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AMERICAN DAFFODIL SOCIETY

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William C. Burnside
The Romance of Daffodils
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by

William C. Brumbach

PROPERTY OF
AMERICAN DAFFODIL SOCIETY

GREENWICH BOOK PUBLISHERS
New York
To

MY WIFE

who has always been in sympathy with
my love of natural history
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CHAPTER THE FIRST

The Golden Thread of Romance

Our tale begins in Europe centuries ago, where wild daffodils of all types carpeted the lush meadows of the Old England of Parkinson’s time, in a manner so well described by the poet Wordsworth:

“A HOST, OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS”

The natural occurrence of daffodils originally extended from England and Ireland through the Channel Islands, France, and Spain, to the warm slopes of the Mediterranean Sea, and the storied islands of that sea; then on to northern Africa and eastward through Turkey to the Orient. The story of the descendants of these wild forms, which have since found their way to gardens in the New World is a fascinating and romantic one indeed.

The adventurers who set out from Europe in Colonial times to make a new life for themselves in America greatly missed the European culture built up over the centuries. Also, it was not possible, for obvious reasons, to bring with them any appreciable amount of their Adams, Hepplewhite, and Chippendale furniture, which they so greatly cherished. However, they did bring with them vegetable and flower seeds and bulbs from their cottage gardens. Parkinson and others had already popularized daffodils all over Europe, and so it was natural that they were included among the bulbs brought to America. Indeed, they soon became the floral symbol of the early Colonial gardens, and their development closely paralleled the social and political development of the country through the years.
After the War of 1812 came the glorious plantation era and fortunes were made from the fruits of the virgin soil. Huge and elaborate houses were built by the wealthy planters and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Camellias and Indian Azaleas were brought from Europe (by the botanist André Michaux) to decorate these gardens, but always daffodils were used to complete the landscape pictures. Then came the War Between the States and the decline of the plantation era afterwards. Many of the fine houses did not survive the decline in fortunes of the planters, but the gardens managed to pass on, intact, the hard-won heritage of the early settlers. It is indeed noteworthy that daffodils survived the early years of colonization better than any other flower of European origin. Drifts of them still brighten plantation gardens and make the great houses seem secure in the thought that the daffodils hold the secret of their survival.

My experiences in hunting down and collecting these old daffodils, so cherished in Colonial days, and the associations thus made possible, show conclusively that gardeners as a class are much the same everywhere. I have found that they are almost invariably eager to help others who may be searching for one plant or another, and it is this attribute which has been so helpful to me in finding some of the old varieties. To all who have aided me in this search, I owe a debt of gratitude.

Here, then, is how daffodils have woven their golden thread of romance into the gardens of our country, and in a broader sense, into our very lives.
The Secrets of Narcissus

Even the most casual traveler through Virginia and the Carolinas in the springtime would hardly be able to overlook the quantities of daffodils one sees in all the gardens, both humble and great. In the average country garden of modest-size daffodils are almost alone in their glory and flourish with little or no care, with perhaps a backdrop of an American holly tree or a China-berry tree (to which the Negroes in particular have taken a fancy).

It was these daffodils of country gardens that aroused my interest and made me wonder about their origin. In the first place, it was evident that they were probably the same varieties, and secondly, that they had apparently been passed on from neighbor to neighbor and garden to garden and in that way had become widely distributed.

But, surprisingly enough, as I was to learn later, these same varieties were also found in the gardens of the wealthy planters, and this makes them the one romantic link between the lives of all the social classes of the South.

In the course of many trips to the middle South, I was at first puzzled as to where these old plantations, which one reads about, were actually to be found. It was obvious that they were not along the main highways north and south, as these I had traveled many times. I felt sure that, in spite of all the reports of burning and pillaging in the history of the War Between the States, there must be some of these plantation houses remaining for posterity.

It was, finally, through my search for old daffodils, that I
was to find some of the remaining examples of houses and
gardens, dating from the cherished era of gracious living before
the war which brought an end to that era as such.

The help I so desperately needed in this search finally came
unexpectedly in the form of a Christmas present from my wife
of a copy of Elizabeth Lawrence’s *A Southern Garden*. This
book proved to contain the first authentic information on the
subject of old daffodils that had come my way and paved the
way for a series of delightful and continuing associations with
other gardeners.

Miss Lawrence’s chapter on “Daffodils in Old Gardens” was
just what I had been looking for, and I found that the names of
the old varieties were truly fascinating. Surely, I thought, some
of the daffodils mentioned there must be the ones I had seen in
gardens throughout the South. This I resolved to find out,
and in early March of 1944, I departed for Raleigh, North
Carolina, with my wife and two sons for the double purpose
of seeking some enlightenment on old daffodils and to try to
procure some bulbs for my own garden in southeastern Penn-
sylvania. In both of these aims I was successful and the way
to a better understanding of old daffodils was finally opened to
me.

Well do I remember the first visit to this fine old southern
home, and the delightful warmth of the cheery grate fire that
welcomed us. But the greatest initial thrill for me was the
single cluster-flowered daffodil displayed on the mantel. I was
informed that it was a very old variety, hardy only in the middle
and upper South, and that it bore the name of *Grand Monarque*.
Later I learned that its ancestry went back to the warm Canary
Islands, off the coast of North Africa, where cluster-flowered
daffodils of all types grow wild. It is natural, indeed, that these
Canary Island daffodils should turn up in the South, since there
they find just the type of mild climate they demand. How
this daffodil made my imagination run rampant! I thought of
how many a fine plantation hostess of long ago had roamed her
garden to gather some of these exquisite blooms, later display-
ing them in fine silver bowls to the delight of her guests!

My conversation with Miss Lawrence ran the gamut of the
old daffodils with which she was acquainted, and I found myself in a veritable dream world of half-forgotten daffodils. One thing I was able to establish for certain from these conversations was that the common yellow trumpet daffodil I had been seeing in all types of gardens in the South was no doubt a descendant of the wild daffodils of the English countryside, which had found their way to this country very early in its colonization. This pale yellow daffodil seems to have many local names but one cannot go far wrong in calling it EARLY YELLOW TRUMPET. Later I learned from a Virginia grower that the trade name for this daffodil was TRUMPET MAJOR.

Among the other old daffodils we discussed, the one which particularly intrigued me was SILVER BELLS, of which I had read previously. This is a shy little trumpet daffodil in pearly white with the true patina of an antique, and Miss Lawrence informed me that she could show me this variety in her garden the next day, as well as GRAND MONARQUE.

The experience of seeing these and other daffodils for the first time was, for me, the realization of a dream. The Southern spring weather was especially delightful in contrast to the winter weather I had left at home, where my garden was still clothed in winter’s mantle. While sipping sherry on the terrace that day, surrounded by blooms of many spring flowers, I learned that bulbs of SILVER BELLS might be obtained from a farm woman who occasionally brought them to market, and, fearful that I might not soon again have the opportunity, I made the trip to the country the next day, hoping to obtain some bulbs to try in my own garden. It turned out that this kind lady not only helped me to some SILVER BELLS but also gave me bulbs of a nice little jonquil which is different from any I have ever seen.

