

June until the 1st of November, averaging 9 to 10 inches in diameter, the consistency of wax, the texture of satin, and remaining for several weeks in bloom, each flower, before falling apart.

In the autumn the Jackmani and Viticella varieties should be cut close to the ground—the Lanuginosa varieties left 9 inches long, and the perennial wooded ones not pruned at all, but carefully taken from the trellises, laid on the ground, and covered (in this climate of Ottawa) with *old* manure to a depth of at least 12 inches. In the spring this covering is to be raked off, and the long wood tied to the trellises, where it soon sends out young flowering shoots which bloom about the 10th of June, and are followed shortly after by the other varieties, which send up their blooming shoots from the root every year, rapidly covering space with foliage and flowers. If the colors are carefully chosen, a perfectly radiant combination of colors may be had from June until frost.

As to varieties, I would advise several white ones, for although all are nearly alike in appearance, the season of flowering is different, and if planted together the same flower seems in perpetual bloom. The same is true of the red varieties—(not including the Clematis coccinea, which does not harmonize with the others.) My favorite of all is the lovely lavender-colored Mrs. Bateman, and the Blue Gem is almost as fine. The Rubella, Viticella, Rubra Grandiflora, and Madam Grange, are of a fine red or claret color, the Jackmani, a radiant royal purple, but a coarse loose flower when closely examined, and the Velutina purpurea, which is like Jackmani, except that it is almost black and of a very velvety surface.

If these suggestions are found of use I will add a few more before the plant-

ing season opens, hoping to stimulate the cultivation of what is so perfectly within the possibilities in our climate, and capable of results which enrapture and surprise those who see them in their beauty and profusion for the first time.

January 22nd, 1886.

GIVE US YOUR EXPERIENCE.

(For the Canadian Horticulturist.)

It is some time since that I, partly in deference to the nod of the chief of the Horticulturist's staff, and partly to gratify the chronic *cacæthes scribendi*, prepared a paper on the "Advantages and Art of Fall Planting of Trees," &c., &c. In the order, or disorder, of events it was mislaid and could not be found nor leisure had to prepare another, the author not being blessed with a brain as fertile as that Spanish prodigy, Lope de Vega, who could write a five-act play of Shakesperian power before breakfast. So the public have been permitted to sleep on in their accustomed and sinful arboreal apathy. Just a few days ago the missing "copy" was found together with the aforesaid "Nod" snugly embowelled in its folds, like precious and embalming spices. But no antiseptic could prevent it from becoming unseasonable, a sort of post mortem affair, for the Frost King had long since invaded Flora's domain, striking down first the loveliness which stood nearest the "picket line" between autumn and summer, and then with brumal din, rush and clash of storm and tempest, swept all before him. "But the Nod. What became of the Nod?" O! that was an evergreen, fresh and flourishing, and as potential as ever. The Secretary has more than once explained that the trees and plants distributed among its members were so distributed to ascertain their hardiness, productiveness, profitableness, as adju-