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A LITTLE MARYLAND GARDEN

HELEN ASHE HAYS





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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the

main results of the paper.



*A Little
Maryland Garden*



A Little Maryland Garden

By
Helen Ashe Hays

Illustrated by
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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS



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To
E.V. 2/1

Whose scepticism always spurred
me on.

This record of a little garden is
dedicated.

My thanks are due to the Editors of *The New York Evening Post* for their courtesy in permitting me to make extracts from Garden Letters published in the *Post*.



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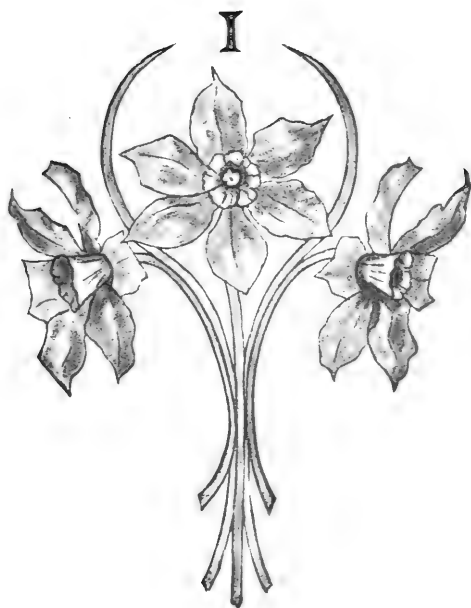
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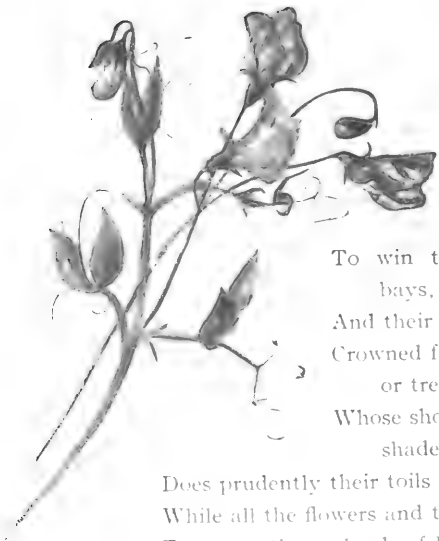
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How vainly men
themselves a maze
To win the palm, the oak or
bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb
or tree
Whose short and narrow-verged
shade

Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.



Fair Quiet, have I found you here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought them then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

ANDREW MARVELL.



I

WHOEVER has a garden has a perennial source of interest, whether the garden itself be large or small. Indeed, though the large garden has wide spaces and beautiful vistas, the owner of the small one has the pleasure of being personally acquainted with every plant and shrub in it. And if the owner be a woman, the small garden gives her perhaps the more pleasure because she can work in it, spade, plant, and prune it herself, and know that the result is all the work of her own hands.

My little garden seems wonderfully interesting because I have done everything for it. I can see it as it was—a clay waste, generally muddy and hopeless-looking. It lies behind a half-timbered cottage, and is enclosed by a high wall, so that from the first it had the advantage of privacy. I was told when

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I came into the house that a good motto for it would be one seen carved on a cottage in the Bavarian Alps, "Klein aber Mein." Since I have become a gardener I have often thought its homely content just expressed my feeling for the little garden behind it.

For some time after I came into possession, the house had first to be considered, and spending on the garden was a luxury. Some one has said that none but the poor know how good the poor are to each other; and surely none but garden lovers know how generous their fellow gardeners can be. Just when I had seriously determined that I must, at all costs, make my plot of ground into a garden, I was given a number of shrubs that were lifted from an old place in the town. There were deutzias and weigelias, a dozen large bushes of the "Rose of Sharon" (altheas), two fine Japan quinces, a white currant, and some old-fashioned hundred-leaf roses. Also, to my great delight, there were two lilac bushes. Lilacs would not bloom in the part of California where my life up to



this time had been spent, and they seemed to me delightfully characteristic of the East, making one think of old homesteads and early settlers. Their heavy, languorous perfume seems to typify the exuberant rush of life of an Eastern spring. I looked forward to gathering great armfuls of my own lilac blooms, but so far they have been something of a disappointment, refusing to do anything more than grow. I have since had presents of lilacs from two other gardens, and though all take kindly to their new quarters I have gathered only one vaseful of purple blooms. Last year I sent to a florist for two French varieties, "La Tour d'Auvergne" and "Marie Legraye," and hope in time to have a quantity of these lovely flowers.

Soon after two other shrubs were added to my collection, a fragrant old-fashioned mock-orange, and a *Forsythia suspensa*, which blooms in early spring before the leaves come out, and becomes a mass of gold from the ground to the highest twig.

After the shrubs came a present from a

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maiden lady whose garden is said to be the trimmest in town. She sent me tulips and iris roots. Another friend contributed some feverfew plants, whose descendants are still ready to step into the breach and grow anywhere I put them, filling up any odd corner with their pretty foliage and white flower heads. I never saw such useful bloomers and willing garden hacks. Another gift was made of orange lilies and white chrysanthemums.

Here was indeed a start for a little garden. Only the tulips failed to adapt themselves to their new position. The iris increased so that last year I gave away a wheelbarrowful of roots, and never missed them. The feverfew, which seeds itself, is constantly being pulled up and thrown over the fence, put in temporarily to fill up a bed till something else is ready to go into it, transplanted, and generally used and abused; and still thrusts itself forward with perfect good humour, seeming to say, "Here I am, make use of me." It emerges from the snows of winter

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with some of its vivid green in fairly good order, and all summer its soft tufts of white are interposed between highly coloured neighbours, that might swear at each other but for its harmonising influence.

But to go back to the beginning, the clay waste must be made into a garden. It was cut through the middle of its length by a brick walk, and I had but one idea in the start, to sow it in grass, and not cut the lawn up into flower beds. I had never heard of William Robinson, and Wilkinson Elliott was a stranger to me. It was, therefore, instinct that led me to keep my flowers back in borders rather than cut up the lawn with circles and ovals. And it was necessity that guided me in the choice of hardy plants to fill the borders. I was away from the house all day, except for an occasional holiday, so I must choose what would thrive with the smallest amount of attention. I wanted to put into the ground what would stay there and grow willingly, without having to be renewed or brought in during the winter

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months. I read catalogues and studied perennials and annuals. I took no interest in biennials. Plants that kept one waiting for flowers for a whole year, and after blooming for one season died, were not for a beginner. One most important feature of gardening I did not appreciate at all in the beginning, the matter of soil and manure.

My first attempt at making borders was in the L that ran up beside the house and was overlooked by the porch and the dining-room windows. It was small, sheltered, and private; a little nook that might be made gay with flowers. Unfortunately the soil was a filling of brickbats and builders' rubbish, and in my haste to begin I only put a layer of proper soil on top. But I had beginners' luck. Under the grey stone foundation wall of the house I planted German iris, and in the opposite border sweet-williams and mignonette. Both did well, and the descendants of the sweet-williams have never deteriorated, but are as handsome and thriving to-day as in the start. They range through

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every shade of pink and red to deep crimson. Some are pure white, and others white marked with crimson or purple eyes. I pick them by armfuls, with stems two feet long. They seed themselves and supply any vacant place where they may be wanted in the garden, and I divide them in the fall.

By degrees, I added other flowers to this bed. Hollyhocks now range tall and stately against the wall, and there are tall plants of perennial phlox between them and the sweet-williams. This arrangement is broken at intervals by Anthony Waterer spireas (which by the way I think are very much overrated), spirea *palmata*, a clump of Japanese anemones and *candidum* lilies. A white fraxinella is at one end, and halfway down, the silvery foliage of a bush of "Old Man" makes a soft background for the flower tints before it.

Almost all of these additions were raised from tiny plants sold by a neighbouring florist in the summer for very low prices. This nurseryman sends out lists of shrubs and plants every season, and if one has the

patience to watch over the little plants, and protect them from the summer's heat, many additions can be made to the garden, that would soon exhaust one's purse if they were bought at the regular prices. There is, of course, some risk, as the weather is so unfavourable, and it takes a good deal of determination to begin raising a shrub when its size is almost microscopic. But from these small beginnings I have brought up some fine wistarias and climbing roses, spireas, both "Anthony Waterer" and Reevsii, as well as the handsome herbaceous *palmata*, and am now trying to induce a laburnum to do credit to my powers as a gardener.

This laburnum was so tiny when it came that I carried it over the first winter in the house, and in the spring sunk the pot in the border, where it was forgotten. It was entirely neglected until one day in the fall. I was having a fall cleaning in the borders, energetically pulling up and cutting back, when I came upon it, a little worse for the indefatigable summer insects but really want-

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ing to grow. I decided to take the chances of its being able to stand the winter in the open, and planted it out permanently. It was enriched with cow manure and protected with coarse litter, and is now adding cubits to its stature in a very satisfactory way.

I have just come across one of the old lists I sent, which included perennial asters, sweet rocket, valerian and wallflower, Shasta daisy and plume pink, and other border plants. I remember the valerian was chosen for sentiment. One of my most vivid flower memories is of the Mission Dolores in San Francisco, on a May day. The sky was of the deepest blue, the air golden with sunshine, and the graveyard beside the Mission was one mass of climbing roses, arching over everything, flinging masses of bloom everywhere, lavish as only California roses can be. And beneath them a deeper note of pink struck by the valerian that grew everywhere among and over the graves, holding up soft pink tufts to the sun. Both were so exuberant, so full of life over the

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grey headstones. I think every county in Ireland was commemorated on these stones, from County Cork to County Tyrone. And, sharing this "garden of sleep" with them in equal numbers, one read the liquid names of Spain, Vincente and Orestes, Soledad and Ramona. I have never forgotten the impression made by this joyous, flowery burying place, so I got some pink valerian in memory of the Mission Dolores.

Wallflowers I know were chosen to try to add to my stock, for I have had my sorrows by reason of wallflowers. In California they grow wild, and in a garden where I once lived there was a long row of them under the pepper trees. One February I sowed seed in the house of perennial wallflowers, raised a number of little plants, set them out, and carried at least a dozen through a severe winter; read that bone meal was their favourite spring tonic, and sent for a package of bone meal. I had something brought to me with the message that the dealer "was out of bone meal, but this was a

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fertiliser, and splendid for flowers, and would do just as well." So I stirred it about their roots to make them comfortable and happy, and they promptly, all but one, "up and died." I killed quite a number of other plants with that fertiliser, but I mourned for none of them as I did for my wallflowers. One survived, and brought out handsome double flowers, fragrant, and in those iron-rust tones that wallflowers usually have. The little wallflowers from the florist did not survive the move in the summer heat, so this old veteran still holds the fort, huddled close to the stone wall. These plants seem to need the proximity of stone, just as fig-trees need human companionship, to make them thrive. Fig-trees will flourish beside a home, even if neglected. But let human beings leave them, and they soon pine and die.

I recollect having a special mission for the Shasta daisy, which was to put it between some orange lilies on the one hand, and a group of pink and crimson phlox on the

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other. I thought a great white daisy bush would make a break between these pronounced colours. The florist reserves the right to substitute in case he is short, and my disgust can be imagined when I found that he had substituted an English daisy for my order. The "wee, modest" flower could not fill the position, nor even "rattle round in it," as Holmes once said.

My second border was made across the back of the house wall, and filled with daffodils. In my old home we had no daffodils, and when I came to Maryland I fell in love with them. It is quite impossible to express the feeling of pleasure they give in the spring. They are so hardy and dauntless, coming with the first hint of mild weather, braving winds and frost with their grace and dainty colouring. My favourites are the long trumpets, and among these I like best those with yellow trumpet and white perianth. But broad-faced Sir Watkin is delightful for his robust, hearty look, and orange phoenix, with its full heads spilling

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apart to show a touch of orange, is a beautiful cut flower. I add to my stock every year some new varieties, and put them not only in the borders, but in unoccupied nooks and corners of the garden. I must have them in quantities, both to nod in the spring breezes and to cut for the house. I have now the following sorts:

Empress	Leedsii
Emperor	Stella
Horsfieldii	Grandee
Orange Phoenix	Poeticus
Von Sion	" Ornatus
Mrs. Langtry	Princeps Maximus.

They are all lovely. The only failure I have had was the *alba plena odorata*, and I was warned beforehand that it rarely bloomed in this country.

I have been criticised for speaking of the long trumpet varieties as daffodils, instead of calling them narcissus. Some people have a passion for being correct, but the name of daffodil is endeared to us by poetry. We hear March called "the roaring moon of

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daffodil and crocus," and read of the "host of golden daffodils." Their praises are sung by all our old English favourites. Bailey tells us that the distinction is only made in this country, and that in England the term *narcissus* is only applied to the *poeticus*.

It was from such small beginnings that my garden took shape and the time soon came when I was able to divide and multiply, to stock new borders, and even send plants out into the marsh. Among the plants that increased rapidly were the orange lilies and certain bluebells that were given me. The giver had forgotten just what they were, but they answered to the description given in catalogues of *campanula persicifolia*. They throw up long spikes of flowers of a dainty lavender-blue, and spread so fast that they remind me of the remark of a California acquaintance about her eucalyptus tree, that "it was the most profligate tree she ever saw." They bloom for a long time if the old flowers are cut off, and make a good mass of cool colour. From these two plants

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I made an orange and blue border, where there had been a troublesome strip of grass. It was between the brick path leading from the side gate to the back of the house, and the garden wall, and was just too narrow to be mown, and just too wide to cut well with the shears, and so it often looked ragged and untidy. But spaded up and planted thickly with lilies at the back, bordered with the bluebells, it made an effective strip of colour, and only asked to be let alone.

The lawn grass made the upper part of the garden an even green, but in the lower part the dandelions disputed every inch of ground with it. They look so beautiful, starring the grass with gold, that the first year they had things rather their own way. It needs time, and a sense of having been taken advantage of to steel our hearts against anything so fine as dandelions. They take the garden by storm with their shining stars, but they come to be "a glistering grief," "a golden sorrow." They call out one of the most fertile garden crops—moral reflections. I defy any

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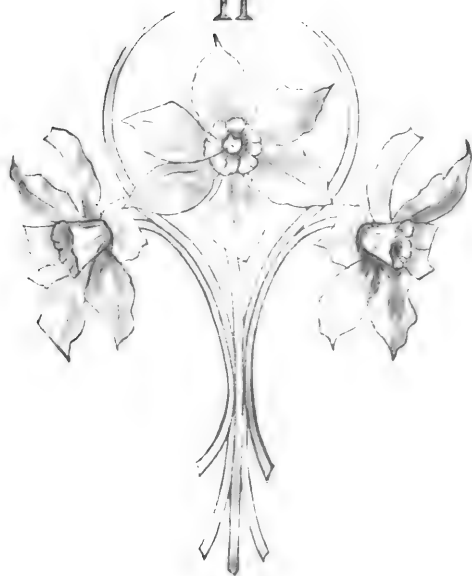
one to turn gardener and not fall a-moralising like a parson. Given a March morning, a windy blue sky, white fleecy clouds blown past, the mountains like a distant wall, Mr. Robin strutting on the lawn, proud as if he had brought it all to pass; and the grass a mass of winking suns. What a strong moral sense pervades one's being as he digs up and casts away these alluring weeds! What beautiful maxims form spontaneously in his mind! And what a comfort it is to feel that he is out in the soft spring wind and sunshine, not from self-indulgence, but accomplishing a duty!

As I write the snow lies on the ground, patchily, not with a good warm covering, but like a tattered shawl that lets in the cold. I know just where to look for the newcomers in the borders when spring calls them out. I have put out some crown imperials, flowers that I have read of but never seen. I have planted both English cottage tulips, and the late Darwins, and some little sweet-scented Florentines. I love these jewels of colour

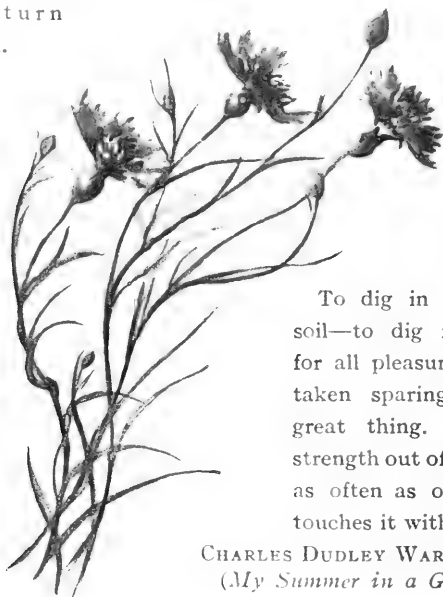
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in the spring. I have put out, also, dozens of Roman hyacinths, blue, red, and blush, because I have seen a garden which has wreaths of them about the flower beds. And I know that with the coming of spring my flowering shrubs will spread their white and pink plumes, sweet-williams and daffodils will paint the borders with a bold brush, orange lilies bloom beside fragrant June roses. For my little garden is fairly started now. I have gone on adding new borders when I had time to work, getting in supplies of street sweepings and manure and leaf mould. And these new borders have been filled with occasional purchases of plants, and with such hardy perennials as an amateur can raise from seed. Above all, digging, bordering, planting, everything almost without exception had been done with my own hands. And this is the greatest pleasure to be had from gardening after all, to be close to the warm earth, indifferent to clothes, watching the tiny forms of life, and happily at work.

II



To enjoy agriculture you do not want too much of it, and you want to be poor enough to have a little inducement to work moderately yourself. Hoe while it is spring, and enjoy the best anticipations. It is not much matter if things do not turn out well.



To dig in the mellow soil—to dig moderately, for all pleasure should be taken sparingly — is a great thing. One gets strength out of the ground as often as one really touches it with a hoe.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER,
(My Summer in a Garden.)

II

THE mildest January I have ever seen in Maryland has come to an end, and February is here. The ground-hog has seen his shadow, and gone back into his hole, expressing his belief that we shall have six weeks of cold and bad weather. Sure enough, the first real cold weather of the winter has set in. The goose-bone prophet made the same prediction last fall. He lives in a Pennsylvania town, and for many years he has prophesied what the winter will be, after studying the breast-bone of the first goose of the season. This year the goose bone indicated mild weather till the end of January, and then late cold lasting well into the spring.

No wonder the vegetable world became confused during January, and daffodils and tulips sprang up, and roses budded. Every one whom I consulted prophesied dark

things about the daffodils. I was so worked upon by these that on the 23d of January, with the thermometer standing at 70°, I potted six large pots full of them, and set them in a sunny window, where they budded and bloomed. My note-book last winter says that they were just beginning to form buds in the garden on the 30th of March. But I had no consolation for my roses, I cannot bring them in; and my friends, like Job's comforters, say they will not bloom at all this year.

I must turn my attention to annuals. The catalogues have come, and I make lists. But when one has only a small garden it is hard to keep the lists within bounds. I want *mignonette* for its sweet perfume, and *asters* for their late flowers, and *centaureas*, the old sweet-sultans, which all the catalogues agree in giving a high place among annuals. Then there are the always tempting, and often disappointing, ten-weeks stocks. I love them for their rich, spiced perfume, and lovely flowers set thick along the stem

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like tiny roses. They are flowers with a charm, but they have a way of blooming so late that the frost nips them.

When I was a child I used to visit a ranch, where tall oaks draped in English ivy stood before the house, and pale lavender and dark purple heliotropes, higher than I, made the air heavy with perfume like the vanilla bean. This garden was laid out in flower beds of all sorts and shapes, and on the sunny side of the house were long beds, with wooden borders, filled and spilling over with gillyflowers, the single form of stocks. They were pink, white, and lilac, and for a wide space about them the air was spicy with their clove-like scent. Behind them was a giant fig-tree, in whose roomy branches I used to sit, eating purple figs and looking down on the gillyflowers. In our town garden we grew the double ones, in all the queer æsthetic shades of dull rose, red, and purple. But that was in a country where flowers developed in the warm sunshine at their leisure, and no "cruel,

killing frost" cut them down in their prime.

