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Ladies' Sanitary Association.

WHAT CAN
WINDOW-GARDENS
DO FOR OUR HEALTH?

BY

ELIZABETH TWINING,

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NATURAL ORDERS OF PLANTS,"
AND "SHORT LECTURES ON PLANTS."

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James Jackson

HEAT CAN

WIND-GLASS

DO FOR OUR HEALTH

IT

ELIZABETH TILLY

Author of "The History of the Female Sex" and "The History of the Female Sex"

London:

Printed by J. Smith, at the New Printing Office, in Pall Mall, near the Theatre Royal, and sold by J. Smith, at the New Printing Office, in Pall Mall, near the Theatre Royal.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT
WINDOW-GARDENS.

ALTHOUGH health is one of the greatest and most valuable blessings of life, it is not always considered so much as it ought to be. But we are growing wiser in many things now, and especially in this very important matter of health. There has been formed a society especially to inquire into this subject, as regards the working classes. Medical men have had the care of the health of all classes for ages past, and all are much indebted to their skill and knowledge for the relief of our various sufferings, and the cure of many of the diseases which afflict our bodies. But in this, as in most other things, it is found that "prevention is better than cure." If we can in any way keep ourselves in good health, it is better than to be ill, even though a doctor can cure us. Now it is

surprising how many things can and do assist to keep us in health, if we only give due attention to them. How many might spare the time lost in waiting for their turn at the dispensary, had they attended to simple rules for preserving the health of which they know not the value till it is gone. The kind friends of the poor who have united in a society to teach some useful knowledge about health, have written and published a number of very interesting little books, which have been attentively read and listened to by many a wise mother. Perhaps I may be able to give a little advice on one means of assisting to gain good health ; and it shall be by speaking a few words about " window-gardens." It is to the inhabitants of London and other large cities that I am now going to speak. Those who live in country villages, and have usually a garden belonging to their house or cottage, do not care much about the small plants that can be grown in a window ; though it is very pleasant to see a cottage window filled with geraniums, fuchsias, dittany, and other common flowers, closely pressed sometimes against the casement. Well, but it is concerning the effect

on health that we will consider the subject of plants in the rooms of the working people ; can they in any degree assist us in preserving it ? The three chief things necessary to the life and growth of a plant we find to be exactly those which human beings require—pure air, light, and water. All these are easily obtained in the country ; therefore plants flourish there readily, they spring up everywhere in all possible spare places. But these things are not easily to be had pure in London, because the immense number of coal fires renders the air full of smoke, the windows of a room thick and dull. In some houses inhabited by working people in London, water is not so plentiful, and it is a labour to carry up to the second or third floor a sufficient supply for a family ; therefore the plants may not get a good share. Still, although many impediments are in the way, it is quite possible to cultivate some kind of plants in London rooms with good success ; and if we can prove it is of use to the health of the inhabitants of crowded houses to do so, surely it is well worth any little trouble that may be spent on them. In what way can plants assist our health ? They help to purify the air, which is

a very important matter. The common air surrounding us and plants is composed of different particles, so beautifully combined that we do not perceive their separate existence. By breathing one portion, we live and are kept in health. When we have taken in all this good portion, we breathe out what is no longer good. It is easy to prove this: go into a room where many persons have been shut up some hours either sleeping or waking, you will perceive a close, hot, and very disagreeable air. All the pure, good part, has been exhausted, and until the window has been opened to let in a fresh supply, the health must suffer more or less. Now we know that the leaves of plants are covered with small pores or breathing holes, by which they can take in air and let it out again. It has also been ascertained that they take in just that portion of the air which we do not, and that they can give out some of that good portion which we require. Thus it is clear that plants are in some degree assisting to keep us in good health, and if it be ever so little, yet all help is good in this way. Besides, as I said before, they want a good supply of air, out of which to draw in what is

necessary for them ; they soon begin to fade if kept shut up in bad air which has been breathed over and over again by human beings. Therefore, when a poor person, whether man, woman, or child, begins to care for a plant growing in a pot placed near the window, it seems quite natural to open the window when the sun shines on it. This is certainly good for the plant, and so also for all who live in the room. Then we have long ago found out that plants like a full bright light ; so the owner of a plant will be sure to clean the windows and let all the rays of the sunshine through without being dimmed by smoke and dust on the glass panes. Will not this be also very good for the family?—it will make it more cheerful and comfortable, and those who have any kind of sewing work to do will be enabled to do it better and longer before they need light their night lamp. The mother of little children will never be in doubt how to treat her plants, for they want exactly the same kind of treatment as her children do. She knows it is necessary to keep them clean ; that they cannot be healthy if the countless small pores of the skin are allowed to be closed by dust and

