

The
GARDEN THAT WE MADE

BY

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN
NÉE THE PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT





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THE WELL AND THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE.
From a Painting by the Crown Princess of Sweden.

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(Née The Princess Margaret of Connaught)



NEW YORK:

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, Publishers.

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<i>Translated by A. Ch. Settergren.</i>	

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Miss J. Franklin



Preface.

SOFIERO—which means “Sophie’s Rest”—is a Royal residence crowning a hill on the south coast of Sweden. Formerly it was the favourite home of the late King Oscar and Queen Sophie, who built the house sixty years ago and gave it its name. When their grandson, the present Crown Prince of Sweden, married the British Princess Margaret, elder daughter of the Duke of Connaught and only sister of the Princess Patricia, Sofiero was among their wedding gifts; and ever since it has been the home most beloved of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess and their children.

Here at Sofiero, when released for a short time from the exacting duties of her position, the Crown Princess spends a large portion of her days out-of-doors, working with her own hands till she has made the grounds blossom in all directions, even to the remotest nooks and crannies.

And the following pages describe her initial efforts and experiments in transforming a neglected orchard, and an overgrown, tangled hillside, into a veritable paradise of flowers.

The Crown Princess desires me to emphasise the fact, however, that this book was written in the first instance solely with a view to interesting the Swedish nation in gardening, since in Sweden garden-making is not the universal and popular hobby that it is in England. Her Royal Highness is concerned, therefore, lest these chapters should be too elementary for British readers, more especially the one about rockeries, a form of gardening particularly suited to (and at the same time somewhat misunderstood in) Sweden.

But there is a freemasonry among flower-lovers that takes little count of the word “elementary.” Those of us

who find our recreation in a garden, and who work there with our own hands, feel an interest in every other garden that is made by a flower-enthusiast; for in every garden that has been tended with real affection there is certain to be some new thing worth noting, and much to be admired.

And the Sofiero Garden is no exception. It provides not only a glorious wealth of beauty, but many new ideas that will be of practical worth to the amateur.

In this book there is only space to deal with the main features of the garden; the thousand-and-one details must follow later in a second volume. But to the British garden-lover, it is an especial pleasure to note how the Princess carried with her to the land of her adoption, the keen joy in flowers that is such a characteristic of our own country. And so earnestly has she worked to encourage garden development in Sweden, that she has come to be spoken of affectionately by the Swedish people as "Our Flower Princess."

Four of the Coloured Plates in this volume are from sketches in oils by Her Royal Highness. The remainder of the illustrations throughout the book—except where otherwise indicated—are from photographs taken by the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Sweden.

FLORA KLICKMANN.



Planning the Paths and the Flower-Beds

“ONCE upon a time there was a castle.” So begins many a fairy tale, and so will I begin this description of Sofiero—the description which I have undertaken after much hesitation and with some diffidence. But so many have asked me to describe the spot; and, moreover, I am convinced that one is amply repaid for the time and money one spends on gardening. Let me at the outset ask my readers’ indulgence for my many shortcomings as an authoress.

Yes, once upon a time there was a castle. It was built in Scania, in the south of Sweden, and it had one of the loveliest situations in the world. But when my husband and I had it given to us, there was scarcely anything in the way of flowers, and the whole place gave one the impression of being the enchanted forest where the fairy-tale princess still slept. She might, perhaps, be enjoying her sweet slumber, and yet we wanted something else, something more than an enchanted forest. And so we began forthwith to make our plans as to how we might beautify that charmingly situated spot.

On the North Side of the Castle.

Standing on the steps of the main entrance—on the north façade of the castle—one looks out over a wide stretch of lawn with a few isolated venerable trees. Where the lawn

A bed of Lavender, bordered by Marigolds, at the foot of the castle wall. The large pot holds Geraniums.



The Garden that We Made



Campanula pyramidalis against a background of Ivy on the north wall.

ends the park begins; and where the park ends two huge gates of wrought iron open on to the broad country road.

The lawn is calculated to give a sense of restfulness, because of its unity of colour and its broad outline, and hence it is without any kind of flower-bed that might

counteract this impression, except a long border by the wall of the house, where *Campanula pyramidalis*, sometimes called the Chimney Bell-flower in England, low-growing marigolds, and wayward nasturtiums, are edged by a row of tiles.

On the South Side of the Castle.

On the south side of the castle there is a steep hill which drops right down to the Sound. Ten years ago it was overgrown with trees, and the first thing we did was to fell some of these—that is, we felled as many as we possibly could. Some we were bound to keep for the sake of the protection they afforded from the gales. In Sweden we call it “hewing down the trees,” and I can assure you that it is an art to know the right trees to fell.

The best method is to single out one tree at the time, fell it, and then see what effect the space left by each fallen tree has on the landscape as a whole. This slow process has its reward, for one seldom regrets the loss of any tree.

Indeed, with us, the improvement made by the cutting was great, since there was such a wealth of forest trees.

Never hesitate to fell a diseased tree, nor to hew down one in order that its neighbour may get more benefit from the soil and thus develop better.

Musk Mallow has sown itself on the sloping grass.



Planning the Paths and the Flower-Beds

Starting to Plant the Hillside with Flowers.

When the tree-felling was completed, grass was sown on the hill, the edge being finished off with a low hedge of yew. This hedge has grown splendidly, and looks like a low, thick, green wall. Anyone who has room for such a hedge should try it. When clipped twice a year, nothing can be prettier as a hedge than such a low, close, ever-green wall.

We put various kinds of perennial flowers in little beds here and there on the grassy slope—some in mixed groups, some by themselves. Even in our first year we had many kinds of flowers in bloom, such as the hardy scarlet fuchsia, montbretia, lychnis (that spreads so well), foxgloves, lilies, hypericum, the Oriental poppy with huge red blossoms, and others.

The Matter of Grouping.

By degrees, however, we came to the conclusion that the flowers appeared to much greater advantage when not mixed too much. We also found that it was best to have not more than two colours in the same group, and that the tall pure white lilies, white chrysanthemums of different kinds, and some red flowers such as fuchsia, montbretia, Oriental poppy, and sweet bergamot, looked exceedingly well together. One must needs find one's way by degrees in matters of arrangement.

In the immediate vicinity of the castle there had not been anything at all in the way of flowers, and we very soon found



One of the terraces, showing the low Yew Hedge.

A self-sown Mullein, with a Yew Hedge behind it.



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that this had to be rearranged. Personally, I think that any building planted directly on sandy ground looks unfinished, not to say downright ugly.

We now made a border, about half a yard in depth, along the wall, and here we planted a number of perennial flowers.

Very soon we found, however, that they looked a confused muddle. The space was not large enough to accommodate so many, and the effect was unsatisfactory. The best way to arrange a bed of perennials is to have a few well-chosen kinds, and plenty of each kind. Then the effect is good, as the masses assert themselves. Also put the plants close together; that aids in producing a richness of effect.

Our "Hospital for Flowers."

Our next experiment was with monthly roses. But the gales were too much for them towards the autumn, and in the summer the sun was too strong. The poor wee roses were dying away! When we found this out we moved them to an especially-sheltered spot in the orchard that I call "The Hospital for Flowers." Every plant that seems sick or ailing is always moved there, and—marvellous to relate—they soon show signs of recovery in that sheltered, sunny spot.

Flowers that Withstood the Sun and Gales.

After having had two successive years of failure with our flower-bed along the wall of the house, we had a lucky inspiration, and our next project was a success.

The path and steps leading from the park to the Flower Garden.



Planning the Paths and the Flower-Beds

Against the wall a hedge of lavender was planted, and outside of that are the always good-tempered and grateful little marigolds. A low clipped edging of box completes the long straight bed. In any odd angles of the wall there are clumps of the red spiræa which has such a troublesome long botanical name. However, as it is highly decorative, it is worth one's while to learn its name—

Spiræa Bumaldi Antony Waterer. Thus, at last, we found a design for this flower-bed which pleased us very much, and which has stood the test of many years in spite of our strong sun and our gales from the narrow strip of sea where the Baltic and the North Sea meet.

The wall itself we have tried to decorate, too, partly in order to hide an ugly cement-line. An old Gloire de Dijon stood there before our time, and that is now flanked by the self-clinging Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*) and the pale blue glycine.

The other sides of the house are well covered with ivy.

We Planted Crimson Ramblers on a Lower Terrace.

On a lower terrace, where it forms a large round sweep, we planted crimson ramblers, training them over low arches. Here is also an old-fashioned sundial encircled by fan-shaped flower-beds of heliotrope and ageratum, both of which are annuals. The blue flowers blend charmingly, and contrast very prettily with the crimson ramblers.



A mass of White Carnations, "Mrs. Sinkins."

The Garden that We Made



Patches of autumn
crocus in the grass.

**And the Slope was Carpeted
with more Roses.**

On the slope between the already-mentioned yew hedge and this lower terrace is a luxuriant carpet of roses—the pink Dorothy Perkins and the white *Wichuriana*; they climb up the little slope and look so happy and comfortable basking in

the sunlight and flowering abundantly.

These particular roses are especially suitable for covering and clothing any bit of ground. In our garden they climb along a grassy slope, but they appear to even greater advantage when they are allowed to ramble as they please over a bare bleak hill-top. The *Wichurianas* are among the loveliest of roses, and they are to be had in so many colours; and, in addition, their dark, shiny little leaves are always very pretty.

How we Transformed the Kitchen Garden.

