

SEA-COAST GARDENS
AND GARDENING

FRANCES A. BARDSWELL

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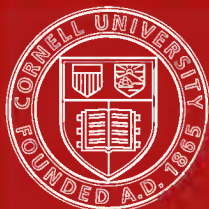
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Sea-coast Gardens and Gardening



"THE LOOK-OUT" IN MY EAST-COAST GARDEN.

Sea-Coast Gardens & *Gardening*

BY
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"Notes from Nature's Garden"

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To

THE LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

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My North-East Sea-Coast Garden.
Spring

Elm, Oak, and Ash. None of them grow so straightly or luxuriantly as they would inland, but while in leaf look wonderfully green and cheerful. The time of foliage is short, however, and must be made the most of. Garden, copse, and meadow melt into each other, and a sunk path through field to cliff leads us to the steps that take us to the sea. In summer-time both path and fields are ankle-deep in wild flowers.

The trees being bare for the greater part of the year, they cannot be depended upon alone for screening. It is our banks that are our stronghold. On some of them hedges add to their height and usefulness. Between two of our earth-works lies the long strip that forms the vegetable garden. An oblong stretch between four others makes a good potato-patch, and a smaller space (where the banks are very high indeed and heightened on the sea-side by a hedge) encloses the Herb-border and some plots for the more delicate Annuals. The sea lies to the north; the house does not face it, but looks to the south and east. A pleasant lawn slopes downwards from the south-east frontage; beyond, is the border where the Lilies are, beyond that the thicket, and then the fields and sea again, for we are so placed that the sea is on two sides of us. Our warmest corner lies due south, and here is the verandah.

Lucky it is for us that we see beauty in common flowers, for in the garden, it is to the hardy half-wild plants we pin our faith. These make pictures for us

all the year, pictures illumined by much sunshine and made gay by constant movement. The swaying and bending of boughs, the ruffling of grass, the nodding of stems, the swift passing of cloud shadows—all these are beauties that belong more especially to the open, breezy, sun-bathed garden, and would be missed in any other, however lovely, that lay more still and sheltered.

The merriest time for this sea-cliff garden is certainly spring; the most tempestuous gales blow harmlessly over the earth-clinging blossoms of February and early March. Snowdrop, Aconite, Squill, and Crocus, flower brilliantly in the bursts of sunshine, springing up fresh and sweet and clean-looking as if just out of a bath. How frail are they to look at, yet how hardy! And there are Violets, too, in plenty, both white and purple, showing first on the sunny edges of the bank above a low flint wall that is always gay with one flower or another. In damper places, Blue-eyed-Mary creeps in and out, filling up gaps and hollows, her leaves like those of the Violet, only more pointed, and her small bright flowers recalling the Forget-me-not. No other flowers have just the same hue, blue as the sky on a cloudless summer day.

In April it is a very yellow garden the sea-birds fly across. Daffodils are there in many shades of gold, never so happy as when dancing with the winds. Daffodils and high winds were made for each other; and Wallflowers, too, are there in all

their tints, from palest yellow to deepest brown, with *Doronicum* and Gold-Dust and all the yellow dear familiar host, while everywhere there are Primroses. In this garden there is no getting away from Primroses; they grow on every bank, by every dyke and ditch. With us they are as welcome in the garden as in the field. Their cool pale yellow sets off everything else, and the flowers last so long, one succeeding another till the sun gets hot and then they droop; but Primroses outlive all the companies of Wallflowers and Forget-me-nots, all the Windflowers and Fritillaries, and a host of other flowers that bloom and pass away, and still we go on gathering Primroses.

Now and again a grass bank will be stained with blue. Sometimes it is the blue of the Grape Hyacinth, but oftener the more delicate, delicious blue of the Apennine Anemone. Hyacinths and Tulips are given the warmest aspects. This is hardly necessary, but it ensures an earlier blooming. Against the south walls of the house they are quite at home. Carpets are provided for them of pink, white, or blue, woven either of *Silene*, Double white *Arabis*, or Forget-me-not. Colour contrasts are easily contrived. Some of the commonest flowers give the best effects. A handful of Honesty seed, scattered in the autumn near clumps of Daffodils or *Doronicum*, results in a splendid splash of gold and purple in the spring. Blue and white schemes can be secured by the snows of *Arabis* or *Cerastium*, with



THE POET'S NARCISSUS.

nothing but the blue of Periwinkle, an ineffective flower singly, but beautiful when massed, particularly the large kind, dark of leaf and generous of bloom. Violas, too, with Anemone, Campanula and Veronica give wealth of blue.

The next stage of the spring garden is different, but just as pretty. It has now the soft tints of the rainbow, for May has followed April, and all the wild Hyacinths of the copse are in full flower. There are nearly as many pink bells as there are blue-bells amid the tender green, and all the bells hang downwards. As the wind stirs them they seem to be ringing. The willow-wren now chimes his constant peal of fairy tones, and the cuckoo flutes his signal for the summer flowers to appear.

So everything now grows as fast as it possibly can. The Stitchworts show their stars of white, and the wild Campions their loose petals of rose-red; the Rosemary flowers are blue-lavender upon the wall, seedlings come up, weeds run riot, trees shake out their leaflets, and the whole garden is scented with Poet's Narcissus flowers, that grow all over it, first in sun and then in shade, so that we have them for a long time. The Buttercups in the field look yellow as gold as we catch glimpses of them through the branches of the Sycamore and Poplar trees, and the sea beyond the meadow on the cliff, when it is not green and purple, is shining blue and silver. No two days—no two hours even—are just alike, either for colour or for sweetness. In short, it is May-time, and the garden is caught up in its magic.

Shelter for the Garden

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by screening, not only are there few plants and flowers that will not thrive in them, but many that do better there than anywhere else.

Success in sea-coast gardening is really a question of shelter. That must never be forgotten. If natural shelter be lacking, however, it is not difficult to build it up. In an early number of "Flora and Sylva" Mr Robinson has given us one short paper on sea-shore planting that is very instructive.

Speaking of shelter, our author makes the following remarks: "By the use near the sea of small-leaved trees like the Tamarisks, Sea Buckthorn, and small Willows, we very soon get a bit of shelter, and by backing these with the close-growing conifers, such as our common Juniper and some of the sea-loving Pines like Pinaster, and the Monterey Cypress, and the Monterey Pine, we soon get shelter for our trees, and fifty yards away we may soon walk in warm woods. Having got our shelter in this way, the growth of the hardy Pines of the northern world seems as easy by the sea as anywhere; indeed, more so, because if there is any one place where the rather tender Pines grow well, it is near the sea in places around our coast, where, if the soil is good, one has not to be so careful about the hardiness of trees we select, as we have to be in inland places.

Few countries are so rich in sheltering trees as our own, owing to the evergreens that thrive in sea-shore districts. Shelter may be near for flower-beds, or distant for wind-breaks, across the line of prevailing

winds and may be of Yew, Holly, Cedar of Lebanon, native and some other Firs, and the Ilex."

The Ilex or Holm Oak is indeed the most precious of trees near the sea, withstanding gales better than any other. At Abbotsbury it makes a friendly green wall round every new plantation. This tree is not very easily transplanted from nursery-bought plants, so it is an excellent plan to raise it on the place and plant it young. Seed may be scattered with advantage in parts where we wish it to grow, as it germinates freely and grows well from seed.

"The Evergreen Oak, like many other trees, suffers from indiscriminate planting with other and sometimes coarser things, and is rarely grouped in any effective way, although here and there, as at Ham House, Killerton, St. Ann's, Tregothnan, and Holkham, we may see the effect of grouping this tree in picturesque ways. There are many noble trees of it in coast districts in England and Ireland, but where there is room, the tree should be grouped or massed, as, apart from effect, we get the best shelter in that way. The tree, also, is an enduring one, and will remain with us when severe winters will make the difference between Californian and British very clear."

"Among the taller Pines," says Mr. Robinson, "the best is the Corsican, and both from the climate of its island home, on the mountains, and the result of trials in various parts of England and Ireland, we may make up our minds about it. The Pines of

the Pacific Coast, too, are well used to sea influences, and hence we see in our country good results from planting them near the sea, as, for example, Menzies' Spruce at Hunstanton, the Monterey Pine at Bicton, and the Redwood in many places near the sea. One good result of planting in such places is that we may use so many evergreen trees, from the Holly to the Cedar, and so get a certain amount of warmth, as well as shelter. For lower-sized trees and intermediate shelter two groups of low trees are excellent and as yet little used; the Arbutus, well in cultivation, good for our purpose and beautiful too; and the Phillyrea, all of which love the shore, as do the Escallonias, often pretty within reach of the spray."

HEAT RADIATED FROM TREES.

When we come to consider the question of warmth that is afforded by trees, a new and almost unexplored subject opens out before us. A German savant, who has been taking the temperatures of Fir and Pine trees, can tell us exactly how much heat comes from each tree, by reading the degrees that are registered on the thermometers that he hangs upon them. It is a very delightful idea that certain trees should not only keep off draughts, but positively give out some of the heat that has been stored in summer. Ever since I have known this, I have been pleased to notice how extraordinarily warm the Pine-woods seem to be when we enter them, along the coast of Hampshire and other places. Walking through

them, it does appear to the least imaginative, as if heat were being radiated from the trees on either side the paths.

“Among the kinds of shelter, walls, thickly clad with climbers, evergreens and others, are often the best for close garden work, because they do not rob the ground as almost any evergreen tree will; and in doing their work, they themselves may bear many of our most beautiful flowers. Half-hardy evergreens, like the common Cherry-Laurel and Portugal Laurel, should not be planted to shelter the garden, because they may get cut down in hard winters, even in the southern districts.”

Walls in sea-coast gardens, either of brick or flint, or stone, act most usefully, and may be made exceedingly interesting by the creepers and other plants that cover them, but their great drawback is that they shut out the sea-view, and in all coast gardens it is the chance of a glimpse through trees of the blue sea in the distance that gives them such extraordinary charm.

Banks in sea-side gardens are of the utmost value, my own garden being as good an example of their efficacy as it would be possible to find. But they want height. They are quite satisfactory as shelter for all low-growing plants, flowers and vegetables. Of shelter by different kinds of solid fences we shall have a good deal to say in future chapters. More about trees too, both for shelter and for ornament.

From our own experiences in sea-coast gardening, we are persuaded, as are Mr. Robinson and many

others who have studied the subject, "that it is not the sea-shore folk and those who dwell by their many river valleys and estuaries that are to be pitied, but rather the people who are struggling with inland and midland conditions." For those moreover who have to face such terrible winters as those of Hungary and Central Germany there is no chance to walk in avenues of Palms, like Mr. Fox at Falmouth, or among lovely Tree Ferns, Bananas and Gum Trees as at Menabilly. In no northern country can we see such a variety of charming vegetation, Himalayan-Rhododendron, Banana, Palm, Indian Magnolia, and a host of delightful things, that are all to be seen in English sea-coast gardens. Mr. Robinson reminds us of the beauty of our island gardens from Caerhaes in Cornwall to Castlewellan in the North of Ireland; of the loveliness of such places as Mount Ussher, Tregothnan, and many gardens along the shores and estuaries of Cornwall and Devon. It is a common error to suppose that these beautiful effects by the sea are only to be had in the South, because, as he tells us, we have the striking instance of Lord Annesley's work in the North of Ireland, who has perhaps the best collection of all. And we must never forget the gardens of Mr. Acton on the hills of Wicklow, nor the lovely plantations at Bodorgan on the stormy coast of Anglesea.

It is clear that the privilege we enjoy as island gardeners is singular in Europe, and it would be the greatest mistake if we failed to take advantage of the opportunities that lie open to us.

Soil and Site

CHAPTER III.

SOIL AND SITE.

“ Our sites vary, our soils vary, and our atmospheric conditions vary to such an extent that any gardener, if he is to produce a result of any worth, must perforce use his native intelligence in order to overcome the specific difficulties peculiar to his spot of earth.”—“ A Garden by the Sea.”

ALL garden-lovers strive for an ideal soil, and in choosing houses or the sites for them, make this one of the chief considerations. But in this world it is impossible to attain perfection, and the only way is, to make the best of what exists. There is just as much variety of soils by the sea as anywhere else.

Some of us have garden-strips where it appears as if there were nothing but sand to work upon. Well, that is not so very alarming. I have seen a capital kitchen garden made on soil that apparently was all sand, with the help of a small chicken-farm that lay by the side of it. Some of the very best soils for hardy plants are those that have been poor sea-sand originally, but improved by cultivation, and sometimes such soils are drought-resisting, as on reclaimed sea-shore lands. Chalky hills are unfavour-

able for trees and some shrubs, but chalk that has tumbled into a valley-soil is often a great help to the gardener.

Instead of trying to alter the soil of any plot of ground that happens to be ours, it is much wiser to make good use of any marked peculiarity we find in it. This should govern what we grow. If we have a sandy peat, we are lucky indeed, and can rejoice in the lovely evergreens of the northern mountains, among them planting Lilies and the hardy bulbous flowers of Japan and America; but if fate has decreed that we are to be the possessors of a deep and at the same time poor sea-sand, we can make perfect bulb gardens out of that. In a sandy knoll we may have Rosemary, Rock-roses and Sea-Hollies, and one of the prettiest gardens I am acquainted with is growing in a disused gravel-pit, a stone's throw from the shore.

A good deep and free loam is one of the best gifts nature can bestow upon the gardener, whether by the sea or in any part of the world; seeds never fail to come up in it, and any little slip of wood put in to mark a place is apt to take root in the most amusing and surprising fashion, so that one feels it is hardly safe to plant a spade for fear it should start growing. But if we all had soils like this the result would be monotonous. Where would be the peat garden, the bog garden, the rock garden and the hundred other interesting and uncommon gardens that please on account of their individuality? It is midsummer,

and I have just passed a very windy garden on the open cliff, where the shelter given is next to none at all, but it is full of pink and scarlet Poppies all in bloom, beside them a mass of yellow *Eschscholtzias* and a quantity of common white Pinks. The blaze of colour shines afar, and the scent of the Pinks is wafted up and down the road, to the delight of the passer-by. The glory of this garden will soon depart, but how wise to secure the prodigality of scent and colour at the right moment and enjoy it while it lasts, instead of saying "because we cannot have Roses we will have nothing."

Drainage is a point that in some soils is of the greatest importance, while in others it need hardly be considered at all. Free sands, sandy loam, chalky and lime-stone soils and much high-lying and alluvial ground, want but little artificial drainage; in fact it is quite possible to over-shoot the mark in drainage, and with the best intentions starve our garden plants for want of water. Houses, we may be sure, will not be built on bogs or marshy lands, and in the course of years the ground round most houses has been made dry enough for use. It is altogether different, when we are dealing with uncultivated unused land, for planting shrubs and trees in the first line of exposure on the coast, and working very likely on a large scale. Drainage then becomes a vital question, and is a most important factor in successful cultivation.

Competent advice will of course be taken. No

exact rules can be laid down, for no two places will call for precisely the same treatment. Moreover, drainage and soil preparation are difficult matters, embracing a wide range of thought, and the subject is far too big a one to handle here. Mr. Gaut, in "Seaside planting of Trees and Shrubs," gives some useful hints about drainage, recommending an open system. "A good system of land drainage adds to the available depth of soil, giving to the trees a firmer root-hold and opportunities of developing their subterranean parts; and increases the productive capacity of the soil, the effects of which cause a healthier and more luxuriant growth. When drain-pipes are laid in the soil in which trees are afterwards planted, they become after a time filled with their roots and rendered ineffective; this is especially the case with the Ash and some other species of trees. An open system of drainage is a good one to follow, where it can be done.

"On the slopes of hills, where the water percolates or springs rise up through the soil, causing stagnation of the land, or in other water-logged soils, open drains or ditches secure good drainage, or in low-lying marshy districts where the surface water can be drained off, or led away."

Preparation of the soil may be continued, when once the drainage is complete, by trenching, or if larger areas have to be treated, the ground can be thoroughly worked over with the plough. If this is done in the winter, and the ground well manured, some farm or garden crop can be grown upon it the

following summer, after which it should be in good condition for the planting of other things.

A word of caution should be addressed to the makers of new gardens to new houses. It is—never to let the sub-soil that has been taken out in laying the foundations, be used for beds and borders. Unfortunately this is sometimes laid upon the top of the garden-ground, greatly to its detriment. Sub-soils are liable to contain certain materials that are injurious to plant-life, more especially so in heavy land where the sub-soil is of clay, but in all cases the top-soil may be a precious possession, not to be idly thrown away by careless workmen. It is often the result of ages of decay of turf and plants, and to preserve it intact is one of the things that call for the master's eye; no other will be so vigilant. To spread the sub-soil over the top of the garden-ground is just the way to spoil it.

A use for fairly good spare earth, thrown up in digging, is to make sheltering banks of it, either mixed with stone or by itself. By degrees grass grows on them, the soil improves, and eventually the earth-banks are filled with wild flowers and plants. If in this neighbourhood, most certainly with Poppies, which in the course of one season will make the barest railway-track a scarlet ribbon.

