

ROSE LETTER



February 2015 Vol. 39, No. 1

Rosa Indica fragrans.

*Rosier des Indes odorant.
(only Bengale à couleur de thé)*

ROSE LETTER
of
The Heritage Roses Groups
©

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BEYOND FAMILIAR TEA ROSES

Darrell g.h. Schramm

Among old rose lovers, the tea roses remain quite popular, especially in southern climes, such as Australia, California, southern France, New Zealand, Texas, and the southeastern United States. After all, they are sun loving and, with few exceptions, both drought and rain resistant. Furthermore, they can survive on utter neglect.

We tea rose aficionados tend as a whole, however, to grow and discuss the same two dozen or so tea roses again and again. While we lament the loss of many heritage roses, we may at the same time promote such loss if we ignore or neglect those other teas that are increasingly less available. I would urge us to move beyond the familiar.

True, these lovely familiar teas are absolutely worth growing. Some of those I refer to are these:

- ‘Safrano’, named for its pale saffron color, one of the oldest teas (1839)
- ‘Devoniensis’, named for Devonport, Devon, where it originated as the first English tea rose in 1841
- ‘Duchesse de Brabant’, named for an unhappy woman married to a cruel, corrupt, and execrable man who became King Leopold II
- ‘Marie van Houtte’, named for the wife of a famous horticulturist and nurseryman who was also the Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens in Brussels
- ‘General Schablekine’, named for, I strongly believe, an imposter
- ‘Maman Cochet’, named for the mother and grandmother of the Cochet family of rose breeders; Pierre and Scipion Cochet were co-editors of the renowned *Journal des Roses*
- ‘Mme Berkeley’, named for the wife of the polymath botanist Miles J. Berkeley; she translated French and Italian sources for his research and illustrated some of his works
- ‘General Gallieni’, named for the commander-in-chief of the French forces in Madagascar near the end of the 19th century; he also played a military role in World War I
- ‘Mrs. B. R. Cant’, named for the wife of Benjamin Cant of the very old and famous nursery Cants of Colchester
- ‘G. Nabonnand’, named for the founder of the famous Nabonnand nursery on the French Riviera where he and his two sons bred, among other roses, 188 tea varieties

I needn’t continue with the familiar, for I do wish to extol a few lesser known tea cultivars.

When I visited Louis Armstrong Park in New Orleans last year, I sauntered and lingered among the 175 rose bushes planted by the exuberant Leo Watermeier, mostly tea roses but also noisettes, hybrid musks and a sprinkling of others. One of the first tea roses I saw was a recently planted ‘Miss Agnes C. Sherman’, a Nabonnand rose of 1900/01. I had never heard of it. The flower is a large, full rose of a pale peach color, supposedly at times also a two-tone rose color with a hint of salmon. It is a cross between the

“hydrangea pink” of ‘Paul Nabonnand’ and the perfectly formed, pale pink (sometimes tinted with buff) ‘Catherine Mermet’. The rose may have been named for a woman active in the Marshfield, Massachusetts, Agricultural and Horticultural Society as well as in family welfare charities around the time the rose was introduced. At some point she must have visited the Riviera, for the Nabonnands, father and sons, named nearly all their roses for family members and those who lived in or frequented Cannes. Then again, the rose may honor a woman from Connecticut who in 1886 married



Miss Agnes C. Sherman

Francis Edwin Sherman and died in 1938. But the rose name is that of a Miss, not a Mrs.

Another obscure rose in Armstrong Park is the tea ‘Mme Achille Fould’. Bred by Louis Leveque in 1903, it is a large rose, soft yellow shaded with carmine—or is it carmine shaded with yellow?—perhaps with a wash of

copper. While it is possible the rose was named for the spouse of a French minister of finance (1800-1868), it is not probable, since nearly all—if not all—Nabonnand roses (as this one is also) were named for contemporaries. More likely the rose was named for a minor French painter who used the male pseudonym Georges Achille-Fould (1865-1951). Her mother had married the Rumanian Prince Stribey, who adopted the painter and her sister. Having inherited



Mme Achille Fould

Castle Becon and its surrounding park, the sisters donated it to the city to become the Museum Roybet Fould. Fould, who began exhibiting in 1884, is best known for her paintings *Rosa Bonheur in Her Studio* and *Madame Satan*. One of her paintings hangs today in the Pfister Hotel of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Quite rare is ‘Souvenir de Francois Guilain’, bred by Guillot, another large, full, but fuchsia-colored tea. It belongs with a small group of red, dark crimson, and wine-colored tea roses that also tend to droop. Ostensibly it was named for a man who had a passion for trees, Lord de Bethancourt. In his jurisdiction overlooking the English Channel, this French lord had village trees planted in all the streets, which eventually grew to such size that they heaved up roads, prevented passage of plows, darkened the houses, and sometimes fell and crushed buildings, all to such a degree that 29 villagers filed a grievance. He ignored it. When the Bishop of Amiens asked that the cemetery be enlarged to include an unused field, he took no action. He was essentially an absentee landlord. Perhaps reading the revolutionary writing on the wall, he emigrated to England in 1789 with his wife and three children. He died two years later.