Having accomplished the remaking of our garden on one side of the house, we set to work on the large rectangular orchard or kitchen garden—I really do not know which to call it. For when I first saw it, it was full of old fruit trees, beneath which the grass grew in rank tufts. A few rows of gooseberry, raspberry, and currant bushes, and a few vegetables completed the plantation. There was not a proper path anywhere—just a meandering down-trodden track studded here and there with huge boulders, over which one had to find one's way as best one could. Yet it was easy to see that the place was eminently suitable for a regular garden, with a kind of orchard-like appearance.

The Flagged Paving by
the Well.





The lovely blooms of the Frau Karl Druschki roses.

Our first work here was to make two broad paths running at right angles, forming a cross. Most of the fruit trees were allowed to remain; only those that stood in the way of the paths were felled. And on both sides of the two paths we made long-stretching flower-beds. A few newly-planted fruit trees were removed (with a generous lump of soil) to more suitable spots in the garden. The grass-tufts were replaced by a regular lawn beneath some of the old fruit trees. Though it is not supposed to be good for the fruit trees to have grass next to the stem, we could not resist having an uninterrupted lawn.

The effect is so picturesque that we defended our design on æsthetic grounds.

A Novel Form of Background.

The large flower-beds on each side of the broad middle path were about five yards deep. Here the flowers should live and have their being. While they were being arranged, it occurred to us that Scania is a land of strong gales, and that the flowers that like gales are few and far between. What was to be done? A regular wall would look clumsy; a hedge would absorb too much nourishment from the soil. Then we suddenly remembered an espalier we had seen in a garden in England that

Dorothy Perkins and Wichuriana Roses climbing over the sloping Grass Bank.



The Garden that We Made



The Princess gathering climbing White Dorothy roses.

various kinds, and the sweet little white jessamine (a rarity in Sweden), and *Periploca græca*, with shining, web-formed leaves. Where the espalier seemed thinly covered we sowed nasturtiums, just for filling up any odd corner. This is a most effective arrangement, and it all combines very well indeed.

The beds are divided into plots about four yards long and one yard broad. Each variety of plant gets a square to itself.

Bright Flowers are Nearest the Entrance.

We have no definite scheme, but, as a rule, we try to have the gayest and most brilliant-coloured flowers nearest the entrance, such as coreopsis, dianthus, and the herb lily (*Alstrœmeria*), an exceptionally beautiful flower, which, in genial soil, grows and spreads with extraordinary rapidity.

It was named by the great Swedish botanist Karl v. Linié after another well-known botanist, Klas Alstrœmer. In

addition to these we have sunflowers, lychnis (in some countries called the cross of Jerusalem), red phlox (or so-called Etna), phlox coquelicot, eschscholtzia, Tom Thumb nasturtiums, calendula, foxgloves in different colours, the yellow tree lupin.

The old-fashioned Sundial on the south terrace stands amidst Heliotrope and Ageratum.



Planning the Paths and the Flower-Beds



A gay show of
Perennials in bloom.



A group of *Campanula Celtidifolia*, with
Nepeta Mussini in the foreground.

These photos show the Espalier Fence that is so useful for climbing plants.



A clump of *Polygonum* in the valley, with Perennial Sunflowers in the foreground.

The Crown Princess of Sweden at work in Her Garden.

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A view from the Rose Garden, showing the well in the centre of the Paved Square.

Here and there some bright blue flowers are put, in order to emphasise the glow of this flaming mass, such as anchusa, veronica (*longifolia*), delphinium, and sea holly (*Eryngium amethystinum*).

Cooler Colours come Farther Away.

Farther away come the cooler colours. Here is the greyish-blue *Nepeta mussini*, which covers the ground with its little flowers all through the summer, and which I most heartily recommend. Here is also the luxuriant happy-looking campanula (*celtidifolia*), the stately veronica (*subsessilis*), the perennial cornflower, the white gypsophila, also called the bridal veil; here is *Baptisia australis* with blue butterfly-like blossoms, the old-fashioned white carnation Mrs. Sinkins, blue and white violas, love-in-a-mist and white valerian. There are many others, though I must not weary you by enumerating them all.

Behind the flower-beds the vegetables thrive splendidly -- those important and very useful plants that no one can do without.

Breaking the Monotony of a Long Straight Path.

When the middle path was being made we thought that it looked too long and monotonous. We therefore made a pergola to break the monotony, where a wealth of roses climb and cluster, and where two white-enamelled

Here and there some bright blue flowers are put, in order to emphasise the glow of this flaming mass, such as anchusa, veronica (*longifolia*), delphinium, and sea holly (*Eryngium amethystinum*).

Cooler Colours come Farther Away.

Farther away come the cooler colours. Here is the greyish-blue *Nepeta mussini*, which covers the

A view of the Flower Walk as seen from the centre of the Rose Pergola.



A PICTURESQUE BIT OF THE VALLEY OF SOFIERO.
From a Painting by the Crown Princess of Sweden.

From a Printing by the Crown Printers of Sweden.
A PICTURESQUE BIT OF THE AVTEA OF SOBIEKO.



Planning the Paths and the Flower-Beds

garden seats invite one to rest and enjoy to the full the rose-scented air, while the bees are humming everywhere.

In the very centre of the garden, just by the cross-roads, *i.e.*, where the two broad paths cross, is an octagonal home-made well, built of sandstone found on our own grounds down by the sea. Everybody who sees it takes it for granted that the well must be very old, and must have stood there for a century at least. For this particular kind of stone contains a quantity of iron-ore and acquires very soon a warm brownish colouring. But truth must be told—our “antique well,” alas! was constructed in the year 1911.

An open space round the well is paved with the same kind of stone, in the corners of which there are little flower-beds. These are somewhat raised, and are edged with low stone walls. This year we had planted these little beds with begonias—a different colour in every bed. In former years we once had flax, then we had petunias, and the year after that geraniums—in white and pink varieties.



White Phlox with
Nasturtiums in the
foreground.

On each side of these flower corners we put large red flower-pots with white marguerites—that busy, generous plant which never tires of putting forth fresh blooms.

In the crevices between the large flagstones of the paved space are white thyme and dwarf campanula. But the large tufts of radiant blue veronica longifolia, that are cropping up everywhere in the crevices, have just planted themselves. They are a gift of Nature! And so are the daisies, a salmon-pink *Dianthus barbatus*, delphinium, and the many golden patches of stonecrop.

The entire “square” is surrounded with large flower-

The Garden that We Made

beds with the espalier background after the manner of the broad middle path ; and this scheme continues along the arm of the "cross-road" which leads up to a typical cosy little Swedish cottage with thatched roof. Here the gardener lives.

The Gardener's Cottage.

The cottage, though recently erected, looks as old as the well does, and it gives a charming finish to the long, gay, multi-coloured Walk. The entire length of the Walk from the well to the cottage is edged with roses. Roses, roses all the way—roses of every kind, every size, and every colour. Each variety has its own square ; but on a narrow strip along the edges of the path there is, first, Gruss au Teplitz, then—supposing one has had enough of their red colour—one can refresh the eye with the snowy splendour of Frau Karl Druschki, until one can again rejoice in the salmon-pink Johanna Sebus and the rich foliage that particular kind of rose can boast of. Our

A corner of the Herb Garden, beside the gardener's cottage.



favourite roses are : Prince de Bulgarie, with their pink and yellow blooms : Rayon d'Or — a charming pure golden rose ; the luxuriant Laurette Messini ; the simple and graceful Killarney ; and Souvenir du President Carnot, an almost white rose. Another very generous rose is Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, with delightful flowers and of sturdy growth. But here one is more than ever reminded of the saying that there is no rose without thorns—it has such a number of them.

Even the espalier is

here covered with roses, amongst which are Anne of Geierstein, Lord Penzance, Bar le Duc. There is never any need of protecting these against the rough elements; they grow fast, the very foliage has an agreeable scent—in short, they all are highly to be recommended. In June they stand in their glory, and their colouring

has hardly any equal, especially that of Bar le Duc, which is of a ravishing sombre pink. Another beautiful climber is Ruga, with peculiar salmon-pink blooms, Aglaia, white Dorothy, Veilchenblau with its almost mauve clusters of roses. This last-mentioned rose is chiefly interesting on account of its peculiar colour, and is to be recommended only to those who have plenty of other kinds of roses. Then there are the different kinds of ramblers: Turner's red ramblers, Dorothy Perkins, blush ramblers, and so on. They are all very sweet.

**My Own Special
Herb Garden.**

In the front of the cottage is my own little herb garden. I just love it, and I have tried to get as many sweet-scented herbs as I possibly could. To be sure, they are

neither rare nor particularly beautiful; on the contrary, they are mostly tiny and insignificant. Still, they have a charm peculiarly their own. One narrow flagged path surrounds the little garden, and another leads up to the cottage. The herb garden is divided into small squares, since the flowers are tiny and modest-looking. The path is edged off by means of low



The path beside the Herb Garden, showing the low wall that edges it.

Verbena Erinodes in the Herb Garden.



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walls, on which are verbena, geraniums, and other old-fashioned pot-plants in the ordinary kind of flower-pots.

I think I ought just to give the names of some of my herbs in case anybody with a taste for herb gardening would be interested to know. It must be remembered that most of them have mauve or purple flowers, as if they had purposely chosen this discreet, delicate colouring. And one's fancy runs to thoughts of the time of the nuns in their cloister gardens, and of how honoured these now humble flowers were in former days. There is thyme, that has to be trampled on in order to bring out its sweet scent; hyssop, with its spicy smell; rosemary—"That's for remembrance," as Ophelia says (remember never to pass it without taking a sprig!); *Myrrhis odorata*, sometimes known as "Sweet Cicely," which is somewhat larger and has a fern-like leaf; Rue, with a very strong scent; lavender, the loveliest of herbs, and such a decorative plant, too, with its sturdy growth and its thousands of bluey-mauve flowers—it is the favourite of all butterflies; angelica—rather a stately plant with white flowers; marjoram (in olden days—so the legend says—the women derived great comfort from seeing marjoram growing on the graves of their dear ones, for that meant that the departed were now happy); sage, with its grey woolly leaves and strong aromatic scent.

