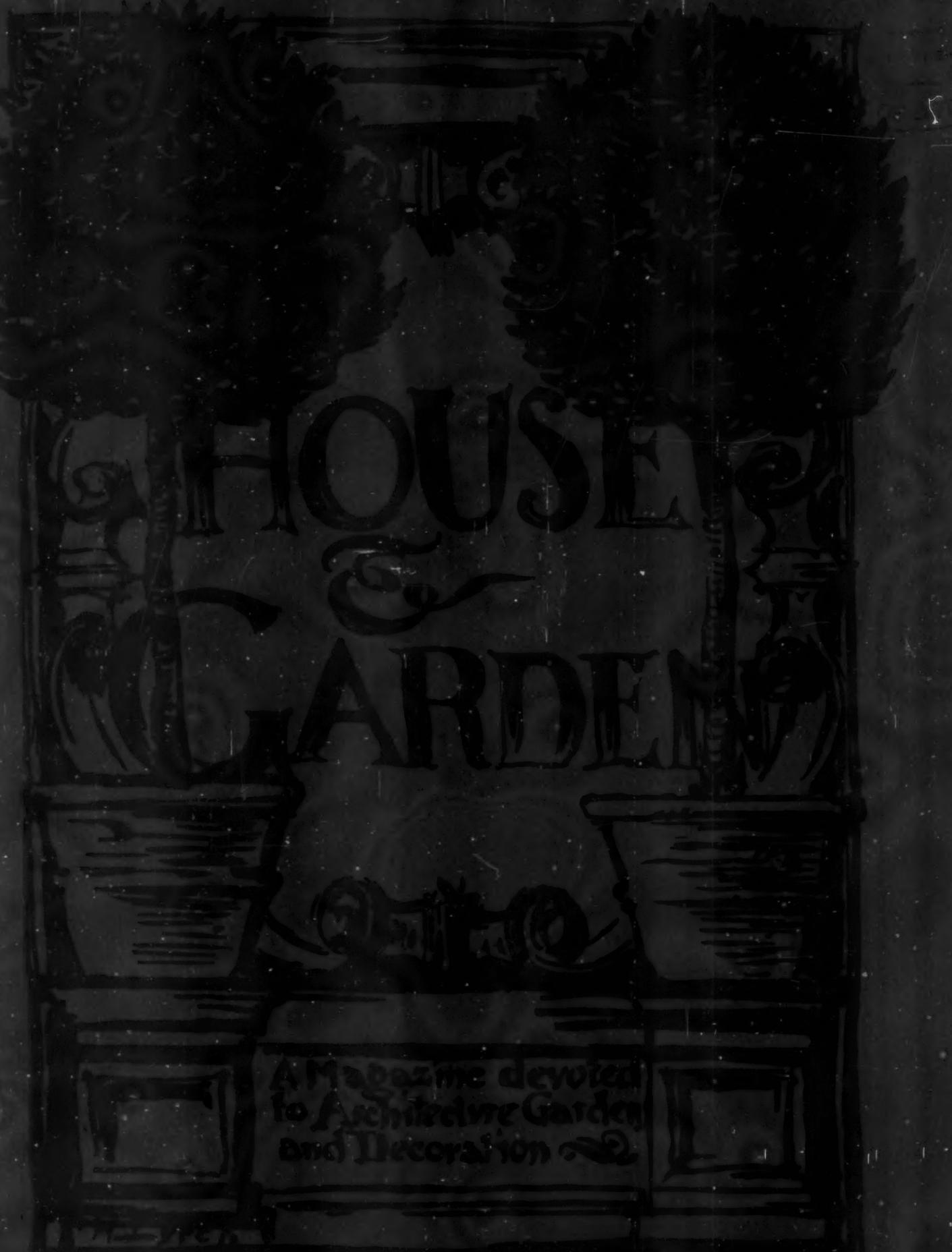


Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 11.

A decorative border surrounds the central text. It features two stylized trees with dense foliage on the left and right sides. At the bottom, there are two large, ornate pots or planters. The entire design is rendered in a dark, woodcut-like style.

HOUSE & GARDEN

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THE FOUNTAIN OF APOLLO
IN THE ISLAND GARDEN, ARANJUEZ

House & Garden

Vol. II

NOVEMBER, 1902

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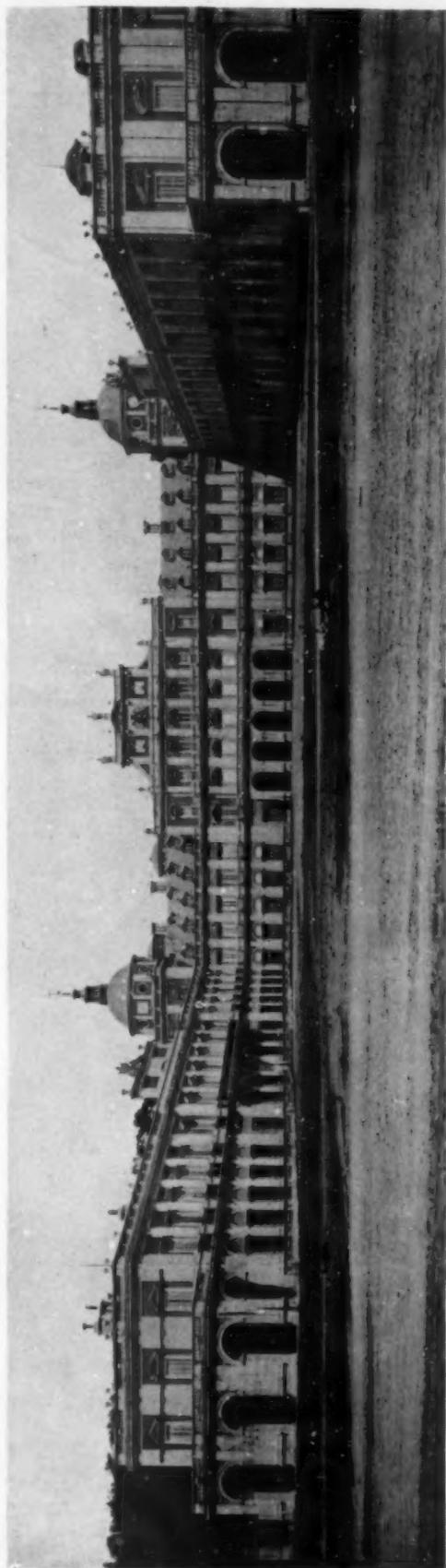


THE country around Madrid, and in fact most of the central part of Spain is an immense wind-swept plateau, elevated some two thousand feet above the sea level. Vast plains extend in all directions, almost devoid of dwellings, and even of vegetation, save here and there the starveling wheat which barely hides the barren soil, and, occasionally, a few solitary trees which, scattered about on the horizon, relieve the monotony of the landscape. No traveller who has entered Madrid by daylight can help being impressed by these desolate fields, which stretch even to the city gates. Without the least hint that he is approaching a well-peopled capital, he is suddenly brought face to face with palace, dome and spire; the scene changes with magic rapidity. He leaves the arid plains; and lo! Madrid, on a low sloping hill, bursts upon his view. The customary suburbs of the modern city are here entirely lacking; and in this respect, perhaps, the Spanish capital stands unique and alone. Attractive as it proves on nearer acquaintance with its wonderful gallery, and scarcely less celebrated armory, its touch of royalty, and its alluring bull-fights, there is withal an air

of despondency about the city. One soon wearies of the glare of the hot sun-baked streets, and yearns for an excursion into the world of woods and flowers, and to the coolness of refreshing brooks.

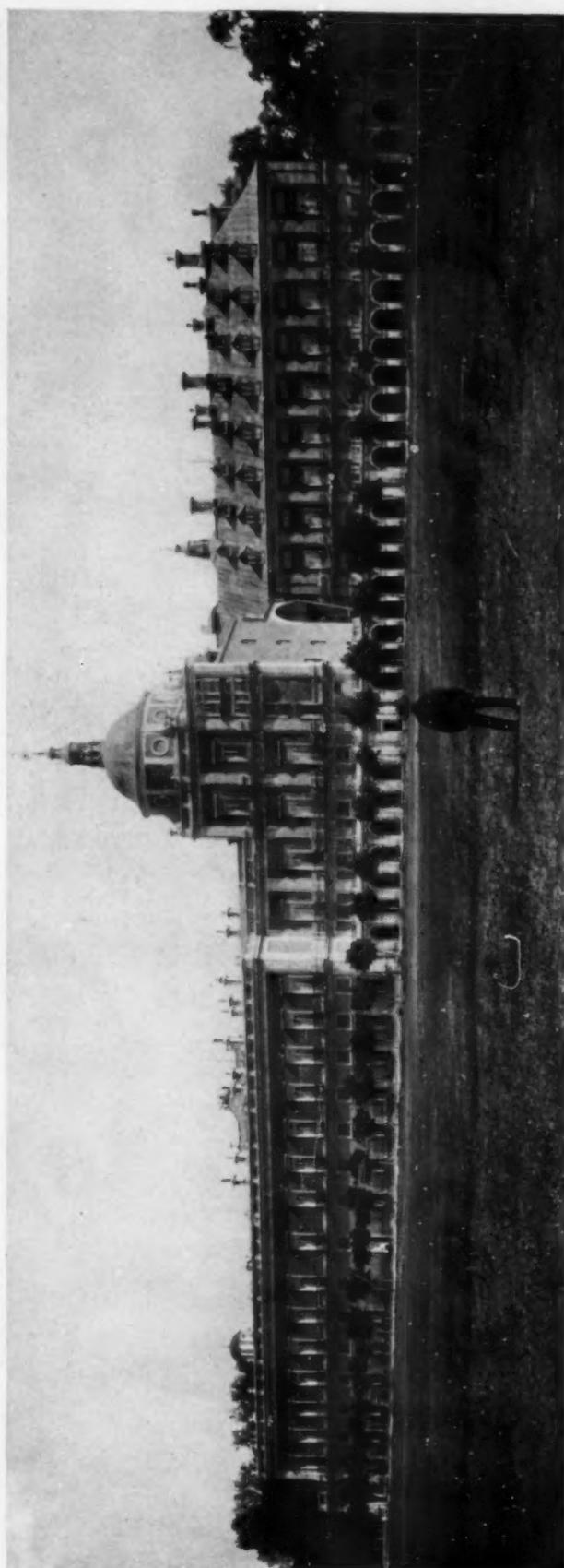
But Madrid, unlike its sister capitals—Paris or Rome—boasts of no Versailles nor Tivoli in its immediate neighborhood. It was when we were in search of some such spots as these, that we heard first of the once favorite summer palace of the court, with its gardens and streams, distant thirty miles at the village of Aranjuez. Eager for the adventure, but not with the most entire confidence as to what should be our reward, we prepared to leave the city the next morning. The hot and busy Puerto del Sol was willingly left behind, and we were off at an early hour, *en route* for the station. . . . Why mention the inevitable delays? It is a Spanish railway; the phrase must cover a multitude of sins.

The day is a glorious one—a bright May freshness in the air, that which comes the world over with that delightful month. In these southern countries its exhilarating freshness is to be doubly appreciated, for here the



THE WESTERN OR MAIN FAÇADE OF THE ROYAL PALACE

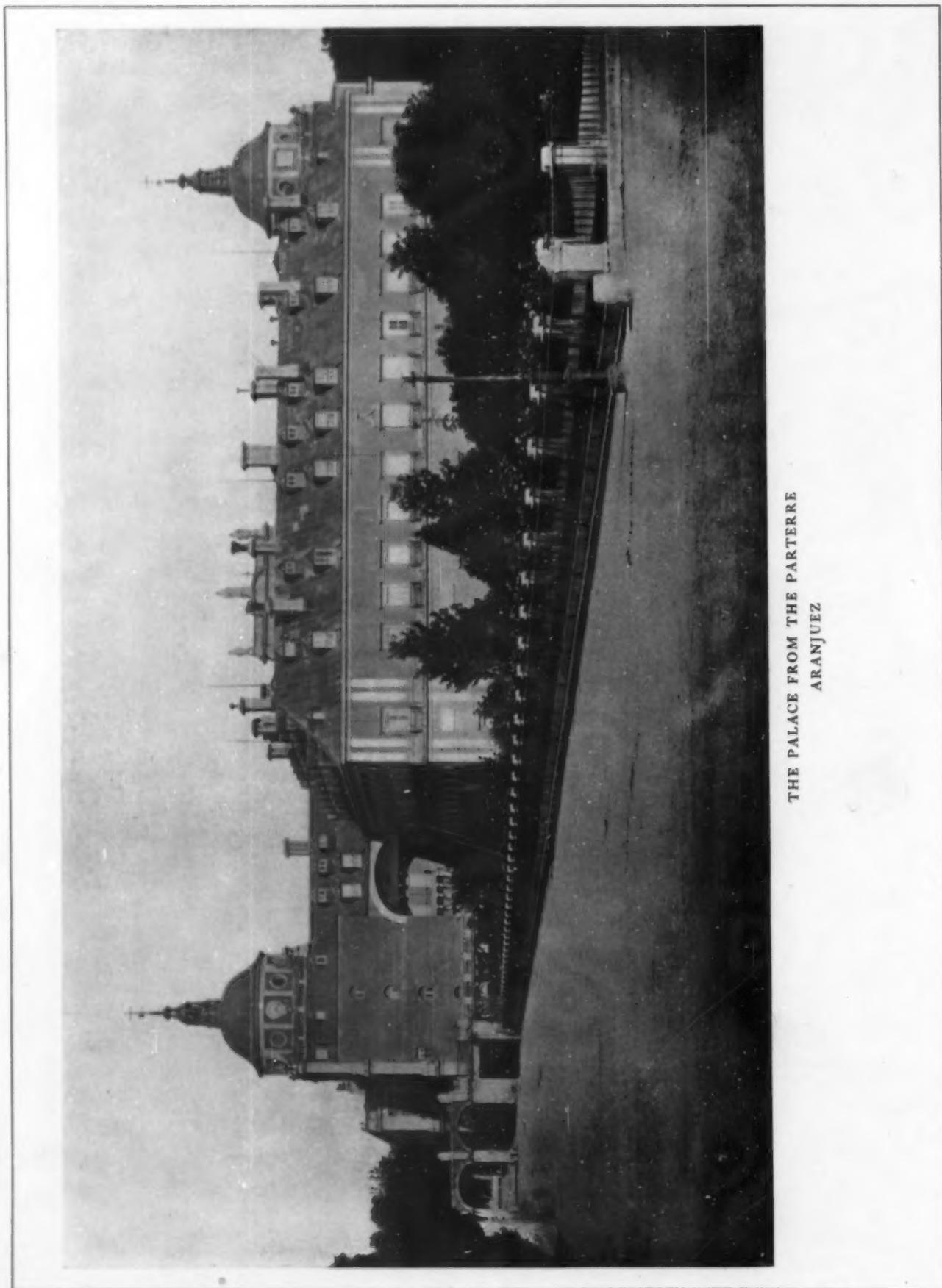
ARANJUEZ



THE SOUTHERN FAÇADE OF THE ROYAL PALACE

ARANJUEZ

The Gardens at Aranjuez



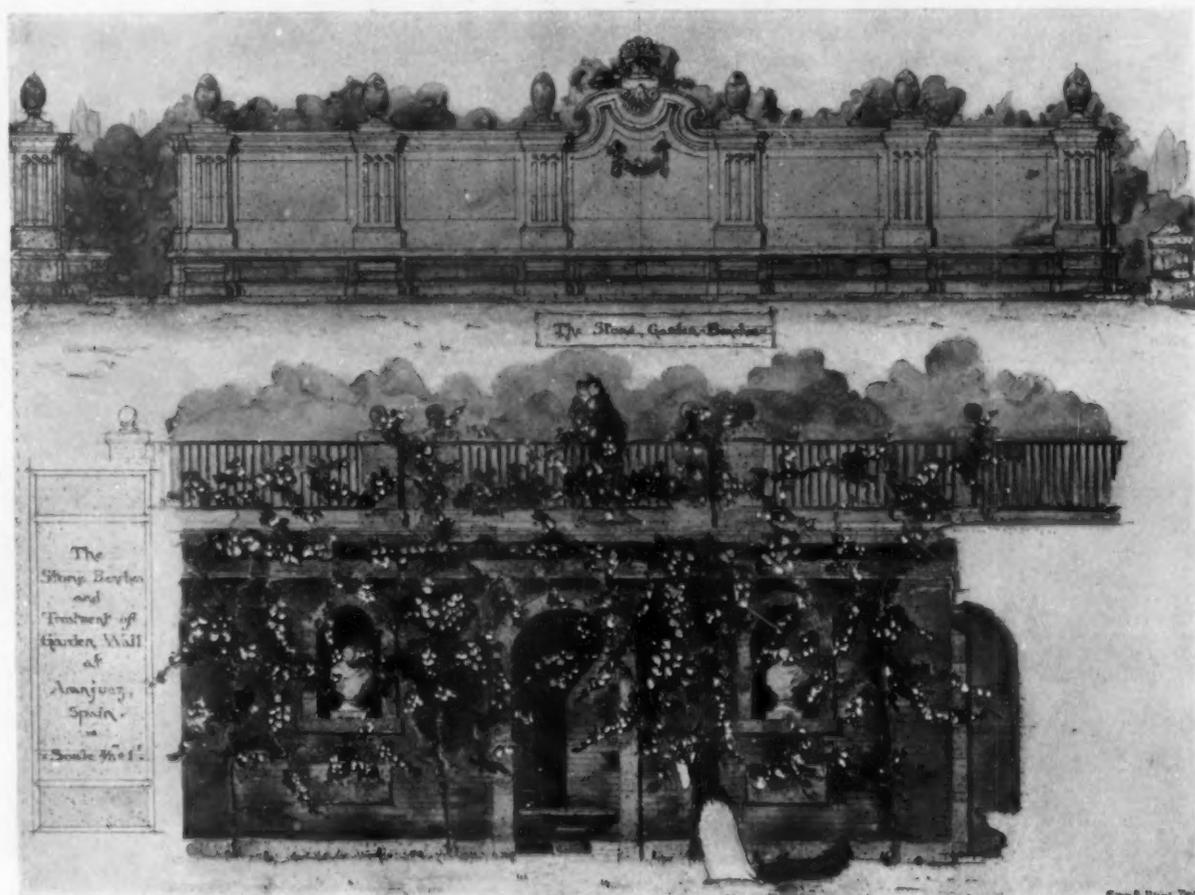
THE PALACE FROM THE PARTERRE
ARANJUEZ

House & Garden

teristic Spanish trees. We are surrounded by the elms of an English park; about us is an air of Fontainebleau or Versailles; and we turn eagerly to inquire the history of this verdant spot.

