# THE *Vintage rose*

Fall 2021, Issue 26

THE FRIENDS OF VINTAGE ROSES

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**NEWSLETTER FOR THE FRIENDS OF VINTAGE ROSES**
*Fall 2021, Issue 26*

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*On the cover: 'Sadlers Wells' (photo by G. Lowery)*

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FROM THE EDITOR

**Hear ye! Hear ye!**
**ROSE SALE in OCTOBER!**
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Selling roses from our collection is a way of disseminating and preserving old and rare roses. Another way of preserving them is to understand how to propagate, grow, and prune these roses as well as how to identify them. To that end, Gregg will give a free workshop on November 6, 10:00 to 1:00, limited to twelve people. For more information on both these events, see page 26.

A common thread of the articles in this issue is the reference to climbers and ramblers, among other classes of roses. Even a small urban garden in Albany, CA can lend itself to a few climbers. And of course a country garden in Australia of several acres can accommodate even more. We hope you enjoy this issue of disparate gardens, including an extravagant hilltop and slope garden of rural Santa Rosa, CA. Perhaps one or more of the rose descriptions and images here will inspire you to order one or more roses in October.

*'Queen of the Prairies' (photo by D. Schramm)*

# Secrets Of 'Queen Of The Prairies' Revealed

*Darrell g.h. Schramm*

The entire plant of the 'Queen of the Prairies' rose, from foot to shoulder, recalls a luxurious rose-studded evening coat by Balenciaga. Rosy pink to lilac pink but mauve-pink or even white with age, the petals often show white marks or stripes. The form of the flowers is like a large bowl of stirred taffeta ribbons or like ruched fabric. With three to a dozen roses in a cluster, the blooms are comprised of so thick a ruff of petals that the flowers often bow

their heads with the weight. They emerge from big, round buds rather the shape and size of Brussel sprouts but with frilly sepals that barely enfold them. Once open, the blossoms at first are deeply cupped, only then becoming that bowl of ruffled, rosy taffeta. To some noses, the rose is unscented; to others it offers a pleasant perfume. The large, serrated leaves usually appear rather rugose. While the pedicels exhibit bristles or large glands, the plant is indecisive about armature: its canes can display many prickles but it can also appear "virtually thornless."

The origin of 'Queen of the Prairies' goes back many years. It began with Mrs. Caroline Herbemont of Columbia, South Carolina, the first female rose breeder in the United States. By 1830 she had raised a number of new roses. One of them, listed only as 'Herbemont's', may be 'Herbemont's Musk Cluster' which found its way into William Prince, Jr.'s nursery catalogue in 1825, a strongly fragrant double rose in huge white clusters growing in profusion, eight to ten feet high. Another, the Noisette 'Herbemont's Caroline', was listed in his catalogue of 1835 under Chinas, among which he included musk roses and Noisettes. Listed in later catalogues was 'Herbemonti Grandiflora', a seven-foot tall plant of double, deep pink flowers. Some time before or in the mid-1830s, after his brother John left the partnership, Samuel Feast planted both 'Herbemonti Grandiflora' and 'Herbemont's Musk Cluster' at his nursery in Baltimore. The latter rose had been quite intransigent to root from cuttings, so Feast used charcoal to root those cuttings successfully. Meanwhile, Caroline Herbemont died in 1837.

In approximately 1836, from an acquaintance, a Mrs. Hannah Levering, who had moved from Baltimore to Lancaster, Ohio, Feast received seeds of *Rosa setigera* (then called *R. rubifolia*). At that time this wild rose was also referred to as The Prairie Rose or Climbing Prairie Rose, not to mention Michigan Rose, Kentucky Rose, and one or two other names. Two forms exist: one with glabrous foliage, the other with downy leaves (*R. setigera* v. *tomentosa*).

Whether native or otherwise, Americans from Canada to Florida and Texas, from the East Coast to the Great Plains were familiar with this rose before Michaux published his description of it in 1803. Growing five to twenty feet tall, it develops deep to pale pink flowers with white undertones, sweetly fragrant, and very hardy. A dioecious plant, meaning each rose shrub is only all male or only all female, it is the only such rose. Male plants produce more flowers than female and are more attractive to bees. Hips will form only on female plants but only if both sexes are present. The sexes are difficult to differentiate. Sepals are very narrow, downy, and glandular. Prickles vary—some canes can show many prickles while others almost none. R. setigera prefers some light or filtered shade.

This wild rose appears much like *R. multiflora,* but its pinkish flowers are larger and do not form pyramidal clusters in white. *R. setigera* bears mostly three leaflets to a leaf, sometimes five, while *R. multiflora* bears seven to nine leaflets. The stipulae of *R. setigera* are awl-shaped; those of *R. multiflora* are linear and toothed.

Samuel Feast permitted a few of the wild Setigera roses to climb over a bed of his Noisettes, which no doubt included the Herbemont roses. Rosarian and nurseryman Charles Mason Hovey, who knew and several times visited the Feast nursery, writes that without "the once famous 'Herbemont Musk Cluster' and 'Herbemonti Grandiflora', the parents on one side of Mr. Feast's . . . Prairies, perhaps we should never have had those grand acquisitions." (Another of those "grand acquisitions" still available today is 'Baltimore Belle'.)

