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THE WILD FLOWERS OF QUEBEC.—By S. STUR-  
TON, *Associate Member.*

[Read 19th December, 1860.]

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“ Ye Field Flowers, the Gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;  
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I doat upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.”

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### INTRODUCTION.

In revising for the press the following paper, which was read before the Literary and Historical Society last December, I think I can say that I am solely actuated by the desire to facilitate the study of the Botany of Quebec, and to remove out of the path of others difficulties which I have myself encountered.

I delight in flowers, especially in those which are natives of the locality where I dwell; and when they are in bloom, wherever I am, may be seen several vases filled with the most beautiful I can collect—these never fail to excite in

others the admiration which I feel; and the question is always asked, "where shall I find them?" It is this question which I attempt to answer.

I can truly say, I would rather that the task of writing this guide had fallen into hands more capable of doing justice to the subject. I have always loved flowers for their own sake, and have never, until now, entertained the thought of writing upon them. I would gladly carry my readers away into the scenes of nature—into the sunny meadows, where butter cups and daisies are still, in the words of the poet,

"Like treasures of silver and gold;"

or into the swamps, resplendent with the very luxuriance of beauty; or into cool shady woods, where flowers of the brightest hues abound; there I feel I could interest him, and infuse into him my own love of nature: but of these pages I feel diffident.

I have not aspired to write a paper which shall be read for its literary merits. All that I wish is, that these pages, and especially the accompanying Maps should help the student to find the flowers for himself; and this end being answered, I am content that the guide should be dismissed.

Many flowers are intentionally, and others probably unintentionally, omitted; and I shall feel obliged to all who can favor me with additions and corrections.

To the lovers of flowers who wish to make use of the assistance of these pages, I would suggest, that they visit the spots pointed out, search for the flowers described, and then, further, compare them with the descriptions in Gray's Flora.

S. STURTON.

Quebec, March, 1861.

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## MAY.

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.

The merry children, when they see  
Her coming, by the budding thorn,  
They leap upon the cottage floor,  
They shout beside the cottage door,  
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,  
Peeping, the withered leaves among,  
To find the earliest fragrant thing  
That dares from the cold earth to spring,  
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

Up !—let us to the fields away,  
And breath the fresh and balmy air:  
The bird is building in the tree,  
The flower has opened to the bee  
And health, and love, and peace are there.

Where is the man, who, when the winter is breaking up,  
and we are entering upon the month of May, cannot heartily  
take up the words of the Poet, and declare,

“ The Spring—she is a blessed thing.”

Even now, I can look forward to the time when the sound of  
the “*Grelots*” shall be heard no more, when the blows of  
the ice axe shall cease, when the ice bands of the earth shall

be dissolved, and the earth again clothe herself in her beautiful garments. And although in this paper I pass by our stately and beautiful trees, and confine myself to those more lowly members of the Vegetable Kingdom, called "Wild-flowers," yet must I not omit the first flower that appears—the Willow, with its catkins decked with yellow pearls of gold,

"The first gilt thing  
Deck'd with the earliest pearls of spring."

When a child I gathered them as "geese and goslings," or as "palms," and they gave to Ely, where I lived, its Saxon name; and in all places the first flowers I have gathered and arranged in a vase, have been the Willows with their golden catkins; they well deserve the attention of the young botanist as a dioecious plant; one tree bearing pistillate, and another tree the staminate flowers. Those which are commonly called the **FIRST FLOWERS** of spring, are the Mayflower, the Skunk Cabbage, and the Hepatica.

The Mayflower, or Trailing Arbutus (*Epigea repens*) is a trailing evergreen; with rusty hairs and pinkish white flowers, which are sweet scented; it grows on sandy soils, beneath pine trees. I have found it at the Gomin, Montmorenci Falls, and on the north shore of the Isle of Orleans. This I am told is the emblem of Nova Scotia, as the Maple leaf is of Canada. The Skunk Cabbage (*Symplocarpus*) grows everywhere in wet meadows; especially in a swamp below the toll bar of the St. Foy Road; it is shaped like a common sea shell with dark purple spots somewhat resembling tortoiseshell, the half buried flowers appears to spring ready formed out of the earth: a little observation makes it manifest that this is but the spathe: the flowers are inside, arranged on a spadix, which in the fall are succeeded by a mass of red fruit. That which is

called the flower is beautiful, but the smell is abominable, whence its name "Skunk Cabbage." I introduced a gentleman from Europe to this flower:—he went and gathered it again and again, seemed fascinated by it, and at last became so saturated with its odor as scarcely to be admissable into society. The Indians are said to boil and eat it, which I dare say is correct; for many poisonous and disagreeable plants of this family, when properly cooked, yield wholesome food. If this plant be compared with the Arum, or Calla *Æthiopica*, which we almost all cultivate in our windows, they will be found to belong to the same family.

The Hepatica is a pretty little flower, appearing directly after, or almost before, the snow has disappeared from the ground; it may be found on the Island and at Pointe Levi, at the places indicated on the Map; the flowers grow in clumps, and the clumps commonly (not invariably) in large patches, so that the places where they are found resemble large garden beds of Hepaticas. I was told they did not grow nearer Quebec than Château Richer, or Three Rivers, but in 1859 I found them at the Island almost out of flower, and in 1860, I first stumbled unexpectedly upon a clump of them at Pointe Levi, in full bloom in the sunshine. I stood and gazed and gazed again on the lovely sight:—I seized upon them roots and all, brought them home in triumph, and for some time they graced the window of my library. The Hepatica 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 Orleans they are found near the ferry, and at Point Levy near the railway station.