Far back in the fourteenth century, the wealthy and illustrious order of the Santiago, under the leadership of Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, founded here a monastery. Trees were planted, the olive and the vine culti-

Isabella, the possessions of the Order of the Santiago were absorbed by the crown, the character of Aranjuez was suddenly changed, and it became a royal summer residence, furnishing a breathing spot not too distant from the capital, to which royalty might retreat and escape from the heat and glare of city streets, and the oppressive ceremonials of the court. Villas replaced cloisters, and gaily dressed courtiers and ladies pushed aside the



STONE BENCHES AND TREATMENT OF GARDEN WALL AT ARANJUEZ

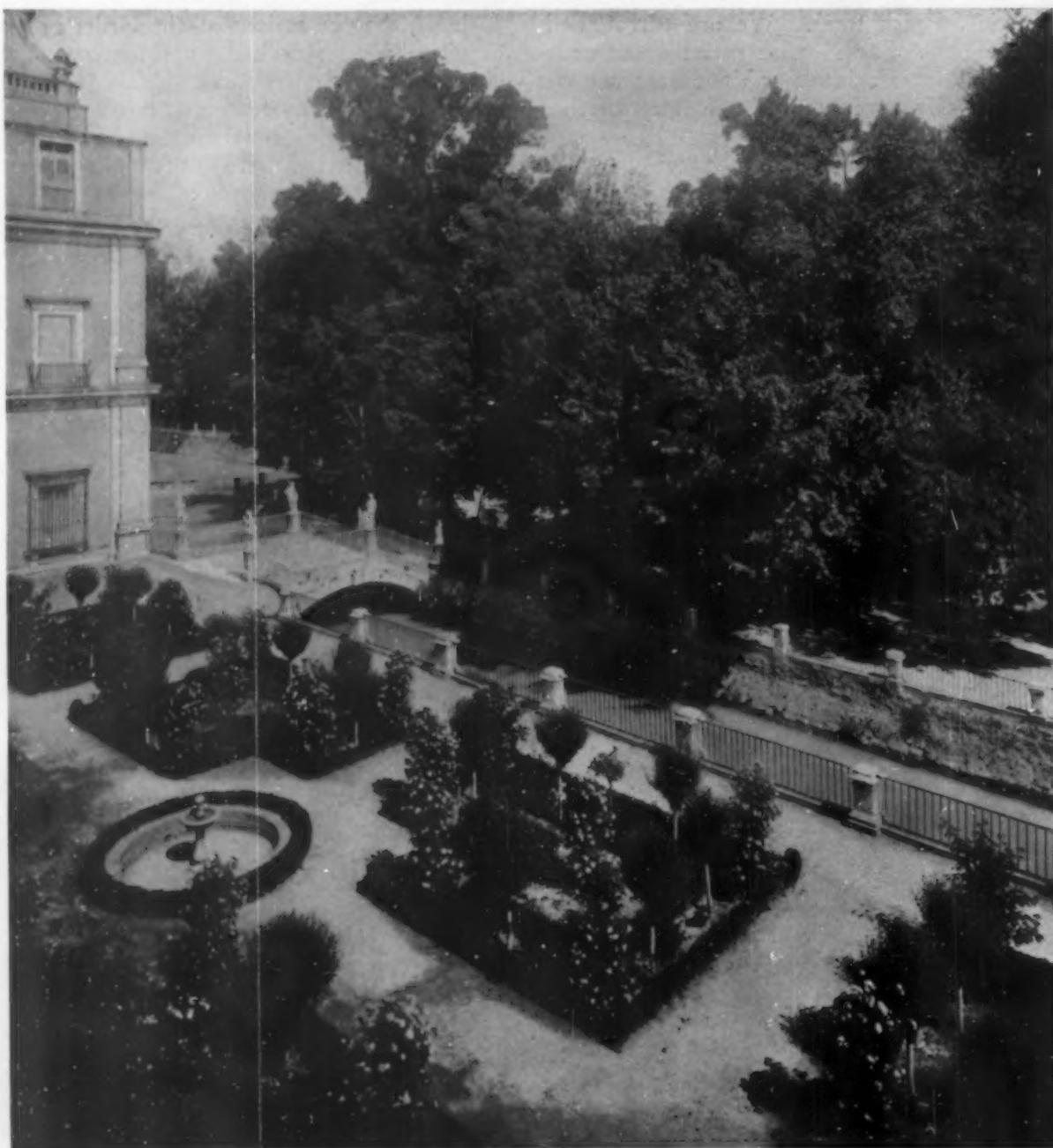
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vated, and the marshes at the junction of the Tagus and Jarama rivers were reclaimed and made to yield abundant crops. How different its aspect must then have been, without its groves, without its palaces, only the plain whitewashed ecclesiastical buildings, with their brilliantly tiled roofs, contrasting strongly with the deep blue of the southern sky!

When in the reign of Ferdinand and

cowled monks. The son of Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V, in 1536 made it into a shooting villa, in which to while away a moment now and then, when he could escape from his almost constant wars. His son, Philip II, on his several visits to England, admiring the glorious elms of the northern island, caused many of them to be carried to Aranjuez and planted so as to surround his summer palaces, employing the architect

The Gardens at Aranjuez



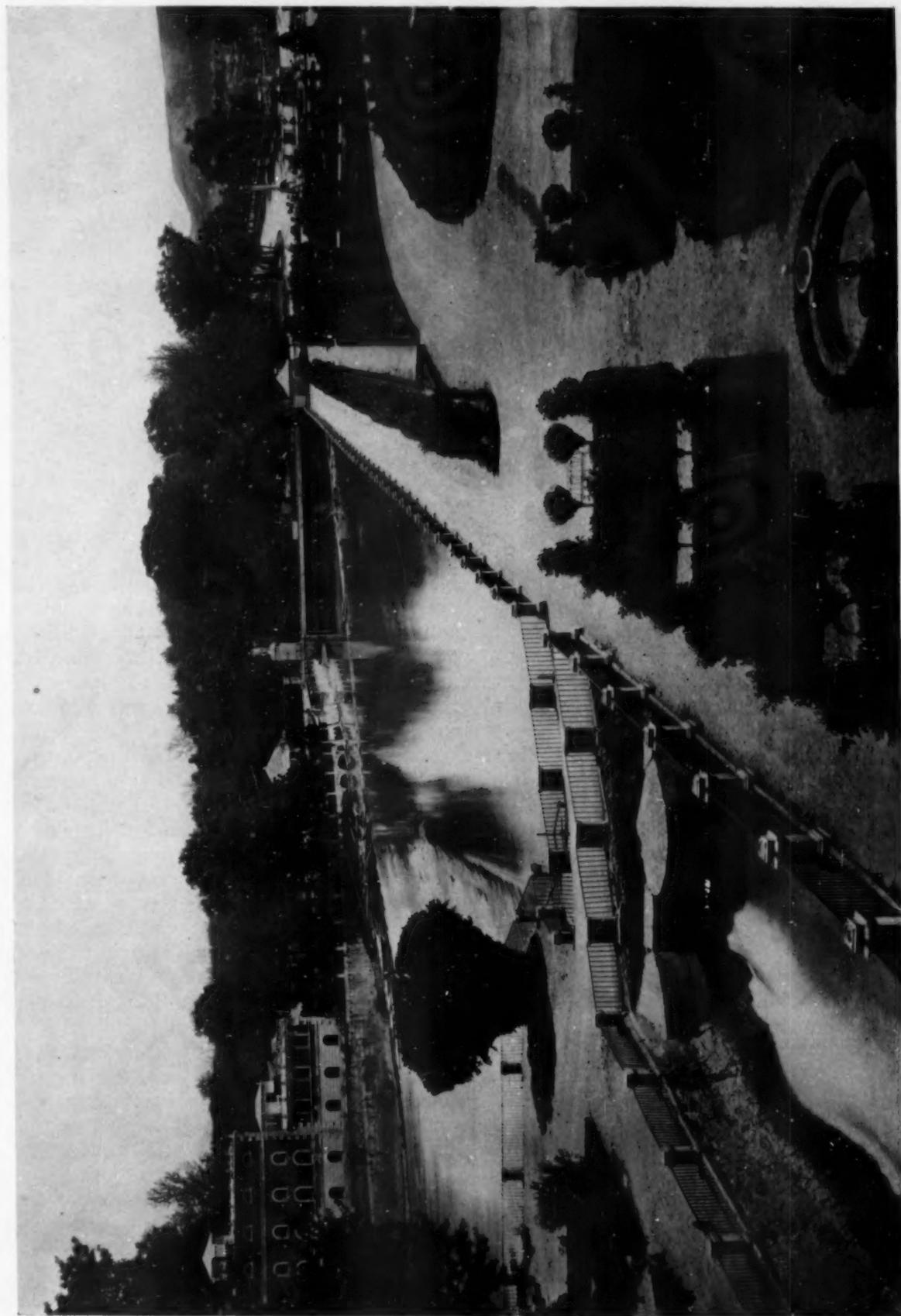
ENTRANCE TO THE ISLAND GARDEN

ARANJUEZ

Herrar, to construct additional buildings. Many of these, however, were ere long destroyed by fire, and Philip IV swept away this part of the town, and commenced to rebuild it after the French styles; but with Spanish irresolution he did not complete his work, and it was left to be finished by his successors.

Great were the court gatherings now in this favored spot, and Aranjuez was the scene

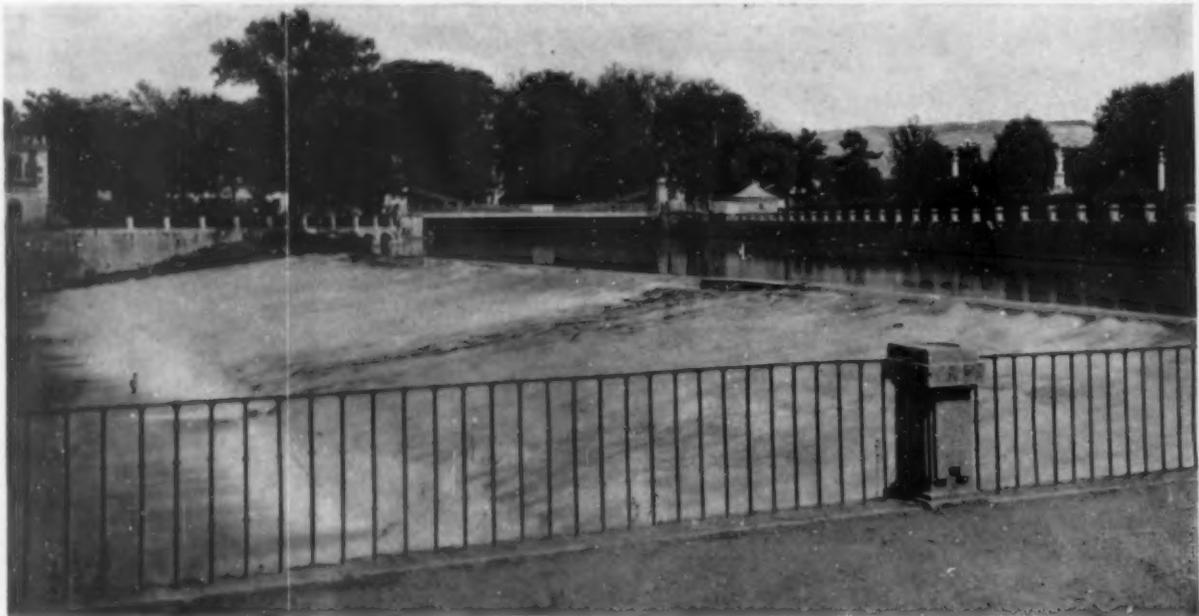
of many a fête. According to the journal kept by Lord Auckland, Ambassador to Charles III, the court and ministers drove in the principal avenues through the gardens every afternoon in landaus, each drawn by eight or ten mules, followed by four footmen. There was much shooting, hunting, and many balls, and frequent exhibitions of horsemanship, called *parejas* where the princes and young nobles played the most



ARANJUEZ

PARTERRE BESIDE THE TAGUS

The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE WEIR AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE

ARANJUEZ

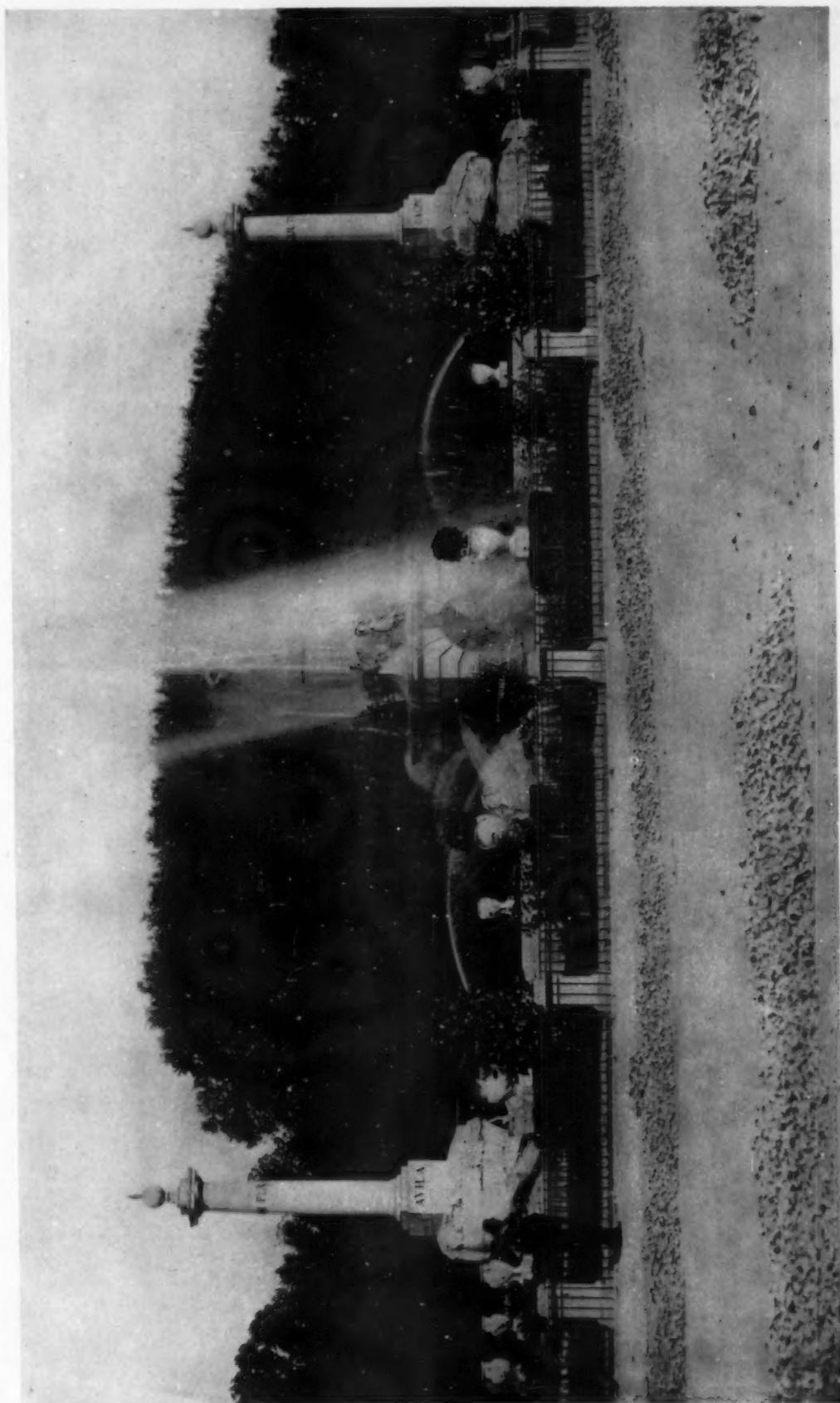
prominent part in the presence of ten or twelve thousand spectators. The horses, to the sound of music, formed in various figures, resembling a very complicated dance. So had the panorama changed from conventual to court life, and from monastic to palatial architecture, until in the eighteenth century we find Aranjuez amid customs and surroundings largely borrowed from France—the country which at that time was setting the style for all European courts to follow.

At this point, however, the scene ceased to shift; and in many of its features, the Aranjuez of to-day is the Aranjuez of a century ago; save that the court has fled, the fickle taste of Spanish Royalty now preferring La Granja as its place of ease. So it is likely to remain for the present, since the Spanish Exchequer is now too depleted to allow of any large amounts being expended in altering it. Interesting as its history is, let us not delve too deeply into past records on this glorious day. We have come to see the gardens. Nature is alive about us, the birds are thick in the tree tops, calling to us to come and search for more satisfying treasures than the doings of bygone kings and queens. Before us stretches the great grove of splendid elms, arranged regularly, but with foilage so massive and beautiful that we readily overlook the checker-board planting. Let us follow

one of these parallel avenues. No one forbids; the place partaking somewhat of the character of a large public common. Here and there a donkey—a remnant, doubtless, of the famous herds which were once raised here, grazes about at will, almost the only sign of animal life. Each vista seems to lead the eye to the palace, whose extensive façade and curiously placed domes at the meeting of the wings with the central portion, attracts our attention.

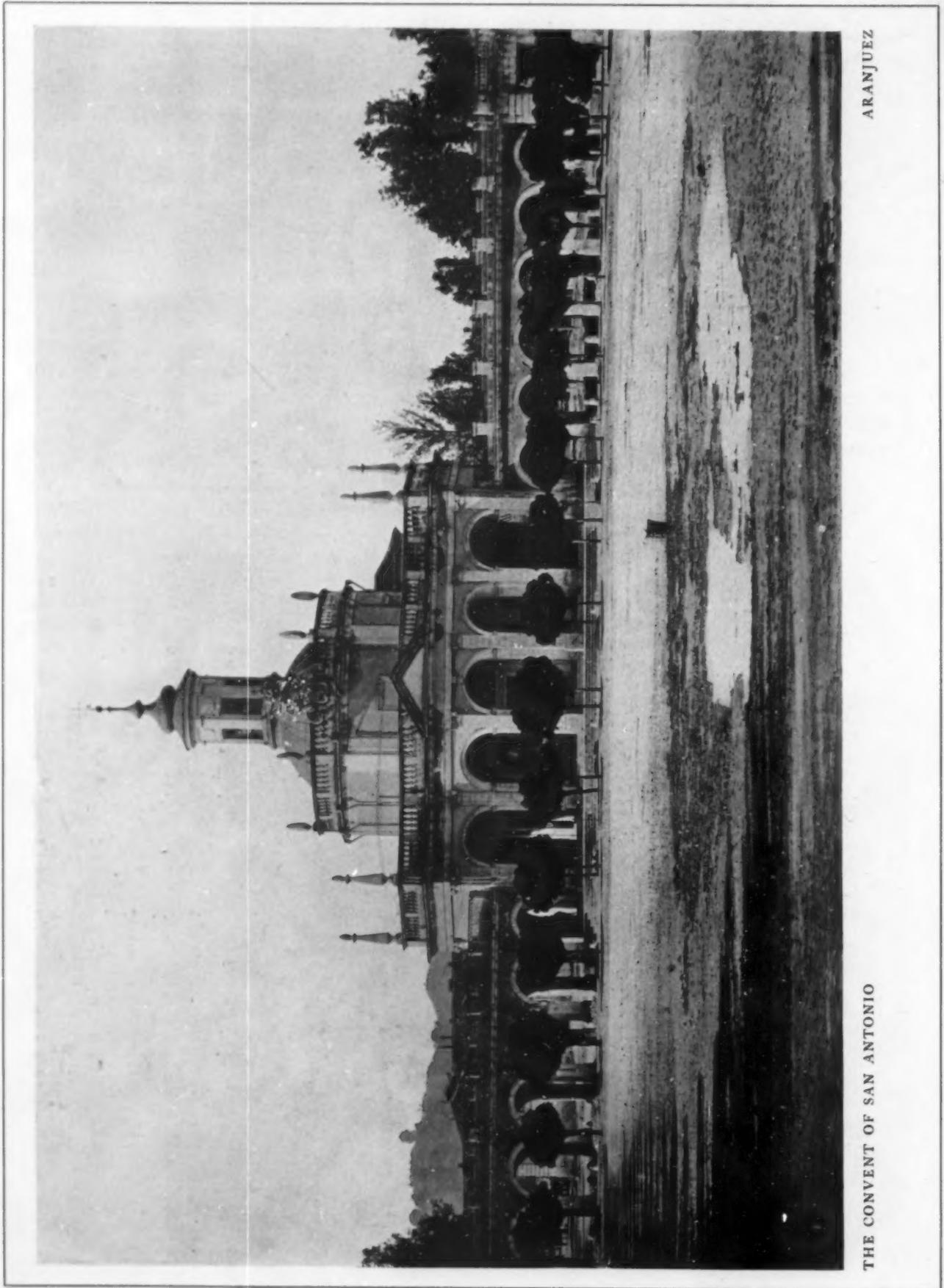
As we emerge from the woods a large oval grass parterre opens out before the palace. About its border are placed great garden seats of a rich yellow stone. These, some eight in number, and about thirty feet in length, are splendid in design, with high paneled backs, the central panel rising slightly in contour and supporting a well carved basket of fruit and flowers. Conforming to the shape of the parterre which they surround, we find the benches gently curved in plan. They furnish pleasant places in which to rest a moment and take in the charming situation of the palace before us, as it lies banked with deep woods on every side.