dirt over them. She will therefore manage the plants in the same way : wash them well all over, to keep the pores open, and thus enable them to breathe freely and grow readily, and do their part in rendering the air around them pure. It is the smoke of our coal fires that thickens the air of London so much ; it is not so from any other cause. Therefore, towards the dawn of day, when all the smoke of the day before has been dispersed and vanished from the air, it is as bright and pure as in the country. Those who do not look out and open their windows till after many thousand fires have been kindled in the morning, are not aware of this perhaps. It is one of the very merciful arrangements made for us, and over which we have no control, that the particles of smoke or soot are so entirely dispersed or consumed during the night ; else what a fearful state of accumulated smoke and fog we should live in ! Well, there is an old saying, " Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise." Can window plants contribute to this happy condition ? Yes, they can ; for gardeners, whether in town or country, are sure to be early risers. The plants

themselves are so ; the little daisy opens at sunrise ; many flowers and leaves which fold up at sunset, open again when the sun appears. An object to induce us to rise early in smoky London is very useful : it makes us feel for a while as if we were in some beautiful foreign city where the air is never made foggy by coal smoke. How pleasant it is to look out about sunrise, and see a primrose, or any very little plant, outside our window looking fresh and bright in the light of morning. I was going once last summer, between six and seven, to the Charing Cross Station for the early train to Dover. The shops were not open, very few persons about ; but as I passed along a poor, narrow street, I noticed one shop open. Looking up to the house above, I spied boxes of plants at the windows, the only house in the street so adorned. Was it not a pleasant sight?—the owner had no doubt risen early to look to the flowers, and so was ready to start on his day's work in good time before his neighbours. Now, it was not a shop for milk or eatables, that must be opened early—it was a “saddler's” ; so we may be sure it was some good plan connected with the

“window garden”; and doubtless it proves the truth of the old proverb, of the way “to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.” The outside appearance of the houses in London is very dull and dirty; but it is surprising how much cheerfulness is given to the whole front by a few green plants and coloured flowers at the windows, and then a cleaning of the window-ledge and borders is sure to follow. What brings cheerful feelings in the mind is worth something to the health of the body. Of late years there has been much written and said about the value of fresh air to our bodily health; but habit has so strong a hold over our nature, that many persons, having been long accustomed to keep shut the windows of their room in which they live night and day, can with difficulty be induced to open the window for a few minutes in the morning before they eat the breakfast. For this reason it is a very common complaint to have no appetite. It would be more extraordinary if they had, when we consider what bad air they have been living on, breathing over and over again, during the hours of sleep. If there were a few little plants in pots outside the windows, most likely

some one of the family will feel a curiosity to peep at them, and to give them some water. If this causes the window to be opened only for a quarter of an hour, it will benefit the whole party. I know many little children to whom I had given some bean seeds, have been interested in watching their growth and training them through many weeks of summer. And not only is it pleasant to see our little plants flourishing in the early light of day, but they evidently grow and develop better for being exposed to this short time of purer air. At one of the flower shows held in London, a fine fuchsia in bloom obtained a prize. On inquiring its history, it was discovered that the owner had spent much care and pains upon it, the chief of which, in its good effect, was rising early to place it where it received the first rays of the sun. This gave it vigour to put forth the flower-buds, and to keep them on until fully blown. This was a reward for all his care, because it is very common for the flowers to drop off before they are full grown. If plants can thus benefit by enjoying the morning air, we may believe that we also shall be strengthened by it. Little children especially

should be sent out into the air in the morning as much as possible, whilst the air is fresh. In some places, as in the wards of a workhouse, the inmates are obliged by the rules to rise very early. To many of the poor infirm women it is disagreeable to do this. To all, the life is a dreary kind of existence with very little to cheer or refresh either mind or body. Every innocent source of recreation is of value in such a house, and to such persons. In the wards of a London workhouse window-boxes and pots are now becoming general. In one ward which I often visited last summer the nurse had become quite a gardener, and took much pains with the plants ; she had sown seeds of the major convolvulus in a box, and as the plants grew up had trained them up each side of the window. Very great pleasure did it afford to the poor women to watch in the afternoon for the little twisted buds preparing to open with the rising sun of the following morning ; and then to see these pretty various-coloured flowers adorning the window-frame, how cheerful and pleasant ! When I went in the afternoon, I could count the withered closed flowers, and tell how many they had had in

