

I find the wild ones in the woods are also infested with the slug. The slug when full grown is about one-eighth of an inch long, brown, and when crushed, full of a yellow liquid; they are on the inside and outside of leaves.

TREE ROSES AND WEEPING ROSES.

Since the remarks in our article on Roses, on the impossibility of growing these in this climate, were written, the following notes on this subject by one who evidently speaks from personal experience have attracted our attention, and we give them a place here because it is desirable that the public should be made acquainted with the fact that they have been tried many years ago, and found to be a failure in such a climate as ours. In a picture, the tree-rose laden with roses of several colors, or gracefully drooping, like a weeping tree, under its burden of pink, and scarlet, and yellow blooms, looks beautiful, and the expenditure of from three to five dollars to possess such an ornament to one's grounds seems reasonable, but it is well to know that at best in a year or two it will fail. Our writer says, much as I admire those beautiful things, standard or tree-roses, I am afraid they will never become really established in our gardens, or do us much good in the long run. I have had in my garden and on my lawn about fifty specimens. They were all, but ten, imported plants, got out by a neighbor of mine at different times within five years. Little by little they have all died off. At first they thrived and bloomed very well. Afterwards they were gradually affected by the winters, and one after another I lost them. Then again, I fancy that our summers are too hot for the tall naked stems. They seem to get dry and shrivelled, and thereby they affect the growth and health of the top. I am all the more convinced of this since I have seen some specimens grown by a neighbor. He covers the stem with moss bound around them. This he leaves on all the year. It undeniably gives more health and vigor to the head, but it also gives the whole tree-rose, so unsightly, bandaged, a look that I cannot endure it in a neat place. On the whole, therefore, I shall feel obliged to return to the old, and in the main more satisfactory mode of growing roses. Farther south, say at Baltimore or Cincinnati, where the weather is not so cold in winter, no doubt standard roses will do better.