A stranger from Europe, landing in this country, is much surprised to find the flowers which he has carefully cultivated in his garden at home, growing wild at his feet. This is especially the case in the spring, with our Dog-tooth Violets, Trilliums and Columbine. I was very much excited when I discovered them for the first time; the Trillium for which I had paid three shillings and six pence when in England, positively growing wild. I could scarcely believe that I had a right to gather them; having paid so much for one, I felt that it was property, valuable property, and here was positively valuable property running wild and no one caring to gather it. No one? Yes! some did, for we gathered all that we could find, and if the reader will stroll along the hedges on St. Lewis Road, or if he will cross to Point Levi, or better still to the Isle of Orleans, he will find them in abundance. They are dark purple flowers, growing on a stalk naked to near the summit, where there is a whirl of three leaves, its sepals are three, petals three, stamens twice three, and its stigmas three, hence its name Trilliums; we have a few of the white varieties. After the purple Trillium has done flowering, we have the painted Trillium in the woods: the *Trillium grandiflorum* is abundant at Grosse Isle.

The Dog-tooth Violet (*Erythronium Americanum*) early arrested my attention; the spotted leaves and the bright yellow flowers fully recurved in the bright sunshine, contrast beautifully with the fresh green grass of the banks on which they are usually found; the bulbs are deep-seated, and the plant will at once, from the general appearance of the flower, be recognized as belonging to the lily family.

Two years ago, when I went to the Isle of Orleans to look for the Hepatica, I found in thickets between the ferry



and the point a very beautiful pale rose-colored flower, with veins of a darker hue; it has a pair of linear lanceolate leaves which spring from a deep tuber; I found it belonged to the Purslane family, and instinctively fixed upon the "Spring Beauty" (*Claytonia Virginica*) as the flower, for I was sure that this and this only could deserve the appellation, and never, so long as I am able, shall a spring pass without my going to the island to gather the Spring Beauty.

The Marsh Marygolds, with their bright yellow buttercup looking flowers, are now in the full luxuriance of bloom in wet places near running water; they may not be esteemed beautiful by all, and yet all God's works, and all his flowers are good and beautiful. Let any one see them as I have seen them, a large flower bed of an acre or more, one mass of the brightest yellow, a crystal stream meandering through their midst, the beautiful falls of Montmorenci across the river rolling their deep strains of Nature's music, the rising tide of the St. Lawrence beating with refreshing waves at his feet, and a cloudless azure sky over head, from which the rozy tints of early morn have hardly disappeared, and if his soul be not ready to overflow with gratitude to the Supreme Being who has made everything so beautiful and good, I do not know what to think of him. I would not be such a man, "I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon."

When I first gathered the Blood-root, I felt that I ought to know what it was; it was such a beautiful star-like flower, the color such a pearly white, and the orange red juice from the root so singular that I must know its name: neither acquaintance nor friend could tell me, so I hurried down Mountain Hill, purchased a copy of Gray's Flora, and soon found the name of the beautiful stranger. I should strongly recom-

mend the gathering of these roots late in the summer for the sake of forcing them in pots, so as to have them in full-bloom on the New Year's day.

A little later in the season, while the Marsh Marygolds are still in flower, may be seen in their midst a number of white flowers growing on spikes, in appearance like to small white Hyacinths; they are the Buckbean (*Menyanthis trifoliata*) which commonly grow singly and are arranged in some degree of regularity, like sentinels among the yellow coats: they have three leaflets, whence their name *trifoliata*.

The *Uvularia sessilifolia* is a plant growing from six to eight inches high, and may be found about the end of May, in damp meadows; the leaves are perfoliate and the lily-like flowers of a sulphur color, consisting of six petals about one inch long. *Uvularia Grandiflora* may be found about the same time or soon afterwards.

The Gold Thread, which is sold in our market and used as "a simple", is the root of a lowly little flower growing principally about the wet outskirts of woods; it belongs to the Buttercup family, and its three divided shining evergreen leaves plainly declare its relationship; the flowers are white and may easily be overlooked.

When I landed at Quebec in May 1856, I was attracted by the scenery at Point Levi, and going over by the steam ferry ascended the long flight of steps; about half-way up we for the first time saw the Columbine growing wild, and in a moment young hands and feet clambered after it and the prize was ours: little did we then think how plentiful we should soon find it. In May 1857, we went to the Natural Steps at Montmorenci, and found it in the greatest abundance, our first thought was to

gather it all and leave none—vain effort ! our hands were soon full and still it nodded gracefully at us from every ledge of the surrounding rock; the flowers of the Columbine are scarlet, yellow inside and spurred; the flowers hang gracefully from the stem, and the leaves are of a beautiful green elegantly cut.

The Violets of Europe are so closely associated with their sweet odor, that we cannot think of a Violet without thinking of its delightful perfume; but, alas for *our* Violets, they are scentless; our common blue Violet has the color and shape but the perfume is wanting; a small white Violet has a little scent, but not to be named with the real sweet Violet of Old England. I well remember the first I gathered as a child and the last I gathered previous to leaving my native land, and I hope yet to gather them again.

