

of taste that has taken place in the last fifty years has not been wholly his work, but he began it, and even those who now refuse to acknowledge him a master, are the fruits of the stimulus which he gave to the love of art and the sense of beauty.

"The great distinction of all Ruskin's writings is their sincerity, or may be called originality. He drew inspiration from men and books, but he gave us no second-hand work. He describes for us what he has seen with his own eyes—never through the eyes of another."



FIG. 1818. R. D. BLACKMORE.

R. D. BLACKMORE.—The Garden also fittingly announces the death of this writer, so popular with us in Canada, that we take the privilege of the extract, of course giving due credit :

This writer of delightful romances—a writer who has told us of the beautiful Devonshire scenery and its flowers in his tale of "Lorna Doone"—passed away on Saturday last at his Teddington home. The English-speaking world is poorer for the loss of this gifted and interesting man, who hid himself from the world and its gaiety in his garden at Teddington, where he cultivated fruits enthusiastically for many years. Pear culture was his favorite hobby, and his assistance for many years as a member (then as chairman) of the fruit committee of the Royal Horticultural Society was of importance. We remember with pleasure Mr. Blackmore's paper upon Vine pests delivered some years ago at a conference, under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society, a paper of practical value, brimful of humor and revealing a deep knowledge of the subject. Lovers of gardens, of scenery, and of healthy literature should read Mr. Blackmore's novels, "Lorna Doone," "Cradock Nowell," and

"Perlycross" being among his most interesting productions. Mr. Blackmore was born at Longworth, in Berks, about seventy-five years ago, was educated at Blundell's School Tiverton, and from thence passed to Oxford and to the Bar. "Lorna Doone" shared the fate of many novels as brilliant; it failed to find a publisher until long after it had been written. It is said that eighteen publishers rejected the work, and when it appeared it received scant attention from reviewer and public. Mr. Blackmore attributed the ultimate success of his best known work to the fact that the marriage of Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne gave rise to the supposition that the novel was in some way connected with the "Lorne" family. Editions quickly appeared. The public were satisfied, too. If Lorne had nothing in common with Lorna, they agreed the writer had given to the world a brilliant romance. About ten years after its first publication Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston and Co. issued the 22nd edition. It is not too much to say that Lynton and Minehead were made famous by this novel of the land of the Doones. Mr. Blackmore was a thorough lover of the open air, and besides a keen gardener was a good shot and trout fisherman. Of late years we have missed his familiar face at the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society, due not to a lessened interest in flowers and fruit, but to failing health.

Mr. Blackmore, we believe, was not offended when described as a "market gardener," and used this *nom de plume* to one of his works. He was an enthusiast, and his produce from the many acres cultivated at Teddington found its way to Covent Garden, but he confessed once to the writer that Pear culture was not all profit.

The Chronicle (England) says :

R. D. BLACKMORE was a good cultivator and a practical man; we have seen him pruning his own vines and fruit-trees. When fruit-growers were being lectured upon the necessity of selecting the best fruits only, of taking great pains with packing and other details of marketing, Blackmore once drew us aside with a curious smile to show us that what was being recommended was just what he had been doing for years. In these particulars he was like Thomas Rivers, who, however, was not so lenient to those who were presumptuous enough to think they could teach him how to grow fruit-trees. There is one trait in our friend's character that has not been alluded to, though the reader has but to look at his genial portrait to see that a keen sense of humor was one of his most prominent characteristics. Those who were present at a certain conference on vine diseases held at Chiswick some years ago, will remember the rich, rollicking humor with which he described a certain disease whose nature at that time was unknown. The way in which he criticised the plant doctors with an imperturbable countenance, was one of the richest bits of fun we ever remember. Unfortunately the critic was no better but rather worse informed, but everyone enjoyed the fun nevertheless. Another characteristic of our lamented friend was his generosity. Several instances of