I think one never comes to this time of the year, the beginning of a fresh blooming season, without regret. Something coveted has been prudently deferred, because perhaps it was a hazardous experiment, or seemed a luxury. Then one makes a resolve that another season shall not go by without indulging the haunting fancy. Last fall my desires turned strongly toward moccasin-flowers, but I cried, "Get thee behind me." Now that spring has come I am mournful to think that they might be greeting me in the fern bed, and that another year must pass before I can have them. It makes me think of David Harum who for years denied himself a silver tobacco box that he longed for, and in the end wondered why he had not bought it long before.

I feel this way after a floral self-denial. For two years I have wanted a primrose bed, and tried to raise the plants from seed in boxes, and failed. It seems that they

are hard seedlings for an amateur to deal with. I was consoled for my failures by reading an article by Adolph Jaenicke, whose advice to amateurs was in effect, "Don't try it." I am going, however, to make my last attempt with seeds this year, by sowing them in the bed in early summer, and leaving them undisturbed. I have a raised bed, rather moist, which gets the spring sunshine, and is shaded in summer.

The English cowslip (*Primula veris*), the *vulgaris*, and the Japanese primrose, all need deep, moist soil, and shade, and are called perfectly hardy. The Siberian variety (*Primula cortusoides*) requires a warm, dry, sunny place. This primrose has rose-coloured flowers and blooms in May.

I have some plants of the *vulgaris* with pale yellow flowers, and they bloom very well. They are like spring sunshine, exquisitely clear. If I fail again with seeds I shall get some plants from the florist of different varieties, but it would be a tame ending to my ambitious dreams.

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There was an old book I found when I first began my garden, that praised primroses and auriculas very highly. It came out of my grandmother's attic, and had belonged to a great-grandfather who lived in Petersburg, Virginia. He had a large and beautiful garden, and took great pride in his fruits and flowers. On the inside cover is a list made out in his own handwriting, of "Grape vines from Col. Adlum, 1828," and on another blank page, another list from "Parmentier's, New York."

The book was printed in Philadelphia in 1806, and is called, "*The American Gardener's Calendar*, by Bernard McMahon, Nurseryman, Seedsman, and Florist." I thought this book would have proved a mine of information to me, for when I came upon it I hardly knew the difference between an annual and a perennial, and a biennial was something my mind had never grappled with. Its solid thickness of six-hundred-odd pages, bound in calf, with advice for every separate month in the year, for the kitchen

garden, nursery, fruit, and flower gardens, seemed to promise guidance in every emergency. But the writer of this ponderous book was as prosy an old gentleman as ever wrote. I made sure, from his serious style, that he was a Quaker, and was much surprised some years later to learn that he was an Irishman. His most confusing habit was to recommend four or five different months, without favour, as "the proper season" in which to sow the seeds of a number of different plants. Thus at any time from February to June one might sow the seeds of "rocket, catchfly, Tangier peas, Venus navelwort, primroses, Canterbury bells, carnations, candytuft, mallow, lychnis," and so on with a list that made my brain swim.

He had tables at the back of the book of perennials, annuals, and biennials, that were the most helpful things in it to me. These lists gave both their scientific and common names, the latter sounding quaintly enough to us now; such as lady's smock, for cardamine, devil in the bush, and love in a mist,

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yellow side-saddle flower. Two varieties of carnations were, old painted lady and new painted lady, and he calls *Ranunculus* fair maids of France. He speaks of the double white and purple varieties of the garden rocket as "extremely beautiful and fragrant. I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing one of them in this country, nor have I been able to learn that such are to be found on this side of the Atlantic. The ladies of Europe are extremely fond of it, whence it obtained the names of 'Dame's Violet' and 'Queen's Gilly-flower.'" In his list at the end of the book, he classes rockets as double white, double purple, unsavory, and night-smelling or *Tristis*. I have looked in vain in our catalogues of to-day for the double varieties of rocket, and it looks as if they had not yet crossed the Atlantic. I have the single purple in the border, and like it for its fragrance and early bloom.

On one point the old gentleman has sound ideas. He says: "Many flower gardens are almost destitute of bloom during a great

part of the season, which can easily be avoided and a blaze of colour kept up from March to November by introducing the various beautiful ornaments from our woods, fields, and swamps, with which Nature has so profusely decorated them. Is it because they are indigenous that we should reject them? Ought we not rather to cultivate and improve them? What can be more beautiful than our *Asclepias*, *Asters*, *Hibiscus*, and *Phlox*, *Lobelias*, *Orchis*, *Rudbeckias*, and *Liatris*, our charming *Limadum* and fragrant *Arethusa*?" In September he says: "This will be a very good time to cull from the fields, swamps, and woods some of the favourites of the MOST HIGH, which he has decorated with such a profusion of lustre and beauty that 'Solomon in all his glory' was not equal to."

Yet to-day some people think themselves deceived, if they have been misled by unfamiliar names in a catalogue, and get what turn out to be "only wild flowers." In Elliott's catalogue there is a little note on this,

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some customer having complained because some plants and bulbs he ordered turned out to be dogwood and *superbum* lilies, which grew wild near his home. According to his ideas, a rose by another name should have a different smell. Our old florist saw the wonderful possibilities of our native plants for garden flowers.

Some wild flowers seem fitted to take their place among their long-cultivated relations just as they come from their haunts. But there are certain conditions that ought to obtain in a perfect garden flower, that a great many wild flowers do not fulfil. A plant for the garden should have graceful growth, admirable foliage, and a beautiful or interesting flower. Some flowers that have been long cultivated, fulfil the last condition, whose foliage would rank them among weeds, like the petunias. And some wild plants whose flowers are delightful, like the hardy asters, have the weed-like characteristic of greediness, and want to take up the whole border if they get a foothold in it. There

are some plants that have been brought by cultivation to a perfection of growth, foliage, and flower, which started with few gifts. Take the wild peony as it grows on the California hillsides. You will find it, perhaps, at the edge of the chaparral, under a wild cherry-tree. Its foliage alone would call your attention to it, for it is graceful, not deeply cut, and of the freshest, daintiest green. But the flowers are not at all beautiful, though they are odd and interesting. They are a dark mahogany red, with single petals of a rather thick texture, set about the clustering stamens. It grows well, and makes a charming-looking wild plant. But contrast it with the handsome result that centuries of cultivation have given us. The peony of our gardens still grows with restraint, and the foliage is handsome, but the flower, from its simple beginning, has taken on the sheen of satin, and goes through a range of exquisite colours. Peonies, with their silken texture and subtle tints, are among the noblest

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and most beautiful flowers in the garden world.

The evening primrose, as one sees it standing tall in the sandy creek bed, its pale lemon flowers spread out in the moonlight, looking like moons themselves, seems fit for any garden, but seen by day the foliage is coarse and untidy. Only the bulbous flowers seem to spring from the meadows and hills perfect in finish. One finds the calochortus with exquisite lavender and purple cups, standing tall among the wheat; or the yellow and red variety, the "Mariposa lily," named after the butterfly by the Spaniards because of its strange markings; or the lovely white calochortus that hangs its delicate ball, closed like the globeflower, in the shade of the cañons. These are perfect in colour, form, and finish, and their leaves and stems are only the "unconsidered trifles" that hold them to earth.

The complaint of Elliott's customer who was indignant over receiving wild flowers, reminds me of a friend who had a catalogue

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from Holland, and was very much taken with the description of a plant called by the high-sounding name of *Asclepias tuberosa*. She ordered it, and to her surprise and somewhat to her confusion, found it was a Maryland wild flower that she had often seen near home. It seemed rather futile for the poor plant to have made the voyage across seas and back, to find a home in a Maryland garden.

It is a pity that we do not all know more about botany. There was a great excitement among us last year over a flower that a market woman sold in her stall, and said she found growing in the meadow near her home. No one recognised it, nor could we learn its botanical name. We thought we had made a discovery, and some one was inspired to give it the name of "electric light plant." The plant was tall, graceful, and buoyant, sending up long spikes of bloom, characterised by a peculiar brilliant delicacy. The flowers were pink and white, tinged with lavender and *cerise*, and had a certain vivid

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quality. The slender petals were ranged on one side of the stem, and the pistils and stamens were very long, which added to the lightness and fragility of its appearance. I knew two gardens where there were clumps of it. It bloomed continuously till frost, and as the flowers faded the flower heads would be prolonged, sending out fresh blossoms. Altogether it was a delightful plant, and I thought of sending a description of it to the *Garden Magazine*. As the local florist could not identify it, it seems as if we were justified in believing that we had found "some new thing." But when January came, and garden thoughts were beginning to ferment, and catalogues to arrive, there came one from Childs's nursery, in which there was a picture of my flower. The cut was a poor one, but there was no mistaking the graceful leaves, the airy stamens, and one-sided flowers. It was called *Cleome*, and was described in Henderson's handbook of plants as growing wild in some of the Southern and Western

States, and commonly called the spider plant.

There is one bed in my little garden that has been planted in accordance with my old gardener's advice, "from the hills and swamps." It was long an eyesore. It cried aloud to be planted, and so many other places had to come first. It lies on the opposite side of the brick walk from the orange and blue bed, under the house wall. There was never enough to spare to fill this little border, and it became a place for all the weeds to foregather. A white day lily (*junkia*) was planted at one end, and for a long time was the one civilised occupant of the bed. After a time some one sent me some lilies of the valley, and they made a little oasis in the weeds; but they seemed to lack vitality. They came from an old garden, and I think their vigour had run out, like an old family gone to seed. Instead of adding to the bed, they disappointed me by refusing to do their best, and so made another count against it.

But there came a day when an expedition

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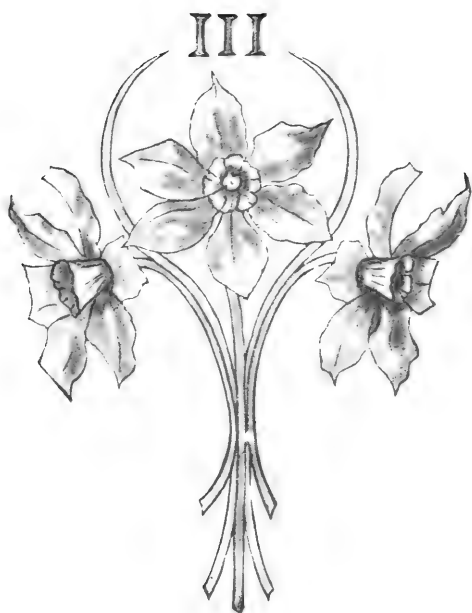
was made to the South Mountain, and I had an inspiration to plant this poor little border with ferns. The baskets that took up our lunch came back filled with maidenhair, spleenwort, Christmas fern, and other dainty varieties that I do not know the names of. They were planted so thickly that the weeds were forced out for want of room. The ferns took very kindly to their shady place, but this was not all. All sorts of little strangers appeared in the spring; shy wild plants sprang up and surprised me. Little white wood violets, whose foliage is much prettier than the garden variety, a rich light green heavily veined with a darker shade. A colony of *hepaticas* bloomed among the earliest spring flowers, with dainty white blossoms faintly flushed, and foliage stained a dark purple on the under side.

A rattlesnake plantain spread its white-veined leaves, and would have bloomed if at a critical time the cat had not been inspired to take an evening stroll through the bed. Fleshy sedums crept out on the brick

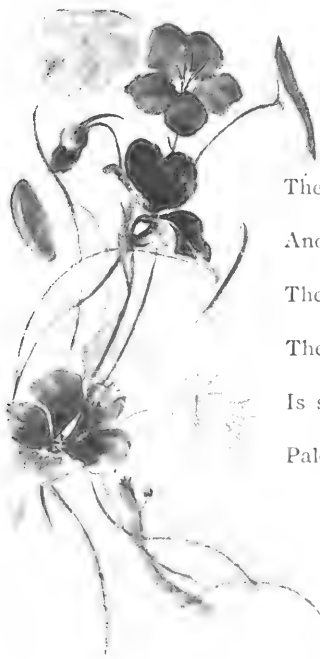
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walk. Solomon's seal sprang among the ferns, reached out its graceful stalk, and hung below its starry, tiny flowers and purple berries. Bird's-foot violets and tiny, pale strangers, mauve, white, and blue, starred the border. A wild vine sprang up and reached half way up the house, wreathing itself into graceful festoons, as it might have done among the forest branches.

Now whenever we visit the mountain, some plants come back for the fern bed; a clump of Indian pipe, white and violet asters, or perhaps some arbutus, and it is one of the most interesting bits of the garden. The white day lily increased so that it is now divided into four good-sized clumps, and its snowy flowers harmonise well with the ferns. And my next additions from the florist will be some of the wild plants that my old friend recommends to my favourable notice, some *Canadense* lilies, red and yellow, some moccasin-flowers (my longed-for *cypripediums*), which will be at home among the little wood plants and ferns.



Fair is each budding thing the garden shows,
 From spring's frail crocus to the latest bloom
 Of faded autumn. Every wind that blows
 Across that glowing tract sips rare perfume
 From all the tangled blossoms tossing there;—
 Soft winds, they fain would linger long, nor any farther
 fare.



The larkspur lifts on high its
 azure spires,
 And up the arbour's lattices are
 rolled
 The quaint nasturtium's many-
 coloured fires;
 The tall carnation's breast of
 faded gold
 Is striped with many a faintly-
 flushing streak,
 Pale as the tender tints that blush
 upon a baby's cheek.

The old sweet-rocket sheds its fine perfumes;
 With golden stars the coreopsis flames;
 And here are scores of sweet old-fashioned blooms,
 Dear for the very fragrance of their names,—
 Poppies and gillyflowers and four-o'clocks,
 Cowslips and candytuft and heliotrope and hollyhocks.

JOHN RUSSEL HAYES.

(*The Old-Fashioned Garden.*)

III

THE first of March has come, and the garden is awake. For two weeks the stirrings of life have been distinctly perceptible. The roses have alternately budded and been nipped by the frost, very much to their disadvantage. The tulips and daffodils are well through their dressing of manure. Sweet-williams, which remain green all winter, have thrown off their limpness and become animated, and have the air of dressing themselves for parade. A breath has passed over the face of the garden, and nothing can send it back to the deadness of a few weeks past.

The iris and the orange and lemon lilies are sending up tiny green shoots. Even my new *Longiflorum* lilies (*Longiflorum giganteum*) pushed their way through a very heavy covering of leaves, and showed themselves so pallid and wan that I was forced to uncover them, early as it was, and give them

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air and sunlight. I find tiny green leaves on the gaillardias and china pinks, and the hardy chrysanthemums are sprouting vigorously.

Now the midday sun is warm, though the mornings are frosty. Sometimes the ground is white as if covered with snow, and there is that strange effect produced by a frosty morning—the shadows are marked in white. Where the sunshine lies, the frost melts to pearly drops, but the shadows of the houses, and even the long, thin lines, cast by tree trunks and fence posts, are gleaming white.

The little seedlings planted in boxes in the house have wriggled up to the light, hooded by their dark seeds. They push and reach as though animated by intelligence. They were hardly above ground before the mould attacked them. I have lost a good many seedlings in this way, but this year I tried sprinkling them with sulphur, and the mould disappeared entirely. There is a box of Chaubaud carnations, and one of ten-weeks stocks.



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I have sown mignonette in both large and small pots, the former for the dining-room window. It has a deep recessed sill, an ideal place for pots of plants. In winter it has the sun all day. In summer a tall, deciduous tree on the lawn without filters the light to a green shade, and the south breeze stirs the white sash curtains, and the garden seems to come into the room over the sill, with the pots of plants.

I have always before grown the old-fashioned, sweet mignonette, with small, dull flowers. This year I am trying the "Gabrielle," recommended by Vaughan as one of the best, very sweet-scented, with thick red spikes. The mignonette in the tiny pots is to be transferred straight to the border. It cannot bear to have its roots disturbed, but handled in this way it does not suffer from the change, and one has the advantage of an early start.

Some seeds of Burbank's cactus dahlias are coming up. They are strong, healthy-looking plants, of a vivid green. Their

second leaves have begun to form very early. Usually seedlings raised in the house take their time about forming second leaves, and turn their spindling stems about to the light, crowned only with the first pair, in a very indolent, provoking way. The sweet-sultans, in particular, have such lanky stems that they make me think of long-legged young cockerels. The seeds of Shirley poppies, French marigolds, and morning-glories are being saved to plant in the border; and the asters and annual wallflowers are to be sown in the cold frame in April. The seeds of such hardy perennials as I am going to try this year, red sunflowers, hardy primroses, and clove pinks, are to wait till the ground is warm in May.

This year I must give particular attention to the lower border. It has developed by degrees, and from being the least-thought-of spot in the garden, has now become of first importance. When I began to make my little garden there was not a neighbour for the space of a block on either side. Now

two pretty cottages stand next me, from whose upper windows the lower end of the yard is spread out to view. For them the L, which runs up under the dining-room window, blooms unseen, with its iris, sweet-williams, and phlox. But the lower border, which until now has had slight attention, must be made to spread out a flower picture from spring to fall.

At first weeds grew lustily against this back wall; burdock, and the tall, pretty Queen Anne's lace, and milkweed; and I left them to make a green fringe to the lawn till such time as I had stocked the upper borders. I tried to keep this growth of weeds in moderate proportions, and the effect was not bad. I have since read the opinions of Wm. Robinson and Bailey on the subject of well-grown, handsome weeds, and their being preferable to starveling flowers or empty spaces. Unconsciously I was carrying out the advice of the best authorities in letting the interlopers have it all their own way. A time came, however, when I decided for a neat

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brick border and civilised plants, and there was a great weeding. This brought to light a fine plant of Japan quince, which had been smothered by the weeds. It had become a handsome bush. This shrub breathes of Japan in every line, in its quaint, audacious growth, darting at right angles to the stem; its sprays that look as if they came from the leaf of a screen; its perfect flowers of a dull, Oriental shade, too dusky for pink, too subdued for red. It is a colour that makes one think of embroideries faded, yet perfected, by time to a beauty that straightforward, uncompromising colour never has.

Some hoary altheas next stood at intervals along the wall, and finally a beautiful deutzia. The shape of the border was determined by this early planting, for in front of the deutzia, rather well out on the lawn, was a clump of orange and lemon lilies, and beyond them, at least six feet from the wall, was a group of peach trees. These were raised from seeds stuck into the ground promiscuously by the youngest member of

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the family, without any particular idea that they would grow. This accidental arrangement forecasted the ultimate shape of the border, which was to be shallow for a space after it left the brick wall, and then sweep forward well into the lawn, with space in its curve for a good supply of plants.

My first planting of it, however, was restricted to a rather narrow space of uniform width. And I may say that, almost without exception, it was a failure. I wanted plants that would give a tall mass against the wall, and to this end set out hollyhocks and English delphiniums. When I took this border in hand, I had been reading about English delphiniums till I felt that the garden would be a barren spot and life an empty thing without them. Probably the low, moist situation did not suit them, for they pined, and never held up their heads until they were moved, two years later, to another part of the garden. Before these tall flowers I set out peonies, a group of scarlet lychnis, and Oriental and Iceland poppies. The

lychnis, whose glowing colour I thought would be effective at the garden's end, followed the example of the delphiniums, and finally disappeared. The peonies and Oriental poppies took their time, and only last year supplied me with handsome flowers. The Iceland poppies flourished, but where the plants were willing I was dissatisfied. They took up too much room for the amount of bloom they gave, and after a season's trial I took them all out. Their dainty white, orange, and yellow flowers, small and fragile, do not compare to my mind with the Shirley poppies. The lovely wrinkled, satiny cups of the latter range through every shade, from white to blush, from blush to deep pink, and from deep pink to rich poppy-red. Of all the brief, exquisite flower pageants of the year, theirs is the most worth waiting for.

