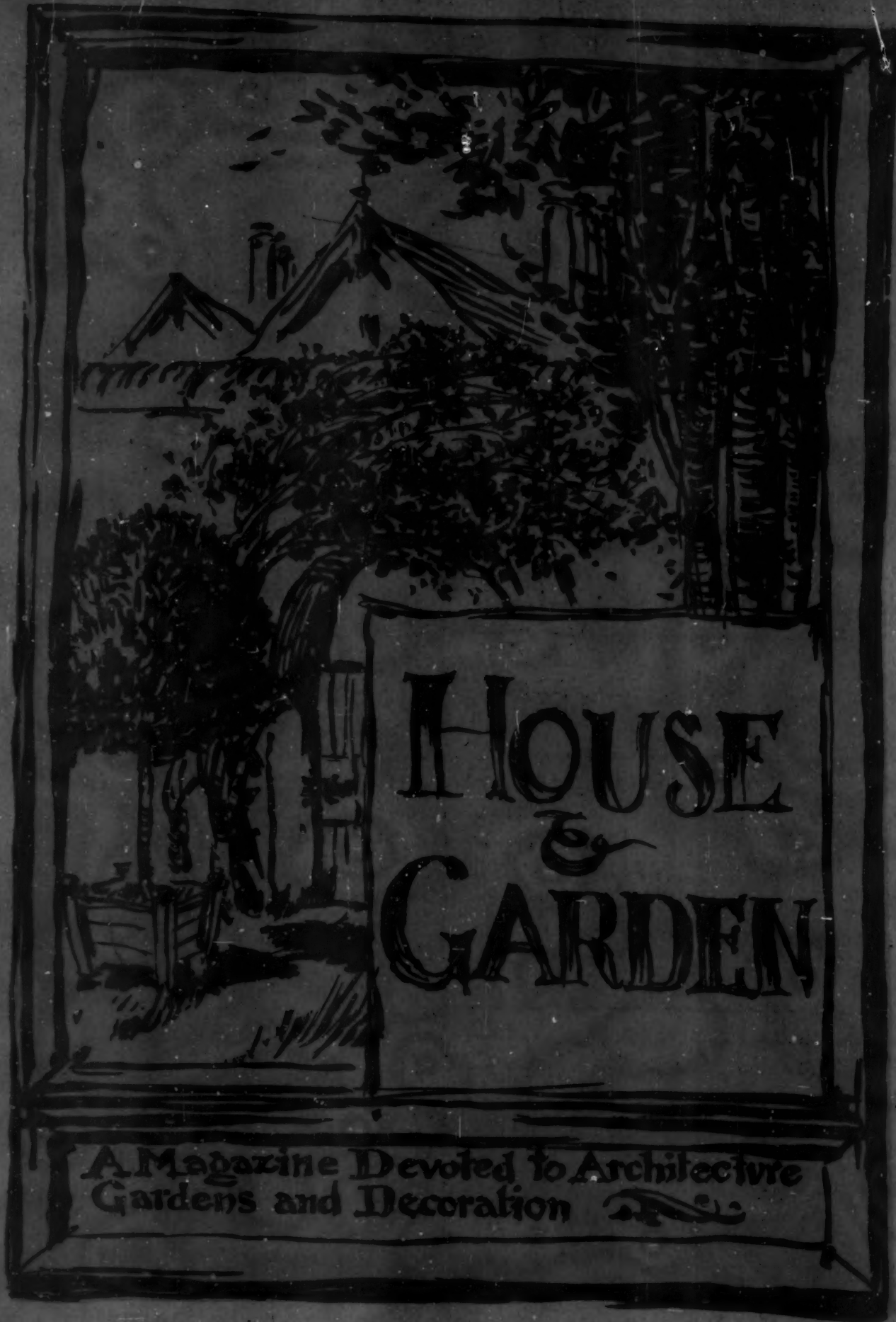


Vol. IV

NOVEMBER, 1903

No. 5



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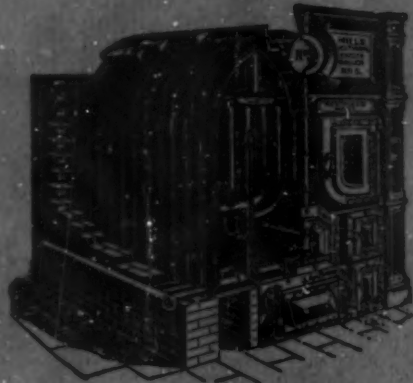
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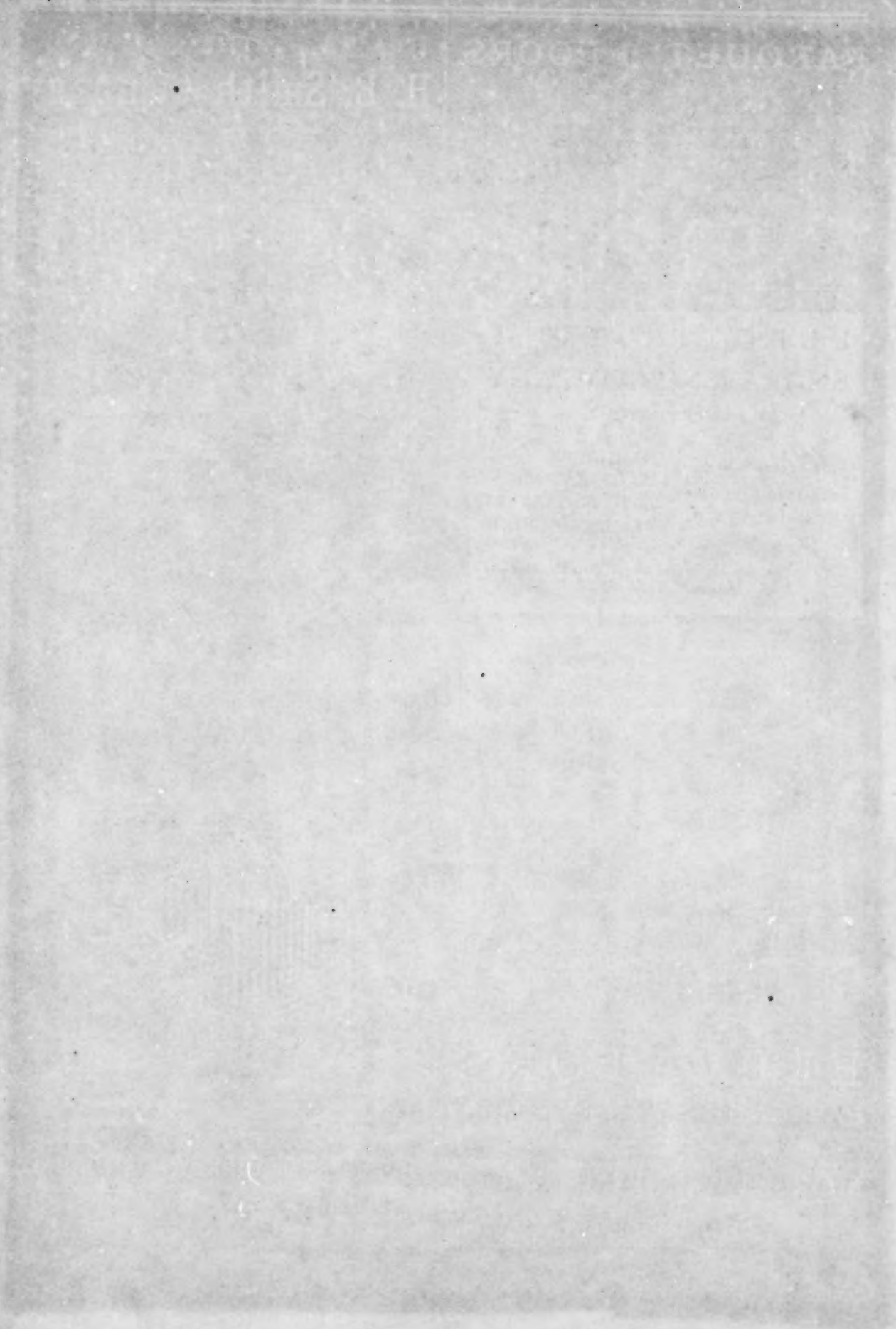
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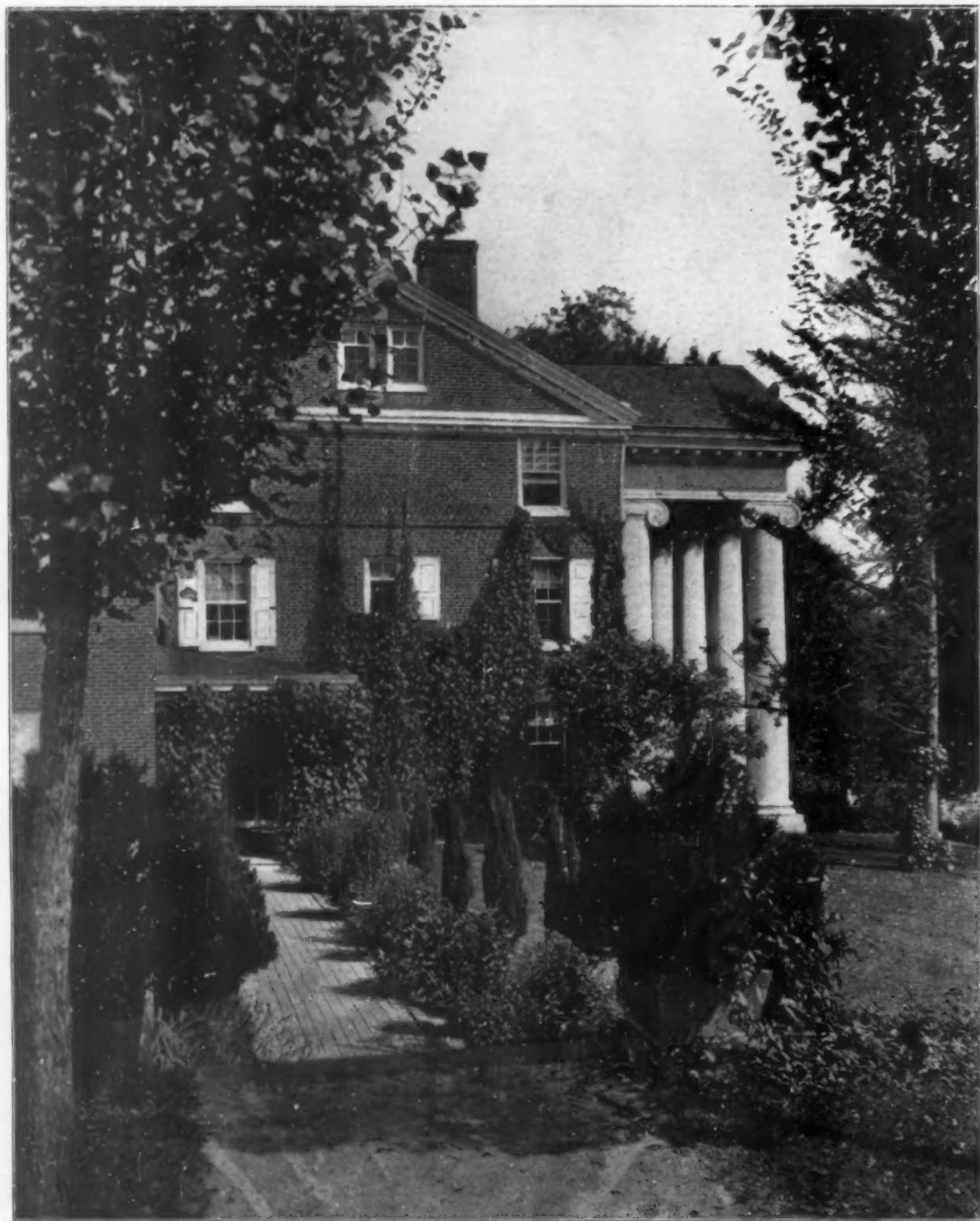
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A GLIMPSE OF THE HOUSE
AT "BRANDYWINE FARM," LENAPE, PENNA.

House & Garden

Vol. IV

NOVEMBER, 1903

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The Garden of Charles L. Borie, Jr., Esq.

AMERICAN GARDEN-CRAFT FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW

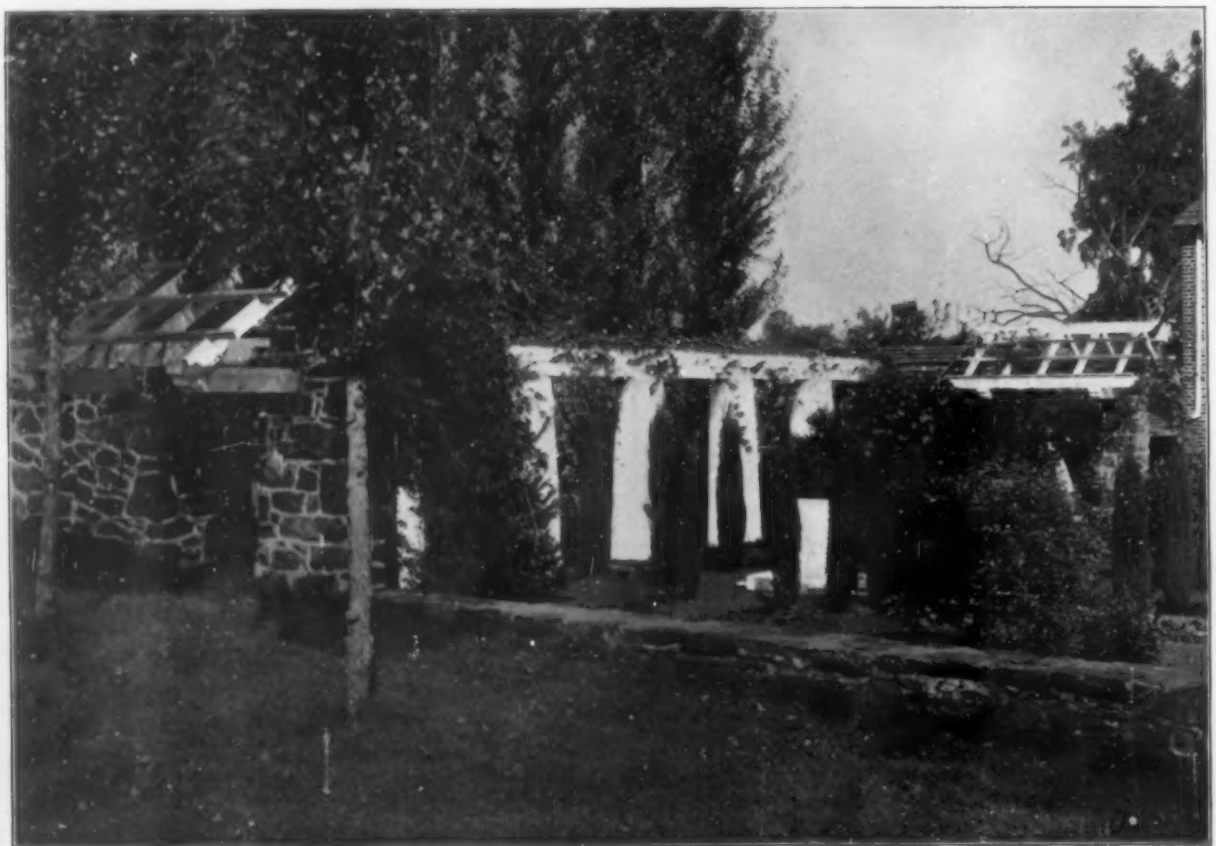
By EDWARD S. PRIOR, M. A.

[NOTE.—The gardens referred to in this article which have appeared in past numbers of *House and Garden* are "Faulkner Farm" Vol. I, Nos. 3 and 4—"The Briars" Vol. II, p. 438—Mr. Croly's Vol. II, p. 198—Mr. Stanford White's Vol. III, p. 198—"Swarthmore Lodge" Vol. I, p. 1—"Fairacres" Vol. IV, p. 1—"Beaulieu" Vol. II, p. 616—"Biltmore" Vol. I, No. 6—"Bellefontaine" Vol. II, pp. 1 and 64—Gardens of Nantucket Vol. II, p. 310—"Hampton" Vol. III, p. 41—"Mount Vernon" Vol. II, p. 459.—EDITOR.]

THE laying out of the garden is clearly taken seriously in America: its order and shapeliness are matters of concern. Beauty is not left to haphazard, but is made the result of intelligent study by experts, and experts too who are not the mere hacks and quacks that English gardens tolerate. Any laying out that the English garden gets is usually at the hands of an unintelligent nurseryman or "landscape gardener,"—as he professes himself,—whose ideas are limited by laurel and rhododendron thickets, and clumsy grass-plots rounded and clipped and set with edging plants. The last decade

of this "landscape gardening" is a complete formlessness with every ugliness polished and rendered glaring by the neatness of our gardening habit.¹ So it is perhaps fortunate that the large majority of English gardens have escaped the supervision of the professional garden-maker, and have come anyhow as the result of half-hearted and isolated amateur experiment. But in either case most often the beauty of

¹ Our public gardens, whether under state or municipal control are hopelessly in the hands of the commercial "landscapist." London can hardly show anything set out with knowledge of the garden effect proper to cities, such as on the continent of Europe comes as a matter of course into every public square.



THE GARDEN OF "BRANDYWINE FARM" AT LENAPE, PENNA.

The Property of Charles E. Mather, Esq.

Designed by Keen & Mead



"MASTLANDS" AT CORNISH, N. H.

The Garden of Miss Rose Standish Nichols

the English garden is in spite of its design, and is the haphazard product of the growth of varied trees and the fresh smooth greens of English grass.

The American, in the same position as the English owner of a country house, has evidently ideas of fitness and common sense. He no more allows the immediate surroundings of his abode to drift into a chance shape, than he hands over the arrangement and detail of his living-rooms to haphazard. Moreover, he does not pitch his dwelling as a wigwam in the desert. There is, no doubt, in the broad bosom of America sufficient real wilderness for his enjoyment, without the making up of puny shams, such as English gardeners perpetrate under the name of "natural" or "wild" gardens. Since the American's house is very clearly a civilized product—that has come by much learning and science,—so is his garden laid out frankly for its purpose, and with skill and taste in its order and comeliness. By the side of the expert of the "English Flower Garden," with his books on "rock" and "wild" gardens and other impracticable affectations, the American garden-maker shows himself as altogether on a superior standpoint, with a level-headed sense of first conditions of his art. But the garden-craft of the United

States does not, I think, ask to be compared with the evident failures of our sentimentalist gardeners, any more than with the low standards of our commercial landscapists. There are beautiful gardens in England, set out on just lines, and with the real sense of garden-making. They are of two kinds. First, the genuine old English garden here and there survives, with lichened walls and mossy terraces, with its courts and bowling alleys, walks and avenues, labyrinths and water-ways. Untouched by the vulgarities

of modern gardening, are still to be seen stately yew hedges and the level turf of centuries, asleep in the dreamland of ancient courtesy. That the American garden should attain this quality is impossible—that it should seek to do so would be foolishness, for it is the haze of a vanished order of things that guilds the formalities of Hampton Court and of Haddon Hall.

