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G. A. Hertford

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MORNING RAMBLES

IN THE

ROSE GARDENS OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

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"J'AIME ET J'ADMIRE LA ROSE COMME LA PREMIÈRE DES PLANTES, ELLE  
EST LA REINE DES FLEURS: SA PRESENCE ANNONCE LE TRIOMPHE  
DE LA BELLE SAISON."

*Contes médiés des mille et une nuits.—Translated by M. Trébutien.*

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BY WILLIAM PAUL,
AUTHOR OF THE "ROSE GARDEN," &c.



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INTRODUCTION.

It would be cause for regret should the Reader be disappointed in this pamphlet. Its pretensions are humble: it is neither scientific nor cultural, but merely descriptive. It occurred to the writer that a popular account of the far-famed Rose Gardens of Hertfordshire would be acceptable to lovers of Roses in general, and more especially to those whom distance or other obstacles hinder from visiting them. The proximity of these Gardens to his residence offered to him peculiar advantages for the task; and many were the visits some received. The morning was chosen as the fittest time for these rambles; for then, and then only, are the flowers seen invested with all their charms. So generally is this fact acknowledged, that he believes no lover of Roses would care to gaze on flowers sullied by a summer's sun, when opportunities offered of beholding them

“ In all their crimson glory spread,
While, drooping fresh the dewy head,
They scent the early morning.”

In collecting the following Notes, it was made a principal object to observe under what modes of growth the different varieties flourished best. It was thought such observations would enhance the utility of the work; and it is believed this point has been accomplished with some success, and that the varieties herein described may be chosen for similar purposes and situations, without fear of disappointment in the attainment of an object. This—the arrangement of Roses, or their adaptation for particular purposes—although a point of

the very first importance, has unfortunately, been but little attended to. Practical men, in general, have probably not been aware of the extent, variety, and precise character, of the materials within their reach, and writers have said but little on the subject; and hence the incongruous and inelegant masses often presented to view, formed, perhaps, of the very choicest materials, but spoiled in the combination.

It is hoped, then, that the remarks here hazarded may, in some measure, prevent the occurrence, in future arrangements, of the evils complained of. In no case is a variety named as a standard, dwarf, or climber, but where it has been seen *flourishing* as such; and the notes made on the spot have been carefully revised and reconsidered.

NURSERIES, CHESHUNT, HERTS,

Nov. 1, 1849.

MORNING RAMBLES
IN THE
ROSE GARDENS OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

No. 1.—BROXBOURNEBURY.

Proprietor, G. J. BOSANQUET, ESQ.—Gardener, MR. FULLER.

BROXBOURNEBURY is about a mile from the Broxbourne station of the Eastern Counties Railway. Approaching it from the south-east side of Hertfordshire, we quit the high road to Ware and Cambridge at the little village of Wormley. Crossing the New River, we pass through an avenue of oak trees, the branches so intertwined as to completely over-arch the road, forming a beautiful arcade about 500 yards in length. This was the first object of striking beauty that we encountered; and although somewhat foreign to our subject, we cannot pass it by unnoticed. Gratitude, indeed, demands it; for although the day had but newly dawned, the shade afforded by this archway proved most agreeable. It was a true summer's morning; in this respect all that could be wished for: and as we continued our journey we felt its exhilarating influences. Nor did we venture to restrain the mind from indulging in anticipated pleasures till it revelled amidst the beauties it was soon to behold. It was no secret, that while Roses in many places were shrivelled by the Fire King's scathing breath, or despoiled by repeated attacks of insects, the summer of 1849 had proved suitable to plants growing in the cool soil and pure air of Hertfordshire; and it was agreed on all hands that a finer bloom had rarely been witnessed.

Passing Wormleybury, the seat of the late Sir A. Hume, Bart., a great patron of gardening, we wound along a shady lane, whose banks gleamed with the Foxglove (*Digitalis*), *Campion* (*Lychnis*), and *Catchfly* (*Silene*), and whose hedge-rows were crowned with *Nightshade* (*Solanum*), *Roses*, and *Honeysuckles*, the latter yielding up their odours to the "incense-

breathing morn." Such an agreeable road led to the park lodge, and a few minutes more brought us to the pleasure grounds. We entered with a light step and a buoyant heart (the usual accompaniments of pursuits like these); and, proceeding along the terrace leading from the mansion to the Rosetum, we were much struck with the beauty of the climbing Roses trained on a south-west wall, tastefully intermingled with various climbing plants. The most remarkable of the Roses were, *Hybrid Chinese*, Fulgens and Blairii No. 2; *Hybrid Bon*, Victor Hugo; *Multiflora*, Russelliana; *Noisettes*, Lamarque and La Biche. Of other climbing plants we observed several of the sweet-scented Clematis and Magnolias, a Wistaria, a Gum Cistus, and a Lonicera. A few feet from the wall, and running parallel with it, is a terrace-walk, gravelled, and about three yards wide, with flower-beds on either side; on the right is the wall just described; and on the left the lawn, studded with ornamental trees and groups of flowering plants. A Verbena garden occupies the end of the lawn near the house: in the centre is a basin ornamented with rock-work, and enlivened with a pretty fountain, surrounded by a circle of light Norman arches, connected with chains, over which the *Tropæolum pentaphyllum* trails with a careless grace. The simplicity and beauty of this arrangement is irresistible; and the effect is heightened by the dazzling glow of the Verbenas planted in the beds around. Turning to the left, we pass a thatched arbour, completely fenced in from the sun with yew and laurel: behind is a collection of ferns, which luxuriate beneath the shade of two fine hickory trees. A few steps onward, and another turn brings us into a winding walk about forty yards long, overarched with laburnums, whose golden racemes of flowers, drooping from the top of the arcade, have a very pretty effect in their season. Passing two fine Rose-Acacia trees, whose fragile branches are fastened to horizontal framework to protect them from the wind, we enter a garden with six sides and six entrances, called the "Fountain Garden." There is a basin and fountain in the centre, and the surrounding beds are filled with the usual summer-blooming plants, as Heliotropes, Petunias, &c. A few moments only could be spent here, for adjoining it was the Rosetum, and the perfumes wafted therefrom invited us to pass onward. As we did so we caught occasional glimpses of the first object of our visit; and, on entering, a brilliant spectacle was before us: above, around, below, Roses glittered everywhere. Although,

from long practice, our eyes had become well accustomed to Flora's gay and brilliant scenes, we must confess them somewhat dazzled on the present occasion: there was, indeed, a galaxy of beauty. This was not our first visit by many; and while we recognised several old flowers, looking, if possible, fresher and fairer than ever, we also met with others less familiar. To speak of the plan of the Rosetum should, perhaps, be our first effort; and then we will note the names of a few varieties which most forcibly arrested the attention.

First, then, of the soil. This is an alluvial loam, stiff, and of considerable depth, and has been enriched by repeated applications of decayed stable manure. The Rosetum covers about an acre of ground, and is fenced in on the one side by a wall, and on the other by a belt of evergreens, formed of Laurels, Portugal Laurels, and Laurustinus, very tastefully disposed. It is laid out in plain beds, chiefly parallelograms, the tallest plants being arranged in rows along the centre, the dwarfer ones fronting them on either side sloping towards the walks, which, except the outer one, are straight. The latter winds gracefully, with Roses planted on either side, standards and dwarfs alternately. The edgings of the beds are formed of flints and pebbles, among which the Golden Moss (*Sedum acre*), the Alpine Speedwell (*Veronica alpina*), and various plants of lowly growth, are made to creep. Among the Summer Roses hardy kinds of Fuchsias are freely interspersed, with the view of enlivening the garden when the Roses are out of flower. The Autumnals are separated from the Summer kinds by a wire trellis covered with Climbing Roses, the most conspicuous of which were—*Rose de Rosomène*: Gloire de Rosomène, carmine—*Noisettes*: Lamarque, sulphur; Fellenberg, crimson; du Luxembourg, lilac rose; Solfaterre, sulphur; Cloth of Gold, yellow—*Tea-scented*: Nina, white; and Madame Roussel, white. Occasional Pillar Roses are introduced with good taste, and the intersections of the walks are nearly all arched. For the pillars and arches—*Bourbon*: Madame Desprez, rosy lilac—*Hybrid Chinese*: Celine, rose—and *Ayrshire*: Splendens, white tipped—are most freely used. At the back of the beds which bound the Rosetum a row of Standard Climbing Roses is planted, the plants being alternately three feet and five feet in the stem. The heads rise, then droop, the spare branches being trained along small chains hanging in graceful festoons. Of these the most striking are—*Ayrshire*: Ruga, flesh; Splendens,

