



HOUSE
&
GARDEN

A Journal
Devoted to Architecture
Indoor & Outdoor
Art

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
PHILADELPHIA

Chickering

PIANOS

IN all departments of the arts and sciences the oldest devotees are the most perfect in their profession. The subtle knowledge that comes of a life-long experience is intensified in the making of CHICKERING PIANOS. The founder of this house began in 1823, more than eighty-one years ago, to make the pianos that bear his name. Always famous for the excellence of their tone, they are to-day THE UNQUESTIONED SUPERIORS OF ALL OTHERS

We would especially call attention to the "QUARTER (X) GRAND," the shallow Grand embodying modern principles ever made.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY
CHICKERING & SONS
PIANOFORTE MAKERS

Established 1823 817 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



Decorative Hardware

Styles Ancient and Modern

Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Co.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada

EXHIBIT ROOMS:

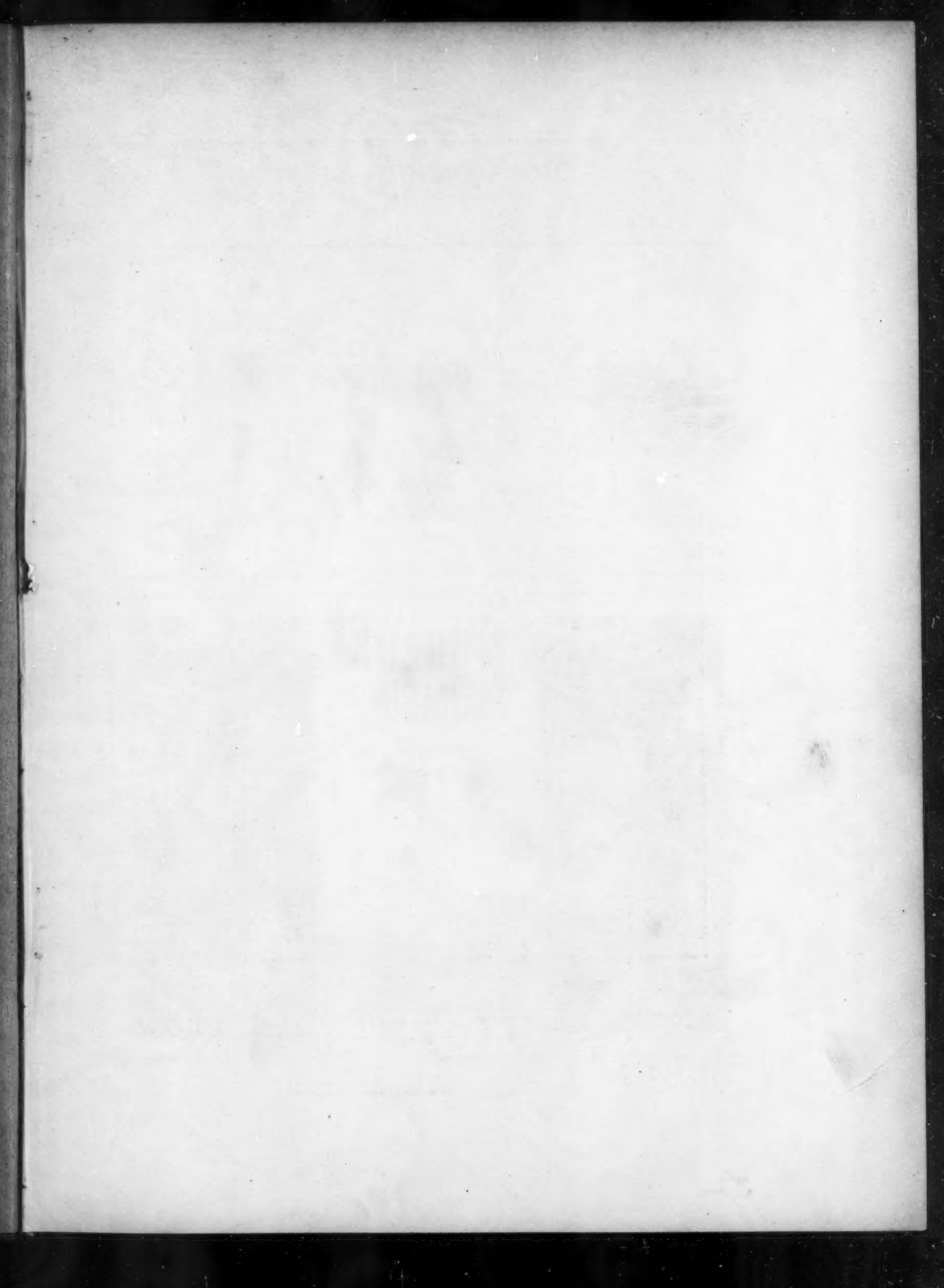
PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

1430 Chestnut Street

26 W. 26th Street

In writing to advertisers please mention HOUSE AND GARDEN





ALONG THE SEA WALL—SAN LAZZARO

House and Garden

Vol. VII

March, 1905

No. 3



LA GRANJA, the favorite summer palace of the Spanish monarchy, is best approached by way of the picturesque City of Segovia, which lies on the northern slope of the Sierra de Guadarrama, the central mountain range of the kingdom. As the high-road leads away across the low plains, and leaves behind the ancient towered walls, the great yellow Middle-age cathedral, and the Roman aqueduct, we part with regret from scenes which make so real the strongly contrasted life of Roman, Moorish and Medieval ages.

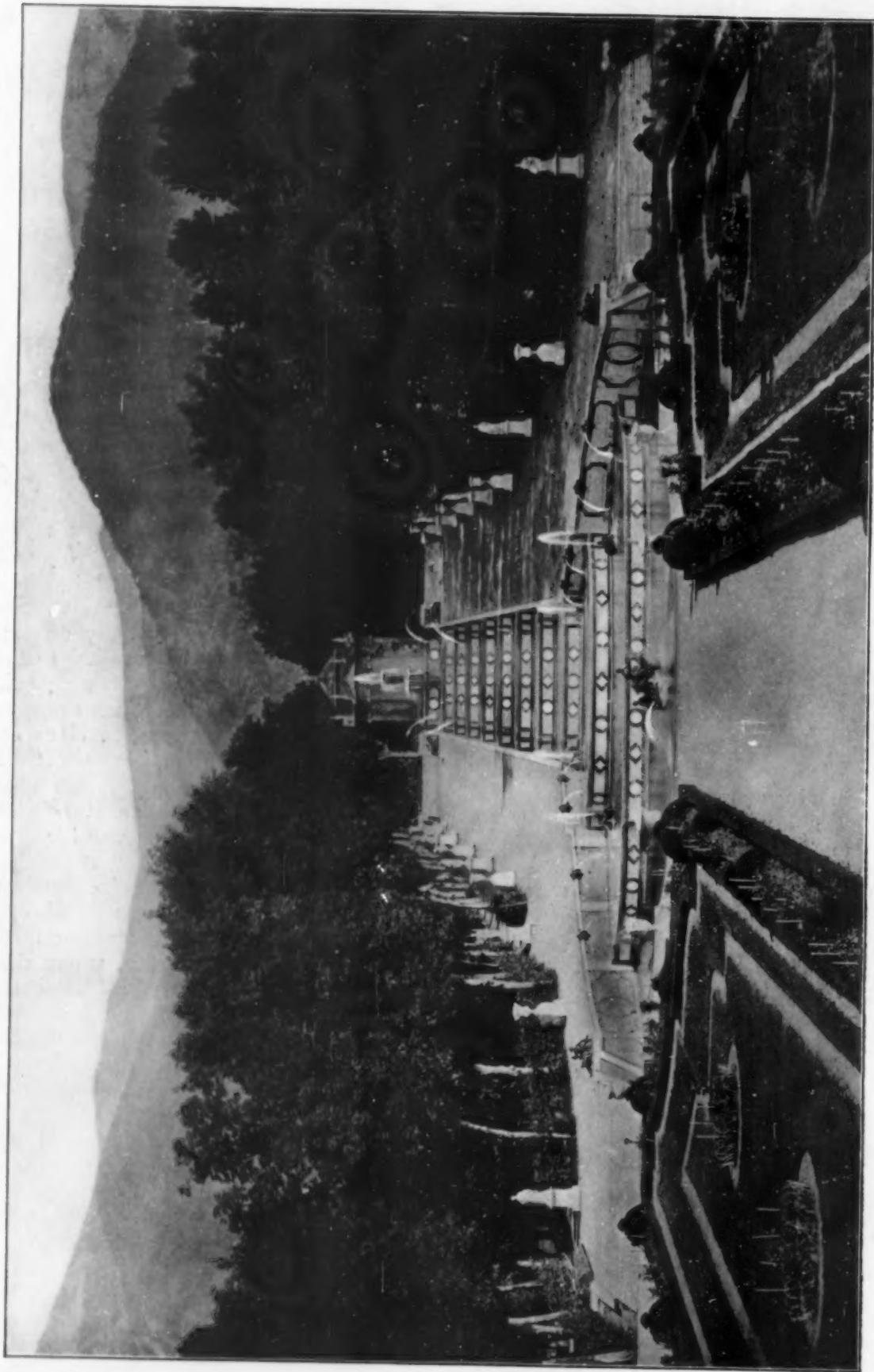
The city quickly disappears from view, shut out by the noble plane trees which line the roadsides almost all the way to the village of San Ildefonso, which is but an hour's drive from our starting point. We found the village given over to joy. The day was a *fiesta*, and all the Castilian faces we saw were sunny and bright, with the total surrender to pleasure that one sees rarely in northern Europe, and not too frequently even in Spain. It is one of the few days of the year—before the Court comes here from Madrid—when the fountains are permitted to play in the gardens, and this rare event seemed to the villagers to prefigure all the pleasures that would accompany the expected royal party.

The whole scene, however, though filled

with spontaneous gayety, seemed to us somewhat remote from every-day busy life, and it did not at all violate the proprieties when, in answer to our inquiry for a fitting guide to the beauties of the place, there stepped forth, as out of Shakespeare, in black costume and bearing a wand, a stately Malvolio, courteous and condescending to his unenlightened guests, but with an ever-present consciousness that his station was below his deservings.

We followed him into the palace, and our "Castle in Spain" lay before us. Through its windows we gazed for a moment across and beyond the trim garden, where there burst upon our sight that which hurried us forth into the sunlight, leaving our astonished cicerone descanting on the interior glories of the palace, and chiefly on the marvellous mirrors of the room in which we had been standing, one of whose crowning merits in his eyes was that they were products of the village in which they hung.

It was Nature's first mirror which had enchanted us. Tumbling from the mountain sides, falling from basin to basin, and into successive pools till the torrent reached our feet, spouting here from lofty jets, and there from finely modelled leaden heads, came the purest of crystal waters, now daz-



THE CASCADE

zling in the brightness of the meridian sun, now flowing swiftly by our side from pool to pool, enclosed by cool, deep woods, which now shadowed vases and statues, and again revealed enticing paths, leading away to unknown new delights, while in the distance, forming a background to the lovely picture, stood, silent and serious sentinels over the enchanted ground, the wooded peaks of Guadarrama.

This was the gem of the garden, the far-famed *Cascada*, fed from the great reser-

groups in bronze of sea-horses, children, and mythological figures.

Our genuine enthusiasm here quite reinstated us in the favor of our attendant, and soothed his spirit, ruffled by our heedlessness of his eloquence; for with a ceremonious wave of his enchanter's wand, he touched some unseen and unsuspected source, and again, as by magic, new fountains flung their waters high in the air.

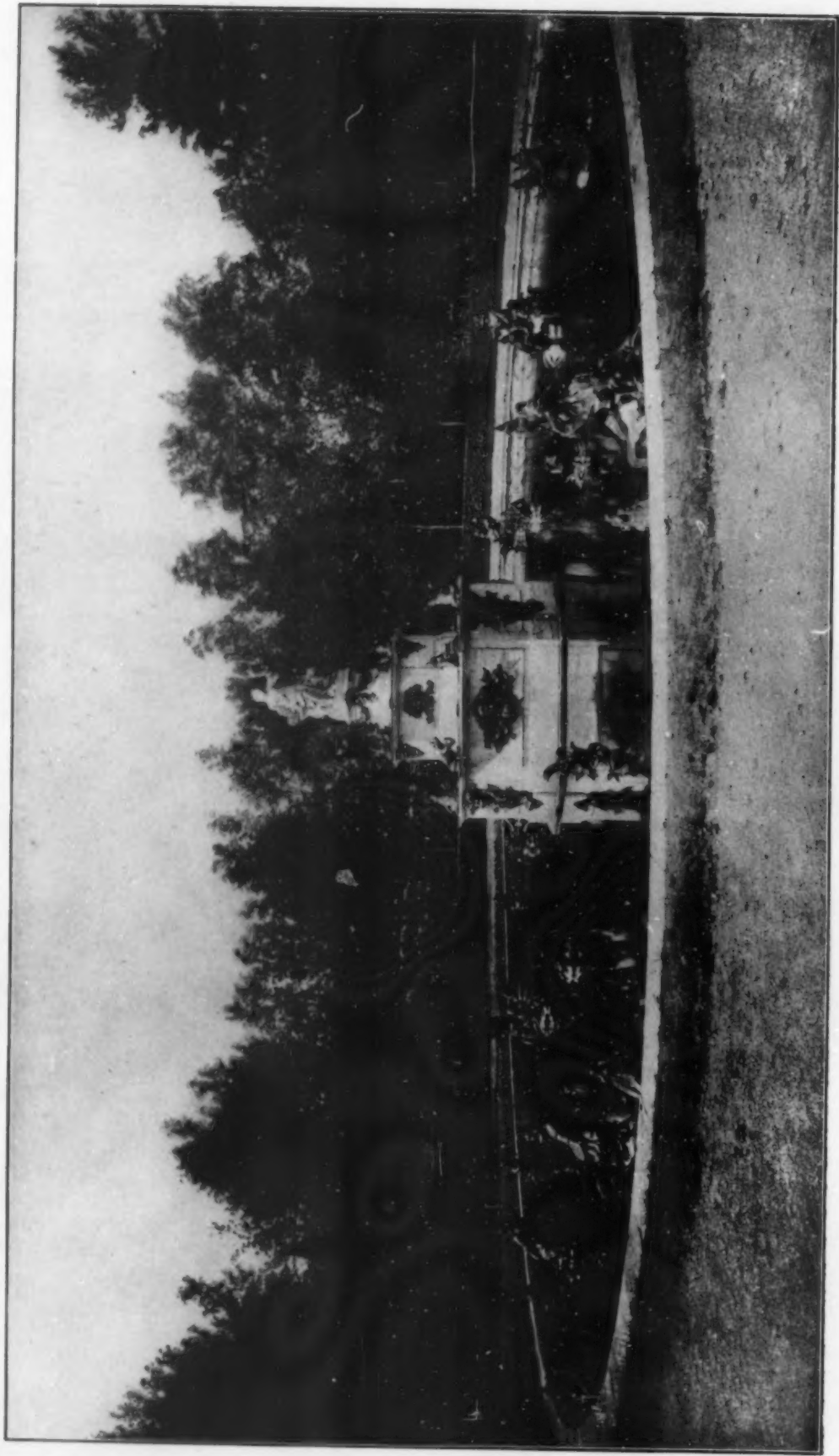
He then conducted us past the parterre, and through a box-bordered garden, where



FAÇADE OF THE PALACE FROM THE CASCADE

voir high up on the mountainside, which, collecting the waters from many springs and streams, pours from its lip a vast volume which is led, in all ways that can be imagined to produce the finest scenic effects, down to the garden level. Thence the water is led away with delightful irregularity of plan, forming in striking contrast with the roaring, tumbling current which had first attracted our attention, the quiet, dignified pools of the fountains of Neptune, with its lower and upper basins, in which are displayed striking

we first caught sight of the exterior of the palace, gay in general effect, but showing the disregard of rules which is so common a feature of the Spanish architecture, created when imperial wealth and power commanded the services of the world's best architects. These men, though they brought with them great technical knowledge and skill, seemed inspired by their unwonted surroundings to ever branch out into new forms, often charming, but governed by no accepted rules.



THE LATONA FOUNTAIN

House and Garden

Here, once more, an aqueous surprise awaited us; the great fountain whose peer is not to be found in Europe, a single huge jet rising to the height of 130 feet, fed and sustained by the great reservoir in the hills above. One must have traveled for some days through the dusty, sterile, treeless plains and mountains of Central Spain to appreciate the full joy of the lavish profusion with which water is cast abroad here, as if what might elsewhere be the restriction of prudent

not wanting, the baths of Diana seemed to have been conceived in sport. One trick fountain attracted spectators to its brimming basin, only to scatter them occasionally by its unexpected and irregular overflows.

As we next began to climb through the gardens we came soon to realize the altitude at which the waters are gathered, which furnish so many and so various delights to the royal pleasure grounds, and the course of the cataract brought us to *El Mar*, "the



THE PALACE FROM THE PARTERRE

use, would be in the presence of an exhaustless supply, but a causeless parsimony.

Having sated our wonder and admiration, we sauntered on through shadowed roads. How gay all seemed,—a fountain here, a fountain there, the formality of architecture of the well-cut stone of the pool margins and cascades changed to rural simplicity; shaded paths crossing small brooks by rustic bridges, with just here and there a formal bit to remind us that we were traversing the pleasure grounds of earthly royalty, and not a pure dream of Nature. Fantastic features were

sea," as the dwellers in these arid lands were pleased to name it.

Our afternoon reverie was concerned not so much with the interesting bits of history which have been enacted here as with the character and the tastes of the designers and builders to whose skill and labor we owed the present enjoyment. The minds that saw such wondrous possibilities in the then wilderness of mountains, forests and springs, and brought out so much of sweet and healthful beauty, seemed worthy of admiration and emulation, as well as of study, if perchance

one might catch the trick of such development.

Lying high on the northern slope of the Sierra de Guadarrama, which mountains divide the ancient kingdoms of Old and New Castile, with trees of luxuriant foliage, pure, cool and stimulating air, and an abundant and perennial water supply, the monarchs of Spain early realized and proceeded to develop its natural advantages that they might make it a summer retreat from the hot and dusty rolling plain, on which their lives were of necessity largely spent. The huge peak of Pañalara, rising to the altitude of 8000 feet above the sea level, looks down upon this site, guarding it and shielding it from the almost intolerable heat of the summer on the vast treeless, wind-swept plateau, on which Madrid blisters in summer and shivers in winter.

