

The juice reddens vegetable blues, coagulates milk and instantly precipitates lime from its solutions. It owes its acidity to the super or *Binoxalate of Potash*, which is crystallised from the expressed juice, and sold as "*Essential Salt of Lemons*." The French name it "Salt of Sorrel." Like Oxalic Acid it is poisonous. It is frequently (*very* I may truly say) adulterated with Cream of Tartar and, sometimes, Sulphuric Acid or Vitriol and Cream of Tartar are substituted for it. It is used to take iron moulds and ink stains out of linen, and as a test for the presence of lime.

The Wood Sorrel is now pretty generally considered to be the ancient Irish *Shamrock*, into an examination of its claims, however, I shall not enter.

The Generic name *Oxalis*, adopted by Linnaeus, did not belong to this plant, but was given to a species of Duck by Dioscorides. Pliny's name, *Oxy*, which like *Oxalis*, means sharp-pointed or metaphorically acid, or sour, is that made use of by the older botanists. *Acetosella* (little sorrel), preserved in the French "*la petite oseille*," seems to have been used by the Pharmacopoeias, in order to distinguish it from *Actaea* the sorrel proper. It bears the same name in German, French, Spanish and Italian, and among nicknames may be mentioned "*Cuckoo's bread*," "*Gowk's meat*," (Scotch) "*Woodsour*," "*Stubwort*"—from its growing on old roots and stumps (stubs), and "*Alleluia*"—one of its oldest English names, given to it in Roman Catholic times, owing to its appearing in blossom between Easter and Whitsuntide, the season at which the Psalms ending with that word were sung. The Welsh call the flowers, "*airy bells*," and believe that they ring the merry peals which call the elves to "moonlight dance and revelry." "Whence hast thou won thy names thou simple flower?"

"Thin ancient, solemn title, sure was given,
Pale *Alleluia*, by grey monks of old,
What time the chaunted service rose to Heaven,
When paced the brethren forth, barefoot and stoled.

To far-off lanes in hazy forest h'd,
Where pealing bells for Easter masses rung,
"It chanced upon the good St. Patrick's Day,
A warrior, wounded, fell with riven crest;
Thy little careless plant bloomed where he lay,
And hope reviving sprung within his breast.
'Erin-go-bragh!—he pluck'd the trefold'd stem,
And vow'd a vow by holy Patrick's shrine,
A *Shamrock* chaplet for a diadem,
Erin's, green Erin's burnish'd helm should twine.
Then came some village leech, down-bent and old,
And placed thee in his widely-gather'd store."

Though long he mused upon thy healing power,
The names he gave—uncouth they were and rude;
'*Stubwort*' he call'd thee, '*Oxalis*,' '*Woodsour*,'
That by his skill the cooling draught imbued.
'He unlearn'd peasant! was thy frogy form,
And Gipsy children seek thy mossy bed,
When days are long, and April suns are warm,
They laugh and say, thou art '*The Cuckoo's Bread*.'"

Anemone nemorosa—Wood Anemone.

Of spring favorites none prettier than the
"Courageous windflower, loveliest of the frail."

Not so symmetrically leaved as the oxalis,
by its greater size and the profusion of its
blossoms, it catches the eye more readily. What

more attractive sight than a bank robed in white
Anemones—the "*flor stella*," floral star of the
Italians. A happy fancy caught by Charlotte
Smith—

There, thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
Anemones their stars unfold."

And Mrs. Hemans—

"Dost thou see," she asks—

"Where southern winds first make their vernal
singing,
The star-gleam of the Wood Anemone?"

The flowers give out their fragrance, thought
by some to be as chnice as that of the *viola*
odorata, to the roving wind, which wantonly
scatters it abroad, informing us of their presence,
long before seen.

Let us examine the specimen. Like the
Oxalis it is perennial with single radical leaves.
Those of the stem, three together, whorled,
forming an *involvere* remote from the flower
(which is apetalous), and by long
petioled, three divided, toothed and cut:
the lateral divisions often two parted (*variquinquefolia*). The *sepals*, 4 to 7 in number,
are oval, white—the pale anemone—sometimes
tinged with purple outside, so that though at
first plain looking, it gathers fresher tints as it
matures and at length wears a blush of beauty on
its modest cheek, gracefully pendant as they
"wait the breathing of the wind." The *sepals*
"close together in rainy weather, and the flower
hangs downwards" to "shun the impending
shower." At times may be noticed one of the
sepals partially or wholly converted into a
green leaf; and a flower-stem in its develop-
ment upwards will now and then steal away
one of the triple leaflets of the involucre, and
wear it as a trophy under the seed-carpels. It
is said that purple varieties are common. Blue
and double varieties abound near Wimbledon,
of "*Kulapore*" fame, but I have neither seen
nor heard of their being seen in New Brun-
swick. The blue species—*Anemone Appennina*
frequents the groves and thickets of Italy.
During some seasons there is quite a scarcity of
blossoms, generally due to drought, but some-
times due also to the unpreparedness of the
root-stock after particular seasons, to produce
a flower-stem. The *root-stock* is like a piece of
stick dead at one end. It creeps "longwise
under the upper crust of the ground, spreading
out its divers small knobs like branches, of a
dark brown color outside," and a section show-
ing "white within." According to Braun it
prolongs its subterranean growth, with alter-
nations of leaves and bud-scales for several
years before it arrives at a flower terminating
the shoot. "The number of annual bud-scales
on the horizontal root-stock increases from year
to year, rising gradually to 8, and each of these
preparatory sections terminate with a single
long-stalked leaf, till, finally, the last section,
after producing its proper number of bud-
scales, rises into an erect shaft, producing the
three-leaved whorl of stem leaves and the nod-
ding flower." How very little do we think,
while heedlessly plucking one of the blossoms,
that, by so doing, we in a moment destroy the
elaborate preparation of years! This explains
why, when under cultivation in our gardens
the plant cannot bear to be much shifted, and