An almost complete *bouleversement* followed this first arrangement. I widened the border and began again. A group of hollyhocks, coming rather far forward, divided it naturally into two parts, and in one I assembled

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the yellow flowers. I took up the coreopsis from other places in the garden, and made a row of them. Behind these I set out golden glow, which was trying to take up all the room in the phlox border, and a corchorus rose. Some sweet rocket was set behind the coreopsis, to set off the yellow with its complementary colour of violet. Annual sunflowers, of the "Cut and Come again" variety, and African marigolds filled up all the space left.

Now indeed the border began to blossom with a will. The coreopsis turned into show-ers of gold that glittered the whole summer through. Nothing can be more satisfactory than this flower, with its profusion of beautiful yellow, its perfect hardiness, and the grace of its long-stemmed blossoms dancing in the sun. The golden glow threw up stalks six feet high, crowned with yellow balls. I may say, in passing, that the particular shade of yellow worn by this flower does not appeal to me. It lacks richness. The sunflowers are deeper and more golden, and the

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coreopsis is of the purest yellow. There is a flatness of tint in the golden glow, perhaps a tinge of lemon, that is rather unpleasing. But to compensate for its want of purity of tone, it has great vigour. Not many plants turn themselves into such veritable fountains of bloom.

The annual sunflowers were partly double, and partly single with dark brown centres, very decorative and extremely good for cut flowers. They grew to be about four feet high, and carried up the colour from the coreopsis to the golden glow. Then the African marigolds, old standbys of the autumn garden, are magnificent flowers. The deep orange of their flowers is set off by the dark richness of their green, deeply cut foliage. They must be staked, or the rain and wind will lay them flat, but they are splendid as long as they last. Till frost cuts them down they furnish bowlfuls of flowers for the house, and their pungent odour is rather agreeable.

Beyond the group of hollyhocks I set out some *Campanula pyramidalis*. They sent

up tall stalks, six feet high, clothed with blue loveliness. And these spires of exquisite bloom remained in flower for weeks. Maeterlinck describes them as a "bluey marvel, cool as a fountain, pure as a source, unreal as a dream." There is something phantom-like in the slender wand, graceful and bending, with its almost translucent flowers, the colour of the distant atmosphere.

A flower which seemed especially suited to this part of the garden was the hardy aster. Wherever these grew I had left them, though the only kind that came into my enclosure had tiny white flowers. Still they were good for their airy, cloud-like effect at a time when the garden was at its lowest ebb. I had read a good deal about Michaelmas daisies in English books, without knowing that they are for the most part our own wild flowers, that make the autumn roadsides gay. Last year I found that this was the case, and that they might be had in great variety for the modest price of twelve cents each. So I sent for the purple and rose-

coloured New England varieties, and a dwarf lavender, and an exquisite violet, whose names I neglected to note down, and grouped them by the deutzia. I remember once in the fall making a tour of the marsh, when my garden had gone to sleep for the winter, and being put to shame at its giving up so early when the marsh still glowed with colour. So I took up purple ironweed, four feet high, and gay toad-flax, and moved them into the lower border, and there they bloomed for some time, undisturbed by their change of quarters.

This marsh is in its way a perfect wild garden, that lies outside my walls. It is a triangle between railroad tracks, with a full stream running through it. It is always delightful, but particularly in the late autumn, when it glows with wonderful greens and russets. Tall marsh grasses and cattails stand with their feet in the water, and on the borders chicory lifts its exquisite blue flowers, asters and ironweed grow rank, with purple heads, and joepye-weed and Queen Anne's lace

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fringe it with dull pink and feathery white; goldenrod and jewelweed light it up with yellow, and through the cinders of the track Bouncing-Bet and toad-flax flourish. These homely flowers seem to take on special brilliancy from their cinder beds, and shine with vivid tints of rosy pink and pure orange and yellow.

To return to my lower border, last year I set out a number of phlox plants, some of which were obtained from dividing old plants, and still others were seedlings. One hears of very good results from seedlings, but if they turn out poor they can be thrown over the fence. In the yellow part of the border I planted gaillardias, and among them set early bulbs, narcissus *poeticus ornatus*, and tulips, some double yellow (*Couronne d'or*), some sweet-scented (Thomas Moore), and a good group of the tall English cottage tulips in different colours. Behind the coreopsis I planted tiger lilies.

After its mild beginning March turned us back to winter again, and gave us a week

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of snow and very cold weather. The lawn and borders lay two feet under the snow, and icicles fringed the roof. The robin and bluebird sat dejected on the fence. But now a morning of promise has come. The air is mild with the breath of spring. The stream in the marsh runs full and the snow melts from the sodden ground, and shallow pools reflect the willow trees and "the sweet, grey, gleaming sky."

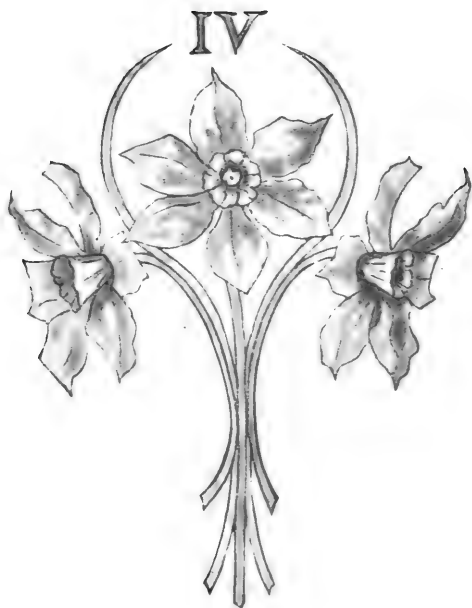
I lately in my reading came across a list given by Ruskin to a friend of his favourite flowers, in their order of liking. They are the

White rose	Purple convolvulus
Alpine rose	Carnations, all the tribe
Alpine gentian	Pansy, all the tribe
White lily	Daisy and hyacinth
Purple flag	Thistles, all the tribe
Snowdrop and crocus	

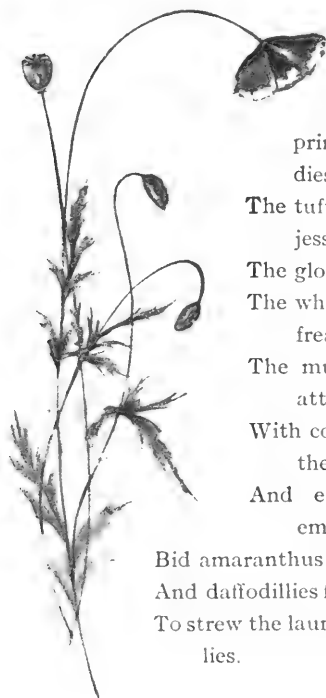
This list is remarkable to me rather for what he leaves out: all the poppies; the narcissus, which Mahomet called "food for the soul"; and those silken-clad, noble dames, the pe-

onies. He says quaintly enough that he puts the last so low because they have such an unfair advantage over all the rest in coming first.

I believe this is what endears the snowdrop to people who are native to cold climates. In itself it seems a soulless, scentless little thing, to one who has grown up in a sunny land and has no associations with it. It is its brave peering out at the still cold and barren earth that wins the admiration of its compatriots. Strangely enough this list was given to Kate Greenaway, who has interpreted the charm of daffodils so delightfully. She loved flowers, and her paintings of gardens with high brick walls, against whose mellow reds were white lilies and tall tulips, and rosy tinted clouds of apple blossoms, are full of feeling.



Bring hither all your quaint
 enamell'd eyes
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd
 showers



And purple all the
 ground with vernal
 flowers.

Bring the rathe
 primrose that forsaken
 dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale
 jessamine,

The glowing violet,

The white pink, and the pansy
 freaked with jet,

The musk-rose and the well
 attired woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang
 the pensive head,

And every flower that sad
 embroidery wears:

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid
 lies.

JOHN MILTON.
 (*Lycidas.*)

IV

ATURN around the garden on a bright spring morning is as interesting as a voyage of discovery. March is past, that month of hopes and fears, and "hope deferred," and April has come with smiles and promises; yet who knows what she is holding in reserve in the way of sharp frosts and late snow flurries? Daffodils and hyacinths, crocuses and scillas, with pure prismatic colours and delicate texture, shake out their trumpets and bells and celebrate the passing of winter. They love the sharp air of the early year. After them come, with slow deliberate movement, the richer and more luxuriant summer flowers. Peonies steal into sight, "muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes," their carmine clubs appearing with the first shoots of the phlox; bare wands of rose bushes are feathered with green, and the herbaceous

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spireas, *palmata* and *filipendula*, come up to the light.

It is hard to keep from digging in the borders till the soaked earth has given up some of its moisture, the temptation to sow seeds and set out little plants is so strong. But one can sow poppy seeds, which are only sprinkled on the surface of the ground and gently pressed into it.

I suppose the time is not far off when we shall have blue poppies, now that they have been discovered in Thibet. Mr. Percival Landon, telling of his journey into Lhasa, speaks of

the vivid sky-blue Thibetan poppy, most striking flower that we saw through the entire journey, expanding its crinkled "crepe-de-chine" petals in the sand. Its height varies from five inches to fifteen, the leaves and stalks are covered with sharp, stiff spines, and the colour is the most vivid blue I have seen in a plant, far exceeding in strength and purity the forget-me-not or the germander-speedwell.

It seems strange that in the upland valleys of Thibet, where the summers are

so brief, the flowers should be so beautiful. He also speaks of the yellow mustard flower (one of our gayest field colours in California), of Michaelmas daisies, and of a tiny blue passion-flower. The uncouth Thibetans love flowers, and to read of the hollyhocks in monastery court-yards, and of fragrant wall-flowers "that sing above the grieving stones," sounds like a bit of western description.

Mrs. Archibald Little in her delightful book, *Intimate China*, tells how she saw the inhabitants of this country crossing into it from the Chinese frontier. She too bears testimony to their love of flowers. She speaks of "a long, melancholy building, rather like a work-house, but for tall narrow baskets in all the windows ablaze with Thibetan glory, a brilliant orange marigold."

Mrs. Little writes as a lover of flowers, and two bits from her book are worth quoting; one in which she speaks of the flowers she saw in the gorges of the Yang-tse. She travelled by boat in a leisurely fashion, that gave time for seeing the little things as

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she went along; not as we see from the car windows a flash of dogwood, or a ripple of daisies, past before we have realised the picture they make. Of this trip she says:

The vegetation is enchanting. Fancy blue larkspurs, and yellow jasmine, and glorious coloured oleanders, and begonias. Virgin lilies, and yet taller white lilies, and gardenias and sunflowers, all growing wild and most luxuriantly. I was quite excited when I first saw waxen leaved begonias cuddling into the crevices of a rock by the wayside.

At another time she speaks of the poppy fields of China:

We travelled through a perfect flower show of poppies. Not the wild field poppy of England, but like those we have in our gardens, standing up tall and stately about five feet high. Most were white, a delicate, fair, frail, blossom; others altogether pink, or mauve, or scarlet, or scarlet and black; or perhaps, best of all, crimson, which when looked at against the brilliantly blue sky made our eyes ache with colour-pleasure.

On reading this I sent immediately for seeds

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of the opium poppy, but fair and delicate as they were, they did not seem to belong to my little garden as the Shirley poppies did, and this spring I have sown them again.

On the fifteenth of April, according to Mr. Peacock, one may plant dahlias. Last year I made my first experiment with them. I had always before been afraid to try them, discouraged by a friend who had never succeeded in raising them. Yet in driving through the country here I have seen saucy beauties nodding over many a farm fence, and in little cottage gardens along the pike. I think it is a mistake to be deterred from trying a plant by another person's failure. Nine times out of ten conditions in your garden will be different, and if you study the best authorities on the subject you have a fair chance of success. At least it is better to have tried and failed than not even to have made the attempt.

I considered the subject seriously before venturing, and sent for Mr. Peacock's little pamphlet on the cultivation of the

dahlia. This was so instructive, and so attractive with its photographs of different varieties, that I had it bound. It is the only way to preserve a pamphlet. Otherwise they are always disrespectfully treated, as belonging to the class of ephemeral literature, and lose their first and last leaves, and sink into disgrace.

After reading this little book nothing but the small space I had to give prevented me from plunging heavily. There is a tremendous magnetism about the handsome, highly cultivated flowers. If one reads about roses he wants a rose garden; and if iris or peonies become the subject of his studies, he has a covetous desire to own every sort—the purple and red, the rose, blush, and white, all display themselves so attractively to the mind's eye.

The country dahlias I had seen were entirely of the deeply quilled sort and generally bright scarlet or yellow. My reading inclined me to the cactus variety, but two of the decorative class made too strong an appeal to be dismissed. These were

William Agnew, spoken of as the finest, most dazzling red in dahlias, and Nymphaea, a large, fragrant pink. I was only to try a half dozen and the others selected were advertised to be of pure cactus form: Strahlein Krone, a dark red, Mary Service, orange scarlet, Mrs. Peart, white, and Blanche Keith, a yellow. It was hard to turn a deaf ear to the clamorous insistence of Clifford W. Bruton, a decorative, who made claims to immense growth, the purest shade of yellow, and great fulness and breadth of flower. But I decided for a yellow of the cactus variety, suspecting there might be something almost coarse in his rude health.

I bought large, field-grown tubers and planted them on the 15th of April, giving careful attention to Mr. Peacock's directions. The holes were dug deep and lined with cow manure, filled in with good earth, and given a top dressing of bone meal. On the subject of water I had no trouble, as the heavens provided a drenching every afternoon with few exceptions that summer. Yet I had

but one really great success. I can recommend Strahlein Krone as one of the most perfect of all flowers for grace and beauty of colouring, size, and length of bloom. The flowers are of the true cactus type, loose and graceful. They bloomed from early July till cut down by frost, and this not intermittently but constantly, so that every few days I could pick a good vaseful of them. They are of the most delightful deep red, with a bloom like that of a plum.

Mrs. Peart deceived me. Instead of fulfilling her obligations, she presented me with small, absurdly quilled, white satin blooms. But I forgave her for the quantity of flowers she gave me, that in their saucy stiffness set off the dark reds and soft grace of her neighbour.

Nymphaea, from whom I expected great things, had a sad fate. She was set out with the others on the 15th of April, but refused to show signs of life. After waiting till the others were well above ground, I resorted to childhood's means of discovering the reason

of her backwardness, and dug her up. I found the tuber covered with bluish lice. This was something unheard of in my garden experience, but I dealt with it by the light of common-sense, washed them off, and planted her again. She now throve, but a worse fate befell her. In my zeal, with that ambition of ignorance that leads mothers to overtrain their first children and gardeners to kill their plants with kindness, I provided for the visits of the borer long before borers were even hatched. I made a solution of Paris green according to directions, and watered it about the roots of my dahlias. This is recommended as a preventive against the visits of that active insect. My thoughtlessness, however, lead me to throw away the leavings of the mixture, with its residue of poison, over the last plant I came to, the Nymphaea. It was too strong a dose, and the tuber was completely burned by it. So that it had been saved from one enemy to be delivered over to a more cruel death.

Mary Service presented me with some

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rather pretty flowers of the stiffish, decorative type. They were not a success judged by high standards, for each had a tiny green button in the middle. William Agnew, of the dazzling red, bloomed so late that I had only a few flowers before he was cut down. It was sad to see so noble a plant, covered with buds in every stage of fulness, destroyed in a night. He had survived, too, the attacks of the borer, or rather I might say had triumphantly withstood them. For his vitality had allowed me to slash his stems to kill the insect preying on his vitals, and bind them up with stiff paper, without even withering. Blanche Keith, for some unknown reason, never appeared. Of them all I had but one true cactus dahlia, Strahlein Krone. Now this year I am growing Burbank's cactus dahlias from seed. They have come up very healthy looking little plants. I shall set out again the tubers of Mrs. Peart, Strahlein Krone, and Wm. Agnew, now much larger than when they were first planted.

Very pretty now are the grape hyacinths,

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called "blue bottles" by the country people. They have a soft porcelain-blue tint, not so brilliant as the scillas, but more pleasing when seen close at hand. They are attractive, too, for the fact that they make themselves at home and spread. The blue and white, planted together, are a very pretty addition to the garden, and can be put in odd corners where they will be undisturbed.

Very often one begins a garden with the wish to make an effective picture, and to have plenty of flowers for the house, but after a time comes to have many modest but lovely flowers which he grows simply from an interest in their personality, and not for the display they make. Having reached this stage of gardening, he leaves out of his collection some flowers like the nasturtium perhaps, of obvious decorative value, but which every one has and which will grow anywhere. This too obliging ease of culture sometimes brings upon the accommodating plant a sort of friendly contempt; as when my friend Jim makes his invariable comment

upon such sturdy beauties as irises and lilacs, "You can't kill *them* things!" Or like a local florist to whom a lady in the neighbourhood was showing her glass house. When she told him with a good deal of pride of her success in raising rubber plants, his simple comment was, "Any idiot can raise rubber plants!"

The clearest tints are shown in April, in the yellow of daffodils and forsythias, blue of scillas and hyacinths, and all the clear, bright colours of tulips. The forsythia is the only shrub I have that blooms very early. A neighbour has *Jasminum nudiflorum* that hangs a veil of gold over the wall in early spring. I have, however, just added to my collection a daphne *mezereum*, the earliest flowering shrub we have. It is a native of northern Europe. It arrived covered with pink blossoms, deliciously fragrant. With it came a blush Japan quince, a very beautiful variety, with delicate white and blush flowers.

I think nothing shows more plainly how



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much thought and care has been given to a garden than the shrubs that are in it. It is so easy to get together a collection of annuals and perennials, but more thought and trouble go to the choosing of shrubs, and a selection of good ones gives a certain distinction to the grounds. Where the homely but beautiful lilacs grow we know that some one has loved her garden. But where we find the rarer forms of spirea, the thorns, and cherry blossoms, we know that the owner planted for permanent delight, and gave the selection careful thought.

The hundred Roman hyacinths that I set out last fall are now in full bloom, and, nodding over a low stone wall, make a charming picture. I made a long, narrow bed for them, in a situation that in summer is very much shaded by the shrubs. But in spring, before these leaf out, it gets all the morning sunshine.

The question of material for borders has been settled very simply for me. I have used the material which was at hand, at

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first brick, and later stone. A pile of brick was left at the bottom of the garden by the builders, which gave me all I wanted for a long time, and made very satisfactory edgings. I sunk them sideways, so that they projected only slightly above the ground, and they made inconspicuous borders, and kept out the grass very well.

After the supply was exhausted my eye was caught one day by a pile of cobblestones in a neighbouring fence corner. Their soft greys were very attractive, and I saw them, in fancy, made into low walls, with spring bulbs and clove pinks nodding over them. The owner said I might take all I wanted, so I set to work building walls. I believe we all have the instinctive, primitive love of wall-building that survives so strongly in the Thibetans to-day. I was reminded, as I built, of stony slopes I had seen at home, covered with scattered rocks which I was told were glacial moraines. On these were often seen most ingenious walls, enclosing corrals or many-roomed houses, built by

children at play. When I drove past them I always wanted to build walls myself. So it was an amusing experience to build across the lower end of the peach-tree bed and to make a long wall for the new bulb border. Within these the level of the bed could be raised well above the surrounding soil, and this is very desirable in my moist garden.

In the peach-tree bed I set clove pinks against the stones. I love their spicy smell and feathery foliage and soft bright colours. I have read lately that "in Spain and Portugal, where carnations and clove pinks are very favourite flowers, they are almost always planted so as to hang down, either over a wall, or over the edges of pots." This gave me a new idea with regard to them, and this summer I am going to have large potsful of them sitting in the sun. The Spanish in California always seem to have deep red carnations, and the girls pin them in their dark hair; so that their rich clove smell makes me think of moonlight nights, strumming guitars, and Spanish voices.

