



ROSES.

By COTSFORD DICK.

"The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain."

THUS sings Sir Walter Scott, and as June is, *par excellence*, the month for roses, our talk to-day shall be about these beautiful flowers. Much has been written concerning the difficulty of rose culture, and many a young gardener has been needlessly discouraged from attempting it by imaginary impediments. Roses certainly do require much looking after, but with plenty of manure, water, and attention they may be grown anywhere. And how do they repay all extra care! What is more pleasing than a dish of sweet-scented roses in a room? A bunch of red and yellow blossoms in a blue china dish should surely satisfy the most æsthetic taste! From the latest

John Allen

hybrid perpetual to the good old-fashioned cabbage rose—

"The floweret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dewfall flows,
And every leaf its balm removes,"

there is no flower more beautiful in the whole floral catalogue.

We will now suppose that you are going to make a rose-bed in your garden for the first time. Choose, then, a situation as sheltered from high winds and as far removed from trees and shrubs as possible. As regards the shape of the bed, a long strip about four feet wide is as good as any, as the rose bushes can then be easily reached from all sides. Dig out the original soil to the depth of two feet, and fill up the trench thus made with good turfy loam (that is to say, the top spit of a grassy meadow), and mix with this an equal quantity of well rotted manure. The turf may be difficult to procure, but in a chalky or gravelly soil it is absolutely necessary. The bed should be made in October, and during November you must buy a well-selected assortment of rose-trees, and plant them in the good rich soil which you have prepared for them. When the roots are carefully and comfortably settled, and the standards (if you have any) firmly staked in order to prevent the wind from blowing them about, add a top dressing of thoroughly rotten manure, and leave them alone in their new home, undisturbed, until March. In March the operation of pruning must be undertaken, which consists in shortening the strong shoots back to within four or six eyes of the base of the stem, removing the weak shoots altogether, or cutting them back to a single eye. If the spring is a dry one, water freely, but only when there is no danger of night frosts; and as soon as the bloom-buds are formed, apply plenty of liquid manure, of which the best is two pounds of guano to ten gallons of water. If you wish to have single roses large enough to excite the admiration of your friends, leave only one bud (and that one the strongest) on each shoot, and all the sap will then go to form a splendid blossom. One of the most troublesome things to deal with in rose-growing is the presence of the green fly. This pest requires the greatest attention, and must be unceasingly looked after. Fumigation with tobacco water, and afterwards a good syringing with clean water, is an almost certain remedy. Crushing the insects with the finger and thumb will reduce their numbers, but the buds and leaves must be immediately washed after they are destroyed, so that no portion of their crushed bodies remains. For mildew, which is caused by damp and want of air, the affected leaves must be dusted with sulphur. Another receipt for destroying green fly is to syringe the rose-trees with soft soap dissolved in warm water, and wash with plain water afterwards. This is easier, perhaps, than the tobacco method. From the time when the buds commence to form, your roses will demand your most assiduous care. Remember that they are especially gross feeders, or, if you will, "great eaters." You cannot supply them too much with food, which, of course, must be conveyed to them through the medium of water. If your soil is naturally poor, when they have done flowering in the autumn, the earth should be renewed by carefully taking away about three inches of the surface (mind and do not injure the roots), and putting in its place as good stuff as you can get.

It is very hard to decide between the claims of "standards" or "dwarfs;" but for amateur gardeners, methinks the dwarf kind, grown either on their own roots, or on the Manetti stock, are most satisfactory. The Manetti stock is suitable for all soils, and produces generally vigorous growth. A very pretty effect can be given to a rose-bed by simply

pegging down some strong shoots of dwarf roses, which, if properly managed, will make quite a carpet of bloom; but the shoots must be turned down towards the ground at an early period in their career, otherwise they will break off.