white—*Boursault*: Gracilis, cherry—*Hybrid Musk*: Garland, white—*Bourbon*: Bouquet de Flore, carmine; and Pierre de St. Cyr, pink. At one end of the Rosetum is a raised temple or rustic arbour, covered with Sweet-scented Clematis (*C. flammula*), Virginian Creeper (*Ampelopsis hederacea*), and Honey-suckles. From the foreground of this temple a splendid *coup d'œil* of the whole is obtained. The ascent is made by a short flight of steps, built in true rustic style. On either hand is a row of Fuchsias, whose coral-like blossoms hang in magnificent profusion, and are admirably relieved by masses of the silver-edged *Vinca* trailing over the ground beneath. These are again supported by Rhododendrons, which form a bank in the foreground. The enticing coolness of this retreat proved too much for our powers of self-denial; and on entering we were not surprised to find the inmost recesses filled with the perfumes which the flowers exhaled. While meditating here, we were led from one class of plants to another, from the vegetable to the animal kingdom; and as the various objects passed in rapid succession before the mind, creation pointing to the Creator, we silently wondered and adored. And what a time for meditation! The morning was delightful; calm, soft, and sunny, though a little hazy: it was one of those mornings in which one delights in nature as a companion.

“ On earth 'twas yet all calm around;
A pulseless silence, dread profound,”

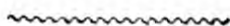
reigned everywhere. The brooks ran clear, the flowers were fresh, the groves were silent, the feathered choristers having at once put off their natural shyness and dropt their song.

But this is a digression: our subject is flowers. One thing struck us in reference thereto—the nice adaptation of the varieties of Roses for particular purposes. Every plant seemed to have been rightly chosen. The kinds of pendulous habit had been selected on tall stems, and thus their drooping branches displayed the flowers to great advantage. The small-headed and erect kinds were grown on dwarf stocks; and those of moderate vigour on stems of intermediate height. This, although apparently a trifling point, is, as far as concerns the effect produced, of vast importance; and then it offers the additional advantage of growing the kinds in the way in which they flourish best. At the time of our visit (July), each of the plants had recently received a small portion of guano,

and afterwards a supply of water, the effect of which remained to be seen, although it must, beyond doubt, prove beneficial.

Thus far of the Rosetum: let us now record a few of the gems of this collection. Of showy effective Roses, kinds producing a striking effect *en masse*, we noticed as standards—*French*: Surpasse tout, crimson; William Tell, rose; Cerise superbe, cherry; and Souvenir d'une Mère, pink—*Hybrid Chinese, &c.*: Leopold de Bauffremont, pale rose; Blairii, No. 2, rosy blush; Fulgens, crimson; Adolphe, rose; Triomphe d'Angers, carmine; Madeline, white, tipped with crimson; Beauty of Billiard, scarlet; Elizabeth Plantier, crimson shaded; Magna rosea, light rose; Globe White Hip, creamy white; Henri Barbet, light carmine; Madame Plantier, white—*Damask Perpetual*: Crimson or Du Roi—*Chinese*: Fabvier, scarlet—*Tea-scented*: Taglioni, cream; Devoniensis, creamy white; Le Pactole, yellow, blooming in clusters; Lyonnais, rosy pink, very large; Belle Allemande, pink and fawn, very large and very sweet, best suited for a standard; Niphetos, pale lemon (the Magnolia Rose of some), very large, also best as a standard—*Noisette*: La Biche, white, flesh centre, a very tall plant, with an immense head—*Bourbon*: Dupetit Thouars, brilliant crimson, almost equal in colour to Géant des Batailles; Comte d'Eu, carmine; Impératrice Josephine, pink, blush margin, flowering in clusters; Madame Angéline, cream, with fawn or salmon centre. These were, for the most part, immense standards, splendidly covered with bloom.

Of show Roses, kinds remarkable for the beauty and symmetry of the individual flowers, we noticed—*Damask*: La Ville de Bruxelles, salmon rose; Madame Soetmans, flesh-colour—*Hybrid Bourbon*: Charles Duval, pink; Paul Perras, rose; and Coupe d'Hébé, pink—*French*: Adèle Prevost, blush; Kean, crimson; and Latour d'Auvergne, rosy crimson—*Hybrid Perpetual*: Géant des Batailles, brilliant crimson—*Tea-scented*: Moiret, fawn and yellow; and Elise Sauvage, pale yellow—*Bourbon*: Souvenir de la Malmaison, flesh colour, two plants with 100 flowers each; Acidalia, white—*Austrian*: Persian Yellow—*Alba*: Sophie de Marcilly, blush, rosy centre.



No. 2.—THEOBALD'S SQUARE.

Proprietor, J. M. BRITTEN, Esq.—Gardener, MR. MELADY.

THIS place is about a mile from the Waltham Station of the Eastern Counties Railway. The spot is rendered interesting from historic associations. Theobalds was formerly the residence of royalty; and from here Charles I. departed to place himself at the head of his army, to oppose the troops of the Parliamentarians. Earlier in history the famous Lord Burleigh had a seat at Theobalds. The garden now under consideration is not very extensive, but it is well and neatly kept, and doubtless affords the proprietor more real pleasure, and proves far more interesting to the stranger, than some places of many acres. There is no Rosetum here: the plants are disposed in clumps and rows throughout the garden. On the west front of the house is a trellis, over which are trained Leopoldine d'Orleans (*Sempervirens*), Ayrshire Queen, Fellenberg (*Noisette*), and Gloire de Rosomène. The pillars supporting the entrance are covered with *Ruga* and *Splendens*, both light-coloured Ayrshire Roses. A walk, about 100 yards in length, leads from this front of the house to a lake, on whose surface floated a profusion of Water Lilies (*Nymphæa alba*), which, gleaming from afar, presented a most lovely spectacle. On either side the walk is lawn-ground, planted with beds of hardy evergreens and single specimens of ornamental trees, interspersed with clumps of Roses, Geraniums, and other summer-flowering plants. In the beds by the sides of the walk we noticed the following Roses—*Hybrid Chinese, &c.*: Chénédolé, vermilion; Charles Duval, pink, particularly fine; and Coupe d'Hébé, pink—*Noisette*: Lamarque, sulphur; Euphrosyne, rose and yellow—*Tea-scented*: Niphetos, lemon; Jaune, yellow; Devoniensis, creamy white; Goubault, crimson; and Cels multiflora, flesh-colour—*Bourbon*: Paul Joseph, crimson, growing very strong; Queen, salmon flesh—*Hybrid Perpetual*: La Reine, rose-colour; Comte d'Eu, carmine—*Alba*: Madame Legras, white; Princesse Lamballe, white—*Hybrid Chinese*: General Allard, rosy crimson; William Jesse, crimson purple; Lady Stuart, silvery blush; Fulgens, crimson—*Bourbon*: Armosa, pink; Bouquet de Flore, carmine—*French*: Boula de Nanteuil, dark violet crimson; Kean, crimson scarlet; Surpasse tout, rich rosy crimson; Cerise su-

perbe, cherry-colour. The Perpetual White Moss was also blooming here very prettily; and although the expanded flowers are neither regular in form nor very double, the large clusters of well-mossed buds it produces are unique and truly elegant. Not only are these noted as superior kinds, but the trees (for all were on stems) are large and handsome. There was also less crowding and confusion of branches discoverable than is usually seen in standard Roses owing to unskilful pruning. The standard Tea-scented Roses were particularly fine, which we believe due, in some part, to the sheltered position they grow in, as the lawn on which they are planted is open to the south only.