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Two other flowers seem to me purely Spanish. These are the malva bush and the Castilian rose. Wherever the Spanish have lived, on ranches and vineyards of the foothills, in little Spanish towns, or on the sandy outskirts of San Francisco, they have left these reminders of their presence. The sturdy, gay malva is not particularly attractive to me because of the tinge of magenta in its pink, but there is nothing finer and sweeter in all the rose tribe than the Castilian rose, or Rose of Damascus. It bears the concentrated essence of the wonderful perfume of the rose. Large and almost single, its flowers are the most exquisite pink, a perfection of pink, with the depth and brilliancy of the South. It grows tall and lissome, a creature of sun and breeze, endued with the wonderful gift of perfume, that awakens memory and thrills the senses. The poetry of Persia, the romance of Spain, are in the breath of this rose, which is the most divine odour in the world.

Another rose that I cannot help mention-

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ing, which seemed to me one of the most beautiful in California, is the Glory of Rosamond. Like the Rose of Castile it is almost single, growing tall and straight, and holding up its deep red, velvety flowers. Its perfume is intense and it makes a glory of colour that an artist tries in vain to reproduce. These loose-petalled, golden-hearted roses, growing luxuriantly in a climate where they belong by right, are different indeed from the roses that have to be coaxed and protected in this country, and worlds away from the languid, drooping hothouse beauties of Eastern winters.

I can speak with feeling of rose-growing in the East. When I took to gardening they seemed to me among the flowers that one must have, as a matter of course, and with the rashness of ignorance I bought and planted them, lost them in winter, blamed my too early uncovering, and tried again. I believe now that the secret of my failures lies in the situation of my garden, which is low and moist. We are told that "roses

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cannot stand with their feet in the water," and with the marsh just outside my gate this is what my plants do. I have now given up buying new roses, and am devoting myself to the care of the few that have shown a desire to domesticate themselves with me.

One of these is Mme. Plantier, who is flourishing against the back wall, fulfilling the melancholy office of a tombstone, as she marks the grave of a dear, lost bull-terrier. In the opposite end of the garden lie the remains of a well-beloved little Skye, untimely cut down by a street car. A Princess Bonnie was planted beside his little corpse, but the red rose declined entirely to grow in that spot, and had to be moved to a sunnier situation, where she does well and is still to me a "*memento mori*." Two climbing roses are growing rampant over the wall, and spread out such long arms in the spring that they seem ambitious of reaching across the garden. I believe these are the Baltimore Belle and Prairie Queen, but they

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were "little bargains" and I lost their labels.

Of course I have the inevitable Crimson Rambler, that like the ubiquitous golden glow it seems no garden can escape. I never ordered it, though my friends cried out upon me for not getting such a favourite. I never liked its short period of bloom and long season of not too attractive foliage. But one day a little plant was sent me as a premium with an order and what was to be done? I could not throw away a plant without feeling like a murderess, so I set out the unwelcome guest in the most undesirable position in the garden. Rose after rose had given up the ghost in this place; it seemed hoodooed, and I was so unobservant that it took me several years to find the reason why. Then I discovered that it is the one place under the house wall that gets the drip of the eaves. I planted the little stranger in this inhospitable spot, and am converted this spring to an affection for the despised Crimson Rambler. Three times

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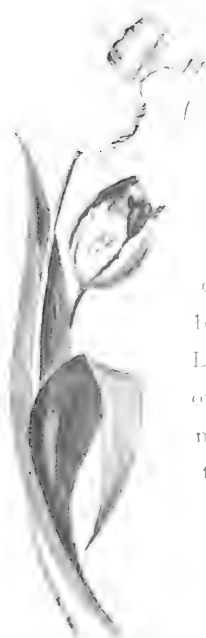
during January and February it was covered with leaves, and frozen back, and now that the weather is settled it is rushing into life with the irrepressible vigour for which it is celebrated. And if it will grow there, grow it shall, and it shall be dedicated to St. Swithin, who prayed to be laid under the dripping eaves.

I was ambitious at the start to cover the stone foundations of the front of the house with climbing roses. Too close a covering of vines on a porch harbours mosquitoes and cuts off the breeze which is the breath of life on hot summer evenings. But a vine like a rose, that would clothe the foundations and make a graceful tracery upon the pillars, was just what I wanted. I therefore invested in a Climbing Wooton, a Clothilde Soupert, and five Wichuriana hybrids. It was a venture doomed to failure from the start. The house fronts the north-west and is shaded by tall trees and has deep bays that make in some places unrelieved shade. The only Wichuriana

rose that survived was the original white memorial rose, and this has attained a height of about eight feet and may perhaps show this year something more than the faint, uncertain hold on life that it now displays. The hybrids and the climbing Wootton all died. Clothilde Soupert, keeping a faint flame of life in her, was transplanted last fall to the back of the house in a favourable position, with the morning sun.

On the whole the queen of flowers is not unrepresented in my garden, in spite of these sad experiences. I have a few teas, and a Baby Rambler, and some old-fashioned standard roses which were sent me from an old garden. These are vigorous, in spite of the ill usage they received when they were sent me, and I hope to get a fine crop of flowers from them in June. I have learned my lesson, which is not to expect a profusion of roses in and out of doors here, as in my old home. Also to speak with some respect of those that will grow and bloom well in an amateur's small garden.





Tulipase do carry so stately
and delightful a form, and
do abide so long in their
bravery, that there is no
Lady or Gentlewoman
of any worth that is
not caught with
this delight.

PARKINSON.

V

MAY is a glorious month in a garden. Everything is up and doing; ferns are springing, bulbs blooming, shrubs in flower, seedlings in the ground, and all herbaceous plants growing and budding according to their season. Peonies are swelling their round buttons by the first of the month and showing colour; sweet-williams making fringe for their flower heads; plume pinks are in bud, and violets blooming, and lilies of the valley shaking out their bells. The life of the garden has begun in earnest, and cares and responsibilities are crowding upon the gardener. The green fly is sucking, the slug crawls in the early morning, and that thief, robber, and *parvenue*, the dandelion, is displaying his greediness with all the aggressiveness of the "yellow rich."

The rage against this land-grabber burns high in early May. Not only are these gay

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weeds impudent, but "sly, sir, devilish sly!" Not content with growing and blooming all over the lawn, they must also insinuate themselves into the embraces of one's best plants, placing themselves with such cleverness in the heart of them and coming out with such precision from the very centre, as it were, of their roots, that it is impossible to destroy one without injuring the other. A superficial tug that only tears away the flowers and leaves is the worst injury that can be done to the dandelion thus intrenched, and this is only parleying with the enemy. For this intruder always has a reserve of buds under the ground, down in its roots, that no surface punishment can touch, and cutting them through with a knife below the soil is the only security against a fresh crop of gay blossoms.

And yet, after a vigorous onslaught on the legions on the lawn, I am reminded of the Scripture tale of a room that was emptied of its devil, and swept and garnished, only to make it ready for seven other devils to

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come in. For when dandelions are cut down they manage to cast their seeds about so cunningly on the bare spots from which they were uprooted, that a joyous crop of young ones springs up in their places, and soon are blooming with a will. These indefatigable colonisers recall Mark Twain's delightful sarcasm about the English, when he says they are expressly mentioned in the Bible in the words, "Blessed are the meek."

But a truce to dandelions. Let us take them as a means of discipline; wholesome, perhaps, like their bitter salad in the spring, and calculated to chasten the spirit of the too-confident amateur.

The pride of the garden now is the May tulips, Gesnerianas and Darwins, of elegant shape and beautiful colours, pink flushed with cherry, red fired with crimson. They belong among the nobler flowers, and have a grace unknown to the earlier varieties. Where the sunshine lights them up they shine with the pure tints of stained glass, vivid and full of life, yet rich and subdued. I

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have them among the shrubs and under the house wall, *Gesneriana major*, with a blue spot at the base of the crimson petal, and the cherry-red Corot. In the lower garden is a group of *Gesneriana* "Golden Crown," whose yellow petals are outlined with a thin line of red.

The early tulips are still flowering, the two overlapping in their periods of bloom. I have some that were sent from the State of Washington, and which came to me from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. They are interesting as an experiment. The climate of Washington is said to be very much like that of Holland, moist and equable, and bulb-raising has been tried there. I have seen it stated that it was a success so far as raising the bulbs went, but that the price of labour is so high that it cannot be carried on with profit. My Washington tulips are strong growers, and the single ones have improved from year to year, giving large, handsomely coloured flowers.

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The double ones have deteriorated, the flowers becoming smaller, but they grow like weeds. Some double dark red ones, and some pure white, are very pretty. But those which were handsomest at the start, a curious reddish magenta flaked with pink, have become a dirty pink and white. Last fall I thought I had moved all of those bordering the rose bed, but this spring they have come up as thick as ever, and I am confronted with the always painful problem of what to do with a willing, ambitious flower that I really don't like. My only resource is to turn them out into the field, to take care of themselves.

The secret of effective planting has been emphasised for me this spring by the May tulips. It is, to have plenty of one thing at a time, and the question is how to compass this in a small garden. The great colour effects given by massed daffodils, the purple wave that flows over the garden when the iris bloom, and the lovely rose and flame of May tulips, are not only the pride of the

gardener, but please what I may call the laity, people who care nothing for gardening in itself.

Bulbs must be allowed to ripen their foliage and die down gradually, if they are to bloom another year. And while I believe no harm is done if they are taken up and put into temporary quarters to accomplish this, yet to me it is contrary to the spirit of a garden like mine. It is not reposeful, and is a tax on a busy person's time. The garden should have permanency, the flowers should spring undisturbed year after year in the same places. This is the special charm of the quaint bits of garden one sees from the flagged pavements of quiet village streets in this part of the world. The old-fashioned flowers have the same security of long possession as the dwellers in the old houses. One knows that from colonial days the care of the flowers has been handed down from mother to daughter, new generations of flowers and human beings springing in the same spot. And if the houses have something of a look



of sadness, a sort of consciousness of being out of the tideway, and in the backwaters of life, the flowers fulfil their destiny happily.

So to return to the bulbs, they should be planted where they can be undisturbed, and this makes the shrubbery the best place for them. If space is given them in front of and between the shrubs, they will be at the height of their beauty while the leafage is still young, and later their yellowing leaves will pass unnoticed under the fuller growth. It is worth while in setting bulbs, to do it carefully, giving them a rich, light earth, and setting each one in sand, so that nothing harmful can come in contact with it. After this they will only need to be divided when they become too crowded.

The new daffodils (Grandeas) that I set out in the fall came when my stock of sand was exhausted, so they went right into earth enriched with cow manure. As soon as their bloom was over this spring, I dug up the bulbs without disturbing their foliage, washed them, and reset them in sand. They proved

the handsomest daffodils I ever had, with broad white perianth and rich yellow trumpet, and fine, blue-green foliage. They are a good deal like Horsfieldi, but of more substance.

I have already had two disappointments. First the Crown Imperials, that I was looking forward to with so much interest, have been completely destroyed. I have never seen these flowers, and gave my half-dozen bulbs very good quarters. They did not appear, and after waiting for a reasonable time I dug them up, and found they were being devoured by tiny worms. So far as I knew there was no manure near them, but here was a failure that it would take a year to remedy.

My second sad experience was with the little dahlias raised from Luther Burbank's seeds. They were vigorous, healthy little plants. On several cold nights after they were set out I covered them over with flower-pots, and one morning on uncovering them I found them badly eaten away, several without a leaf left. What horrid, unscrupu-

lous insect had done this I could not discover, for none waited to be caught. I sprinkled them with that interesting mixture called "bug death," but it was too late to save some of them. When it comes to dealing with insects I am something of a fatalist, —they always take toll of one's best.

I believe no form of devouring, crawling, destroying insect ever passed my garden by. I have tried tobacco water, Persian powder, sulpho-tobacco soap, and Bordeaux mixture, and still the merry work goes on and my plants are riddled and chewed, bored into and skeletonised. One would need to sit up all night and watch all day to keep up with the evil activities of these plagues. One morning last summer I looked out of an upper window and saw my feverfew, which I have loved for its cast-iron constitution, curiously brown. It had been fallen upon by an army of beautiful little red insects like lady-birds who were eating it at lightning speed. With "bug death" and garden scissors I routed them, but not before fully

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one half of my gay green plants were ragged and brown, and had to be cut back.

After a time one learns to apportion the insects to their favourite plants; to the rose, the green fly; to the aster, its beetle; to dahlias and marigolds, the borer; and to delphiniums, the lowly slug; and the disgusting red aphid (than which I know nothing more loathsome) to cluster thick on artichokes and golden glow. But when one finds a strange creature shaped like a rose twig, only known for an insect because he stretched a leg when he was brushed aside, one is at a loss to know just where his powers of evil will be exercised.

The orange lily bed is a pasture for snails, and here I let them enjoy themselves, for I never found that they harmed the lilies, and it keeps them out of mischief. And though slugs are partial to iris roots as a home, I never found the iris suffered from being turned into a slug refuge.

I once offered small boys five cents apiece for toads, as every gardener knows that

toads are better than insecticides. But I suppose my garden lies too near the marsh; there were too many attractions outside my walls, for the toads wandered away from me.

There is a little bed at the foot of the garden that I am very fond of. It is the one where Mme. Plantier keeps a memory green. Just one half of it is given up to Japan iris. This is their third year, and so far they have bloomed sparingly. I believe that I gave them a bad start, for in planting them I spread their roots out sideways, and afterwards read that they should be given their full depth. The flowers I have had from them have been quite wonderful. A Prince Camille de Rohan was of a rich dark blue, with a touch of gold at the heart; an Oedine was a marvellous watered lilac and white, and enormous in size; and Apple Blossom and Gold Bound, respectively white and pink and white and gold, were lovely in the extreme. One would soon be beggared of adjectives who tried to describe these flowers.

I have also in this bed a group of pretty flowers that once bore the fearful name of *Physostegia dracocephalum cataleptica*. It is now catalogued as *Physostegia virginica*, and Virginia dragon's head. It is a tall growing plant with slender leaves, blooming in summer. Its delicate pink and white flowers, slightly speckled, cluster thick along the stem like blown bubbles. It blows over easily if not staked, and then has a curious habit of making a thick joint and growing off at right angles. I have read that the flower was once supposed to be subject to hypnotic influence, and that if it was turned on the stem, contrary to its original position, it would not right itself, but remain as though fixed by suggestion. From this came its name of *cataleptica*. Then some one discovered that fine, almost invisible, hair-like threads held it in place. For my part, though I have moved the flower and seen it remain rigid, I have never been able to find the filaments that held it.

Beside these plants there is room only

for a few foxgloves and tall phlox at the back of the bed. The front of it was gay for two summers with California poppies (*eschscholtzias*) whose seeds were brought me from home by a friend. They were gathered from plants on her ranch in the Napa mountains, where she has a summer home. I remember the glossy-leaved madroño trees, with rich red trunks, and the tall redwoods under which we would lie, looking up, up till their spires seemed to pierce the blue sky. I remember too the wild calycanthus in the ravines, by rippling streams; and the glimpses of orchard and vineyard that broke the forest growth here and there.

I planted the *eschscholtzia* seeds in the fall, with some misgivings, and wondered how they would stand an Eastern winter. When the snows melted in the spring the ground was covered with tiny plants. But they seemed to succumb to the first warmth and pined away. I thought the experiment was a failure, but another crop sprang up, and the border showed a ribbon of orange all sum-

mer. These *eschscholtzias* from the mountains were not as large as those growing on our foothills by the sea. I have seen them there blooming on a sunny hillside, springing from the green grass in company with lilac and pink shooting stars, their glowing, satiny cups wide and deep, of the richest golden-orange. The fresh sea breeze and the warm sun bring them to perfection. This year I have put annual wall-flowers and stocks in the border, in place of the California poppies.

The first great note of colour in middle May comes from the ranks of the iris, whose royal purple flows like a wave over the beds. It is distinctively a proud flower, with its sword-like leaves, and purple standards, beautiful "as an army with banners." It reminds one of the Assyrian whose "cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold." I have great clumps of a variety with yellow standards and maroon-veined falls. These look a little dull because they bloom at the same time with the lemon lilies, which are a pure, clear yellow. Besides these a pale

stranger appeared among the purple ones this spring, of a delicate veined mauve, so pale as almost to be white, and with large, full blossoms. A neighbour has the pure white ones, that look like a flock of snowy birds settling, and I must have some of them.

There is a little list, in my Philadelphian's book, of iris for the garden, which rather interests me because I have not been able to find them all in the catalogues; they are

Spanish	Tuberosa
Pyrenean	Snakeshead
Dwarf Persian	Sysirinchus or Crocus- rooted.

The yellow lilies bloom early in May. In my garden the orange and lemon lilies (*Hemerocallis flava* and *fulva*) grow together, and none of the upspringing foliage of spring is lovelier than theirs. They are among the earliest plants to throw a veil of green over the bare ground. It is beautiful to see these masses of brilliant lettuce-green, and their rapid growth, when other plants are only tentatively pushing through the sod. First

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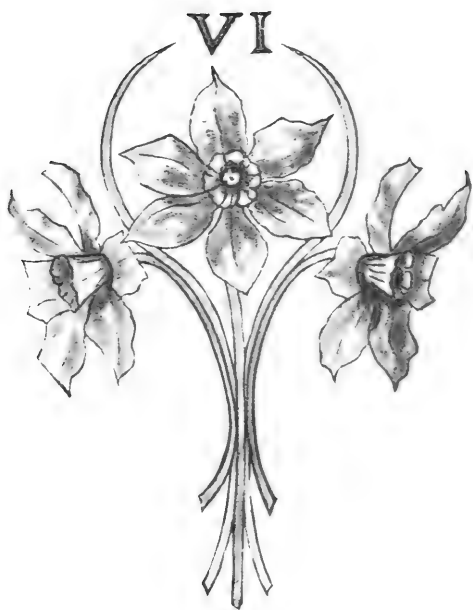
over the dense leafy bed the graceful lemon lilies lift their star-like flowers, poised on slender stems at least a foot above the green. Later, in the summer, the stronger, ruddy orange lilies open new blooms day after day on tall stalks, and black and yellow spiders, true Marylanders in colour, weave their webs from stem to stem, making white ladders which run through the webs among the lusty flowers.

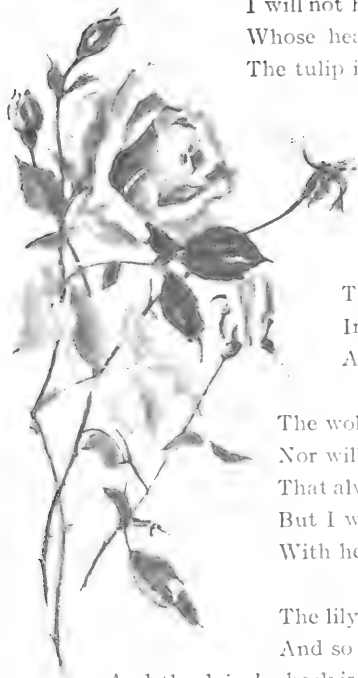
The last great achievement in May is the flowering of the Oriental poppies. You look out some morning when the first one has unfolded, and see a flame leaping among the greens, so vivid that it calls to you. You seem to hear its cry when you see its fire. Scattered through the borders these living flames seem to tell us that once more the sun has started a blaze on earth that will burn till the last days of autumn, when the frost and snow come to quench it.

This season a friend wrote for me to come to West Virginia the last of May, and see the flame azaleas in bloom. It was an invitation

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I could not resist, but I tore myself away just as the first poppy opened its glowing cup, and all the buds were swelled almost to bursting; and in the ten days of my visit their bloom was over, and one of the glories of the year was lost to me.





I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,

Whom, therefore, I will shun:
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun:—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every
hand:

The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemary,
That always mourns the dead; —
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;

And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree:
Jasmine is sweet and has many lovers,
And the broom is betrothed to the bee; —
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD.

VI

AFTER an absence of only ten days, such changes had taken place in the garden that it was like seeing a long-lost friend to get back to it once more. I left it paralysed with drought. During the last two weeks in May, day had succeeded day with not so much as a shower, hardly did dew form at night, the earth was baked, and the plants parched. Watering was only done with bucket and watering-pot, so that but one small portion in an evening could be thoroughly drenched. The little seedlings only kept alive but could not grow. But this condition was broken during my absence, and gentle, plentiful rains started growth with a rush.

