

THE CALLIOPEAN

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Mottos for Albums.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MIND is invisible, but you may find
A method here to let me see your mind.

Behold my album unbegun,
Which when 'tis finish'd will be none.

Faint lines, on brittle glass and clear,
A diamond pen may trace with art:
But what the feeblest hand writes here,
Is graven on the owner's heart.

May all the names recorded here
In the Lamb's book of life appear.

Here friends assemble, hand and heart;
Whom life may sever, death must part;
Sweet be their deaths, their lives well spent,
And this their friendship's monument.

My album is a barren tree,
Where leaves and only leaves you see
But touch it—flowers and fruits will spring,
And birds among the foliage sing.

Fairies were kind to country jennies,
And in their shoes dropp'd silver pennies;
Here the bright tokens which you leave,
As fairy favors I receive.

My Album's open; come and see;
What, won't you waste a thought on me?
Write but a word, a word or two,
And make me love to think on you.

No. 2.

Emblems in Canadian Botany.

Tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferant nymphae calathis.

For the Calliopean.

JULY is the season when our fields are waving with golden grain—when our wilds are covered with flowers of varied hue, and when the air that we breathe is perfume. Among all the native flowers which bloom in this month, there is none that surpasses

the lily. In every age the lily has been a favorite with the prince and the peasant, with the poet and the sage. It has borne a prominent place in the garden of the cottager and on the escutcheons of royalty; and is deeply interesting to every Christian, as the flower which our Divine Master selected to teach a lesson of humble dependance upon the providential care of our heavenly Father. The East is the "land of the lily and rose," but it does not monopolise these, the sweetest flowers. In our woods the sweet-scented roses abound, and on our plains the lilies unfold their orange hues to the "star of the day." Though we cannot boast of the *Lilium candidum*, yet we have the *Lilium Philadelphicum*, than which no flower more merits the appellation of Milton—"simple in neatness." It is the earliest, the smallest, and the most elegant of our native lilies; bearing only a simple flower, on a slender stem. After the *L. Philadelphicum*, the common *L. Canadense* and the splendid *L. Superbum* come into bloom. The last is a majestic plant—a single stem, supporting a number of large, pendent and reflected flowers.

When the sun has set, and nearly all the lovely train have folded up, to guard their little bosoms from the evening dews, the *Oenothera Viennis* (Twee-Primrose) suddenly expands its pale yellow flowers and blooms in modest beauty through the night, but when the sun rises with splendor in the East it soon withers away. In some countries this plant is cultivated for its roots, which are either used as olives, or they are boiled and eaten at table. They are said to make wine more agreeable.

By our roadsides the milky *Asclepias Syriaca* (wild cotton) hangs out its branches of sweet-scented flowers. This cruel plant has the property of detaining small insects; the feet of which get entangled in the anthers of the flowers, and there they remain till they die. The *Musca domestica*, or common house fly often fills a victim to its treacherous charms. In our sandy fields and on our gravelly hills the splendid *As. tuberosa* blooms, through the months of July and August. It grows to the height of two and three feet, bearing flat, terminal bunches of bright orange flowers. The roots of this plant are reckoned a valuable medicine for pleurisy and diseases of the lungs. They abound in the stony fields near the Falls of Niagara. The genus *Asclepias* was named after *Æsculapius*, the famed physician who lived about the time of the siege of Troy.

The *Apocynum androsaefolium* (Indian hemp) now puts forth its bell-shaped and pink-colored flowers. These two are flytraps. The smell of honey tempts flies and other insects to enter the bells, but their proboscis gets fast in their search after nectar, and they in their sweet prison expire. The milky juice of this