Our Wild Flowers

FAMILIAR NOTES THEREON

BY

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"Oft in the woods we long delayed
When hours were minutes all too brief;
For nature knew no sound of grief;
But overhead the breezes played,
And in the dandelion at our feet,
Slow pealed our green forest's key.
The star white flowers of white bear
Which love around the brooks to be
Within the bough and apple shade.

(Lord Lorne's Poem on Quebec.)

Quebec—1885
To the

Young Ladies of Quebec

these familiar notes on

Our Wild Flowers

are respectfully inscribed

by

the Author.

Spencer Grange, Sillery,
30th May, 1885.
On the 19th December, 1860, an enthusiastic botanist, hailing from old England, the late Samuel Sturton, read before a Quebec audience a valuable paper on The Wild Flowers of Quebec. Mr. Sturton's lecture having long since disappeared from circulation, the proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, with the view of affording facilities for the study of our innumerable and exquisite Spring Flowers, has printed in pamphlet form, for subscribers, the following letters, contributed to the Morning Chronicle by the author of Maple Leaves. These familiar and concise notes are based chiefly on Mr. Sturton's lecture, and have had the benefit of a revision by the writer.

Quebec, May, 1885.
May Wild Flowers

I.

"The spring—she is a blessed thing! She is mother of the flowers; She is the mate of birds and bees, The partner of their revelries, Our star of hope through wintry hours."

I have been asked to state what are the first wild flowers, noticeable in spring, at Sillery and around Quebec generally. April snows have scarcely disappeared, ere the Willow with its golden catkins is in bloom.

"The first gilt thing Decked with the earliest pearls of spring."

In the neighborhood of warm springs, vegetation is of course more rapid than elsewhere.

Those which are commonly called the First Flowers of Spring, are the May-flower—the Symplocarpus or Skunk Cabbage and the Hepatica, says Mr. Sturton.
The May-flower or trailing arbutus (*Epigaea* repens) is a trailing evergreen, with rusty hairs and pinkish, white flowers, which are sweet scented. It grows on sandy soils, beneath pine trees; it occurs in the Gomin wood, at Montmorency Falls and on the north shore of the Island of Orleans.

*M. St. Cyr, F.R.S.C., noticed the following, on the 7th May, 1884, in full bloom, at the Island of Orleans:

- Hepatica triloba, Chaix.
- Dentaria diphylla, L.
- Asarum Canadense, (Gingembre.)
- Trillium erectum, L.
- Capsella bursa-pastoris, Moench. (Bourse.)
- Sanguinaria Canadensis, L. (Sang-dragon.)
- Corylus americana, Walt. (Noisettier.)
- Erythronium americanum, Smith. (Aildoux.)
- Carex rosea. Schkuhr.

On the 13th May, in the Gomin Wood, in bloom:

- *Epigaea* repens, L.
- Alnus incana, Willd. (Aulne.)
- Alnus serrulata, Willd. (Aulne.)
- Populus tremuloides, Michx. (Tremble.)
- Acer rubrum, L. (Plaine.)
- Taraxacum dens-leonis, Deaf. (Dent de lion.)

On the 15th May, an excursion to the southwest of Island of Orleans gave as results:

- Aralia trifolia, Grey. (Petit Ginseng.)
- Viola blanda, Willd. (Violette.)
Shepherdia Canadensis, Nuttall.
Thalictrum dioicum, L. (Pigammon.)
Thalictrum purpurascens, D.C.
Hepatica acutiloba, D.C.

On the 23rd May, on Levis heights, in bloom:
Mitella diphylla, L.
Trillium erythrocarpum, Michaux.
Cerastium vulgatum, L.
Lonicera ciliata, Muhl. (Chevrefeuille.)
Caltha palustris, L. (Populage.)
Fragaria virginiana, Ehrhart. (Fraisier.)
Coptis trifolia, Salisb. (Savouyane.)
Viola cucullata, Aiton. (Violette bleue)
Viola pubescens, Aiton. (Violette jaune.)
Actaea spicata, L. var. alba Bigelow.