In all gardens, if we would be successful in growing flowers, the beds must have sufficient depth of soil and good soil for the plants to take root in. If we are obliged to import soil, the best way is to dig the beds right out, to a depth of thirty inches below the surface, before the good soil is added. It

is so easy to be misled as to the depth of soil in beds, because, before it settles down, there seems to be so much more than there really is. Flower-beds, once carefully prepared, give little trouble; the labour saved in not being obliged to keep them constantly watered, amply repays any pains taken beforehand. Poor soils dry up so quickly, and the plants look miserable—there is no pleasure in them. Now that I can have as much good soil as I want, by merely wheeling it in a barrow from one part of my domain to another, I often recall the time when, in a less favoured locality, such soil had to be bought at six shillings a load, and a load was used up in no time.

In making a new garden, let no one forget the provision of soft water. If every drop of rain that can be saved is stored in tub or tank or bucket, much good can be done, but for daily use and comfort give me a well—a good deep well, furnished with a pump. I am the fortunate possessor of two rain-water wells of generous depth, made in the days when the only water for household use was well-water or water from the “beck” or little stream, and they are the comfort of my life and of the flowers. Considering what an unfailing reservoir of water is always hanging overhead, it does seem strange that there should ever be a shortage of a commodity so indispensable as water, yet such is too often the case, for want of forethought. Even where there is a service from the main, a rain-water well is often as great a stand-by when the pinch comes as a pony-cart at the breakdown of a motor.

The First Line of Defence

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.

“ —God—out of strong, sharp sea,
Lifted the shapely and green-coloured land.”

SUCCESS in sea-side gardening depends in many places so much on the management of our first line of exposure to wind and storm, that some practical hints on this part of the subject are indispensable.

Two important matters have to be considered—
(1) fierce gales; (2) salt spray. As a protection against storms, much may be done, as already pointed out, by planting quick-growing things, such as Poplars, Willows, etc., and in this sheltered area more permanent trees and shrubs may be put.

Plants must be placed much thicker together than they are to remain permanently, thus forming a compact mass against which the wind makes little or no impression. Continual thinning will be necessary as they grow up, for if left too long the plants become weak, and the advantage gained by the thicker planting is then completely lost.

The more exposed is our sea-frontage, the denser must be the mass of branches and foliage that are to break the first force of the wind. Plantations, moreover, should be made as wide as possible; narrow belts are practically useless.

The shape of the outer line must naturally depend on the configuration of the ground, whether flat or hilly, curved or straight. In some cases the line need not be continual, but round or oval clumps of trees may be arranged in such a manner that their total effect is similar to that obtained by a single wide belt.

SCRUB.

As scrub on the cliff—and by “scrub” we mean those plants which grow upon the cliffs by the sea and which in such positions only make short, dense, bushy growths, there is nothing more useful than Alder, Ash, Dog-Rose, Goat-Willow, Gorse, *Lycium barbarum*, Oak, Sea-Buckthorn, Silver Poplar, Sycamore, Willows and Wych Elm.

Willows, Sea-Buckthorns, Alders, and *Lycium barbarum*, may be planted very closely, and their branches as they grow layered in the soil along the face of the cliff, where they will strike root freely, and will, under certain conditions, help considerably in checking erosion.

DECIDUOUS AND EVERGREEN TREES IN FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.

Deciduous trees are preferable to conifers in the first line of exposure, as they retain their lower branches longer; in fact there is practically no limit to the time they last, so long as care is taken to let sufficient air and light into the plantation, whereas

conifers lose their lower limbs as the trees grow old, and then cold winds find their way through, underneath, making terrible draughts. I have seen gardens that have suffered from this cause.

WHEN TO PLANT.

As regards when to plant deciduous trees in exposed positions, it is desirable to defer doing so till late winter or early spring, as a tree taken from its nursery-bed would suffer from removal to a cold, windy place, where it would have to pass the first winter after having been transplanted. It is better for the young trees to have a whole growing season before them ere the trials of winter, and spring-growth being retarded, the young shoots have a better chance of escaping injury. But watering may be necessary if the summer is dry.

Evergreen trees should not be transplanted till late in spring, unless to sheltered places, as injury to their foliage is such a serious drawback to them. Some people even move them in early summer, taking care to mulch, water, and shade, when great success may be achieved. In choosing young trees and shrubs from the nursery beds it is wise to select only those which were transplanted the season before, and to pick out the strongest and best. In planting them, we should cut away bruised and broken portions of the roots, examining them carefully and adding good soil when necessary. A good start is most important.

Deciduous trees and shrubs are all the better for having some sort of fence to shelter them when first put in, but for Evergreen it is a positive necessity. The deciduous may contrive to look after themselves and weather through; not so the evergreen. Even the strongest Evergreens are less hardy and want careful treatment.

Among deciduous trees for the outer line, there is nothing to beat the common Sycamore, Scotch or Wych Elms, some of the Poplars, the common Ash and the English Oak. Among evergreen trees, the Corsican and the Black or Austrian Pines are unsurpassed. Without exception we consider them to be the hardiest and best of all Pine trees for a windy coast, since they seem careless of exposure in the bleakest places. In the first laying out of my own garden long years ago the mistake was made of the omission of all evergreen things, either in the way of tree or shrub. This has taught me by experience what it is to lack them.

FENCES FOR THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.

Mr. Gaut, in his "Seaside Planting of Trees and Shrubs"—a book to which I am indebted for much useful information—has much to tell us about fences. He gives detailed descriptions of six different kinds—(1) Dry stone dykes; (2) Turf dykes; (3) Stone and soil; (4) Spar and brushwood; (5) Board and paling; (6) Hedge. To these we would add the wattle fence,

which is light, inexpensive and easily made. And there are sunk fences.

The protection of some kind of fence made of solid material, either wood, stone, earth, or brickwork, naturally hastens matters when we are planning gardens by the sea, as any hedge or plantation behind them will grow much faster and be less stunted. Without some such protection on the outer line planting must be a great deal more generous to make up for the want of it.

Stone walls and dykes are useful. But it must be remembered that any solid obstruction of this sort, as the wind meets it, causes a current that forms a short abrupt curve sweeping over it. A stone wall does not break up the force of the wind as a hedge does, but is a capital thing to nurse up a newly-planted hedge till it is big enough to reach the top. The combination of some solid fence and then a hedge and then a thicket or belt of shrubs and trees, both evergreen and deciduous, would spell perfection in most cases, in making a good line of defence, the hardiest deciduous things to be planted first.

Wattle hurdles can be put together on the spot as they are wanted. A hurdle three feet in height protects six feet the further side. The wind striking the hurdle on the windy side, rebounds and makes an arc over it in the same way as it does over the wall. It is, therefore, a good plan to place the hurdles in rows, herring-bone fashion, *i.e.*, a space left between each hurdle which the hurdle in the

row behind protects. Plantations are sometimes set down on the same principle. An example of this may be seen on the Fyling Hall Estate, Robin Hood's Bay.

Good and cheap fences can be made of rough stakes and the trimmings from plantations. Willow stakes in some places when driven into the ground will strike root freely, and the young branches as they grow can be interwoven between them, the whole forming a serviceable and economical hedge or fence; it is difficult to know which to call it, as it partakes of the nature of both.

The question of fences is a very important one to people who have gardens on the sea-cliffs. It is surprising what useful gardens can be made with no other protection than fences—useful, I mean, in the way of growing vegetables, low fruit-bushes and a fair amount of flowers, but fence-protected gardens will never be really warm and comfortable to sit about in, like those that are well screened by trees, nor can you grow the same variety of flowers and shrubs. Hurdles made of reeds are light and handy to move about, as they are wanted, others of wood are heavier and more permanent. A light fence or paling is often put up temporarily, and Privet, Wild Plum or some other hedge-plant encouraged to grow through it, after which the original fence is allowed to perish. It has done its work of nursing while the hedge was young.



SUNK PATH WITH HERBACEOUS BORDERS AT SIDESTRAND HALL, CROMER.

HEDGES.

Much might be said about evergreen and deciduous hedges. There is the neat-trimmed hedge, which serves as an outside line to a garden, and also as a screen or wind-break to small and tender plants growing near it, and there is the straggling rough hedge, placed often on a bank, very wide and made up of all sorts of things, both evergreen and deciduous. Of evergreen hedges the best are made of Holly, Yew, and Box; and the best deciduous, of Beech, Hornbeam, Quick, and Myrobalan Plum. The latter, on strong soils, may become too rampant, on poor soils it makes a better hedge. Of Privets, the Oval-leaf is the kind to be preferred for making hedges. If close to the garden-walks the scent of the flowers may be found too strong and in exposed positions a Privet hedge will want support of some kind.

SUNK FENCES.

Sunk paths, beds, and borders, in exposed positions are often most successful. In the gardens of Sidestrand Hall, near Cromer, a broad sunk pathway, with herbaceous borders, runs along the north-west side of the grounds. There are only a few steps leading down to it, but in the shelter thus provided Rambler Roses roam luxuriantly and the sweet spires of Lavender ripen in the sun. It is strange to think that there is nothing whatever

between this sunken pathway and the north pole, but a green slope of meadow-land and the wide, rolling sea.

WIRE NETTING.

When planting new gardens or plantations it is wise to lay in a stock of strong wire netting. This will be wanted to protect young trees and shrubs from the depredations of rabbits. Later on, when our gardens are furnished with flowers, Carnations prove an irresistible temptation to these troublesome wild creatures.

More About Trees



CATKINS OF THE BLACK POPLAR.

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CHAPTER V.

MORE ABOUT TREES.

“ The brotherhood of trees.”

MR. E. T. COOK, in his work on “ Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens,” has given two valuable lists of those which are suitable for seaside planting around the British Isles. As he explains, the coast-line is so varied, and the action of the gulf-stream so influential on the vegetation of many parts of our western coasts, that no hard and fast line can be drawn. He therefore gives two lists, one of trees and shrubs, that may be considered as thoroughly hardy unless otherwise specified, and a second of those that are available for planting in the Isle of Wight, in the South and West of England, and in some parts of Ireland. The former list (of trees) shall be placed at the end of this chapter. I have added to it a few notes of my own.

TREES OF MY OWN GARDEN.

A few words here about the deciduous trees that do well in my own garden, wind-swept as it is, may not be out of place.

The Black Poplar, *Populus nigra*, is among our greatest favourites, always one of the first in leaf and never more enjoyable than in early spring, when the

green, and Chestnuts, though in a great hurry to keep up with the Poplars and Sycamores, are not so hardy. One Weeping Chestnut makes itself the laughing-stock of the garden, by trying to emulate the early habits of the Black Poplar. It is always caught by the cold wind and has to beat an ignominious retreat, looking so wretched as to be quite an eye-sore. I am obliged to give it some Ipomæas to climb over and hide it. In clearing the copse of dead wood the tree that is found to have suffered most is always the Ash. Yet it is well worth growing for a change of foliage. The habit this tree has of lagging behind the rest in putting out its leaves often proves useful in preserving them from damage in the keen winds of spring.

TREES UNDER WHICH GRASS GROWS.

In sea-coast as in all gardens this is a point worth considering. For planting on a lawn for shade, there is no better tree than the common Willow, and, luckily, the Willow is happy in sea-air. Grass will grow under it right up to the very trunk and retain its verdant colour. Earthworms are fond of pulling Willow-leaves down by their points of least resistance very cleverly under the grass, and this is very good for the turf; it gives ventilation and benefits it in other ways. But there are not many earthworms in this clean friable soil; they like a damper place; and, useful as worms are in some localities, the scarcity of them in this garden is one of the things to be enjoyed.

Digging in it is quite a treat. Other trees under which grass grows are the Black Poplar, Ash, Alder, Cypress, Elm, Plane, Sycamore and Mulberry. Under the Oak one cannot expect grass to grow, but moss can be encouraged, which is better than nothing.

Trees under which grass will *not* grow are the Aspen, Beech and Chestnut. The Alder is said to nourish whatever plant grows in its shadow, and the drippings of the Cypress to be the least harmful. What a pleasant thought this is, remembering how many of our friends and dear ones lie sleeping long and soundly under the kindly shadows of the Cypress tree!

OUR OUTER BELT.

The shape of the small belt of trees, principally Wych Elm, that in our garden catches the first brunt of the sea-winds is curious. The trees are bent so evenly as to look as if cut and trimmed to pattern. Those nearest to the sea are stunted, but each succeeding row fares better, and grows taller, so that a kind of sloping wall is made, which even in the bareness of winter gives considerable protection. Behind the little copse, again, there is the bank. As to the shape of sea-coast trees, people generally think the bent-backed boughs are wind-blown into their bent condition, but it has been pointed out to us that wind does not blow them bodily aside as we imagined. It is the chilly breeze of spring that nips the tender buds on one side, so that the young shoots

push out in the direction that is warmest, and so is brought about the crooked shape with which we are familiar. They all grow away from the north-east.

Who does not love the green and shady lawn with overhanging boughs, where sunbeams, leaf-entangled, make patterns on the grass? To secure pleasant havens such as these someone before us must have planted wisely. Planting trees is a great responsibility. Unlike the passing flowers, they are life-companions and will be legacies. Some trees, like some men and women, are good to live with, and some are not; some are friendly to the grass and small flowers about their feet, and some are too selfish and greedy to let anything flourish but themselves. Anyway, whatever tree we plant is pretty sure to outlive us, and wherever it is placed, will rule the lesser things around it. In no position is shade of trees so welcome as on the sea-coast. Imagine it! On a hot day of August to leave the glare and glitter of the limitless blue, the brilliance of the giddy, dancing waves, and enter a sanctuary of cool green shadow. Cross one meadow, push open one small gate—a step or two and we are in a different world. This is one of the pleasures of a sea-coast garden.

LIST OF TREES FOR SEA-COAST PLANTING.

Acer platanoides (Norway Maple).

Acer Pseudo-platanus (Sycamore).



GATE THAT LEADS TO MEADOW AND CLIFF

Alnus (Alder) of sorts. Will thrive only in damp places.

Ash, Mountain.

Betula alba (Birch) and varieties. In exposed situations grows dwarf.

Carpinus Betulus (Hornbeam).

Cerasus (Cherry), particularly *C. Avium* and *C. Mahaleb*.

Cratægus (Thorn) of sorts. Hawthorn, White Thorn, deciduous. Make valuable hedges and nicely shaped trees.

Cupressus macrocarpa (Monterey Cypress) of rapid growth.

Fagus sylvatica (Beech) and varieties. Makes a good hedge plant. A little difficult at starting, when it is glad of shelter.

Laburnum.

Pinus austriaca (Austrian Pine). One of the best Firs for bleak seaside places.

Pinus contorta (Twisted Pine). A small tree.

Pinus insignia (Grass-green Pine). More tender than the others. The same as the Monterey Pine. Introduced from California, 1833.

Pinus Laricio (Corsican Pine). Equal to the Austrian Pine for seaside.

Pinus muricata (Prickly-coned Pine). A dwarf tree.

Pinus Pinaster (Cluster Pine). Delights in the neighbourhood of the sea. Slow-growing and rather difficult to transplant. Has a long tap-root. Grows well from seed.

Pinus montana (Mountain Pine). A small tree or shrub.

Populus alba (Abele or White Poplar). All the Poplars grow quickly. White Poplar is very useful for cliff-planting, where it forms short scrubby growths.

Populus deltoida (Canadian Poplar).

Populus fastigiata (Lombardy Poplar).

Populus nigra (Black Poplar).

Prunus cerasifera (Cherry Plum).

Prunus Padus (Bird Cherry).

Prunus Pissardi (Purple-leaved Plum).

Pyrus Aria (White Beam Tree).

Pyrus Aucuparia (Mountain Ash).

Pyrus prunifolia (Siberian Crab).

Pyrus Sorbus (Service Tree).

Quercus Cerris (Turkey Oak). Good loam suits this best.

Quercus Ilex (Evergreen or Holm Oak).

Salix (Willow) of sorts. Prefer a moist soil.

S. caprea, common Sallow or Goat Willow is well known, as its branches with catkins are gathered for Palm Sunday and called Palm. It is very hardy by the sea.

Ulmus (Elm) of sorts, particularly Wych Elm.

Planting and Climate

CHAPTER VI.

INFLUENCE OF PLANTING ON CLIMATE.

“Amelioration is one of the earth’s words. . . .

The earth does not withhold, it is generous enough.”

HUMIDITY AND DROUGHT.

It is surprising how even the planting of a small thicket, can influence the humidity of a garden, as we find from daily experience. Proof of the effect of the foliage of trees on climate is given by the disasters that followed the destruction of the great forests of North America, and there are parts of the South of France that have been ruined for agricultural purposes, through the reckless cutting down of wood and trees.

There is no doubt that the presence of trees in quantity upon the sea-coast would do much to counteract the great extremes of damp and dryness from which an exposed coast suffers. Dwellers on the east coast know well how for a time the air will be heavy with moisture; everything seems damp to the touch. Then comes a change of wind, and should it remain long in the same quarter there may be no rain-fall whatever for weeks, and the wind seems to suck up every drop of moisture: the surface of the ground looks white and parched.

Such periods of drought are among the most trying vicissitudes that overtake the gardener in open country by the sea. On the eastern shores of Great Britain the northerly winds sweep down from very cold seas, and the easterly winds from ice-clad portions of the northern continent, while the warm rain-bringing westerly winds are largely shut off by high hill-ranges further inland. Thanks to the Gulf Stream, however, the temperature of the German Ocean in January is about 41° Fahr. or 2° warmer than the air. We reap the benefit of this. Frosts are far less severe with us, than in inland places not far removed.