As early as 1450, Henry IV., of Castile, decided to build here a shooting lodge; and as he was a devout churchman, he founded near the selected spot a hermitage, which he dedicated to San Ildefonso. The shooting lodge grew into a hunting château at Valsain, a *granja*, or grange; the village of San Ildefonso sprang up near the hermitage, and the whole became the much desired summer retreat for the court, it being distant from Madrid about sixty miles.

La Granja was originally a grange at the foot of the Guadarrama mountains, belonging to the monks of St. Jerome. They presented this estate to Ferdinand the Catholic in recognition of a donation which he made them after the conquest of Granada. Its fortunes were comparatively humble for several generations, its use as a summer palace not being conceived till 1700, in the reign of Charles IV., after the château at Valsain had been entirely destroyed by fire.

When Philip V. came to the throne in 1701, a Bourbon, the grandson of Louis XIV. of France, brought up at the French court, and familiar with the beauties of Versailles, he seems to have determined to emulate them in order to glorify the capital of his new realm. He saw in La Granja natural advantages which would enable him at greatly less outlay of money, and without the heavy cost of lives which his grandfather had wasted in the making of his highly artificial creation of

Versailles, to create a summer retreat worthy of the greatness of the state to whose government he had fallen heir; and which, favored by the singular natural endowment of the site should be unique and individual, and not a mere copy of what the French king had produced.

He began by a large extension of his domain, acquiring the reserved rights of the monks of Parral, by promising to construct for their use another monastery on the banks of the Rio Frio, where they would be less disturbed by the gayety of the court, and the court less restrained by their proximity.

San Ildefonso lies in the latitude of Naples, at about the altitude of the summit of Mount Vesuvius, but the surrounding mountains which far overtop it, its wealth of forest, and its abundance of water, rare at so considerable a height, were gifts that were all its own, and suggested possibilities of development unique among royal pleasure grounds. Its great altitude fitted it in his imagination for the resort of Spanish royalty, which seemed to him, and still more to his people, who thought their sovereigns the most exalted of human kings, to be properly placed so near the clouds; and its other great gifts he proceeded vigorously to develop.

He was not so fortunate as to secure the services of an architect and a landscape gardener so great as to write for themselves and for him enduring names in the temple of fame, but he and they wrought wisely and patiently through a number of years to evolve the best result that was attainable—given the site, the money, and the labor required.

The pecuniary means at hand were moderate; for Spain, naturally a poor country, made poorer by the idleness and improvidence of its people, and by the enormous expenditure of the war of the Spanish Succession, and with much less developed methods than France had under Louis XIV., of wringing a large revenue from its citizens, could not in any way produce the great sums that had been lavished upon Versailles.

But Philip had still goodly revenues at command, and as soon as he became the sole master of La Granja, he set to work with his engineers and his architect to demonstrate what could be made of his new plaything.

The arid, open mountainsides were to be changed into the cooling, wooded seclusions of a garden, trout brooks to be made into broader and more gently flowing streams, pools and ponds should become miniature lakes, and fountains should burst forth from rocks in cooling play. Tiny waterfalls should flash from mossy heights, the level and sometimes marshy ground at the foot of the descent should be developed into parterres and such well-kept bosquets as were associated with recollections of his youth.

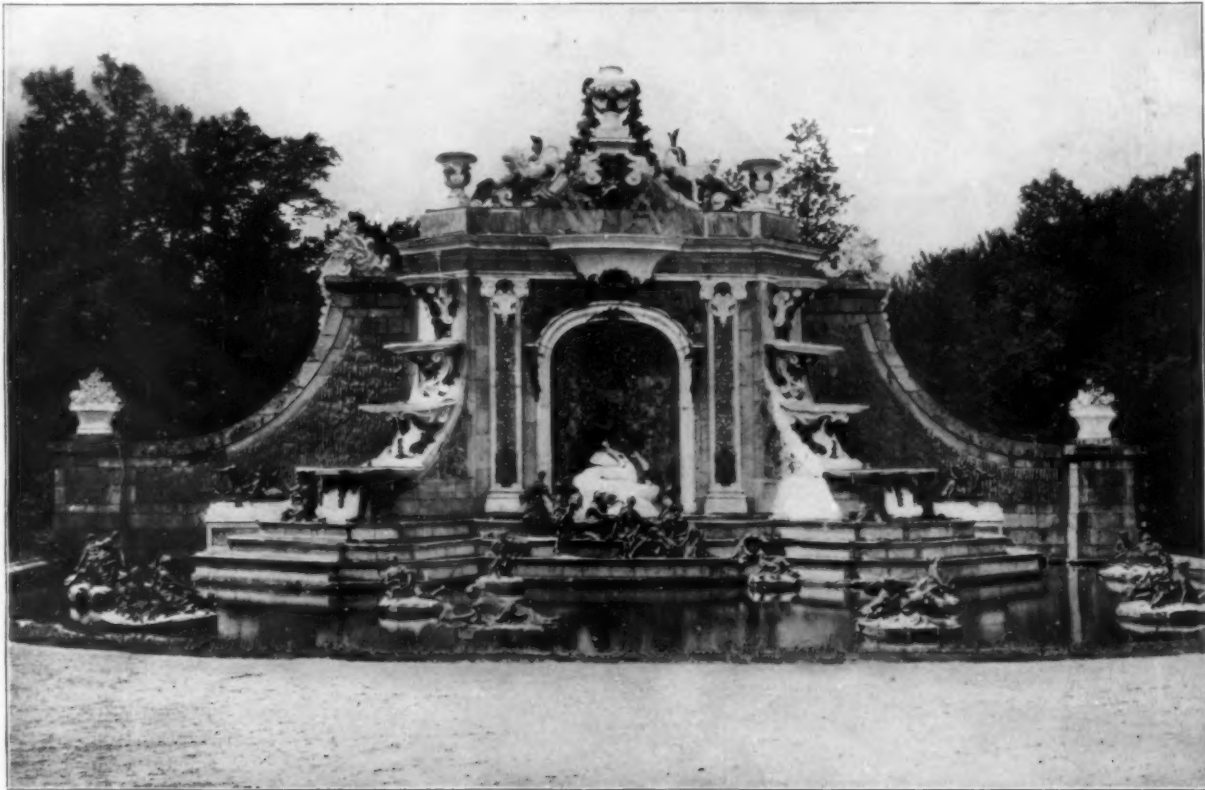
Philip charged his architect-in-chief to restore or re-arrange the old monastery as might seem best, that it might serve as a dwelling-place for the royal family, but he strictly enjoined him to destroy nothing. The plans were soon perfected and approved by the king, and the vigorous prosecution of the work was ordered.

At the same time his engineer, Marchand, commenced the task of grading the lesser hills, and planting the gardens, the cultivation of which was confided to Boutelet.

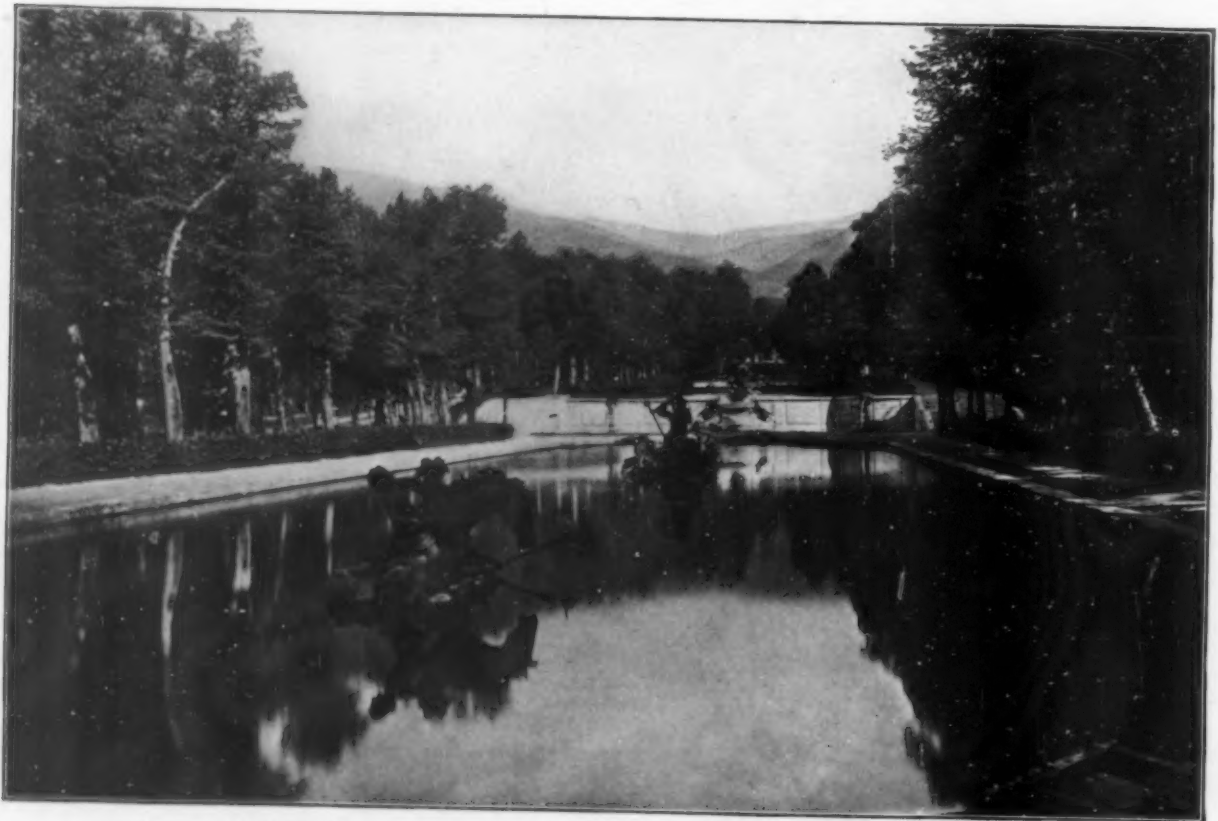
The best sculptors of the day, Forman and Thierry, were empowered to produce in bronze the fountains and also the ornamental work that was to border the basins and cascades, but this proved too great a task and required too long a time, and the king was forced to content himself with the execution of much of the minor work in lead, colored to match the genuine bronze.

The whole enterprise went forward so quickly that even in Spain, where the time to do anything is always to-morrow, the work which was not started till 1719 had, in 1723, so far progressed that the former habitation of the monks had assumed the air of a small palace, and the fields and woods of the grange had been transformed into a labyrinth of paths, bosquets and cool, shaded glades.

On the ground floor of the monastery a dozen rooms had been prepared as museums and galleries wherein to display a collection of remarkable antique statues and bric-a-brac which had once formed part of a collection which the able but eccentric Queen Christina of Sweden had gathered in Rome,



THE DIANA FOUNTAIN



UPPER AND LOWER BASINS OF THE FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE

and which, after her death, had been purchased for Philip by his ambassador at that court.

Six rooms were set apart as the king's suite of apartments, and four were reserved for the use of his queen, Isabella Farnese, of Parma. The rest of the building was appropriated to the use of the royal household, and ample provision was made for the service of religion, and for the accommodation of the attendants of the court and the work people.

The work on the gardens and landscape architecture kept pace with the construction of the buildings, though the changes undertaken were of much greater proportions.

The abundance of water, and the height at which it first came to the surface, permitted the establishment of reservoirs at a considerable elevation. The chief one, an artificial lake to which was given the pretentious name of *El Mar*, was placed so high—two hundred feet above the level of the palace—as to give enough pressure to throw jets of water high into the air from many piped fountains in its descent to the lower altitudes.

The streams which had once wandered at will through La Granja as open brooks, were now largely conducted underground, coming to the surface occasionally as bubbling cascades, losing themselves again to reappear unexpectedly and supply some fountain or to form a stepped cascade, leading toward the palace over ever lower basins. The glorious plane trees were so placed and tended as to produce shaded groves, in the

midst of which fountains played, glittering as the rays of the sun fell upon them through the trees.

Only near the terrace did there appear reminiscent of royal Versailles the parterre, and the grand walk looking away across beds of flowers and sheets of water, the vista terminating in the everywhere dominant mountains.

Here and there on these lower levels, statues and vases lined the avenues where the bordering trees were planted formally, and walks

led from fountain to fountain, whose artificiality contrasted strongly with the entourage of hills, rocks and pines whose only gardener had been Dame Nature.

But the unique and crowning glory of La Granja was the fountains, for which Versailles gave the suggestion, but which far outshone their original. No turbid puddle forced up by noisy pumping engines supplied the liquid element, but a crystal mountain stream fresh from the wild heights of Guadarrama here flashed and laughed and glistened as



THE BASKET FOUNTAIN

if, after bondage underground, it rejoiced to greet once more the fresh, pure air in the *Cascada Cenador*, which, under the glistening sun and the azure Castilian sky, glitters like molten silver, reflecting later in its quieter pools, the deep, cool shade of over-arching boughs.

Philip's landscape gardening, when completed, covered an area of three hundred and sixty acres. He gave to the task a constant, loving supervision, and the work itself and the after contemplation of it formed one of

the purest and most tranquil joys of his whole life. It marks some fine strain in his character that, brought up as he had been among influences which promised to develop only his lower qualities, he should still be able to love deeply and permanently the quiet and restful intercourse with Nature which he found here.

His work at La Granja completed, he seemed to find the intrigues of the court and the cares which must beset the wearer of a crown growingly distasteful. He longed to lay down the government of his restless and turbulent dominion, and to pass his remaining days, not in monastic retreat as his more serious predecessor, Charles V., had done more than a century and a half before; but, in the quiet of this mountain fastness to escape from the unceasing battle with the forces which were arrayed around his ambitious, unscrupulous and intriguing queen.

He yielded to this wish for peace in 1724, surrendered the throne to his son, Louis I. of Spain, and retired to San Ildefonso to live a life of peculiar simplicity. But his freedom was destined to be of short duration. Louis died after a reign of eight months, and the father was forced to resume the burden of royalty from which he had so recently freed himself. In his after life, which was extended for more than twenty

years, he passed all his summers in the enjoyment of the peace of La Granja; and he and his queen lie buried together there.

Our concern here is not with the questions of Philip's worth as a man, or his success as a ruler. Doubtless the union of the crowns of France and Spain under the rule of the Bourbons, with which the welfare of Europe seemed for half a century so bound up, turned out to be a matter of no great moment, and not worth the intrigue and the treachery which brought it about. We are only interested in the skill with which he and his advisers conceived, and the success with which they carried out this bit of landscape gardening, and the architecture of this royal summer retreat, which, slight as they must have seemed at the time of their creation, have long outlived the political schemes which wasted for twelve years the blood and treasure of Europe.

Philip's successors found La Granja to their liking. His son, Charles III., amused himself by putting the finishing touches on his father's work, and during his reign the summer always found the court there.

He conferred a benefit on the village of San Ildefonso by favoring the establishment there of the manufacture of glass and of mirrors. These factories, once very celebrated, have left little to testify to their greatness, though



ONE OF THE LARGER VASES IN THE GARDEN

House and Garden

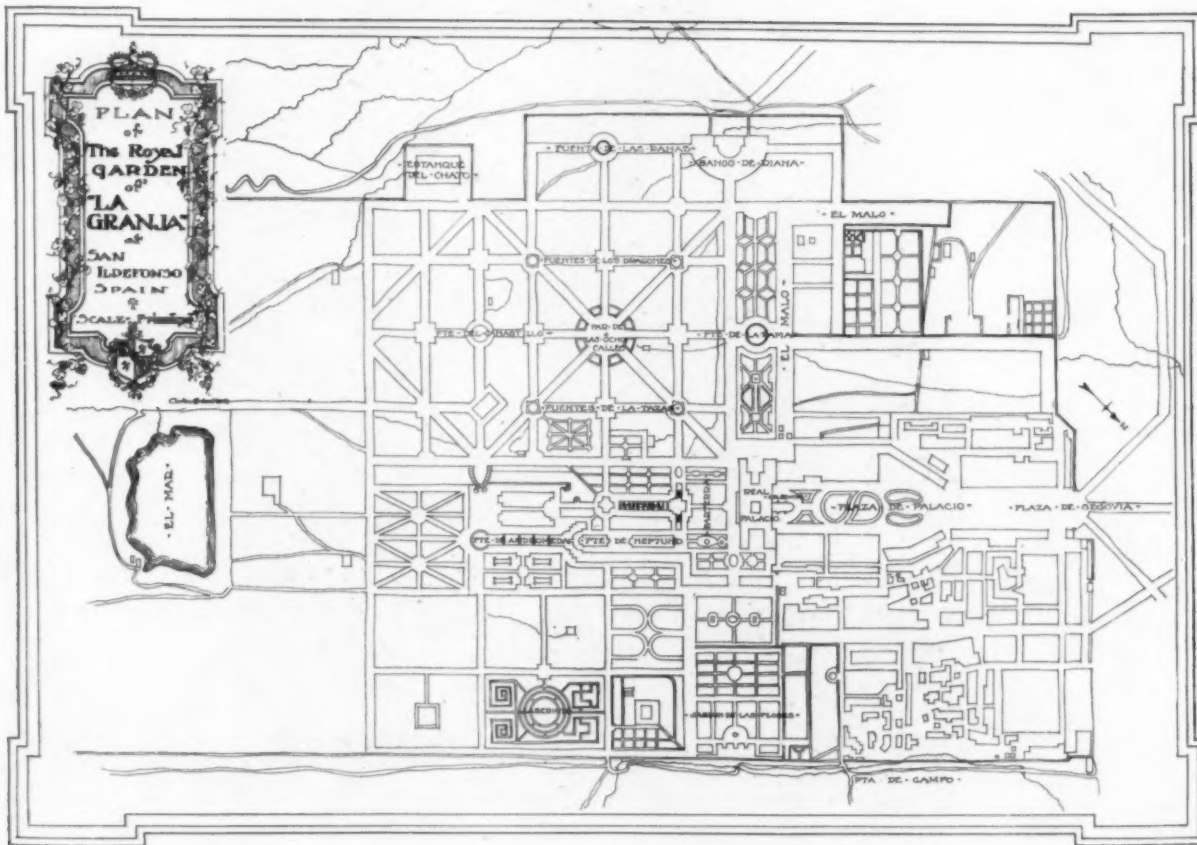
they have not ceased to exist. The charm of the situation of San Ildefonso promises to be permanent. On the northern slope of the great chain of mountains, which form the backbone of Spain, which arrests and discharges the clouds borne inland from the Atlantic, there would seem to be an assured supply of the moisture so rarely found elsewhere in the kingdom, and which gives such wonderful freshness to this oasis in a dry and burning land.

