

of Queens' Gardens

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OF QUEENS' GARDENS

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TO MY MOTHER, ELIZABETH
CUNNINGHAM SCOTT, AND MY
FRIEND, MARGARET W. EATON,
WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR
ME TO DO MY WORK, I LOVINGLY
DEDICATE THIS LITTLE GROUP
"OF QUEENS' GARDENS."

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ILLUSTRATED BY STELLA EVELYN GRIER

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY

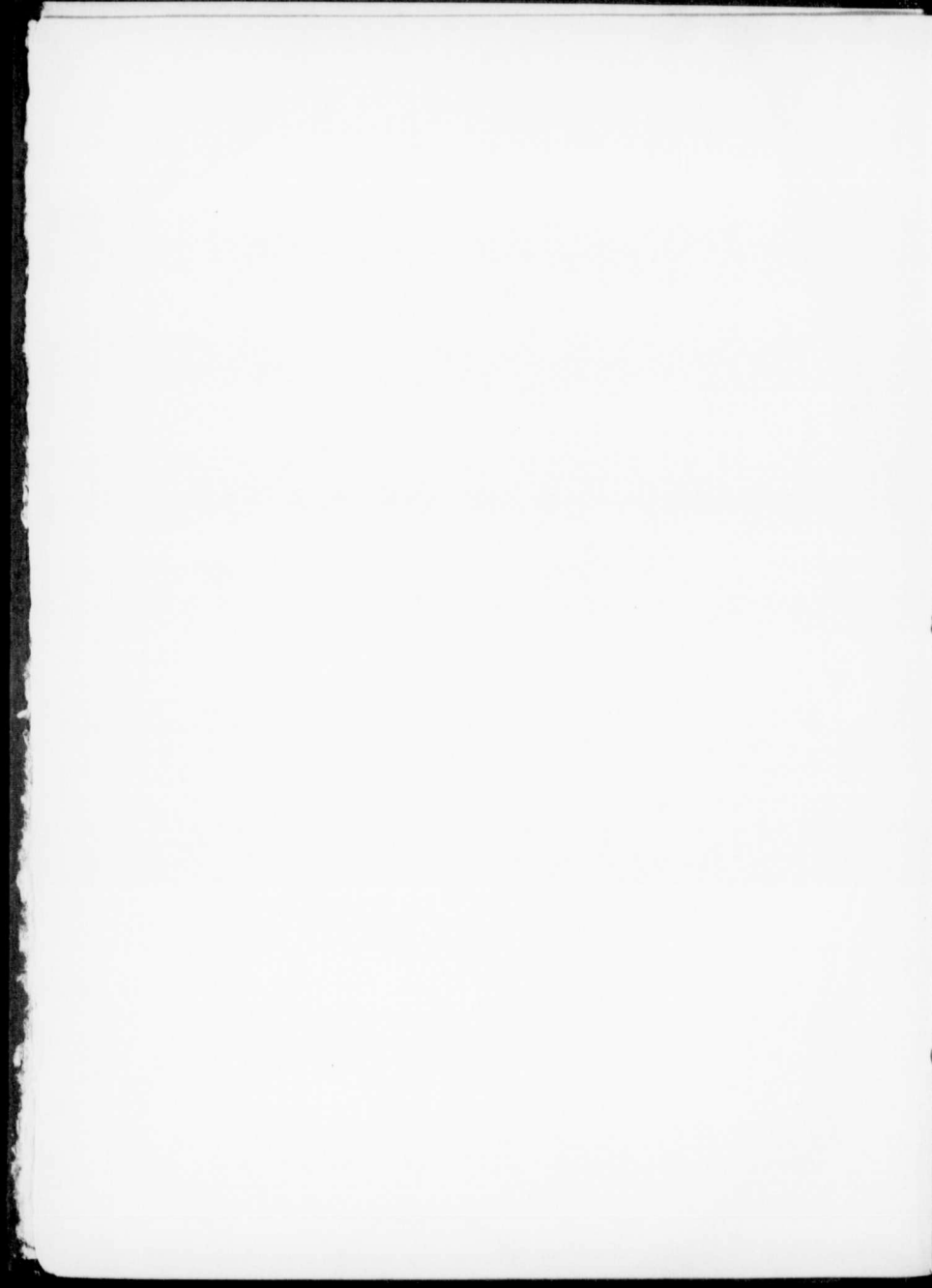
DR. BURWASH

PRESIDENT OF THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL OF LITERATURE
AND EXPRESSION

THIS little booklet is both a poem and a parable. It is a poem of the beautiful in Nature and Art, a parable of the moods of the human soul seeking to find expression.