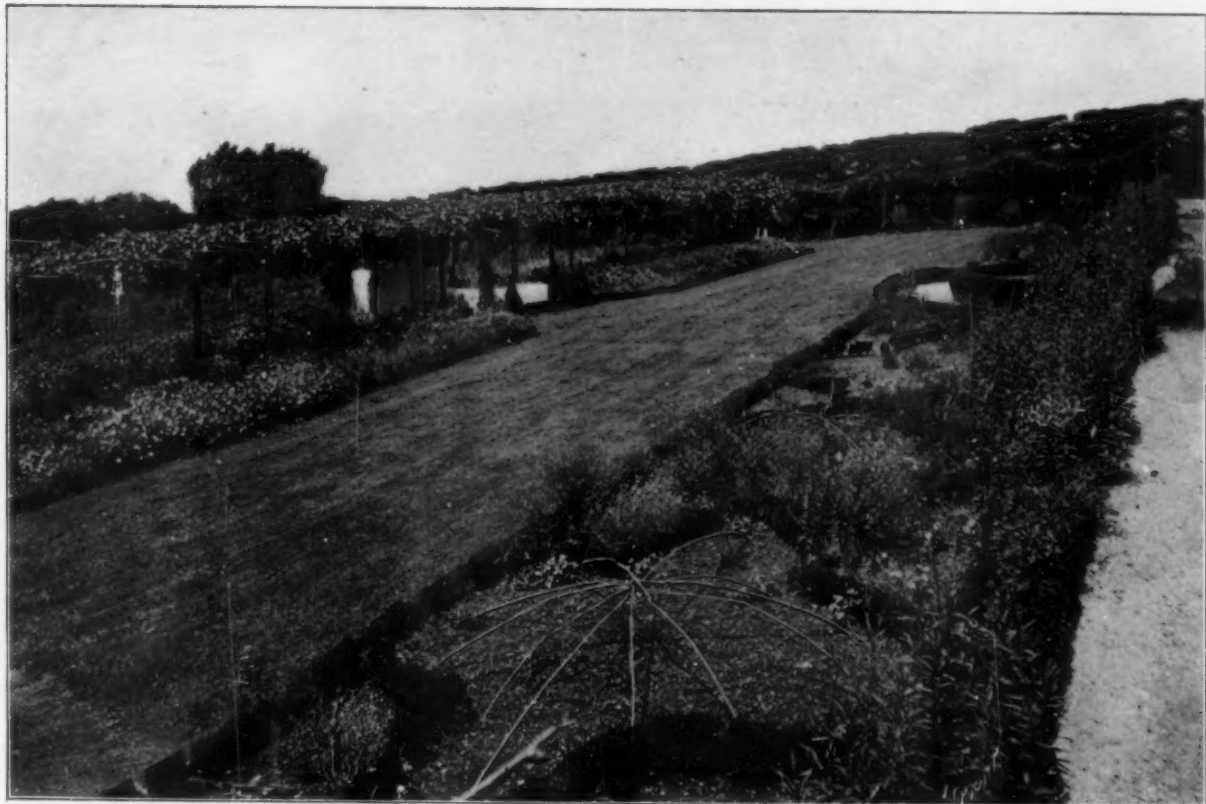
But there are other beautiful gardens in England, the gardens of the last half century—those which the Englishman's love of gardening has provided for his country home, either when he has been a garden-artist himself or when he has taken advantage of the thought and design of the real expert, *i. e.*, of



A FLOWER-BORDERED WALK AT "MASTLANDS"

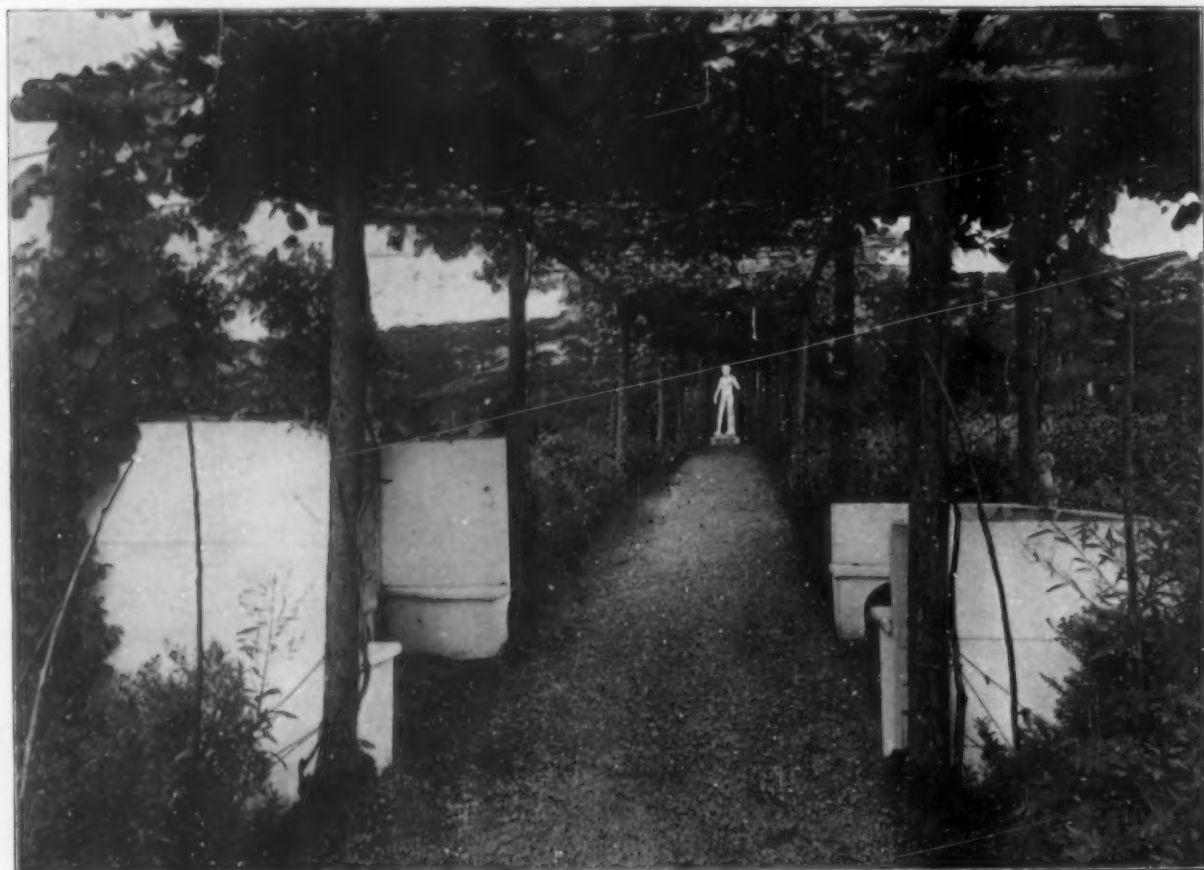


"GREEN HILL"—THE GARDEN OF



MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER AT BROOKLINE, MASS.

Designed and planted by the Owner



AN ARBOR AT "GREEN HILL"

one who is aware of and can manipulate the conditions of garden-making. I think American gardens can fairly hold their own beside what has been done under the supervision of our English artists. We may point out the same kinds of failure, the disabilities and extravagancies on both sides of the Atlantic which result from a too architectural dressing of the landscape such as the years will hardly mellow; the too much drawing-board detail and too little shaping of the essential materials of the garden paths and beds, the trees and shrubs. But I think the American architect works with a freer hand and a sense of breadth which, save in some instances, is absent from the English architectural gardener. To the Englishman on the other hand may sometimes be credited a greater variety of feature, and a pleasanter fancy for the contrivances of architectural garden-making. It would be tedious, however, to enter on a discussion of individual excellences and appraise our architects whether English or American. I

would rather find some broad characteristics, which may be taken as specially typical of the American garden and see how these are the expression of the American, and make the art that belongs to his climate and environment.¹

Passing in review the photographs and plans of some fifty American gardens—mostly, it would seem, designed by architects, but some no doubt giving expression to the owner's taste—one may be allowed to see a certain style in many of them that can be taken as typical, at any rate, of the Atlantic seaboard. And to illustrate my point I have listed the following gardens as embodying this American character apart from the individual elaboration of the architectural dressing:²

¹ The English architect in this matter must not be judged by the advertisements of garden designs issued by architectural publishers. The best English gardens have not been usually illustrated and are little known. They have come as accessories to the best country houses, laid out by our foremost architects such as John Belcher, Reginald Blomfield, Macartney, or Ernest Newton. Lutyens, Schultz, Lorimer and Inigo Thomas may also be mentioned as having achieved notable gardens.

² In such designs as "Indian Harbor" at Greenwich, Ct. and "Faulkner Farm" at Brookline, Mass. the architect rather crowds out the gardener.

Maine	"The Briars"	Bar Harbor
New Hampshire	"Loon Point"	Dublin
	"Mastlands"	Cornish
	Mr. Croly's	Cornish
Massachusetts	"Green Hill"	Brookline
New York	"Woodlea"	Scarborough
	Mr. Stanford White's	St. James
	"Longcroft"	Mamaroneck
Pennsylvania	"Swarthmore Lodge"	Bryn Mawr
	"Fairacres"	Jenkintown
	Mr. Borie's	Rydal
	"Brandywine Farm"	Lenape
	"Aysgarth"	Abington



GARDENING AT THE FRONT OF MR. BORIE'S HOUSE

The character of the type lies first in its plan, which is so much on the lines of a basilican church, that we may take the technical terms of ecclesiastical architecture to describe it. The American garden has usually a "west end" approached from the house, and displays as its body a long "nave" terminated with an "apse," on the boundary of which—as it were the "Bishop's Seat"—is set the alcove or exedra; while in the place of the "altar" in the center of the circle is usually a dial, fountain or balustraded pool. The "nave" too has its "altar," a fountain or basin of water to which all centers, while vine-covered alleys (or pergolas) constitute the "aisles." The details of disposition vary, of course—a court or "narthex," as it were, may precede the "nave." There may be "transeptal" as well as "terminal apses," or the "exedra" may be at the side instead of at the end of the "nave." Often there is the square "chevet" in place of the semi-

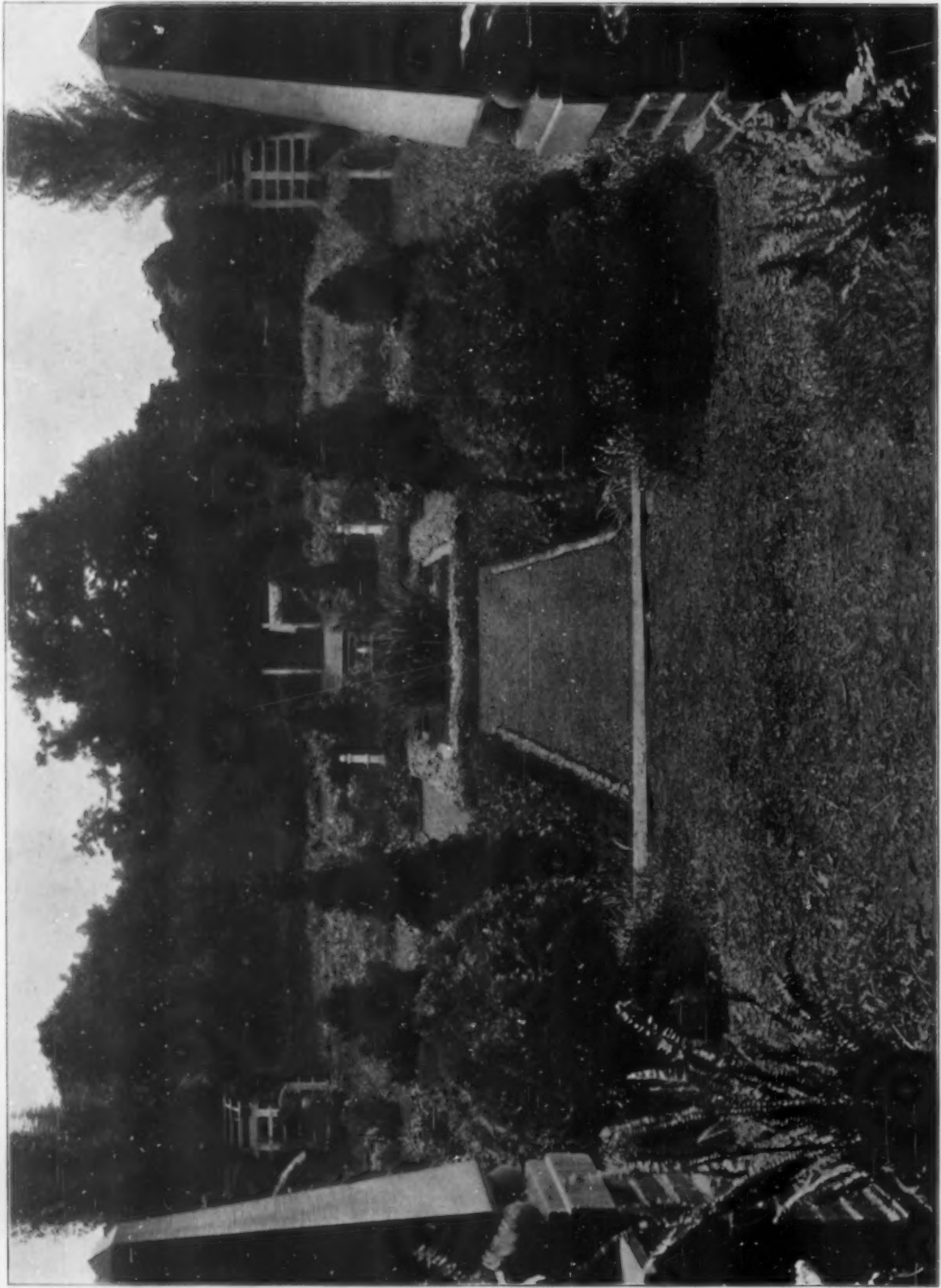
circular. But generally the lay-out presents the unity and proportions of a church-plan rather than the connection of a series of courts and chambers which constitute most frequently the English manner of plan.

Next to this American plan the first thing that strikes the English critic is the limited and (from the English point of view) perverted use of the grass plot in the lay-out. The lawn is the necessary basis and setting of the Englishman's garden, for turf close cut is the natural carpet for his sauntering and garden games. The American gardener uses grass differently, as a background in his scheme or the filling up of corners. Usually he would seem to hedge it in with

his flower borders, so that practically it is unapproachable—where, too, its English quality of smoothness goes for little. One must understand that the American climate only with difficulty allows what is so easily got in England—a close fine sward that all the year round will have a fresh verdure which treading does not injure. In the Californian gardens of "Beaulieu," at Cupertino, a grass parterre is carefully tended as a show feature—an exotic maintained at great cost. In the Eastern States turf must be more easily grown. (See, for example, "The Garth" at Strafford, Penna.) But one observes unexpected uses of it where it is set to cover steep slopes as ugly as railway embankments; or



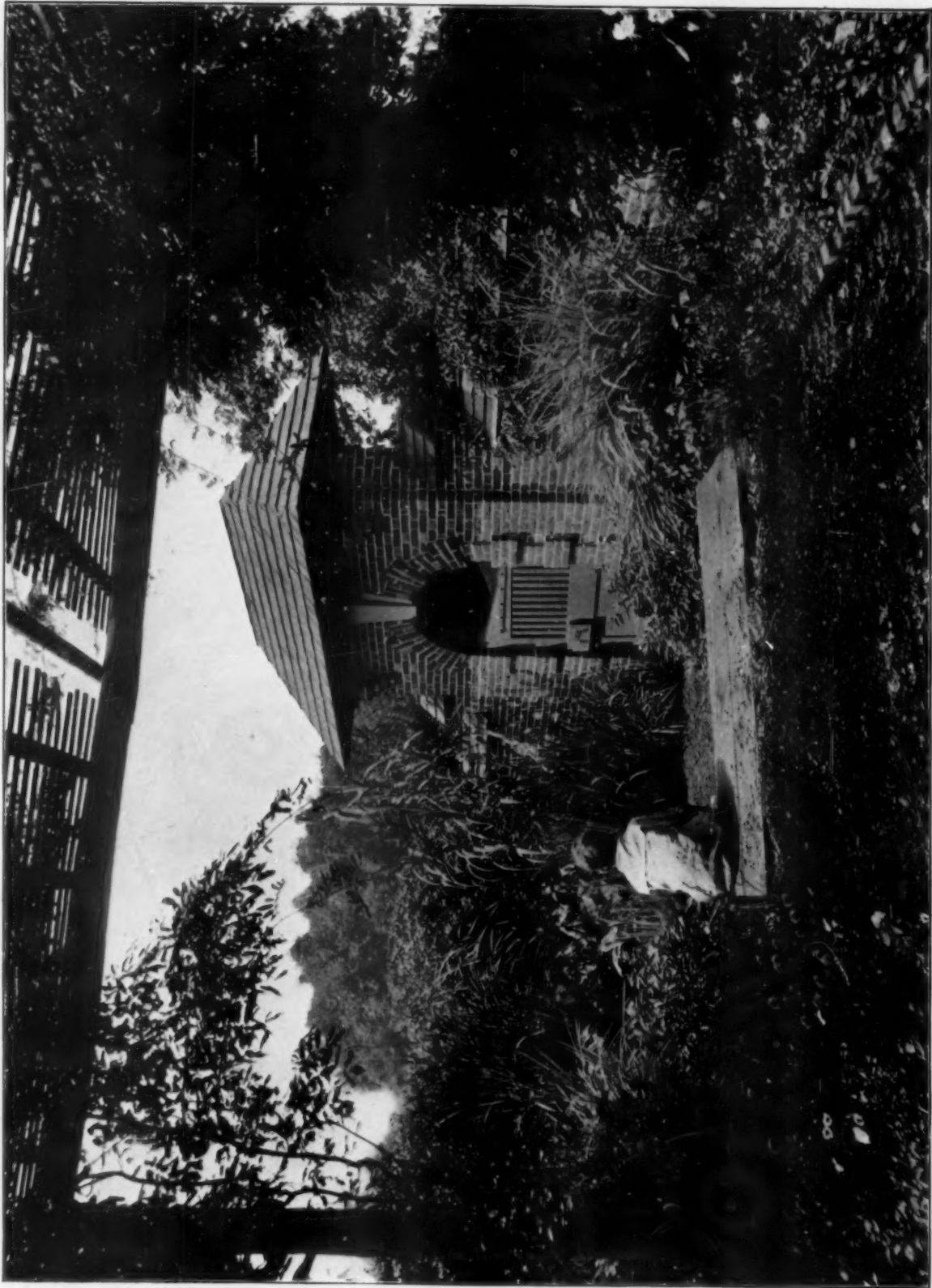
THE SOUTHERN END OF MR. BORIE'S HOUSE
Showing a Portion of the Arbor of Gourds



A View from the House

THE GARDEN OF CHARLES L. BORIE, JR., ESQ. AT RYDAL, PENNA.