So now, at long last, my search for old daffodils was finding some fulfillment, and I had the inspiration needed to spur me on. Surely, I thought, if Miss Lawrence was typical of most gardeners, it was virtually certain that I could expect help from others in ferreting out and collecting the old varieties. In short, I had had a glimpse into the secrets of the legendary youth Narcissus, whose beauty, according to mythology, dazzled all who beheld it!
CHAPTER THE THIRD

Ten Thousand Saw I at a Glance

The year 1948 seems to have been the magic year of accomplishment for me in my search for old daffodils. In the previous autumn I had published an article in one of the garden magazines on the subject and the response from daffodil lovers all over the East was very heartening and interesting. Gardeners as far away as Georgia wrote me and told about several old varieties they had, some of which, they thought, answered the description of those I recorded in the article. Other readers simply enjoyed discussing daffodils and apparently were as intrigued as I was with the older ones.

A man in Alabama wrote inquiring whether I would identify some daffodils he had on his farm for years; surely not an easy task since it would have meant shipping them over 900 miles, and in full bloom! But I readily understood his wanting to know the names as I had always felt the same way about it.

The headmaster of a Long Island school was particularly anxious to know if a daffodil growing on the school property might be the EARLY YELLOW TRUMPET of my article. The description he gave me was so concise and detailed that I answered in the affirmative without hesitation.

A lady in upstate New York kindly sent me a book printed in London, England, which listed many old varieties. Another lady in Illinois wanted advice on how to use the old varieties in her garden. I was besieged with lists from readers who grew daffodils for pleasure and profit. One of these lists, in particular, from Shreveport, Louisiana, proved to be a good source of
SILVER BELLS, which they had under at least five different names (such as OLD WHITE TRUMPETS, SILVER TRUMPETS, etc.) and which were gathered from all parts of the South, in many gardens.

Among all these letters was one from a Mr. George Heath, of Gloucester Court House, Virginia, who informed me that he was a grower of daffodils for perhaps twenty-five years, that his father had preceded him in this endeavor (he being the first commercial grower in that section), and that, at the present time, he had about fourteen hundred varieties under cultivation! Mr. Heath expressed interest in my article, and ventured to say that he had most of the old varieties I described, some of them under other names. Most of them, he said, had been grown in his section of Virginia for generations.

Surely, I thought, here was a man I must meet at the earliest possible moment, since he not only had a plantation devoted entirely to daffodils, but was apparently much interested in the propagation of bulbs of the old ones, many of which had been practically lost to commerce. After a brief correspondence with Mr. Heath, I made arrangements to visit his place the first week-end in April, 1948.

As is customary for large daffodil growers in southeastern Virginia (I learned since), some of his bulbs were in leased fields on Auburn Plantation, former ancestral home of the Heath family, which fronts on beautiful North River, in Gloucester County. It was at Auburn that I was to meet Mr. Heath, and, as anyone knows who has been in that section of Virginia, it is often difficult to find your way around even with good directions. Finally, though, I arrived at the outer entrance to Auburn, only to find that I was still miles away from the daffodil fields. A sandy road led through the dense, low tidewater woodland, and at last I approached a more improved road, subtended by large, clipped red cedars on each side, and leading directly to the plantation house. Some distance to the rear of the mansion were the daffodil fields, in full bloom and drenched in silver and gold, with a backdrop of dark green Pitch Pine woods.

At first, the panorama of a sea of daffodils was too much
for me to digest, but slowly, under Mr. Heath's guidance, the layout was explained to me. At length, I was allowed to browse among the rows of flowers, surely an unforgettable experience and one which I have repeated many times since, over the years. It was truly a delight, actually to see many of the varieties in the field which I had read about previously. When Mr. Heath had finished the daily task of preparing cut flowers for the northern markets, we went to his house on another branch of North River, where his main daffodil fields were spread out in all directions from the house. So completely is this low, sandy countryside devoted to the raising of daffodils that all of the highways in early spring are bordered with clumps of half-wild daffodils, of which I became pleasantly aware on the way to the Heath plantation. Almost every landowner who has any space at all to devote to the purpose grows some daffodils for the double purpose of selling cut flowers in the spring and bulbs in the fall. More important though, everyone is daffodil-minded, so that many grow them with no thought of compensation, and for the simple reason that they have taken them into their hearts, generation after generation.

It was at once evident from my conversation with Mr. Heath that he not only knew his daffodils very well but also regarded them as a hobby as well as a livelihood. Most of all, I was delighted with his knowledge of the old varieties, and his apparent desire to grow them as a service to collectors like myself, who were interested in saving them from extinction.

For several days thereafter I roamed the fields and made sheaves of notes on varieties which caught my fancy; in addition to taking colored pictures which I could study upon returning home. All day long, from early morning to dusk, the colored pickers were busy gathering cut flowers of commercial varieties for shipment. I was informed that the cut flowers would make up solid truckloads of daffodils, and would arrive very early the next morning, fresh and radiantly beautiful, at the markets in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, to be sold at the prevailing prices. Late in the day, the fishermen and oyster-gatherers began to return in all kinds of boats to their
homes along the river. A grizzled old colored man stopped at
the dock in a rowboat filled with oysters and offered us some
of the freshly-opened succulents, which we accepted with relish.

As the lengthening shadows settled over the spacious fields,
the flowers took on an other-worldliness, which, I have found
since, is particularly associated with daffodils at that time of
day. The fabled youth Narcissus appears in his most appealing
mantle when the sun is disappearing over the horizon, and
tantalizes his beholders by making them wait until another day
to admire his unbelievable charms once again.
The Origin of Old Daffodils

The elusive charm of old daffodils lies in their soft coloring, modest size, and individuality, as compared to some of the gaudy hybrids of the present day. With apologies to the hybridizers who have labored long and diligently to develop the fine flowers featured in today's catalogs, it is nevertheless true that many of these are not as easy to grow as the old standbys, which have proven their worth for generations. Liberty Hyde Bailey, in the *Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture*, recognizes that the lower-priced varieties (which include all the old ones) are of more value in the garden than the high-priced ones, if only for the fact that they are more permanent and have proven their worth.

But, best of all, they are adaptable to any situation and have the happy faculty of blending with the landscape, rather than standing out in bold relief. This last quality makes them of great value for naturalizing in woods or grass, where they look like wild flowers. In the last analysis, though, there is an intangible something that sets them apart and endears them to all. Each variety seems to have its own definite personality and this makes them easier to recognize than some of the hybrids of today, in which group hundreds of varieties answer the same general description and have very few points of difference between them.

Having already become acquainted with many of the old daffodils, especially as a result of many pleasant days spent in observing them at the Heath plantation, I became curious as to the origin of these daffodils. As I gazed many times upon these fields, it was truly fascinating to think of all the remote places
which sired the wild daffodils and made this display possible. The youth Narcissus had guided the hands of thousands of people in many lands to prepare for this, his maddest of revels.