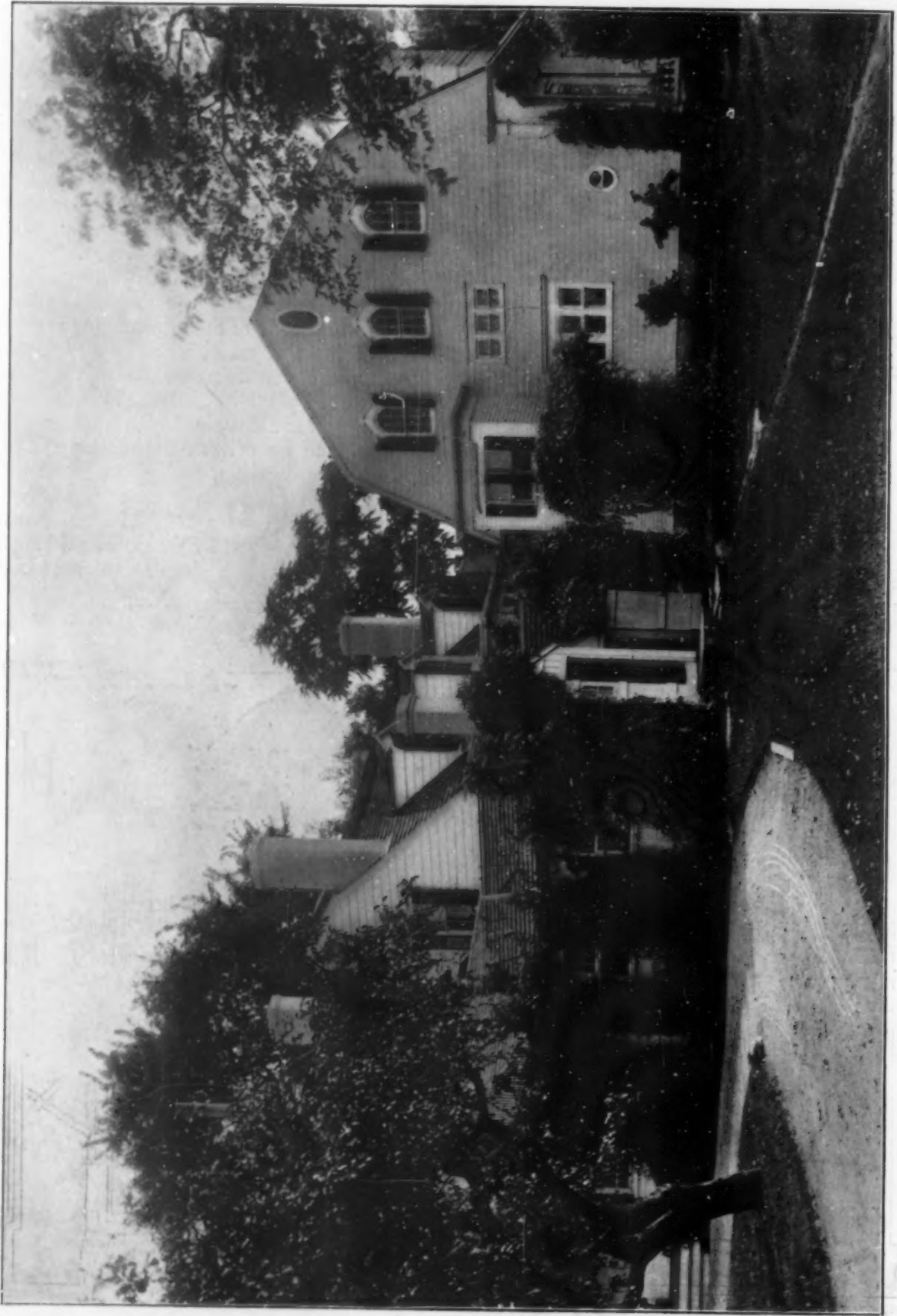
These musings over the past history of San Ildefonso, tracing on the spot its development from monastery and grange to royal palace and summer garden, repeating what so often occurred in Spanish history, that the spots which were selected by the good taste and practical wisdom of the monks later found favor in the eyes of the monarchs and were appropriated by them for royal abodes, brought us to the close of a glorious May day, and we began to cast about for a resting place. At the very door of the palace we found an excellent hotel where we secured quarters. In an evening's conversation with the landlord, we discovered that a beautiful wild

mountain road, practicable only in the summer, led from La Granja over the top of the mountain range into the valley of the Escorial, but it took some persuasion to convince him that we were earnest in our purpose to make an early morning start that we might view its wild scenery in the freshness of the young day.

La Granja is still the favorite summer palace of Spanish royalty. The apartments of the palace are light, airy and agreeable, without being oppressively magnificent. During the stay of the royal family the village assumes its gayest air, the fountains play, and the whole tone of the surrounding region is one of life and merriment.

Shortly after sunrise next morning we bade farewell to the place which had given us such keen delight for a day, and with a four-mule team, guided by a driver on the front seat of our mountain carriage, and controlled by a rider on each of the two near mules, we crossed the sierra by a road of marvellous excellence, constructed by the Bourbon kings of Spain with reckless disregard of expense, to facilitate the transfer of the court between the Escorial and the gardens of La Granja.





THE HOUSE FROM THE REAR



The Path to the Swimming Pool

A LONG ISLAND HOUSE AND GARDEN

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG

IN the remodeling of an old home there is often a more significant expression of the owner's tastes than in the building of a new dwelling. This is evidenced in the house and grounds at Bellport, Long Island, belonging to Mr. J. B. Mott.

As the locality in which this house is situated did not figure in the early Dutch and English settlements, the house has no claim on historical traditions, but its architectural merit has been sustained through a century



THE FARMHOUSE ENTRANCE

and a half of varying artistic standards.

Although it has received no very marked alteration from its original construction, necessary repairs have been made from time to time and modern conveniences installed. In removing the chimney work the old bricks were found to have been held together by a primitive, local cement made of powdered oyster shells, which had gradually disintegrated and allowed the smoke and flames to come

A Long Island House and Garden

perilously near the floors and walls. A glimpse into the half-underground kitchen—now in disuse—with its big fireplace and huge Dutch oven, recalls an old-time expedient for attaining some measure of winter comfort, for here, probably, during the bitter cold days the entire household gathered, as in a living-room, to share the welcome heat. The same conditions may be imagined to have existed in the Van Cortlandt Manor House at

fronts on the main road or highway, a wide, tree-shaded street that ties together the towns and hamlets of Long Island like beads on a chain.

The owner's possession of some valuable furniture and decorations of the Renaissance, secured on his different visits to England and the Continent, made an extension of the old house imperative, and a separate room with interior fittings to accord with the collection,



GARDEN ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT HALL

Van Cortlandt Park, New York, now under the care of the Colonial Dames, where the lower kitchen is one of the chief objects of curiosity to the visitor.

The old entrance to the Long Island farmhouse is as finely proportioned and as simple in detail as the famous doorways designed by Samuel MacIntire of Salem, Massachusetts; the upper railing is a late addition copied from a Colonial mansion. This part of the house

and an exterior that would combine harmoniously with the original building was devised.

The dimensions of this great hall, thirty-five by seventy-five feet, impress one with the feeling of far-back feudal days when barons and noblemen occupied one end of their banquet room, and retainers and serving people were stationed in their own sections, all under the same roof.

House and Garden

The walls are paneled with black oak brought from medieval castles in France and Germany. The fireplace is a massive design of the period of Francis I., now, as in its previous existence in a distant land, a social, livable feature amid stately surroundings. An old fire-back leans against the brickwork of the opening, and the tall wrought-iron fire dogs have the initial letter of King Francis resting on a crescent and surmounted by a crown.

cles of warfare, heraldic devices and portraits of historic persons,—the parents of Mary, Queen of Scots, Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., and Marie de Medici are among them.

It is interesting to note that in the plan of the great hall, walls and ceiling were arranged to fit the old carved panels, and so thoroughly in unison with this permanent furnishing are the movable effects that one might be trans-



THE OLD FARMHOUSE

The details of the supports and the over-mantel indicate the craftsman's love for his work, the combining of artisanship with artistic creation.

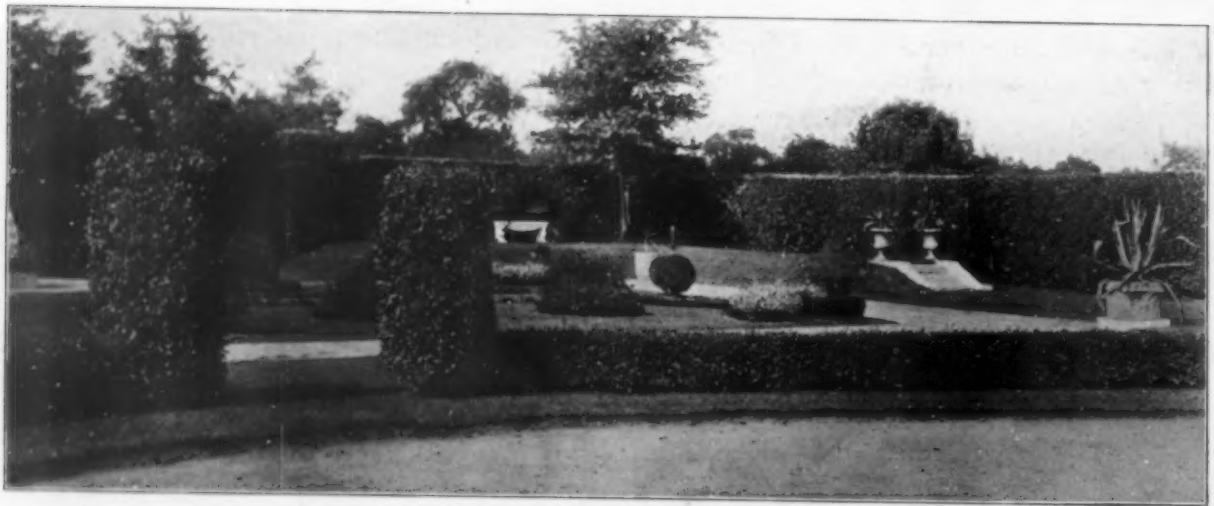
The ceiling shows the heavy oak timbers with gray plaster between, and, at the end of the hall, balancing the fireplace, is a staircase of an early English pattern leading to an open gallery with carved archways.

The plastered wall above the oak paneling is decorated with old tapestries, ancient arti-

lated in spirit back to the Middle Ages, while still, in the flesh, be within a few hours of our American metropolis.

Some of the Henry II. chairs are covered with old Genoese velvet in the matchless red that our modern dyes are incapable of reproducing, the seams finished with gold braid toned by age to a soft brown.

The great hall has an outside entrance that brings it into close relations with the gardens,



DRIVEWAY TO THE GREAT HALL



A SHELTERED SEAT NEAR THE RHODODENDRONS



THE SUN-DIAL PATH



FIREPLACE IN GREAT HALL



STAIRWAY AND GALLERY IN GREAT HALL

A Long Island House and Garden

and it is also reached by the driveway as it makes a graceful turn into the grounds from the gateway.

Near the house a formal garden, with clipped hedges of cedar, yews trimmed to resemble birds and animals, carved stone seats, marble vases and statuary diffuse a tranquil enjoyment of Nature that is not afforded by a wilder, less cultivated treatment. Flowers in decorative, luxuriant masses framed by box and sheltered by high hedging make a gentle transition to another part where plants for cutting purposes are left to a freer growth. A grass path leads to a stone sun-dial, and further on to a swimming pool that is almost large enough to be dignified by the title of lakelet.

A high cedar hedge is trimmed into numerous openings that reveal and conceal the beauty of the gardens beyond. At the time when the photographs were made the season for clipping was past and the usual trim aspect of the grounds could not be represented. The greenhouses are placed near the service portion of the house, at the opposite side from the driveway and formal gardens.

The happy accomplishment of so much outdoor work within a brief decade must be an encouraging incentive to every home gardener. Long periods of time are popularly supposed to be required to bring garden effects to a state of perfection, but, with the newer methods for transplanting trees and shrubs of good size, satisfactory and quick results are quite practicable. The use of native plants, too, is coming into more general acceptance, and opens wide possibilities for the beautifying of country places at slight expense.

Planting on a small scale offers, perhaps, more difficulties than the planting of grounds of large dimensions, in much the same way that the designing of a house of limited proportions proves a harder task than the same proposition applied to more extended areas. Monotony, the low-water mark in garden work, is more avoidable when there is space for carrying out ideas; and, when the means are sufficient for the undertaking, any tract of land however sterile and uninviting may be rapidly transformed into a pleasure ground.



The Swimming Pool



San Lazzaro

THE ISLAND OF SAN LAZZARO

BY ALFRED MORTON GITHENS

THERE seems little chance now-a-days of finding near the greater Italian cities a place that is not already familiar through books and photographs. Turn away and explore the unknown outlying towns, and the chances are that we miss what we have come to Italy to see. Generally there is little refinement and less originality, for each object that interests us is crudely reminiscent of some well-known masterpiece of the great cities. Unless gifted with rare patience and leisure to indulge it, we sadly return to the beaten paths and the broken English of the guides and beggars. Happy voyagers in the days of "le grand tour"! What surprising journeys into unknown cities befell Sterne and Goldsmith and the men of their time! What adventures they brought back and tales worth telling! After all, Murray and Baedeker rob us of more than they give in return.

Tucked away near the end of Baedeker's chapter on Venice is a paragraph mentioning the island of San Lazzaro. There is little or no description, and we had never before heard of this island-monastery. One September afternoon, in the hope of a discovery, we set out from the Piazzetta. The place is near the Lido, an hour's row, by gondola, below the city. Past San Giorgio we went and across the Laguna Viva in the warm afternoon sunshine. A *barca* would pass us, or a *pescadoro*, its orange and scarlet sails filled with the summer wind. In the gorgeous weather one envied the steersman or the man at the sweeps, and grew impatient with forced inactivity. Such an opportunity to try that most cunning of feats, rowing a gondola! Of course, a remonstrance from the gondolier was to have been expected; but we insisted and were presently in the bow, oar against the impossible rowlock, toes



THE INNER COURT

The Island of San Lazzaro



THE PUBLIC LANDING FROM THE CAMPANILE

From a sketch by the author

out and knees bent. A long, slow stroke with the weight of the body against the oar—good; but in the recover the oar slipped and was helplessly down against the gunwale. With a quick twist one escaped a forced dive overboard. Several other trials were more successful, though it seemed attempting the impossible. All this time the gondolier was highly scandalized. Strange how unsuited to a *Signore* any sort of physical work seems, in Italian eyes! A long walk, and they shake

their heads and explain to each other that he is an "*Inglese*," and therefore crack brained. If he can pay for a carriage, why not ride?

San Lazzaro lies to the south, past San Servolo. A half hour and we saw the red stucco buildings and the slender half-oriental campanile set in the green foliage of the gardens. Along the brick sea-wall we passed by tall cypresses to a little land-locked harbor. At the side pomegranate trees overhung



A DOORWAY



THE GRAPE ARBOR

House and Garden

the water, and before were the walls of monastic buildings, where Venetian landing steps led to a small arched doorway. Here we alighted, and in answer to the gondolier's call a porter appeared and led us in. Down a passageway we went, to the *cortile* and through cool, vaulted cloisters open to the luxuriance of a semi-tropical garden, green with cypress and deodar and brilliant with rare flowers—Bengal and Chinese roses, oleum fragrans, wistaria and magnolia. A fountain splashed, hidden somewhere among them. One of the friars met us—a grave, stately man, tall and dark-bearded, with the loose black robes and silver-buckled shoes of the order.

This is the only monastery in Italy that escaped the general suppression, for it is under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey and the Italian government dared not interfere. Strange the protection of an infidel was the sole influence that saved a Christian institution from other Christians!

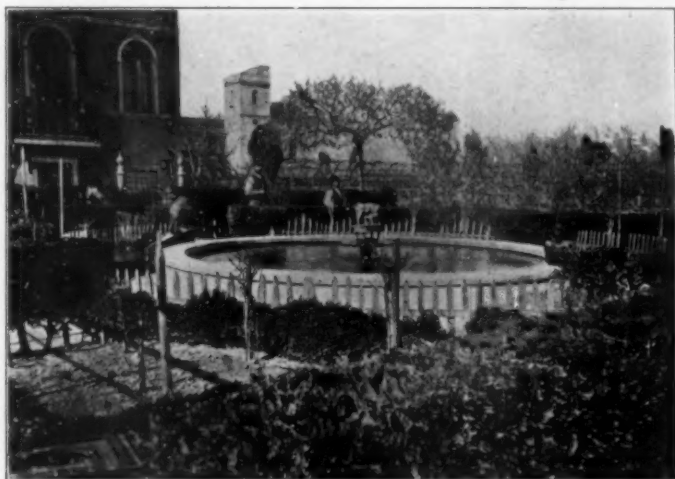
It seems that nearly two hundred years ago, through the influence of Doge Sebastian Mocenigo, the island was sold to certain Arme-



THE CLOISTERS



THE CLOISTER GARDEN



THE ARTESIAN WELL

nian friars led by Mekhitar of Sebaste, to serve as the western headquarters of the Armenian Church. Here the friars built their cloisters and chapel and fenced the island with a sea-wall. The waste places were cultivated, vines and fruit-trees planted, and so the buildings surrounded by a great garden. This is the San Lazzaro of to-day, somewhat decayed, but by the luxuriance of its old grape-vines, oleanders and euonymus and the height of its cypress, more than making amends for the half neglect everywhere apparent. The friars are all-absorbed in their life-work, the improvement and education of the Armenian people and the preservation of their religion. They educate a certain number of young men and send them back to Asia as teachers. Books, both religious and secular, are printed in several Oriental languages for distribution in the East. Besides the twenty friars there are thirty younger students, all Armenians by birth and of proved ability and talent. They study twelve years and then become teaching members of the institution.