Polygonum, or Knot Weed, in bloom by the steps leading up to the Flower Walk.



Against the wall of the cottage there are tall hollyhocks. This is typically Swedish; all the cottages have them. Here and there amongst the herbs stands a tall rose bush just to give the place some colour.

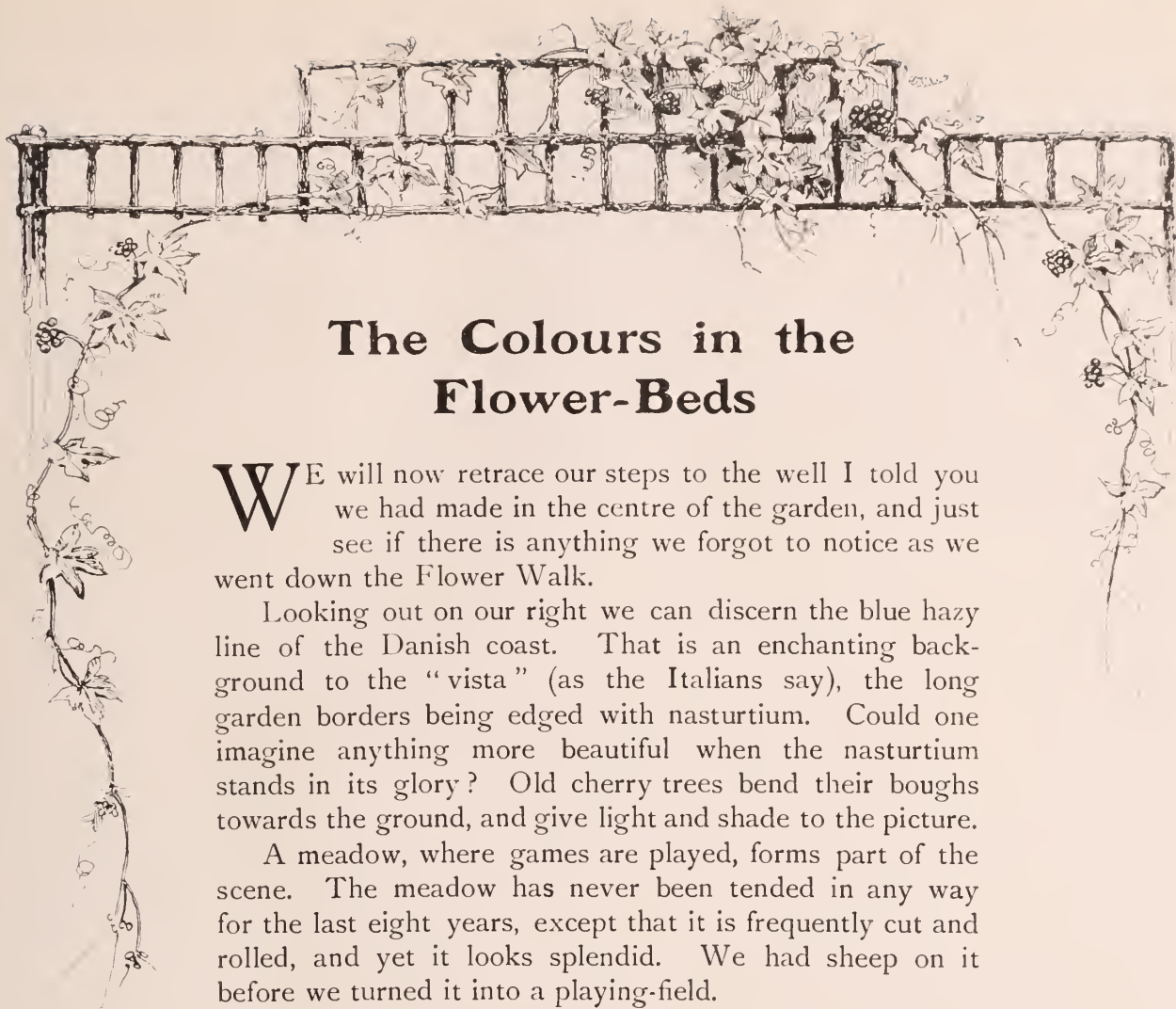


[Photo by Alfred B. Nilson.]

The Flower Walk, with the Gardener's Cottage in the distance.



The Yellow Border—A Veritable Sea of Gold.



The Colours in the Flower-Beds

WE will now retrace our steps to the well I told you we had made in the centre of the garden, and just see if there is anything we forgot to notice as we went down the Flower Walk.

Looking out on our right we can discern the blue hazy line of the Danish coast. That is an enchanting background to the "vista" (as the Italians say), the long garden borders being edged with nasturtium. Could one imagine anything more beautiful when the nasturtium stands in its glory? Old cherry trees bend their boughs towards the ground, and give light and shade to the picture.

A meadow, where games are played, forms part of the scene. The meadow has never been tended in any way for the last eight years, except that it is frequently cut and rolled, and yet it looks splendid. We had sheep on it before we turned it into a playing-field.

**Roses, White Lilies,
and Lavender.**

Turning to the left again, we look on arch after arch—ten altogether—smothered with numberless roses—Dorothy Perkins. Between the arches are espalier fruit trees from which we hope to get plenty of apples and pears some day.

The edges of the broad path are bordered with pink

The View from the South Side of the Castle, showing the Sound.



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Roses, Lavender and
Lilies by the Rose
Perzola.

polyanthus roses, "Mrs. Cutbush"; behind them there is a thick hedge of lavender, and behind these there are Madonna lilies.

Many people think this part of the cross-road is the prettiest of all—that it is our *chef d'œuvre* in gardening. Per-

haps they are right. There is something so well-bred and aristocratic about those lilies on their straight, slender stems, looking down on the blue lavender blossoms, and forming a kind of frame for the pink clusters of roses. We pick the lavender blossoms towards the end of July and put them in between the household linen; thus we enjoy them the whole year round.

The Pink Flower-Bed.

Now we have been over a good deal of the garden at Sofiero; but if my readers have the patience to go on, there is still more to see. In another corner of the garden we have a one-colour scheme in the flower-beds. In one bed, for instance, all the flowers are pink. There are so many pink blossoms, and they are often difficult to fit in with other colours. Here are *Sedum fabaria*, *Rosa hortensior*, pink spiræa, pink phlox, pink campions (both the annual and the perennial variety), *Physostegia virginiana* (sometimes called False Dragon Head), which is tall, and has the entire stalk covered with flowers. The bed is edged with a border of pink daisies.

The Path from the Well
towards the Sound.



A PART OF A FLOWER BORDER IN SEPTEMBER.
From a Painting by the Crown Princess of Sweden.

From a Painting by the Crown Princess of Sweden.
A PART OF A GOWER BORDER IN SEPTEMBER



The Blue
Flower-Bed.

Next we come to the blue flower-bed with a bright splash of veronica (*spicata*); with some blue asters (*bessarabicus*); schizanthus; campanula (*carpatica*); delphinium (*cashmirianum*), a less-known plant, but pretty and easy to cultivate; cornflowers; annual lupins, and so on.

Gold and
Grey.

Then comes the crown and glory of them all: the yellow flower-bed—a veritable sea of gold. There are so many yellow flowers to be had that a yellow flower-bed is very easy to design. In order to emphasise this patch of shining gold, we put the grey flower-bed next to it. "Grey!" I can hear my reader exclaim somewhat dubiously.

But wait! I can assure you that the grey flower-bed has distinct attractions and even charm. On a hot summer's-day it has a cooling effect.

This flower-bed is my own work, and I have gathered together: *Nepeta mussini*, the daintiest among little plants, with grey foliage and purple flowers; *Nepeta macrantha*, a taller plant of a similar kind, which never tires of blossoming from June to September; *Cerastium tomentosum*, "Snow in Summer" as it is called in England, so overstrewn is it with white flowers that the name is truly appropriate; *Stachys lanata*, often known as



A glimpse
in the Park.

A corner of the Yellow
Flower-Bed.



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“lamb’s ear,” with woolly leaves as soft as velvet; the plume poppy (*Bocconia cordata*), a tall plant which is quite easy to cultivate though its homeland is Japan—it blooms in July; *Yucca filamentosa*, with white, waxen, bell-shaped flowers and lance-shaped leaves pointing upwards; the thistle-like sea-holly (*Eryngium alpinum*); *Salvia sclarea*, a peculiar plant with decorative leaves, and milk-white clusters of blossoms (it was formerly called *Oculus Christi*); *Hyacinthus candicans*, lily-white in colour; lavender cotton, with its graceful, pale-grey foliage; and many others in addition to these I have mentioned. All of these have either bluish-grey flowers or grey foliage, and the general effect is beautiful as well as rare.



The Grey Flower Border.

