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OLD TIME
GARDENS
ALICE MORSE EARLE

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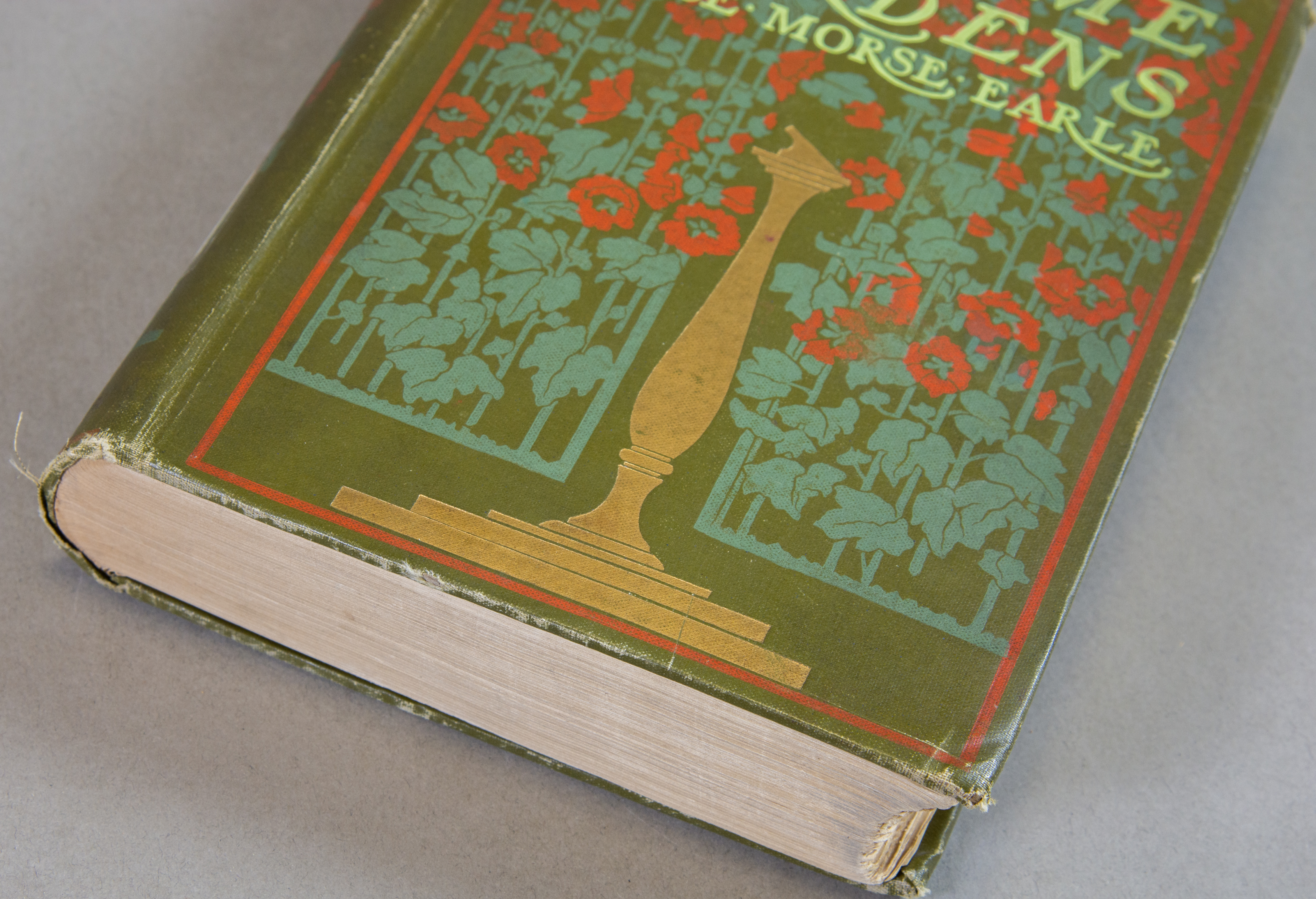
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D. MORSE EARLE

THE
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OLD·TIME GARDENS

Newly set forth

by

ALICE MORSE EARLE

A BOOK OF
THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

*"Life is sweet, brother! There's day and night, brother!
both sweet things: sun, moon and stars, brother! all
sweet things: There is likewise a wind on the heath"*



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LOWTNDRAPE SCHOOL
CROFTON, WASS.

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Old Dutch Garden of Bergen Homestead.



House and Garden at Napanock, County Ulster, New York.

Old Time Gardens

es in our everyday speech. I am always
Endymion that the only flowers named
of beauty that is a joy forever," are Daf-
the green world they live in," are Daf-
dils I like the "old fat-headed sort with
a cinnamon smell and old common Eng-
— Butter-and-eggs, Codlins-and-cream,
eggs." The newer ones are more slender,
d bloom, more trumpet-shaped, and are
ace of name instead of common. In Vir-
name of a variety has become applied to a
d all Daffodils are called Butter-and-eggs
ople.
ring mornings the Tulips fairly burn with
n, which makes them doubly welcome
ter. Emerson — ever able to draw a pic-
wo lines — to show the heart of everything
le sentence — thus paints them: —

"The gardens fire with a joyful blaze
Of Tulips in the morning's rays."

ipase do carry so stately and delightful a
and do abide so long in their bravery, that
no Lady or Gentleman of any worth that is
ght with this delight," — wrote the old her-
Parkinson. Bravery is an ideal expression for

s with something of a shock that we read the
of Philip Hamerton in *The Sylvan Year*, that
is not harmonious in the spring, but is only
way of becoming so. He calls it the time of
ties, like the adolescence of the mind. He says,



Lilacs in Midsummer in Garden of Mrs. Abraham Lansing,
Albany, New York.

Old Time Gardens

It was called by the French *la flambe*
 a beautiful poetic title—the White Torch
 a flower of mystery, of wonderment to children,
 the Evening Primrose; I knew the garden
 variety only with intimacy. Possibly the wild
 flower had similar charms and was equally weird in
 the gloaming, but it grew by country roadsides,
 and I was never outside our garden limits after
 nightfall, so I know not its evening habits. We
 had in our garden a variety known as the California
 Evening Primrose—a giant flower as tall as our
 heads. My mother saw its pale yellow stars shining
 in the early evening in a cottage garden on Cape
 Ann, and was there given, out of the darkness, by
 a fellow flower lover, the seeds which have afforded to
 us every year since so much sentiment and pleas-
 ure. The most exquisite description of the Even-
 ing Primrose is given by Margaret Deland in her
Old Garden:—

“There the primrose stands, that as the night
 Begins to gather, and the dew to fall,
 Flings wide to circling moths her twisted buds,
 That shine like yellow moons with pale cold glow,
 And all the air her heavy fragrance floods,
 Gives largess to any winds that blow.
 Warm darkness of a night in June,
 When children come
 To the primrose blow. Silently they stood
 In hand, in breathless hush around,
 To doff her soft green hood
 With a silken burst of sound.”



The Garden of Eden

from
 John Parkinson's "Paradisus in Solis"
 1656

The Title-page of Parkinson's *Paradisus in Solis*, etc.