Budding is the insertion of a bud taken from one tree into the bark of another, and is an operation which every amateur gardener should be able to perform, as it is a source of the greatest interest. The month of July is the best season for budding, when the buds are seen to be well formed between the foot-stalk of the leaves and the stem, and when the bark of the stalk can be freely and easily raised from the wood. Take your budding-knife and make a slit in the bark of the tree in which you are going to insert the bud, of about an inch in length; then make another short slit across, so that these two cuts shall be in the form of a T. The cut should go through to the wood, but not deeper. Next take a very thin slice of the bark from the tree containing the bud, a little below a leaf, and cut it so that you remove the leaf, and the bud at its base, with the small slice you have taken. Carefully pick out, with knife and thumb, any portion of wood, however small, that may be remaining behind the bud, but beware of injuring the bark. The leaves of course must be taken off; then, with the handle of the budding-knife, separate and turn back the bark on the tree that you have cut like the letter T, and tuck the bud and its bark under the slit close to the wood, and between it and the turned-back bark. With cautious fingers bind the place over with a piece of bass, taking care to let the bud come at the part where the slits cross each other. Cut the stem down to within one shoot or so above the place where you have inserted the bud, so that the sap may not flow past the cut, but concentrate all its attention to the healing and nourishment of the interloping bud that has been so suddenly introduced. Much practice and some little patience will be required before you can hope to obtain the "knack" of budding as cleanly and as delicately as it should be done, but when once you have accomplished it, you will always look forward to the budding time with the greatest pleasure and interest.

By budding you may produce several kinds of roses upon the same plant. The stock which is to receive the bud should be the common brier, and the bud may be chosen from any good rose-tree which you may be anxious to propagate, and should be selected from a vigorous part of the tree, and one that has never flowered. A bud generally gets firmly united in about five or six weeks time, and ought to start into growth in the following spring. Operate always on the new wood made during the spring and summer, and look well after the budded stem during the autumn and winter, that it be not broken by the winds, or too heavily weighed down by the snow. The late afternoon or evening is the best time for budding, and the bass should be slightly damped before using it to join the bud to the stock.

We come now to the consideration of the different kinds of roses which should be planted in every garden that desires to count a "rosery" among its beauties. The young gardener should endeavour to learn to recognise each variety, and readily to distinguish between the different blossoms, and observe the peculiarities of each. The change that the last few years has effected, from the old kinds of roses to those that may now be seen in our gardens, is really wonderful. We cannot hope, however, to give more than a few names of the more useful and beautiful sorts.

First, we must name the Hybrid Perpetual Roses, which section contains perhaps some of the best known flowers. Nearly all the

Hybrid Perpetuals make good standards, but it is well to remember in making a selection that the standards should be chosen from among the most vigorous, robust, and free-growing. All are good for dwarfs. Here is our list, with colour attached:—

Beauty of Waltham (rosy crimson, finely formed, and very sweet).

Captain Christy (delicate flesh-colour).

Charles Lefebvre (bright and rich red; a fine rose).

Duke of Edinburgh (rich crimson, flowers large).

Géant des Batailles (crimson, very sweet; well-known rose).

General Jacqueminot (brilliant red, abundant bloomer).

John Hopper (rosy crimson, flowers full and well formed).

Jules Margottin (cherry colour, a good climber).

La France (fine pink, centre silvery white; large flowers).

Madame la Baronne de Rothschild (pale flesh colour; very fine).

Madame Lacharme (lovely white; highly scented).

Marguerite de St. Amand (glossy flesh-colour).

Miss Hassard (delicate flesh-colour; very sweet).

Paul Néron (pale soft rose, violet shade; flowers full).

Pierre Notting (blackish red, deep and velvety).

Prince Camille de Rohan (rich maroon crimson; fine rose).

Sénateur Vaisse (scarlet; flowers large and fragrant).

Star of Waltham (bright pink; fine form).

Victor Verdier (cherry rose; a charming colour).

Any of the above list will be found satisfactory, although we have been obliged to omit many fine roses.

The Damask Perpetuals come next, and although we only give two examples, they will be found very beautiful, hardy, and fragrant. They bloom continuously.

Mogador (brilliant crimson, shaded with purple).

Crimson (du Roi) (fine colour, and sweet scented).