The Island of San Lazzaro

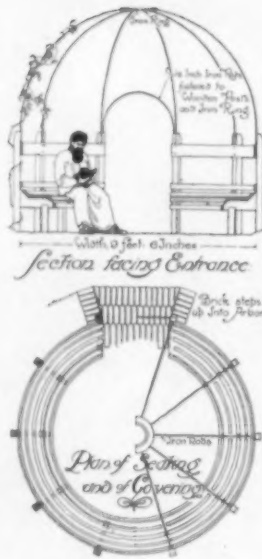


THE COW HOUSE



IN THE GRAPE ARBOR

However, our interest lay rather in another subject. From the gondola we had caught glimpses of the outer gardens and were impatient to explore them. Strange to say, though there are many visitors in the season, few see the gardens. The friars modestly assume that tourists are interested in their island only through the poet Byron's having spent a year there—to study the language, they say, though they confess he was more successful as a poet than as a student of Armenian. They point out certain rooms where he worked and studied, the chapel, the library with its collection of rare manuscripts, the cloisters, and perhaps the great wainscotted refectory where the friars dine in a row along the walls behind the tables. Before sitting down together, grace is said in common; the president recites some prayer, two of the scholars recite



The Fountain Arbor

a psalm, the Lord's prayer is repeated and the meal dispatched in silence. Meanwhile one of the novices appears in the pulpit and reads first a lesson from the Bible and then a selection from some other book. The meal finished, the president rings a bell, the reader retires to dine, the community rises, they give thanks and pass out to the garden.

To the gardens then we asked to be taken. Ushered back along the cloisters and through a small iron-grilled doorway, we emerged under a pomegranate tree with ripe fruit flaming through the leaves, in a part of the gardens

near the entrance harbor. We were left to wander at will past peach and olive trees, grape vines and oleanders. Before us, at the end of the long path, was a brick-walled terrace, bastion-like, projecting out into the lagoon. It was then in a

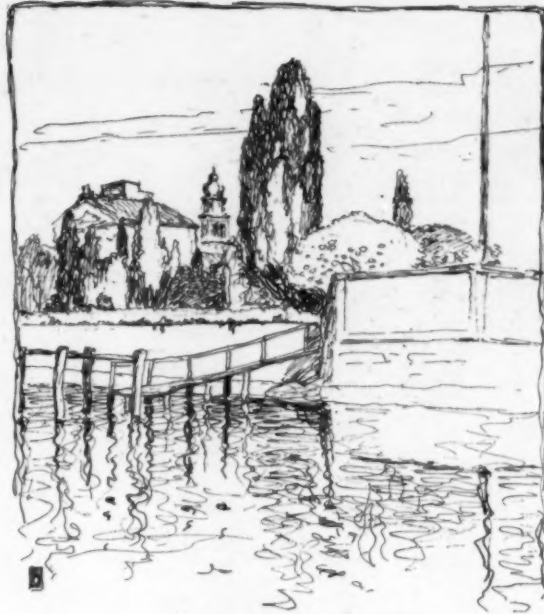


THE ISLAND IN SILHOUETTE

From a sketch by the author

glare of sunlight, but in the warm summer evenings cooled by the south wind, it is a favorite retreat of the friars. Opposite the terrace steps is a domed arbor of euonymus, so dense that even at high noon the sunlight can barely filter in, but reflected from the small leathery leaves, fills it with a diffused and greenish light, as inviting in the white Venetian daytime as the bastion-terrace is at evening.

We were, it seemed, in the pleasure part of the gardens. Elsewhere all is utilitarian, though at the same time so cleverly arranged that each path is interesting by reason of its bordering or the arbor above it. The paths are straight and generally lead to a decorative object of interest, though the arrangement is in nowise monumental. There is no great plan such as in the Lante or d'Este gardens—each path is independent and treated as its use or its position suggests. The gardeners never sacrificed the practical to the ornamental, but so screened what was forcedly ugly that it nowhere obtrudes; they carefully left open to view all that is pleasant to see. Perhaps the most effective planting borders the broad walk along the northern sea-wall leading from the bastion-terrace. Here especially is shown how they fully realized the natural beauty of the situation and the form and color of their plants. Utilitarian as elsewhere, a bordering hedge of grape-trellis, high



A PRIVATE BOAT LANDING
From a sketch by Birch Burdette Long

on the inner side, screens the kitchen gardens, and low on the side towards the water, allows one, walking past, to look out over it across the sea. The green monotone of the grape-leaves is broken by black cypress or delicate blue-green oleanders with their rose-pink flowers. Over beyond the sea-wall hedge, between the great cypresses, stretch the miles on miles of calm lagoon with Venice and the islands white and purple in the distance, and far to the north the first snow mountains of the

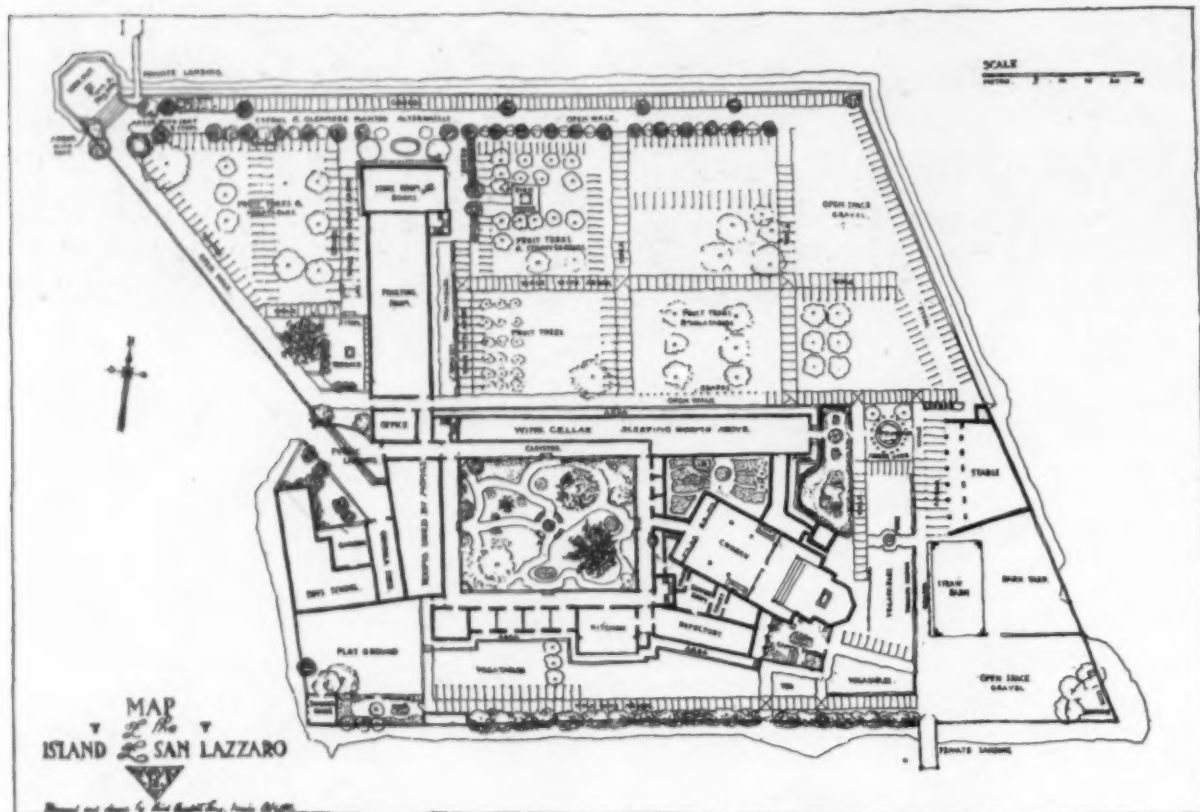
Italian Alps. We were there at vintage time. All the lay service of the monastery is done by hired Italians, and along the walk a dozen men were gathering the bunches of blue-black grapes. Several were lying flat on their backs under the low trellis by the sea-wall, legs sprawled over the path, but hard at work reaching above their heads for the bunches barely an arm's length from the ground. Others were trundling away in barrows the filled baskets to the wine press.

We ascended the walk. At intervals through breaks in the vine-hedge, shaded paths arched with grape-arbors led back from the sea-wall perhaps to a low doorway in the dark-red buildings, or to some terrace with its old carved well-head. The vines half hid the adjoining kitchen gardens or the orchards of olive, or peach, or fig trees. The grape-arbors are built of untrimmed branches



A PATH ALONG THE SEA-WALL

The Island of San Lazzaro



Specially measured and drawn for HOUSE AND GARDEN by Birch Burdette Long

an inch or so in diameter, some of them arched and some laid purlin-fashion, all tied together with wythes and tied in the same way to square wooden posts set upright in the ground. The arched form reduces any shadow cast on the vegetable beds alongside, so exaggerated in the usual type of Italian pergola. So the gardens receive the full benefit of the sunshine.

We explored further, past the basin of the artesian well, the barns, and to "Lord Byron's olive trees," so called because there he used to sit "to meditate and write." Near by, at the foot of the campanile—now unfortunately used as the storehouse for firewood and so blocked up that it is impossible to ascend—a wood pile fifty feet high!—is the friars' graveyard. There are "no names written down, no stories with epitaphs. . . . They pass like leaves beaten by the frost of the cold season; a heap of earth covers their fall and all trace is gone."

To us, that September day, there was a singular charm about these gardens. We loitered through the long afternoon and regretfully left them. Perhaps the all-pervading tranquillity and the gold of the warm sunshine lent their share, for on a later day, under gray clouds in a blustering west wind, the lagoon all white-caps, the gardens seemed naked and deserted. The old cypresses groaned in the wind, and it was with difficulty we returned at all to the city. Our gondola pounded heavily on every wave and the wind caught the long sides and high decorative metal at the bow with a leverage that sorely taxed our oarsman in the stern. We rapidly neared a lee shore. One's rowing knowledge proved useless, but the gondolier unaided did what seemed miraculous, and thoroughly drenched, from a boat heavy with water, we landed at the Lido, with a thorough sense of enjoyment of our San Lazzaro visit.



Old Cottages at Ruscombe

PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS

BY P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S.

VIII

THE influence of foreign masons and artificers can clearly be traced in many of our cottage homes and humbler dwelling places. Cottages in our coast villages differ from those inland, and show the results of foreign intercourse and the exchange of ideas. Very potent has been that of the industrious Flemings who by their skill have frequently improved our trade and manufacture, and stamped upon our buildings the impress of their peculiar style. We should naturally expect to find evidences of their presence in East Anglia, Kent, Lincolnshire, where they had flourishing settlements. All around Boston there are fine brickwork buildings, fashioned after the model of those in the Low Countries. The builders, however, did not construct them in the Flemish fashion, and seem to have preferred the "English setting" to the "Dutch bond." You can almost imagine yourself in the Netherlands as you walk along the wharves and banks of the narrow Wytham, and see the old warehouses with their red-tiled roofs, like those in Rotterdam or Antwerp, and the picturesque gable lights. The stepped gables of many houses in East Anglia and the early use of brick show many evidences of Flemish influence in that interesting part of England. A row of cottages in the ancient town of Reading, Berks, is remarkable for its association with a com-

pany of Flemish weavers. On account of the iniquitous persecutions of the Duke of Alva, they fled from their country and came to England. Queen Elizabeth had compassion on them, and built for them this row of houses against the wall of the refectory of Reading's ancient abbey, which at the dissolution of the monasteries came into the possession of her father, King Henry VIII. The little houses, therefore, have much interest attaching to them, and did good service, not only in sheltering the poor weavers, but also in preserving for future generations one of the walls of the abbey which otherwise would probably have shared the fate of other portions of the monastic ruins.

Companies of Dutchmen, Flemings and Walloons fled from the fury of the Spanish soldiers and settled in East Anglia, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Rochdale and Saddleworth, Colchester, Kent, and the eastern shore of Scotland. Flemish influence is strong in the Isle of Thanet. The village of Minster has several houses with curious gables built of brick which clearly show foreign design. No part of the southeast corner of England retains so many examples of these graceful gables. The Thanet builders, influenced by foreign models, showed remarkable ingenuity and taste, and produced a great variety of design for such gables by



COTTAGE NEAR HORSEMONDEN



A HADLOW COTTAGE

means of trifling additions and small variations of details. One old house near Minster Vicarage has two such gables, bearing the initials R. K., 1693. The inn near the churchyard, called the "White Horse," also is adorned with the same sort of graceful gables. Such houses show Dutch feeling which is evident in Norfolk, but the brick and flint work here belongs to a different school from that which flourished in the East Anglian villages.

arch, and supporting the roof-tree. The roof is formed of branches and rough thatch. Aisles are formed by low walls of stakes and wattle, placed a little back from the columns or stems of the forks, and in these aisles are placed beds of rushes called *gwelys*, where the inmates sleep. A fire burns in an open hearth in the centre. The building was not unlike a small Gothic cathedral, if Medusa's head had been turned upon it and changed the timber into stone.



ON THE WAY TO SHERE

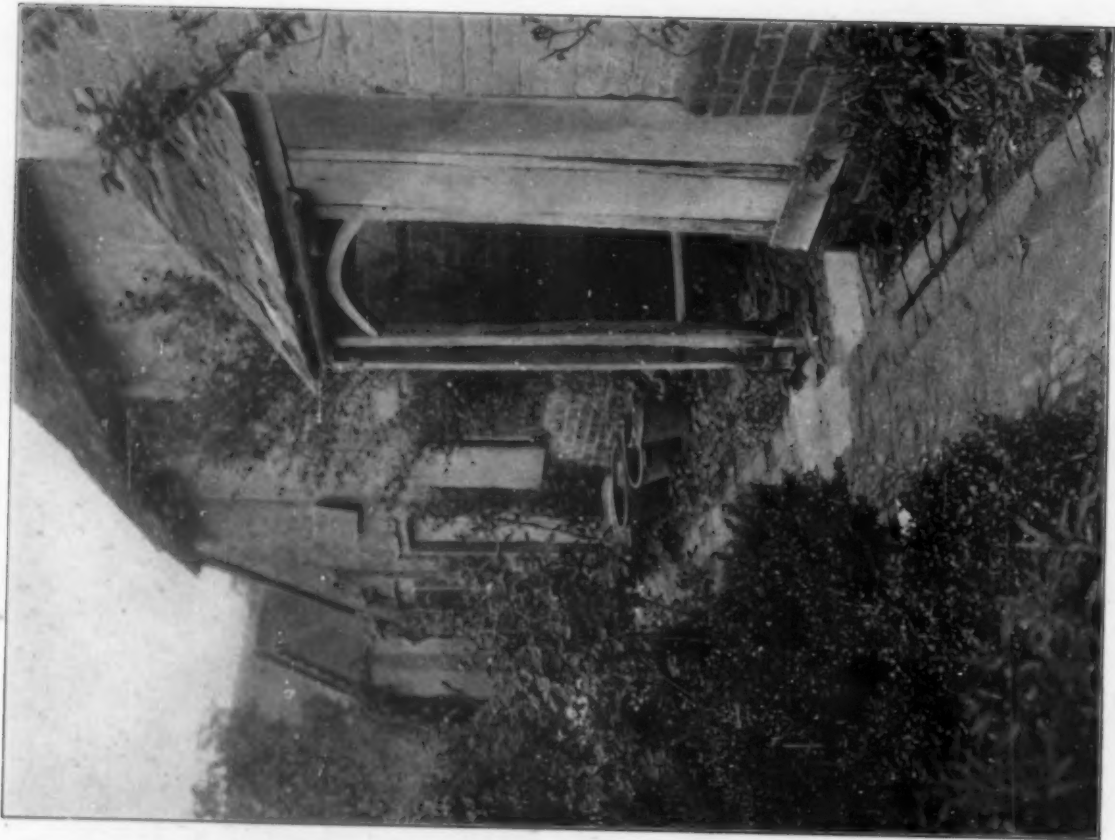
Danish and Scandinavian influence is seen even in a large number of English farmhouses which have the dwelling-house, the barn and cow-house under one roof, while the German and the Frisian farmsteads find their counterpart in our rural houses. Even that curious structure, the tribal house of the Celtic race, throws light on the evolution of our dwellings. This Welsh house was built of trees newly cut from the forest. Six well-grown trees were set up in pairs, their upper branches reaching over to each other, forming a Gothic

We English are a mixed race. Well sang the late Laureate:

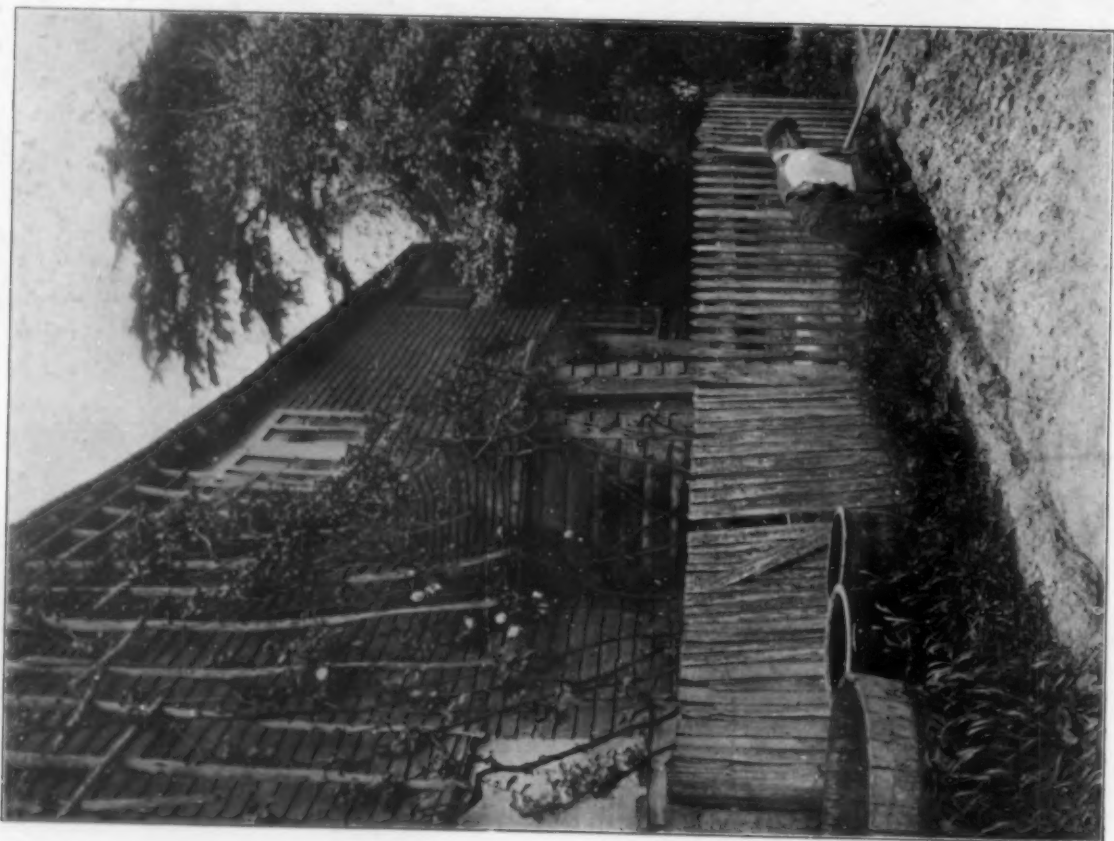
"Angle and Norman and Dane are we,"

and in no way do we show better our mixed natural characteristics than in the growth and origin of our houses.

