward.” (p.10)

“... the woods are silent, still, and deserted, save by a stray **rabbit** among the **thistles**, and the **grasshoppers** ceaselessly leaping in the grass.” (p.11) Also listed under **rabbits** and **thistle**.

Grasshoppers in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“Tiny green “hoppers” - odd creatures shaped something like the fancy frogs of children’s story-books - alight on it (the grass) after a spring, and pausing a second, with another toss themselves as high as the highest bennet (veritable elm-trees by comparison), to fall anywhere out of sight in the grass.” (p.16)

Grasshoppers in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“Passing into the copies by the road . . . the grasshoppers sing from the sward at the sides, . . .” (p.36)

Green Plovers – see under **Lapwings**

Ground Ivy – see **Ivy (Ground)**

Groundsel in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“Groundsel, despised groundsel – the weed which cumbers the garden patch, and is hastily destroyed, is here fully recognised (in the herb garden at Kew Gardens).” (p.164)

Guelder Rose – see under **Rose (Guelder)**

Hare in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“... Sometimes, when it is quiet in the evening and the main highway is comparatively deserted a hare comes stealing down the track through the copse, and after lingering there awhile crosses the highway into the stubble on the other side.” (p.35)

Hares in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“In the evening, as the dew gathers on the grass, . . . the clover and vetches close their leaves – the signal the hares have been waiting for to venture from the sides of the fields where they have been cautiously roaming, and take bolder strolls across the open and along the lanes. . . .” (p.86)

“Hares raced about it (the wheat) in the spring, and even in the May sunshine might be seen rambling over the slopes. As it grew higher it hid the leverets and the partridge chicks. . . .” (p.89) (see also partridge)

Harebells in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“. . . These harebells (in the herb garden at Kew Gardens) – they have flowered a little earlier than in their wild state – how many scenes they recall to memory! We found them on the tops of the glorious Downs when the wheat was ripe in the plains and the earth beneath seemed all golden. Some, too, concealed themselves on the pastures behind those bunches of tough grass the cattle left untouched. And even in cold November, when the mist listed, while the dewdrops clustered thickly on the grass, one or two hung their heads under the furze.” (pps 164/165)

Harebells in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“Hope dwells there (in the South Downs), somewhere, mayhap, in the breeze, in the sward, or the pale cups of the harebells. . . .” (p.184)

Hawk in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“In October, . . . a hawk flew between the elms, and out into the centre of the meadow, with a large object in his talons. He alighted in the middle, so as to be as far as possible from either hedge, and no doubt prepared to enjoy his quarry, when something startled him, and he rose again. Then, as I got a better view, I saw it was a rat he was carrying. The long body of the animal was distinctly visible, and the tail depending, the hawk had it by the shoulders or head. Flying without the least apparent effort, the bird cleared the elms, and I lost sight of him beyond them. Now the kestrel is but a small bird, and taking into consideration the size of the bird, and the weight of a rat, it seems as great a feat in proportion as for an eagle to snatch up a lamb.” (p.25)

Hawk (Kestrel) in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“Kestrels are almost common; I have constantly seen them while strolling along the road, generally two together, and once three. In the latter part of the summer and autumn they seem to be most numerous, hovering over the recently reaped fields. Certainly there is no scarcity of hawks here. . . .” (p26)

Hawk in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“Butcher-birds . . . are frequently found on the telegraph wires; . . . and I have seen a **hawk** perched on the wire equally near London.” (pps 182/183)

Haws in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“Haws are very plentiful this year (1881), and exceptionally large, many fully double the size commonly seen. So heavily are the branches laden with bunches of the red fruit that they droop as apple trees do with a more edible burden. Though so big, and to all appearance tempting to birds, none have yet been eaten; and, indeeds (*sic*), haws seem to be resorted to only as a change unless severe weather compels.

Just as we vary our diet, so birds eat haws, and not many of them till driven by frost and snow. If any stay on till the early months of next year, wood-pigeons and missel-thrushes will then eat them; but at this season they are untouched. Blackbirds will peck open the hips directly the frost comes; the hips go long before the haws. . . .” (p.126)

Haws in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... The hand of autumn ... has passed over the hedge, reddening the haws. . . .” (p.189)

Hawthorn in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Slight movements in the **hawthorn**, or in the depths of the tall hedge grasses, movements too quick for the glance to catch their cause, are where some tiny bird is passing from spray to spray. It may be a **white-throat** creeping among the **nettles** after his wont, or a **wren**. The spot where he was but a second since may be traced by the trembling of leaves, but the keenest attention may fail to detect where he is now. That slight motion in the hedge, however, conveys an impression of something living everywhere within.” (p.5) Also see white-throat, wren, nettles.

Hawthorn in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“A great hawthorn bush grows on the bank; in spring, white with May; in autumn, red with haws or peggles.” (p.21)

Hawthorn in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“To the left of the Diana Fountain there are a number of hawthorn trees, which stand apart, and are aged like those often found on village greens and commons. . . .” (p.153)

Hawthorn in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“Of all the foreign shrubs that have been brought to these shores, there is not one that presents us with so beautiful a spectacle at the bloom of the common old English hawthorn in May. The mass of blossom, the pleasant fragrance, its divided and elegant leaf, lace it far about any of the importations. Besides which, the traditions and associations of the May give it a human interest. . . .

For use there is nothing like hawthorn; it will trim into a thick hedge, defending the enclosure from trespassers, and warding off the bitter winds; or it will grow into a tree. . . .” (p.176)

Hawthorn in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... Turning away at last and tracing the fosse, there is at the point where it is deepest and where there is some trifling shelter, a flat hawthorn bush. It has grown as flat as a hurdle, as if trained espalierwise or against a wall – the effect, no doubt, of the winds. ...” (p.192)

Hazel in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... Frosts have not yet bronzed the dogwood in the hedges, and the **hazel** leaves are fairly firm. The hazel generally drops its leaves at a touch about this time, and while you are nutting, if you shake a bough, they come down all around.” (p.125)

Hazel in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“... fill every nook and corner with hazel, and make filbert walks. Up and down such walks men strolled with rapiers by their sides while our admirals were hammering at the Spaniards with culverin and demi-cannon, and looked at the sun-dial and adjourned for a game at bowls, wishing that they only had a chance to bowl shot instead of peaceful wood. Fill in the corners with nut-trees, then, and make filbert walks. All these are like old story books, and the old stories are always best.” (p.177)

Hazel in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... Near by there is a bush, made up of branches from five different shrubs and plants.

First, hazel, from which the yellow leaves are fast dropping; ...” (p.190)

Heath in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“... at the top it (the quarry) is fringed with heath in full flower, bunches of purple bloom overhanging the edge, and behind this the azure of the sky.

Here, where the ground slopes gradually, it is entirely covered with the purple bells; a sheen and gleam of purple light plays upon it. A fragrance of sweet honey floats up from the flowers whether grey hive-bees are busy. ... the entire hillside, seen at a glance, is covered with heath, and heath alone. A bunch at the very edge offers a purple cushion fit for a king; ...” (p.108)

Heath in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... In the furze there is still much yellow, and wherever **heath** grows it spreads in shimmering gleams of purple between the birches; for these three, furze, **heath** and birch are usually together. ...” (p.125) Also listed under birch and furze.

Heath-bells in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“Looking into the furze from the footpath, there are purple traces here and there at the edge of the fern where the heath-bells hang. ...” (p.90)

Hedge-Crab – see **Crab-apple**

Hedge Mustard – see **Mustard (Hedge)**

Hellebore in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“ . . . on entering (the wonderful herb garden at Kew Gardens) today, the first plant which I observed is helebore – a not very common wild herb perhaps, but found in places, and a traditionary use which is still talked of in the country, a use which I must forbear to mention. . . .” (p.164)

Hérons in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“Towards evening . . . I used occasionally to watch . . . a pair of herons, sailing over in their calm serene way. Their flight was in the direction of the Thames, and they then passed evening after evening, but the following summer they did not come. . . .” (p.39)

Honeysuckle in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“There is some honeysuckle still flowering at the tops of the hedges, where in the morning gossamer lies like a dewy net. . . .” (p.124) (also see **Gossamer**)

“(In the autumn) the honeysuckle does not flower so finely as the first time; there is more red (the unopened petal) than white, and beneath, lower down the stalk, are the red berries, the fruit of the former bloom. . . .” (p.124)

Hornbeam in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“ . . . The keys of the hornbeam come twirling down: the hornbeam and the birch are characteristic trees of the London landscape - the latter reaches a great height and never loses its beauty, for when devoid of leaves the feathery spray-like branches only come into view the more.” (p.156)

Horse Ants – see under **Ants (Horse)**

Horse-chestnut – see **Chestnut (Horse)**

Horse-chestnuts in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“ . . . If trees that grow fast are required, there are limes and horse-chestnuts;

Horse-chestnuts . . . grow quickly and without any attention, the bloom is familiar, and acknowledged to be fine, and in autumn the large sprays of leaves take orange and even scarlet tints. . . .” (p.175)

Horses in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“ . . . the **horses**, having drawn (the waggon) a little way, become motionless, reposing as they stand, every line of their large limbs expressing delight in physical ease and idleness.” (p.11)

Horsetails in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“... Within (this little dell) there is a pond, where lank horsetails grow thickly, rising from the water. ...” (p.107)

Horsetails in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... horse-tails ... so thick in marshy places – one small species is abundant in the ploughed fields of Surrey, and must be a great trouble to the farmers, for the land is sometimes quite hidden by it.” (p.167)

Housemartins in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“... To the shallow shore of the brook, where it washes the flints and moistens the dust, the house-martins (*sic*) come for mortar. A constant succession of birds arrive all day long to drink at the clear stream, often alighting on the fragments of chalk and flint which stand in the water, and are to them as rocks.” (p.21)

Iris in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“... The withey plantation here is full of flowers in summer; yellow iris flowers in June when midsummer comes, for the iris loves a thunder-shower. ... The yellow iris is much more local (than the flag), and in many country streams may be sought for in vain, so that so fine a display as may be seen here seemed almost a discovery to me.” (p.63) (There follows a passage describing them in the year were at their finest (1879).)

Iris in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... The yellow iris flowers in many streams about London, ...” (p.167)

Ivy (Ground) in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“... Ground ivy creeps everywhere over the banks, and covers the barest spot. In April its flowers, though much concealed by leaves, dot the sides of the ditches with colour, like the purple tint that lurks in the amethyst.” (p.92)

Ivy in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“At that time (June) the ivy leaves which flourish up to the very tops of the oaks are so smooth with enamelled surface, that high up, as the wind moves them, they reflect the sunlight and scintillate. ...” (p.142)

Jackdaws in the chapter entitled *The River*

“... in the elms of the park hard by a crowd of jackdaws chatter. ...) (p.120) (also noted under elms)

Jackdaws in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“There are so many jackdaws about the suburbs that, when a flock of rooks passes over, the caw-cawing is quite equalled by the jack-jucking. The daws are easily known by their lesser size and by their flight, for they use their wings three times to the rook’s once. Numbers of daws build in the knot-holes and hollows of the horse-chestnut trees in Bushey Park, and in the elms of the grounds of Hampton Court.” (pps 152/153)

Jackdaw in the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“There are ledges three hundred feet above, and from these now and then a jackdaw glides out and returns again to his place, where, when still and with folded wings, he is but a speck of black. . . .” (p.205)

“The jackdaws occasionally floating out from the ledge are as mere specks from above, as they were from below. . . .” (p.210)

Jays in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Jays screech in the trees of the lane almost all the year round, though more frequently in spring and autumn, but I rarely walked here without seeing or hearing one.” (p.4)

Jays in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“The flight of the jay much resembles that of the magpie, the same jaunty, uncertain style, so that at a distance from the flight alone it would be difficult to distinguish them, though in fact the magpie’s longer tail and white and black colours always mark him. One morning in July, . . . a jay flew up into the tree immediately overhead, so near that the peculiar shape of the head and bill and all the plumage was visible. He looked down twice, and then flew. Another morning there was a jay on the ground, searching about, not five yards from the road, nor twenty from a row of houses. It was at the corner of a copse which adjoins them. If not so constantly shot at the jay would be anything but wild.” (pps 151/152)

Jays in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields* - page 154 - 2 paragraphs on the dry weather in the early summer of the year being favourable to an increase in several kinds of birds, among them the jays. Jefferies goes on to describe various groupings he has seen and their habits.

Juncus in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“. . . Juncus, the rush, is here (in the herb garden at Kew Gardens), a sign often welcome to cattle, for they know that water must be near; the bunch is cut down, and the white pith shows, but it will speedily be up again; . . .” (p.167)

Kestrel in the chapter entitled *Flocks of birds* - see **Hawk**

Kingfishers in the chapter entitled *The River*

“. . . Am I mistaken, or are kingfishers less numerous than they were only a few seasons since? Then I saw them, now I do not. Long-continued and severe frosts are very fatal to these birds; they die on the perch.” (p.116)

Kingfisher in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... one morning in the early summer, suddenly a kingfisher came shooting straight towards me, and swerving a little passed within three yards; his blue wings, his ruddy front, the white streak beside his neck, and long bill were visible for a moment; then he was away, straight over the meadows, till he cleared a distant hedge and disappeared. He was probably on his way to visit his nest, for though living by the streams kingfishers often have their nest a considerable way from water.