In the course of my continued studies of the old varieties, it became evident that these wild daffodils, which were the fore-runners of the daffodils of today, came from three general areas which are rather well defined. If one keeps this in mind, it is much easier to select the varieties which will do well in a given place, and it will also tend to create a romantic bond with the people of these distant places.

The first area roughly includes Sweden, England, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. From these countries come the large trumpet daffodils, which are more hardy than the other smaller-flowered types and can stand more severe temperatures and adverse weather conditions.

The second area is the South of Europe, which includes France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Here, we have the mild climate of the Riviera and the warm earth of the Iberian Peninsula. Here, we also have the mountain meadows of the Pyrenees and the slopes to the north of the Mediterranean Sea. Here, also, are the fine gardens of rural France. In this area, it is possible to grow the smaller-flowered, daintier daffodils which cannot stand the cold climates farther north. Here we find the Jonquils, the Campernelles, the Poets Narcissus and the miniature species which are impossible to resist.

The third area starts at the Canary Islands, with their subtropical climate and extends eastward through the islands of the Mediterranean Sea, North Africa, and on to the Orient, in the same latitude. This area is truly warm and practically frost-proof. Here grow the Polyanthus daffodils or, as they are sometimes called, the cluster-flowered daffodils. The heavy fragrance of these varieties is typical of the plants of the tropics in general, where nature seems to deal in superlatives, whether it be evidenced in brighter color, larger flowers, or greater fragrance.

As we delve into the secrets of the youth Narcissus, the golden thread of romance is bound to encompass our thoughts if we but allow them to bridge the gulf to these storied countries.
Daffodils from Old England

The beauty of the early yellow trumpets and silver bells has already been extolled and when one considers that both of these varieties came to us from England, it is easy to understand why the idyllic countryside of Old England has been the subject of so many superlatives from the pens of authors of prose and poetry alike.

The ancestors of the early yellow trumpets of English meadows were apparently very variable in size and color. Early writers on daffodils, such as Parkinson and Baker, came up with such names as maximus, minor and minimus, according to the size of the flowers. An entire new class known as bicolors was discovered, which were two-tone effects; that is the trumpets were different in color than the wheel-shaped backgrounds (called perianths by the botanists). In tidewater Virginia and elsewhere in the South, the early yellow trumpets are nearly uniform in color, the perianths being a slightly lighter yellow than the trumpets.

The silver bells I have seen are also quite variable, some having straight edges on the trumpets and others possessing quite a flair. Regardless of these variations, the trumpets are always nodding and never become quite erect. It is this tendency of the trumpets to nod which makes them appear shy and adds to their appeal.

In rural England there are also two other rather distinct variations of the early yellow trumpets. They are the lent lily, so called because it usually blooms early enough for the Lenten season, and the tenby daffodil, in which the base of
the trumpet is attached to the perianth. This gives it an odd appearance, but also assures it of the distinction of being one of the most unusual. These two daffodils are among the earliest to bloom in my garden, and for that reason their coming is always looked for with anticipation each year.

There are many old double daffodils in England and all have rather fanciful names (which vary according to the section of the country where they grow), such as Bacon and Eggs, Primrose Phoenix, Sulphur Phoenix, Codlins and Cream, etc. Some of these are found in old gardens in this country, and indeed, once possessed they are quite indestructible. I have a few of these in my garden because of their odd appearance, but there is little to recommend them, and they are too coarse.

When one has seen field after field of Early Yellow Trumpets such as grow in tidewater Virginia, it cannot help but make us feel everlastingly grateful to England for giving us the Trumpet Daffodils, which she has held close to her heart throughout her long history. This is truly what Wordsworth must have had in mind when he said in part:

“A HOST, OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS”
CHAPTER THE SIXTH

Daffodils from the South of Europe

The tempo of varieties of daffodils reaches its greatest crescendo in the South of Europe. As has already been pointed out, England has sired the trumpet daffodils, but it remained for the warmer climes of the South of Europe to sire the more delicate outpourings of the pent-up beauty possessed by the youth Narcissus. Here there are types of unbelievable delicacy and subtleness as compared with the bolder trumpet daffodils. It is only of late years that some of these charmers have come to our gardens, but while they were late in coming they are creating tremendous interest.

From France and Spain have come the Sweet-scented Jonquils, whose tangy odor (sometimes described as resembling that of the honey-locust) was the delight of grandmother’s garden. It is sometimes difficult to obtain bulbs of these, since dealers often substitute the larger and much coarser Campernelles. The three to six individual flowers on each stem are about three-quarters of an inch across, and they are a wonderful addition to any garden! Be prepared to find that they will not always grow where you want them, but if it happens that they find their location congenial, the rewards for selecting them will be myriad. They may even spread by seed to form large colonies and appear surprisingly in odd corners of the garden. The double form of the Sweet-scented Jonquils is called Queen Anne’s Daffodil and is a treasure to those lucky people who can grow it successfully. The little yellow rosebud-like flowers are a trifle heavy for the frail, four-to-six-inch-high stems, so that sometimes the spring rains beat them to the earth.
at the height of their bloom, but they are well worth a trial.

At the Heath plantation there are two descendants of the sweet-scented jonquil which Mr. Heath has rescued from oblivion. One bears the name of Nell and came from a south Georgia plantation, but where it came from before that is shrouded in mystery. It is a tall upstanding flower of great substance, wonderful for cutting, and lasts a long time in the house. The other little jonquil introduced by Mr. Heath is identical in every way with the sweet-scented jonquil, but blooms about a week later in my garden, which makes it quite a valuable addition. It has been named Helena by Mr. Heath, in honor of a former mistress of Auburn Plantation. It was discovered as a seedling in a planting of the sweet-scented jonquils and has been carefully developed and increased into a valuable stock of bulbs.

As stated previously, the campernelles, which originated in southern France and Spain, are in effect a larger edition of the sweet-scented jonquils, and while they are very good for wild effects and for cutting, the flowers are paler and less buttery looking than their close relatives. There is also a double-flowered campernelle, not so frequently met with but well worth having. It is taller and more reliable than the queen anne's daffodil and not as delicate of constitution.

Who can resist the delightfully pristine poets narcissus whether seen in the garden or, best of all, naturalized in woods or grass? Theirs is the purest white of all daffodils and the scarlet-rimmed cups are a fitting contrast to the ample perianths. These also came from the Mediterranean region, and in their original form they are represented in gardens by the variety ornatus (whose cup is pale for this class) and pheasants-eye, whose recurved or turned-back perianth is very interesting. If both are planted, the season can be considerably prolonged, since the former blooms in mid-season and the latter is very late.

The Pennsylvania Dutch, here in southeastern Pennsylvania, have been growing the double poets narcissus for generations and bring these flowers to market with their spring vegetables around Mother's Day. This delightful flower is also called the
GARDENIA-FLOWERED DAFFODIL because of the resemblance to the treasured gardenia of the Southland. It is very difficult to grow, and therefore a fitting subject for the Pennsylvania Dutch, who are renowned for their tenacity of purpose. Their secret of success in growing this daffodil is a carefully guarded one, indeed.