French influence is considerable in Scotland. The two countries were ever closely connected, both royally and politically. The English were not always loved across the Tweed, and the cunning Frenchman took



AT SHERE, SURREY



AT BRENCHLEY, KENT

House and Garden

care to cultivate the friendship of the brawny Scot, who was a "gude fighter" and useful in dealing with England. Hence we see flamboyant tracery instead of our English perpendicular in the windows of Melrose and other stately abbeys, and the style of the humbler domestic architecture assimilates more nearly to the *château* of France than to the manor-house or farmstead of rural England. I have before me the photograph of a cottage at Greville, in Normandy, in which

strange diversity in our rural habitations. Go down to the deep cleft of Polperro in Cornwall, which looks like a witches' cauldron as the wind flaws catch the eddying chimney reek from the grey cottages that cling to the valley sides, so that one can hardly distinguish living rock from built wall, save where the flashes of light gleam on white-washed walls. It is a land of color, this rugged, beautiful Cornwall, where the tossing purples of the channel meet with the whiteness of



A SOUTH DEVON COTTAGE

the great peasant painter, Jean François Millet, was born. It might have been a Lowland cottage in Scotland, the resemblance is so striking.

In comparing styles of building, it is, perhaps, wise to remember that like circumstances and like materials may produce like results without any actual interchange of ideas or architectural intercourse or connection.

Nature and art combined have produced a

their white walls; flaming cactuses wind their coils within the window frames, and the fuchsia and tamarisks scarcely quiver in the breathlessness of the valley in summer time. The old post office at Tintagel, with its quaint gable and porches, is a good example of a Cornish house. Granite is the usual stone for building purposes. "The ancient manner of Cornish building," wrote Richard Carew in 1602, "was to plant their houses lowe, to lay the stones with mortar of lyme and sand,

Picturesque English Cottages and Their Doorway Gardens



A SURREY COTTAGE GARDEN

to make the walls thick, their windows arched and little." In the larger houses of the courtyard type, the lights of the windows

faced inwards to the court. This probably was for purposes of defence. Along the roadsides of South Devon we find many lovely cottages similar to those at Cockington, with their long sweep of thatched roof, and a wealth of luxuriant foliage in the garden.

The days are not so very far removed when literally every Englishman's house was his castle, and means of defence had to be provided. Roving bands of desperate outlaws were terrors of the past when most of our present buildings



A COTTAGE ENTRANCE, SHERE



A VILLAGE STREET, SHERE

were erected, and the dangers of civil war were scarcely contemplated. Cromwell's "Ironsides" and Prince Rupert's "Malignants" scoured the hills and vales of most of our counties and terribly did our farmers of Berkshire suffer on account of the forced requisitions, the cows and horses, hens and ducks, which the soldiers took and forgot to pay for. But our forefathers took care to surround their dwellings with moats, not so much as a defence against such exceptional attacks, as against ordinary vagrants and thieves. A

large number of the old farmhouses of Berks, Surrey, Kent, Sussex and Hants, have these moats. There are two in my



AT THE END OF THE VILLAGE, SHERE

little parish of Barkham, one of which has been drained, and the old farm pulled down a year ago; while the others surrounds two cottages formerly a farmhouse. It encircles the dwelling on three sides, and is picturesque with its overhanging trees and the reeds

and rushes growing therein, in which moorhens love to make their home.

The destruction of an old house is a grievous loss. Sometimes strange things come to light when the wrecker's hand is laid heavily on its walls and timbers. Hoards of old coins, dating back to the times of the Stuart monarchs sometimes come to light, and occasionally we find curious relics of bygone superstitions and primitive folklore. Beneath many a threshold of a Yorkshire farm, Canon Atkinson tells us, we should find a young calf buried there in order to ward off the evil of a cow "picking her cau'f," a propitiatory offering to the earth-spirits; or you will discover a bottle full of pins under the hearthstone in order to keep out witches. The proper ritual was to select nine new pins, nine new needles and nine new nails and put them into a clean bottle, which had to be se-



AT CASTLE COMBE

removed by the confession of her guilt, and the promise never to cast a spell upon the house again. If you would preserve your house from the effects of lightning, you should place the herb house-leek on the roof or chimney stack. It is a wonderful lightning conductor.

A relic of ancient customs may be seen in the flashings of mortar that connect the chimney with the roof. The bricklayers used to mark the flashing with a decoration made with the point of the trowel. This pattern is a reminiscence of the old wicker house constructed of twigs or pliant boughs woven

between the posts. In the north of Yorkshire, Mr. Addy tells us, it is usual to wash bedroom walls with a drab color, and where they join the slanting roof to put waving lines of dark blue with spots of the same color in the folds. This is the same ornament used



A BERKSHIRE COTTAGE

by South-country bricklayers, and is an instance of interesting survival of ancient usage.

When we examine carefully the local peculiarities of the mason's or carpenter's work in a building, it is possible for us to find out its date and origin. An inexperienced eye can with ease read the story of many of our buildings, and note such peculiarities as the noble towers of Somerset, the soaring spire of Northamptonshire, the timber-roofs of East Anglia. The architect, who by trained experience knows the peculiar nature of the work of each district, can tell whence the masons came who constructed any particular building. Thus an examination of the peculiar characteristics of Wadham College, Oxford, shows that it

was built by a gang of Somerset workmen.

Many of the illustrations in this chapter are taken from the picturesque cottages in the village of Shere, Surrey. It is an important little place, and can boast of some antiquity. Many important families were connected with it, amongst whom were the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, the noble family of the Touchets, Lord Audley and the Brays. The

manor was divided by Richard Fitz Geoffrey in the time of Edward, among his sisters, and became known as Shere Vachery and Shere Eboracum. The latter was called after the

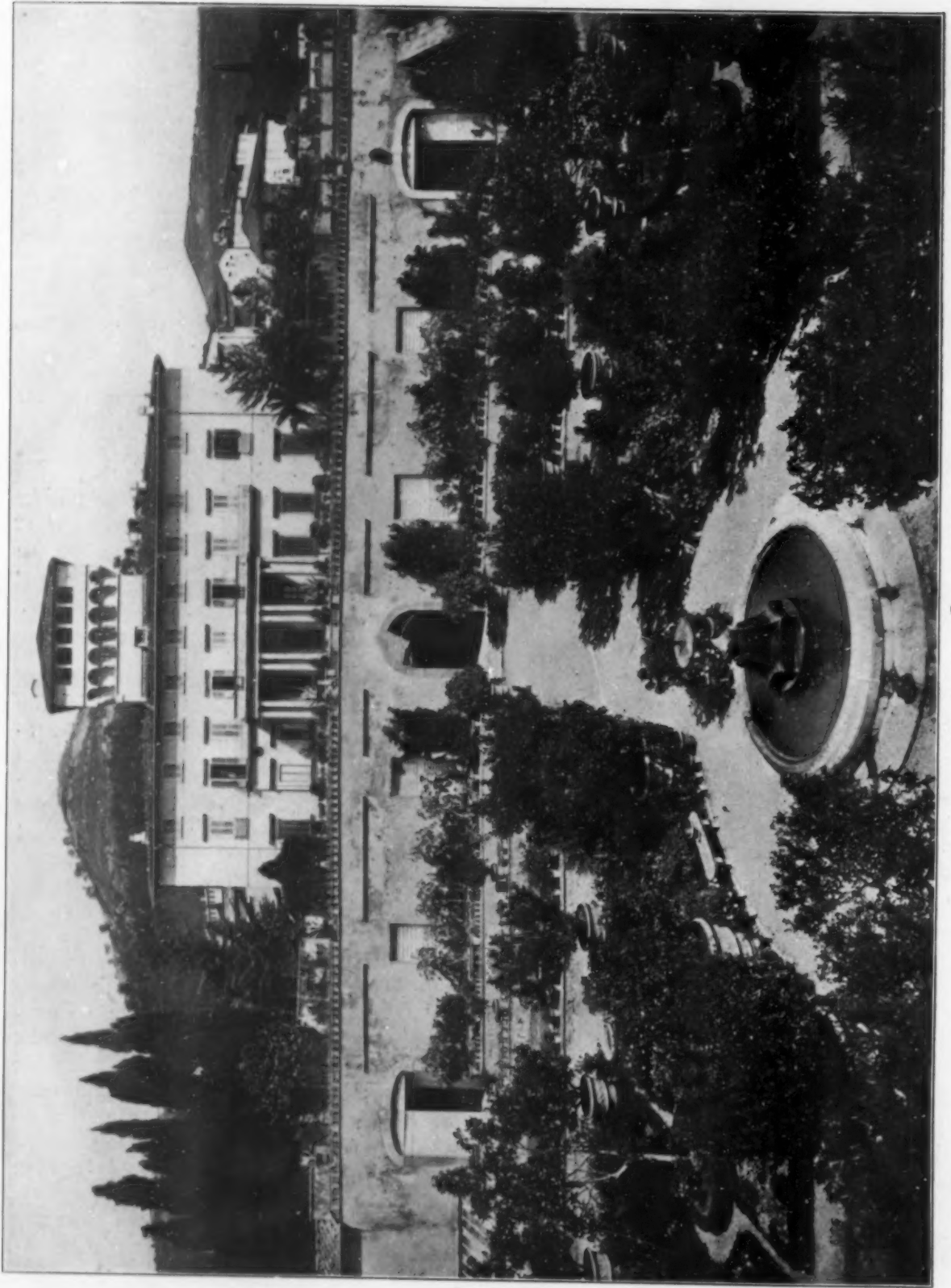
Latinized name of Richard, Duke of York. Audrey describes the old Rectory as "an extraordinary good Parsonage of old timber building encompassed about with a large and deep moat which is full of fish. The tradition runs that this house was built on wool-packs, in the same manner as Our Lady's Church at Salisbury; that is, it is like enough some tax might be laid on wool-packs towards the building of it." The village is a happy hunting ground for the searcher of old cottages, for the number of which Audrey accounts by telling us that there was a very

ancient manufacture of fustian there. In one of the views, there is in the distance a cottage with barge-boards which have good tracery. Most of the houses are timber-framed with brick-work panelling. The lattice-windows still remain in many of them, and few villages can boast of a more pleasing variety of rural dwellings than this little village of Shere.



A SHERE WINDOW GARDEN

Copyright, 1904, by H. Troth



VILLA DI MAJANO, FLORENCE



TYROLESE COURTYARDS



THE FLOWER GARDEN, TORRE A CONA

THE VILLA TORRE A CONA

AND ITS GARDENS—NEAR FLORENCE, ITALY

BY B. C. JENNINGS-BRAMLY

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Murray Cobb

SOME eight or nine miles from Florence over the hills behind Bagno a Ripoli stands a villa known as Torre a Cona, till lately the property of the Rinuccini, one of the oldest Tuscan families. This family became extinct in 1848 at the death of Marchese Pierfrancesco Rinuccini. His eldest daughter, Maria Anna, married to the Marchese Giorgio Trivulzio of Milan, inherited the house and lands of Torre a Cona. Her son, Principe Gian Giacomo, sold the property about 1890 to Baron Padoa, its present owner.

It is not known when first the old fortress was begun, or whether the Rinuccini built it or bought it, but the group of fortified buildings at Torre a Cona appears as an old property of the family in the declaration made for taxation by Messer Francesco Rinuccini in 1378.

We can see it, such as it was then, in the *gradino* of the altar-piece in the Rinuccini Chapel in the sacristy of Santa Croce in Florence. This picture was painted about the middle of the fourteenth century.

In 1409, however, so the archives of the Florentine Republic tell us, the then owner, one Jacopo Rinuccini, was formally thanked by the State for having restored the fortifications of his castle. This is curious, and proved that the said Jacopo was a trusted citizen, for, in the preceding century, the stout burghers of

Florence had made it their business to raze the walls round many a noble's castle, thereupon turning the owners, whether they would or no, into peaceful citizens.

There are but few traces now of fortifications at Torre a Cona. The tower, which gives the name to the villa, still exists. Originally, it stood alone in the centre of a courtyard, connected with the house by two walls which ran out to the wings, east and west. The western wall is now incorporated in the house. The eastern has a gateway and on it the ancient escutcheon of the Rinuccini, seven lozenges per bend on a field argent. This is proof positive that this wall was built before 1376, for in that year Queen Joan of Naples granted the family the additional of a label gules, which appear subsequently on their shield.

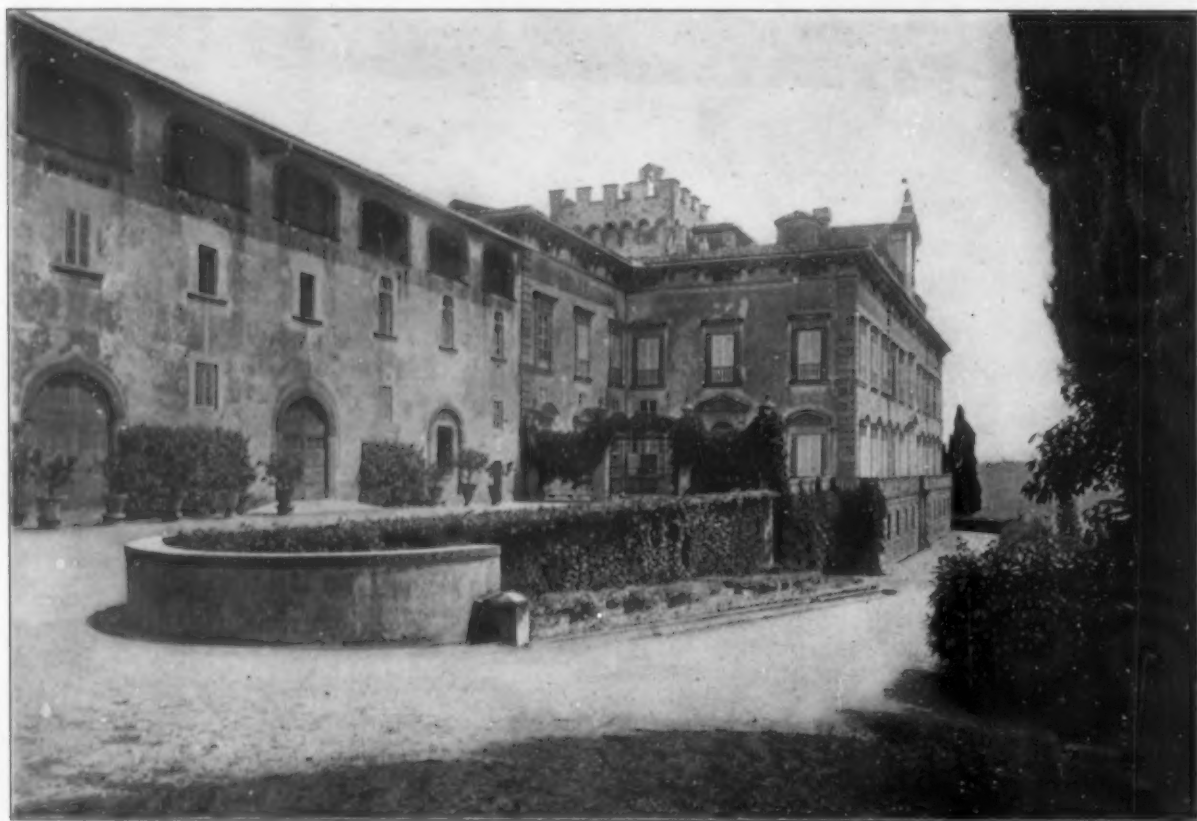
A large courtyard, surrounded by battlemented walls, completed the fortifications. Two sides of this wall are still standing,

but the battlements have been closed on the inner side, and baroque vases have been placed here and there upon them. From the outside the battlements are still visible. Alterations and additions were made from time to time. A picture which still hangs in one of the principal rooms on the second floor, shows the house as it stood in the seventeenth century. From 1750 to 1760, the last altera-



ENTRANCE TO THE VILLA GROUNDS

The Villa Torre a Cona



THE PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE VILLA

Showing the Terrace

tions were made by the Marchese Folco Rinuccini. The chapel was also built at this time, the park laid out, and the decorations, external and internal, completed.

The road from Bagno a Ripoli to Torre a Cona passes no village of importance. After running mostly uphill for six or seven miles it reaches the first iron gates of the villa. A straight drive, between a wall to the east and a low hedge to the west, leads you to some inner iron gates, from which a cypress avenue runs down to the terrace whereon the house is built. Half-way, at a bend of the road, you come upon a strange piece of statuary, one of many you will meet in the grounds. The one in the avenue once upon a time represented the Rape of Dejanira, but the curious material of which the group is made has fallen away in many places. The Centaur, for instance, stands on four bars of iron, and poor Dejanira waves, what should be a comely arm, but is nothing but an iron bone.

