

in the case of Pear trees, may say, that if out of this multitude of intermediate forms, we are incapable of recognising distinct specific types, that it becomes then difficult to have crossed and increased thousands of times with one another, that their fertile hybrids have enormously increased the number of crosses, and to that may be attributed these innumerable forms which drive classifiers wild. Far, if it from one to many such crosses or species influences; it is scarcely striking me as more probable. Indeed it is nothing possible to doubt it, when we see what takes place in an orchard of Pear trees in full blossom, where the bees, attracted from a league all round, are feeding from the flowers night and day, and the bees, which are of so many sorts and varieties, and shedding it on stigmas which were never intended to receive it. And these fertilisations, unusual as they are thought to be, are invariably take, and all the flowers which receive pollen of any Pear tree whatever, set their fruit, which is always constant fertile seeds. I ask, then, if by this constant fertility, after every conceivable cross, proves the diversity of species from their primitive types? To my mind it is precisely the contrary.

Does the graft, as some people maintain, alter the essential nature of the fruit, which I think not, at least I have never observed anything to make me think so. Duhamel, for example, remarked a century ago, that the Pear Imperiale with Oak leaves (another curious variation of foliage similar to what I mentioned before) never had but one fruit. Now it can be proved at the present day that all the fruit of this race or this variety have but three cells; although ever since the time of Duhamel it has never been propagated in any other way than by grafting. Many other well known kinds might be brought forward in support of the want of power in the graft to alter the nature of the variety, as for example the property, whatever it may be, which gives favour to fruit, varying as it does so remarkably in different kinds.

Does the graft alter the essential nature of the fruit, as some people maintain, because they are propagated by grafting is an error which must be exposed. There is no single fact to prove it. Those which have been cited depend upon totally different causes, part and foremost among which are climate, soil, and the nature of the culture. It is a matter of fact, of proving so common now-a-days. Our ancient Pears, which a century or two ago were so justly esteemed, are now exactly the same as they ever were; they ripen at the same time and keep good just as long. If they are neglected it is no proof of degeneracy, but that they are not improved, are interested in bringing forward new varieties. The pretended degeneracy of ancient races is in reality nothing more than one of those clever devices of the present day. On the other hand, can it be true, as Van Mons and many pomologists believe, that the ripe of a good fruit produces another fruit, and thence return to what they suppose to be the specific type? I do not hesitate to declare the contrary, and I defy any one to bring forward an example of a good fruit, whose flowers were fertilised by its own pollen, or by that of any of its own race, which has produced fruit of its own race. If good variety is fertilised by a wild or austere sort, it is only natural that the trees raised from such seed should produce new varieties, some if not all of which will prove inferior in quality; it may even appear that in the number there will be some which will be better than that the wilding which furnished the pollen; but this degeneracy, if you like to call it so, is nothing but the consequence of an unskillful cross. It may be considered certain, that all superior varieties of the Pear tree, and indeed of all fruit trees, if they are fertilised by themselves, produce good fruit; they may vary, and will probably do so, sometimes in one peculiarity and sometimes another, according to the variety, but none will become wild, any more than our seedling Calceolae. Most of our wild Pears, such as the wild Melons of India, or our Cabbages and Cauliflowers return to some one of the wild races or varieties that grow on the sea-shore. Whatever the advocates of immutability may say, the species of plants are really subject to that variation which is much richer than that theory which refers to the same specific type races and varieties, which, though very different in appearance, have the same morphological organisation, and which, like the members of the same family, are capable of crossing one with the other. This is a fact which all good generations, I am quite aware that there are always will be doubtful cases, notwithstanding the proof of fertile crossing; but that is no reason for separating, as so many distinct primordial entities, what observation and analogy show to proceed from a single original type. Take any one of our races of Pear trees, and transport it to all the regions of the globe; wherever it can exist, it will struggle to adapt itself to the situation, and you will find after a few generations it will have given birth to a great number of varieties. These will be raised in the place under our own eyes, in the case of every cultivated plant that is much distributed over the world, gives the key to those polymorphous species which perplex botanical classifiers, and which have only become what they are by Nature, having spread there over an immense expanse of country."

It appears to us, says the Editor of *Les Mondes*, from which those remarks are derived, that the views of M. DeCandolle are self evident; that the

immutability of species is not at all variance with the multiplicity of varieties, or of what in other cases are called races. The two are true, and the Pear tree does not differ more from one another, than two dogs or two men.