Designed by Wilson Eyre



The Entrance to the Garden from the Drive THE GARDEN OF CHARLES L. BORIE, JR., ESQ. AT RYDAL, PENNA.

where it is arranged in small beds and borders instead of in the broad level sweeps to which English eyes are accustomed. Possibly the American gardener is right, with his scanty turf, and the difficulty of maintaining the English lawn in beauty in an uncongenial climate is reason for his disuse of it. So there is a clear difference of style for the American garden. Another distinction that comes at once to

spiders and the limited veranda adjoining the house is the most that can be kept habitable. But the American gardener, carrying on the direct descent from the piazza of Colonial days, has developed porticoed saloons and long vine-covered alleys whose effects of vista and shadowy contrasts to the brilliant sunlight make English gardeners envious.

Indeed the country house gains a charming addition when it can throw out piazzas



A CORNER OF THE HOUSE AND GARDEN OF CHARLES L. BORIE, JR., ESQ.

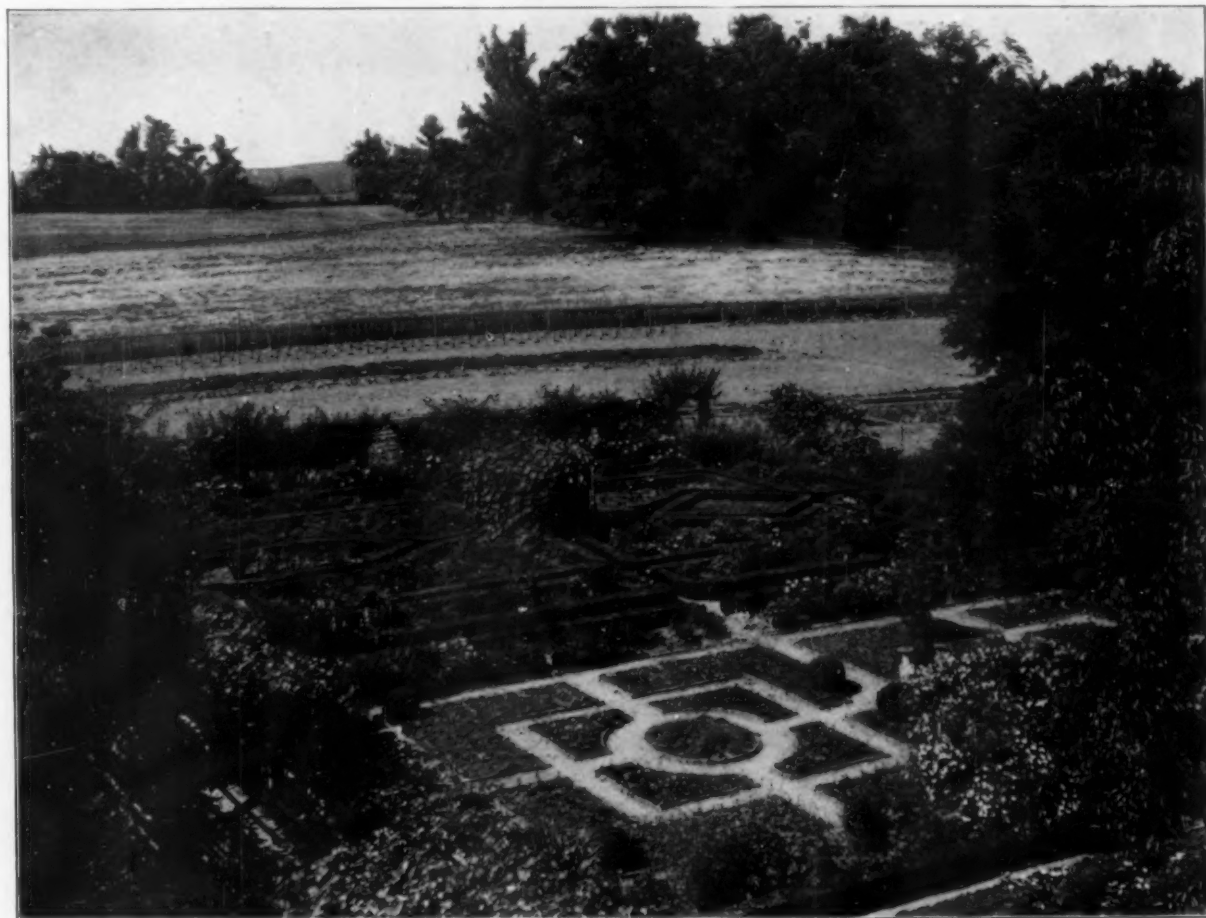
the eye is the constant use of pergola and piazza in American gardening—evidence of different conditions. There are scarcely half a dozen days in the English summer when one wants a shady lounge or when one can with comfort take meals in the open air, but in the United States there must be a long season when life can be *al fresco*, and a garden-parlor becomes almost a necessity. In England, summer-houses, arbors and such like become the damp abode of beetles and

and colonnades and so embrace within its arms flower gardens, fountains and set courts. And esthetically what a valuable connecting link such additions make between the stolid, smooth permanence of the masoned structure and the vegetable raggedness of the surroundings! There is an abrupt incongruity in the English house plumped down in its garden, which only disappears when a century or so has tempered it to the landscape with lichens and moss, and its

sharp angles are somewhat mouldered away. But with piazza and pergola the American dwelling may at once weave itself into one texture with the woodland.

Quite rightly has the American gardener studied and made his own the classic idea of Italian tradition—the *porticus*, the *xystus* and *ambulatus*, that Cicero and Pliny described. The similarity of conditions has justified the transfer and identical needs gave

reproductions of Italian bric-a-brac seem to me the bane of American gardens. Young architects, hot from a visit to Italy, essay with enthusiastic T-square to detail Italian palaces, and urge their clients to complete the resemblance by sticking about the gardens fragments from Italian stone heaps—columns as of ruined temples, “terminal” figures, “reproductions of griffins from the Louvre.” But all this makes a dreary stage scenery



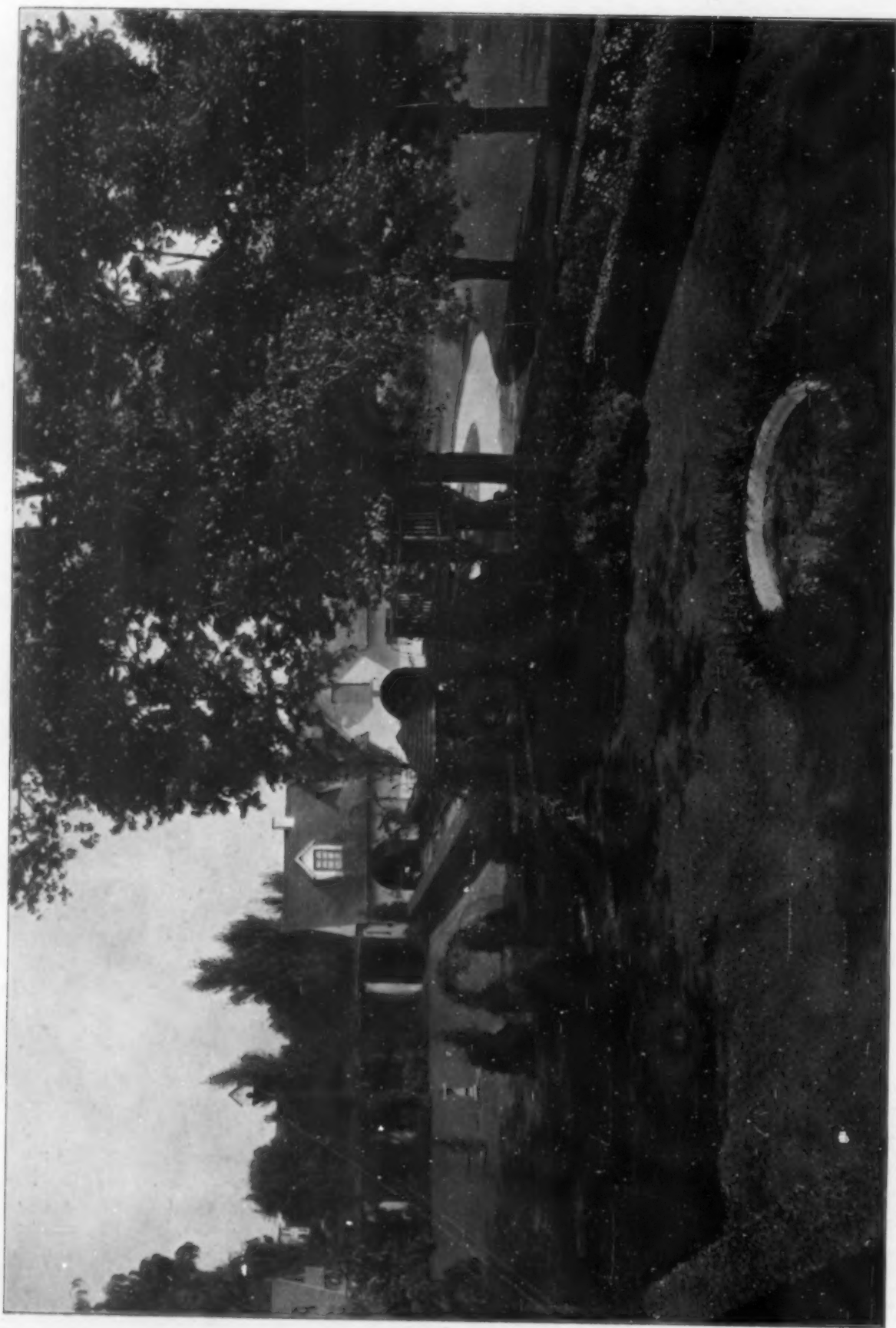
THE OLD GARDEN AT “AYSGARTH,” ABINGTON, PENNA.

The Seat of the Late John Lambert, Esq.

the American evolution a firm basis. Like the Roman of old, the American largely uses his country house as a refuge from the city's burning heats,—as a summer lodge, where sheltered outdoor living will make the essence of life. But here a word of criticism. Why is it necessary to mimic the particularities of Italian details and to furnish gardens with curios as much as with trees and flowers? Second-hand débris from European museums and abject

that it must be nausea to live with. Surely the American artist can have an art of his own, and can make his garden-houses, fountains and porticoes from the resources of his own feeling, and as the expression of American materials. At any rate he can do without the nail-parings and hair-combings of European styles, and can fill his gardens with native sculpture.

In many of these gardens it must be confessed that there is too much of the archi-



The Property of Ernest Zantsinger, Esq.

"THE GARTH" AT STRAFFORD, PENNA.

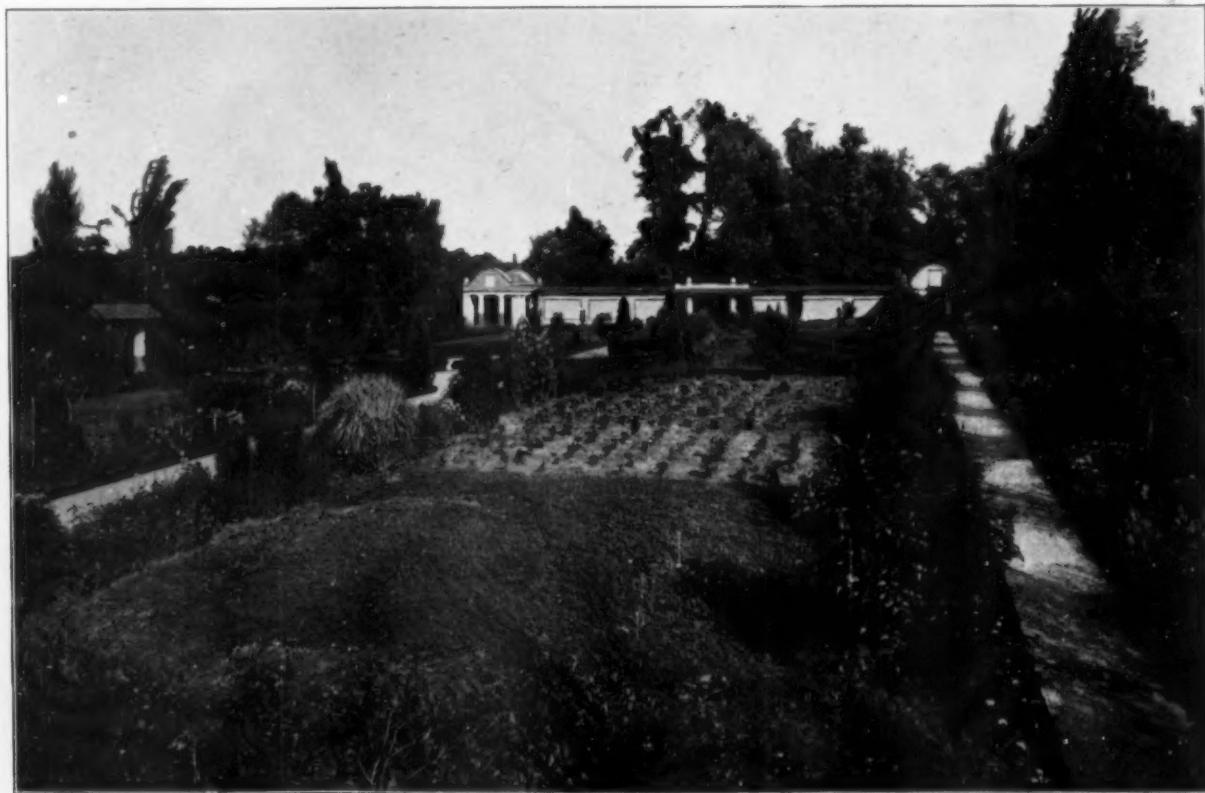
Designed by Wilson Eyre

ture of the drawing-board and too little of that of *building*. Gardens such as those of "Faulkner Farm," Massachusetts, and "Glen Elsinore," Connecticut, or "Cedar Court," New Jersey, are arrangements of temples to make saloons and parlors. They show the skill of elegant and accomplished architects, but are no growth of garden art, but rather apologies for its absence.

Still more artificial and spectacular are the great "ramps" of "Biltmore," North Carolina, the "forecourts" of "Bellevue," Massachusetts and a garden at "Cold Spring Harbor," New York, and the balustraded fountain of a garden at Beverly, Massachusetts. However learned the reproductions, and skillful the adaptation of the Greek peristyle, of the Roman circus or bath to the purposes of an American pleasure, there is offence in the misapplication of form whose origin came from such a different use. These were the proportions and these the details of a great civic architecture, and to use them *in petto* for private luxury is a bathos. Indeed they never lose the associations of their ancient

fame, and gardens such as the above can in modern days only suggest the international exhibition, not to say the cemetery of a city.

I have preferred accordingly to take as typical of the American garden the more moderate architectural display, which marks the gardens I have put in my list. Perhaps in "Woodlea," Scarborough, and Mr. Stanford White's garden at St. James the infection of Italian mimicry has been caught, yet the unreal features do not blunt the feeling of true descent of the American garden from the older Colonial traditions,—traditions which sprung from the English seventeenth century and developed in America on lines of their own. The old Colonial gardens such as those of Nantucket, "Hampton," Maryland, and Mount Vernon, Virginia, were not exactly in the contemporary English style but show the genesis of new ideas. And I feel there is nothing but praise for the order and comely symmetry which on this traditional pattern appear in gardens like "The Briars," "Aysgarth," and the two gardens at Cornish which I have named on my list.



"CHELTEN" AT RYDAL, PENNA.

The Seat of Beauveau Borie, Esq.

Designed by Wilson Eyre



The Property of Joseph Linden Smith, Esq.

"LOON POINT" AT DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Designed by the Owner and his Family

The fancy and appropriateness of a true garden-craft are shown too in "Longcroft,"¹ Mamaroneck, "Green Hill," Brookline, and in the charming garden designed by Mr. Wilson Eyre for Mr. Charles L. Borie, Jr. at Rydal, Pennsylvania,² though a certain amount of classical *débris* has drifted into them. Very snug and complete too is the little square rubble-walled court with its goodly vine arbor which Messrs. Keen & Mead have contrived at "Brandywine Farm," Lenape, and very pleasant are the double pergolas at their "Swarthmore Lodge," at Bryn Mawr.

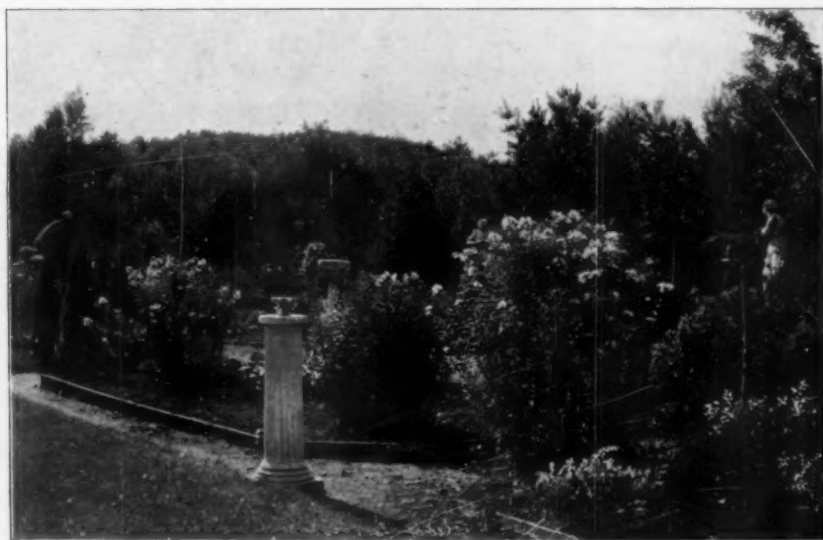
It would be superfluous to dwell critically upon details in the above. One may perhaps mention that the combination of vegetable, fruit and flower garden seems less satisfactorily managed than is the case with us. The walled garden with espalier walks seems specially absent. And one matter in all these gardens which strikes an English gardener as outside the lines of his craft is the size of the flower beds, which would seem often twenty and even thirty feet across. It is an axiom with the English flower lover that his beds shall be manageable to culti-

vate and keep in order; and though he may make broad borders twelve feet wide for his large perennials, the grace of his garden is in narrow beddings not more than six feet wide, and such that they can be weeded from the path on either side without trampling on them. It is clear that a different scale of plan prevails in the American view of a garden. A bold, big growth is aimed at, which, forced into luxuriance by the midsummer heat, makes jungles ten feet high rather than the low flower bed, as we English grow it in our slow, cold English summer, with various ranunculus and gentian, pinks and campanulas and the whole phalanx of slender bulb-flowers.

It is by climatic conditions that there is created a character for the American garden. Its bold tall growths, its wealth of leafy creepers, its constant use of piazzas and pergolas, combine with the traditions of Colonial days to make distinction for a type of American garden, which is essentially progressive and national, and needs no borrowing from European sources. The unnecessary mimicries of Italian architecture and the lootings of European palaces seem to me to be the weak points of American garden-craft.

¹ See page 222 of this number of House and Garden.

² "Cheltenham," Rydal, and "Fairacres," Jenkintown, are two other gardens by Mr. Wilson Eyre, which are more artificial, but have the same true feeling for garden effect.



"LOON POINT"

THE EVOLUTION OF THE STREET—I.

By CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

THERE are conventional texts for articles on many municipal subjects. If you are writing the story of the growth of Chicago, you begin by telling of a cow that set the town afire. If you are writing on city government, you take as your text the quotation from Mr. Bryce, about the "one failure in American government." If Boston is your theme, you remark that the cattle laid out the older streets. Now, as regards the latter, there are suggested so many interesting steps of transition, from a cow-path to a great business highway, that in considering "the evolution of the street," one is tempted to start with this example. One asks oneself if the Boston street be not the perfect text, having in its beginning a convenient illustration of the original germ or seed.

But speaking literally, cows are not as a rule the original plotters of town streets. And in the broader and abstract sphere of theory there is something back of even a cow-path—a time when the cows were not confined to paths, and, at Ultima Thula, a time before cows were! To learn, therefore, how streets began, we must go to the beginning of the race. Living first as hunters and then as herdsmen, men prowled the trackless woods, and then on broad plains and mountain slopes wandered unrestrained with their flocks and herds. You cannot go back of this in seeking the origin of streets.

The modern thoroughfare, with its narrow confines, its artificial drainage, paving and lighting, appears rather as an outcome of extended specialization—which is the



THE "WAY OF GOING" IN THE ORIENT

course of true evolution—than as a distinct improvement. It is an elaborate and interesting adaptation to modern needs; but the broad plain, paved with flowers and grasses, swept by the wind, and lighted by the sun and stars, was fitted at least equally well to the requirements of a time when it could serve as the highway for the little-traveling world. "The evolution of the street" means, then, the change, the development,

ence a sort of negative reason—the "Thou shalt not." Simultaneously there arose the other—the positive—reason. Because men tilled the soil they had permanent places of abode. They established homes. The points to which they went in their social and business intercourse were fixed; and since they normally took the shortest course or followed the lines of least resistance between these foci, they went the same way over and



Rue du Rempart, Algiers



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THE PRIMITIVE STREETS OF ALGERIA

which the way of travel has undergone in adjustment to new conditions—that fitting to a purpose and marvelous specialization that has transformed the free, nature-given road into the most artificial of creations.

With the tilling of the soil, paths definitely appeared. There were two reasons for this: Certain places could not now be trodden without injury to growing crops. This fact established boundaries to the limitless area over which men might roam, and the narrowing of the boundaries defined path and road. Thus arose for the latter's exist-

over again, and there appeared roads and paths. If, as happened in the settlement on Massachusetts Bay according to the story, the circuitous route which the cows had taken was the path of least resistance or greatest convenience, that in a particular case was the germ from which the street came. But the fact that it was a cow-path clearly was incidental; and, considering streets in general, we find their origin—the primal stage in the process of evolution—a way made by human feet from house to house. Shorn of all the acqui-



A STREET IN A TURKISH VILLAGE

tions of civilization, the street was simply a way of going.

It is an old saying that, in broad terms, the race develops as does the nation, just as the nation follows the same general course of growth as do child and man. If we would know the aspect of the earliest streets when, in the childhood of mankind, the way of going became differentiated, we have to seek those primitive settlements where civilization is yet no more than a promise. We can go backward in time merely by going backward in progress. We can observe the childhood of humanity by observing the childhood of a nation that is in arrested development—or that is yet to feel the thrill of civilization's awakening touch.

The traveler of today, familiar with the topographical glory of Riverside Drive, New York; with the roar of the busy Strand, in London, and with the magnificence of the Champs Élysées, in Paris, can find in the little town of the Orient a type of the street in its early development. As he walks between perpendicular walls of stone or stucco, built flush with the road—which is no more than a space between them, unpaved, undrained, and

with no division for vehicles and foot passengers—he is in a street as primitive as if he had gone back two thousand years. Here he steps around a group of children, squatting in the dust of the road. Above, the projecting drains from the roof empty their contents on the ungraded way, where the water must lie beneath the feet of the travelers until the sun or hard ground absorb it. There is no beauty, no attractiveness, no construction about the street. It is simply a slit between the walls, untouched—a bare, comfortless, way of going.

Continuing, he may come to a somewhat more promising thoroughfare. Walls still rise sheer from the street—their doors and windows no more than openings, with rarely a stone slab before an entrance, rather for a seat than a step. The spouts from the roofs still throw their contents into the thoroughfare, but the surface of the latter has now been slightly raised at the sides so that surface water drains into a languid middle stream; and some tall palms that happen to be beyond the walls throw a welcome shade



Rue des Oz'ed-Nails, Biskra, Algeria

THE STREET A SOURCE OF ENTERTAINMENT

into the chasm that before had been all white, hot, and dazzling. An old man, a sheik, sits at his door. And behold the conception of the street has enlarged. It may be something more than a passage, something more than a means of getting from one point to another at whatever discomfort, for an old man finds pleasure in idly sitting there!

The new idea gains rapidly and takes strong hold. The towns had been crowded, the streets the narrowest of slits and the houses huddled close together, in order that the protecting wall which was to enclose them all should be no longer than necessary. But within that wall, the street is all the outdoors the public has. If it could be made more habitable, pleasanter, by crude surface-draining and incidental shading, without loss of the town's compactness, then surely this is desirable. And the more the street is used, the more frequently there is a passing on it and the more there is of sitting before the doors, the more interesting it becomes. Sociability has developed on the way, and there have appeared the beginnings of that conception of the street which is to find such elaborate satisfaction, our traveler reflects, in the Spanish alamedas and the French boulevards.

But there was a long course of evolution before these were reached. The social function of the way increased until it far outstripped the conception that is suggested by boulevard and alameda. In the Egyptian villages up the Nile today rude bedsteads come out of the hovels by the middle of February and the population sleeps in the streets three-quarters of the year. Thus, the brightly lighted boulevard, with its many



AN EASTERN STREET MADE DIGNIFIED

chairs and little tables, is a conventionalized, restricted and self-conscious use of the street — adapted to modern cities — as compared to the use of it which developed when once the idea of the street as something more than a passage, a way of going, had appeared. To stroll leisurely up and down the street, merely for the sake of its company; to sip one's coffee and absinth there, that the gayety of the scene may be enjoyed — these are as tame a daytime use of the street, compared to the extreme of sociability which first

appears when the new conception of the way has taken hold, as is its relative desolation late at night compared to the sleeping family groups on which the stars that overhang primitive towns look down. There is, however, this to be considered: in these little towns, where we seek in the protracted childhood of a people the beginnings of the street, the traffic makes very slight demands. These are pressing enough to necessitate the provision of streets, but once the way is provided, it is not kept constantly in use; and however narrow, there are only rare emergencies, speaking generally, when the whole of its width is required by the travel. So there is little restraint put by traffic on the social use of the way, and with much to tempt to this and nothing to restrain, we see its encouragement to sociability swiftly gaining a strong hold.

This will express itself in several ways. As the interest in the thoroughfare increases through the injection of this new element, a new life comes into the abutting architecture. The street is recognized by something more than an inconspicuous slit in a blank wall for egress and entrance. On the

one hand there appear windows, balconies, and projecting windows which command a view not merely across the street but up and down it, in order that the inmates of the houses may enjoy such animation as the street affords. There appears, too, a conscious effort to give attractiveness to the street façade. Posts and lintels are carved, the doorways are emphasized, windows and balconies are made picturesque and decorative features, and what had been before a dead wall is now rendered as attractive as possible, for there is appreciation of the chance to make an impression by means of the wall that the house shows to the street. The desire for architecture's outward expression is born into the world! On the street's part also there is a change. This is likely to appear in a more careful grading, on account of the increased demands on the road. Perhaps, for the same reason, is the paving bettered. Rude, crude, noisy at first, but giving a sure foothold and a dry one, the way is now slightly widened so that there may be room to sit before the doors.

And then, repeatedly, the roof will be made to project over the door so as to afford a sheltered spot,—more from the roof draining than from the storm, and in hot climates as much, perhaps, to act as an awning that will keep the sun from entering the open door, as to keep the threshold dry.

All is still crude, irregular, lacking in system or orderliness, but the street has unmistakably appeared. Thenceforth, the advance will consist mainly in the inauguration of order and system, in adaptation to increasingly pressing requirements of traffic, in the effort to satisfy a rising esthetic ideal, and to extract from the street, conceived as a strip of public territory, the maximum of public or civic usefulness. The street will not be considered by itself in this development, but will be thought of as one of the co-ordinate parts of a street system. Still there will be, within itself, a straightening of lines or evening of edges. Something like a walk will appear, in the paving of a footpath directly before the houses. There will come by degrees an attempt to light the



THE "WAY OF GOING" BECOMES PART OF A STREET SYSTEM

way, after dark—though this, it is worth while to note, will be made at first by the householders from their houses; and at last there will come a desire to designate the different houses by an arbitrary sign. Thus will begin modestly to be created that group of objects known as the utilities of the modern street.

Finally, there will be a deliberate effort to bring into the thoroughfare not only the early convenience, the later attractiveness and order, the almost unconsciously sought beauty or picturesqueness, but actual dignity and impressiveness. The first attempts toward this are likely to be made at the city gates and will consist in the architectural pretentiousness of their treatment as portals to the street. When this step has been taken, the conception of the thoroughfare may be considered as essentially modern.

The street's purpose at that stage is, as now, to serve the public in a convenient, attractive and dignified manner. If later we put gas pipes through it, lay rails upon it, construct a sewer below it, plant trees at its edges, adopt a frontage and cornice line for the buildings, police it, repave it, and clean



A EUROPEAN STREET MADE DIGNIFIED

it, protect it with ordinances, transform it into a modern boulevard, avenue, or business street, we have injected no new thought into the street conception but simply have learned to satisfy original ambitions that have grown more exacting in their details. There are ampler facilities at our hand; by experience we have grown cleverer; the specialization of modern life has increased the requirement of the street without changing its nature.

Reduced to its simplest terms, this is the evolution of the street. In the differentiation of the cities and parts of cities under the influence of climate, topography, and other natural conditions; of racial and national peculiarities; and of the distinctions of industry, commerce or statecraft, as these prove the predominating activity of the town, the evolution appears to lead to more intricate results. Varieties, of various interesting departures, supplement the abstract street which may be called the "species" and whose development we have watched. But these varieties demand a subsequent and distinct consideration.





The House at "Longcroft," from the Meadows

"LONGCROFT"

A HOUSE AND GARDEN AT MAMARONECK, N. Y.

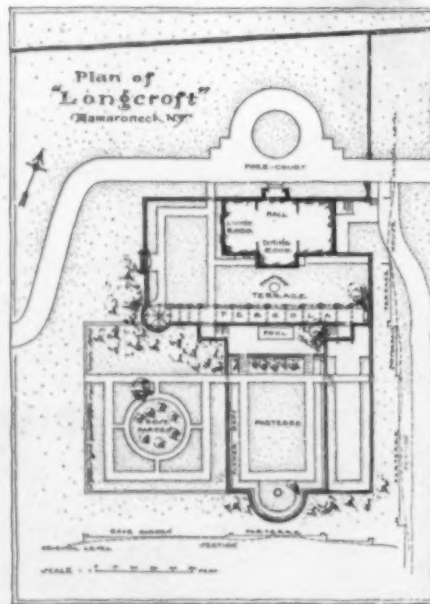
THE SEAT OF EDWARD HAMILTON BELL, ESQ.

AMONG the rocky hills of Westchester County rather less than an hour's journey by rail from New York City is a piece of land about fourteen acres in extent situated two hundred feet above the sea, from which it is distant two miles. More than half of it had been at some time cleared and planted with fruit trees; first with apples in a low and sheltered corner near the high road, later with pears on the upper slopes. Here and there were scattered among these a few old trees, chiefly elms and chestnuts, while the remoter parts were heavily wooded with a mixed second growth which is so characteristic of the land near Connecticut's shore.

The view from the higher portions of the property is closed in to the southeast by a range of hills covered with thick wood, beyond and above which a glimpse of the hills on Long Island may be obtained. Southward these woods

open toward a clearing filled with orchard in the foreground and swampy meadows behind.

The site selected for the house was close to the northern edge of the property and about two hundred yards from the high road. It was by no means the highest point within the boundaries, but was so far above the immediate surroundings that the surface drained well from here in every direction. The entrance drive running eastward straight from the highway turns sharply northward close to the house; and with a quick rise gains the level of a forecourt on the northern side of the house. Here the road describes a circle round a grass-plot, having a magnolia in the center, and runs out at the opposite side between tall gate posts down hill again to the stables. The northerly curve of this circle and of the forecourt is now screened by a thick plantation of Norway spruce which will eventually be trimmed on its southern

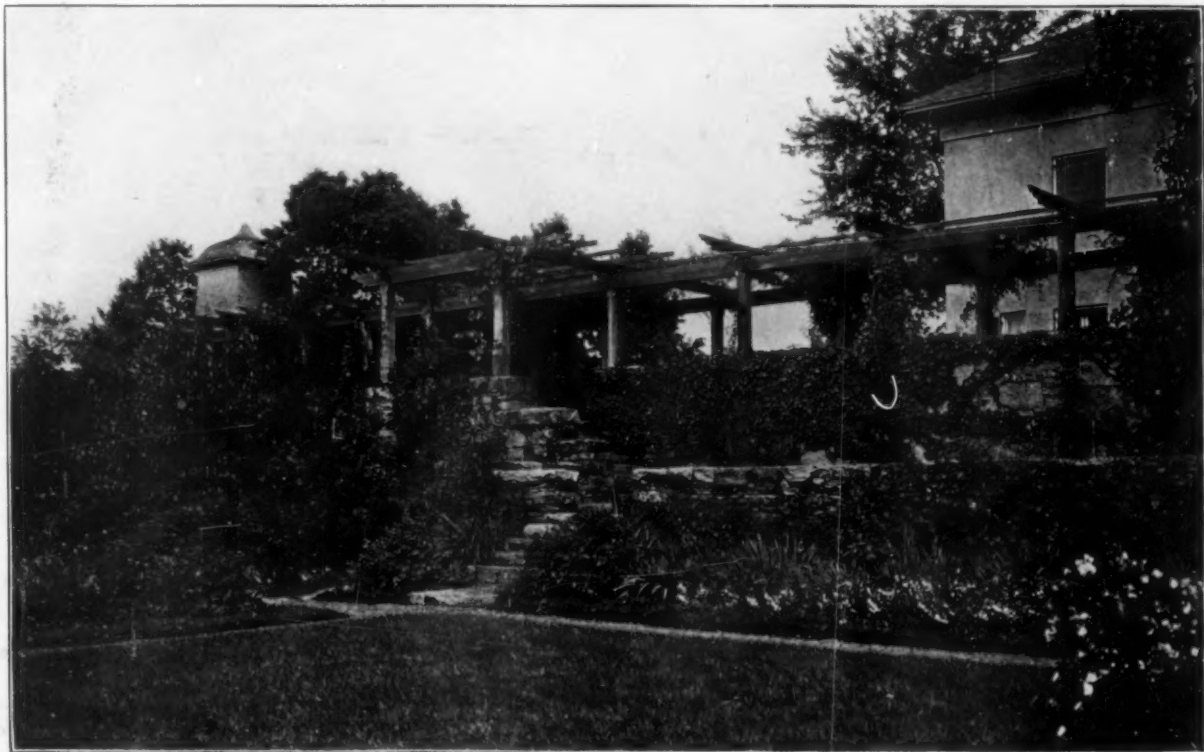


THE PLAN OF "LONGCROFT"
Designed and Planted by the Owner



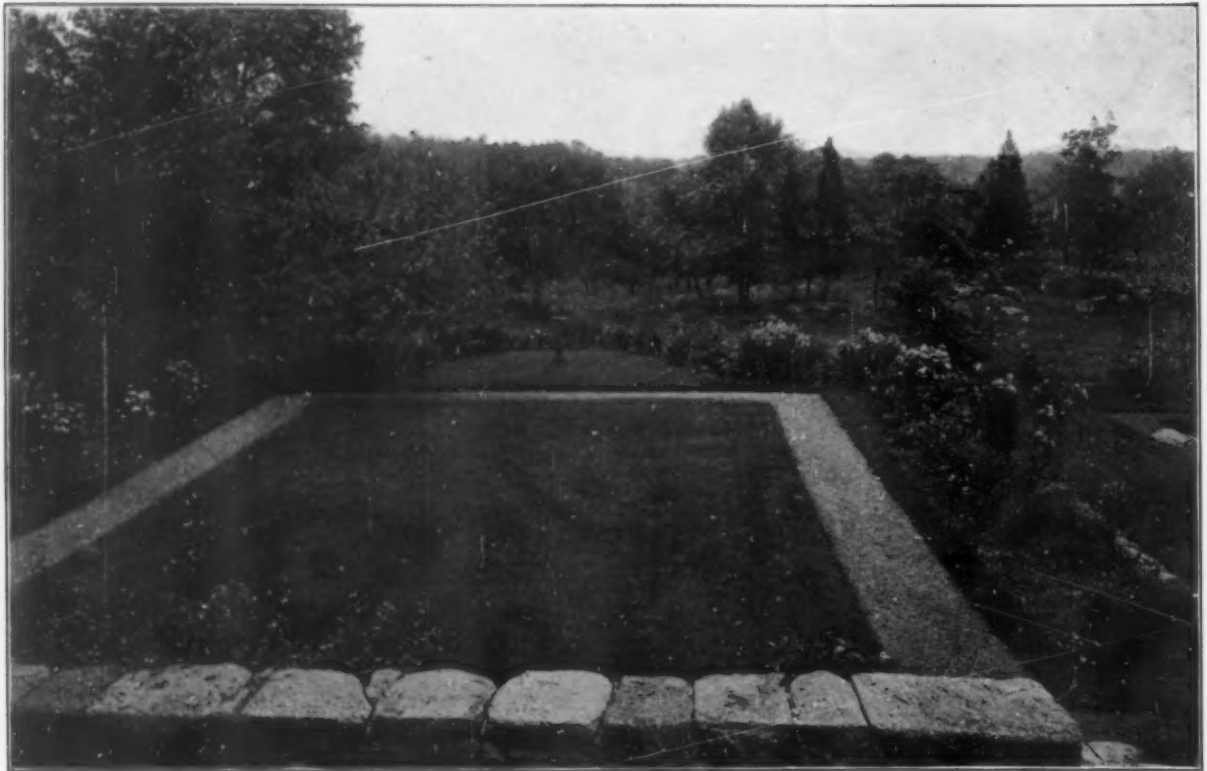
WITHIN THE PERGOLA

"LONGCROFT"



THE PERGOLA FROM THE PARTERRE

"LONGCROFT"



THE PARTERRE

"LONGCROFT"



THE ROSE GARDEN

"LONGCROFT"

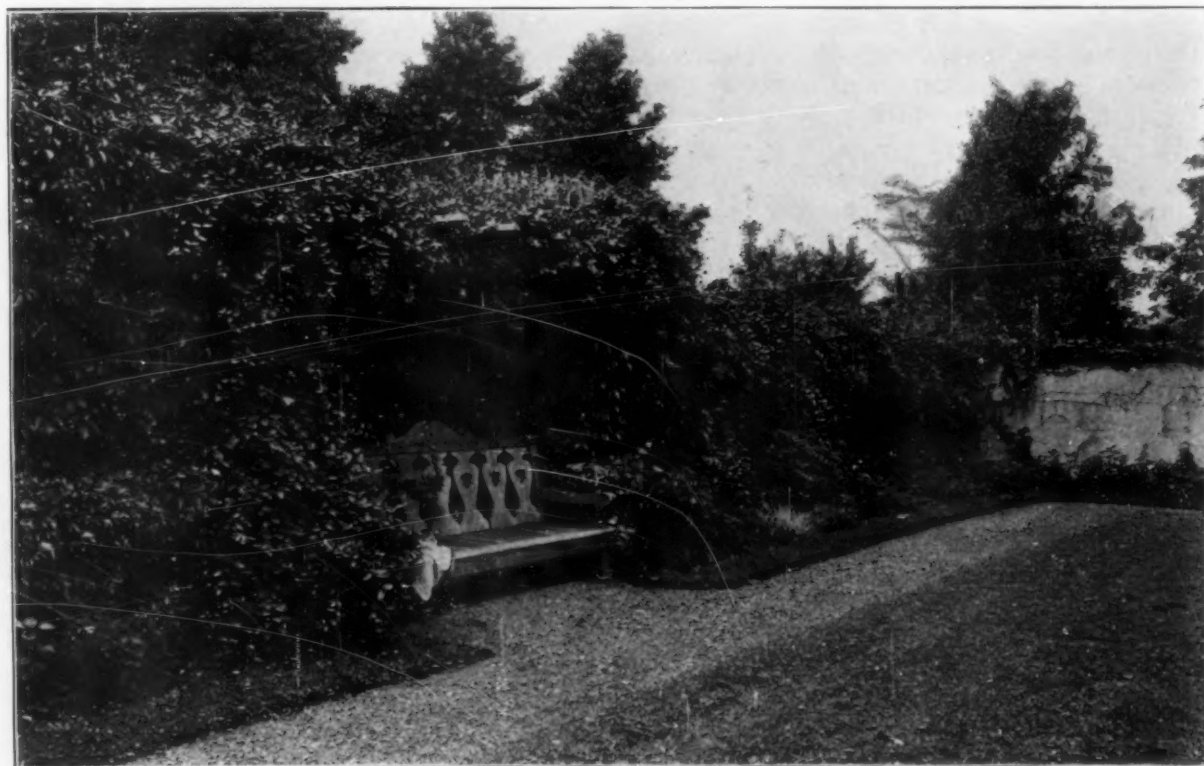
face so as to form a dense wall-like hedge. The east side is enclosed by a high trellis covered with honeysuckle, morning-glories and other climbing plants. Wide borders along the house and walls, which shut off the kitchen court on the east and the terrace garden on the west, are planted with lilacs for the spring and hydrangea paniculata for the autumn blooming, and contain hardy herbaceous and annual flowers as a foreground. Trumpet creeper, ampelopsis, and English ivy already soften the bareness of the rough-cast walls.