One other uncommon tea I must mention: The delicately pale yellowish pink ‘La Sylphide’. In Armstrong Park this is a huge scented bush. The petals appear of tissue paper, and the rose wafts its lovely fragrance into the air. It was bred even earlier than ‘Adam’, the rose often considered the first tea. It dates to 1834. A sylphid is a young, flighty creature of the air and forest; the name suits it well.

I urge readers who enjoy tea roses to try some of these less familiar varieties. And there are, of course, others—such as ‘Comtesse de Caserta’, ‘Comtesse Emmiline de Guigné’, ‘Eugenie (or Eugene) Degaches’, or the exquisitely colored ‘Mlle Blanche Martignet’—but how I do go on. Do let’s keep these roses alive!



La Sylphide



Tales Of White Roses

Jeri Jennings

*But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips,
For the love that is present and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.*

John Boyle O'Reilly

“Jesse Hildreth” and “Legacy Of The Richardson Family”

Romance aside, white roses do seem *special*. They have that trick of glowing on moonlit nights that’s set people to creating whole gardens of them. If they’re generous bloomers, I find them irresistible. (I’m even a sucker for ‘Iceberg,’ if it is grown well.) If they’re disease-free, that’s even better. But they shoot to the top of my personal popularity pole if they’re all of the above – and on top of it are “*Found,*”

because in most cases, that means they've demonstrated an ability to survive in hard times, with a lack of care, and scanty water.

In my own garden, through this past summer of unending drought and constantly-rising record temperatures, "Jesse Hildreth" and "Legacy Of The Richardson Family" grew happily, and bloomed a lot. The former in the ground – the latter still in a big pot, they repeated through heatwaves and dry desert winds, providing cool bouquets, when other roses shriveled.

And . . . **They mildeweth not. Neither doth they rust.**

They're both white, fragrant, found roses, and both were collected from old California cemeteries. They're both great in a vase . . . but they are very different, one from the other.

"Jesse Hildreth"

We first saw "Jesse Hildreth" on a May morning in 2002 or 2003. It was a tree – and a big one at that – drawing the eye from the lowest levels of the old San Juan Bautista Campo Santo to the highest point of the cemetery hill. Over the years, two opposing "trunks" had formed, so the rose was a large "V." Topped with masses of perfect foliage and ruffled, lemon-white blooms, it



was silhouetted dramatically against a cloud-splattered blue sky.

Up close, it was obvious that other canes had come and gone over many decades. And, the two remaining were fragile. Riddled with termites, they yet held up the weight of an astonishing spring bloom and foliage. But . . . It seemed unlikely that this beautiful rose could live many more years.

Taking a name from the headstone closest to the rose, we called it "Jesse Hildreth." (The original Jesse Hildreth, just 21 years old, died Jan. 25, 1862.)

Never doubting that this was a Tea Rose, we were also reminded of the old Tea/Noisette, 'Lamarque'. Like 'Lamarque', Jesse's rose produces a generous froth of lemon-white blooms, in shapely clusters. The color was a close match – color deepening from delicate white outer petals toward a true lemon at the center – darker in cool weather – lighter in hot weather.

The blooms open softly, undeterred by wet weather or wind. They're fragrant, too – and I'm not good at detecting Tea fragrances. From the tall mother plant, they nodded down at us, conveniently placing

their many virtues
at nose-level.

We
thought for a time
that Jesse's rose
could be
'Devoniensis.' (It
is not.) Still, I
think it must be in
that family -- a
family which
includes among
other roses
'Smith's
Yellow,' (the two
drawings we have
of that rose are
intriguing) and 'Lamarque.'



In recent years, drought and “*mow and blow*” maintenance came very close to destroying the old rose. It lost one of its two “trunks” and the remaining one grew weaker. It tried to push up new basal canes, but “gardeners” removed those. Winter windstorms ripped away at its top-growth, and half of its roots were lost to a new burial. It was very, very close to the end. The rose would have lived on in my garden, and in the Historic Rose Garden of the Sacramento City Cemetery; still, loss of the mother plant would have been a tragedy.

A newly-formed local Heritage Roses Group came to the rescue. The San Juan Bautista Heritage Roses Group has now taken responsibility for the roses in the San Juan Bautista cemetery, including “Jesse Hildreth.” New canes are encouraged, and there's some propagating going on. They're helping to preserve the roses there for the future. We hope to see, eventually, new “Jesse Hildreth” bushes here and there, around the town.

(By the way, a Seminar is now being planned for May 2, 2015. The event will offer an “up close and personal” acquaintance with “Jesse Hildreth” and the other wonderful roses of this old California town.)

“Legacy Of The Richardson Family” (“George Washington Richardson”)

Not all of the old California cemeteries are a glory of Tea and China Roses. A handful of Hybrid Perpetuals are frequently-found. (Including one that's so often found, and so severally study-named, it is now referred to as “The Rose Of Many Names.”) “Ragged Robin” is an old Friend, as are most of the other once-commonly-used rootstocks. And

there are, in significant numbers, the earliest and finest of the “*Classic*” Hybrid Teas.