What instantly "jumped to the eye," as the French say, when I got back to it, was the profusion of roses. It was like a bower, the bushes bowed to the ground with

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their weight of blossoms. Banks of pink hundred-leaf showered their petals on the ground, and scented the air with attar-of-roses. Mme. Plantier was covered with snow, and Princess Bonnie with vivid scarlet. Old plants given me from an old garden, whose names no one could discover, were covered with flowers from the ground to their topmost stems, of deep crimson, almost blackish red, and bright pink. There were roses everywhere. After all my failures and tentative experiments and nursing of sickly stock, I had my reward.

Another beautiful display was made by the peonies. In addition to the several plants of *Festiva maxima*, there were three pink ones that had not bloomed before. One of these was the colour of a damask rose, large but not heavily compact, a beautiful variety. My old dark purplish-crimson one, semi-double with a golden heart, had immense blooms. Before I left the old-fashioned "crimson piney," the earliest of all, had flowered. I now have these noble

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flowers ranging from the deepest crimson to satiny white, and my desire to add to them is only limited by the small space of my garden.

Mrs. Archibald Little speaks of the beautiful ones in China. In one instance, when at a monastery in the Ichang mountains, she says:

Within the inner courts there was a blush-rose peony plant, covered with blossoms. Before this the post-captain stood in rapt adoration. It was evident he had really brought us to show us this, as one of the wonders of the world. The Chinese especially esteem peonies of this shade of colour, and it was indeed a lovely sight, so carefully had it been grown, and so completely was it covered with blossom.

Any one who has seen much of Chinese embroidery will recall the constant use of the peony flower.

But to go back to the surprises of my garden, two flowers were blooming for the first time. One was a yellow flag, given me by a neighbour two years ago. It was so late in

blooming that I had concluded that this year too would pass without flowers, so that it was a welcome surprise. The friend who gave it did not know the name of this variety, but it answers to the description of the iris *pseudacorus* of the catalogues, and has rich yellow flowers on long stems. The leaf is rather more slender than that of the *germanica*, and the whole plant taller. Altogether it is a very pleasing flower. The other stranger was a little spirea *filipendula*, which had heads of white flowers as soft as snow.

All the vines had begun to grow fast, and were reaching out quite pathetically for support. As soon as they were furnished with cord they ran upward, some at the rate of several inches a day. The bittersweet and wistaria were most impatient, waiting for a lift, and the wild clematis had long sprays waving about in impotent endeavour to find something which would give them a helping hand.

The seedling wall flowers and stocks had

doubled their growth, and from spindling looking plants had become thickset and robust. And the Chabaud carnations, that had been set out in a very anæmic condition, had developed considerable backbone, and turned into sturdy plants. My old favourites the sweet-williams were in full flower, and made the borders gay with their "quaint, enamell'd eyes." They are everywhere in the garden, and have such masses of bloom, lasting such a long time, in so many shades of pink and white, red and crimson, ringed and eyed, that they make a brave show. They can be picked in quantities and bloom again, and sometimes late in the fall one can still find some pretty heads of flowers. Their cousins, the plume pinks, were feathering the borders; and the foxgloves were ready against my return. Their spires of pink and white, oddly spotted, are very decorative, the pointed effect giving diversity to the appearance of the garden as a whole. They have an obliging way of seeding themselves, so that, though they are biennials,

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once started one can always have flowers from the seedlings of year before last.

I have noticed that when one takes to gardening it revolutionises one's feeling about time. In the beginning the thought that this or that ought to have been started (as a little child once said to me) "day before last year" is most discouraging. The thought of waiting for a season or two makes a person impatient, and averse to trying the procrastinating flower. But the time comes when one drifts into a state of mind when the future is almost as real as the present, and as enjoyable; and with the eye of faith one contemplates a plant that will not bloom for a season or two, and loves it just as well. The future plays a great part in gardening, and a certain hurry and impatience characteristic of the novice subside into well regulated calm in the gardener of some years' standing.

Two late shrubs came into bloom during my absence, the mock orange and deutzia. The first is deliciously fragrant, a gift that was denied to the second. But it would be

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hard to find a daintier thing than a spray of deutzia, with its beautifully shaped, snow-white bells hanging in profusion among the dark leaves. The soil of my garden must suit these shrubs, for they were both masses of white bloom.

It is puzzling for an amateur to find the mock orange, the so-called syringa, catalogued as *Philadelphus*, and the lilac as *Syringa*. I never understood how we have come to call the mock orange *Syringa*, when the name really belongs to another shrub, which never gets the benefit of it outside a florist's list. To call the lilac a *Syringa* seems to turn one's ideas topsy-turvy.

I had still another sweet surprise. After admiring all the flowers, and succouring the vines, I turned my attention to hoeing the borders, and unearthed a dear, blinking brown toad. I felt like taking him to my heart as a brother, he looked so stupid and so lovable. But instead I let him hop off to cover, after he had sat for a while, protesting mutely against being disturbed.

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Gardening in the East seems to go by rushes and pauses. After the splendid bloom of the iris comes a period of waiting, and again, after the rush of the roses everything seems to halt. A rather flat time follows, of watching buds form on border plants, and annuals, before there is another lavish display. Perhaps distance makes one's early home seem more perfect than it really was, but it seems to me that in California bloom was more continuous, and that on any summer day one could look out and see the garden full of flowers. Perhaps a long experience of flower-raising in this country would bring about the same result, but even in the garden under the wall, the *ne plus ultra* of gardens in our neighbourhood, there are the same times of depression, when the plants seem to gather themselves together for a fresh effort. It is always in bloom, but like mine, it has its high and its ebb tides.

This garden under the wall deserves an introduction, for it is my standard of comparison. It lies under the street, below the

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slope of the hill, and I overlooked it, literally, for a long time after the street became my daily pilgrimage. I was attracted to it by seeing some people looking down over the fence one morning. As I came toward them they moved away, and under the influence of suggestion I took their place, and looked down too. There I found a delightful old-fashioned garden, and ever since it has been like a friend. From earliest spring to latest fall, it has its seasonable flowers. My hundred hyacinths were set out because I could no longer look on the hyacinths wreathing the beds of this garden without envy. Just now it has its high tide of larkspurs, and the whole garden shows clouds of pink and blue, which seem to have settled softly on it. Maeterlinck, in his essay on old-fashioned flowers, speaks of "the rough larkspur in his peasant's blouse, who thinks himself more beautiful than the sky," but he must have had some hardier, more robust variety in mind than these feathery flowers with their porcelain hues.

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In the spring this garden has quantities of tulips, showing clear bright colours, in cups of gold and scarlet, and cool whites and blush pinks. And there is a variety of iris, ranging from purple, through odd, reddish tones, to the lovely pale Madame Cherau. One day a California friend and I looked over the wall and discovered a plant we had never seen anything like, with the sword-like leaf of the iris, and flowers like red lilies. It was the blackberry lily, curiously named, and altogether a strange flower.

Half-way down the length of the wall is a real old log cabin, overgrown with wistaria. Growing between the stones, where the fence is set, are snapdragons that must be perennials, for they bloom every year in dark purples and reds. In summer all the house plants come to join the plants of the border, palms and ferns give variety to the foliage, and a quantity of scarlet geraniums make it gay.

Whenever my garden has distinguished itself, I look over the wall to see if I can

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find anything as good there, or if I must own myself beaten, and it is a proud day when I can say I have carried off the honours.

Farther down, the slope is laid out in neat beds of vegetables, and shows the attractive greens of lettuces and cabbages, spring onions and corn. And here sunflowers and hollyhocks flourish, and clumps of golden glow enliven the vegetables. This combination of the useful and the æsthetic is one of its charms. I can grow flowers, and my neighbour can raise vegetables, but the garden under the wall has a jumble of both, on perfectly good terms with each other, with no sacrifice of either. One corner has a number of cold-frames, that bring early violets into bloom, and start the vegetables. A cow-stable screened off at the lower end explains something of the garden's fertility, for as a coloured gardener remarked this spring, "There ain't nothing what won't grow in cow manure."

Altogether this garden has been an education and an inspiration, and has shown

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me what can be done with flowers in Maryland under good conditions. Its sheltered position under the cut, sloping to the south and protected from north winds, gives it a great advantage over my low, cold ground; and this is my excuse when I look down and find it glowing with flowers, and my own borders are a little bare.

The *candidum* lilies have not been at their best this year, either in my own or other people's gardens. There is an old house in the heart of the town, standing in a large garden, where long rows of Madonna lilies have always been a feature, and have decorated the feast of many a June bride. This season they have been very disappointing. This old garden has box plants that are almost trees, and the subject of my special envy. Very old box plants seem almost like a patent of nobility. One must have lived long in the land, and had "mighty generations," to have such box trees standing by the door. I stayed for a year in a house where the old portraits, the massive mahogany furniture, and curious

wall papers were truly "colonial," not collected from other houses. In the garden behind it were old box plants, that had originally been borders for circular beds. Now they are almost grown together, and stand in clumps taller than my head, rather hoary, but green and strong. In winter the snow lies on them in wreaths. I used to look out on their ancient charms, and vow that when I had a garden I would have box.

My one box plant is flourishing "like the green bay tree," but it will be many years before it can attain to the dignity of a noble bush. Box borders, which are to me more attractive than any other kind, can only be for a place where there is a gardener to keep them trim. One sees them here sometimes in old gardens, but not as neat as they should be; and much as I love their rich colour, and beautiful compactness of growth, I would never want them short of perfection.

In this old garden where the box trees stood I once saw a beautiful sight. A gaunt old

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pear tree, with blackened limbs and scanty foliage, was covered by a trumpet creeper, which ran up it from the ground to its highest boughs, flinging around it long sprays of graceful greenery. When I saw it the vine was in full bloom, and over the dark foliage of the old pear were thrown wreaths of fiery scarlet, and drooping sprays of flowers hung pendent from its gnarled branches. It was the most effective use I ever saw made of the trumpet vine, and I can never forget the picture it made of youth and age, of vivid, burning life and dark decay.

Now that June is passing away, my garden has gone through its season of rosy flush. The roses, foxgloves, and sweet-williams carried it through every blushing tone, from palest pink to dark red. Now comes the season when all colours will be poured out together, scarlet and orange, the lemon and cherry-red of hollyhocks, the white of daisies and phlox, deep blue of campanulas, the strange mauves and purples of Japan iris, and copper red of *hemerocallis*, and

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the delicate and gorgeous hues of summer bulbs—tigridias, montbretias, and gladiolus. Then after the full tide of summer, when the poppies have marked its most dazzling height, it will lapse into the russets and gold of autumn. The deepest garden colour comes with the fall of the leaf.

The flame azaleas that I made a journey to see were a revelation of colour. They were in all shades from palest buff and tender apricot, to almost a geranium red. Sometimes a single head of large, graceful flowers would pass from pale lemon to orange-gold. The delicate green of the young forest growth was a foil to their wonderful hues. In the open the pink azaleas bloomed, but these were familiar from florists' windows, and tame beside the sunset flush of the others. The woodland undergrowth was still young. Ferns were just uncurling their fronds, and some sprays of maidenhair were so delicate that it seemed as if a touch would blight them. Jack-in-the-pulpits (called by the English "Lords and Ladies") were thick among

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the fallen leaves. The tulip tree was blooming, and a number of shrubs, some late dogwood, and wild cherry, and others whose names we could not find out. Bluets starred the roadside; but everything paled beside the glory of the azaleas. Under the forest trees shone their vivid plumes, some low on the ground, some six feet high, and to see through a vista of pale green these sprays of gold and flame, was a sight never to be forgotten. Every spray was a new enchantment, and no painting could do justice to the wonderful colours of these flowers, set off by their accompaniment of young forest foliage of tenderest green.

The trees were varied: birch and beech, maples of many kinds, and a variety of oaks, sycamores by the river, and elms in the valley; with willows by the waterside.

The log cabins had patches of gardens, unkempt and untidy, with long grass and old shrubs and vines wandering at will. One that we often passed will stand well for all. It was on the hill slope, and a well-sweep



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was before it. A bush of coral honeysuckle in full bloom was against the fence, a crimson peony full of flowers in the long grass. Roses twined over the projecting and really picturesque porch before the door, and a weigelia spread out its pink sprays. Patches of phlox and other plants gave promise of more bloom when summer waned. The whole was shabby and sweet, untidy but not forlorn. Rather, homelike and cosy, but speaking of the easy-going, careless habits of the mountaineers.

In contrast to this were the modern frame houses of some prosperous farmers, with cut lawns and neat grounds. But the log cabins, with bars across the doors over which spilled a crop of sunburned heads, and pastures and cornfields with their blue-clad, barefoot youngsters, shiftless and happy, were most in character with the surroundings. Behind rose the forest-covered mountains, from whose green flashed here and there the yellow and orange flame of the azaleas, and fern

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banks and woodland scents perfumed the air.

The L is furnished for summer. A hammock is slung in the shade, and there is a wicker table for work and books, a chair, and a comfortable garden seat. Here is absolute privacy, and it is an invitation to idleness and a receptive state of mind. In the words of old Andrew Marvell's delightful poem,

Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

This quaint old poem fitly defines one's mood and feeling toward the garden in summer, though we would not all agree with the selfish sentiment,

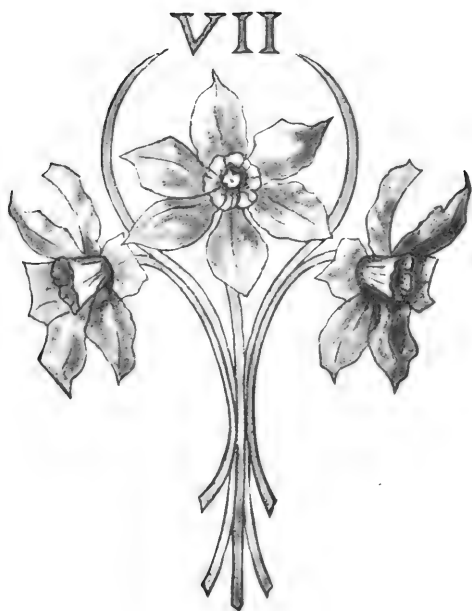
Two paradises were in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

A good companion is pleasant in a garden in June, as by a fire in December. But solitude out of doors is not lonely, for the incessant stir of little life goes on.

Given a summer day, orange lilies glowing

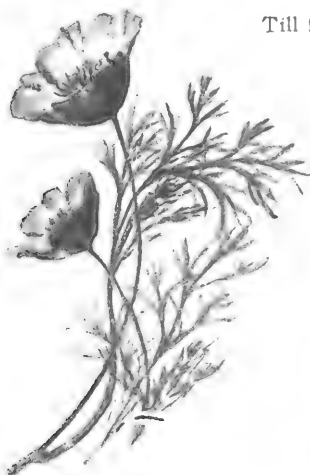
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in the sun, and white phlox tall in the shade, vine, tree, and flower combining in the drowsy warmth to give delight and invite to contemplation; a book lying face downward, because it is impossible to read with the distractions of light and shade, colour and insect life. This is the time one loves one's garden with a placid enjoyment, as pleasant in its way as the activities of the younger year.



Unloved the garden bough shall
 sway,
The tender blossom flutter
 down,
Unwatched that beech
 shall gather brown,
This maple burn itself
 away. .

Unloved the sunflower
 shining fair
Ring round with flame
 her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carna-
 tion feed
With summer spice the
 humming air.



Till from the garden and the
 wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the
 landscape grow
Familiar to the
 stranger's child.

TENNYSON.



VII

IN Hans Andersen's story of *Twelve by the Mail*, June steps from the coach, "proud, delicate, and charming, accompanied by her robust brother July." And well may July be described as robust, for he seems full of life and jollity. He brings us hot suns and gusty storms, humming bees and dancing butterflies, the ruddy tiger lily and stout phlox, and an industrious army of insect life follows in his train.

In July heat no one feels actively inclined, and what might be called gardening with the brain is in order. This can be done by sitting in a comfortable chair in the shadiest part of the lawn, looking over the borders, and considering the effect if one were enlivened with pink and another toned down with white; whether a part of another might not better be replanted, and such tall plants as asters and boltonias set at the

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back, bringing it down gradually to the dwarf French marigolds of the foreground.

I still retain a vivid impression of borders in the gardens of Hampton Court palace. These borders were planted under brick walls, and graduated from tall, double hollyhocks at the back to the lowest border plants on the margin. Many of the plants were entirely unknown to me. If I had the opportunity of studying them now that I am an amateur gardener, I might learn a great deal from them. Then I only admired them as a beautiful picture.

My gladiolus are now blooming. I have had more pleasure with less care from gladiolus than from any other bulbs. These delightful plants never give any trouble. They are strong, clean and healthy, easy to handle and sure to bloom, sure also to be beautiful. All they ask for is a stake to support them through the storms, and to be set on a bed of sand. Then when summer is over, and their foliage ripened, give them a paper sack and a temperate place to rest

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in, and they will come up again another summer with more fine, fresh flowers.

The Lemoine variety is called hardy, yet one is cautioned not to take this too literally. In my garden I leave them out from year to year with no protection. Their blossoms are not so large as the *Childsii*, nor the Groff's hybrids, but lovely with the pure tints of their race. The hooded blossoms have an elfish look, something given them I believe by the dark, velvet spots on the lower petals, such a look as pansies have in their quaint faces.

The Childs gladiolus are noble flowers, and so are the Groff's hybrids. They have tones and shades of colour which are "very exquisite," to use a Carlylean phrase. There are the beautiful cardinal reds that Vibert loved to paint, soft salmon and flushed pink, curious smoky grey overlaid with flame, and violet. The old scarlet variety is effective in a mass. The garden under the wall has such a mass of them at the foot of a tall yucca, and as the two bloom together

it makes a very good bit of colour. One summer I had among the *Childsii* bulbs one named "Daisy Leland," which gave the largest flower I ever saw in a gladiolus. It was a soft pink, and looked like some wonderful tropical bloom.

Summer bulbs are interesting and beautiful. The tigridia has a wonderful flower, so strange and handsome that it is well worth growing. It has strong colour. Its deep cup, of pure gold, set off by petals at right angles to the brim, is spotted with crimson as if it had caught drops of blood. It is a tragic looking flower, and is a native of Mexico, the land of gold and blood.

I once had an amusing experience with bulbs planted in summer. Every amateur has his failures, and one garden bed presented more bare earth to view than was originally intended. It was badly in need of some border plants. I had read that oxalis would make a pretty border, and what attracted me especially to them was the statement that they would grow quickly, and

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bloom within a month from planting. I sent for some bulbs and put them in the ground late on the evening of Saturday, July 8th. A succession of thunderstorms during the week kept me from making a close inspection of my borders until Sunday morning a week later; then I crossed the lawn to see if any leaves were pushing through. The dainty plants were hurrying out of the ground, and in a corner where they were rather thickly grouped, some were already waving long stems crowned with buds, so far developed as to show their colour.

I wish that some one would invent a white *hemerocallis*, white lilies being so lovely. The tawny reds are hot looking on a July day. A few groups of white would cool the garden appreciably. They are so strong and handsome that they are invaluable in an amateur's garden, where the flowers must suffer more or less neglect at times.

The true lilies have not been a success in my garden plot. One season I may have

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beautiful blooms, and perhaps the next a poor, weak plant appears, and dies without producing a flower. *Speciosum* lilies, that are called hardy; live for years with me, but bloom only once; *auratum* disappear at the end of the first year; *longiflorum* bloom splendidly, and make new bulbs that come into flower the third year from the original planting, if I remember rightly. I must except the tiger lilies and the Madonna lilies, which persist when they are once established. Some years ago I bought several bulbs of the *Lilium pomponium*, and put them in the sunnier end of the fern bed. They spring up year after year, but so far have refused to nod their red turbans over the ferns.