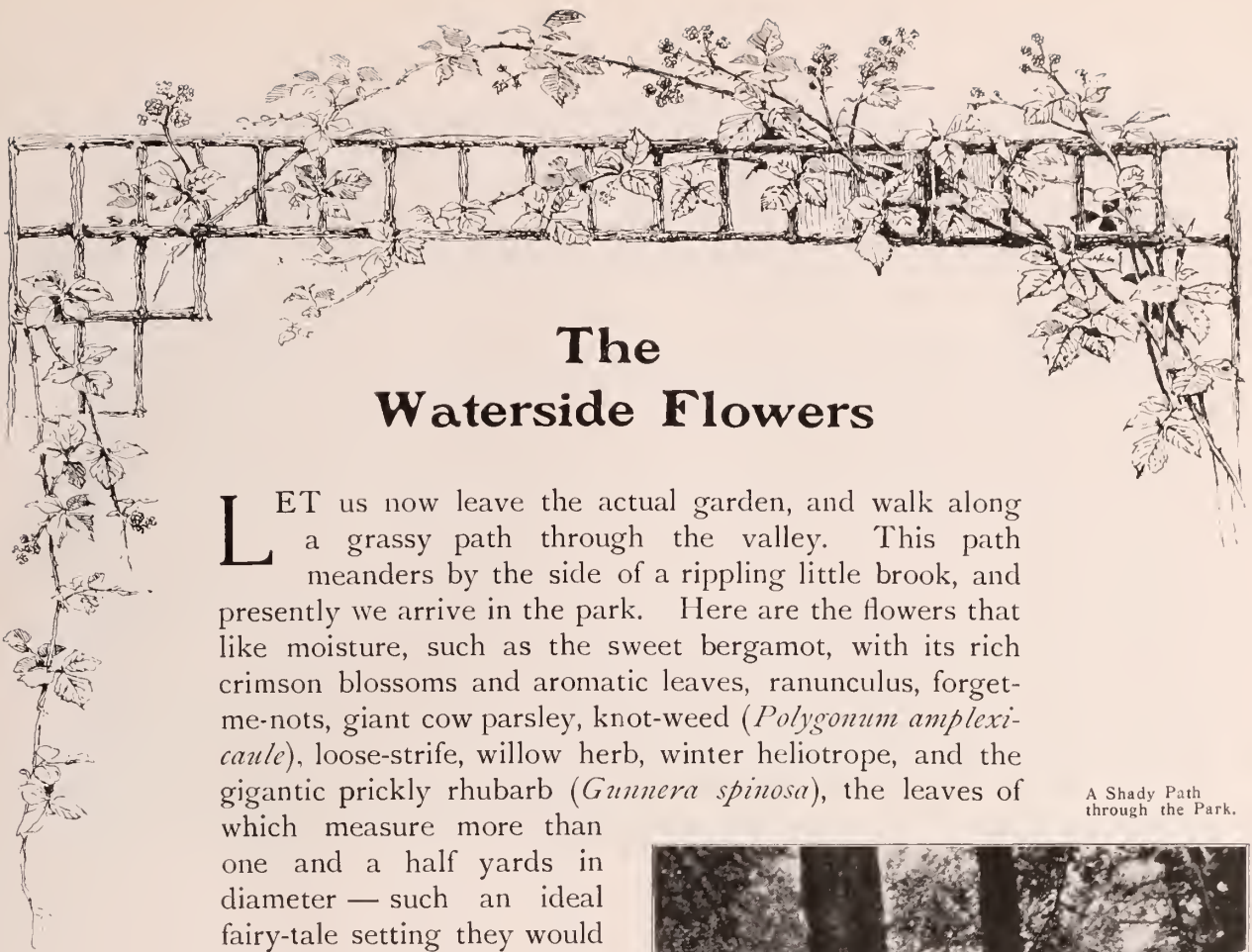


A Flower Border with Nasturtiums, Daisies, Eschscholtzia, Anchusa, and other Plants.



One of the Ponds in the Valley.

Photo by Alfred B. Nilson.



The Waterside Flowers

LET us now leave the actual garden, and walk along a grassy path through the valley. This path meanders by the side of a rippling little brook, and presently we arrive in the park. Here are the flowers that like moisture, such as the sweet bergamot, with its rich crimson blossoms and aromatic leaves, ranunculus, forget-me-nots, giant cow parsley, knot-weed (*Polygonum amplexicaule*), loose-strife, willow herb, winter heliotrope, and the gigantic prickly rhubarb (*Gunnera spinosa*), the leaves of which measure more than one and a half yards in diameter — such an ideal fairy-tale setting they would make for any Puck or Tom Thumb.

On the slopes of the valley, where the shadows are not too heavy, we have planted masses of rhododendron and azalea. In this park-soil even the Frau Karl Druschki thrives (that is, by the way, a rose that is very hardy), and amongst them we have put *Rosa Hermosa* and blue delphinium in every conceivable shade.

A Shady Path
through the Park.



The Garden that We Made

Leaving the actual garden at Soliero, the path meanders by the side of a rippling brook, and presently we arrive in the park.



*Photo by
Alfred B. Nilson.*



Stachys Lanata, sometimes known as "Lamb's Ear."

The Waterside Flowers

Here are the flowers that like moisture—sweet bergamot, ranunculus, forget-me-nots, cow parsley, and the gigantic prickly rhubarb, with leaves more than a yard and a half in diameter.



*Photo by
Alfred B. Nilson.*



The Castle glimpsed through the trees.

The Garden that We Made



By the large Pond.

Beside the Pond.

Where the valley ends is what we call our "tea terrace"; it is by the side of a large pond that we had made some years ago; and there are now both gold fish and trout in that pond.

Amongst the flowers by the pond there are notably: *iris kempferi*, the Japanese iris, which is *the iris par préférence*, but which requires some amount of patience, for it seldom blooms until its second year; but one is so much the happier when its flowers at length appear. In addition, there are bright rose-coloured spiræa, bamboo, day lilies, Solomon's seal, giant seakale with tall stems bearing hundreds of little white blossoms, and foxgloves with yellow flowers, a perennial variety of this well-known plant which otherwise is usually bi-annual. In addition to these we hunted up some wild plants, such as the cuckoo pint, heather, the wild foxglove, willow herb, and so on, and put them amongst the garden flowers.

This "tea terrace" down in the valley is so very sheltered that the bamboo plants and the pampas grass have suffered neither from gales nor frosts, but have stood here for years without losing any of their glory.

The lawn is studied with magnolia trees in pure snowy glory, and very sweet, though somewhat capricious blossoms. The flame flower (*Tropæolum speciosum*) climbs gaily over the boulders, and gladdens us with its fiery show of blossoms. Its roots resemble those of the sugar plant, and should preferably be planted fairly deep down between two large stones, so that the roots are kept cool while the flowers are permitted to bask in the sunlight. It is a perennial, but it very often makes a scanty appearance the first year, in order to shine so much the more the next.



AZALEAS AND RHODODENDRONS.



POLYANTHA ROSES, LAVENDER AND LILIES



NEPETA MUSSINI, ESCHSCHOLTZIA AND CAMPANULA
CELTIDIFOLIA.



IN THE ROSE GARDEN.

The Waterside Flowers



Where the valley ends in the park at Solfiero is what we call our "Tea Terrace"; it is by the side of a large pond that we had made some years ago.

*Photo by
Alfred B. Nilson*



Hollyhocks outside the Gardener's Cottage: These are characteristic of Sweden.

The Garden that We Made



Phlox in the Park.

The Lily Corner.

Beside the "tea terrace" with its white-painted benches and tables, we have what we call our lily corner. The soil was especially and carefully prepared. Here is every conceivable kind of lily, most of which show their gratitude by flowering profusely, and permeating the air with scent. Amongst the loveliest are *Lilium lancifolium*, *Lilium canadense*, the purple Martagan lily, the bright-yellow tiger lily, the orange-coloured *Lilium umbellatum*, and the familiar *Lilium bulbiferum*.

All these lilies are planted round a huge upright boulder, which the late King Oscar of Sweden had placed there many years ago, and which bears the following inscription: "From this spot one can see the Castle of Kronborg." This inscription was chiselled in the year the Castle of Sofiero was built, namely, 1865. But it is impossible to see a glimpse of Kronborg Castle nowadays, even though we have felled a number of trees.

It thrives best in cooler climates. For instance, it does well in Scotland, where it is seen about the little cottages — very often even growing on the roof; while in England one does not so often see it doing full justice to its powers of strength and beauty.



The Rose Pergola with the Well in the distance.



The Blue Border with Phlox and Campanula.





Making the Rock Garden

SOME rustic steps, followed by a path, take us down to the sea. These steps are made out of the natural boulders, and on each side of them is a rockery. Once one comes under the spell of rock gardening, one finds it the most fascinating work of all. At the same time it is the most difficult of all gardening to describe. Nevertheless, I will try my pen at it, since Nature, especially in Sweden, provides so many spots suitable for rock-gardens.

The term rock-gardening sounds somewhat formidable, especially for those who have seen so-called rock-gardens where the stones are huddled together at random without any sort of *raison d'être*, and where a few puny plants are striving for existence. Yet, I can assure you that a carefully-planned and well-executed rock-garden is truly delightful.

Every little plant must have its own abode between the stones, the grey tone of which emphasises the colour of the blossoms and leaves. Thus even a few plants can be very effective indeed. It is important that the soil be dug up thoroughly before the stones are put in place, and that the soil be examined in order to mix with it more fertilising matter should it be needed.

If the rockery be arranged on sloping ground the stones should

An upward path in the
Rock Garden.



The Garden that We Made

“bind” and secure the soil as much as possible, in case of heavy showers. Another mission of the larger boulders is that of providing shade for such plants as must be protected against glaring sunshine.

Remember that every crevice can and must have some sort of vegetation growing in it; this will guide one in the arrangement of the stones, and guard one against putting down too many. If any stone seems superfluous, take it away—one can easily do this oneself; and if the space

seems too big, never mind, that will make an effective hollow in which a number of plants can be put. Only if such a hollow is too sloping, so that heavy rains may wash away all soil from the roots, should the stones be replaced by more suitable ones, not otherwise.

