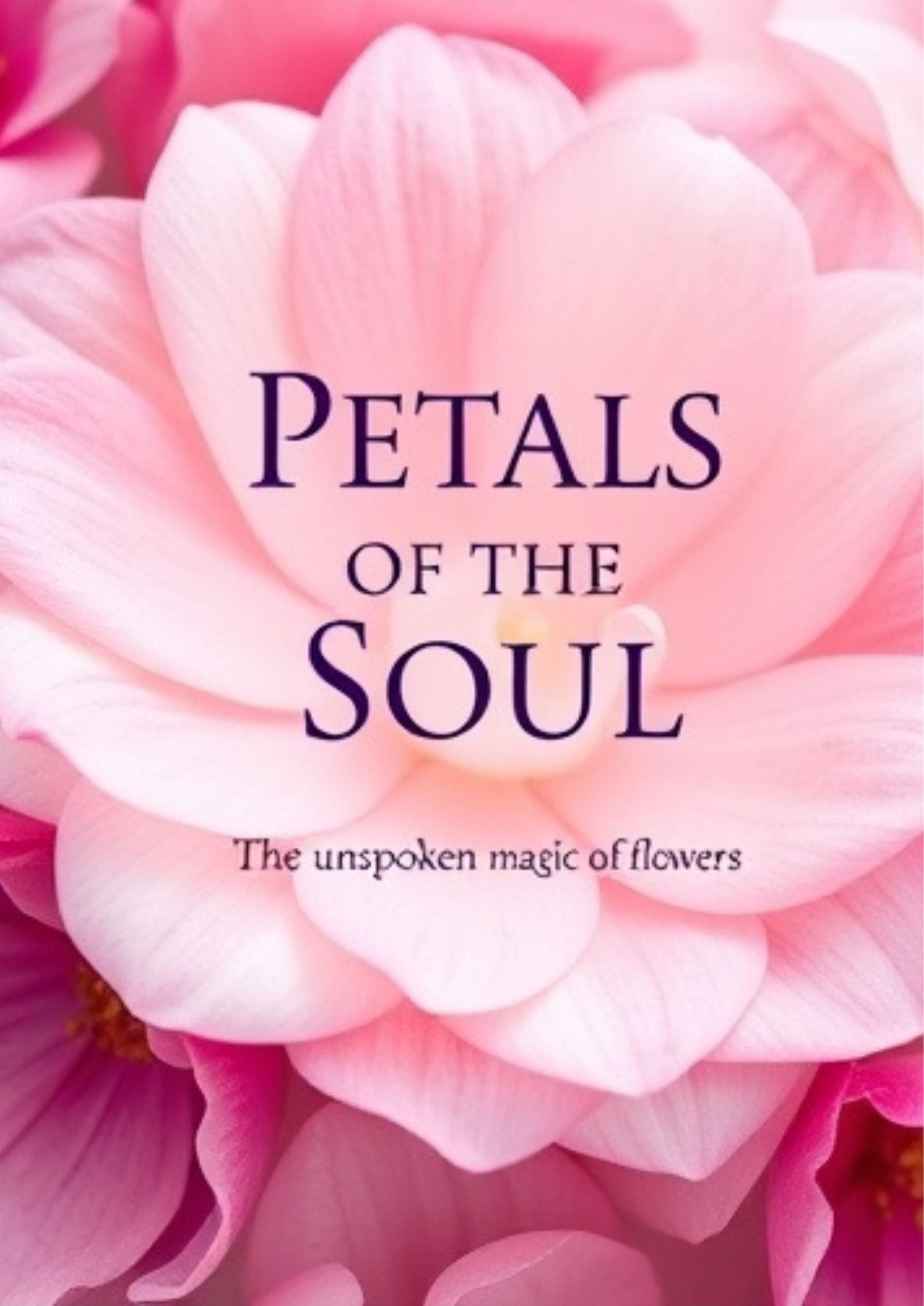
PETALS
OF THE
SOUL
The unspoken magic of flowers

A world without flowers! What would it be? Among those who know, such a question needs no answer—and we are not seeking a reply from the uninitiated who, for lack of understanding and sympathy, can but gaze at us with wondering pity, when our gardens cause us to overlook so much that to them means life. But is there any life more real than the life in the garden for those who actually take part in its creation and nurture it carefully week by week and year by year? If, owing to this absorbing occupation, we fail to give a full share of ourselves to some of the social avocations of the busy world are we to be pitied for getting "back to the soil" to which we belong? Man was put by the Creator "in the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it," and even after his forced departure therefrom he was bidden to "till the ground," and the reward seems great to us who know the meaning of the signs and wonders continually being revealed in the garden world. In seeking the simpler life which many are now craving, if luxuries are blessings that we could do without, must we count the flower garden a luxury? Not while its beauty is a joy in which others may share, nor when it helps to keep at home our interests which make the real home. There is a luxury that often induces the roaming spirit, and doubtless were there fewer motors there would be still more gardens and incidentally more home life. Yet notwithstanding this temptation to roam, gardens are now on the increase in almost every section of the United States. We have made a brave beginning of which to be justly proud. If only we could live in the world more as we live in the garden, what joy and contentment would be brought into the daily life! In the garden hurry and noise are needless, for perfect system can prevail where each plant, each labor has its own especial time, and where haste is a stranger, quiet reigns. It is in the stillness of the green world that we hear the sounds that make for peace and growth. In the garden, too, we labor faithfully, as best we know how, in following rules that promise good results. Then at a certain time we must stand aside, consciously trusting to the source of life to do the rest. With hopeful eyes we watch and wait, while the mysterious unseen spirit brings life into plant and tree. When something goes wrong, how sublime is our cheerful garden philosophy, as smiling we say: "Just wait until we try next year!" And patiently we try again, and ever patiently, sometimes again and yet again. Our unwritten motto is: "If others can, then why not we?" Even the man who "contends that God is not" shows all this wondrous reliance in the unseen force within his garden. With hands plunged into the cool earth we seem to bury in the magic soil all thoughts that jar till we almost feel ourselves a part of the garden plan; as much in harmony with it as the note of the bird, the soft splash of the fountain, the tints of the flowers and their perfumes. This idea is better expressed in four lines found inscribed on an old garden seat: "The kiss of the sun for pardon, The song of the birds for mirth, One is nearer God's heart in a garden Than anywhere else on earth."