Although three or four recent sources surmise that 'Queen of the Prairies' is the hybrid of *R. setigera* and a Gallica, Hovey further and clearly states that Feast "raised many hybrids between the Michigan Rose and 'Herbemont Musk Cluster'." We now know that the other parent was an Herbemont rose, mostly likely the "once famous" 'Herbemont Musk Cluster.'

'Queen of the Prairies' was Feast's first hybrid from *R. setigera,* but initially—in 1839—he called it 'Beauty of the Prairies', a name occasionally used today. In 1844 he changed the name to 'Queen of the Prairies'. The date usually given for this rose, like that of most of Feast's roses, is 1843. If Hovey is to be believed—and he was a contemporary and a friend—the date of origin is 1839. Furthermore, in *The Magazine of Horticulture and Botany* of April 1842, edited by Hovey, an unnamed writer (Hovey himself?) wrote that three years ago—which would make it 1839—he had received "a small lot of roses" and that one of those seedlings "superior to any of them" was called by Feast 'Beauty of the Prairies'. Although breeder and nurseryman Robert Buist of Philadelphia acquired the rose in 1842, Hovey was the first to advertise and sell it in his 1845 catalogue.

Now two secreted facts of 'Queen of the Prairies' have been revealed. First, the other parent of the rose was not a Gallica but an Herbemont rose, quite likely 'Herbemont's Musk Cluster', and, its date of origin is not 1843 but 1839. It also strikes me that it was two women who provided that parentage, Mrs. Caroline Herbemont and Mrs. Hannah Levering. Invariably it seems a great victory when women emerge from the shadows and are crowned with laurels beside the men. Along with Sam Feast, these two women will come to mind whenever I gaze at my 'Queen of the Prairies.' ■

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# Rose Garden Party

*Susan Feichtmeir*

Many of you were probably anticipating visiting my rose garden this last May for The Friends of Vintage Roses Sale and Open Garden. Sadly, we had to cancel that event at the last moment due to the county not issuing permits for outdoor events on private property at that time. We were not expecting that since outdoor events were permitted in public spaces, but we had to comply.

Meanwhile, I had sent out invitations to my friends and family about the open garden, so I quickly pivoted and turned the open garden into a private party for invited guests. Since the entire event was outdoors and almost all my friends had been vaccinated, I felt comfortable about hosting an event in the large, open space of the rose garden.

My crew had done stellar work in cleaning the garden and doing all the maintenance required to make the garden shine. During the course of this maintenance, we embarked on an effort to replace lost labels—which proved to be a monumental task rather than a quick fix. We labeled each rose with an aluminum hangtag label, and two redwood stakes with the names printed on them. One stake went next to the rose and one went along the nearest path. Despite this, we were constantly losing labels! In the great relabeling effort, we decided to tack the printed labels to the stakes with little tacks to prevent their peeling

*Garden path (all photos by S. Feichtmeir)*

*top: 'Emanuella de Mouchy';*
*above: 'Regensberg'*

off from moisture. Completion of this work was thwarted by the fact that nails no longer are sold by the pennyweight, but now all come in boxes. We bought all the tiny little boxes of black tacks at the local hardware store, but there still were not enough. When you think about it, two tacks per stake, times two stakes per rose, times 600-ish roses is 2400 or more tacks, and they come 24 to a box! We did find some online by the pound, but they did not arrive until after the party.

The weather was lovely, sunny and warm with a mild breeze, and the roses were splendid. The silver lining on our rainless winter and spring was the glorious display in the garden this year. We had heeled the new Polyanthas—still in their pots—into their new beds. We then plant them a few at a time on foggy mornings, which minimizes shock. Also, since we are arranging the beds by color, we sometimes find that the color of the rose just doesn't fit the placement we have given it. Pulling the pot out to place it in a new spot is much easier than replanting and easier on the rose as well.

The rest of the garden is well grown in and looks amazing. The most astonishing thing was that the very early once bloomers, such as 'Fortune's Double Yellow' and 'Fortuniana'—both of which are immense in my garden—were still blooming

*top: Vista from Rose Garden;*
*above: 'Swan Lake' and 'Rosie Cushion'*

on the party date. Usually, they are completely done by the time the rest of the roses bloom, so this was a huge treat to see. For those who have not been to the garden before, we have quite a large gazebo over which 'Fortuniana' is trained. It now covers almost half of the 16 foot tall dome and was *pavéed* with its white, gardenia-like flowers. Even the inside of the dome was blooming, like the inside of a Fabergé egg.

Earlier, when we found we had to cancel the Open Garden as a public event, I emailed all my friends that this would be a private party only and no longer a fundraiser. At the end of the afternoon, however, I found that my wonderful friends had left donations for The Friends of Vintage Roses anyway, so we did raise some money for our nonprofit after all. We truly are grateful to all those generous people who contributed to The Friends! ■

*left: 'Looping'*
*right: 'Crepuscule'*

# A Gallery of Roses from the Shrub Rose Collection

**THE GARDEN OF SUSAN FEICHTMEIR**

The roses were stunning and the day was perfect. I took the time to photograph every shrub rose in the collection that Susan Feichtmeir has made a refuge for in her Santa Rosa garden.

It speaks to the toughness of roses that many of these plants had lived a decade or more in 5-gallon plastic pots in my care before Susan transformed them into the lush flower-packed shrubs they are becoming. Let it be an example to all of us who hold onto our pot ghettos: preservation is rewarded when one day you set a rose bush free!

We share a sampling of those beauties with you here.