These statues were built of red brick to an approximate shape, then the bricks were

carved down to get rid of the angles, and then a coat of modeled cement finished the statue.

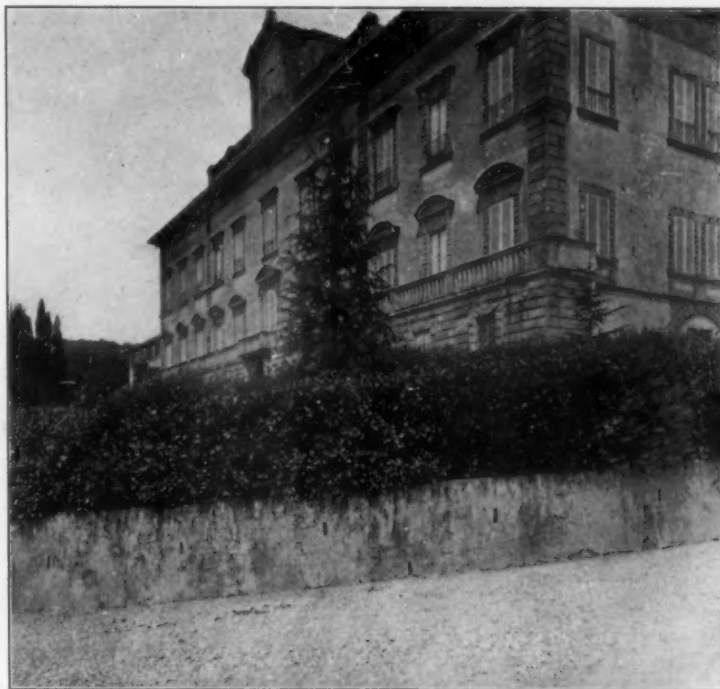
From this point the house begins to be visible, and fifty yards further on we pass the last cypresses and stand on the terrace with the villa in front of us. To our left a long two-storeyed building extends for some sixty yards till it joins the villa, and along part of its second floor runs an open loggia, the only ornament of this bare side of the house being its arches and columns.

The villa itself appears to be a characteristic eighteenth century building, its long rows of windows surmounted by heavy architraves—the sills supported by massively moulded brackets—have so effectually metamorphosed the original old fortress. The tower alone rises grey and grim in its original simplicity above the villa it is no longer called on to defend. To the later date, too, belongs the iron-work of the grille and gate, which enclose a portion of the terrace forming the main entrance to the house. It is to be regretted

House and Garden

that the original furniture, which formed a unique example of eighteenth century design, was removed bodily to Milan by the Principe Trivulzio before he sold the villa. The interior therefore presents but little of interest to the antiquarian.

Looking out of the drawing-room windows there is a sheer drop of about twenty-five feet over a bastioned wall. Below us, the road, which we left as we entered the first iron gates, sweeps down the hill and circles to the north, separated from the house only by a little strip of cultivated ground. Hill and dale, as far as eye can reach, are covered with



THE VILLA FROM THE ASCENDING ROAD

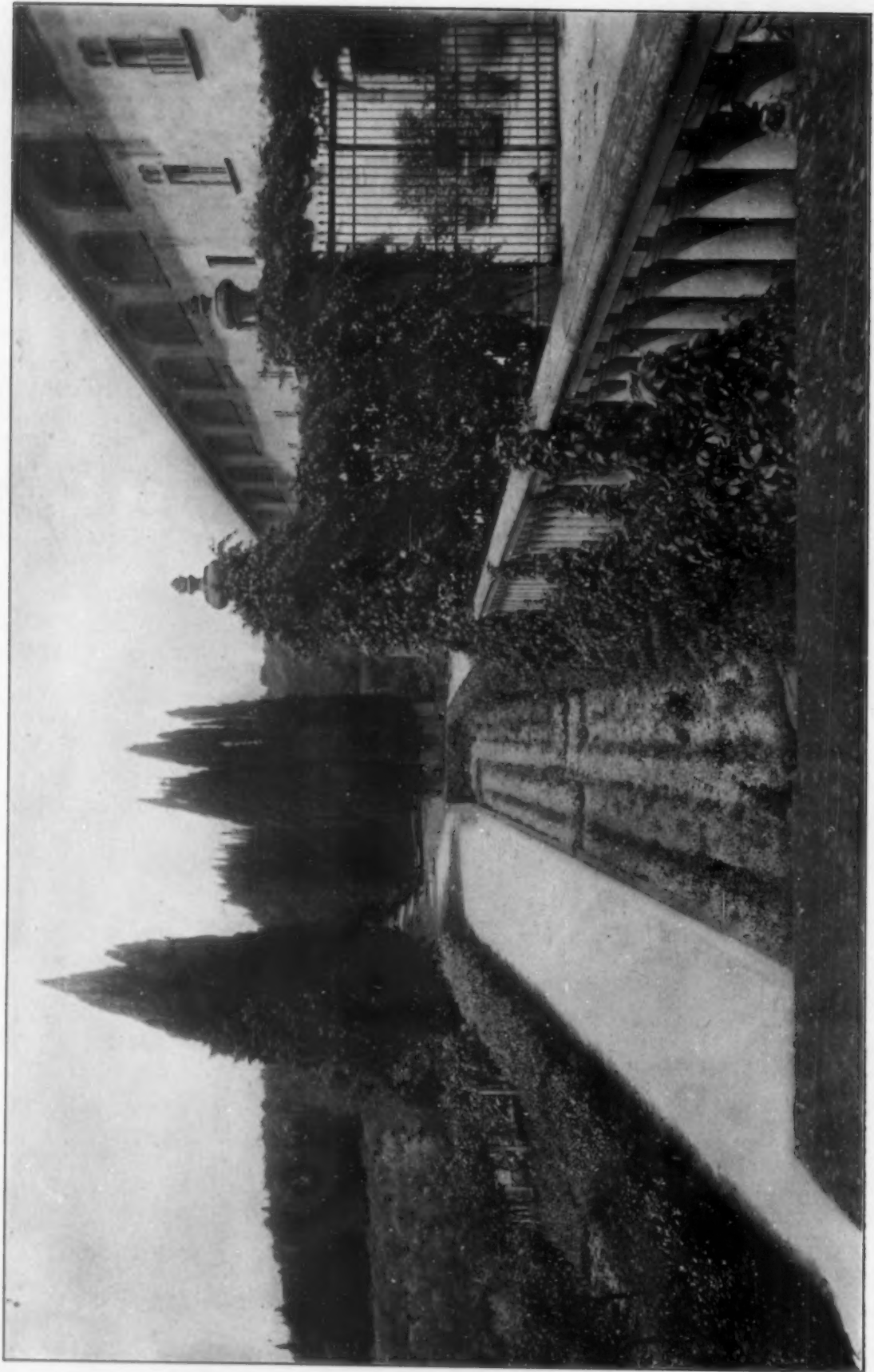
vineyards and olive trees, but with scarcely a house or farm in view, so sparsely populated is the adjoining country. The garden presents no feature of interest — indeed there is nothing that can be truly called a garden. A border of flowers runs along the lower wall of the terrace, which is covered by such vines as the Virginia creeper,

wistaria and plumbago. A gravel path separates this border from a kitchen garden well stocked with artichokes.

Lemon-trees in pots stand at regular intervals along the terrace, and at its farthest end from the house there is a small and tangled



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FLOWER GARDEN



THE GARDEN BESIDE THE TERRACE



A ROND POINT IN THE WOOD

shrubbery of laurels and roses, lemon-trees and aloes, briars and weeds, creeping and trailing and winding and blooming in inextricable confusion round an old fountain. A tenantless aviary, also smothered in creepers completes the solitude of this uncared-for corner, neglect to be accounted for by the absence of the owners, whose return, doubtless, will be preceded by much clipping and shearing, hoeing and digging, after which the little garden will regain its conventional tidiness. Some of the finest ilexes in Italy grew once upon a time on this very spot, but were unfortunately cut down by a previous owner to carry out some so-called

improvements. They formed the vanguard of the ilex wood which covers the hill to the north of the house, one of the chief beauties of Torre a Cona. This wood has been laid

out in formal walks, the central of which runs in a straight line away from the house, from the bottom to the top of the hill. From it other roads diverge symmetrically to the right and left, returning sharply to meet again at *rond points* on the way up. Statues by the same artist as those in the cypress avenue are placed at regular intervals, and the stone seats are ornamented by pedestals and busts from his hand. His statuary, in fact, abounds everywhere, all, alas! in



A BEND OF THE ROAD



AVENUES OF THE WOOD

very bad repair. The summit of the hill is crowned by a huge statue representing Hercules, and here we are at last informed by whom all these works of art were carried out. We read the following inscription on the pedestal:

*D'altre opere e di questo Ercole invitto
Io Giuseppe Catini fui l'autore,
Che, dopo aver nella cucina fritto,
Feci a tempo avanzato lo scultore.
Del calzolaro pria, da urgenze afflitto,
Mestiero esercitai di malo umore,
Estudiai fin d'architettura un poco.
Fui comico, pittor, poeta e cuoco
A. D. MDCCLVI.*

which has been thus freely rendered in English:

I, Joseph Catini, who wrought this group,
Once in the kitchen did make the soup;
After long years became a sculptor,
And of many works I was the author.

But first, unwilling, tried another trade,
A shoemaker by sad affliction made;
These trades, to be an architect, forsook;
Became a comic painter, poet, cook.

With this information before us the works of the artist acquire a new significance and are indeed extraordinary. He certainly had no "*mauvaise honte*" as a bust of the Marchese Folco Rinuccini, once at the villa, and now in Milan, bears the following inscription:

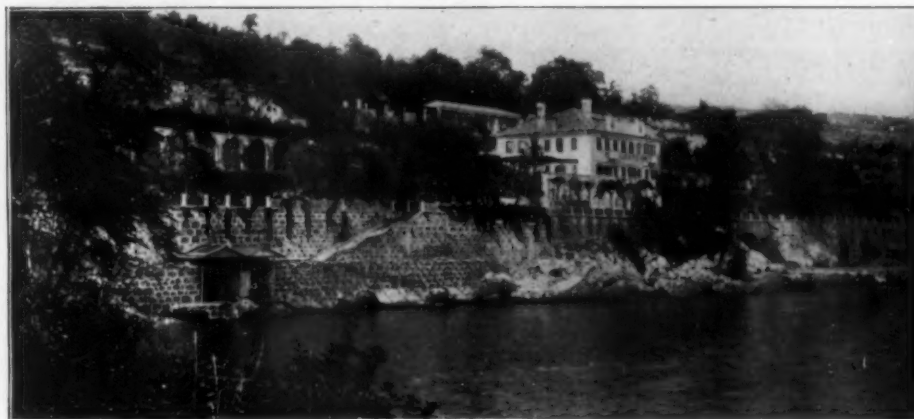
Marchese Fulco Rinuccinius
Josephus Catinius
Eiusdem cocus
faciebat.

Catini also planned the symmetrical walks in the wood. That he did so at a time when in Italy, as well as elsewhere in Europe, the *jardin anglais* was in fashion, is interesting. Our cook was not a man to be swayed by fashions. And how right he was! It is melancholy to think of the many stately Italian gardens which were destroyed about this time, to be replaced by insipid imitations of nature. A *jardin anglais* without the velvety lawns of England is a poor thing, and how can they be kept green during the hot and dry summer months of Italy?

Catini knew better. Nature was not to be imitated, she was to be drilled. His walks are a bit monotonous, for they are all exactly alike, trees, statues and all, but they are infinitely better than a good deal of the nature-burdened landscape gardening of the period.

Behind the group on the hill there is still a narrow belt of wood. There the hill, vine-covered, runs down precipitately. From this point a distant view of Florence can be had on fine days, the beautiful town appearing in a cleft of the hills that surround it.

Of the history of Torre a Cona little is known. It was too far from Florence to be affected by the continual strifes of the restless republic; little affected by the vicissitudes of the Medici or their ultimate triumph. The family that owned it for so many centuries has left it, but its walls look strong enough to cradle and shelter a new race for as many more centuries to come.



Scene near Volosca

THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC

BY BEATRICE ERSKINE

CHAPULTEPEC—the hill of the grasshopper—is a porphyry rock rising suddenly to a height of some two hundred feet from the plain which surrounds the City of Mexico.

The Paseo de la Reforma, the boulevard two and a half miles long which leads from the city to Chapultepec, is a favorite evening promenade of the Mexicans. It starts at the *glorieta* in the circular space where stands the equestrian statue of Charles IV. by Don Manuel Tolsa. Humboldt, who assisted at its erection in its original position in the Plaza Mayor, says that it was designed, modeled and cast by the same artist, but later authorities state that it was cast under the supervision of Don Salvador de la Vega. It is the largest piece of sculpture in the world cast in a single piece of bronze.

After this *glorieta* is passed the low white villas with the masses of purple and crimson bougainvillea hanging over wall and gateway give place to the open country. The road

is bordered with trees—not so luxuriant as in former days. To the left the great snow mountains—Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl—are generally capped with golden clouds; to the right beautiful effects of gold and silver mist and strange half lights play about among the different layers of mountain ranges. By and by the castle stands out boldly against a background of purple mountain; in spite of its size and its situation it gives an impression of elegance and lightness rather than of strength. The double arcading, the terraced gardens and the tower of the observatory, give a good deal of variety and light and shade, and the mass of verdure, growing with a wild luxuriance all over the rock itself, increases the picturesqueness of the view.

A small piece of ornamental water is all that now remains of the lake which once occupied so large a space and which was drained, for sanitary reasons, when the castle was first used as a military college. The



THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC



THE CASTLE FROM THE LAKE

draining of the lake very nearly destroyed the magnificent groves of cypresses for which Chapultepec is famed, many of which were already old in the days of Montezuma. These trees—a species of deciduous cypress called by the Indians Ahuehuatl, or Old Man of the Water—require a marshy soil, and when not only was the land drained but some eucalyptus trees were planted, they began to wither and die. Modern science has dug trenches around their roots and supplied them artificially with that water which Nature had given gratuitously, and the situation is saved. There is another danger which threatens them in the shape of the enormous quantities of gray moss which cling to their branches. It hangs in ghostly festoons; it is rootless, colorless, feathery, and increases at an alarming rate. In the Sacro Monte at Ameca-meca, where there is a much greater accumulation of this moss than there is at Chapultepec, the effect is both weird and picturesque.

The trunk of the Ahuehuatl is the trunk of a cypress, but the foliage is infinitely feathery, and the boughs spread like the boughs of a mighty cedar. The largest

known is the big tree of Tule, whose trunk, measured at a height of six feet from the ground, is 154 feet 2 inches in circumference.

The modern Castle of Chapultepec was begun in 1783 by the Viceroy, Don Matias de Galvez. There was evidently an older building existing at that time, as he obtained permission from the Spanish Government to "repair and put in order the Castle of Chapultepec." He appears to have entirely rebuilt it; his son and successor, Don Bernardo, finished it in 1785. The building cost \$300,000, and the brilliant Don Bernardo, who was a favorite of the King and who belonged to a family which rose from obscurity by royal favor, found himself abused by both parties. The Spanish King cut off the supplies which he had used too generously and the Castle remained unfurnished for some time; while the Mexicans accused him of imposing a fortress on the country under the pretence of erecting a viceregal palace. Future viceroys, however, added considerably to the structure, and the Emperor Maximilian, who was here a great deal during his short reign, left his mark both on the exterior and the interior, which were entirely deco-

The Castle of Chapultepec



AVENUE IN THE PARK OF CHAPULTEPEC

rated to suit the taste of the unfortunate Empress Charlotte. That the Castle was capable of being fortified was proved by the two days' siege which it sustained against the Americans under General Pillow; a siege made memorable by the heroism of the cadets, many of whom died in action. A monument was erected to the young heroes in 1880, and in October, 1904, an American scientific society paid a graceful tribute to their memory by placing a wreath on their grave.

Ascending the winding road which leads up to the Castle, the visitor enters through the iron gates guarded by a sentry of the cadet corps and passes on to the broad terrace from which a beautiful view can be obtained of the mountains, with the parapet with its masses of purple and crimson bougainvillea as a foreground. A fine flight of marble steps leads to the upper storey of the Castle, but it is best to pass through the garden and admire the splendid prospect from the terrace

before ascending to the hanging garden and the marble terrace above.

The gardens are small, but there is much to interest the student. The plain on which the City of Mexico stands is 7,473 feet above sea-level, which accounts for the climate of the *tierra templada*, which, although it lies within the zone of the tropics, is yet so far from tropical. In this country, latitude and longitude count for very little, the

extraordinary difference in altitude making every variety of climate and, of course, of vegetation. It has been said that every plant known to science can be cultivated in Mexico, and in Mexico City the medium climate makes it possible to grow some of the plants belonging by right to the *tierra caliente* or the *tierra fria*. The elm, the poplar, and the ash grow with the banana tree, the pepper, the olive, the orange and the lemon and with every variety of cactus and aloe. Roses in profusion, great bushes of double pink ger-



THE BIG TREE OF TULE

anium, golden masses of *girasole*, or sunflower, grow side by side with the beautiful "floripondio," only raised in hot-houses in Europe, and the magnificent "trompetilla" creeper, which climbs to the top of the highest trees and tosses its flaunting scarlet cups against the blue sky. The poinsettia—in Spanish the *Flor de Noche Buena*, or Christmas flower,—is here a tree rather than a plant,

and the pomegranate and the fig-tree are seen together with clumps of pale, fluffy-headed pampas grass or with the rich clusters of berries of the castor-oil tree.