Mr. Gaut, when speaking of the advantages gained by a free planting of trees and shrubs on the sea-coast, says that such planting "would lessen to a great degree the fluctuations of water vapour in the atmosphere during the warmer periods of the year, and would in a measure counteract the effects of seasons of small annual rainfall, which are so harmful to vegetation; water would be conserved to the soil by condensation from the atmosphere to be utilised by growing crops, and a equable climate would be obtained."

SOIL AND ATMOSPHERIC TEMPERATURE.

That such planting will also bring about a rise in the temperature both of soil and atmosphere has been demonstrated by experiment. Even a very little planting makes an appreciable difference.

The slight protection afforded by a single hedge will frequently cause a rise in temperature of 2° to 3° F. for a considerable distance from it. The difference made by the shelter of trees and thick hedges to farm and garden crops can hardly be over-estimated. The productive capacity of the soil is increased, growth is quickened, the harvest hastened, and heavier supplies obtained. As to its influence on human beings, that too, is worth something. The shelter of trees and shrubs, indeed, shelter of any kind is infinitely grateful to those who live in an exposed and very windy part of the coast.

To come suddenly out of high winds—winds of the hard, persistent sort that interfere with sight and breath—into an oasis of quiet, is a boon only to be appreciated by people who have experienced it. Both man and beast enjoy the comfort of its peace and restfulness. It is curious too, to note what a different sound the wind has, directly you get among trees. There are many more notes of music in it and you can almost tell what trees make the music by the different sounds. At the same time, there is a vigour and freshness about the wind in open treeless places which has so great a charm in its own way, that it would be a matter of regret if all the English shore-line were to be peopled by the brotherhood of trees. Such an alternative would destroy what to many is the most distinguishing and delightful feature of our eastern upland coast.

Shrubs for the Sea-coast

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CHAPTER VII.

SHRUBS FOR THE SEA-COAST.

“ The hills and the sands and the beaches,
The waters adrift and afar ;
The banks and the creeks and the reaches,
How glad of thee all these are ! ”

THE number of shrubs that succeed when exposed to salt spray is but limited, and on that account the few that do thrive well under such circumstances are doubly valuable.

One of the most successful and popular of sea-side shrubs is the well-known Tamarisk (*Tamarix gallica*) a vigorous growing shrub, producing long feathery branches terminated during the summer by loose open panicles of small reddish flowers. This shrub delights in a deep sandy soil, well supplied with moisture ; requirements frequently met with near the sea, and for such places it is indispensable. This and the Furze form fine bushes even on the most easterly part of the coast of Suffolk. *T. tetandra* is a scarce Caucasian shrub, and is quite as elegant as the common *T. gallica*, and flowers later, which is its chief value. It is little known, apparently, in this country, though it is to be found upon the Continent. A near ally of the Tamarisk, and

one that succeeds well under similar conditions, is the German Tamarisk (*Tamarix* or *Myricarea germanica*) a slender upright growing shrub, which bears great general resemblance to the foregoing, but which only attains about one-half its height and has longer leaves. About the Tamarisk, it is useful to know that when young it may be cut back, but in an older state should not be pruned at all.

The Sea-Buckthorn (*Hippophæ rhamnoides*) is another shrub well adapted for planting in the most exposed spots, as strong winds off the sea have but little effect upon it; indeed, the beautiful silvery appearance of its foliage is much heightened when stirred by the breeze. Besides the glistening white colour of the foliage, during the autumn it becomes laden with bright orange-coloured berries, and when in that state is remarkably handsome. Under favourable conditions this shrub becomes almost a tree. It may be said that the Sea-Buckthorn is the glory of the east coast. Sir Samuel and Lady Hoare of Sidestrand and Cromer, claim to be the first introducers of it into gardens, though as a wild plant it may be found on sea-shore cliffs and sand-hills. When first they planted it, long years ago, when laying out the gardens of Cliff House, Cromer, there were many who mocked at the little "currant bushes" as they called them. Now, no sea-side garden would be complete without them. Luckily for passers-by, long hedges of the Sea-Buckthorn have been planted on both sides of the Cromer



HIPPOPHÆ RHAMNOIDES (SEA-BUCKTHORN) IN BERRY.

road, so that all the world may see its beauty. Strangers always ask what it is, for the silver foliage is very striking. Towards autumn, when enriched by its clusters of soft glistening berries, it becomes more noticeable than ever, and looks, as Mr. E. F. Benson says, "like a kind of yellow Holly." The leaves are not at all like Holly leaves, however. Though stiff, they are narrow, and quite a different shape, more like the Willow leaf, only smaller. As a shrub, it may overgrow and become straggly, but in the form of a hedge it is excellent. Mr. Robinson, in his "English Flower Garden," says this sea-shore shrub does best in damp spots near a running stream, but we do not find it seems to crave for more moisture than it gets in the porous soil of this sea-coast. The small green flowers appear in May, and the stems, roots, and foliage are said to impart a yellow dye. Care must be taken to plant male as well as female bushes, or there will be no berries. This omission often causes disappointment.

"The tree Purslane (*Atriplex Halimus*) is a loose rambling plant, with little half woody branches and silvery leaves; of little beauty when grown under ordinary conditions, but by the sea-side where plenty of moisture exists, a really valuable shrub; it succeeds perfectly in such places and forms fine masses totally indifferent to the salt spray. Of this there is a smaller kind, a native of Britain, viz.: *A. portulacoides*, but it is insignificant compared with the preceding. Among other subjects fit for

sea-side planting, but requiring to be a little sheltered from the full force of the wind and spray, may be named many of the Leguminosæ, as, for instance, the Spanish Broom, the Laburnum, the white Broom, *Helimodendron argenteum* and the Coluteas. These are among the most suitable, while under like conditions the Elder, Box Thorn (*Lycium europæum*), the Tree Groundsel (*Baccharis halimifolia*) and the various kinds of Lilac will also thrive.”* The Elder, grown as a shrub, is invaluable for preserving the continuity of a hedge that passes under trees, for it does not object either to the drip or to the shade of everhanging boughs.

“ Among evergreen shrubs, mention may be made of the different varieties of *Euonymus japonicus*, the *Arbutus*, *Laurestinus*, and Portugal Laurels. All the above are well tried subjects and sure to succeed in almost all positions. For planting on the southern coast there is a much wider range to choose from. Even *Veronicas*, there, make useful sea-side shrubs, and the same may be said of *Fuchsias*, the lemon-scented *Verbena* (*Aloysia citriodora*) *Myrtles*, and the *Pittosporums*, which form handsome bushes, while one of the finest plants of the beautiful *Fabiana imbricata* it is possible to find, may be seen growing in a small garden close to the sea, on the coast of Devon. There it forms a large bush and when in full flower is most conspicuous.”

Escallonias do well with us, but are not averse

* “The Garden,” August, 1904.



HEDGE OF TEA-TREE AND IVY.

to the shelter of a wall, and are particularly happy trained up the south wall of a house, where their glossy green leaves and bright pink flowers show to great advantage. Veronicas are seldom so luxuriant here as in the south of England. I have never seen them growing and blooming so freely as among the gardens by Beaulieu's tidal river in the New Forest, for instance, where they may be found in masses, giving sheets of colour. They are most effective planted thickly in large sloping beds.

Lavender and Rosemary are shrubs best spoken of when we are considering flowers, but we cannot help thinking of the latter while speaking of Escallonias, for the two are often seen side by side upon the same house-walls.

The Tea-tree, *Lycium Chinense*, is a small-leaved, straggling, old-fashioned shrub that is often found in gardens of this neighbourhood and is both useful and pretty. Along with other things it makes a capital hedge. We have a very high one mixed with Ivy, which in spring, when the fresh green shoots appear, looks very cheerful and effective. It has dainty little purple flowers, that come out in May, and in autumn turn to bright red berries, exactly the colour of sealing-wax. These fall about and take root freely, so that once the Tea-tree gets a footing, it spreads rapidly and helps to furnish the wildest bits, between the open sea-fields and the garden. Tea-tree hedges want some

support inside, unless they are grown with something more substantial than Ivy.

In all properly protected sea-coast gardens, it is necessary to know of shrubs that grow well in shade, and for this purpose there is nothing so useful as the Holly-bush. Next to that I would put the Common Butcher's Broom (*Ruscus*) which is invaluable, only we must not be discouraged by the little dead pieces that are apt to appear in it; they are easily removed by anybody armed with gloves and scissors. The winter of 1906 was trying to shrubs. It killed our pretty striped-leaf Veronicas, that are less hardy than the other kinds, and made an end of a cherished Myrtle. These plants had unluckily been given no protection and as a rule they do not want it. The Lemon Verbenas (with a little cover over them) survived, and *Aristolochia Sipho* still holds its own upon the house-wall—an old plant that must have stood where it is for half a century, though not deemed very hardy as a rule. Sea-side gardens are always giving one surprises, owing to their freedom from extremes of heat and cold, and the even supply of moisture to both leaf and root.

To this chapter I have added a list of Sea-coast shrubs; it is taken mostly from Mr. E. T. Cook's work on "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens," and with it are incorporated a few notes of my own.

SHRUBS FOR SEA-COAST.

Atriplex Halimus (Sea Purslane). Will grow close to the water.

Aucuba japonica (*Aucuba*). Few evergreens equal this.

Berberis (*Barberry*), *Aguifolium*, *Darwinii*, *dulcis*, and *stenophylla*.

Buxus (*Box*) and its varieties. On dry deep soils makes a dense hedge and is very useful.

Cerasus Laurocerasus (*Common Laurel*) and *C. lusitanica* (*Portugal Laurel*). Should be planted under partial shelter from the keen winds.

Cistus, *Gum*. Does well at Felixstowe, Suffolk.
Colutea arborescens (*Bladder Senna*). Will grow in very sandy soil.

Corylus Avellana (*Hazel*) and varieties.

Cotoneaster of sorts. All these are good for the purpose.

Cytisus (*Broom*) of sorts.

Daphne Laureola (*Spurge Laurel*). Will grow in shade.

Deutzia crenata, *D. crenata flore-pleno*, *D. gracilis*, *D. Lemoinei*.

Elæagnus of sorts. All of these are good.

Euonymus europæus and *E. latifolius* (*Spindle trees*), and the evergreen *E. japonicus* and its varieties. This last is one of the most valuable evergreens, but it is rather tender.

Ficus Carica (*Common Fig*).

Forsythia suspensa. A charming rambling shrub.

Halimodendron argenteum (*Siberian Salt tree*).

Hippohœ rhamnoides (Sea Buckthorn). The finest sea-side shrub or small tree that we have; grows well in damp sands, indeed, almost anywhere.

Leycesteria formosa.

Ligustrum (Privet) of sorts.

Lycium barbarum, *L. europœum*, *L. Chinense* (Box Thorn).

Olearia Haastii (Daisy bush).

Osmanthos ilicifolius and varieties.

Philadelphus (Mock Orange) of sorts.

Phillyrœa angustifolia, *latifolia*, *media*, and *vil-moriniana*.

Prunus spinosa flore-pleno (Double-flowered Sloe).

Pyrus japonica (Japan Quince) and *Pyrus prunifolia* (Siberian crab). Siberia, 1758.

Ribes aurem (Golden flowered Currant).

Ribes sanguineum (Flowering Currant) and varieties.

Rosa. The different wild Roses, and *Rosa rugosa*. The latter from Japan, 1845.

Rubus (Bramble). The double-flowered and cut-leaved forms are very ornamental.

Salix (Willow) of sorts. All prefer moist soil.

Sambucus (Elder) of sorts. Useful where nothing else will grow.

Skimmia japonica. Valuable for its bright-red berries.

Spartium junceum (Spanish Broom). Will grow almost anywhere.

Spiræa of sorts. There is a great variety of these beautiful flowering shrubs.

Symphoricarpus racemosus (Snow-berry).

Syringa (Lilac) of sorts.

Tamarisk gallica and *T. tetandra*. Delightful shrubs for sea-side.

Ulex europæus (Furze or Gorse), with the double-flowered and dwarf kinds.

Viburnum opulus and *V. Opulus sterile* (Snow-ball tree).

Weigelas of sorts, particularly *Abel Carriere*, *candida*, and *Eva Rathke*.

We may add that *Rhododendrons* do well by the sea provided they have soil that suits them. Chalk and limestone are fatal, they like loam, peat, and leaf-mould. Not long ago, in a *Lady's Journal* a remark caught my eye, that *Rhododendrons* do not grow well by the sea. Whoever wrote this could never have seen the *Rhododendron*-covered slopes at *Sheringham* on the east coast, or the avenues of these shrubs, intermixed with trees and other things, that run down to the sea on some parts of the coast-line of Scotland; notably at *Tynninghame*, *East Lothian*.

For the west of England and other very mild districts the following may be added:

Arbutus Unedo (Strawberry tree).

Aralia Sieboldii.

Azara microphylla.

Benthamia fragifera.

Buddleia globosa.

Ceanothus of sorts.

Choisya ternata.

Desfontainea spinosa.

Escallonias of sorts. *E. macrantha* makes a fine
ornamental hedge.

Fabiana imbricata.

Fuchias, hardy kinds.

Garrya elliptica.

Griselinia littoralis. An evergreen shrub from
New Zealand, 1872. Does well among
trees.

Grevillea rosmarinifolia, *G. sulphurea*.

Hydrangea Hortensia.

Laurus nobilis (Sweet Bay).

Myrtus communis (Myrtle).

Pittosporum crassifolium.

Rhamnus Alaternus and varieties.

Veronicas of sorts.

Viburnum Tinus (*Laurestinus*). Southern
Europe, 1596.

Flowers in Sea-coast Gardens

CHAPTER VIII.

FLOWERS IN SEA-COAST GARDENS.

“ —The sudden sun
Year after year makes flowers ;
And these die down and grow
And the next year lacks none.”

SOME might deem it hardly necessary to devote a chapter to sea-side flowers because, given shelter, there are so few that do not do well by the sea, yet there are some plants which belong so especially to sea-coast gardens that there would be an incompleteness in not mentioning them.

To begin with, we have all the *Eryngiums*, or Sea-Hollies, plants of singular beauty with stems of steel-blue tints, surmounted with an involucre even more brilliant. They stand the winter perfectly when there is good drainage and are best increased by means of seed. Some few may be increased by division or root cuttings, but take so long to recover strength that a vigorous batch from seed could be raised in about the same time. The under-mentioned are a few of the best kinds. *E. Alpinum* which retains its lovely blue colour, both of stem and flower, almost as well in shade as in sunshine. The flower-stems average about 2 feet

in height, and appear during July and August. *E. Amethystinum* or Amethyst Sea Holly rarely exceeds 1 foot to 1½ foot in height, and is of a somewhat straggling nature. Its flower heads and stems are of the finest amethyst blue. The plant is greatly welcome on account of its pretty dwarf habit, and it makes charming little groups on a rock garden. *E. giganteum*, the Giant Sea Holly has large flower-heads that are attractive with other things, but wanting in colour. Its silver foliage is beautiful and the involucre, of 8 to 9 large, oval, spiny leaves, pale grey or glaucous, is very effective. It grows from four to five feet high and in masses looks very picturesque. *R. Maritimum*, or the common Sea Holly, is one of the most glaucous of the species, very pretty, and requires no special culture. It flowers from July to October and grows from 6 inches to 1½ foot high. It is often found wild along the English coast in company with the oyster plant (*Mertensia maritima*). *E. Oliverianum*, is often confounded with the Amethyst Sea Holly, which it much resembles, but it is a good deal taller, sometimes reaching 4 feet in height. The ten or twelve bracts composing the involucre, are longer than the heads of flowers and have about a dozen teeth on each side. In habit it is more nearly allied to *E. alpinum* than any of the other kinds. This plant ripens seed freely, and in this way may be easily increased. On a sunny summer morning to go into your garden and see the blue Sea Hollies



BORDER WITH *STATICE LATIFOLIA* (SEA-LAVENDER).

all in bloom, makes you think the world a very lovely place indeed. Being in a great hurry for immediate effect, I bought my plants instead of sowing seed and had to wait a year or two before they made good growth again.

Then there are the Sea Lavenders (*Statice*) dwarf perennials or annuals. Most of the Sea Lavenders bear large twiggy flower-stems, covered with myriads of small flowers, which are for the most part dry and membranous, and retain their colour long after being cut, so that they resemble Everlastings, but at the same time are almost as fine and feathery as the *Gypsophila*. The best of the larger kinds are *S. Limonium*, of which there are several varieties; *S. Latifolia*, the finest of all, with wide-spreading flower-stems and a profusion of small purplish-blue flowers, and *S. tatarica*, a dwarfer species, with distinct red flowers. The smaller kinds make capital rock plants; such as *S. minuta*, *S. caspia*, *S. eximia*, and *S. minutiflora*.

Wild Sea-Lavenders are fond of a muddy coast. It was a pretty touch in a recent novel to make the one joy of an unhappy prisoner to consist in the view he caught from his narrow window of waving tracts of this sea-flower in bloom. Besides the common Sea-Lavender (*S. Limonium*) there is a Spatulate Sea-Lavender, not uncommon on the rocky sea-coast, and a Matted Sea-Lavender that occurs only in the salt marshes of Norfolk.