*—Gregg Lowery*

*above: 'Folksinger'; opposite, clockwise from top left: 'Anna Zinkeisen', 'Chateau de la Juvenie', 'April Moon', 'Conrad O'Neal', 'Crested Sweetheart',*

*top row, left to right: 'Goheen', 'Maigold', 'Lyric', 'Fritz Nobis'*

*middle row, left to right: 'Erfurt', 'Herzblattchen', 'Nevada'*

*bottom row, left to right: 'Elmshorn', 'Golden Promise', 'Autumn Bouquet'*

*top row, left to right: 'Dirigen', 'Vanguard', 'Lady Elsie May',' 'Morning Blush'*

*middle row, left to right: 'Gay Vista', 'Lavender Dream', 'Morning Has Broken'*

*bottom row, left to right: 'Hawkeye', 'Henry Kelsey', 'Star of Persia', 'Rush'*

# The Evolution of My Small, Urban Garden and Those Who Inspired Me

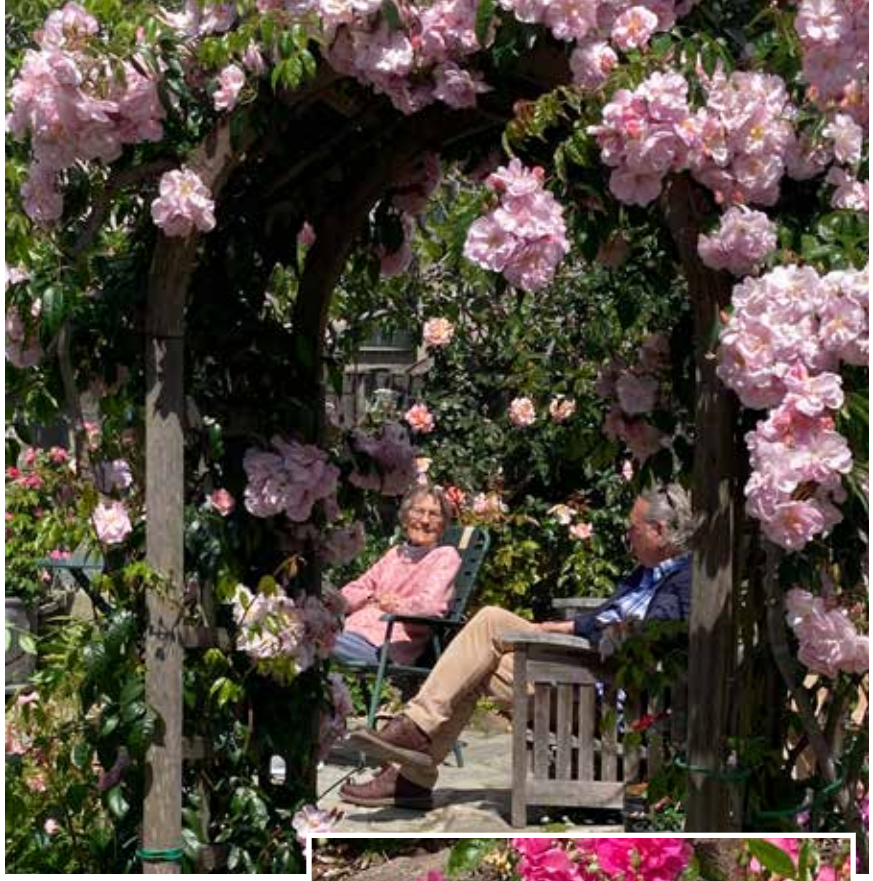
*Carolyn Sanders*

*'Compassion' (all photos by G. Lowery unless otherwise noted)*

I live in the small (one square mile!) town of Albany, located in the northwest corner of Berkeley and El Cerrito, CA. Albany's western border extends to the San Francisco Bay, the prevailing factor in its climate: maritime influence, mild temperatures, frequent nights, early mornings and late afternoons of fog, and often breezy conditions. Not the best conditions for growing roses.

My home is bordered on the north by the Bank of America parking lot located on Albany's commercial street and across from the Safeway supermarket. Luckily, I have a very large, full maple tree in my front yard blocking most of the view of the store.

A driveway runs from the street to the garage—now converted to my "potting shed"—at the rear of my property. A lattice fence separates



*above: Carolyn Sanders and Steve Dunatov with 'Renae' in foreground;*

*right: 'China Doll'*

my garden from the neighbors and a six foot concrete wall separates my property from the bank. This same wall also separates my garden from the property at the rear of my garden. That neighbor has a huge fig tree which obliterates any view of that property.

Growing a magnificent rose garden was definitely not my intent

when I moved here 50 years ago. The front of my home was ordinary and uninspiring. Ten years later, after shingling the house, and after several attempts at landscaping, I finally planted my first rose, the hybrid tea 'Love'. That followed with a few other HTs, that never lasted long as I didn't know anything about proper care. One of these roses was 'Mister Lincoln' which did survive and after a few years was transplanted to a sunny spot along the driveway, where it resides today. Eventually, the front of my house evolved into a woodland and succulent theme with two 'Cl Lady Hillingdon's' gracing the two pillars on my front porch and fighting for sunlight because of the aforementioned maple tree.

*left: 'Green Ice';*
*below: 'Lavender Lassie'*

Along the driveway are 'Mister Lincoln', 'Gruss an Coburg' and two bushes of 'Felicia'. Other roses have come and gone, now replaced with pelargoniums. This transformation was due to the deer feasting on the bushes at night. (Yes, deer wander up the street during the night even in this very urban environment!) Thank goodness my backyard is totally protected by a gate and fence half way up the driveway.