ANCIENT FRUIT LORE.—No. V.

(Continued from p. 749.)

How to order Quinces.

Quinces are a fruit, which, if there be any store of them, is not to be laid in that room, where any other fruits is, by reason of their strong smell. For being laid in any close room, near other fruit, it will cause the fruit to smell of them. The ripener also that they be, the stronger their sent is; especially if they be in a close room: and they will not only be hurtful to the fruite neere them, but noysome also to them that come into the roome where they lie. Therefore they are to be layed, in such a roome severall (upon five straw) where they shall haue ayre enough. Also, being to be carryed any far way, they must be packed in straw: and so likewise Medlars. Their time of gathering also is all one with Medlars.

As to the order of packing, a vase of Peares, Medlars, &c. and also Quinces, for the most part, they are to be packed in straw, and with all other sorts of apples, beginning with the summer fruits.

How to packe or maunde apples.

All kinds of summer or winter apples must be packed, layed, and carryed in wheate or rather rye straw. And although, for the most part, they are layed in some roome, neere where they growe, until they be all gathered & ready to be carryed away, yet the better way for those that are to conueigh their fruite, from whence they are gathered, is to haue such a roome, strait & all ready, by the way, that will hold your baskets or prickles be full, you may presently poure them into the maunds. For, being first layed in one place, and then taken vp again, to be put into maunds or other casks, doth hurt the fruite with too much tossing; but being presently put into the maunds, well sorted, and gently handled, will cause summer fruite to keep plump, and keep their colour the better.

If you have not so many of one kind of fruite, or that there be a remnant (as of some sorts, there be but a few, in an orchard) so that the maund cannot be full, you may be content to packe them in a basket, with some fine sweet straw vpon them, then poure in the other kinde of fruite, and so fill your maunde: it being filled and well packed, the two sorts will not come together in the stirring or carriage of them.

How to empty maunds, and how to lay the fruite.

At the emptying of them, see that the fruite be not much trodd, but that they be the strongest sort come together. And although packt and carryed in straw, yet at the emptying let the straw be pickt out cleane; and as neere as you can, let every sort be layed seuerall. Now, if there be so many sorts, that the content of some, shall be double, or triple, be sure that you mingle none, but those that will last alike: But if they be neere in taste and colour, theree needs no separation. But although some sortes doe last alike, and be neere of one taste, yet if they be not of a colour, they are not to be layed together. For, it is an unreasonably sight to see one heape of apples of seuerall colours. But if already they be mingled, let them be taken vp with a Trey; and looke how many sortes there be in the heape, you must haue by you so many baskets, and so part every sort seuerall, when they be put into the baskets, to be first sent, & the rest by degrees in their time.

And although they that be summer fruite, be called ripe fruite, yet are they not ripe all at one time. Wherefore, no sorts must be layed together, but those that ripen alike: otherwise, being laid together in a heape, the one will be rotten before the other be ripe, and the hardest amongst them to rot, before they be kindly ripe.

Also Pippins and other winter fruite, are to be carryed and packt in maunds, lyued with wheate or rye straw: and at the emptying of them, the straw to be cleane pickt out. And when your pippins, or other winter fruite, come to be layed in the baskets, or other vessels, where they should be conueighed or carryed, vnlike your maunds, take off the straw, at the top: when you haue done, whelme down the maunds, emptying them gently, into small baskets, picking out the straw as cleane as you can. Haue a good care also, to haue a hook or pecke by it selfe, for if the pecker of them had, the one will hurt the other: especially the stalkes of the one, will run into the other. And being one stalk-prickt, they will not last long, although not presently seene.

Only, being battered or bruised, they cannot keep. And the Pippin which is called its selfe *the King*, will be battered, the skinned being not broken, it will dry vp againe: so that it be when it is green, and being layed amongst the rest: for then they will soake away the bruise, and make it plump againe, it is: it be not too much bruised.

STRAWBERRIES AND SPOITS.

1. *Nimrod*.—I sent the true sort to Mr. Nicholson at the same time that I sent to Mr. Henderson to me from a friend at Blandford, who also grew noble *Eleanor*. My ground was not strong enough for it; I therefore discarded it. Its colour here was orange scarlet. It is not capable of being grown to the size of *Eleanor*,—it is sweet, and of the Queen's favour. *Eleanor* is more or less acid. No doubt Mr. Doubleday's six runners sprang from the ones that I sent to Mr. Nicholson; still I was surprised to see Mr. Nicholson's description of *Nimrod*, viz., "very like *Eleanor*," which I do not believe. Messrs. Myatt, Ingram, and Baker of Blandford grew both these sorts. The last gentleman especially recommended *Nimrod* to me.