It is this combination of the vegetation of the tropical and the temperate climes which is one of the fascinations of the hanging garden of Chapultepec. And when the garden has been duly admired, no one will deny that the view over the plain of Anahuac which is to be obtained from the terrace, is one of the finest in the world. Chapultepec is the



BANANA TREES IN THE ALAMEDA GARDENS

reputed site of the palace of Montezuma, who is said to have laid out tropical gardens in the grounds at its base with fresh and salt water pools for wild fowl and fish and to have planted with his own hands the gigantic cypress which now bears his name. The city, with its many domes, the gleam of the distant lake, the broad plain surrounded by a girdle of purple mountain, arrest the attention in turn; then, if it is evening—and the evening hour is a most fascinating one at Chapultepec—a faint pink flush catches the

snowy tops of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, generally free of clouds towards sunset. The pink flush pales and is succeeded by a note of pure white with a tinge of blue, infinitely far off and lonely, as the brief twilight fades and the Castle and its romantic surroundings are quickly wrapped in the shadow of approaching night. We turn away with an ever deepening sense of wonder at the countless visions of beauty in Mexico.



CYPRESS TREES IN THE PARK OF CHAPULTEPEC



THE GROTTA—VILLETTA DINEGRO

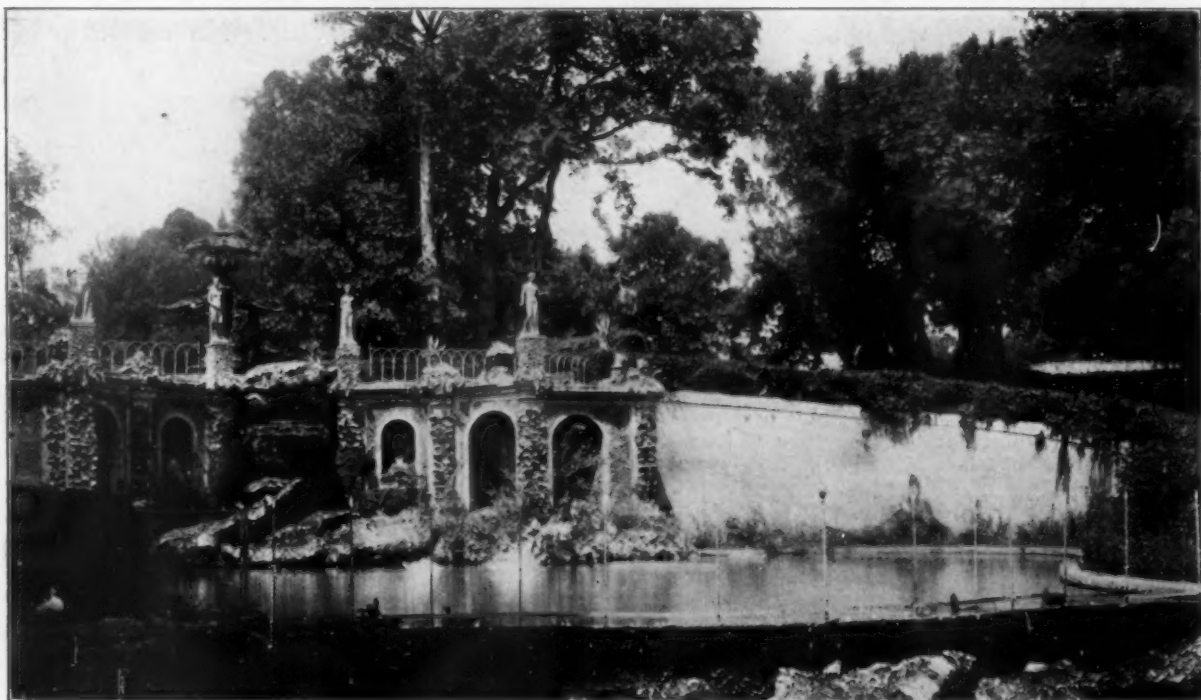
ARTIFICIAL ROCKWORK

BY H. A. CAPARN

WHEREVER people make gardens and loose stones are to be found, there is sure to be an attempt at artificial rockwork. It usually takes the form of a pile of stones of about the size that a man can carry without too great an effort. Some tall nasturtiums or other plants are making more or less of an effort to cover its bareness with the decency of vegetation. As likely as not the whole pile is whitewashed.

Although these futile and rather absurd heaps of stones are to be found in every town, yet there are so many pleasing and rational-looking artificial structures of natural rocks, that there must be some underlying principle of design to be discovered, some general classification into good and bad with the causes of its effect behind it. Take, for instance, the rockwork cascade at the Trocadero, or the Fountain of Trevi, the island in which stands the Temple of Æsculapius in the Borghese gardens at Rome, the grottoes and waterfalls in the Villetta Dinegro at

Genoa, the elaborate fabrics at Schoenbrunn, and the most extensive of all artificial rockeries, the cascades at Caserta, all diverse in conception, purpose and effect, yet all more or less beautiful, appropriate and impressive. Such things as these are often grotesque, but they are architecture of the garden, where grotesquerie often belongs; they are often used like a sort of garden tapestry or free carving as a relief and foil to formal design. They must not be judged by the canons of Vignola, for they are in a class of their own, and, if they are sometimes misplaced and mismanaged, it should be remembered that most of them were made at a time when architecture, with most of the other arts, was exhausted and anæmic, kept alive by artificial respiration; and many are too ready to decry them, partly for this reason, and partly because they lack the expression of formal design. Yet they have an expression of their own that is valuable, though popular;



FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA DORIA PAMPHILY, ROME

Artificial Rockwork



FRÉJUS MONUMENT, TURIN



GARIBALDI MONUMENT, VENICE

they have a place, and an important one, in the field of decoration, and in many cases, especially in a wilderness of orders and rectangles and symmetry like a city, are refreshing by mere contrast. So good are they, in fact,

that it seems as if they were the only discovery of note the baroque artists made, the one form in which their ostentatious feeling could produce any real addition to the world's hoard of things artistic. No structure of

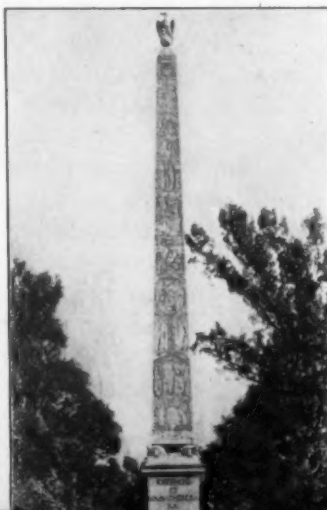


THE EAGLE FOUNTAIN IN THE VATICAN GARDENS



BEAR GARDENS, BRONX PARK, NEW YORK

rough boulders can receive the variety and refinement of sentiment of formal architecture; their ordinary expression is limited to such beauty and sympathy as one may find in the stones themselves and in the freedom and unconventionality of their arrangement; their picturesqueness, that Ruskin calls a "parasitical sublimity." If they are to be sublime, they must be on the scale of the



Matterhorn, or the Palisades. Yet, there are numberless piles of artificial rocks, and natural ones that could be imitated artificially, that are impressive and esthetic, and in their proper place would be a delight to the eye and a solace to the mind.

Nothing could be better, in its way, than the arch on the wall of an Italian courtyard enclosing its fern-clad tufa and trickling water and statue.



OBELISK, SCHOENBRUNN

Artificial Rockwork



SHEEP SHELTERS, BRONX PARK, NEW YORK



BEAR DENS (UNFINISHED), BRONX PARK,
NEW YORK

There is in the Borghese gardens even a mass of tufa with an arch and statuary on the top, and over and over again a pile of rough

rocks is used as a base for statuary, not merely playful and bizarre like that at Caserta, but serious and monumental like the statue of Garibaldi, at Venice. Such things are not always good models for imitation; but in a thousand ways and places rockwork is used with ornamental intent and effect, not always so adroitly as in the statue of Porthos being crushed by the rocks in the Luxembourg gardens, or as impressively as the Humboldt monument at Berlin, but, nevertheless, beautifully and appropriately.

In our own country and in England rockwork is nearly as popular as on the Continent, but we do not use it so artistically, though sometimes more beautifully and pleasantly. This is not because we understand the piling up of rough stones better than the foreigners, or so well, but because we are in the habit of regarding them as a base or background for trailing roses, Boston ivy, silver euonymus, golden honeysuckle, green English ivy, or as a sort of foil to dwarf nasturtiums, moss pinks, stonecrop, or in fact, almost anything that does not grow too tall and flowers gayly, or spreads its little lengthening arms over the rocks to enjoy their strength and hide their bareness. Such a rockery is, or should be, nothing but earth studded more or less



A CHANGE OF GRADE

closely with stones, so that plants growing between the interstices may send their roots into the soil beneath, in search of moisture and nourishment. This most cheerful and popular kind of stone heap depends mostly on gaiety of color and the continued novelty of blossom appearing at its proper season and then giving place to something else.

Can we classify the causes of all these effects and draw any general conclusions from them? If it is possible to analyze and synthesize them so as to deduce rules and general principles it would surely be something gained; for then people without intuition to guide them could build these pleasant and economical things for themselves without making fundamental mistakes, and people with intuition would not need to study every problem from the beginning.

Rockwork may be separated into two classes—the simulations of natural rock formations, and the frankly artificial structures of rough stones piled up with or without cement, and imitating natural rocks only conventionally, as carved foliage imitates the real, or a statue, a man or beast; the imitation is not intended to deceive, and is but a symbol of the original, so that the designer has far more latitude and there is, meanwhile, no deception. Looking at the subject in this way



A ROCKWORK CAVERN

it is easy to see why such fantastic piles as those at Schoenbrunn with a symmetry and eccentricity impossible in a natural form-



THE WATER PLANTS AT ABBOTSBURY, NEWTON ABBOT

ation, are yet in no way ridiculous or pretentious, but have a real art value apart from the ingenuity of their construction. They are carved profusely with festoons of leaves and flowers, shellfish, birds, etc., in a style admirably suited to their purpose and position, and difficult to parallel. This is going a step farther than usual, for not only is the rock itself conventionalized, but the very vegetation and animal life that might cover

boulders chosen for their beauty and irregularity, and assembled with much care and expense into an appearance of artless economy; "cottages" of this kind are popular in the summer-resort regions of New England and in other places where loose and time-checked stones abound; and in spite of their often over-studied rusticity, they harmonize with their situation and surroundings as do habitations built out of the nearest



THE ROCK GARDEN, BROADGATE, BARNSTAPLE

it. In many an American park and garden rough boulders are used to support a steep bank, like a retaining wall, or to make steps, or for some other very practical purpose; and they are more likely than not to be covered wholly or partially with vines or other foliage. The illustrations show such erections when first built and when overgrown with foliage.

Many buildings, garden houses, stables, and even dwellings, are built of weathered

and most available materials. Even the rough-faced masonry so popular since the days of Richardson, with its crowning achievement in the Pittsburgh Court House, is but a step farther in the conventionalizing of natural rocks and rock construction, and expresses in its most sophisticated form the general feeling for the surface of untooled stone.

Thus a consideration of a great many examples will go to show that rough rocks are



WATERFALL IN THE ROCK GARDEN, ABBOTSBURY, NEWTON ABBOT

used like any other constructive material, often for their own sake, and usually as decoratively as circumstances will allow. A boulder gray with the storms, and variegated with the lichens of ages, is a beautiful thing in itself, as is a squared block of limestone, or a marble panel, and each of these can be arranged in harmonious composition with others of the same kind or even with each other. And the principles underlying the

with much care, and even much ingenuity, of stones so placed together as to seem a real natural rock formation. Such things are costly to make and, as a rule, do not justify the pains spent on them, but they have their occasional uses. There are some excellent examples at the New York Zoölogical Park, where the wolf, fox and bear dens are built out of stone so carefully matched, and with the joints so ingeniously colored or disguised,



ANOTHER PORTION OF THE ABBOTSBURY GARDEN

composing of boulders or tufa do not differ from those of building up dressed granite or brick. Each and all can be arranged to develop their peculiar beauties, and rough rocks are one of the resources of the outdoor decorator just as any other building material, and it remains for him to use them with the reserve and discrimination that he would bestow on any other kind of ornamental construction.

Sometimes one meets with a structure made

that they seem, even after some examination, to be parts of the primeval rock upon and against which they are built.

The consideration of all these instances may fairly lead us into an attempt to draw broad distinctions, to separate the good from the bad, and even to formulate a few general principles of design or lines of reasoning. Numberless examples will unite to show that artificial rockwork may be used for piers, retaining walls, paneling in dressed

Artificial Rockwork

masonry, bases for architecture, and even statuary and walls of houses, and separate constructions of many kinds, grottoes, fountains, sepulchral and other monuments. One of the most appropriate and impressive gravestones that can be devised is an unwrought boulder with a simple inscription. All these uses, and many more, do not differ from those of traditional architecture of arch and column and the orders. And if we look about us we shall see that when structures of rocks are bad, they are bad in much the same way as those of stone or brick, unconstructive, irrational, pretentious, inadequate, inappropriate and lacking in the evidence of such things as can be only felt and are felt in every building of good design. Rockwork must not fail in these respects, any more than a design for a church or hospital. While in estimating it one must not forget that this is garden decoration in which a fanciful, eccentric, or grotesque feeling inadmissible in formal architecture is often welcome and good, such questions as these must be put: Is it necessary? Is it logical and sen-

sible? Is it constructive? Is it fitting to its surroundings? Is it well proportioned and harmonious, and, in short, is it in good taste, when measured by rockwork standards? And if not all or any of these things, why not? All these questions the maker or possessor of artificial rockwork should ask, and answer as well as he can. Perhaps he is impelled to support a bank with a wall of rough stones, or use them as a mere accompaniment to flowers and foliage, or combine them into an isolated object, a stand for a sundial, vase or statuette, steps, or a support for a vine, because he feels that such a thing is needed in some particular place, to serve some particular useful and artistic purpose; let him in doing it fulfill all the conditions as well as he can, but whether in the end he does it right or not, and makes it in any sense a work of art, must depend, as in all artistic effort, on the personal equation. Such uses as these and such questions as these belong to formal architecture as well as to rockwork, and the answers to them are not dissimilar, just about as complete, and no more.



Mountain Sheep Range, Bronx Park, New York

THE PROPOSED UNION STATION IN BUFFALO

BY GEORGE CARY

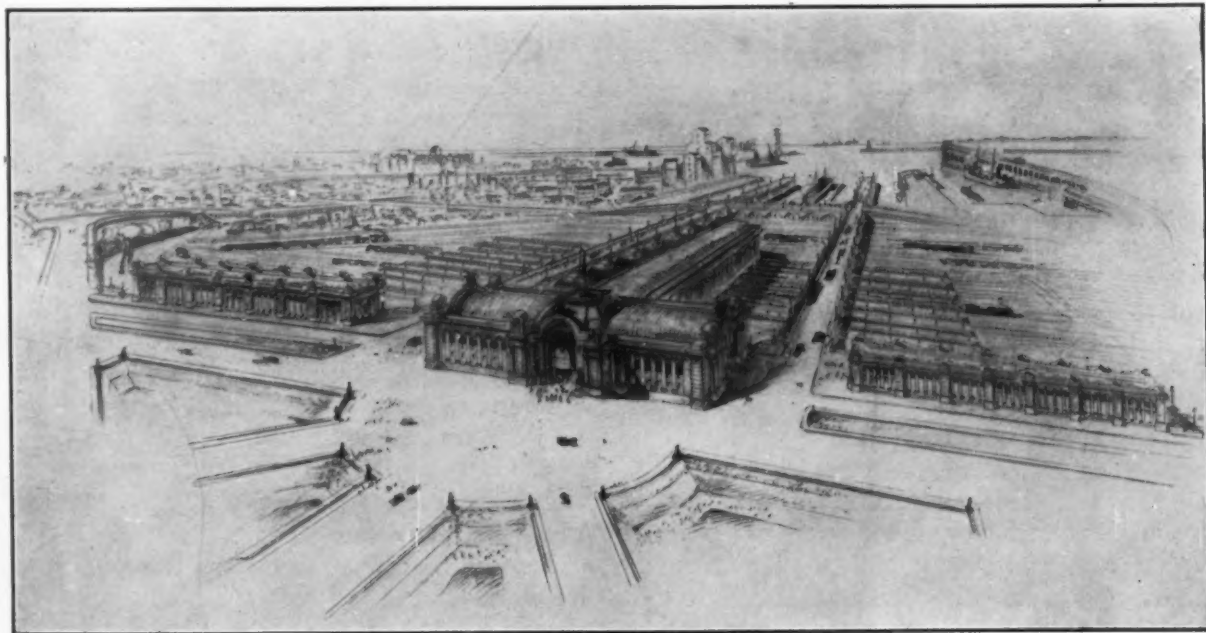
AMONG its other distinguishing characteristics, the City of Buffalo stands first among American cities in the number of railroads which enter it, and in having the greatest mileage of tracks within its city limits. It is also distinguished in having the most inadequate and the meanest passenger stations of any city of its size in the world. For the past thirty years attempts have been made at different times to secure a Union Station, and various committees to consider this question have been appointed by the Mayor. In 1898 a Boston firm of architects designed a station for the present Exchange Street site, which it was hoped might be built in time for the Pan-American Exposition, but this site was not satisfactory to the majority of the railroads interested, and it is only within the last few months that it has been possible to induce these corporations to sign a Union Station report or proposition, which the city authorities now have under consideration. The site chosen is known as the Genesee Street site, and the proposition in brief is this:

That the City of Buffalo should make adequate approaches to the Union Station with parks in front, and docks reached by viaducts across the train yards, back of the station.

Further, the abandoning and appropriating by the railroads of a section of the canal which is yearly becoming less and less distinguishable from an open sewer. This will involve the necessary overhead crossings to a new marginal street along the water front, and along the lake to the Steel Plant at the South end of the city. At present the Steel Plant can only be reached by traversing two sides of the triangle.