It is not a selfish life—the object in view is not a narrow one. How few would be content to create a beautiful garden if none could see! And our pleasure is not complete until others have shared its sweetness with us. The gardener is developing nature in the simplest and truest way, following the thought of the first great Architect and gladdening the hearts of men with the vision beautiful of the possibilities within plant life. In the flower garden the efforts are for upbuilding, for giving back some of the beauty intended in the Perfect Plan, too often defaced by man's heedlessness. Dating back their beginning some two hundred years in certain Southern States, numerous gardens, beautiful with age, tell the story of the ardent garden lovers of earlier days, who had to send abroad for their green treasures which they planted and carefully tended, hopefully planning for the future. Many such gardens with their choice shrubs and trees still stand as green memorials to those long-ago people who had time and money for this luxury. Since then the hardships following war have brought sad neglect to the beautiful places—the number we can never guess—many of which, however, are now being aroused to fresh life by new owners who appreciate the charm and dignity of an ancient home. Hidden away in some of the old plantations of the South, and scattered over the Eastern States, near Philadelphia, along the Hudson River, and in parts of Massachusetts, the best of the older gardens are found. Beautiful, too, while often beyond reach of the camera, are many of the more modern creations so skilfully and lovingly fashioned by men and women of later generations. It is impossible to do justice in photography to some of them when certain conditions prevent the camera from being placed at a range favorable to getting a view of the larger portions in one photograph. Sometimes they are composed of three or four connecting sections, each bringing a surprised delight to the visitor passing from one to the other, but such an arrangement cannot be satisfactorily portrayed in a picture. One strange reason why some American gardens are not photographed for the public is that occasionally people are found who will not share their blessings with others less fortunate; who jealously keep in seclusion all the wealth of nature's sweetness contained in their garden plot. After all, is not the delight which belongs to a garden but a bit of borrowed glory from the Creator of sunlight, and of the kingdom of flowers? If a garden is worthy of showing to our intimates, can we close it to the stranger who may need even more to breathe inspiration from its peace and loveliness? The foreign custom of opening the fine places to the public on stated days is one that we should freely emulate. And to those who may not come to the gardens, what a boon is photography, especially in color, placing in our very hands the beauty that we crave! The views contained within this book show gardens that were planned, with but few exceptions, by their owners, earnestly laboring to express their sense of the beautiful in these their outdoor homes. And so great is the individuality evinced in most of them that there are hardly two gardens that resemble one another; for the differences in gardens are as many as the endless number of varying characters written in the faces of men. Both are stamped with the spirit behind them. In visiting gardens it is not difficult to distinguish between the ones fashioned by "love's labor" and those made by the practical gardener.

More and more we are getting away from the cold, stiff planting of Canna, Coleus, and Salvia. Few of us can tolerate the impression of newness and rigidity in the garden, and as Father Time cannot help us fast enough we try to emulate him by stamping his mark of mellowness in innumerable ways upon the youthful garden. Then Mother Earth is consulted as to her unrivalled way for the grouping of her flower family, and she shows us the close company they keep— hand in hand over the whole meadow— nothing stands quivering alone, grasses and plants blending to fill all spaces. Then above, in the rainbow, we learn the harmony for our color scheme, and unto no nation on earth need we apply for the latest theories dealing with these subjects for the beautifying of our gardens. The more of the nature scheme we bring into them the greater satisfaction will they give. We should build the garden with a setting of fine trees grouped upon the outskirts, otherwise it will seem as incomplete as a portrait without a frame. Half of the charm attached to the beautiful old gardens of Europe lies in the richness of their backgrounds of stately hedges and trees. If comparisons were to be made between such views as those shown in this book and the pictures of English gardens, for instance, the differences would not in every case be favorable to England, although it must be admitted that age has given a dignity and grandeur to many English gardens that could hardly be surpassed. Time, doubtless, will add this dignity to our gardens, but can we not feel that we have already equalled some of the smaller English gardens when we consider the poetical beauty found in most of these illustrations? Unfortunately, except in a few localities, our climate does not encourage the perfect development of the choicest of the evergreen hedge-plants, and yet with time we can produce some moderately fine effects in hedges. We may not hope soon to rival the best of the foreign gardens that have been maturing through generations of continuous care. Favored not only by climate but by riches unknown to the early landowners of our States, the best of the old gardens across the sea stand for the combined dreams of the many minds which gradually evolved them, the loving handiwork of innumerable patient toilers who have successively ministered to them. Just as there are gardens peculiar to other nations, Dutch, French, Italian, etc., might we not give serious consideration to evolving some day a type peculiarly American, inasmuch as it would embody the poetic and artistic sense of our country? Such a result might be attained even should we claim the privilege of our individual liberty, to plant, each one for the expression of his own soul, thus keeping our gardens distinctly variable and original in type, and so ultimately national. Few subjects are more bewildering than that of climate in the United States, and its effect on gardens in different sections is an ever interesting study. Replying to the question as to which locality in the East might be said to have the longest continued flowering period, an expert in the Agricultural Department writes: "The question of plant life in relation to climate is a very large one and one about which it is hard to generalize without close study in the various parts of the country. Some little work along these lines is being attempted, but as yet we have been unable to make any report upon it." Correspondence with gardeners in the various States has furnished the brief data given in connection with the following chapters, showing that the local conditions as affecting garden culture are much more encouraging in some places than in others.

