

Their time, at best, is short. Nature ordains that the highest transports of pleasure shall be brief, and the law holds good of her varied and fleeting forms of beauty.

Other roses of many kinds are now opening into full bloom—several sorts being, each of them, almost as beautiful as the Jacqueminots. The so-called “hardy perpetuals” have nearly displaced the so-called “garden” roses—those old style varieties which bloom only once in the year. The so-called “perpetuals” are in most cases mis-called by that name; for the greater number, in our gardens generally, are the kind called (more properly) by the French gardeners *remontants*, flowers which bloom again and again, but have distinct and separate periods of bloom, through the season—none of these periods producing such splendid effects as this first, fullest, best period of June; while the true “perpetuals” bloom on, in a modified way, regardless of times and

periods. Of the *remontants* there are several superb varieties—one of the finest being the rich, clear, deep pink “Jules Margottin,” which hold their beauty longer than the “Jacks,” and their plump buds, opening so very slowly, are also very attractive. Almost any one of the dozen favorite kinds will be a valuable addition to any garden that lacks roses, provided it is a hardy kind. Nearly or quite every variety does better for some protection, in this climate. As to the endless army of insect enemies, which ruin roses and their leaves, it will be found almost impossible to exterminate them by any of the usual remedies, hellebore, arsenic, or tobacco; the best thing is to give the rose bush an abundant supply of fertilizer, over winter as well as in spring, and the resulting vigorous growth will do more to prevent these pests than all the vaunted remedies will do to cure them when once established. —*Exchange*.

ROSES WINTERKILLING.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that ex-culture in a country like this, where perience counts for very little in rose no two seasons come alike. I have not been in the habit of covering my roses until about the beginning of December, believing that it was better not to cover them too early. Last year was a wet and sloppy season throughout, and the new growth did not appear to ripen. During the first part of December came that very cold snap, a thing quite unlooked-for, and being from home my roses were left exposed to it. I covered them heavily with pea straw immediately after my return, but the damage had been done. It might have been better not to have covered them at all, for the close packing seemed to complete their destruction. When I took the covering off this spring, about the 10th

of April, all the new growth of last year was blackened to the ground, and something over two hundred bushes were totally destroyed. Many of them are shooting p again from the roots, but I will have little bloom this year.

I am not so sure that I did not cover too heavily, for soon as the straw was on there came a heavy snow fall which must, added to the straw, have had a smothering effect. First the unripened condition of the wood; secondly, the hard freezing, and thirdly, the close covering of straw and snow—to this combination of circumstances I owe my loss of 200 bushes and nearly all my bloom in roses for this season. Will there be a lesson in it for the future?

Mitchell, May 18:

T. H. RACE.