The *Viola Pubescens*, a yellow Violet, like a small Heartsease, grows plentifully all around us. The Canadian Violet I have only found on the south shore of the Isle of Orleans. I am told it also grows in a wood near the Cemetery on the Lorette Road.

It is very pleasant towards the end of May to sail down the river in a small boat and touch at different spots on the Isle of Orleans, or surrounding shore; seldom have we more settled fine weather than then, and there is a youth and freshness in nature which is wanting in the more advanced year. Flowers whose departure we have mourned over in the fall, are now springing up again at our feet, and we welcome them all as well-known and well-loved friends: they meet joyously and laugh in the sunshine and dance in the breeze. And oh ! this is the time to take children away into the fields and let them run wild and enjoy nature where they can lay aside conventionalities and

“Leap upon the cottage floor,  
And shout beside the cottage door.”

Aye, shout to their heart's content for very joy: this is the time to crown them with flowers, to assist them to gather flowers, help them to run after the flowers, and strive to see who should gather most; that is real enjoyment for a child.

But I am forgetting to describe the Canadian Violet; it grows on banks in open woods, and is from one to two feet high; the petals are white, the upper ones tinged with violet beneath, and the lateral ones are bearded.

Near the same place in the end of May, and in woods generally throughout June, may be found the Jack in the Pulpit, or *Arum Triphyllum*; the spadix represents the minister, spathe is the pulpit with the old-fashioned sounding board overhanging his head, and the three leaves are a Trinity which serve for the text. The spathe deserves notice, for here the leaf is as it were caught in the act of transition. In swamps will also be found another *Arum* (*Calla palustris*).

The *Asarum Canadense*, or Wild Ginger, is a lowly growing plant with broad kidney shaped leaves, about four inches in breadth; the flower is bell shaped, of a brownish purple color, and grows so close to the ground as often to be covered up with dry leaves and so occasion it to be overlooked by the unpractised botanist. It is very common at Orleans, on a bank on the left of the road leading to Mr. Bowen's cottage; the root has the taste of ginger; it also grows below the Martello tower nearest to the St. Lawrence.

The *Smilacina Bifolia*, which I would rather call the Wood Smilacina, is now in flower in every wood and wherever two or three trees are clumped together; it has two and sometimes three small leaves; the entire plant grows about

three or four inches high and has a very pretty raceme of white flowers; it is sometimes but erroneously called the *wild lily of the valley* and continues in flower till the end of June, when it is succeeded by the *Smilacina trifolia*, which grows in bogs, and I therefore propose to call it the Bog *Smilacina*—the bog in the Gomin wood is thickly studded with them. The *Smilacina Stellata* or Star *Smilacina* is a very pretty flower, growing on the Isle of Orleans opposite the falls of Montmorenci.

The Fly Honeysuckle is now abundant in the same part of Point Levi where we have already found the *Hepatica*; it is about the size of a currant bush and each flower stalk bears two greenish yellow funnel shaped flowers.

In the Gomin Wood and Isle of Orleans may now be found the *Dentaria*, one of the best illustration of the natural order *Cruciferae*; it grows one or two feet high and has a raceme of white or slightly turned cross-shaped flowers: the root has a taste similar to but more pungent than that of water cresses.

The *Dicentra* or Dutchman's breeches will now be found about St. Hyacinthe and the lakes, the flowers are of a pale straw color and hang down like a tiny pair of drawers.

If on arriving at the Isle of Orleans we turn immediately to the left hand and follow the shore, we soon come upon the *Fairy Primrose*, a sweetly pretty flower: the tuft of leaves spring directly from the root and could be covered by an English shilling; the flower stalk springing from the centre bears a number of pretty little flesh colored flowers with the true scent of the *Primrose*. I potted several and delighted many a child with them as a present; indeed as a miniature flower it is perfectly unique.

The twisted stem (*Streptopus roseus*) may now be found in

almost every thicket, it bears a general resemblance to Solomon's Seal from which it is easily distinguishable by the flowers growing singly from the axils instead of in twos and threes; the flowers of this as the name signifies, are rose colored, and in the fall it bears red berries: this plant presents the singular appearance of its flower stalks being twisted as if done purposely by art; the leaf stalks of the *Alstromœria* are also twisted and those twistings to my mind give some of the most remarkable varieties of design in the manifold works of God.

And now in the end of May I must take my reader into the Bog, not the Dismal but the Glorious Swamp: it is true that in our ardent pursuit we too often sink into the wet moss, but what can be done when a beautiful flower is seen in the distance, other people may stop to enquire how deep they may sink but for my own part as soon as a flower is seen I am in full pursuit and it must be had whatever may be the cost.

Just as we enter the swamp in the Gomin wood we come upon thickets crowned with *Rhodoras* in full bloom, the bush grows some feet high and has superb rose-colored flowers, and the general appearance of several bushes in mass is most magnificent: when a branch is plucked and examined, the flowers have a loose untidy appearance and resist all efforts to be grouped with others into a really pretty bouquet—but the entire bush is so very beautiful that the lover of nature might be excused if he brought it home thrown across his shoulder. In the same locality further in the swamp may be found the *Kalmia angustifolia* bearing very pretty compact rose-colored flowers like small cups divided into five lobes; the ten stamens are at first bent backwards and depressed into ten little cavities, afterwards they rise up and stand erect around the pistil.

