



★ Our Starlit Era!! ★

1897.

Hartland's
Conference Daffodils, &c.

DRAWINGS BY GERTRUDE HARTLAND.

DAFFODIL GROUNDS: ARD CAIRN, BLACKROCK, CORK.

Special Jubilee
Issue.

Wm. Baylor Hartland,
Cork, Ireland.

Hartland's



Conference

Daffodils, &c.

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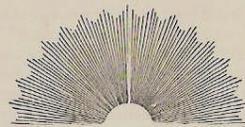


JAMES WATT.



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

1837



1897

Nineteenth Century Men!

SIXTY YEARS WITH BRIGHTEST STARS!!!

ROLL ages on, with stars in space,
 Whose light has yet to reach this earth—
 Wee speck of dust, man's little place,
 Where sin, where strife at first have birth.
 Yes, rays to reach, but seen in part—
 Without that part, this world lorn—
 A gleam, so tiny at the start,
 *To brighter shine since Watt was born.

Since that bright gleam! Victoria reigns—
 Since that bright gleam! steam leads the way—
 Since that bright gleam! Her Empire gains,
 And for that gleam! all hail! the day.
 We count by billions now our wealth,
 We count by millions all our race—
 Though "insane genius" 'twas that dealt
 That gain to us,—yet, what's its place?

Not fame, not gain—such minds are mad,
 Like Georgie Stephenson—quite insane:
 When Lords and Commons said, how sad,
 To think that steam could run a train
 A ten-mile pace from Liverpool,
 To beat the coach by five—the whim;
 And wise old grandsires, dear old school
 But said, he's mad—straight-jacket him.

* "Nature, and nature's laws lay hid in night—
 God said, let Newton be! and there was light";
 The force of steam, for ages out of sight—
 God said, let Watt but live, then followed might

Farewell, old Solons—you did but dream,—
 Yet, boast we now of wiser men ;
 The odds are little—we act the same
 In many ways—don't equal them ;
 For genius still but begs its crust,
 Though see what gold it makes for man,
 That in return may place a bust
 O'er waste of life, through poem or plan.

Thus, wrapt is thought, when "sparks" are spread
 Of Norsemen's prowess at the pole,
 Where hosts of brave ones, bleached and dead,
 Wrecked house and home, to swell the roll
 Of Europe's race, from Eric down—
 Great roll! great fame! but greatest, best,
 Still halt, where Franklin left the crown
 'Mid ice-bound space, and martyr's rest.

Victorian age!!! Bright starlit age!!!
 Yet weary age of toil with some—
 That bard in verse, that wisest sage,
 Shall sound its fame for years to come.
 We live that age, whose dawn of day
 Saw countless orbs their courses run—
 Now flash on earth, through matchless ray,
 †A Thomson, ‡Bell, an Edison.

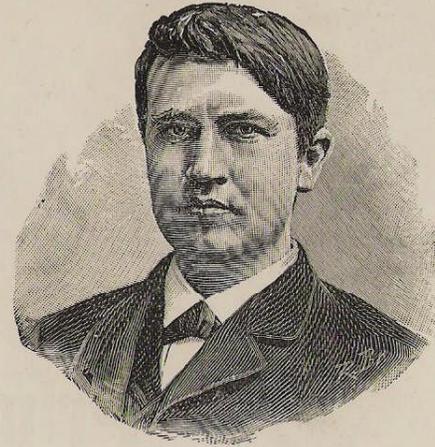
To dim the sphere round lesser sons ;
 Put old time speed in shadow here,
 With brighter sheen, from brighter suns ;
 To shorten space, and drop us where ;
 All o'er the globe to talk with man—
 All o'er the globe to waft a sigh—
 From pole to pole, reach back again
 With "sparks" that e'en get lovers nigh.

The Telephone! the Telegraph!
 The Phonograph! and Photograph!
 Bright Röntgen rays that lift the veil,
 To peep through hearts, where ills prevail ;
 New life! new strife! thus map the course,
 While laws of science may make us worse
 Abuse of light—then, then, the curse ;
 And now must close a short discourse
 On this Bright, Starlit Reign!!!

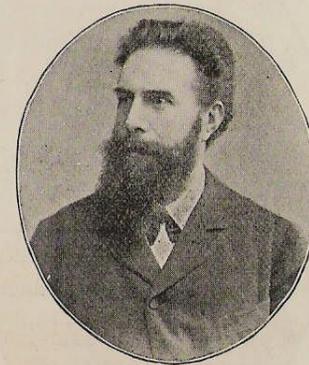
W. BAYLOR HARTLAND.

*Ard-Cairn, Cork,
 May 24th, 1897.*

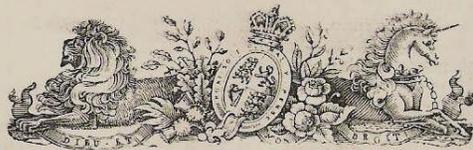
† Now Lord Kelvin.
 ‡ Henry Bell, born Linlithgow, 1767, died 1820. By the application of Steam to
 Navigation, he has made Belfast and Glasgow. He died comparatively poor.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON.



PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN.



... THE ...

Princess Victoria's Birthday

MAY 24th, 1837.



The following beautiful and prophetic lines I have taken from the *Saturday Magazine* for May, 1837.

LADY, bright hope of royal line,
Fair Albion greets thy natal day!
She would not soon her throne were thine,
Yet prays thy race may ne'er decay.

Not soon; for soon she could not spare
The hand that wields her sceptre free:
*Long live the King!—thus speed her prayer—
And, sooth, not soon, in love to thee.

For, Lady, 'tis a dizzy height,
And who may say what storms shall fall?
Snares may be rife, and dark the night:—
God shield thee, Lady, 'midst them all!

Then would she not such tender flower
Too early life's rough gush should bide;
But bloom awhile in sheltered bower,
The more to cast its fragrance wide.

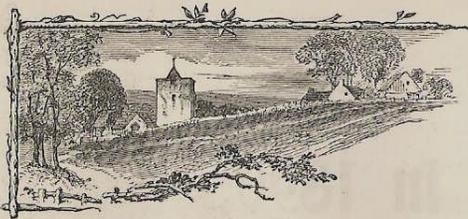
Yet since, in nature's course, thy brow
Shall one day throb with Queenly care,
She antedates the loyal vow,
And fondly breathes her patriot prayer

She asks not for thee wider realm
Than girds thy patrimonial crown;
For far-off lands obey her helm—
Ne'er on her bounds the sun goes down.



1837.

* The King died before dawn on June 20th, 1837.



Ere on her evening shore he lave,
He gilds her far Atlantic Isles ;
And when he quits the western wave,
Her orient Ind. hath hailed his smiles.