In John's "Flowers of the Field" he tells us

that plants of this order, like many other marine plants, when growing at a distance from the sea lose the peculiar salts which they contain in their natural localities. Thrift, the little Sea-Pink, as a marine plant, contains iodine and soda, but as a mountain or garden plant, exchanges these two salts for potash. Both Thrift and Statice belong to the same order, *Plumbaginaceæ*, a curious tribe. Some species of *Plumbágo* are so acrid that the fresh root is used to raise blisters. They inhabit salt marshes and the sea-shore of most temperate regions, and some are also found in mountainous districts. Their properties are various—some are tonic, some intensely acrid and many contain iodine.

Fuchsias and Carnations we consider special lovers of the sea. All round our southern and western coasts the former, as we all know, grow into large handsome bushes and escape being cut down in winter-time for many years. With us, they mostly live the life of herbaceous plants, springing up vigorously after their winter rest. *F. globosa* is one of the best of the hardy Fuchsias, blooming profusely and the flowers are a lovely red, very globose in bud and retaining that shape some time after they begin to expand. The Fuchsia is such a graceful plant one wonders it is not more used in gardens. It looks charming in beds with *Heliotrope*, and it possesses the great advantage of doing well in shade. Mr. S. Arnott, writing from Dumfries, says, one of the advantages of nearness

to the sea, especially on the milder coasts, is the freedom and hardiness of Fuchsias. Speaking of some new hybrids, he says he cannot succeed in growing them to the height attained in warmer districts, as an occasional hard winter kills them to the base, and they have to make a fresh start. But he tells us that in some of their cottage gardens, Fuchsias are used as a screen to hide the stone wall in front, from the window, and though cut down each winter, grow up again to about 5 feet in height. In many respects, vegetation here reminds us of Scotland. Other good hardy Fuchsias are *F. gracilis*, as vigorous as *globosa*, but far more slender and graceful, and *F. Riccartoni*.

Hydrangeas do wonderfully well by the sea, but no doubt their welfare depends as much on soil as climate; the Plumed Hydrangea, grown dwarf, succeeds splendidly. The flower-clusters are sometimes a foot long, and half as much in diameter. This is one of the most lovely plants Japan has given us, but it wants careful management if the best effects are to be produced.

Thrift (*Armeria maritima*) is a favourite plant in cottage gardens, all along the coast, and decorative anywhere. Miss Jekyll says of it: "My little rock garden is never without some stretches of the common Thrift, which I consider quite an indispensable plant. Its usefulness is not confined to the flowering season, for both before and after, the cushion-like growths of sober greenery are helpful

in the way of giving an element of repose and quietude to a garden space whose danger is always an inclination towards unrest and general fussiness. And it should be cautiously placed with regard to the colour of the neighbouring flowers, for its own pink is of so low-toned a quality that pinks brighter and purer spoil it completely. I should say its best companions would be some of the plants of woolly foliage and whitish flower, such as *Cerastium* or the mountain Cud-weeds."

Brighter coloured Thrifts may be had; there are *Crimson Gem*, and *Laucheana*, the flowers intense pink, besides a white variety and an old dark red one; and we have the large-blossomed Great Thrift (*A. cephalotes*) which is one of the best hardy flowers from South Europe and South Africa, and can take its place among taller plants upon the border. It varies a little from seed which is easily raised, but all the forms are worth growing. It is not, however, so readily got from division. This species and its forms have flowers much larger than the common Thrift. An Alpine species *A. setacea* has little globose heads of pink flowers on stems from 1 to 3 inches high, so numerous as almost to conceal the plant. It would be interesting in a sea-side garden to grow all the different kinds of Thrift.

Sea-Heaths and the Sea-Starwort might also be introduced into our gardens where they could settle down and would no doubt improve greatly. A

powdery Sea-Heath (*Frankenia pulverlenta*) that formerly grew on the sea-coast of Sussex, is now extinct. The Sea-Starwort (*A. Tripolium*) is a plant that in salt marshes is unsightly, being often covered with mud, but when growing on sea-cliffs is highly ornamental.

Rosemary (*Rosmarinus*) is not considered hardy away from the sea, but is one of the most delightful inhabitants of sea-coast gardens, sometimes as a low shrub among pink Monthly Roses and sweet Lavender, to which it seems a sort of relation. Still more often we see it trained close to a wall where its pretty flowers of lavender-blue show best. Many a cottage house-wall, the warm side, in May-time is half smothered in it. Some flower-loving lady says of this plant: "The dainty lavender blossoms of the Rosemary are beginning to run mistily among the burnished leaves of their long wands. Such exquisite flowers, and as little noticeable as real virtue." Here the flowers are anything but unnoticeable.

The Rosemary has so long been a loved inhabitant of English homesteads that we have almost forgotten it is not native-born. Its home was on the sunny sea-board of the Mediterranean, from whence it was carried to northern districts—most likely as physic merchandise—in very early times, but then it was known as Rose-marine or in old French *Romarin*. In English literature of the fourteenth century it is found as Rose-marine, the

bush of the sea-spray. Time went on and the word was clipped, as in familiar speech our words so often are, and it became Rosmari. Later still, popular sentiment stepped in and either on account of the hue of the blue flowers, the Blessed Virgin's colour, or the sweet breath of the leafage, like incense, the plant was dedicated to her and it became Rosemary, as it remains to-day. Tradition has it that Anne of Cleves wore a sprig of Rosemary in her wedding-posy. Two faithful virtues cling about it—constancy in life, and in death, remembrance.

“ Grows for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be't for my bridal or my buriall.”

Rosemary flowers are greatly loved by bees and in the Riviera, as at Narbonne, are believed to give a peculiar flavour to the honey. The plant grows readily either from seed or cuttings. The partiality it has for the lime of old mortar, may partly account for the way it flourishes on walls.

The Myrtle is another Mediterranean plant, never found wild north of the Alps nor far removed from the sea-shore. It came to England early, but was less grown in gardens than Rosemary because less hardy. It is full of associations and charm. Pick a Myrtle-leaf and hold it against the light—it will be found pierced with a number of tiny holes. They were pricked by a bodkin from the classic head of Phædra who thus beguiled the time while waiting for her lover.

The common Lavender grows almost anywhere in sunny places, but is happiest on a sandy coast. One of England's most beautiful and successful Lavender farms is on the southern coast of Dorset, on a gentle hill-side that overlooks the sea. The fragrant spikes are never half so lovely as when massed in orderly rows, sunshine and shadows falling on the wide expanse of dusky blue. "Of their sweet deaths are sweeter odours made." The dainty harvest is gathered in with small sickles made for the purpose, and woven into mats of half-a-hundred weight to be sent to the factory for distilling. Here farmers and cottagers are encouraged to grow Lavender in their gardens and to weave wicker cases to hold the perfume. The Lavender oil is supposed to owe some of its excellence to the sea-breezes and heather fragrance that surround the Lavender fields.

In our own gardens for edgings, or in mixed borders, the dwarf Lavender is very convenient as it does not get out of hand by over-growing. It is well worth while to take some pains to secure this Lavender, which is almost as sweet as the common kind and has larger flowers. The white-flowered variety should be grown also. It is as sweetly scented as the blue and flowers at the same time.

The Fig-tree is not grown in gardens for its flowers but should have a place in every garden near the sea. The most famous Fig orchards in Britain are to be found along the southern coast of Sussex,

where Fig culture is an industry that dates back to the year 1745. Some of the Fig gardens about the town of Worthing are of historic interest. One tree in the ancient Tarring Fig gardens is said to have been planted by Thomas à Beckett, and it is on record that the sainted Bishop of Chichester, Richard de la Wych, grafted fruit trees at Tarring with his own hand. There is a famous red Fig grown there which, if we believe tradition, was a favourite with King James II. It is the Ischian. Both Fig and Lavender provide industries that belong specially to the sea-coast.

Friends in other sea-side gardens write that we ought to cultivate the much neglected *Mesembryanthemums* who dearly love strong sun, a sandy soil and a salt-laden atmosphere. One other plant should be noted as being in our experience, more easy of culture near the sea-shore than elsewhere. It is the *Choisya*, or Mexican Orange-Flower. With the slight shelter of a wall it grows quickly and the white flowers are a lovely contrast to its dark green foliage. Our old favourite, *Valerian*, is a plant that cannot but be associated with the sea, so often have we seen its crimson flowers on wave-washed crag or castle-wall, but it is more for chalk or limestone neighbourhoods than for sandy or gravelly districts.

It would be the waste of a golden opportunity if the owner of a sea-side garden, where there is space for it, omitted to grow Alpine and other stone-loving

plants. The lightness and brightness of an open coast exactly suits them. Here it is very difficult to get stone other than flint, but the rebuilding of an ancient church set free some pieces of stone, time-worn, well-weathered and some of them quaintly carven. These I was allowed to run away with. They are already nearly hidden in flowers. No one can help noticing how often the same plants do well on mountain-side and by the sea.

Ferns, except the hardiest, are anything but happy in the open garden, but one cannot do without them. After several shifts, mine have at length settled down in a small enclosure entirely surrounded with flint walls. Here they have recovered their looks, even the Royal Osmunda who appeared to dislike wind more than any of the others. After two years of being blown about, he left off growing tall, and assumed a flat position of his own accord. This intelligence was rewarded by removal to a quiet place. He has not yet regained the height to which he once attained, being distrustful of his surroundings.

We have considered hardy flowers only, and those which are specially sea-lovers, but it must not be forgotten that in sheltered nooks near the sea, south of the Thames, in Hampshire, Devon, Cornwall and other places, many so-called green-house plants grow and thrive luxuriantly in the open air. This is still more true of the south and west of Ireland, where New Zealand, Japanese, Californian

and Chilian plants are quite happy out of doors. Most of us know how favoured are the gardens of the Isle of Wight and how full of exotic plants the Scilly Isles. See the Tresco Abbey Gardens in the Island of Scilly even as early as the month of March, how bright they are with almost summer flowers in bloom. In my own gardens, plants stand the winter as they never would in many southern places. Marguerite Daisies, Gazanias and Calceolarias frequently remain uninjured throughout the cold months, making large plants that are of great use for summer blooming.

I hope my inland friends will not quarrel with me for saying that we think Primroses never grow so luxuriantly anywhere as near the sea. Where are they so large, so fragrant, so plentiful as in the Isle of Wight, the lanes and copses of Sussex that are constantly swept by white sea-mists, the wooded dells by the sea-coasts of Devonshire and Hampshire, or studding the grass banks by road-sides along the sea-fringed uplands of Norfolk? Fellow flower-lovers in Germany, envy us our English Primroses, importing them carefully to their inland woods and gardens, in which, they tell me, the plants invariably die down after the first year. I am convinced that Primroses prefer living in an Island, and Germany will never contrive to turn herself into that.

As to Roses, the growing of them presents no difficulties if shelter is provided. The following

FLOWERS IN SEA-COAST GARDENS 75

list gives some of the most useful sorts, that are now growing in an east-coast garden where Roses are made a speciality.

ROSES FOR SEA-SIDE GARDENS.

- Teas* - - - Gloire de Dijon.
 Madame Bravy.
 Homère, a grand bed, flowers
 freely.
- Hybrid Teas* - Bessie Brown.
 Captain Christy. Robust.
 Gloire Lyonnaise. The best
 white for the sea-side.
 Mrs. J. W. Grant.
 La France. Very hardy.
 Liberty, a brilliant scarlet.
 Marquise de Litta, grows luxu-
 riantly.
 Papa Gontier.
- Hybrid Perpetuals* A. K. Williams.
 Boule de neige—not so good
 as Lyonnaise.
 Baroness Rothschild.
 Charles Lefebvre.
 Countess of Oxford.
 Crimson Bedder.
 Docteur André.
 Duke of Edinburgh.
 Her Majesty. Most robust.
 Gloire de Margottin. Bright
 scarlet.

Merveille de Lyons. Robust.
 Mr. John Laing. Excellent.
 Prince Camille de Rohan.
 Reynold's Hole.
 Marie Bauman.

Noisette - - Ophirie. Very handsome.

Rugosa and all the China Roses being of free growth and robust constitution are recommended.

Another list of Roses very suitable to grow by the sea is added. It is from quite a different source.

Yellows and Creams Marie van Houtte.

Mme. Haste.

Mme. Charles.

Mme. Ravary.

Souvenir de Pierre Notting.

Billiard et Barré.

Pinks - - - Mme. Abel Chatenay.

Caroline Testout.

Grace Darling.

Mme. Leon Pain.

Killarney.

La France.

Reds - - - Grüss aus Teplitz.

Marie d'Orleans.

Marquise de Salisbury.

Betty Berkeley.

General Schablikine.

Richmond.

General McArthur.

Papa Gontier.

My Sea-Coast Garden.
Summer

CHAPTER IX.

MY SEA-COAST GARDEN : SUMMER.

“Gaiety, sun-tan, air-sweetness, such are some of the words of poems.”

JUNE in a garden on the North-East Coast is not at all like June in most other English gardens. Here, this lovely month, instead of bringing warm and genial weather, often gives us fogs and sea-mists : soft white clouds that gather up and roll across the lawn like smoke. The mist-wreaths sometimes hang about for days : night and morning the fog-horns sound, the garden hardly smiles, the very birds sing quietly—a mute is on the strings.

But a wind springs up, the clouds are blown away. Now dazzling sunshine bathes the whole garden in a flood of light. The copse, the cliff, the meadows, and the sea laugh joyously beneath a blue and radiant sky. All day long the bees are humming, larks are singing, and the yellow-hammers never cease their long-drawn musical sighs.

Never was there such a garden for scent and colour. The commonest flowers are dowered here with gifts and virtues hitherto unknown. The salt breath of the sea has filled the buds and flowers with its own vigour. How scarlet are the big perennial Poppies, how snowy white the clumps of Daisies,

white as foam-flowers on the crest of waves. One must believe that in a sea-coast garden both scent and colour become more deep, more powerful, more vivid, and brilliant. Where else in June are winds so exquisitely sweetened with the fragrance of Pinks and Honeysuckle, and where in July are the scents of Jasmine and Madonna-Lilies so heavily and deliciously blended? Will a time ever come, I wonder, when we shall arrange the perfumes of our flowers as carefully as we sort their colours. Those who have read "The Scented Garden," by F. W. Burbidge, will feel as I do, that there is a great deal more in the science of scents than most of us imagine. It is not merely that flower-scents are delicious, they are a power; and some of their powers are becoming definitely known and understood. If anybody wants to study flower-scents to the best advantage, he could not do better than plant his garden by the sea.

Lilies, in this garden, are as happy as were the bulbous plants of spring; its clean and porous soil just suits them. First come the Orange Lilies, tall and strong in spires of flame-colour: then the Madonnas, with comforting green leaves and wholesome stems—what are these Lilies worth unless they grow luxuriantly? Next come the spotted Tigers, and later on the delicate Auratums. The Agapanthus Lily is the last, and it is one of the triumphs of this somewhat difficult garden that this Lily lives out of doors all the winter: that is because the soil

of the garden is never damp, however full of moisture is the air. Among the Lilies we find that hardy Ferns are very useful, hiding imperfections should any appear, and concealing the inevitable raggedness of the hour of fading.

The necessity for shelter has resulted in the making of many nooks and corners. Quite a number of little surprise-gardens lie hidden behind banks and hedges. One sunny enclosure is devoted to sweet-scented annuals. Mignonette and Sweet White Alyssum have a long ribbon border all to themselves. Not far away is a Cornflower patch, and near to it a plot for rose-pink Mallows, delightful flowers in a hot summer, as they do not mind how warm it is, and never cry out for water as the poor Mignonette does. Poppy patches are outside the garden proper, and so are the Sweet Pea clumps—a choice place is kept for them.

All who live much in their gardens know how tiresome it is when one wants to speak of any particular part of a garden and there is no name to call it by. One wastes so much time trying to explain the part one means. It is ever so much better to give special names to special parts, and names that grow up of themselves are always more satisfactory than forced ones. Children often give names very happily. The sunny little enclosure where the annuals grow is known as "Cassandra's Garden." Then there is "Butterfly Corner," so-called because it is planted with *Sedum Spectabile* on purpose to

attract a particular butterfly, the Red Admiral. Other butterflies come, too, but it is the Admiral who belongs to it and it to him. Very splendid looks his black and scarlet uniform as he settles on the patches of green and crimson. It is a pretty amusement planting special flowers to attract particular moths or butterflies. The wild blue Scabious brings the Burnet moth. In the meadows I have seen as many as three or four at a time on every honeyed disc, looking like jewels of red and green enamel. Heliotrope is, we fancy, the favourite flower of the Tortoise-shell butterfly. In such a garden as ours it is impossible not to notice its inhabitants in the way of birds and even of its insect life. Birds, especially the migrants, are so thankful for its shelter, and many strangers pay us passing visits.

In the way of gardening one has to do many things here that would be quite wrong anywhere else. One is to plant very close, almost crowding: that is because in such a wind-swept garden we find one plant is useful in sheltering another. By this means many delicate things get a chance of doing well, and surprise us sometimes by appearing between others, long after we thought them dead and gone.