It was penned as an address to a class of girl graduates whose springtime aspirations had been cunningly linked to the flowers of the garden, and who thus could read a meaning in the address which was hidden from the uninitiated. His Honor, Sir John Gibson and Lady Gibson had favored us with their presence, and their wish with that of Mrs. Eaton and myself has led to its publication.

With the genius of the painter and the poet, the writer has given us a series of pictures in which the joys and sorrows of human hearts have wrought out their expression in a garden. It is not the first time that poetic genius has found a fitting theme for its choice work in a garden. But we cannot recall another instance in which history and humanity have been so skillfully and beautifully intertwined with the flowers of the garden as here. The little queens of the Canadian wild, the loving Victoria with heart ever true to her prince, the sad Elizabeth, the beautiful and beloved Alexandra, each has a mystery of the heart veiled from the careless common gaze but silently revealed to loving sympathy by the language of the flowers of the garden.



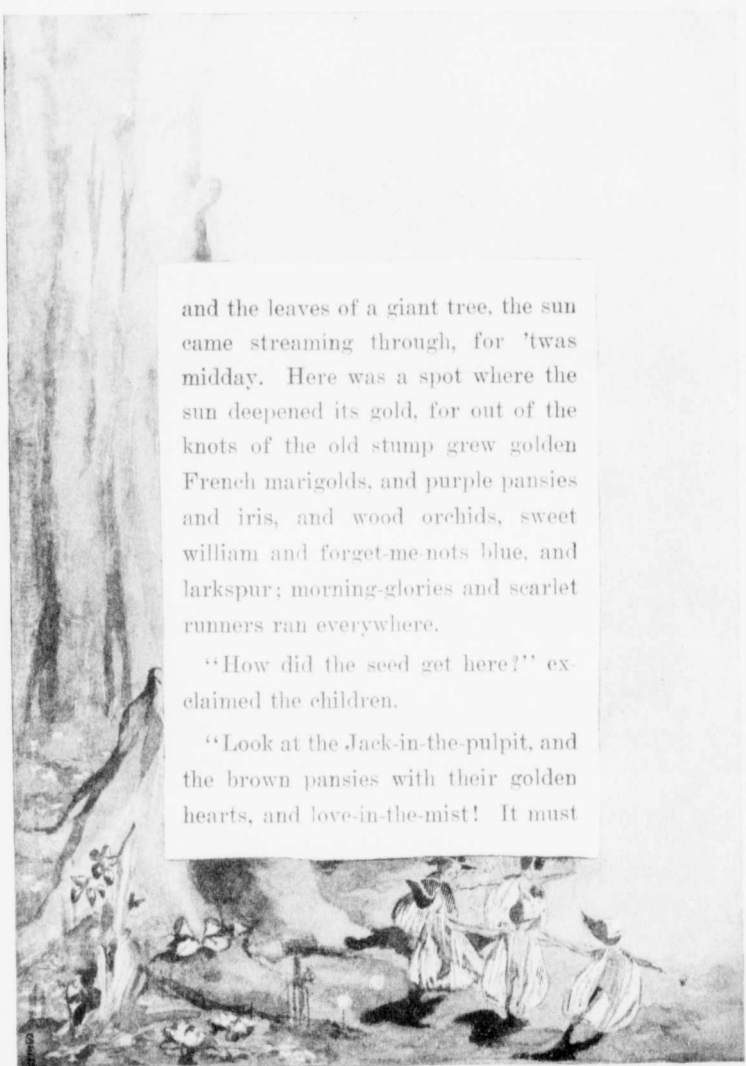


POTAWATAMIE RIVER.