The Ladies' Slipper Orchis (*Cypripedium humile*) now grows by thousands in the borders of the swamp. If nothing else had made me a Botanist, the first finding of this flower would have done so. It was in a swampy place in the Gomin Wood. The little girl who was my companion joined with me in the pursuit and we fairly raced after them as one and another caught our sight, and we were filled with the joy of excitement—our hands were soon full and then we began to consider where we were: it was the first time we had ever been in that wood and we were fairly lost; we scarcely extricated ourselves from bushes before we sank into a swamp and from the swamp we again became entangled in the bushes; a wasp's nest was upset and the exasperated inmates sallied out and pursued us; at length we saw a chimney and taking the child upon my back I went straight on regardless of difficulties till we reached the house, came upon the highway, and bore our flowers home in triumph; the little girl especially held fast to all she had gathered and arrived at home full of glee and joy. The sickly midnight ball may give an artificial pleasure to a child, but not that full exuberant healthful joy which communion with natures gives. The Ladies' Slipper is borne upon a scape springing up from between two leaves; the most striking part of the flower is the inflated sac or lip about one and a half or two inches long, varying in color from white to a deep rose. The yellow Ladies Slipper grows at Montmorenci, and the Showy Ladies Slipper, the most beautiful of all, I am told grows in the swamp between the St. Foy and Little River Roads.

## JUNE.

The woods are now very attractive. It is delightful to wander under their thick shade and escape from the scorching rays of the sun, listen to the rustling music of the leaves, to watch the ferns unrolling their fronds and to collect the mosses and the lichens. Many of the flowers of May have lived their short days and disappeared, yet more remain and others come teeming as if from the cornucopiæ of the month of June, so that those which are gone leave their absence unfelt, and the crowded flora of June is the very carnival of nature.

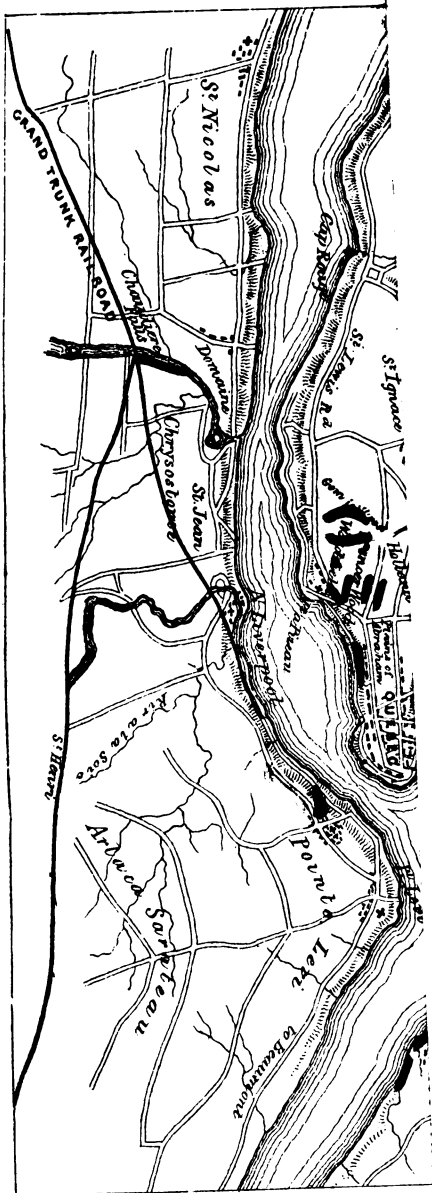
The Ladies' Slippers, *Kalmias*, *Smilacinas*, &c., may still be gathered in the greatest abundance throughout most of this month.

If we now stroll on the Gomin Road, we shall find growing on the 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 always appear, for that which every one else 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 every where (the nearest is the ditch outside the ramparts) may now be found the Brooklime Speedwell, (*Veronica beccabunga*) a strong growing plant with thick shiny leaves bearing spikes of blue flowers; it is this which in Britain always accompanies the Water-cresses, yet though I have carefully searched every habitat of Brooklime Speedwell, I have failed to discover the true Water-cress. The Thyme-leaved Speedwell will also now be found in the fields.



DISTRIBUTION Q



Ladies' Slipper, Pitcher Plant, and Labrad  
Tea.  
Germander Speedwell and Wild Rose  
Oxytropis and Astregalus.  
Campanula rotundifolia.



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.

Herb Bennet, which is also in bloom at this season, is a famous medicinal plant among the peasantry of England. Bennet is probably a corruption of benedicta, referring to the blessed virtues of the plant.

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 plant; 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.

Linneus, 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 (*Linnea Borealis*) which is now in full bloom; the flowers are twins upon one stalk, 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.

## E

In the middle 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 Pensylvanica*; 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 this 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, among 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 paniced raceme of white, yellow and red flowers.

The *Smilacina racemosa*, which grows in woods and thickets, bears a raceme of white flowers at the end of the stem; in general appearance it resembles the Twisted Stem and Solomon's Seal: this latter may now be found in the thickets: the underground stem bears scars of the shoots of former years, which scars were regarded as the impressions of the seal of Solomon.