Tying up and staking is another point of great importance, and it presents considerable difficulties. No garden wants so much of it, yet we cannot bear to see any plant look as if anything had been done to interfere with its own wild will. We want every-

thing to look perfectly natural, and each plant to have an air of growing where it is because it wanted to do so and was enjoying itself. All sorts of plans for tying up have to be invented, and every plant wants different treatment. Bundles of sticks must always be in readiness, and boughs and iron stakes, both large and small, and we must start tying in good time, adding more support as growth goes on. Procrastination is nowhere so fatal as in the sea-side garden.

On the whole, the drawbacks of this garden are amply compensated by its special pleasures and privileges. If the patience of the gardeners is sometimes taxed, there are few days when it will not have something that will charm the poet and painter.

Paths, Edgings, and Lawns

CHAPTER X.

PATHS, EDGINGS, AND LAWNS.

“ A garden path
Is the only path that leads to joy.”

LITTLE remains to be said that belongs only to sea-side gardens, yet some of them gain in individuality from their position. My own garden does so from its paths, which certainly are not common elsewhere.

On first acquaintance with other people's gardens, we do not consciously observe the paths. We never go home exclaiming “ So-and-so has such a delightful garden, the paths are this and that.” Nevertheless we have been influenced by them; they have done much to make or mar our pleasure in it. The walks of a garden are, in fact, as indispensable as the flowers themselves, and they have even more to do with comfort.

Our garden-paths are simple enough; they are made of shingle from the beach, and it is a welcome change from gravel, stone, granite, and all the other materials that are used in different parts of England. I admit it is not a material that would please everybody, and the right sort of shingle is not to be found everywhere, nor at all times, but once secured, it is very enjoyable. One has to be

particular. Only pebbles of a certain size are comfortable to walk on and they can only be found after certain winds and certain tides, so that if a storm comes on in the middle of your path-making you will have to wait till it is over. Then how pleased you are to see the shingle-carts come rumbling up the steep way from the shore, the stones all wet and shining, and the driver very well content with his load because he knows it is just the thing you want, and you will want a good many loads to do the work properly.

Practically, we find shingle answers very well; it is dry and clean and never so sticky as gravel sometimes manages to be. It seems odd at first to rake a path instead of sweeping and rolling it, but in time one gets accustomed to this, and the noise the gardener makes about his work, becomes as pleasant to the ear as the sounds of broom and roller. The result in the way of a neat appearance is equally satisfying; there is, besides, the comfortable feeling of having made the best of the material that lay to hand, instead of sending miles away for alien stuff, that most likely would never have looked half so suitable.

When one is by the sea-beach and sees so much sand and such an abundance of small stones, it does seem provoking that one cannot mix them in the right proportions and so make gravel for oneself when it is wanted. But the stones are sea-worn—round, not pointed, and would not bind. If you

happen to be a little boy or girl with bare knees, the shingle-path is a much more comfortable path to tumble down upon than the gravel-path.

For edgings, flint-stones from the beach, are very useful. Stone edgings are always good, making homes for creeping plants. I do not like flints for the rock-garden—they are so uncompromising; one should get sand-stone, lime, or granite, but flints are very good for walls, and many people pave their walks and yards with them, but those who use flint stones thus, or for edgings, must be prepared to remove and re-set them every now and then.

Lawns in a sea-side garden are difficult to keep tidy. The leaves of deciduous trees exposed to sea-winds never seem to be fixed very tightly upon their stems; no sooner are they out, than they begin to fall. I suppose it is the drought and wind combined; anyhow in June it is quite usual to have to begin to sweep up leaves, which seems ridiculous. Then there are the weeds; a garden that is surrounded by fields and cliffs and open country must have more weeds than any other. Some are delightful weeds, but a clean lawn one *must* have, so out they go, everyone of them, and by hand-weeding which is always the most satisfactory method, if the weeder is provided with a basket of good mould and some grass-seed, so as to fill up every hole as it is made. By this means, a long-neglected lawn will recover itself without more heroic treatment becoming necessary.

Dandelions are weeds that are not half so bad to get rid of as some others, for they have nice strong roots that come out clear and clean. Daisies, I really think, are the worst offenders. They have a way (when young) of matting themselves together, joining hands, as it were, and laughing at you. There is only one course with them. Lift the whole sod and pull it to pieces, taking out each tiny daisy separately. Then the sod can be re-placed, a feat which reminds one very much of the way a piece of Stilton cheese is put back after it has been tasted. That looks so clever. Both want the same pat afterwards.

Sea-salt in the Garden



SIDESTRAND HALL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.
WITH ANOTHER VIEW OF SUNK PATH; SEE PAGE 31.

CHAPTER XI.

“Of all smells, bread; of all tastes, salt.”

—George Herbert.

SEA-SALT IN THE GARDEN. SEAWEED. VEGETABLES.

THE sea is a vast store-house of forces that as yet have been but little exploited. Man has not learned the secret of controlling them. Perhaps he will do so a century or two hence. And it is full of influences for man's good, that work for him without his knowledge. Any research within these fields is welcome, and the following notes on the action of sea-salt in horticulture may be worth considering. They are taken from *La Revue Horticole* :—

“Dr. Giersberg, of Berlin, a well-known German agriculturist, has published an interesting note which calls attention to the question of the part played by sea-salt in land-manuring. M. Grandeau, who analyses and comments upon this note in *Le Journal d'Agriculture Pratique*, reminds us that so far two points have been ascertained : (1) That the presence of chloride of sodium in the soil, as soon as the degree of saltiness is more than a very slight trace, is hurtful to nearly all plants. Cultivation is not possible in lands naturally salt until after the removal of nearly the whole of the salt by repeated

washings; the operations for removing the salt are long and costly, and do not always succeed. (2) That chloride of sodium is absent from the ash of the greater part of cultivated vegetation, an absence which is proved by analysis. Soda is never met with in plants, even in minute quantities, and direct experiments show that in spite of the chemical analogy of the two bases it cannot take the place of potash. As a general thing it may be said that the use of sea-salt in manure has up to the present given scarcely any result. Nevertheless, Dr. Giersburg has had his attention called to the use made of salt by a certain number of gardeners who say they have obtained excellent results in the cultivation of such vegetables as Cabbage, Salads, Asparagus, etc., etc. According to them the salt notably improves the quality of the crops. These gardeners have remarked, also, that salt given to the soil acts favourably upon fruit trees by increasing the flavour of the fruit. Can the salt, which does not act as a manure, act indirectly upon the vegetation? Does it facilitate the diffusion of the fertilising ingredients into the lower depths of the soil? We do not yet know. If it is so, plants with deep roots and fruit trees would benefit from this action. Cultural experiments undertaken in this direction at the agricultural station at Munich have shown that in lands to which marine salt was given, the greater part of the vegetables not only developed much more rapidly, but they were also much more tender and of a better

flavour. M. Grandeau concludes that it would be to the interest of the owners of gardens to repeat and multiply these experiments."

Certainly, in our own gardens, we are afraid of marine salt. However put to it for potting-sand we should never dream of taking any sea-sand from the shore and using that; there would be too much salt in it. Sea-weeds, however, are pressed in the service of the kitchen-garden with great success.

Farmers and gardeners find that sea-weed, thoroughly decomposed, forms an excellent manure, and supplies large quantities of the potash necessary for plants. It forms a specially good top-dressing for potatoes, Sea-kale and Asparagus in winter. In some coast districts it is largely used on farms as it costs nothing. The process of decomposition takes a long while, and is certainly odoriferous, but not nearly so much so as fish manure.

In many gardens on the east coast the rough salt left over at the close of the herring harvest is used to sprinkle the Asparagus beds. Sometimes herring heads and scales are in it—a very sea-coast drift indeed, and it lies sparkling in the autumn sunshine very prettily, like a coarse kind of snow. When it is time for the Celery beds to be banked up, then is the signal for sending a cart down to the beach to get a load of weeds to spread upon the slopes of earth. This is supposed to give the Celery a flavour and crispness otherwise unattainable.

Asparagus and Sea-Kale are vegetables for which we have to thank the wild, bright sea. Asparagus does not occur wild in England at all generally, but may be gathered here and there. It is found near the Lizard Point, Cornwall, and differs only in size from the cultivated plant. Sea-Kale is a native of the sandy shores of Britain, and the inhabitants were accustomed to cut the soft shoots out of the sand in the early spring and eat them. Grown wild, it differs in no respect from garden Sea-Kale as it appears when forcing is over. It was first cultivated in gardens about the year 1767. The Sea-Beet *B. Maritima* is a wild plant growing commonly on the sea-shore. It has large, fleshy, glossy leaves, and is about 2 feet in height. The root leaves when boiled are quite as good as Spinach.

Another plant man has had to thank the sea for is the common Scurvy Grass, *Cochlearia Anglica*, so plentiful on cliffs and in hedges near the coast, and famous for its anti-scorbutic properties; indeed, it almost seems as if this grass must have been placed where it is on purpose to benefit the sea-faring population. Before Lime-juice was given to our sailors they depended greatly on Scurvy-grass for the maintenance of health.

Yet another little sea-coast plant, as beautiful as it is useful, furnishes us with the well-known medicine, squills. The turfy slopes of the sea-coast of Cornwall in spring are as thickly studded with the pretty blue stars of the lovely *Scilla Maritima* as

inland meadows are with Daisies. Looking at these charming flowers amid the grass,—blue shot with tender green, one thinks of anything but physic, yet the “squills” of the nursery cupboard is really an extract from these pretty plants of heaven’s own hue.

Sea Samphire, *Crithum maritimum*, that has furnished us with a first-rate pickle ever since the days when Gerald wrote of it in 1596, that “the leaves gathered and eaten in salads with oil and vinegar is a pleasant sauce for meat,” and Sea-Holly, *Eryngium maritimum*, the pretty grey-leaved prickly plant, with blue flowers, whose roots when candied, make the sweetmeat called angelica, need only be glanced at here. More will be said of them anon. For their usefulness they are mentioned in all the old herbals and cookery books, and for their picturesqueness deserve to be beloved of poets.

Is it irrelevant here to say something about seaweeds, those strange plants we owe entirely to the sea, and that man has nothing to do with except to gather them if he likes? The “Lancet,” in noticing the complaint often made that the average daily meal in the ordinary household is a monotonous round of beef and mutton, discusses edible seaweeds. The best known in this country is an Alga (*Porphyra lacinata*), which is made into a kind of stew called Lava and sold in many London shops. The Sea-weeds, prove on analysis to contain a considerable proportion of nitrogenous matter, and,

being unusually tender, they are digestible. Agar-agar is another example of a sea-weed yielding a nutrient jelly. It is supposed that the edible bird's-nest so much enjoyed by the Chinese, has its origin in the birds feeding upon agar-agar. So this famous Chinese soup is in a way the product of a sea-weed. Many market greens are unwholesome owing to the amount of crude manure with which they have been overfed in order to produce more market weight. From this serious menace sea-weeds used at the table would be free.

All who have noticed the wonderful ways of such plants as make their home on rock, or the marvellous cleverness of sand-plants such as the Sea-Rocket, whose roots dive deeply down into the sand, throwing out on either side long threads of sentient cotton, or who have traced the changes that take place in flowers and plants according to their environment, must long, as I do, to know more of the "how" and "why" of the subject and desire to peer more deeply into the strange life-histories of the wild plants that live and thrive close to the sea upon our varied English coasts.

I cannot help remarking here that English people might be a good deal more thankful than they are, for the kind of sea that surrounds them. There are seas and seas. The invalid by the Mediterranean misses the fresh, stimulating scent so noticeable on the shores of the Atlantic and other open seas. This feature is due considerably to the absence of trade

winds, but more especially to the fact that the Mediterranean water only contains 5 per cent. of suspended oxygen, while the proportion in the water of the Atlantic is as much as 20 per cent. It cannot nourish many fish; cod, sole, mackerel and herring all come from northern latitudes, following the colder currents. If on English shores we cannot tread on Myrtles, Thyme, and Lavenders, close down to the water's edge, at all events we hold some advantages over those who live on the flower-scattered Mediterranean—have we not been given the healthiest and most delightful of sea-breezes?

Colour and Scent in Sea-coast
Flowers

CHAPTER XII.

COLOUR AND SCENT IN SEA-COAST FLOWERS.

“—none but we

Her children, hear in heart the breathless

Bright watchword of the sea.”

As regards colour, rightly or wrongly, owners of sea-coast gardens flatter themselves that nowhere else are colours so vivid, rich and deep. We notice it in all flowers, but particularly with many of the hardy annuals, so that there is great delight in growing them. The Forget-me-not is a good example. The same seed sown inland and on the coast, gives flowers of very different hues, even when care is taken to supply soil that is identical, as rich in one place as the other, so that we must put the brightness down to the influence of sea-air.

And there is the common Poppy. The very word Poppy instantly suggests cornfields upon yellow cliffs, in sunny weather, with the North Sea softly thundering at their base. Here, scarlet Poppy-flowers, “half silk, half flame,” stare fearlessly at the burning sun. It takes four elements to make a flower, earth, air, water and fire, but none absorb light so much as Poppies. They are made of it. Yet they have the brightness of fire without its heat, each petal satin-smooth, and to the touch as cool as snow.

The Poppy-patch is one of the greatest pleasures

of our garden, and we do not fail to grow many of the most beautiful kinds; drifts of the same colour, as one grows Sweet-peas, and a big patch always of Barr's Fringed Hybrids, that sown in April never fail in July to yield a perfect feast, the colours ranging from deep scarlet and crimson to rose and purest white. The "Bride," a large white single Poppy, is one favourite: another is "Miss Sherwood," pink and white, and there is a Caucasian Scarlet, with glittering black blotches at the base of each petal, which although Poppies are never allowed to seed themselves (for obvious reasons), has managed to establish itself in the field adjoining.

The brilliant colours of the double Opium Poppies, and their grand appearance when gathered to fill a big bowl in a hall, surprise many who affect to despise this common flower. One is sometimes asked "what flowers are these?" They are not even recognised as Poppies. The beautiful strain of Shirley Poppies are growing this year from seed that came straight from their originator, and great things are expected, since we have taken his advice about thinning. These experts say so much about thinning. Miss Jekyll would have a foot between each Poppy plant. Attaining to this pitch, one would want more than my own six acres of garden and field to grow them. No doubt she is right if the beauty of the whole plant—leaf and flower and stem is to be seen.

As to perennial Poppies, in early morning I often

amuse myself by parting the petals of a flower to gaze into its inner depths. No substance that is not living has the same glow. How rich the purple bloom upon the inner disc, that some call black, but is no more black than a purple Grape is black or an Elderberry.

The Mallow, as an inland flower, often disappoints in colour. We grow some of them that are of a glorious rose-pink; their seed is saved and sometimes given away, but the colour does not prove so good elsewhere. Hyacinths and Tulips, the most accomplished gardeners tell us, are more intense in colour by the sea than grown inland.

As to the influence of sea on scent, it cannot be denied that the great European flower-farms for perfumery lie in the valley of the Var, a great triangular space of 115,000 acres, with Grasse at its apex, and Nice and Cannes at each corner of its base on the Mediterranean. Here Orange-flowers, Roses, Violets and other flowers, are not so much sold in the bunch as weighed by the ton, and their fragrances are sent all over the world. Nor can we forget the aromatic herbs and bushes that clothe the little capes that jut out into the great sea which washes the shores of Greece, Italy, Sicily and Corsica. Napoleon said he should know his native land with his eyes shut, from the scent of a little white Cistus (*C. monspeliensis*) that scents the air after rain with its resinous odour. Corsica is covered with it. And there are the spice Islands

of Java, Ceylon, Borneo and the Windwards, all aromatic with spices—clove, cinnamon and nutmeg. Douglas Sladen, in his delightful book "In Sicily," says the Island is one vast herbarium. In every old wall, on every uncultivated patch, grows some medicinal herb. It is powdered with sweet wild flowers and fragrant trees and shrubs. Another traveller in the islands of the Greek Archipelago describes how at a distance they look bare and arid, yet have a scattered growth of lowly, sweet-smelling bush and herb, so that as you move among them every plant seems full of sweet sap or aromatic gum, and as you tread the perfumed carpet the whole air is scented. Here, too, are dusky groves of incense-bearing Cypress and Myrtle, of Oleander and Sweet Bay. We can hardly doubt that it is the Islands of the world that are most richly dowered with scent.

Coming back to English gardens, is it not remarkable that the only scented *Alyssum* we have is *A. maritimum*? We grow quantities of this and enjoy its honeyed fragrance right into November. Roses, I have never noticed smelling sweeter by the sea than anywhere else, but we observe a deeper scent in Honeysuckle and Jasmine, also in the Primrose—a flower which some people cannot smell at all. Herbs are certainly more pungent and aromatic by the sea than inland; those that are now growing in our own garden show us how perfectly sea-air suits them.

Sixty Acres by the Sea



CORNER IN LADY BATTERSEA'S WATER-GARDEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIXTY ACRES BY THE SEA.

Lady Battersea's Garden at Overstrand.

FLORES cvrat Deus (" God cares for flowers ") is the motto above a doorway of a homestead built of solid stone and brick that stands upon an East Coast cliff.