Passing to the east front of the house, we found the pillars there covered with the White Banksiæ, Maria Leonida (Macartney), and Coupe d'Hébé (Hybrid B^{on}), the two former white Roses, the latter pink: there were also Clematis florida and C. azurea grandiflora, the loveliest of the tribe. On the lawn opposite are two beds of short standard Roses, the most striking of which were—*Hybrid Chinese*, &c.: Magna rosea, light rose; Great Western, crimson scarlet; and Parigot, crimson—*Hybrid Perpetual*: Mrs. Eliot, purplish rose; Clémentine Seringe, deep rosy pink; and Jacques Lafitte, bright rose—*French*: Village Maid, white, striped with rose and purple—*Tea-scented*: Le Pactole, yellow; Niphetos, pale lemon, very fine; and Adam, rosy salmon—*Bourbon*: Dupetit Thouars, brilliant crimson—*Noisette*: Euphrosyne, rose and yellow—*Alba*: La Séduisante, rosy flesh. There was a plant of the Maiden's Blush, with several old stems: four of these had been budded about breast high, and formed four separate heads: Lamarque (Noisette), sulphur, and Ne Plus Ultra (Hybrid Chinese), crimson, were the varieties. A splendid standard of La Biche (Noisette), the head about twenty feet in circumference, a perfect specimen, laden with blossoms, stood singly on the lawn, and was a very striking object. There was also a standard and a dwarf standard Ruga, trained as weepers, both very pretty. The natural soil of this garden is a stiff loam of considerable depth, friable rather than clayey. In the kitchen-garden is an arched Rose-walk, three yards wide, and of considerable length. The arches, which are formed of wire, are about eight feet high and about seventeen yards apart. Although from either end there is the appearance of an unbroken arcade, yet when traversing the walk the arches seem too far apart, and we can imagine the effect more perfect were they placed at about half this distance.

There were no new kinds used for covering them. Most of our old favourites were there, and they answered the end perfectly.



No. 3.—THEOBALD'S SQUARE.

Proprietor, R. W. KENNARD, Esq.—*Gardener*, MR. COOPER.

THE principal feature in this garden is an arched Rose-walk, or arcade of Roses. The walk, which is about eight feet wide and 100 yards long, runs under a wall with a west aspect. The arches are about ten feet high. They were originally covered with some of the fastest growing kinds, without reference to merit, on which the finer kinds have been budded from time to time. By this system time is saved; the arches are quickly covered; but we think the plan advisable under peculiar circumstances only, as, for instance, where the situation is unfavourable for growth. It is beyond question that the work never becomes so perfect as when the best kinds are planted in the first instance. Notwithstanding this remark, the effect of the arcade, when viewed from the outside, is admirable. The varieties which most particularly engaged our attention were—*Sempervirens*: Leopoldine d'Orleans—*Ayrshire*: Ruga and Splendens—*Noisette*: Lamarque, La Biche, Jaune Desprez: these six are light-coloured flowers—*Hybrid Chinese*, &c.: Blairii No. 2, Fulgens, Beauty of Billiard, Magna rosea, Brennus, Duke of Devonshire, Belle Marie, Céline—*Bourbon*, Madame Desprez, Jacques, Bouquet de Flore—*Rose de Rosomène*: Gloire de Rosomène—*Hybrid Perpetual*: Baronne Prevost, La Reine, Duchess of Sutherland—*Multiflora*: Russelliana. These are from rose to crimson, embracing the intermediate tints. Turning towards the house, we see on the south front projecting arches, against which are planted—Brennus and Amadis, dark flowers; and Lamarque, Ruga, and Leopoldine d'Orleans, light ones. These kinds are well suited for the purpose. We cannot help singling out from among the lawn trees two splendid Cedars, a handsome deciduous Cypress forty feet high, and an evergreen Cypress not less than fifty feet, a perfect specimen. Passing the borders of a small lake, we see brick arches rising from grottoes, covered with ivy, which, viewed in conjunction with the old trees, are strikingly picturesque.

Passing beneath the arches, we reach another collection of Roses, principally standards, planted in straight rows on either side of a walk about ten feet wide. The highest stems are at the back, and the declination is gradual as the plants approach the edges of the walk. Among the Roses, herbaceous and various summer-flowering plants are introduced, and thus the whole is made gay and interesting. The soil here is a good loam, similar to the last.



No. 4.—WALTHAM CROSS.

Proprietor, J. SHARPE, Esq.

THE Collection here is not the most extensive, but it contains some of the finest specimens in Hertfordshire. They are principally standards. Among others we observed—*Hybrid Chinese*: Franklin, dark rose, with a head about twenty-five feet in circumference; Fulgens, crimson, the head thirty feet in circumference—*French*: Boula de Nanteuil, dark violet crimson, fifteen feet. There were also splendid specimens of *Multi-flora*: Russelliana, crimson—*Hybrid Noisette*: Adolphe, rose, trained as weepers—equally large of *French*: Grandissima, rosy crimson; and Aspasia, flesh—and fine upright-headed plants of *Hybrid Chinese*, &c.: Brennus, carmine; Coupe d'Hébé, pink; Triomphe d'Angers, bright carmine; Legouve, bright carmine; and Blairii No. 2, rosy blush, the last mentioned on a stem eight feet high, particularly large and splendid. We also noticed here, in magnificent condition—*Hybrid Perpetuals*: Géant des Batailles, brilliant crimson; Baronne Prevost, pale rose; Duchess of Sutherland, rosy pink; Robin Hood, brilliant cherry; Marquise Boccella, delicate pink; Lady Alice Peel, rosy crimson; Prudence Ræser, pink, fawn centre; and La Reine, rose and lilac—*Bourbons*: Souchet, crimson; and Madame Souchet, blush, edged with lake—*Moss*: Princesse Royale (Portemer), rosy flesh—*Damask*: La Ville de Bruxelles, light vivid rose—*Tea-scented*: Safrano, saffron to apricot. By the side of one of the walks is a hedge of Roses, trained to a flat trellis, twelve to fourteen feet high. The plants are on short stocks about fifteen inches high, and they form a complete hedge. Among them we noted in passing—*Noisettes*: Ariel and La Biche, light roses—and *Hybrid Chinese*: Sauteur,

Adolphe, and Parny, of darker tints. There is one circular bed of dwarf Roses, eight yards in diameter, formed principally of Autumnals. Gloire de Rosomène, crimson scarlet—*Chinese*: Fabvier, scarlet; Mrs. Bosanquet, flesh colour; and Louis Philippe, crimson—*Bourbons*: Queen, fawn; Souvenir de la Malmaison, flesh colour—and *Noisette*: Fellenberg, crimson—were in flower. The plants were pegged down, and the ground well covered; and there was promise of an abundant bloom throughout the autumn months. On the wall of the dwelling-house was a fine plant of *Félicité perpétuelle*, rising to the height of about twenty-five feet, and covering a good breadth with its glossy foliage and numerous clusters of creamy-white flowers. There was also on the same wall the *Blairii* No. 2, growing as freely as could be desired; but this was apparently but a young plant, and wanted a few more seasons' growth to match its brilliant rival. The Roses here are planted in the ordinary formal beds. The soil is a stiff loam, rather approaching to clay.



No. 5.—POLES, NEAR WARE.

Proprietor, R. HANBURY, ESQ.—*Gardener*, MR. BARNES.