For her, while 'neath his zenith ray
Bright gems and spicy forests glow,
Australia drinks the slanting day,
And Arctic ice-bound barriers flow.

Thrice goodly realms ! but light it were
To sing in plausible minstrel guise,
Her heroes brave, her maidens fair,
Her wealth, her arms, her pageantries.

Of such oft-chequered frail behest
Whose good and ill men scantly know,
Heaven knows the brightest and the best ;
That bright and best may heaven bestow.

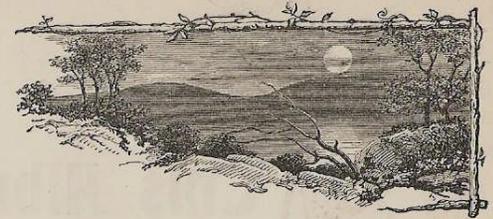
But most, fair Peace to deck thy reign ;—
Lady, be such the high decree ;—
*With meek religions hallowed train
And health, and smiling liberty.*

Offspring of hope, that broods not fears,
Blessing and blessed be this thy lot,
*To live and reign for lengthened years ;
To love, be loved, nor e'er forgot.*

*And when e'en lengthened years shall close,
And last adieus surround thy throne,
To smile, unwont, 'midst Britain's woes—
No heart then tranquil but thine own.*



1897.



*To smile, as opes a brighter sky,
Where Kings may reign, nor spurned the slave ;
Redeemed by no Mean Agony
To endless live from wintry grave.*

*May children's children crown thy age,
And filial catch thy parting breath ;
Each youth a gem in history's page—
Each maiden, an Elizabeth.*

That thus eclipsed full many a name
Which long hath crested glory's tide,—
Alfred or Edward's youthful fame,
Or hers who quelled the Armada's pride ;—

Bards, when they sing of mighty ones,
Thy future race may proud aver,
“ *Our Monarchs are Victoria's sons—
Our Queens renew Victoria.*”

Patriot, say not such hopes may die,
Nor count fond omen flattery's voice ;
Heaven listed prayer, and hearts beat high—
Why then should Albion not rejoice ?

For sure in sacred page we read,
Princes to reign in love were given ;
Though Edward's were a gentler meed,
To 'scape Earth's Crown, and reign in heaven.

Patriot, then cheer thy careful brow,
Nor vex bright morn with omened knell ;
Large be thy heart as warm thy vow—
Heaven listed prayer—*all shall be well.*

This Album originally published in 1890,

Is now given in an enlarged Jubilee Edition, commemorative of a great occasion. It is offered as a "Floral Tribute" to the Age. It was thought over as a Wayside Offering from Erin—getting a Wayside Poet's Flower a place in the GREEN SPOTS of One United Kingdom.

I have much pleasure in giving the following Extracts from Letters received over its first publication.

"I am extremely obliged for copy of drawings of Narcissus; it will prove a great help to me, and does much credit to your relative's artistic power. I should like to get them colored, but am not sure that the paper will take paint. The Countess of Annesley was very fine, and I hope to try the Vicar of Lulworth this season."—Late Rev. A. RAWSON, Fallbarrow, Windermere.

"We must certainly give you the credit you deserve for your various publications on Daffodils. Your woodcuts surpass by far anything we have seen in their way, and such a book as this must certainly become popular among all lovers of Daffodils."—HUBERT AND MAUGER, Doyle Road, Guernsey.

"Your capital Album of Daffodils came to hand this morning, and I shall place it with my other bibliographical treasures, for it is well worthy of a corner in a florist's library. One thing strikes me as curious: why is there no such collection of Chrysanthemum pictures published? With many thanks."—C. HARMAN PAYNE, Esq., 60, Thorne Road, South Lambeth, S.W.

"Your beautiful book has come to hand, and we are all charmed with it. There can be no doubt that in the days to come it will be prized as a precious evidence of a sympathetic and enlightened study of the beautiful Daffodil family. Many thanks for it and the promised Key."—JOHN W. HASWELL, Esq., Ashleigh, Hampstead Road, Handsworth.

"The Book of Daffodils came safely to hand, and we are extremely obliged for your kindness in sending us a copy. The illustrations are beautifully done, the peculiarity of the different varieties being wonderfully well caught."—A. & C. PEARSON, Ed. "Horticultural Advertiser," Chiswell Nurseries, Notts.

"Very many thanks for kindly sending me your 'Floral Album of Daffodils,' so beautifully illustrated by your niece. I am happy to see that she keeps up the character for artistic accuracy."—T. ARCHER HIND., Esq., Coombe Fishacre House Newton Abbot, South Devon.

"I have just received a copy of your plates of Daffodils, and at once write to thank you most sincerely and heartily for your kindness in sending me such a most welcome book. The plates are lovely in the extreme; the drawings have been most carefully executed the book is a perfect gem, and, I need hardly assure you, is most fully appreciated by me, and will be by every lover of the charming flowers, so well represented; in fact, so highly do I treasure it, that the dedication has made me wish to break the Tenth Commandment."—JOHN FALCONER, Esq., St. Ann's, Lasswade, Midlothian, N.B.

"I am greatly obliged to you for sending me a copy of your Daffodil Album, which is very well got up, and will be most useful for reference. I shall be glad to get a copy of your 'Key' to same when it comes to be issued."—R. CAMERON COWAN, Esq., 6, North Street, Andrew Street, Edinburgh.

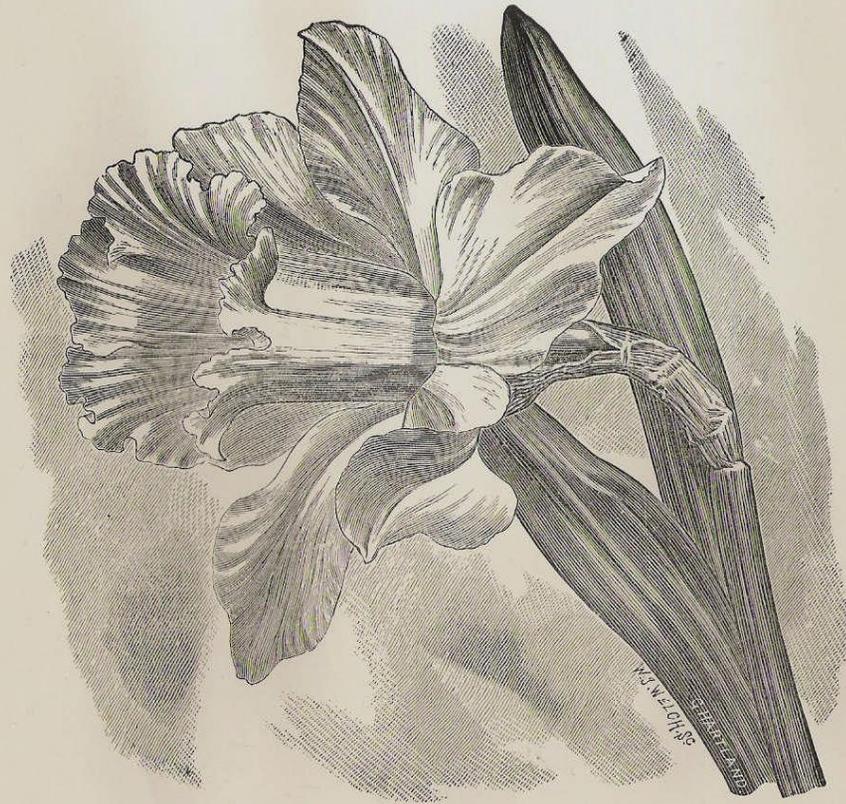
Hand-painted Copies of above to order, post free, 21/-

