

**THE SCOTS GARD'NER  
TOGETHER WITH THE  
GARD'NERS KALENDAR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649699223

The Scots Gard'ner Together with the Gard'ners Kalendar by John Reid & Alfred H. Hyatt

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**JOHN REID & ALFRED H. HYATT**

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BY  
**JOHN REID**  
EDITED BY  
**ALFRED H. HYATT**



WITH AN APPRECIATION BY  
**THE EARL OF ROSEBERY**

**T. N. FOULIS**  
23 BEDFORD STREET, LONDON,  
W.C.; AND AT EDINBURGH. 1907



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THE SCOTS GARD'NER

Rec'd by ... 11-2-24

*To me . . . he stands essentially as a genius loci. It is impossible to separate his spare form and old straw hat from the garden in the lap of the hill, with its rocks overgrown with clematis, its shadowy walks, and the splendid breadth of champaign that one saw from the north-west corner. The garden and gardener seem part and parcel of each other.*

*"An Old Scotch Gardener."*

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in  
*"Memories and Portraits."*)

*A gardener is Scotch, as a French teacher is Parisian.*

(GEORGE ELIOT in  
*"Adam Bede."*)



## APPRECIATION

BY

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

*If I might parody what I saw was said by an Irish Judge, lately deceased, it is that, "I yield to no one in ignorance of scientific horticulture." I am not sure that this is not one of the cases in which the ignorant have almost the best of it. I admit that, when I walk with an expert through a garden, I feel an ignorance, a humiliation, which is almost abysmal. But I recollect, after all, that I may be the happier of the two. The expert knows all the weaknesses and all the shortcomings in his garden. As he shows you his hothouses he is stung by the recollection of superior hothouses belonging to a rival; as he shows you his fruits he remembers other fruits which have defeated him at an horticultural show, and he is always haunted by the recollection of the orchids which he does not possess. On the other hand, the ignoramus walks blandly along enjoying without cavil the simple beauty of the flowers, enjoying what Lord Bacon has so finely called their breath, enjoying all their perfume and all the variety which a garden can give without question and without afterthought. If he sees a weed which would distress the expert, if he sees groundsel growing*



33792

## A P P R E C I A T I O N

*where it should not grow, he thinks only of his canary; and as for orchids, when he asks his soul and his conscience, he infinitely prefers a sweet pea. This, then, if I am right, is one of the cases so finely summed up by the poet when he says:—*

*“Where ignorance is bliss,*

*’Tis folly to be wise.”*

*And, indeed, one does not covet the wisdom of the expert when he reels out those long Latin names, in false and barbarous Latin, of the various plants that you admire—names which he sometimes remembers, but, if I am not wrong, more often invents—and which the ignoramus, like myself, only listens to with pitying wonder that a science so beautiful as horticulture should be bound up with such technical terms. There is another way in which we ignorant people can enjoy gardens. There is the literature of horticulture. Publishers, I believe, will tell you that there is nothing that pays so well as a book on gardens. But the books that I love best on gardens were published at a time when one may safely say that publishers did not care whether they brought in a profit or not. There is, for example, Lord Bacon’s essays, containing one exquisite essay on gardening which sums up in a sentence the best that can be said of gardening:—*

## A P P R E C I A T I O N

*"God Almighty first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." Well, you can say nothing better of gardens than that. But I take up another book, written by an author not nearly so well known as Lord Bacon, but one who has a homely interest for ourselves. He is Mr John Reid, who published a book in the reign of Charles II., which is called The Scots Gard'ner. It is a delightful book to read, perhaps even more delightful for those who know nothing about the subject than for those who do. I strongly recommend anyone to turn up this old book of Mr John Reid's, published in 1683. He tells you all about the Scottish garden of that time, he tells you all about the kitchen garden, and the pleasure garden, and, what I think he attached more importance to than anything, the physic garden—where he grew those medicinal herbs in which, I fear, we have come to lose some confidence. How many of those herbs are now growing in Scottish gardens, and what benefits are to be anticipated from them? These are: garden rue, golden rod, fever few, vernain, celandine, wormwood, comfrey, Solomon's seal, callamint, masterwort, wall pellitory, garden germander, betony,*