



Flower Garden and Lawn. ❀

"OUR GARDENS."*

THIS new book by Dean Hole, on "Our Gardens," is a charming work. Printed on the best of paper, in faultless letterpress, illustrated by elegant and costly colored garden scenes, it captivates the lover of the beautiful in nature the moment he opens it.

The book combines in a wonderful way the amenities of the garden with the latest information on gardening and landscape art. Some of the headings of chapters will show what may be expected in the book by our readers: Ch. v, On the formation of a garden; ch. vi, The component parts of a garden; ch. vii, The herbaceous border; ch. viii, The rose garden; ch. ix, The rock garden; ch. x, The water garden; ch. xi, The wild garden; ch. xii, The town garden.

The following selections from chapter v, on "The formation of a garden," will interest our readers and give a fair idea of the style of the writer:

"There was a time when the architect was an obtrusive and persistent poacher; when, not content with his edifices of brick and stone, his terraces, pagodas, colonnades and cupolas, urns and tubs in front of his houses, he in-

sisted on a repetition of walls, towers, domes, and spires done elsewhere in evergreen shrubs: and when it was written by one of the brotherhood that he should not trouble his readers with any curious rules for shaping and fashioning of a garden or orchard, how long, broad, or high the beds, hedges, or borders should be contrived, every drawer, embroiderer—nay, almost every dancing-master, may pretend to such niceties, in regard that they call for very small invention and less learning. Now we shall be justified in associating such an utterance with 'an out-patient of a lunatic asylum' (the description given to me many years ago, by a sarcastic rural policeman, of a neighbor whom he despised), but then, when the gardeners themselves followed the same straight lines in their walks, copied the same fantastic forms in their knots and beds, which squirmed and wriggled like the poor worm pricked by the hook, when they mutilated vegetation, and gloried in their shame, there was too much truth in the satire. The garden was regarded as a mere appendage to the house, and it was a condescension and work of supererogation on the part of the architect to superintend its formation."

*By S. Reynolds Hole, author of "A Book about Roses," "Memories of Dean Hole," etc. London. J. M. Dent & Co.; New York, McMillan & Co. Price \$3.00.