THIS place is about a mile from the town of Ware. Roses are not at present the most interesting feature of the gardens. The collections of orchidaceous plants, greenhouse plants, heaths, &c., are more perfect, and well worth the attention of connoisseurs of these flowers. The gardens have been lately re-formed; and consequently the Roses, which are pretty numerous, comprise the best modern varieties. The natural soil being an unkind clay, a soil of turf and manure was prepared, in which they are planted; and they have done well. Tea and Chinese Roses are placed against the walls of the terraces in every aspect, where they grow and flower as well as could be wished. Beds of mixed Autumnal Roses are planted in conjunction with the usual summer-bedding plants, with which they group admirably, and produce a very splendid effect. Mr. Barnes recommends the adoption of this plan very strongly, as a great saving of time to the gardener at a season when time is invaluable, and as a saving of expense to the proprietor. As there can be no longer any doubt of their suitableness for this purpose, we pre-

dict that they will ere long become generally planted. Indeed, when we remember how constantly they flower, and that their season is prolonged beyond that of ordinary-bedding plants, it is a matter of surprise that they have not been more freely used. Want of variety, beauty, or fragrance, cannot be offered as an excuse for this neglect. In the Rose is to be found the softest and the hardest tints, the purest white, the deepest crimson, and the intermediate shades are innumerable. As to beauty and fragrance they are too evident to need comment.

These remarks are made in reference to the present mode of growing them; but we think much may be done to improve the cultivation of Roses in flower-beds. The plan of pegging down the branches we hold to be more than questionable: when adopted, the flowers are brought so close to the ground, that the first shower of rain that falls covers them with the soil, after which the delicate tints will not bear looking on. This plan further causes a few vigorous shoots to arise from the base of the branches pegged down, and an uneven growth and a scanty supply of flowers are the results. The easiest remedy for this is to grow the plants on short stems; but as such are by some held objectionable, when on their own roots a few wires, of sufficient strength to support the branches, should be stretched over the beds, at a given height according to the habit of the variety, or the position it may occupy. In pruning, cut off the branches just below these wires, and the young shoots will rise and flower above. A little tying may be necessary, in some instances, to keep the beds neat and compact. Prune sparingly, manure freely, and the desired end—a mass of flowers—will be obtained.

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#### No. 6.—YOUNGSBURY.

*Proprietor, LADY PULLER.—Gardener, MR. TERRY.*

ABOUT two miles from the place last described is Youngsbury, close to the little village of Wadesmill. Entering by the lodge adjoining the high road, we pass through a fine park, with a prettily undulated surface, containing some handsome Elm, Ash, Beech, and Chestnut trees, disposed in very elegant groups. The principal of the Roses here are planted round the borders of the kitchen-garden, which, indeed, they may be said to have

converted into a Rose-garden, which derives additional interest from the free interspersion of herbaceous plants. One thing struck us as remarkably pretty: it was the twining of Honeysuckles around the stems of the free-growing Roses. The Honeysuckles are not allowed to luxuriate in their natural wildness, but are well pruned at the same time as the Roses, and are thus kept neat and close. They were all one mass of bloom, from the ground to the heads of the Roses. An arched Rose-walk (Tudor arches), covered with the usual climbing Roses, is also worthy of notice. Next we encountered an arbour, the roof of which was skilfully and tastefully decorated with fir-cones. This is near to the principal Rose-beds, which are in a small garden, entirely surrounded by a wall. The Roses are planted in the borders, in straight rows, three feet from plant to plant, and two feet from row to row. The plants are large, and well formed, principally dwarf standards; and there are three or four of each of the finest sorts; an excellent plan when cultivating for exhibition is one end in view. Amongst others, we noticed as first rate—*Moss*: Bath, white.—*Reine de Provence*, lilac blush—*Hybrid Chinese*, &c: *Brennus*, light carmine; *Belle de Rosny*, delicate peach; *Charles Duval*, pink; *Triomphe de Laqueue*, rosy lilac; *Marie de Champlois*, crimson; *Coupe d'Hébé*, pink; *Chénédoles*, light vermilion; and *Comtesse de Lacepède*, silvery blush—*French*: *Boula de Nanteuil*, dark violet crimson; *D'Aguesseau*, fiery crimson; *Oracle du Siècle*, crimson purple; *La Volupté*, rose—*Hybrid Perpetual*: *Earl Talbot*, rose and lilac—*Alba*: *Sophie de Marcilly*, blush, rosy centre. There is also a border of Bourbon Roses, which has been recently planted in continuation of a group of the gay semi-double old French kinds, which it is now intended to remove. We noticed on the wall a plant of the *Jaune Desprez*, blooming most profusely, and somewhat deeper in colour than is usual. We were told of a curious circumstance in connection with this plant. It was on a three-foot stem, and was originally planted at some little distance from the wall. The stem was bent downward till the head reached the wall: the former was then covered over with some depth of soil, in which state it remains flourishing as above described. At each end of one of the greenhouses there is a bank of Roses, *planted in pure clay*, under a wall with a west aspect. It was obvious to remark how well the plants thrive, and how large the flowers were. All were worked on the Dog Rose. The Hybrid Chinese were

especially luxuriant; but Bourbons, Noisettes, Chinese, and even Tea-scented, seemed alike to flourish. The following were noted as large plants, bearing fine flowers—*French*: Village Maid, striped (finer than I had ever seen it)—*Hybrid Chinese*, &c.: Brennus, carmine; Beauty of Billiard, scarlet; and Velours episcopal, crimson purple—*Damask*: Madame Hardy, pure white—*Brier*: Harrisonii, yellow—*Hybrid Perpetual*: Comtesse Duchatel, crimson—*Noisette*: Aimée Vibert, white; and Miss Glegg, white—*Bourbon*: Queen, salmon buff—*Tea-scented*: Camellia blanc, white. Crossing the lawn, we caught a glimpse of a handsome *Abies Douglassii*, thirty feet high, and then passed between high laurel hedges, overtopped with cedars, beeches, and elms. We again entered the park, passed through an avenue of limes, and crossed the river Rib, whose sedgy banks were in full beauty. In the nursery, which we had now reached, we found ourselves in company with more Roses, and observed as standards—*Hybrid Perpetual*: Madame Dameme, rosy lilac; Dr. Marx, crimson—*French*: La Ville de Londres, rose; Kean, crimson scarlet—*Damask*: Deeseflore, blush—*Hybrid Chinese*: Grilony, slate colour; Paul Perras, pale rose; Lord John Russell, rosy cherry; Belle Marie, deep rose; Brown's Superb, rose colour, a variety seldom seen in fine condition, although in this instance very splendid. We here met with a new enemy of the Rose, in the shape of a green caterpillar with a black head: it was tolerably abundant, rolling up the leaflets for a dwelling. It may not prove a pest of great magnitude; but there is nothing like sounding the alarm on the first appearance of the enemy, and Rose cultivators will do well to look to it. There was, indeed, a beautiful lot of Roses in this secluded spot; and as we cast a parting glance upon them, we uttered the sentiment of the poet—

“———— small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired;”

and could not pass on without wishing them a speedy transfer to a more eligible situation.

The natural soil at Youngsbury is a blue clay, lying close to the surface, extending to the depth of twenty feet, where it rests upon chalk. The surface, where long cultivated, has the appearance of a light vegetable soil.

But we must say a few words of the Pot-Roses here, of which Mr. Terry's skill as a cultivator is fully attested by his suc-

cess as an exhibitor at the metropolitan flower-shows. His plants are mostly on their own roots, and grown in large pots. He is not an advocate for plunging. The plants were standing on solid ground, under a wall, with a north-east aspect; and, judging from their healthful appearance, they were perfectly happy there. The following plants were very fine:—*Tea-scented*: Caroline, blush and pink; Bougère, salmon; Comte de Paris, flesh and rose shaded; Goubault, bright rose; Pactolus, yellow; and Princesse Marie, rosy pink—*Bourbon*: Queen, salmon buff; Souvenir de la Malmaison, flesh—*Hybrid Perpetual*: Robin Hood, cherry—*Hybrid Chinese, &c.*: Las Casas, rosy pink; Comtesse Lapepède, silvery blush; and Charles Duval, pink—*Chinese*: Merlet de Laboullaye, buff and crimson; Mrs. Bosanquet, flesh; and Madame Breon, rose—*French*: Boula de Nanteuil, dark violet crimson—*Noisettes*: Aimée Vibert, white; and Lamarque, sulphur—*Austrian*: Persian Yellow and Harrisonii, yellow. The soil Mr. Terry uses is the same as is generally recommended for Pot-Roses.



