

and Willison's King. 3rd, Mr. Alfred Spurr, with Catherine, Lord F. Cavendish, and Orleans. 4th, Mr. T. Spurr, with John Brook, Duchess of Sutherland, and Apollo. 5th, Mr. E. Lister, with Queen of England, Lord F. Cavendish, and Vanhamburg. 6th, Mr. J. Steele, with Catherine, Pilot, and Duchess of Sutherland. 7th, Mr. R. J. Sharpley, with John Brook, Isabella, and Hardwick's Seedling. 8th, Mr. W. Mellor, with Paxton, Industry, and Duchess of Sutherland. 9th, Mr. G. Gill, with Paxton, Mrs. Longbottom, and Ethel. 10th, Mr. Ben Lumb, with Mabel, Willison's King, and Maid of Orleans. 11th, Mr. G. Lumb, with Mabel, Hardwick's Seedling, and Hardwick's Seedling.

Single blooms : Bizarres.—1st, Mr. R. J. Sharpley, with Charles Darwin. 2nd, Mr. J. Hardwick, with John Brook. 3rd, Mr. G. Gill, with William Lea. 4th, Mr. E. Lister, with Willison's King. 5th, Mr. R. J. Sharpley, with Hardwick's Seedling. 6th, Mr. J. Netherwood, with Lord F. Cavendish. 7th, Mr. J. Hardwick, with Dr. Hardy. 8th, Mr. J. Netherwood, with Lord F. Cavendish. *Roses*, 1st, Mr. T. Spurr, with Mabel. 2nd, Mr. J. Hardwick, with Annie McGregor. 3rd, Mr. R. J. Sharpley, with Mabel. 4th, Mr. G. Gill, with Mrs. Longbottom. 5th, Mr. Alfred Spurr, with Catherine. 6th, Mr. G. Gill, with Annie McGregor. 7th, Mr. J. Steele, with Catherine. 8th, Mr. G. Lumb, with Industry. *Byblœmens*, 1st, Mr. T. Spurr, with Vanhamburg. 2nd, Mr. G. Gill, with Maid of Orleans. 3rd, Mr. T. Spurr, with Vanhamburg. 4th, Mr. G. Gill, with Ethel. 5th, Mr. E. Lister, with Duchess of Sutherland. 6th, Mr. J. Netherwood, with M. H. Fawcett. 7th, Mr. J. Steele, with a Seedling. 8th, Mr. G. Lumb, with Miss Nightingale.

The Premier Prizes for the best feathered, flamed, and breeder flowers in the show were taken by Mr. G. Gill for the feathered flower, with Criterion; by Mr. R. J. Sharpley for the flamed flower with Sir Joseph Paxton; and by Mr. R. J. Sharpley for the best breeder with Isabel.—T. M.

SAMUEL BARLOW.*

THE name of Samuel Barlow is one held in great esteem and reverence by Lancashire florists. He is their trusted leader and representative. If any floricultural enterprise is undertaken the aid of Samuel Barlow is invoked, and it is never asked for in vain in a worthy cause. Stakehill House, Castleton, near Manchester, the residence of Mr. Barlow, is situated about eight miles from Manchester on the Rochdale road, and immediately contiguous to Oldham, and is a kind of pilgrimage place for florists, and there is always something to be seen calculated to excite wonder and impart delight. Stakehill may be taken as the centre of an

* Associated with the reports of the Royal National and other Tulip Shows, we are happy to be able, thanks to the editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, to give the accompanying portrait and memoir of our excellent friend, S. Barlow, Esq., the acknowledged leader of the Tulip fancy, and a most successful Tulip grower.

