

I was expecting a brother botanist from England to spend the summer with me, and you may imagine my elation at being able to show him the Adder's Tongue Fern in its native haunt.

The colony was so small that I kept close watch over it and when hay-fields began to be cut I strode sternly out to defend my proprietary rights. Fortunately my corner was arid and sandy, the grass so short and thin that no mowers had been to molest the Adder's Tongue; no mowers, but the devil disguised as a horse had come and cropped the few spikes I had added to the first find. Domestication seems to distort good wholesome animal instincts into unnatural appetites; the horse is bad enough, but for depraved tastes commend me of all things to that clumsy ruminant, the common cow; a creature so prosaic, too, that aesthetic considerations seem lost to it; among its favorite food plants I may mention the Plantain-leaved Ladies' Tresses, the Narrow-leaved Spleenwort (especially when rare in the neighbourhood), and the Adder's Tongue Fern.

About the middle of July the two of us went out to see the colony and inspected the bank of the stream a little further down; we found hundreds of plants, usually near the foot of steep slopes; we then tried the far bank, my friend unsuccessfully, but I detected several colonies, and at one spot some plants newly trodden down; the footprint was my friend's. I called him to me and made merry at his expense, showing where he had walked and trampled under foot fronds 7 or 8 inches long of the fern he was looking for; he rather took the wind out of my sails by pointing out some still larger plants on which I was kneeling. It is a most inconspicuous fern, but far from rare. However, we still clung desperately to the cherished belief that it was rare; true, it was plentiful along this stream, but that was only one station and probably (we concluded) a lucky find.

A week later we had flitted with our botany cans 100 miles or more east to the village of Lanark, north of Perth. We were returning across country to the village from a bluff on the upper part of the Clyde River where the Rusty Woodsia (*Woodsia ilvensis*) grew; our way led across undulating pastures and grain fields, an elevated and rocky stretch; here and there a small wood now lying in a hollow, now hanging on a hill-side or perched on a knoll. In some of these upland pastures near the edges of marshy ground we found great patches of *Selaginella apus*, that pretty little cousin of the club-mosses, with its bright yellow-green prostrate branches forming thick mats in the spongy turf.

We went along a sloping pasture towards a wooded ridge in the distance; and as we surmounted a fence that ran from a little wood tilted half way up the slope to a willow swamp below