When I moved to my home, an uninspiring backyard was divided in two parts—a lawn and a concrete patio area. No thoughtful landscaping. An approximately 100-square-foot plot next to the driveway contained a few scraggly roses which I dug out and replanted with a vegetable garden. After my son left for college, the vegetable garden was no longer a special project, and I again planted roses in its stead. I sought out the ARS local organization, The East Bay Rose Society, and became quite involved—especially after I met Miriam Wilkins! She was the staunch advocate for old garden roses, and a founding member of the Heritage Roses Group. She also started the yearly event, The Celebration of Old Garden Roses, bringing together all the old rose lovers. Meeting these folks and the learning about the history and charm of old varieties, changed my focus. Through these contacts I met Carol Markell who invited me to go with her and Luann Wilson, old garden rose lovers now sadly deceased, to visit a nursery in Sebastopol and walk amongst the thousands of roses being grown to sell at the nursery and to volunteer their help whenever they could.

*'Renae and friends (HP, "Miriam Wilkins" and Poly, 'Sunshine')*

Meeting the owners, Gregg Lowery and Phillip Robinson, was transformative. Gregg, especially, was so generous with his time and patience in introducing this novice to vintage roses. I volunteered as much as I could, and eventually became a helper in his various projects and events. The nursery has undergone a series of changes, but Gregg has been a constant friend and source of inspiration for the past 20 years or so. I was honored to be one of the founding members of the non-profit The Friends of Vintage Roses, a strong player world-wide since its formulation in 2010. Through these influences and others, my garden of roses eventually took the shape as it is today.

About 25 years ago a landscape contractor changed the patio area into flag stones, removing a tree in the middle, and creating a raised bed of about 10″ high and 3′deep around the perimeter of the patio. This same stone border extends around the replanted lawn, making a gentle S curve planting area. The final crowning touch was the placement of an arch which leads into the patio from the house. This arch is covered with the climbing polyantha, Renae, a perfect rose for an arch: lithe and long of cane, repeat blooming, sweetly fragrant, clustered in pink flowers with elongated leaves, and without prickles.

Also enhancing the garden, was the placement of steel trellises secured to all the walls. This has enabled the planting of climbers which surround the garden. My favorites are 'Lavender Lassie', 'Crepuscule', 'Westerland', 'Compassion', "Grandmother's Hat" and 'Eva'. 'Eva' is a stand-out. The gorgeous clusters of violet blooms remain on the bush for a long time, treating me to a view of her loveliness while sitting at my breakfast room table. I love to watch the bees swarming her to gather the golden pollen. Other roses, to mention a few, that are performing well in my garden are the hybrid tea 'Deep Secret', a dark red, full-petal rose with lovely fragrance, the Austin 'Molineux', similar to 'Graham Thomas', a

*top: 'Raymond Privot'; above: 'Ulrich Brunner'*

*top: 'Deep Secret'; above: 'Eva'*

mellow yellow of continuous bloom, the polyantha 'Raymond Privat', distinguished by huge clusters of violet blooms and 'Ulrich Brunner fils', a hybrid perpetual of reliable rebloom and very fragrant. I love all my roses, of course, which number about 65. I'm anticipating transplanting my 'Seven Dwarfs', a lively addition to my collection, which are still in pots. My garden of roses would not be complete without the many ground covers and other companion plants scattered throughout the rose beds to add color and interest. Any bare space deserves a spot of color!

I have had many helpers over the years. My current gardener does all the work now—(frustrating for me!) as I am too feeble. I still consider myself a gardener though, as I tell him what to do! At this stage of my life, I am content to sit in my patio and enjoy what has been accomplished and dream of further perfection. But now, surrounded by beauty in an oasis of contentment and peace, it is probably enough. ■

# A Steep Learning Curve: My Garden in the Adelaide Hills

*Margaret Furness*

About 16 years ago I bought 2.2ha (5½ acres) of farmland. The only trees on it (with 'John Hopper') surrounded a derelict stone cottage, in the coldest dampest part. I chose a house site at the opposite end; up on the saddle with a slight slope, with gully breezes from both directions. I fenced off about an acre for my garden. The soil was slightly acid loam over clay, superb for roses, with a Mediterranean climate (roughly zone 9b) and an average rainfall of about 560mm (22″). When I bought the land,

*Spectabilis in Manchurian pear (all photos by M. Furness)*

we were in a prolonged drought, so I decided I couldn't justify planting a lawn. However, I got a lot of run-off from the hills each side; after heavy rain, what became the main rose garden had a little creek running down the middle of it.

Gardening began over a year before the house was completed, trying to balance the competing requirements of an energy-efficient house, good gardening practice, and the Country Fire Service. (No plants closer to the house than their eventual mature height, no mulch of a size that would burn and fly.) The CFS want a circular driveway if the block of land is large enough, so I put a circular rose garden inside mine, and fenced it against rabbits — an ever-present menace — and kangaroos, which didn't become a problem. Of course, if you put up a fence — anywhere — you plant climbers on it. But a circular fence is wrong. Unless you brace or concrete every post, you can't tighten the wires without making the posts lean inwards. And rabbit wire cuts into rose stems.