#### No. 7.—DANE END.

*Proprietor*, CHARLES S. CHAUNCEY, ESQ.—*Gardener*, MR. MYLNE.

LEAVING Youngsbury, we proceeded about a mile along the high road to Cambridge, and then entered a winding lane, running for two miles and a half, to the seat of Charles S. Chauncey, Esq., called Dane End, near Munden. The Dog Rose and *Rosa arvensis* abounded in the hedges; and if we were not deceived by the pace at which we were travelling, the sweet brier also shewed itself occasionally. Many fair flowerets studded the way-side, and more than once did we regret the want of leisure to cull a bouquet of these lovely gems. But it was impossible. The sun was already high above our head, and the time to which we wished to limit our morning rambles almost expired. We reached the desired spot; and immediately on entering were dazzled with the sight of a bed of mixed Roses, dwarf standards, beneath which glittered the lovely *Eschscholtzia*, covering the ground as with a sheet of burnished gold. Whichever way we turned, masses of flowers met our

view. Standing in the heart of an agricultural district, which we had just quitted, and where every idle plant (excepting those by the way-side) was doomed to quick and sure destruction, the change was the more striking. We had for some time been passing farm lands, which we could not but admire for their freedom from wild flowers: now we were suddenly in the midst of a beautiful garden, appearing like an oasis in a desert. The mansion stands some little distance from the road, on gently-rising lawn ground. In front, and near to the road, is a walk describing a semi-circle. On the lawn side of the walk beds of Roses, of graceful forms, follow the margin, a mere strip of the lawn intervening. There is in most cases a bed of a sort, and they are principally Autumnals. We noticed especially as suited for this purpose—*Hybrid Perpetual*: La Reine, rose; William Jesse, light crimson shaded; Madame Laffay, rich purplish rose; and Mrs. Elliot, purplish rose—*Chinese*: White, Cramoisie superieure, crimson.—Gloire de Rosomène, crimson scarlet—*Bourbon*: Bouquet de Flore, light carmine. All these are evidently excellent kinds for bedding. On the opposite side of the walk is an herbaceous border, about three yards wide: it contains a very good collection of herbaceous plants; and the most showy kinds, such as Sweet Williams, Antirrhinums, Rockets, &c., being freely interspersed, the effect is grand in the extreme. At the back of this border is a wire fence, covered with free-growing creeping Roses and Honeysuckles. Behind this is a walk, and a belt of trees for shelter, among which the Scotch Laburnum and Yellow Broom are plentifully introduced. At one end of this border is a fine-spreading Sycamore, whose agreeable shade we gladly availed ourselves of for a few moments, and then pursued a shady path, to examine a row of the Crimson Perpetual Roses nearly fifty yards long. The plants were large and in full bloom, and are said to yield a constant supply of flowers for bouquets from June to Christmas. Thence we returned to inspect a large bed of Roses, which contains the principal collection. They were for the most part standards. The most striking for size and beauty were—*French*: Latour d’Auvergne, rosy crimson; William Tell, rose; and Madame Damoureau, reddish rose—*Hybrid Chinese*, &c.: Magna rosea, light rose; Stadtholder, blush; Madame Plantier, white; Devigne, flesh; Coupe d’Hébé, pink; and Beauty of Billiard, scarlet—*Hybrid Perpetual*: Dr. Marx, crimson; and Clementine Seringe, rose—*Bourbon*: Bouquet de Flore, carmine—*Da-*

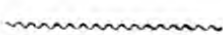


*mask Perpetual*: La Volumineuse, rose. Turning thence, we passed through an arcade of Roses, formed of the Boursault and various kinds of Hybrid Chinese. Ascending a gentle slope by the side of the house, we met with a bed of the Gloire de Rosomène,

“ Warm rival of the flame that dyes  
The heavens ;”

and another of the White China, which we were informed had withstood the frosts of ten winters without any protection. Next in order was a bed of *Bourbon*, Madame Desprez, rosy lilac; three beds of *Noisette*, Fellenberg, crimson; and one of the Beauty of Hertfordshire, a seedling raised here by Mr. Mylne, possessing very fine foliage and rose-coloured flowers, resembling the Bourbon latifolia. These beds were all upon the lawn, where the natural soil (chalk) rises to within two inches of the surface: the soil has consequently been made for them. On the right-hand side of the walk we are now traversing is a bed of mixed Roses, five plants deep, at the back of which a wire fence separates the garden from the park. Over the walk are arches of Bourbon Roses, principally Gloire de Rosomène and Madame Desprez. Higher up is a bank of the original Bourbon Rose, and another of the Copper and Yellow Austrian, intertwined with Honeysuckles. On the top of the banks a row of Scotch Laburnums is planted on either side of the walk, the effect of which in the flowering season must be very good. Having reached the summit of the hill, we meet with another border of Roses, five rows deep, containing the best modern kinds. Behind them is a belt of Spruce Firs planted for shelter, and a row of Abies deodara. From this spot is a pretty view of the valley below, and a rising hill beyond, the village church presenting a most interesting object. Descending over the lawn, which is planted with single specimens of Coniferae, we pass a handsome Pinus patula eight feet high, which has stood eight winters unprotected, a handsome Cryptomeria japonica five feet high, and a nice clump of Yews. Various flowerbeds, filled with the usual bedding-plants, surround the house. Returning to the entrance, we crossed the road to the kitchen-garden, where we found Leopoldine d'Orleans and Madame d'Arblay, both light Roses, in magnificent bloom, covering an immense apple tree twelve feet high, which they had almost destroyed. The Bishop's Provence, Tricolor, Triomphe de

Rennes, and the Globe Hip, were also flowering prettily here. It was said the Cloth of Gold bloomed well as a standard, planted on the west border of a greenhouse. On a south border of the kitchen-garden some Autumnal Roses are planted, over which frames are placed in winter and spring, by which means flowers are obtained some weeks before those wholly exposed are in bloom. Against a south wall a collection of dwarf-standard Tea-scented Roses are placed between the fruit-trees, and they were doing well. But this notice is already far extended, and we must conclude with a glance at the conservatory. On the outside of this structure Tea-scented Roses are grown, and trained against the walls. In the interior is a specimen of Noisette Lamarque, budded close to the ground, which had risen with a single stem twelve feet high and about an inch in diameter : it had formed an immense spreading umbrella-shaped head, the branches drooping most gracefully. There was also a plant of the lovely Tea-scented Bougère, nearly its equal in height and size, and both are said to yield flowers all through the winter months. There were two plants of the *Fuchsia corymbiflora*, and one *Fuchsia Thomsonia*, trained on a similar plan, and they were exceedingly handsome. Beyond these, the conservatory was filled with various flowering plants, of which, however, it is not our particular purpose to speak. The whole of the Roses here are freely exposed to wind and sun, yet they grow and bloom magnificently, and seldom have we seen plants freer from insects of every kind. The Autumnals receive a top-dressing of manure in June in addition to the annual supply ; an excellent plan, which ought to be more generally put in practice. This is one of the oldest Rose Gardens in the county, and is still one of the best ; and to this more than to any other do we attribute the spread of that taste which has rendered Hertfordshire so renowned for its Roses. The soil here is naturally most unfavourable, the chalk lying close to the surface ; and in every instance where Roses have been planted, the chalk has been removed to some depth, and its place occupied with a mixture of loam and manure.



## No.8.—HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, HERTFORD HEATH.

THE REV. RICHARD JONES.—*Gardener*, Mr. COWELL.

