

part for the purpose, under some such heading as that which I have ventured to select. As a beginning I will take a comparatively recent one, that of a species of *Rubus*, which is thus described in Paxton's Flower Garden, Vol. 3, p. 163.

1.—*Rubus japonicus*, Veitch.—A hardy shrub, with broad bright green leaves, white flowers and yellow fruit. Introduced by Messrs. Veitch and Co. Planted against a wall intended to be almost evergreen. I had my first specimen of seeing this *Rubus* in the Exeter Nursery about 14 years ago, and was so much struck with its beauty that I carried off a young plant, which in due course was planted against a south wall, where it grew vigorously, without without any protection whatever the severity of at least three winters, and attracted universal admiration. The following year it produced some handsome well-developed fruit of a rich yellow colour, but after the fruit was gathered it suddenly withered and died! On examination the plant was found to have been undermined by rats, which had forced a passage from a neighbouring drain straight through its roots! I immediately wrote to Messrs. Veitch for another plant, and received from them what I considered a very good thing, though in reality it was an entirely different species. Two years however passed before its identity was called in question, for the plant was young and weak; but when at length it became obvious that a mistake had been made, I again applied to Messrs. Veitch, explaining the circumstances, and minutely describing the *Rubus* that I had had before, and which I was so anxious to have again. But, strange to say, they said it could be found. As it is probably that the Messrs. Veitch may have sold other plants of the true *Rubus japonicus*, besides the one that came to me, I am not without hopes that the publication of this singular history may lead to the rediscovery of a truly beautiful plant.

2. *Aperosa Fofala*.—Under this name about the year 1850 I received from the Horticultural and Acclimatization Society a few tubers of most remarkable form, as well as singular character. They came, I believe, from Peru, and appeared to be as hardy and prolific as the ordinary Potato. After growing them for two years I had sets enough to plant half a rood of ground, but a wet season supervening the crop was almost entirely destroyed, and the very few weakly tubers that were saved were of such a small size that they were not worth growing the year, though tended with the utmost care. I put some the same ones left to the same results in other quarters, as I have never been able of late years to gain any tidings of these extraordinary things, but they certainly ought to be procured again if possible. The others were quite straight and at least 6 inches long, though no thicker than the finger. They were waxy, and of a rich yellow colour—quite irreplaceable! *J. B., Biddulph Grange.*

Indoor Gardening.

THE ways of filling plant cases for the present time are numerous enough to please every different taste, although there is not now the amazing wealth of bloom which so often leads us to crowd our summer stands. Some people will insist on having some dozen plants, of which each individual is in some way more or striking, and they have a wide range of material to select from. Others prefer to fill their cases with the Marzan, but for long, with its beautiful velvety leaves, the centre of one plant case. The beautiful *Calceolias* give brightness quite like flowers, with their exquisitely-shaped leaves—and *Geraniums* and *Droseras*, and *Begonias* and *Ferns*, make up an assorted group that do well in a heated case, warm and slight moisture without violent change of temperature, and slightly overcast weather.

In such an arrangement the *Calceolias*, *Droseras*, *Marzan*, *Geraniums*, and climbing *Ferns* (the *Leguminosae* scodexes, which has long grown so nicely in the "coco-nut" corner at the warmer end of my case) should be grouped on the warmest side; and it is a point quite to be remembered that in the centre a slight support, such as a 4-inch flower pot, will steady them on any leaning on the heated case, and the warm air surrounding them will make them the warmest place.

Hardier *Ferns*, *Azaleas*, *Pteris acrostichum*, *Davallias* (these have soft *Ferns* are especially to be recommended), *Begonias*, *Iris*, &c., do delightfully in the cooler part, and pots of *Lycopodium* placed all along the sides will lean on the heated case, and the warm air surrounding them will make them the warmest place.

I think for all these things the chief thing is, while giving water enough to keep them crisp and fresh, never to let the stagnant moisture of the atmosphere rest upon them. They do very well in an occasional spray, which refreshes them, but a large of water standing on any leaves on the heated case, and the dewed glass, on damp menses, or vapour condensing on them when the bell diminishes—all these things lead to blotches, and damped and dabby foliage.

The *Drosera* terminals is a plant that ought to be grown in such a case as this by way of a thermometer. If the warmth is sufficient to keep it in thriving health, so long leaves on the faces of leaves, and with red tints green. I have frequently had it with

the leaves more than one-half crimson, and some of my friends I know give it thus for their dinner table.