We Began with Failure.

Our modest beginning with a rock-garden was, at first, a failure. We were too eager to succeed, laid down too many stones, our hollows sloped too much, and too many branches from neighbouring trees



Canterbury Bells and
low - growing rock
plants.

shaded the little plants. Now we have learnt our lesson; and, as we add from year to year to our growing rockery, we are careful not to repeat former errors. The hollows should be as varying in shape as possible—big and small ones, oblong, round, narrow, square, one deep down nestling beside a big piece of rock, the other high up near the peak of a boulder, so that the plant can climb out over the stony surface.

The rockery in its entirety must present rhythm and

**Making the
Rock Garden**



The Rock Garden by the water :
The House is above behind the trees.

Photo by Alfred B. Nilson.

The Garden that We Made



Foxgloves among the
rocky boulders.

variety in the same manner as a picture, no matter if it be arranged along a slope or on level ground, continuously or in terrace-formed groups. We have experimented with every kind of rock-gardening. Each time we reclaim an additional bit of the hillside we try some fresh device in the rockery line.

**The Rockery should Harmonise
with its Surroundings.**

Every rock-garden should harmonise with the existing characteristics of Nature—not aim at dominating or obliterating these in any way. Naturally the taller plants should serve as background for the shorter ones, while those on which one intends to bestow special care should be placed nearest the path. One should arrange some paths and steps for the purpose of getting at the other plants. This is always necessary, but especially in the spring, when the frailest and tenderest amongst them often run the risk of being suffocated by weeds if one does not keep a watchful eye and tending hand over them.

**The Preference of Each
can be Gratified.**

A rock-garden has this in common with a museum, that one can go there every day and yet always discover something new revealing itself to one's interested eyes. Everything can find a home here—those who love the sun and those who prefer the shade (the latter should be put at the back of large stones). Those who like to have their roots kept moist should be placed at the lowest possible

White Autumn Daisies.



THE ROSE PERGOLA.

From a Photo by the Crown Princess of Sweden.

From a Photo of the Crown Princess of Sweden.

THE ROSE BERG



level, and the creeping plants ought to be placed level with the surface of a stone so that they can ramble at their leisure; those who do not require any particular depth of soil can be put in any and every crevice. Everything can be suitably accommodated.

For instance, white arabis, called "Snow on the Mountains" in some parts of England, the pretty little white plant that thrives so well and flowers so early in the spring, can be put high up amongst the stones over which it will presently ramble in every direction and show to the best possible advantage.

And the same applies to aubretia, which—if it only may bask in the sun—will completely clothe the stone blocks in a single summer; creeping Jenny, that golden-blossomed plant which, once planted, spreads so rapidly that one must prune it severely, or it will take the upper hand at the expense of its neighbours, and almost invade their territory; *Crucianella stylosa*, with pink blossoms behaves in a similar manner, but is taller, and should be given a larger area to occupy—a thing it will soon accomplish.

Evergreen Candytuft.



A view of the Rock-Garden taken from the front steps.

Saxifragas of every kind are suitable for rockeries, and so are all species of houseleeks and of silene—everybody knows that, I am sure. But that is not an adequate selection; there are many, many others, all suitable.

**Some Favourites
of Mine.**

I will just mention a few that are

The Garden that We Made

particular favourites of mine : *Gypsophila repens*, with pink and white blossom ; speedwell, which spreads over the ground ; *Gentiana acaulis*, that wonderful, pretty little blue alpine flower ; all kinds of *Hypericum* (the Rose of Sharon and St. John's Wort family), of which there are many different varieties, tall and short, some creeping along the ground, covering it completely with little yellow blossoms as soon as ever the sun shines a little—as, for instance, *Hypericum polyphyllum*, and the creeping *Hypericum reptans*.

Other particular favourites of mine are *Incarvillea delavayi*, with rose-red bugle-shaped blooms and big leaves (it looks particularly well in a rock-garden) ; many and various kinds of campanula, with their demure little blue-and-white bells ; the common spiræa, often seen indoors in Sweden, can easily be transplanted to a shady spot once it has attained some strength and maturity. It should, however, always have sufficiently moist soil. Then one can rejoice, every spring, in the tiny red shoots amongst the stones, for spiræa is so hardy that, even in a northern clime, it can stand the wintry cold without needing to be covered over.

Azaleas and rhododendrons should not be forgotten. Their proper place is on the crest of the rockery. No shrubs are so radiantly beautiful when in bloom as these two last mentioned. And the azaleas are an ornament also in the autumn,

when the leaves are almost as pretty as the flowers were in the summery June. As regards rhododendrons, their leaves look well all the year round.

**Perennials should
Predominate.**

One would prefer to employ perennials chiefly in one's rockeries ; but

White *Gypsophila* in
the Rock-Garden.



Making the
Rock Garden



Steps leading in and about the Rock Garden.



Two Views in the Rock Garden.

The Garden that We Made

the annuals ought not to be excluded. It would be a pity not to have a splash of portulacas, for instance, in the rockery. Once having seen them in their multi-coloured glory, one is determined that—come what may—one must have them in one's garden. They open only in the sun—but that is precisely their charm. Day after day, as you go about the garden, you will imagine that you have discovered hitherto unknown shades of colouring in red, yellow, and orange! There is something so fairy-tale like about the portulaca.



Petunias and Rhododendrons growing among the stones.

Foxgloves look well among the stones; so do petunias, low nasturtiums and ageratum. *Bartonia aurea*, with yellow blossoms and of low growth, must be hanging over a grey boulder in order to appear at its best.

Among the sedums, or stonecrops, there is a tiny annual, *Sedum caeruleum*, with pale-blue blossoms; it thrives best if planted between two boulders so that it falls over them like a blue cascade.

The Modest and Retiring little Flowers must be included.

The more modest flowers should on no account be omitted, neither the annuals nor the perennials, such as the daisy, the pansy, the Iceland poppy which spreads so generously, the different kinds of primroses, forget-me-not, different kinds of phlox—both the low-stemmed spring phlox and the stately autumn varieties, *Linaria cymbalaria*, that is so often found on the walls of old castles and other buildings both in Sweden and in England, where it is called

“mother of millions”—a name it well deserves on account of the profusion of its little flowers and the rapidity with which it spreads.

Further, we must remember *Alyssum saxatile*, a flower that should be given a place by the side of arabis or aubretia somewhere by a big boulder, over which it can cascade its clusters of golden flowers.

The various *Dianthus* should also be included, especially *Dianthus neglectus* and *Dianthus plumbaris*. Ferns are very suitable for shaded corners along with fuchsias, foxgloves, thalictrum (or meadow rue) and the attractive little *Anomatheca cruenta*, with its orchid-looking blossoms.

It is a curious fact, and one worth mentioning, that such delicate plants as the greyish blue *Ceanothus Gloire de Versailles*, the dark blue *Buddleia veitchiana* and *Opuntia* (a kind of cactus), have stood the winter with us year after year, without being hurt by the frost.

I could easily give you many more names, give many more descriptions of flower-beds and give more advice; but I believe my hints are sufficient for anybody who would like to work as I have worked. I ought to mention that we have very few of the early spring flowers in our garden, since we always aim at having a profusion of blossoms during June, July, and August.

**My Children's
Garden.**

Not far from the rockery, and at the very crest of the hill, is the garden, playground,



White Stonecrop and Saxifraga Umbrosa in the foreground, with Daisies behind.

Buddleia Veitchiana in bloom.



The Garden that We Made

and little cottage belonging to our children. They attend to the ground, dig, plant, water, and weed it themselves.

And not only that, they even made a rockery of their own, having found out what a source of pleasure a rockery is. That is, of course, a miniature one, with plants partly from our rockery, partly wild flowers that have grown there just of their own accord, and wild flowers that they have found in the woods and along hedge-rows. As I mentioned in another article, wherever they find a pretty wild flower, they immediately transplant it to the rockery, where everything seems to thrive and flourish. The garden, with a neat little fence, forms a typical setting to a country cottage, and outside the fence is the rockery very appropriately arranged on the slope of the hill.

The flowers in their little garden are all easy to cultivate, and all yield a number of blossoms: tall annual sunflowers, marigolds, cornflowers, poppies, zinnias, asters, and geraniums, and, of course, nasturtiums. At the back of the cottage is their kitchen garden, with potatoes, carrots, radishes and strawberries. But I am telling you more about this in another chapter.

And now we have walked through the entire garden at Sofiero. If any of my readers have been helped or inspired by this one walk, and more especially if, in ever such a modest way, my description has been any aid to a beginner in gardening, I shall not have written in vain.

One Word of Advice.

Never despair about anything in your garden though



A *Lilium Auratum*
among *Rhododendrons*.

A pale blue *Clematis*:
lanuginosa.



**Making the
Rock Garden**



Down in the Valley.



A clump of *Cerastium Biebersteini*, sometimes called "Snow in Summer."

The Garden that We Made

it does look hopeless at times. Half the fascination about gardening is just the difficulty of making a success of one's ideas. One has a number of obstacles to battle against; but the joy is so much the greater when one finally does realise one's desires. The very fact that a garden never is quite finished, that there is always more, and yet more, to be done, to be beautified, that one idea leads to another in endless succession—that is the entrancing thing about the garden.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,” Keats said, and that is indeed appropriate to gardening.



The Path leading from the Rock Garden toward the open Sea.

THE PRINCESS IN HER ROCK GARDEN.
Painted by C. J. Vine from a Photo by A. B. Nilson.