Not only are there the matters of latitude and altitude to be considered, but often quite as important is the influence of the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic or of the Japan Current in the Pacific Ocean. Again, there is the moist climate by the sea, or the quality of soil, the periodic torrential rainfall of one section, and elsewhere the long months of drought. Generally speaking, our country is, in most parts, a land of sunshine, with usually sufficient rain and moisture to benefit plant life, and while we grumble at our sudden changes in temperature, how few of us realize the blessing of an abundant sunshine pervading the "great outdoors" and incidentally the gardens! Nowhere do flowers grow more luxuriantly, in greater variety, or through a season more prolonged than on the coasts of Oregon, Washington, and California,—soil, moisture, and temperature combining to make gardening a simpler task than it is elsewhere. The shore country of Southern California is a perpetual garden, with a climate almost unrivalled for plants and for humans. North of San Francisco the near approach of the Japan Current produces a climate quite similar to that of England, and with the exception of possibly two months (and even then an occasional Rose may bloom) flowers are found all the year round. This favored section of the Northwest nevertheless is not visited with as much sunshine as is found elsewhere, but its gardens blossom with little assistance save from the frequent rainfall, more welcome to plants than to men. In Kansas and the other flat and fertile States of the Middle West the garden period, on account of the long, dry summers, is usually limited to the weeks from late March to late June. In the more northern temperature of the lake region gardens which flourish all summer are numerous. The Atlantic States have a shorter blooming season than those on the Pacific coast. Throughout the South, east of New Mexico, the warm weather season is as prolonged as on the Pacific coast, and yet in the Southern States garden bloom is checked half-way through the summer by excessive heat and drought (except in the favored mountainous localities), which at least interrupt the continuous succession of flowers. For this reason gardening in the South except in spring, or in high altitudes, is generally discouraged. Although not stated as an indisputable fact, scientifically, we are inclined to believe that the seacoast section of the Maryland peninsula is the locality in the East especially favorable to the most prolonged season of bloom. Lying between sea and bay, this particular district in the latitude for early spring and late frost enjoys also the benefit of surrounding waters, escaping thereby the parching summer climate from which gardens of the interior suffer, to the west and south and to the north, almost as far as Philadelphia. In Maine conditions are different; April and May gardens are conspicuously absent. The flower season generally begins in mid-June and does not much exceed three months, but in that period the bloom is exceptionally luxuriant. The season is necessarily a short one, as it is throughout this latitude westward to Oregon, where after reaching the Coast or Cascade Range there is a change and the climate becomes more like that of England than Maine. Along the Atlantic coast from Maine to New Jersey, where the climate is ideal for flowers, the greatest proportion of Eastern gardens may be found, on the shore and inland as well. So much for the general climatic effects upon flowers of the more populous districts of our vast country.

A few lines will suffice to treat the climate question in connection with hedge-plants. While the summer climate in the Southern States has not generally a salutary effect upon the flowers, yet it has favored the best development of Boxwood, Holly, and certain other choice shrubs and trees, which do not thrive well north of Philadelphia. Fine specimens of Boxwood are rare sights in New England, where the more severe winters have from time to time destroyed the top growth. Many old New England gardens show the characteristic Box-edged path, but the shrub is usually not over two feet high, and is likely to remain so unless eventually the winter climate should moderate. Boxwood is seen on the Pacific coast, north of San Francisco, but not to the south, where Cypress is popular. There is little Boxwood in the latitude of New York City, except for edgings, where for tall hedges Privet, Arbor-Vitæ, Hemlock, and Spruce are probably the most reliable evergreens. Arbor-Vitæ is unlikely to live longer than seventy years. Although all of our States are not represented in this volume, these views are taken so generally from almost every section that the climatic conditions describing one State may usually stand as well at least for the States immediately adjoining. The only section of the Union omitted is that part through which run the Rocky Mountains. As a rule, this part of the country is not in its nature open to the cultivation of formal gardens, although its wild flora is remarkable enough to deserve special treatment. In the brief chapters to follow there will be given more detail relating to climate, in order that we fellow gardeners in all parts of the Union may know something more about one another's garden program, our several problems, and our privileges in this outdoor life that we lead. With dreams of the English gardens ever before them, our Pilgrim fathers and mothers brought flower and vegetable seeds to the new land, and the earliest entries in old Plymouth records contain mention of "garden plotes." fifty years later, wrote a book called "New England Rarities Discovered," including a list of plants originally brought from old England, mentioning those suitable or not for this climate, and showing that our ancestors had lost no time in planting not only vegetables for the benefit of their bodies but flowers as well for the cheer of their souls. The New England States naturally have the largest representation in this book, owing to the fact that the climate of numerous Western and Southern States causes many of the inhabitants to find summer homes near the North Atlantic seaboard. It is not that the New Englander is a more ardent gardener, but rather that ardent gardeners from elsewhere are tempted by the soil and climate to join the Easterners in creating these flower "plotes," which beautify hundreds of hamlets in this section. On the coast particularly flowers grow most luxuriantly, even within a few hundred yards of the surf, where snug gardens protected by windbreak hedges blossom as serenely as in an inland meadow. Not long ago most people believed that gardening or gardens near the sea were an impossibility; but when they realized the hardiness of certain dense shrubs that make perfect hedges and windbreaks, gardens on the shore sprang rapidly into existence, and we of the inland are apt to envy nature's partiality to seaside flowers. At Bar Harbor on the island of Mount Desert, Maine, as in other places of this latitude, the season, of course, begins later and ends sooner than near New York City.