We are not satisfied with the façade of the building, however; the monotonous lines and closed blinds seem especially dull on this bright day, but entering, we find within some interesting rooms. Splendidly represented



THE FOUNTAINS OF THE PARTERRE
ARANJUEZ

The Gardens at Aranjuez



ARANJUEZ

THE CONVENT OF SAN ANTONIO

is Bosch, a painter of the beginning of the sixteenth century, almost unknown out of Spain, whose fantastic and allegorical subjects in the style of Brueghel were much praised by the authorities of his time. The cabinet is a treat for china fanciers, and is filled with the finest known specimens of Buen Retiro porcelain. The walls of the room are entirely covered with large plaques, representing high relief groups of Japanese figures, beautifully painted and modeled. The looking-glasses made at La Granja, add to the effect, the frames being composed of fruits and flowers carved in wood. This room was painted and modeled by Joseph Gricci, of Naples, one of the artists brought from Italy by Charles III, when he established at Madrid in 1759, the fabric of Buen Retiro, which had existed previously at the Neapolitan Palace of Capo di Monte. This porcelain is marked with the *fleur-de-lis* in colors of gold. The mirrors and the inlaid woodwork throughout the entire palace are especially fine.

As we pass the windows we catch lovely glimpses of the parterre below, and behind the palace we see shady avenues of oriental plane-trees and boiling cascades. The elms

seems to thrive wonderfully under the combined influence of heat and moisture, and some are of enormous proportions. It has been said that in their branches all the nightingales of Spain collect, and well they might, for nowhere in that country could they find a more lovely singing gallery. To reach these gardens we must pass along beneath the small acacia-trees, which line the road at the side of the palace—between the long arcaded buildings, the abode of the officers of the estate—and the garden walls. The rear portion of the palace is of wholly different style, the sloping slate roofs with their double tiers of dormers showing the Dutch influence introduced into Aranjuez upon the return of Marquis Grimaldi from his Embassy to The Hague.

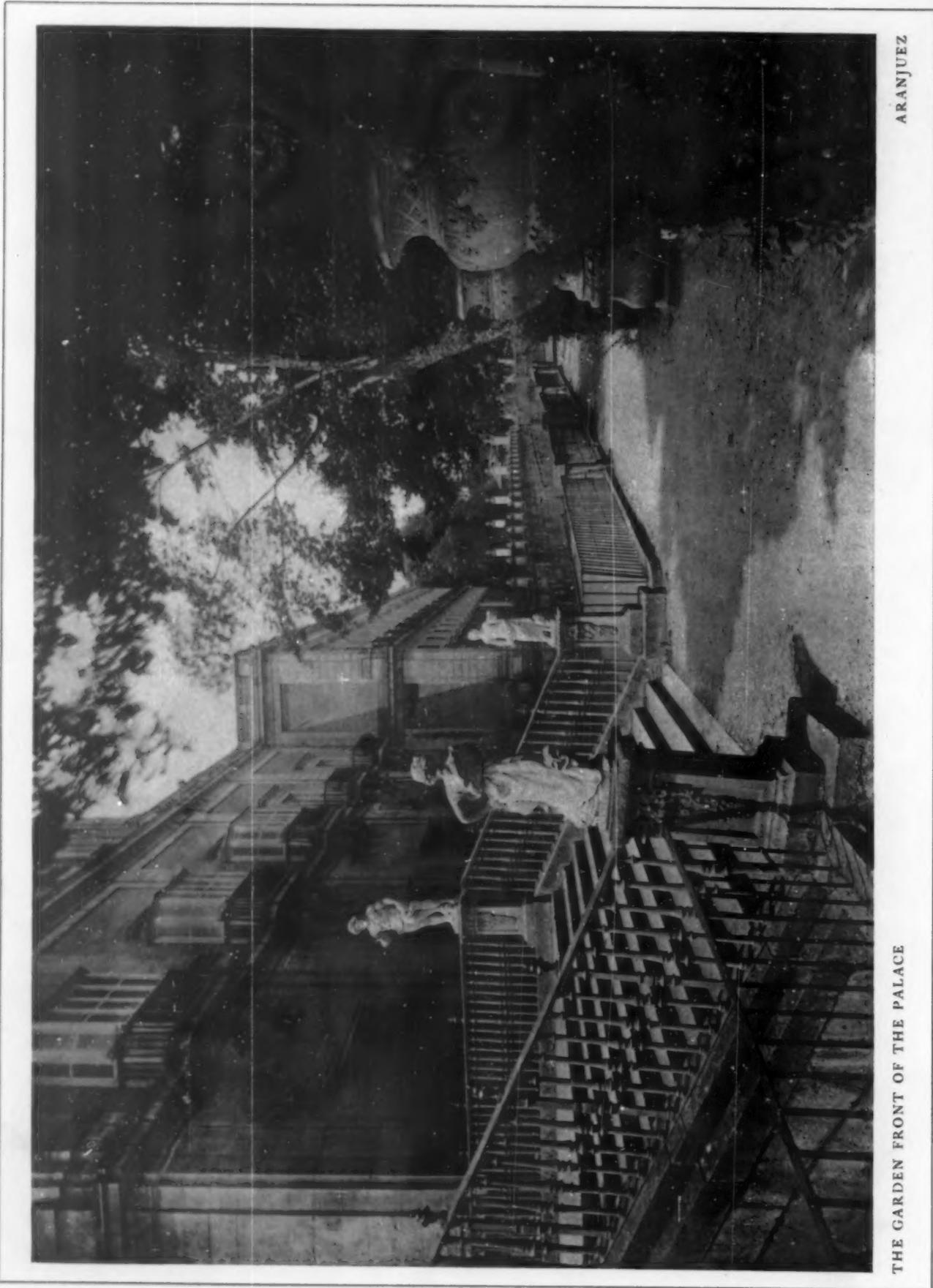
We now seem to be standing at the focal point of this royal village. Wide, shady avenues lead away in all directions, while near by we see the Convent Church of San Antonio, with its lanterned domes and covered arcades flanked with bushy acacias, which seem determined to look their best that they may not wholly give up their native town to the invasion of foreign trees. Between the arches and toward the ends of



THE DESCENT TO THE ISLAND GARDEN

ARANJUEZ

The Gardens at Aranjuez



ARANJUEZ

THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE PALACE



THE SALON DE LOS REYES CATOLICOS

IN THE ISLAND GARDEN, ARANJUEZ

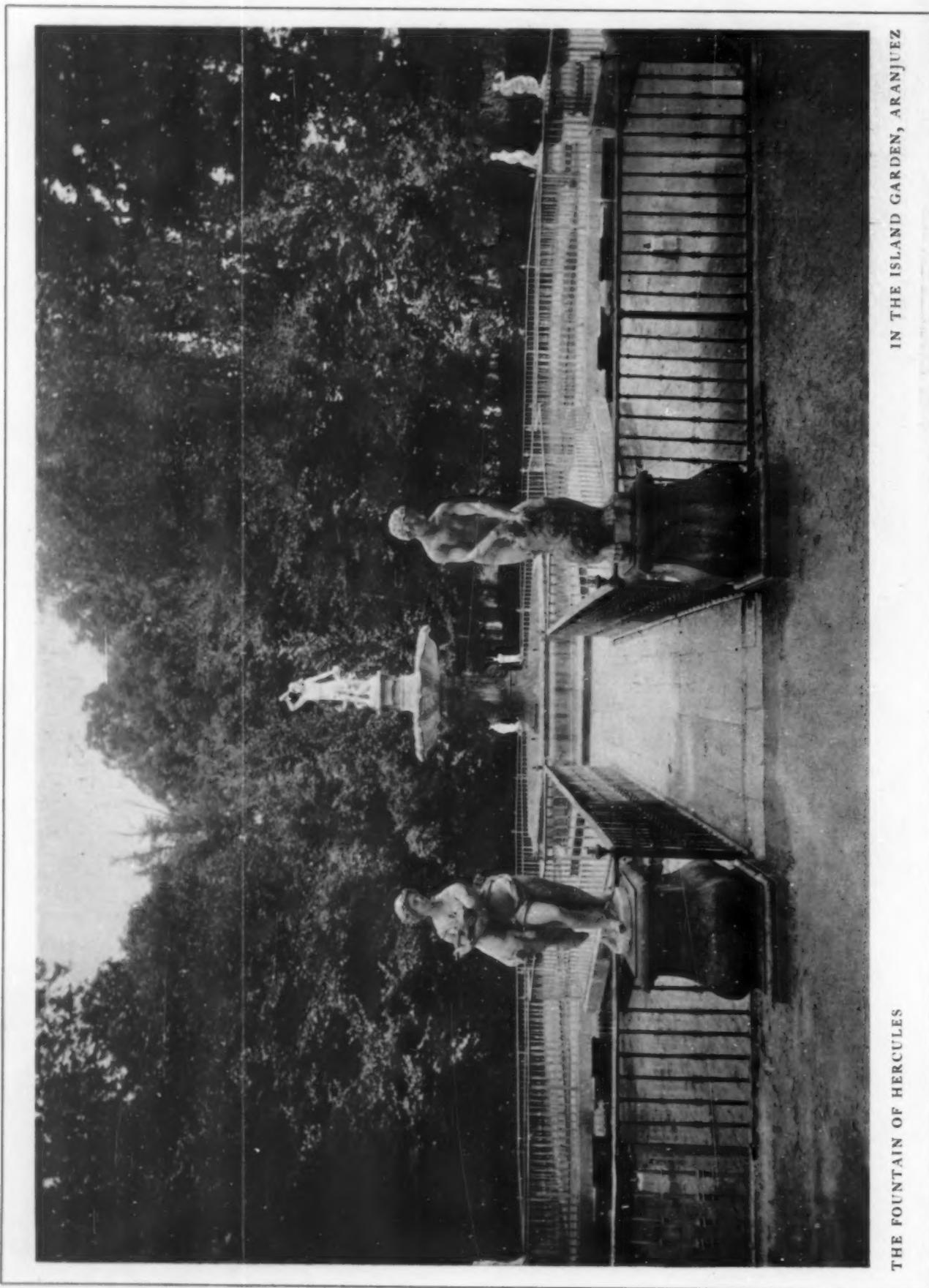
the avenues, we see the surrounding low hills whose barren slopes add emphasis to the verdure of Aranjuez. Fantastic fountains in the parterre behind the palace, indicate that water is not a scarcity here. In fact, beyond the parterre we see the winding river Tagus, and across a small suspension bridge, tastefully flanked with figure-capped pedestals and stone vases, is situated the one sign of commercial industry in the village—a substantial and very respectable looking flour-mill. Evidently the water power is put partly to industrial uses, and is not wholly absorbed in the ornamental function of supplying the fountains.

But standing here before the entrance to the palace garden, the delicious odor of the flowers comes to us; the gates are open, we are tempted to explore further, and we enter, passing the gay fountain with its commemorative columns on either side. Much as we have seen of delights, one little dreams of the treat that here greets the eye. Roses every-

where, roses of all kinds and varieties, growing high on a single stem, to burst out in a clustered mass at the top, or clambering over the walls a solid mass of bloom,—roses of a size to challenge measurement, for rarely does one see such splendid blooms.

From an L-shaped wing of the palace, which serves as a barrier from the public road, along which we have approached the garden, a high wall extends for some distance. It is effectively treated, in brick with stone trimmings, and adorned with niches, containing stone seats. These niches alternate with smaller high-up recesses, in which busts have been placed. Surmounting the wall is an iron railing, forming a protection to the promenade, which leads from the second story of the windows of the palace. Over wall and railing climbs a white rambler rose, its heavily laden sprays hanging far out over the garden paths, or crawling in behind some bust to form a delightful background of green and white against the deep rich red of the brick.

The Gardens at Aranjuez



IN THE ISLAND GARDEN, ARANJUEZ

THE FOUNTAIN OF HERCULES

House & Garden

The flower-beds are laid out formally, with small box-wood edgings, and, here and there, a corner box-tree or a fountain of a single jet in a center. Toward the north, one looks from the iron-railed wall directly down the river, which here takes a sharp turn and flows rapidly over a low weir and away amidst grassy islands. Above the weir, a flume carries a small stream, which, passing beneath the garden bridges, flows

is in more northerly climes, but that they have thrived much better than such exiled palms is shown by their healthy appearance after so many years.

It would, indeed, be difficult to find a more pleasant walk than along this *Salon de los Reyes Catolicos*. Here from benches placed between the trees are afforded, on one hand, views up and down the wooded river-bank and away to the hills, while on the



COURT OF "THE LABORER'S HOUSE"

ARANJUEZ

swiftly, boiling along beneath the palace windows, coursing through the woods and amongst the tall elms to rejoin the main river below the gardens. To this cool and shady part of the palace grounds is given the name of *El Jardín de la Isla*, or the Island Garden. Crossing the moat by one of the bridges, gay with its groups of statuary, we stand on this wooded island. Beyond the fountain we look down a splendid avenue of plane-trees. These giants imported originally from France are looked upon by the inhabitants with the same curiosity as a palm-tree

other side, inviting paths lead off into the cool depths of the grove. The hedges here have grown wild, and visitors are few, so that we wander with careless pleasure up and down the various walks amidst a mass of vines and bushes, the shrubbery, however, being kept within bounds by bordering beds. How shady and peaceful it all is! Now and then a statue or some old fountain, marks the meeting of principal paths, fountains differing in design, moss covered, cool and dripping, each junction of ways furnishing four equally pleasing paths to be followed

The Gardens at Aranjuez



ARANJUEZ

LA CASA DEL LABRADOR, OR LABORER'S HOUSE



THE FOUNTAIN OF APOLLO

IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE, ARANJUEZ

out and explored, each certain to reveal another lovely spot on which to pause and while away a moment alone with the trees and the shrubbery to the soothing accompaniment of the birds and the distant waters.

The reputed neglect of this *Isla* is one of its chief charms, rather than a cause for concern and discouragement, as the guide-books would have us believe. It is the charm that comes after man has done his work and departed, when nature steps in again to reclaim her own, the same charm that is found to-day in the Villa d'Este, and the other apparently abandoned Italian gardens. What better could be done here than to leave this shrubbery to follow its own course, with now and then a judicious trimming, lest it become a mere tangled thicket? The paths are well cared for, and formed of large pebbles, bounded by flat oblong blocks of stone, they have the advantage of always remaining free from mud in situations where at the driest season of the year, moisture must necessarily collect.

Leaving at last this quiet spot and retracing our steps through the rose garden, we are again in the open parterre with its fountains and converging avenues. That we are in royal domains is indicated by the names of the roads—*Calle de las Infantas*—*Calle del Principe*—*Calle de la Reina*. Following the latter along its shady paths for some distance we reach *La Casa del Labrador* or the Labourers' Cottage, the Petit Trianon of Aranjuez, again reminding us of the French ideas developed at Versailles, and here imitated by the Spanish Court. This royal plaything of the light Monarch Charles IV is situated in a portion of the vast estate, separated from the palace gardens by the winding river, and known as the *Jardin del Principe*, or the Garden of the Prince. It is far more interesting—architecturally than the more extensive palace. It is richly fitted up with marble, tapestries, china, and platina-inlaid walls and doors.

The immediate grounds are laid out as a

The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE SWAN

IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE, ARANJUEZ



THE FOUNTAIN OF CERES

IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE, ARANJUEZ

House & Garden

Jardin Ingles, but, by far the most interesting part of these gardens is reached from the first gate, on the *Calle de la Reina*, near the suspension bridge. Straightway before us stretches a splendid avenue, a quarter of a mile in length, lined on either side with foot-paths, and shaded by four rows of huge plane-trees. Permission from the guardian, which is granted for the asking, seems all that is necessary to allow us a full view of these splendid gardens. Our attention is called to a group of men stretched at full length on

But what is to be our reward at the end of this pleasant walk? That bright patch of sunshine at its extremity must bring forth some new pleasure, so we hurry along and are rejoiced to find another garden filled with roses, its name, *La Florera*, indicating fully its nature. It is difficult to describe our feelings, as we suddenly burst from the cooling shade of the trees upon the small open and lovely flower-garden. It is a little gem, entirely surrounded by a single stick trellis, a series of arches completely



FOUNTAIN IN THE PLAZA OF SAN ANTONIO

ARANJUEZ

the grass, just outside the gates, some asleep, some idly talking or smoking: "another lot of idlers," we say; but when an hour later we recognize these same men working among the flowers, or gathering the luscious strawberries now at their best, we realize that these "idlers" are the gardeners. The midday heat is so great throughout Spain as to cause a general cessation of outdoor labor about noon, and we find that to our sleeping friends we are forced to give the credit for the neatness of the garden paths, the flower-beds, walks and vegetable patches.

enclosing the square. Clambering over the arches is a mass of tiny white roses, now in the height of their bloom. Box hedges, trimmed low, border the beds, where sweet william, phlox and other brilliant flowers exhale delicious odors. The center-piece to this feast for the eye is a small oval pool, from which rises on the rocks a basket, filled with trailing vines and brilliant geraniums.

At each corner of the trellised enclosure facing the pool is a square gardener's house, roughcast in yellow plaster, covered with green latticing, over which more roses

The Gardens at Aranjuez



IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE, ARANJUEZ

THE FOUNTAIN OF NARCISSUS

climb, even to the roof line. On the main axis of the avenue, and directly opposite the entrance to the square garden, is a somewhat larger house of the same construction. Save for the window spaces, its walls are a mass of wistaria, whose delicate lavender clusters hang luxuriantly from under the cornice. No doubt this house served as a small casino, a retreat from the heat of the sun or a sudden shower for the royal wanderers among the flowers. Before its door is a small paved fore-court, lying one step below the level of the garden, surrounded shoulder high by hedges and entered through wooden gates.

Perhaps the most original part of this lay-out is found just behind the casino. Here we have again reached the river in our wandering. A small embarking place leads up from the shore; and on both sides of it, reached by a few broad steps, are low coped terraces. These are paved with large flagstones, the wall toward the river rising waist high, of brick, battlemented in stone, while two octagonal stone pavilions, dainty in design, afford vantage ground for views up

and down the winding stream. Toward the garden the terrace walls are banked with a perfect sea of rose bushes. Beyond, in much the same way that one enjoys the view of a sunken garden, we glance from our slightly elevated terrace, through the trellised arches, upon the brilliant flower-bed. The surrounding green of the woods, the garden a sunny blaze of color in the foreground, the ripple of the river below us, together with the glory of the May day, combine to make a perfect not-to-be-forgotten picture.

Up the stream stretch long winding avenues, cutting through the woods,—avenues that lead in and out, now bordering on the river bank, now piercing far back into the heart of what seems to be a boundless wooded park. Here, too, are attractive statues, well placed at the end of each vista; and each succeeding turn reveals moss-covered fountains, deep in the enclosure of the woods, which reflect in their dark bosoms the green foliage overhead. Here reigns a solitude emphasized by the life and gaiety which we have so recently seen amongst the flowers. Wandering thus pleasantly about, finding



SUMMER-HOUSES ON THE RIVER

GARDEN OF THE PRINCE, ARANJUEZ

always something unexpected and refreshing in the quiet glades, we finally emerge from the woods to meet again the busier life in the garden, where the laborers pause in their work to eye the passing strangers. The day is drawing to a close, yet we feel as if we were but getting acquainted with Aranjuez, and we long to explore further and learn more of the charms of this rarely visited land.

