

USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL IN GARDENING!

Few suburban towns in the vicinity of Chicago afford equal facilities or greater natural advantages for ornamental gardening than Highland Park. It seems as if nature, in the endeavor to improve upon herself, had profusely blended together here the various charms and attractions of every other locality with the design of exhibiting, in *one view*, the associated beauties of all! As Sidney Smith said of the strawberry, "Doubtless God can make a more delicious fruit, but doubtless God never has."

It is not always easy rightly to adjust the claims of use and beauty. Tastes differ, and circumstances alter cases. Most men in their views and feelings are utilitarian! Must we not eat and drink and sleep? and can anything be better than stocks and mortgages and investments that are sure to pay? This is the ruling love! This speeds the plough, drives railway trains, makes steam boat paddles revolve, the looms of factories rattle, and is the grand motor of that mighty and universal machine which men call "business!" It is to gain physical enjoyment and material prosperity.

The same principle steals into our gardens. We plant and prune, water and weed, chiefly with an eye on the market.

Beets and onions, strawberries and radishes fetch so much solid cash. *Oct with the useless flowers, theyumber the ground; these amateurs who give so much of their land and of their thoughts to fancy gardening are visionary characters!*

This material spirit we pity more than we despise. It is of the earth, earthy, and always denotes a low and groveling mind. It degrades manhood, and robs its possessor of high enjoyment.

Money-making and physical gratification are not the chief end of man. Is the tree worth nothing save for bearing fruit or making lumber? A stream except for turning a wheel? A cloud save as it waters one's potato patch? A flower save as it belongs to a pumpkin-vine? Is not the æsthetic part of our nature to be gratified? Alas, for the man who cannot see the beautiful side of nature, to whom,

"The primrose on the river's brink
yellow primrose is to him,
And nothing more."

We would not speak lightly of gardening as carried on for pecuniary profit. The body must be fed as well as the taste gratified. Moreover one finds greater enjoyment in the beautiful itself when the useful is blended with it!

A well-arranged garden will always show a due regard to each. It is not always easy to draw a distinct line between the useful and ornamental!

In fruit culture there is an incidental appeal to the sense of beauty, as well as a direct one to that of pecuniary profit! Strawberries, cherries, grapes, apples and pears, not only please the eye, but gratify the palate.

The grounds of a gentleman in this vicinity, whose premises we recently visited will illustrate practically the point under consideration. They are about equally divided between the useful and ornamental. His lawn contains fine specimens of the Norway spruce, Hemlock European Linde, Larch, Dutch Elm and other trees on which the eye of cultivated taste always loves to repose. In the center of the premises, on a slight eminence, surrounded with native trees, is the family mansion, a chaste and elegant structure of architectural beauty, overlooking the lake and the adjacent scenery. On one side of the lawn the ground falls off into a ravine which winds down into a wild gulf or chasm, where a winding stream with its overhanging banks, diffuse the charm of unsurpassed picturesque beauty. The sunny slopes of this ravine have been devoted to grape growing and other fruits. Gravel walks wind through its center and along its sides. Here and there are made patches for flowers, while groups of *althæas euonymus* and flowering hawthorns delight the eye with their beauty. Art and taste have wooed away from the surrounding forests their choicest treasures to set them here. In other parts of the ground, likewise, are set a variety of or-

namental trees according to the canons of correct taste. Here are seen evergreens of every form and shade of color, while the linden, oak, chestnut, maple, beech, birch, and ash, both natives and foreigners grow side by side, and mingle their spray in loving companionship. In the rear of the premises are fruit trees and vegetables in great abundance, revealing the fact that taste and pecuniary profit are in harmony, and that the homely kitchen garden has its due appreciation.

Who can estimate the value of the associations connected with the trees and plants of such a home? These associations whisper in every leaf, they exhale from every flower; they nestle in the shady branches above our heads; they rise up from the walks beneath our feet. We find a new charm added to domestic and social life, a charm which grows stronger with every passing year, and makes home the realization of its sacred name.

Having thus guaranteed our orthodoxy, permit a few heretical words in behalf of *Flora exclusively!*

At this season the floral garden of Mr. Thos. Turtle, Florist, of Highland Park, will be found to contain many attractions. Flowers are the language of the affections, and impart always a pleasing and agreeable influence. Amid his beautiful parterres, one loves to linger, and gaze enraptured on the lovely scene! Most of the whole family of Geraniums, known as *Pelargoniums* are exhibited here. Of the one hundred varieties, at least seventy-five are cultivated successfully. The scarlet geranium—termed Gen. Grant—is a beauty, as well as a free bloomer. To afford variety to his beds of flowers the "silver-leaf Geranium" is set in contrast with the "Golden Feverfew, or *Pryrethrum*. This geranium popularly known as the "Mountain of snow" is little affected by hot and dry weather. It forms a charming border for flower beds. The *Achyranthus-lindena* like wise forms ribbon border for beds. A third kind of bordering is formed of "setting sun," or *coleus*. There are twenty varieties of this *coleus* or "setting sun," used for bordering &c. All these species are known by the name of "Foliage Plants," and are grown only for the beauty of their leaves for "ribbon-beds."

