

tion of heightened expectancy, but as in a fantasy, and with something of the quick alternations of a dream." He who would make such a garden may turn to Sedding's practical suggestions, to his deeply interesting historical and comparative sketch of the English garden, and to his chapter on Art in a garden. He had small respect for the so-called "landscape gardener," and deserts from that personage to revel in the beautiful old fashioned garden, that "place of hoarded loveliness" that knew how to be formal without losing its poetry.

"A sea of wavering, shimmering gold—rippling with the passing zephyr, flashing orange light such as no beacon fire ever can." This is the picture seen by one who at noon looks along the fields of wild Golden Poppies that are the glory and delight of rural California. Mr. Smith's book is a celebration of the Eschscholtzia in all its phases, a history and a rapturous chant of praise. And, truly, the radiant flower deserves all that can be said of it—words can hardly do justice to its beauty when gleaming and nodding in the sun and the wind.

It was a poet who first revealed this flower's charms to the world—Adelbert von Chamisso, who is remembered not only for his lyrics and ballads, but as the author of "Peter Schlemihl" and as a more or less competent botanist. As a botanist he accompanied, in 1815, the Russian expedition sent, under command of Otto von Kotzebue, to seek a passage north of America connecting the Pacific and the Atlantic. Another member of this expedition was John Frederick Eschscholtz, surgeon and naturalist, a youth of twenty-two years. Reaching San Francisco Bay, Von Chamisso and Eschscholtz landed and explored the peninsula, and among the specimen plants which they secured and sent to Europe was the splendid Golden Poppy, thus first made known to the world. Lucky little German surgeon, to have his name perpetuated by such loveliness! There is said to be an Indian tradition to the effect that California gold was formed from the fallen petals of the poppy, "the Great Spirit flower" sinking season after season into the earth. This not unpoetic belief, if belief it be, is pleasant to record than the prosaic fact that the red men occasionally boil and eat as "greens" the young leaves of the plant. Other members of the poppy family of California are described by Mr. Smith with careful pride. One of them is the splendid yellow tree poppy, which sometimes blossoms at a height of seven feet; another is the Giant Poppy, a wonderful crumpled flower of snowy white, with golden heart. This blossom measures six to nine inches across, and the plant is often fifteen feet high. But neither of these beautiful wildlings can vie with the royal Eschscholtzia, the State flower, to whose perfections the California author pays such lavish tribute.

The Englishman, Forbes Watson, a brilliant student, a successful surgeon and a born naturalist and artist, died thirty years ago after a life which, short though it was, was full of beneficence. His book, "Flowers and Gardens," was first published three years after his death; it has long been out of print. The new edition is welcome, for, as Canon Ellacombe truly says, it is not a book that should be buried or forgotten. Watson's studies of flower life have all the truth of science, all the spiritual beauty of a poetic and deeply religious nature. Concerning his chapters on gardening, the editor lets us know that they were the most important agents in the destruction of the tyranny in England of the horrible "bedding out gardening." "What that tyranny was at the time the book was published," he says, "few can nowadays realize; to have hinted a doubt that bedding out gardening was the perfection of artistic taste was to be ranked as a Philistine heretic, and to have suggested its destruction and the substitution of any other style would have been considered only

worthy of a lunatic. Even such scientific books as "The Botanical Magazine," when describing hardy plants, gauged their beauty and usefulness by their fitness or otherwise for carpet beds."

Forbes Watson in attacking the system "showed that it led to an utter ignorance of and an almost wicked contempt for the beauty of individual flowers." "Our flower beds," he declares, "are mere masses of color, instead of an assemblage of living beings; the plant is never old, never young, it degenerates from a plant into a colored ornament." Gardeners and nurserymen fought hard for their ribbon beds, but in England, at least, the crusade against this

the single peony and hollyhock. "The fully opened flower of the single peony," he insists, "is like the countenance of a living creature; that of the double has a form so vague and featureless that we might easily forget that it was a flower at all and think we were looking at a magnificent bunch of delicately colored ribbons." These be words of wisdom, and deserve many repetitions in a world full of gardeners' monstrosities.