The terrace garden on the west of the house is reached by a gate in the wall, and the path which enters skirts a small grass-plot and runs clear across to a stairway leading from the terrace down to the parterre. Flower borders surround this garden under the wall on the north and west sides, and it is bounded on the south by the terrace with its pergola running east and west. This terrace grew naturally out of the exigencies of the ground, which slopes sharply southward; and the house being founded on the solid rock, a considerable

amount of material resulting from the necessary blasting for the cellar had to be disposed of.

In the wall opposite a door from the dining-room is a bay with a seat. This being arbored affords an excuse for carrying the pergola along part of the west side of the garden, adding greatly to its beauty and seclusion. At the west end of the terrace walk the wall is thrown out into a circular bastion, and the pergolas meet here and form a tea-house canopied with vine, clematis, trumpet-creeper and wistaria. The latter is trained up from the garden below some nine or ten feet, and the pergola is to be entirely roofed with it; but at each of the inner posts on the terrace lawn itself is planted a rose, clematis, jasmine or other more delicate creeper for the sake of variety.

In the grass-plot opposite the center of the house is a small fountain. The eastern end of the terrace is shaded by a large elm and a tulip tree which were on the place when the house was built and played an important part in fixing the exact position of the building. The steps at each end of



THE WALL SEAT OF THE TERRACED GARDEN

“LONGCROFT”



THE TERRACE BEARING THE TULIP TREE

"LONGCROFT"

the terrace lead down to a second and smaller terrace on which grows the tulip tree above mentioned, and on which it is proposed to place a tank or pool for growing lotus and water-lilies fed by the overflow from the fountain on the upper terrace. Two other flights of steps continue down from this second level to the parterre, which has a grass-plot in the center and a wide border all around it. In a semicircular bay at the end is a sun-dial.

A cross path leads to the rose garden on the west, where a central bed is surrounded by wide borders, and all is enclosed by a trellis of grape vines, thus combining beauty with utility. A gate at the end of this path conducts one to the tennis court and thence into the meadow. On the east the path leads across another terrace with borders, through a little grove of peaches, to the kitchen garden.

The parterre is surrounded by a hedge of Japanese holly, but this, like the spruce hedge in the forecourt, is still in its infancy,

the garden having only been commenced in May, 1899. The parterre was laid out in the autumn of that year and the rose garden added in 1900. The circular rose bed is surrounded by osier arches of climbing roses, and the four cross paths leading to it pass under arbors of the same material. In planting this garden, large use has been made of flowering shrubs of the more refined types and hardy herbaceous flowers in masses. Bulbs in the spring, and lilies and Japanese iris later in the year, increase a variety of color which is otherwise provided for by annuals planted here and there among the perennials.

The bank which slopes from the terrace wall to the rose garden is the only piece of the native hillside left within the formal precinct. Here the rock which crops out is wreathed with honeysuckle and Japanese rose, among which native lilies, foxgloves, acanthus and sunflowers raise their heads. Here, too, are blossoming shrubs—Philadelphia, magnolias, clethra, almonds and the like.

WROUGHT LEATHER

AS A MEDIUM OF DECORATION

By HELEN W. HENDERSON

ANY effort to revive the art of wrought leather as practiced by the ancients in interior decoration, must necessarily find root in the tangible results which have survived the centuries and which still testify to the accomplishment of those early workers, though of the technical manner and traditions of their craft little or no record is discoverable. In the conscientious effort to reproduce the old methods, what is now known of the process has been re-discovered step by step through years of patient experiment, and it stands for the only substantial information to be had on what are believed to be the ancient means of tooling, gilding and coloring the hides.

In the courage and strength of the few isolated cases of men and women who are seeking to revitalize the craft lies its only chance of a real renaissance.

The art which held so high a place in the industry of many hundreds of years degenerated and finally died at the close of the eighteenth century. Literature current during the life of the handicraft reveals but sparse information to the student or antiquarian who would seek to explore the annals of that time. A portion of a volume belonging to a series, published in the last part of the eighteenth century, gives an account of the art in its decadence, almost at its death, and is thus replete

with information on the various methods, then rife, of cheapening the process and degrading the noble work. Baron Charles Davillier is the author of a small volume called *Notes sur les Cuirs de Cordoue*, published in Paris in 1878, which modern workers have found helpful as the most intelligent book bearing on the craft to be had in America.

The earliest trace of the leather work now called "Cordovan," is credited to the African Moors, who, before the eleventh century, introduced the craft into Spain. The Spanish word for these leathers, "Guadamacil," forms the link by which Baron Davillier traces their ancestry back to Ghadames, an African village on the edge of the Sahara; and in support of his theory, quotes a twelfth century writer of Tunis who speaks of the even then famous leathers of Ghadames.

Certainly the gilded leather industry swept all of Spain into a vortex of picturesque activity which flourished steadily from the fourteenth to the end of the sixteenth centuries and made Cordova, Barcelona and Seville centers of wealth and commerce,

while the smaller Spanish towns, in only less degree, thrived and were happy in the success of a glorious work which fed an apparently insatiable market. The Cordovan workers, in particular, became so famous for the splendor and variety of their leathers that the name



A MEDIÆVAL PORTFOLIO OF WROUGHT LEATHER

Wrought Leather

"Cordovan" came to be applied to all work of this character.

Once proven, the industry spread rapidly from country to country. In Italy, the Venetians especially were so successful with the work that at this day it is difficult to distinguish between their leathers and the Spanish productions of the same period. From Italy the contagion spread to France—in Paris a whole quarter of the city was given over to the work; thence to the Netherlands, and so on to England. Large quantities of the leather were exported from Spain to the Spanish American Colonies, Mexico and the West Indies.

During its supremacy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the craft was under the protection of the Spanish guilds. Their regulations provided that inspectors be appointed by the members from among their



A MEDIÆVAL GARMENT OF WROUGHT LEATHER

number, who under solemn oath and heavy penalty were detailed to examine into the merits of the shop-keeper artisans who were not allowed to produce nor sell their work except as approved by the inspectors. If judged sufficiently skillful, the artisan was brought before the guild, acknowledged a master and given a certificate with permis-



AN XVIII CENTURY CHAIR

Covered with Italian Embossed and Gilded Leather

sion to practice the handicraft. The guilds provided also against the use of improper skins—that is, of animals too young or dead from disease—the use of tin or pewter instead of silver leaf in the gilding, and other frauds and disorder in the craft. According as the stringency of these rules relaxed in time, the art degenerated and finally died out entirely before the dawn of the nineteenth century.

There are still quantities of fine old leather hangings in existence, but vandalism and the stress of poverty have long since allowed most of them to be removed from their original settings. In the hands of dealers and collectors, in museums or in the houses of wealthy Americans they may still be admired as



AN XVIII CENTURY CHAIR

*Covered with Italian Wrought Leather
In the Collection of the Pennsylvania Museum*

marvels of workmanship, as freaks of durability, but the harsh contrast of modern environment, the complete loss of association, accords ill with the unostentatious worth and sincerity of these voices from the past.

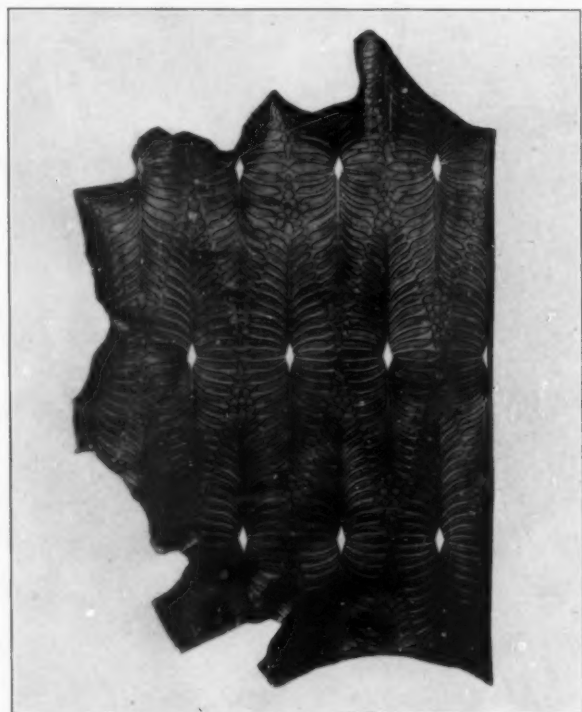
Preserved in the Cluny Museum, Paris, are examples from the best period discovered in an ancient house in Rouen, whose interior had fallen into complete decay from dampness, the leathers alone being in perfect condition beneath the mould.

In this country very wonderful examples of Italian and Spanish leather may still be seen in the home of the late Henry G. Marquand, in New York, while yet more rare pieces were sold by the executors of his will last spring, and still others were given by him to the Metropolitan Museum. The three storied hall of the Marquand house is lined with fifteenth century leather in two designs taken from



ITALIAN WROUGHT AND COLORED LEATHER

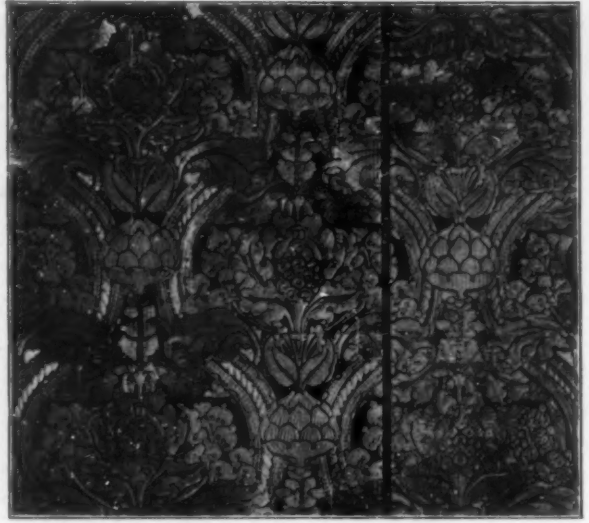
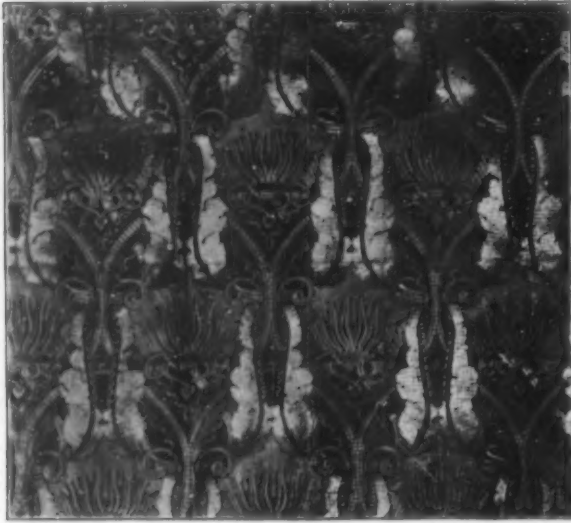
Hung by Charles R. Yandell on the Walls and Screen of Mr. Francis T. Maxwell's Dining Room, Rockville, Ct. (The prevailing tones are crimson and gold.)



SURFACE PATTERNS DESIGNED FOR WALL COVERINGS

Executed by The Misses Ripley

Wrought Leather

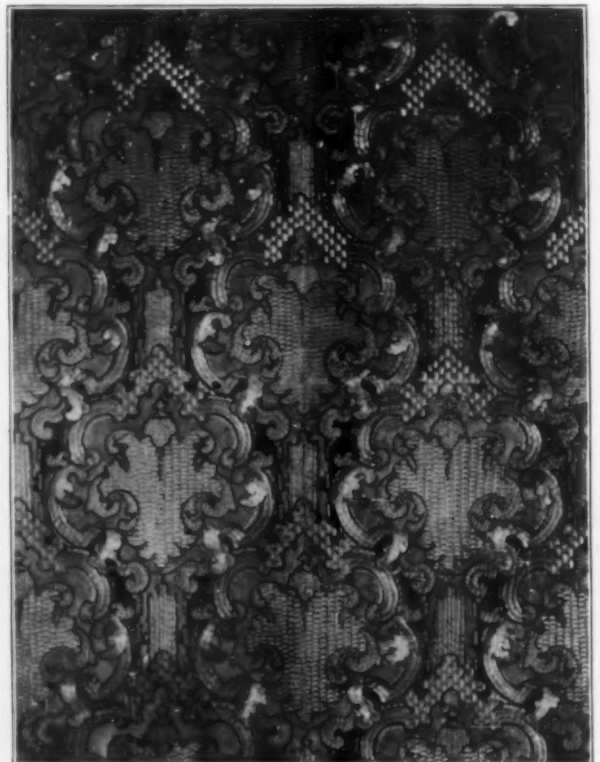
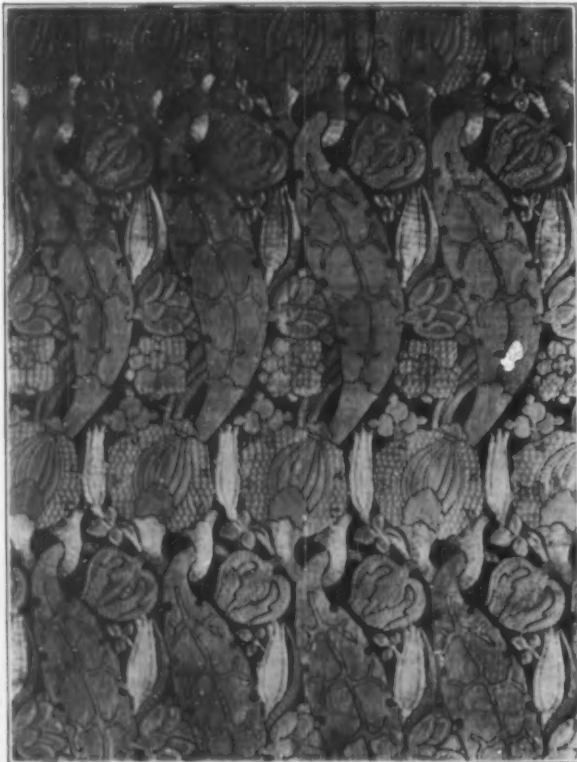


LEATHERN WALL PATTERNS IN RED AND GOLD

To be applied with joints covered by narrow wood beads. The work of Mary Ware Dennett and Clara Ware

a palace in Pieve di Cadore, Titian's birthplace, in the Italian Tyrol. Except for the bare spaces, where in the collector's lifetime his priceless tapestries hung, the walls are completely covered with the old leather, which is of extraordinary brilliancy and richness of color. Mr. Marquand was much interested in the early work of

Charles R. Yandell, of New York, in reviving the lost art, and allowed him to copy this leather, which was done with much success. Handsome leather of an early period, said to be Dutch, forms a frieze about the library above the book shelves. But no leather in the house can compare in color, texture and design to that purchased in Italy



LEATHERN WALL PATTERNS EXECUTED BY MARY WARE DENNETT AND CLARA WARE

by Mr. Marquand's son and hung as a complete wall covering of a bedroom, furnished in the Byzantine style, on the third floor. This is said to have been made in the thirteenth century. The colors are soft blue and silver. The surface has been covered with the impressions of infinitesimal tools, leaving no bare spaces in the graceful and elegant design. A coat-of-arms, twice repeated, in red, makes the only break from the consistent tone of the walls, and the leather has been arranged so that these occur on corresponding panels each side of the alcove into which fits the massive bed.

The house of Francis T. Maxwell, Esq.,

at Rockville, Ct., contains a room paneled in fine old Italian leather, hung by Mr. Yandell.

A description of the method of making these gilded leathers is quoted in Baron Davillier's book from a French translation of an Italian account of the work published in 1564.

According to this ancient author, the skins were first soaked over night in water, then beaten upon a stone to soften them. After which they were washed and stretched upon a polished stone to become



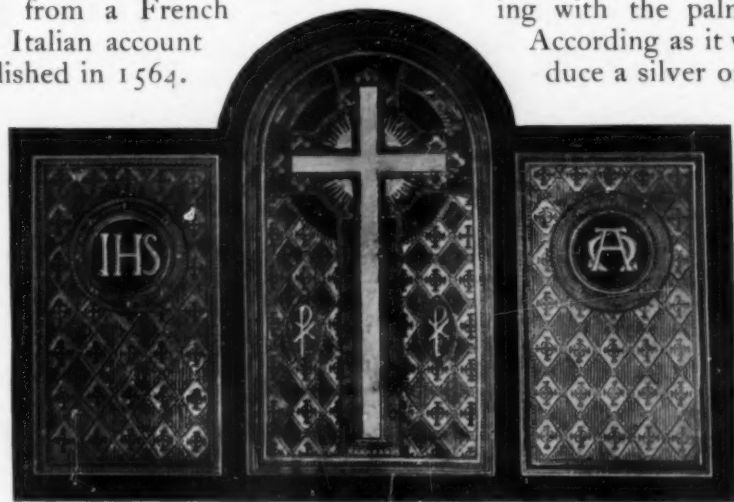
A PORTION OF A ROMANESQUE BEDROOM
IN THE MARQUAND HOUSE

The walls covered with Italian wrought leather

resin and one part aloes, boiled together until it became a golden yellow. It was applied with the fingers in wavy lines and spread to an even coat by skillful beating with the palms of the hands.

