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

1. "*Rubus japonica, Veitch.*—A hardy shrub, with broad bright green leaves, white flowers and yellow fruit. Introduced by Messrs. Veitch and Co. Planted against a wall it proves to be almost evergreen."

I had myself the pleasure 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 placed against a south wall, where it grew vigorously, withstood without any protection whatever the severity of at least three winters, and attracted universal admiration. The fourth year it produced some large handsome well-flavoured 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 professed to be the same 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, not a trace of it could be found! As it is probable that the Messrs. Veitch may have sold other plants of the true Rubus japonica, 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. *Asparagus Potato.*—Under this name about the year 1830 or 1831 I received from the Horticultural Society a few tubers of most remarkable form, as well as singular excellence. 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 from the wreck disappeared altogether the following year, though tended with the utmost care. I presume the same causes led 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 tubers were quite straight and at least 6 inches long, though no thicker than the finger. They were waxy, and served as an *entremet*—quite irreproachable! *J. B., Biddulph Grange.*

Indoor Gardening.

The ways of filling plant cases for the present time are numerous enough to please many different tastes, although there is not now the amazing wealth of blossom 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 rare or striking, and they have a wide range of beautiful things to select from.

The Maranta has been for long, with its beautiful velvety leaves, the centre of one plant case. The beautiful Caladiums give brightness quite like flowers, with their exquisitely-shaped leaves—and Gesneras and Dracænas, and Begonias and Ferns, make up an assorted group that do well in a heated case, warmth and slight moisture without violent change of temperature being highly agreeable to them.

In such an arrangement the Caladiums, Dracænas, Marantas, Gesneras, and climbing Fern (the Lygodium scandens, which has long grown so nicely in the "room-ward" 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 pots that are only half on the heated case, and the warm air surrounding them will make theirs the warmest place.

Hardier Ferns, Adiantums, Pteris serrulata, Davallias (these Hare's-foot Ferns are especially to be recommended), Begonias, Ivies, &c., do delightfully in the cooler part, and pots of Lycopodium placed all along the room side, will grow by degrees towards the window and make a lovely carpet, such as can be moved aside to admit a plant, and easily replaced.

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 vapour, which refreshes them, but drops of water standing on their leaves, or faces of leaves resting on dewed glass, on damp mosses, or vapour condensing on them when the heat diminishes—all these things lead to blotches, and damped and flabby foliage,

The Dracæna terminalis 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, its long narrow leaves will be streaked more with red than green. I have frequently had it with the leaves more than one-half crimson, and some of my friends I know grow 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 especial delight is in a case full of greenery, with a few flowers set in it just to shine there like jewels. It is for this sole reason that the telling glowing colours of one hue alone are with me such favourites. I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the carved waxen look that the white flowers wear here, whether they be Camellias or Orchids, Snowdrops or white Hyacinths—all these having equally the massive look of white marble. The pearly translucent petals of many other white flowers are different in their style, but equally lovely still. But of all pearly flowers I don't know any pearlier than an Ivy Geranium bloomed in a case like this.

The white Chinese Primrose is another great pet of mine, because of its velvety leaves and its innocent-looking flowers. And then the Camellias and Azaleas are invaluable in their lastingness, as well as so delightful for their beautiful dark green leaves.

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 Crowea saligna is a little gem that lasts long. Begonia leaves may be depended on now for crimson, for that is the colour which seems just at present most rare. Begonia Ingrami and some others are too in blossom, and a little of such Begonia blossom goes a long way for light. My own temptation is, though, when one has not scarlet enough for all, to take this time for having a group made of blue and white mixed up with the pinkish mauve of flowers like the Crowea, and with little Heaths when air can be given daily, keeping the top glass off. In a case filled thus, and with only the usual green, I do not find it essential by any means to heat frequently at this time of year. I shall only warm my own at present if foggy damp weather comes, or if I find the forcing can 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 force them.

Rose 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 in before blooming. Accordingly I am now trying both ways to find out. *E. A. M.*

Home Correspondence.