And now in bogs may be found that strangely beautiful flower the Pitcher Plant (*Sarracenia Purpurea*), the leaves are formed into perfect pitchers to receive and store up the water of heaven; the flower rises in a lordly stem, the purple petals and sepals and umbrella-like stigma give altogether a remarkable appearance to it, and as the observer lifts up the stigma he discovers the stamen snugly housed beneath. I saw one

bed of them in the Gomin Swamp, equal to a Tulip bed—it was a beautiful bright morning and everything seemed full of joy and praise to the Creator—I caught the inspiration and felt a joy in the presence of Him who finished his works and declared them all very good. As to the use of the pitchers, we know that some plants (as the Water Lilies) require their leaves to rest upon the water or the plant cannot be in health—so it is with the Pitcher Plant: as the plant does not grow in the water the leaf cannot float, so it doubles itself up and retains the necessary water in its own reservoir, and thus we have another instance of the variety of design in the manifold works of the Creator.

The Forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*) is now in flower in wet places and stagnant ditches.—I have found it very plentifully at Point Levi, but the finest at Lake Calvert: this latter locality affords specimens approaching the English, from which ours sufficiently differs to be termed *laxa*. I am of opinion that it is deteriorated by the change of climate.

Two years ago I heard of a blue flower at Point Levi not described in Gray's Botany; I was up the next morning at five o'clock and went to examine, and there I found a whole field full of English Germader Speedwells. It is now forty years since my aunt took me for a walk before breakfast and made me a bouquet of Wild Roses, Herb Robert, and a pretty little blue flower of which we knew not the name; those flowers were photographed on my mind never to be forgotten, and I still rejoice now, as then, to gather them; it was that little incident that called forth my love of flowers, and I have loved them ever since; that little flower was the Germader Speedwell, which I find at Point Levi. I cannot describe the joy I

felt at meeting with this flower in the land of my adoption, and will now endeavour to portray it; the stem is diffuse with a hairy line on each side, the leaves ovate serrated, the flowers in clusters lateral, and the flowers themselves of a beautiful blue. Our variety is finer than the English, and while the leaves of this latter are sessile ours have very short petioles. I therefore had to name this *Veronica Chamœdrys*, variety *petiolata*.

The *Astragalus distortus*, and an *Oxytropis* plant belonging to the pulse family, grow very profusely on the beach at Orleans, immediately on landing from the steamboat. The *Astragalus* is low branched and distorted, the *Oxytropis* grows taller on a scape: both are purple and white; the *Oxytropis* is more of a blue, and a few specimens are found of a pure white.

When I went to Point Levi for the blue flower, I also found the wild rose in abundance (up to that time I had found only one near Thornhill): this was another of those simple flowers which so impressed themselves on my infant mind. It also grows abundantly at the Island, and I still think that, for simple beauty, these two flowers are unsurpassed.

The *Oenothera pumila*, a kind of small Evening Primrose, is now in flower. The true Evening Primrose, growing from one to three feet high, whose large yellow flowers expand and perfume the evening air, is very abundant at Orleans from the latter end of June to September; it is there really a troublesome weed: the seeds are imported from England and sold in Quebec for flower gardens.

A tall plant, three or four feet high, with parallel veined leaves and bunches of greenish flowers, is now to be found in wet waste places—it is the false Hellebore.

The *Pyrola rotundifolia* is a beautiful plant growing in rich leafy soil on shady banks: the first I saw I ran after with such enthusiastic haste that I was precipitated to the bottom of the bank sooner than I reckoned, and much to the amusement of my young friends, but the prizes were obtained, and much they were admired by some at whose very door they grew and who yet had never seen them. The *Pyrola* grows from subterranean runners, so that several plants may be pulled up in a string; each plant is a tuft of shining evergreen leaves from which arises a bracted scaly scape bearing a nodding raceme of flesh colored or white flowers; it may be found about Spencer Wood, the Island, and woody banks generally. About the same time may easily be found by the side of the Gomin Road the one-sided *Pyrola*, the flowers of which, instead of being arranged round the scape, are all placed on one side.

The *Silene inflata*, or Bladder Campion, which children crack on their hands, is common on the Glacis, Cove Fields, and all waste places, where also may be found the sweet-scented yellow Mellilot and the white Yarrow, with flowers in tufts not unlike the Garden Candy Tuft. The *Prunella*, with blue labeate flowers, is now common in wet spots; and in meadows the Yellow Rattle, so called from the rattling of the seeds.

The Perforated St. John's Wort is now coming into flower everywhere, and will continue till late in August; it is an upright plant; from one to two feet high, with clusters of yellow flowers; when the leaves are held up to the light, they have the appearance of having been pricked full of holes with a needle point; these seeming perforations are transparent vesicles full of the oil of St. John's Wort.

The Germans have a custom for maidens to gather this herb

on the eve of St. John, and from its withering or retaining its freshness, to draw an angury of death or marriage in the coming year. This is well told in the following lines:

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 drooped its head, that plant of power,  
 And died the mute death of the voiceless flower,  
 And a withered wreath on the ground it lay.  
 And when a year had passed away,  
 All pale on her bier the young maid lay;

    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.



Wet meadows are now full of the purple Iris; as the asters and Solidagos are characteristic of our dry land-flora so is this Iris of the flora of our wet and swampy places. I have seen it extending over the country for miles together, the only apparent limit being the extent of my observation; over at Point Levi there is a wet meadow blue with them, where also is the Forget-me-not and the Blue-eyed grass.

The *Campanula rotundifolia*, or Blue bells, will perplex the young botanist if he expects to find the characteristic "rotundifolia," for the said rotund leaves disappear before the flowers make their appearance; the other leaves are grass-like; the flowers are graceful blue bells; they grow on rock beside running waters, and everyone gathers them who at this season of the year visits Lorette, Chaudiere, the Natural Steps or the Isle of Orleans.