On the 27th May, 1884, at La Canardière, also in bloom:
Streptopus roseus, Michx. (Raisinette; regons de coq.)
Viburnum lantanoides, Michx. (Bois d'orignal.)
Actaea spicata, L. var. rubra, Michx. (Pain de couleuvre.)
Ribes prostratum, L'Hér. (Gadelle sauvage.)
Tiarella cordifolia, L.
Amelanchier Canadensis, Torrey & Gray. (Petites poires.)
Rubus triflorus, Richardson.
Cornus Canadensis, L. (Cornouiller; croquette.)

—Courrier du Canada, 10th, 13th and 30th May, 1884.
The Skunk Cabbage, a beautiful flower, thus called on account of its loud smell—grows in every wet meadow. It is in shape like a common sea shell, with dark purple spots somewhat resembling tortoise shell; the half-buried flower appears to spring ready formed out of the earth—the flowers in the fall are succeeded by a mass of red fruit.

The Hepatica is a pretty little flower, appearing directly after or almost before the snow has disappeared. It is a lowly growing plant, the leaves and flowers springing directly from the ground, and the flowers appearing before the new leaves; they are of all shades of color, pink, blue and white. At the Island of Orleans they are found near the ferry; and at Point Levis, near the (upper) railway station.

Nor must we omit mention of our May Trilliums, Columbines, Dog tooth Violets, Marsh Marygoldts—the Buckbean, the Uvularia Sessilifolia and Grandiflora, the Wild Ginger plant, the Smilacina Trifolia, the Dentaria, the Ladies' Slipper Orchis, two varieties, of which the most beautiful is the Showy Ladies' Slipper, which grows in the swamp between the Ste. Foye and Little River' Roads. Such are some of the gems
which Flora in May drops along her scented paths around our city; June, July, August, have other floral tributes in store.

More than half a century back, the study of the wild flowers round Quebec, was in high favor; our city ladies, inspired by the noble example of Lady Dalhousie, wife of His Excellency, the Earl of Dalhousie and her friend the Hon. Mrs. William Sheppard, of Woodfield, took a lively interest in this fascinating portion of the vegetable kingdom. The Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society bear testimony to the efforts of these two cultured ladies to popularize here the study of botany. Later on, one could meet in May, botanying parties from the city, collecting the prettiest flowers of Ste. Foye and Sillery, under the direction of an enthusiastic old botanist, Mr. S. Sturton,† to whom Quebecers are indebted for an interesting paper on our wild flowers. Surely Flora can yet count some votaries among the denizens of the old rock.

J. M. L.

Sillery, 8th May, 1884.

† Mr. Sturton was Professor of botany, in an Academy for young ladies in Quebec.
"Like treasures of silver and gold."

In May last, I pointed out according to request, but in a very succinct manner, some of the Spring flowers noticeable round Quebec. I have since had an opportunity of witnessing, on my late visit to Lake Kingsmere and the Chelsea Mountain, near Ottawa,* how much climate or locality has to do with the size and lustre of some plants. On looking over the list I published, I was surprised to find I had omitted mention of a plant well known to Quebeccers, the blood root (*Sanguinaria*), a diminutive flower of frequent occurrence, near the city, and barely waiting for the departure of the snow to push through its stem, on which a pure white inverted cap soon appears.

* On the 24th May, 1884, at a pic-nic given by the *Ottawa Field Naturalists Club*, at Mr. J. G. Bourinot's charming rustic Lodge.
Legend of the Blood-root.

(Sanguinaria Canadensis.)

In the dawning of the summer,
'Mid the forest bow'rs,
Sat a wood-thrush gaily singing,
To his mate, while softly springing,
List'ning came the flow'rs.

Murmurs on the restless water,
In its rippling flow;
While from tree-tops bending o'er,
Nodding to the faithful lover,
Shadows come and go.

Hark! a footfall in the bracken,—
And a wailing cry,
On the silence sharply ringing,
Terror to the woodland bringing,
By its agony.

'Tis from her, the loved,—the gentle,
Drawn through fear and pain;
While her mate is calling, calling,
List'ning for the answer falling,
Ne'er to sound again.