The Perpetual Scotch Rose, named Stanwell, is a charming variety of delicious fragrance. It commenced blooming in May, and continues to give beautiful masses of flowers until November.

The next family of roses which demand our attention is the Bourbon. The Bourbon roses (originally from the Isle of Bourbon) are hardy and tolerably free-blooming. They are, strictly speaking, autumnal bloomers, as, although they flower early as well as late, they do not produce their best flowers before the late summer. They make good wall roses. We give the names of four:—

Acidalie (white, beautifully tinted; a fine wall rose).

Baronne Gonella (bright cerise, with fine bronze hue).

Queen of Bedders (deep crimson; producing large clusters of buds).

Souvenir de la Malmaison (blush, one of the finest grown).

The Tea-scented Roses are mostly tender, and need a slight protection. The *Rosa odorata* was introduced from China in 1810; this and the old yellow Tea-scented Rose became the parents of all the different varieties of this family. For low south walls they have no equal, and are admirably adapted for pot culture in the greenhouse. They require a rich, warm, dry soil; and a moderate pruning is best for them.

Adam (rosy pink; one of the most beautiful).

Belle Lyonnaise (deep canary yellow; fine wall rose).

Cheshunt Hybrid (cherry carmine; very hardy).

Devoniensis (creamy white; deliciously scented).

Gloire de Dijon (buff, with orange centre; vigorous and free blooming; the most useful of all the tea-scented roses).

Madame Falcot (apricot colour; beautiful in bud).

Niphetos (white, with pale straw centre; superb).

Souvenir d'un Ami (salmon and rose; large foliage).

The Noisette Roses are of American origin. They bloom in large clusters throughout the autumn months, producing long vigorous shoots, with a rich perfume.

Aimée Vibert (pure white; blooms in large clusters).

Céline Forrestier (deep canary yellow; highly fragrant).

Cloth of Gold (pure yellow, shy bloomer, and very tender).

Lamarque (pale straw; good for a wall).

Maréchal Niel (deep rich yellow; best of yellow roses).

The China Rose is a native of China, and was introduced about the year 1789; from this, and the old Crimson China, have sprung all the later varieties. They are tolerably hardy, and bloom almost constantly, hence they are sometimes called "monthly roses." The Cramoisie supérieure, the old blush, and Mrs. Bosanquet will be found the most hardy and free blooming. We will conclude our list with naming two other kinds of roses, specimens of which should be grown in the

garden; viz., the Ayrshire Roses, and the Banksias; of the former we recommend Bennett's seedling (pure white; blooms in immense clusters).

Dundee Rambling (white, tinged with pink).
Ruga (very fragrant and beautiful).

These Ayrshire roses are charming for banks, rocks, or wildernesses. They are of rapid growth, and as "weeping roses," bowing to the ground, laden with flowers, are quite beautiful.

The Banksias are tender, sub-evergreen roses. The white and yellow are well-known. They require to be grown upon a south wall, and a hot, dry, well-drained situation.

The above list is far from being exhaustive, yet the young gardener will not do amiss if he obtains one or two specimens from each family, and succeeds in growing these in a satisfactory manner. Manure, water, and (great) attention; remember these three words, and you may reasonably hope to grow roses well worth the labour bestowed upon them. Roses generally require such liberal applications of manure, that it does not do to mix the majority of flowering plants with them. The time, however, comes when they lose their first glory, after their principal display, and then the beds which are devoted to roses, especially if there be a preponderance of standards, begin to look somewhat shabby. To obviate this, sow ten-week stocks and French marigolds about the middle of April, and again a fortnight later. These flowers will relish, and thrive wonderfully in, the good rich soil of the rose-bed, and continue to bloom much longer than under ordinary treatment. Mignonette may also be sown in pots and planted out among the roses, but in some

soils this sweet-scented flower is apt to grow rampantly, and choke the other plants with which it is associated. Gladioli are admirably suited for planting in the spaces between the roses, as they are very strong and easily managed. But your own taste must help you to decide this matter, and if you are venturesome, some pretty effects may be produced from very harmless experiments.