the morning. What an object of interest was thus afforded; how little cost, how simple and how genuine the pleasure. In another ward of the same workhouse the nurse has raised an orange plant, now about two feet high, from seed. The leaves are glossy and well grown. But the now common window-balm is to be seen in almost every ward, and from its hardy nature, aromatic scented leaves, and manner of growth, it forms the most agreeable addition to "window-gardens." When in full leaf, as it is during the whole summer, it is a beautiful screen before the window. Whether in workhouses or hospitals this is an excellent window-plant, and doubtless helps to keep the air in a healthy state. It is found to grow best in those wards which are constantly inhabited by persons night and day; therefore we may conclude that the air breathed out by them is good for the window-balm, and also that what that gives out supplies what is good for the patients. Any one who knows what was the aspect of a ward for the sick in a hospital or a workhouse formerly, and can compare it with the present appearance, cannot fail to perceive that much of

the improvement is due to the window-plants. It is also partly owing to them that the air is in a better state of ventilation. It is one of the surest signs of attention to health, comfort, and all other parts of civilized life, when the care of plants becomes general. A settler in New Zealand wrote once to friends at home that they were at last prosperous in the farm and garden, and should soon be able to send flowers to the market in the next town. I had been spending some weeks in the far west of Ireland, amidst bogs and unfenced and therefore uncultivated land. Not a garden around the cabin of the peasant, neither any plants to afford food, except potatoes in rough places not to be called gardens. Not a flower to be seen, except what few sprung up on the wild bog. How often I thought of the pretty cottage gardens of England, and the geraniums and fuchsias that fill the windows! As I was on my way homeward, passing through a small town in a more civilized part of the country, I noticed pots of red-flowered geraniums on the window-ledge. What an idea of comfort and prosperity the sight gave me! I seemed to know at once the people were better housed,

better clothed, better fed. The young children too must be more intelligent, more lively. If the mothers cared for their window plants, we may be sure they would care more for their children. The very successful flower shows that have been held for the last three years in London prove that, notwithstanding all impediments, it is possible to add to the healthful enjoyments of the working classes in this manner, and to a degree quite unexpected. Let us now see if any such attempts have been made in the great factory towns of the north of England; the air there is much more filled with smoke and dust, and all bad particles, than even in London. Very dreary and dull indeed is the appearance of the houses in the towns, and most melancholy and black and parched is the state of the hedges or grass outside the towns. Yet even in such places something may be done by patience and perseverance.

About two miles from one of the large wool factory towns in Yorkshire, there was a neat cottage with a garden in front—a few vegetables for use, and a few flowers for ornament, the window full of plants in pots. One summer evening

the mother and children were in their little garden weeding and watering, talking the while, and wondering why "father did not come home." It was past his usual time; he never lingered by the way, but always came direct; and though he had worked hard all day in the factory, was ever ready to help or direct his children in garden work. At last, the well-known step of James Dawson was heard on the road; the youngest child knew the cheerful whistle which greeted them before he reached his garden gate. Susan went to open the gate for her husband, and kindly inquired what had made him so late.

"Well, my dear, I have some news for you—I was going to say *good* news, for so I thought it when I was told it; but as I came within sight of our pleasant cottage, and saw you and the dear children happy at work in our little garden, I feared you might not call my news *good*."

"Dear James," said Susan, "if you think it good, I am sure we shall also; only pray tell me what it is."

"Why, just as I was putting away all my things and preparing to start for home, our master called

me into his office. I thought he might wish to tell me some plan about the next week's work, but to my surprise he said he was obliged to change his foreman at the works, for his health had failed lately, and he required a place of less occupation for the mind, as well as lighter work. He thought I could undertake the situation. It was quite unexpected by me, and I did not know what to say; but the master spoke so kindly, and said he had considered the matter well, and was quite decided that I was likely to suit him as foreman. I then took courage, and assured him that I would do my best to serve him faithfully in whatever situation he thought right to place me.