Sore the tender breast is wounded,
By the hunter's dart;
She will soon for aye be sleeping,
And the flowers o'er her weeping,
That they thus must part.
Bear her from the mossy shelter—
From the peaceful nest;
Let her soft eyes, now fast closing,
All life's light and lustre losing,
On her lover rest.

Lay her deep among the leaflets,
On the breast of Earth;
Pray the Mother, all Life-giving,
That the lost one, death out-living,
Have a second birth.

And the leaves turned darker, darker,
Like to blood in hue,
On the grave of her who perished;
And the flow'rs her mem'ry cherished,
That her story knew.

Long within the forest quiet,
Was a song-moan heard,
Ever fainter, fainter growing,
Till again spring blossoms blowing,
Then a new life stirred.

And the spirit of the mourned one,
Came in form so fair,—
Pure and white—a fitting token
Of the heart all bruised and broken
That had withered there.

And the children call it Blood-root,
When in summer hours,
From the leaves its roots they sunder,
While they at its red drops wonder,
When so white its flow'rs.

Toronto. A. G. H. White.
That lovely trailing evergreen, *Epigaea repens*—the May flower—ought it not to have had a fuller notice—the emblem of Nova Scotia, as the Maple Leaf is of Canada? June does indeed revel in a wealth of floral treasures. This year, owing to the absence of a scorching sun, several May flowers will prolong their existence far into June, the Lilium *picta*, Dog-Tooth Violets, Ladies' Slippers, Kalmias, Smilacina, &c.

I love in early June to saunter under he green domes of nature to catch the melody of the robin at sunset, "to listen to the rustling music of leaves, to watch the ferns unrolling their fronds and to collect the mosses and the lichens;" sweeter still, for a lover of flowers and wild scenery, to add the traditional Spring visit of the grim fern-clad ruins of Bigot's *Château*, at Charlesbourg, so thrillingly described in Kirby's "'Chien d'Or" novel, or else to wander on the moist shores of Lake Calvaire, at St. Augustin,—to gather in, at its first appearance, the big pond lily, amidst the tangled aquatic plants, styled by the Canadian peasant "Hair of drowned men," "Cheveux de noyés," because the most expert swimmer would fail to extricate himself from their deadly embrace.

Let us hear Mr. Sturton discourse on the June flora round Quebec: "If we now stroll
on the Gomin Road, we shall find growing on either side, the Bunchberry (*Cornus Canadensis*) which may also be found on the outskirts of every wood. This flower may teach us that things are not what they appear, for that which every one, except a botanist, would call a flower, is no flower at all; it is an involucre of four white leaves, inside of which is a head of small greenish white flowers, and each flower in the fall is matured into a berry, and the head of flowers into a bunch of berries; the plant is only a few inches high.

In ditches everywhere may now be found the Brooklime Speedwell, a strong growing plant with thick shiny leaves, bearing spikes of blue flowers.

The Thyme-leaved Speedwell will now be found in the fields.

The Blue-eyed-grass is a very delicate flower, growing in wet meadows; the leaves are grass-like and it has an umbel of very pretty blue flowers which open and wither in a day, succeeding each other for some time in the same umbel.

In the bogs, the Labrador tea is now putting forth its blossoms of pure white; the leaves are recurved and covered beneath with rusty down; it grows to a good-sized bush, and its white flowers form a pleasing contrast to the deep rose of the Kalmia growing by its
side. The leaves are used as a substitute for tea and for hops, and possess some narcotic properties.

The Oxalis Stricta, with yellow flowers, in ploughed fields, and the Oxalis acetosella, with white and purple flowers, in the woods, may almost be called our sensitive plants; they shut up their leaves and go to sleep at night, and on the approach of rain. These plants are used in Europe to give an acid flavour to soup. Oxalic Acid and Salt of Sorrel were formerly made from them; now they are made from sugar.