But even if they are uncertain, lilies are well worth growing. The Japanese *speciosum* are charmingly dainty and winning. They have a delicate fragrance, and I can think of nothing prettier than a group of them against a background of soft southern wood, bending down their pretty faces. I

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have had the *rubrum*, *album*, and *roseum*, but the last of the three are my favourites. Their nodding heads, the true lily-texture of their petals, their odd, jewelled excrescences and large stamens, their graceful contour, sometimes varied by a petal that flies awkwardly out at a wrong angle, make them lovable members of this family.

Another Japanese lily, the *auratum*, is like an Eastern queen. Much taller than the *speciosum*, it is stately and graceful, a regal looking flower. It is beautiful in every stage. The buds swell slowly day by day, changing from pale green to creamy white. Then they unfold and show the noble flower, with a pale band of gold through each ivory petal. Its stamens are heavily laden with cinnamon-red pollen, a colour which repeats itself in tiny flecks through the flower. It exhales a rich perfume, suggestive of sandalwood and oriental spices, which carries far on the evening air and makes the garden delightful. The heavy flowers crowning the strong but slender stem are so

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beautiful, that once having grown them in the garden you can never do without them again.

A more familiar lily is the Madonna or Annunciation lily (*Lilium candidum*), which fortunately is at home in Maryland gardens, and often thrives for years. It is of a dazzling whiteness that no other flower that I know approaches. Maeterlinck, who can picture a flower in a phrase, speaks of "the great white lily, the only authentic prince among the commonalty, with his invariable six-petalled chalice of silver, whose nobility dates back to that of the gods themselves; the immemorial lily raises his ancient sceptre, august, inviolable, which creates around it a zone of chastity, silence, and light." In old gardens one often sees this lily shining radiant among "the commonalty" of the border, in June, seeming as far above them in its immaculate purity as an angel among men.

The *longiflorum* has a beautiful white trumpet, and an almost overpowering sweetness,

and is very easily grown. But it can never make the impression that the Madonna lily does in the garden picture, for it only reaches a foot or more in height, and is overlooked.

If the *candidum* and *longiflorum* lilies seem like angelic flowers, the freckled tiger lily might almost belong to the world of demons. The spot in nature is always suggestive of imperfection and evil, and poisonous animals and noxious flowers, such as the spotted adder and the deadly foxglove, often carry it as a warning. And the red tiger lily, growing with the eager rankness of our pleasant vices, is the antithesis of the spotless white flowers. There is no coyness in its growth. It springs and spreads and blooms *con amore*, contributing its hot colour to the blaze of the July garden. Angus Hamilton describes the tiger lilies growing on the islands off the coast of Korea, among luxuriant ferns and creepers. He enumerates a curious collection of flowers, asters, and daisies, cactus, purple iris, ferns and wild

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roses, the freckled lily and the orchid, that revelled in "these unkempt gardens."

My tiger lilies are growing in the peach-tree bed, a bed I have neglected to mention, and containing almost as motley a crew as the "unkempt gardens" of the Korean coast. It is almost round, but divided through the middle by sunken bricks. The upper section is in roses, the lower has a heterogeneous collection of yuccas and tritomas, sweet-williams and tulips, for permanent occupation; and tigridias, tuberoses, and Shirley poppies for the summer. Some plume pinks and hyacinths border it, and everything grows with a will.

The roses live in their own half, it being a law of the rose family that they will not do their best when asked to share their apartments with a mixed company. Thus all the odds and ends and little experiments are collected in the lower end of the peach-tree bed, where they have a certain light shade and free circulation of air. Everything does well but the Shirley poppies, which are

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inclined to sulk because they have not more sun. Here too are the charming Lemoine gladiolus. In time the yuccas and tritomas will crowd out the slighter members of the family. A Baby Rambler rose is in the "happy family." It ought by rights to be across the line, sharing the aristocratic seclusion of the other roses. But one of its recommendations was that it would grow in a mixed border, with other plants, and I had a mind to see if it would do what its sponsors promised for it. It is a rather flat, dull pink, not the bright crimson of the parent Rambler. Perhaps if it were restored to the society of its kind it would take on a livelier colour.

I am planning now to lengthen the peach-tree bed, stretching it into the sunshine, so as to have more space for sun-loving annuals. Perhaps then sweet peas could again find a place in the garden, from which they have been crowded by the lengthening shadows of the shrubs, as they grow taller every year.

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I am now interested in some new plants in the lower border. I have often seen them praised in the catalogues, particularly in a small pamphlet on hardy plants, from New Jersey, that has always seemed to me very sensible and reliable. The ones now blooming are two varieties of the Chinese bell-flower (*Platycodon Leichtlinii*) and Stokes's aster (*Stokesia cyanea*). The plants are in good condition, and full of buds, promising a long bloom. The *Stokesia* has rather an aster-like flower, much fringed and single, of a rather light violet colour, spreading wide and flat, and very decorative. The bell-flowers are really beautiful, oddly shaped, and the one a deep violet blue, the other greyish white. The other flowers that came with them are some Michaelmas daisies, cardinal flowers, *Campanula persicifolia*, and a Shasta daisy which already, little plant as it is, is topped with large white flowers.

July is not the time one would choose for transplanting, but I have often done it then, and this year circumstances made it most

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convenient for me to widen the Japan iris border, at the foot of the garden, rather than wait till fall. A bare space of three feet was not to be faced through the summer, so I picked up from other parts of the garden some stocks and marigolds, which had been crowded into undesirable corners, some of the ever-ready-and-willing feverfew, and a few little plants of Prince's feather, that had been given me the week before. I set these out down the front of the border, and added all the potted plants I could muster (some asparagus *sprengeri* and *plumosus*, some carnations, and a pelargonium), and made a row which was visible to the naked eye even from the far end of the garden. Covering them with flower-pots during the day, and uncovering them at night, with judicious watering, seems to have set them fairly well in their places.

This month usually sees some late efforts to fill bare spaces, sometimes the result of want of thought, and sometimes because my plans "gang agley." This time it was the

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rose bed which had such an uncarpeted appearance that I sowed seeds of mixed gillias, little flowers which I was very fond of in California.

It is interesting at this time of year to raise plants from seeds, getting a stock to renew biennials and perennials for next summer. Part of the seed bed has been given up to pansies, plants which I have always been half afraid to try, as they seem to take so much care in transplanting and winter covering. If they do well they are destined for a covering for the rose bed. This covering of a rose bed with low growing plants with light roots is the subject of much contradictory advice from gardeners. Some say that nothing should grow in the same bed with roses, and others that such short-rooted plants as violas and pansies do no harm, but rather good, by keeping the ground shaded and moist.

I have sown in different places this month seeds of Canterbury bells (*Campanula medium*), which I have been deterred from

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starting before by the fact that they are biennials. I have wanted them for a long time, and almost bought them from the florist. But who would buy a florist's plants when he has the time and space to put in seeds? Who cares for the finest bed of petunias, bought in pots and set out in a day, in comparison with a bed of stocks, nursed through the cold of March, transplanted and cared for through April, set out with pride in their sturdy growth in May? Is not every different shade of their pretty rosettes like a creation of one's own, and their "summer spice" as much a source of pride as if it were of the gardener's own compounding? They are like home children contrasted with foundlings, and loved accordingly.

I have also started seeds of the yellow alyssum (*Alyssum saxatile*), which I have seen much praised; some new Alleghany hollyhocks, to replace my rusty, worn-out stock; some rose-coloured flax (*Linum perene*) to make pink patches in the lower border; new sweet-williams; and last and most doubtful

venture, some tall white California poppies, the *Romneya Coulterii*, whose seeds were sent me from California for a trial in my Eastern garden.

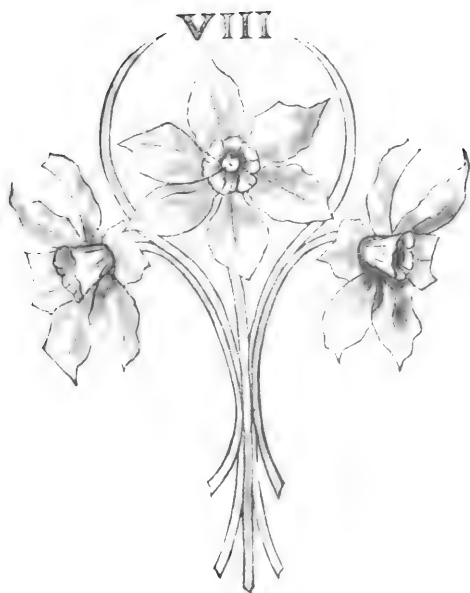
I can look now with pride about the borders. Shirley poppies in lovely shades of rose and scarlet are blooming in the motley peach-tree bed, in company with tiger lilies and tigridias and late sweet-williams. There are sheets of gold where the coreopsis bend forward to catch the sun. Phlox make great masses of bloom, crimson, pink, and white. Certainly they are fine, abundant flowers, rather prosaic with their dusty smell, but so richly coloured and tall and strong that they are among the best summer friends.

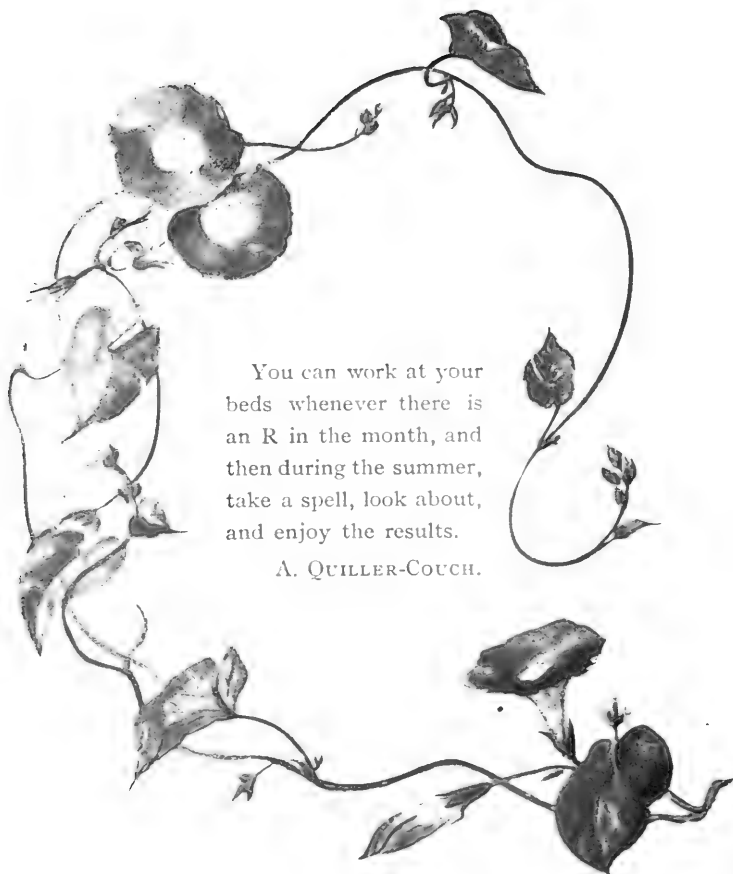
The lower border has really taken on the look that I saw in dreams when I planned its new aspect a year ago; dashes of scarlet under the gold, from geraniums and cardinal flowers, just coming into bloom; the rich green and orange of dwarf marigolds, rose coloured and white phlox, making a back-



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ground for bright stars of zinnias; the brownny-gold of annual wall flowers, and spires of red, rose, and white stocks; blue bell-flowers, and pale violet hardy asters; while above the border tower the altheas, and yellow golden glow. The only discordant members of the company were some seedling phlox, which proved to be of the tiresome magenta shade, and had to be weeded out.





You can work at your
beds whenever there is
an R in the month, and
then during the summer,
take a spell, look about,
and enjoy the results.

A. QUILLER-COUCH.

VIII

AUGUST is the turning point of the year, in the garden. During this month many summer flowers wane and pass, and looking out on the lawn some morning one finds that some tree has begun to cast down its yellowing leaves, a sight that speaks more eloquently of the approach of autumn than do the figures on the calendar. It is the first melancholy note in the irrevocable progress of the year, and from now on the flowers are more precious as they prolong the colour and delight of summer.

Doubly valued are the flowers that now open for the first time when the early favourites have left us. The poppies no longer blush in the peach-tree bed, coreopsis are in frantic haste to manufacture seeds, and only a late hollyhock here and there is left blooming. The busy plants are hastening to renew themselves and make new

growth. Where a foxglove spire has fallen, a hundred little plants spring up for another season's bloom. The tiger lily, casting its ruddy petals on the ground, drops too its tiny bulblets to take root in the soil. The thieving honeysuckle steals along the ground, and twines stealthily around shrubs and plants. Only constantly arresting its progress with garden shears prevents its wrapping the whole border in its embraces. It is a troublesome vine, always keeping one at work, but so sweet in its season of bloom that it is worth the trouble it gives. The orange lilies send new, grass-like explorers about the beds, almost overlooked at first, they are so slim and young. This is another plant that must be put down with an iron hand, and August seems to be its season of special activity. The hundred-leaf rose sends its shoots into all sorts of places where it is not welcome. Altheas spring up by hundreds in every nook and corner of the grounds. Sweet-williams and hollyhocks strive to fulfil the injunction to multiply and re-

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plenish the earth. Nature's incessant labour of reproduction goes on, with teeming activity, hastening to have her little thousands strong before the coming of the cold.

In the first season of the little garden these additions were very welcome to its slender stock. Little vines were set out against the wall, hollyhocks were treasured, and the increase of the campanulas jealously watched. But the time comes when some one must be master, industrious Nature, or one's self. To give way even for a season would be to destroy the garden plan, and allow the most vigorous plants to supplant the choice but less aggressive ones.

Among the most attractive flowers that come into bloom in August, are the torch lilies (*Tritoma Pfitzerii*). They are of a beautiful colour, not a deep red, but like the clear, translucent flame of a candle. This pallid flame can be seen from a distance, as if it were really a living torch; and the plant sends up a succession of flowers, that first

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appear like queer little green clubs among its grass-like leaves.

Zinnias are August flowers. Many people dislike them for their stiffness, but the little garden could not do without them. In its first year an old coloured woman, who watched my first efforts to cover the bare ground with great interest, gave me seeds of zinnias and marigolds from her own little garden plat. The zinnias came up in all sorts of colours, some handsome and some impossible. There is always the risk of getting some flowers that seem to be the product of aniline dyes. But they make tall bushes, and introduce strong and often fine colour into the garden when bloom is on the wane, and continue so late that I, for one, have never found anything to take their place. One year I thought to overcome the introduction of coal-tar shades by getting only two colours, gold and rose. The gold came true; but the rose was so faded, such a dingy *old-rose*, that I wished I had followed my usual custom of getting the mixed seeds.

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This year they are wonderfully fine, blooming profusely with wide flowers; some deeply quilled, some only half double, with a circlet of golden stamens starring their centres; others with their stamens heavily clubbed and standing out from the heart of the flower. They are in shades of cardinal and scarlet, sulphur and gold, soft pink and *cérise*, and alas, of the most pronounced magenta. The latter, fortunately, are at the end of the garden, subdued by distance, and are of such velvety texture that seen entirely apart from the other flowers they are very handsome. One thing especially attractive about zinnias is that they are beautiful under artificial light, and when with the shortening days the dinner table is lighted, a bowl of them will glow with wonderful richness and brilliancy of colour.

The marshmallow, sown last year and watched for with interest, is in bloom. Pushing aside the branches of a Forsythia that blocked the path with their vigorous growth, I came upon its large pink flowers,

delicate and lovely, on tall bushes. They are a beautiful addition to the August flowers. I have a dozen plants in all, in two different beds. Those in the lower border are not so far advanced, and perhaps get too little sun. I believe this flower grows wild in New Jersey, but I have never seen it. In California gardens we grew the large crimson hibiscus of the Sandwich Islands, and the splendid red double Chinese variety. This wild flower of the marshes has not such good foliage as the cultivated varieties, but its wide flowers are very attractive.

There is great pleasure to be had by raising these hardy plants from seed, even though there is a year of waiting for them to bloom. The amateur is apt to grow impatient, or hesitates to undertake the venture. But one is rewarded by having plenty of plants, instead of being restricted in ordering from the florist by the limits of one's purse.

The day-lily (*Funkia*) has an honoured place among August flowers. It is among

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the loveliest and most effective of hardy plants. Its flowers have the pure whiteness of new-fallen snow, and its large leaves, forming a symmetrical clump, are very decorative. There are four groups of day-lilies in the fern bed, that are masses of snowy bloom, above the maidenhair and wood ferns, and on a hot August day it is refreshing to look at them.

Sunflowers are autumn favourites. This year I have two varieties, and one of these came by a happy chance. It is a self-sown "Cut-and-Come-Again," full eight feet high, and bearing a quantity of fine flowers, five inches across. They are the richest golden yellow, with brown velvet disks, powdered lightly with gold dust. They nod gaily over the fence, and ornament the garden like an immense bouquet; and set in bowls about the house their bright faces look about with an almost human intelligence.

The other sort is blooming in the lower border, a dahlia-flowered sunflower, a hardy perennial, with pretty rosettes of gold full

to the centre. Blooming freely now that the golden glow is dropping loose petals, and coreopsis gone to seed, it keeps up the characteristic colour of the border. Some years ago I had great clumps of Jerusalem artichokes in the lower garden, and they were covered with golden flowers and very effective from a distance. But on a nearer view they were seen to be covered with the disgusting red aphids, the most dirty and loathsome of all insect pests, and on this account I finally dug them up and banished them from the garden. Parkinson gives a curious account of the way this tuberous-rooted plant came to be called after the artichoke. "This root," he says, "our ancestors boiled tender, and then being peeled, ate them sliced and stewed with butter and wine and spices—thus they were a dainty for a queen, being as pleasant as the bottom of an artichoke." "Hence," says McMahon (from whose old book I got this account), "probably that name originated, as they bear not the least resemblance in growth to an artichoke."

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I once had in the garden some plants of the *orgyalis* variety of sunflower, the tall and slender, small-flowered sunflower of the prairies, but they were winter-killed, owing no doubt to the low, wet soil. As they need staking I have never renewed them, as I have a prejudice in favour of flowers with a strong backbone. As to the great dish-faced sunflower, with a disk like a soup-plate, it is altogether too heavy and coarse for a small place. It needs a long perspective, and is decidedly a flower for the middle distance.

The sweet rocket (*Hesperis matronalis*) has bloomed steadily from earliest spring, and though the flower is nothing fine, the cloudy violet mass it makes gives a touch of complementary colour to the yellow border that is very good. Near it the gaillardias lift their large, red-gold disks. They have reserved their bloom till late this season. Farther down the line the Chabaud carnations have lovely flowers, deep red, pink, and white, large and fragrant as florists'

carnations; but they are so straggling as garden plants that I am inclined to say I will never have them again. This particular variety was selected because it was advertised to have stiff stems, making vigorous plants that would grow to a uniform height. And yet they lie trailing limply over the stones, and falling about upon their neighbours in an invertebrate way that is very depressing. I should have staked them if they had not come to me under false pretences. For a little garden I prefer the gay, clove-scented, stiff plume pinks, that hold up their heads sturdily.

The orange lilies have bloomed all through August, first in such masses that their colour was too strong, and they had to be picked to keep them from dominating the garden. In the house, in deep brown bowls, they are like sunshine, lighting up any room they are placed in. As the month wanes they become less by degrees; and on some cloudy day, when a few tall stems crowned with them show against a background of dark shrubs,

their colour seems most vivid, and they glow like jewels in the subdued surroundings. The black and yellow spiders are weaving their August webs with great activity between the tall stems. When a spider sees danger approaching in the shape of garden scissors, he runs about in vain endeavour to avert coming disaster. Down come the tall props of his home, and he runs to cover, ready to spin more cables as soon as he is left in peace.

While the spiders are tying up the lily stalks, the snails have fallen upon the foliage of the day-lily. It is a curious fact, and one I have never seen mentioned in any garden book, that the snail sets to work in earnest to eat the lily leaves only after the lily has gone out of bloom; as if he were loth to mar the fine effect of the broad green leaves under the snowy flowers. But as soon as their day of beauty is over, he loses no time, and as I cut away the tall stems that have cast their blossoms, I see the holes beginning to appear.