“ By a still sullen pool,
Into its dark depths gazing, lay the ghost
Whom next I passed. In form, a lovely youth,
Scarce passed from boyhood. Golden curls were his,
And wide blue eyes. The semblance of a smile
Came on his lip—a girl's, but for the down
Which hardly shaded it; but the pale cheek
Was soft as any maiden's, and his robe
Was virginal, and at his breast he bore
The perfumed amber cup, which, when March comes,
Gems the dry woods and windy wolds, and speaks the resurrection.

* * * * *

If ever thou shouldst happen on a wood
In Thessaly, upon the plain-ward spurs
Of fair Olympus, take the path which winds
Through the close vale, and thou shalt see the pool
Where once I found my life. And if in Spring
Thou go there, round the margin thou shalt know
These amber blooms bend meekly, smiling down
Upon the crystal surface: pluck them not,
But kneel a little while, and breathe a prayer
To the fair God of Love, and let them be;
For in these tender flowers is hid the life
That once was mine.”

EPIC OF HADES.



Ard-Righ, or Irish King.
The Alpha among Yellow Daffodils

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CORK.



Golden Plover.

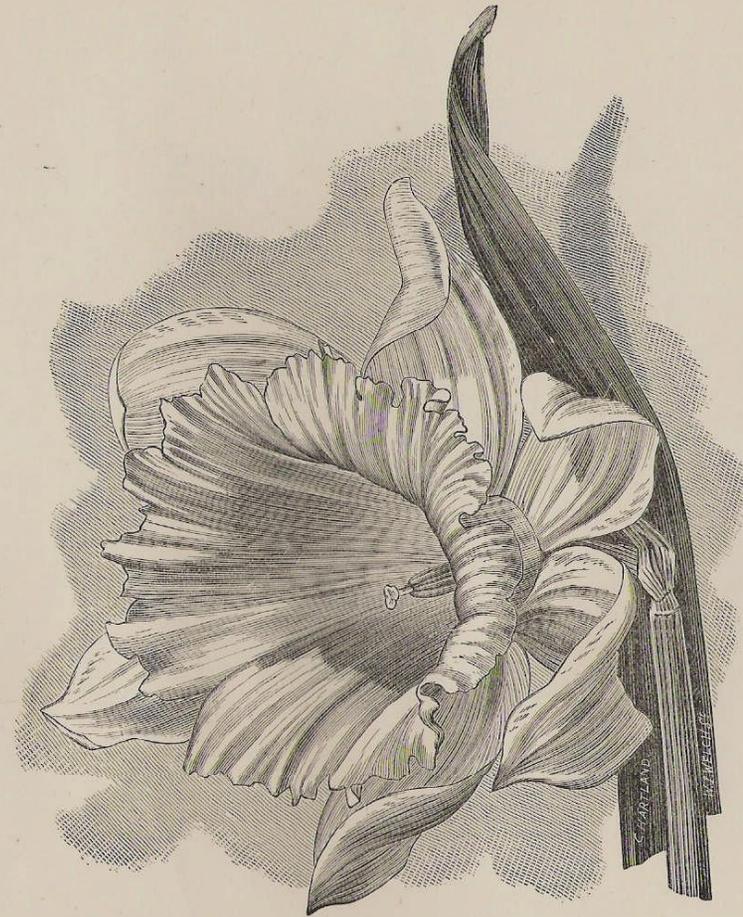
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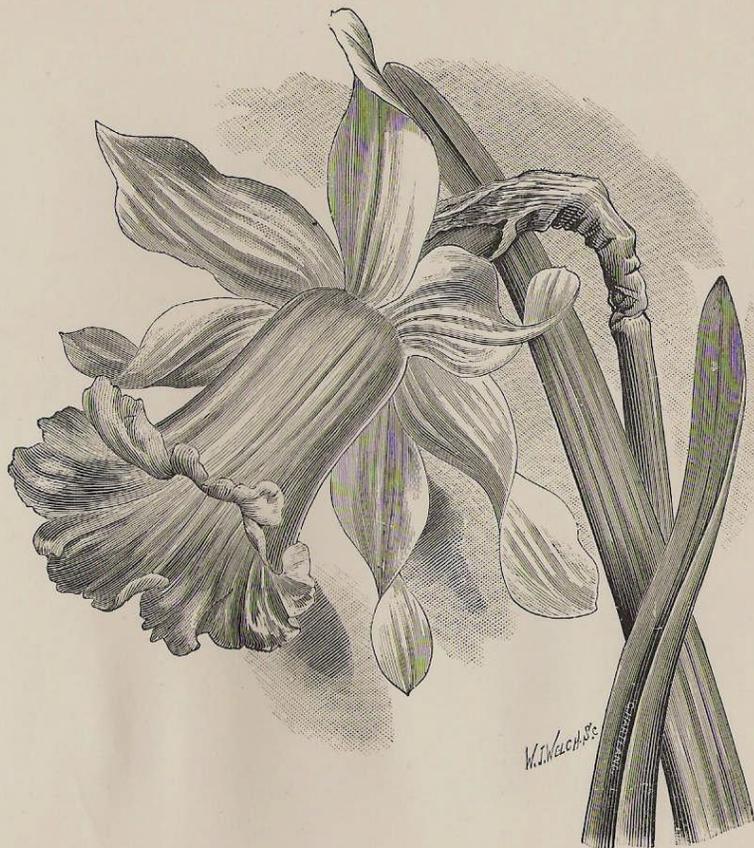
CORK.



Golden Spur.



Countess of Annesley.



Trumpet Maximus.



Blondin.