Printed by S. T. Ainsworth & Bro. at 15, B. Wilson
THE PRINCESS IN HER ROSE GARDEN.





Other Gardens I have Planned

I HAVE had opportunities of both planning and re-planning several gardens in and near Stockholm, and in order to help amateur-gardeners I will give a brief description of the three main types of garden schemes I have employed.

On an island in the inner group of the Stockholm Archipelago (all-in-all there are 200 islands) there is a yellow-washed cottage on a rocky slope close by the shore. It is surrounded by tall trees.

One could not think of having a conventional garden here, where one had to roll the boulders aside and dig up old roots in order to plant anything at all. Only those roots, tree-stumps, and stones that proved actually decorative were permitted to remain. The largest and most unwieldy naturally had to be left, and formed the boundary for the garden.

Wherever a boulder was rolled away, the hollow was filled with rich soil. Thus excellent places for the new plants were soon ready.

The Flower Borders in the Garden of Mixed Flowers.



The Garden that We Made



The Rockery in the small garden in Spring, before any planting out was done.

Spring Flowers were the Speciality of the Yellow- Washed Cottage.

The owner of this little garden has specialised in spring flowers, and it is about these that I should like to write. But in order to describe the spring flowers I must go back to the autumn when hundreds and

hundreds of bulbs were planted in this prepared soil. Snowdrops, crocus, muscari (or grape hyacinth), scilla, tulips, and so on, were put in during September and October; they were planted as close together as possible, and two to three inches deep—for the secret of the rich effect is simply the close planting together of the bulbs.

When the spring approaches, the snowdrops are the very first to peep out from their sheltered and sunny corner by the cottage wall. There they stand in a long array in the front of winter aconite, which has little yellow blossoms somewhat like the anemone, and is particularly welcome on account of the colour it gives to the otherwise pale colour-scheme of early spring.

Next the crocus appears, first the yellow ones—they are rather small, as a rule—then the mauve and blue varieties, amongst which, I particularly recommend “King of the Blues” and *Purpurea grandiflora*.

Now comes the turn for a number of other spring bulbs planted promiscuously—some earlier, others later—so that in the same beds there shall always be some blossoms.

Nestling against a giant boulder is a group of the sweet little scilla; and close besides them is a cluster of yellow crocus against a background of narcissus. In the hollow of an old tree-stump, right up on the hill,



The same Rockery in June with Daisies and Pansies in the foreground.

there are grape hyacinths crowded together; and not far from that the red "Cardinal" tulips are parading on a broad strip of ground.

A Symphony in White and Gold Beneath a Crab-Apple Tree.

Beneath a crab-apple tree, on comparatively level ground, there is an almost dazzling stretch of thousands of tulips. Here the bulbs actually touch each other, and the effect is very fine. A broad band of Couronne d'or with double blossoms of deep gold are framing a bed of the tall, single, snow-white La Reine. Rose-mauve spots of La Precieuse liven up the white-and-gold symphony.

In addition to those already named, there are flowers everywhere—amongst stones, as a carpet for the undergrowth of the woodland, and on the grassy slopes of the hill; groups of tulips, narcissus, daffodils, jonquils, blue chionodoxa, yellow and red primroses—yes, groups as a rule; but where there are no groups the grass is studded with them.

A Garden of Mixed Flowers.

A garden of a different type was planned on ground where hot-houses and frames had had their place. Hence it had eminent advantages for successful gardening. The space was but small. We made a path down the middle, along the sides of which we arranged long beds of roses. These edge off the lawns, and they, in their turn, are edged off by long rows of pansies—spring pansies and autumn pansies in every imaginable colour. In the middle we widened the path into something approaching



The Anemone Japonica in late Summer.



A Giant Balsam in bloom in September.

The Garden that We Made



On one side of this rock stands an Oak, and beside it a Rockery is being made.

a circular patch, where a sundial constitutes the centre, with arches forming a pergola for *Tausendschön* and *Hiawatha* roses.

The end of the path terminates with a long flower-bed in T-fashion, and that flower-bed is edged with irregular cobblestones.

And, by the way, we usually edge our flower-beds at Sofiero in the same manner—a plan I strongly recommend.

In this T-shaped bed there is a row of standard roses, on a carpet of red primroses in the front and spiræa at the back.

The rest of the bed is planted as follows: in the front are aubretia, ivy-leaf toad-flax or “mother of millions,” violets, and a low-stemmed white saxifraga, periwinkle, and different kinds of stone-crops.

Then, behind those, stand several plants of medium height, as, for instance, myosotis, auricula, calendula, giant lilies-of-the-valley, blue iris, daisies, *anthericum liliastrum* or “St. Bruno’s lily” (a white lily-like plant with pretty foliage), erythronium (a very sweet and rather uncommon plant with orchid-like blossoms, which flowers early), foxgloves, mignonette, early marguerites, and so on.

As a background to the flower-bed, along the fence which surrounds the garden, stand taller plants such as tall Darwin-tulips, sweet peas, late asters, hollyhocks, and autumn chrysanthemums.

The Little Rockery.

On a slip of slightly-sloping ground at the end of the garden is a little rockery arranged there in place of some tangled old gooseberry bushes. The soil was perfect. It

only remained for us to place the stones so that they looked as if they had been there for years.

Thanks to the existing wealth of stones, our rockery was a success (cobbles and boulders are the best, as a rule, for rockeries). Hollows were dug in the ground for the biggest ones, so that they should appear natural; a narrow path paved with cobbles meanders in between the plants, so as to be almost invisible, right up to the summit of the plantation where rhododendrons and azalea stand on the boundary of the estate. Foxgloves raise their erect stems by the side of the rhododendrons, and begin to blossom when the glory of the rhododendrons is departing.

Elsewhere in the rockery is a group of aubretia and arabis *alpina*, and they are the attractive features of the rockery in the spring. There is also found *Phlox verna*, a sweet, low-stemmed purple variety; *Sedum cyaneum*, with blue blossoms; *Sedum album* (white); and *Sedum purpureum*; saponaria; corydalis, an early yellow flower; the low-stemmed *Campanula muralis*, with a wealth of flowers; *Dianthus neglectus*; *Thymus alpinus*, etc.

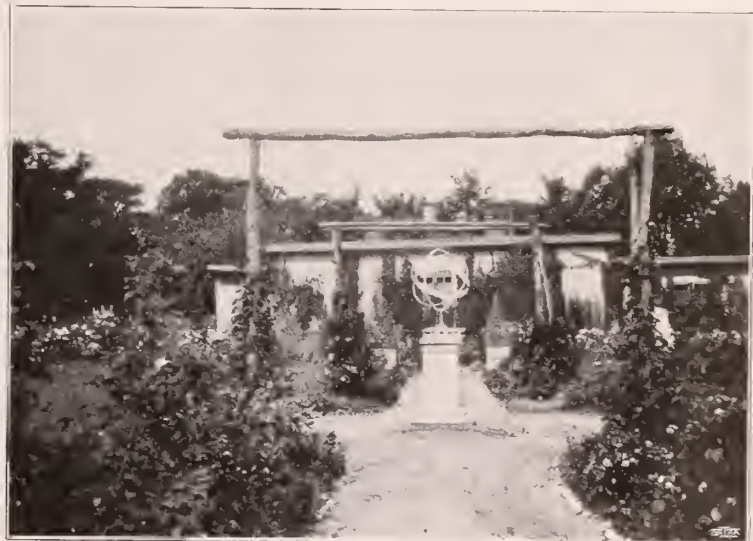
All the primroses and polyanthus are grouped in one spot—yellow, red, purple-blue, and others. In another corner are the different kinds of anemone—the blue wood-anemone (so often seen in Swedish forests), the yellow variety from the north of Sweden, and *Anemone sylvestris*, or snowdrop anemone. It is a pretty idea, and a good lesson in botany, to collect different varieties of the same species of flower. One sees their resemblance and their divergencies.

In a scheme like this one I have described, colour is never lacking all through the spring.

**An Edging for
the Border.**

A long, narrow border nearest the

A Sundial in the middle
of the Small Garden.



The Garden that We Made

path is planted with white saxifraga, the leaves of which form a lovely green carpet round the grey, flat stones of the path, while the blossoms raise their graceful heads on tall slender stems. Daisies are put there to fill up empty bits of space in between the stones. But as this is a plant that spreads profusely, one must keep it in check so that it occupies no space which it does not adorn.

Part of the Flower
Borders in the Third
Garden.



The whole rockery—about ten yards square—took a month to finish; while it now looks as if it had been a rockery from time immemorial.

A Garden in a Pine Forest.

The third garden I want to describe is situated in a pine forest in the Archipelago, where one has to battle with great odds as regards the weather; the gales are strong, the frost lasts till late in the spring, and the soil is poor. The garden is in two sections. One consists of a rose-bed with a border of violets and a carpet of *Viola cornuta* running along the walls of the house. On a terrace facing the sea are Iceland poppies and foxgloves. On every available spot of ground they have planted themselves, and look entrancing

amongst heather and pine trees.

The other part of the garden consists of a very pretty flower and vegetable plot, the flowers being in long beds bordering the paths, and the vegetables in the big spaces behind these flower-beds.

In the background is a giant rock, as if it had been put there in order to protect the garden from the north wind. And at the foot of the rock there is, in the spring, an array

**Other Gardens
I Have Planned**



In the Third Garden: A Corner with Steps and a Gate.

