

THE MATTER OF NAMES.

Of course there must be variety. It might be inferred from an inspection of the majority of our gardens, that no novelty had been introduced into this country for the last sixty or seventy years, and that straight walks through huge clumps of evergreens, chiefly laurels, and their boundless continuity of shade, left nothing to be desired. The true gardener will thankfully avail himself of all the beneficent gifts which reward his patient study and science in the production of new varieties.

In every garden there must be, wherever there may be, seclusion, quiet retreats for for rest and retirement, for contemplation made. Our garden should be our Jerusalem, "the vision and possession of peace." I must have a place to flee unto, when I know that the great landau of the Wopperton-Wickses is in my avenue, because one of their gigantic horses, a little touched in the wind, is loudly expressing his disapproval of a sudden rise in the ground, and because I catch a glimpse the trees of the gorgeous liveries, the cockades, and the calves, and the elab-

orate amorial bearing of the Woppertons and the Wickses mixed.

It is from these dissonant intrusions which confuse the brain, impede the digestive organs, and turn the tranquil waters into seething billows, like the storms of an Italian lake, that we would provide our haven of refuge. I would not make a single garden, which was worth seeing, into "a place of selfish solitude." There is rarely need to ask the question now,

"Why should not these great squires
Give up their parks some dozen times a year,
And let the people breathe?"

As a rule, where decent behaviour can be assured, the most attractive of our English homes are open to the public. At frequent intervals, the true gardener is never more happy than when he has the time for converse with those who can appreciate his work. What I mean is that all gardens should be secluded from supervision, and I think that even of show days there should be some small sanctuary unpoluted by the bag of the sandwich, the peel of the orange, and the cork of the ginger-beer.

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HOW many gardens we see that contain fine and rare varieties of plants, from which the labels have been lost. How often a named collection of roses we shall say, is planted with the correct labels duly affixed, and after the growing season and the erasing effects of the winter, the labels which came from the nursery, convey no more meaning to the planter than the Egyptian hieroglyphics do to the ordinary scholar. You say, "The nurseryman should supply more lasting labels," but when you consider the short and busy season that is allotted to the

nurseryman to get his orders dug and packed, it is obvious that he must use labels that are most quickly and conveniently written, and for this reason a pine label is written with pencil and wired to one of the branches.

The experienced nurseryman distinguishes different varieties of fruit and shrubbery by their growth, and to the experienced florist the leaves, habit, etc., of most roses, geraniums, fuchsias and countless other plants, silently proclaim the names of the particular varieties. It requires years of experience to become thus proficient in names, and it