Two years had gone by since I saw one here before, perched then on the trunk of a willow which overhangs one of the ponds. After that came the severe winters, and it seemed as if the kingfishers were killed off, for they are often destroyed by frost, so that the bird came unexpectedly from the shadow of the trees, across the lane, and out into the sunshine over the field. It was a great pleasure to see a kingfisher again.” (p.141)

Knapweeds in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... Some knotty knapweeds stay in out-of-the-way places, where the scythe has not been; ...” (p.124)

Knapweed in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... What would the sturdy mowers ... say, could they see here the black knapweed cultivated (in the herb garden at Kew Gardens) as a garden treasure? Its hard woody head with purple florets lifted high above the ground, was greatly disliked by them, as ... the stalks of such plants were so much harder to mow than the grass.” (p.164)

Lapwings (also known as peewits and green plovers) in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... Towards the end of November (1881), there appeared a large flock of peewits, or green plovers, which flock passed most of the day in a broad, level ploughed field of great extent... I estimated their number as about four hundred; ... Fresh parties joined the main body continually, until by December there could not have been less than a thousand. Still more and more arrived, and by the first of January (1882) even this number was doubled, and there were certainly fully two thousand there. It is the habit of green plovers to all move at once, to rise from the ground simultaneously, to turn in the air, or to descend – and all so regular that their very wings seem to flap together. The effect of such a vast body of white-breasted birds uprising as one from the dark ploughed earth was very remarkable.

When they passed overhead the air sang like the midsummer hum with the shrill noise of beating wings. When they wheeled a light shot down reflected from their white breasts, so that people involuntarily looked up to see what it could be. The sun shone on them, so that at a distance the flock resembled a cloud brilliantly illuminated. In an instant they turned and the cloud was darkened. Such a great flock had not been seen in that district in the memory of man. ...” (pps 137/138) There follows another paragraph describing their habits.

Lapwings (Green plovers or peewits) in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“Green plovers, or peewits, come in small flocks to the fields recently ploughed; sometimes scarcely a gunshot from the walls of the villas. . . .” (p.161)

Lark in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“Sweet summer is but just long enough for the happy loves of the larks. It seems but yesterday, it is really more than five months since that, leaning against the gate there, I watched a lark and his affianced on the ground among the grey stubble of last year still standing.

His crest was high and his form upright, he ran a little way and then sang, went on again and sang again to his love, moving parallel with him. Then passing from the old dead stubble to fresh-turned furrows, still they went side by side, now down in the valley between the clods, now mounting the ridges, but always together, always with song and joy, till I lost them across the brown earth. . . .” (p.82) (The following paragraph elaborates more on their habits.)

Lark (Grasshopper) in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“From this roadside I have seldom heard the corncrake, and never once the grasshopper lark. These two birds are so characteristic of the meadows in south-western counties that a summer evening seems silent to me without the “crake, crake!” of the one and the singular sibilous rattle of the other. But they come to other places not far distant from the road, and one summer a grasshopper-lark could be heard in some meadows where I had not heard it the two preceding seasons. . . .” (p.42) (also listed under **corncrake**)

Larks in the chapter entitled *The River*

“Sometimes in early June . . . above the green wheat the larks rise, singing as they soar; . . .” (p.112)

Lark in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“. . . It (gossamer) stretches from pole to pole, and bough to bough, in the copses in February, as the lark sings. It covers the furze, and lies along the hedge-tops in September, as the lark, after a short or partial silence, occasionally sings again.” (p.124) (Also noted under **Gossamer**)

Larks in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“High as is the hill, there are larks yonder singing higher still, suspended in the brown light. . . .” (p.191)

Laurels in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“. . . laurels . . . put somewhere by themselves, with their thick changeless leaves, unpleasant to the touch; no one ever gathers a spray.” (p.178)

Lavendar in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... Lavender, of which old housewives were so fond, and which is still the best of preservatives, comes next,” (after the thyme in the herb garden at Kew Gardens). (p.166)

Lichen in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“... Beneath and amid the heath what seems a species of lichen grows so profusely as to give a grey undertone. In places it supplants the heath, the ground is concealed by lichen only, which crunches under the foot like hoar-frost. Each piece is branched not unlike a stag’s antlers; gather a handful and it crumbles to pieces in the fingers, dry and brittle.” (pps 107/108)

Lime Trees in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“... If trees that grow fast are required, there are limes and horse-chestnuts; the lime will run a race with any tree. The lime, too, has a pale yellow blossom, to which bees resort in numbers, making a pleasant hum, which seems the natural accompaniment of summer sunshine. Its leaves are put forth early.” (p.175)

Limpets in the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“The little rills winding through the sand have made an islet of a detached rock by the beach; **limpets** cover it, adhering like rivet-heads. . . .” (p.205)

Linnet in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“From an oak overhead comes the sweet slender voice of a linnet, the sunshine falling on his rosy breast.” (p.3)

Lizards in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“After continuous showers in spring, lizards are often found in the adjacent gardens, their dark backs as they crawl over the patches being almost exactly the tint of the moist earth. If touched, the tail is immediately coiled, the body stiffens, and the creature appears dead. They are popularly supposed to come from the furze . . .” (p.91)

Loosestrife in the chapter entitled *The River*

“... There . . . the yellow loosestrife pushes up its tall slender stalks to the top of the low willow-bushes, that the bright yellow flowers may emerge from the shadow.” (p.113)

Loosestrife in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“By still ponds, . . . tall spikes of purple loosestrife rise in bunches. . . .” (p.125)

Magpies in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“A little earlier in the year the chattering of magpies would have been heard while looking for the signs of spring, but they were now occupied with their nests. There are several within a

short distance, easily distinguished in winter, but somewhat hidden now by the young leaves. Just before they settled down to house-keeping there was a great chattering and fluttering and excitement, as they chased each other from elm to elm.” (p.53)

Magpies in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“There were ten magpies together on the 9th of September 1881, in a field of clover beside a road but twelve miles from Charing Cross. Ten magpies would be a large number to see at once anywhere in the south, and not a little remarkable so near town. . . .” (p.147)

Mallow in the chapter entitled *The River*

“There stood, one summer . . . in the corner of a barley field close to the Lock . . . perfect shrubs of mallow, rising to the shoulder, thick as a walking-stick, and hung with flower. . . .” (p.112)

Mandragora in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“Thee are tales still told in the villages of this deadly and enchanted mandragora; the lads sometimes go to the churchyards to search for it. . . .” (p.166)

Marigold (Marsh) in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“. . . There was a marsh marigold in it (a dry furrow which, at flood time, overflowed and irrigated the level sward), with stems a quarter of an inch thick; . . .” (p.52)

Marigold Marsh in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“. . . the marsh marigold, now in seed, blooms in April in the damp furrows of meadows close up to town. . . .” (p.167)

Marsh Marigold – see **Marigold (Marsh)**

Martins (bank-) in the chapter entitled *The River*

“. . . Over the stormy waters a band of brown bank-martins wheel hastily to and fro . . .” (p.120)

Mayweed in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“. . . some bunches of mayweed . . . are visible in the corners of the stubble.” (p.124)

Meadow Geranium - see **Crane’s-bill**

Meadow orchis in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“These meadows in spring are full of **cowslips**, and in one part the meadow-orchis flourishes. . . .” (p.38) (see also **cowslips**)

Mice in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“Mice abound; in spring they are sometimes up in the blackthorn bushes, perhaps for the young buds. In summer they may often be heard rushing along the furrows across the wayside sward, scarce concealed by the wiry grass. . . .” (p.39)

Missel-thrush – see under **Thrush (Missel)**

Mistletoe in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“To the left of the Diana Fountain there are a number of hawthorn trees . . . Upon some of these hawthorns mistletoe grows, not in such quantities as on the apples in Gloucester and Hereford, but in small pieces.

As late in the spring as May-day I have seen some berries, then very large, on the mistletoe here. Earlier in the year, when the adjoining fountain was frozen and crowded with skaters, there were a number of missel-thrushes in these hawthorns, but they appeared to be eating the haws. At all events, they left some of the mistletoe berries, which were on the plant months later.” (p.153)

Moorhen in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“In a minute the surface of the current was disturbed by larger ripples. There had been a ripple caused by the draught through the arch, but this was now increased. Directly afterwards a moorhen swam out, and began to search among the edge of the tangled weeds. So long as I was perfectly still the bird took no heed, but at a slight movement instantly scuttled back under the arch. . . .” (pps 49/50)

Moorhens in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“Another autumn sign is the packing (in a sense) of the moorhens. During the summer the numerous brooks and ponds about town are apparently partially deserted by these birds; . . . But directly the winter gets colder they gather together in the old familiar places, and five or six, or even more, come out at once to feed in the meadows or on the lawns by the water.” (p.161)

Moorhens in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“. . . In October these ponds, now apparently deserted, will be full of moorhens. I have seen and heard but one to-day, but as the autumn comes on they will be here again, feeding about the island, or searching on the sward by the shore. . . .” (p.170)

Moorhens in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“. . . Among flags and weeds the moorhens feed fearlessly as we roll over the stream: . . .” (p.182)

Moth (Brown) in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*. On page 152 there are a few lines describing a fierce combat on the footpath between a wasp and a brown moth. (also mentioned under Wasp)

Mountain-ash Berries in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“ . . . There was a large crop of mountain-ash betties, every one of which has been taken by blackbirds and thrushes, which are almost as fond of them as of garden fruit.” (p.126)

Mushrooms in the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“ . . . Discover some excuse to be (on the South Downs) always, to search for stray mushrooms – they will be stray, for the crop is gathered extremely early in the morning . . . ” (p.211)

Mustard (Hedge) in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“ . . . Hedge mustard, yellow and ragged and dusty, stands by the gateway. . . . ” (p.86)

Nettles in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Slight movements in the **hawthorn**, or in the depths of the tall hedge grasses, movements too quick for the glance to catch their cause, are where some tiny bird is passing from spray to spray. It may be a **white-throat** creeping among the **nettles** after his wont, or a **wren**. The spot where he was but a second since may be traced by the trembling of leaves, but the keenest attention may fail to detect where he is now. That slight motion in the hedge, however, conveys an impression of something living everywhere within.” (page 5) Also listed under hawthorn, white-throat and wren.

Nighthawk in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“The eggs of the nighthawk are sometimes found at this season near by. They are laid on the ground, on the barest spots, where there is no herbage. At dusk, the nighthawk wheels with a soft yet quick flight over the ferns and about the trees. . . . ” (p.108)

Nighthawk in the chapter entitled *The River*

“ . . . In the evening, the rosy or golden hues of the sunset will be reflected on the surface from the clouds; . . . once now and then a nighthawk will throw himself through the air with uncertain flight, his motions scarcely to be followed, as darkness falls. . . . ” (pps 115/116)

Nighthawk in the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“ . . . by night the night-hawk passes, coming up from the fields and even skirting the sheds and houses below. . . . ” (p.211)

Nightingale in the chapter entitled *Flock of Birds*

“ . . . In this hedge the first nightingale of the year sings . . . ” (p.25)

Nightingale in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“ . . . Under these bushes of woodbine the nightingales when they first arrive in spring are fond of searching for food, and dart on a grub with a low satisfied “kurr”.

The place is so favourite a resort with these birds (nightingales) that it might well be called Nightingale Copse. Four or five may be heard singing at once on a warm May morning, and at least two may often be seen as well as heard at the same time. They sometimes sing from the trees, as well as from the bushes; one was singing one morning on an elm branch which projected over the road, . . . Sometimes they sing from the dark foliage of the Scotch firs.

As the summer wanes they haunt the hawthorn hedge by the roadside, leaving the interior of the copse, and may often be seen on the dry and dusty sward. . . .” (pps 36/37)

Nightingale in the chapter entitled *The River*

“ . . . From time to time a nightingale sings in a hawthorn unregarded, . . .” (p.120)

Nightingale in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“ . . . A nightingale in a bush sings so loud the hawthorn seems too small for the vigour of the song. He will let you stand at the very verge of the bough; but it is too near, his voice is sweeter across the field.” (p.143)

“ . . . a nightingale (had its nest this spring) in (one) of the bushes on the right (of the orchard), and there the nightingale sang under the shadow of a hornbeam, for hours every morning while “City” men were hurrying past to their train.” (p.143)

“The nightingale that sings in the bushes on the common immediately opposite the copse is late . . . There is a mound about half a mile farther, where a nightingale always sings first, before all the others of the district. The one on the common began to sing last spring a full week later. . . .” (p.145)

Nightshade (Woody) in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“Woody nightshade grows in quantities along this road and, apparently, all about the outskirts of the town. There is not a hedge without it, and it creeps over the mounds of earth at the sides of the highways. . . .” (p.152)

Nightshades in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“ . . . Nightshades border on the potato, the flowers of both almost exactly alike; poison and food growing side by side and of the same species.” (p.166)

Nuts in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“ . . . The nuts are ripe, and with them is associated wine and fruit. They are hard but tasteful; if you eat one, you want ten, and after ten, twenty. . . .” (p.131)

“... Nuts are hard, frosts are hard; but the one is sweet and the other braces the strong. . . .” (p.132)

Oaks in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“(In June) The **oaks** and chestnuts, though too young to form a complete arch cross their green branches, and cast a delicious shadow. For it is in the shadow that we enjoy the summer, looking forth from the gateway upon the mowing grass where the glowing sun pours down his fiercest beams,” (p.5)

“There are birds in the **oaks** overhead whose voice is audible though they are themselves unseen.” (p.5)

Oak in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“The oak in the copse on which the squirrel was last seen is peculiar for bearing oak-apples earlier than any other of the neighbourhood, and there are often half-a-dozen of them on the twigs on the trunk before there is one anywhere else. The famous snowstorm of October 1880 snapped off the leader or to of this oak.” (p.140)

Oak - in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“It is curious to note the number of creatures to whom the oak furnishes food. . . .” (p.154). Jefferies elaborates on this for 3 paragraphs (pps 154-155).

