GARDENING DONT'S by M.C.
GARDENING DON'TS
Between Shade and Sunshine.
GARDENING DON'TS

By M. C.

Coloured Frontispiece by Alswen Montgomerie
And Seventeen Photographs from a Hampshire Garden

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Dedicated to

'A DESIGNING WOMAN'
‘So many books, and such a very, very little bit of Nature in them!’

Richard Jefferies.
DON'T write a book on Gardening. There are already . . . .

This space is left for the figures!
Brick Walk.
DON'T, if you are not already the owner of a garden, neglect to become one as soon as possible! Many are the joys—few the sorrows—that it brings.
DON'T kill the birds that eat your fruit buds; you can buy fruit—but not the songs of birds in Spring.

N.B.—They eat insects too.
DON'T talk much about your garden when you take friends round; they come to tell you about theirs.
DON'T, when invited to inspect a friend's horticultural efforts, enlarge the whole time on the beauties of someone else's garden that they have never seen.
LEADING TO LILY GARDEN.
DON'T forget that in the world of flowers, the un-rehearsed effect is often the most attractive, and the un-invited guest sometimes as welcome as her more formal sisters.
DON'T find a place in your garden for any plant because it has 'a neat habit of growth,' or because it bears a 'showy' flower.
Croquet Lawn in Summer.
DON'T be *too* tidy; destroy the weeds but let the flowers riot a bit. Who can be more untidy than Dame Nature?
DON'T say to those who come to see your garden: 'Ah, you should have been here last week; I have never seen such a blaze of colour. Now, of course, everything is over;' or (knowing they are just going abroad), 'If you could only come in a fortnight's time, I should really have something lovely to show you.'
Bowling Green with Wall Garden.
DON'T, because you admire someone else's garden, try to make yours exactly like it: no two women can be charming in the same way, and no two gardens!
DON'T strain after effects; I have seen gardens which look almost as self-conscious as an affected woman!
Steps to Rose Garden.
DON'T let fashion rule you: if you love old-time flowers, find a place for them, and if you think a rose should be sweet-smelling,

DON'T

be beguiled into buying the very latest thing, with blooms as big as a saucer, but scentless.
DON'T, if you wish to please a friend who has designed a very artistic garden, remark: 'How charmingly rustic you have made it all.'
DON'T, when you are being shown a garden more celebrated for its picturesqueness than for the spotless tidiness of its borders, fix your eye on a flourishing nettle, and ask your friend how many gardeners she keeps!
DON'T, if your neighbour prides himself on the beauty of the garden he has made, tell him that the fine trees he found there when he came constitute its chief beauty!
Sundial—with Lilac and Tulips.
DON'T, when you see a border of flowers over which many hours of patient toil have been expended, fix your attention exclusively on a sun-dial in the middle of a brick path and ask your hostess if she is sure that it is set correctly!
DON'T brag about your gardening exploits—it is so dull for listeners, who don't want to hear about (even if they believe in them) the 'masses and masses' of flowers in your garden, or the enormous height to which your sweet-peas grow!
Apple Orchard.
DON'T 'buck' about the size of your daffodils; Nature and a bit of earth did it all!
DON'T try to make a daffodil hedge. They look so miserable standing stiffly like soldiers 'at attention,' instead of scattered about in happy groups.
DON'T (no matter how much you may wish them to grow there) put any plants in a spot where they will not be happy.
DON'T forget the value of a background for your flowers. How lovely is a grass bowling green, with a little brick wall surrounding it on three sides, at the foot of which are daffodils and scillas and their successors; while from the top of the wall rock plants tumble: arabis and aubretias, and, later, rock roses, lythospermums, veronica, and endless others.
DON'T build your wall of new, bright red bricks and make it look like a railway embankment!
DON'T think you have tasted the real joy of gardening till you stand below on the grass, working at your wall rock garden—without breaking your back!
DON'T be too definite. Where everything is cut and dried, charm vanishes.
Steps to Brick Path.
DON'T grumble if the sun shines persistently for two or three months, but bless, praise, and enjoy the novel sensation!
DON'T be too depressed when it rains incessantly; look over your seed catalogues, and remember how good moisture is for your neighbour's roots!
DON'T forget that your garden is your own; there is nothing more depressing than a 'gardener's garden.'
DON'T give him a free hand with that weed-killer, or you may miss the many joys of the unexpected: the self-sown double daisy on the steps, the tiny fern growing in a chink of the wall, and the self-invited pink anemone peeping out of your path between the bricks.
DON'T neglect the attractions of a vista, either ending in a culminating point, or vague and mysterious, as in a copse.
DON'T 'pergle' recklessly; or you may find yourself with a long, meandering something—meaning nothing—and leading—nowhere!
DON'T force a rock garden into your scheme, or include it, unless, in the place you have chosen Nature could conceivably, even in her most eccentric mood, have here flung down a heap of heterogeneous stones!
Herbaceous Border.
DON'T altogether banish any colours from your garden: Nature is very catholic, and knows better than you do.
DON'T be frightened of mixing colours: it is the hard artificial shades that clash, but very seldom the soft, melting ones of Nature.
DON'T be narrow-minded. Give your neighbour a bit of that rare plant he covets, even if there lurks a tiny hope that it won't flourish quite as well as it has done with you!
Laburnum Arches in Full Bloom.
DON'T forget the humble plants in your garden; the wall-flowers, forget-me-nots, scillas and others, which can be lifted and forced gently, just as well as lilacs and azaleas, to brighten your rooms in early Spring.
DON'T fret over faults and failures. No one is clever enough to escape making them, and very few wise enough to accept and learn from them.
DON'T worry. 'He who is constantly worrying takes as little comfort as if he were on a bed of nettles.'
Roses.
DON'T prune your climbing roses too drastically, so that—like children perpetually controlled and punished—they lose all charm and individuality.
DON'T be so busy tidying up and cutting off the dead flowers, that you forget to admire the living ones.
DON'T, when you call at a new house on a wind-swept hill, where flowers refuse to grow, forget to admire the view.
DON'T, on the other hand, tell your friend, whose garden nestles in a belt of trees, that for your part you cannot breathe except on the top of a hill!
"Marquis Ito."
DON'T keep too many dogs; they are bad gardeners.
DON'T have evergreens in your garden because they are evergreens; a melancholy shrub is not less ugly because it does not shed its leaves in winter!
DON'T, in wiring them out, leave one rabbit in your garden.*

*We did!
DON'T buy a ready-made rustic Summer House, (stained and varnished and lined—crowning abomination—with pitch-pine), and set it down in an old-world garden among clipped yew hedges—it has been done!
DON'T forget those friends in London who would love a box of flowers.
DON'T bound your ambition by the desire to grow bigger and better plants and flowers than your neighbours, but try to make your little corner of the world as lovely as you can.
POND—FORGET-ME-NOTS AND ROSES.
Finally

DON'T banish charm and mystery from your garden, while you welcome those dull companions — custom and convention.
‘How willingly would I strew the path of all with flowers; how beautiful a delight to make the world joyous!

‘The song should never be silent; the dance never still; the laugh should sound like water which runs for ever.’

Richard Jefferies.