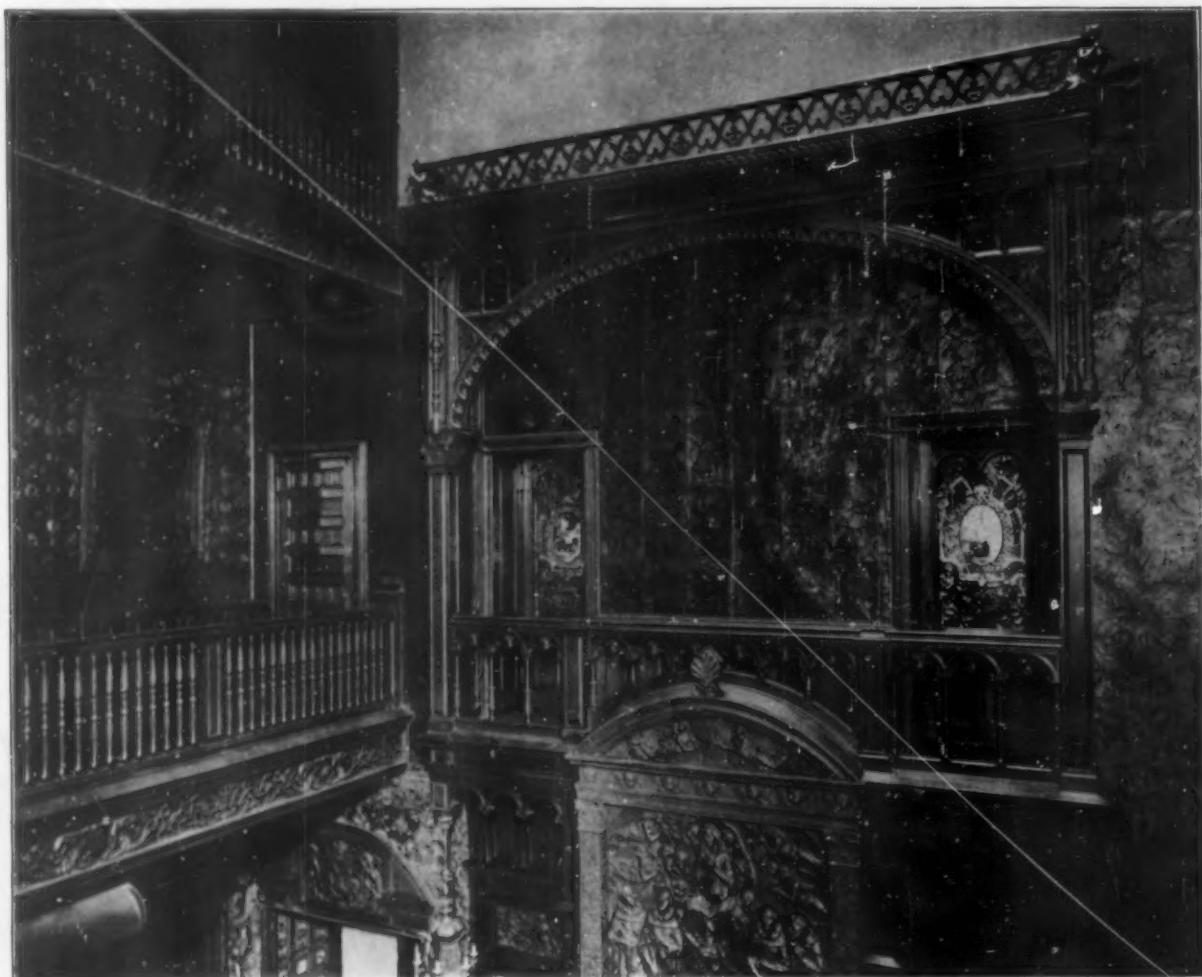
According as it was desired to produce a silver or gold surface, the

varnish was scraped off with a knife. The skins were again dried, painted if desired, and tooled. The pieces were then made true and sewed together. According to Mrs. Hartley Dennett, of Boston,



AN ALTAR PIECE IN GOLD AND GREEN LEATHER

Executed by Mary Ware Dennett and Clara Ware



THE HALL OF THE LATE HENRY G. MARQUAND'S HOUSE

The Walls hung with Fifteenth Century Leather found in an Old Palace in the Italian Tyrol

who has made exhaustive researches in the methods of the old work, no gold whatever was used in the whole process of making, and this accounts for the mellowing and deepening of the color which age brings to the varnish, imparting a softness and richness that can arrive in no other way.

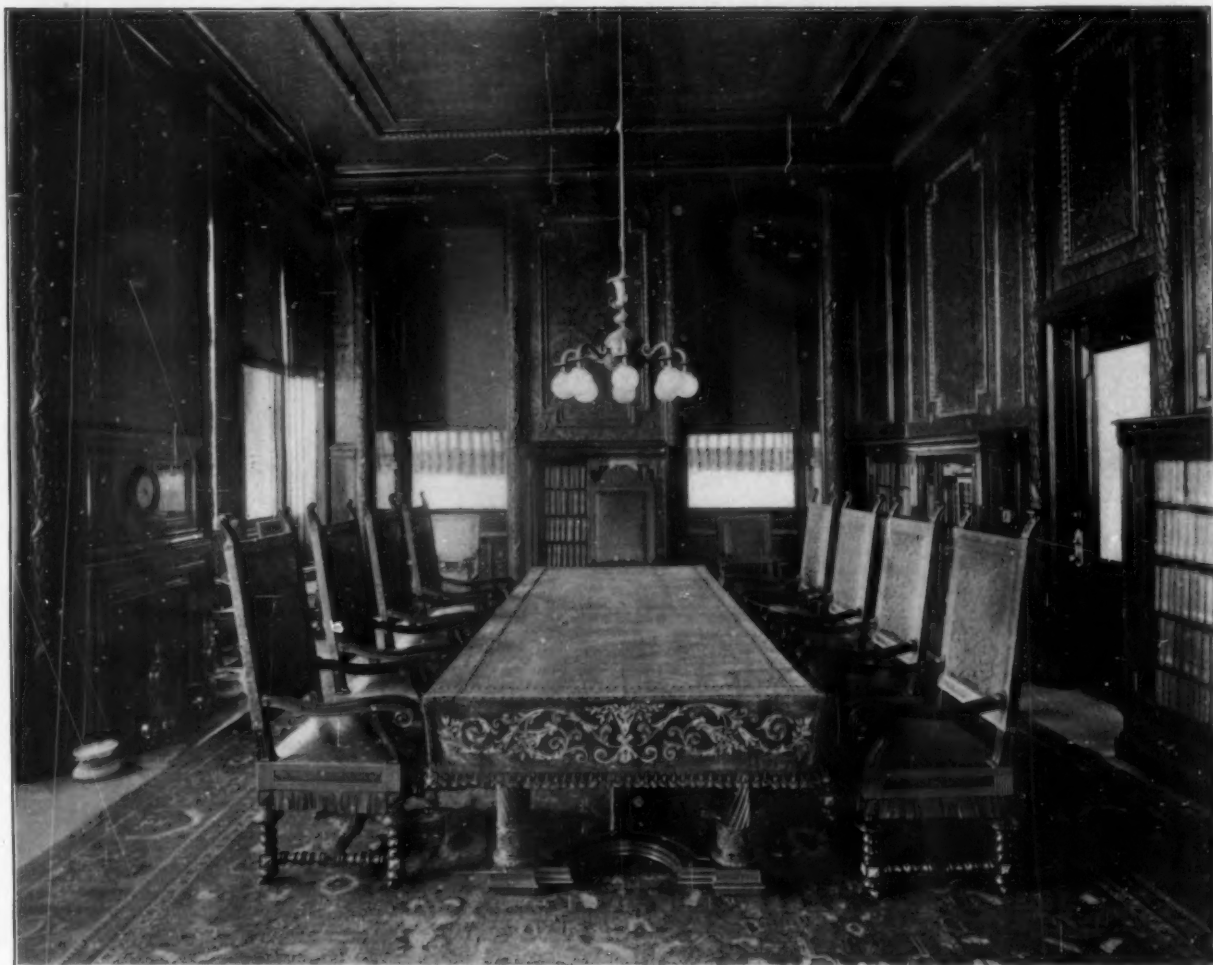
One of the greatest disadvantages under which the leather worker of today labors is in the extreme difficulty of getting properly tanned hides. The old methods are gone, and the modern quick chemical tannage, while admirable for some purposes, is too tricky for permanent use. In her work Mrs. Dennett found that the India tanned goat skins came nearest to the leather used by the old workmen, as the ancient method of tannage is still used in India. Cowhide and calfskin she declares are almost worth-

less for purposes of handicraft. Goat skin is still the safest, strongest and most enduring.

In America, too, the uneven temperature of the houses causes the leather to swell and to hang loose from the dampness in summer, though the furnace heat in winter usually tightens it again.

The work of Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett is notable in being a conscientious reproduction of the old methods based upon years of study both in this country and abroad. Her sister, Clara Ware, is associated with her in the work. They have produced very beautiful results and their experience and research have given them an advance by which others may profit in the future of the art's revival.

Mr. Yandell, of New York, has done much valuable work in reproducing from



THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.'S HOME BUILDING
The Walls and Chairs covered with Wrought Leather executed by Charles R. Yandell

the old master workers and in making special designs in hand tooled and modeled relief effects. Some of these reproductions are now on the walls and ceilings in residences belonging to William C. Whitney, George W. Vanderbilt, Whitelaw Ried and other prominent men besides which his leather is to be found in many public buildings in New York, Boston and Albany.

That in all this great country there are so few workers in the legitimate craft that we may name them upon our fingers, and that the craft in its purity is practically unknown, even to cultivated people, is a sad commentary upon the commercialism of the age.

The real craft worker dreads alike the amateur dabbler and the purely commercial producer who in every way does violence to the true spirit of craftsmanship. His work is protected by secret processes; the acci-

dents of the old hand work are imitated by steel dies worked by machinery and the effect of age simulated, so that the work looks its best only the day it is done, from that time on losing its beauty until time utterly ruins it instead of enhancing its loveliness. Yet the present results of some of this work are surprisingly beautiful, and as such form, perhaps, a step in the progress of culture.

Of an entirely different nature from the Cordovan process is the embossed leather of Germany, known in that country for the past fifteen years. The embossed or sculptured leather work done by Henry Busse, while undoubtedly inspired by the old methods, is entirely modern and without traditional precept.

In this work the design is sketched upon the surface of the leather with a blunt tool; then with a sharp tool the lines of the design



THE DEN OF MR. JOHN JOSEPH ALTER'S RESIDENCE IN PHILADELPHIA

The Walls, Ceilings and Screens covered with Sculptured Leather by The Busse Studios

are cut open through about half the thickness of the skin. After moistening the leather, the relief work is pushed out from the back with the fingers and the depression filled in with a pulp, so as to avoid the possibility of the raised part receding. From the front, with a steel modeling tool, the detail is worked out in the plastic, damp leather. Afterward the leather is stained, painted or gilded. Mr. Busse will be represented at the State Capitol at Harrisburg, where he is to make eight panels, illustrating the chief industries of the State, to be placed in the Lieutenant Governor's room.

The work of the Misses. Ripley, of New York, is built upon the old Mexican process of carved leather. This was introduced into California by the Mexicans who brought the art up from the South, where it may be traced back several centuries. Miss Anna C. Ripley and her sister have been at work for five years. Their progress is interesting as an economic problem, for they started in California with no capital but their work, and

have established in these few years a paying business in New York. Their work is distinctive in that they have not sought to reproduce an old art but to build up on what they could discover of the Mexican methods of using the tools, a modern adaptation of old principles. The leather is moistened and the design cut with bold strokes of the knife and worked into relief by hammering into the leather with small dies around the design. This has the effect of raising the figures. Coloring and gilding are applied as a finishing process.

The high technical standard of the hand-bound books made in the monasteries of Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries shows book-binding to be one of the noblest and most useful branches of leather work. Its revival knows no greater name than Cobden-Sanderson, of the Dove's Bindery in London, under whose tutelage scores of successful bookbinders of the present day have done much that is dignified and noteworthy.

WHAT CAN BE DONE IN TEN YEARS

AT MAKING A COUNTRY HOME—II.

By MARY C. ROBBINS

(Continued from the October number of *House and Garden*)

IN the beginning we were too much occupied with the practical problem of planting and the anxieties incident upon keeping trees alive to do more than devote our energies to converting a desolate waste into well-shaded lawns and a fruitful garden.

Our experience in undertaking to make trees grow upon a gravelly soil, in a climate where dry summers and severe winters are the rule, may be of value to those who would set about the same task did they not fear that result would not follow effort promptly enough to repay them for the exertion.

It is easier to make trees grow in the Middle States than in Massachusetts, but everywhere planting and raising anything mean thought and labor, and the detail of what was done at "Overlea" may be of service to others. In the first place large holes were dug, five or six feet in diameter, into which several cartloads of loam and compost were dumped and left to settle. It is better, if possible, to do this work in the autumn, and plant trees in the following spring, when rain and snow and frost have crumbled the ground and made it suitable for working; but we went ahead immediately with no dire consequences.

We made mistakes in too severely pruning the young trees sent to us, but experience taught us to keep them in their natural form with a proper leader, trimming in the side branches, so as to leave the tree always in a pyramidal shape, no matter how closely cut back. In this way taller and handsomer shaped trees are assured. Often saplings are

lopped roughly off at the top, in which case too many branches crop out, and the tree loses the lift and spring of its natural leaders and becomes bushy, so that the branches have to be thinned out frequently, as it grows, to bring it into shape.

For quick shade, while waiting for more valuable trees to develop, there is nothing more valuable than the common white willow (*Salix alba*), which, though flourishing best in damp lowlands, will grow anywhere if properly watered. The golden osier (*Salix alba, var. vitellina*) also affords shade promptly, but is unshapely and short lived, and merely suitable, like Lombardy poplars, to use as a nurse for better trees.

These, with the ash-leaved maple (*Acer negundo*), were planted near the house, to be removed later, and they have gradually been cut down, as the permanent trees, set out forty feet away from them, showed signs of requiring more room for roots and branches.

Several of these were chosen for quick growth rather than for long life, since if one plants a place in middle life one wishes to see some of the fruit of one's labors. Such are the Norway maple (*Acer Norwegiensis*), and the white maple (*A. dyasarpum*), which attain a respectable size in ten or fifteen years from a good sized nursery tree. We

chose one of each of these, five inches in diameter six feet from the ground, and set them out in the best positions available, and they have amply rewarded our care, and grow and spread nobly after the manner of their kind. It is rather common to hear



"OVERLEA" IN 1888

THE AUTHOR'S HOME

A View from the Street

A. dyasarpum decried, but Weir's cut-leaved variety, with the graceful curves of its pendant branches, its open, bright green, dancing foliage, and its symmetrical shape, is a far pleasanter neighbor of the house than the denser leaved varieties of rock and sugar maple, which are so grand in their natural hillside habitat.

A noble tree for the lawn is the *Catalpa speciosa*, quite hardy in our locality, with its great leaves and candelabra of exquisite white blossoms tinged with pink. It is a free grower, and with us, under most adverse conditions, has done very well, though it loses many of its lower leaves in July, when the season happens to be dry, and it once had its top taken off in a sudden squall.

Groups of white stemmed birches are very ornamental here and there. The swiftest growing of these is the European variety of *Betula alba*, which is a thrifty and handsome tree when young, but short-lived, and it does not keep up in dignity with *Betula papyrifera* (the canoe birch), which in time reaches truly magnificent proportions.

We started with five different kinds of birches in a group, but they needed thinning out from time to time to give proper development to the better specimens.

The quickest result in planting comes from well-developed, well-rooted nursery trees which have already been moved more than once. When the tap root is thus destroyed, numerous branching shoots spread out, which promptly take hold of the new ground and aid in the quick growth of the branches. But in time the smaller trees get ahead of the larger ones in height and vigor, especially in the case of forest trees like the chestnut and hickory.

It is said that a tree grown from seed will in the end overtop and be more vigorous than a transplanted one which has lost its tap root. English oaks have grown in this locality forty feet in fourteen years from the acorn. We have numerous oaks on our once barren hillside which have grown from acorns into wide-spreading and fairly tall



"OVERLEA" IN 1891

A View from the Street showing the Growth of Three Years

trees in fifteen years, and pine seeds sown freely have afforded a vigorous growth. Once establish forest conditions, and a grove replenishes itself with wonderful vigor.

When we began to plant, four acres seemed an impossible waste to clothe with verdure, but it is astonishing how narrow a space the same acreage has now become, and how impossible it is to find a spot on which to move anything. We have enough and to spare to furnish a place of twice this size, and the present problem is how to cut in such a way as to keep the trees in good condition.

On the hill we have a variety of flourishing conifers, white and Scotch and Austrian pines, hemlocks and savins (*Juniperus Virginiana*), some transplanted, others sprung from seed sown broadcast; also seedling oaks, hickories, chestnuts, maples, tulip-trees and birches, which have grown to very respectable proportions. There is a stately row of Norway spruces along the road, and scattered about the place and along the front are larger oaks and maples which were planted; elms, chestnuts, birches in variety, a black ash, a catalpa, and in the garden all sorts of fruit trees, including the peach, which until the last severe winter has borne well for ten years.

We have found the ash-leaved maple (*Acer negundo*) admirable for quick shade. It is well to have the male variety of this tree, for the female sows itself everywhere, and the long seed vessels are not very ornamental as they hang from the boughs. The advantage of this maple and of the white maple



"OVERLEA" IN 1891

A View from the Hill Showing the Growth of Three Years

over the other varieties is that they grow in much less dense heads and admit the air and sunlight through their more widely scattered branches, a benefit both to house and grass.

When there is a western exposure, some shade tree is necessary to temper the glare of the light, and this *negundo* has given great satisfaction, while more distant trees, destined in the end to fill the office of umbrella, were slowly reaching a height which would make them of use. No one wants a tree permanently very near a house or window, but in situations exposed to the fierce sun of our hot summers, a quick growing shelter is often necessary, and a tree of this kind is not handsome enough to make parting with it, when the time comes, a real sorrow.