### JULY.

'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.

HOWITT.

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 to 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

Aladdin; 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.

In Mathematic, I see the wisdom of God: in flowers the æsthetics of God; and that beauty which God delighted to create may well delight intelligent beings: there is more than beauty in the flower: it is as full of wisdom as are the starry heavens themselves.

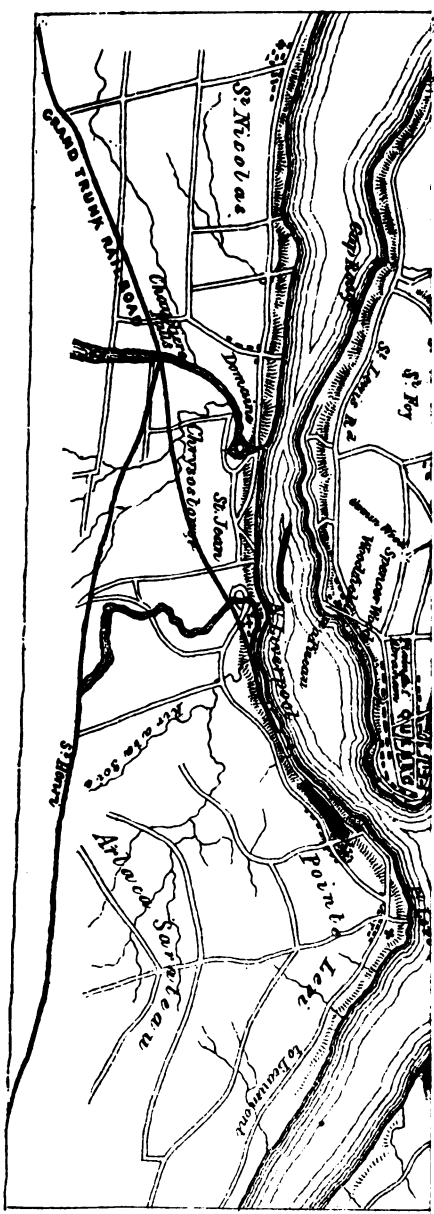
“ There is a lesson in each flower,  
 A story in each stream and bower;  
 On every herb on which you tread  
 Are written words which rightly read  
 Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod  
 To hope and holiness, and God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

In July bogs and swamps are glorious indeed; the *Kalmia glauca* is in full bloom, the Labrador Tea is still in flower, and the edges of the swamp are full of rose colored Orchises *Calopogons* and *Pogonias*: the *Arethusa*, I have not yet found, but am told it grows there, the white fringed Orchis is very beautiful and contrasts admirably with its tinted relatives; no garden flowers are equal to these, their beauty is unsurpassable. I have never visited any bog, when they were in flower, without bringing away all that I possibly could.

The Flowering Raspberry, which at first blush declares itself to be of the Rose family, is now in full flower, and a beautiful sight it is to see a whole bush covered with the blossom; the taste is rather sickly. It grows very plentifully at the Isle of Orleans.

DISTRIBUTION OF FLOWERS



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*Aloupon Pogonia, &c.*  
*vening Primrose.*  
*lematis Rudbeckia and Asters.*  
*ringed Gentians.*  
*telepias.*

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The Gomin Wood is in many parts full of the most splendid ferns which almost tempt me to make a digression from the strict purpose of this paper, by discussing them; but I must restrain from so doing at present, with a recommendation to my young friends to gather them, compare them, and rejoice in their beauty.

Among the ferns and in close proximity to them may also be found the truly magnificent Purple Fringed Orchis; the spike resembles a stately hyacinth: it is about twelve or eighteen inches high: the flowers of a rose purple color; A little later in the season is found a variety of this flower growing in marshy places.

The sticky Henbane growing one of two feet high, is now to be found in waste places: the flower somewhat resembles that of the Potato: it is veined: it grows in the Cove Fields and often on the Glacis, but is seldom found two years in the same locality. Although the Herbane is poisonous, yet properly used it is a valuable medicine.

Another medicinal plant, the Hemlock, the juice of which filled the fatal cup for Socrates, may now be found everywhere; in the Ring, on the Battlements, Glacis, &c., it grows tall, resembles parsley and has a spotted stem.

The Willow Herb (*Epilobium*) called in Canada the Fire Weed is a truly splendid plant growing from two to six feet high branching out like a little tree and bearing splendid pink flowers; the seed pods are full of a 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.

The poisonous Dogsbane with its milky juice and tough bark is now in full flower, and very pretty flowers is has and

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elegant pinkish white bell shaped corolla. It is in great abundance on each side of the Gomin Road and the Isle of Orleans.

The *Dalibarda repens* gives variety to the wild flowers of the woods, and is a creeping plant with pretty white flowers.

The Succory, a blue composite flower, is now common by roadsides and elsewhere; this plant perhaps grows more abundantly in Canada than in any other part of the world and possesses some 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; and this in a country where we are so deficient in spring vegetables should not be overlooked.

The true Partridge-berry (*Mitchella repens*) is a pretty creeping evergreen plant growing in the woods; the leaves are small, thick and shining; it has two very 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, I should recommend it 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 waxwork.