A FAIRY QUEEN'S GARDEN.

The Garden of Instinct.

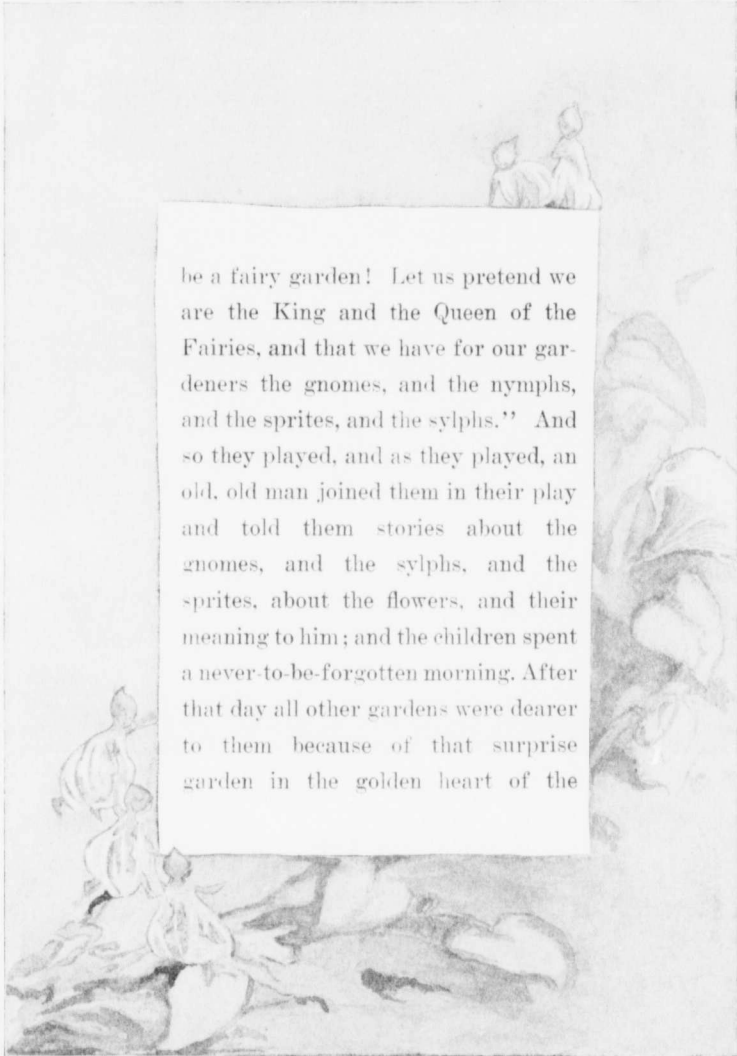
ALONG, long time ago, two children, straying along the bank of the Potawatamie River, saw a path leading through a forest of trees. Away off on the path shone the sunlight, so on they ran to find the sun. Suddenly they came upon a fairy garden; flowers were everywhere. From a giant stump, lovely and fragrant things grew, and through the space left in the sky above, that one time had been covered by the branches