Following general advice I planted trees around the edges, then moved inwards and smaller, but first of all I planted the rockeries, which were the retaining walls, densely with bulbs and native groundcovers. Many of the bulbs came from around the ruin — Van Sion daffodils and a species daffodil, snowflakes and double Roman jonquils — and they were delighted to be lifted after 70-odd years. The groundcovers, e.g. prostrate *Acacia baileyana* (Cootamundra wattle) spread further than I expected.

My first love in gardening was native plants, which mostly evolved in phosphate-poor soils, so I didn't use rose-targeted fertilisers. I decided not to plant any non-native trees other than fruit trees, since many give both spring blossom and autumn foliage colour (I weakened, of course).

The property was entirely dependent on rainwater. Only the fruit trees, rainforest natives and the "modern" rose bed (i.e. up to

'Escapade') got summer water after they were well-established. The septic system ran on worms and organisms, so all chemicals used in the house had to be garden- friendly, but all the house water went to a sub-surface irrigation area which was

*top: Moderns bed; above: 'John Hopper'*

*above: 'G Nabonnand'*
*left: 'Buff Beauty', 'Trier', 'Sophie's Perpetual', 'Renae' on tank;*
*below left: 'Peace' 1902*

ideal for citrus, avocados, and a few sub-tropical trees.

Around the time I bought the land, I became involved in heritage roses. Like most of us with enough space, I began by planting at least one of every class. I learnt quickly that I couldn't have all of them on their own roots. The roses we'd found doing it tough on roadsides or abandoned gardens met my soil with glee: in a short time they were under the fence and heading for the horizon. Likewise, I planted 'Snow Carpet' in a rockery and was still trying to extract it years later.

The circle garden was planted in concentric circles separated by mulched paths, with one red-and-white, one mauve-and-yellow and two pink quadrants. The outer circle (rapidly reduced from two) was Teas, then one of early HTs, then one of Chinas and Poly-Teas, sloping down towards the centre. At least, that was the theory. I won't plant Teas in a confined space again: the 1902 'Peace' and its sport parent 'G. Nabonnand', for example, spread widely, and paths became a maze. Poly-Teas such as 'Mme Jules Thibaud' dwarfed the red Chinas — except 'Ten Thousand Lights', which reached over 2.1m (7'). And the roses hadn't read the book about what colour they were supposed to be. The structure I put at the centre of the circle was best described as a folly — if you buy from a cheap hardware chain, you get what you pay for. There was some serendipity. The double white clematis I planted between two red climbers turned out to be a single purple, and it worked.

I was involved with the Tea-Noisette-China collection set up by Heritage Roses in Australia at Renmark, partly in striking the cuttings sent to us from all over the country. Any spare plants were parked in my garden "in case". I developed an extensive collection

*above: 'Cl White Maman Cochet' and 'Mme Gregoire Staechelin'; right: 'Proeve's Pink', apricot 'Mrs Arthur Robert Waddell' in the background'*

*below: 'Raubritter' and wood duck family by the dam*

especially of foundlings, e.g. the "Yallum Park Cream" (Noisette or Tea-Noisette), which was quickly banished to the roadside privacy hedge. Local spring-flowering foundlings, e.g. "Proeve's Pink" (probably Damask) had their own bed uphill from the house. It was easy to dash out with a camera if I needed a photo for the *Heritage Roses Journal* when I was editing it. Most of the roses could get by with little or no pruning, which is fine by me. Light pruning of the early HTs such as 'Mrs Harold Brocklebank' and 'Mrs Arthur Robert Waddell' produced substantial bushes. Many little birds found safe nesting places among the prickles.

Last summer, I accepted that I had to downsize. I miss the late afternoon light on the gumtrees on the neighbour's hill, and morning mist over the dam. And how is the garden, under its new owner? Don't ask. ■

*top: 'Mme Jules Thibaud'; middle: 'Mrs Dudley Cross' and blue wren; bottom: 'Cloth of Gold' and 'The President'*

*Noisette found in Napa's Westwood Hills Wilderness Park (photo by D. Schramm)*

# Making A Joyful Noisette

*Darrell g.h. Schramm*

America's first cultivated rose was and is 'Champneys' Pink Cluster', named for John Champneys of Charleston, South Carolina. Whether the pollination was deliberate or accidental, we do not know, but DNA has confirmed its parents to be the ancient China rose 'Old Blush' and *Rosa moschata*. No such kind of rose had been known or seen before in the western hemisphere, but very quickly it ushered in the Noisette class of roses, roses that bloom recurrently and in clusters.

According to some rosarians, this rose was introduced in 1811, the date perhaps most frequently given. Others surmise it was 1810, before 1810, or 1805. And a few rose authorities suggest it was 1802. To determine the date of this old rose, if indeed we can, we must survey the life of John Champneys himself. At best we will be able to eliminate some of the speculation and encounter an interesting story along the way.

Champneys (1743–1820) and his wife Ann were living on their plantation at the northeast end of Charles Town in June of 1776 when he was arrested as a Loyalist for refusing to serve in a militia during the Revolutionary War. Jailed for seven months, during which time his six-year-old son died, he was not allowed to attend the funeral. Once released, he was asked to sign a loyalty oath but refused. Given a year to sell his property and leave, the Champneys sailed to London.