“There is a young oak beside the highway which in autumn was wreathed as artistically as could have been done by hand. A black bryony plant grew up round it, rising in a spiral. The heart-shaped leaves have dropped from the bine, leaving thick bunches of red and green berries clustering about the greyish stem of the oak.” (pps 155/156) also noted under **Bryony (Black)**

Oak/s in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“... Thrice a year the oaks become beautiful in a different way.

In spring the opening buds give the tree a ruddy hue; in summer the great head of green is not to be surpassed; in autumn, with the falling leaf and acorn, they appear buff and brown. . . .” (p.173)

“... Oaks are favourites with rooks and wood-pigeons; blackbirds whistle in them in spring; if there is a pheasant about in autumn he is sure to come under the oak; jays visit them. . . .” (p.179)

Oaks in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... How pleasant it is from the height of the embankment to look down upon the tops of the oaks! . . .” (p.182)

“... The hand of autumn has browned the oaks, . . .” (p.189)

Otter in the chapter entitled *The River*

Three paragraphs discussing the extermination of the otter page 116/top of page 117

Parsnip (Wild and Cow) in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“... lower, and rising almost from the water of the ditch, the wild parsnip spreads its broad fan. Slanting among the underwood, against which it leans, the dry white “gix” (cow-parsnip) of last year has rotted from its root, and is only upheld by branches.” (p.1)

Parsnip (Water) in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“... Nearer the shore the sand has silted up, leaving it shallow, where water-parsnip and other weeds joined, as it were, the verge of the grass and the stream. ...” (p.50)

Parsnip (Water) in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... the water-parsnip’s pale green foliage waves at the very bottom (of the stream), for it will grow with the current right over it as well as at the side. ...” (p.167)

Parsnip (Water) in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“... At the bottom (of the brook) a green plant may be seen waving to and fro in summer as the current sways it. It is not a weed or flag, but a plant with pale green leaves, and looks as if it had come there by some chance; this is the water-parsnip.” (p.65)

Partridge/s in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“A partridge separated from his mate is calling across the field, and comes running over the short sward as his companion answers. With his neck held high and upright, stretched to see around, he looks larger than would be supposed, as he runs swiftly, threading his way through the tufts, the docks, and the rushes. But suddenly noticing that the gateway is not clear, he crouches, and is concealed by the grass.” (p.3)

“... Three hen pheasants and a **covey of partridges** that have been dusting themselves (here) move away without much haste at the approach of footsteps – the pheasants into the thickets, and the **partridges** through the gateway. The shallow holes in which they were sitting can be traced on the dust and there are a few small feathers lying about.” (p.7) Also listed under pheasants.

Partridges in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“... It is a habit with partridges to fly low, but just skimming the tops of the hedges ...” (p.25)

Partridges in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“In one of these fields, just opposite the copse, a covey of partridges had their rendezvous, and I watched them from the road, evening after evening, issue one by one, calling as they appeared from a breadth of mangolds. Their sleeping-place seemed to be about a hundred

yards from the wayside. Another arable field just opposite is bounded by the road with iron wire or railing, instead of a hedge, and the low mound in which the stakes are fixed swarmed one summer with ant-hills full of eggs, and a slight rustle in the corn as I approached told where the parent bird had just led her chicks from the feast to shelter.” (pps 35/36)

Partridge in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“Hares raced about it (the wheat) in the spring, and even in the May sunshine might be seen rambling over the slopes. As it grew higher it hid the leverets and the **partridge chicks**. . . .” (p.89) (see also partidge)

Partridge in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“The partridge coveys are ore numerous and larger than they have been for several seasons, and though shooting has now been practised for more than a fortnight, as many as twelve and seventeen are still to be counted together. They have more cover than usual at this season, not only because the harvest is till about, but because where cut the stubble is so full of weeds that when crouching they are hidden. In some fields the weeds are so thick that even a pheasant can hide.” (p.129)

Partridges in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“. . . the partridges are numerous this year in the fields bordering the highway, . . .” (p.152)

Peewits – see under **Lapwings**

Persicaria – see **Betony (Water)**

Pheasant/s in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“. . . along the gentle rise of a “land” a **cock-pheasant** walks, so near that the ring about his neck is visible. Presently, becoming conscious that he is observed, he goes down into the furrow, and is then hidden.” (p.3)

“. . . **Three hen pheasants** and a covey of partridges that have been dusting themselves (here) move away without much haste at the approach of footsteps – the **pheasants** into the thickets, and the partridges through the gateway. The shallow holes in which they were sitting can be traced on the dust and there are a few small feathers lying about.” (p.7) Also listed under partridges.

Pheasants in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“. . . Rooks are up at the acorns; they take them from the bough, while the **pheasants** come underneath and pick up those that have fallen.” (p.129) Also listed under **rooks**.

Pheasants in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“. . . The pheasants which roost in the copse wander to it from distant preserves. One morning in spring, before the corn was up, there was one in a field by the copse calmly

walking along the ridge of a furrow so near that the ring round his neck was visible from the road.

In the early part of last autumn, which the acorns were dropping from the oaks and the berries ripe, I twice disturbed a pheasant from the garden of a villa not far distant. There were some oaks hard by, and from under these the bird had wandered into the quiet sequestered garden. . . .” (p.140)

Pheasants in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“. . . a pheasant suddenly appeared rising up out of the stubble; and then a second, and a third and fourth. So tall were the weeds that, in a crouching posture, at the first glance they were not visible; then as they fed stretching their necks out, only the top of their backs could be seen. Presently some more raised their heads in another part of the field, then two more on the left side, and one under an oak by the hedge, till seventeen were counted.

These seventeen pheasants were evidently all young birds, which had wandered from covers, some distance, too, for there is no preserve within a mile at least. Seven or eight came near each other, forming a flock, but just out of gunshot from the road. They were all extremely busy feeding in the stubble. Next day half-a-dozen or so still remained, but the rest had scattered; some had gone across to an acre of barley yet standing in a corner; some had followed the dropping acorns along the hedge into another piece of stubble; others went into a breadth of turnips.” (pps 147/148)

Pipet (Tree) in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“A note of the tree-pipet came from over the corn – there were some detached oaks away in the midst of the field, and the birds were doubtless flying continually up and down between the wheat and the branches. . . .” (p.49)

Plane in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“My roaming and uncertain steps next bring me under a lane, and I am forced to admire it; I do not like planes, but this is so straight of trunk, so vast of size, and so immense of height that I cannot choose but look up into it. . . .” (p.171)

Planes in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“. . . Planes are much planted now, with ill effect; the blotches where the bark peels, the leaves which lie on the sward like brown leather, the branches wide apart and giving no shelter to birds—in short, the whole ensemble of the lane is unfit for our country.

. . . No one has seen a plane in a hedgerow, or a wood, or a copse. There are no fragments of English history clinging to it as there are to the oak.” (p.174)

Plovers (Green) – see **Lapwings**

Poplars in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“In the tops of the poplars, where most exposed, the leaves stay till the last, those growing on the trunk below disappearing long before those on the spire, which bends to every blast. . . .” (p.156)

Poppies in the chapter entitled *The River*

“. . . Poppies filled every interstice between the barley stalks, their scarlet petals turned back in very languor of exuberant colour, as the awns, drooping over, caressed them. Poppies, again, in the same fields formed a scarlet ground from which the golden wheat sprang up, and among it here and there shone the large blue rays of wild succory.” (p.112) (also see succory)

Poppies in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“. . . The sickle has gone over, and the poppies which grew so thick a while ago in the corn no longer glow like a scarlet cloak thrown on the ground. But red spots in waste places and by the ways are where they have escaped the steel.” (p.182) (also noted in wider context under **General**)

Poppy (Sea) in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“. . . Among the stones by the waste places there are pale-green wrinkled leaves, and the large yellow petals of the sea-poppy. The bright colour is pleasant, but it is a flower best left ungathered, for its odour is not sweet. . . .” (p.185)

Porpoise in the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“Sometimes a porpoise comes along, but just beyond the reef; looking down on him from the verge of the cliff, his course can be watched. His dark body, wet and doily, appears on the surface for two seconds, and then, throwing up his tail like the fluke of an anchor, down he goes. Now look forward, along the waves, some fifty yards or so, and he will come up, the sunshine gleaming on the water as it runs off his back, to again dive, and reappear after a similar interval. Even when the eye can no longer distinguish the form, the spot where he rises is visible, from the slight change in the surface. . . .” (p.207)

Rabbits in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“. . . just beyond gunshot, two rabbits are feeding; pausing and nibbling till they have eaten the tenderest blades, and then leisurely hopping a yard or so to another spot. Later on in the summer this little meadow which divides the lane from the copse is alive with rabbits.” (pp 3/4) (Also listed under Fern (brake))

“Occasionally a movement among the **thistles** betrays the presence of a **rabbit**; only occasionally, for though the banks are drilled with buries, the lane is too hot for them at midday. Particles of rabbits’ fur lie on the ground, and their runs are visible in every direction.” (p.9)

“... the woods are silent, still, and deserted, save by a stray **rabbit** among the **thistles**, and the **grasshoppers** ceaselessly leaping in the grass.” (p.11) Also listed under **thistles** and **grasshoppers**.

Ragwort in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... Yellow weed, or ragwort, covers some fields almost as thickly as buttercups in summer, but it lacks the rich colour of the buttercup. ...” (p.124)

Raspberry in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“Raspberry suckers shoot up in one part of the copse; the fruit is doubtless eaten by the birds. ...” (p.38)

Rat (Water) in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“... down stream there was a dead branch at the mouth of the arch, it had caught and got fixed while it floated along. A quantity of aquatic weeds coming down the stream had drifted against the branch and remained entangled in it. Fresh weeds were still coming and adding to the mass, which had attracted a water-rat.

Perched on the branch the little brown creature bent forward over the surface, and with its two forepaws drew towards it the slender thread of a weed, exactly as with hands. Holding the thread in the paws, it nibbled it, eating the sweet and tender portion, feeding without fear though but a few feet away, and precisely beneath me.” (p.49)

“... So long as I was perfectly still the bird (moorhen) took no heed, but at a slight movement instantly scuttled back under the arch. The water-rat, less timorous, paused, looked round, and returned to feeding.” (pps 49/50)

Rats in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“The ash-heap at the corner of the furze, besides the crows, became the resort of rats, whose holes were so thick to the bank as to form quite a bury. After the rats came the weasels.

When the rats were most numerous, before the ash-heap was sifted, there was a weasel there nearly every day, slipping in and out of their holes. In the depth of the country an observer might walk some considerable distance and wait about for hours without seeing a weasel; but here by the side of a busy suburban road there were plenty. ... Though ferreted and hunted down by the weasels the rats were not rooted out, but remained till the ash-heap was sifted and no fresh refuse deposited.” (p.98) (also noted under **Weasel**)

Redwings in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“When the oak leaves first begin to turn buff, and the first acorns drop, the redwings arrive, and their “kuk-kuk” sound in the hedges and the shrubberies in the gardens of suburban villas. They seem to come very early to the neighbourhood of London, and before the time of their appearance in other districts. The note is heard before they are seen; the foliage of the shrubberies, still thick, though changing colour, concealing them. Presently, when the trees

are bare, with the exception of a few oaks, they have disappeared, passing on towards the west. . . .” (pps 160/161)

Reed-Sparrow – see under Sparrow ((Reed)

Reeds in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“In one ditch beside the road (not in this particular hedge) there grows a fine bunch of reeds. Though watery, on account of the artificial drains from the arable fields, the spot is on much higher ground than the brook, and it is a little singular that while reeds flourish in this place they are not to be found by the brook.” (p.43)

Restharrow in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“There are anthills, rushes, and other indications of not too rich a soil in this meadow, and in places the prickly **restharrow** grows among the grass, bearing its pink flower in summer. . . .” (p.95)

Robert in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Crimson stalks and leaves of herb Robert stretch across the little cavities of the mound; . . .” (p.1)

Robin in the chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“A solitary **robin** . . . perches on an **ash** branch opposite, and regards me thoughtfully. It is impossible to go anywhere in the open air without a **robin**; they are the very spies of the wood.” (p.9) (Also listed under ‘ash’.)

Robin in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“. . . The pole is a robin’s perch. He is always there, or near; he was there all through the terrible winter, all the summer, and he is there now.