The flowering period is from five to six weeks shorter at Bar Harbor. However, the wonderful summer climate somewhat atones for this briefer season, and the gardens of Maine can boast of unusual luxuriance, in richness of color and size of plants, with but little heat or prolonged drought to affect their best development. The hardier seeds sown in the open will germinate in midMay; tender annuals in June; the plants of tender annuals go out soon after. Daffodils appear about, followed by late Tulips; German Iris appears in the week of; Sweet in early July; Delphinium in mid-July, and Hollyhocks about. Late Phlox is at its best by mid-August. Thus the plants beginning to bloom near New York City in May and early June do not, on account of the colder spring, appear at Bar Harbor for several weeks to come, when they unite their bloom with the flowers of a later period. The slow-coming spring retards earlier bloom, but has less effect on that of midsummer. The summer residents owning gardens in Maine rarely arrive much before the last of June, and consequently such early bloomers as Tulips, etc., are not seen as often as in the milder climates. In this northern State frost usually destroys the garden by September 15. Not only is it possible to grow all the favorite flowers along the shore, but even on the islands lying off the coast of Maine there are innumerable little gardens, such as those at Isleborough, which revel in the moist sea climate of midsummer and blossom most satisfactorily until frost. At this point it is interesting to contrast the climate of the North Atlantic section with the region directly across the continent along the Pacific coast, where at Vancouver's Island, for instance, plant life enjoys a climate similar to that of England, with a growing season quite as prolonged. There are beautiful gardens at Bar Harbor, on the estates along the shore as well as farther inland. Most of them, screened by fine growths of trees and shrubbery from view of the highway, are equally well protected from sea-winds, blooming luxuriantly in spite of the fact that not very long ago the best authorities believed that gardens on this shore could never prosper. Two of the most noted at Mount Desert are shown in the following pages. At Kenarden Lodge the garden in the clear atmosphere of this northern climate is most beautiful in form and coloring, and its background of distant hills combines to intensify the charm of this famous place, which is in bloom all summer. The centre beds are filled with annuals in prevailing colors of pink, blue, and white, noticeably Snapdragon, Ageratum, Sweet Alyssum, pink Geranium, and Begonia. Planted in masses, these and other dependable annuals blossom as long as needed. The broad green sod paths act as a setting to the delicate hues covering the beds. The perennials are banked against the vine-covered walls. The Blair Eyrie garden on the High Brook Road is equally inviting and contains many other attractive features beyond the limits of this restricted view. Peacefully retired behind its boundaries of trimmed hedge and dense woodland, it must always delight the flower lover. Perennials abound with a good supply of enlivening annuals. Its surroundings of evergreen trees are in strong contrast to the brilliant tones of Phlox, Lilies, Hydrangeas, and Hollyhocks, and this garden as seen from an upper terrace is a blaze of lovely color framed in green. In southern Maine the garden at Hamilton House has no rival in that section of New England.

The hand of an artist has wrought a perfect scheme delightfully in accord with an ideal environment; but pictures cannot do it justice. Within the grassy court of the main garden the several small open beds are filled with groups of annuals. The rear beds contain tall-growing perennials mixed with some annuals. There are weeks when the garden is all pink, and again all blue and white. It is surrounded on three sides with most artistic pergolas, from one side of which the view down the Piscataqua River is a picturesque feature. Stone steps on another side lead to an upper garden filled with bloom surrounding a quaint and ancient little building kept as a studio. In isolation, simplicity, and ripeness the atmosphere of the whole place breathes of olden days, and might well be taken as a model for a perfect American garden. Side by side, these twin States have much in common—climate, mountains, and old historical associations included. Owing to the short, cool summers of this latitude and altitude, there may be less attention given to flowers than in other parts of New England. But the few illustrations in the following pages are fine evidences of garden art, at least in the region of Cornish, the abode of artists, and where gardens are plentiful. The season opens about four weeks later than near New York City, and in early September frost lays waste the splendid bloom while still in its prime. Although flowers are slow in appearing, a perfection of growth later makes up for lost time. In fact, climatic conditions are so favorable to summer plants that, once started, the garden tasks are lighter than in warmer climates, where drought and pests are more prevalent. Possibly the most famous of Cornish gardens is that of Charles A. Platt, Esq., whose beautiful gardens in several States are numerous and noted. His own hillside place is a labyrinth of flowers, admirably suiting the environment, spacious and dignified in its rich simplicity. Perfectly in accord also with the atmosphere of this mountain country is the lovely garden of Stephen Parrish, Esq., delightfully unique and suggesting a little English garden. This enclosure of flowers is but a section of a broader plan where pool, grass, and trees are pleasant factors. Mrs. Hyde's garden is a mass of bloom composed chiefly of the longest-lived annuals and giving a charming color effect to this picturesque spot. The best gardens of Vermont, with its still greater area of uplands, are probably those in and around Manchester and Bennington. They are usually of the simplest character, and lovely under the personal care of devoted owners. One worthy of special attention is seen in the view of Longmeadow garden, which is an example of the great value of trees as a background, and a strong argument in their behalf. As a gem needs a setting, so the flowers, in even the most modest planting, are doubly fair when framed in luxuriant green. Probably no other section of the Union contains as many gardens, old and new, as does this fertile State, combining the advantages natural to the altitude of the beautiful Berkshires with the favorable climate of the coast. People representing nearly every State help to form the summer colonies of New England, more especially in Massachusetts. Everywhere the luxuriance of bloom is very marked and most noticeable on the coast, where all plants, especially certain less longlived annuals like Poppies, Salpiglossis, and Mallows, reach their limit of perfection and continue at their best for an unusual period.