Among those, we believe, is the rose we called “George Washington Richardson”¹. for the early California farmer whose Esparto grave it guards. We stumbled on this place by accident, in mid-April, 2007, while seeking a completely different cemetery. We found a glory of early-to-mid-20th-century roses, along with a few truly impressive Chinas. The Richardson family rose is far to the back of the cemetery,

where it stands out among its multicolored neighbors.

Like “Jesse Hildreth” in San Juan Bautista, “Legacy Of The Richardson Family” stands in some jeopardy.

Though the volunteer gardeners in this place have not ill-treated it, the rose is seriously threatened by large,



burrowing rodents which have killed almost half of the roses that once grew here. Protecting it in the cemetery seems unlikely. Distributing it for preservation is probably a better strategy, so we’re glad it is well-established in the San Jose Heritage Rose Garden.

Having observed it now, over a period of six years, in the spring, late-summer, and late fall, we know that it repeats unfailingly and rapidly. It does not rust. It does not mildew. It opens in all sorts of weather. And it is fragrant. Growing it in a pot here (it goes into the ground this spring – honest!) we find that it is tolerant of pinched conditions. Some who have grown it feel that “George Washington Richardson” is very likely a climber. It may also simply be a large, gracefully arching shrub. I personally THINK it is likely to be an early Hybrid Tea Rose – but I am willing to be persuaded otherwise.

What do YOU think?



1. “*George Washington Richardson*” was earlier found and collected by Ed Wilkinson, for the San Jose Heritage Rose Garden. His Study name for the rose is “*Legacy Of The Richardson Family.*”





The Princess vs. The Rose

Darrell g.h. Schramm

“How difficult it must be for a defense attorney, before a court, to find arguments in favor of a case which is inferior!” So wrote De Gondlau in 1887 in *Journal des Roses* when introducing the new tea rose ‘Princesse de Sagan’. Was he subtly insinuating the inferiority of the various yet similar litigations that the actual woman Princesse de Sagan had brought before the French courts? The rose decidedly was *not* inferior, as his own case and description accurately show.

De Gondlau described it as a tea, “solitary, on long stems . . . very numerous petals . . . velvety crimson-red colouring, shaded with crimson black with dark amaranth highlights,” in other words, rather akin in color and shape to ‘Francis Dubreuil’, a tea introduced a few years later, both bred by Dubreuil. It is, however, not easy to find much in the literature on ‘Princesse de Sagan’. The L’Hay catalogue of 1902 and the Simon and Cochet *Nomenclature* of 1906 list it under Tea, each with only a two-word

description. Dean Hole, Samuel Parsons, and other rose authors overlook it. Not until 1922 in T. Geoffrey Henslow's *Rose Encyclopedia* do we find the rose addressed more fully: "velvety crimson shaded with blackish purple, reflexed with amaranth; medium size; full." Alister Clark in 1938 considered it "almost a Bengal," that is, a china rose.

In 1999 *Botanica's Roses* classified it as a china, "deep cherry-red maroon, double flowers . . . hard to come by now." By 2006 there seemed to be two different roses or variations of this rose, one from the now closed Vintage Gardens, a quite tall, stout, and robust plant producing "dusky rose-pink flowers shaded darker" and the other from Antique Rose Emporium, a more "light-caned and twiggy" bush but upright, of the 'Safrano' ilk, growing "flowers of strawberry-rose with amaranth purple shades" and somewhat 'blowzy.' The latter seems to fit the older descriptions more than the former. But according to the photos of the rose from the seven or eight nurseries both here and abroad that supposedly still sell it—as a china—none appear to match the description. The roses in those photos are pink with some gold or carmine red or deep rose-pink with some amaranth shading—none of velvety crimson shaded with black, none dark red-black, none purplish crimson. Though I recall a deep blood-red 'Princesse de Sagan—in Commerce' for sale at Garden Valley Ranch in 2006 or 2007, that rose is no longer offered. Indeed this crimson-black or dark crimson-purple rose seems no longer on the market. I trust, however, that it still flourishes in a few gardens.

The story behind this lovely rose is not so pretty. It is a narrative in which some



individuals overestimate the value that material appearance, property, and social status can bring to satisfy their lives.

Princess de Sagan herself was Jeanne Alexandrine de Seilliere, a pampered and spoiled only daughter with three brothers, born in 1839 and married into aristocracy to Prince de Sagan in 1858. They had two sons.