Travelling from St. Ann's last summer I suddenly stopped the driver and rushed into a field full of our superb Yellow Lilies (*Lilium Canadense*): I gathered and tied up as large a bundle as I could possibly carry, and bore them to the car-

riage in triumph exclaiming that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. They also grow on the Isle of Orleans opposite the Falls of Montmorenci, along the Beauport beach, the banks of the St. Charles, &c.

The Mullein with its soft blanket-like leaves is now very common at the Isle of Orleans, growing from two to four feet high, bearing yellow flowers often filled with an inky fluid.

The Ghost Flower, Indian Pipe or *Monotropa*, is a white plant springing up from decayed leaves now very plentiful in the Gomin and other Woods; it has no leaves but a single white bell-shaped flower on a white stem which has white bracts instead of green leaves; the flower soon begins to turn black after it is gathered. I always feel inclined to quarrel with the Botanists for putting this among the heaths—when I think of heaths I picture to my mind those splendid flowers we cultivate in England; but this! it is no more a Heath than a pillar of smoke in the moonlight is a man. I love systematic Botany, but I love flowers better, and I cannot class this among my beautiful Heaths. Ladies declare some dogs are pretty from their very ugliness, and I suppose the Ghost Flower has a beauty *hujus generis*, for no flower that I place in my vases is so much sought after by the ladies as this, and I believe that I am as anxious to collect it as they are to beg for it.

In the spring the Habitans bring into town a vegetable called wild Asparagus: in July it flowers abundantly at Point Levi and also on a piece of waste ground on the north bank of the St. Charles, between the residence of H. Anderson, and A. Laurie, Esqs. It grows about three feet high, exudes a milky juice when broken, and has a head of sweet scented flesh-colored flowers: it is grown in English gardens

for its perfume, and yet people say our flowers are not sweet scented. Upon collecting and examining it for the first time to determine the name, I had cut off several flowers, which lay strewed upon the table: to my surprise they marched off in different directions as if full of life; on looking to see the cause I found they had acted as fly-traps, and that each one was moved by a fly which was endeavouring to get away; it was a race of fly-chariots; the design of the Creator is beautifully apparent in this; as the pollen is too waxy to shed itself easily, the flies adhere to it, and in their struggles to get free fertilize the flower; the plant bears a large pod full of silky down, which is called Silkweed or Milkweed, (*Asclepias*.) Indian rubber has been made from the milky juice.

The *Lysimachia stricta* is one of our prettiest *Loosestrifes*; it grows in wet meadows one or two feet high: the upright stem terminates in a raceme of pretty yellow flowers. The *Lysimachia ciliata* also grows in wet places and has axillary yellow flowers on long stalks.

The wild Chamomile with its daisy like flowers the rays of which are reflexed and the Greater Burnet with its large spikes of white flowers, are now common everywhere.

And now for the lakes and woods, the waters and the cool retreats: for who can stand the heat and dust of the town, if is possible for him to escape? I, alas, am doomed to pass the greater part of my time in the City; perhaps the limited opportunity I have of visiting the scenes of nature makes me value them the more. O! how delightful to strike into the path that leads through the deep recesses of a wood, and wander through intricate ways not knowing whither they may lead, to riot in lichens, ferns, mosses, to see the earth ad-



orned with flowers more precious than jewels, the *Chimaphila*, *Mediola*, *Monotrophia*, large leaved Orchises, Partridge berries, Flowering Raspberries, and abundance of eatable Raspberries as well, and then to wander on and on attracted by the distant sounds of water (as at St. Ann's) and then to come upon some of the most imposing scenes in nature, a rent chasm in a rocky bed: high masses of rock split and piled together, water rushing madly along precipitating itself down an awful chasm, and thundering out its deafening roar. Amid such scenes we forget everything else and the soul is entirely absorbed in thought. But however massive the distant and dark mountain, however grand the surrounding scenery, and amid the unceasing roar of water; the rainbow, the Harebells, the Toadflax, the Willow-herb, and other beautiful plants speak of peace, quietness and content. Here my box is turned out and the specimens arranged, my Botany books spread open on a rock and any new specimen carefully examined, and at last with a pleasant feeling of healthy fatigue I return home.

Children add much to the enjoyment of such scenes, the light and cheerful forms clambering over the rocks, gliding among the bushes, and taking an interest in everything around them give intelligent life to the whole; even the habitans and their boys, (except professed guides who never have a soul) soon enter into our feelings and strive with us who shall gather the greatest quantity of flowers or find the most rare kinds, and when the feeling is once aroused after having gathered for us they then collect and admire for themselves: when I gathered the Canadian Lilies of which I have spoken, our carter made a dash after them also and collected a bundle for himself. The next flower I shall describe, the Water Lily, I

have known rouse up a love of nature in many of our English peasantry. I used to take a number of young people once a year to gather Water Lilies, &c., and the men who managed the boat, from helping us, very soon imbibed the spirit and collected for themselves Lilies, Loosestrife, Willow Herb Flowering Rush, &c., &c., and I delight in these instances as proofs that every man is a botanist by nature. I do fully believe that every child is born with a love of botany, but alas, it is checked by the system of education.

Lake Calvaire is a small still sheet of water easily accessible from Quebec; on its shores may be found the Forget-me-not; in the swampy part the Arrow Head, Blue Iris, &c.; and in the water the Yellow and White Water Lilies. Oh, it is very pleasant on a sultry day with a blue sky over head to float carelessly along the surface of calm water amidst these beautiful flowers, and to hear the joyous exclamation of the children as they pull first one and then another out of the water: theirs is a perfect joy, for their minds are in harmony with nature all around. The Water Lily is thus beautifully addressed by Mrs. Hemans:—

““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.”