While the ancient PRIMROSE PEERLESS comes from the South of Europe, it found its way to England centuries ago and came with the English colonists to Virginia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is one of the strongest scented daffodils outside of the cluster-flowered group, but it is perhaps a trifle colorless with its pale lemon cups on a pearly white background. However, it increases well and is one of the most permanent of all daffodils. Once established in a place it can hardly be eliminated except by exhaustive digging and, more than any other daffodil, it thrives on neglect! My bulbs came to me from Aldie, Virginia, many years ago by mistake as I had ordered POETS NARCISSUS. To be certain, I was extremely puzzled when they bloomed the following spring. But, of course, I was happy at my chance acquisition, and have given the yearly increase to many other gardeners since, who seemed to be as happy as I was about the unfortunate mistake. In passing, let me also point out that this daffodil is also late blooming and is invaluable in extending the season.

For many years I had been searching for bulbs of NARCISSUS GRACILIS (meaning slender or weak) which is said to have originated in the South of France. Finally, I found it in the excellent public display garden at Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. This fine educational project was established by the Scott Paper Company, as a public service, on the campus of the college. It is efficiently and imaginatively managed by Mr. John C. Wister, who has an open mind on daffodils and believes that the old ones should be preserved for future generations. Mr. Wister's contributions in the field of horticulture are myriad and it is fortunate that he has turned to daffodils as one of them.

While strolling through a section of this planting, carefully labeled for public study, my heart quickened upon seeing a pale
DAFFODILS FROM THE SOUTH OF EUROPE

jonquil-like variety, which, I knew immediately, must be the sought-for GRACILIS. Sure enough, it was just that, and I had at last found this elusive daffodil! This one is also late-blooming, and should be planted where the brilliant May (March or April in the South) sunshine will not be too hard on it, or else it will wither quickly.

In a Maryland garden, some years ago, I came across the SILVER JONQUIL. This is a paler and looser-growing variety of GRACILIS and seems to like semi-wild conditions better than the garden border. It does well in grassy situations, but is not as vigorous or as permanent as GRACILIS.

We have to go to the Iberian Peninsula in the south of Europe to discover some of the most unusual of all daffodils. They are, indeed, as individual and mysterious as the two countries where they are found. Not unexpectedly the name of one of these daffodils is QUEEN-OF-SPAIN, and it is truly a will o’-the-wisp among daffodils. Mr. Heath had several stocks of these bulbs from different sources, and, after repeated trials in my garden, I finally got a few to bloom for me. It is truly a wild-looking daffodil and has a simplicity about it which is becoming. I planted it on a slope, with some rugged rocks in the background, thinking that I might emulate its natural habitat (which is the Pyrenees Mountains) and, sure enough, it has bloomed rather reliably in this situation. The color is best described as canary yellow, and if you have a wild terrain in which to try it, do not hesitate, for it is truly a gem! Mr. Heath has succeeded in growing it in a grassy situation, where it blooms before the grass becomes too high and, to my amazement, it seems perfectly at home there.

Perhaps the two little daffodils that started the modern trend to miniatures were ANGELS TEARS, and the SMALL RUSH-LEAVED DAFFODIL. These delightful inhabitants of Pyrenees Mountain meadows should be in every garden, large or small. ANGELS TEARS is a very descriptive name for a flower which has up to three dainty white, drooping, tubular flowers to a stem, and is up to four inches high. The SMALL RUSH-LEAVED DAFFODIL is like a small edition of the SWEET-SCENTED JONQUIL, except for its lighter yellow color and oversized cup (for such a small
CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

Daffodils from the Canary Islands

When the youth Narcissus decreed where his gayest subjects were to grow, he could have selected no better place for them than the Canary Islands, with their delightfully mild climate and romantic, sub-tropical appeal. It was here (and in climatically similar latitudes eastward to the Orient) that he placed the ancestors of today’s cluster-flowered daffodils, which are known to botanists as the POLYANTHUS DAFFODILS. If one keeps in mind that the Greek prefix “poly” means “many,” the name becomes a natural and proper one.

The POLYANTHUS DAFFODILS come in all-whites, all-yellows, and endless combinations of both. They have from two to twenty small flowers on each scape or stem, but ten to twelve is about average. They possess the strongest fragrance of any daffodils, and some say it is almost too overpowering. However, in the lower South, where they can be grown outdoors, the spicy fragrance becomes a gentle tonic that rolls back the years again to the era of unhurried plantation life.

The best known of all the cluster-flowered daffodils is the PAPER-WHITE NARCISSUS. This pure white beauty might well be called the aristocrat of all daffodils. Certainly, it is the most aristocratic in appearance, and is the only daffodil which might lay claim to the term “stately.” It is known and loved by all and is seen mainly today as a house plant in the North, where it is grown in bowls of pebbles, which are kept immersed in water, and allow the roots to spread among them. In the middle and lower South it grows outdoors and blooms in late fall and into the New Year. It supplies a welcome touch to the Thanksgiving
and Christmas tables, and even a cold winter’s day is mellowed by the sight of these frail flowers, when properly planted with a background of holly, boxwood, or other evergreen shrub. Glorious, indeed, must be the proper superlative used to describe the PAPER-WHITE NARCISSUS, when seen in its native habitat on the Canary Islands, and the romance it has brought to all who grow it somehow makes this remote clime seem a little closer to reality.

GRAND MONARQUE also belongs in this class, as do others which are not too well known, and bearing the fanciful names of CHINESE SACRED LILY and GRAND SOLEIL D’OR. These beauties have also been sired by the gentle breezes of the Canary Islands but are not as pure bred as the PAPER-WHITE NARCISSUS. True, like the PAPER-WHITE NARCISSUS, they are occasionally grown in bowls of pebbles during the Northern winter, but they have never become as popular.

The CHINESE SACRED LILY is a study of well-formed golden cups on a white background, while the GRAND SOLEIL D’OR is a beautiful deep all-yellow, with a distinct touch of ravishing orange that makes it quite dramatic. Perhaps, both of these are a little more informal in tone than the PAPER-WHITE NARCISSUS, which should really increase their use as garden subjects, where the climate is mild enough for them to be grown. Certain it is that if these two daffodils were better known they would be more widely grown in this country.

Mr. Heath has a few latter-day cluster-type daffodils which are worthy of being grown in today’s gardens. The first which comes to mind is WHITE PEARL, and was rescued from oblivion in an old Norfolk, Virginia, garden. No one knows from whence it came before that, but certain it is that its lineage goes back to the Canary Islands at some time in the remote past. The same can be said of the two others, which are whimsically called SEVEN SISTERS and SEVENTEEN SISTERS. There seems to be some mystical spell in the number seven, which has influenced the naming of these daffodils, perhaps because their remote past is shrouded in doubt, except for the fact that their ancestry also goes back to the same Canaries. They are the
same pearly white as WHITE PEARL and are reputed to have come from old gardens in the Carolinas.