“ ‘Yes, James,’ he said, ‘I can trust you, and I will tell you the reason why I have chosen you for this place in my factory. You know I have often spoken to my men in their leisure half-hours, and I think you all know my mind and wishes as well as I hope I know yours. One of my desires is to help onwards those whom I perceive are trying to help themselves, and their wives and families. A few days ago I was riding along the road where you live, and observed how flourishing your garden

looked. Having some business to arrange with a man in another cottage, I remarked to him that if all the cottages and gardens on that road were as well kept as James Dawson's, there would be more comfort and more health in the families. Time spent on a garden is well spent, and brings forth as much good fruit as does the seed in the ground. So, James, you see now part of the good fruit produced by your garden : it has influenced me to choose you for my foreman. If you wish to know the root of the matter still further, it is, that I believe the fact, that if a man be fond of his garden, and think it a pleasure to assist his wife and children in working in it in spare evening hours, he is safe from the evil of public-houses and bad companions.'

"Oh, Susan, I was pleased when the master said this, for that is indeed the root of the matter. I often wonder how men who work hard for their wages can be tempted to spend so much of them on what ruins the health both of body and mind. But now, dear Susan, I must tell you what, maybe, you will say is not good news. The master says if I am foreman I must live nearer to the factory ; it will be impossible for me to be so far away

then. I fear it will be hard for you and the children to leave this happy, cheerful home—it will be like uprooting some of our favourite plants and seeing them wither.”

Susan had already felt the same right kind of pride in the promotion of her husband from his good character ; so, though it was certainly a slight check to her pleasure when she heard of the removal, she would not allow it to check her joy.

“ Oh, do not think of that, James ; remember how we transplanted that beautiful little honeysuckle from father’s porch, when you brought me away to live here ; see how that has grown up to the top of the door and around the window. It is a great satisfaction to us all that the master has such a good opinion of you. We will not regret our garden ; we can have some window plants at least, even if we do remove into the smoky town.”

“ Well, Susan, the sun always shines in your heart wherever you are, so you will make us all cheerful, I know. I do feel glad ; it is *good* news certainly : it seems like mounting another step on the ladder. And we can send the two elder children to a better school then. It is time Jemmy was

getting on more with his learning. I think if he is a good boy the master will soon take him into the factory, and when I am foreman I can see that all goes well—nothing allowed in behaviour that I should not wish our children to see or to hear.”

A few days after this change in the affairs of the Dawsons, James came home and told Susan that he had found a new house for them in the town.

“Oh, father, where is it? tell us the name of the street, please,” said little Lizzie, “I know the names of almost all the streets on the way to the market-place, when I go there with mother.”

“Well, my dears, you will not like the name, I fear. It is called ‘Gloomy Lane,’ and our house is No. 5. I must say it is a true name, for the houses are indeed very dirty, the small yards in front are sadly neglected, and the whole place is gloomy.”

“Never mind,” said Susan, “it will be very convenient for you, James; you can come from the factory in five minutes; and then, children, you will be able to go to that nice new school which our kind minister spoke to us about some weeks ago, but I then told him it was too far off.”

"Well, father," said little Mary, "may we carry away with us some of our flowers? Perhaps they will grow if we take care to wash them clean, and put them by the open window in the sunshine. We will try and make our new home look something like our old one if we can."

Surely, there is a good result from the love of flowers and gardening; even young children learn thereby patience and perseverance. Sowing seeds and awaiting their appearance above ground, and watching the daily growth of the stem, and leaves, and flowers, does inspire an indescribable feeling of quiet pleasure; and thus, by fostering the good and pleasant thoughts, the disagreeable feelings of impatience and grumbling become checked, and often wither away altogether.

Now, we will pass over into the following year, and visit No. 5, Gloomy Lane, on Midsummer Day. Unless I could show you a sketch of the place as it was last summer before the Dawsons moved into it, and another sketch as it is now, you would scarcely understand or believe the change that has taken place. But there are still some houses in the lane that will show you what No. 5

was. At No. 4 and others the palings are still so broken that they are of no use in keeping out dogs or idle boys. The ground is overgrown with rough weeds ; the path up to the house is just like the rest, not at all smoother. The windows are seldom opened, or the glass washed. Smoke, and soot, and dust, have been left so long that the whole front of the houses looks black and grey. The people who live in them seem determined to keep up to the character which caused the lane to have the name of "Gloomy" given to it.