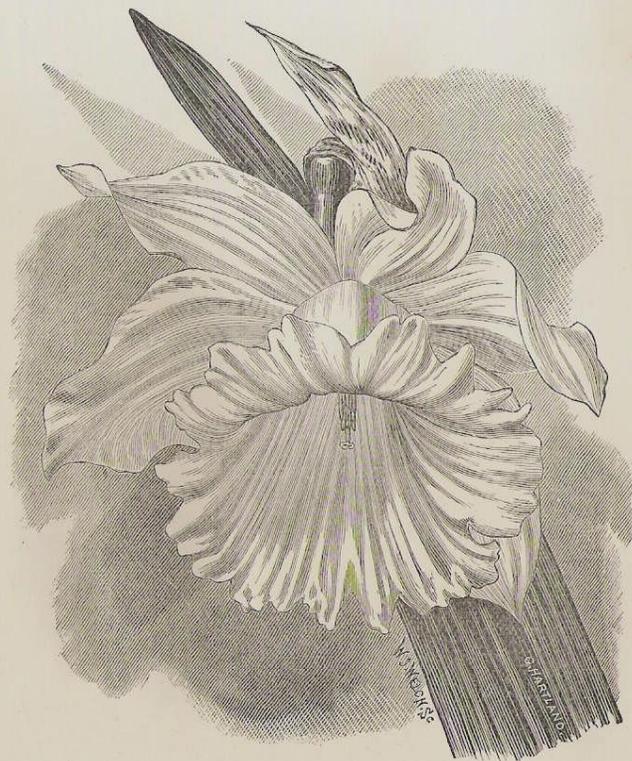
Vicar of Rulworth.



Henry Irving.



Emperor.



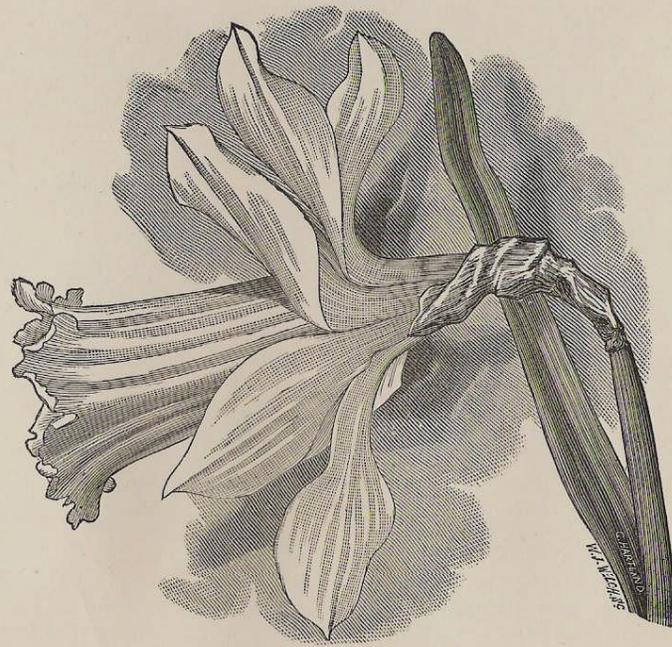
Primrose Dame.



Scoticus.
The Scotch Lent Lily.



Obvallaris.
The Tenby Daffodil.



Princeps.
Two-colored.

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CORK



Variiformis.
True.



Saragossa.



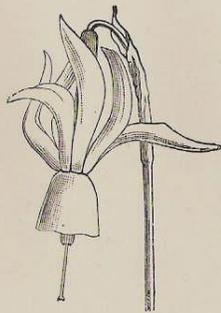
Maw's Bicolor.

Introduced to Commerce by Mr. George Maw.



Gladys Hartland.

(Albino)



Angel's Tears.
Triandrus.

HARTLAND



Manus and Minimus.

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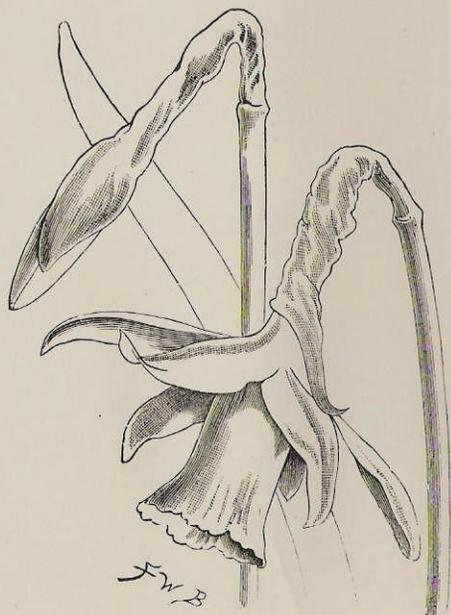


Angel's Tears.
Triandrus.

CORK.



Corbularia. Citrinus.



Johnstoni.



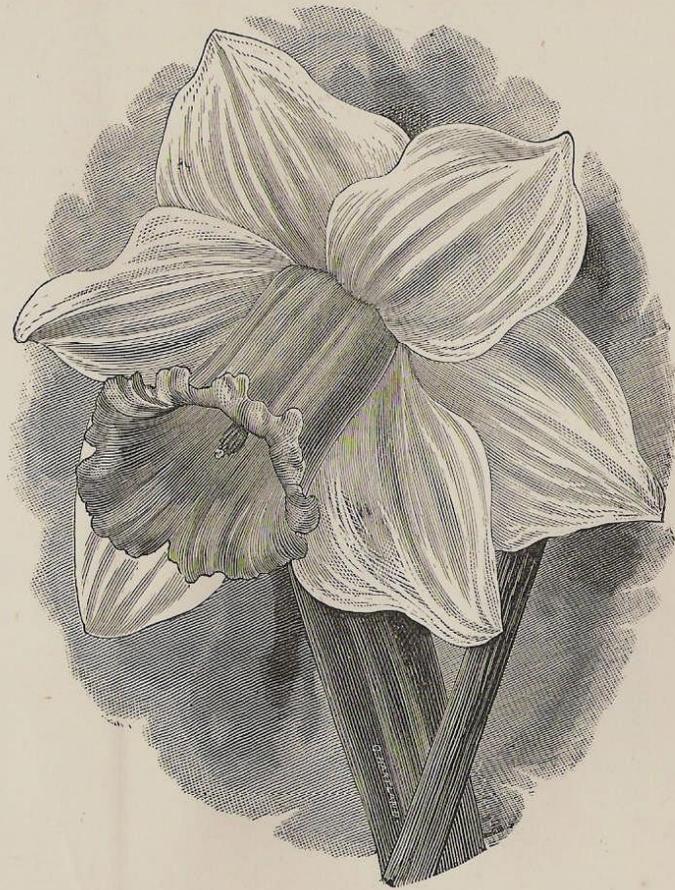
Cyclamineus.