Around the turn of the century, there appeared in commerce the enticing ELVIRA, which although not old as daffodils go, is certainly a good subject to use in a garden featuring old daffodils. It is like a larger and more highly developed PRIMROSE PEERLESS, and is the only daffodil in the cluster group which is suitable for naturalizing. It should be better known, because it is so easy to grow and satisfactory in every way. Some years ago, here in southeastern Pennsylvania, I came upon a country garden literally overrun with ELVIRA to a point where some had apparently escaped to surrounding fields.

Some of the cluster-flowered daffodils should be had by all who can grow them not only for their sheer, and sometimes exotic beauty, but to further enhance the romantic touch which old daffodils bring to the garden. Somehow the fields and waysides of the Canary Islands do not seem as remote to us when we establish this floral link with them through the common worship of the youth Narcissus and his beautiful creations.
An important and far-reaching development in the commercial growing of daffodils came about in the nineteenth century. Until that time only the true species of the original wild daffodils (and their closely related variations) were grown by the nurseries of the day. As a result, the number of kinds known to the trade was small, indeed. Since it is only natural for growers of all types of plants to try to develop new varieties of their particular specialties, the daffodil growers turned to hybridizing in an effort to come up with something new for their customers. Hybridizing consists simply in cross-pollinating one variety with another to produce a new variety with some of the characteristics of each parent.

It had already been determined by several prominent botanists, that there were existing in nature some hybrid daffodils, which were produced through cross-pollinating brought about in nature, and these were, therefore, called natural hybrids. Queen-of-Spain, which has already been mentioned, is an example of this type of hybrid. With clear evidence of such hybrids existing in the wild, two Englishmen became interested in trying to create new hybrids by artificially carrying the pollen from one flower to another, instead of leaving it to the work of insects, as in the case of the natural hybrids.

These Englishmen were Peter Barr and Edward Leeds, and so successful were they in creating new hybrid daffodils that they set a pattern which was followed by all their successors. As a result, today there are upwards of twenty thousand daffodils listed by the Royal Horticultural Society of Great Britain.
in their publication of *The Classified List of Daffodil Names*. Two entirely new classes of daffodils were named for these geniuses in their field—namely, the Barr Hybrids and the Leeds Hybrids.

It was discovered by Mr. Barr and Mr. Leeds in the course of their experiments that the hybrid daffodils they created would not revert to the characteristics of the parent types and that they retained all their new-born characteristics indefinitely. For this reason, these early hybrids have come down to us today practically unchanged, and many of them are so well accepted and revered that they have captured to some extent the romance of the old daffodils. In this way they are totally different from the hybrids of today, which are far different in appearance from the old daffodils of the wild.

We feel, therefore, that these early hybrid daffodils of the Peter Barr and Edward Leeds era of the development of daffodils, should certainly be included with the old daffodils, since they have proven their worth to daffodil lovers for a long period of time. Also, they are modestly priced and within the reach of almost all gardeners, which is probably the reason the daffodil has become known as “everybody’s flower.”

How could anybody pass through tidewater Virginia in early spring without becoming immediately conscious of the golden splash of thousands of daffodils, spread abroad over the sandy fields? There is a very good chance that the daffodil (or at least one variety) is *Emperor*, because this variety is by far the most popular early hybrid daffodil grown in such quantity. Small wonder that it has become so popular, since besides its beauty of form and substance, it has proven to be very easy to grow and wonderful of increase. From a small stock of bulbs one soon has the makings of a sea of yellow. This all-yellow daffodil has just enough of a touch of orange in the cup to give a warm tint to a field-full. It will give a good account of itself in any situation and, from a small planting I had in a little corner of the garden, it has spread to an adjoining field.

*Emperor* might aptly be called the king of the early hybrids,
and, if so, EMPRESS should certainly be called the queen. This charming daffodil came to me in a naturalizing mixture, and while nowhere near as common as EMPEROR, it is still found in old gardens to some extent. It is a bicolor daffodil, with a soft yellow trumpet and a white perianth. This subtle blending of color on a white background lends a shyness to the flower, and it is very nice when planted with all-yellows to tone them down. It is not as vigorous as EMPEROR, but well worth having.

There is one old hybrid daffodil that I grow in my garden for its fragrance alone. It is called VANILLA, and the name aptly describes the rather unusual fragrance. It is a bicolor like EMPRESS and the rather large, irregular trumpet contrasts with the primrose-tinged white perianth, the latter being slightly bent forward and giving the flower a wind-blown appearance. Each spring its coming is the signal for me to kneel down and enjoy its very special fragrance. One seldom meets with it, but it can be used to good effect to supply early fragrance in an herb garden before the other herbs take over later in the season.

There are two white trumpets among the older hybrids which I simply cannot resist. They are MRS. THOMSON and ALICE KNIGHTS. Both are smaller than the white trumpets listed in today’s catalogs, but they more than make up for their lack of size by perfection of form. Of the two, ALICE KNIGHTS is better and is sure to captivate all who see it. This little daffodil was introduced by Peter Barr. It forms nice-sized clumps of flowers, which are so prim looking one is reminded of a little girl all dressed up for Sunday School. Do not be without this dainty, white daffodil which is small enough to be called a miniature and combines well with some of that class. When the SMALL RUSH-LEAVED DAFFODIL is planted in front of ALICE KNIGHTS, the two complement each other perfectly.

One of the early hybrid daffodils introduced by Edward Leeds was WILLIAM GOLDRING, a small white trumpet of unusual form. In this daffodil, the divisions of the perianth literally enclose the trumpet, instead of being flat and at right angles to it. Some may think that WILLIAM GOLDRING is too straggling and coarse, but in rural England during the last century it was
well known and affectionately called the **Dog-eared Daffodil**. It helps to provide the spice that adds interest to a daffodil garden. The only fault I find with it is that it may be a bit top heavy in the face of April showers.

Sometimes it is utterly useless to try to describe to others why a certain daffodil is interesting and worth having in the garden. Words seem to fail to convey the thought picture one has in mind. W. P. Milner is that kind of daffodil. It is a small flower (up to eight inches high) and is pearly white throughout, with a touch of primrose. The perianth is somewhat twisted and irregular, so that the nicely formed and frilled trumpet stands out. I have it bordering a path in woods where it contrasts beautifully with some golden campernelles. There are not too many pale trumpet daffodils to choose from, but it is certain that they provide a welcome relief from the golden yellow most often met with.

There are two early hybrid daffodils of fine substance, which have been grown in Virginia and the Carolinas for almost three-quarters of a century and are still going strong. They are Sir Watkin and Bernardino, both of them in the medium-sized cup class. Sir Watkin is a good, strong-stemmed pale yellow with an open perianth, while Bernardino has a white perianth in contrast to a cup with an apricot-orange border. For naturalizing they are perfect, and drifts of them planted alternately in irregular patterns cannot be surpassed for that purpose.