THE principal collection of Roses here consists of standards and dwarf-standards, planted four plants deep to form a Rose-bank. At the back are arches, on which we noticed Gloire de Rosomène, which had made shoots seven feet long this year; Ruga (Ayrshire), flesh; Conspicua, rosy crimson; Henri Barbet (Hybrid Chinese), light carmine; Lamarque, sulphur; Jaune Desprez, red and yellow (Noisettes). Among the kinds forming the bank, La Volupté, rose; Kean (French), crimson; Prince Albert (Hybrid Perpetual), purplish crimson; Queen of Denmark, rosy pink; Sophie de Marcilly, blush, rosy centre (Alba); Paul Perras (Hybrid Bourbon), pale rose; were the most conspicuous. There were also several very fine specimens of the Crested Provence. On a border with a western aspect, in the kitchen-garden, we noticed Persian Yellow (Austrian); Requier, pink; Minerva, rosy blush; Grande et belle, rose; Bernard, salmon; La Reine, rose and lilac; Madame Laffay, rosy crimson; Stanwell, flesh pink (Perpetuals); Aspasia, flesh; Boula de Nanteuil, dark crimson (French); Riego, light carmine; Camuzet carnée, peach; Coupe d'Hébé, pink; Great Western, crimson and purple; Fimbriata (Hybrid Chinese, &c.); Madame Angelina, fawn; Dupetit Thouars, crimson (Bourbons); Emérance (Hybrid Provence), pale lemon; Comte de Paris (Tea-scented), rose and blush. Maria Leonida, was planted as an edging to one of the beds, and, under the treatment here subjected to, has a very pretty effect. The shoots are pegged down in spring and clipped in June: this keeps the plant dwarf, and it produces a mass of its beautiful white flowers in the autumn months. Being evergreen, and possessed of fine, large, glossy foliage, it must become a great favourite if cultivated in this manner. It is doubtless well known, that, under ordinary circumstances, the flowers do not expand freely; but the pegging down and clipping which it undergoes entirely cures it of this bad habit. On the east border of the kitchen-garden the various families are planted separately in beds, the divisions being marked out with the Maria Leonida. The most striking plants here were—*Hybrid Chinese*, &c.: Velours episcopal, purplish crimson; Chénédolé, vermilion; Jenny, rosy blush;

and Charles Fouquier, reddish crimson—*Hybrid Provence*: Princesse Clémentine, white; and La Calaisienne, pink—*Moss*: Perpetual Mauget, bright rose; Presque partout, rose; Catherine de Wurtemberg, delicate rose—*Damask*: Ferox, rose. The Crimson Perpetual invariably fails here. On the front of the house a plant of the old Red Moss had climbed about twelve feet high, and was covered with its beautiful blossoms. There were beds of Roses on the lawn facing the house, containing the leading kinds of Hybrid Perpetuals. The Comte d'Eu, which was among them, was said to be killed to the surface every winter, but to break from beneath the ground in spring, and flower well. The cultivation of Pot-Roses is just taken in hand here, and the young plants look healthy and promising. The natural soil at a foot below the surface is a yellow clay: the surface soil is heavy, and in many places full of cracks. It is the practice of Mr. Cowell to manure the Roses three times every year—in spring, summer, and autumn. Burnt earth is used freely, and found to produce marvellous effects.\* The hoe and rake are kept constantly in use during spring and summer; and it is doubtless owing to this pains-taking that such fine flowers are obtained: Baronne Prévost was measured seven inches and a half in diameter, and other flowers were fine in proportion.

We could not but remark the absence of the little green caterpillars, the larvæ of a saw-fly, which has proved so great a pest in most Rose-gardens for the last two years. We were informed that it had abounded here also in the previous year, but that a timely application of a remedy which destroyed it then had proved equally efficacious this spring. The following is the recipe:—To twelve gallons of water put half a bushel of soot: stir it thoroughly, and add a quarter of a peck of hot lime. Allow it to settle for three or four days, when it becomes clear as claret. To this quantity add, just before using, one pound of soft soap dissolved in warm water. This proved an efficient remedy after tobacco-water and other insect-destroying applications had failed.

\* For an account of the application of burnt earth, and the means of preparing it, see "The Rose Garden," pp. 26, 27, Div. I.



## No. 9.—PONSBOURNE PARK.

*Proprietor*, WYNN ELLIS, Esq.—*Gardener*, MR. SCOTT.

THIS seat is about five miles north-west of the Waltham Station of the Eastern Counties Railway. The drive to it is prettily varied by hill and dale; and the park, which contains some magnificent specimens of English oak, has a surface prettily and greatly diversified. The subsoil, at a foot below the surface, is clay: the surface soil is loam. The first group of Roses visited was at the back of the kitchen-garden adjoining the park: they formed two long beds of three rows each, a straight walk passing between, the edgings to which were composed of the Red Fairy Rose, arranged six inches apart. This pretty miniature, which is richly deserving of more general culture, makes very neat edgings, flowers during the whole of the summer and autumn, and is never injured by frost. In this instance it was adorned with thousands of its beautiful ruby blossoms, whose brightness was rendered more striking by the multitude of dark green leaves with which they were surrounded. Among the kinds most conspicuous here we noticed—*French*: Colonel Coombs, light crimson, shaded—*Hybrid Chinese*, &c.: Blairii No. 2, rosy blush; Brennus, light carmine; Triomphe de Laqueue, rosy lilac; Charles Duval, pink—*Noisette*: Bouton nankin, fawn; Jaune Desprez, red and yellow—*Tea-scented*: Moiret, fawn, sometimes yellow—*Microphylla*, double red—*Chinese*: Lady Warrender, white; Eugène Beauharnais, amaranth—*Bourbon*: Madame Desprez, rosy lilac; Julie Deloynes, pinkish white. These and other popular kinds are planted indiscriminately. Passing thence, we entered a small garden of a semicircular form, one side of which is supported by a handsome belt of Spruce Firs, and the other lies open to the sun. The first object observed here was a bed of mixed kinds, standards and half-standards, the former being planted in the centre, and the ground beneath covered with dwarf plants of the old Cabbage Rose. In this bed we particularly admired—*Bourbon*: George Cuvier, rosy cherry—*Noisette*: Solfaterre, yellow—*Hybrid Perpetual*: Lady Alice Peel, rosy crimson—*Chinese*: Tancredi, light purple to crimson, foliage and flowers very fine—*Tea-scented*: Narcisse, yellow. Following a walk running by the side of the Spruce Firs, we found many beauties to admire in a border planted with stand-

ards. *Noisettes*: Euphrosyne, rose and yellow; and Ophirie, reddish copper—*Tea-scented*: Buret, crimson and purple; Caroline, pale pink; Pactolus, yellow; Barbot, cream and rose; and Eliza Sauvage, cream and orange; claimed attention, no less for their bewitching beauty than for their delicious fragrance. There were also fine standards of *Bourbons*: Paul Joseph, purple and crimson (growing very vigorously); Bouquet de Flore, pale carmine; Madame Tripet, pale rose; and Comice de Seine et Marne, brilliant crimson — *Hybrid Perpetual*: De Neuilly, rosy carmine (one of the sweetest, but which often refuses to open, though here in great beauty); Dr. Marx, rosy crimson; Duc d'Aumale, purplish crimson (more vigorous than we had ever seen it); Rivers, rosy crimson; and Prudence Ræser, pink, fawn centre. From here we proceeded to the American garden, which is a circle surrounded with trees. There are five beds of American plants, and standard Roses are planted round the outside, some of which were suffering from their proximity to the large trees. There were fine specimens of *Hybrid Perpetual*: La Reine, rosy lilac—*Chinese*: Eugène Beauharnais, amaranth—*Tea-scented*: Clara, cream; Niphetos, pale lemon; and Madame de St. Joseph, pale pink, deeper centre. A few steps more brought us to the shrubbery, and thence we passed to the lawn facing the house. The lawn slopes gently to the park, where the ground rises again, shewing a wood of Beech trees on the right hand, and elegant groups of oak trees in the distance. On the lawn are various clumps of evergreens, their outline prettily broken, and surrounded with flowering plants, arranged with discrimination and taste. Interspersed are single specimens of ornamental trees, rustic baskets filled with flowers, and, what is of chief interest to us, four circular clumps of Roses. One is composed of dwarf-standard Autumnals exclusively, and the ground beneath is planted with mignonette and cloves. There is also a clump of dwarfs on their own roots. These clumps are planted with the best and most popular sorts, which it is needless to specify. The situation is much exposed, but nothing could be in better health or bloom. Among such a crowd of interesting objects there is danger of overlooking some; but a standard of Leopoldine d'Orleans, standing alone on the lawn, must not escape notice. It was trained as a Weeping Rose, and formed a beautiful single tree. We now entered the French garden in search of the last groups of Roses, and a gay and varied scene it presented. On