In the latitude of Boston the season starts two weeks later than near New York City, and the gardens, beginning in the German Iris period, open about the fifth of June. The Sweet William and its contemporaries follow by late June; the Delphinium period is early July; Hollyhocks come about. Tender annuals can be safely planted out soon after June 1. The garden season in the hill country opens a few days later than at Boston, and in the Berkshires the frost is apt to destroy the garden before . Where the thermometer may drop occasionally to twenty degrees below zero, ample winter covering is necessary, and snow adds its still better protection to the plants during most of the winter months. The average summer heat is not excessive and, although droughts must sometimes be reckoned with, the water supply is generally sufficient. It would be a serious matter to attempt to name the best gardens in this State, for who could judge where such an infinite variety exists? At least some of the best examples in photography can be given, although each view but hints at the fuller beauty to be found in the garden itself. Of the many wonderful gardens in Massachusetts possibly the most remarkable of all is Weld, in Brookline, which is known to gardeners far and wide. There is nothing in America more extensive and more richly planted. The numerous beds are filled with bloom for many weeks, and each bed contains a massing of one variety, whether perennials or annuals, which, when it has finished flowering, is replaced by something of another period. The French features in the garden are prominent and the planting may be considered American in some respects— altogether a most pleasant combination. Of a distinctly opposite type but equally delightful is Holm Lea, near Brookline, and a score of photographs would be necessary to depict this place of flowering shrubs and perennial bloom bordering the winding grass paths leading from one lovely spot to another. An extremely interesting and unusual type in America is the stately green garden at Wellesley, at this time without a rival in its particular style of planting. Because of its frequent appearance in various magazines of the country it is too well known to need further description. Of still another class and very beautiful is one of the most noted gardens in the Berkshires planned entirely by the owner of Fairlawn, Lenox. It is a series of formal gardens, in coloring and setting most perfectly devised. But how useless a photographic description when applied to a combination of gardens spread over one or two acres! Several pools and many old shade-trees play an important part, and its charm is still more enhanced by the wide view of the distant hills fitting so perfectly into the garden scheme. Three fine illustrations of Bellefontaine but feebly suggest the beauty of a place made of splendid gardens, pools, and temple, long shaded grass walks lined with statuary and other features of Roman art, blending with the natural attractions of this estate. Gardens, lawns, and ponds have the rich woodlands as background, the hedges and shrubs are developed maturely, and everywhere there are charming effects in "green life." Most of this work, it is interesting to add, has been accomplished under the direction of the owner. Picturesque indeed are other Lenox gardens, including White Lodge. The latter place is noted for its little white garden enclosed in a tall green hedge, and the main garden, especially in June and August, contains a delicious color scheme.

Broad grass steps are another feature of the place. Views were not obtainable in time for this volume. At Fernbrooke is found the garden of an artist and sculptor, a study in color and in garden design most artistically planned, but rambling enough to prevent a connected view in photography. Golden Italian gourds pendent from the pergolas; standard currant bushes bordering a path and covered with red berries as late as September; dwarf fruit trees too, used decoratively, are among the happy points of interest. The scheme of the garden of a famous sculptor at Chesterwood, in Glendale, is not as dependent on flowers as on the well-considered adjustment of garden equipment to the natural beauty of the environment. Sunshine mingling with the shadows of the spreading trees plays its part by giving life and color in changeful tones to the old stone seat and fountain. The vine-covered arch frames a view of the flower-bordered path which fades away into a woodland, and these with other sights gladsome to lovers of such art have given Chesterwood its place in the ranks of beautiful gardens. At Riverside Farm, overhanging the beautiful Tyringham Valley, and possessing possibly the most wonderful of all Berkshire views, is the dainty garden shown in the accompanying illustrations. It is the work of an artist, and truly a place of delight. The garden nestles to the hillside, enclosed in a low stone wall. On one side the sloping hill down which winding rough stone steps descend to the garden; on another side a rustic pergola and pool; the third side a line of old apple trees overhanging the wall; the fourth side contains the simple entrance, and beyond the boundaries on all three sides—the wonderful view. At Naumkeag, Stockbridge, the formal garden full of bloom, which is part of a larger plan, has a wide-spread reputation. It is especially noted for its battlementcut hedge, and has as an accessory a splendid landscape background, so common to the Berkshires and so desirable to the garden beautiful. "Naumkeag" is the Indian name for Salem, meaning "Haven of Rest." Recently completed at Great Barrington, the spacious garden at Brookside is the best piece of Italian work in this section. The accompanying illustration gives but a faint idea of its size, its flowers, and its many other fine points. The two pictures illustrating the garden at Overloch, Wenham, and at Rock Maple Farm, Hamilton, are still other good examples of the variety and charm of the flower planting of this coast State. Both of these views are unique, and in fact how seldom do we find sameness in gardens! place at Cambridge, Doctor Weld's at Brookline, and The Witch's Place at Salem are typical of New England—the paths all edged with Box, which shrub, on account of frost blights, has never attained great height. These gardens are just simple, lovable little places filled with shadows and sunshine, some flowers, and the good scent of Box, which latter always seems so especially essential to old gardens. Limited space permits but a suggestion of the various types of planting along the Atlantic coast, which promises to become almost a continuous garden by the sea from New Jersey to Maine. Rhode Island contains some of the most magnificent places in the country, the majority of them situated near bay or sea, where they thrive in congenial environment. The quality of the climate as it affects plant life will be easily realized after reading of the climatic conditions of Massachusetts as well as of those to the south, on Long Island, for instance.