In 1779 he and his wife set sail for British-occupied Savannah, Georgia, but the ship was pirated to Bermuda where his wife died. In 1780 the British captured Charles Town, so Champneys returned to the colonies. In 1781 he married the widow Mary Harvey Wilson, but when the British abandoned Charles Town in 1782, he and his new wife left for the safety of St. Augustine. They returned in 1783, the town's name having been shortened to Charleston, to appeal his property confiscation and banishment. After fifteen months of waiting, he learned his appeals were denied and his property put up for sale. He was warned to leave or die. Leaving his family behind, he exiled himself again to London. His wife once more petitioned for his safe return, so in 1789 the city rescinded his banishment but did not return his property.

Some time before 1796 he bought a new plantation on the south section of Charleston, 26 acres, ten of which were gardens and "pleasure grounds." Soon after his return, he served a stint of four years as a commissioner of the Orphan House and, in 1797, as treasurer of the agricultural society. According to John Meffert, former director of the Preservation Society of Charleston, "By 1810 he had faded from the Charleston scene"and was living on the Georgia coast.

Now, since 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' was developed in Charleston, that last fact negates the 1810 and 1811 dates of origin. That leaves the dates 1805, 1802, and the safely vague "before 1810." This much we can claim in 2021: the rose is at least 218 years old.

But the history and glory of 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' does not end with its introduction. With William Prince and his Nursery in

Flushing, New York, Champneys shared two tubs of six cuttings each from the original plant. Prince then sent some to England and France. He also gave a seedling or two to Philippe Noisette, a French nurseryman in Charleston who had fled the French Revolution for Haiti before arriving in the colonies. Noisette sowed some of the seeds and raised a rose he called 'Blush Noisette'. Sending propagation material from 'Blush Noisette' to his horticulturist brother in Paris, he was instrumental in the dissemination of this new class of roses, the Noisettes. William Prince's son later objected to the name Noisette, for it ignored the true author of the rose. 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' is, after all, the master copy of the instructive genes that produced all the later Noisettes.

Although 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' produced only four immediate offspring, three of which were not or barely productive, the fourth was 'Blush Noisette', which, counting all subsequent generations, gave forth 12,293 rose descendants. On the other hand, 12,300 roses can claim 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' as their ancestor. The point is that Noisettes and Tea-Noisettes became very popular and, especially in southern climes, remain so.

The true Noisettes are borne usually in clusters of small to medium fragrant flowers in white, light pink, cream or pale yellow. The two cherry-pink flowers 'Deschamps' and 'Fellemberg' are exceptions, but their pedigree suggests a substitute in the line of descent. Most Noisettes climb. While their stems are smooth, prickles generally adorn their wands.

It wasn't long before the pollen of Tea roses was used to cross-fertilize with the Noisettes, giving us Tea-Noisettes. These show off much larger flowers, often indistinguishable from Tea roses, forming small clusters as well as solitary blooms on a stem. Some, like 'Alister Stella Gray' and 'Crepuscule' yield virtually no prickles.

Of course, as in all horticultural classes of roses, many have disappeared. It was not long after Louis Noisette in Paris had received in 1814 seedlings sent to him that he and others, such as Jean Laffay, Alexandre Hardy, and Jean-Pierre Vibert, began developing Noisettes and hybrid Noisettes. By 1826 Louis Noisette's catalogue listed 35 of them. By 1837, Hardy listed about 120; however, only nine of those named by Noisette were on Hardy's list, suggesting that 26 of them were either overlooked, dismissed, or already lost to commerce.

Rather than discuss the most popular or common Noisettes and Tea-Noisettes, such as 'Aimee Vibert', 'Blush Noisette', 'Devoniensis', 'Lamarque', 'Marechal Niel' and three or four others somewhat overworked in the rose literature, I will focus on a few beauties perhaps less well-known. They too deserve a bright place in the sun.

The first of these is 'Bouquet Tout Fait', meaning a ready-made bouquet. Just snip a stem of its clustered flowers and you have a bouquet for your vase. Bred by Laffay, the rose is usually dated

*'Bouquet Tout Fait' (photo by Elaine Sedlack)*

as pre-1836 and by one source as 1834. However, 'Bouquet Tout Fait' is listed in a Mr. Wood's nursery catalogue as printed by *The Floricultural Cabinet and Florist's Magazine* of 1834. That fact suggests the rose was introduced no later than 1833, if not earlier. It comes in large, loose sprays, white with some buff or pale yellow. A scent of musk and pepper clings lightly to the double, expanded form of the flowers. The plant will grow six to ten feet high and six feet wide. It flaunts a prolific autumn bloom.

*above: 'Bouquet d'Or' (painting by H. G. Moon); top right: 'Gloire de Dijon' (photo by D. Schramm); right: 'Kaiserin Friedrich' (from* Rosen-Zeitung *1889)*

Another bouquet is that of 'Bouquet D'Or', arriving about forty years later in 1872, bred by Claude Ducher. This vigorous plant with large, full flowers on somewhat pendant stems grows five to eight feet tall and makes an excellent pillar rose given to flowering all summer into late autumn. Though its name translates into bouquet of gold, the color is usually a pale coppery or fawn yellow but sometimes of a deeper hue. One can, perhaps, detect its provenance in the coloration; it was a seedling of 'Gloire de Dijon'.

Quite a number of Tea-Noisettes are descendants of the mighty 'Gloire de Dijon' a rose of 1853. This rose is sometimes considered a Tea, sometimes a Noisette. It is a pity, however, that 'Gloire de Dijon' has weakened over the years. In 1974 L. A. Wyatt mentioned that fact, and four years later Jack Harkness wrote that it was but "a shadow of its former self" and "How are the mighty deteriorated!" Even the Royal National Rose Society in the 1980s deemed it only "variably successful." David Austin echoed these observations in the 1990s. At least one world-renowned garden where it died no longer displays it.

