

with white wine and dropped into the eyes, or its distilled water, taketh away the darkness and dimness of the eyes. Three parts of the powder of Eyebright, and one part of mace, mixed therewith, taketh away all hurts from the eyes, and comforteth the memorie and cleareth the sight if half a spoonful be taken every morning fasting."

When we remember that there were no oculists or spectacle-makers in Gerard's days (*i.e.*, the latter half of the sixteenth century) we may feel what a comfort the faith in the virtues of this little plant must have been. It was always a great favourite of mine, and I had often tried to transplant it, before I found out its *vice*. It is a *parasite on the roots* of other plants! It often grows among Heath and Heather, and probably manages to root itself favourably even amid their tough textures.

A great variety of Crossworts, Bedstraws or Galiums grow on hills, meadows, and marshes—the sweet-scented yellow on the dry banks, the more delicate white species in woods and marshes. There are many varieties of marsh plants this month—the delicate white-flowered Water Plantain, with its broad leaves; the Water Drop-wort; the Marsh St. John's Wort; Buckwheat; Purple Marsh Cinquefoil; the Lancashire Asphodel; the Water Hemp Agrimony; the Creeping Water Parsnip; All-heal; many varieties of Willow-herb, and the remarkable little plant called Sundew. This seems to be much rarer than it used to be, possibly because many of our marshes are drained, also because of the eagerness of herb-doctors and of botanists to secure it. It bears a spike of small, whitish, rose-like flowers, coming from the heart of a tuft of ovate leaves, fringed and covered with hairs and glands that exude moisture which shines like drops of dew; hence its name. It resembles the sensitive plant in some of its attributes. Hooker says that a dark purplish-red dye can be made from this plant, and that its juices are said to be acrid and poisonous. The Sundew, or Drosera, under its name of "Rosa Solis," was an ingredient in many a wonderful decoction. Gerard says that water distilled from it is of a glittering yellow colour, and makes silver put in it look like gold. Besides these other names, he says it is "called Youthwort, and in the north Red Rot, because it rotteth sheep that eat of it." He also tells us that it is "a searing and caustic herb, very much biting"; that the leaves "stamped with salt do exulcerate and raise blisters." He blames the "later physicians for using it in consumptions," and says that experience has shown that men perish sooner with it than without it. Though disapproving of its use in consumption and in other cases, he recognises its power in some conditions of body. "It strengtheneth and nourisheth the body, especially if it be distilled with wine, and that liquor made, commonly called Rosa Solis." To make this, "let them lay the leaves of Rosa Solis in the spirit of wine, adding thereto Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Ginger, Nutmeg, sugar, and a few grains of Musk; place these in a closely-stopped phial in the sun for ten days, then strain it and keep it for use."

Hedge-banks are adorned with the Toad-flax, the Yellow-base Rocket or Wild Mignonette, the Black Madder, the Hedge Parsley, Moneywort, Lesser Stitchwort, Fool's Parsley, Black Horehound (which is supposed to be good for colds), and Wild Marjoram, the origin of the odoriferous plant of the herb-bed.

The woods produce the Betony, also a medicinal plant; the great round-leaved Bell-flower, white and blue; the delicate yellow-flowered, black-stemmed sprays of the Cow-wheat; the Wood Vetch; Wood Angelica; the Eucharantius; Nightshade; Wood Sage; Clematis; and on very varied localities grow the Scabious, the Spurrey, the delicate blue Wild Flax, Moneywort, Ragwort, Golden Rod, Yellow Centaury, Lesser Centaury, Yellow Vetchling, and many varieties of Hemlocks, most of them poisonous or medicinal.

One series of plants must not be forgotten this month—the beautiful grasses in flower; the brown Bent Grass on the hills, the Quaking Grass on the marsh, the innumerable varieties in meadows and hedgerows; the rushes and sweet-scented flowering rushes by the river-side, that used to be gathered by cartloads and strewed over the floors of dwelling-houses instead of carpets—too often, alas! over old fading rushes, with *débris* of meals carelessly cast down and covered, a fertile source of danger. The Canary Grass, Meadow Foxtail, the Oat-grass, Melic Grass, and the Sea-mat Grass, which binds the shores, may all be noted among many others.

#### WOMEN.

Amongst the appointments made by the King to the Imperial Service Order, which his Majesty recently instituted for members of the Civil Service of the Empire as a recognition of long and meritorious service, we are glad to observe the name of one woman, that of Miss M. M. A. Brown, the Superintendent of the Postal Order Branch of the General Post Office.

The Public Health and Housing Committees of the London County Council propose to provide a lodging-house for women, the first model house of its kind in London, at Webber Row, Southwark. The new house will contain provision for fifty-seven women on the cubicle system, with a common dining-room and sitting-room. There will be a garden in the rear for the use of the lodgers.

The prize of 1,000 dollars, offered two years ago for the best piece of scientific research work done by a woman, was awarded to Dr. Florence R. Sabin, assistant in anatomy at the Johns Hopkins University Medical School. Dr. Sabin presented the results of an investigation on the origin of the lymphatic system.

Female jealousy and indifference to the Servian custom of female servitude did much, according to a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, to bring about the "glorious revolution" in Servia. "The clamours against the Queen were mere sporadic explosions of jealousy. In every country ruled by a young and charming prince many hearts flutter with extravagant ambitions. A bevy of beauties adorned the Servian Court, and when the news came that Alexander had chosen a daughter of his own people to share his throne a hundred damsels protested their own superior charms, wagging their tongues in impotent calumnies unceasingly.

"In every Servian household, except the few diplomatic families, who have acquired exotic ideas, wives

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)