Linnaeus, whose enthusiasm for flowers was such that he went down upon his knees and thanked God that he had lived to see a furze bush in full flower, has given his name to our lovely twin-flower (Linnaea Borealis) which is now in full bloom; the flowers are twins upon one stem from which they hang as roseate bells; the interior of the corolla is filled with down, and the flowers strew the earth with lavish profuseness and scent the air all around. I have often been led to the discovery of these flowers from their rich perfume. In the month of June, the Ragwort, a composite flower with yellow heads, and about one-and-a-half to two feet high, abounds in wet places by the side of running streams. The Anemone, so famous in English song, is principally represented by the Anemone Pennsylvanica; it grows in
masses on wet banks, the leaves are in whorls and the white flowers measure from one to one and a half inches across; slight observation will reveal the fact that the flower has not both sepals and petals; when such is the case, it is always customary to say that the petals are wanting, and the flower is regarded as consisting of colored sepals.

The Corydalis grows plentifully on recently cleared land, amid the charred stumps of trees, and often on the sides of gravel pits. In June it is in full bloom, growing about two feet high, with beautifully cut leaves and a panicled raceine of white, yellow and red flowers." The want of space precludes description of many other wild flowers peculiar to June—Smilacina Racemosa, Solomon's Seal, the Pitcher Plant, (Sarracenia Purpurea, &c.) The Forget-me-not (Myosotis Palustris), is luxuriant at Lake Calvaire—the Germander Speedwell, found at Pointe Levis—the Ænothera Pumila—a kind of small Evening Primrose—the Pyrola Rotundifolia—common round Spencer Wood—the Island of Orleans; the Silene Inflata, or Bladder Campion—the sweet scented Yellow Mellilot—the White Yarrow—the Prunella—the Perforated St. John's Wort, famous for German maidens wishing to draw augury of marriage or death during the coming year. J. M. L.

June 2, 1884.
"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which rightly read
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope and holiness, and God.

Allan Cunningham.

The short sketch of "Our June Wild Flowers," closed with an allusion to the perforated St. John's Wort, "famous for maidens wishing to draw augury of marriage or death in the coming year." I omitted, however, through lack of space, some of the most touching lines ever penned on this German custom of gathering this herb on the eve of St. John: to atone for this more than venial sin, let this sweet effusion now go forth:
"The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power;
Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's wort to-night—
The wonderful herb whose leaf must decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John;
While it shone on the plant as it bloomed in its pride,
And soon has the young maid her love knot tied.
With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.
Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour;
But it dropped its head, that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower,
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
And when a year had passed away,
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay
On the day that was meant for her bridal day."
How would it do to cull St. John’s Wort, on the eve of that day dear to Quebec—the maple and the beaver—la St. Jean Baptiste, or else to select that still more widely auspicious day (1st July) sacred to our nascent empire—passing dear to all Canada—Dominion Day.

I can recall among my pleasantest daydreams, an hour spent on one of our early Dominion Days, carelessly floating over the calm bosom of Echo Bay, on Lake St. Charles, in a birch canoe, impelled by the vigourous, embrowned arm of old Sioni, and gliding noiseless under a sultry though serene sky, amidst the yellow and white water lilies through the narrows towards the cool retreats of the speckled trout. No sound, except the gentle ripple caused by our frail canoe, blending with the warble of the hermit thrush, in the overhanging woods, or the occasional screech of a Kingfisher, sitting meditatingly on a dry twig, or the dismal moan of a loon floating over the rippling surface of the glad waters. It was indeed the time to repeat with Howitt:

"'Tis summer—joyous summer time!
In noisy towns no more abide;
The earth is full of radiant things,
Of gleaming flowers and glancing wings,
Beauty and joy on every side."

And such bright, glorious, golden lilies
expanding their corollas and floating to the
surface, reminding you of Felicia Heman's lilies.

"O beautiful thou art
Thou sculpture-like and stately river Queen,
Crowning the depths as with the light serene,
Of a pure heart!
Bright Lily of the wave,
Rising with fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell."