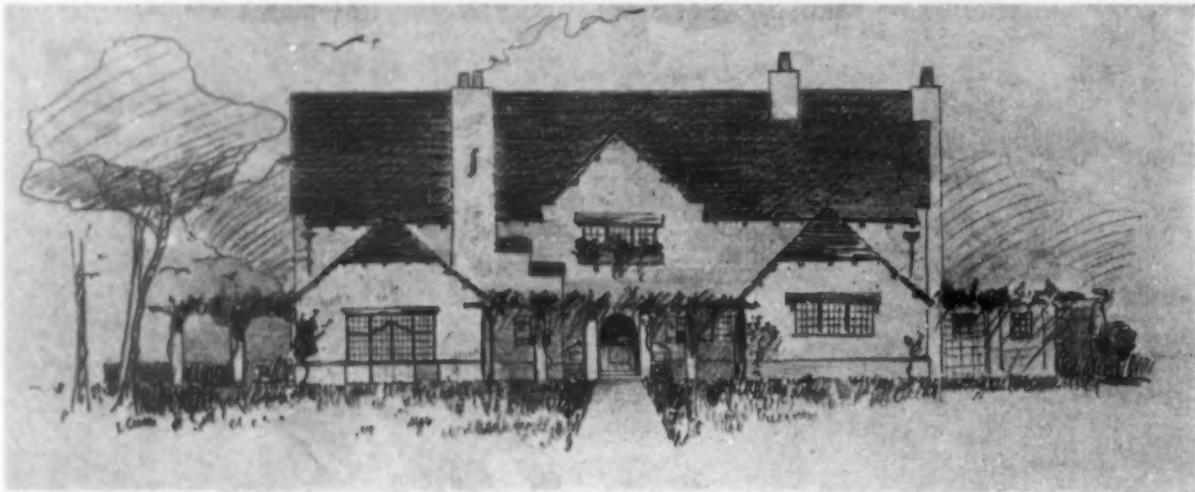
The question will recur—why is this attractive garden spot so little known? Why, in these days when the interest in gardens has so greatly revived, and so many books are being written on the subject, do we read so little of the attractions of Aranjuez? These questions arose in our minds as we walked reluctantly to the station, and puzzled our brains as the train bore us slowly back over the plains to Madrid, and we left behind all but the memories of that ideal May day.

Perhaps there are several answers. In the first place, Central Spain is as yet far removed from the beaten track of European travel. Its railways are anything but convenient, and especially so should one depart from the chief lines. Again, the guide-books, as a rule, are enough to chill the marrow

in the strongest bones. If taken alone, they would seem to make the trip to Aranjuez scarcely worth the while. They speak of gardens in great neglect and weedy; fountains dried up and unswept paths strewn with leaves; the general air of the place deserted and forlorn. One grows rather suspicious, however, as to whether the authors ever actually investigated for themselves, for the accounts in two guide-books are almost identical, word for word. Both conclude in the following pathetic manner: "And well may we exclaim with Schiller,—*Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez sind nun zu Ende.* From a historical point of view, no doubt this is true; but after days on the arid wastes and barren plains of the surrounding country, it comes as a relief to the traveller, to find again the green trees, to breathe the cool air from the woods, and to listen to the splash of the turbulent waters. Could Schiller but have been there on such a day as we had, could he have wandered as we did, along the shaded paths, among the fragrant flowers, surely then he would have written—"that glorious days in Aranjuez still exist for those who love nature in one of her most attractive forms—the garden."



A House for an Actor



THE STREET FRONT

A HOUSE FOR AN ACTOR

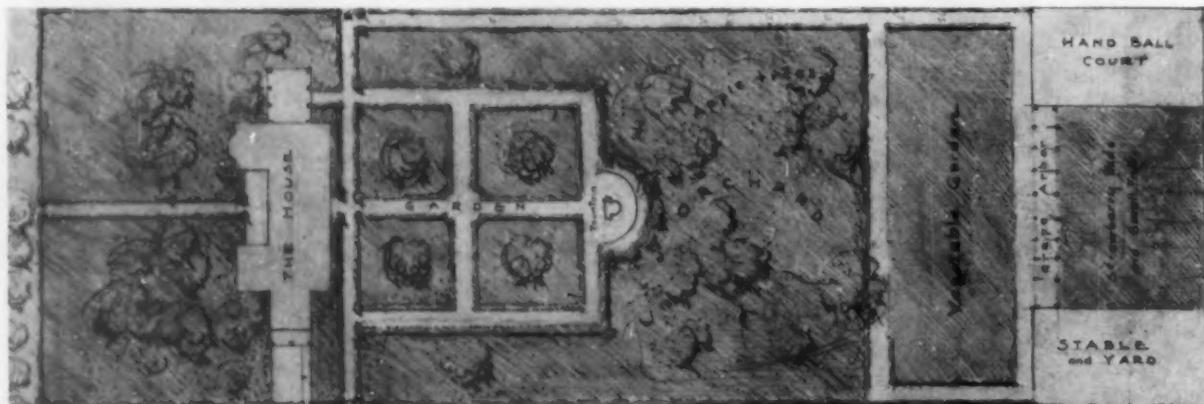
A HOUSE FOR AN ACTOR.

Designed by Charles Barton Keen and Frank E. Mead, Associated Architects.

NOT that the plan of this house contains many features peculiarly identified with the profession of its owner; it provides a home merely, but charming in its surroundings and having amplest comforts within. It is now being built for Mr. Chauncey Olcott at Saratoga. The unusually interesting design calls forth a scrutiny which, were we permitted, we should like to follow during the whole course of construction and after development, for this is a house whose effect, as the architects' sketches show, will depend largely upon the maturity of its environment. Though it is within the limits of the town, in an outlook upon Hil-

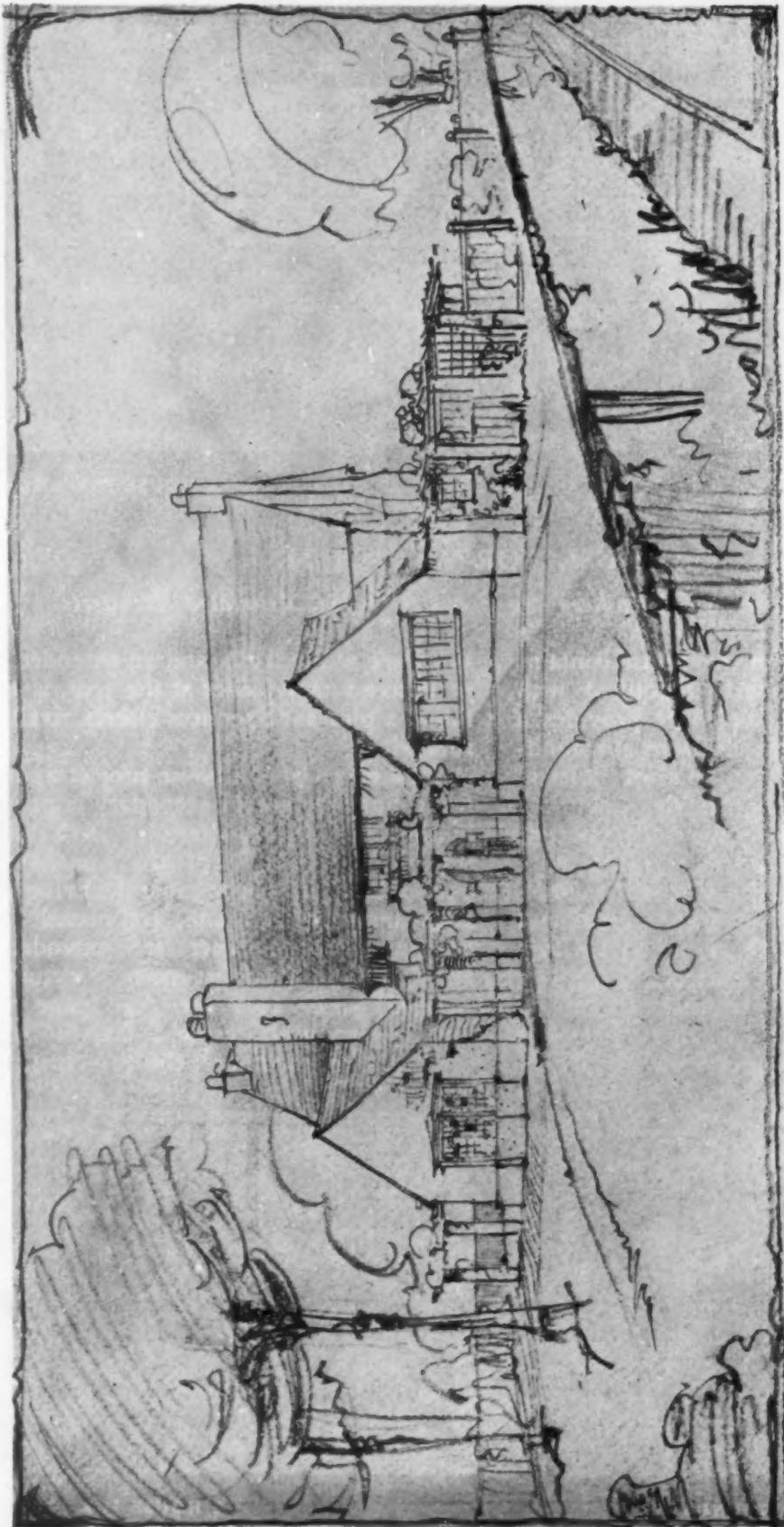
ton Park at the front, and an extended view of descending hillsides at the rear, is to be found a pleasant openness closely rivalling a rural site.

Two wings of the house project upon the front, but they are of secondary importance in the life of the interior. It is on the side facing the rear of the property and overlooking the garden, that the living-room and family dining-room, are placed. The functions of the latter are extended by an "outside breakfast-room," virtually a covered porch (see the plan page 544). The garden itself responds happily to the symmetry of the house, the principal walks



THE LAY-OUT OF THE GROUNDS

A HOUSE FOR AN ACTOR



A HOUSE FOR AN ACTOR

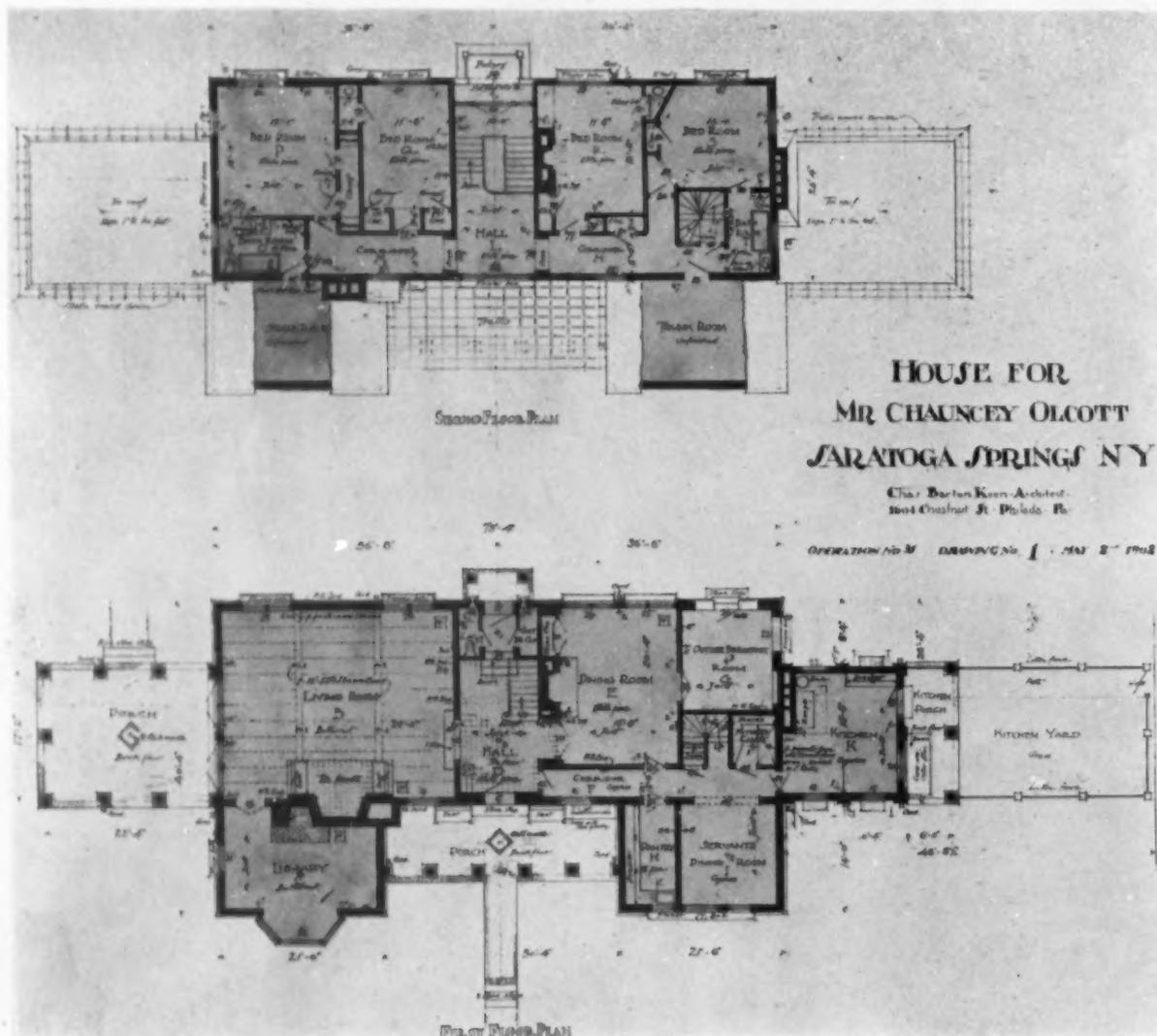
DESIGNED BY CHARLES BARTON KEEN AND FRANK E. MEAD, ASSOCIATED ARCHITECTS

A VIEW IN PERSPECTIVE

A House for an Actor

coinciding with important axes of the architecture. Thus the structure and its setting are firmly bound together and well proportioned to the area of a lot 170 by 500 feet. The balancing of the design is continued at the extreme rear by a stable and its yard in one corner of the property and a hand-ball court in the

contract. In like manner are arbors and trellises considered as integral parts of the structure and not mere adjuncts, the carrying out of which is precarious, while the enjoyment of them may be indefinitely postponed. A slight peculiarity of construction is to be found in a cross-section of the walls. This



THE WORKING PLANS

A HOUSE FOR AN ACTOR

other. Between the two, runs a low arbor slightly screening a view across a secluded area of strawberry beds and small fruits.

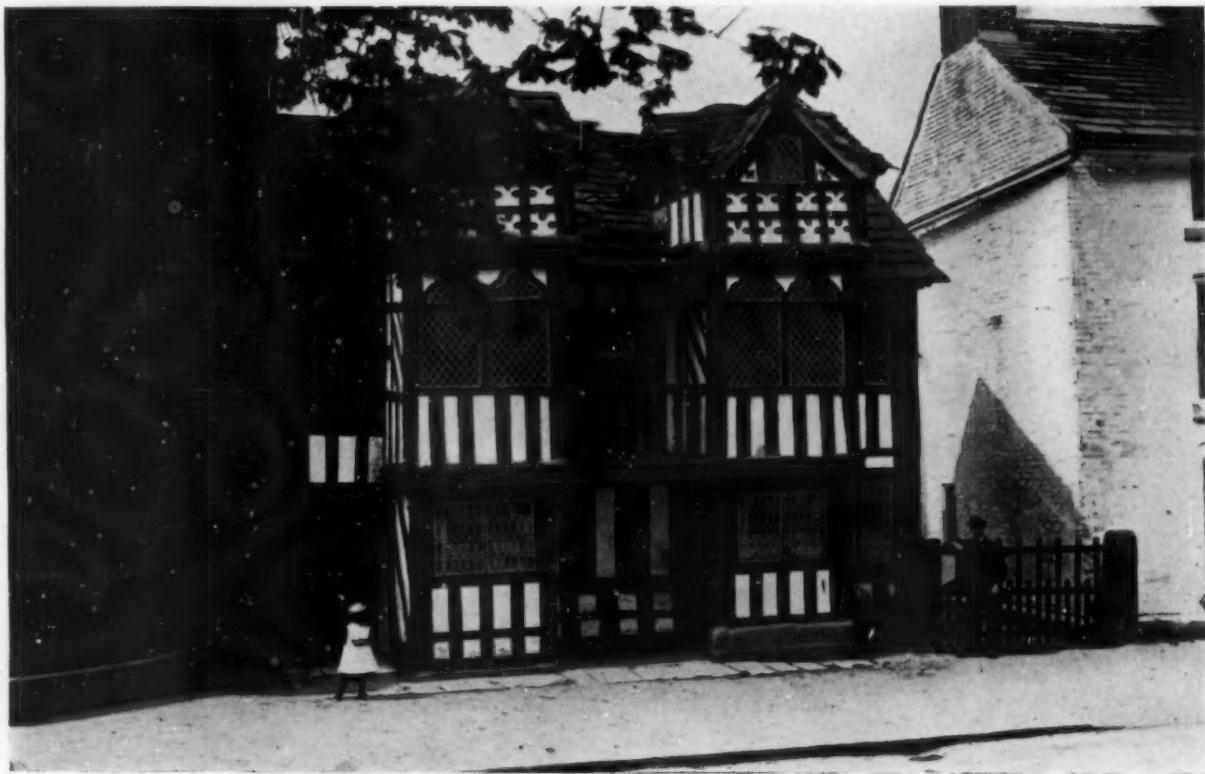
So vital in the final effect of the home are window-gardens trailing their bloom before the walls, that boxes to hold the plants before principal windows are shown on the drawings, and they have been included in the general

shows the wood framework to be completely surrounded by a brick wall four inches in thickness, giving added warmth to the house and providing a foundation for the exterior roughcast. A space two inches wide is left between the wood and brick, the two materials being tied together at frequent intervals by iron anchors. The roof will be of shingle.