The Rudbeckia or Rudbeck's Sunflower is now common on the River St. Michel and the Isle of Orleans; the latter end of this month and throughout August this flower with the "*Verge d'Or*" or Solidagos, Golden Rod, and Clematis (all

garden flowers in England) so occupy some parts of the Island as to give the impression of an English flower garden:—there is one spot near the S.W. point where the Clematis festoons from bush to bush, where the large blue Daisy and the bright yellow Golden Rod, with the fine large heads of the Rudbeckia form a perfect wilderness of beauty, to get through which we had to disentangle the Clematis and crush the other beautiful flowers under our feet; the Clematis bears a profusion of white flowers which are succeeded by seeds with much feathery down, it is also abundant in the outskirts of the Gomin Wood.

The Helenium or False Sunflower, may now be found in wet places beside running water; the flowers are of a deep yellow about the size of a large one eye daisy; the plant is from one to two feet high.

The different Fleabanes are now in full bloom, they are purple and white composite flowers, the purple kinds are very pretty and generally admired.

The Scutellana Caterflora is a splendid flower of the labiate family, and is frequently brought by the Habitans and sold in the market for window gardening, and it really deserves that it should be so. The Verbena hastata is another beautiful flower of this family. The Lobelia inflata or Indian Tobacco, a plant of some medecinal value, is also now in flower.

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## AUGUST

In August we perceive that the year has reached its prime and 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 higher 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 of life! Books are lifeless things, dried flowers are only for the musty botanist; give me flowers, real living flowers full of life and joy. Patience, good brother botanist! I do value the dried specimens, but only as the Antiquarian values the mummy that tells a tale of the past; we do not, we cannot love a mummy, but we do love the living human being whose sympathies are ours; I cannot I will not love your dried musty specimens, but I will love with all my heart those lovely living flowers with which the earth is filled.

In the bogs we may now find the Sundew, a flower I was always seeking but never found in the fens of Cambridgeshire, for they were too well drained to yield it a suitable habitat 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 a brownish, hairy and covered with a secretion like dew; the naked scape bears a one sided raceme of flowers.

The *Lobelia 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 forget 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 unexpected way in which I suddenly came upon them, filled me with surprise and delight; I was not aware of my ecstasies till they were commented upon. These Gentians must be seen where they grow to win the admiration their beauty deserved. The Pitcher Plant 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. And persons who go out to gather our Wild Flowers must be provided with tin boxes as the only means of bringing home their specimens in a good state.

The flowers which especially characterize the Flora of this part of North America are now in full bloom. The Yellow Solidagos, or Golden rod, may be seen on Mountain Hill and every hedge row and wayside. 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, but it is not easy to describe the difference in a popular sketch like this.

The *Spiranthes*, or Ladies' Tresses, is a very sweet scented Orchis, with white flowers placed as a spiral around the flower stalk; I have found them near New Liverpool and the outskirts of the Gomin, but this is one of those plants which is apt to change its habitat 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 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 climes includes many valuable medicinal plants as the Scammony, Jalap, &c.

Large masses of the Grass of Parnassus are now in flower at Orleans in the same locality where in the spring we found the Fairy Primrose; the plant is about the size of an auricula, the flowers white with greenish veins, beautiful and well deserving of cultivation.

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 properly belongs to the *Tropolum 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 Nabalus, or Rattlesnake root is a tall plant generally found associated with the Golden Rod and Michaelmas Daisies.

In the Fall, seeds and fruits 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 *Actea*, the deep blue of the *Clin-tonia*, the red of the Twisted Stem, and the netted veined berries of the *Smilacinas*.

All our wild fruits, strawberries, raspberries, wild plums, nuts, cranberries, grapes, &c., as much belong to the province of Botany as the flowers from which they are formed, and nothing can be more interesting than watching the transformation of the different parts of the flower into their respective parts of the fruit. It is our privilege also to watch how the roots of many plants store up nourishment for the coming year; how the bud is formed and protected through the winter, ready to burst into leaf as soon as the spring is come; it is also our part to study how the sap circulates, from whence the plant derives its nourishment; the crude materials it feeds upon, earth, air, or water; how it takes them and fashions them into the most beautiful forms, exquisite colors, fragrant perfumes, and delicious food for man.

Vegetables form the connecting link between minerals and animals; they take their inorganic matter from the mineral, form it into organic matter, and fit it for the support of animal life.

When the Creator made man, he planted him in a Paradise of fruits and flowers, and the Heavenly Jerusalem is pictured under the figure of crystal streams and trees of life. The Psalmist describes the good man as a tree sending forth its roots, spreading forth its branches and bearing fruit.

The Bible is full of descriptions of natural scenery, and the Christian religion, based upon that book, breathes the love of nature in its psalms and hymns.

We gradually forsake the pleasures of youth as we advance in years, but the study of nature never palls upon the mind on the contrary it yields us more enjoyment as years increase. Of these pursuits we can say with truth—

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ! T'is her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life to lead  
From joy to joy, for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of common life  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all we do behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee; and in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure—when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be a dwelling place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh ! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember,  
And these my benedictions !