Ere we begin the enumeration of the most
striking of our July Wild Flowers, let us again
borrow from our late old friend, M. Stur-
ton, and join him in repeating:—"At no other
period of the year is the earth clothed with so
rich a covering as in July; every mountain,
meadow, bog, and piece of water, now teems
with beautiful flowers, and his heart must be
cold indeed that has never warmed with love
for the Creator, amid such scenes of beauty
and joy, when surrounded by such resplendent
beauty. I can liken it to nothing except the
trees laden with dangling jewels in the story
of Aladin; and who does not perceive that
the jewels are more splendid hanging from a
tree than if thrown into a heap. I believe
Sir David Brewster is right, that diamonds
are unopened buds; at any rate I mean to
believe it, if nobody else will."
"Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us spring is come;
Others their blue eyes with tears overflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

LONGFELLOW.

In our last, we were induced to preface our sketch of July Wild Flowers, with a few familiar remarks and quotations calculated to exhibit them with the graces which poesy can lend; let us now mention by name some of the most striking members of this fair sisterhood. We shall award the first place to Ferns, one of the crowning glories of the Gamin woods, Bijou marsh, etc., in July.

Our native Ferns—over forty varieties—belong to a very numerous class, comprising more than 3,000 species. There were, however, but 180 known to the great Swedish botanist Linnaeus, the friend of the savant and botanist Herr Peter Kalm, to whom Mr. W. Kirby in his Le Chien d'Or novel introduces us so pleasantly, when Kalm visited Quebec, in 1748—the guest of Governor La Galisonnière, at the Chateau St. Louis.

Linnaeus' classification of the Ferns, with some modern improvements, still prevails.

We learn that the taste for cultivating Ferns began at Berlin, about the year 1820; the
Germans then can claim the honor of first introducing them to prominent public notice. Leipsic, Vienna, Brussels, and subsequently England followed suit, when John Smith, then curator of the Kew Botanic Gardens, soon gathered there a collection which had few equals. Canadian Ferns are noticeable for their gracefulness and diversity—not for their size, like some of the gigantic Australian Tree-Ferns.

Not wishing to scare the young student by an array of jaw-breaking Latin words, we will give the popular names of the best known Canadian Ferns from Paxton's *Hand Book of Canadian Ferns*—a small manual issued from the press of Middleton & Dawson, Quebec, in 1868, by John Paxton, then gardener to Mrs. James Gibb, at Woodfield.

1. Adder's Tongue Fern.
2. Brachen, Common.
3. Bladder Fern, "
5. Beech. "
7. " " Prickly.
8. " " Holly-leaved.
11. Cinnamon"
12. Clayton’s Interrupted Flowering Fern.
14. Heart’s Tongue "
15. Hair "
16. Lady "
17. Moonwort, Common.
18. " Tall.
20. Maiden hair.
22. Oak "
23. Polypody, Common.
27. Rock Brake, Purple.
29. Rattlesnake Fern.
30. Royal "
31. Spleen Wort, Common.
32. " Silvery.
33. " Green.
34. " Black-stalked.
35. " Narrow-fronded.
36. Shield Fern, Common.
37. Fern, Swamp.
38. " Crested.
41. Goldie's Fern.
42. Sensitive "
43. Wood "
44. Walking "
45. Wooly "

Amateurs would doubtless,—by consulting some of the experienced landscape gardeners at Cataracqui, Benmore, Beauvoir, Marchmont, Hamwood, &c.,—acquire most valuable hints how to identify, cultivate and where to find the above fronded plants.

Before closing these hasty remarks, we may state that Ferns are cultivated in diverse ways.

1. From their spores, or seeds, deposited in pots with earth in a damp, still warm atmosphere.

2. In artificial Rockeries, made out of "massive fragments of old mossy rocks, &c.," placed near a steep bank, if possible, and well shaded from the south by trees. It requires of course some art, in order to give to these structures the needed ruggedness of outline, &c., to imitate nature.

3. By forming out of tree-stumps and damp mould a Rootery with a suitable shaded aspect, against the wall if possible,—a cherished home for several varieties of Ferns.
4. The most interesting method for growing Ferns in dwellings is in the Wardian Case, whether in the soil or with miniature rock-work introduced, a most attractive ornament for the drawing-room, especially during those frosty months in which King Hiems reigns supreme and scowls at parterres and pleasure grounds.

The Wardian Case is susceptible of assuming any shape or size; it was invented about 1830, by an enthusiastic London window gardener—N. B. Ward.

