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WITH PLATES AND TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS

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CHESHIRE LICHENS.—In a paper entitled *Hepatics and Lichens of Liverpool and its Vicinity*, published in 1860, the late F. P. Marrat recorded the occurrence of the lichens *Gyrophora polyphylla* Turn. & Borr. and *Umbilicaria pustulata* Hoffm. on Bidston Hill, near Birkenhead. These lichens have not been reported from the locality in question since that time; and it was supposed by local botanists that the plants were either extinct, or that, possibly, the records were erroneous. During a recent visit to Bidston Hill, now one of the "lungs" of Birkenhead, I was happy to be able to confirm Marrat's old record by finding both *Gyrophora polyphylla* and *Umbilicaria pustulata* still existing on the hill. The specimens were fairly numerous, but small and poorly developed. The occurrence of these subalpine lichens at such a low elevation (216 ft.) in a district like the Wirral peninsula, and, still more, their persistence in the immediate neighbourhood of a huge smoky urban area like Liverpool and Birkenhead, are noteworthy facts. Along with the *Umbilicaria* was *Parmelia conspersa* Ach., another species mentioned in Marrat's list as occurring on Bidston Hill.—W. G. TRAVIS.

REVIEWS.

My Shrubs. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. With fifty illustrations. 4to, pp. 132. John Lane. Price 10s. net.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, whose Dartmoor novels have obtained for him a deservedly high reputation in the realm of fiction, will hardly obtain a like recognition for his book about the shrubs he grows in his garden. In a series of chapters he enumerates these in alphabetical order, with comments that are evidently intended to be amusing, but only succeed in being silly: *how* silly, one or two extracts will show—this, for instance:—

"I ought to go to Kew in a humble spirit, and haunt its glades and glass for six months before daring to write this little book about shrubs. But I shall not. These are *my* shrubs that I am talking about, and not one of them came from Kew. I believe I have got about two that Kew has not got. If it knew of these, Kew would send messengers with rich gifts in exchange; and I should slight them and entreat them scornfully, and send them back to the Royal Gardens empty-handed. I have got *my* 'vegetable-pride' too" (p. 56).

"The real name of *M[yrtus] Luma*, by the way, is *Eugenia apiculata*, but when you have once gone to the expense of a metal label, you ignore the vagaries of science, and cleave to the old paths. After all it doesn't really matter to you what I call my shrubs, any more than it matters to me what you call your golf clubs" (p. 81).

As might be expected, Mr. Phillpotts gets a great deal of cheap amusement out of the Latin names of plants. "Imagination was needed in this matter [of giving names], but Science saw no reason to invite the co-operation of those who possessed it. She