The older gardens are found in the vicinity of Providence, while at Narragansett and Newport those of a later period abound. Newport by the sea, more famous than any other American summer resort, naturally possesses the greatest number of gardens on an elaborate scale. The coast at this point is somewhat sheltered, the air is mild, and there is sea moisture so beneficial to flowers. Windbreaks of hedges or walls are used where the winds blow strong off the water. Lovely and lovingly planned is the garden at Mariemont, a poetical spot, overflowing with color and sunshine, yet with shadowy retreats, and the stillness that belongs to an enclosure of grass paths. It might be taken for a bit of foreign garden from any part of the world, and possesses a quality of beauty of which one could never tire. The long, broad path with its brilliant border and distant vista is the central division of a charming plan. Few estates in America are as imposing and as suggestive of the grandeur of an Italian or English country-seat as The Elms, and it is probably among the oldest of Newport's famous places. The illustration is limited to a narrow view of this great, green formal garden in some sections of which flowers are included in rich profusion. Probably no place at Newport is more noted for its beauty than Vernon Court, and, while necessity forces the omission of pictures showing many of its most elaborate features, a view of the stately formal garden is a welcome addition to this collection which aims to present a variety in types of planting in a few large formal gardens, as well as in those which are smaller and more personal. Vernon Court is not a new garden; it is unspoiled by garish accessories, and to the lover of the garden majestic it represents a perfect type. At Warren, near Providence, the place at Villaserra is delightfully located, sloping to a bay. Here is one of the favored gardens where old trees take an important part; in fact, of such consequence are they that the garden was undoubtedly made to the scheme of the trees and the water beyond—a beautiful sanctuary of blossoms and green life, shut in from the discord of the outside world. Connecticut gardens are many, both inland and along the shores of the Sound. Those of the hilly western section have the advantage of a somewhat cooler altitude. Otherwise it is unnecessary to give further details as to climatic conditions, as the northern boundary is about a hundred miles distant from northern New Jersey and the temperatures differ but little, although of course every hundred miles northward makes gardening a somewhat simpler proposition, because of slightly cooler conditions as well as a shortened flower season. In a reputed true story of the long-ago settlement of Old Saybrook there is mention of a woman's flower-garden, doubtless the earliest on Long Island Sound. Here the sheltered inlets and bays must have seemed a welcome haven to our Pilgrim fathers from the wind-swept coast of Plymouth, whence they had wandered, probably seeking fertile farmland. The gardens of this State, with some notable exceptions, are mainly those of a simpler type, made and tended by their owners, who living in them, will continue to beautify them more and more as time goes on. These unpretentious creations of flower lovers often show originality not always found in gardens of a more formal design, and might be considered typically American. Following the idea of simplicity, the first two illustrations of this chapter portray the "lovesome spot," where flowers predominate, with nothing to recall the splendor of other lands.

A place for the harboring of flowers for the sake of the flowers, and this was surely the thought that brooded over the first New England gardens planted in the early half of the seventeenth century, when American gardens had their beginning. The glimpse through the arched gateway of the garden at Knock-Mae-Cree—in old Irish, Hill of My Heart— and the curtailed view of the flowery planting in the Woodside garden stimulate a longing further to penetrate into these lovely sanctums. The garden at Elmwood is partly illustrated in the accompanying picture—it is further gracefully adorned with pergola and pool. Liberally designed without being elaborate, it has a charm that is all its own. Of quite another character is the perfect formal garden at Pomfret Center, appealing to the garden lover for its surpassing beauty in flower bloom, enhanced by the graceful architectural lines of the buildings surrounding the enclosure, and giving it the sense of complete privacy. Still another type of garden seen occasionally in America is that at Branford House, a magnificent estate at Groton near New London, and one of the famous places of that popular summer resort. This stately garden suggests some of the foreign gardens familiar to us through travel and books. There are gardens, old and new, around the many wealthy cities of this great State, through the upper section, near Buffalo, Utica, Syracuse, Albany, etc., as well as to the south. It must suffice to give a few of the most picturesque views obtainable, almost all of which belong to places within one hundred miles of New York City. The garden at Auburn offers a vision of flowers in glorious profusion, combined with perfect order, which latter condition is not always easily attainable when plants are allowed a certain amount of freedom. The location of this garden, in western New York not far from Lake Ontario, is in about the latitude of northern Massachusetts—a climate congenial to flowers. A particular type of garden often predominates in some localities on account of the conformation of the land; as, for instance, in a mountainous section like Tuxedo Park, where the places are scattered over hilly woodland country, many of the gardens naturally develop into those of terraces, or else, ideal opportunities have created the rambling wild garden with winding paths, shaded pools, ferns and flowers. A glimpse of one of this kind is to be had in an accompanying illustration—an exquisite bit of semi-cultivated wildness that moves one to wish to see beyond the picture's limits. Among its formal gardens, Tuxedo at present has nothing more imposing than the one at Woodland. The wall-beds contain perennials in mass against the vineclad background, and the central fountain is framed in broad beds of Roses, in bush and standard form. This garden's stately effects are enhanced by the richly developed forms of clipped evergreens in Boxwood and various Retinosporas, to all of which age, as must ever be the case, lends force and dignity. The Cragswerthe garden, a spacious plan on three connecting terraces, charmingly exemplifies the results obtainable by the exercise of good taste upon desirable opportunities. Each terrace illustrates, in harmony with the whole, a special beauty of its own. The hill gardens usually have also the advantage of a landscape background, as a rule a pleasant feature also in the Mount Kisco region of Westchester County, with its numerous hilltop homes. A garden with a view possesses a setting all its own; one that can hardly be imitated in that particular landscape at least, varying under the changing clouds, and therefore never monotonous.