Mr. Paxton's Handbook contains ample details on all these points. Rockeries, Rooteries, Wardian Cases, have now been introduced with success for several years at the Sillery and Ste, Foye Villas and at Mr. Hy. Atkinson's residence at Etchemin.

July is the month to seek in swampy grounds the Purple-Fringed Orchis—the spike of which resembles a stately hyacinth; the sickly Henbane growing one or two feet high, with its veined flower, somewhat like that of the Potato—in the Cove Fields and often on the Glacis; that medicinal plant, the Hemlock, the fatal juice of which filled the fatal cup of Socrates, a tall plant like Parsley with a spotted stem; the Willow Herb, called in Canada the Fire Weed, a splendid plant "growing from two to six feet high, branch-
ing out like a little tree and bearing splendid pink flowers”; “the seed pods of which,” says our old friend, “are full of cottony down, which acts as sails to the seeds and enables the wind to bear them far away so that its flower has spread over the whole North temperate zone and encircles the earth as a girdle.”

Look out in July for the “poisonous Dogbane” with its milky juice and tough bark, and its elegant pinkish white bell-shaped corolla. This pretty but redoubtable plant grows in abundance, 'tis said, on the Gomin Road and the Isle of Orleans; the *Dalibarda repens*—a creeping plant with pretty white flowers. “The Succory, a blue composite flower, is now common by road sides and elsewhere; this plant, known to our peasants as *Chicoree*, possesses economical value; the roots washed, roasted, and ground are sold as a substitute for coffee; the young shoots in early spring make good salad, especially when forced like sea kale.

The true Partridge-berry is a pretty creeping evergreen plant growing in the woods; the leaves are small, thick and shining; it has two pretty white flowers rising from one ovary, so that the two flowers only make one berry, the two eyes of which still show where the flowers were. As the leaf is pretty and it
has always either elegant white flowers or beautiful brilliant red berries, it might be introduced for cultivation as a house plant, allowing it to hang down the sides of the pot.

The Chimaphila, a plant of the sub-order Pyrola, is now in flower in the woods; it is one of our most beautiful flowers and well deserving of being cultivated, as well as imitated in wax work. But alas! I find I must cut short the enthusiastic discourse of my guide to our July Wild Flowers, in order not to trespass to much, on the space allotted in this paper. I have only time to jot down the names of other summer beauties, such as our Yellow Canadian Lily—more gaudy even than Solomon in all his glory—the Mullein, the Ghost Flower, Indian Pipe, the wild Asparagus, the Lysimachia Stricta, the wild Chamomile, the Forget-me-not, the Arrow Head, Blue Iris, white and yellow Water-Lilies, Rudbeck's Sunflower, &c., &c., an endless array of summer bloom and fragrance.

Earnest votary of Flora, pray, follow Mr. Sturton's advice and devote a spare day or more, in sultry July, to viewing our wild flowers, in their native haunts, without forgetting to call on that fascinating family, the Ferns, and you are sure to find them, as Miss Maidenhair tells you:
"In the cool and quiet nooks,  
By the side of running brooks;  
In the forest's green retreat,  
With the branches over head,  
Nestling at the old tree's feet,  
Choose we there our mossy bed.

On tall cliffs that woo the breeze,  
Where no human foot-step presses,  
And no eye our beauty sees,  
There we wave our maiden tresses."

J. M. L.

Sillery, 1st July, 1884.
"In August, says Mr. Sturton, we perceive that the year has reached its prime and that every week, as it passes, tells of the fall of the year. The yellow flowers begin to strive for the mastery in color, for there is a beautiful gradation of color according to the latitude of the place and season of the year: in the tropics and during summer-time in temperate climes, red flowers most abound; in somewhat high latitudes and the colder seasons of temperate climes, yellow predominates, and then in high latitudes and cold climates and seasons, the white. The knowledge of many of these simple laws adds much to the interest of the study of nature, and nature is all beautiful and full of life. Books are lifeless things, dried flowers are only for the botanist; give me flowers, real living flowers full of life and joy. * * *"
In the bogs we may now find the Sundew.
I owe no grudge to any one unless it be to
the gentleman who tries to drain the Gomin
bog, for if he succeeds all my flowers are gone;
I do not wish him any ill, but I often wish in
my heart he may be baffled in all his attempts
to drain that precious bog. The Sundew is a
singular little flower; the leaves are of brown-
ish green, hairy and covered with a secretion
like dew; the naked scape bears a one-sided
raceme of flowers.