The new edition of Mrs. Parsons's talk about the wild flowers is admirably made. Many of its thirty-two colored plates are exact in tint, though we could have wished for a little more

before us as we read, and how endearing it is!—if we may put aside the embellishments of "Coloured Glasses" and the "fine Rallies of Low Statuas." Had this "wisest and meanest of mankind" the true garden passion? It is doubtful if he could feel it, but he knew how to write about it.

**THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.**  
From Notes and Queries.  
Mr. A. H. Mann in the illustrated edition of Truller's "Social England" says: "With but slight variations we find the days of the week named after the same deities in all Teutonic countries. These names must have been substituted for those of the Roman gods by the German tribes on the frontier of the empire for this, ap-

GARDEN PICTURES.

PLACES OF BEAUTY IN AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

AMERICAN GARDENS. Edited by Guy Lowell. Quarto, pp. 120. Boston: Bates & Guild Company.

FORMAL GARDENS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. By H. Inigo Triggs. In Three Parts. Parts I and II. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

In the art of gardening, as in every other, the American is eclectic. The gardens represented in Mr. Lowell's volume of reproductions from beautiful photographs illustrate the most diverse principles. The garden at Wellesley, Mass., shown in Plate LXXXV recalls the quaint fancy of English topiary work. There is a suggestion of France in the Princeton garden in Plate LIV, and for numbers of the schemes represented in this book Italian precedents could easily be found. Yet, while Mr. Lowell recognizes the influence of foreign gardens upon our own, he points out that American gardens must necessarily differ from those of other countries, owing to our different climate and our different manners and customs, adding: "Indeed, the distinctive charm of our native gardens is due to the very fact that they are adapted to our needs and our surroundings. We have given them an American character, and yet have preserved many of the elements and followed many of the principles that have been developed in other lands by centuries of garden building." Mr. Lowell has some interesting things to say in the few pages to which his text is confined. He is all for a consistently artistic treatment of the subject, and his ideas are well worth the consideration of the reader. We note especially his protest against the imitation of expensive materials by cheaper ones. "Marble should be marble," he says; "stucco should look like stucco, and wood should pretend to be nothing better than wood." He might have added, apropos of Plate LXX, that there is a certain incongruity in placing an elaborately carved sundial of marble upon a platform of brick. But, after all, while an instance of this sort is somewhat disconcerting, and while there are several other cases in which we suspect that gleaming white pergolas and other constructions are of painted wood, where they pretend to be of marble, the broad impression conveyed by these pictures is one leaving little room for criticism.

Some of these formal gardens rival in dignity their prototypes abroad. Our climate may be discouraging to the introduction of certain trees as artistic in themselves as the most exacting designer might desire. We may be obliged to forego the incomparably picturesque elements which are contributed to Italian gardens, for example, by the cypress and the stone pine. But our hedges and our lawns are beginning to equal those of England, our decorative shrubs have a beauty all their own, and, what is perhaps most important of all, the construction of our gardens is controlled by taste as good as it is flexible. There are gardens illustrated in this volume which are imposing in their formality, but never stilted, never artificial. The fragments of ancient sculpture and the fine sundials adorning them, and the architectural features generally, are handled with perfect judgment, so that they fall readily into the atmosphere of nature and freedom which is chiefly aimed at. On most American estates, moreover, there is plenty of room, and the bulk of the work shown here testifies to the importance of scale in gardens. Some of Mr. Lowell's examples are old, but most of them are of comparatively recent date. Lovely as the latter are, the imagination lingers with even more satisfaction upon the thought of the charm they will possess when the

touch of time has been added to the touch of art.