Such also is the opportunity in many Hudson River places, and only those who have lived in the highlands by this most beautiful of American rivers know the charm of the mountainsides, with their deep ravines and river vistas. There is space for but a few of the river gardens in these limited pages. The one at Blithewood, Barrytown-on-Hudson, is a charming example of a more modern garden, beautifully located and planted especially for May, June, and September. A vine-covered brick wall surrounds it on three sides, and a terra-cotta balustrade is the boundary on the river side. Chinese Junipers, not supposedly very hardy, are, however, the well-grown, clipped evergreens in sight. Barrytown is about a hundred miles from New York. Up on the Beacon Mountain the Wodenethe gardens were begun about seventyfive years ago, remaining ever since in the same family, and always celebrated for their beauty, due doubtless to the devoted and skilful care continuously given them. Trees, shrubs, and vines are rich in maturity; the impress of Father Time has so kindly marked the place, that of the older gardens Wodenethe is probably the finest on the Hudson. Not far away there was once another garden. Possibly there is nothing fairer than the dearest memories of childhood—sometimes doubtless wonderfully interwoven with the gossamer-like stuff of which air-castles are made—and so it is with deep satisfaction that the author can dwell upon views of an old garden relying on something more real than semi-dreams. To be able to duplicate this happy place for some other fortunate children would be a joy indeed, and some day the opportunity may be realized while the dream still lives. Nearly three acres of land might be required to contain the broad beds bordered with peach, plum, pear trees and shrubs, and edged with flowers—the great centre spaces filled with vegetables or small fruits. The outer court of this garden, on three sides, was formed by two rows of arching apple trees, as shown in an accompanying illustration. The fourth side was a lane running between an evergreen hedge and a line of Poplar and nut trees. The outer walks were broad, the inner intersecting paths were narrower; the tall planting in the various beds prevented a view from one path to another, and this was half of the garden's fascination to the children who played there in the games of make-believe. Always there was something unexpected awaiting them around the corner. Blissful the chance to become suddenly lost in grape vines, corn, or dense shrubbery when the world seemed to consist of just tree-tops, sunlight, flowers, fruits, and birds! What a contrast to the life of the average fortune-favored child of the present period! Echo Lawn is another lovely place near the river, as old, too, as Wodenethe, extensive in acres, abounding in splendid trees, and full of a beauty and charm peculiarly characteristic of the old places on the Hudson. The gardens, although of a later-date creation, are admirably fitted to the surroundings, and with pools, wall basins, and flower planting, hardly discernible in the illustration, are a rich addition to the noted river places. Twenty miles to the west of the Hudson River is Meadowburn Farm—famous through its owner, the author of "Hardy Garden" books. Two photographs, not hitherto published, must alone represent the acres of bloom on this interesting place. In describing it, eight gardens must be considered rather than the garden. The Evergreen Garden (shown here), the May Flowering Hillside, the Lily and Iris Garden, the Pool Garden, the Perennial Garden, the Cedar Walk, the Vegetable Garden, bordered with flowers, and the Rose Garden.

A rare treat for garden lovers who visit there by special arrangement. At Ridgeland Farm, in Westchester County, the owner has shown that the smallest garden possible when fitted to artistic surroundings and filled with harmonious bloom can, as a garden and as a picture, satisfy our craving for the beautiful quite as completely as a subject on a much larger scale. This fair little plot, with its brick paths and gay blossoms, continues in bloom for several months, which, in spite of narrow beds, is always possible in a well-planned and carefully tended garden. New York includes within its borders the climate of all the New England States, and, besides, the atmosphere of its lake shores and the milder sea climate of New York City and Long Island. Between the high altitudes of the Adirondacks on the north and the sea-level of Long Island on the south there is a difference of nearly four weeks in the opening of spring. Within a forty-mile radius of New York City and westward in the same latitude Daffodils appear about; early Tulips and Phlox divaricata the last of April; late Tulips; Lilies-of-theValley; German Iris (florentina alba a trifle earlier); and by Lupins, Columbine, Pyrethrum hybrid, and Oriental Poppies, etc., arrive; Roses, Peonies, etc., about;, Anchusa, and their companions; Campanula medium; Delphinium; Hollyhocks or a few days earlier. At the eastern end of Long Island Tulips, Lily-of-the-Valley, Roses, shrubs and tree foliage appear about a week later than the same near the city of New York. In our extremely variable climate it is impossible to have fixed dates for the opening of bloom. It must depend upon whether spring is early or late, which sometimes causes a difference of a week or ten days in the appearance of the flowers. Lily-of-the-Valley and German Iris seem less affected by variable springs than other plants. It is perfectly safe near Manhattan Island to plant out tender annuals, and many venture it by. Killing frost may be expected between—rarely earlier than. Forty-five miles north of the city of New York, in such higher altitudes as Mount Kisco or Tuxedo Park, the spring opens about a week later. Within this radius of the city the summer thermometer occasionally rises above seventy-eight degrees, and in winter it may average possibly thirty to forty degrees above zero; only a few days know zero weather, and rarely does it drop below. At least once a winter there will come a period of weather as mild as fifty to sixty degrees, when one almost fears the premature appearance of some of the plants. It is on account of the thaws as well as the cold that the plants require a moderate covering to keep the ground as far as possible frozen hard and undisturbed by the sun, as frequent thawing injures the roots. A garden at the other extreme of the State, in the Adirondack Mountains, planted to begin with early Tulips, Phlox divaricata, and others of this period, will make its display about. Lilies-of-the-Valley arrive soon after; German Iris, Lupin, Pyrethrum, Oriental Poppy about; Sweet William and Roses near; Delphinium; Hollyhocks. Tender annuals are planted out about, and a frost after that date is of rare occurrence. The first killing frost of autumn may be expected between the of September. While the thermometer in summer fluctuates between sixty and eighty degrees, it often falls in winter to thirty degrees below zero. The hardy plants are well protected under the heavy snow covering which is usually the winter condition there.