The heavy Norway maples and *Acer nigrum* and *Acer saccharinum*, which are excellent for roadsides and boundaries, should not be set where they are likely to intercept a view, for they grow in so dense a fashion that no amount of pruning is of any more than temporary avail. In vain you cut away the lower boughs to gain a vista; before the season is over the trees above send out long branchlets which slope downward, and the work is all to do over again. An American elm (*Ulmus Americana*), on the contrary, is admirably adapted to shade a house, and trimming does not mar its fine, vase-like shape, but makes it taller and handsomer. Magnolias, tulip-trees, catalpas and other highly ornamental trees require a great deal of space, and will not bear crowding. They need earth room and sky room to develop

their noble proportions in the most desirable way, while chestnuts and oaks, as well as birches, can be grown effectively in groups, by trimming them up well below. The English oak, however, has a tremendous lateral push, and its character demands a wide space for its spreading branches.

On a small place one suffers soon from too close planting, which necessitates a real massacre of the innocents. To act as headsman to a tree which you have set out and tenderly nurtured gives a pang to the

gentle soul. When the pain becomes too keen, it is well to leave an order for destruction and go out of town for a week. When you return the spot is neatly turfed, the debris removed, you have been spared the grief of seeing the fair trunk fall, and very soon you cease to miss the departed.

The planter must early learn to sacrifice sentiment to the larger beauty of his place, and to be willing to cut down his most cherished tree when the time comes that it becomes harmful to its neighbors, or interferes with a proper vista. The individual must give way to the picture, without regard to its perfection as a specimen; and that picture one must learn to keep in the mind's eye. A great part of the landscape work on a place is being done while the owner sits in apparent idleness on his veranda, studying the relations of one object to another, and gradually evolving or carrying out a beautiful ideal.

Even if carefully planted in a given place, trees develop in unexpected ways, and make suggestions of their own. To these hints one must be constantly alive, trying to make the most of them. Often the original scheme may be made to yield to a better one, which seems to grow naturally out of existing conditions.

Promptly one learns to see the value of open spaces, of connecting curves, of the charm of mystery, of a gentle surprise, of an attractive vista. These things are an outgrowth, often a revelation. It is never enough to plant a tree and leave it to its

own sweet will; one must learn to lop here, to train there, to prevent over-expansion, or to stimulate a more vigorous development. This is the real secret of the delight of gardening to its true lover. It is never a fixed science, it is capable of constant and most interesting modification. One learns all the while, and this is why it is wise to devote one's energies to a few things at a time. Until your trees are well established they

(To be continued)

will need all your energy, all your attention, and shrubs and flowers, so much swifter in growth, can await their turn until the skeleton of the scheme is thoroughly in place.

When the trees are fairly out of danger comes a lull, when one can give his mind to vines and shrubbery, and how and where to plant these smaller and very beautiful ornaments of a place will be the subject of another paper.

"RENEDE"

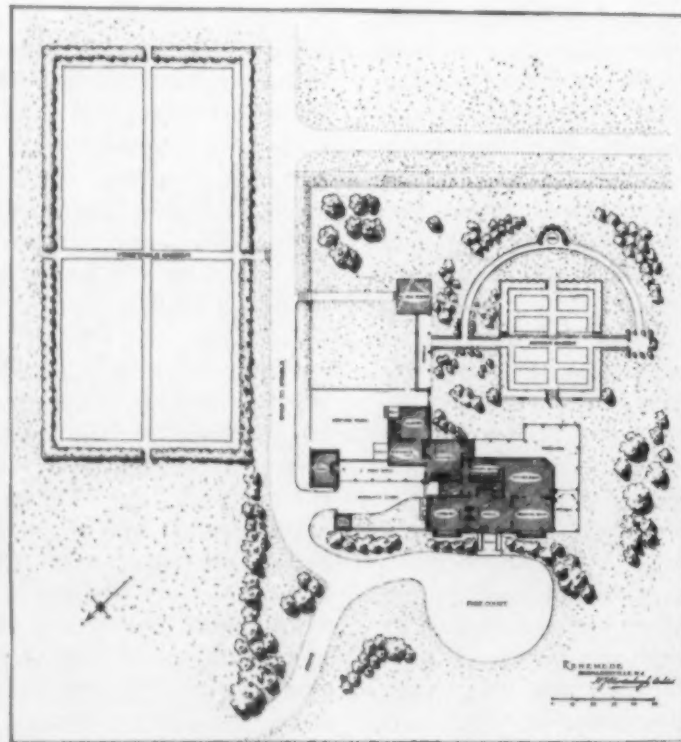
A HOUSE AND GARDEN AT BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.

DESIGNED BY THE OWNER, H. J. HARDENBERGH, Esq.

IT is doubtful if a more picturesque or attractive bit of country within a radius of fifty miles of New York City is to be found than that embraced in the township of Bernards, in Somerset County, New Jersey. We name this distance from the metropolis because proximity to a great city is both desirable and necessary in a place of convenient residence for those who seek the pleasures of rural life and at the same time must be in touch with the business activity of the city. This tract of country is rolling in character, abounding in woodland between cultivated farms, and well watered by numerous winding brooks and larger streams; indeed, it is made up of a succession of small hills or mountains, each

with a view of charming valleys between them and extensive plains beyond. On one of these hills, called "Mine Mount," about two miles from the attractive little village of Bernardsville, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, is situated the home named above. The elevation is nearly eight hundred feet above sea level, and the air most salubrious and cool in summer.

The estate is a small one, embracing only forty acres, in close proximity to some notable and more extensive properties. It is surrounded by timber on three sides, with broad vistas cut through the trees to secure views of the grand panorama lying within range of the windows and piazzas of the house. A shaded



THE PLAN OF "RENEDE"



THE HOUSE FROM THE WEST

"REMEDE"



THE HOUSE AND THE GARDEN

"REMEDE"



THE ENTRANCE HALL

“RENEMEDE”



THE DRAWING-ROOM

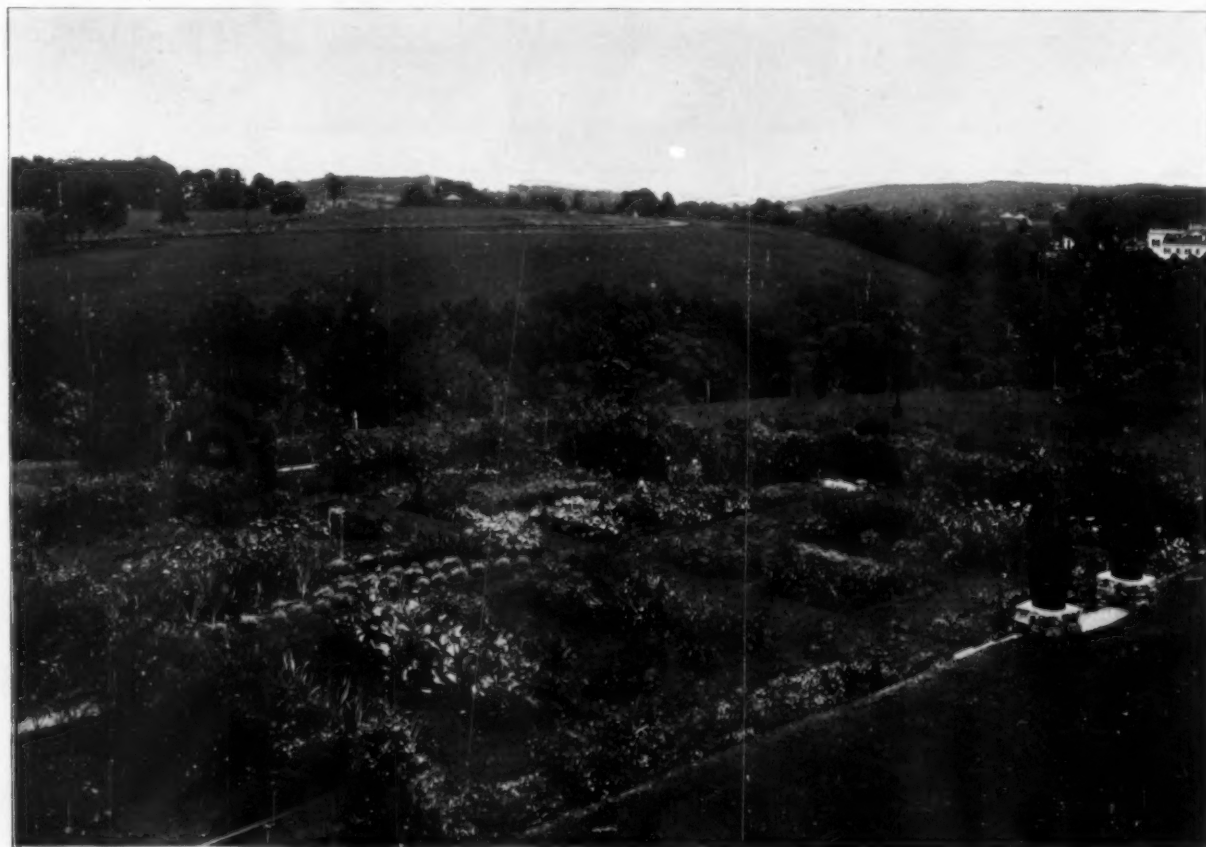
“RENEMEDE”

stream winds along one entire side of the property, adding extreme picturesqueness and furnishing an abundant supply of the purest water, for its volume is reenforced by numerous springs.

The house, which takes the place of one destroyed by fire about a year ago, is of extreme simplicity of outline and exterior finish, suggesting the comfortable English homes which are the delight of strangers visiting the older country, but which are so

the prototype has been avoided, and the house made to minister to the outdoor life which flows about the modern American home.

The planting of the place has been done with a view, so far as possible, of assisting Nature, rather than taking its place with artificial effects, the only bit of formal planting being the garden. This, however, is filled entirely with hardy shrubs and flowering plants, and is set behind the house so as not to intrude upon the general scheme of the



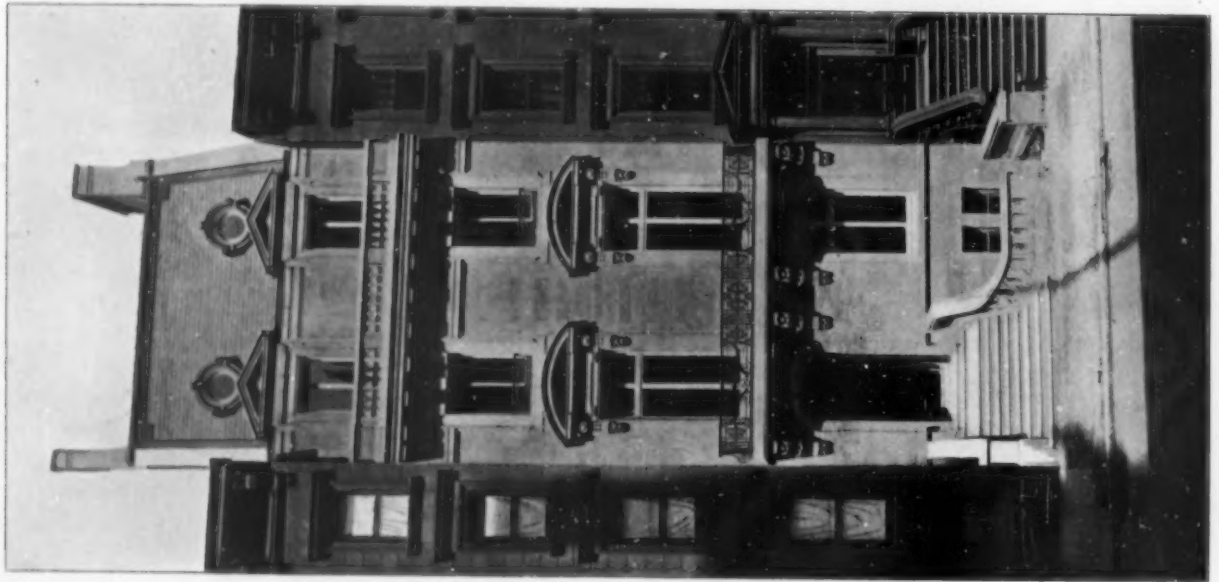
THE GARDEN FROM A WINDOW OF THE HOUSE

“RENEMEDE”

rarely seen in their integrity here, too often from the owners' fear of not appearing sufficiently individual and original if omitting from the embellishment of the outside of their dwellings evidences of their wealth and bad taste. “Renemedé” house has an impressive external vigor, suggesting the best domestic architecture in the north of Britain; yet by virtue of the generous number of windows here, the balcony and the piazza extended by a pergola, a sombreness of

main landscape effects. By this means the face of nature seen from the house is enriched rather than changed.

The place, in short, is such a one as a lover of Nature would choose and delight in, and where an architect would find inspiration for the châteaux, grand villas and the like, which he may never be fortunate enough to build or to occupy, but may take untold pleasure in picturing in his mind's eye upon the hills about him.



A RESIDENCE

APPROACHING COMPLETION AT

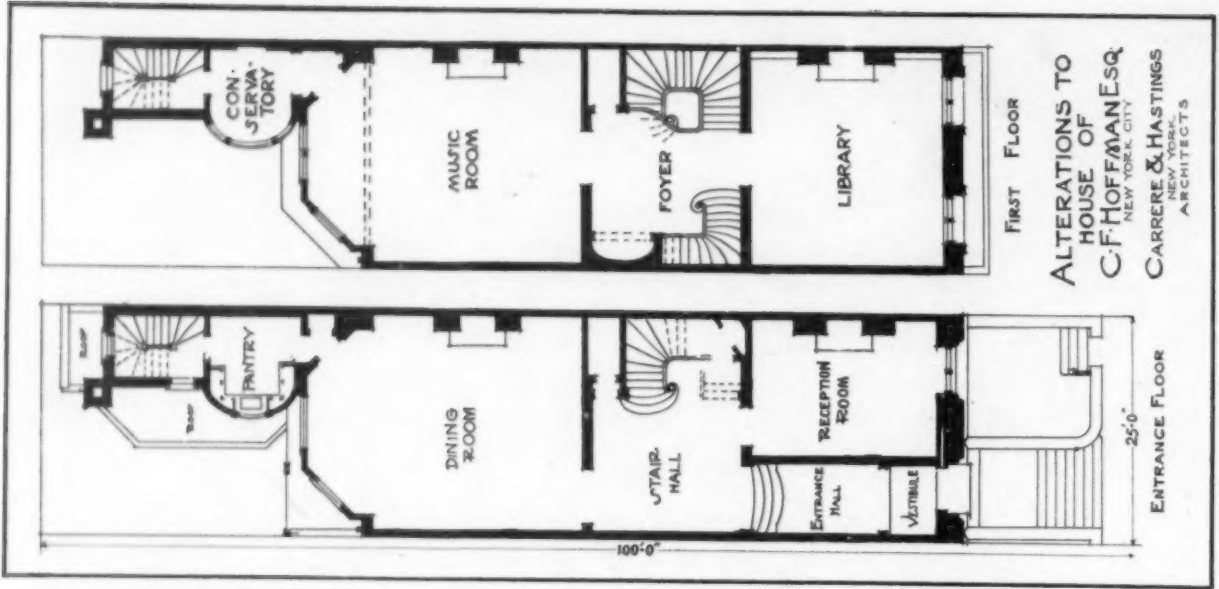
No. 620 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

FOR

C. F. HOFFMAN, ESQ.

DESIGNED BY

CARRÈRE & HASTINGS
ARCHITECTS



STATION GARDENING

By W. FRANK McCLURE

THE beautifying of railroad and especially depot grounds by means of flower gardening is receiving no little attention from the leading railways in America today. Large sums are being expended annually by the railroads of the Eastern States, not only in the cultivation and distribution of flowers and plants, but in the laying out of walks and the care of trees.

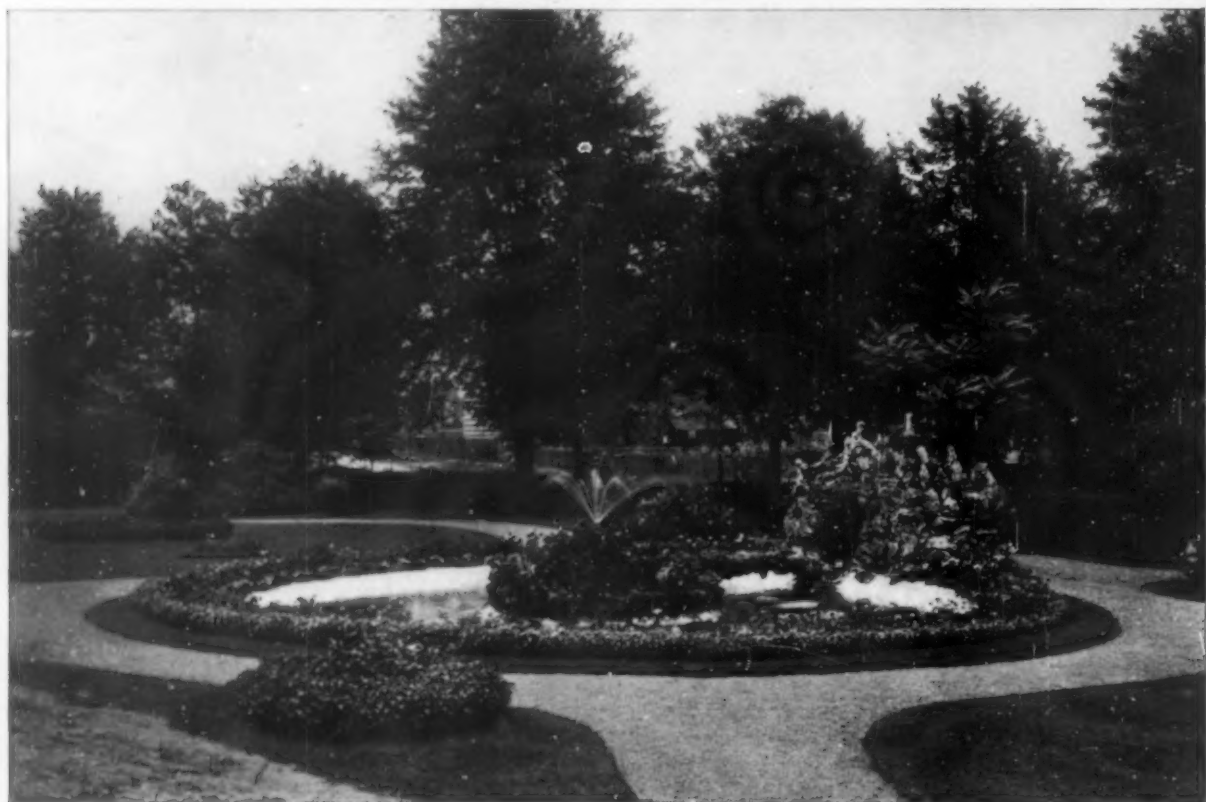
The station at Mentor, in Northern Ohio, affords an example of what has been accomplished in the way of evolution from dingy industrial surroundings to those of beauty and fragrance and shade. Although railroad gardening is usually bad from the view-point of landscape art—and the work at Mentor is not a complete exception—the effort which has been made here illustrates how easily the traveler who must pause at a small town may

be supplied with a better view from his car window than irretrievable ugliness.