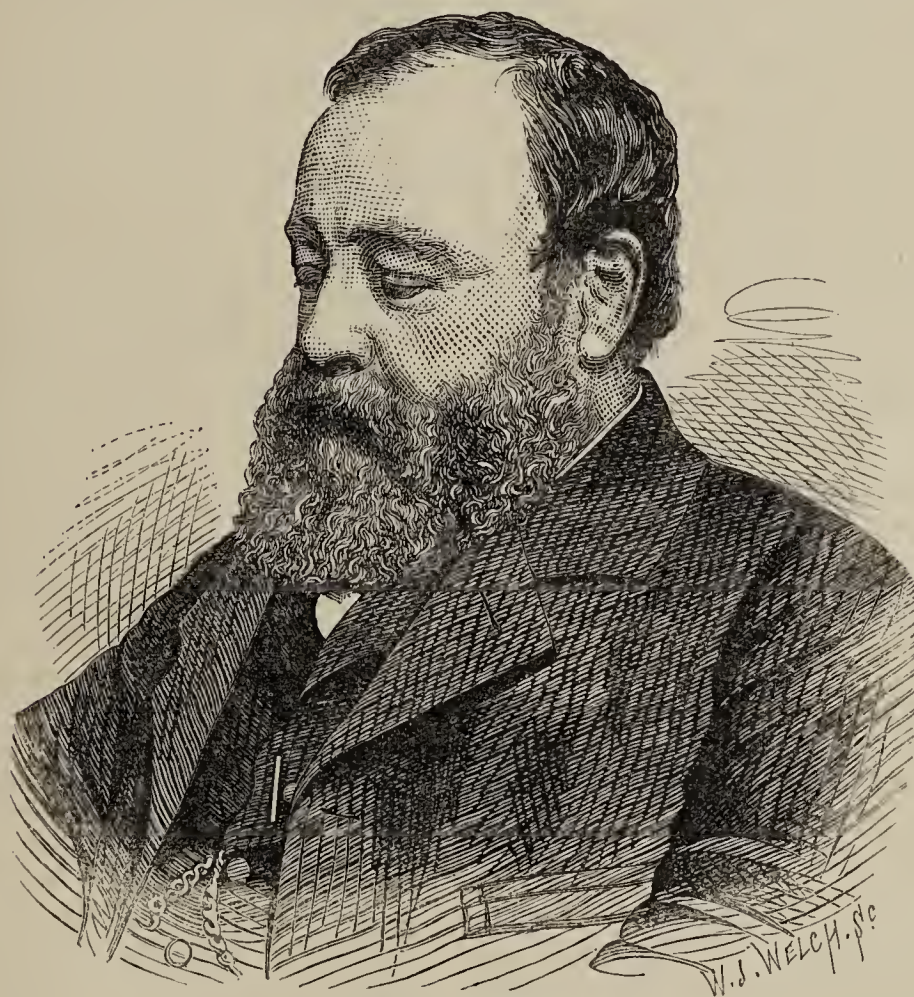
active floricultural circle; it is near to Middleton, that home of florists, with its environment of floral shrines. Hundreds of men living quiet, unobtrusive lives have grown florists' flowers with great success, obtained honours, raised meritorious varieties, and gone down to their graves honoured and lamented, their actions blossoming sweetly in their dust, their good deeds remembered and imitated by their successors.

Mr. Barlow, whose portrait will be found on page 101, was born in 1825, and received the rudiments of that education, for the completion of which he is so much indebted to his own perseverance and natural love of study, at the village school of Woodhouses—the original of Ben Brierley's "Model Village," and near to Daisy Nook. At an early age he commenced to work in the bleach works of Messrs. Otho Hulme and Sons, Medlock Vale, his father being at that time manager. Working all day, and spending his evenings at the night class at Woodhouses, the boy was assiduously preparing himself for the busy and useful career which was in store for him. To the character of his father much of that which most honourably characterises the son, as well as his ardent love of plants, and especially of florists' flowers, is unquestionably due. The father was one of that band of earnest and enthusiastic working-men botanists who have done so much to create a love of beauty and sweetness in the too frequently unlovely life of the Lancashire manufacturing districts. The elder Mr. Barlow was the friend of Hobson, Crowther, Mellor, Buxton, Horsfield, and a host of other botanists, whose names and labours are still held in honourable remembrance.

The floricultural tastes received in hereditary succession from his father found expression in early life. About 1832, when Mr. Barlow was seven years of age, his father gave him and his brother a shilling's worth of seeds of mixed annuals, and allotted them a bed to sow them on. These were the first plants he was able to really call his own, and we have heard him say he will never forget the interest and delight he had in that bed—the hours he spent over it, and the joy he experienced when he discovered something new and before unknown to him. He remembers with un-

dimmed vividness many of the subjects that bloomed on the bed, among them six varieties of Lupins and some exquisitely beautiful "Muslin" Poppies. As far back as 1837, Mr. Barlow possessed a very fine collection of fancy Primroses, Polyanthus, Auriculas, and Pansies, and also in this year he fruited twenty-four choice selected trees of the best kinds of prize Gooseberries. In 1839, the chief feature of the garden was the Pansies raised and grown by his brother and himself; they were nearly all seedlings raised from George IV., Broom Girl, &c., the best kinds

became the manager of the bleach works, at Stakehill, of which Mr. Barlow is now one of the partners, and took up his abode there in 1847. Here the subject of our sketch found congenial employment, and here he has resided ever since, making Stakehill a household word with lovers of flowers all over the country. On the death of his father in 1855, Mr. Barlow became sole manager of the bleach works; in 1861, in conjunction with partners, he became the proprietor of the works, the business of which has ever since been conducted under the style of Samuel Barlow & Co.