Bicolor Horsfieldi.



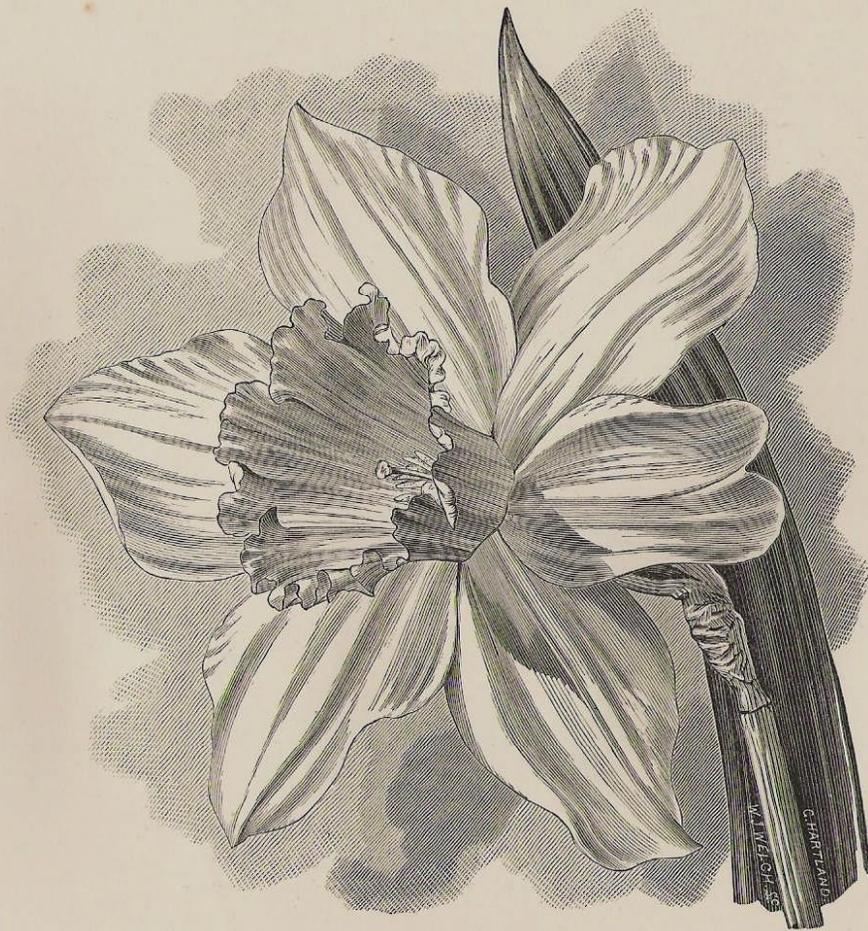
Bicolor Empress.



Bicolor Grandee.



Bicolor of Haworth.



Incomparabilis.
Sir Watkin.

HARTLAND

CORK.



Incomparabilis.

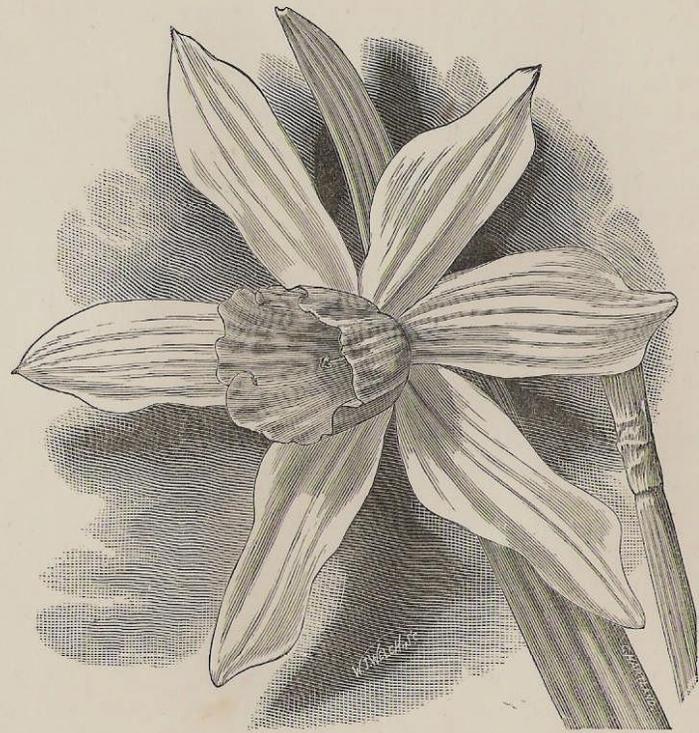
Princess May.



Nelsoni Major.



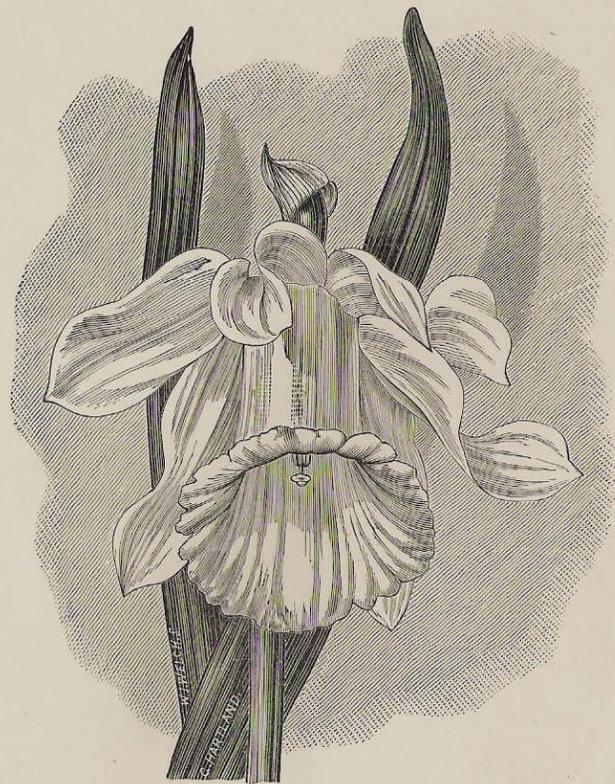
Sabinei.
William Wilks.



Predsii Amabilis.



Wm. Goldring.
White Trumpet.



Butterfly.
White Trumpet.



Helen Falconer.
White Trumpet.



Pallidus Praecox.

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Minnie Warren.
White Nanus.