The Garden that We Made



A background of Foxgloves.

of daffodils ; later on there are calendula. Their glowing yellow against the grey granite is one of the most glorious sights imaginable. The long, narrow flower-beds are divided into squares, each square being devoted to one kind of flower. In the centre, under an old plum tree, there is a seat from which one can enjoy the sight of the flowers—the border of portulaca ; the deep blue *Anchusa Italica Dropmore* ; the salmon-pink *Dianthus barbatus* ; the low-stemmed *Campanula carpatica* ; the red lychnis ; heuchera, with flaming-red blossoms ; the tall perennial autumn asters ; the brilliant golden rudbeckia ; here also one can enjoy the white rocket, and the huge marguerites ; and not the least amongst one's pleasures is that derived from the sight of the Canterbury bells in different shades of blue and pink.

A Garden on a Rocky Island.

Last spring we began to alter the steep hillside into a rockery of a different character from the ones just described. Since the one solid rock constituted all we wanted in the way of stone, and since the rocks of the Archipelago islands are both terraced and broken by crevices in which one can put plants, our work consisted in improving the soil, enlarging the existing natural "flower-beds," and adding to the grass and wild flowers which already existed ; also we had to bank up the earth, and thus secure the soil against rains that would wash it away ; this we did by means of cement. Such cement-edges must be as narrow and invisible as one can manage it ; but they are not difficult to make, and I know this from my own personal experiments.

We planted aubretia, *Alyssum saxatile* with its bright yellow blossoms, *Arabis alpina* and *Dianthus plumarius* (a very pretty little variety of *Dianthus*), foxgloves, "mother of millions," primroses, different kinds of stonecrops, white, yellow and blue, anemone, pansies, periwinkle, *Crucianella stylosa*, nasturtiums, different kinds of plox, such as *nivalis*,

and *subulata*, both of which are very pretty, *Telekia speciosa* (a tall, yellow-blossomed plant which is highly decorative), etc. The result is very good indeed.

On one side of this rock—now a rockery—stands a gnarled old oak on a hilly bank. Out of this bank we are now making another rockery. The owner of the estate has herself constructed the stone steps—adorned with a number of plants—which lead to the seat under the oak on the summit of the hill. On either side of the steps there have been annuals of different kinds; they are now going to be replaced by bulbs, with a view to next spring.

Thus the wilderness is transformed into one of the most idyllic spots imaginable. Love of flowers and two years' work have accomplished this.

Such success means earnest endeavour, joy in one's work, and pride in what one has accomplished. I can only hope that as many as possible may experience, as I have, the keen pleasure that gardening affords the actual gardener.





Our Children and Their Flowers

IN this chapter I will endeavour to tell how our children came to be interested in flowers, and how, in connection with their gardening, we have had special opportunities to teach them many useful and interesting things.

And what an important item would be added to juvenile education if flower culture, no matter on how limited a scale, formed a special subject, and the love of Nature were by this means awakened in the mind of the child.

Children and flowers! Does it not seem that they are inseparably connected? Both are such great sources of joy. Both stand to us as symbols of innocence and hope.

Flowers Grow for Those Who Love Them.

Children and flowers have equally great need of sunshine and love. The cheeks of our little ones grow pale during the sunless days of the long dark winter in Sweden, or if they are deprived for a little of fresh air; and flowers

cannot exist at all without sun. Sun is their life-elixir; without it they wither away. It is clear that children must have loving care; and there are many who hold that flowers thrive best when tended by loving hands. Personally, I, too, believe this theory, judging by my own experience in gardening.

Many a time have I found strong and beautiful

One of the children beside the Snapdragons.



The Garden that We Made

plants in tiny low-roofed little cottages, flowers prettier by far than in many a large garden, though the window panes were so small that sunshine could not be admitted sufficient for them all, and they certainly had not been reared scientifically. But sturdy flowers are to be found in little cottages only where the owners are really fond of flowers. The care of loving hands makes up for what may be lacking in skilful gardening. Were it not for the love they get, the flowers would never live at all in these little cottages; for watering, tending, tying up of stems, and so on, take considerable time.



The Crown Princess
and her children plant-
ing out Rockery Plants.

I myself once heard a old woman say—

“Go and talk a little to the plants. Then they are sure to grow.”

It may be that children do not always understand flowers. Not, at any rate, in the same way that we grown-up people do. Yet, as time goes on, they learn

by degrees to appreciate them more and more.

To be sure, most children like to look at flowers, to have them about, and especially to make quaint little nosegays of brilliant, glaringly-contrasting flowers—red and yellow are mostly their favourites—but the tending of their plants is sometimes too much of a task. And one must not expect too much of children.

**A Child's Garden has Great
Educational Value.**

Nevertheless every bit of ground that children can call their own, or have a share in, is, in my opinion, of

great educational value. First and foremost because they learn to love the bit of their native land where they have been pottering about. They learn to love the fields where, from their infancy, they have watched father and mother work, in order to reclaim and beautify ground, where they have been digging and planting all together. Then, also, they learn the wonderful growth of plants, and their very manner of adapting themselves to fresh soil.

And thus they learn to love flowers instead of carelessly trampling them under foot, or picking them only to throw them away the next moment.

Moreover, they become quite deft and handy in transplanting, weeding, and many other things. As for watering their gardens, there is never any need to remind them of that. It is too delicious to splash about and get just a bit soiled and muddy—there is no joy like that of watering in the garden.

I have tried to teach our children to love flowers as much as I do. Hence they have each their own little plot at Sofiero, as I have already mentioned elsewhere. When the eldest boy was seven, we gave the children a tiny cottage for their own tools and their toys, etc. And round the cottage a plot was dug out for them and partially prepared. A paling was put up in order to keep the rabbits away. Incidentally,



The Children's Garden
Playhouse.

the rabbits in Sofiero seem to prefer the choicest of plants and the most cherished of one's flowers.

**What our Children
Chose for their
Gardens.**

Then the plot
was divided into

One of the Princes
among the White Wil-
low Herb and Giant
Balsam by the Brook.



The Garden that We Made



Is there any Small Boy
—be he Prince or Pea-
sant—who does not feel
important when he is
allowed to handle the
Garden Hose!

three parts — one for vegetables and two for flowers. And now the children were allowed to receive weekly exactly what seeds or plants they desired. Radishes were, of course, their first thought, for children will not wait long for the fruits of their labours, and radishes grow quickly. Then they wanted carrots; that was considered absolutely necessary so that they might give something of their garden produce to their horses. Moreover, carrots were fairly easy to cook on their own little stove in the cottage—that is to say, if they were not con-

sumed as soon as they were picked, for “that is the simplest way,” say the children.

Their next demand was for potatoes, which were on no account to be forgotten. Such an exhilarating moment it was, too, when they were dug up; and though the children forgot to bank up the potatoes last year, they yielded splendidly. When the potatoes were dug, they were cooked and eaten the same evening—eaten almost with reverence. And a unanimous vote was passed that just such teeny weeny potatoes were the very best that ever were!

In one corner of the garden they planted strawberries. The strawberry bed was becomingly edged with bright green parsley. The children considered apples highly desirable; but space was limited in their little plot. Besides, they stipulated for a tree that would bear apples the very first year—plenty of apples. When I explained that this was impossible, that many years would go before a newly-planted apple tree bore fruit, the children gave it up.

**The Flowers
the Children
Planted.**

Flowers were put in front of the cottage. A path had already been laid out, and the children paved it themselves. When that was done,

they asked for arches over their three little gates; and they got them. So one was covered with yellow nasturtiums, the second with wild vine, and the third with hops. When the latter is in blossom, in August, it is really beautiful, and the combined effect is very charming.

The flowers were arranged in squares. Each kind should have its own bed, just as we had it in the big garden. Here were now sown poppies, mignonette (because of the lovely scent), the brilliant oriental-looking zinnia, asters, pansies, antirrhinums of every available colour, heliotrope, and the stately sunflower. Last of all, a clump of the pretty, more or less perennial daisy.

And a Water-Can is a serious responsibility, even in a Royal Garden!



One of the children beside the *Campanula Celtidifolia*.

**Specialities in my Little
Girl's Garden.**

Pink and white roses were then planted on either side of the cottage steps. I do not know why, but roses grow and blossom most profusely in the children's garden. In many ways they do much better there than in our own garden, where

The Garden that We Made

soil and everything else is expressly prepared for them. Here is indeed a proof that flowers thrive when their owners love them. For my little girl is so fond of roses that she admires every opening bud. More than that she has not done for them, I confess; but for some unexplainable reason her roses are always the finest, and she is always coming to one or another of us with very choice specimens of roses from her own bushes.

One year my little girl had got the idea that she wanted everlasting flowers in her garden, so that she could take something from her garden that she could keep through the winter. A bunch of everlasting flowers in a vase in her little room would remind her in Stockholm of her garden down in the south of Sweden.

The perennial yellow poppies were sown in the garden, and these shed a quantity of seeds from which, in August, fresh seedling plants come up round the parent plant. This was precisely what my little girl had discovered when she was quite a tiny tot. Without a word to anyone, she carefully removed some of the young seedlings, and we found them planted in quite a different part of the garden. She had discovered how the transplanting should be done, and was duly proud of her achievement.

On the whole, I think girls have a greater liking for gardening than boys. From their earliest years onwards, boys prefer such manly occupations as bridge-building or the construction of forts.

Yet it would be unfair to assert that no boys like gardening. I remember how a boy cousin and I roved far into the woods and along meadows to look for flowers. He was then about eight, and quite an adept in making bouquets, and we used to compete as to who could make up the prettiest one for the breakfast table of our grandmother—Queen Victoria.