There are a few inches, a narrow strip of sand, beside the streamlet under this pole. Whenever a wagtail dares t come to this sand the robin immediately appears and drives him away. He will bear no intrusion.” (p.140)

Rooks in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

Some blades (of grass), torn from the roots perhaps by **rooks** searching for grubs, are quite white. The very track of a **rook** through the grass leaves a different shade each side, as the blades are bent or trampled down.” (p.13) Extended extract also listed under **grass**.

“. . . Last March I was standing near a rookery, noting the contention and quarrelling, the downright tyranny, and brigandage which is carried on there. The very sound of the cawing, sharp and angry, conveys the impression of hate and envy.” (p.20)

Rooks in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“... Rooks are so bound by tradition and habit that they very rarely quit the locality where they were reared. Their whole lives are spent in the neighbourhood of the nest, trees, and the woods where they sleep. They may travel miles during the day, but they always come back to roost. . . .” (p.32)

Rooks in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“Rooks prefer to perch on the highest branches, wood-pigeons more in the body of the tree, and when the boughs are bare of leaves a flock of the latter may be recognised in this way as far as the eye can see, and when the difference of colour is rendered imperceptible by distance. The wood-pigeon when perched has a rounded appearance; the rook a longer and sharper outline.” (p.37) (see this paragraph also under **Wood-pigeons**)

“There is a rook with white feathers in the wing which belongs to an adjacent rookery . . .” (p.46)

Rooks in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... Rooks are up at the acorns; they take them from the bough, while the pheasants come underneath and pick up those that have fallen.” (p.129) Also listed under **pheasants**.

Rooks in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“... One afternoon there rose up a flock of rooks out of a large oak tree standing separate in the midst of an arable field . . . This oak is a favourite with the rooks of the neighbourhood, and they have been noticed to visit it more frequently than others. Up they went, perhaps a hundred of them, rooks and jackdaws together cawing and soaring round and round till they reached a great height. At that level, as if they had attained their ballroom, they swept round and round on outstretched wings, describing circles and ovals in the air. Caw-caw! Jack-juck-juck! Thus dancing in slow measure, they enjoyed the sunshine, full from their feast of acorns.” (p.149) There follows 2 more paragraphs describing their flight patterns.

Rook in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“The time slips by, a rook emerges from yonder mass of foliage, and idly floats across, and is hidden in another tree. . . .” (p.170)

Roses in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“When the June roses open their petals on the briars, and the scent of new-mown hay is wafted over the hedge from the meadows, the lane seems to wind through a continuous wood.” (p.5)

Roses in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“... on the briars June roses bloom, arches of flowers over nettles, burdock, and rushes in the ditch beneath. Sweet roses - buds yet unrolled, white and conical; roses half open and pink

tinted; roses widespread, the petals curling backwards on the hedge, abandoning their beauty to the sun.” (pps 16/17)

Rose in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“What can the world produce equal to the June rose? The common briar, the commonest of all, offers a flower, which, whether in itself, or the moment of its appearance at the juncture of all sweet summer things, or its history and associations, is not to be approached by anything a millionaire could purchase. The labourer casually gathers it as he goes to his work in the field, and yet none of the rich families whose names are synonymous with wealth can get anything to equal it if they ransack the earth.” (p.177)

Rose (Guelder) in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“... the wild guelder rose ... produces heavy bunches of red berries; ...” (p.177)

Rue in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... most ... curious old herbs ... for ... some use of superstition, were famous in ancient English households. Not one of them but has its associations. “There’s rue for you,” to begin with; we all know who that herb is for every connected with.” (p.168)

Rushes in the chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“**Green rushes** line the way, and **green dragon flies** dart above them.” (p.7) – Also see dragon flies

“**Rushes** have sprung up and mark the line of the ruts, and **willow stoles, bramble bushes,** and thorns growing at the side, make, as it were, a third hedge in the middle of the lane.” (p.8) (Also listed under willow and bramble.)

Sage (Wood) in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“... Woodsage grows plentifully on the banks by the roads, it is a plant somewhat resembling a lowly nettle; the leaves have a hop-like scent, and so bitter and strong is the odour that immediately after smelling them the mouth for a moment feels dry with a sense of thirst.” (pps 108/109)

Sandpiper in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“A shrill but feeble pipe is the cry of the sandpiper, disturbed on his moist feeding-ground. ...” (p.185)

Scorpion Grass (see Grass (scorpion))

Scotch Firs (see **Firs (Scotch)**)

Sea-Daisies – see **Thrift**

Sea-Gulls in the chapter *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“The sea-gulls as they settle on the surface ride high out of the water, like the mediæval caravals, with their sterns almost as tall as the masts. Their unconcerned flight, with crooked wings unbent, as if it were no matter to them whether they flew or floated, in its peculiar jerking motion somewhat reminds one of the lapwing – the heron has it, too, a little – as if aquatic or water-side birds had a common and distinct action of the wing.” (p.207)

Sea-Poppy – see **Poppy (Sea)**

Seaweed in the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“... the seaweed, which lay matted and half dry on the rocks, is now under the wave. . . .” (p.210)

Sedge Reedling in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“At the end of the hedge which is near a brook, a sedge-reedling takes up his residence in the spring. The sedge-reedlings here begin to call very early; the first date I have down is the 16th of April, which is, I think, some weeks before they begin in other localities.” (p.43)

Sedge-Reedling in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“... Part at least of it (the pond) was shallow, for a dead branch blown from an elm projected above the water, and to it came a sedge-reedling for a moment. The sedge-reedling is so fond of sedges, and reeds, and thick undergrowth, that though you hear it perpetually within a few yards it is not easy to see one. On this bare branch the bird was well displayed, and the streak by the eye was visible; but he stayed there for a second or two only, and then back again to the sedges and willows.” (p.52)

Sedge-Reedling in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“... A long withey-bed borders the brook and is more resorted to by sedge-reedlings, or sedge-birds, as they are variously called, than any place I know, even in the remotest country.” (p.59) (This is followed by several paragraphs about sedge-reedlings, covering how polling of the withey stoles enabling them to be seen, whereas they were normally hidden; describing their habits and their song.)

Sedge-Reedling in the chapter entitled *The River*

“... from the osiers the loud chirp of the sedge-reedling rise above the buffet of the wind against the ear, and the splashing of the waves.” (p.120)

Sedge-Reedling in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... the sedge-reedling, which chatters side by side with the nightingale, is the first of all his kind to return to the neighbourhood. The same thing happens season after season, so that when once you know these places you can always hear the birds several days before other people.” (p.145)

Sedges in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“... The plantation by the brook is silent, for the sedges, though they have drooped and become entangled, are not dry and sapless yet to rustle loudly. They will rustle dry enough next spring, when the sedge-birds come. ...” (p.59)

Self-Heal from the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... self-heal is just coming out in flower; the reapers have, I believe, forgotten its former use in curing the gashes sometimes inflicted by the reap-hook. The reaping-machine has banished such memories from the stubble. ...” (p.166)

Sheep from the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“At the beginning of October a herd of cows and a small flock of sheep were turned into the clover field to eat off the last crop ... There were two or more magpies among the sheep every day: magpies, starlings, rooks, crows, and wagtails follow sheep about. ...” (p.150)

Shepherd's Purse from the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“... by the gateway from the bare trodden earth appeared the shepherd's purse; small must be the coin to go in its seed capsule, and therefore it was so called with grim and truthful humour, for the shepherd, hard as is his work, facing wind and weather, carries home but little money.” (p.83)

Shrikes from the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“They (shrikes) had ... gone to the water meadows, the brooks, and moist places generally. Every locality where running water kept the ground moist and permitted of movement among the creeping things which form these birds' food, was naturally resorted to. ...

They are well known to arrive on the east coast from Norway in numbers as the cold increases. ...” (p.31)

Shrikes (otherwise known as **Butcher-birds**) in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“... Along the hedges bounding the heath butcher-birds watch for their prey – sometimes on the furze, sometimes on a branch of ash. ...” (p.108)

Shrikes (otherwise known as **Butcher-birds**) in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“There are a few inches, a narrow strip of sand, beside the streamlet under this pole. ... A pair of butcher-birds built very near this spot one spring, but afterwards appeared to remove to a place where there is more furze, but beside the same hedge. The determination and fierce resolution of the shrike, or butcher-bird, despite his small size, is most marked. One day a shrike darted down from a hedge just before me, not a yard in front, and dashed a dandelion to the ground.

His claws clasped the stalk, and the flower was crushed in a moment; he came with such force as to partly lose his balance. His prey was probably a humble-bee which had settled on

the dandelion. The shrike's head resembles that of the eagle in miniature. From his favourite branch he surveys the grass, and in an instant pounces on his victim." (pp 140/141)

Shrike in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

"The sharp relentless shrike that used to live by the copse moved up here (to the bushes adjacent to the natural orchard), and from that very hornbeam perpetually darted across the road upon insects in the fern and furze opposite. He never entered the orchard; . . ." (p.143)

Shrikes in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

"Butcher-birds, or shrikes are frequently found on the telegraph wires; from that elevation they pounce down on their prey, and return again to the wire. There were two pairs of shrikes using the telegraph wires for this purpose one spring only a short distance beyond noisy Clapham Junction. Another pair came back several seasons to a particularly part of the wires, near a bridge, . . ." (pps 182/183)

Silverweed in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

"Silverweed lays in golden flower – like a buttercup without a stalk - level on the ground; it has no protection, and any passing foot may press it into the dust. . . ." (p.124)

Snakes in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

". . . There are many swampy places here, which should be avoided by those who dislike snakes. The common harmless snakes are numerous in this part, and they always keep near water. They often glide into a mile's "angle", or hole, if found in the open." (pps 109/110)

Snipe in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

". . . the thick growth of rushes intimates that water is near, and upon parting the bushes a little may be seen . . . From one of these marshy spots I once – and once only – observed a snipe rise, and after wheeling round return and settle by another. . . ." (p.90)

Song-Thrush - see under **Thrush (Song)**

Sorrel in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

"Tall bennets and **red sorrel** rise above the grass, white ox-eye daisies chequer it below; the distant hedge quivers as the air, set in motion by the intense heat, runs along." (p.5). Also listed under bennets and daisies (ox-eye).

". . . Many-coloured insects creep up the **sorrel** stems and take wing from the summit." (p.6)

Sorrel in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

"Highest and coarsest of texture, the **red-tipped sorrel** – a crumbling red – so thick and plentiful that at sunset the whole mead becomes reddened. If these were in any way set in order or design, howsoever entangled, the eye might, as it were, get at them for reproduction.

But just where there should be flowers there are none, whilst in odd laces where there are none required there are plenty.” (p.15)

Sparrow-hawk in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“... the hawk ... came, singled his bird, and was gone like the wind, before the whirr of wings had ceased on the hawthorn where the flock (of sparrows) cowered. ...” (p.26)

Sparrows in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“... There was always a flock of sparrows on this litter - a flock that might often be counted by the hundred. ...” (p.26)

Sparrow (Brook-) in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“In one place among the gorse, the willows, birches, and thorn bushes make a thick covert ... Here a brook-sparrow or sedge-reedling takes up his quarters in the spring, and chatters on, day and night, through the summer. Visitors to the opera and play-goers returning in the first hours of the morning from Covent Garden or Drury Lane can scarcely fail to hear him if they pause but one moment to listen to the nightingale.” (p.98) (The next two paragraphs talk of it’s duet with the nightingale and the idea that it mimics other birds.)

Sparrow (Reed) in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“Upon the willow trees which border it (a roadside pond), a reed-sparrow or blackheaded bunting may often be observed. ...” (p.99) (Also noted under bunting (blackheaded).)

Sparrows in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... The sparrows have never had such a feast of grain as this year. Whole corners of wheatfields – they work more at corners – were cleared out as clean by them as if the wheat had been threshed as it stood.” (p.129)

Sparrows in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“... Towards the end of September, on passing a barley-field ... there was a loud, confused, murmuring sound up in the trees, like that caused by the immense flocks of starlings which collect in winter. The sound, however, did not seem quite the same, and upon investigation it turned out to be an incredible number of sparrows, whose voices were audible across the field.