CORK

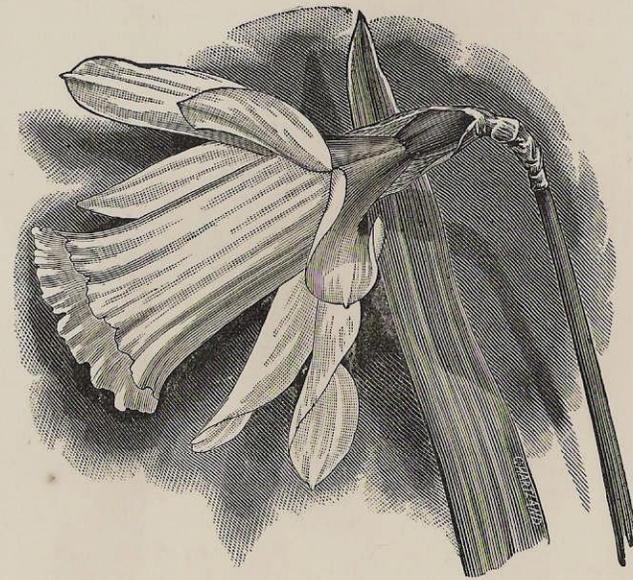


Cernuus Pulcher.
White Trumpet.



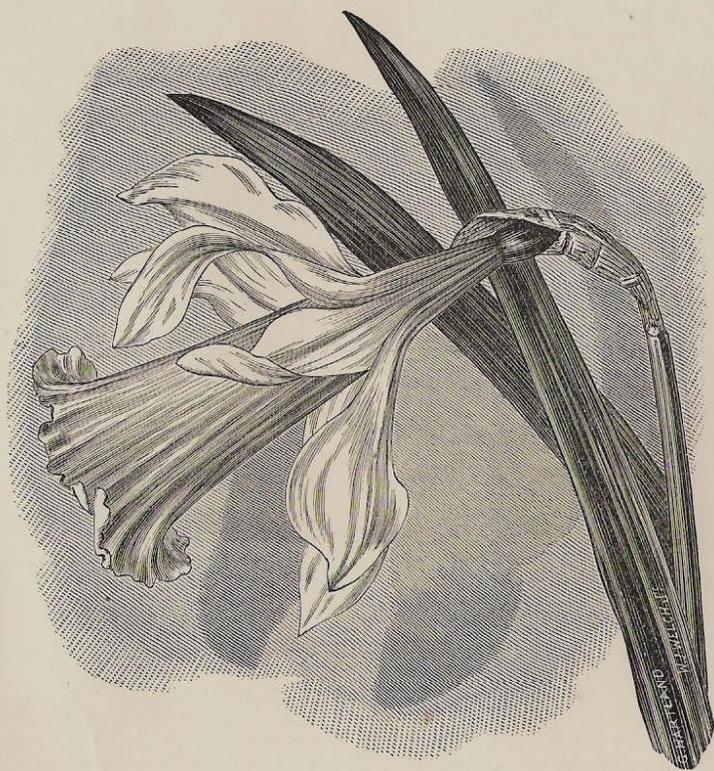
Colleen Bawn.
White Trumpet.

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Bishop Mann.
White Trumpet.

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Albicans.
White Trumpet.



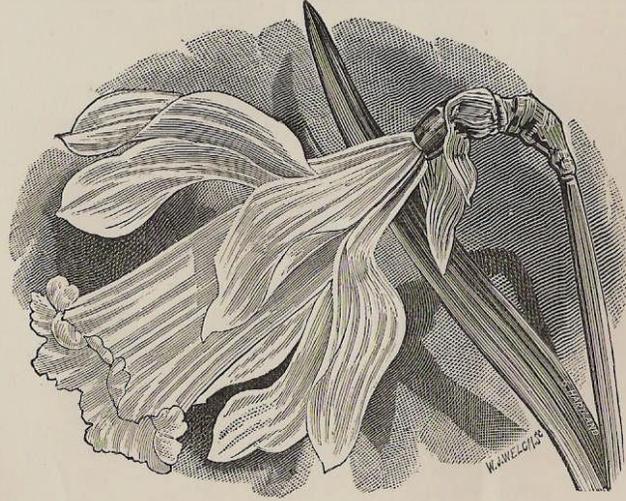
Cernuus.
White Trumpet.

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White Variiformis.
(Moschatus)
White Trumpet.

CORK

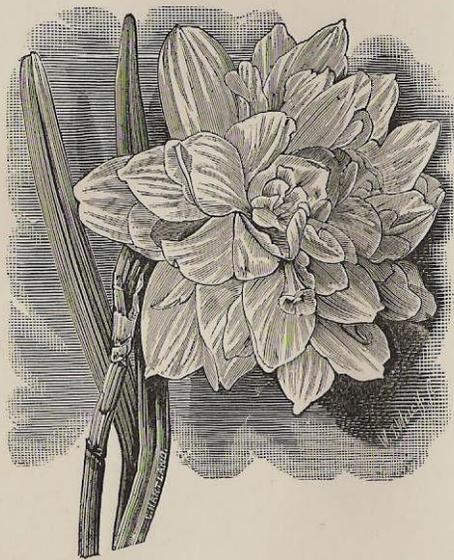


Hartland's Peda.
White Trumpet.



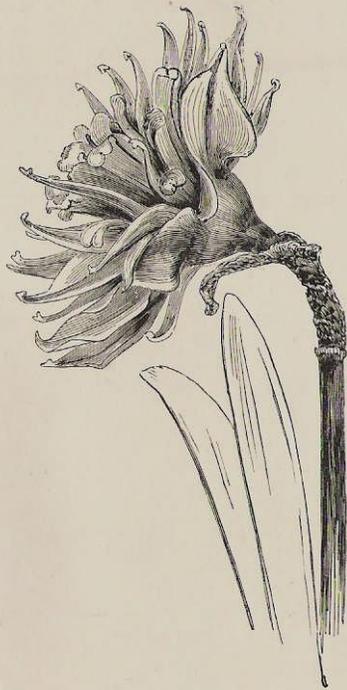
Ceruus fl. pl.

White Swan's-Neck (Double).