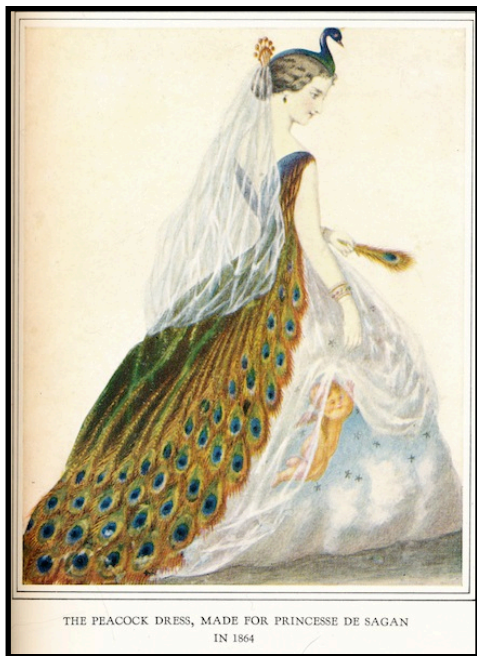
Supposedly to forget the pain and losses of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 (which drove Napoleon III and his family into exile), she and several other wealthy, nominally emancipated women of Paris formed a coterie known as the “cocodettes,” claiming to be “the great field marshals of the army of pleasure.” Frivolity, jests, and “exceptional elegance” became their order of the day after day after day. According to Marquis de Castellane, who wrote a history of this *belle epoch*, their way of life was one of “roses, roses all the way,” given to “mundane intoxication swayed by no other idea than pleasure.” That statement should not be read as a judgment since he participated in it as ardently as the cocodettes, eventually marrying Anna Gould, a railroad heiress, and spending most of her thirty million dollars in a few short years. (A hybrid perpetual was named for him; it still exists.) *Cocodette* cannot help but suggest *cocotte*, French for a loose woman. That suggestion seems to attach a rather ambiguous connotation to the tea rose.

About this time, the public was scandalized to learn that the father of the princess, who had given her the palatial home in which the Sagans resided, had made his most recent fortune by dishonest profiteering from Franco-Prussian War contracts, selling shoddy soldier goods and forging government signatures and seals. Accordingly, Prince de Sagan, though a social dandy and “king of fashion” himself, insisted they remove themselves from the mansion and that his wife return all monies to her father. She refused. Unable to endure her lack of scruples, he walked out of the marriage. On the day the father’s trial was to begin, he—the father—committed suicide.

Around 1873 the princess began hosting gala events, mostly annual grand balls. From this time forward, her social standing contrasted with, if not ricocheted against, her familial standing. For instance, in 1875 she had her equally wealthy oldest brother—who

was a deaf-mute—committed to what was then called a lunatic asylum. With great difficulty other family members and friends eventually gained his release.

The grand ball she threw in 1878 received as special guests the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had agreed to accept the invitation only if her husband, Prince de Sagan, was also present. The princess promised he would be. He was not. He simply refused to have anything to do with her. So she substituted her brother Raymond. Not surprisingly, the Prince of Wales was offended at this subterfuge, not to mention a few other awkward incidents that occurred at the ball, and the gala event fizzled to an early close.



In 1881, the same year she hosted her “Versailles Ball,” Princesse de Sagan had her oldest son committed to the asylum. The young man stood to inherit all from his father. He too was released with difficulty by the efforts of other relatives and friends.

Her grand event in 1884 was the *bal des paysans*, the “peasants ball,” attended by 1500 guests dressed as their supposed inferiors in lavish costumes, many designed by the famous couture House of

Worth. A number of aristocrats, however, declined the invitation, apparently finding such an attitude toward the poor as jaded, if not reprehensible. One newspaper called the event “a sartorial scandal.” The following year in June of 1885, she gave her *bal des betes*, her “animal ball” at which she was dressed in a stunning Worth gown representing a peacock. The skirt of her gown was of pale green satin, covered with Venetian lace, sprinkled with

diamonds, emeralds, and pearls; its floor-length train was bordered in several rows of real peacock feathers. Her headpiece was that of a peacock's head and neck.

A watercolor painting of the gown from Jean-Philippe Worth's book *A Century of Fashion* gives the date in the caption as 1864; this is doubtlessly a typographical error. J.P. Worth, son of the famous Charles Frederick who founded the fashion house, wrote the book a year before he died, some forty and fifty years after the events and people he describes. He also reversed the dates of the Peasants Ball and the Animal Ball. Numerous other documents, however, including newspapers of the time reporting these events, attest to the error of his dates.

The New York Times claimed the princess had "made Worth the king of women's fashion," that "Worth made the dresses, the Princesse de Sagan made the fashion, condescending to appear in a Worth creation." That statement is without doubt a gross exaggeration. One wonders if the princess herself promoted it. In *A Century of Fashion*, J.P. Worth devotes pages to various women of the aristocracy and to celebrities who were clients but only a few lines to the Princesse de Sagan, mostly in connection with the peacock gown. In fact, he clearly singles out several other then-famous women who proudly and devotedly wore Worth's creations, fashionable women who were eagerly imitated.

Francis Dubrueil, who introduced the rose 'Princesse de Sagan', dedicated most of his roses to the celebrities of the time. That same year, 1887, the princess with the help of a lawyer cousin, both of whom bribed officials to testify on their own behalf, signed a document that committed her millionaire brother Raymond to a "madhouse." Other family members and friends, including a U.S. attorney, worked to free Baron Raymond Seilliere, who after 62 days was released. Obviously her case against the brother had been found inferior—to say the least. Raymond immediately left for the United States where he became a citizen.

Other balls followed. Then in 1890 the princess took her brother Franck to court. In his will, the father had left his chateau and other property to his sons Raymond and Franck with the proviso that the princess could use a part of the chateau as residence. When Franck decided to sell some of the paintings, she

sued. But because she had only habitation—not property—rights, she lost.