Peas.—Will any one learned in Peas 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 1799. I find that the name "Knight" tacked to a Pea is not a guarantee that the sort was of his production. I will beg permission to ask one other question. Has any one who has saved seed Peas grown close to other kinds observed that the succeeding crop came up untrue or crossed? This certainly occurs rarely if ever; yet from what I have observed on the manner of fructification of the Pea, I should have expected that such crossing would occasionally happen, as in the case of Dwarf Kidney Beans, of which fact I gave a striking example in your Paper of October 25, 1857. *Charles Darwin, Down, Kent.*

Grapes.—I have a small Vinery in which I have grown Black Hamburghs, and indeed Muscat Hamburghs, with the assistance of a little fire heat in the spring only, very successfully. When I planted the rest, that is about four years ago, I put in on Mr. Rivers's recommendation a plant of the Chasselas Vibert, a white Grape. The plant is uncommonly 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 would advise me to graft or inarch some other sort 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 Hamburghs. During the early part of the summer a few here and there, but in no particular place, were touched with a sort of leathery streak 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.* [1. Regraft with a Golden Hamburgh. 2. The leathery streak arises from cold air striking the berries before the skin is fully formed.]

Spring felled Timber.—On May 2, 1839, while passing along the Long Walk at Windsor, I found a fine Elm just felled—a week as 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 log has been? *Acinaces.*

Queen Wasps and Worm-eaten Timber.—It has often been matter of surprise where the queen wasps which appear in such numbers early in spring, hide themselves in winter. Neither frost nor wet seem 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 rolled off from the subjacent boards some hundreds of queen wasps were found 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 wasp of the other sex was intermixed. The same dismantling gave an opportunity of examining the conditions under which the oak beams were bored with insects. The sapwood, whether dry or not, had in most cases been reduced to dust. In the few cases in which it had escaped, there is little doubt that the wood had been winter felled, as in an old roof in Bedfordshire, the sapwood in every case is quite as sound as the heart wood, and there is reason to believe that this is entirely owing to winter felling. In every case where the heart wood was bored, there had clearly been a penetration of moisture, without which in all probability the larvæ could not have 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 young and perfectly formed Fungi belonging to the genera Polyporus and Corticium. Almost the only insect that appeared in the church except spiders was the common Blaps mortisaga. Had any wood boring insect 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 archæological treasures. *M. J. B.*

Roses for Window Gardens.—I have read in page 956 what has been said about window 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 as so 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, I beg to suggest a few in different colours suitable to such a situation. *White:* Devoniensis, Mrs. Bosanquet. *Yellow:* Gloire de Dijon, Safrano. *Rosy Crimson:* Beauty of Waltham. *Scarlety Red:* Alphonse Damaizin. *Brilliant Dark Red:* Marie Portemer, Cardinal Patrizzi, Jean Bart. *Brilliant Red:* Senateur Vaisse, M. C. Crapelet, Gen. Jacqueminot, Buffon, Vainqueur de Solferino. *Scarlet Crimson:* Géant des Batailles, Lord Raglan, Eugène Appert. *Dark Plum:* François Arago. *Rich dark velvety Maroon and Red:* Princesse Mathilde, Prince Camille de Rohan, M. Melanie, not quite full. *Dark Blood Crimson:* Duc de Cazes. *Blush:* Malmaison, Comtesse de Barbantanne. *Rich bright Vermilion Red:* Duc de Rohan. *Bright Crimson:* Pauline Lansezeur. *Lustrous Velvety Red:* Comtesse de Seguier. *Pink:* Comtesse de Cecile Chabrillan. *Scarlet:* Monsieur Ravel, Madlle. Haiman. *Bright Carmine:* Jules Margottin, Victor Verdier. *Rose:* Catherine Guillot, Parmentier, 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 Lansezeur is the type of what a pot Rose should be. Senateur Vaisse and Cecile Chabrillan are the types of what Roses should be. *W. F. Radclyffe, Rushton Rectory.*

Progress of Gardening.—In 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 pursuits. Now, however, ample leisure allows me to return to my old loves. I have erected greenhouses, Vineries, pits, and I have once again begun to take in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, but alas! I have grown rusty; the knowledge I once possessed has evaporated, and the little that remains is, I am told, entirely out of date and useless; that the books of my youth now only mislead, and that a thousand things have been found out since they were written; that in short whilst I have been standing still the world has been progressing. 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. Get a good gardener, some will no doubt say. Well, I have got a gardener, but whether 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 things are spoilt by a course of ill usage. It has moreover never been my habit through a tolerably successful life to trust to the knowledge of subordinates, or to allow the servant to guide and direct the master. Pray give me your advice and assistance. *Fogey.* [Get Thompson's Gardeners' Assistant.]

Fruit Judging at South Kensington.—I am one of those who think that Mr. Bousie 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 have quite as much reason to be dissatisfied. Mr. Simpson, Stoke Farm, exhibited a collection of six sorts of capital Apples, the only drawback being that one of