This arrangement, however, though beautifully coloured, is devoid of flowers. For myself I don't care how much green I have, only I do like to have in it three or four pots of flowers, and I think if they are absent the coloured leaves rather aggravate me. My special delight is in a case full of greenery, with a few of the most beautiful flowers on different plants. This for this sole reason that the tending following colours of one has also seen with me such favourites. I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the curved waxen look that the white flowers wear here, whether they be *Camelias* or *Orchids*, *Snowdrops* or white *Hyacinths*—all these having equalled the massive look of white marble. The peary succulent plants of different kinds and flowers are different in their style, but equally lovely still. But of all peary flowers I don't care any peculiar than an *Ivy* *Camellia* bloomed in a case like this.

The white Chinese *Primrose* is another great pot of mine, because of its velvety leaves and its innocent-looking flowers. And then the *Camellias* and *Andreas* are irreplaceable in the arrangement, as well as so delightful and beautiful that I cannot do without them.

Just now I am delighting greatly in an *Ivy* plant, a common, small-leaved *Ivy*, which looks dark and "woody" growing up amidst *Ferns*. *Myrtles*, too, are most thriving, now and then washed in a shower; and the lovely *Croton saligna* is a little gem that lasts long. *Begonia* leaves may be depended on now for crimson, for that is the colour which they give. I have filled them, and with other top green, in like style. I do not find it essential by any means to best frequently at this time of year. I shall only warn my own at present if foggy damp weather comes, or if I find the forcing one no longer be delayed. Already I have a pot or two of *Lilies* half hid amidst the Moss, and as the next month goes on, ambition will most likely stir me up to do better.

Some trees and tree *Carnations* are also to be thought of, and I don't know yet whether they do best grown all along in the case, or only put it before blooming. Accordingly I am now trying both ways to find out. *E. M. M.*

Home Correspondence.

Peer.—Will any one learned in Pines have the kindness to tell me whether Knight's Tall Blue and White *Marrows* were raised by Knight himself? If so, I presume that they are the offspring of the crosses described by him in the Philosophical Transactions for 1709. I find that the name "Knight" is taken to a few other surnames, but I do not know of any other darts. I will be prevailed on to ask one other question. Has any one who has sown seed Peas grown close to other kinds crossed that the succeeding crop comes up untrue or crossed? This certainly occurs rarely if ever; yet from what I have observed on the matter of fratricide of the Peas, I should have thought that it would occur more often than it does. As in the case of Dwarf Kidney Beans, of which I gave a striking example in your Paper of October 25, 1897. *Charles Darwin, Devon, East.*

Grapes.—I have a small *Vinery* in my house, with a row of Black Hamburgs, and indeed Muscat Hamburgs, with the assistance of a little hot heat in the spring only, very successfully. When I planted the first set, I got a few years ago, I put in an Mr. Rivers's recommendation a plant of the *Chassais* variety, a white Grape. The plant is excessively strong and healthy, but the fruit is not satisfactory. The crop is well enough, but most of the berries are very small, with a few very large amongst them, and a ragged looking bunch always. I want to ask whether you can tell me how far you would go to save the plant upon it, and if so, what sort? or would it be better to remove it and plant another sort in its place? The plant is in the best place in the house, and where a good sort is sure to flourish. I should like further to ask about something which has affected a few of the bunches of the Black Hamburgs. During the early part of the summer a few black spots, such as other similar spots, were washed with a sort of hoarsey crust on the skin. It is of a brown colour, and prevents the berry swelling regularly in shape, but otherwise does not affect the flavour. Can you suggest any cause or remedy for this? *An Old Subscriber*. [I. Regret with a Golden Hamburg. 2. The leafy stalks which fell from cold air striking the berries before the skin is fully formed.]

Spruce-felled Timber.—On May 2, 1899, while passing along the Long Walk at Windsor, I found a fine Elm just felled—a week or the workmen told me. They were squaring it, although so wet that the sap was dashed out at every blow of the axe. Can any one say what the fate of that Elm has been? *Anonymous.* *John Wingo* and *Thomas Wingo*—It has been better master of surprise where the grass weeps