In 1892 her deaf-mute brother Roger died mysteriously in a New York hotel. His fortune was placed under judicial control. That same year an anarchist attempted to dynamite Princesse de Sagan's grand mansion. Caught and tried, the man said to the judge, "If you judge me, judge all the unfortunates whom destitution, allied with natural pride, has made criminals."

About five years later, Prince de Sagan, who had not spoken to her in nearly 25 years, was suddenly struck quite ill and confined to a wheelchair. Shortly thereafter the princess had him abducted and confined in her palatial home. It seems that the courts, after their abrupt separation, had awarded Prince de Sagan an alimony. With the prince once more in her home, she would no longer have to pay it. Avarice and mendacity were not traits the princess recognized.

Princesse de Sagan died in 1905 at age 66. Prince de Sagan, *non compos mentis* by then, lived another five years. An American divorcee, Anna Gould, became the next Princesse de Sagan.

CALENDAR

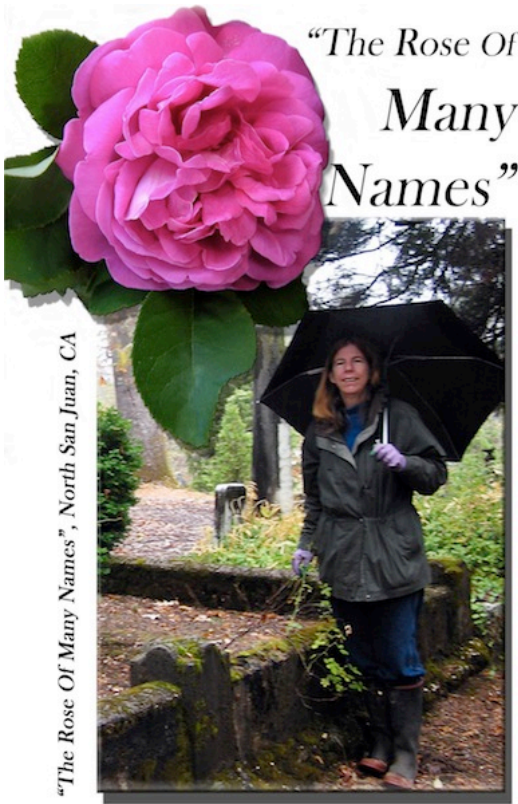
Jan 31 -San Diego Heritage Rose Society: Old Town Rose Garden pruning, 10:00-noon. Call 858-272-0357 or email jrolson@san.rr.com

Mar 30 -Early Bloom Tour. Sacramento Historic City Cemetery Rose Garden. 10:00 a.m., 1000 Broadway

Apr 18 -Open garden & rose sale. 9:30-2:00. As above, Sacramento Historic City Cemetery Rose Garden.

May 2 -Town History Day & HRG old rose seminar. San Juan Bautista. Contact Jeri Jennings or Jill Perry for details.

May 3 -Open garden & Vintage Collection rose sale. Noon-4:00. Susan Friehtmeir, 4747 Terra Bella Vista Way, Santa Rosa, east of town. \$20. tigerpaints@earthlink.net



*“The Rose Of
Many
Names”*

by **Jeri Jennings**

I first encountered “The Rose of Many Names” in the small Protestant cemetery in North San Juan (NSJ). There, the family plots of the Gilbert, Hildreth, and McBride families were all distinguished by roses. Vigorous despite decades of neglect, all propagated willingly. Eventually, all three turned out to be the same probable Hybrid Perpetual, its wiry stems liberally bedecked with many small prickles—and frustratingly changeable

as to bloom color. All were clearly the same rose.

Thus, “Gilbert Plot”, “Hildreth Plot” and “McBride Plot” (see above) joined an already long list of study names for an often-found rose, which continues to defy any and all attempts to match it to a known historic rose. We call it “TROMN,” “The Rose of Many Names.”

“Many names” puts it mildly. Study names we’re aware of include

“**McBride Plot**” (NSJ, Jennings/Gold Coast Rose Rustle)

“**Gilbert Plot**” (NSJ, Jennings/Gold Coast Rose Rustle)

“**Hildreth Plot**” (NSJ, Jennings/Gold Coast Rose Rustle)

“**Jeri’s Mystery**” (Jeri Jennings, Mare Island Rose Rescue)

“**Bud Jones**”/”**William Daniels**” (Placerville Union Cemetery)

“**Huckins Plot**” (NSJ, Jennings/Gold Coast Rose Rustle)

“**Lizzie Cannon**” i.e., “Elizabeth Cannon” (Cherokee Cemetery)

“**Cerise Cup**” (Pescadero Cemetery)

“**Lime Kiln**” (Santa Cruz)

“**Mrs. Parker’s HP**” (Esparto Cemetery)

“**Johnson Family**” (Stuart Lauters, Pine Grove Cemetery)

“**McCarty Plot**” (Nevada City, Gold Coast Rose Rustle)



“**Sam Hill**” (Jill Perry, El Dorado Cemetery)

“**Ruby Cayere’s Unknown**” (Huntington Botanical Gardens)

“**Legacy of Eva Zeiner**” (Placerville Union Cemetery)

“**Jackie Schmidt’s Mystery**”

“**Pena Cottage**” (collected for San Jose Heritage Rose Garden)

“**Mary Mead**” (Downieville Cemetery)

“**Requa Homesite**”—There seems to be some uncertainty regarding “Requa Homesite,” based upon its color, which appears consistently to be more purple than the others listed. This may be a separate rose. (Or not.)

