A PACKET OF SEEDS SAVED BY AN OLD GARDNER, PP. 1-119

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649540860

A Packet of Seeds Saved by an Old Gardner, pp. 1-119 by Edward Beck

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

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EDWARD BECK

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PACKET OF SEEDS

SAVED BY

AN OLD GARDENER.

Becond Ebition, enlarged.



CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

1361

SB455 B4 1861

Preface to the Second Edition.

Mesers. Levey, Robson, and Franklyn.

GENTLEMEN,

I regret that I have not furnished you before with the enclosed additional papers, and can plead no other excuse than the usual ones, of numerous engagements, absence from home, &c. It gratifies me to learn that the first edition was so soon disposed of, and that it has been long out of print, and so often asked for. I cannot pretend to offer any judgment upon what had better be expunged from the first impression; but the whole thing is in your hands, for you to deal with as your judgment may dictate. If you think any portion of the new matter unsuitable, I beg its rejection, and if needful I will send other extracts from Gregory's papers to replace it.

Yours faithfully,

THE SQUIRE'S SON.

Preliminary to the First Goition.

Messes. Levey and Co. think the readers of the following pages will need no further explanation from them after perusing the annexed letters. The one signed "The Squire's Son" reached them when the work was at press, and just in time to save them the necessity of giving an introductory notice of their own.

Mesers. Levey, Robson, and Franklyn.

GENTLEMEN,

Some years ago, my late honoured Master took me to London with him, that I might see the great show at Chiswick; and there I got amongst a many gardeners, and some of the young ones made very merry at my old-fashioned ways; and when I talked about getting ahead of the world, they said I'd lived in the good old times; I couldn't do so now, if I'd my time to go over again. So, when I got home, I set to work, and put a few things down out of my books, and meant to send 'em to the gardening papers, the Chronicle or the Journal, just to tell what I've seen and done in my day; but just then they

were squabbling about "Polmaise," and so I kept 'em; because I always notice, when there's a row in the street, every body's head's out of doors or windows, and it's hard to get attended to. Well, they've laid by ever since; but now I think I'll have 'em in a little book; for since I've lost my honoured Master, and he's made me easy for life with a weekly allowance, I don't care spending a little money; and so the bearer, who is my friend,—the shopkeeper in the village,-will hear what you say, and if it won't be too much, he'll pay you the bill, and you may let any body sell the book that you like. Though I don't put my own name and the place I live in, I know nobody can say that I've told what isn't true; and though they that know me will find me out, and charge me with writing it, I'll neither own nor deny it; and so I tell 'em once for all. I've tossed the cape down; let every master and man wear the one that fits him.

Your humble servant,

JAMES GREGORY.

P.S. I shall look to you to put the papers a little to rights when you're printing them, and to pay me back all the booksellers can afford to give me; and my friend will call and see you about it next year before Christmas, when he goes to London again.

Preface to the First Goition.

To the Printers from the "Squire's Son."

GENTLEMEN,

About three weeks since, I was awakened quite early in the morning, and shocked by the information that Gregory was very ill, and supposed to be dying, and that he very much wished to see me. I directed immediately that his two daughters, who are domestics in my family, should be called; but I learnt that they had already left the Hall for their father's cottage.

On entering the room of this worthy man, he stretched out his hand, and grasping mine with all the little power he had left him, exclaimed: "Thank you, sir; just in time, just in time." On inquiring how long he had been ill, I was informed that, after reading a chapter in his Bible as usual, he had retired to bed in apparent good health; but had been seized at midnight with a violent spasm of the heart, which had resisted all the apothecary's skill, and had prostrated his strength beyond every chance of recovery. I asked him if I should send for our clergyman; but he declined, saying: "No, thank you, sir; I want all the remainder of my time with my children. But give

my duty to him, and say, one more of his flock has nearly got safe into the fold of the Great Shepherd."

I took my leave shortly afterwards, that I might not, by my presence, impose any restraint upon him or his girls; and within a few hours afterwards I received a message to say that he was no more.

His remains were interred by the side of his wife and children; and the unusually large number of followers and attendants at the grave gave a pleasing evidence of the respect entertained for him.

The savings of his prudent and laborious life had been disposed of by gift some time before his decease; his papers were, by his particular desire, handed over to me; and it was by this means, and from a memorandum, that I learnt he had made a selection, and placed them in your hands for publication. I am not sure that he has chosen the best of his materials for his little work; and if it meets with a sufficient sale to warrant my doing so, I may possibly be induced, at a future time, to give some additional extracts from the quantity of observations recorded by him. the passage where he describes his difficulties and troubles from illness, the death of his child, &c., after losing his situation at Birdwood, he hardly does himself justice, for his conduct was manly and unexceptionable; and he was so much in request as a jobbing gardener, that my father, who never lost sight of him, and was always wishing him back again, fully believed he was doing well; and I cannot easily forget his relating to my mother how pained he had been with Mrs. Gregory's recital of their sufferings, which he