House & Garden



THE INN AT ALDERLEY



THE RECTORY AT PRESTBURY

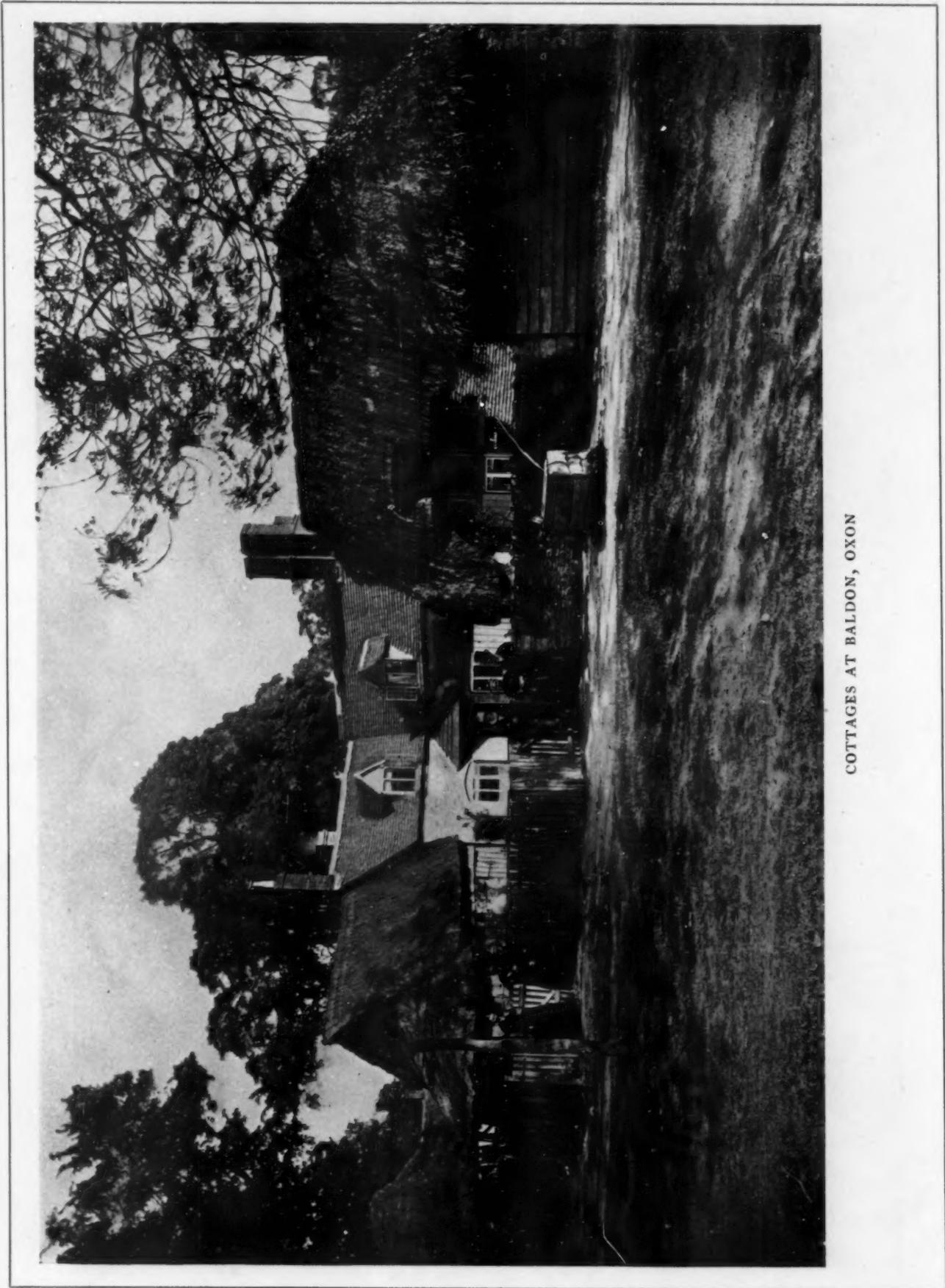
Byways of England



THE GEORGE INN

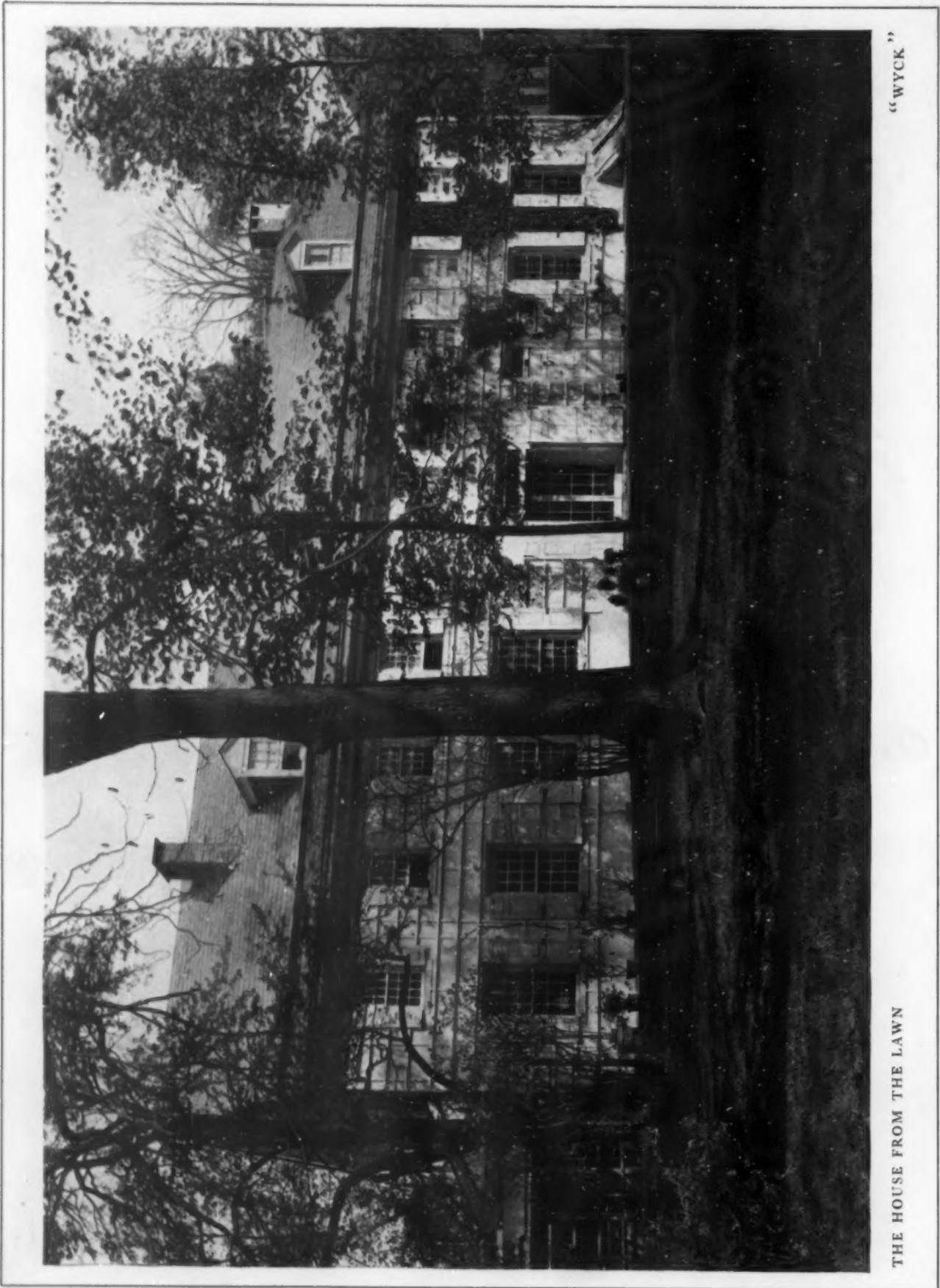


CHALFIELD MANOR



COTTAGES AT BALDON, OXON

Wyck



“WYCK”

THE HOUSE FROM THE LAWN

“ W Y C K ”

AN OLD HOUSE AND GARDEN AT GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA

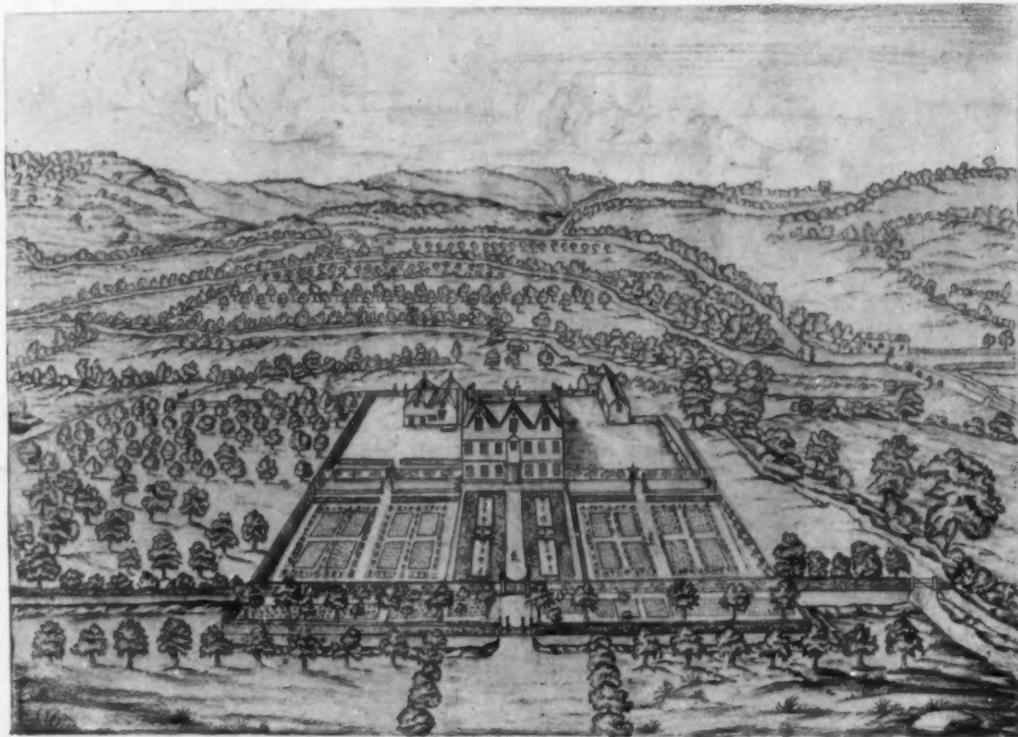
MANY of Germantown's historic houses have been rudely marred by the encroachment of the city on that venerable suburb. One, at least, remains unspoiled and even untouched, standing today as quietly dignified and invitingly beautiful as before the electric car clanged its boisterous way over a Belgian blocked street, or modern Gothic churches, suburban office-buildings and apartment houses craned their ambitious necks to peer over its high palings at the cool shade, the blossoming garden and spotless white walls of



THE HOUSE FROM THE STREET

their older and statelier neighbor. It is indeed an attractive spot, even for Germantown, and the casual visitor can scarcely pass without longing to enjoy, if only for a little while, its quiet dignity and quaint simplicity.

The courage of conviction must certainly have belonged to the founder of “Wyck” to support him in the resolve to leave the ancestral estate in Wales and link his fortunes with those of William Penn on the new continent of America. That he preserved a feeling of loyalty or love for the former home is shown in

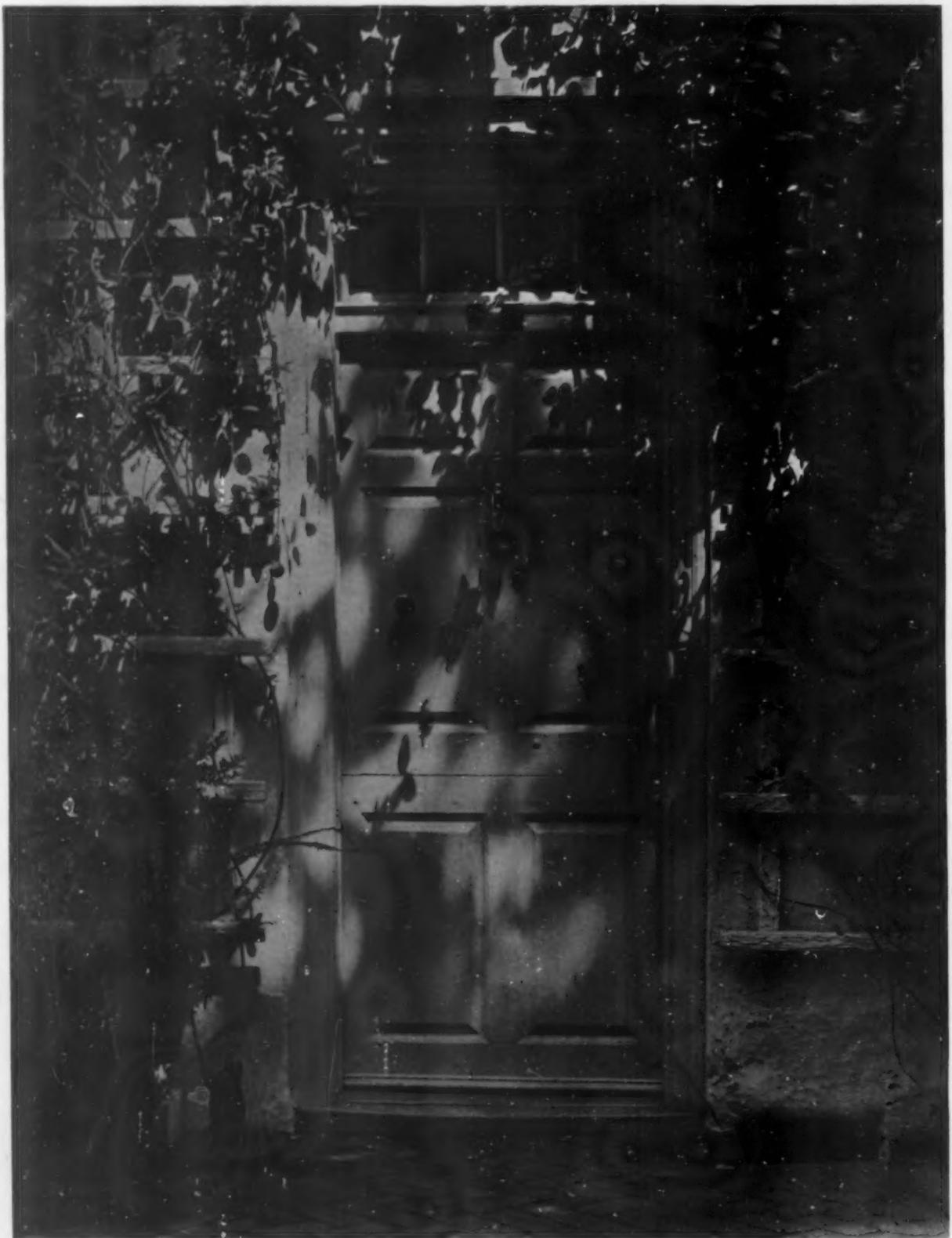


WYCK, THE SEAT OF RICHARD HAINES, ESQ.,

Copied by Margaretha Morris from “Brittannia Illustrata, or Views in perspective of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain”

(From an Old Drawing found at “Wyck” in Germantown)

“Wyck”



THE MAIN DOORWAY

“ WYCK ”



THE REAR OF THE HOUSE

"WYCK"

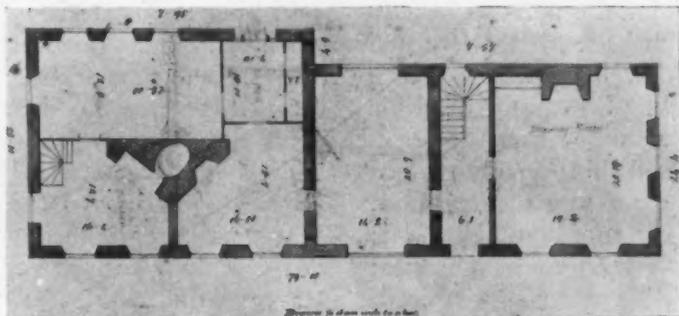
his adherence to its name. "Wyck" is Welsh for "white"—and nothing could be truer to its name than the snowy walls of the old house to-day.

Should one pass through the gate, whose easy opening belies the rather forbidding air of a tall fence, he finds himself upon the broad, brick walk of the entrance front. It is to be remembered that it is the end of the house which is toward the street. The click of the gate behind one seems to transform the bustle and noise and hurry of the street into peace and quiet and calm.

Inviting as the

surroundings appear, let us first make our introductory bow to the house itself, hoping to obtain afterward a better acquaintance with the garden. Pausing a moment before the entrance, our architectural instincts prompt us to step back a moment for a critical survey of the low elevation before us. Long, horizontal lines predominate; the two stories

of windows are beautifully proportioned, their tiny, heavily muntined panes, forming the only verticals, stopped by the cool, deep shadow of a heavy cornice. Who can say how much those long horizontals contribute to the feel-



PLAN OF THE ALTERATIONS TO THE HOUSE

*Executed by William Strickland, Architect,
and found among the papers at "Wyck"*

"Wyck"



THE WALK BEFORE THE HOUSE

"WYCK"

ing of rest and content which is the very atmosphere of the place? No busy, dazzling pattern of Flemish bond brickwork awakens our curiosity, nor even the chaste beauty of Chestnut Hill stone reminds us of contemporaries in the neighborhood. "Wyck" is quite individual in its white-washed stucco, which seems from the first to have been intended as an immaculate and effective background for the mass of honeysuckle and roses which have gladly accepted the invitation extended by a lattice which covers the entire front. So carefully is this support for the vines arranged that the effect is almost that of a broad jointing, and would of itself alone prove no mean decoration. Wyck is so charmingly consistent that one is not surprised to find a quaint entrance door of the "Dutch" pattern—two-faced, paneled without, and covered with matched boards within, adorned with knocker and knob of gleaming brass; the latter coming

curiously through the panel, since the stile is insufficient to hold the ponderous lock within.

Wyck tells its own story in the plan. The original house, begun about 1690, is now the rear, its age being clearly in evidence without and attested within by a brick floor in the old dining-room, primitive lamps for the burning of whale-oil, and locks, knobs and hinges of patterns rude and long since obsolete. The portion which now adjoins the street was added later; but at that time there was no intruding highway, the road passing far to the rear of what is now the kitchen end. Curiously enough, a broad opening was left between the old and new portions, which cut the house in two on the first floor and served as a carriage driveway. Still later, the Main Street, now Germantown Avenue, having changed its direction and encroached upon the seclusion of Wyck, in 1824 its owner removed the



THE VISTA THROUGH THE LIVING HALL

“WYCK”

windows from both stories on the street end of the house, added a fireplace in the center and presented to the aggressive approach of the growing city nothing but a blank wall. This piece of work was executed by no less an architect than William Strickland.¹ The consistency with which this shutting out of all that is offensively new and modern has been accomplished gives to this lovely old place one of its chief charms.

The front entrance admits one to a tiny stair hall, in the center of which is found a curious and perhaps unique set of four doors. These are so pivoted at top and bottom as to serve for the parlor and living hall, as

arranged in the photograph, or to fit equally well when closed across the hall to screen the stairs and form the vestibule. On the right we enter the parlor, which, faithful to local custom, seems comparatively but little used,—the sunny freshness of the living hall being far preferable. The walls are colored a very pale green, the woodwork, as elsewhere, white. The finish is of the simplest, although the window heads and jambs are of wood and paneled. Venetian blinds with their green slats help to give character to the windows. The old open fireplace has given way to a modern register; but the marble chimney-piece, surmounted by a gilt framed mirror, still remains. Expensively inlaid tables and curious pieces of furniture of various kinds speak of discriminating taste and appreciation.

To the left of the stair hall and opposite

¹ A notable figure among Philadelphia's early generation of architects. Born in that city in 1787, he studied under the architect Benjamin Latrobe, and designed many prominent buildings in his native city, such as the old Masonic Hall, the Mint, the Exchange, the Naval Asylum, numerous banks and other public institutions. He died in 1854, while engaged in superintending the construction of the State House at Nashville, Tennessee.

"Wyck"

the parlor, is the curious space originally left open for a driveway. This has been enclosed to form a part of the house, and is now the living hall, retaining the expression of its original purpose in the great casement windows extending to the floor, both front and back. Through these casements a lovely vista is formed from the entrance front—

one sees both garden and lawn. The open fireplace still remains. It is remarkable in having been the first in the locality to burn anthracite coal in its grate, and thus earned for its owner the curious reputation of burning "black stones." The plaster niche above is curious and unusual, forming a simple yet effective part of the



A PLAN OF THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS OF "WYCK"

Expressly measured and drawn for HOUSE AND GARDEN

through the house, past the shade of the grape arbor, up the broad central path of the garden, to lose itself in a wealth of old-fashioned flowers, blooming roses and rich green shrubbery.