In England there is one daffodil, more than any other, which is eagerly looked for in the markets each spring, and its appearance there has somehow come to symbolize the return of spring. It is called Sunrise, a very appropriate name indeed, for the small orange cup is very bright for such a modest-sized flower, and reminds one of the early morning sun just beginning to come into view in the east. Even the white perianth is stained at its base with the same luscious orange, as though the cup could not contain itself any longer, and had overflowed. Small wonder that it has become such a favorite with fog-bound Londoners who are looking for good cheer from the country!

Of all the hybrid daffodils in the group known as “Leeds
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hybrids” (in the original classification of the Royal Horticultural Society), there is no doubt that the two best are EVANGELINE and WHITE LADY. Perhaps, more than any others, it was these two daffodils which made the general public conscious of the beauty of white daffodils as a class. Up to that time the impression in the minds of most people was that all daffodils were yellow. Both of these daffodils are predominantly pearly white, except that the small cups are a pale primrose. Both, however, appear to be uniformly white in the garden, and especially so when planted in masses for naturalizing. How well I remember the first time I saw WHITE LADY in woods, on the campus of Swarthmore College! In this sylvan setting, on a slope overlooking a stream, the Scott Foundation has planted WHITE LADY in large masses, which combine beautifully with the early native wild flowers. Yearly, these plantings attract many casual strollers who find relief from the pace of modern living in the contemplation of nature.

In the course of my many wanderings among the daffodils at the Heath plantation, I was attracted to two of the older hybrids, both of which are quite distinct. Of the two, SALMONETTA is a tall open-looking flower of light texture and is a nice pale apricot, with a touch of salmon in it, especially in the small cup. The second, APRICOT, is only about eight inches high, and is really a small trumpet with a dash of apricot throughout. They combine well, and since they are a truly different color for daffodils, it is best to have them in a part of the garden where the color will not clash with other varieties. They are probably the forerunners of the “pink” daffodils so greatly ballyhooed today, all of which seem to be a great deal closer to apricot than pink.

In 1886, there appeared on the market the forerunner of the red-cupped daffodils seen so much today. This daffodil has the distinct Latin name of BARRI CONSPICUUS, which might have a tendency to frighten some people away from planting it. However, while the name is a bit formal sounding, the flower is so valuable and dependable that it should be on the list of those given great consideration. It is a tall, golden yellow with
a small, bright reddish-orange cup. One would think that a flower of this description would be too gaudy for naturalizing, but the brightly-colored cup tends to mellow soon after the flower opens, and this makes it easy to combine with other varieties in mass plantings.

Were it possible for Peter Barr and Edward Leeds to be alive today, they would be amazed at what their pioneering efforts had led to in the present day world of daffodils. They would also be pleasantly surprised to see how many of the early hybrid daffodils they developed were still around today, showing their great durability. It would, indeed, seem that the youth Narcissus had carefully guided their hands in glorifying his creations, so that now his kingdom is richer and fuller as a result of their efforts.
The Search Continues Far Afield

The search for old daffodils has taken me almost the full length of the Atlantic Coastal States and westward along the Gulf of Mexico to Louisiana and Mississippi. The main result of this search has been a better understanding of the old varieties and where to find them. Aside from this, however, it has put me in touch with many fine gardeners, covering nearly the whole area.

As I reflect at length on these experiences, I am setting them down at the storied Kitty Knight House, in Georgetown, Maryland; an inn dating from the days before the Revolutionary War, when this green countryside was already well settled. History has it that the beautiful young belle, Kitty Knight, saved this inn from destruction by fire during the War of 1812. The British Admiral Cockburn entered the harbor, and his sailors proceeded to the top of the hill and set fire to the Kitty Knight House. Kitty Knight pleaded with such fervor to the Admiral that he acquiesced and withdrew his men. My window overlooks an ancient boxwood garden, alive with white daffodils, which provide the bellwether for my thoughts.

In the course of many visits to tidewater Virginia, I discovered that there are two kinds of roads used by the natives—namely, land highways and water highways. One does not really see the heart of the tidewater country without using the water highways. It is here that you see the fine, old plantation homes, most of which front on creeks, rivers, or arms of the Chesapeake Bay. Many times, while visiting the Heath plantation, it was my good fortune to be taken by boat almost the full length
of North River. Along this river are some very old land grants, some of the most notable being those of Auburn (already mentioned), Green Plains, Elmington, and Toddsbury. All of them have daffodil plantings of one kind or another, as is the tidewater tradition. Elmington, for example, has masses of old daffodils bordering the road which leads to the white-pillared house, on the land side. Toddsbury, the oldest house along the river, has extensive daffodil plantings close by the charming house. Farther up the river are large greenhouses, which are devoted to the raising of daffodils under glass, which are grown for shipment in pots to the markets in the North at Easter time. None of these places has such an important collection of the old varieties, however, as the Heath plantation.

Near Gloucester Point, in Virginia, across the York River from Yorktown (where Cornwallis surrendered), there is one of the oldest land grants in that section. It is called Little England and is approached by a cedar-lined, sandy road, which leaves the main highway at Bena Post Office. As one approaches the house, there are large plantings of white lady daffodils en masse, on both sides of the road, to greet the visitor. Much of the land on this plantation has been lately devoted to the growing of daffodils of all kinds. The owners have done important work for the Garden Club of Virginia, in experimenting with new varieties of miniature daffodils. The drifts of white lady seem to go extremely well with the Colonial brick house, whose original interior color schemes have been copied by the Restoration at nearby Colonial Williamsburg. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Pratt, the owners, have been most gracious in their co-operation with me in my search for old daffodils.

I have always been greatly impressed by the Williamsburg Restoration, not only for the authenticity of the restored Colonial homes, but also the fine attention to detail and Colonial design in the gardens. My observations on this excellent project, so nobly financed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., go back to the middle 1930's. Certainly, the most impressive part of these gardens is the free use of boxwood (mostly of the old English type) and the attention to geometric design throughout. How-
ever impressive these fundamentals of the restored gardens, the old daffodils liberally planted in them add again the final touch of completeness to the whole scene. Many of them have **SIR WATKIN** and **EARLY YELLOW TRUMPETS**, but the **SILVER BELLS** are really amazing in their adaptation to the surroundings. They have burst the bounds of the restored gardens, and have almost taken over in open lots. Even these open areas are idyllic in their profusion of native violets, French Anemones, squills and many other bulbs, but without the **SILVER BELLS** the landscape would not be as poignantly beautiful. While in Williamsburg, everyone should take the side trip to Jamestown, which is in effect a primrose path of daffodils (if it is taken in early spring), through countryside replete with historic implications.

About half-way between the quiet village of Southport and the city of Wilmington (in coastal North Carolina) lies the Orton Plantation, which “King” Roger Moore built in 1725. The present house is the result of many alterations, made by a long list of owners. Today, it represents one of the finest remaining examples of plantation houses which were the glory of the Old South. Its imposing front is featured by four large white and fluted columns of beautiful design. The garden has been restored and redesigned to some extent, and has been open to the public for many years, with an admission charge. While the main attractions are the Indian Azaleas, Camellias, and stately live oaks, many daffodils add their perfume to that of the tea olives, Daphne and Carolina Jessamine. They lead one along countless paths, eventually to the tomb of “King” Roger Moore, which is ghoulishly draped with Spanish moss hanging from the live oaks above. In the background, the old rice paddies (which are now flooded and used by the owner for duck shooting grounds) mirror the daffodils in their depths.