2. *The False Sir Harry*.—This was, I believe (and others think so too) Hooper's Seedling. I have had a letter full of gross on the subject, cheered by thanks for my last and other articles. The complainant says the true *Sir Harry* is slow to grow and slower to run. This I found to be the case. Ninety-five out of 100, I believe, have never had the true *Nimrod* or true *Sir Harry*, or they have had them mixed.

3. *Les Cordon* runners. The complaints against the growth and slow running of this good Strawberry are such as I supposed would be the case. Mr. Turner wrote this week for runners, complaining of its slow growth and slow and sparse running. I have not the sign of a runner, although I will be sowing, take every care of mother and daughter, which might do to the end of cropping and Salt Hill, what can be expected in our inferior lands! I shall make all the plantations of *Progmore Pine* that I can (one is already made), and discard this sort. Still, where it will succeed, should be grown. The *Progmore Pine* is worthy of the Royal gardens in which they were raised.

4. *Madef ad Bijou*.—These are two seedlings of M. de Jonghe's, which he rightly describes as slow growers and slow runners. I have seen them in the most of my south wall. The sharp frosts soon killed them. *Bijou* is alive and very small, with two diminutive runners. Had not M. de Jonghe asked in a late communication, "what will Mr. Radcliffe say?" I should have said to remember that I have sown, take every care of mother and daughter, which might do to the end of cropping and Salt Hill, what can be expected in the Blandford land, where they can grow good crops of *Myatt's Quinquifolia*, a curious, handsome, and good-flavoured Strawberry, suitable chiefly for pot culture.

5. *Strom*.—These, such as *Campanula*, *White Bath*, and *White Rose*, seen of Mr. Campbell a perfectly striped *Rose* and *La Reine* (its parent) at the same time. I have seen on the *White Bath*, white *Rose*, white and rosetted, and also a bloom one half white and the other half rose; but I never saw a Strawberry sport. Still the frosts of Nature are manifold, or should not have the term *luxu natura*. I bought 12 *Sir Harry's* (not of Mr. Underhill) for 10s., and *Sir Harry* sported, or returned to the ancient type of Hooper's Seedling. Let us hope that the raisers of seedlings will, like the calico printers, find out a reason for fixing. These mishaps may be owing to the vicary of Gussage, All Saints, Dorset, to which I was presented by Archdeacon Buckle. The first Sunday that I served the church, the clerk gave out the words of the Psalm—

"What neighbour thou art scarce believe
What 'other neighbour says!"
W. F. Radcliffe, *Zuchin*.

Home Correspondence.

Appearance of a Plant in a Singular Place.—In a hard gravel walk close to my house, my garden and my house, I discovered about five or six years ago, two little rosettes of purplish leaves pushing their way up. We neither of us could imagine what they were; they were soon trampled down and apparently killed. But this spring they have re-appeared in exactly the same manner. They have now become more flowered and prove to be *Epipactis latifolia*. This *Orcid*, though by no means a rare plant, I have never seen in this neighbourhood, and have heard only once of its having been found in a wood about a mile and a distance. The gravel walk was made 20 years ago; and before that time the spot existed as a little-used carriage drive; and about 25 or 26 years ago it was a pasture field. How could this *Epipactis*, which is so rare a plant here, have come to this spot, and there remain for so long a time, and appear under the gravel for the last five or six years. Could a seed have been blown here from a distance and have germinated during some season when the walk was neglected? The tall stems growing up in the midst of the bare gravel present an odd appearance, and the case is singular one. *Charles Darwin*, *Doon, Bromley, Kent*.

Spirious Strawberry.—I can fully confirm Mr. Doubleday's statement in reference to this subject in last week's number, as regards *Nimrod* and *Eleanor*, which were first sent me to be distributed by Messrs. Lumley, Pine, & Co. under that name, except *Myatt's Eleanor*, which I got twice from that firm through Messrs. Henderson. What Mr. Doubleday had from the late Mr. Nicholson as the true *Nimrod*, I believe, the same sort which Mr. Radcliffe gave me,