Huckins Plot



“McCarty Plot” was collected in June 2006 by members of the Gold Coast Heritage Roses Group, growing in the old St. Canice cemetery in Nevada City, CA. Days later, they found it once again—this time in a hillside cemetery in



Jeri’s Mystery

remote Downieville. It’s only 14 miles north from Nevada City to North San Juan, but 57 more winding miles lands you in Downieville. It’s tempting to think that this rose was a local phenomenon.

Think again! “The Rose of Many Names” has been found as far west as San Francisco, not to mention Mare Island and



Gilbert Plot

all up and down Highway 49 and environs. But WHERE ELSE HAS IT BEEN FOUND?



We know of no discoveries out of Northern California. Do you? Does this rose look familiar to you? Has it been found in your area? Your state? Your country? A clue to the true identity of “TROMN” may lie in its distribution. So—PLEASE—share this story. Pass it along. Permission to reprint this article is gladly given. Simply share back anything you learn. Send information to us via <http://www.goldcoastrose.org/> or to <http://www.theheritagerosesgroup.org/>

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or \$10 for the digital format

to Clay Jennings, Membership Chair

22 Gypsy Lane, Camarillo, CA 93010

or contact him at e.c.jennings@gmail.com



Gloire Lyonnaise

TO BE SAVED FROM EXTINCTION

In his article “Some Roses Worth Recalling,” A.J. Macself in 1935 wrote, “It is not surprising that old Roses which, years ago, were foremost among the favourites of experts, have been elbowed aside, pushed to the background, and, in some instances, tipped right over into the abyss of oblivion. It would be imprudent if it were even possible to preserve a great many varieties which are definitely and hopelessly outclassed; but it may be well to raise an appeal before it is too late that at least a few of those Roses which, in their heyday [*sic*], made history may be saved from utter extinction.”

Of ‘Boule de Neige’ he attests, “Its value both in the garden and in a bowl is such that the death of a dozen other bushes would be less disastrous than the loss of that one.” The “lemon-petalled blooms above great dark, glossy leaves” of ‘Gloire Lyonnaise’ are, he declares, “always so clean, healthy, and free of disfigurement.” And of the once widespread popularity of both ‘Lady Mary Fitzwilliam’ and ‘Viscountess Folkestone’, he asks,

“Must we always forsake old friends when new acquaintances fascinate us and make demands upon our affections?”

Macself writes of ‘Ulrich Brunner’ producing “hundreds of great globular, cherry-red flowers” and that he hoped this rose would still be found in gardens. It is. I grow it. He mentions other roses, and ends by naming a long lost rose ‘Cleopatra’ as the most wonderful in the tribe of tea roses. “I do not know a rose quite like it today,” he remarks. I had never heard of it. And I wish he had given its description.



Ulrich Brunner filis

primary missions of heritage roses groups, whether in Australia, England, France, New Zealand, or the United States where the oldest such group, our very own Heritage Roses Groups, admirably survive and work toward fine old rose preservation. We are grateful you have joined us.

Today, eighty years later, we resonate with this Englishman, A. J. Macself. Indeed, as he laments, too many fine roses have been “elbowed aside” and many “tipped into the abyss of oblivion.” To prevent such occurrences is, of course, one of the

--The Editor

ANSWERS TO “ROSE QUIZ” ON PAGE 28

1. Zepherine Drouhin—the only thornless rose; 2. Complicata—the only gallica; 3. Aimee Vibert—not a queen; 4. Souvenir du Dr. Jamain—the only hybrid perpetual; 5. Ulrich Brunner filis—not a striped rose; 6. Bon Silene—the only pink rose; 7. Chrysler Imperial—not an old rose or early hybrid tea, OR Talisman—not a red rose; 8. Roseville Noisette—the only found/mystery rose, OR Crepuscule—the only non-white rose; 9. Alfred de Dalmas—the only moss, OR Angel’s Camp—the only found/mystery rose; 10. Little White Pet—not a rambler or climber



THE ROSE IN THE PAINTING

Darrell g.h. Schramm

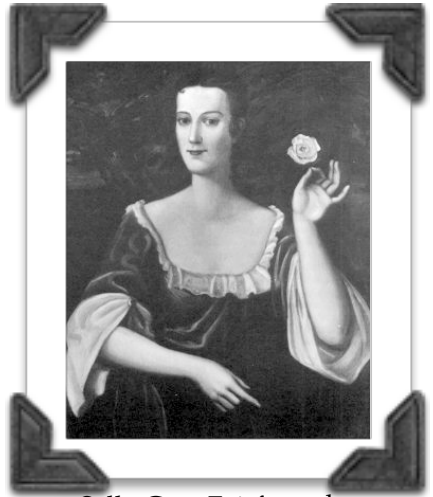
In New Orleans this past November during the second day of the Heritage Rose Foundation conference, in staggered groups we were invited to the old, compressed residence of Peter Patout on Bourbon Street for mint juleps. As each group filed and sipped through his fascinatingly historic home, Peter drew attention to an old ancestral oil painting. It portrayed Mme Michel Fortier II holding a dark red rose, her child beside her, painted in mid-1780s before she died in 1788. This, Peter declared, was one of few early American portraits in which a rose was shown. "Could anyone," he asked, "suggest what possible rose it might be?" When no one answered, I spoke up: 'It could be 'Rose d'Amour',' I suggested, my mind flipping through my historical files of roses grown at that time. 'Rose d'Amour' is probably a variation or hybrid of *R.*

virginiana plena (1768), but it would be only one of several possibilities of the rose in the woman's hand.