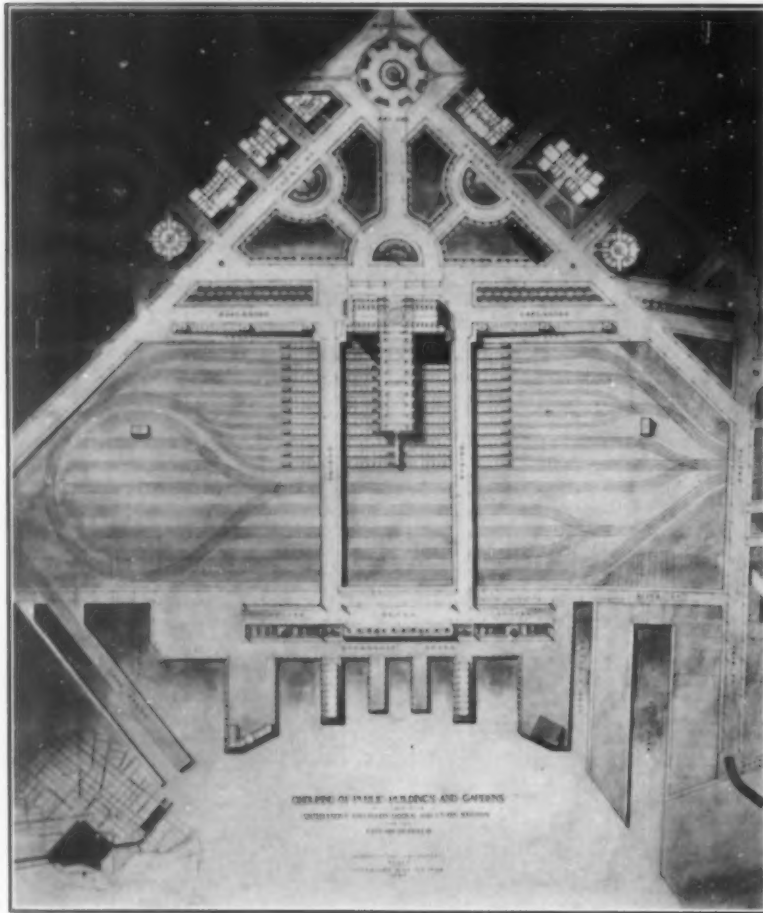
The advantage to the railroad of this arrangement is a straight level line parallel to the water front and adjacent to factories, with works bordering on the present canal.

By introducing a loop in the wide track yard, all through trains keep head on, instead of backing in and out as they do now. The present stations and yards will be used for freight.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE STATION

The Proposed Union Station in Buffalo



PLAN OF THE STATION, THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS,
AND THE WATER FRONT

The railroads contemplate spending some \$15,000,000 in the purchase of land, change of tracks, building of round-houses and Union Station, etc., while the city would have to spend from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, depending on what improvements it undertakes.

Several millions of dollars would be expended by the parties locating elsewhere, whose property would be purchased by the railroads, so that altogether it means an expenditure in the city of about five times what our Pan-American cost us.

This plan places the station in the most accessible part of the business centre of the city; surrounded by publishing houses, banks, office buildings, retail shops, residences, hotels and apartments, for they all centre about this locality.

The City Hall and other Municipal Buildings already face the triangular site and the

effort is being made to group all future Municipal Buildings about the parks facing the Station.

Instead of having the provincial plan of one always congested main thoroughfare lead to the Station, as is the case now, this scheme opens up all the important thoroughfares of the city with their trolley lines radiating to the hub, and about this triangle bisected by Genesee Street, radiate no less than twenty-eight principal streets.

One of these—Genesee Street—is the centre of population and the old coach road to Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Albany and New York; it runs from the water front due east five miles within city limits, dividing the city into two equal North and South sections.

L'Enfant laid out the City of Buffalo and this triangular site west of Niagara Square is in the very heart of the city.

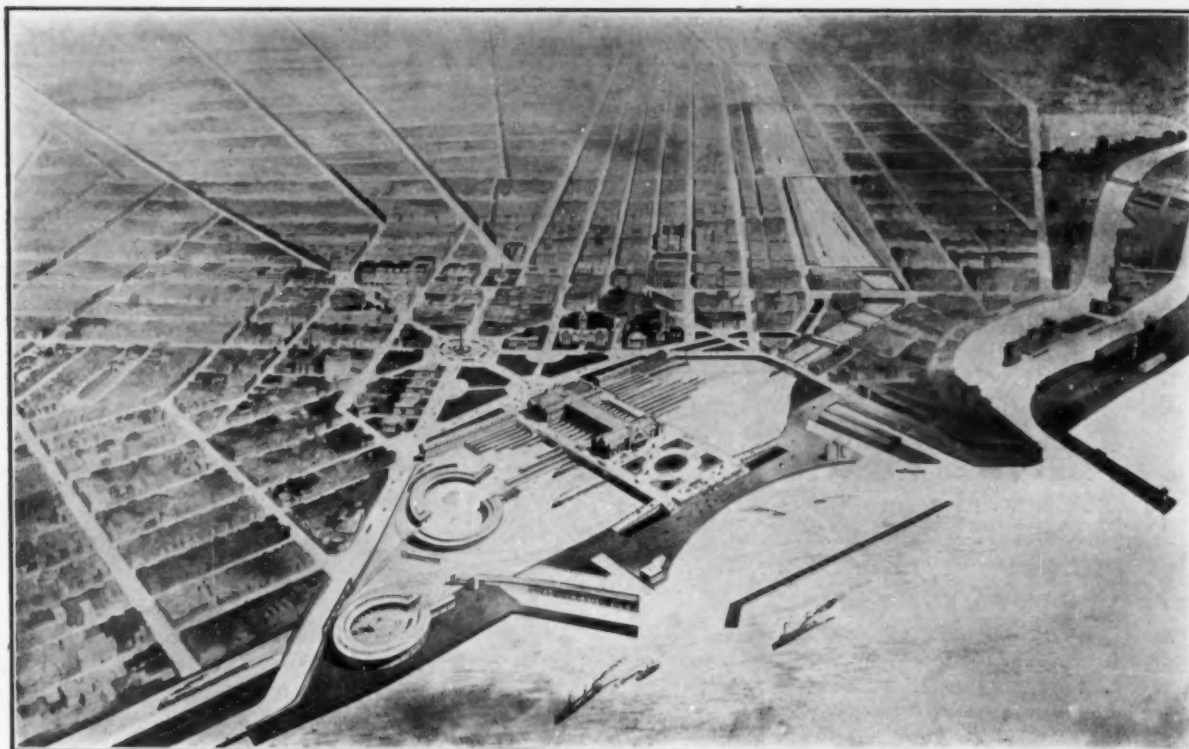
It is to-day dilapidated and yearly has decreased in assessed value.

The 120 acres within the triangle are assessed at but \$2,000,000, and some of the property within a stone's throw of City Hall can be bought at 40 cents a square foot. Ninety per cent. of the land on this site is under option for about three months longer, and for this reason speedy action must be taken.

This site has the advantage over all others as regards the suburbs or Greater Buffalo, for with the opening up of the Northwest, and the increased trade with Canada, which is bound to come, and the increasing population of Grand Island and Fort Erie in Canada, Greater Buffalo will see future factory sites with Niagara Falls power, on both sides of Grand Island.

A word about the water front which is an important factor to this plan:

Within the city limits are ten miles of water front on Lake Erie and the river.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED SCHEME

The river is now cut off from the city by the railroads and the canal with its tow paths and shanties, and the lake is separated from the city by Buffalo River and the railroads, so that no portion of the water front is accessible to-day without crossing the tracks at grade, and except for the so-called Front at Fort Porter no view is obtained of the river and lake. We have, moreover, no facilities or highways for firemen, police, traffic and people in this congested section. Such a water front, aside from its value from a commercial point of view, should be, at least in part, an important factor in the beautifying of a city; and in providing pleasurable recreation for its citizens.

With this plan carried out, anyone coming

by water or rail must get an impression of the importance of the city by taking in at a glance the situation, for from the Plaza, the viaducts across the tracks, and pergolas on each side of the Station, would be obtained a view of the lake, river and Canada; the parks in front of the Station; public buildings around the parks; and Niagara Square with Carrère's monument to McKinley at the apex of the triangle.

We had and lost an opportunity of redeeming our water front at the time of the Pan-American. Now, we have another chance. Should the city avail itself of this chance, it would render Buffalo, through its added beauty, dignity and power, in very truth the "Queen City of the Lakes."

NOTES AND REVIEWS

THE BROOKLYN EXHIBITION.

THE Brooklyn Chapter of the American Institute of Architects will hold its fifth annual exhibition at the Pouch Gallery, Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, April 7th to 22d. Exhibits of drawings, photographs, sculpture and objects of industrial art are desired from all interested. Detailed information will be sent to intending exhibitors on application to Mr. W. A. Parfitt, Secretary of the Exhibition Committee, 26 Court St., Brooklyn. Drawings for illustration in the catalogue should be sent to Mr. Henry Clay Carrel, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

The Chapter will give a dinner on the evening of April 8th, and a Ladies' Reception on the 10th. The Exhibition will be open to the public free from the 11th to the 22d, and a number of special occasions are being planned.

A CHARMING GARDEN BOOK.

A DELIGHTFUL combination of the æsthetic and practical sides of nature is attained in Mrs. Ely's second garden book.* So attractively has the author performed her work, both as to matter and manner, that the book is worth reading for its literary charm, quite apart from its practical applications. Nature lovers, condemned to an urban existence, can here revel in imagination in the preparation and enjoyment of a flower and vegetable garden of their own though they may have no real opportunity beyond a few disheartened plants on a meagre window sill. As a working manual for the more fortunate, Mrs. Ely's book may be thoroughly trusted, as her long experience in the cultivation of gardens of moderate size has fully qualified her as an authority. Professor Chandler's judiciously considered photographs add very materially to the usefulness and charm of the volume.

* Another Hardy Garden Book. By Helena Rutherford Ely, author of "A Woman's Hardy Garden," etc., with illustrations made from photographs taken in the author's garden by Professor Charles F. Chandler. New York: The MacMillan Company; London: MacMillan & Co., Ltd., 1905. All rights reserved. Price, \$1.75 net.

AMERICAN GARDENS.

IN a handsomely printed volume of 340 pages,* Mr. Barr Ferree presents the most notable recent examples of American residences. Apart from the immediate interest which attaches to each of the profusely illustrated subjects, this book has a definite historic value. It records and illustrates the third stage in the evolution of the American house, of which a sumptuous predecessor of a quarter-century earlier, entitled "American Homes," may be taken to represent the second. The advance is marked, but disappointing. The lavish outpouring of wealth on the part of the owner has, in nearly every example illustrated, produced a result due to an ill-digested study of some foreign example.

It is perfectly evident that the fundamental lesson taught by the best European examples has not yet been learned. Our architects are still practising in their foreign copybooks, not having yet reached, it would seem, an intellectual maturity capable of producing a spontaneous, natural, and independent hand. All this however does not in the least detract from the value of Mr. Ferree's work, since he must use such material as has been prepared for him. His part has been well done and his publishers have given him generous support.

SAN MARCO, VENICE.

IN the March number of *The Architectural Review* (London) Mr. Horatio F. Brown confirms Signor Manfredi's alarming report of the dangerously unstable condition of this precious building. Immediate steps for its preservation must be taken, under penalty of the irreparable collapse of important parts of the structure, and for these the Italian government has promised to provide funds.

* American Estates and Gardens. By Barr Ferree, editor of the "Scientific American Building Monthly." Corresponding member of the American Institute of Architects and of the Royal Institute of British Architects. New York: Munn and Company. MCMIV. 340 pages; 10½x13½ inches; 275 illustrations. Price, \$10.00 net.



Foyer, Arrott Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

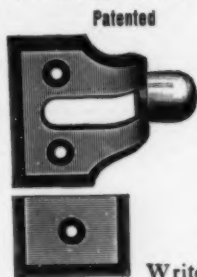
F. J. Osterling, Architect

RICHEY, BROWNE & DONALD

Architectural Cast and Wrought { IRON
BRONZE &
BRASS

Maspeth, Borough of Queens, New York City, N. Y.

**THE IVES
WINDOW VENTILATING LOCK**



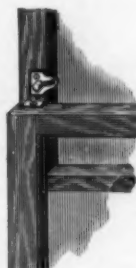
Patented

A Safeguard for Ventilating Rooms.

A Lock, quickly applied and operated, affording Sure Protection against Intruders.

Children kept in.
Burglars kept out.

Write for Descriptive Circular.



THE H. B. IVES CO., New Haven, Conn.
U. S. A.

“Paints with a Purpose”

Permanent Protection
against

RUST—DAMPNESS—DECAY

Manufactured by

Wm. Waterall & Co.
Philadelphia

Established 1859



An Example of French Hardware. School, Henry II Vergennes Design

Trim Your House

with hardware that will be a “beauty and a joy forever” as well as making you and yours *secure*. For convenience and for quality provide

Yale Hardware

The line comprises a great variety of designs in practically all Schools and Finishes. This affords a *wide range* in the choice of ornament, and at different prices.

Ask us for printed matter of interest to anyone who anticipates building or remodeling (and who doesn't?)

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.

General Offices: 9-13 Murray Street New York Exhibit Rooms: 242 Fifth Avenue

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE: WITHERSPOON BUILDING

House and Garden Binder



¶ This binder is substantially made of cloth with stiff leather back, holds twelve copies of HOUSE AND GARDEN

¶ Every subscriber should use one. ¶ Magazines can be bound as received

SENT ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF \$1.50

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

In close practical touch with large and small estates in all parts of the country, enables us to offer to every owner of Grounds and Gardens, our special help in Designs and suggestions for the improvement of such, and with greater economy and saving than can be secured in any other way. We study to meet the individual requirements of each place, and supply both Plans and Material in the most economical manner. ¶ Whether in Iowa or Maine our practical suggestions enable you to plant your Lawn, your Garden, or any

other portion of your place, with a great saving, and we ask you to write us and we will help you, giving our time to accomplish something for you in a practical and painstaking fashion. ¶ We send men of experience at any time at nominal rates to advise upon every leading question of Landscape work. Drainage, House location, Road making, Formal and old-fashioned Gardens and every feature of Landscape work, we give close and careful attention to. We will refer to many hundreds of private properties which we have brought to perfection. ¶ Our Nurseries are among the largest in the United States, and we ask but one profit in supplying our clients, selling at lowest rates possible. ¶ We offer every known hardy form of

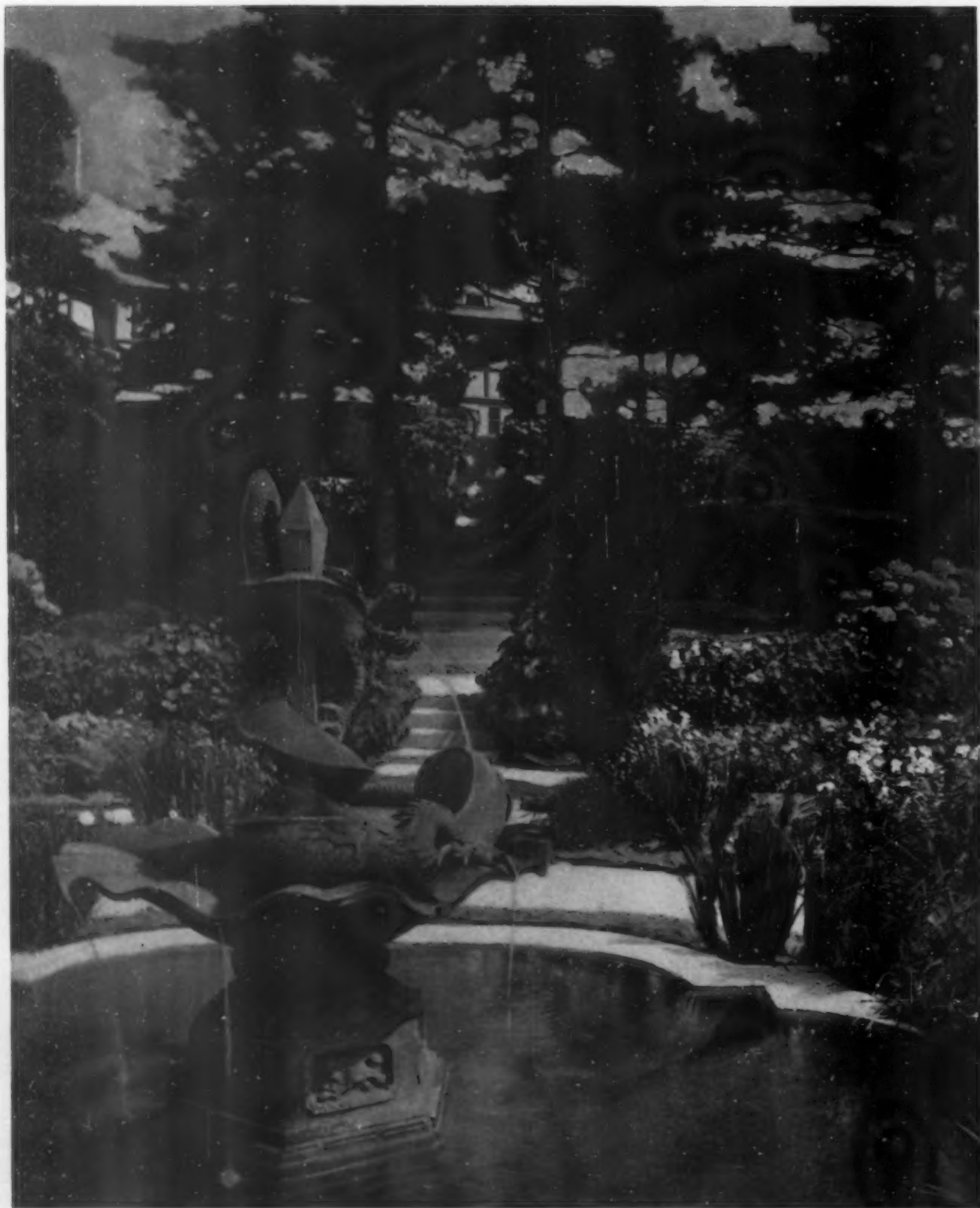


Trees Shrubs Rhododendrons
Evergreens
Herbaceous Plants
Vines Dahlias Bulbs &c.

at prices which, after you investigate, will attract your close attention. ¶ If you have any problem to solve; any difficulty to meet in the way of Landscape work and Gardening, we are willing to assist, and will be glad to have you write us. From all parts of the country we have had inquiries in past seasons and with good results, and we invite correspondence with those who wish aid of an expert character. Write us, and see our catalogue

The Shady Hill Nursery Co. 44 Broad St., Cor. Milk
BOSTON, MASS.





"BLAIR EYRIE"—LOOKING UP TOWARD THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN

From a Water Color by HORACE C. DUNHAM