We were also competitors in learning the names of flowers. That was how I got to love flowers even as a child. The English names are often so much more

THE VIEW FROM THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN ACROSS THE SEA.
From a Painting by the Crown Princess of Sweden.

THE VIEW FROM THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN ACROSS THE SEA.
From a Painting by the Crown Princess of Sweden.



characteristic and more interesting to the mind of the child than the botanical names—which I never could learn in those days.

**How the Flowers
get their Names.**

Since then I have learnt many of their beautiful Swedish names, just as characteristic as the English, and very often very similar to those, since both have arisen from the same source. Originally all education was in the hands of the monks, and the majority of names have probably their origin in Bible subjects. In those times the monks understood how to teach the people, by the aid of their familiar surroundings, to love both the history of the Bible and the legends of the Church. To this end they gave each flower a symbolic name, and each flower fulfilled a definite mission, for, when the children picked the flowers, they were thus reminded of a sacred subject.

The people were also taught to make stiff little bouquets, take them to the church and put them on the altar. Each season and saint had its particular flower, and a large number of flowers were dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The custom of carrying a bouquet to church still survives in the country districts of Sweden.

The practice of dressing the Maypole with garlands on Mid-Summer Eve is believed to be a survival of the teachings of the monks, and is traced by some to the custom of decorating the church for the Festival of St. John the Baptist.

My children have derived great pleasure from their habit of digging up plants anywhere and putting them in their own little patch. It seems that the modest wild flowers appeal to them more than any other ones. They are keenly interested in the experiment of making the woodland flowers at home in their garden. It is just in connection with this part of their garden-work that I try—by means of legends and old sayings—to teach my little ones how the flowers got their names. That makes them remember and recognise the flowers when they see them again.

The Garden that We Made

The Little Ones would have a
Rockery in their Garden.

Children must, of course, imitate the grown-ups. Hence our children would have a rockery in their garden. They got the earth mound ready, just as we had done, and then they began to carry stones and pebbles from the beach. They had to get a horse and cart to help them in their labours, for there is a steep hill from the beach to Sofiero.

In the end, there were several smaller rockeries—for each would have their own. They thought baby brother—seven months old—ought to have a rockery, too. So big six-year-old sister undertook to take charge of baby's rockery until the time when he would be able to see to it himself.

The different rockeries were each treated in a different manner. Once, on a hot day, I saw that the one belonging to one of the boys was altogether re-arranged. The soil was being dug up afresh, and in the meantime all the plants were on the path, carefully covered with a newspaper! There they lay for several days. But in spite of this somewhat drastic treatment, the plants took root once more, and his rockery was the prettiest one after all—another proof that plants thrive when the owner loves them.

These rockeries display a bit of everything. Stonecrops with pink, white, and yellow flowers; loosestrife in great quantities, both the tiny yellow kind (official name, *Nummularia*, but commonly known as creeping Jenny), and the taller one. There are ferns creeping out from the crevices. There is the annual many-coloured portulaca, begoniae, asters, and any gay-coloured flowers they can get from the greenhouse, for the children ask the gardener for any left-over ones. And there are even shrubs such as azalea and spiræa, side by side with thistles, wild daisies, and the flower that in English has the pretty name of



Two of the little ones
on a seat beside the
Well.

“Our Lady’s Slipper.” There is *Sedum telephium* (better known to most people as “Live-long”), the blue wild veronica, daisy, thyme, cinquefoil (in by-gone years dedicated to the Trinity), mint, wild pansy, yellow melilot, and others. In a particularly cherished spot of the garden there is a row of wild strawberries, transplanted in the fond hope of their bearing fruit. But no matter how they are watered, and what else is done for them, the wild strawberries will not come as plentifully as the children had hoped.

During the long winter the children continue their gardening experiments. All sorts of plants are taken to Stockholm in the autumn—periwinkle, stonecrops, violets, saxifraga, and so on. And they have, besides, a fernery which answers very well. The tiny shoots that grow on the leaves of some ferns are put in small pots. After about six months these are sometimes half-a-yard high, and look very well in the windows.

**Every Child should
have a Garden.**

Such a garden as that which I have here described, or one on a smaller scale, would probably not be difficult to arrange for children who live in the country. All these simple flowers would be easy to obtain, and might grow better even than in the garden of which I have been speaking. In England flowers bloom gaily in every little cottage garden. We are not quite so far advanced with our gardening in Sweden, but one must hope that it will come to that in time.

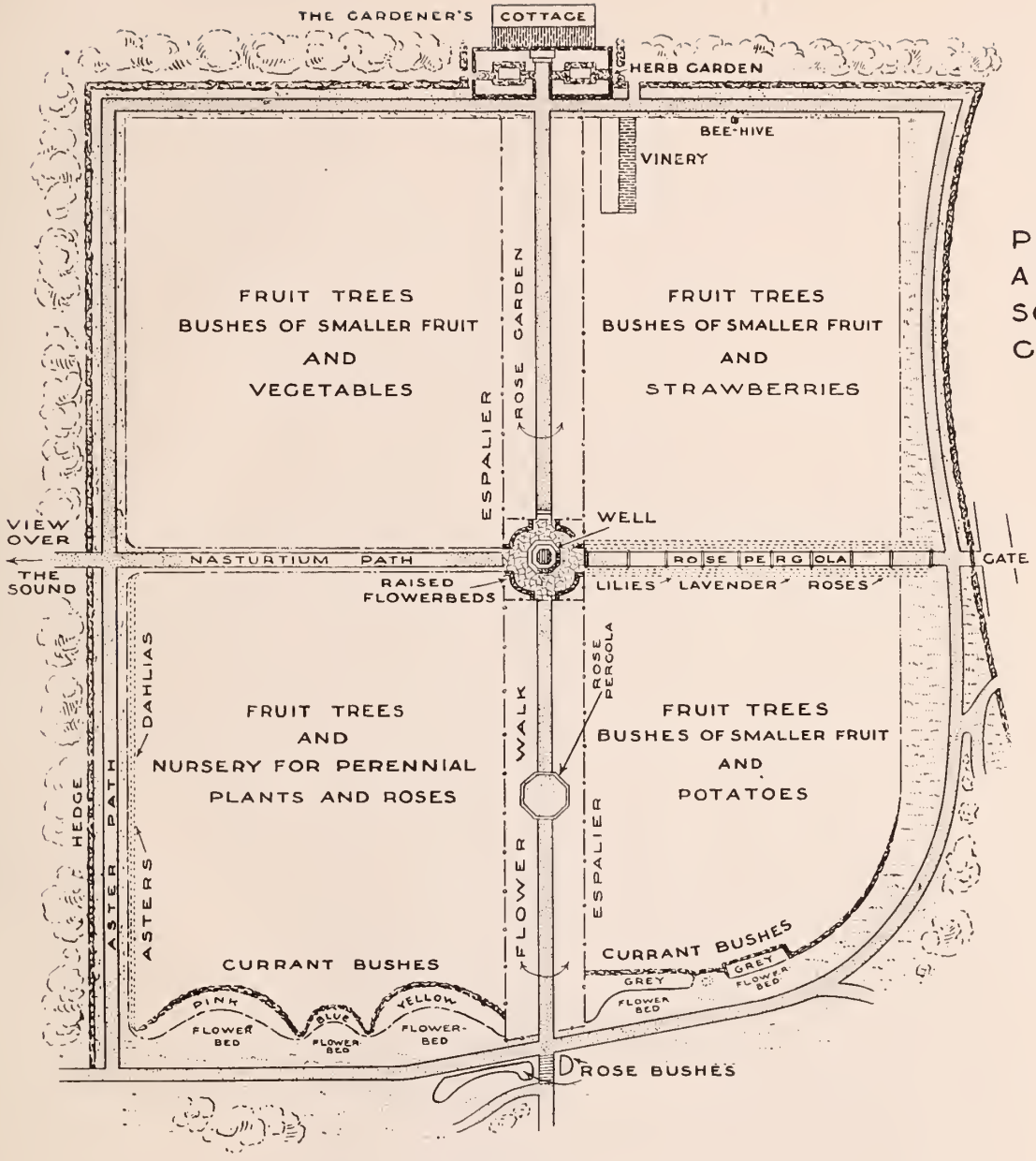
Such a wholesome pleasure as a garden of their very own might easily be arranged for the children. In the vicinity of the towns it is more difficult, I admit; but it is just there that the people have the greater need both of being in direct touch with Nature, and of the joys that trees and foliage and flowers can bring. And here the recently developed system of allotment gardens can be of much use. Though the space is limited, and there is need of utilising for vegetables even the small space that is granted, it seems to me essential that some flowers should also be cultivated.

The Garden that We Made

All these allotment gardens have surely given much pleasure to thousands of grown-up people and children. And not only joy but also profit. Think what the children can learn from such a plot! And how happy are the hours they spend beneath God's open sky. I always look with great interest upon the pretty attractive little spots whenever I pass any. The people always seem so happy working there—the plots look so neat and so flourishing. Surely there are many there who have learnt to understand and to reverence the glory and joy of gardening through tending an allotment.

It is written, "Consider the lilies how they grow ; they toil not neither do they spin. And I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." One of the lessons which men and women should try to teach the little ones is this : That nothing made by human hands can be at all compared with the wonder and beauty of God's flowers. And also that these, the Lord's own handiwork, have been given to us for a joy and for an ornament. They are within the reach of practically all of us, for at least we can have some flower-pots in our windows even if we have no plot of ground of our own ; and we only have to sacrifice a little time each day to tend the window plants with loving hands.

Margaret.



PLAN OF
A PART OF
SOFIERO
GARDEN

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LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED.
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Sweden, Crown Princess of
Garden that we made

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