So I was surprised at next morning's opening session to see a detail of the painted rose flashed onto a screen and to be told before an audience, "We think it might be 'Rose d'Amour'." My research mode shifted into high gear.

The next day I visited the Cabildo Museum on Jackson Square, a museum devoted to New Orleans regional history. There on the first stairwell hung a large portrait of a Señora de Balderas and child, circa 1790, attributed to Jose Francisco Xavier de Salazar y Mendoza. The señora holds a red double rose, its outer petals paler but overall not well painted. Within the same city, therefore, at least *two* early American portraits displayed a rose.

A few hours of online research a week or so later evidenced a number of other American oil portraits before 1800 that exhibited a rose or roses. *The Mason Children*, for instance, a painting of 1670 by an unsigned artist, shows a child holding a reddish rose. In the painting *Mary Philipse*, c. 1750 by John Wollaston, the woman (once a friend of George Washington before the Revolutionary War) wears a pink rose pinned to her bosom. The painting *Sally Cary Fairfax*, the subject who provided Washington with occasions that were "the happiest in my life" (so he wrote to her in 1798, the year before his death) holds a pale rose. In *The Hartley Family* (1787) by Henry Benbridge, a girl clutches pink roses. The portrait *Abigail Willing* (c. 1790) by Walter Robinson portrays the subject with a white rosebud attached to her bosom. Perhaps, then, more paintings than were assumed (assumption being a myth-making strategy) reveal old American portraits that include a rose.



Sally Cary Fairfax, whom George Washington loved

But is the rose held by Mme Fortier II ‘Rose d’Amour’? A double form or hybrid of *R. virginiana*, its color somewhat variable—usually bright pink but sometimes a so-called red but not a dark red—it was known in England in 1768, though it seems to have originated in the colonies. And *R. virginiana plena*, the double form, is not very double at all, really more semi-double. Moreover, there were other red roses of the time. Keep in mind, however, that the color red was used to include pink since pink was not commonly used as a color until about 1800. The meaning “pale rose color” was first recorded for *pink* in 1733 but did not immediately catch on. So when John Gordon in 1770 advertised a “Red Monthly Cluster” rose, or John and George Telford listed in 1775 a “red spinosissima,” those roses were pink. In fact, most descriptions and all photos of *R. virginiana plena* that I know of show it as pink or reddish pink. True, the rose painted by Redoutè and described by Thory as *rosa rapa* and supposed by some to be ‘Rose d’Amour’ is a red rose, but that has since been shown to be a gallica.

R. virginiana
plena, also
supposedly ‘Rose
d’Amour’



Nonetheless, *R. gallica officinalis*, the ‘Apothecary’s Rose’ known since at least 1500, is red. Thomas Jefferson grew it. And the dark red gallica ‘Tuscany’ (also known as ‘Old Velvet’), as far as we know, goes back to 1598. The year 1750 saw a Mr. Clark on Mare Street of London selling ‘Red Double’ and ‘Velvet Semi-Double’; while the first may have been pink, the Velvets were all deep, dark crimson. John Williamson’s nursery in Kensington sold ‘Childing’, in 1756, a centifolia that Mrs. Ethelyn Keays identified on her property in 1944 and described as having “bright pink to rosy red flowers, paler on the edges.” William and John Perfect of West Yorkshire advertised the rose in 1777 as ‘Childing or Red

Provence'. John Nickson's nursery in Chelsea named 38 rose varieties in 1760, among them 'Portland'. 'The Portland Rose' has three dates attributed to its provenance: 1750, 1775, and 1782. If Nickson's rose is the same as our 'Portland' (also called 'Duchess of Portland'), then his listing attests to the earliest date. The rose is a cross between a gallica and a damask, semi-double, and light crimson or cerise-red. In 1771 William Malcolm's nursery in England listed 'Dutch Velvet' and 'Imperial' among his roses. The Velvets, once referred to as *R. holosericea* were dark crimson, almost verging on black. 'Imperial' was a dark purple gallica bred by Whirworth prior to 1769. Clearly there were other red roses that may have found their way to New Orleans. Indeed, we know from various letters and other documents of the 18th century that whole plants but especially seeds were avidly exchanged between botanists and gardeners on both sides of the Atlantic.