The first of the Burbank dahlias is in flower. Five have made good plants, four of which promise to bloom late. The one that has bloomed has a wonderful flower, very full, softly quilled, of the decorative type, and of an almost indescribable colour. It might be called a tender pink, but that each petal deepens to a salmon tint at the heart, and the *reflets* are of pure violet. The first-fruits of this venture, two great blossoms, were sent to the best friend of the garden, who has sent it many little plants every year from her own store.

If the Burbank dahlias prove a success, Mrs. Peart's day is over, and William Agnew, who takes up a great deal of room and promises to repeat his last year's performance of not coming into bloom until frost, shall no longer cumber the ground. Strahlein Krone alone shall be saved, to keep the Burbank dahlias company with his dark, velvety flowers.

In other people's gardens hydrangeas are blooming, and I have none. The tender

varieties, with rose-coloured flowers, are lovely, and some day I want to have them. But the hardy sort (*Hydrangea paniculata*), with great stiff flower-heads, reminding me of nothing so much as the swollen pears of horticulturists' advertisements, I really dislike. They are handsome, hardy plants, and moreover they are Japanese, which is usually a passport straight to my heart. But when I see their flower-heads hanging late, turned to a rusty brown, I wonder at the state of mind that takes pleasure in such dull, papery things. I might feel differently if I owned one, for I have known possession to change one's feelings.

It seems unreasonable to dislike anything in the way of plants or flowers, but there are some things for which I feel a positive antipathy. I do not like columbines, and this is the more unreasonable as they are home wild flowers, and I have often seen their clusters of red and gold in the cañons. I see them white and blue, yellow and red, in my neighbours' gardens, but I never want them in

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mine. Another antipathy I have is for pea-shaped flowers. I could never have a perennial pea within my garden walls; and though I love the lupin growing wild on the hills I would not want it in the garden. Sweet peas are not, of course, included in this feeling; their wide wings and large flowers make them so unlike the conventional, compact pea-shaped blossoms: nor could I help loving the wistaria and the yellow broom.

The coleus is a product of the vegetable kingdom that I really detest. When every one went wild over their strange splotches and combinations of colour, they seemed to me to be only coarse weeds. When I came to read garden books that decried the use of coleus in the borders, I was delighted to find that some people agreed with me. To me they represent the same grade of taste that admires the sad everlasting flowers, which gather dust through the winter in hopeless dullness, and which puts the dusty miller, with its grey flannel foliage, in the border to take

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up room that might be given to bright flowers.

Another pronounced aversion is for the ampelopsis vine, which smothers houses out of all individuality, and in which chattering sparrows make morning and evening hideous. It seems as though most people, beginning life together with love and a cottage, feel incomplete unless the cottage is covered with a solid mass of green, exactly like all the other cottages on the street. There is a time, when the vine first creeps over the wall, with a fine tracery of delicate leaves and reaching tendrils, when it is lovely; and if it could be frozen into immobility at this stage it would be perfect. But this soon gives way to a uniform mass of overlapping leaves, covering the wall without a break, as monotonous and uninteresting as the red brick which it covers. There seems to be too little appreciation of the vine in its graceful form, in wreathing festoons and graceful drapery. The wild grape with its handsome foliage and play of light and shade, or the

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wistaria with beautiful drooping bloom, or clematis *paniculata* following the lines given it and turning into a white cloud in the fall, even the honeysuckle and the trumpet vine, the one with its perfume, the other with handsome flowers, are far beyond the monotonous ampelopsis in grace and attractiveness.

Each year I have a struggle over a purple phlox which grows tall and rank. It is often seen in old gardens and country graveyards, and has great panicles of bloom. In my garden it blooms early and late, and stands higher than my head. Butterflies love it, and hover about it in clouds. Its rich purple is beautiful in the house, and I pick great jardinières full of it, and put with it sunflowers, marigolds, and golden glow, and it makes a harmony of purple and gold. But in the garden it is horribly discordant if anything blue or red or pink is anywhere in its neighbourhood. Like Alexander, it must reign, and it "must reign alone." Each successive season I vow that such a domi-

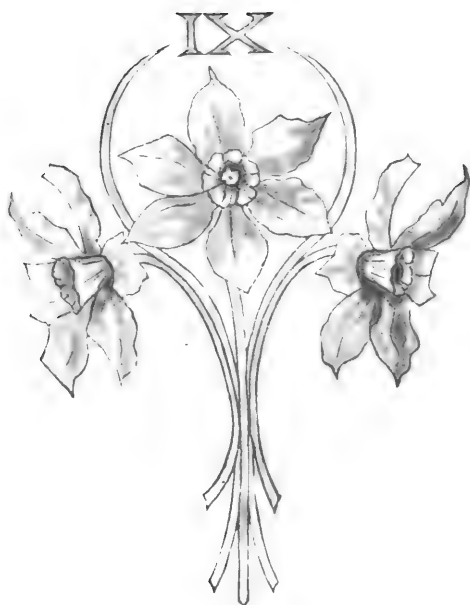
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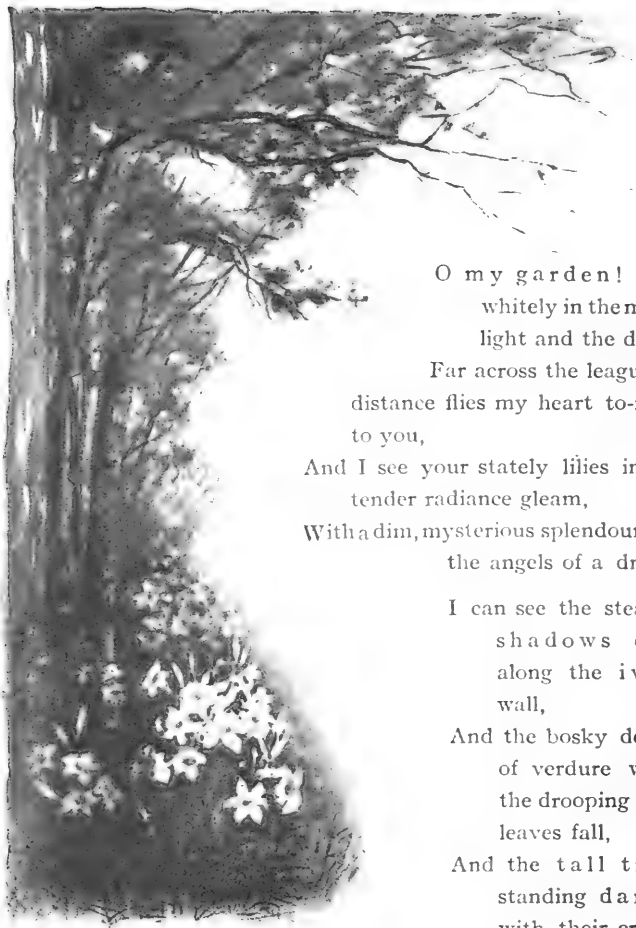
neering and inharmonious flower must go, and each season its splendid masses of bloom win the day again. Now I have decided that it shall stay, but on conditions. It must be all massed in one spot, between althea bushes whose cool whites and lavers make a harmonious environment. Nothing is to be planted near that can clash with it, and it can riot in the sun without offence to other flowers.

Going among the shrubs the other day I found the *Forsythia suspensa* had quite a number of golden flowers well opened. No doubt this is the result of such a wet, rainy summer, and perhaps will interfere with its spring bloom.

The clematis sent me from the mountains of West Virginia, the wild "traveller's joy," or "virgin's bower," is starred with flowers. Its leaf is prettier than that of the clematis *paniculata*, more deeply cut, and not so leathery, but it turns rusty early. It has a wonderful grace of its own, and hangs in graceful wreaths on the wall.

In the lower end of the phlox border, Bouncing-Bet, a vagrant, blown in on the wind, or creeping under the wall, mingles her heads of rosy flowers with the phlox. In the beginning I gave this half-wild flower a welcome in the garden, but it was so greedy of room, and stood so long in tall green ranks before coming into bloom, that I discarded it. I have had three persistent damsels in my garden, hearty, rollicking country lasses—Black-eyed Susan, Creeping-Jenny, and Bouncing-Bet.





O my garden! lying
whitely in the moon-
light and the dew,
Far across the leagues of
distance flies my heart to-night
to you,
And I see your stately lilies in the
tender radiance gleam,
With a dim, mysterious splendour, like
the angels of a dream!
I can see the stealthy
shadows creep
along the ivied
wall,
And the bosky depths
of verdure where
the drooping vine-
leaves fall,
And the tall trees
standing darkly
with their crowns
against the sky,
While overhead the harvest moon
goes slowly sailing by.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

IX

AT the beginning of September the lower border, which has been such a delight all summer, drooped and turned brown. All the foliage of the golden glow became rusty, stocks went out of bloom, phlox began to seed, feverfew was ragged and poor. It seemed as though its good days were numbered. I pulled up old plants and cut down brown stalks, with a feeling that I was saying good-bye to my most companionable border. But before two weeks were over, it was in full beauty again, only with a difference. Both the China and perennial asters have painted in all shades of violet, rose, and purple. The gaillardias, so late in blooming this year, have opened their large single flowers of red and gold. The dear little bushes of French marigolds have begun anew, with the greatest diligence, to cover themselves with red-brown velvet buttons. So once more

the border is full of bloom, and of the most effective sort. The carnations still have a few fragrant flowers every day, but they make no impression on the garden picture.

All the praises I have read of the hardy asters come back to me, as I look at their clouds of lovely colour. Experience does not always bear out the assertions of writers on gardens, no doubt often because of the different conditions under which the flowers are grown. But the late surprise, the freshness when "the lave" of the garden is drooping, the bold but delicate colours, the hardiness that asks no favours when we are giving all our enthusiastic care to the early summer favourites, must endear these darlings of the fall.

When I consider the long care of the China asters from early spring, when the seeds are sown in boxes, the potting and transplanting, the war on pests, and the coddling we give them before they reward us with flowers, my heart goes out to the woodland beauties, whose amplitude of bloom makes

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up for the smallness of the individual flower. In the one plant, the ragged growth is crowned with large blossoms; in the other, on graceful sprays a thousand flowers lean out to greet you. A walk through the woods in the fall gives a series of lovely pictures, that no garden can surpass. Under dark forest trees and scarlet gum-trees, out of the undergrowth and fern beds, the violet and white asters sway on tall stems, making such beautiful colour effects that you can hardly pass them by. Clumps of sumach in sombre green and red, and bright goldenrod relieve their dainty sprays, and there are exquisite pictures on every side.

In the peach-tree bed the tigridia flowers wither, poppies are uprooted, and for a time it seems deserted. But after a few days the tall wands of the tuberoses swell with white buds and blossoms over the foliage of the spent plants, diffusing a rich perfume. One looks at such flowers, beautifully shaped, of the most perfect texture and the slightly mellowed whiteness of wax, and wonders

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what country produced them. They seem, with their thick petals and heavy perfume, to be a product of the tropics, suggesting the rich abundance of the flora under the equator. Turning to a history of plants, I find that the tuberose was brought by a Catholic Father from the East Indies as far back as 1530, and that old Parkinson, whose name is connected with so many of the choicest flowers, describes it at length under the name of "the Greater Indian knobbed Jacinth," and speaks of it as having a "very sweet scent, or rather strong and headee." The heat and moisture of the past summer have brought the tuberose to perfection. It is a pity that so many people dislike them, considering them flowers of the dead; for the "strong and headee" perfume is delicious, and the flowers very beautiful. They are worth growing for their delightful fragrance in the garden; and the stately stalks, "garnished," as Parkinson says, "with many faire, white flowers," have a distinction among the other flowers of the border.

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Two more of the Burbank dahlias have come into bloom. One is of the decorative type, very full and soft, and a clear lemon-yellow. It is really a fine flower. The other is single; a bright orange-red, with a clubby centre of stamens, the petals slightly twisted, of the cactus type.

The border under the altheas is almost too gay, with scarlet sage and zinnias, and in another bed is a too vivid combination of nasturtiums, red, scarlet, and yellow, with Prince's feather. This latter is audacious, combining scarlet (or yellow-red) with carmine (or purple-red) on the same feather. I prefer the old cockscomb of my childhood, a uniform carmine, flat and wide, with curled edges.

Up in the L, I have some gourds hanging along the wall. They are most amusing things to grow, and where there are children to play about the garden they give a great deal of pleasure. But they are "kittle cattle." One summer I planted quite a variety of seed, but we had cold rains, and when the

first frost came there had been produced one nest-egg gourd of fair size, and the small beginnings of several others. This year I divided seeds with a friend, whose long stretch of picket fence and grape arbours promised ideal support for them. But the only result of our united efforts is the spoon gourds now hanging on my wall. They are very quaint and pretty, half dark green and half butter-coloured. There is something very amusing and attractive about these oddly coloured and shaped little things. They are the playthings of the vegetable kingdom. Their neat shapes and gay colours always please, and I never saw any one come upon a gourd vine, hanging its pretty fruits in the sun, that did not exclaim with pleasure and smile at their freakishness.

When I was a child in California, the Spaniards used to bring us presents of very sweet-scented gourds, yellow flecked with green, if my recollections are right. I loved them as playthings, and they gave me that childish delight that I see them awaken now, even



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in grown people. They are provoking because they start late, wanting a great deal of heat before they even try to grow, and this makes the season short for them.

Besides counting one's flowers in September, there are active pleasures. One can once more take up trowel and spade, and dig in the ground. Then come the tough, brown paper bags with new bulbs, little white fritillaries, solid crown imperials, strong-looking daffodils, and tulips looking so toothsome, like the white meat of nuts, that one is tempted to eat them. For this is the month for planting, according to McMahon, "the Scarlet Martagon, white, superb, Canada, and red lilies, and all other kinds of bulbs that do not agree with being kept long out of ground."

Then, in a little garden as in a large, there are always some changes to be made at the end of the season; some plant has died and left a vacancy to fill; some tree has been cut down and changed a shaded spot into a sunny one; some vine has taken on such

growth that it suggests a new plan for covering the house wall. There is the pleasure, too, of the falling leaves and the work they give. They drift so lazily through the soft air that you wonder what faint breath detached them. The lawn is covered with them, rustling underfoot; and there is the sort of play-at-work of raking them up on still afternoons, enjoying the excuse they give for being out of doors, and realising the passing year. Now one begins to make the dead-leaf pile, hoarding up the crisp leaves. It gives one quite a feeling of wealth to look at the stored maple leaves, full of the sunshine and sap of a year, that mellowed by time will make the choicest food for plants. Only one other sight can make the gardener feel so opulent; the compost heap, as carefully compounded as a plum-pudding, and like the pudding representing a special treat in the way of food.

The manure pile, the compost heap, and the store of leaf-mould are very satisfying sights to a gardener, and he loves them as well as

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he loves his plants. When any one offers to burn my dead leaves, or wheel them out of the garden and throw them away, I feel a sort of indignant wonder at such a want of sympathy with the life of the garden. And as I rake them into piles, there is that faintly smoky smell on the autumn air, a sort of lassitude before the sting of frost, a sense of gentle melancholy, that is the special charm of September. For the inevitable is here, the fall of the leaf means the dying of the fires of summer, and the long waiting till another spring.

Our old gardener says of September, "This will be a very good time to collect from the woods, fields, and swamps some of the favourites of the Most High," and "In Europe plants are not rejected because they are indigenous; on the contrary, they are cultivated with due care. And yet here we cultivate many foreign trifles and neglect the profusion of beauties so bountifully bestowed upon us by the hand of nature." This fall treasures were brought from the

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mountain in the shape of ferns and asters, among them a noble Christmas fern, whose dark, rich foliage makes it one of the handsomest.

The country gardens always interest me particularly at this season, they are so gay with dahlias, and I have never seen in a town garden such a profusion of flowers as nod over the fences of farmhouses and mountain cabins. Pink, scarlet, and orange, they make the roadside gay. Their hearty blooms put my town-bred dahlias to the blush, though the individual flowers may not be so large; but often they beat me at all points.

I stopped at a farm in the Pine Hills the other day, whose collection of plants was very characteristic of the country gardens of Maryland. A long path led from the gate to the house, bordered on one side with plants, not in beds but growing apparently out of the untilled earth, just as the grass and weeds do. Chrysanthemum bushes, covered with buds, stood as high as my elbow, and were too large for me to span with my

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arms. There were dahlias, pink, red, and yellow, not very tall, and not at all weedy, but straight and strong without a stake to hold them. A pink one in particular was a mass of dainty bloom. Then came what they called "featherfew," on which only one or two tufts of golden bloom were left. It had a deeply cut and fringed leaf, but was a stronger, more darkly coloured bush than the feverfew of my garden. Beyond them were golden glow and marigolds, and near the house a great tiger lily clump just out of bloom, which must have been a gorgeous sight when full of lilies. All the flowers on this high hilltop were sturdy and strong, and stood without staking, blooming well in the upland air.

Pruning the altheas is the amusement of an afternoon. This year they have grown so tall and straggling that they have to be severely cut away. I have always cut them well in in the fall, but this year they have shot up far beyond anything yet attained in height, and about three feet comes off the

ragged-looking tops. Every branch end is decorated with seed balls like green marbles, and it is pleasant to cut them off at this stage, before they scatter and sow a thousand little altheas in the borders, and in every nook and corner. I wish some other plants would come up with the same alacrity. They are irrepressible, and good soil and bad, light and shade, are alike to them.

This pruning is a very amusing occupation, and when one begins lopping off branches, it is hard to know when to stop. We are all iconoclasts. From the time we are babies, and build block towers for the pleasure of knocking them down, and snip our dolls to see the sawdust run out, it is as interesting to destroy as to build up, so that pruning satisfies a deep-seated instinct. There are two plants in the garden, the one so greedy and aggressive, the other so strong, that I can depend my energy on them, and enjoy to the full the pleasures of pruning,—the click of the shears, the fall of branches on the lawn about me, the slim and almost prudish

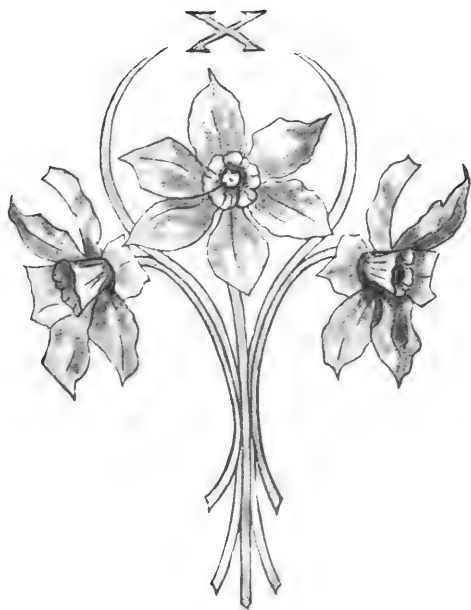
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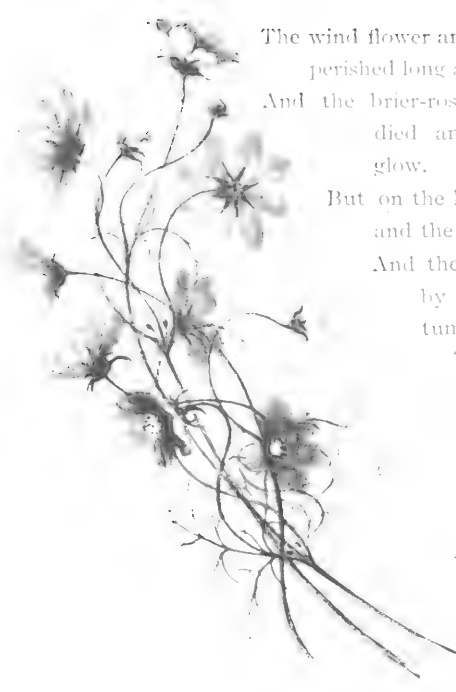
appearance of the well pruned shrub. These are the altheas and the hundred-leaf roses. The altheas are so hardy and full of life that nothing can hurt them. The roses run about so eagerly that they must be severely treated to keep them within bounds. They would soon take up the end of the yard, and already from the small clump that was set out when the garden started, there has spread a thicket that might soon be out of proportion to the beds about it.