the upper bank was a group of mixed Roses, principally standards, supported at the back with laurels, the outline beautifully irregular. In the front grew scarlet Pentstemons, Antirrhinums, and the Double White Feverfew, forming a most agreeable mixture. A small hexagon bed, planted with that lovely Moss Rose, Celina, the ground beneath covered with the Lobelia erinus, was a perfect picture. How beautiful were the crimson flowers of the Rose! and how admirably were they set off by the azure tint of the Lobelia glistening through the openings of the foliage! As we gazed on the Rose-buds just opening to the sun, the "flowers yet fresh with childhood," while the songs of innumerable birds arose from the copses and trees which surrounded us, the words of the Eastern poet crossed our mind—"The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the Rose-bud and the Rose." But the beauties of this spot were not wholly of Roses. There were also clumps of Verbenas, scarlet Geraniums, and other gay plants, in full bloom, relieved by the occasional introduction of raised rustic baskets. At the bottom of this garden is a second bank of Roses facing a walk, tall standards at the back, with a gradual descent towards the walk, until the front row are dwarfs. These are also the popular kinds, planted promiscuously, and very thick, so as to present a mass of colour. This point is thoroughly gained, and a row of seedling Calceolarias, planted just within the box-edging, gives a charming finish to the whole.



#### No. 10.—HODDESDON.

*Proprietor*, JOHN WARNER, Esq.—*Gardener*, MR. WILLIAMS.

THIS beautiful garden is about a mile from the Broxbourne station on the Eastern Counties Railway, and is remarkable for the diversified surface it presents. On the lawn, fronting the house, is a row of tree Pæonies, and fine specimens of the Weeping Elm, the Abies deodara, Daphne pontica, Fern-leaved Beech, and other ornamental trees. On the upper end of the lawn is a raised terrace of considerable length, from which a fine view of this part of the garden is obtained; the Essex hills, embracing part of Nazing Common, affording an agreeable prospect in the opposite direction. A shaded walk descends, "slowly

winding," to a canal, over which a rustic bridge is thrown ; the scene enlivened by an excellent imitation of rocks formed of brick and cement, thrown with careless hand in the bed of the stream. Near this spot is a rustic building, which perfectly realises the idea of—

“ The calm retreat, the silent shade ;”

and an agreeable encounter on a summer's day is a retreat so pleasantly shaded, suggesting, in addition to the ordinary enjoyments of gardening, ideas of coolness and repose. But our path lay onward, and we pursued it till we entered the Dahlia-garden, where we were confronted by a Gothic arch in ruins, covered with ivy, and in judicious connection therewith were antique windows apparently dilapidated by the hand of time. On the side of this garden, adjoining the lawn, was a border of Roses, five plants deep, formed of standards and dwarf-standards. It contained the usual popular sorts. Among the new ones were Moss Laneii and Géant des Batailles, whose brilliant tints recalled the description of Lovelace :

“ Vermilion ball that 's given  
From lip to lip in heaven ;  
Love's couch's coverlid.”

In the centre of this garden is a column of Roses ; several plants, principally Sempervirens, being planted at a little distance from each other, and then united into one mass. The effect of this column was decidedly good, and it is worthy of imitation. There was also a plant of Leopoldine d'Orleans standing alone, trained as a weeper, the finest specimen of such we had ever seen, and a splendid Félicité perpetuelle but little inferior. We also noticed the single Ayrshire trailing over and around a large oak, whose trunk it completely encircled and enlivened with its foliage and blossoms, and this was no mean feature in the scene. Here we paused for a moment to admire fine specimens of the *Paulownia imperialis* and *Bignonia catalpa*, when our ears were greeted by the murmuring of a distant waterfall. And agreeable indeed it was. Nay, more ; sweeter far just then than the sounds of the sweetest music, calling up in imagination all that seemed required to amplify and complete the harmony of the scene—associating the freshness of the streamlet with the fragrance of the flowers. We turned our steps thitherward, for it was not far, and found it to proceed from a neighbouring brook, by the side of which



was a rustic seat, covered with Ivy, Honeysuckles, and evergreen Roses. It was neither costly nor grand; but it was natural, and fancy applied to it Spencer's description of—

“ ——— an arbour green dispread,  
 Framed of wanton ivy flowering fair,  
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did spread,  
 His prickling arms entrained with Roses red,  
 Which dainty odours round about them threw.”

This was indeed a delightful spot; but we dared not linger. A few steps more, and we found ourselves in the Rose-garden. The soil, although naturally loamy, was thought not sufficiently good, and the beds were originally filled with prepared soil. In the centre of the garden is a Rose temple. The ground on which it stands consists of four beds of equal size, segments of a circle, the soil being raised, to form a mound, about four feet high. Twelve Gothic arches, the standards of which are of iron, seven feet three inches high and six feet three inches apart, describe the outside of the circle. From these rise several rods, which meet at the top, and are united to a rod rising from the centre to form a dome. Two walks pass transversely through the centre of this temple, thus leaving four arches for ingress or egress. A seat surrounds the central support. Among the climbing Roses which covered the frame-work we observed—*Macartney*: Maria Leonida, creamy white—*Hybrid Chinese*: Fulgens, crimson; Brennus, light carmine; Sempervirens; Leopoldine d'Orleans, white tipped with lake; Princesse Louise, creamy white—*Noisette*: La Biche, white, flesh centre—*Multi-flora*: Laura Davoust, white to pink—*Ayrshire*: Ruga, flesh colour. In the same beds with the climbing Roses were interspersed various dwarf hardy kinds on their own roots, to fill up the ground. Various beds surrounded the temple, which were planted with standard Autumnal Roses, of which the following were the most striking: *Bourbons*: Cardinal Fesch, cherry crimson; Gloire de Rosomène, crimson scarlet; Le Grénadier, rosy purple; Phoenix, purplish crimson; and Bouquet de Flore, light carmine—*Chinese*: Gouvion St. Cyr, pink, and Eugène Beauharnais, amaranth — *Tea-scented*: Belle Allemande, pink tinged with fawn; Niphetos, pale lemon; Eliza Sauvage, cream and orange; and Bougère, deep salmon. There are three rustic figures mounted on pedestals introduced round the exterior with good effect. Beyond these is planted a