The Labelia Cardinalis, one of our most
splendid flowers, is now in full bloom near
Lake St. Charles: it grows from two to four
feet high; the leaves are lanceolate oblong,
the flowers are of a deep-red, very showy. In
England I regarded them in the fall as the
pride of my garden, having them planted in
my centre bed opposite the arbour, where we
often spent many pleasant hours.

Of all the flowers of the Fall, the fringed
Gentian is the most lovely. I shall never for-
get the first time I saw a large bed of it fully
open in the sunshine, at the Isle of Orleans:
the soft bright azure blue, the beautiful fringe,
the immense mass of flowers and the unex-
pected way in which I suddenly came upon
them, filled me with surprise and delight; I
was not aware of my ecstacies till they were
commented upon.
These Gentians must be seen where they grow, to win the admiration their beauty deserves. The Pitcher P'ant and many of our wild flowers which are sold in the market, are poor, dried, withered specimens compared with the same as seen growing in their own localities.

The flowers which especially characterize the Flora of this part of North America are now in full bloom. The Yellow Solidagos or Goldenrod, may be seen on Mountain Hill and every hedge row and way side.

The Michaelmas Daisy with its blue, white, and tinted flowers crowds every vacant place; these look very beautiful in the fields, but they baffle every effort to group them into an elegant bouquet; they are loose and untidy, and yet they are very beautiful as they grow. We have many varieties both of Golden Rod and Michaelmas Daisy.

The Spiranthes or Ladies' Tresses, is a very sweet scented Orchis, with white flowers placed as a spiral round the flower stalk; I have found them near New Liverpool (Etchemin) and the outskirts of the Gomin Wood, but this is one of those plants which is apt to change its habit from year to year.

The Purple Eupatorium is a coarse strong growing plant, two or three feet high, in low wet grounds; its composite flowers form large
purple heads that are more remarkable than beautiful. A white Eupatorium (Eupatorium perfoliatum) may be found in the same locality a little later in the season; this is a more slender plant than the last.

The Snake's Head is a strong growing plant, the flowers are white, slightly tinted, they are almost closed and inflated, the inside is very woolly; the flowers are very closely crowded together.

In some parts of the Island (of Orleans) the bushes are richly ornamented with the Bracted Bindweed, a beautiful climbing plant of the convolvulus family, the flowers are large, very delicate and beautifully tinted; it is our most handsome climber. This family in foreign climates includes many valuable medicinal plants, as the Scammony, Jalap, etc.

In ditches we shall soon find the Touch-me-not, a spotted yellow flower, sometimes called (at Quebec) the Canary flower, though very erroneously, for that name belongs to the *Tropocolum canariense*. The beautiful green leaves and bright yellow *canariense* flowers of the Touch-me-not, form a pleasing contrast and give an attractive appearance to ditches, which otherwise would not be very tempting. If the seeds and flowers of this plant are examined they will be found to resemble the Balsam, to which family they belong.
The Narbalus, or Rattlesnake root is a tall plant, generally round associated with the Golden Rod and Michaelmas Daisies.

In the fall, seeds and fruit form a very attractive study, many of our berries being more handsome than the flowers they have succeeded: I may instance the brilliant red and snow white berries of the Actia, the deep blue of the Clintonia, the twisted stem, and the netted veined berries of the Smilacinas."
FIVE LITTLE WHITE HEADS.

Five little white heads peeped out of the mold,
When the dew was damp and the night was cold;
And they crowded their way through the soil with pride,
"Hurrah! We are going to be mushrooms!" they cried.

But the sun came up, and the sun shone down,
And the little white heads were shriveled and brown;
Long were their faces, their pride had a fall—
They were nothing but toad-stools, after all.
—Walter Learned, in ST. NICHOLAS for June.
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