'Kaiserin Friedrich', resembling in shape 'Gloire de Dijon', one of its parents, was launched in 1889. The very full

blossoms, large and usually solitary, open well and send out a fine fragrance. The pink flowers are flushed with some yellow at first, then become a more intense yellow, even apricot. Armed with sharp prickles, the plant exhibits a sheen to its foliage.

Kaiserin Friedrich was Queen Victoria's oldest daughter and child. In 1858 she married the man who became Kaiser Friedrich III, she becoming Empress of Germany and Queen of Prussia. The Emperor, however, died 99 days after ascending the throne, so her reign was short-lived. Her son Wilhelm II, oldest of eight children, became the notorious Kaiser of World War I, abdicating in 1918.

*'Elie Beauvilain' (photo by Ingrid Wapelhorst)*

The Noisette 'Elie Beauvilain', likewise an offspring of a 'Gloire de Dijon' parent, made its debut in 1887. Its elegant roses resemble corsages of amassed ripples and ribbons in pink. The large, full flowers are packed with pleated and overlapping petals. Strong canes with hooked prickles arch as much as ten feet, excellent for decorating a trellis, pergola, or porch. The foliage wears a blue-green luster. A massive display occurs in spring, less so later. Developed by a Monsieur Beauvilain, a rose grower in the Gironde Department of France, he no doubt named it for a family member.

Like 'Bouquet d'Or', 'Belle Lyonnaise' arrived as a seedling of 'Gloire de Dijon' but three years earlier in 1869. But its distribution was severely limited because of the Franco-Prussian War (1870–71): the collapse of the Second Empire; the siege of Paris, during which, between Christmas week and New Year's Eve, more than 6000 people died of cholera, pneumonia, smallpox, and starvation; and the two month uprising of the Paris Commune after the Germans left France to its own fate in 1871.

The rose was the product of Antoine Levet of Lyon. He is also the author of such wonderful roses as 'Paul Neyron', 'Mme Bérard', 'Perle des Jardins', and 'Ulrich Brunner fils'. Furthermore, he bred the rose—no longer extant (it probably ran out of breath)—with the longest name in rose kingdom, and a Noisette at that: 'Les Fiançailles de la Princesse Stéphanie et de l'Archiduc Rodolphe'.

*'Belle Lyonnaise' (photo by David Elliott)*

The large blooms of 'Belle Lyonnaise' come in light yellow or creamy lemon yellow, somewhat apricot buff on the reverse, often aging to white with tints of salmon. They are softly scented. Quite floriferous, the plant can be seen blooming in November. The smooth stems and canes have few prickles to speak of, but the old, thicker canes produce a few more. A large climber, eight to ten feet tall by about four or five wide, it can be rather temperamental and may require coddling.

Another Noisette also, like 'Elie Beauvilain', born in 1887 is 'Beauté Inconstante'. Definitely a hybrid, according to *Journal des Roses* of July 1897, it is a cross between a Tea "and in all probability the Noisette 'Earl of Eldon." (The latter rose, a petalled loveliness, is still with us today.) Although Pernet-Ducher released the rose to commerce in 1892, it was his mother-in-law, Widow Claude Ducher, who had bred the rose ten years earlier.

*above: 'Beauté Inconstante' (photo by Margaret Furness); right: 'Duchesse de Grammont' (photo by Sue Brown)*

This strongly scented rose, distinctly beautiful, carries an apt name, both its form and color being variable, i.e. inconstant. In form 'Beauté Inconstante' can be double or semi-double; in color a bright orange-scarlet, coppery red with carmine and yellow shading, nasturtium red with hints of yellow and crimson, and the like. Sometimes flowers in pink grow on the same bush. Disarming and charming. Armed with many obtrusive prickles, the tall bush is vigorous with climbing branches. Before it had its name changed, it had first been called 'Beauté de Lyon'. By any other name it not only smells as sweet but remains a beauty.

A much earlier Noisette, 'Duchesse de Grammont' appeared prior to 1836, during Paris's romantic age (c. 1820 though the 1840s). It seems to have appeared out of nowhere. The first mention of it that I can find occurs in Boitard's *Manuel* of 1836. It has been confused with 'Caroline Marniesse', but I believe they are not the same, 'Caroline' arriving more than a decade later in 1848. Though they are similar is several obvious ways, 'Duchesse de Grammont' displays dark, shiny green foliage, whereas the other shows a medium green, matte foliage; the duchess, instead of Caroline's fairly obvious boss of yellow stamens, shows a buttoned center.. The latter grows to eight feet, whereas 'Duchesse de Grammont' reaches only about six.

As an inherited title, there have been several Duchesses of Grammont, including one who was arrested for providing funds to royalists who had fled the country during the French Revolution and was subsequently guillotined during the Reign of Terror. Far more likely, this rose was named for the contemporary duchess of the time. She was Anna-Quintina-Albertine-Ida Grimod, born

in 1802. As Countess d'Orsay before marriage, she was sister to Alfred d'Orsay, artist, dandy, bisexual—he was part of a *ménage a trois* with Count and Lady Blessington—and friend of Lord Byron. In 1818, she wed the 9th Duke of Gramont. (The surname is variously spelled with one or two m's.) He was also Duc de Guiche and Prince of Bidache, and a general. Of their four children, the eldest Antoine-Alfred-Agénor became the 10th Duc de Gramont.