Little more than a dozen years ago, between it and the North Sea, there lay an open stretch of farmland. Nothing grew higher on it than a Dock or a Thistle. Now a sweet-scented garden smiles to the sky, salt airs stir leaves in broad plantations, red and white Roses stud smooth lawns, Lilies flower happily in the half-shade of trees, and pond-flowers are blooming in sylvan lake and pool.

We promised in an earlier chapter to give an example of a sea-coast garden in which the question of shelter had been successssfully studied. The reader will find it here.

This sea-shore garden, with the dwelling that belongs to it, strikes the note of comfort; not only do the plants that live in it get the protection and the warmth they crave, but open-air life is made possible for all. Garden and house complete each other, and both are equally good to live in. When rain falls there is no hurrying to take refuge in the

nearest greenhouse or conservatory—sanctuaries unblessed to those who do not like a stifling atmosphere. The fashion set by one of our leading architects, of Anglicising Italian methods to suit the requirements of our bleaker climate, is followed here. Instead of marble alcove, step and fountain, which in English gardens get to look so dreary, we have cloister, pergola, and sheltered arbour, built of stone and brickwork and beams of English oak, substantial yet not heavy-looking, since Roses, Clematis, and other climbing and flowering plants and creepers run up and tumble down them. And there is great variety. Here are the garden-enclosed, the comfortable corner wind-sheltered and full of sun, the sweet-smelling garden-house, half indoors half out, sacred to quiet study and full of the inspiration of fresh air, sunshine, birds' song and the companionship of bees and butterflies. All these placed cunningly and reached with ease.

For paths in this garden are a noticeable feature. There are almost as many stone-paved walks in it as there are grass avenues and gravel paths; one may wander to and fro and up and down in it, dry-shod even in the dampest weather, and one is given another boon, which, for want of a better word, we must call a stone-flagged lawn. A sunny spot it is, and very sweet. Between the crevices of the stones, somewhat irregularly set, bright flowers are always growing. This is just the place for fragrant, short-stemmed herbs to push up in between, and so they



PATH FLAGGED WITH LONDON PAVING-STONES IN LADY BATTERSEA'S GARDEN.

do, and footsteps passing, press their perfume out "far sweeter in the air where it comes and goes like the warbling of music" than in the hand.

It is quaint and curious that once upon a time these stones paved London streets. Now and again one is reminded of their early life by seeing the round hole, through which black diamonds used to pour. The holes are now cemented up and make little circles among the stone like fairy rings. Ascending or descending by shallow steps, we pass from the flagged lawn to the grass lawns studded and flanked with flowers.

Everybody now-a-days loves writing about the Spring Garden, partly because there is such a fashion for rock-plants and all sorts of Alpines, which are then at their best; or about the early summer garden on account of the Roses, but we will see this sea-side garden in late September. Inland, the season is fast closing, flowers flag, and days grow dim, but here, are the autumns fine and warm, and linger long.

A haze of soft pink beneath some trees; it is a colony of Cyclamen flowers that have settled down in great content. Long borders of herbaceous plants are full of bloom, and brilliant with colour. Many of the beds are edged with rockwork, the stones completely carpeted with Alpine Phlox and Mosses; Ivies too, of divers sorts and sizes, and Ferns and many plants whose roots are fond of diving down among the stones, find pasturage here.

This is a garden that is full of surprises. Here are walks that are all of Fuchsias, there a patch of autumn Crocus, snow-white or mauve or gold. Of Roses there still are plenty, arches of Ramblers and beds of Bush Roses all of one sort in a bed as Roses love, because it sets them off so well; Caroline Testout, coppery-pink; Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, cream-coloured and sweet-scented, Maman Cochet, pink and cream, and many others. Here is a fountain edged with stones and a brilliant little annual, *Septosiphon roseus* planted among them; it shines out like a jewel. Here is a dovecote at the parting of several ways, and there a water-garden with water-loving Ferns and Spireas and Lilies. And there are thickets for natural wildness. Among other plants that are enjoying sea-air in this garden we may mention Hydrangeas, Veronicas, Escallonias, Ceanothus, the Gum Cistus and the Fig.

And all these good things have been conjured up on the bare cliff, because of the careful making of plantations to protect. Among the shrubberies and thickets, gleams the familiar cool grey foliage of the Sea-Buckthorn, almost white against the glossy darkness of the Evergreen Oak, the greenness of the Tamarisks and the darker tints of Pine and Fir. And there are patches of shrubs for winter bravery in shades of gold, contrasted with Hollies of many sorts, Bush Ivies and the sombre Yew. The size of many trees would puzzle us did we not know that the removal of large timber is undertaken here with a light heart.

On the same cliff, not far away, lies another garden which stands quite open to the sea. Whole shrubberies of single Roses are planted and doing well, laid cunningly among low bushes of Sea-Buckthorn that help to break the wind, but the beauty of these flowery plantations is marred by the heavy hurdles that surround them. As spring advances one longs to remove these fences, but it would not be safe.

How different in the shelter of the "Sixty Acres." At every turn they contradict the idea that unless a sea-coast garden happens to be in a peculiarly favoured spot, it presents almost insuperable difficulties. The necessary shelter being secured, all is plain sailing. Plants and flowers are happy, positively benefiting by the tempered sea-air. Many a delicate nurseling is taken in and cared for, and does better than in an inland garden. Salt-laden air may to us human beings feel damp and cold; but at the very hour we are complaining, plants may be quite comfortable, because their feet are warm. Often, when the air is chill, the ground is dry and kind, just as plants like to have it. Besides, as native gardeners express it, "the sea-air cuts the frost," so that the extremes of cold are practically unknown.

The head-gardener of this Pleasaunce has kindly given me a list of the principal hardy trees and shrubs that were used originally for screen planting. After a year or two when these grew up a large

variety of others were added. We have already given general lists of trees and shrubs for sea-coast planting, but this special list may interest East Coast planters and gardeners, and others who work under similar conditions :—

DECIDUOUS TREES.

Poplars (Black, Italian, Canadian, Balsam, New Silver Aspen and Lombardy.

Sycamore (Common, *purpureum*, *Leopoldii* variegata).

Willows of all varieties—grand protection.

Hornbeam, Sea-Buckthorn and Tamarisk.

Common Beech (to thicken with others).

Elms, that grow fairly well, when once they have started with other things.

EVERGREENS.

Austrian Pines and *Pinus Cambria*.

Evergreen Oaks and *Euonymus*.

Osmanthus illicifolius.

Hollies and Oval-leaf Privet.

Griselinia littoralis and *Escallonias*, all varieties.

Some other East-coast Gardens



"THE GARDEN WITHIN A GARDEN," AT SIDESTRAND HALL.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME OTHER EAST COAST GARDENS.

“The sweet land laughs from sea to sea
Filled full of sun.”

ALONG the same line of cliffs, on which the “Sixty Acres” stand, of which we have been speaking, lie other gardens, not less interesting and quite differently treated.

One of them stands out in striking contrast to the “Sixty Acres,” for a great part of it is old and mellow. It contains long grass paths between walls of shrubbery, with lovely peeps of sky and sea. On the blue-bell slopes that skirt the high road stands a ruined windmill that gives point to the landscape; it looks just like a moth that has had its wings singed. To these grounds belongs the fine Sea-Buckthorn hedge already described, and right in the heart of the garden is a small enclosure full of quaint old-fashioned flowers, probably the first flower-garden that ever bloomed upon these cliffs.

This garden within a garden is approached through iron gates, and is a very Paradise for the growing of old-world plants and flowers. Safe in its warm and scented precincts, the best and sweetest of them live and love and fade away in great

serenity as summer comes and goes, and in their midst a sun-dial on the silent pathway marks the passing of the sunny hours.

Sir Samuel and Lady Hoare, the owners of these pleasant grounds, are great experts in the use of fences. Fences and hurdles of many different descriptions are so placed as to keep off wind, and serve their purpose admirably. The kitchen garden lies a little away from the sea, across on the other side of the road, but even here the winds can be very rough and keen. By the use of hurdles, however, sufficient protection is gained to grow a collection of vegetables that could not be surpassed in any part of England. Many that are quite strange to the English gardener are cultivated here successfully, some of them imported from France and other parts of Southern Europe. In the flower-garden are Lavender bushes that are interesting from bearing white flowers instead of blue.

The wooded and flower-strewn stretches of Gunton Park, near Cromer, are close enough to the sea to come under the head of East-Coast gardens; often the "sea-frets" come rolling up round and about them. Here the sea-loving Hydrangeas grow in great perfection. One year the Plumed variety was so successful that I sent a short account of it to the "Garden" columns of *Country Life*, the editor of which had asked his readers to describe any pretty colour-schemes they had noticed in their own gardens or others. "Last year, after having

wandered among many beautiful, and some famous gardens, an autumn flower-bed that had been already in perfection for weeks, struck me as being one of the most effective pieces of colouring I had ever noticed. The bed was round, and so placed as to be seen from the house, beyond a smooth tennis lawn edged with clipped Yew, on a more distant green-sward that melted into woodland. The plants that filled the bed were of two kinds—the Plumed Hydrangea (*H. paniculata*) and some Scarlet Geranium of vivid hue. The Hydrangeas had been cut well back, and given the richest possible soil, to which treatment they had responded by throwing up a mass of cream-white panicles, in lively contrast to the deep scarlet of the Geraniums, some of which overflowed a stone vase in the middle of the bed, while others formed a brilliant edging round it. Ever since the days of our childhood when Topsy gave Eva the famous posy of a scarlet and a white flower—I think a single white Japonica and a red Geranium—the contrast of these two colours, if we may call white a colour, has always appealed greatly to me, and never could they have looked more exquisite than in this flowery bed still perfect when I saw it about the last week in September.”

Near this sea-coast summer lingers; Sweet Peas may be gathered in November—I have gathered a fine bunch on Lord Mayor’s day—and edible Peas, grown out-of-doors be eaten in October.

There is another garden about which I cannot

refrain from saying a word. True, it is not upon the coast, but it is near enough to be influenced by its proximity to the sea. This is a garden that evidently in its early days depended on the protection of walls. Now, having been enlarged and added to again and again, the walls are in the inner part, but must always be a distinguishing feature. They are of great thickness, as may be seen, when through some narrow archway in the brickwork their depth and size is manifest. The age of these walls must be counted by centuries, not by decades. In one of the most massive, may still be seen the remains of a flue or chimney that once helped to warm the wall before the days of hot-houses and green-houses. It is not now used, but happily, has never been destroyed.

I have always felt that this garden is one that should be described by a horticulturalist, and not by one who pretends to no more than to being a lover of flowers and the picturesque in gardens. Here new combinations are contrived, new forms, new colours are brought to light; to it belong the triumphs of invention, and many a fresh variety is started in it, by the owner, who is an enthusiastic gardener, and by the gardeners who work under him and who take as much interest in the place as if it were their own. The same family has provided the gardeners for this estate for many generations, the office of head-gardener being handed down from father to son, each succeeding generation producing the one man needful.



GARDEN AT OVERSTRAND HALL.

Except in Scotland, it is impossible to see the scarlet beauty of *Tropæolum Speciosum* in greater luxuriance than on the old walls of this delightful garden, by its side the sober-tinted Rosemary. Another feature of the garden are the beds of Gentian, vividly blue, that have bloomed season after season, in the same spot for over sixty years, being carefully taken up and re-planted every two or three. There is, too, a velvety square of ancient turf surrounded by a thick, high hedge of close-clipped Yew, that was once a bleaching-ground, and there are long pergolas wreathed with Roses, sheltering other flowers in pleasant borders. Fair, too, are the wide stretches of fresh water, in which the pink, as well as the white varieties of Water-Lily are growing.

The gardeners of these grounds themselves confess that they do not think their flowers would all of them succeed so well unless on account of their nearness to the sea; and that is my excuse for giving myself the pleasure of writing about a garden that is full of charm.

One other garden that stands right upon the open cliff must not go unnoticed. It belongs to Lord Hillingdon, and lies on the Cromer side of Overstrand. Unlike the others we have mentioned, it is practically unsheltered, and, strange to say, therein lies half the pleasure of it—yet not strange either, for the delights of gardens are so widely diverse.

Much as we value shelter for horticultural purposes, one cannot but revel here in the broad open spaces of smooth green sward, across which we may gaze unhindered on the sun as it rises rose-red from the sea. The level or gently-sloping lawns are planted thickly here and there with clumps of dwarf-growing Roses, protected simply on the sea-side by shrubs only a little higher than themselves. Ribbon borders of sweet white *Alyssum Maritimum* are coaxed to grow so closely to the ground as to cover it like a drift of scented snow. *Sedum Spectabile* in long borders of deep crimson, tempt gorgeous butterflies to an autumn feast. Everything is on a wide scale and in perfect order, yet nature is encouraged to assert itself with a candour that is refreshing and exhilarating.

It is an added grace to these grounds that they lie in the shadow of an ancient church, now in ruins, but the old grey tower is Ivy-clad and flower-surrounded. Throughout Norfolk there are few sacred ruins where the lost colours of stained church-window, once so beautiful, will not be found renewed about their base, in the bright colours of the wild flowers that grow around them, the golden Ragwort, blue Scabious and the crimson Poppy.



RUINED CHURCH, AS SEEN FROM GARDEN AT OVERSTRAND HALL.

Samphire and Wild Sea Holly

CHAPTER XV.

SAMPHIRE AND WILD SEA HOLLY.

“ In the teeth of the hard, glad weather ;
In the blown, wet face of the sea.”

Is it allowable to talk of wild plants in a gardening book? We think so, because all garden plants are the children of wild ones, and they have much to teach us.

The Samphire is a homely little plant, far less beautiful than the Sea Holly, but quite as interesting. Partly because it grows in inaccessible places, and partly because of what is said about it in “ King Lear,” men have agreed to throw some glamour of romance about it. By name it is familiar to nearly everyone, but it is by no means everybody who has seen it growing. The text-books tell us it is common, which really means, I think, that it is plentiful in places. Certainly we may wander far and wide along the coasts of the British Islands and not meet with it, till the lucky moment comes when it is all around us.

It was among the jagged, rough-hewn, serpentine rocks of Penzance Cove, in Cornwall, that first I saw the Samphire growing. Quite out of reach, yet plainly seen, the scented tuft of fleshy, glaucous

leaves (the Samphire is like nothing but itself) was perched upon a giddy peak, where no one but a sea-gull could have touched it. Here was no foothold for a man to stand or climb, and apparently no scrap of earth a plant could grow on. The feet of the crags whereon it lived, were bathed incessantly in foam and spray, and the very winds that blew about it were salt as the sea itself, but yet the little plant was opening its cheerful yellow eyes, for it was May, the month the Samphire blooms, the month, too, when its fresh green shoots are young and tender, and men will risk their lives to gather it.

Samphire-gathering is one of the very ancient trades which used to run in families from generation to generation, like charcoal-burning in the New Forest or flint-knapping in the Eastern counties; the fascination of danger is about it, and most of the places where the Samphire harvest is gathered in are wild and beautiful. Still in these modern days the plant is marketable. Not as a pickle, however, does it appeal to us, but for the marvel of its growth upon the barren rock. The Samphire was named after a Saint, and well named. The word "samphire" is simply a survival of the words "St. Peter" or "St. Pierre," and what name could be better chosen for a plant that thrives on rock and stone and does a saint's work in getting good out of them? Somehow, this small but dauntless struggler, stretching its frail arms far and wide for breath and life, working its way through narrowest fissures,



ERYNGIUM MARITIMUM (WILD SEA-HOLLY).

groping for sustenance in starving soil, contrives to win such qualities of pungency and sweetness from adverse elements that all men value it. The Samphire may have a small frail body, but it has a great strong soul.

To attempt transplanting such plants as the Samphire with the idea of growing them like cabbages or onions is to spoil them. In cultivation they grow coarse and savourless. That, indeed, is often the worst of vegetable-growing; one has to put up with contortions and dismal deviations from true types.

And the wild Sea Holly; here is another plant that, part of it, is good to eat, for the roots make angelica, a favourite sweetmeat, and Laplanders use it both as food and medicine, but we love it most because we recognise in it some quality, some moral force, that deeply stirs our hearts.

Perhaps we have had a dull day's walk along some dreary shore, nothing on one hand but grey-green waves, and on the other a long, flat stretch of barren sand. All at once there is a glint of blue. First in spots and then in sheets, we light upon a drift of wild Sea Holly. Whether it is the first time we have seen this plant in flower, or whether it is the hundredth, makes no difference; always the pleasure is the same. Be it overhead or underfoot, the sight of blue is pleasing, but to find a sheet of heaven's own colours spread at our feet, here in this ungenial

soil, where nothing but a tuft of Marram Grass could be expected, is joy indeed.

Not only for its blue and silver beauty does this plant delight us. A higher note is struck. Look at its strong, stout stems, its long, forked roots, that dive so deeply down to find safe anchorage in the shifting sand. Look at its leaves, so thick so prickly; their very aspect speaks of courage and endurance. The Sea Holly is a fighter—he must fight for bare life. Still he finds room for grace. Lifting his bright blue banners to the wind, he spreads his shining leaves across the sand and wins the crowning glory of a flower. Never shall we meet with any of his grand relations among the shrubberies of cultivated gardens, without remembering the brave Sea Holly of the lonely shore. Thus and there is he not the embodiment, the very visible expression of a high ideal? We do not stop to think thus at the moment; our enjoyment of the flower and its beauty is quite simple, but the idea is latent and influences unawares. “All men are poets if they might tell the dim ineffable changes which the sight of natural beauty works on them.”