But how does No. 5 look now ? We will describe it. The wooden palings all repaired and painted green ; the gate at the entrance has a strong latch which keeps it shut ; the path up to the house is neatly paved with small flints ; on each side is a bit of smooth green turf, on which are neat little borders filled with such common hardy plants as can live and grow in the smoky air of a factory town ; a lilac and a laburnum stand on either side ; in the front of the lower window are several plants growing in a narrow border ; and in wooden boxes at the upper windows are geraniums, mignonne, and that old-fashioned favourite which will

thrive almost anywhere, called Southernwood, or "old man"; a few sweetwilliams still remain, and the appearance of all the front window is bright and cheerful. Susan had been to hear a lecture on window-gardens in the winter, so was prepared with a knowledge of the plants suitable for towns. She remembered the advice given; and the children had taken long walks out into the fields and woods for primroses, creeping jenny, and ferns. They all served the purpose of making a pleasant green border to the windows, and the children were delighted to rise early and water their little window-garden before going to school. How fresh and airy was their parlour when father and mother came in to breakfast; and how pleased was Lizzie when she set a plate of mustard-and-cress before her parents. "Why, Lizzie, have you been to market already?" said Susan. "No dear mother, it was grown in the box at my window, and I have just cut it and washed it for you." What a relish it gave to the bread-and-butter! and when a poor woman came to tell Susan about her sick child, Lizzie had the pleasure of giving her some of her mustard-and-

cross. And what did the other inhabitants of Gloomy Lane think of this improvement in No. 5? Mrs. Watson, who lived at No. 4, often stood at her door and watched Susan as she attended to her little garden; and one day she came up to the palings for conversation. "I am glad your plants succeed so well, Mrs. Dawson; but you do take wonderful pains and trouble with them, to be sure. Well, I wish all our row looked as nice; but I do not know how you manage. Your children look as clean and healthy as your plants. Mine are always sickly; I am continually taking them to the doctor, but they get no better. And will you tell me, Mrs. Dawson, how you do contrive to get your children off so punctual to school? I can't get mine up and ready till long past the time." "I assure you, Mrs. Watson, they require no persuasion to rise early: they are so fond of their little window-gardens that they are sure to be up in time to attend to them before breakfast. I wish you had seen the nice dish of mustard-and-cross they set on the table twice last week." "Well, I never should have thought of growing anything fit to eat in Gloomy Lane. Why it must

want a deal of washing first, to get off the smuts."

"Oh, no, not much : they stretch a piece of thin coarse muslin over it, and it is as nice as what comes out of the market-garden. Of course the children think it better, because it is their own growing." "I must say your house looks quite different from ours ; your windows seem larger, and as if they were just made of new plate-glass."

"They are exactly the same windows, only, you see, when we have these plants growing on the ledge, we look to the whole, and wash it all down two or three times a week. If you get a common mop and a pail of water, it is soon done ; and as for clear panes of glass, you know we lived almost in the country before we came here, and were used to a clean neat cottage, and could no way bear to live in a dirty house. It is not good for the health of anybody, I am sure, especially of the children. So I think plants are very useful, for they remind us of what is good for ourselves and our children. You know, Mrs. Watson, the flowers soon fade off if we do not let them have enough fresh air and light and water ; we see them droop directly. Though they cannot speak, they soon let us know

what they want. Perhaps if you allow your children to keep a few plants, it will help them somehow to be more healthy than they are now. I am sure it will make them more industrious and careful, and more happy in themselves." "Thank you, Mrs. Dawson; I will tell my husband what you say, and try to persuade him to come home sooner in the evening, and to bring me a larger share of his wages; for at present I have enough to do to find food and clothes with what he gives me. And then there is a bill to pay at the doctor's as soon as I can manage it." "That is a bill I never have had to pay yet, and very thankful I am to be able to say so. God, in his mercy, has given us healthy children, and I thank him for putting into my mind a love and care for plants, for I am sure that has led me to learn and perceive many ways of helping to keep a family in good health. Cleanliness, fresh air, and pure water, are the three remedies both for plants and for ourselves. I think I can guess one thing that may be bad for the health of your children. Do you not give them odd pence now and then to spend in sweets?" "Oh, yes, to be sure, they get

all my odd pence on Saturday night, and I know they spend all they can in sweets. What else can the poor children buy for a treat? And then the sweet-stalls are at the corner of all the streets they pass." "That is quite reason enough for their being sickly. Don't you remember last year some children were poisoned by eating sweets coloured by some dangerous stuff? I advise you never to give a penny to your children for that purpose; let them buy flower seeds and roots already growing. My children will be pleased to show them the part of the market where they get the cheap plants. Besides, they walk out into the woods on a holiday, and bring home ferns and many pretty things that cost no pence, and help to keep them in good health. We shall be happy to assist you whenever you are inclined to begin the plan of 'window-gardens.' Good bye." Let us now make one more visit to Gloomy Lane, at Michaelmas. The landlord is coming round to collect the quarter's rent. Having heard some rumours about the improvements made by one of his tenants, he resolved to go himself this time, instead of sending an agent as usual. It had been for some years so