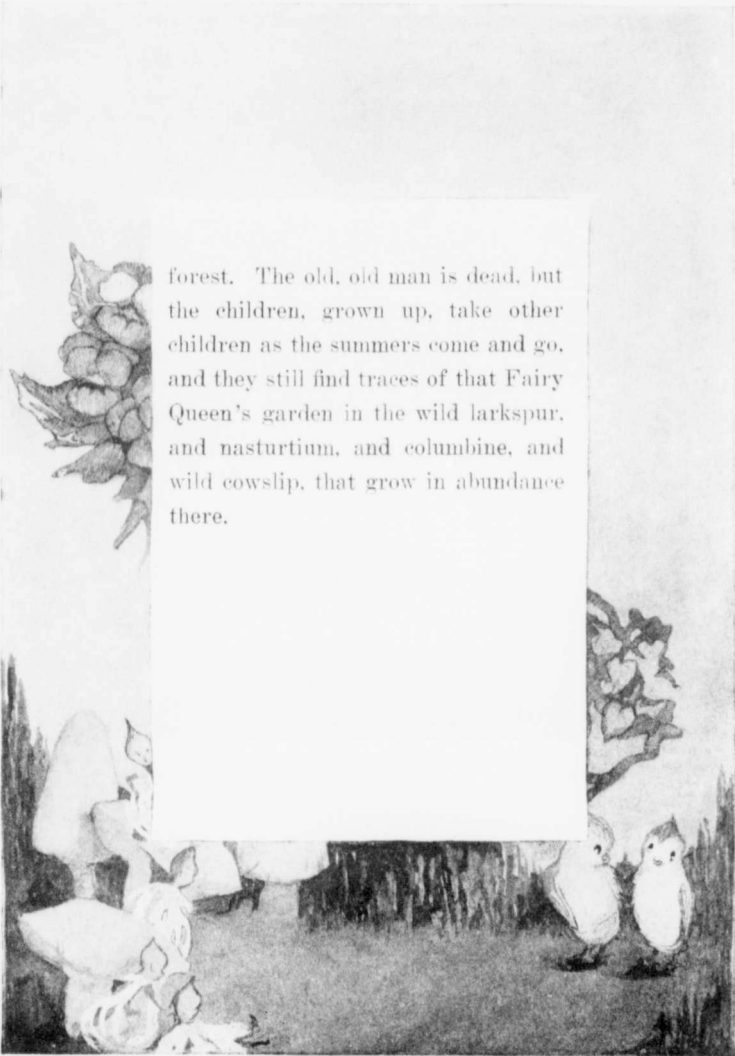
and the leaves of a giant tree, the sun came streaming through, for 'twas midday. Here was a spot where the sun deepened its gold, for out of the knots of the old stump grew golden French marigolds, and purple pansies and iris, and wood orchids, sweet william and forget-me-nots blue, and larkspur; morning-glories and scarlet runners ran everywhere.

“How did the seed get here?” exclaimed the children.

“Look at the Jack-in-the-pulpit, and the brown pansies with their golden hearts, and love-in-the-mist! It must



be a fairy garden! Let us pretend we are the King and the Queen of the Fairies, and that we have for our gardeners the gnomes, and the nymphs, and the sprites, and the sylphs." And so they played, and as they played, an old, old man joined them in their play and told them stories about the gnomes, and the sylphs, and the sprites, about the flowers, and their meaning to him; and the children spent a never-to-be-forgotten morning. After that day all other gardens were dearer to them because of that surprise garden in the golden heart of the



forest. The old, old man is dead, but the children, grown up, take other children as the summers come and go, and they still find traces of that Fairy Queen's garden in the wild larkspur, and nasturtium, and columbine, and wild cowslip, that grow in abundance there.



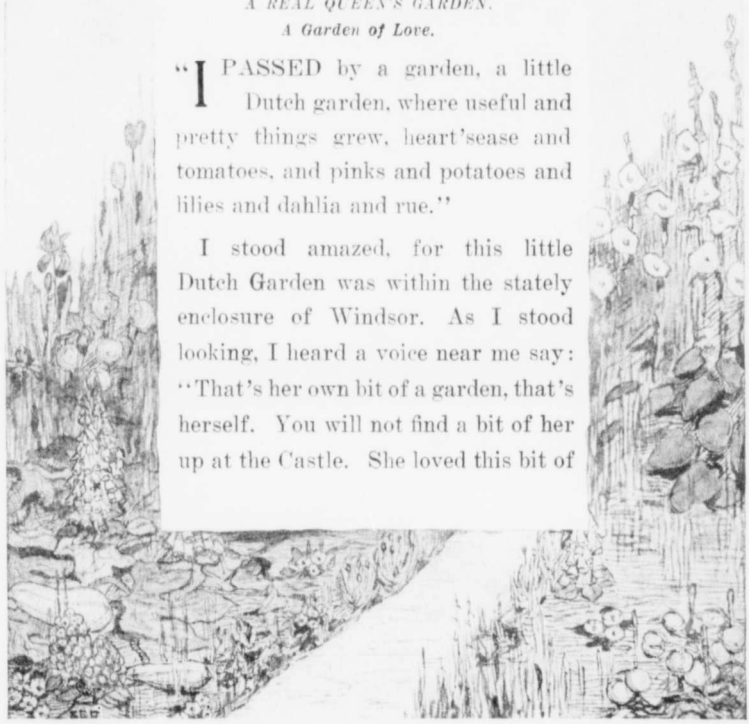
WINDSOR, ENGLAND.