They presently flew out from the hedge, and alighted on one of the rows of cut barley, making it suddenly brown from one end to the other. There must have been thousands; they continually flew up, swept round with a whirring of wings, and settled again darkening the spot they chose. ... Among them there was one white sparrow – his white wings showed distinctly among the brown flock. In the most remote country I never observed so great a number of these birds at once; ...” (pps 148/149)

Spurge in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Yellowish green cup-like leaves are forming upon the brown and drooping heads of the spurge, which, sheltered by the bushes, has endured the winter’s frosts. The lads pull them off, and break the stems, to watch the white “milk” well up, the whole plant being full of acrid juice.” (pps 1/2)

Squirrels in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“There are squirrels in the copse, and now and then one comes within sight. In the summer there was one in the boughs of an oak close to the garden. Once, and once only, a pair of them ventured into the garden itself, deftly passing along the wooden palings and exploring a guelder rose-bush. . . .” (pps 139/140)

Squirrels in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“. . . (In October) among the beeches that lead from hence towards the fanciful pagoda (in Kew Gardens) the squirrels will be busy. There are numbers of them, and their motions may be watched with ease. . . .” (p.170)

St John’s Wort in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“. . . in waste places a little St John’s wort remains open, but the seed vessels are for the most part forming. St John’s wort is the flower of the harvest; the yellow petals appear as the wheat ripens, and there are some to be found till the sheaves are carted. . . .” (pps 124/125)

Starling in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“. . . a starling, solitary now, for his mate is in the nest, startled from his questing, goes straight away.” (p.16)

Starlings in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“. . . It has been a disappointment this year not to listen to their (the starlings) eager whistling and the flutter of their wings as they vibrate them rapidly while hovering a moment before entering their cavern.” (p.137)

Starling in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“In the spring, a starling comes to his nest in a cleft of the cliff above; he shoots over from the dizzy edge, spreads his wings, borne up by the ascending air, and in an instant is landed in his cave. . . .” (p.185)

Stitchwort in the chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“Whorls of woodruff and grass-like leaves of stitchwort are rising; the latter holds but feebly to the earth, and even in snatching the flower the roots sometimes give way and the plant is lifted with it.” (p.2)

Stoats in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“... Stoats and weasels are common on the mound, or crossing the road to the corn; they seem more numerous in autumn, and I fear leveret and partridge are thinned by them.” (p.39) (also listed under **weasels**)

Stoat in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“... One January day ... I saw a white animal under a heap of poles by the wayside ... from the timidity and anxious desire to escape observation, I could only conclude that it was a white stoat.

Stoats ... are numerous in these hedges, and it was quite possible for a white one to be among them. The white stoat may be said to exactly resemble the ermine. The interest of the circumstance arises not from its rarity, but from its occurring so near the metropolis.” (pps 46/47)

Strawberry in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“The tiny white petals of the barren strawberry open under the April sunshine which, as yet unchecked by crowded foliage above, can reach the moist banks under the trees. It is then that the first stroll of the year should be taken in Claygate Lane. The slender runners of the strawberries trail over the mounds among the moss, some of the flowers but just above the black and brown leaves of last year which fill the shallow ditch. These will presently be hidden under the grass which is pushing up long blades, and bending over like a plume.” (p.1)

Strawberries (Wild) in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“By the roadside I thought I saw something red under the long grass of the mound, and, parting the blades, found half-a-dozen wild strawberries. They were larger than usual, and just ripe. The wild strawberry is a little more acid than the cultivated, and has more flavour than would be supposed from its small size.” (p.109)

Succory (Wild) in the chapter entitled *The River*

“... among it (the golden wheat) here and there shone the large blue rays of wild succory.” (p.112)

Swallows in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“... If not seen wheeling in the sky, look for them (swallows) over the water, the river, or great ponds; if not there, look along the moist fields or shady woodland meadows. They vary their haunts with the state of the atmosphere, which causes insects to be more numerous in one place at one time, and presently in another.” (p.33)

Swallows in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

Re getting ready for migrating – “... They may be seen twenty in a row, one above the other, or on the slanting ropes or guys which hold up the masts of the rickcloths over the still

unfinished cornricks. They gather in rows on the ridges of the tiles, and wisely take counsel of each other. . . .” (pps 128/129)

Swallow/s in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“ . . . The first swallow in this district generally appears round about a pond near some farm buildings. Birds care nothing for appropriate surroundings. . . .

This very pond by which the first swallow appears is muddy enough, and surrounded with poached mud, for a herd of cattle drink from and stand in it. An elm overhangs it, and on the lower branches, which are dead, the swallows perch and sing just over the muddy water. A sow lies in the mire. But the sweet swallows sing on softly; they do not see the wallowing animal, the mud, the brown water; they see only the sunshine, the golden buttercups, and the blue sky of summer. This is the true way to look at this beautiful earth.” (p.146)

Swallows in the chapter entitled *The Southdown Shepherd*

“ . . . there are many more swallows than were flying here a month since. No doubt they are on their way southwards, and stay, as it were, on the edge of the sea while yet the sun shines. . . .” (p.203)

Swans in the chapter entitled *The River*

“ . . . A white swan floats in the still narrow channel between the eyots . . .” (p.120)

Swift in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“ . . . the first swift was noticed within a day or two of the opening of the May bloom. Although not exactly, yet in a measure, the movements of plant and bird life correspond.” (p.40)

Sycamores in the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“If trees of the plane class be desirable, sycamores may be planted, as they have in a measure become acclimatised. . . .” (p.174/175)

Tansy in the chapter entitled *The River*

“ . . . A mile or two up the river the tansy is plentiful, bearing golden buttons, which, like every fragment of the feathery foliage, if pressed in the fingers, impart to them a peculiar scent. . . .” (p.113)

Teal in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“ . . . One evening, later on in autumn, two birds appeared descending across the cornfields towards a secluded hollow where there was water, and, although at a considerable distance, from their manner of flight I could have no doubt they were teal.” (p.39)

Thistledown – see under **Thistles**

Thistles (including Thistledown) in the first chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“... Thistledown is pouting forth from the swollen tops of thistles crowded with seed.” (p.7)

“The sward each side (of the track are) concealed by endless **thistles**, on the point of sending forth clouds of **thistledown**, and to which presently the **goldfinches** will be attracted.” (p.9) (Also listed under goldfinches.)

“Occasionally a movement among the **thistles** betrays the presence of a **rabbit**; ...” (p.9)
Also see under rabbits.

“... the woods are silent, still, and deserted, save by a stray **rabbit** among the **thistles**, and the **grasshoppers** ceaselessly leaping in the grass.” (p.11) Also listed under **rabbits** and **grasshoppers**.

Thrift (or sea-daisies) in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... On the wiry sward the light pink of the sea-daisies (or thrift) is dotted here and there; of these gather as you will. ...” (p.185)

Thrush/es in the chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“A thrush travelling along the hedgerow just outside goes by the gateway within a yard.” (p.6)

“... **Thrushes** and **blackbirds** have gone to the streams, to splash and bathe, and to the mown meadows, where in the short aftermath they can find their food. There they will look out on the shady side of the hedge as the sun declines, six or eight perhaps of them along the same hedge, but all in the shadow, where the dew forms first as the evening falls, where the grass feels cool and moist, while still on the sunny side it is warm and dry.” (p.10) Also listed under **blackbirds**.

“In August it is true most birds cease to sing but ... if there were any about something would be heard of them. There would be a rustling, a **thrush** would fly across the lane, a **blackbird** would appear by the gateway yonder in the shadow which he loves, a **finch** would settle in the oaks.” (p.9) Also listed under **blackbird** and **finch**.

Thrushes in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“The thrushes have not forgotten the frost of the morning, and will not sing at noon; ...” (p.59)

Thrush (Missel) in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

Page 95 – One and a bit paragraphs on a missel-thrushes nest being raided by crows.

“In the shrubberies around villa gardens, or in the hedges of the small paddocks attached, thrushes and other birds sometimes build their nests. ...” (page 96) (The next paragraph and a bit talk about the human reaction – delight and protection of the nest but eventual theft from the nest, most likely by crows.) “... The crow may not have been seen in the garden, and it may be said that he could not have known of the nest without looking round the place. But the crow is a keen observer, and has not the least necessity to search for the nest.”

(pps 96/97). (The following paragraphs talk about the crows habits, their consequences to game stocks.

Thrush (Missel) – in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... suddenly there rang out three clear, trumpet-like notes from a tree at the edge of the copse by the garden. A softer song followed, and then again the same three notes, whose wild sweetness echoed through the wood.

The voice of the missel-thrush sounded not only close at hand and in the room, but repeated itself as it floated away, as the bugle-call does. He is the trumpeter of spring. Lord of March, his proud call challenges the woods; there are none who can answer. Listen for the missel-thrush; when he sings the snow may fall, the rain drift, but not for long... The nest was in a birch visible from the garden, and that season seemed to be the missel-thrush's...” (p.136)

“Thrushes sing louder here than anywhere else; they really seem to sing louder, and they are all around. Thrushes appear to vary their notes with the period of the year, singing louder in the summer, and in the mild days of October when the leaves lie brown and buff on the sward under their perch more plaintively and delicately...” (p.142)

“... In spring, thrushes move along, rustling the fallen leaves as they search among the arum sheaths unrolling beside the sheltering palings...” (p.145) Also noted under **arum**.

Thrush (Song) in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“Every mild day in November the thrushes sing; there are meadows where one may be certain to hear the song-thrush. In the dip or valley at Long Ditton there are several meadows well timbered with elm, which are the favourite resorts of thrushes, and their song may be heard just there in the depth of winter, when it would be possible to go a long distance on the higher ground without hearing one. If you hear the note of the song-thrush during frost it is sure to rain within a few hours; it is the first sign of the weather breaking up.” (p.161)

Thrushes in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“As evening draws on, the whistling of blackbirds and the song of thrushes seem to come from everywhere around. The trees are full of them. Every few moments a blackbird passes over, flying at some height, from the villa gardens and the orchards without. The song increases; the mellow whistling is without intermission; but the shadow has nearly reached the wall, and I must go.” (p.171) (also noted under **Blackbirds**)

Thyme (Wild) in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“This bunch of wild thyme once again calls up a vision of the Downs; it is not so thick and strong, and it lacks that cushion of herbage which so often marks the site of its growth on the noble slopes of the hills, and along the sward-grown fosse of ancient earthworks, but it is wild thyme, and that is enough.” (p.165)

Thyme in the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“... Underneath (the grass), the chalk itself is pure, and the turf thus washed by wind and rain, sun-dried and dew-scented, is a couch prepared with thyme to rest on. ...” (p.211)

Titlark in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... Birds care nothing for appropriate surroundings. Hearing a titlark singing his loudest, I found him perched on the rim of a tub placed for horses to drink from.” (p.146)

Toad-flax in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... On the sward above (the cliff), in the autumn, the yellow lip of the toad-flax, spotted with orange, peers from the grass as you rest and gaze – how far? – out upon the glorious plain.” (p.185)

Tree-Pipet (see under Pipet (Tree))

Trifolium in the chapter entitled *The River*

“Sometimes in early June the bight trifolium, drooping with its weight of flower, brushes against the passer-by – acre after acre of purple. ...” (p.112)

Trout in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“One morning, looking very gently over the parapet of the bridge (down stream) into the shadowy depth beneath, just as my eyes began to see the bottom, something like a short thick dark stick drifted out from the arch, somewhat sideways. Instead of proceeding with the current, it had hardly cleared the arch when it took a position parallel to the flowing water and brought up. It was thickest at the end that faced the stream; at the other there was a slight motion as if caused by the current against a flexible membrane, as it sways a flag. Gazing down intently into the shadow the colour of the sides of the fish appeared at first not exactly uniform, and presently these indistinct differences resolved themselves into spots. It was a **trout**, perhaps a pound and a half in weight.” (p.57)

Trout in the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

Several paragraphs about the trout pages 65 to 69.

Turtle-doves – see under **Doves (turtle)**

Vetches in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“In the evening, as the dew gathers on the grass, ... the clover and vetches close their leaves ...” (p.86) (see also under clover)

Violets in the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“... in the early spring I stayed to gather some white sweet violets, for the true wild violet is very nearly white. ...” (p.18)

Viper's Bugloss – see **Bugloss (Viper's)**

Warblers in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... **Warblers** and willow-wrens sing in the hollow in June, all our of sight among the trees – they are easily hidden by a leaf.” (p.142) (also noted under Wrens (Willow))

Wasps in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... The dewdrops of the morning ... linger on late ... on drooping blades of grass ... Wild bees and **wasps** may often be noticed on these blades of grass that are still wet, as if they could suck some sustenance from the dew. Wasps fight hard for their existence as the nights grow cold. Desperate and ravenous, they will eat anything, but perish by hundreds as the warmth declines.” (pps 127/128)

Wasp in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*. On page 152 there are a few lines describing a fierce combat on the footpath between a wasp and a brown moth. (also mentioned under Moth (Brown))

Water Betony – see **Betony (Water)**

Water Crowsfoot – see Crowsfoot (Water)

Water-docks in the chapter entitled *The River*

“Beneath the towing-path, at the root of the willow bushes, which the tow-ropes, so often drawn over them, have kept low, the water-docks lift their thick stems and giant leaves. ...” (p.112)

Water-docks in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“The huge water-docks in the centre here flourish at the verge of the adjacent Thames; ...” (p.167)

Water-parsnip – (see under **Parsnip (Water)**)

Water-Plantain in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... Water-plantain grows in every pond near the metropolis; there is some just outside these gardens, in a wet ha-ha.” (p.167)

Water-rat – see **Rat (Water)**

Wayfaring tree in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“In a closely cropped hedge ... there grows a solitary shrub of the wayfaring tree. Though well known elsewhere, there is not, so far as I am aware, another busy of it for miles ... The twigs of the wayfaring tree are covered with a mealy substance which comes off on the

fingers when touched. A stray shrub or plant like this sometimes seems of more interest than a whole group.” (p.40)

Wayfaring tree in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... In the hedge or scattered bushes, ... there grows a spreading shrub – the wayfaring tree – bearing large, broad, downy leaves and clusters of berries, some red and some black, flattened at their sides. ...” (p.192)

Weasels in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“... Stoats and **weasels** are common on the mound, or crossing the road to the corn; they seem more numerous in autumn, and I fear leveret and partridge are thinned by them.” (p.39) (also listed under **stoats**)

Weasels in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“The ash-heap at the corner of the furze, besides the crows, became the resort of rats, whose holes were so thick to the bank as to form quite a bury. After the rats came the weasels.