hedge of dwarf Scotch Roses, over which we caught a glimpse of the lawn studded with various ornamental trees and plants. We wished to take a look at the Pinetum, where the specimens, though young, are interesting; but time, alas! forbade. The Bath garden, too, was before us, and, though not remarkable for the rarity of its plants, through this we must necessarily pass. In front of the bath is a prettily-designed fountain, playing cheerfully enough, and from which a straight walk, with a border on either side, leads to a magnificent cut-leaved Alder, whose branches are upheld with arches covered with climbing Roses. Following the bank of the canal, we pass before a figure of Neptune reclining on a rock rising from the waves, with a fountain playing over and around it. The island is planted with Weeping Ash, Weeping Willows, and Laburnums at its edge, while Scarlet Thorns and Tulip trees occupy the centre. On this side of the canal is a lawn sloping to the water, with a row of free-flowering showy standard Roses in front. The next object of attraction is a span-roofed house, built expressly for the cultivation of orchidaceous plants, several fine specimens of which were in bloom. The skill with which these plants are cultivated needs no comment at our hands: the prizes obtained at the principal flower-shows sufficiently attest the fact. In the upper garden the natural soil is gravel; consequently the flower-beds are filled with prepared soil. The lawn is decorated with flower-beds, among which single specimens of standard Roses are interspersed. We noted the following as the best: *Boursault*: Elegans, rosy crimson—*Hybrid Bourbon*: Coupe d'Hébé, pink; Las Casas, rosy pink—*Bourbon*: Queen, rose and buff; Madame Desprez, rosy lilac; and Cardinal Fesch, cherry crimson. The natural soil of this garden is gravel: consequently the flower-beds are filled with prepared soil. A plant of the Cloth of Gold, which had occupied a south wall for three years, had never flowered. By the side of it grew the single Macartney, which flowered freely, and elicited general praise. A line of arches covered with Roses and Honeysuckles crosses the lawn, and produces a very pleasing effect. Maria Leonida (Macartney) and Leopoldine d'Orleans (Sempervirens) were trained over a seat, the branches drooping naturally from above with a careless grace, which art might in vain try to imitate. A small bed of the crimson Chinese Rose "Fabvier," its brilliant flowers glowing in the sun, was the last object to rivet the attention.

At the end of this garden, adjoining the dwelling-house, is a conservatory, well stocked with flowering plants: there is also an orange house, containing some fine specimens of Oranges and Camellias.



### No. 11.—BROOKMAN'S PARK.

*Proprietor*, R. W. GAUSSEN, Esq.—*Gardener*, MR. ELLIOT.

THIS seat is situate on the high road to Hatfield and Hitchin. It is three miles from the former place, and nine miles from the Broxbourne Station of the Eastern Counties Railway. The drive from Cheshunt to Brookman's is a delightful one. An object on the road worthy of notice is Goff's oak, a venerable ruin, which tradition tells us was planted in the time of William the Conqueror. Its huge trunk is but a shell, although the summit is still crowned with verdure. After passing this relic of antiquity, the road leads down a precipitous steep, and over a gentle ascent to the ridgeway, a road about two miles long, cut through woods of oak and fir, which re-echoed with the voices of their feathered inhabitants. On reaching the desired place, the collection of Pot-Roses was first met with. They were not plunged, but standing under a wall. Among the new kinds we observed—*Hybrid Perpetuals*: Soliel d'Austerlitz (crimson), Madame Trudeaux (crimson), and Cymedor (red). The Summer Rosary is comprised within a walled square, laid out in square beds. The borders under the walls are filled with American and herbaceous plants, and the walls are covered with standard Roses, principally summer bloomers, trained in the manner of fruit-trees. *Ayrshire*: Ruga, flesh colour—*Semper-virens*: Félicité perpétuelle, creamy white—*Hybrid Chinese*, &c: Celine, rosy pink; and La Majesteuse, deep rose—*Bourbon*: Madame Desprez, rosy lilac—*Noisette*: Lamarque, sulphur (splendid); and La Biche, creamy white—were among the most striking. In the centre of this garden is a Rose temple, the outside of which consists of eleven pointed arches: from these chains rise to a high standard in the centre, forming graceful curved lines, which it is intended to cover with climbing Roses. The following are some of the kinds planted to accomplish this object: *Ayrshire*: Ruga, flesh colour—*Multiflora*: Russelliana, crimson—*Hybrid Chinese*: Blairii, bright rose;

Blairii No. 2, rosy blush; and Flora M'Ivor, pink and lilac. On a south wall was a standard Cloth of Gold, which does not flower in summer, but blooms well in autumn from the second growth. The beds in this Rose-garden are planted with standards and dwarfs intermixed: the plants having been added at different times, without strict regard to the proper heights, the arrangement is somewhat incongruous. We were informed, however, that a fresh arrangement is contemplated. The following were noted as fine specimens: *Hybrid Bourbon*: Coupe d'Hébé, pink; Henri Barbet, light carmine; and Las Casas, rosy pink—*Hybrid Chinese*: Belle Marie, rose colour—*French*: Grandissima, rosy crimson; Duchess of Buccleugh, lively crimson; Boula de Nanteuil, dark violet crimson; and Latifolia—*Hybrid Provence*: Aspasie, blush—*Damask*: Œillet parfait, white and crimson striped. A bed of dwarf Red Moss, and a bed of mixed Autumnals, complete this garden. The American garden, through which we have to pass on our way to the new Rosary, consists of a large circular space of lawn ground, inclosed with a laurel bank, and studded with round groups of American plants, Dahlias, and various bedding plants. Adjoining this is the new Rosary, which comprises a series of fifteen circular clumps, thrown together on a lawn, and planted principally with Autumnals. The plants are dwarf-standards and dwarfs. The groups are not kept separate: the varieties are planted indiscriminately. These clumps having been recently formed, contain many new varieties. The following were thought good: *Hybrid Perpetual*: Duc d'Alençon, rosy crimson; Comtesse Duchatel, rose, sometimes purplish; Olivier de Serres, deep rose; La Reine, rosy lilac; Robin Hood, brilliant cherry; Baronne Prévost, pale rose, very large; Le Commandant Fournier, brilliant crimson; Comte de Montalivet, violet and red shaded; Sydonie, salmon rose; Leonie Vergier, deep rosy pink; Cornet, rose tinged with purple; Coquette de Bellevue, cherry colour spotted; La Bouquetière, pale rose—*Bourbons*: Amenaide, lilac rose; Lady Canning, rose margined with lilac; Cézarine Souchet, blush tinted with rose; Comte d'Eu, carmine; Marianne, rosy pink; Theresa Margat, rosy pink; Souvenir de la Malmaison, flesh colour; Speciosa, pale rose; Madame Tripet, dark rose; Angelina Bucelle, rosy carmine; Glory of Paris, crimson and purple; Vicomte de Cussy, cherry colour tinged with purple; Julie de Fontenelle, crimson and purple shaded; and Le Florifère, rosy lilac—*Chinese*: Duchess of Kent, creamy

white; and Joseph Deschiens, crimson, centre rosy—*Noisette*: Pourpre de Tyre, crimson, shaded with purple—*Tea-scented*: *Devoniensis*, creamy white. On the lawn, among and surrounding the Roses, we observed fine single specimens of Cedar of Lebanon, cut-leaved Alder, Silver Fir, and American Oak. The soil here is a loose loam, which absorbs water readily: it is about eighteen inches deep, resting on a bed of gravel. Returning to the American garden, we traversed a walk about seventy yards long, completely over-arched with Hornbeam, and which leads to the lawn running up to the front of the house. On the lawn were groups of clumps, in which the usual bedding plants were introduced. From the west front of the house there opens a most extensive prospect. Looking down a gentle slope, a lake is seen in the low ground: around it, and on the rising ground, are clumps of oak trees; while an extensive range of hills, bounded only by the horizon, appears beyond. Quitting this spot, we approached the Fountain-garden, which is in the form of a horse-shoe, with a wall at the back, and laurel banks on either side. There is a fountain in the centre, and the beds are filled entirely with Verbenas.

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In addition to the gardens already noticed, the Hon. F. D. Ryder has a good collection of Roses at Ickleford Hall, near Hitchin. W. Lucas, Esq., of Hitchin, has also some very fine specimens, which are planted and arranged with much taste. Then there is Bayfordbury, near Hertford, the seat of W. R. Baker, Esq., where, although there is no Rosarium, Roses are plentiful. The collection in pots is very good, and the plants have, under the cultivation of Mr. Slowe, attained to great size and beauty. The Arboretum is, however, the grand feature of this establishment; and we wish we had space to dwell for a while on its rarities and beauties. The Coniferæ are especially fine. These, and numerous other smaller establishments, where full justice is done to the "Queen of Flowers," would furnish us with matter for many additional pages. But we have noticed *the most renowned* gardens, and fear to lengthen these remarks lest we become tedious. Should it be required at our hands, our next leisure shall be devoted to a continuation of the subject.

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