Weeds in my Sea-coast Garden

CHAPTER XVI.

WEEDS IN MY SEA-COAST GARDEN.

“The Mallow and the Poppy and all cliff-loving flowers.”

I THINK it must be the many winds that blow across my sea-coast garden that bring us such a variety of interesting and curious weeds. Some of them we cannot help taking such a fancy for that we let them live out their pretty lives unmolested except that we do not let them go to seed and scatter it. That would never do, for weeds are encroaching visitors and must never be allowed to have too much of their own way in gardens. But identifying strangers is one of the pleasantest amusements throughout the spring and summer-time.

Among weeds we find irresistible, is a large one that is very often mis-named and confused with Hemlock. It is *Heracleum*, the Giant Cow-parsnip—so handsome a plant that he is allowed a place in Lord Ilchester’s lovely rock-pool garden at Holland House, and I think I have recognised him in Lady Battersea’s water-gardens, looking really splendid. With us he is a most troublesome weed, and has to be routed out with spade and trowel, or we should be swamped with his big leaves, long stems and clusters of white flowers. Sometimes he grows as

much as 8 feet high. This weed is most engaging during the months of May and June, when he packs his flower-buds as closely as possible, in a kind of parcel made of crinkly green paper, loosely screwed up at the top. It is really the sheathing base of the stem-leaves which contain the flower-buds. To see this packet slowly open and disclose its creamy panicles of bloom is an oft-recurring pleasure, more wonderful than any conjuring trick. The dead *Heracleum* leaves a hollow skeleton behind him, brown and weird, that haunts the garden afterwards like a ghost, till bonfire-time disposes of it.

Another tall weed we cannot help admiring, is the Sea Tree-Mallow, from 6 feet to 12 feet high, with a thick almost woody stem and leaves of healing, still prized and used by country-folk. They are soft as velvet, but thinner, and very smooth and large and limp. If a drop of juice from the veins is tasted, it is found to be a little hot and acid, something like Sorrel. One can fancy how soothing the leaves might be, taken out of very hot water in which they have been steeped, and wrapped round cuts and bruises. This is the old-fashioned way of using them. It is a pity that the virtues of our homely plants and weeds are being fast forgotten; villagers now prefer the nearest chemist's shop, and anything ready-made that looks smart in box or bottle with white or red paper, cork, sealing-wax, and string.

Wild Geraniums of many kinds are interesting; some of them in autumn turn such lovely colours,

leaf and stalk a brilliant scarlet, and one, the Musk Stork's-bill, is so delicately scented that it is impossible to pass it without a pinch to make it yield its sweetness. As for lawn weeds, the daintest darlings would come up in the grass if only we would let them. All coarse weeds have long ago been banished from this site, such as Dandelions, Thrincias, Cat's-ears, and Daisies, but the prettiest Eyebrights, Trefoils, and Clovers try to get a foot in, so that one is quite sorry to be mowing. The Bird's-foot Lotus is one of the weeds it is hard not to encourage, when he creeps between the path and the edge of the lawn. Who can help being pleased to see his little claws of orange-red? Those who set their dwelling where the Bird's-foot Lotus grows, have placed it in a fortunate spot—warm and dry and good to live in. Noticing what weeds grow, is not a bad way of testing the character of any ground. Birds and winds may scatter seeds, but they only flourish where they will; there are sand, bog, chalk, clay, and gravel weeds, all telling their own tale to the seeing eye.

Last year there was a new weed to amuse us. It was the first time we had seen him in the garden, and, though I always notice wild flowers we have not often met him in the field. It is the Yellow Goat's-beard, or John-go-to-bed-at-noon. Both these rural names are well deserved though, in a way, the latter falls short of the truth; the yellow flower shuts before noon. If at seven o'clock in

the morning the flower-disc is visible, by ten or eleven o'clock it will almost certainly be hidden again; the flower is shut. The involucre of this flower is large and very important. It is longer than the corolla, firm and strong, and juts out beyond the open flower in points. The unopened buds look very thick, so that one expects a much larger flower than one sees. It is really not much of a flower, but the plant itself is pretty and remarkable in its manner of growth. It is between 2 and 3 feet high, with long grass-like leaves that are tapering, channelled, and undivided. The flower stalks are slightly thickened above.

Two seeds of this weed must have been blown across our flower-garden; one came up among some Lilies and was speedily rooted out, the other was allowed to stay. This courageous creature sprang up in a bed of Petunias and became quite an ornament to it, especially in the month of September, when the flowers went to seed. Seed-time is the moment of this plant's greatest beauty; now is explained its other name of Goat's-beard. Something in the grey softness of the feathery seed-tuft must have suggested the idea. The ball of down is perfectly round, and about the size of two or three Dandelion heads. The seeds, symmetrically set as honeycomb cells, look ready to fly away at the first puff of wind. Each floret has become a shallow cup of finest, lightest gauze, but, instead of scattering in the hurried way of Dandelions, the lovely

WEEDS IN MY SEA-COAST GARDEN₁₃₅

pappus remains intact for days, and this adds greatly to its value :—

“ To make these fair
The whole wide circle of the year has run ;
God’s rains, God’s stars, God’s winds, His bidding
done,
Yet e’en a wilful child may crush or spare.”

I would advise all who may see this weed growing in their gardens to have a little patience with it. In its “ John-go-to-bed-at-noon ” stage it is tantalising, from its inveterate habit of early closing, which makes the golden blossom rare to see ; but in its death the weed is beautiful, and makes amends for the short-comings of its heyday.

My Sea-coast Garden.
Winter

CHAPTER XVII.

MY SEA-COAST GARDEN IN WINTER.

“ Earth slumbers, and her dreams—who knows
But they may sometimes be like ours?
Lyrics of spring in winter’s prose
That sing of birds and leaves and flowers.”

THESE last words about my garden in winter-time ought really to have come at the very beginning, instead of at the end, for they were written when I first undertook its management. To me, it is pleasant reading, for many of the castles that then were in the air merely, have since been realised and become habitations.

* * * * *

Winter, and how short the hours of daylight; how much too short for all we have to do in them! Already the round red sun is dipping down behind the grey church tower, lighting it up with fires of purple and crimson. The too brief day will die in splendour.

And the old garden on the sea-cliff, with the little lichen-covered copse that guards it, how does that look on this quiet winter’s day? So pleasant, so restful, as it lies in the reflected glory of the sunset,

that it is still the place we love the best, and in which the happiest hours are spent.

Most of the hardest work is over now—the tidying up, the mending of the neglected lawn, the clearing of the copse from rubbish, the thousand things that always must be done in a garden that has too long lain uncared for. More than one or two springs and summers will it take to coax the whole of this wilderness into order. Digging borders that have been left untilled for many years, and are crammed with odds and ends and stumps and roots of things long dead, is not at all the same as turning over new ground or ground that has been treated fairly every season. “Wholesome neglect,” however, has shown its bright side in the copse, for there the sweetest things that grow have long run riot. “Nothing that has a bulb to it will live in that garden” said many friends who thought they knew; “rats and rabbits will make a meal off every one.” Even the earliest spring months proved them wrong. Scattered Crocuses and Snowdrops were the first to greet us, and after them whole drifts and sheets of Bluebells, sprinkling the grass beneath the budding trees with sky-colour, “God’s own blue” and later on whole families of Poet’s Narcissus, starry and scented, and spread about with the grace that comes of freedom.

But now on this quiet winter’s day, so enjoyable after weeks of windy weather, these flowers of spring with all the other garden-folk are sound

MY SEA-COAST GARDEN: WINTER 141

asleep and dreaming, as they should be. A Primrose or two, prematurely wakeful, shall go unnoticed, but one or two sweet-faced, leaf-hidden Violets must be forgiven for peeping out. Stray Violets are always irresistible and the tiniest bunch, if brought indoors, is more full of fragrance than half a dozen sachets of violet-scent from Bond Street.

Flowers may sleep, but we are wide awake, digging as usual, planting, and replanting, a safe and easy thing to do when all the garden children are deeply wrapped in slumber. Lingering sunshine and protracted autumn make it a difficult matter to get the summer borders clear. Marguerites will go on blooming well into December, and sweet white Alyssum positively refuses to be taken out and made a bonfire of. It still smells sweet, and keeps its colour.

October comes and takes us unawares. We are not yet ready for the smart new-comers, who arrive in well-packed boxes, sleeping beauties, wrapped up like dolls in soft white paper and neatly labelled, curious chrysalides whose butterflies are of the kind that grow on stems. These fine folk are all kept waiting; but at last they settle down, and we are free to think of other things—Sea-Hollies, for instance, and Sea-Lavenders—that might do well outside upon the cliff; but we will try them in the garden first. Growing sea-plants will be a new experience. The roots of some of them alone, are

quite delightful, so tough and strong, giving promise of the sturdy flowers that by and by will follow. Roots are so full of character and so interesting. Once we begin to notice the underworld of fibres, tubers, and "growing points," there is no end to it. It is just as fascinating as the sunlit world of bough and leaf and colour.

In this old garden, where so many things have been naturalised, it behoves us to walk warily. We must neither crowd the canvas nor strike a jarring note; its simple charm must not be spoiled. What things we do put in must be chosen very carefully; we must have exactly what is right, no makeshifts, and the experience of one season has taught us what the garden likes and wants, a much more weighty matter than the mere gratifying of our own tastes. Not many Roses could be happy here—we are too wind-swept,—but we can have a sunny bed of China Roses close to the house, along with Rosemary-bushes and Pansies and Carnations and Mignonette. The soil is exactly suitable for Pinks, and a whole cliff's depth of sandy loam, fertile and clean, calls out for every plant that owns a bulb or anything like it. This is our cue. In go the Lilies, white and orange; they shall be laid among the sleepy Ferns in a spot where sheltered sunbeams will look after them. Blue and white and yellow and velvety Iris shall find space too, English and Spanish treasures.

How the old gardener, who has known the place

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so long, and been its only guardian for many empty years, enjoys the fatted calf of better times. It is pretty to see him at his work. Unpacking and planting something new is such a treat. How carefully he lifts the clumps with kind brown hands, and sorts them out and lays them on his barrow, while looker-on is carrying his spade. Such eloquence about that spade ! Its wood feels warm and worn and polished, and its blade is thin and sharp from constant use ; it can do anything, from rough work to the finest. How deftly its owner thrusts it through the mould—a dexterous twist, and lo ! a hole of any shape or size he wants appears like magic. Each new arrival is taken up and looked at, then gently laid in its appointed place :

“ The Gardener in his old brown hands
Turns over the brown earth,
As if he loves and understands
The flowers before their birth,
The fragile, childish little strands
He buries in the earth.”

“ Like pious children, one by one,
He sets them head by head,
And draws the clothes when all is done
Closely about each bed,
And leaves his children to sleep on
In the one quiet bed.”

There has been plenty to do, too, among the creepers and climbers on the old house-walls. Such a tangle as there was all summer-time of Jasmine, Honeysuckle, Virginia Creepers, Dutchman's Pipe, and one or two old-fashioned Roses. Now we can see which is which, and bring them into order. How the dry stems rattle in the wind! They have been knocking against the window-panes like castanets. It seems so strange now to recollect the honey-scented draughts of summer-time that blew in through the open windows. Anyhow, an old garden, with all its faults, is better than a new one, and if the sea winds are too rough with it at times, the fine days make amends. Even the banks put up for shelter, not for ornament, must not be grumbled at. In spring they are so full of yellow Primroses, blue Speedwells, and spotted Orchids; and as for the kitchen garden, we can humour that by growing dwarf things that do not mind the wind.

We promise ourselves much amusement in the summer, when old and new inhabitants wake up and meet. Bowing and nodding acquaintances will soon strike up under the breezy influences of sea-winds blowing from the waves. Amongst other things we will have a Poppy garden; fringed, fragile, and Giant Poppies can all have ample room between the meadows and the shore. The one thing we ought never to forget here (there is danger of it) is Miss Jekyll's maxim, "Where things are well, let well alone."

The evening of this winter's day was dignified by a new moon. Very yellow looked its delicate thin curve against the blueness of the darkening sky, and just one star of hope shone out beside it. Could we have done better than breathe a new-moon wish that all the garden's pretty dreams and fancies might come true?

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

“Notes from Nature’s Garden”

6s. net.

PRESS NOTICES.

“These essays are excellently written and full of pleasant country glimpses. Their author has no mean gift of descriptive writing, and such efforts as ‘Wayside Gold,’ ‘Blackberry Lane,’ ‘The Railway Cutting,’ and ‘Still October’ are touched with inspiration fine as that of Richard Jefferies. A splendid series of photographic studies graces the pages.—*London Daily Express*.

“To single out any special chapter, however, is invidious, for the whole book is one mass of information and delight. It is illustrated with some extremely pretty photographs, which give happy touches to the subject being dealt with. It is a long time since we came across a book which pleased us so much. It is a book to be read by everybody who knows Nature or who desires to learn more about her manifold wonders.”—*Standard*.

“The present volume is made up of a series of short studies by one who has observed closely, and who has the gift of lucid and attractive exposition. Her topics, or at least many of them, are of a simple and commonplace character, but about almost all she has something interesting to say, and a good deal that will be new to the ordinary reader. How many have thought of a railway cutting as ‘a kind of gulf-stream of what Londoners call real country,’ that is ‘always running through the ocean of the suburbs, only merging gradually into the sea of towns, where the current is lost’? ‘Bird-lovers are telling us that if it were not for the safety and seclusion of the railway cuttings some of our English birds would be in a fair way of becoming extinct.’ There is a good deal of truth in this; and so railways, even from the nature-lover’s point of view, are not always to be condemned. ‘Notes from Nature’s Garden’ makes excellent reading, and the book contains a number of attractive illustrations.”—*Westminster Gazette*.

“A delightful volume is that just issued, ‘Notes from Nature’s Garden,’ written, as the authoress says, ‘for the most part among the cornfields, pastures, and uplands of Norfolk,’ it is a fine reflex

of the many aspects of Nature's handiwork in that part of England where her call is so loud and insistent. The book is well worth reading."

—*Tatler*.

"These studies—or essays, for such they are—do not deal with the broader aspects of the great mother. They are rather delightful little thumb-nail sketches of the details which go up to complete the whole. As we read through the eight chapters devoted to spring, we come across one headed 'Scare-crows,' and find a perfect portrait of the human scare-crow, the boy who, with face blue with cold, dances to and fro singing :

'Fly away, little burds, till the blade be full,

The sun is shining wonderful.'

It is a long time since we came across a book which pleased us so much."

—*Standard*.

"The author is not concerned merely with the season when the country exercises its most potent charm. Although written for the most part 'among the cornfields, pastures, and uplands of the sea-coast of Norfolk,' these pleasant nature-studies are not confined to the aspect of things rural in summertime. Spring, likewise, and autumn and winter receive their fair share of attention, and in every case the author brings the requisite touch of sympathy and sense of the beautiful to the scenes, flowers, and colours described. In one chapter the beauties of nature as unfolded in towns are prettily sketched, and, by way of being comprehensive, the author devotes space incidentally to London's sea-gulls. There is not a little freshness and charm in many of these pen-pictures, and their readers should be many."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"An observant eye and a cheerful and interested outlook are invaluable qualities in a writer who aims at familiarising her readers with some of the characteristic aspects and beauties of the English year, and they have not failed Mrs. Bardswell in her present collection of country sketches. The work contains a number of short papers descriptive of nature at all seasons of the year, and ranged duly in order, so that on finishing the book the reader is left with the same sense of orderly fulness and completion which attends the end of a well-spent year of life, but is not invariably present in books which deal with a wide variety and always appreciative, while it has also sufficient originality to give the diverse sketches and papers a real character of their own, and an individuality which, if not preternaturally searching and profound, always looks a little beneath the surface, and often reaches a fresh and unexpected standpoint. The illustrations, some of which may be familiar to our readers, are a strong feature of the book."—*The County Gentleman*.

"'Notes from Nature's Garden' is a charming book, of its kind, written in simple, spontaneous style, though gracefully withal. Mrs.

Bardswell is evidently a true and sincere lover and observer of Nature in all her aspects. Hers is no artificial pose; she gets her inspiration direct from the elements: wind and sun, the waters that be above and below the firmament, and good, patient Mother Earth herself. And her brief essays are delightful reading, whether they deal with the strange, mysterious charm of spring time—nowhere stronger or more exhilarating to the higher senses than here, under our changeable English skies; of the call of the cuckoo; of samphire and those who gather it; of the flowers and weeds of summer time; of glow-worms and beetles, moths and snails; of the glowing glories of autumn; or of winter's own peculiar beauties—the seagulls, that take up their quarters in London, most graceful and welcome of aliens, the miracle of the ice and snow, and the frosty brilliance of the stars. Always whatever she takes as her theme, she writes of it worthily, and strikes some sympathetic chord in her reader's brain and heart. Hers is a book that will appeal to all lovers of Nature.”—*The Lady*.