Next to the living hall and likewise extending the full width of the house is the dining-room, from the windows of which

chimney-piece. Two wide cupboards, one on either side of the fireplace, and with glass doors divided by wood muntins, complete a good and pleasing treatment for this side of the room. Broad windows carried to the ceiling with deep wood jambs and low sills, with a mirror between, form the design of another side. This room



A SHELTERING ARBOR

“WYCK”

"Wyck"



A BED ROOM

"WYCK"



THE PARLOR

"WYCK"



THE STAIR HALL, and the Doors serving in turn the Hall itself and the Rooms on each side

contains a number of chairs of various Colonial patterns.

On the second floor and over the parlor is the principal chamber, which seems the quaintest and most characteristic of all the rooms. Beside the riot of effeminate architecture, luxurious upholstery, heavy draperies, profusion of rugs and needless ornaments, with the necessary accompaniment of rich and heavy coloring characteristic of a modern chamber, this one is so quaintly simple as to seem almost Puritan. It is quite guiltless of any architecture, in the modern acceptance of the term. There is the least possible woodwork and no wainscot, a narrow baseboard and a small wood sill being all, except the door and its narrow trim. The deep jambs of the windows are of plaster. The chimney-piece is little more than a border of paneled marble surrounding what at one time was a generous fireplace. Inside the windows hangs a tiny valence cut in quaint, old-fashioned scallops; and over the fireplace, like a rare gem in the plainest of settings, hangs a fine old portrait, whose rich, dark tones and frame of greenish gold are doubly accented by the surrounding whiteness. On the floor, a plain matting forms a background for an occasional rug of dark



THE GARDEN FROM THE SECOND STORY

“WYCK”

“Wyck”



THE GARDEN FROM THE LIVING HALL

“WYCK”

color. In a room of this kind, of course, the furniture could be nothing but mahogany. A great "four-poster" bed built to the ceiling, chairs of dignified and refined design, a washstand supported by four perfect miniature columns and a massive old sofa, are all of the kind to delight an artist and to awaken the envy of a collector of antiques.

In perfect harmony with the house, the garden is of the geometric style, which had its prototype in the English homes of the early Colonial settlers. The central path, six feet in width, is the continuation of the short axis of the reception hall. An elliptical bed, filled with tall roses, marks the center, and the vista is terminated furthest from the house by a latticed shelter. Smaller paths, all of red gravel, intersect at right angles,

forming rectangular beds edged with tiny borders of box. Old-fashioned flowers, phlox, marigolds, fuchsias and nasturtiums are the favorites, and there are roses in profusion, of which a Prairie Climber is the rarest.

Here and there are placed taller growths, like sentinels guarding their more delicate comrades below. A wonderful box bush, eight feet in height and ten in spread, with branches as thick as one's arm and curiously gnarled and twisted is a striking feature. A magnolia tree—a mass of purple and white in early spring and wonderfully decorative all summer, with its heavy, dark-green foliage against the white background of the house, is conspicuously beautiful, and likewise in their seasons are a trumpet creeper and a wistaria. The long arbor against the garden side of the

house, with its covering of grape-vines, is no small factor in adding to the general charm. It must not be supposed that all this is laid out to be evident at a glance, after the manner of a floor mosaic, or a rug. Far from it! Nature and Art have combined to make a

result far lovelier. High shrubbery conceals bed from bed, and at first one obtains but little idea of size and design, realizing only alluring vistas of shade and sunlight and color.

A knowledge of the age and environment of so notable a house suggests the probability of interesting historical association. It is true that somber stains on the floors bear mute witness to the service of "Wyck" as a hospital during the battle of Germantown. Louisa Alcott is said to have been born beneath its roof—and there is more in the



A GARDEN ARCH AT "WYCK"

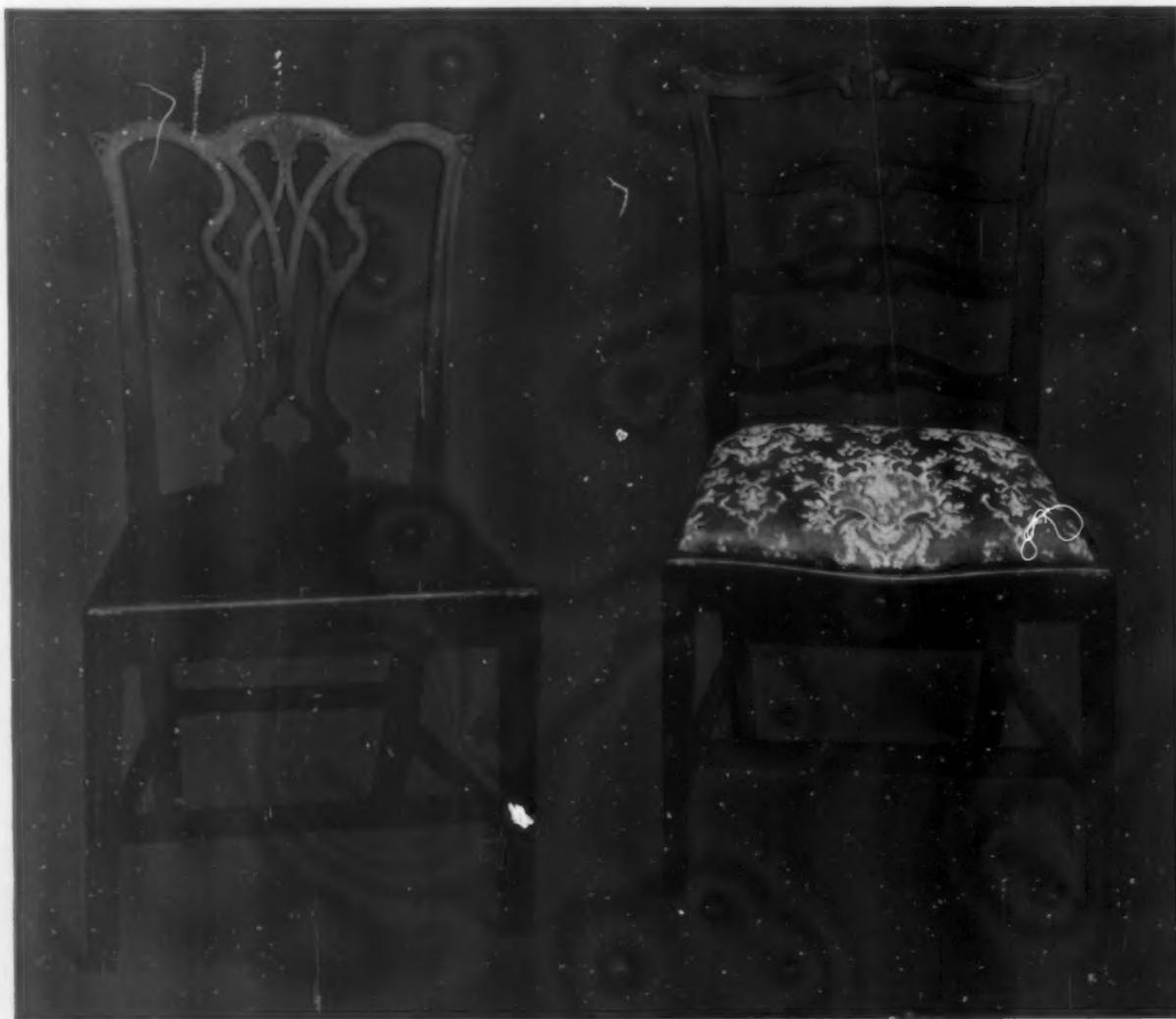
house's story beyond the scope of a descriptive paper. "Wyck" is sometimes mentioned as "The Brewery House." The only plausible excuse for the origin of such a name is the existence at one time of a small building used as a brewery and standing some distance from the house on the site of the present Walnut Lane, the thoroughfare which now bounds "Wyck" upon the north. The little structure disappeared many years ago. In portraying something in which the chief interest depends upon an artistic aspect, the photographs seem so adequate that little can be added to their value. It will be sufficient, however, if something perhaps otherwise unobserved has been pointed out here; a greater appreciation called forth for the beauty of a venerable house.

Gilbert Hindermyer.

SOME COLONIAL FURNITURE OF DELAWARE

DELAWARE abounds in rich old furniture, treasured heirlooms that have come down from the early years of the nineteenth century from the century before, and in a few instances even from the seventeenth century. Daniel DeFoe's study chair, once an heirloom in a family living in one of the Eastern Shore counties of Maryland, is now a prized curio of the Delaware Historical Society, and there are families in all parts of the little State who treasure ancestral plate and china, chairs, tables and candlesticks, and quaint old sea-chests, in which the dames of an earlier time were accustomed to keep their linen.

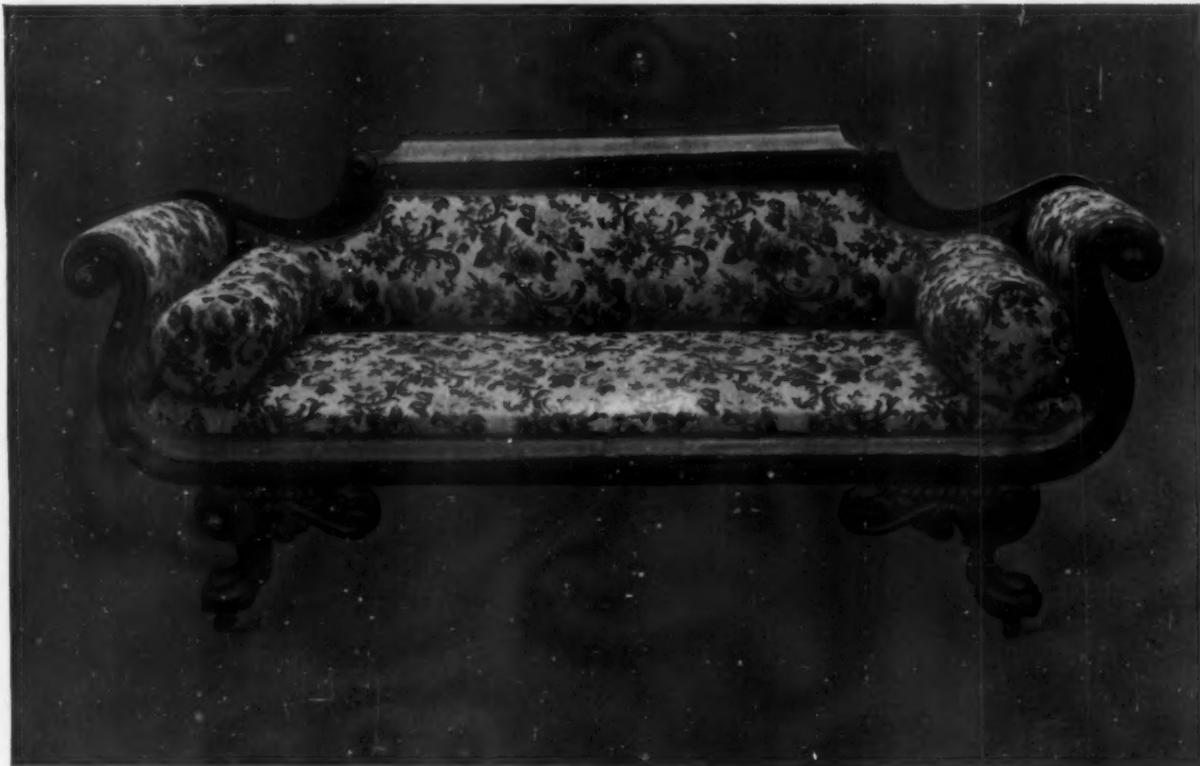
Such treasures are by no means confined to the homes of the rich. There are few well-to-do families in any Delaware village who do not have in daily use one or more pieces of old mahogany, and in some unpretentious homes the greater part of the furniture is of that character. These are people without the fad of the collector, who have merely kept and cared for what they have inherited, and who have never known what it is to live in the midst of new and cheap articles, fresh from a western furniture factory or the cabinet-making annex of a make-believe "antique" shop. Some fortunate possessors of this beautiful old furniture,



HEAVY COLONIAL CHAIRS



THREE INTERESTING OLD TYPES



MAHOGANY COLONIAL SOFA

Some Colonial Furniture of Delaware

indeed, are but newly awake to its charm and value; and since the craze for old things seized the country, scores of discarded articles have been brought from their hiding places of dishonor, and furnished up for display in dining-room or parlor. The reverse process is still going on, however, for the writer has watched for the last thirty years the successive steps in the degradation of as fine an old Sheraton sideboard as ever came from the hands of cabinet-maker. Too large for the modest dining-room of its owner, it long occupied one end of a back parlor, but was finally banished to a barnlike summer kitchen, where dingy and neg-

lected, it shares its fallen estate with a decrepit old mahogany dining-table, never again to shine beneath the application of beeswax, flatiron, and chamois skin.

Delaware, true to her conservative traditions, still clings to her old moving day, the twenty-fifth of March, once the first of the year, and it is on this day that many quaint old pieces of furniture come to light. Some bit of antique oak or mahogany is apt to form part of almost any "moving" as it passes along the public road from one farmhouse to another. Even the cabins of the colored people house a few articles that



HIGH-BOY NEARLY TWO CENTURIES OLD

would stir the cupidity of any collector. An elderly Quaker lady at Wilmington recently recovered from the house of a colored family a fine old chair which she remembered from childhood, and for which she had been patiently waiting for more than sixty years.

Such heirlooms seldom come into the market, for they are passed by will from hand to hand and often promised to one or another relative years before the death of the owner. Occasionally, however, the auctioneer is called to an old homestead and its long treasured articles pass into the hands of strangers. An escritoire nearly two centuries old was recently sold from a homestead

in an obscure little village, and the new owner, in examining his purchase, discovered in a secret drawer the lost will of an earlier possessor.

I have in mind now a spacious and airy old homestead in a village of Northern Delaware, where every room has one or more pieces of the most graceful old mahogany, every article an heirloom dating back for many generations. This house, as should be the case with such, was not built at one period. The older portion, a low structure with sloping roof that extends in front so as to cover a sheltered porch whence the occupants

may look out upon the village street, dates back to the Revolutionary period, while the later portion, broad gabled, with wide entrance hall, and a great fanlight over the street door, is perhaps fifty years younger.

The wide and hospitable hall is dignified with a beautiful old sofa of a rare eighteenth century pattern, and three or four of the famous Robert Morris chairs, the latter inherited from relatives in Philadelphia. In one corner of the living-room ticks an old-

special fancy of those who seek the curious in pottery. An object of interest is the copper spoon-mould in which the ancestors of the family were wont to cast the pewter spoons intended for kitchen use. The bedrooms are in large part furnished in like fashion, and at the top of the house is a gigantic high-boy, of rare design and curious workmanship.

This house and its furniture are hardly typical of village homes in Delaware, for the articles are of unusual interest and



QUAINT OLD CHINA ON SEMICIRCULAR SIDE TABLE

fashioned tall clock of a pattern for which several Delaware clockmakers had a high local reputation. In another corner of the same room is one of those quaint semicircular Chippendale tables of inlaid mahogany. In the parlors are great old mahogany chairs of several patterns.

In the dining-room the sideboard is an heirloom nearly a century old. Here, too, the walls are hung with excellent examples of that patriotic American china dating from the early years of the Republic, and now the

beauty, but there are other such homes in small communities throughout the State, and there are scores of houses of altogether unpretentious people in which similar beautiful articles are in daily use. The possessors have simply never thought it worth while to cast aside their sound old furniture for what is newer but not better, and they have thus escaped, in the matter of furniture at least, the vulgarities of the middle nineteenth century period.

E. N. Vallandigham.

"A Railroad Beautiful"

"A RAILROAD BEAUTIFUL."

THAT the "railroad beautiful," where it traverses a great city and its suburbs, should be a goal, considered and worked for by sane business men who have invested in the "soulless corporation," would seem to be a dream of the faddist or the theorist's whimsical claim. Not that railroads are beyond the need of beautifying, nor that their black and cindery course is hopelessly ugly; but that railroads, with their strictly utilitarian purpose and common ugliness seem naturally at the antitheses of esthetic endeavor. And yet the effort to improve esthetically the appearance of the railroad's right of way and to beautify stations and their surroundings, has made almost as rapid a progress with us in recent years as have the forward striding efforts in city and town improvement.

Instead of a faddist's dream or the whimsical claim of the theorist, the purpose to beautify the railroad is a matter of common observation and knowledge, the principal systems of the country now having their landscape architect as certainly as their roadmaster.

A pioneer in the work was the Boston and Albany road, and the story of the beginning is of not a little interest. The Pennsylvania and Old Colony systems, indeed, began the task of beautifying their station surroundings at about the same time, but the Old Colony has not carried the matter very far, and the Pennsylvania has adopted a more conventional and less excellent plan, while of all the roads in the country the Boston and Albany, by the degree to which

it has developed the project on the so-called Newton Circuit—a short stretch of road that makes a round of Boston's pretty western suburbs, touching at twenty-one stations before the terminal is reached again—offers the most complete and perfect object lesson available of what "the railroad beautiful" may be. The opportunity was an unusually good one, for the stations are close together—often with barely a mile between them—the country is rolling, fertile and picturesque, and the towns have long been remarkable for their beauty and orderliness.

About twenty years ago E. A. Richardson

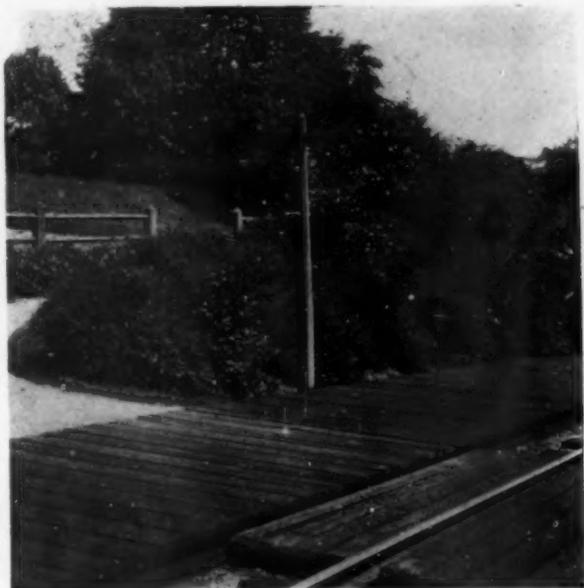
was baggage-master in the little station at Newtonville. He had not had a gardener's training, but he loved order and he loved flowers, and though his station is said to have been no worse than the others on the line he set himself the task of making it better.

His first encouragement came from an assistant engineer of the road, who furnished him with loam and sod, and then it attracted the attention of the Newtonville people generally, for the contrast, even though mainly of aspiration, was striking at that time of uniformly ugly station yards. Some of these public-spirited townsmen brought the work to the notice of Professor Charles S. Sargent, who, as a director of the road and also of the Arnold Arboretum, had a strong natural interest in a project for railroad gardening. He saw at once the importance of working for a desirable distant end instead of expending energy upon a more showy but less valuable immediate accomplishment. Through his interest the possibility of improving the aspect of the grounds of all the stations on the road,



LONGWOOD STATION

BOSTON & ALBANY R. R.



THE LIGHTING APPARATUS

especially of all the suburban stations, was brought before the full board of directors. It was represented as an end desirable not merely for its own sake but for its probable value to the road by its tendency to bring the city residents into the suburbs.