very unpleasant a place to him—so truly what its name described—that he had avoided inspecting this part of his property, thinking it a hopeless case. Before entering any of the dwellings, he walked along the whole row and looked at the ten houses and their *yards*, as they used to be called. No. 1, still in a dusty, dirty condition, palings broken, gate with broken hinges; neglected children, who evidently attended no school, throwing stones about. No. 2 and No. 3 were looking more comfortable—the paling mended, gates shut, children tidy, pulling up weeds in front of the houses; one woman washing the parlour window, a box of plants at the upper window. No. 4, still more improved, the path neatly paved, and grass growing on the space by the side. A few scarlet geraniums in pots at the windows, a sweet scent of mignonette from the border under the parlour window, which was bright and clear and wide open. He saw the mother sitting at work, and two of the children watering the plants placed in pots about the door. When he reached No 5, he stood looking over the gate some time. At last the house door opened, and Susan came out and inquired if the gentleman

wished to speak to anyone. I cannot tell you all that he said, nor what satisfaction both landlord and tenant felt and expressed. But I know that although Mr. Stewart inspected the whole house and garden, he could not find a single thing to complain of; and when Susan gave him the rent money, which was all ready in the desk, he left a message for James Dawson which Susan was very much pleased to give him when he came home in the evening. Though it was Michaelmas time, and the summer passing away, yet the sun shone warm and bright in the hearts of all in No. 5. I think I may say, also, what perhaps you may have already guessed, there was some glow of happy feeling in the minds of James and Susan from the consciousness of having, in their humble way, helped and encouraged their neighbours to improve their dwellings and themselves. They had been doing true Christian work, serving their Heavenly Master as well as their earthly master. They had meekly done what was long ago set as an example for us to follow, "He lifteth the poor out of the mire." And it was done by means of the lowly green herbs which, "in the beginning,"

had been given to man for his service. And it was happy work too; for the first innocent work given to man in this world, was to dress and to keep the *garden* in which he was placed. This will be pleasant work as long as the seed-time and harvest of this world shall last, even though the garden be merely a small bit of ground before a house in the suburbs of a factory town, or only such as we call a "window-garden." Let us take one more look early in the following spring. No more gaps in the palings, no smoky windows, and the agent has just brought an order to John Green, the painter, who lives at No. 1, to paint the doors and window-frames of all the houses, and the palings, and to put some bright green paint over the board at the corner, and with large white letters to write the name of "Pleasant Row."

DIRECTIONS FOR WINDOW GARDENS.

Get a wooden box about two feet long, and six or eight inches wide, and paint it green. Scatter a few pebbles, or broken bits of flower-pots, at the bottom, and fill it with mould, having a little fine white sand mixed with it. Sow seeds or plant roots in it. Be careful not to pour too much water on it at one time, as it causes the wood to decay. Flowerpots do not require to be painted or stained red. It is best for the plants only to wash the outside of the pots now and then. Keep the mould about half an inch down from the top of the pot. For large plants, dahlias, and others, an old butter-tub is very suitable.

PLANTS SUITABLE FOR WINDOW GARDENS.

FROM SLIPS OR ROOTS.

Window Balm.	Fuschia.
Chrysanthemum.	Red Geranium.
Virginia Creeper.	Hydrangea.
Myrtle.	Begonia.

Lavender.	Cowslip.
Dahlia.	Double Daisy.
Hollyhock.	Moneywort, or
Pinks.	Creeping Jenny.
Sweetwilliam.	Coltsfoot.
Musk.	Tansy.
Bergamot.	Houseleek.
Thyme.	London Pride.
Peppermint.	Onion.
Southernwood.	Leek.
Heartsease.	Potato.
Primrose.	Watercress.

FROM SEEDS.

Sown either in November or March.

Nasturtium.	Scarlet Beans.
Convolvulus.	Mustard and Cress.
Sweet Pea.	Date.
Marigold.	Plum.
Sunflower.	Cherry.
Virginia Stock.	Orange.
Lupine.	Lemon.
Stock.	Apple.
Nemophila.	Acorn.
Poppy.	Horsechesnut.
Linseed, or Flax.	Walnut.
American Corn.	

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