When the rats were most numerous, before the ash-heap was sifted, there was a weasel there nearly every day, slipping in and out of their holes. In the depth of the country an observer might walk some considerable distance and wait about for hours without seeing a weasel; but here by the side of a busy suburban road there were plenty. ... Though ferreted and hunted down by the weasels the rats were not rooted out, but remained till the ash-heap was sifted and no fresh refuse deposited.” (p.98) (also noted under **Rats**)

Wheat in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Next to (the barley field) is a wheat field; the wheat has been cut and stands in shocks. From the stubble by the nearest shock two turtle doves rise, alarmed, and swiftly fly towards a wood which bounds the field.” (pps 7/8) Also see doves (turtle).

Wheat in the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“... Toll has been taken by **rook**, and **sparrow**, and **pigeon**. Enemies, too have assailed it, the daring **couch** invaded it, the **bindweed** climbed up the stalk, the storm rushed along and beat it down. Yet it triumphed, and today the full sheaves lean against each other.” (p.89)

Wheatears in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“... From a grassy spot ahead a bird rises, marked with white, and another follows it; they are wheatears; they frequent the land by the low beach in the autumn.” (pps 184/185)

Wheatears in the chapter entitled *The Southern Shepherd*

“... While talking (to the hill shepherd), a wheatear flew past, and alighted near the path – a lace they frequent. The opinion seems general that wheatears are not so numerous as they used to be. You can always see two or three on the Downs in autumn, but the shepherd said years ago he had heard of one man catching seventy dozen in a day.” (p.194)

White-throat in the chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“Slight movements in the **hawthorn**, or in the depths of the tall hedge grasses, movements too quick for the glance to catch their cause, are where some tiny bird is passing from spray to spray. It may be a **white-throat** creeping among the **nettles** after his wont, or a **wren**. The spot where he was but a second since may be traced by the trembling of leaves, but the keenest attention may fail to detect where he is now. That slight motion in the hedge, however, conveys an impression of something living everywhere within.” (p.5) Also see hawthorn, wren, nettles.

Whitethroat in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... A whitethroat rises from a bush and nervously discourses, gesticulating with wings and tail, for a few moments. ...” (p.170)

Wild flowers in the chapter entitled *Flock of Birds*

“... Wild flowers are best seen when in masses, a few scattered along a bank much concealed by grass and foliage are lost, except indeed, upon those who love them for their own sake.” (p.24)

“... Wild flowers are best seen when in masses ... in June ... The **furze** ... especially after a shower has refreshed its tint, must be seen by all. Where **broom** grows thickly, lifting its colour well into view, or where the **bird’s-foot lotus** in full summer overruns the thin grass of some upland pasture, the eye cannot choose but acknowledge it. So, too, with **charlock**, and with hill sides purple with heath, or where the woodlands are azure with **bluebells** for a hundred yards together. ...” (p.24) (also noted under General)

Wild Strawberries – see **Strawberries (Wild)**

Wild Thyme – see **Thyme (Wild)**

Willow in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“**Rushes** have sprung up and mark the line of the ruts, and **willow stoles**, **bramble bushes**, and thorns growing at the side, make, as it were, a third hedge in the middle of the lane.” (p.8) (Also listed under rushes and brambles.)

Willows in the chapter entitled *The River*

“Long roots of willows and projecting branches cast their shadow upon the shallow sandy bottom; the shadow of a branch can be traced slanting downwards with the shelf of the sand till lost in the deeper water. ...” (p.118)

Willows in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“Already one of the willows planted about the pond is showing the yellow leaf, before midsummer. It reminds me of the inevitable autumn. ...” (p.170)

Willowherb in the chapter entitled *The River*

“... On the bank of the weir where the tide must moisten their roots grow dense masses of willowherb, almost as high as the shoulder, with trumpet-shaped pink flowers.” (p.115)

Willow-wren/s – see Wren (Willow)

Woodpecker (green and spotted) in the chapter, entitled *Woodlands*

“... a **green woodpecker** cries in the copse, and immediately afterwards flies across the copse, and immediately afterwards flies across the mead, and away to another plantation.

Occasionally the **spotted woodpecker** may be seen here, a little bird which, in the height of summer, is lost among the foliage, but in spring and winter can be observed tapping at the branches of the trees.

“I think I have seen more spotted woodpeckers near London than in far distant and nominally wilder districts.” (p.4)

Woodpecker in the chapter entitled *Heathlands*

“A woodpecker calls, and the gleam of his green and gold is visible for a moment as he hastens away – the first bird, except the wood-pigeons, seen for an hour, yet there are miles of firs around. ...” (p.107)

Wood-pigeons in the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“... In the cornfields on either hand wood-pigeons are numerous in spring and autumn. Up to April they come in flocks, feeding on the newly sown grain when they can get at it, and varying it with ivy berries, from the ivy growing up the elms. By degrees the flocks break up as the nesting begins in earnest.

Some pair and build much earlier than others; in fact, the first egg recorded is very little to be depended on as an indication. ...” (p.28)

Wood-pigeons as in the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“... in the meadows in the rear (of Nightingale Copse) many detached hawthorn bushes, and two or three small groups of trees, chestnuts, lime, and elm. ... are much frequented by wood-pigeons, especially towards autumn.

Rooks prefer to perch on the highest branches, wood-pigeons more in the body of the tree, and when the boughs are bare of leaves a flock of the latter may be recognised in this way as far as the eye can see, and when the difference of colour is rendered imperceptible by distance. The wood-pigeon when perched has a rounded appearance; the rook a longer and sharper outline.” (p. 37) (see this paragraph also under **Rooks**)

Wood-pigeons in the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“... While the wheat was in shock it was a sight to see the wood-pigeons at it. Flocks of hundreds came perching on the sheaves, and visiting the same field day after day. ...” (p.129)

Wood-pigeons in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

Pages 133, 134 onto page 135 devoted to the observed habits of wood-pigeons in a little copse.

Wood-pigeon in the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“A wood-pigeon keeps pace with the train – his vigorous pinions can race against an engine, but cannot elude the hawk. He stops presently among the trees. ...” (p.182)

Woodruff in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Whorls of woodruff and grass-like leaves of stitchwort are rising ...” (p.2)

Woodsage – see under **Sage (Wood)**

Woody Nightshade - see **Nightshade (Woody)**

Wren in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Slight movements in the **hawthorn**, or in the depths of the tall hedge grasses, movements too quick for the glance to catch their cause, are where some tiny bird is passing from spray to spray. It may be a **white-throat** creeping among the **nettles** after his wont, or a **wren**. The spot where he was but a second since may be traced by the trembling of leaves, but the keenest attention may fail to detect where he is now. That slight motion in the hedge, however, conveys an impression of something living everywhere within.” (p.5) Also see hawthorn, white-throat, nettles.

Wren (Golden-Crested) in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“The boughs of a Scotch fir nearly reached to one window. ... the snow was on the ground in the early part of the year, when a golden-crested wren came to it. He visited it two or three times a week for some time; his golden crest distinctly seen among the dark green needles of the fir.” (p.139)

Wrens (Golden-Crested) in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“... The tiny golden-crested wrens are comparatively numerous near town – the heaths with their bramble thickets doubtless suit them; so soon as the leaves fall they may often be seen.” (p.161)

Wren (Willow) in the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“... A willow-wren sang plaintively in the plantation behind ...” (p.49)

Wrens (Willow) in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“... just as the first leaves (of the gorse) are opening – the chiffchaffs come.

The first spring I had any knowledge of this spot was mild, and had been preceded by mild seasons. The chiffchaffs arrived all at one, as it seemed, in a bevy, and took possession of every birch about the furze, calling incessantly with might and main. The **willow-wrens** were nearly as numerous. All the gorse seemed full of them for a few days. Then by degrees they gradually spread abroad, and dispersed among the hedges.” (pps 92/93) (This passage also noted under “chiffchaffs”.)

Wrens (Willow) in the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“... Warblers and **willow-wrens** sing in the hollow in June, all our of sight among the trees – they are easily hidden by a leaf.” (p.142) (also noted under **Warblers**)

Yarrow in the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“The herb (yarrow) grew in such quantities (on the border of a stretch of the Thames towing-path) that it was necessary to remove it first, or the hay would be too coarse. ... a person came sometimes and took away a trap-load of yarrow; the flowers were to be boiled and mixed with cayenne pepper as a remedy for cold in the chest. ...” (pps 153/154)

Yarrow in the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... White and lilac-tinted yarrow flowers grow so thickly along the roads round London as often to form a border between the footpath and the bushes of the hedge. ” (p.164)

Yellow-hammer in the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Bright are the colours of the yellowhammer, when he alights among the brown clods of the ploughed field he is barely visible, for brown conceals like vapour.” (p.2)

Yellow-hammers in the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“... in the centre (of a small black patch marking the site of one of those gorse fires which are so common in Surrey) a young birch scorched by the flames stands leafless. This barren birch, bare of foliage and apparently unattractive, is the favourite resort of yellow-hammers. Perching on a branch towards evening a yellow-hammer will often sit and sing by the hour together, as if preferring to be clear of leafy sprays.” (p.92)

Quotations Containing a mixture of references to flora and fauna

From the chapter entitled *Woodlands*

“Upon either hand the mounds are so broad that they in places resemble covers rather than hedges, thickly grown with **bramble** and **briar**, **hazel** and **hawthorn**, above which the straight trunks of young **oaks** and **Spanish chestnuts** stand in crowded but careless ranks. The leaves which dropped in the preceding autumn from these trees still lie on the ground under the bushes, dry and brittle, and the **blackbirds** searching about among them cause as much rustling as if some animal were routing about.

As the month progresses these wide mounds become completely green, **hawthorn** and **bramble**, **briar** and **hazel** put forth their leaves, and the eye can no longer see into the recesses. But above, the oaks and edible chestnuts are still dark and leafless, almost black by contrast with the vivid green beneath them. Upon their bare boughs the birds are easily seen, but the moment they descend among the bushes are difficult to find. **Chaffinches** call and challenge continually these trees are their favourite resort – and **yellowhammers** flit along the underwood.” (p.2)

“... the ... two adjacent meadows (are) bounded by a copse of **ash** stoles and young **oak** trees, and the lesser of the meads is full of **rush** bunches and dotted with green **ant-hills**.” (p.3)

“Everything gives forth a sound of life. The twittering of swallows, from above, the song of greenfinches in the trees, the rustle of hawthorn sprays moving under the weight of tiny creatures, the buzz upon the breeze; the very flutter of the butterflies’ wings, noiseless as it is, and the wavy movement of the heated air across the field cause a sense of motion and of music.” (p.6)

From the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“Behind the bunches where the grass is thinner are ... torn pink ragged robins through whose petals a comb seems to have been remorselessly dragged, blue scabious, red knapweeds, yellow rattles, yellow vetchings by the hedge, white flowering parsley, white champions, yellow tormentil, golden buttercups, white cuckoo-flowers, dandelions, yarrow, and so on, all carelessly sown broadcast without order or method, just as negligently as they are named here, first remembered, first mentioned, and many forgotten.

“Dark **starlings**, **greenfinch**, gilded **fly**, glistening **beetle**, blue **butterfly**, **humble bee** with scarf about his thick waist, add their moving dots of colour to the surface. There is no design, no balance, nothing like a pattern perfect on the right-hand side, and exactly equal on the left-hand. Even **trees** which have some semblance of balance in form are not really so, and as you walk round them so their outline changes.” (p.16)

From the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“The copse is now filling up with undergrowth; the **brambles** are spreading, the **briars** extending, masses of **nettles**, and **thistles** like saplings in size and height, crowding the spaces between the **ash-stoles**. By the banks great **cow-parsnips** or “gix” have opened their broad heads of white flowers; **teazles** have lifted themselves into view, every opening is

occupied. There is a scent of **elder flowers**, the **meadow-sweet** is pushing up, and will soon be out, and an odour of **new-mown hay** floats on the breeze.

