

the garden; at least, they appear to have little of the shy, delicate, woodsy character of our native and more characteristic flora. Hence, in planting his wild garden John Bull will do well to study our fields and woods much more closely than he has yet done. Europe, or the Old World, has largely stocked both our vegetable and flower gardens, but when it comes to a wild garden, to the garden of the gods, they must borrow of us. Mr. Robinson recommends a score or more of American plants as suitable for English woods and hedge-rows, but leaves out many of our most charming and prolific. The plants and flowers named are poke, golden-rod, the white trillium, trailing arbutus, blood-root, the asters, bee-balm, spider-wort, pond-lily, bird's-foot violet, Canada violet, milkweed or silkweed (*Asclepias*), birthwort, Virginia creeper, dwarf cornel, moccason flower, American cowslip (*Dodecatheon*), eupatorium, thalictrum, cardinal flower, dog's-tooth violet, and a few others. Our white pond-lily (*Nymphaea odorata*) the author says is quite as fine as the British species. It is, in fact, much finer, being deliciously fragrant, while the European species is odorless. He also speaks of our Canada violet as being without fragrance, when the truth is it has a sweet perfume. Our earliest and most charming spring flower, the hepatica, which is so well suited to the borders of English woods and the shade of English hedge-rows, is not mentioned. The sharp-lobed species, *Hepatica acutiloba*, is very often sweet-scented, and the rank, dense clusters of them, white and blue and purple, make gay the little sunny knolls as soon as the April snows are gone. Our columbine, too,—“the rock-loving columbine,”—what can be more hardy and beautiful, springing up as by magic on the bare, mossy rocks, and tossing its gold and crimson bells and its delicate foliage in the breeze! There is apparently no rock-flower in Britain that compares with it. As an early field-flower for moist, low meadows, producing broad and beautiful effects, we recommend our early flea-bane (*Erigeron bellidifolium*). It will tinge a field with blue and purple, as the daisy and buttercup will make it white and golden a month later. Or our wild geranium; cold, moist meadows, that are a stranger to the plow, are sometimes completely tinged with its soft, delicate bloom. Does not our wild-gardener know the American dogwood (*Cornus florida*), giving such a dash of snow-white here and there to our under-woods, just as the leaves are unfolding? Or our laurel and our azalea, our meadow-lilies, spotting the July meadows with fire; our hawkweed, rivaling the dandelion in color and richness of effect; our matchless fringed gentian, looking regal amid the coarse September weeds; or our impatiens, hanging its golden jewels by the brook-side? Our large yellow gerardia is a handsome midsummer flower, to be grown in oak woods. The only species of our milkweed (*Asclepias*) that we would recommend for the wild garden are the swamp milkweed (*A. incarnata*), the four-leaved milkweed (*A. quadrifolia*), and the butterfly weed (*A. tuberosa*). None of the above-named flowers are matched in kind in the European flora, and the English wild garden is incomplete without them.

Mr. Parsons's illustrations must have been charming in the original, but they are not engraved with the necessary delicacy.

Robinson's "Wild Garden." *

THE garden here described is the kind of which we have a vast deal in America and of which they have very little in England, but toward which, apparently, the English are turning with genuine longing—namely, the unkempt garden of Nature,—the garden of which Emerson sings:

“My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound” ;—

the garden that includes the woods, the groves, the swamps, the ditches, hedge-rows, fence-corners, meadows, and barren fields. The Englishman is getting surfeited with his trim borders and flower-plots, and is studying how to make the waste places more attractive without marring their natural wildness and freedom. His plan is to introduce the hardy wild plants and flowers of other countries; to sow their seed or set their roots and bulbs in suitable habitats, and to await for their ultimate naturalization.

In the matter of purely wild flowers—flowers that flee from rather than toward cultivation—England, judging from this work, is much poorer off than America. Her wild flowers are rather stragglers from

* The Wild Garden. By W. Robinson, F. L. S. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons. London: “The Garden” Office. New York: Scribner & Welford.