In considering the gardens belonging to the State of New York, its most favored garden centre is undoubtedly Long Island. Here soil and climate combine to encourage both vegetables and flowers. And on the shores, particularly of the south side and eastern end, the most satisfactory bloom is obtainable as a rule with less trouble than is expended upon the flowers of the interior. Not that Long Island is secure from periods of drought and visitations of rose-bugs, but on the whole the plants weather the obstacles better here than in other places of this latitude. There is a marked softness in the winter climate especially near the sea. Possibly nowhere else except in southern California does the Privet hedge make as remarkable growth as on the south shore, and near the west end there are highly prized specimens of old Box. Southampton, at the eastern end, in proportion to population has probably a greater number of gardens than any town in the State, almost all of them designed and developed by their owners, who have thus delightfully expressed their love for flowers. Most soul-satisfying, unique in many points, and overflowing with bloom all summer is at Southampton. Within three hundred yards of the beach it is truly a seaside garden, but the great Privet hedges, fourteen feet high, make perfect windbreaks for the protection of its bloom. Connected by arched openings in the Privet there are other enclosures for various planting schemes, and noticeable is the rather unusual variety of flowers growing in these several lovely gardens. The color grouping in the long, broad beds against the tall Privet background is as perfect as any planting known. The arbors on either side of the garden proper are formed of arches of Dorothy Perkins and Cedar trees alternating—the Cedars are bent and strapped at the top to produce a curve. The effect is both unusual and delightful. In the same place but farther from the sea is another famous garden, at The Orchard, the estate of James L. Breese, Esq. The garden was started about and is entirely original in design. The artistic sense of the owner is responsible for the dexterous touches which beautify the garden and pergolas. Neither photography nor word-picture could do justice to the exquisite harmony of coloring throughout this wonderful place, where bloom is continuous over a long period. Fashioned in Box-edged parterres after the old-time plan and dear to the heart of Americans is such a place as the sunny Box garden at The Appletrees, so charmingly portrayed in this chapter. There is a sweetness and trimness in its simplicity intermingling with the flowers to make it one of the fairest of gardenplots. We dwell with delight upon the picturesque view of a section of garden which might well have been taken from an English garden, so closely does it resemble that type which has been our inspiration more especially during the last ten years. In America the walled garden is found to be useful near the sea, and not undesirable in the cooler northern interior, but by many experts it is not advised in a warm climate, where it prevents the free circulation of air within its enclosure, from which condition some plants may suffer. In the near-by hamlet of East Hampton, has an ingenious scheme of connecting formal gardens that are as remarkable in conception as they are exquisite in color harmony. In length the plan is considerably greater than the width, and the long vista from end to end presents to the artist's eye a lovely picture of flowers, pool, and arches.

Near by, on Huntting Lane, the wild garden belonging to R. Cummins, Esq., is considered the best piece of work of its kind in the country. It is wonderfully composed with natural pools and streams, tea-houses and rustic bridges suggestive of the Japanese art, yet lovelier than the trim Oriental type of water garden because so delightfully wild and overgrown with massive plants, vines, and shrubs, without, however, being disorderly in appearance. It is an especially rare treat in early July at the season of Japanese Iris. At the west end of Long Island, near New York, gardens are almost as plentiful as those in the region of the Hamptons. For lack of space the illustrations of the lovely garden at Manor House, Glen Cove, and the picturesque pool at Cedarhurst must alone represent this section. Later periods of bloom succeed the Tulips at the Manor House, giving continuous color all summer to this charming place. The view of garden at Westbury is a fine example of an ideal hillside planting leading to the flower-beds on a lower level. Probably the oldest garden in New York State is the one at Sylvester Manor, on Shelter Island, between the shores of Long Island and Connecticut. This charming little flower-plot is reached by a short flight of descending steps. Some of its old Boxwood appears in the illustration of the pool which is a part of the garden scheme. The original owners of Shelter Island were the Manhasset Indians. "In Nathaniel Sylvester came from England with his young bride, and here they planted the Box, still one of the wonders of the place, and erected the first manor-house with its oak doors and panels and mantels fitted in England, and brick tiles brought from Holland. The present house was built in with enough of the woodwork of the old house to maintain symmetry in traditions, and stands to-day as it has stood the better part of two centuries, filled with its old furniture, paintings, and curios. Here is kept the cloth of gold left by Captain Kidd and many other things that time and space forbid mentioning." The old homestead has always remained in the family in direct descent. It would take much time and long travel to discover the State possessing the greatest number of fine gardens, but there is little risk of misstatement in placing New Jersey as fourth or fifth on the list; New York, including Long Island, in the lead, then Massachusetts, and possibly Pennsylvania or California next. Near the sea the climate is, of course, an especial incentive to flower-growing, and along the Jersey coast, especially in Monmouth County, there are numerous gardens. Many excellent specimens are to be seen at Princeton, Trenton, Short Hills, and Morristown, as well as in the country around Bernardsville, in all of which places garden clubs are rapidly developing the cult. Only about fifty miles separate Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth Beach, in central Jersey, from Morristown, Short Hills, etc., at the north, so that spring gardens practically begin in both sections at the same time, with possibly not more than three or four days' difference between them. While the south Jersey soil does not always encourage gardening, the northern half of the State may be considered on the whole quite fertile, and the summer temperature is not too hot for flowers. Occasional droughts are to be expected, but the water-supply is usually adequate. In the northern part of the State the usual date for; Roses, Peonies, Anchusa, and Sweet William, early June; Delphiniums, In fact, the climatic condition, as it affects plant life, is very similar throughout the region surrounding New York City—not different enough to require special attention.