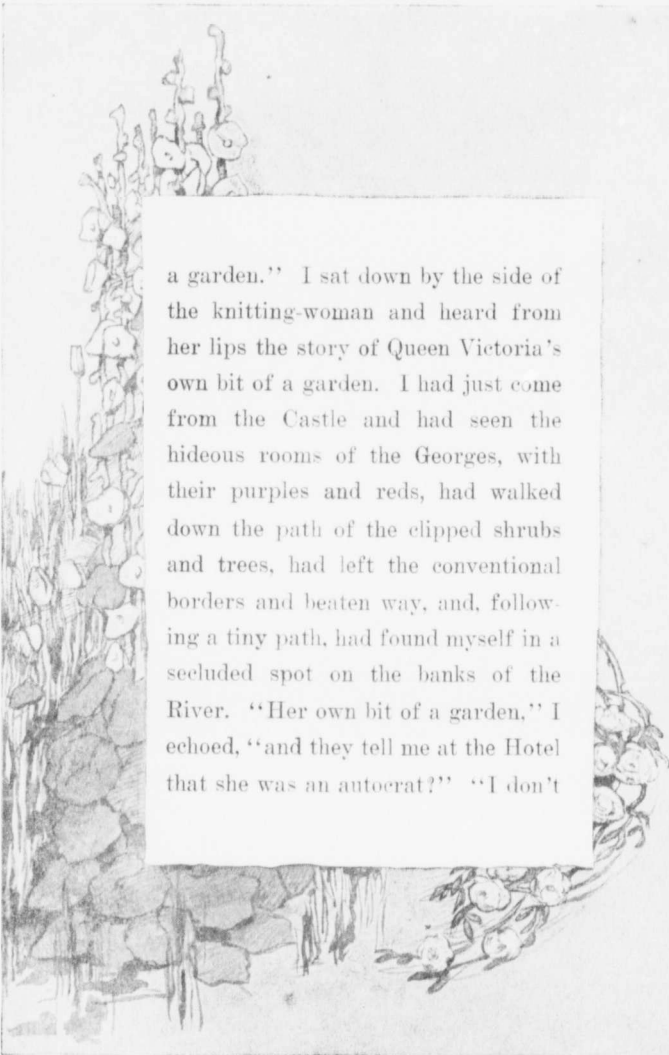
A REAL QUEEN'S GARDEN.

A Garden of Love.

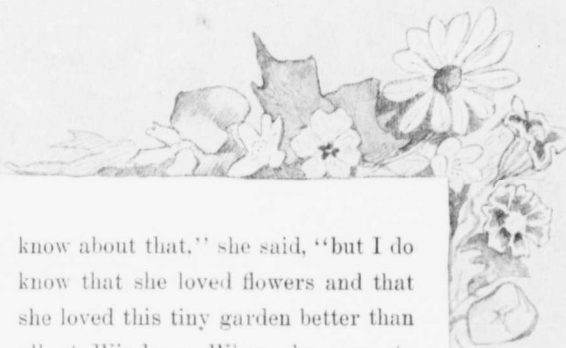
I PASSED by a garden, a little Dutch garden, where useful and pretty things grew, heart's-ease and tomatoes, and pinks and potatoes and lilies and dahlia and rue."

