

as a native. For weeks during summer it is a perfect mass of dark blue velvety bloom and will fill a trellis twelve feet high, but the *Coccinea* is delicate in its constitution and growth, and flowers sparingly.

Secondly, that none of the large flowering foreign varieties have succeeded here out of doors, but of those tried *Jackmanii* is the best.

Third, the native American varieties including *C. Crispa* and *C. Virginiana* being small flowering varieties, but immense growers will do well in almost any position, and with almost any treatment, and will succeed in making splendid covering for arbors, old buildings, fences, etc.

Fourth, we are satisfied that our climatic conditions without extra care of planting, covering, etc., are not at present or are likely to be for some time to come, suitable to the growth and success of improved varieties of the Clematis in this country.

Fifth, the only methods of management and successful culture of the best varieties of improved foreign Clematises appears to me to be especial planting in prepared muck or peat compost, and growing and training to supports under glass structure for the purpose.

Sixth, we most earnestly hope and expect that these precautions and protections will in course of time, be adopted amongst us, for it is most decidedly our opinion that the great beauty and other superior qualities of the Clematis, as an ornamental climber, will give abundant satisfaction for the outlay and study given to it. We further hope and believe that instead of these results being made a discouragement in this line to any, that they will rather serve as stimulants to urge us to greater industry and greater care and deeper study of their requirements and wants, and in time we will secure varieties that will give us the satisfaction desired.

Arkona, Jan. 15, 1890.

B. GOTT.

YOU love the Roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down Roses, as the rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valleys would be pink and white,
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
Like sleeping and yet waking all at once.

—George Eliot.