SAMUEL BARLOW.

of that day, and also included seed from selected seedlings. "They were," says Mr. Barlow, "grown in terraces on a bank in the garden sloping to the south, and flourished amazingly, each forming a large clump. I have never seen the effect equalled since. It had the appearance of gigantic flights of steps composed of large clumps of Pansies, running into each other and forming a solid mass on each terrace."

In September, 1839, the family removed from Medlock Vale, and went to Salford, but was deprived of a garden until the father

It was in 1848, a year after taking up his residence at Stakehill, that Mr. Barlow exhibited flowers for the first time. Some of his earliest triumphs were won with Gooseberries; while Tulips, Polyanthus, Ranunculus, &c., were leading flowers with him. In the thirty-five years which have intervened, the gardens of Stakehill House have been considerably extended, the dwelling-house almost entirely rebuilt, and many a new floral interest created and nurtured. A local chronicler states that "Stakehill House, at the present day, is simply the most perfect example of the modes

by which high culture and exquisite taste can be associated in the closest manner with the requirements of manufacturing industry. Mr. Ruskin, and some of his followers, who waste time and energy by preaching up a perfectly Utopian crusade against 'devil-driven machinery' as the enemy of natural beauty and truth, should go to Stakehill to learn how the two apparently hostile interests can, by patience, perseverance, and skill, be made to live peaceably together. The house and gardens stand some 500 feet above the sea-level, under the shadow of the huge chimney-stalk belonging to the Stakehill works, and in a district where the atmosphere is so fully charged with elements injurious to vegetable life that the surrounding country is almost denuded of trees (something like three-score of tall chimney-stalks can be counted from the Stakehill grounds), and to step out of this desert into the floricultural and artistic paradise which has been created by Mr. Barlow is a pleasure which is enhanced considerably by the force of contrast. Here science and observation have succeeded in clothing the grounds with trees and shrubs which defy the evil machinations of the chemical manufacturers; and here flowers come to perfection which, at the Manchester horticultural exhibitions, successfully defy the competition of rivals who have apparently everything in their favour, so far as situation, climate, and atmosphere are concerned. At one point a group of rare varieties of some favourite flower, such as can scarcely be matched from the Tweed to the Land's End, is observed by the visitor, while, at another, he notices a huge quantity of virgin soil which has been brought by rail and waggon from the Great Orme's Head, so that some of the floral favourites at Stakehill may be supplied with a kinder nursing than Nature, allied with the chemical manufacturers, has vouchsafed to provide."

Who shall venture to enumerate all the subjects grown at Stakehill? Vineries, Orchids, choice stove plants, and such-like illustrate the higher walks of gardening. Begonias, Pelargoniums, and other soft-wooded plants are here in choice variety. In the cold houses and open ground there is a marvellous wealth of subjects; Auriculas,

Polyanthus, indeed Primulas of all kinds, are seen in abundance; hardy hybrid Rhododendrons, Chrysanthemums, Lilliums, Hellebores, and many things too numerous to mention, are tenderly cared for. Here is to be seen one of the, perhaps the choicest collection of Tulips in the country, and a collection of florists' Ranunculus, unfortunately very rarely met with now-a-days, bloom here during summer. That early love, the Pansy, is in profusion—everything that is alluring to the eye is welcome, if only space can be found for it. Not a few things are grown under great difficulties, but pluck and enthusiasm triumph over them, and score some measure of success.

As a raiser Mr. Barlow has produced some grand varieties of Tulips and gold-laced Polyanthus. He has at the present time some 500 seedling Auriculas, saved from carefully fertilised flowers, and they are showing signs of the highest breeding. Three of them took high honours at the Auricula show at South Kensington on April 24th. At no season of the year is Stakehill without some striking object of floral beauty, pleasing to the eye and gladdening to the heart of man.

And may we not in this relation say something about the art museum which adorns Mr. Barlow's elegant and comfortable home? The walls are covered with pictures and drawings, including a large number of examples of the work of the "Manchester School," of the great French artists whose genius constituted in some degree the source from which the members of that school have drawn their inspiration, and especially of one great living English-master, whose power in the region of poetic art has seldom been equalled. Almost every corner in the house testifies to the extent to which Mr. Barlow has proved himself the generous and discriminating friend of art and artists. Cabinets in the different reception rooms overflowing into the corridors, are fitted with a wealth of ceramic curiosities, which would bring delight to the heart of the most exigent china-maniac.

It remains to be said that Mr. Barlow is an energetic county magistrate, a member of the Council of the Manchester Botanical and Horticultural Society, the President of the Manchester Arts Club, is on the Council of the Manchester Academy, and fills other offices with credit to himself and benefit to others. Last, but not least, he is an earnest assistant in scores of useful and philanthropic public movements. They whose privilege it is to enjoy his hospitality at Stakehill House know that he is one of the most generous of hosts as well as the most genial and entertaining of social companions.