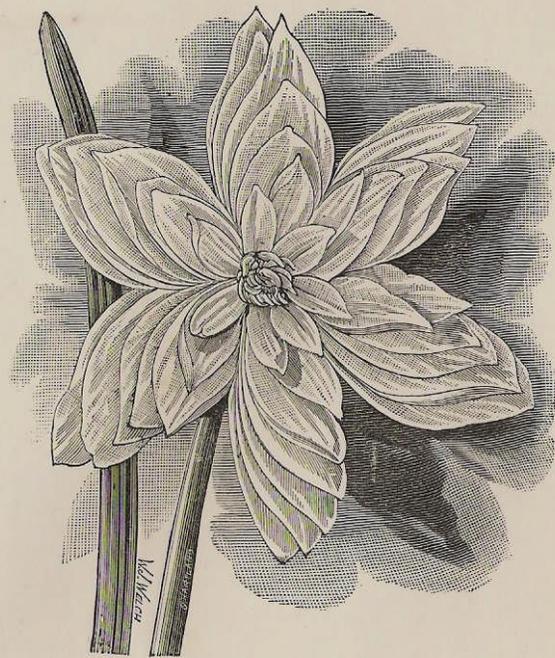
Odorus Plenus.
Queen Anne's Jonquil.

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Minor fl. pl.
Rip Van Winkle.

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Capax Plenus.
Queen's Anne's Daffodil.

CORK



Muzart Orientalis.

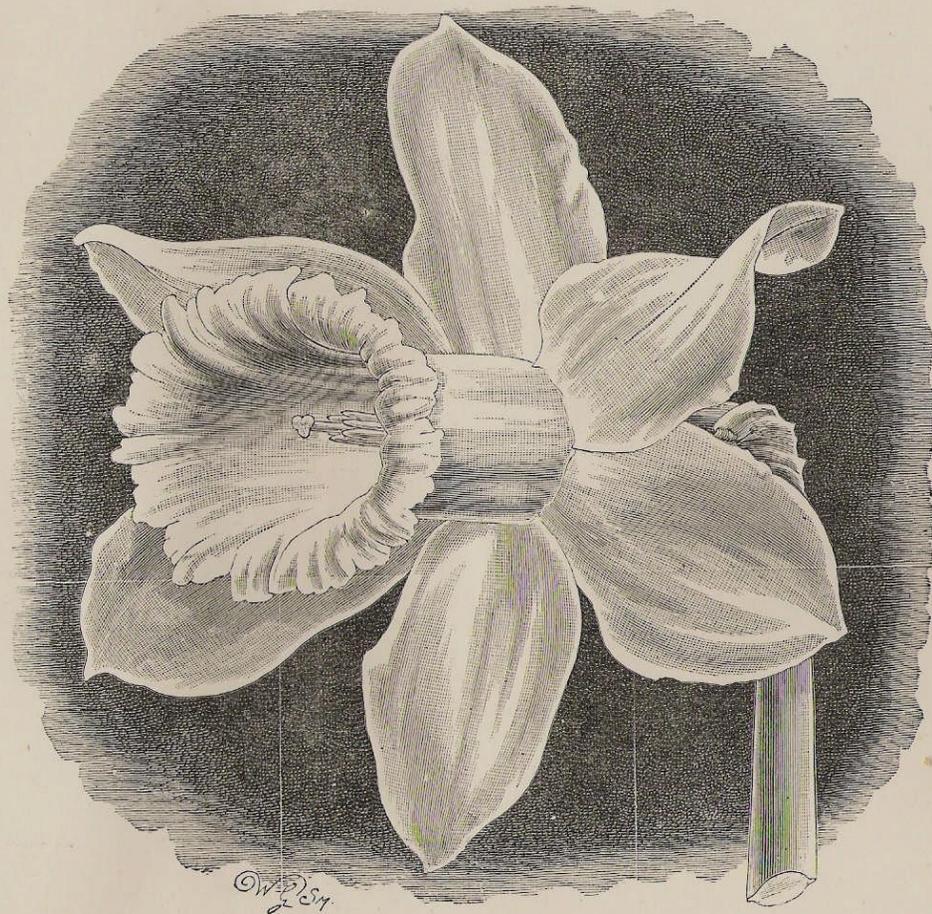


Muticus—The Omega.
May Flowering.

HARTLAND

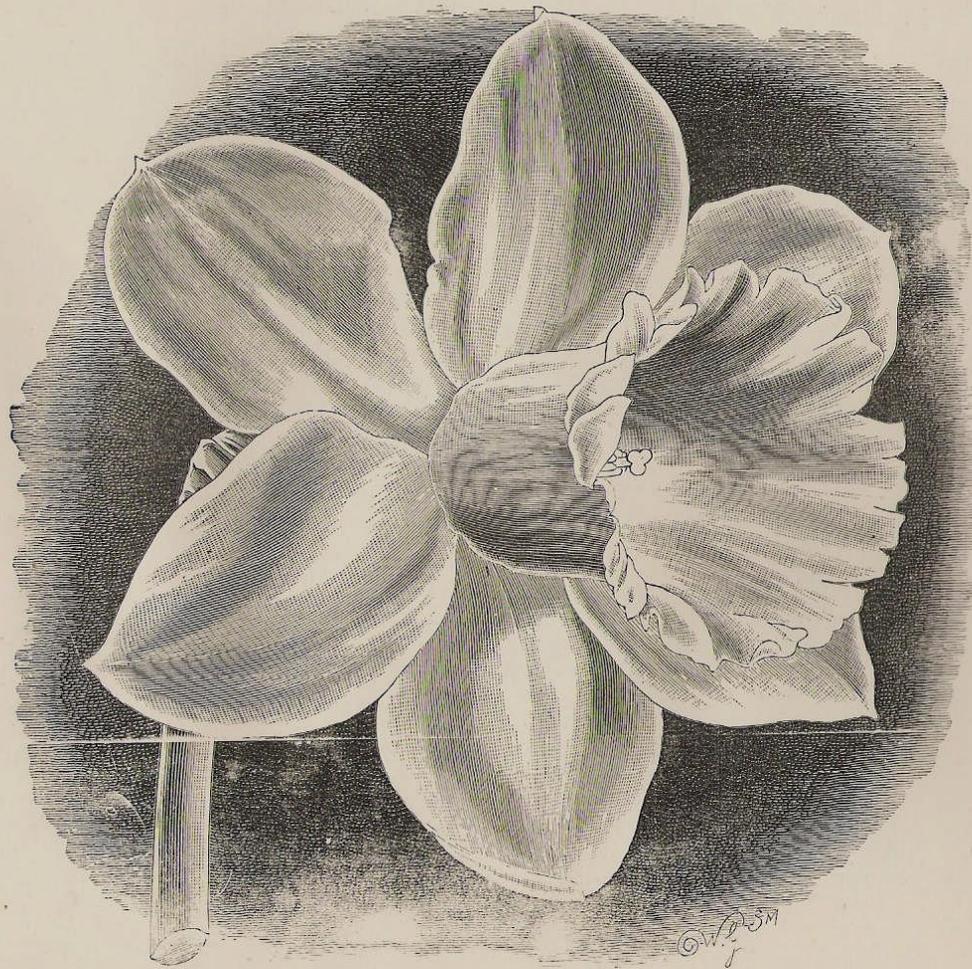
So

CORK.