What both these agencies can produce is shown with brilliant effect in the work on formal gardens in England and Scotland by H. Inigo Triggs, a series of photographic plates and measured drawings to be completed in three portfolios, of which the first and second have already appeared. The significance of scale to which we have referred above is especially exhibited in this publication, devoted as it is to gardens almost exclusively monumental in their amplitude. Even the most princely of English gardens have, as a rule, some sections treated in intimate fashion. The circular garden of Chastleton Manor House, for example, could be paralleled in more than one elaborate scheme in England or Scotland. But the dominant note in the greater gardens in both countries is one of grandeur, of magnificent spaces and of extraordinarily noble lines, as at Longford Castle or Wilton House, both in Wiltshire, or at Trentisham Hall, in Staffordshire. In such examples as these, which Mr. Triggs illustrates in superb plates, we see the massive beauty of hedges carried out on an enormous scale, and the powerful effect of balustrades and other architectural features likewise exploited in the grand manner. English gardens, too, like a few of the best in this country, show the strength and beauty brought to a large design by the judicious use of terraces. Some of Mr. Triggs's best plates are given to the illustration of this point, notably one of the terraces at Barnchurch, in Lanarkshire. His photographic plates are large enough and clear enough to be of great practical service by themselves, but the suggestiveness of this work is greatly enhanced by the measured drawings, and the author's introductory text ought also to prove useful.

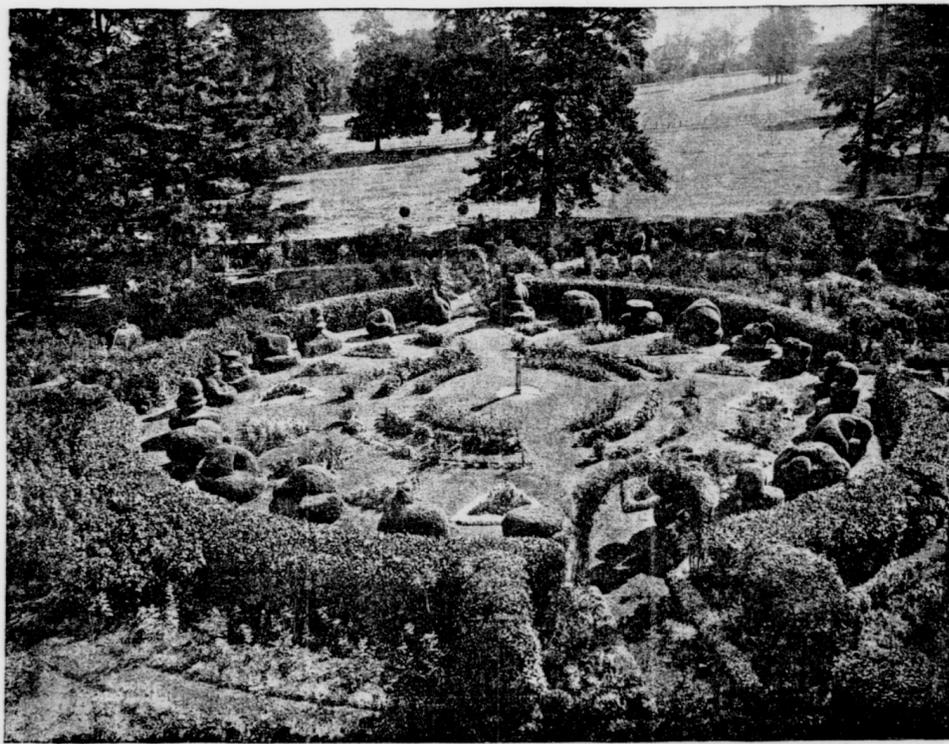
SOME SPORTING PARSONS.