I stood amazed, for this little Dutch Garden was within the stately enclosure of Windsor. As I stood looking, I heard a voice near me say: "That's her own bit of a garden, that's herself. You will not find a bit of her up at the Castle. She loved this bit of



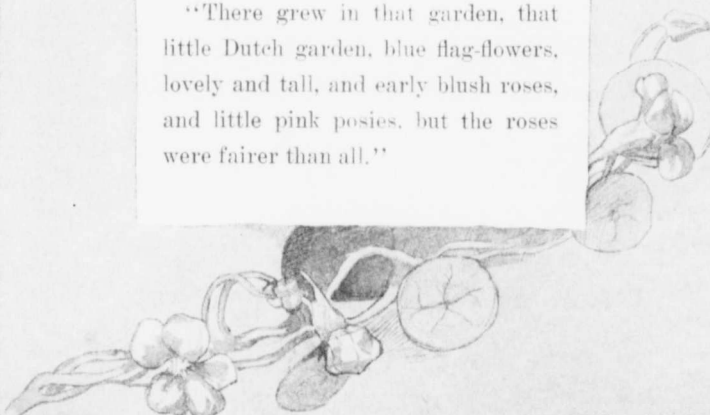


a garden." I sat down by the side of the knitting-woman and heard from her lips the story of Queen Victoria's own bit of a garden. I had just come from the Castle and had seen the hideous rooms of the Georges, with their purples and reds, had walked down the path of the clipped shrubs and trees, had left the conventional borders and beaten way, and, following a tiny path, had found myself in a secluded spot on the banks of the River. "Her own bit of a garden," I echoed, "and they tell me at the Hotel that she was an autocrat?" "I don't



know about that," she said, "but I do know that she loved flowers and that she loved this tiny garden better than all at Windsor. When she came to the Castle, the flowers that were sent to her in the morning were gathered here, for I picked them myself, so I did. Look at the daisies and roses. Perhaps it had something to do with the Prince," she said.

"There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden, blue flag-flowers, lovely and tall, and early blush roses, and little pink posies, but the roses were fairer than all."





As I passed down the path, the knitting-woman's voice floated after me: "Perhaps it had something to do with the Prince," she said. "Maybe it had," I echoed, for her whole life and its policy had something to do with the Prince who had taken his pocket knife and cut a slit in the lapel of his hunting-jacket that her fair hands might place therein a flower—one single rose.

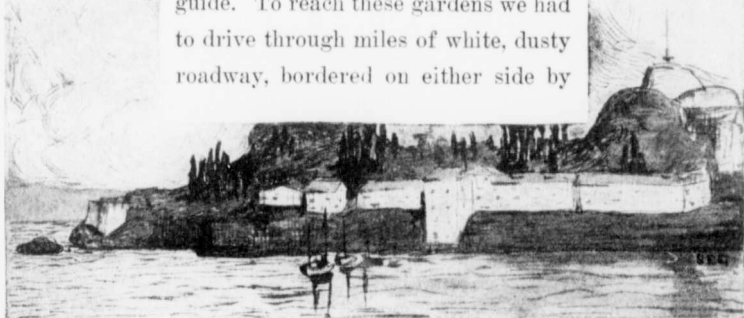



CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.

AN UNHAPPY QUEEN'S GARDEN.


A Garden of Inheritance.

THE gardens of the Empress of Austria are built upon the very spot declared by Byron to be "the most wonderful spot in the world, commanding, as it does, a view of two of the bluest of seas—the Adriatic and the Mediterranean." "These gardens took one thousand five hundred workmen two years to build," said the guide. To reach these gardens we had to drive through miles of white, dusty roadway, bordered on either side by






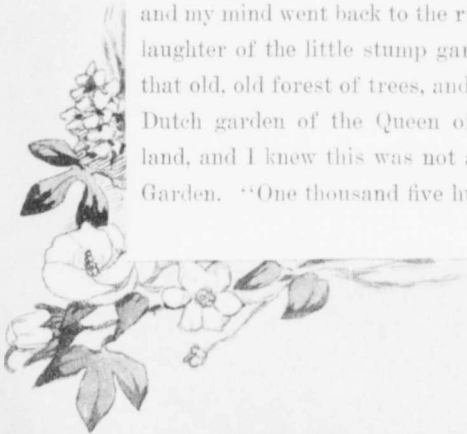
great walls of yellow cacti. Greek peasants, coming and going to market, rode on little donkeys, with their water bottles on their heads. All carried burdens. One woman carried on her head a huge tray, laden with fruit and vegetables; on her shoulders a yoke with a pail on each side filled with water, and she was knitting as she passed along.