Circumstances conspired to make the opportunity exceptional. Not only was the interest and expert knowledge of Prof. Sargent available, but the Newton Circuit was just being opened, and the Auburndale and Chestnut Hill stations, designed by H. H. Richardson, had created a new standard of way-station construction and had given birth to ideals that could not be satisfied with neglected or barren station yards. So, to shorten the story, Frederick Law Olmsted was engaged to prepare plans for the grounds—to make the setting and arrange the planting for Richardson structures (!) and with this assurance of artistic success the Newtonville baggage-master was advanced to the position of superintendent of the department of station gardens and began to study in the Arboretum. There, by the terms of its endowment,

every tree and shrub which can bear the climate of Massachusetts must be cultivated, so that there was conveniently offered the ideal experiment ground for any scheme of planting in which only native shrubs were desired.

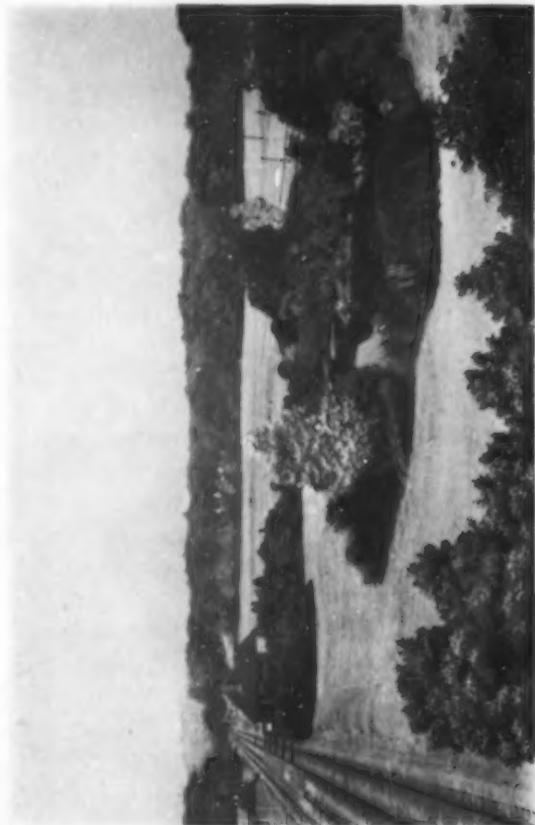
The road now maintains its own nursery of hardy shrubs and plants. Sixty station yards—forty, that is, outside the Newton Circuit—are under careful cultivation; but the most interesting work, because the most compact and the work done under the most favorable circumstances, is still that on the Circuit. The principal nurseries of the road, the department claims, are the station gardens themselves, where the shrubs are grown thickly and transplanted as necessity arises. There is no expense for showy summer vegetation and for a brilliant carpet gardening of short-lived flowers, the effects of color and picturesque grouping being obtained far more economically and far better by massing shrubs and plants and making use of perennials. In this respect the gardens of the Boston and Albany road differ from those of almost every other railroad that attempts to beautify station grounds—and differ, it must be said, for the better. On the one hand, the decorative effect is far more lasting, continuing throughout the year; on the other hand, it is much less expensive than if greenhouses and a costly winter establishment were required; while, finally, the opportunity for really artistic



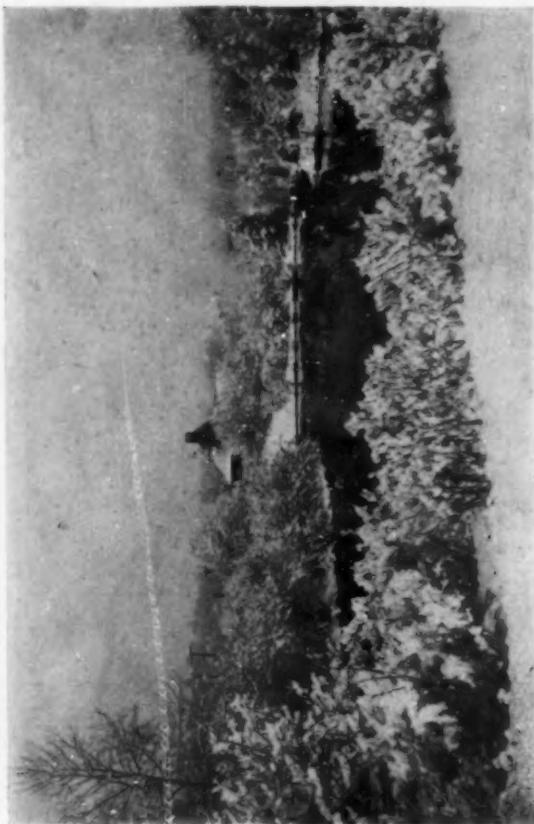
RESERVOIR STATION

BOSTON & ALBANY R. R.

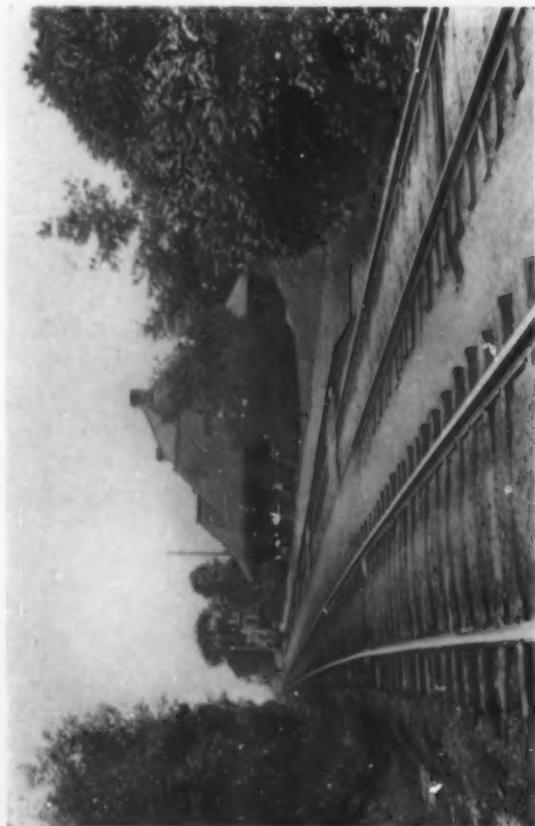
"A Railroad Beautiful"



WOODLAND



WOODLAND IN WINTER



NEWTON HIGHLANDS



THE LAKE AT WOODLAND

STATIONS AND SURROUNDINGS ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY R. R.



RIVERSIDE STATION

BOSTON & ALBANY R. R.

planting is far better, and is less fraught with pitfalls, than where the sole dependence—or main dependence—is placed on bright-hued flowers and on the eagerness of untrained station-masters to win company prizes. The system gives us a right to expect a higher class of work, even though conditions—of cinders, soot, dust and drought—still necessitate, as Mr. Richardson puts it, “the survival of the toughest” only.

Proceeding out of Boston by the Circuit, the first station beyond the city proper is Longwood. The railroad touches it on a curve, and, as usual in the avoidance of grade crossings throughout the suburbs, the tracks are depressed. The slopes of the cut are thickly planted with low-growing shrubs, above which rises picturesquely, in the near distance, the square tower of a church. The low stone station of the Richardson type nestles beside the track in a clearing of lawn; and up and down the line of road, the vista, once the train has passed, is as restful and as peaceful as a country lane all flower-bordered. The day I made the round

of the stations, the air was sweet with the perfume of wild roses which, in orderly disorder, climbed the banks on either side. There were few of the appurtenances of a railroad. The very telegraph poles were so hidden in the shrubbery that they were scarcely noticeable, and the thought came here, as it was subsequently to do often in the tour, that if the time should come when electricity could be profitably used on this Circuit division, no small part of the business that the trolleys have stolen from the railroad may be won back, not so much by the better time which the distinct and unbroken right of way can afford, as by the surpassing beauty of the long flower-bordered course.

Two things only demanded special criticism here; and because they were found repeatedly, at station after station, they may be noted. First, the unshaded condition of the platform; second, the lighting apparatus. As to the first, the overhanging eaves of the little station building doubtless offer all the shade that is required by waiting passengers, but how much pleasanter the platform might

"A Railroad Beautiful"



FOOTPATH TO THE STATION AUBURNDALE



A HIDDEN TOOL-HOUSE AUBURNDALE

soon be made if one or two large trees were induced to hang over it. Trees, indeed, are matters of slow growth and long waiting; but the theory of all the planting has wisely been for the desirable rather than the speedy, at whatever cost of patience. The lighting apparatus, an electric globe on the end of a long curved arm of iron which is fastened to a wooden post, is about as uncouth as could well be planned. You would say, looking at the pretty station and its attractive grounds, that the zeal, even the interest, of the company had suddenly failed at this point, so that, with the picture almost complete, the effect had been endangered by careless negligence or weary disregard of so small a matter as the lamp-posts. A moment's thought would recall that the department which is re-

sponsible for the lamp-posts is not, probably, the same as that which has beautified the station grounds, and that the significance of the striking lapse is only the familiar lesson of so many estates and so many towns that are not harmonious in their complete effect—the necessity of united effort and coöperation in all departments. The same lamp-post was found at the Brookline and many another station, and emphasized the great opportunity which awaits the designer and manufacturer of a post that shall be inexpensive, but correct in its proportions and harmonious in its lines.

The next station beyond Longwood is Brookline and, being older than the others, it is disappointing. At "the richest town in the world" the series of stone stations is interrupted by a brick structure of earlier date. An extra track



AUBURNDALE STATION

BOSTON & ALBANY R. R.



WELLESLEY HILLS STATION



DALTON STATION

ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY R. R.

here was laden with the always hideous freight cars; and the long station platform made no pretense to other than utilitarian service. But beyond the platform were to be found again the usual shrubs and lawn. Reservoir, with the high peak of its station roof, the almost complete concealment of the telegraph poles, the tall trees that lined the top of the bank on one side of the track, and the renewed abundance of bridal wreath and wild roses, that were then all abloom, quickly restored the charm of the road.

But the station at Chestnut Hill, the next stop, is well-nigh the prettiest of all. There is a park-like approach, roads and paths winding luxuriously down to the little station building, where a stunning stone arch throws its protecting cover from wind and rain over the carriage drive. The street is not visible from the railroad, and the little park is graded gradually to the low level of the station. Two noble old willows adorn a stretch of lawn, and the shrubbery here has been planted with unusual skill and artistic excellence. One can imagine a business man choosing Chestnut Hill for his place of residence for no other reason than the soothing charm with which its little station would daily wait his return and the lingering caress of beauty with which it would send him forth. There remains, however, one thing to criticise, and the fault appears once or twice again on the Circuit. The driveways of the grounds are asphalt. With the park-like treatment of the area, macadam had been more appropriate, and with the light travel to which the roads are subjected gravel had been not

merely an excusable but even a preferable cover. The asphalt here is a jarring urban note in a strictly rural scene that is otherwise wholly delightful. At Newton Centre, which comes next, even the paths are asphalt; but there is here considerable grade from the street down to the station.

A detail that impresses one, after he has traveled thus far on the Circuit, is the absence of bill-boards from the line of the road. No advertisements mar the view, shouting irrelevant recommendations when one looks for the natural beauty of hill and vale. On the main line, that is reached on the return, a few can be seen from the car windows; but they are not on railroad property. On the rest of the Circuit, for all its heavy travel and constant trains, the good taste of land owners seems to have interposed, so seconding the efforts of the company to make their way attractive.

Beyond Newton Centre comes Newton Highlands. Here a regular lamp-post takes the place of the clumsy pole and arm of the electric lighting apparatus at the other stations, and here a tree offers shade. The sumach grows in great profusion at the edge of the platform here, in contrast with snowy Waban where the bridal wreath was in luxuriant blossom. Between Newton Highlands, however, and Waban, there has come Eliot, a station so small as to make significant the new evidence of the thoroughness with which the work of beautifying the road has been undertaken—for what is done here must be more for the road than for the place—and as, again, to draw attention to the tendency

"A Railroad Beautiful"

to conceal the station, in the view from the town, rather than to emphasize its presence. This is interestingly illustrated again at Woodland, where the picture has been taken at a distance sufficient to show the relative loneliness of the station's site, and yet its half concealment behind the beautifying bushes. The little pond to the right of the station is on the company's property, somewhat nearer than the photograph suggests, and the planting close around its borders makes it, as the second picture shows, a charming natural feature. A winter view of this illustrates how the Boston and Albany system of real landscape gardening, as distinguished from mere floriculture, invites beauty all the year around.

Riverside is unique among all the Circuit stations as being at a higher instead of lower level than the town; and beautiful views may be obtained from it. It is fortunate also in the possession of some large trees, and though the four-track main line becomes here a portion of the Circuit—now turned back toward Boston—the illustration shows how ineffectual has been the heavier travel and increased railroad importance to destroy the esthetic charm of the treatment adopted. Next comes Auburndale, with a station whose surroundings vie with those of Chestnut Hill in beauty. The Japanese ivy has covered the stone walls with green. The carriage road, divided by a cluster of shrubs, passes here also under a *porte cochère*, but one less striking than the bold stone arch at Chestnut Hill, and less pretty than the natural arch of bush and tree through which the footpath comes down to the station grounds. But here again there are large trees, and masses of syringa were in bloom

when I was there, and the flagged walk curves in picturesque indolence, while the tool-house—for which utilitarian structure the section of the road seems here to find a need—has been put apart from the station in a most inconspicuous corner of the grounds, and then has been hidden with foliage.

Beyond Auburndale come the Newtons, and then a few other stations before the big city is reached again; but they present no characteristics that have not been noted already, and it is sufficient that they maintain the high standard which has been set for them by the rest of the Circuit. In passing through the Newtons the depressed tracks occupy a shallow cut that has been lined for a long way with masonry, and so offers no opportunity for gardening effects. But there is a gain in substantialness of aspect, and certainly no loss in neatness, so that "the railroad beautiful" has penetrated

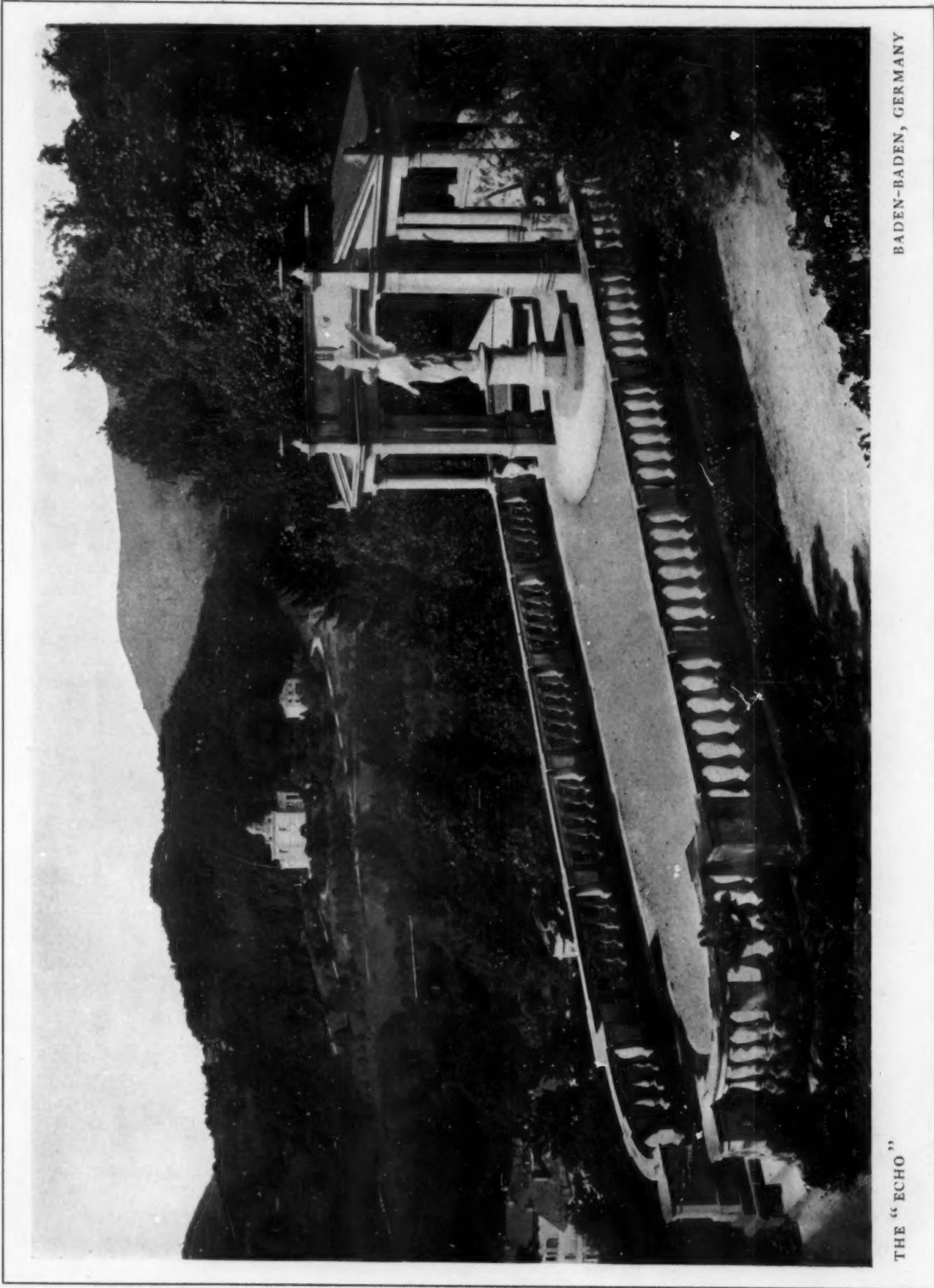
far into greater Boston, and its tracks have multiplied into a broad series, before so rare and notable a phrase as this becomes a misnomer. And in the other direction, in the long course westward across the state, many a station, notably those at Chatham and at Dalton, are reminders that the ideal has not been forgotten or laid aside.

Now that the Boston and Albany has been absorbed in the greater system of the New York Central, it is to be hoped that its good and lovely example will bear fruit in far extensions of "the railroad beautiful." Such a result would have an even national importance, changing the face of the country "as seen from a car window," and carrying its influence very far.

Charles Mulford Robinson.



AN APPROACH TO DALTON STATION



BADEN-BADEN, GERMANY

THE "ECHO"



BRONZE WATER POT
Old Chinese

BEATEN
METAL-WORK

BY
AMALIE BUSCK



BRASS WATER POT
Italian, XVIII Century

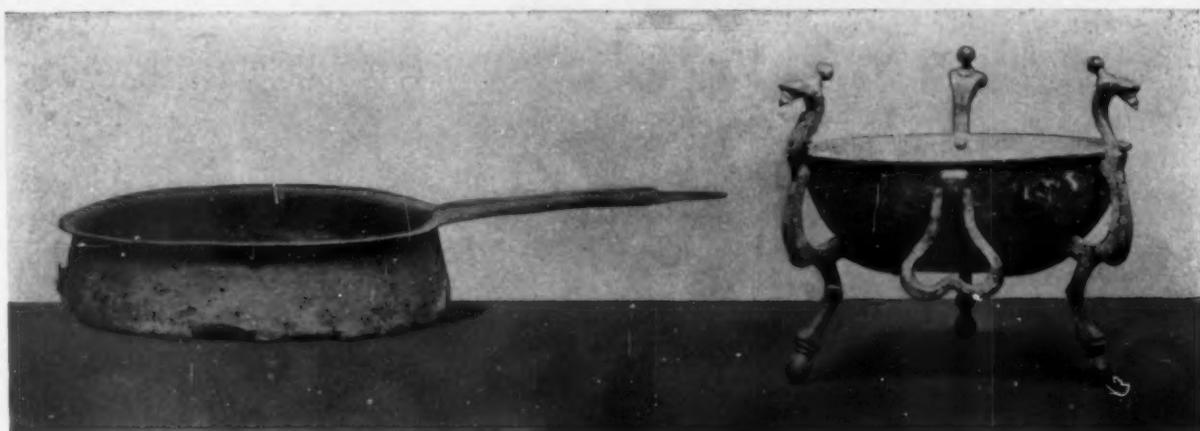
BEFORE the days of machinery when all the useful or purely ornamental metal articles of the household were of necessity made by hand, the stamp of individuality was produced on the work by every artisan. Aside from the forms of the more common objects of daily use, determined largely by local tradition and usage, we can see to-day in the pieces handed down to us the marks of the man, his skill, his idea of form and design, his originality, in fact one almost feels that a glimpse of his character and temperament is revealed in his work. It is this individuality and suggestion of the human element which attaches to those graceful forms, the designs showing a knowledge of nature, the little faults and irregularities of workmanship which delight the heart of the collector and the modern artist artisan. Human nature no doubt varied then as now, and certainly a great deal of the work of those times was unskilful and uninteresting, but the weeding process of time has probably brought down to us only the better, or at least most serviceable specimens.