I approach the syringas, spireas, and deutzias more cautiously, for I have found that injudicious cutting back will spoil their bloom, and so make a careful selection of old wood for thinning out. But when the destructive instinct is strong, I fall upon the first two plants, with the pleasant confidence that if I smite the one cheek, next year they will smilingly turn the other for like treatment.

While speaking of plants that stand heroic treatment, it would be ungrateful to make no mention of one of the garden's most useful members, Creeping-Jenny. Per-

haps every one knows this little trailing plant, but I did not till I made a garden of my own. It seems to grow everywhere, in sun or shade; and in the lower garden, in out-of-the-way corners where there is no lawn, Creeping-Jenny covers the ground with a bright carpet of tender green. In its flowering season it opens a quantity of pale yellow cups. If left alone it makes a thick mat. One can pull up layers of it, and find underneath a fine deposit of black mould from tiny rotted leaves and stems, that must enrich the ground. I like this thick carpet particularly under the altheas, for it catches the shower of seeds, and prevents them from getting to the earth to take root. One has to watch it well, for it sends tiny sprays into the flower beds, and between the stones of walls, gradually insinuating itself into places where it is not wanted. The blue-flowered periwinkle is also useful for making a covering for neglected places, but its dark, rather sombre foliage is not so pleasing as the clear green of Creeping-Jenny's leaves.





The wind flower and the violet, they
perished long ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchis
died amid the summer
glow.

But on the hill the goldenrod,
and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower
by the brook in au-
tumn beauty stood.

Till fell the frost
from the clear
cold heaven,
as falls the
plague on
men,

And the bright-
ness of their
smile was

gone, from
upland,

glade, and glen.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

X

WHEN October arrives we know that it is time to say good-bye to the flowers. Soon or late the frost will cut down the blooming annuals, and the perennials will be driven to take their places with the company underground.

This season the frost fell upon the garden with a suddenness and swept away the flowers with a completeness from which there was no appeal. One day the borders were full of colour, and the flowers as plentiful as at any time during the summer. Marigolds, both the tall Africans and the dwarf French varieties, were in full bloom showing the richest shades of gold, orange, and brown. Nasturtiums trailing over the ground were gay with scarlet, yellow, and dark red, and the odd buff and pinkish tones that shade between the others. The Prince's feather made patches of crimson, and torch lilies

(*tritomas*) still held up their narrow scarlet flames. Dahlias were, some at their height, some just about to open their first buds, in their provoking dilatory way. Zinnias were in full flower, brightening the borders with orange and straw-coloured, cherry-red and pink flowers.

After two nights of frost this was all wiped out, as if a sponge had passed over a slate leaving it bare for another picture. After the first, the tender plants were withered; but the second annihilated them. Dahlia bushes turned black, zinnias were brown and withered as if scorched by flames. The marigolds looked as if ink had been thrown over them. Nasturtiums were flattened to the ground, pulpy and unsightly, and the gay Prince's feather drooped forlorn. It was small consolation to look down at the garden under the wall, and find that even in that favoured spot nothing survived—colour was wiped out and it lay ready for the winter. In fact it was worse there than with me, for in my garden some

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stout stock bushes, that had convinced me during the summer that they were "but barren stocks," had started into a late bloom, and not at all disturbed by the cold, went on placidly opening their red rosettes. The irrepressible magenta phlox, too, was making a half-hearted attempt at a fourth bloom, while in my neighbour's garden I could not see a single blossom.

After such a sweeping away of the flowers it is a pleasure to see the plants that, at least, keep their foliage green. The wall flowers are as fresh as ever, in fact the touch of cold seems to give them an increase of vigour. The green rosettes of the sweet-williams are spreading so fast that they have to be divided; and the soft grey cushions of the clove pinks are firm and full of life. The silvery stocks have not been affected by the cold, and the roses are making new growth of tender green and reddish leaves.

Now I enjoy the foliage of the bittersweet vines, which make a brave show of gold and green. Some are climbing over the

althea bushes in the lower part of the garden, clothing their bare branches with bright drapery. Other vines, sprung from the fern bed, have climbed the stone foundation of the house, and spreading out over the grey ledge make graceful traceries of rich colour. The broad leaves have life and substance yet, and the stems twist and turn upon themselves in curious ways. A branch that was brought me from the woods had turned upon itself till it made a complete lovers' knot.

These vines, for the most part, I have raised from seed. I had some sprays that hung in the house for nearly a year, and when they were moved to give place to fresh ones, a quantity of seeds fell on the floor. I sowed some of these in the cold-frame, as an experiment, and in the spring a number of strong little plants heaved the earth aside, and came up into the sunlight. Later I moved them about to different parts of the garden. When I took them up it was curious to see that the parts underground, the stems and bunches of roots, were dyed

with the same bright orange-scarlet as the berries, while above ground the stem was dark. Now their leathery leaves, a bright greenish-gold, still holding when so much foliage has fallen, are very decorative, and make the plants valuable for autumn, even while they are too young to bear their scarlet berries.

While speaking of leaf colour, I must note the foliage of the day-lilies when they passed their prime and began to die down. It seemed to me they had never been so finely coloured as this season. The broad leaves turned to a gorgeous chrome yellow, streaked with russet and brown; and spreading over the delicate green ferns, and against the grey stone wall, this strong, harmonious colouring was delightful.

We are reduced at this season to dwelling much on little things. Now, at the end of October, the opening of the wall flowers day by day, when most of the flowers are gone, is quite an event. They are bright yellow and brown, and wine-colour, deliciously

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scented. The few other flowers on hand, stocks and gillias and phlox, are only relics of a more abundant bloom; but the wall flowers, that till now have been sparing of their blossoms, are just coming into perfection in the cold, sunny air. The flowers are so fresh and perfect, so pure and clear in tint, that they are especially valuable, coming so late.

These are the most delightful days for work. The frost has given life to the air, and after the languor of summer its sharpness is invigorating. There is plenty to do, and it is work of a very pleasant kind. The beds must be raked and put in order, and sown with seeds of eschscholtzias and poppies; there are bulbs to plant, and the lily bed to make up. The crab grass which disfigured the lawn with russet patches must be raked out, and white-clover seed sown to take its place. The leaves are falling fast, and raking them into piles and storing them for leaf mould is pleasant exercise.

I have sent again for bulbs of crown

imperials. My failure this spring has only made me more determined to try to have them. I have never seen them, but they have pleased so many generations of gardeners that they must be worth a place in my small garden, and interesting they are sure to be. Mrs. Milne-Holm in her book, *Stray Leaves from a Border Garden*, speaks often of seeing them in old Scottish and English gardens, and always takes pleasure in them. In a Devonshire garden she saw the yellow variety growing "in the angle of a buttressed garden wall, sheltered by overhanging thatch, looking to the South, and with most lovely spires of bloom." In one Scotch garden it was "trained up against the house under the windows." I have heard of crown imperials growing in old gardens about here in the past, but know of none now. I have put out the three varieties, the red, the sulphur yellow, and "crown upon crown," and hope next spring will not bring me another disappointment.

I am also trying the old-fashioned checkered

fritillaries in the lower border. The only fritillary I have ever seen was the red variety which grows in the cañons near my old home. It is a dear little flower. The plants are graceful, stately-in-little, with slender lily leaves and drooping bells. To come upon it in its dainty perfection, under the shade of *islay* or *toyon*, is always a happy discovery. These cañons of the foothills are delightful places for flowers. Under the live oaks is a carpet of crisp brown leaves. The air is sweet with *yerba buena* and ferns. One half the cañon lies in deep shadow, while opposite the sunny hillside slopes up and away, gay with scarlet Indian paintbrush, blue lupin and larkspur, and rattleweed shaking out its warning notes on the breeze.

But to come back to my tiny garden and its bulbs; a friend in California sent me some which he collected on his ranch. They reached me about the middle of October, and as he had neglected to name them, I was at a loss to know how to treat them. They

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were of all sizes, from some almost as small as grains of rice, to others almost as large as *camassias*. I was afraid to keep them out of the ground for the time it would take to write and get an answer, full two weeks; so I planted them in pots and flats and set them in the dark cellar. Some in spite of this treatment immediately began to put up narrow spikes of green. Others, that had the size and appearance of daffodil bulbs, went to work soberly making roots. After they were all planted came a letter with a list of them, and some I found were my favourite brown fritillaries. There were also Mariposa lilies (*calochortus*) and soaproots, and some brodiaeas. I had never seen these as cultivated plants, and with these nurslings so far from home and under such strange conditions, I could understand the feelings of a hen that mothers young ducks.

I had already, before these came, put out some *camassias* in the borders. Although natives of the Pacific coast they are highly recommended for their hardiness, and for

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the fine, bold masses of colour they make in the spring. I set out the common dark blue variety, and also the delicate blue *Leichtlinii* and *Cusuki*, and the white *Leichtlinii*.

I have changed the lower division of the peach-tree bed into a lily bed, and transferred the sweet-williams to a new place between the altheas. The yuccas, tritomas, and yellow May tulips are left undisturbed, and the peach-tree bed has been sanded, spaded, and manured, with very old cow manure, to make it light and rich. There are already some tiger lilies in it, and to these have been added some *auratum*, *Isabellinum*, and *speciosum roseum*, and also (rather an extravagant purchase for such a modest garden) two of Burbank's hybrids, the *parvum* and *Humboldtii*. Lily bulbs at a dollar each are high priced, but if they fulfil the promises made for them of being perfectly hardy, and increasing rapidly, they will not be so expensive as the yearly planting of other kinds.

I have just put out two shrubs from an

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old garden, given me under the name of Franklinia. I cannot find this name in any of my modern lists of shrubs, nor catalogues, nor even in my last court of appeal, Bailey's Horticultural Dictionary. But in the old garden book, the *American Gardener's Calendar*, a Franklinia is mentioned as "Franklinia *alatomaha* of Bartram," and is spoken of as a "most charming plant, and very deservedly worthy of cultivation." In his list, however, he brackets it with the Gordonia, as

Franklinia *alatomaha*, of Bartram

Franklinia

Gordonia *Franklini* (of L'Heritier),

so that he may refer to some other plant. The shrub given me has large, feathery panicles of creamy-white flowers in the spring. In the garden I speak of it spreads rampant. It was brought to Maryland about forty years ago, from South Carolina, by a young bride, and increased so fast that a quantity of plants have been given away

from it. I have set mine out in the orange and blue border, as I determined to break the lilies into clumps by taller plants set in between, rather than have them again as an unbroken mass down the length of the bed.

October slips away, and in late November the snow has not yet come. The garden is still green, and even has its flowers. Some border pinks, wakened to a late bloom, keep on opening fringed and scented blossoms, and the violets are still opening. These violets, like so many of my best plants, were given me from an old garden. They bloom spring and fall, and have increased so fast that they need dividing. The flowers are small, but very fragrant, and I have seen them so late that they were encased in ice, when the morning shadow was on them. Then, too, we are never quite without a flower when the golden dandelion smiles from crannies of the stones and fence corners where he has intrenched himself. Bold, gay, and irrepressible, he is with us early and

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late, and his will be the last bright face we shall see when the snow spreads his coverlet over the plants.

If one were to give thought and space to it, it would be possible to make a selection of plants which would flower to a very late period. But it seems to me that in a very small garden it would hardly be worth while to give up the room to these late blooming plants which might be filled with others that would give a quantity of flowers in the summer. The garden would then look tame when there ought to be a riot of colour.

Before the frost I could see my neighbour's cosmos over the fence, just opening its first flowers. I have never had cosmos in my garden, just for the reason that it is sure to be cut down when it would be the greatest disappointment to lose it. It is one of my favourites, in other people's gardens, and when it has a chance to bloom the large, simple flowers, over cloudy foliage, look like blown stars. Its shades of red and pink are lovely, and the white, so pure and candid

looking, is perhaps the best of all. But what is the good of all this loveliness when it holds back till the last moment, and is blighted by the cold? Chrysanthemums have an excuse for the garden space they occupy all summer, for they will bloom after frost has driven away the other flowers, as bravely as if the season had just begun. The Chinese call them, "the hoar-frost resisting flower." Their shades of russet and brown, orange and red, are suggestive of strength and hardiness, unlike the delicate colouring of the frail cosmos.

On a mild November day I take a look about the garden. The honeysuckle is presenting one of its most attractive phases for the frost has brought out its autumn colouring. The foliage holds very late, and with the cold takes on fine shades of crimson and bronze. The white clover has come up quickly in the bare spaces on the lawn. It was planted rather too enthusiastically, for it makes perfect cushions of green. The transplanted Canterbury bells

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have doubled their size since they were set out, and promise fine, healthy plants for the spring. I have never forgotten a garden I played in as a child, where there were great Canterbury bells, white and dark blue, that I made into flower dolls. They are flowers that all children love.

But the time has come to say good-bye, when I can only plan for the future, and the garden has dwindled down to a flower here and a leaf there for me to pore over. I must cover up these playmates of a summer for their long sleep.

I cannot close this record of a small garden without trying to express in some slight way the pleasure it has given me. This has been more than the raising of flowers, the having them in profusion for the house, and to give to friends; more even than came from the garden picture as a whole, with all its changes during the year. But it is the work in the open—the producing something of one's own by healthy, happy labour, that is the best part of gardening. Besides grow-

ing flowers one can cultivate a serenity of mind, a buoyancy of spirit, and one carries about his daily tasks a subconsciousness of something pleasant. It is good to dig in the ground, to bend to the spade, and soak in the sun, to wet one's feet with the dew, and be out with the living and growing world.

I have a few books by garden lovers, and it is interesting to see what they say of the pleasures of gardening. And first I must quote from our American philosopher of gardening, Charles Dudley Warner, whose book, though he only raised prosaic vegetables, must delight every one who wields a rake and hoe. He says: "By gardening I do not mean that insane desire to raise vegetables which some have; but the philosophical occupation of contact with the earth, and companionship with gently growing things, and patient processes; that exercise which soothes the spirit, and develops the deltoid muscles." "Blessed be agriculture," he cries; "all literature is fragrant of it in a gentlemanly way."

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There is a little English book by Harry Roberts, written in the true spirit of a lover of gardening, and at the end he sums up his sentiments thus:

From gardening I have obtained nothing but pleasure—the little setbacks produced by weather and other causes serving but to throw into brighter relief the floral successes which would otherwise be too monotonously sure. I have plucked this infinite amount of pleasure from a garden the least promising, thus showing that (as in every other concern) the pleasure to be gained is dependent more on our attitude than on our conditions.—I am at least convinced that a small garden can be made to yield fully as much entertainment as a large one, and much more than a garden which is too large for one's personal management.

Earlier in his book he produces this bit of philosophy: "In gardening we may escape from ourselves, and here, it seems to me, lies its very greatest value—greater even than its use in enabling us to escape from our fellows"—reminding one of Andrew Mar-

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vell's sentiment, "Two paradises 't were in one, To live in Paradise alone."

In another little English book, a slender volume very pleasantly written by Henry A. Bright, the author wishes he

could convey to others some little of the delight which grows (more certainly than any bud or flower) from the possession and management of a garden—and thus share with others the uncertainty, the risks and chances, which are in reality the great charm of gardening. And then again, gardening joins itself, in a thousand ways, with a thousand associations, to books and literature.

Surely what adds so much to our pleasure, and enriches our lives, both with the knowledge of plant life and the enjoyment of beautiful things, is worth doing. And I must emphasise, too, what for me has been the chief charm and the greatest advantage of my small garden—its privacy. Within its high walls I can dig and hoe without fear of criticism, and wear what is most convenient for the work without concern. As the feeling

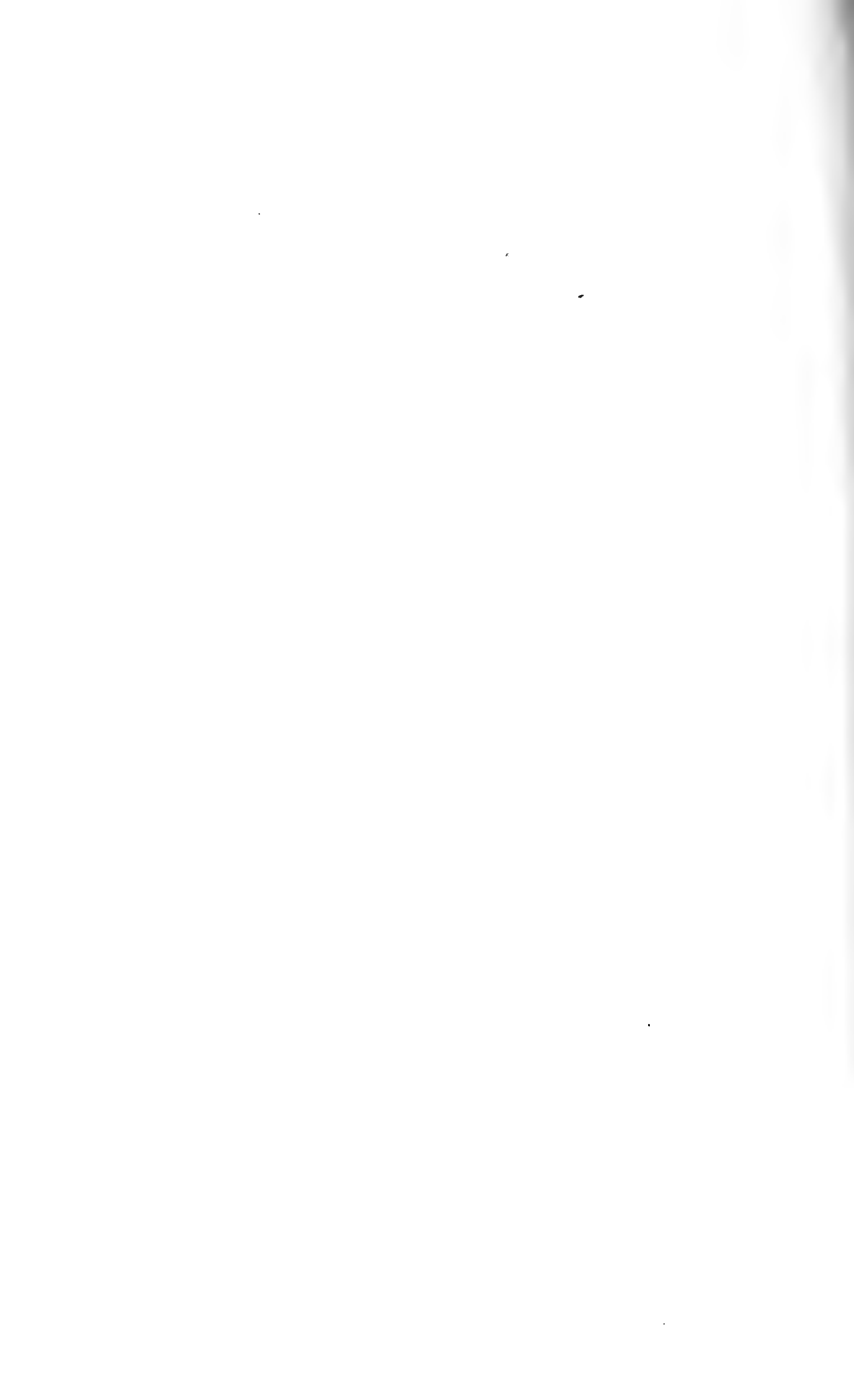
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awakened by the word "home" is more or less a sense of withdrawal from the world, so the best garden is the one into whose pleasant seclusion we can withdraw, sharing its intimacy with our friends; a sheltered spot, "Klein aber Mein."





Klein Aber Mein.





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Biological
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