Oddly, the rose 'Duchesse de Grammont' was apparently listed only in 1836 and 1838 and then rarely thereafter, yet it has survived more than eighteen decades into the present. That occurrence seems to suggest that gardeners may be better preservers of roses than nurserymen or even public gardens. But the rose can be viewed in Louis Armstrong Park in New Orleans, San Jose Heritage Rose Garden in California, the Royal Botanic Gardens in Madrid, and Tete d'Or Park in Lyon.

In common with the roses 'Harison's Yellow', 'Autumn Damask', 'Apothecary's Rose', 'Rosa Mundi', 'Old Blush' and several others, the Noisette 'Celine Forestier' was one of the roses pioneers on the Oregon Trail brought west, especially to Oregon. Doubtlessly, this rose is more familiar to many readers than most of those mentioned in the foregoing. Bred in 1842 by Victor Trouillard, superintendant of the rose fields at Andre Leroy's nursery in Angers, he named it for the daughter of one of his friends. However, 'Celine Forestier' was not immediately released onto the market but was studied and used in grafting for some years until 1860 when it was introduced. By 1861 it was being sold in Ireland by Alexander Campbell & Sons.

Among the loveliest of Noisettes, 'Celine Forestier' is elegantly gowned in light primrose yellow, with deeper yellow at the center, the guard petals white or nearly so. Rather quartered, she wears a central brooch, i.e., a button eye. She arrives mostly in clusters, flowers large, cupped, and full. Her perfume is exquisite and intense.

*'Celine Forestier' (photo by Billy West)*

The plant, hardy to zone 6, bears some prickles and grows from six to twenty feet in height and four feet in width. Because it is a slow grower, this beauty prefers a southern exposure.

While some Noisettes are more tender than others, as freely blooming, recurrent, and scented blossoms with, in general, silky, softly colored petals, at least one should make its joyful way into every garden. If space is at a premium many of them can be trained onto pillars or pergolas or trained as relaxed shrubs. Historically, they are the first recurrently flowering of climbing roses. Surely those early breeders—Champneys, Noisette, Laffay, and others—made a joyful noise when they saw the first rebloom of clusters on a new Noisette. ■

# Getting Ready for a Volunteer Day with You!

Another lonely summer has passed, and our volunteers are missed. In anticipation of a return to in-person volunteering we've worked this year to create a work space for propagating and caring for the roses that gives us more room, cover from sun and rain and a level space to work.

We expect that next Spring we will be able to bring back our Dirt Days and a new system of volunteering individually and in small groups.

*left: 2000 new rose bands for our October sale; above: the shade tunnel and part of the hydrangea collection (all photos by G. Lowery)*

*Our new volunteer work area*

We have struck more than 3500 cuttings since early May. Our sale next month will include the results of the first 2000 of those plants. It is a very exciting and very rare group of roses. We hope that all of you can find a way to support our efforts by ordering from our October Sale.

We continue to rely upon pickups here at the garden. However, we do have volunteers who are now willing to collect plants for pickup in Orange County, Southern California. We are hoping to enlist others to offer to collect and hold orders for pickup where they live in other areas, so that purchasers unable to make the drive have a local pickup option. Contact me if you are interested. Pickups of orders here will begin on October 30th.

*—Gregg Lowery, curator, The Friends of Vintage Roses*
*curator@thefriendsofvintageroses.org*

### FALL 2021 WORKSHOP ON ROSES WITH FRIENDS' CURATOR, GREGG LOWERY IDENTIFYING—PROPAGATING—GROWING—PRUNING

On Saturday November 6th we invite you to join us for a workshop on rose propagation, identification and maintenance. As the tasks of pruning and cleanup loom in the coming winter months, and as the season begins for propagating roses for the home grower, we think it is a good time to brush up on what we know and learn a few new tricks.

The workshop will run from 10 am until 1 pm, and if the weather is good we invite you to bring a bag lunch and eat in the garden. We are limiting it to 12 participants and ask that you be vaccinated in advance. And, depending on the public health recommendations at that time, we may require masks be worn as well.

There is no charge for this event, but you must reserve a space, by emailing me, at: curator@thefriendsofvintageroses.org

And if you have ordered plants for pickup you may pick up your orders here that day.

*'Prairie Harvest' (photo by S. Feichtmeir)*

### YOUR DONATIONS

Mulch, compost, fertilizers, water, tools, etc. are constantly renewable needs for any garden, let alone a rose collection of several thousand plants. And so we ask for your continued support. Also, once they begin again, consider supporting us by volunteering for our Dirt Days. The work goes on.

And if you haven't done so yet, you can become a sustaining donor to The Friends of Vintage Roses. Just sign up at PayPal to give a little each month. Donating a small, recurrent sum is so easy you'll hardly miss it. You'll be sent a letter at the beginning of each year for the total amount you donated in the previous year. And. of course, you can cancel at any time.

And should you wish to donate in honor or in memory of someone, send us the name of the person or persons, and we'll publish the news in our next newsletter.

### MISSION STATEMENT

The Friends of Vintage Roses exists to preserve and enhance the unique and extensive collection of historic roses developed by Gregg Lowery and Phillip Robinson, to establish the collection in a garden, and to share the collection with other public rose preservation efforts, all for the purpose of educating the public about the importance of the rose to human history, cultures, technology, and science.

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