“These papers, which have already appeared in various journals more or less devoted to rural interests, form a distinctly valuable addition to the splendid nature-literature which has built itself up in our language during the last 150 years. Miss Bardswell combines the rôles of recorder, scientist, moralist, artist, poet and humourist. She has many novel and instructive things to tell us—what samphire is and how it is gathered; how red valerian grows on cliffs, is identical with the spikenard of the Bible, is good for use in the bath, and is used as an intoxicant by cats, the properties, real and imagined, of the narcotic and poisonous plants, of hemlock, spurge, nightshade, and mandrake or mandragora; how snails are employed in England to this day as a medicine for chest complaints—but the value of her book by no means depends solely upon the quaintness of its themes, for perhaps the best parts of it are those in which she reveals the eternal charm of the everyday things of life, the open sky, the change of the seasons, the gestures and poses of animals; while science and common-sense join hands in her vindication of ‘weather’ (which, being interpreted, means simply the narrow strip of cosmic circumstance within which organic life can exist) against ignorant grumblers. The book throughout is very gracefully written; in the exquisite little paper called ‘The Death of the Leaves’ there is more than a touch of the magic of Jefferies.”—*Glasgow Herald*.

“Miss Frances A. Bardswell's ‘Notes from Nature's Garden’ is a book which will delight all lovers of nature. The pages take the seasons in rotation and touch on such subjects as ‘The Call of the Cuckoo,’ ‘The Glowworm,’ ‘Snails,’ ‘The Force of Weeds,’ and ‘The Miracle of Ice.’ There are thirty-four illustrations from admirable

photographs, and these add very greatly to the fascinating studies of nature which they depict."—*Madame*.

"A nature book, fresh in observation and charming in expression, is peculiarly welcome in the early spring to Londoners and to other exiles from our countryside. The first chapters of Frances A. Bardswell's 'Notes from Nature's Garden' remind us very vividly of the freshness, the exhilaration, and the lovely fleeting colour of the English spring. The authoress has composed her studies amongst the 'waving wolds and windy uplands' of the Norfolk sea coast, and has illustrated her volumes with thirty-four illustrations from photographs which are particularly descriptive of subject and atmosphere. Many great writers have chosen Nature for their theme, but there is always place for 'Notes' such as these of Miss Bardswell, which bring the same fine and loving observation to such subjects as 'a railway cutting' and 'the samphire,' as to the chronicling of the four great seasons of England's year."—*Gentlewoman*.

"East Anglia, and in particular Norfolk, composes the corner of Nature's garden which supplies the authoress with material for sundry random observations on a variety of subjects, most of which, however, are common to the whole of England, and not dependent upon a particular locality. Unlike the majority of kindred writers, she is not irrelevant, and does not make these the background for much desultory talk about herself and her surroundings, but rather gives her own true impressions and the results of her personal observation of the subject in hand."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"There is much pleasant reading in Mrs. Bardswell's 'Notes from Nature's Garden,' with several excellent photographs of interesting subjects. It consists of a series of chatty chapters, descriptive of the wild flowers of the meadow and sea-coast, of the birds, and insects, and even of snails."—*Country Life*.

"These are slight, unambitious papers, not conveying any special information, and reprinted, many of them, from country or gardening journals. Yet there is a unity of effect about the book to which each paper adds a touch, and which makes them worth collecting. They are redolent of the wide space and fresh uplands of Norfolk; their message is an intense love of English air and English weather—the fresh musical breezes of spring, the rich warm summer landscape, and, above all, the vast and ever-changing pageant of the sky, which have in this country a character and charm peculiarly their own."

—*Daily Graphic*.

"Every one of the eight tiny chapters which treat of the charms of spring, every one of the fifteen sketches which bring home to us afresh the glories of summer, each of the eleven vignettes of the ripe beauties

of autumn, and every one of the six pictures of the miracles of winter is a gem of clear cut beauty. Whether we read of the wayside gold of spring, of the bonny sweet woodruff, or the essay, 'On behalf of Insects,' we find abundance of food for thought and interesting points of view which give new form and colour even to the most familiar objects of the country side. The very 'Pageant of Summer' is endowed with fresh beauties by the skilful hand which in this book shows us so vividly how—

'The daughters of the year

Dance into light and die into the shade.'

Mrs. Bardswell's book is pleasantly sprinkled with purple patches of poetry, and contains the allurements of thirty-four lovely illustrations from photographs. It is a book for every day and all days, and a possession to be proud of."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

"In the days when one can't get out, when one is ill or tired, on bleak winter nights by the loved fireside, it is pleasant to take up such a book as 'Notes from Nature's Garden,' by Frances A. Bardswell, and idly follow its chatty wanderings about the things one loves. Especially to the town-dweller, whose dead pavements shut the sweet-smelling air from him and make his winter so long, will this book and its excellent photographs bring a mild solace."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Pleasant studies of the reflective and descriptive kind, mostly written among the fields and uplands of the Norfolk coast; illustrated with photographs of high quality."—*The Times*.

"A number of short papers on country life and country sights and sounds have been gathered by Mrs. Bardswell out of various periodicals into a volume, which will be read with pleasure and profit by those who study or take delight in Nature and her changing ways during the seasons. They are reflections of impressions and observations obtained chiefly 'among the cornfields, pastures, and uplands of the sea-coast of Norfolk,' and they are grouped under the division of 'Spring,' 'Summer,' 'Autumn,' and 'Winter.' This local, as well as seasonal, colouring lends to Mrs. Bardswell's notes additional freshness and value; and the illustrations, taken from photographs, are in admirable tone with the letterpress."—*The Scotsman*.

"It is plain that Mrs. Bardswell is a keen accurate observer of the small things which go to the making of the abundance of Nature's bounty. Moreover she does not catalogue what she sees, but lovingly and patient paints her picture quite in the pre-Raphaelite style of the artist. The result is a series of pen-pictures, which cannot fail to charm, at the same time that they are as 'eyes to the blind.' The interest of the book is considerably heightened by the excellence of the photographs, which is fully brought out by process for printing. There

are no fewer than twenty-five pages of scenes in rural life, and not a few of the photographs are unmistakably clever. Percy Morris is especially noteworthy for the breadth and artistic selection of his sea-scapes and his woodland scenes; Mr. R. W. Cole for the photographs of farm life."—*People's Journal*.

"In the elegant book now before us Mrs. Bardswell shows her remarkable powers of observation, her keenness of appreciation of everything that is beautiful in country life, and the ability with which she is able to record her impressions."—*Gardeners' Magazine*.

"It is a pleasant book to pick up in the springtime, when the outside world is at its sweetest and freshest; for a good deal of Nature's freshness has made its way into these sketches of Norfolk pastures and uplands. The illustrating photographs are particularly pretty."—*Globe*.

"Mrs. Bardswell has written a chatty book of the ways of Nature, of the beauty of sky, hedgerow, and field, and even the garden itself, though this is not a book of garden information. It will while away a pleasant hour and instruct at the same time. The authoress is filled with a love of Nature, and endeavours to bring the sweetness of the country into the drab surroundings of the town."—*Garden*.

"Railway cuttings in towns and suburbs act as natural preserves for many varieties of birds, animals and plants. 'From the copse on the cutting,' says Miss Bardswell, 'come the croon of the wood-pigeon, the shrill note of the chaffinch, the carol of the garden-warbler and the cuckoo's minor call.' Miss Bardswell combines an observant eye and a thoughtful mind with an extreme simplicity of style which greatly adds to the charm of her essays."—*Christian World*.

"The author has obviously mastered her subjects most thoroughly, and a large part of the information which she imparts is obviously gleaned at first hand, and on such subjects as dangerous wild flowers, the force of weeds, and light, she has much to say that is most interesting. One of the greatest charms of the volume, however, is the illustrations. There are thirty-four, and they are all reproduced from photographs. They are exceedingly well chosen, and may be counted among the best examples of that photography which can almost be counted amongst the arts."—*Court Journal*.

"The topics, although of a simple character throughout, are treated with refreshing originality and a ripple of humour, and are contained in a series of studies, each showing a complete knowledge of the subject in hand. The keynote of style is simplicity, and, while the phrasing is too beautiful to be called homely, that word perhaps best conveys the air of simple and tender charm that breathes through this delightful book."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

"The writer avoids the fatal facility which has too often made the feminine author's remarks about any sort of garden a thing which strong men shun, and writes lightly, pleasantly, and with quite enough originality and insight. She has chosen a pleasant variety of outdoor subjects, from scare-crows to London sea-gulls, and from samphire to animals at meals, and the papers are attractively arranged in groups according to the seasons of the year. The observations of nature are alert and truthful, and brightly and picturesquely described, while a skilful interfusion of plant-lore, and other anecdotal garnishing helps to make up a distinctly fresh and pleasing volume."—*Evening Standard*.

"A charming little volume of nature studies by an attentive and appreciative student—the photographic illustrations are highly to be commended."—*Evening Standard*.

"The book is a collection of delightful essays, some of which have appeared in different journals. Good photographs give additional interest to the volume."—*Literary World*.

"It is made up of fresh and fanciful little papers, full of quiet observation, on various aspects of nature study."

—*Sheffield Daily Independent*.

"The interest of the book is considerably heightened by the excellence of the photographs, which is fully brought out by process for printing. There are no fewer than twenty-five pages of scenes in rural life, and not a few of the photographs are unmistakably clever. Percy Morris is especially noteworthy for the breadth and artistic selection of his sea-scapes and his woodland scenes; R. W. Cole for his photographs of farm life. The volume, which is published at 6s. 6d. net, may well find a place in Norfolk homes, where there is an appreciation of the value of the spare ten minutes."—*Norwich Mercury*.

"This is a pleasant and companionable book—a book that every nature-lover may place upon his shelves, and to which he will return more than once."—*The Tribune*.

"'Notes from Nature's Garden,' by Frances A. Bardswell, is mainly a reprint of very pleasant little essays from periodicals on aspects of plant, bird, insect life, etc., during spring, summer, autumn and winter."—*Liverpool Post*.

"I have on my shelves a few books which will afford pleasant reading to those who have a love of nature and her beauties. 'Notes from Nature's Garden' is a collection of very pleasantly written papers written for the most part among the cornfields, pastures and uplands of the sea-coast of Norfolk. The thirty-four photographs with which the sketches are illustrated are an exceptionally attractive feature."

—*Review of Reviews*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

“The Book of Town and Window Gardening”

2s. 6d. net.

PRESS NOTICES.

“Mrs. Bardswell is fully aware of the difficulty of getting beautiful results in towns, but she shows how they may be produced if only the gardener is prepared to be infinitely patient.”—*Morning Post*.

“Though many books on the same subject have passed through our hands during the last few years, we have no hesitation in saying that this little book is distinctly superior to all that we have seen before.”

—*Guardian*.

“This is a delightful little book, which should be in the hands of everyone who lives in a city and yet craves for flowers.”—*Queen*.

“Many a town-dweller and owner of a suburban garden will find helpful suggestions in Mrs. Bardswell’s book. The most interesting portion is perhaps that which concerns the beautifying of some of the ugliest spots in crowded London.”—*The Garden*.

“The new volume of ‘Handbooks of Practical Gardening,’ published by John Lane, ‘The Book of Town and Window Gardening,’ by Mrs. F. A. Bardswell, is full of suggestions for the Londoner who pines for a glimpse of the country to enliven the gloom; and the illustrations show that there is more scope in the fog-ridden metropolis for the garden lover than many of us are disposed to believe.”

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

“Mrs. F. A. Bardswell has written ‘The Book of Town and Window Gardening’ for Harry Roberts’ series of Handbooks of Practical Gardening, published by John Lane. The volume covers a rather wider field than the title indicates, but whether the authoress treats of town window boxes or roof gardens, of small suburban gardens or rock and wall gardens, she illumines every page with sound practical knowledge, expressed in well chosen language. Mrs. Bardswell writes as an enthusiast, who loves leaf, flower and twig, and her garden lore has been gained mainly as the result of practice and experience. We cordially recommend the volume to all who may need advice on the branches of horti-

culture with which the authoress deals. It is embellished with a number of illustrations, is excellently printed and neatly bound.”—*Surrey Comet*.

“What to put into a town garden and how to rear it when it is there are questions which most town-folk who have garden plots to cultivate ask themselves at this time of year. ‘The Book of Town and Window Gardening,’ by Mrs. F. A. Bardswell, should be found useful by amateurs. How to get the best effect in backyard, roof, wall, rock and window garden is clearly shown, and beginners in the horticultural art have an exhaustive chapter of advice to themselves.”

—*London Daily Express*.

“A brightly-written and quite useful and excellent guide to those who are restricted to window-boxes, flower-pots, or little London plots and porches, and who yet feel the absolute need of flowers that the real flower-lover feels. There is a charming selection of illustrating photos.”

—*St. James's Gazette*.

“Those of horticultural tastes who are perforce obliged to live within the confines of a large town will without doubt feel very grateful to Mrs. Bardswell for the many valuable suggestions she affords them in regard to the best disposal of a window-box, balcony gardening, the most suitable foliage plants to select, the management of a small suburban garden, the cultivation of ferns and wild flowers, creepers and climbers, etc. She has also much useful and interesting information to impart concerning roof and backyard gardens in the city, the effect of fogs, the floral decorations at balls, dinner parties, and weddings, garden etiquette in Suburbia, and other topics. Like preceding volumes in the ‘Handbook of Practical Gardening’ series, the book is well illustrated.”—*Publisher's Circular*.

“Mrs. Bardswell, in quite simple, practical words, reveals wonders which may be achieved by amateur gardeners in a town plot, or even without a plot at all—a mere window-sill will offer an opportunity. We cannot speak too highly of this thoroughly sensible handbook, which deals with all town-garden matters from soil to garden etiquette and the undecorative family wash.”—*Bookman*.

“‘The Book of Town and Window Gardening,’ by Mrs. F. A. Bardswell, is a handbook of practical gardening, written in a singularly charming and sympathetic vein. The author not only knows her subject and loves it, but she has the happy knack of making it interesting, and even fascinating, to the reader. The window-box, the roof garden, and the small suburban plot of ground become things of infinite possibility after reading these pages, which are thoroughly practical withal, and bear the impress of experience. There is an excellent chapter for beginners, full of wise hints, of which the average gardening

manual does not appear to be cognisant, and many garden lovers will be grateful to Mrs. Bardswell for her talk about ferns and rockeries. A notable feature of the book is its excellent illustrations, several of which are the work of the author, and illustrate her own garden. Mrs. Bardswell has read much poetry that is out of the common, and many graceful and apposite quotations adorn her pages. She has felt the quietening influence of the garden, and the little volume is most refreshing and restful reading.”—*Lady*.

“Mrs. F. A. Bardswell’s ‘Book of Town and Window Gardening’ will prove delightful reading, in particular to the amateur gardener. Mrs. Bardswell realises how strong a love the British nation has for flowers everywhere and at every season.”—*Dundee Advertiser*.

“Of very general usefulness should be ‘Town and Window Gardening,’ the nineteenth handbook of practical gardening, edited by Mr. Harry Roberts. The book is by Mrs. F. A. Bardswell, who has tackled the subject in a reasonably homely way, Millwall being given quite as much attention as Piccadilly window-boxes. Growers are instructed on the suitability or otherwise of familiar flowers for town culture, whether for window, roof, or backyard. The influence of smoke and fog, and a host of valuable items are given for every aspect of the fascinating subject. Window gardening is not a mystery, but it is astonishing what results can be achieved by such intelligent care as one may be guided to by such a book as this. Not the least valuable feature is the ample illustration by photographs.”—*Liverpool Post*.

“This publication is remarkably frank and clear in the way it treats of the subjects, and a perusal of its pages easily shows that the authoress has had much experience of the work of a town garden.”

—*Eastern Daily Press*.

“Perhaps of all the admirable Handbooks of Practical Gardening which have issued from the Bodley Head Mrs. Bardswell’s attractive volume deserves the widest welcome.”—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

“This is indeed one of the most practical of Mr. Lane’s series of ‘Handbooks of Practical Gardening’ that we have seen.”

—*County Gentleman*.

“Mrs. Bardswell steadily maintains her point, *i.e.*, town and window gardening, and her suggestions contain useful and practical hints as to the best methods for making the most of the little.”

—*Poor Law Officers’ Journal*.

“Mrs. Bardswell’s book will be found most useful to those who have no option but to live in towns, and yet will have gardens.”—*Athenæum*.

"Mrs. Bardswell certainly gives good measure in the quantity of her ingenious hints on growing flowers amid uncongenial surroundings."

—*Literary World*.

"This is the nineteenth of the 'Handbooks of Practical Gardening.' It contains chapters on town gardening, the early window-box, the season window-box, balcony-gardening, roof and backyard gardens in the city, plants for the city poor, and foliage plants for towns, fog, flowers, and foliage, the small suburban garden, ferns and wild flowers, creepers and climbers, and easy rock and wall gardening. There is a large number of fine illustrations."—*Belfast News Letter*.

"'The Book of Town and Window Gardening,' by Mrs. F. A. Bardswell, is a very interesting little production. We can strongly recommend it to all lovers of flowers. It is profusely illustrated."

—*Bristol Times*.