Your principal work in the garden during the month of June will be to propagate carnations and picotees by layers and pipings, (which latter method is the simplest). Take up all your bulbs, tulips, anemones, and ranunculus roots, &c., and put them in an airy place to dry, taking care that no damp can get at them.

Transplant the large annuals from the seedling-bed, if you have made one, and place them where they are to remain. Choose a dull day for this. Complete the planting out of all ordinary tender flowers, as well as geraniums, heliotropes, verbenas, and hydrangeas.

Weed actively; as, unless you do this, the weeds will overrun the flowers. Weeds that grow up in patches should be drawn out by the hand, but soak the ground well first, so that they may come out easily.

Water frequently if the season be a dry one, and do this thoroughly while you are about it. Surface watering is worse than none, as it only excites the roots without nourishing them. A good watering twice a week is better than a sprinkling once a day. Water in the evening, and let the whole space of the ground be watered alike. Try to imitate a heavy shower of rain. Nature is the best guide to follow.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

UNDER THY WINGS, O AZRAEL!



DAMARIS, in her own room, slowly and thoughtfully divested herself of her riding-dress, slipped on a loose white wrapper, shaded her light, and took her stand as usual at the window.

The night was dark. Broken masses of vapour, driven by the winds, floated low overhead. There was a chilly moisture in the air, which contained a promise of more rain. The night winds wandered round the old *château* like restless spirits; the sprays of ivy and the tendrils of the passion-creeper made ghostly tappings at the windows; and from afar off came the weird note of some sleepless night bird.

Damaris rested her elbows on the sill, and her cheek on her clasped hands. She was tired, physically and mentally, and yet she felt disinclined to go to bed and try to sleep. In spite of her fatigue, a feeling of nervous excitement made her wakeful. Those invisible winds, wandering through the darkness, seemed strangely to disquiet her. She was not given to anticipate evils; in her bright, healthy moments she laughed

at what are called presentiments, and yet, what else was the vague uneasiness which possessed her to-night? There are, there can be no doubt, spirits so delicately clothed in our common vesture of clay, that they scent, as it were, afar off the coming of any human sorrow; they shrink before the hoof-beats of fate, like the leaves of the delicate mimosa.

So it was with Damaris. The tension of heart and mind had been stretched to its very utmost, and rendered super-sensitive. She knew, though she could not in the least define the grounds of her certainty, that the coming hours were bringing in darkness and mystery some great crisis in her life's story.

Once more, distinctly amongst the shadows, she saw that thorn-crowned head, first seen in the gallery at Antwerp, and which had so often haunted her since. Lowly she bent in heart and spirit, and clearly to her inner consciousness breathed a voice—

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee. Yea, I will help thee. Yea, I will uphold thee."

Even while she stood there, yielding herself passively to be upborne by those mighty hands which moulded the universe, a low, strange cry broke upon her ears, almost simul-

taneously with the shattering of some glass.

Holding by the sill, leaning out of the window as far as she could stretch, she saw the broken library panes with the light beyond, and the wind rushing, blowing the curtains inwards. She saw a dark figure, magnified to gigantic size, rush forwards and bend over—what!

She had known that Monsieur St. Just and Monsieur le Marquis were together in the library; she had seen the shadowy forms of both on the blinds, the one stooping at his writing-table, the other walking restlessly, his dark outline passing from one window to the other.

The sudden noise, and the silence that followed, terribly excited Damaris. Horrible fears assailed her. Was it possible that in this quiet, secluded valley the spectre of assassination stalked? Was it a shot, carefully aimed, that had shattered that pane of glass? And for whom was it destined, whom had it struck?

She rushed to the door; she listened breathlessly. No one moved; no member of the household but herself had heard. There was no sound audible but the beating of her own heart. Perhaps immediate assistance was necessary, and she only could give it. She snatched up her lamp and glided into the corridor, swiftly as her awful fear impelled her. She descended the stair-