The Lawrence garden, of late years transferred from Raleigh to Charlotte, North Carolina, is now much smaller, but perhaps even more interesting. It is now a compact and well-laid-out garden in which a clear preference for interesting daffodils can be seen, but not to the exclusion of all else. Miss Lawrence’s treasures include many of the fascinating little daffodils which
she knows, and has written about, so well. There is one old hybrid in this garden, which, in my opinion, merits special mention. It is J. T. BENNETT-POE, an all-yellow of the same class as QUEEN-OF-SPAIN which it resembles somewhat, except that the color is a deeper yellow, and the trumpet has a slight flare. I doubt if I shall ever see this rare daffodil again, but fortunately I have a good picture of it, and can enjoy its perfection of form at my leisure.

Several times that I have visited Charlotte, Miss Lawrence has been good enough to show me some of the other local gardens, and, among those visited was Wing Haven, a walled garden with sculptured accents and entrancing vistas, which is in every sense of the word, a real bird sanctuary. At every turn, as one walks about this garden, there is evidence of its complete dedication to the birds, which make free use of their welcome. In a semi-wild section there are planted many Camellias, and in groups about them are daffodils from grandmother’s garden in the country. In all future visits to Charlotte, I shall try not to miss the peace to be found behind the garden walls at Wing Haven.

In the sandhill section of South Carolina, near the upper reaches of the Santee River, there is a plantation so different from others I have seen that it is really unique. The name of this extraordinary place is the Borough House Plantation. It was in this red earth section of South Carolina that the Huguenot, Joel Poinsett (for whom the attractive red-bracted shrub known as the Poinsettia, was named) had originally settled. The church he built for his religious sect is located directly across the highway from the entrance to the Borough House Plantation, and the design is so unusual as to be worth seeing.

The plantation house itself, while not in the least expressive of the Old South, is nevertheless interesting for its touch of West Indian style architecture, but the gardens are enchanting. One section of the garden features a group of iron deer, and a semi-wild planting of daffodils among them is very effective. The most interesting part of the garden is to the rear of the house, and features a vista extending far into the surrounding
country, through an open center which is bordered by many informal beds of shrubs and bulbs. Daffodils are well-placed in combination with snowflakes and other flowers, and accented by an occasional piece of statuary. The entire grounds show many other semi-wild groups of daffodils stretching out in all directions, and from the vigor of them it is apparent that the red earth of this section is to their liking.

There are two rivers in South Carolina that flow lazily onward, through countryside replete with history, to eventually meet at the city of Charleston—the Cooper River and the Ashley River. These rivers have supported many fine plantations on their banks for three hundred years or more, and fortunately, so revered are these plantations that (even though some have changed owners many times over this span of years) many of them have been spared for the present generations to contemplate. The whole area which the Ashley and Cooper Rivers drain is known as the Low Country. Much of the land near these two rivers is covered by large marshes, which even today, contain much wild life, such as alligators, wild boar, deer and even some panthers. It is these marshy areas, together with the rivers themselves, which combine to give the plantations a setting unrivaled in America.

One of the large Cooper River tracts known as Dean Hall Plantation is the site of the now famous Cypress Gardens. This garden was created by the flooding of low areas adjacent to the river, which were densely populated by cypress forests. Islands and passageways were then created so as to allow the passage of small boats among them. The islands were then planted to native shrubbery, with gay Indian Azaleas for accent. The black depths of the water provide a mirror for this beauty.

The visitor to these gardens is met by a flotilla of small boats, and upon boarding one of them, is slowly poled through a fairyland of shadows caused by the sunlight filtering through the cypress trees. There are also foot-paths and rustic bridges provided for those who wish to see the gardens on foot. An appreciation of daffodils by the planners is clearly shown on all sides, as they are used generously along the shady paths,
and along the banks, where they are visible from the boats. On certain days the Negro boatsmen sing spirituals, which somehow seem especially appropriate in this world of light and shadows, which has been fortunately set apart to rest the souls of those who see it.

At the junction of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers is the beautiful city of Charleston. Here is the seat of early Colonial culture in the South, and on every hand is evidence of the historic importance of this city. As in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana (which has its exotic French Quarter), Charleston has its old section which is bounded by Meeting Street and The Battery on Charleston Harbor. Yearly, it is the mecca of thousands of tourists in the spring, who not only come to see its old houses with their iron grill-work, but also use it as a base when visiting the world-famous Gardens of the Ashley and Cooper, such as the Magnolia Gardens, Middleton Gardens, and the Cypress Gardens.

In order to really experience the full effect of the atmosphere of Old Charleston, try staying in one of the many guest houses in the old section of the city (as I have done many times at two-hundred-fifty-year-old Brewton Inn on Church Street). Almost all of the houses are entered indirectly by a side porch, as a protection against unwelcome visitors. Most of the houses have charming gardens, which although small, are complete and well-designed. There is great attention to detail and geometric design, especially in the more elaborate gardens along The Battery. Those on Church Street and Legare Street are usually seen through iron-grilled gates or fences of good design, which considerably heightens the effect. Indian Azaleas are the most important shrub, and daffodils are used extensively to tone down the formality of beds and borders of stocks, snapdragons and English daisies.

While a guest at Brewton Inn some years ago, I was fortunate to meet Mr. Loutrel W. Briggs, who has designed some of the newer gardens in Charleston and also restored many of the old ones. Mr. Briggs very kindly showed me some of the gardens, to which the public is usually not admitted. There
is no doubt that this gentleman has had a great deal to do with the excellent garden designs one finds in the Charleston of today, all in the best tradition of this fine city.

Everyone who visits Charleston should give themselves the benefit of walking out along The Battery, and observing the fine houses and gardens—but walk, do not ride, to better appreciate the antebellum grandeur. After this, a turn down Church Street and then Legare Street will be found enchanting. But outside of seeing these houses and gardens, do not miss buying a little bunch of daffodils from one of the Negresses who (in February and March) daily station themselves at the curb, outside of the Post Office, with their buckets, tubs, and little carts filled with yellow and white daffodils from the country! Before leaving Charleston, be sure to venture out at about nine o’clock on an evening, along any of the streets in the old section, and you are immediately transported backward several centuries to the social life of that day, when the city was young, and candlelight and silver held sway. All is then quiet, and kindly ghosts of the past are abroad again, arousing thoughts of bygone days in those who will submit to the spell.