More than a decade ago Mr. John Newell, the president of the line of railroad on which Mentor is situated, inaugurated in a small way the work of beautifying railroad grounds. He was a man who loved natural scenery and flowers, and he succeeded in interesting many others in admiring and studying the beauties of nature about them, and, best of all, in cultivating them where they do not exist. Before Mr. Newell's death he had the satisfaction of seeing many pretty garden spots beside the tracks as his special car carried him over the road. Of these spots Mentor was then and is yet the most attractive of all. It was chosen as the site for special efforts on account of the location here of one of the railroad's two green-



THE PLANTING AT MENTOR STATION, OHIO



THE FOUNTAIN AT MENTOR STATION

houses. These are equipped with thousands of square feet of bench room and all the modern aids to propagation.

The plants mostly in evidence last season at this station, and they were used at others along the line, were geraniums, cannas, coleus and begonia. *Vernonia* was also to be seen, and there were hydrangeas, rhododendrons, and fine beds of coxcomb. "Carpet bedding" was done on a small scale with enough success to prove the really good artistic results which would come from restraint in the use of material and a finer appreciation of design. Ornamental grasses and shrubs added greatly to the general appearance of the grounds, and caladiums were given a place of prominence. At the west end of the depot is the fountain with a border of flowers, illustrated in the accompanying photograph. The rock of which it is built was brought from Castalia, Ohio, and consists of petrified branches, twigs, bark, leaves and moss. A hedge of privet extends across the rear of the grounds.

The sight afforded at Mentor is a restful one to the tired passengers of the through

trains between the east and west, and especially is it welcome in this comparatively flat country, lacking the rugged scenery so prized by travelers in the western mountains. Passengers waiting for trains at the various stations on this line will likely find in the future seats placed at intervals in the vicinity of the flower beds.

The plan of the railroads to extend the work of their flower gardening is apparent at many points. For example, at Elizabeth, New Jersey, some twenty acres of land is to be covered with glass houses in which will be raised shrubbery, plants, trees and palms, for one of the largest railroad systems in the country. Some of the hothouses are to be sufficiently high to accommodate even the largest flowering plants. A leading railroad also has under advisement the offering of premiums for the most attractive farmhouses, barns and premises along its line, in order to stimulate the residents to better their surroundings. Still further it is planned to set potted plants within the depots in winter. At a few points this has already been tried.

THE COUNTRY GRAVEYARD

By CHARLES M. SKINNER

COUNTRY graveyards have, and should have, their own charm, distinct from the attractions of a city or suburban cemetery. This way of putting it may cause a smile. Charm? Attraction? And why not? No bit of earth is so consecrate, none should be more beautiful. We should find here an harmonious expression of that sanctity with which we invest the dead. We should find here a softening of all that suggests death itself. We should rob death of the terror with which it continues to possess some minds, and show that its resting place is gentleness, order, sweetness; that when we die, as all before us have done, we shall only give back to the earth what we have borrowed for these vestments, and let it change to visual loveliness in green and flowers.

It is, in one way, an advantage to the country cemetery that it is so usually neglected. The farmer is a busy man, he is in his fields from dawn till dark, and he has to struggle to support the living. He may mourn his dead, but he has little time to give to them. And it is, therefore, a mistake made by many who design rural cemeteries that they presuppose the art and care in their maintenance which are given to the burial places controlled by city corporations and parcelled among wealthy families or families of leisure, who in an absence of urgent employment will give not a little of their time to preserving and beautifying these spots.

Neglect is good in that the return to nature is accomplished more easily, and a certain sort of care is unwise in that it is the wrong care. There is, for example, a strange prejudice in the countryman's mind against shade in his cemetery. It may be that he grudges the space for trees and shrubbery that should be given, he thinks, to graves, but it is more likely that he has a disaffection for what is abundant, and therefore, in his eyes, cheap. Trees cover his hills and edge his rivers; why, then, should they be planted in his cemetery? He ordains that they shall not; and when,

from blown maple keys or other seeds, a few saplings root and rise in the hallowed ground, he lays on them with an axe and exposes the turf to the glare of the sun once more. Or, is it possible that he is still superstitious, and fears that ghosts may haunt the gloom of a grove? Anyway, it is a fact that our rural burial-places are usually "protected" against trees, and that until laws to that effect are reversed, or pass by common consent into the limbo whereto most laws in this law-ridden land are consigned, there can be no effective beginning of reform.

A moderate shade, then, is one desideratum; paths that shall either be paths (not roads), or shall be grassy hollows, are another; and especially should the monuments and garnishings fit the environment. And here is the essential difference in treatment between the town and the country cemetery. Wealth will have its fling, even in the graveyard. Woodlawn, with its Greek temples, its Mahometan mosques, its Gothic chapels, its nondescripts with colored windows, is fantastic, bizarre; and the rustic cemetery should contain just those things which Woodlawn does not. Showy structures belong to towns, because the towns are shows. Simplicity and harmony with nature are proper to the rustic setting.

Yet this simplicity need not preclude art. The cemetery, like the garden, should have a focus of plan, or form, or color. If it contains one imposing monument, that should stand, not in a corner, or a hollow, or in mean relations, but should dominate the inclosure and be the key of the restricted landscape. This does not imply that it should fill the geographical center of the ground, but should be the most assertive figure in it; that the paths and plots should, without seeming consciousness in the arrangement, or any effect of mapping, radiate from it; that ungainly or trifling constructions should not crowd it. Nor does it follow that the structural center should be a monument: it might be a chapel; it might be

The Country Graveyard

a fountain or ornamental basin; it might be a circle planted with flowers; it might be a group of trees, and for a knoll in the middle of a burying ground there is no fitter crown than a trio of graceful willows or a cluster of solemn yews. A radial point like this, toward which the lines of headstones or of lot-fronts carry the eye, amends for much that is common or humble in the details of its setting, and these details fall, by contrast,

tones and quiet whispers; it suggests age, which is always pleasing, since it removes from the place of burial that look of newness which reminds us of the sorrows of yesterday. The yew is agreeable with monuments and architecture, lending a background and environment that is picturesque without sharpness, and throwing shade in masses instead of broken, quaking spots; it therefore participates in the effect of solidity and en-



A PRIVATE CEMETERY

On the Wye River, Maryland

into due subordination. For we must pick our trees, and avoid those, like birches and poplars, whose slender, upright lines are excitant or grandiose, or whose green is too bright for the dominant note in a color arrangement. Level and billowy lines are restful; hence low spreading trees are best. The English yew is especially admirable as an accessory or as an accent in the rural cemetery, for it is dark and solemn, yet beautiful and unoppressing; it talks at night, not with eager flutterings, but in sober mono-

durance that pertains to those houses which are to last for centuries.

Houses? Yet, of stonework may there not be too much? Headstones and monuments are enough. Curbs and posts are out of place with the green hills. If there must be borders, let them be green also—of box, for instance; and if hedges are needed, then of cedar. But here trouble arises, because the rural cemetery is so usually neglected that the borders and hedges grow scraggy and escape into unsuited spots, so that it is

wiser to omit them, unless it may be in frequented parts of the ground where they can be accessory to flower-beds or other ornamental features. Grass is the best of allies in the beautifying of God's acre, nor should we resent the coming in of golden rod and asters, sweet briar and daisy. And there is one little plant, so modest, so tender, so unobtruding, yet so persistent in its love for cemeteries that it has gained the name of

Conformably with this quiet and attractive covering, herbs and bushes chosen for setting out should be hardy plants—perennials, like roses, fleur-de-lis, lilies, lily-of-the-valley, violets, syringa, lilac; and for walls and fences, morning glory, which sows itself busily wherever it finds a chance to climb. If plants of less endurance are employed, there is need to avoid stiff forms that repeat and thereby emphasize the lines of



A TYPICAL MEETING-HOUSE GRAVEYARD

Burlington, New Jersey

graveyard spurge—that we should never fight off. It mantles over the mounds and fills the hollows between with a soft and moss-like carpet, in summer a bluish-green, in autumn the loveliest show of color that Octobral change affords. It is yellow, orange, scarlet, crimson, even purple, sometimes all of these colors on one stem, yet as harmonious and softly blended as are the tints of an opal or a rainbow. An acre covered quite with spurge would rival, in the time of leafy glow, the finest of old Anatolian rugs.

the monuments, and to relieve them with what is graceful, rounded or drooping. Ferns are admirable, unless one excepts the tall sword ferns, and their serenity and grace suit them to old parts and quiet corners of the cemetery. Nearly all flowers are agreeable when one regards them rightly, yet the geranium and marigold are vivid for grave uses, while zinnias have a bristling and fencepost assertiveness, like mulleins. If garden plants are to be used, they should be used as in gardens, not in finical scatterings, a pot or

two here and there, but in masses. *Salvia* is of a scarlet that fairly burns, and is also of a stiff habit of growth, but when it is used courageously the effect is sumptuous, splendid. Visitors to Mount Auburn may recall beds of it, near the crematory, that are like the flash of red in sunset clouds. Their color rouses like a clangor of bugles. And so, if we would have flowers, in unclaimed dingles and near fences and ledges, we may safely plant wild ones and leave them

to make head, massing them, in the first place, more densely than in nature. There is nothing finer than a thicket of wild roses or purple asters in flowering time, or a rock that is draped in wild clematis or woodbine, which may also be taught to climb about decaying trees outside of the cemetery and thereby heighten the beauty of the outlook.

For a darker green than the grass we can safely use the low-growing varieties of cedar, and the same tree, close-set, is far better than a fence as a surrounding for the graveyard, or as a screen against unpleasant prospects, such as farmyards and factories. This is the one spire of vegetation that seems to fit the place, for it is churchly in its taper, serious in color, fragrant in odor; but it must not stand alone; it must be grown in groups or walls. Here, where nature claims its own again, we



A GREAT OAK

The Dominating Object in the Graveyard at Salem, New Jersey

do not want to emphasize human purpose and ownership with a staring fence, any more than we would vulgarize the place with electric lights and picnics. We do not want gaiety — the froth of beauty. Hence, we choose the cedar and the yew and the wild growths to soften the foreground into the surroundings, and if we find pines on the cemetery site, some can be left in clusters, but let them be funeral plumes above the graves of prophets. Exotics and bizarre growths,

like cacti and century plants, orchids and laughing blossoms of the hot zones, are misplaced near graves; the native should return to what he knows, and dwell among flowers whose fragrance he breathed in life.

Next to his opposition to trees, the countryman's opposition to water is most surprising. In dry seasons the cemetery is so far from ponds and rivers that even the few who would be willing to refresh the place are unable to do so, at least without much trouble and cost. A little pool is sometimes found in a hollow, but it suggests malaria and mosquitoes more than fitness; and unless it has life and flow it is not to be tolerated. Why is it that, in the hill country, where brooks are many and clear, cemeteries are not made near them? I know one which overlooks a brook, but the

ravine is so thickly overgrown with trees and bushes that its presence is hardly suspected, though by merely clearing a way to it an uninteresting spot might become a picture. There are sanitary reasons against close encroachment on the banks—consideration for the living who may use the water, as well as the propriety of avoiding danger to the graves from spring freshets, but as a scenic adjunct, the mountain rill, dividing the cemetery, maybe, and crossed by a rustic bridge, would heighten the outward charm without causing the slightest discord in respect to sentiment. For what a beautiful picture we find in the mountain brook! Water makes itself the focus of almost any view by its motion and light. The brown and silver torrent, issuing from its caves of coolness under the roots of a perfumed wood, tumbles over mossy boulders and slanting ledges, carrying music as it seeks the liberty of the fields. Trees lean above it and shelter it lovingly from the too fervid sun—a kindness that the brook repays in sap and heart for each of them. Why may not the farmer avail himself of such a service and choose for his rest a spot where he may hear its lullaby and where the natural loveliness will always be the richer for its neighboring?

An almost universal mistake is the failure to employ the country rock in constructions

of the cemetery. It is not all stone that can be lent to mortuary purposes, but marble, slate, sandstone and granite will do, and quartzite and porphyry will doubtless answer as well. Yet, how common it is to find that in a slate country the inhabitant who has buried a wife sends to a marble quarry for her gravestone, and that in a sandstone country nothing will do for a monument but granite. Especially lamentable is the assembling into one little spot of red and gray granite, white and clouded marble, serpentine, blue and gray slate, red, brown and yellow sandstone, in slabs, columns, spires, obelisks, boxes, pyramids, couches, lambs, crosses, sheaves—the veriest hodge-podge of shapes and colors and textures. Crude tastes want contrasts; wise ones demand harmony. And in any kind of country we are sure to find the “real elegant gravestone” of cement, and the modern atrocity of cast iron. Wood is more to be respected than these make-believes, for, though cheap and humble, it does not pretend to be what it is not, and it often lasts as long as the memory of the person whose name is writ upon it.

If a church or chapel is to stand in or near the cemetery it should be of the native stone, as should be most of the monuments, though granite will suit with a slate country; and if there is to be white on church and



THE SHADELESS BURIAL PLACE

Star Island, New Hampshire



SOUTHERN CHURCH GRAVEYARD

Surrounding the Bruton Episcopal Church, Williamsburg, Va.

fences the white of marble will be less glaring and conspicuous, as it will be, too, when snow is on the ground. For the object in using country rock is to secure color agreement with the landscape. White stones in a red or gray setting project themselves upon the vision with almost painful distinctness, and are out of harmony with the ledges, hills, boulders, roads and other exposures of rock and earth. Then, there is the objection that the extraneous obelisk or tablet is so obviously commercial. There enters into it no native quaintness, and none of the esteem that the local cutter engraved on the slab when he made it to the memory of a friend or neighbor.

It is a cause for regret that the cemetery is so often separated now-a-days from its ancient and dignified adjunct, the church. Considerations of public health possibly justified the removal, in some cases, as they ordered the discontinuance of burial in the cathedrals, but in the country there is room, and the church's isolation permits the gath-

ering of those who were members of the fold. The symbolism is happy and comforting, and the presence of the graves is an insurance against unseemly crowding by residences or shops. Who does not remember the charming country churches of England, and turn to them in memory as a type of what is national in sentiment and tradition, and beautiful in form. We are putting up structures like them. They are suggested by the chapel in Mount Auburn. The First Baptist Church at Watertown, Mass., is one of many in the old commonwealth that recalls them, too—a building of yellow-gray stone, with a square, staunch tower, windows in perpendicular Gothic, and shade trees roundabout. The matter-of-fact cemetery beside it might be improved by a landscape architect, but it forms an excellent foreground, the church gaining serenity and gravity, even as it lends them.

An English landscape is incomplete unless, somewhere in the middle distance, there is a church, gray with age and green with ivy,



THE OLD CHARTER STREET BURIAL-GROUND

Salem, Massachusetts

rearing a crenelated tower into view above a grove of yews or street of elms, a center from which flights of rooks make forays into fields and gardens. So in New England it was, till recently, a common thing to see, on commanding hills, the serious white church with pointed spire and Ionic portico, facing

the lands of plenty and standing for the faith, the hope, that had rescued them from a wilderness, while in its shadow, each sleeper marked by a mossy slab, lie the sturdy men and earnest women who parented the Yankee race. Let us keep their memories green and keep the shelter of the church above them.

IN Mr. Price's answer to Mr. Adams in the last number of "House and Garden" he appears to have neglected a powerful weapon which Mr. Adams had practically conceded him. Mr. Adams admits concerning ornament, "It is this variety in myriad repetitions, like the tree before my window, which makes hand-work interesting. Though the hand can never repeat, the machine can never vary. It cuts the same form thousands of times without the slightest change or shadow of variation, and this gives unpleasant stiffness to the whole." This is true of the fundamental lines as well as of ornament. Grant that

a group of the simplest hand-made pottery, with no other ornament than an irregular coat of salt-glaze, wearies the eye less than a dozen mathematically perfect moulded dinner plates, each of which has robbed the next of its power to interest, and the point is made. It is not only because we crave the personal touch, as such, that handwork interests where machine work wearies, but because the machine can, and indeed insists upon cutting a line "as straight as a die." Every inch of such a line beats on the same nerves with the same monotonous and inevitable touch. In art the appeal to the intelligence is through the senses, and the full

response of the senses is maintained through the natural craving for stimulus and rest, for variety and variation. Nothing is so dispiriting, so dreary, as the monotony of an unchanging line, or of an unvaried surface, and even the interruptions made by accident or usage are a comfort to the eye.

At another point it seems pertinent to supplement Mr. Price's argument. He says, "It is not what 'The Angelus' has to tell us of the potato patch, but of Millet; it is not the afterglow of a day, but the afterglow of a life, that lies hidden in the canvases of Corot. For we see many afterglows, but have few glimpses into the lives of men." If it were true that "we see many afterglows, but have few glimpses into the lives of men," we might all forget the double character of art and its universality as the interpreter between the aspect of the world and the spirit. Like warp and woof are the two elements of art, the thing said or done and the sayer or doer. Of neither do we know much. Of the artist we can only know through his work, and of nature we know as little. Consider how we are shadowed in by the limits of personality. Have we really seen many afterglows? We have looked on them, fading into the night, but Corot and a few others have alone been able to give a coherent and convincing account of what they saw; and I think that Mr. Price will own that his experience of nature has been enriched by the insight that Corot has lent him through his pictures. Art is nature seen through a temperament. This is a fact that cannot be too often repeated. Art is temperament eternally recording itself in the universal and permanent language of natural aspects, and revealing the heart and mind of the worker and artist. But is not the afterglow itself revealed? Did not Corot show in it a characteristic splendor that had lain until then unsuspected of mankind? Did the majestic spirit of Shakespeare reveal only Shakespeare to the world? Did he not rather discover mankind to us? Did that *uomo terribile*, Michael Angelo, burn through a whole lifetime of passion merely to record the passionateness of his life? It is not so. The human figure stands revealed again in his work, in a new and marvelous aspect which is as true as its aspect re-

vealed by Phidias. Warp and woof, nature and the creative spirit are blent in it. Lacking the revelation of the personality of Corot, we should wistfully miss his temperamental emphasis; and while the freshness and veracity of his message disclose him and keep his personality perennially legible, it enables us to overstep our personal limits and to look with seeing eyes upon the afterglow which would else have faded from us and left no tangible souvenir. A. W. B.

THE ownership of the Villa Borghese appears to be ever a matter of uncertainty. In Europe titles to land are as difficult to obtain as titles to rank are easy. Visitors read in their guide-books that the Villa and grounds were purchased by the municipality of Rome in 1897. To what extent the transfer was then accomplished is of little consequence before the fact that in December, 1901, the Italian Government purchased the property with the object of opening the grounds free to the public. This transfer, too, seems to have been merely nominal, for the property is still in the hands of the creditors of the Borghese Family. Italians and strangers alike are admitted conditionally and the creditors exact an entrance fee from all.

The act of 1901 contained a clause, approved by the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate and the King, authorizing the transfer of the Villa from the National Government to the City of Rome. The city would then join the grounds to the public gardens of the Pincian Hill, which overlook the Villa Borghese from the southwest. On the north the contiguous Parco Margherita would extend by a considerable area the tract dedicated to public use. All well and good the scheme, but it has not been carried out. Our correspondence tells the cause of the delay to be the numerous conditions, exceptions and burdens which the ministry has imposed upon the transfer of the property, and the City of Rome has therefore declined the gift. It is to be hoped, however, that these difficulties are but temporary, and that municipal ownership will be consummated ere the growth of modern Rome renders impossible the intact preservation of this beautiful and historic estate.