From the chapter entitled *Footpaths*

“... After rambling across the **furze** and **heath**, or through dark **fir** woods; after lingering in the meadows among the **buttercups**, or by the copses where the **pheasants** crow; after gathering June **roses**, or, in later days, staining the lips with **blackberries** or cracking **nuts**, by-and-by the path brings you in sight of a railway station. . . .” (p.22)

“... Wild flowers are best seen when in masses . . . in June . . . The **furze** . . . especially after a shower has refreshed its tint, must be seen by all. Where **broom** grows thickly, lifting its colour well into view, or where the **bird’s-foot lotus** in full summer overruns the thin grass of some upland pasture, the eye cannot choose but acknowledge it. So, too, with **charlock**, and with hill sides purple with heath, or where the woodlands are azure with **bluebells** for a hundred yards together. . . .” (p.24) (also noted under Wild flowers)

From the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“... A pair of turtle-doves built in the same hedge one spring, and while resting on the gate by the roadside their “coo-coo” mingled with the song of the nightingale and thrush, the blackbird’s whistle, the chaffinch’s “chip-chip”, the willow-wren’s pleading voice, the rustle of green corn as the wind came rushing (as it always does to a gateway).” (p.27)

From the chapter entitled *Flocks of Birds*

“... Particular pairs (of many kinds of birds) may have nests, and yet the species as a species may be still flying in large packs. The flocks which settle in these fields number from one to two hundred. Rooks, wood-pigeons, and tame white pigeons often feed amicably mixed up together; the white tame birds are conspicuous at a long distance before the crops have risen, or after the stubble is ploughed. . . .” (p.28)

“Sparrows crowd every hedge and field, their numbers are incredible; chaffinches are not to be counted; of greenfinches there must be thousands. From the railway even you can see them. I caught glimpses of a ploughed field recently sown one spring from the window of a railway carriage, every little clod of which seemed alive with small birds, principally sparrows, chaffinches, and greenfinches. There must have been thousands in that field alone. In the autumn the numbers are even greater, or rather more apparent.” (pps 28/29)

“... After the nesting is well over and the wheat is ripe the birds leave the hedges and go out into the wheatfields; at the same time the sparrows quit the house-tops and gardens and do the same. . . .” (p.29)

“Later in the year there seems a movement of small birds from the lower the higher lands. One December day . . . visiting the neighbourhood of Ewell, where the lands begin to rise up towards the Downs . . . Up from the stubble flew **sparrows, chaffinches, greenfinches, yellow-hammers**, in such flocks that the low-cropped hedge was covered with them. . . .” (pps 29/30)

“The first spring I resided in Surrey I was fairly astonished and delighted at the bird life which proclaimed itself everywhere. The bevvies of **chiffchaffs** and **willow wrens** which came to the thickets in the furze, the chorus of **thrushes** and **blackbirds**, the **chaffinches** in the **elms**, the **greenfinches** in the hedges, **wood-pigeons** and **turtle-doves** in the copses, **tree-pipits** about the **oaks** in the cornfields; every bush, every tree, almost every clod, for the **larks** were so many, seemed to have its songster. As for **nightingales**, I never knew so many in the most secluded country.

There are more round about London than in all the woodlands I used to ramble through. When people go into the country they really leave the birds behind them. . . .” (p.30)

“ . . . When frost prevents access to food in the east, **thrushes** and **blackbirds** move westwards, just as the **fieldfares** and **redwings** do.” (p.31)

From the chapter entitled *Nightingale Road*

“ . . . Pink striped bells of **convolvulus** flower over the flints and gravel, the stones nearly hidden by their runners and leaves; **yellow toadflax** or eggs and bacon grew here till a weeding took place, since which it has not reappeared, but in its place **viper’s bugloss** sprang up, a plant which was not previously to be found there. **Hawkweeds**, some **wild vetches**, **white yarrow**, **thistles**, and **burdocks** conceal the flints yet further, so that the track has the appearance of a green drive.

The slender **birch** and ask poles are hung with **woodbine** and **wild hops**, growing in profusion. A cream-coloured wall of **woodbine** in flower extends in one spot, in another festoons of **hops** hang gracefully, and so thick as to hide everything beyond them. There is scarce a stole without its **woodbine** or **hops**; many of the poles, though larger than the arm, are scored with spiral grooves left by the bines. . . .” (p.36)

“There are about sixty wild flowers which grow freely along this road, namely, **yellow agrimony**, **amphibious persicaria**, **arum**, **avens**, **bindweed**, **bird’s foot lotus**, **bittersweet**, **blackberry**, **black and white bryony**, **brook-lime**, **burdock**, **buttercups**, **wild camomile**, **wild carrot**, **celandine (the great and lesser)**, **cinquefoil**, **cleavers**, **corn buttercup**, **corn mint**, **corn sowthistle**, and **spurrey**, **cowslip**, **cow-parsnip**, **wild parsley**, **daisy**, **dandelion**, **dead nettle**, and **white dog rose**, and **trailing rose**, **violets (the sweet and the scentless)**, **figwort**, **veronica**, **ground ivy**, **willowherb (two sorts)**, **herb Robert**, **honeysuckle**, **lady’s smock**, **purple loosestrife**, **mallow**, **meadow-orchis**, **meadow-sweet**, **yarrow**, **moon daisy**, **St Johns wort**, **pimpernel**, **water plaintain**, **poppy**, **rattles**, **scabies**, **self-heal**, **silverweed**, **sowthistle**, **stitchwort**, **teazles**, **tormentil**, **vetches**, and **yellow vetch**. (pp 40/41)

To these maybe added an occasional **bacon and eggs**, a few **harebells** (plenty on higher ground, the **yellow iris**, by the adjoining brook, and flowering shrubs and trees, as **dogwood**, **gorse**, **privet**, **blackthorn**, **hawthorn**, **horse chestnut**, besides **wild hops**, the **horsetails** on the mounds, and such plants as grow everywhere, as **chickweed**, **groundsel**, and so forth. A solitary shrub of **mugwort** grows at some distance, but in the same district, and in one hedgerow the **wild guilder rose** flourishes. . . . At the first glance a list like this reads as if flowers abounded, but the reverse is the impression to those who frequent the place.” (p.41)

From the chapter entitled *A Brook*

“Some low wooden rails guarding the approach to a briage over a brook one day induced me to rest under an aspen, with my back against the tree. Some **horse-chestnuts**, **beeches** and **alders** grew there, fringing the end of a long plantation of **willow stoles** which extended in the rear following the stream. . . .” (p.48)

“. . . The pale young leaves of the **aspen** rustled faintly, not yet with their full sound; the sprays of the **horse-chestnut**, drooping with the late frosts, could not yet keep out the sunshine with their broad green. A white spot on the footpath yonder was where the bloom had fallen from a **blackthorn bush**. . . .” (pp48/49)

“. . . Does the current **sedges** grew thickly at a curve; up the stream the young **flags** were rising; it had an inhabited look, if such a term maybe used, and **moorhens** and **water-rats** were about but no fish. . . .” (p.51)

“. . . in the grass on the verge, just beyond where the flood reached, grew the **lilac-tinted cuckoo flowers**, or **cardamine**.” (p.52)

“Coming to my seat under the **aspen** by the bridge week after week, the **burdocks** by the wayside gradually spread their leaves, and the procession of the flowers went on. The **dandelion**, the **lesser celandine**, the **marsh marigold**, the **coltsfoot**, all yellow, had already led the van, closely accompanied by the **purple ground-ivy**, the **red dead-nettle**, and the **daisy**; this last a late comer to the neighbourhood. The **blackthorn**, the **horse-chestnut**, and the **hawthorn** came, and the meadows were golden with the **buttercups**.” (pps 53/54)

“. . . There must be something in so sweet a stream. The **sedges** by the shore, the **flags** in the shallow, slowing swaying from side to side with the current, the **sedge-reedlings** calling, the **moorhens** and **water-rats**, all gave an air of habitation.” (pps 56/57)

From the chapter entitled *A London Trout*

“The **sword-flags** are rusting at their edges, and their sharp points are turned. On the matted and entangled **sedges** lie the scattered leaves which every rush of the October wind hurries from the boughs. Some fall on the water and float slowly with the current, brown and yellow spots on the dark surface. The grey **willows** bend to the breeze; soon the **osier** beds will look reddish as the wands are stripped by the gusts. Alone the thick polled-**alders** remain green, and in their shadow the brook is still darker. Through a **poplar’s** thin branches the wind sounds as in the rigging of a ship; for the rest, it is silence.” (p.59)

“A **moorhen’s** call comes from the hatch. Broad yellow petals of **marsh-marigold** stand up high among the **sedges** rising from the greyish-green ground, which is covered with a film of sun-dried **aquatic grass** left dry by the retiring waters. Here and there are lilac-tinted **cuckoo-flowers**, drawn up on taller stalks than those that grow in the meadows. The black flowers of the **sedges** are powdered with yellow pollen; and dark green **sword-flags** are beginning to spread their fans. But just across the road, on the topmost twigs of **birch** poles, **swallows** twitter in the tenderest tones to their loves. From the **oaks** in the meadows on that side **titlarks** mount above the highest bough and then descend, sing, sing, singing to the grass.

“A **jay** calls in a circular copse in the midst of the meadow; solitary **rooks** go over to their nests in the **elms** on the hill; **cuckoos** call, now this way and now that, as they travel round.” (pps 61/62)

“But now in autumn the **haws** are red on the thorn, the **swallows** are few as they were in the earliest spring; the **sedge-birds** have flown, and the **redwings** will soon be here. The sharp points of the **sword-flags** are turned, their edges rusty, **the forget-me-nots** are gone.” (p.62)

“By the shore on this, the sunny side of the bridge, a few forget-me-nots grow in their season water crow’s-foot flowers, flags lie along the surface and slowly swing from side to side like a boat at anchor. . . .” (p.65)

From the chapter entitled *Wheatfields*

“. . . **Wheat** is the plant of the sun: it loves the heat, the heat crackles in the rustle of the straws. The **pimpernels** above which the hook passed are wide open: the larger white **convolvulus** trumpets droop languidly on the low hedge: . . .” (p.81)

“Time advanced and the bare mounds about the field, . . . were covered again with wild herbs and plants, like a fringe to a garment of pure green. **Parsley** and “**gix**”, and **clogwood**, and sauce-alone, whose white flowers smell of garlic if crushed in the fingers, came up along the hedge; by the gateway from the bare trodden earth appeared the shepherd’s purse; . . .” (pps 82/83) See also **Shepherd’s Purse**.

“Yellow **charlock** shot up faster and shone bright above the corn; the **oaks** showered down their green flowers like moss upon the ground; the **tree-pipits** sang on the branches and descending to the wheat. . . . Yonder the **magpies** fluttered over the beans among which they are always searching in spring; **blackbirds**, too, are fond of a beanfield.

Time advanced again, and afar on the slope bright yellow **mustard** flowered, a hill of yellow behind the **elms**. The luxuriant purple of **trifolium**, acres of rich colour, glowed in the sunlight. There was a scent of **flowering beans**, the **vetches** were in flower, and the **peas** which clung together for support – the stalk of the **pea** goes through the leaf as a painter thrusts his thumb through his palette. Under the edge of the footpath through the wheat a **wild pansy** blooms. . . .” (p.83)

“It is midsummer, and, midsummer, like a bride, is decked in white. On the high-reaching briars white June **roses**; white flowers on the lowly **brambles**; broad white umbels of **elder** in the corner, and white **cornels** blooming under the **elm**; **honeysuckle** hanging creamy white coronals round the **ash** boughs; white **meadow-sweet** flowering on the shore of the ditch; white **clover**, too, beside the gateway. As spring is azure and purple, so midsummer is white, and autumn golden. . . .

But these, though the most prominent along the hedge, are not the only flowers; the prevalent white I embroidered with other hues. The brown feathers of a few **reeds** growing where the furrows empty the showers into the ditch, wave above the corn. Among the leaves of **mallow** its mauve petals are sheltered from the sun. On slender stalks the **yellow vetchling** blooms, reaching ambitiously as tall as the lowest of the brambles. **Bird’s-foot lotus**, with **red claws**, is overtopped by the grasses. (p.84)

The elm has a fresh green – it has put forth its second or midsummer shoot; the young leaves of the aspen are white, and the tree as the wind touches it seems to turn grey. . . . the ditch declines to a little streamlet which winds all hidden by willowherb and rush and flag, a mere trickle of water under brooklime, away at the feet of the corn. In the shadow . . . is a forget-me-not with a tiny circle of yellow in the centre of its petals.” (pps 84/85)

“ . . . The flower of the **field pea**, here again, would make a model for a lady’s hat; so would a **butterfly** with closed wings on the verge of a leaf, so would the **broom** blossom, or the pink flower of the **restharrow**. . . .” (p.86)

“By the copse here now the **teazles** lift their spiny heads high in the hedge, the young **nuts** are browning, the **wild mints** flowering on the shores of the ditch, . . . The **larks** have brought their loves to a happy conclusion. . . .” (p.89)

From the chapter entitled *The Crows*

“On one side of the road immediately after quitting the suburb there is a small cover of **furze**. The spines are now somewhat browned by the summer heats, and the **fern** which grows about every bush trembles on the balance of colour between green and yellow. Soon, too, the **tall wiry grass** will take a warm brown tint, which gradually pales as the autumn passes into winter, and finally bleaches to greyish white.