MISS BOYLE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HUNTING DAYS. From "Mary Boyle: Her Book." (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

At the first whimper of the first hound breaking the covert I looked to see who rode beside me. I knew which were the best men, and one of those I chose as my guide, following as near as I could on his horse's steps—most frequently Lord Charles Fitzroy or the Rev. William Smith, rector of the parish, a sporting parson indeed, but one who never allowed his love for the chase to interfere with the fulfilment of more serious duties or the constant care he bestowed on the poor and suffering. A very different personage was the Rev. Mr. D—, who had a living on the other side of the county, but who hunted with us one day. Both he and his curate were in the field, and coming to a blind bullfinch, at which several horsemen came to a dead stop, the curate in question gallantly offered to go and make a gap in the fence. His rector called after him in his usual loud voice: "Hallo! I say, if you break your neck who is to preach my second sermon next Sunday?"

Another sporting ecclesiastic who frequented our meets was the Rev. Loraine Smith. He hunted in a purple coat, alleging as his reason that it was an episcopal color; but I cannot tell what authority he could adduce for wearing bright yellow gloves embroidered in every tint. His reverence was always well mounted, and was a keen sportsman. He had a pretty living and a good church in the neighborhood, but he surprised his parishioners very much by altering the whole disposition of the tombstones; he thought they looked awkward and untidy in their actual position, so he had them all taken up and rearranged according to his fancy, in lines, crosses, squares, etc. One Sunday morning, a very cold winter's day, he had performed the service to a scanty congregation, and on going up into the pulpit, instead of opening his sermon book, he pronounced the following address: "My dear friends, if you require it I will preach you the sermon which I have brought with me, but if you are as cold and hungry as I am I think you will prefer going with me to the rectory, where you will find some cold beef and some good ale."

I leave the result of his hearers' decision to the imagination of the reader.



THE CIRCULAR GARDEN OF CHASTLETON MANOR HOUSE, OXON.

From "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland."

(Charles Scribner's Sons.)

abomination was successful; and much of its success was due to Watson's persistent urging to study and love the wild flowers. None, he believed, could have a healthy love for flowers unless he loved the wild ones. "In a garden the plants are kept in well behaved restraint, but we must watch their ways when they are wholly free, when each can choose the home it fancies best, and root and wrestle for existence there, disposing of its flowers and branches with the utmost possible carelessness of all other interests than its own, yet somehow producing an effect of almost perfect harmony and peace."

Watson's discussion of the single and double flowers of the garden is especially suggestive. He points out the wonderfully artistic beauty, so perfect in each particular, of such flowers as

grace in the plant forms. The portrait of "sympleocarpus foetidus" is least successful of all as regards color, the purple having not enough of the dull, sun shade. The violets are particularly good, the aster and the blue flag excellent. This book is a most winning companion for a spring walk.

"God Almighty first Planted a Garden, And indeed, it is the Purest of Humane pleasures. It is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man." So writes Francis Bacon in the essay "Of Gardens," which brings to the tollborn man of the city something of the sweet, refreshing air of "faire alleys" and "shadie bowers," of paths set with "pincks" and clove gillyflowers. All the rich and dainty and trim formalities of the essayist's ideal garden rise

parently, was the immediate source of the week of seven days), and by them handed on to our own ancestors, who then dwelt along the shores of the Northern Sea."

Hence we get the days of the week named as follows: Sunday and Monday from sun and moon, viz. Balder and his wife Nanna, taking the place of Phoebus Apollo (Sol-Helios) and his twin sister Diana (Artemis-Selene); Tuesday from the war god Tiw (Norse, Tyr), or Area (Mars), Wednesday from Woden (Norse, Odin), who was eventually identified by the Teutons themselves with Hermes (Mercury); Thursday from Thunor (thunder, Norse, Thor), or Zeus (Jupiter); Friday from Frige, the wife of Woden, or Hera (Juno); Saturday from Sater, whose name also appears in Satterleugh and Satterthwaite; but, as nothing is known concerning this god, the name may well be a corruption of the Latin "Saturn's day" (Kronos). Our Easter is, of course, from Eostre, who was probably goddess of dawn (Aurora-Eos) and the returning year.

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