Madame de Graaff—White Ajax.

(From "The Gardeners' Chronicle.")



Glory of Leiden—Giant Ajax.
(From "The Gardeners' Chronicle.")



J. B. M. Camm.



Mrs. J. B. M. Camm.
White Trumpet.

HARTLAND

CORK



GH

Cervantes (Hartland.)

(From "Journal of Horticulture.")

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G

50

CORK



Don Sion Ajax.
Double Flowering Daffodil.



Tazetta Papyraceus.
Paper White Narcissus.



Poeticus Plenus.
Double White Narcissus.



Poeticus Ornatus.
Early Flowering Poets.



Jonquilla Plenus.
Double Jonquil.



Sulphurus Plenus.
Codlins and Cream.

Flowers to Friends Apart.

A Gift from Erin.

THE following letter, written in green ink, and tied with green ribbon, found in the letter-box at Ard-Cairn, caused, in the first instance, by my having posted a box of freshly-gathered Daffodils, from the open, to an absent friend in Liverpool, early in March of this year, is written in such charming style, that I cannot refrain from inserting it among the pages of this Jubilee Album; flowers, too, that have a special charm for pent-up city life, and where that life in this busy world of ours, has become such worry, *amid the greatest struggle for existence.*

“ March 27th, 1897.

“ We herald a day that is coming,
As fair as when Eden first smiled—
As the hope of the race is the spring-time,
So the hope of the race is the child.

“ Again I owe you a letter of thanks, and lo 'tis before you, but kindly excuse delay. Now our Spring is here, but first she was with you, and, having kissed Erin good-bye for a while, came o'er here on Sunday last, when, 'observed of all observers,' it was perceived that the nymph had emerged from Woodland Chase with her violet eyes and primrose face, and we poor city-folk flocked in thousands towards the fields to greet her. There was new life in the faces that you met, and the merry laughter accorded well with the piping of the blackbird among the trees. It is a curious fact, that the beautiful and mirthful season invariably comes as a glad surprise, just like babies—ever new—ever welcome—ever coming here, there, and everywhere! Spring is here! and so are the cupids! and the chorus is—'Welcome to Elsinore,' and and everywhere! There are buds of exquisite green where but yesterday only the weary drip of the rain-drop hung from twigs, which were to the casual ken but as lifeless sticks, whereas now, as if by magic, there is resurrection and life, and we become conscious of a bright and balmy presence, and ecstatically exclaim again and again—'Spring is here, and so are the babies—heigho!' The lilac trees are robed in a garniture of indescribable freshness, giving promise of rich bloom to come; the Daffodil has slipped its sheath; gay spikes of Hyacinth are shooting through the dark earth, and smiling nature has put on full dress, to woo us and win us, while we were asleep; and as we in glad rapture survey a thousand wonderous gems of colour that have silently stepped into the bright morning light, a chorus from the surrounding trees complete our sense of delight. Yes, in very truth, Spring has come again. 'Tis a sweet dream realized, and we are inebriated with joy. For is it not true—we seem to drink in the delight of Spring, and that in a certain blissful sense it is intoxicating? What man and woman would become, apart from the ancient, but ever new and ever mysterious nature, miracle, regularly enacted before our eyes, it is hard to imagine; but, certainly, this earth, this Ard Cairn universal would be a less pleasant place to dwell in. Spring is here, I know, and with you she has been most generous and kind, *as these tangible tokens of rich gifts*, Ard-Cairn Joys and Pride, herald forth in their fairest beauty. These bonnie, golden stars of

Spring have indeed their messages, sweet as the 'Woodbine's fragile hold,' and soothing as the falling of 'petals of full blown roses on the grass,' going straight to the heart, *telling us of love, and faith, and hope, and light, and life, and calm, and peace at the last*; but, much more than all the weak prating of men, *of a resurrection life beyond the grave*,—in a nutshell—they die, they are born again. Life eternal is shown us, in a kindly, simple, homely way that a child may know it—

*'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
have I ordained strength.'*

And out of the soil our faith is begotten. What a very hard thing 'twould be, to but remotely understand this glorious truth were it not thus unfolded. The confines of human knowledge are soon reached, and the region of conjecture is entered, when we ask ourselves—What then do you deem the germinant of Eternal Life? Nicodemus, you remember, asked that very question, and ONE who knew the matter perfectly told him, that the ultimate mystery of spiritual, as of natural life, lies beyond the ken of men.

'Bright and glorious is that revelation
Written all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation
In these stores of earth—these golden flowers.
* * * * *

Aye, truly—'To comfort man, to whisper hope,
When e'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

And again—'Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

'Ye speak of hope and love,
Bright as your hues, and vague as your perfume;
Of changeful, fragile thoughts, that brightly move
Men's hearts amid their gloom.

'Ye bloom to tell us
What once hath been—
What yet shall in heaven
Again be seen;

Ye die, that man in his strength may learn,
How vain the hopes in his heart that burn.

Hence—'Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingering still for the sunset hour—
A charm for the shaded eve.

Yes—'O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those—
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,—
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.'

And now the charms of genial sunshine bid me leave you for a little while, to seek fresh air and music, and much joy. *This all comes of your being so truly bountiful in your gifts of flowers*, and this must needs be your penance, to 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the fact, that I am—

"Yours most gratefully,

"E. W. H. (LIVERPOOL)."



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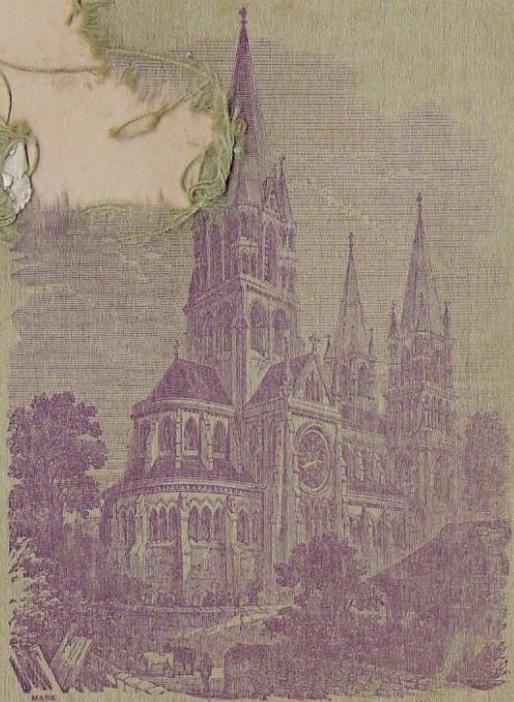
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