At Gardens Corner, South Carolina, one has the choice of taking the main highway to the South, or of taking the highway which leads to the island town of Beaufort. If the latter course is chosen, it would be in keeping to contemplate that the English botanist, Alexander Garden (for whom the gardenia was named) as well as many other famous characters in history, had been closely associated with the history of Beaufort. The approach to this town is made by a palmetto-bordered causeway, and upon crossing it you enter a hushed atmosphere, where quiet reigns supreme. The narrow streets are bordered by huge live oaks, many of which are growing in the streets themselves, and are carefully protected by local ordinance. Spanish moss drips from them almost to the ground, and helps to deaden whatever noise does disturb the quietude.

Bicycling or walking are the best ways to see Beaufort. The old houses, where the wealthy planters lived in the lush days when Sea Island Cotton was king, are very distinct and local in
design. The gardens are more informal than those of Charleston, and there is less attention to detail. Oleanders are the most important shrub, and cluster-flowered daffodils find the mild climate (due to the effects of the Gulf Stream) to their liking. At the Gold Eagle Tavern a tall, white daffodil of the cluster type has completely taken over most of the garden, and the heavy scent is apparent for quite an area thereabouts. This same daffodil is seen in most of the other local gardens, and even in the churchyard of Old St. Helena. An old Negress (whom I approached with the intention of buying a few bulbs of this daffodil for my own garden) finally agreed to sell a few clumps. I have since called this “Beaufort White,” since no one seems to know a name for it. While the climate of southeastern Pennsylvania is a bit too severe for such a warmth-loving daffodil, it blooms about every other year, and always takes me back on a magic carpet to the quiet old town of Beaufort, where it has probably been growing for a century or two, undisturbed by the passage of time.

The search will continue, for the youth Narcissus surely has more of his subjects hidden away, and waiting only to be discovered. Many of his secrets will remain secure, but he always holds out the tantalizing prospect of finding more of his subjects, with which to captivate those who will seek them.
In Southeastern Pennsylvania, April is prone to be a month of alternate warm and cool weather, punctuated by spring rains. In that area, most of the daffodils bloom in April, and are very much affected by the weather. During an unduly warm spell, they wither quickly, but give them a cool spell and perhaps a light rain, and they become immediately revitalized. Even the warmth of mid-day is sometimes enough to cause the subtle colorings to fade, so that it is best to see them in the morning or from late afternoon until darkness sets in. At either of these times they are magically changed by the soft light into their most appealing coloration.

It is late afternoon on one of those cool April days, and a soft breeze causes a becoming ripple among the ranks of the daffodils in the woods. The subtle blending of silver and gold is at its height, and the delicate perfume of thousands of daffodils arouses flights of fancy in the mind. As I walk once more about the garden, before night cloaks the gay scene in its mantle, all sorts of thoughts are brought to mind. There are thoughts of people, thoughts of places, thoughts of experiences, but best of all thoughts of beauty.

Gradually, and without realizing it, I am taken to faraway places, through the magic of the youth Narcissus who, through his many subjects, has taken command of my thoughts completely.

Once more I am seeing the fine daffodil plantings at the
Scott Arboretum. So many daffodils there appealed to me; many I was introduced to for the first time. How nice it was to be escorted around by Mr. Wister, who was so willing to help and so ready to talk about the many varieties! He was at once sympathetic with my interest in the old ones, and expressed a desire to help with the task of keeping them in cultivation. As a result of this interest, I later sent him a box of PRIMROSE PEERLESS bulbs to add to their plantings. Surely, the thought which comes most often to my mind, however, when I think of the Arboretum, is that of thousands of blooms of WHITE LADY in the woods, and the wild flowers of all descriptions which are found with them in a landscape of great beauty.

Again, I am in tidewater Virginia, and daffodils are on every side. Even in the far corners of a pasture, there is a tell-tale splash of yellow. I am again on the sandy road to the Heath plantation, and am driving through the dense Pitch Pine woods which scarcely allow for the passage of my car. In the distance there is a glimmer of yellow through the pines. Soon it is all spread out before my eyes—fourteen hundred varieties of daffodils, with the placid waters of North River in the background. Again, I am walking with Mr. Heath among the rows of flowers. He carefully checks each variety to see when it will be ready for shipment to the markets. For some of these varieties this is the first year and these he gives a little more time. Here and there, he stops to admire a variety which may be a special favorite of his. Now and again, we come upon one of the old varieties, of which he has so many, and we stop to admire it. In a little section, set apart for miniatures, we see many of the little gems which are so popular today.

Here again is the rare QUEEN-OF-SPAIN, with its mystical and romantic background. In a patch of grass, close to the water's edge, are some SWEET-SCENTED JONQUILS, which show their liking for this situation by a profusion of blooms. Field after field of daffodils stretch out into the distance, and are at length absorbed into the distant pines. After finally retiring to the house, we continue the pleasant conversation, and my host checks with reports on the radio to aid in planning the next
day's work. Peace and quiet close in on the daffodil fields once again.

I am again in the Lawrence garden at Raleigh, seeing for the first time the **EARLY YELLOW TRUMPETS, SILVER BELLS, and GRAND MONARQUE.** I am humble when I reflect on the good fortune which has been mine. My hostess tells me of many daffodils she has tried, with varying degrees of success. It is some years later, in Charlotte, and I am walking through the new Lawrence garden. There are many daffodils of interest to me, and I eagerly pore over the ones which I am seeing for the first time. Miss Lawrence is humbly doubtful about the identity of some but, even though nameless, the flowers always speak for themselves eloquently. We visit Wing Haven again, and are so cordially received in that planned bird sanctuary, devoted to beauty of all types, which blend to form a pleasing whole.

But, inevitably, I must think of the Borough House Plantation, where daffodils are splayed on all sides with utter abandon and in all situations. The quaintness of Joel Poinsett's church nearby is again fresh in my mind, and his struggles to bring the Huguenot religion to South Carolina make me marvel at his courage!

The Cypress Gardens at Dean Hall Plantation are again vivid in my mind, and I see the happy Negroes poling slowly about the garden. The daffodils, mirrored in the black water, come to mind and seem like zombies, which startlingly appear out of the black depths.

And, too, I am taken to Natchez, Mississippi, where daffodils are so well displayed in the gardens at Hope Farm, Arlington Plantation, and D'Evereaux Plantation, to mention only a few. I remember how, at Hope Farm, they are combined effectively with French Anemones; and how, at D'Evereaux, they worship at the base of a huge Southern Magnolia.

Once more, I am looking through the iron-grilled gates in Charleston, at the well-planned gardens of Church Street and Legare Street, where daffodils take up the primrose yellow of the Lady Banks Roses, which climb up trellises and over brick
walls there. I am again along The Battery, where the lavish gardens are complemented by even more lavish ante-bellum houses.

And once more, too, I am in Beaufort, cycling leisurely about the streets and looking into the gardens. I again pass by the old St. Helena churchyard, with its air of the macabre. And the Gold Eagle Tavern, with its garden of rampant Canary-Island-born daffodils. I am again amazed at the hush which pervades the whole town and is considerably heightened by the great live oaks, with their heavy burden of low-hanging Spanish moss.

The shadows have now lengthened on the daffodils in the woods; the breeze has ceased to move them even as much as a ripple, and all has become quiet—it is the twilight of the gods.