“ . . . As the wiry grass becomes paler with the fall of the year, the rushes, on the contrary, from green become faintly yellow, and presently brownish. Grey grass and brown rushes, dark furze, and fern, almost copper in hue from frost, when it up by a gleam of winter sinshine form a pleasant breadth of warm colour in the midst of bare fields.” (pps 90/91)

“In the roadside ditch by the furze the **figwort** grows, easily known by its coarse square stem; and the woody bines, if so they may be called, or stalks of **bitter-sweet**, remain all the winter standing in the **hawthorn** hedge. The first frosts, on the other hand, shrivel the bines of **white bryony**, which part and hang separated, and in the spring a fresh bine pushes up with greyish green leaves and tendrils feeling for support. It is often observed that the tendrils of this **bryony** coil both ways, with and against the sun.” (p.91)

“Upon a piece of waste land at the corner of the furze a very large cinder and dust heap was made by carting refuse there from the neighbouring suburb. During the sharp and continued frosts of the winter this dust-heap was the resort of almost every species of bird – **sparrows**, **starlings**, **greenfinches**, and **rooks** searching for any stray morsels of food. . . .” (p.93)

“There are anthills, rushes, and other indications of not too rich a soil in this meadow, and in places the prickly **restharrow** grows among the grass, bearing its pink flower in summer. . . .” (p.95) (see also under **restharrow**)

“**Linnets** come to the furze, and occasionally **magpies**, but these latter only in winter. Then, too, **golden-crested wrens** may be seen searching in the furze bushes, and creeping round and about the thorns and brambles. . . . Along the shelving sandy shore the **wagtails** run, both the **pieb** and the **yellow**, but few birds come here to wash; for that purpose they prefer a running stream if it be accessible.” (p.99)

From the chapter entitled *The River*

“The green lawn sloping to the shore, and the dark cedar’s storeys of flattened foliage, tier above tier; the green osiers of two eyots: the light-leaved aspen; the tall elms, fresh and green; and the green hawthorn bushes give their colour to the water, smooth as if polished, in which they are reflected. . . .” (pps 119/120)

From the chapter entitled *Nutty Autumn*

“Oak, elm, beech, and birch, all have yellow spots, while retaining their groundwork of green. Oaks are often much browner, but the moisture in the atmosphere keeps the saps in the leaves. Even the birches are only tinted in a few places, the elms very little, and the beeches not much more: so it would seem that their hues will not be gone altogether till November. Frosts have not yet bronzed the dogwood in the hedges, and the hazel leaves are fairly firm. . . .” (p.125) Also see **Hazel**.

“The rushes are but faintly yellow, and the slender tips still point upwards. Dull purple burrs cover the burdock; the broad limes are withering, but the leaves are thick, and the teasles are still flowering. Looking upwards, the trees are tinted; lower, the hedges are not without colour, and the field itself is speckled with blue and yellow. . . . The meads are as verdant, even more so, than in the spring, because of the rain, and the brooks crowded with green flags.” (pp 125/126)

“Blackberries are thick . . . - it is a berry year – and up in the horse-chestnut the prickly-coated nuts hang up in bunches, as many as eight in a stalk. Acorns are large, but not so singularly numerous as the berries, nor are hazel-nuts. . . .” (p.126)

From the chapter entitled *Round a London Copse*

“While (the) nesting was going on I could hear five different birds at once either in the garden or from any of the windows. The doves cooed, and every now and then their gentle tones were overpowered by the loud call of the wood-pigeons. A cuckoo called from the top of the tallest birch, and a nightingale and a brook-sparrow (or sedge-reedling) were audible together in the common on the opposite side of the road. It is remarkable that one season there seems more of one kind of bird than the next. The year alluded to, for instance, in this copse was the wood-pigeons’ year. But one season previously the copse seemed to belong to the missel-thrushes. . . . Another year the cuckoos had possession.” (p.135)

“. . . the lesser celandine, the marsh marigold, the silvery cardamine, appear first in one particular spot, and may be gathered there before a petal has opened elsewhere. . . .” (pp 145/146)

From the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“. . . The sunshine made the greenfinches call, the chaffinches utter their notes, and a few thrushes sing; but the latter were soon silenced by frosts in the early morning, which turned the fern to so deep a reddish brown at to approach copper.” (p.150)

From the chapter entitled *Magpie Fields*

“Every one must have noticed that some trees have a much finer autumn tint than others. This, it will often be found, is an annual occurrence, and the same elm, or beech, or oak that has delighted the eye with its hues this autumn, will do the same next year, and excel its neighbours in colour. Oaks and beeches, perhaps, are the best examples of this, as they are also the trees that present the most beautiful appearance in autumn.

There are oaks on villa lawns near London whose glory of russet foliage in October or November is not to be surpassed in the parks of the country. There are two or three such oaks in Long Ditton. All oaks do not become russet, or buff; some never take those tints. An oak, for instance, not far from those just mentioned never quite loses its green; it cannot be said indeed, to remain green, but there is a trace of it somewhere; the leaves must, I suppose, be partly buff and partly green; and the mixture of these colours in bright sunshine produces a tint for which I know no accurate term.” (p.156)

“... The cropped holly hedges, the leafless birches the limes and acacias are still and distinct in the moonlight. ...

But the tall elms are the most striking; the length of the branches and their height above brings them across the light, so that they stand out even more shapely than when in leaf. The blue sky (not, of course, the blue of day), the white moonlight, the bright stars - larger at midnight and brilliant, in despite of the moon, which cannot overpower them in winter as she does in summer evenings - all are as beautiful as on the distant hills of old. By night, at least, even here, in the still silence, Heaven has her own way.” (p.160)

From the chapter entitled *Herbs*

“... High in a lime tree, hidden from view by the leaves, a chiffchaff singe continually, and from the distance comes the softer note of a thrush. On the close-mown grass a hedge-sparrow is searching about within a few yards, and idle insects float to and fro, visible against the background of a dark yew tree – they could not be seen in the glare of the sunshine. The peace of green things reigns.” (p.162)

“Hawkweeds, which many mistake for dandelions; cowslips, in seed now, and primroses, with foreign primulas around them and enclosed in small hurdles, foxgloves, some with white and some with red flowers, all these have their story and are intensely English. ...” (p 165)

“Borage, whose leaves float in the claret-cup ladled out to thirsty travellers at the London railway stations in the hot weather; knotted figwort, common in ditches; Aaron’s rod, found in old gardens, lovely veronicas; mints and calamints whose leaves, if touched, scent the fingers, and which grow everywhere by cornfield and hedgerow.” (p.165)

“... Plantains and docks, wild spurge, hops climbing up a dead fir tree, a well-chosen pole for them – nothing is omitted (in the herb garden at Kew Gardens). Even the silver weed, the dusty-looking foliage which is thrust aside as you walk on the footpath by the road, is here labelled with truth as “cosmopolitan” of habit.

Bird’s-foot lotus, another Downside plant, lights up the stones put to represent rockwort with its yellow. Saxifrage, and stone-crop and house-leek are here in variety. Buttercups occupy a

whole patch – a little garden in themselves. What would the haymakers say to such a sight? Little, too, does the mower reckon of the number, variety, and beauty of the grasses in a single armful of swathe, such as he gathers up to cover his jar of ale and keep it cool by the hedge. (p.166)

“... most of those curious old herbs ... for seasoning o salad, or some use of superstition, were famous in ancient English households. Not one of them but has its associations. ...

There is marjoram and sage, clary, spearmint, peppermint, salsify, elecampane, tansy, assafoetida, coriander, angelica, caper spurge, lamb's lettuce and sorrel. Mugwort, southernwood, and wormwood are still to be found in old gardens: they stand here side by side. Monkswood, horehound, henbane, vervain (good against the spells of witches), feverfew, dog's mercury, bistort, woad and so on, all seem like relics of the days of black-letter books. ...” (p.168)

“... in the midst of the trees, and near the river (in Kew Gardens), there is a little grass, however, left to itself, in which in June there were some bird's foot lotus, veronica, hawkweeds, ox-eye daisy, knapweed, and buttercups. ...” (p.169)

“... every English shrub and bush is here (in Kew Gardens); the hawthorn, the dogwood, the wayfaring tree, gorse and broom, and here is a round plot of heather. ...” (p.171)

From the chapter entitled *Trees About Town*

“... Other trees as well as the plane would have flourished on the Thames Embankment, in consequence of the fresh air caused by the river. Imagine the Embankment with double rows of oaks, elms, or beeches; or, if not, even with limes or horse-chestnuts! To these certainly birds would have resorted – possibly rooks, which do not fear cities. On such a site the experiment would have been worth making.” (p.175)

“Still, there are other (native English trees and shrubs) for variety, as the wild guelder rose, which produces heavy bunches of red berries; dogwood, whose leaves when frost-touched take deep colours; barberry yielding a pleasantly acid fruit, the wayfaring tree; not even forgetting the elder, ...” (p.177)

“... if you enter a copse in spring the eye is delighted with cowslips on the banks where the sunlight comes, with blue-bells, or earlier with anemones and violets, while later the ferns rise. ...” (p.178)

“In blackthorn the long-tailed tit builds the domed nest every one admires. Under the cover of brambles white-throats build. Nightingales love hawthorn, and so does every bird. Plan hawthorn, and almost every bird will come to it, from the wood-pigeon down to the wren.

If evergreens are wanted, there are the yew, the box, and holly – all three well sanctioned by old custom. Thrushes will come for the yew berries, and birds are fond of building in the thick cover of high box hedges. Notwithstanding the prickly leaves, they slip in and out of the holly easily. A few bunches of rushes and sedges, with some weeds and aquatic grasses, allowed to grow about a pond, will presently bring moorhens. ...” (p.180)

From the chapter entitled *To Brighton*

“. . . Purple heathbells gleam from shrub-like bunches dotted along the slope; purple knapweeds lower down in the grass; blue scabious, yellow hawkweeds where the soil is thinner, and harebells on the very summit (of the embankment); . . . (p.181)

Glossy thistledown, needless whither it goes, comes in at the open window (of the carriage of the locomotive). Between thickets of broom there is a glimpse down into a meadow shadowed by the trees of a wood. It is bordered with the cool green of brake fern, from which a rabbit has come forth to feed, and a pheasant strolls along with a mind, perhaps to the barley yonder. Or a foxglove lifts its purple spire; or woodbine crowns the bushes. The sickle has gone over, and the poppies which grew so thick a while ago in the corn no longer glow like a scarlet cloak thrown on the ground. But red spots in waste places and by the ways are where they have escaped the steel. (pps 181/182)

“. . . then comes a cutting, and more heath and hawkweed, harebell, and bramble bushes red with unripe berries. . . .” (p.182)

“. . . Before a dandelion has shown in the meadow, the banks of the railway are yellow with coltsfoot. After a time the gorse flowers everywhere along them; but the golden broom overtops all, perfect thickets of broom glowing in the sunlight. (p.182)

Presently the copses are azure with bluebells, among which the brake is thrusting itself up; others, again, are red with ragged robins, and the fields adjacent fill the eye with the gaudy glare of yellow charlock. The note of the cuckoo sounds above the rushing of the train, and the larks maybe seen, if not heard, rising high over the wheat. Some birds, indeed, find the bushes by the railway the quietest place in which to build their nests.” (p.182)

“. . . Near by there is a bush, made up of branches from five different shrubs and plants.

First, hazel, from which the yellow leaves are fast dropping; among this dogwood, with leaves darkening; between these a bramble bearing berries, some red and some ripe, and at a pink flower or two left. Thrusting itself into the tangle, long woody bines of bittersweet hang their clusters of red berries, and above and over all the hoary clematis spreads its beard, whitening to meet the winter. These five are all intermixed and bound up together, flourishing in a mass; nuts and edible berries, semi-poisonous fruit, flowers, creepers; and hazel, with markings under its outer bark like a gun-barrel.

. . . Now every step exposes the climber to the force of the unchecked wind. The harebells swing before it, the bennets whistle, but the sward springs to the foot, . . . The broad summit is left to scattered furze and fern cowering under its shelter. . . .” (p.190)

“. . . In the hedge or scattered bushes, half-way down by the chalk-pit, there grows a spreading shrub – the wayfaring tree - . . . There are nuts, too, here, and large sloes or wild bullace. . . .” (p.192)

From the chapter entitled *The Southdown Shepherd*

“There was not so much game on the part of the hills (the shepherd) frequented as he had known when he was young, and with the decrease of the game the foxes had become less

numerous. There was less cover as the furze was ploughed up. It paid, of course, better to plough it up, and as much as an additional two hundred acres on a single farm had been brought under the plough in his time. Partridges had much decreased, but there were still plenty of hares: he had known the harriers sometimes kill two dozen a day.

Plenty of rabbits still remained in places. . . .” (p.194)

At the sheep fair “At the corner of each pen the shepherd plants his crook upright: some of them have long brown handles, and these are of hazel with the bark on; others are ash, and one of willow. . . .” (p.197)

“Under the September sun, flowers may still be found in sheltered places, as at the side of furze, on the highest of the Downs. Wild thyme continues to bloom – the shepherd’s thyme – wild mignonette, blue scabious, white dropwort, yellow bedstraw, and the large purple blooms of greater knapweed. Here and there a blue field gentian is still in flower; “eggs and bacon” grow beside the waggon tracks. Grasshoppers hop among the short dry grass; bees and humble-bees are buzzing about, and there are places quite bright with yellow hawkweeds.” (p.202)

From the chapter entitled *The Breeze on Beachy Head*

“The green sea is on the one hand, the yellow stubble on the other. The porpoise dives along beneath, the sheep graze above. Green seaweed lines the reef over which the white spray flies, blue lucerne dots the field. . . .” (p.208)

“. . . There are others hidden among the furze; butterflies flutter over them, and the bees hum round by day; by night the night-hawk passes, coming up from the fields and even skirting the sheds and houses below. . . .” (p.211)

Margaret Evans
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