We climbed to the summit of a white mountain, through vineyards and olive trees, where we entered the Palace gates of the late Empress of Austria, one of the unhappy queens of the Hapsburgs. This beautiful Palace,

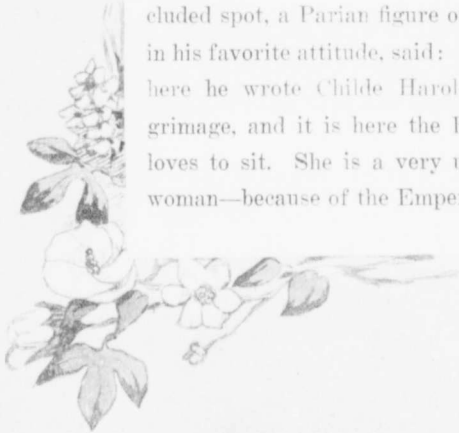


the Empress designed and built as a refuge from her husband, the Emperor. From the terraces you can see for miles over the Ionian Sea. In the gardens, roses were blooming and many tropical plants unknown to us, palms and jasmine, but everywhere were cypress trees and yew. "What an unhappy garden," we exclaimed, and my mind went back to the running laughter of the little stump garden in that old, old forest of trees, and to the Dutch garden of the Queen of England, and I knew this was not a Love Garden. "One thousand five hundred





workmen built it." Everywhere gleamed costly marbles and bronzes, life size, of classic subjects, Roman and Greek. Great mirrors were skillfully arranged in caves and grottos to reflect the beauties. On every side, long trellised arbors led up to beautiful statues. The keeper led us down a side parapet and showing us, in a secluded spot, a Parian figure of Byron in his favorite attitude, said: "It was here he wrote Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, and it is here the Empress loves to sit. She is a very unhappy woman—because of the Emperor," he





said, and again I heard the voice of the Irish knitting-woman from over the sea: "It was because of the Prince," she said, and I saw again the roses in the little Dutch garden of the "widow at Windsor." At the rising of the moon, as the ship's anchor was lifted, and we sailed out among the Ionian Islands, we saw their jewel Corfu and on its summit the gardens of the Empress of Austria, and like flowers growing out of it, the war-like figures of Ajax and the Grecian Wrestlers, and the cypress and the yew, dark against the sky.





ATHENS, GREECE.

A BELOVED QUEEN'S GARDEN.

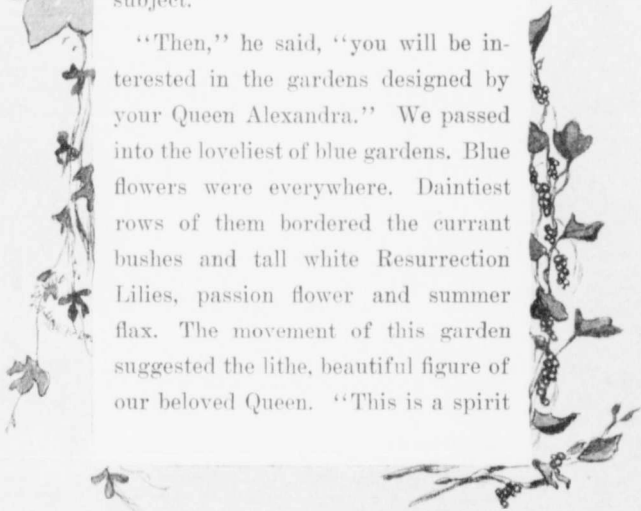
The Garden of the Spirit.