Gallicas in circulation before 1790 could easily have made their way to the colonies, including New Orleans, which traded mostly with France. Among the dark reds those roses were 'Bizarre Triomphant' ('Charles de Mills'), a velvety purple-crimson; 'Rouge Brillant' ('Soleil Brillant'), a thornless crimson purple; and 'Le Rosier Eveque' ('The Bishop'), a cherry purple aging to mauve and grey with bluish tones. Any of these roses might have found its

way into the hand of Mme Fortier II.

The rose in the painting of Mme Fortier II is a double and obscure red. Those attributes eliminate 'Apothecary's Rose' and 'Portland', both of which are semi-double and show a huge boss of yellow stamens. It also eliminates 'Tuscany' with its boss of yellow and 'Childing', which is looser and really a rich pink. But, assuming the colors and shape are



Bizarre Triomphant/Chas. de Mills

meant to evoke an actual rose of that time, ‘Childing’, because of its darker center and paler edges, may be the rose in the painting of Señora de Balderas.

If, then, the rose in Peter Patout’s painting of his ancestor is not based on the imagination, the depth of its color and its fullness do not so much suggest ‘Rose d’Amour’ as it does one of these: ‘Dutch Velvet’—or some other Velvet variety now lost—‘Imperial’, ‘Rouge Brillant’, ‘Bizarre Triomphant’, or ‘The Bishop’.

True, gallicas grow best after a cold winter, but I have been in New Orleans when a cold snap compelled the populace to wear gloves, earmuffs, and heavy coats. Nevertheless, New Orleans, as a major port, usually acquired its roses from France, and in those early years, the gallica was king. The antebellum Rosedown Plantation near St. Francesville, Louisiana, still grows three gallica favorites of the original owner Martha Turnbull: ‘Belle de Crecy’, ‘Tuscany Superb’, and ‘Tuscany’. The chances are good, therefore, that the rose in the painting is a gallica. However, I will echo what Sir Humphrey Davy once said of his own scientific observations, “Everything is conjecture, and it still remains a source of investigation.”

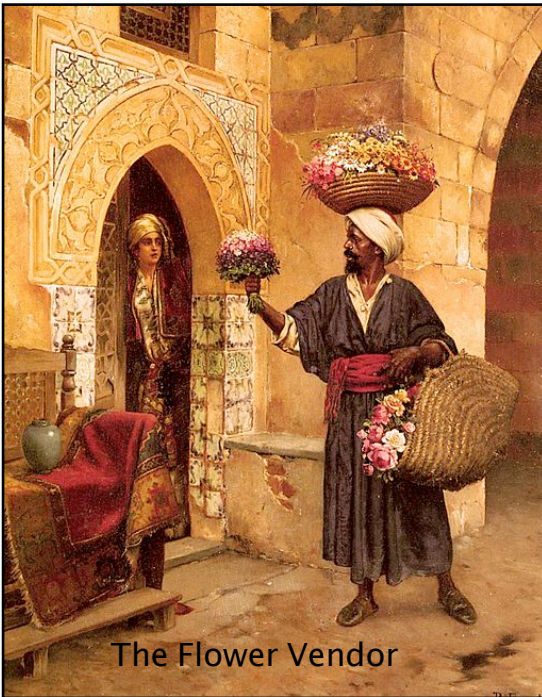
PHOTO CREDITS

Page 2	<i>Journal des Roses</i> , May 1908
Pages 3 & 5	Darrell Schramm
Pages 6-10	Jeri Jennings
Page 11	Bill Grant
Page 12	<i>Journal des Roses</i> , Dec. 1887
Page 14	J. P. Worth
Pages 17-20	Jeri Jennings
Page 21	Bill Grant
Page 22	Darrell Schramm
Page 23	P-J. Redoutè
Pages 25 & 26	Bill Grant
Page 28	Rudolf Ernst (1854-1932). (Note roses in the basket on his arm.)

ROSE QUIZ

In each set of roses below, one rose does not belong with that set. Determine which rose is different and why. There may be more than one answer in some cases. (Answers on p. 23.)

1. Zepherine Drouhin, Stanwell Perpetual, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria
2. Penelope, Daybreak, Complicata
3. Konigin von Danmark, Aimee Vibert, Reine Victoria
4. Souvenir de la Malmaison, Souvenir de Victor Landeau, Souvenir du Dr. Jamain
5. Adam Rackles, Rosa Mundi, Ulrich Brunner fils [You may have to consult our November 2014 issue for this one.]



6. Alliance Franco-Russe, Bon Silene, Le Pactole

7. Chrysler Imperial, Etoile de Hollande, Talisman

8. Crepuscule, Mme Alfred Carriere, Roseville Noisette

9. Alfred de Dalmas, Angel's Camp, Archiduc Joseph

10. Alberic Barbier, Little White Pet, Rambling Rector

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THE ROSE ON OUR FRONT COVER

The painting of the rose on our front cover is 'Hume's Blush', done by Redoutè. Alexander Hume of East India Company sent it from China to his cousin Sir Abraham Hume in England. It first bloomed in 1809. The first imported tea rose in the Western world, it was initially considered a china until tea roses became a class of their own. Over the years it was thought lost, but the mystery rose "Spice" found growing in Bermuda today is thought likely to be 'Hume's Blush'.



“Angels Camp Tea”

A mystery rose also known as
“Octavus Weld”