which appear in such numbers early in spring, hide themselves in winter. Neither from air wet seen to hurt them, as if the weather is fine and favourable they make their appearance however ungenial the weather may have been. The dismantling of the ancient church at King's Cliffe during the last week or two has revealed at least one place of retreat. When the lead was raised off from the adjacent barn, some hundred or so of small, thin, flat, collected in little groups of six or eight nestling snugly between them, and in such a torpid state that they might be pushed about with perfect impunity. Not a single wing of the other sex was interested. The same dismantling gave an opportunity of examining the conditions under which the oak leaves were bred with insects. The epidemic of another dry, but in this case the bark of the tree was dried, and the few that which it had escaped, there is little doubt that the wood had been winter killed, as in an old roof in Bedfordshire, the agwood is every one is quite as sound as the hard wood, and there is reason to believe that this is entirely owing to winter falling. In every case where the hard wood was bred, there had been nearly seen penetration of moisture, and the weather had been so dry that the wood had been penetrated. Though we examined the old beams carefully, we did not find a single instance in which either larva or insect was present, nor was there any indication of any very recent attack, a circumstance which is the more surprising as on several of the beams where moisture had recently gained admittance there were gnawings and perfectly fresh tracks, leading to the fact that the weather had been so dry that the insects that appeared in the church during the winter had been bred on the beams. Had my work being in fact been present it could hardly have escaped our notice, as we were carefully looking out for any information which the old decayed beams could give us, as well as for archeological treasures. *M. J. B.*

Flowers.—I have read in page 956 what has been said about winter flowers, and I agree with the observation, "Few things are pleasanter in passing along a street than to see a window well filled with blooming flowers. The appearance of such a window strikes one so as to bright, that the whole place gathers from it a cheerful aspect. This being so, and as no flower is so beloved by the English people as the Rose, my suggestion is, for different reasons, to make to such a window a White: *Devonians*, *Mrs. Bessyquet*, *White*; *Clair de Dijon*, *Suifraze*, *Box Crimson*; *Beauty of Waltham*, *Sourley Red*; *Alphonse Damazin*, *Brilliant Dark Red*; *Marie Perrier*, *Cardinal Patrice*, *Jan Bart*; *Brilliant Red*; *Semestre Vaissin*, *M. C. Crapet*, *Gen. Jacquemin*, *Buffon*, *Vainqueur*, *de Solferino*, *Scarlet Crimson*; *Grand de Hollande*, *Grand de Hollande*, *Ermine*, *Dark Pink*; *Fransois Arago*, *Red dark variety*, *Mercure* and *Red*; *Princesse Mathilde*, *Prince Camille de Rohan*, *M. Melanin*, *not quite full*, *Dark Blood*; *Crimson*; *Due de Caux*, *Red*; *Melancolin*, *Crested de Barbarance*, *Black bright*, *Vermillion Red*; *Due de Rohan*, *Bright Crimson*; *Pauline Lasserre*, *Zentrour*, *Amely Red*, *Comtes de Regnier*, *Pink*; *Clair de Hollande*, *Clair de Hollande*, *Ermine*; *Havel*, *Madile*, *Halmus*, *Bright Carmine*; *Jules Marguette*, *Victor Verdier*, *Rose*; *Catherine Guillot*, *Permalme*, *M. Place*. No one can make a bad selection. Where only one Rose is named, it is good; and where more are named, the first I suppose would be the best. *Pauline Lasserre* is the type of what a Rose should be. It is a little like *Clair de Hollande* (the type of what Roses should be. *W. F. Baddeley, Bathford Rectory.*

Progress of Gardening.—Is my younger days I was given to gardening in all its branches. Since then, however, having been knocked about the world for some 25 years, I have lacked time and opportunity for such pursuit, but I have not lost my interest. I have returned to my old love. I have created greenhouses, *Vinerias*, pits, and I have once again begun to take in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, but alas! I have grown rusty; the knowledge I once possessed has evaporated, and the little that remains in, I am told, entirely out of date and useless; that the books of my youth now only remind, and that a few of the most things have been found to be of no use to me. I have been standing still, but have been standing still in my progress. All this is very likely, and I can well believe it. Being painfully conscious of my shortcomings, I should be truly obliged to any one who would have the charity to tell me in what books I shall find reliable information and instruction. Got a good gardener, some will not mind to give me a few hints, but I am sure that he is a good one or not I cannot tell; that is precisely one main point on which I am anxious to form a judgment, if possible, before it is too late, and all my thoughts are spent by a course of ill usage. It has moreover never been my habit through a tolerably successful life to trust to the guidance of subordinates, or to allow the servant to know or direct his master's business. My great object has always been assistance. *Foot*. [Get *Three* *Gardener's Assistant*.]

Fruit Judging at South Kensington.—I am one of those who think that Mr. Bosc's has just cause of complaint against the judgment at the recent fruit show at South Kensington, but I also think that some of his neighbours here will be so much interested in what you have said in your issue of the 11th inst., exhibited a collection of six sorts of Royal Apples, the only drawback being that (except