THE Place de la Constitution was deserted in the early morning when our Greek host suggested that we go over to the Royal Gardens opposite our Hotel D'Angleterre to see a very old sundial. "King George is away," he said, "and visitors are allowed to go in." I went, and as I passed at the gate one whom I supposed to be the gardener, I said: "I was told, sir, I might see a very old sundial here." "Let me show it to



you," said a cultivated voice, "you are an English woman." "No sir, I am Canadian born, and a loyal British subject."


"Then," he said, "you will be interested in the gardens designed by your Queen Alexandra." We passed into the loveliest of blue gardens. Blue flowers were everywhere. Daintiest rows of them bordered the currant bushes and tall white Resurrection Lilies, passion flower and summer flax. The movement of this garden suggested the lithe, beautiful figure of our beloved Queen. "This is a spirit



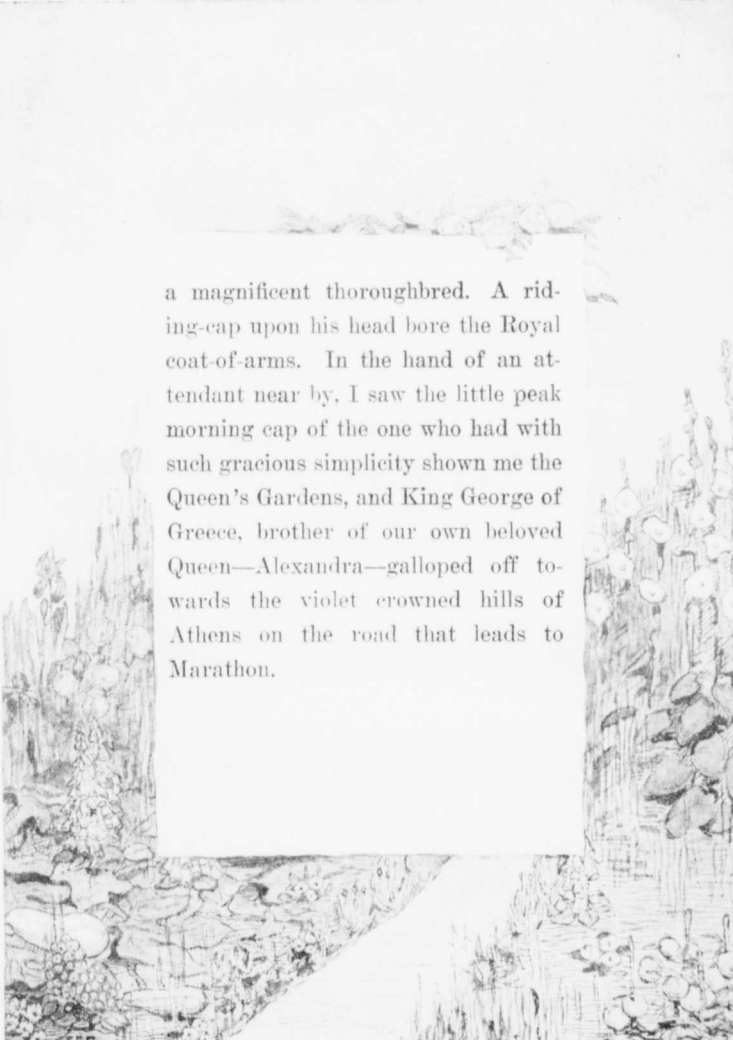


garden, and here I seem to feel the spiritual presence of Alexandra."

"I love this garden, sir," I said, "and I thank you for showing it to me," and I passed out of the presence of the Royal gardener. As I entered my hotel, a laughing group greeted me with the words: "Well, how do you like the King?" "What King?" I asked.



"King George of Greece. Look at him now!" I looked through the window and saw the one whom I had supposed to be the gardener, with his left foot on the stirrup, about to mount



a magnificent thoroughbred. A riding-cap upon his head bore the Royal coat-of-arms. In the hand of an attendant near by, I saw the little peak morning cap of the one who had with such gracious simplicity shown me the Queen's Gardens, and King George of Greece, brother of our own beloved Queen—Alexandra—galloped off towards the violet crowned hills of Athens on the road that leads to Marathon.