There is only one variety of rose indigenous to this climate. The "Queen of the Prairie," is wholly American, being derived from the wild Prairie-rose. The most popular roses are the "Hybrid Perpetuals." There are more than one hundred varieties of this family. The rose affords more delight than any other flower. It is justly termed the "queen of flowers." Over ninety per cent. of all roses are of French origin. The varieties specially adapted to this locality are the following—*Gen. Jacqueminot, John Hopper, Pæonia, Giant of Battles, Gen. Washington, Baron Provost, Madam Chas. Wood, Jules Margotten*. There are also other varieties such as the monthly; embracing the tea rose; also, the moss and running rose, all of which are adapted to this soil and climate.

LIST OF GAME—CONTINUED.

Of game birds proper—that is, those that will lie to the dog—our woods furnish but two varieties; the Ruffed Grouse or Partridge (*Tetrao Umbellus*), and the Quail (*Ortyx Virginianus*). They are both very rapid flyers, but the partridge, from being flushed almost always in heavy timber or thick underbrush, is by far the most difficult to shoot. At this season, however, they may be found in the heat of the day among the flags in the slough, and in such localities will lie well to a dog. A friend and myself shot five recently out of a covey near the bridge, over the first slough, and I hear of others obtained near the same locality. The ruffed grouse is sometimes erroneously called pheasant, and quail are known in some localities as partridge. The pheasant is found in England, but is unknown in North America. Many efforts have been made to introduce this valuable addition to our list of game birds, but I have yet to learn of a successful case of acclimation. They are much larger than the partridge, and the males of much gayer plumage. The partridge cannot be domesticated. One of our residents found a nest of eggs, took them home and gave them to a bantam hen who

hatched them all out. If they had been allowed their liberty they would have deserted the hen and gone into the woods to "scratch for themselves." I have no doubt they would have lived, and a reasonable number of them have reached maturity. They were kept confined, however, and all died within three days. While passing through the woods last summer, my attention was arrested by the singular antics of a partridge in the path before me—it would fly a few feet and then fall to the ground as though its wings were broken. Knowing well this was all assumed for the purpose of leading me away from its nest, I began a search and was rewarded by finding twelve eggs beside a log. During the next two weeks I visited this nest repeatedly, being careful not to touch the eggs, and one morning I found them all "chipped." The next day nothing was left but the empty shells, the old bird having taken her brood to other quarters.

Partridge and quail have vastly increased in this locality within three years. There are various reasons for this, one of which is the increased destruction of vermin (minks, foxes, skunks, etc., including hen hawks.) In our efforts to protect domestic fowls we have also preserved our game. Partridges are found almost anywhere in the woods after the leaves fall, and in cool wintry days, when the sun shines on the slopes of side hills, and the northern sides of the ravines. After a fall of snow they can be hunted to advantage without a dog by simply following up their fresh tracks. In such cases they will usually be flushed from beside a log. Land spaniels are frequently broken to "tree" partridges and then attract their attention by continual barking, until the hunter approaches near enough to obtain a shot. Other dogs of small size and average intelligence can be taught this trick, although it is not generally considered sportsmanlike to shoot birds otherwise than "on the wing." However, the partridge is not easily captured, and no less an authority than Frank Forester says: "Shoot them when you can and in any way you can." After the buds start in February they become strong and unfit to eat, but in the proper season—from August to January—gastroscopically speaking, the ruffed grouse excels all other game.

A gentleman remarked a few days since that he had seen no quail in Highland Park. He had looked for them east of the railroad track only. They can be found all the fall and winter on the farms bordering the sloughs, and in fact, almost anywhere where there is (or has been) corn and buckwheat fields. If flushed in the corn they will take to the grass or woods separating in pairs, and a good shot, with a careful dog, may then bag half a covey before they get together again. The greatest enemy they have to contend with is the trapper, who captures a whole covey at once. The new law, however, forbids the trapping of either grouse or quail, except on one's own premises.

Our woods contain three varieties of the squirrel family (exclusive of the chipmunk)—the large fox squirrel, the grey, and also the black squirrel, while the "farmers pest," the red variety so well known in the Eastern States, is unknown here. Everybody shoots squirrels, and they are consequently becoming less and less plentiful every year. The clearing out of large timber and the consequent destruction of nut-bearing trees has also helped to lessen the number; still, they are quite plentiful yet in the Aux Plaines bottom land. Of rabbits there seem to be no end, and if there is any place they frequent more than others, it is newly-cleared land where there are brush-heaps. A slow running dog will drive them in a circle, thus bringing them back to nearly the place where they broke cover. Occasionally foxes, raccoons, and rarely opossum are brought in by some hunters, but they are not plentiful. As I write, the pigeons are migrating south in great numbers, and boys and men are popping away like another Fourth of July.

SKOKIE.

When a Tennessee husband will horsewhip his wife for washing potatoes in his Sunday plug hat, it is about time to inquire whether this generation of men isn't getting to be too confounded high-toned for the age of the century?