

sweet, rich, and of about the purest flavor of any out-door grape in ordinary cultivation. I saw it in Barrie last year with the same characteristics, and it seems the same in many parts of the country.

Was it the president of the American Pomological Society who, a few years ago, called it "the best grape in the world?" No: I think it was Mr. Barry the chairman of the Committee on Nomenclature of that Society. Let us pass it along anyway as the Best Red Grape in Canada. I will be uncommonly glad to hear of a better one, but this is good enough for me.

Poughkeepsie Red and *Ulster Prolific* have not yet fruited with me.

ANOTHER SEASON'S EXPERIENCES WITH THE ROSE.

MR. EDITOR,—Notwithstanding that former remarks made by me, through the medium of the *Horticulturist*, on the "Rose," received some gentle strictures from the pen of a much respected friend of mine—Mr. Gott, of Arkona, I still hold as warm and loyal allegiance as ever to the queen of flowers. In fact I find that another season's added experience and association has but added to and deepened my craze (if craze it is) for this (as I still claim it to be) the most beautiful of all flowers. I will, however, with as little effescence as possible give a few notes on my experience the past season with the rose. For the hardiest kinds of out-door roses the season has been a very good one, while for tender sorts and for all kinds which are liable to mildew it has been very unfavorable. Alfred Colomb, General Jacqueminot, and Fisher Holmes, among the reds, fully sustained the reputations which I accorded them last season, while General Washington exceeded anything which I have ever given it credit for. It bore blooms (and grand ones) the

whole season through, from June until severe autumn frosts. I am still, however, of the same opinion as formerly, that Alfred Colomb is the finest, most reliable, and the most valuable rose of its color which I have tested. Another red rose which made a most remarkable and beautiful display with me early in the season was Maurice Bernardin. I have only one bush of this variety, and it is rather a small one, but I have counted nearly a hundred fine blooms on it at one time.

Among the pink or rose colored, La France, Paul Neyron, and Marquise de Castellane, again proved themselves worthy of all the praise I have ever given them, while François Michelon has this year proved itself quite worthy of a place with this former-mentioned beautiful trio.

Baroness Rothschild far exceeded anything it ever did before. I have formed a more favorable opinion of it than I ever held before. In cold, damp seasons like the past one, I think it will prove a valuable rose.

Among the white roses, the White Baroness has this year carried off the palm. It is not quite white, but its symmetrical blooms were so entrancingly beautiful, that even sensible, matter-of-fact visitors who came to see it, and who profess to be quite above little weaknesses which I am marred with, were sometimes almost tempted to fall down and give it a little idolatrous worship like myself. I wish my gentle critic of Arkona had been there, and I think he would have forgiven me for getting off the solid earth occasionally when speaking of the rose. Madame Noman, Eliza Boelle, and any of this tenderest type of the hybrid noisette family, were hardly up to the standard of former years. The season, I think, was too cold for them. I think this will prove a particularly valuable class of roses in dry and hot seasons. I find