In no other of our household furnishings has this change from handicraft to machinery produced so great an artistic loss as in the articles which were wont to be made of metal. It is true the economic benefits of this change have been enormous; but while it has

gained for woodwork and weaving many artistic qualities, and in some respects has improved their workmanship, in metal-work the limitations of machinery, together with artistic sterility of the manufacturer, have reduced all useful articles to commonplace pots and kettles, and decorative metals have degenerated to unskilful and uninteresting reproductions or imitations.

Ornamental pieces, copies of an old shield or scone, are produced by the thousands, stamped with a steel die which in turn has been cut out by probably a skilful but certainly a mechanical and heartless workman; every defect is smoothed over, every mechanical difficulty eliminated. A good design is thus destroyed by bad copying and becomes less interesting by its limitless reproduction. Of recent years the artist artisan has begun to realize that machinery has not entirely absorbed the field, but that he may be a mechanic and find full scope for his artistic abilities. From this has arisen the recent general revival of the so-called "arts and crafts" after an almost total disappearance for many years.

In this case as in so many others the old saying holds good, "civilization begins in small countries." The revival of the handicrafts, marking a new artistic epoch, first took place in the smaller countries of Europe led by



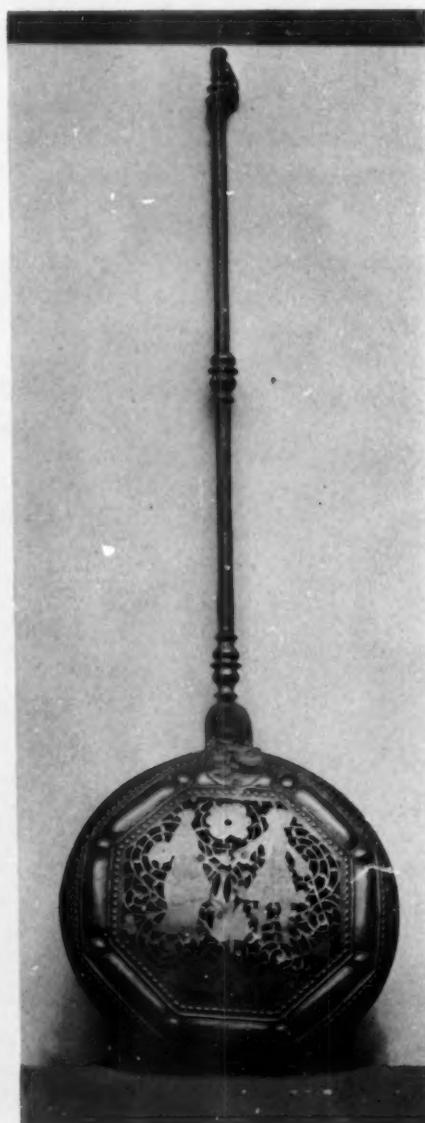
Patera of Sheet Bronze

ANCIENT ROMAN VESSELS

Fire Pan for Votive Purposes

Belgium. Then William Morris and his friends and associates brought the crafts into prominence in England, and to-day England leads the world in every branch of the arts and crafts. Gradually America is following in the same path. Within the last two or three years this movement, though still in its infancy, has begun to make itself felt, and undoubtedly it will grow with the rapidity that is characteristic of this country in every other activity.

Here, as in Europe, it is by no means the large established firms that have taken the lead. They have been and still are afraid to deviate from the beaten path. They



AN OLD GERMAN DISH OF BRASS REPOUSSÉ

SWEDISH WARMING-PAN

Beaten Metal-Work

know what the public want and serve the public accordingly. It is to the individual artist and craftsman that all credit is due. He has worked alone, and endeavored to produce only the best, and he is demonstrating that the best is none too good for the public demand.

One of the men who is doing pioneer work along these lines is Mr. Laurin H. Martin, of Boston. He received his training in the best schools in England, and is to-day one of the few teachers of beaten metal-work in America. He realizes fully the possibilities and the limitations of his medium and he combines excellent workmanship with a true sense of form and design. The book cover shown in the illustration is a piece of his repoussé work. The leaf border is almost realistic in execution while the saints are quite conventional. In no place does his skill as a workman show more clearly than in the execution of the letters on the front and back covers. The brass and copper bowls illustrated on page 577 are

fair examples of his sense of form, as well as of his skilful workmanship. These bowls are in one piece, being beaten up from a flat sheet, and are examples of one of the most difficult processes in hammered metal.

The general method of raising a bowl or making any hollow vessel is comparatively simple, but the practical execution requires great skill acquired only by long practice. Many of the old pieces seen in the shops are made of two pieces of metal, as is easily discovered by looking for the line of brazing down one side of the bowl. This shows that the body has been made by joining the two edges of a sheet of metal, thus forming a tube. This brazed joint is very strong and permits of the bowl's being shaped by blows from the inside, or by beating on the outside while it is stretched and shaped over a core or form. The second piece is the bottom. This is joined either by turning it like a hem or by brazing. Hollow forms beaten out of one piece or "raised from the



GERMAN KETTLE AND PLATEAU
of Brass Repoussé

flat" are, however, a different undertaking; especially where they are to have the proportionate depth, straight or inward sloping sides and narrow mouths as illustrated in Mr. Martin's work. In this method the metal is literally nursed into shape. A piece of sheet metal, the thickness of



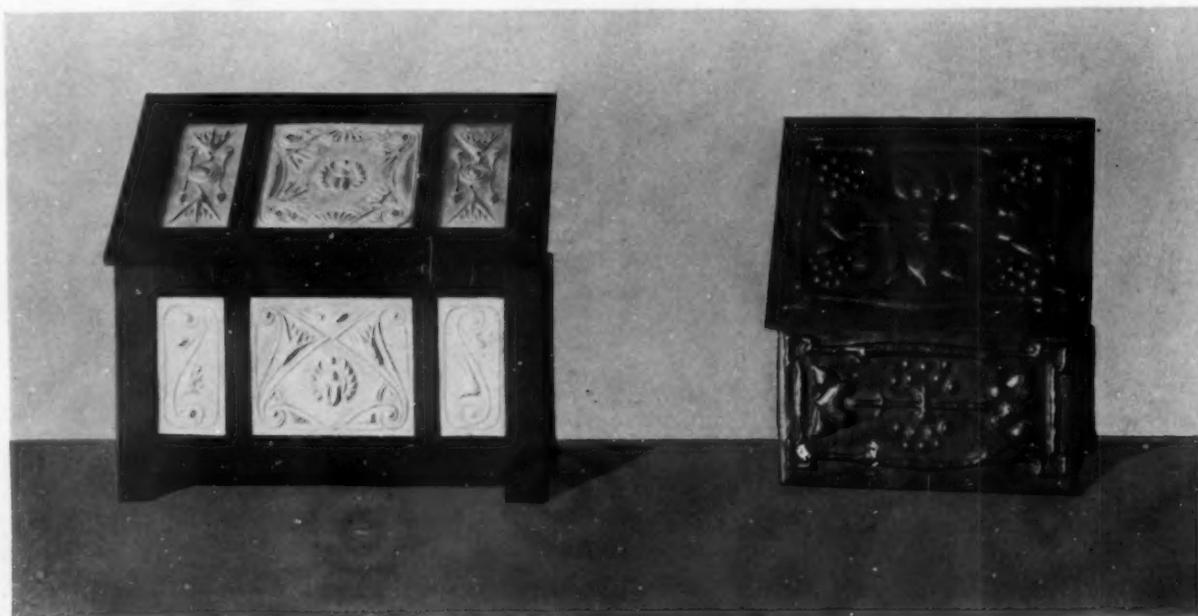
A SWEDISH BOWL OF BEATEN BRASS
Seventeenth Century

which depends on the depth to be attained, is held in the left hand, the near edge lying obliquely on a block of hard wood the surface of which is slightly concave. With a wooden or metal hammer in the right hand uniform blows are delivered on the metal, beginning near the outer edge. The metal is turned slowly, bringing each blow of the hammer just on the margin of each preceding one. This is continued around the circle, then circle

within circle, until the center of the sheet is reached. Then the process is begun again and continued to the center.

To the uninitiated this may seem monotonous, but after long practice and experiment a workman begins to feel the metal alive in his hand. By varying blows, by different sur-

faces in the wooden block he can thin the metal here and nurse it into greater thickness there, and gradually evolve unwilling forms. When the approximate depth and shape is reached one of many forms of small polished anvils is placed within and the bowl is worked into the final shape by blows on the outer surface. In some instances, instead of using the anvil, the final shaping is done after the bowl has been filled with



CASKET WITH PANELS OF SILVER REPOUSSÉ

CASKET OF COPPER REPOUSSÉ

Designed and Executed at the Busck Studios

Beaten Metal-Work

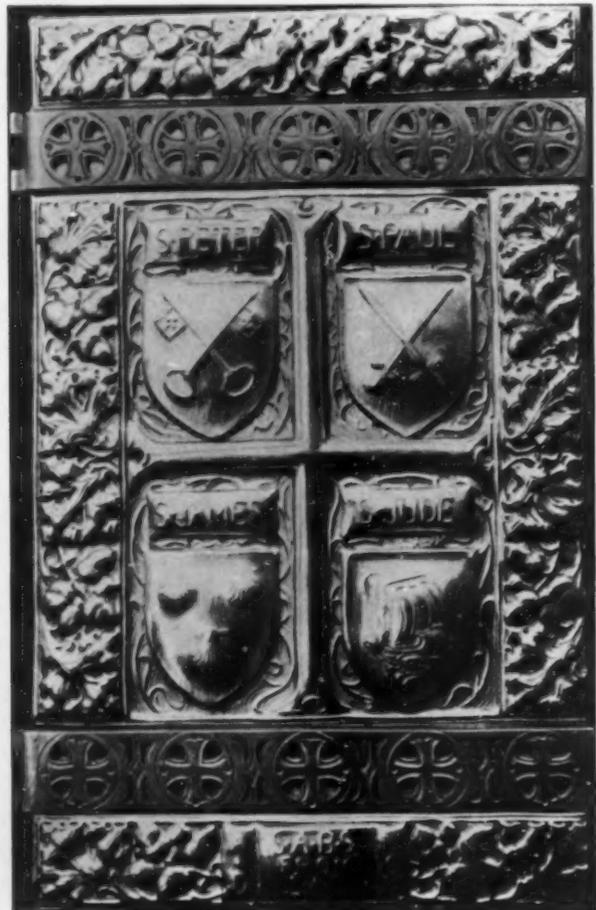
pitch, which is poured in hot and allowed to cool, giving an elastic resistant body to beat on. This last step condenses and polishes the outer surface, at the same time making the "hammer-marks" which add so much to the beauty and interest of hand-wrought metal. The charming effect of light on these surfaces is shown in the illustration of the copper cup, a common example of Russian peasant work, shown on page 577.

The hammering process very quickly

by tradesmen, with what success is apparent in the examples of silver ornament and plate exhibited by jewelers. In addition to the fact that the designs are usually uninteresting, the results are generally unsatisfactory because of the evident mechanical limitation. As a rule, commercial repoussé has been either cast or stamped; the design is then worked over or chased and the surface carefully but purposely hammer-marked. Legitimate repoussé is a slow process, often



FRONT



BACK

BOOK COVER OF REPOUSSÉ WORK, *Designed and Executed by Laurin H. Martin*

hardens metal, even to making it brittle, so it has to be repeatedly annealed. When the work is finished, the black oxidized surface produced by repeated heating is removed in a bath of strong acid, after which it is thoroughly washed in running water and dried in hot sawdust.

It is chiefly in the field of repoussé ornamentation that machine work has been tried

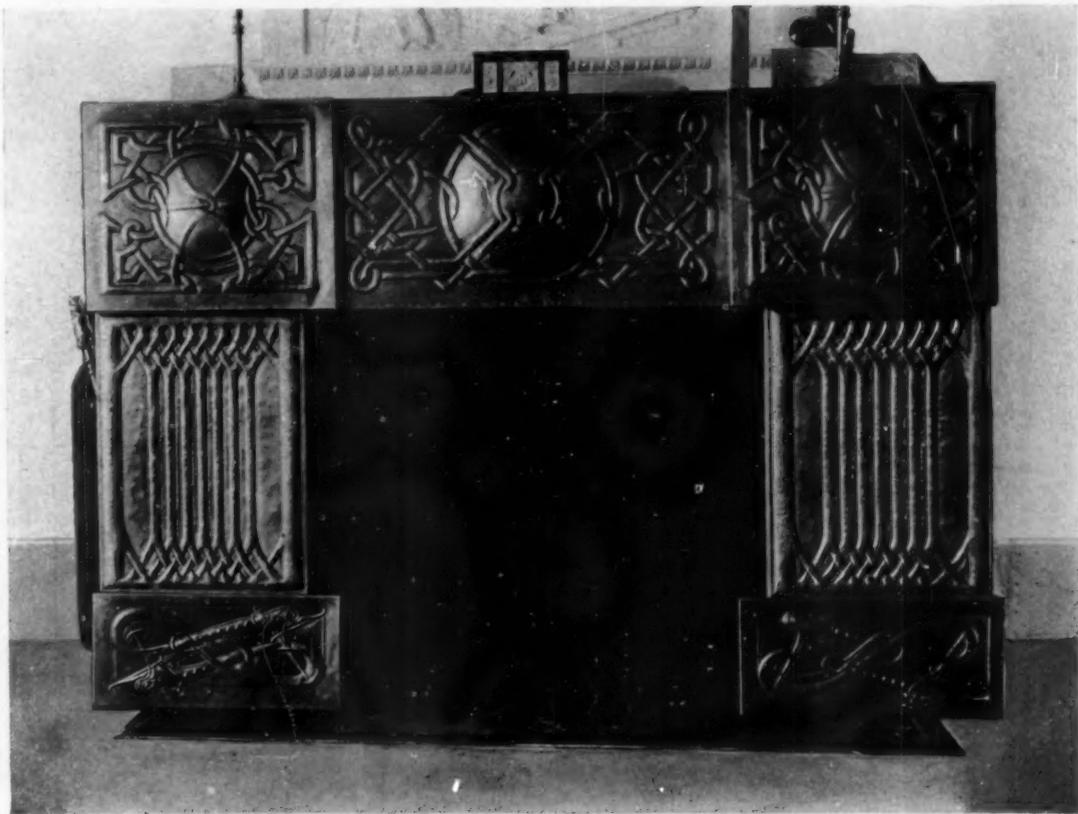
requiring great mechanical skill, and always a full artistic sense of the result to be reached.

The old Danish sconces are of particular interest not only on account of their beauty, but as examples of a method of execution. The designs have been worked out with tools and hammers, but over wooden or metal forms. In ancient times, many of the shields, which are examples of marvelous



WORK IN BEATEN COPPER AND BRASS, *By Laurin H. Martin*

workmanship, were done in this way. The wooden block or mould was prepared for the metal worker by the wood carver. Another method is now more commonly used. After the design is drawn or traced on the metal, the latter is heated and pressed into a bed of pitch which when cooled, forms an even and solid body under the metal. After the design has been outlined in the metal with a hammer and small steel tools, the sheet is fastened to the pitch the other side up. The outlines now show through on this surface and guide the workman in beating up the metal. The pitch is very tenacious, and holds the metal fast, preventing buckling and at the same time giving way under the blows of the hammer

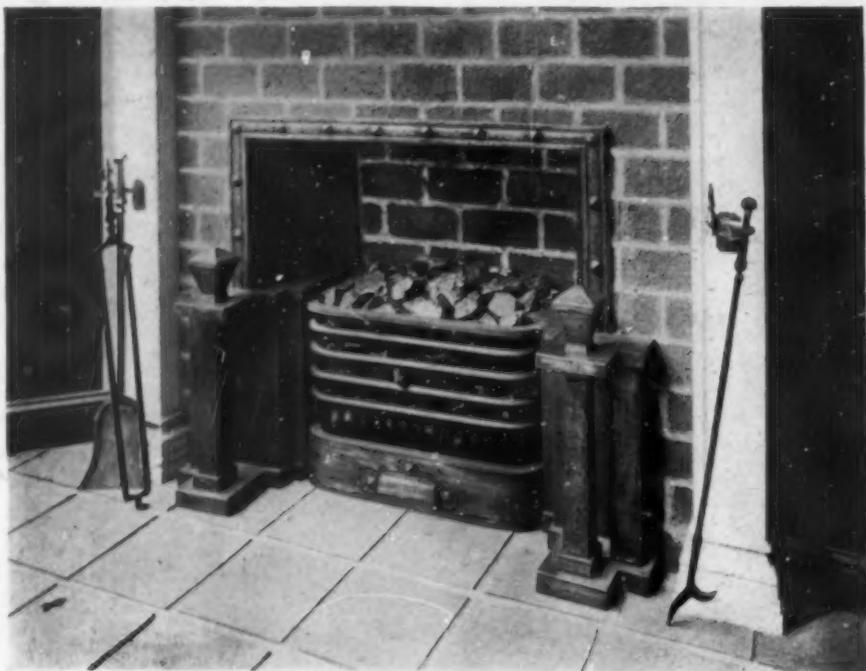


A FIREPLACE WITH NORSE MOTIFS, *Designed and Executed at the Busck Studios*

as the metal sinks gradually into the surface. Here again the metal must be constantly annealed. The design is gradually worked out by raising here and "setting back" there.

The necessary tools are comparatively simple, and the number required is unlimited, for the skilful workman fashions them himself as the occasions arise.

In addition to the book cover by Mr. Martin, we give several illustrations of repoussé executed in this way on pitch. A modern sconce in copper is shown on page 578. The Egyptian scarabus and the lotus are the motif of the design, the reflector symbolizing the whirl of life. In the case of metal sconces surrounded by wood



FIREPLACE FITTING OF HAMMERED BRASS
Designed and Executed by Craft & Smith



SCONCE OF BEATEN COPPER WITH
EGYPTIAN MOTIFS
Designed and Executed at the Busch Studios

frames the effectiveness depends largely on the proportions, and particularly on the color combination of the wood of the frame and the reddish tone of the copper panels.

The fireplace illustrated on page 577 shows how effective the simple Norse designs are in metal and the practical use to which repoussé metal-work can be put. If rightly used in a scheme of decoration, effects can be reached which cannot be obtained through any other medium. For instance, make the bright copper color the one warm note in an otherwise severe room, a library, a dining-room, where dark oak furniture of the square type is used, or how charming might it not be in a blue or green room if allowed to become iridescent, catching and reflecting the tints used in the decoration. It is not, indeed, in elaboration of methods that this work finds its artistic success, but in the expression of the idea of art by the human hand; the methods and media of past ages being revived for the expression of the present art. Surely the rosewood casket, with the panels of unpolished repoussé silver forms a bit of color and design that might have stood on the dressing table of a sixteenth century queen.

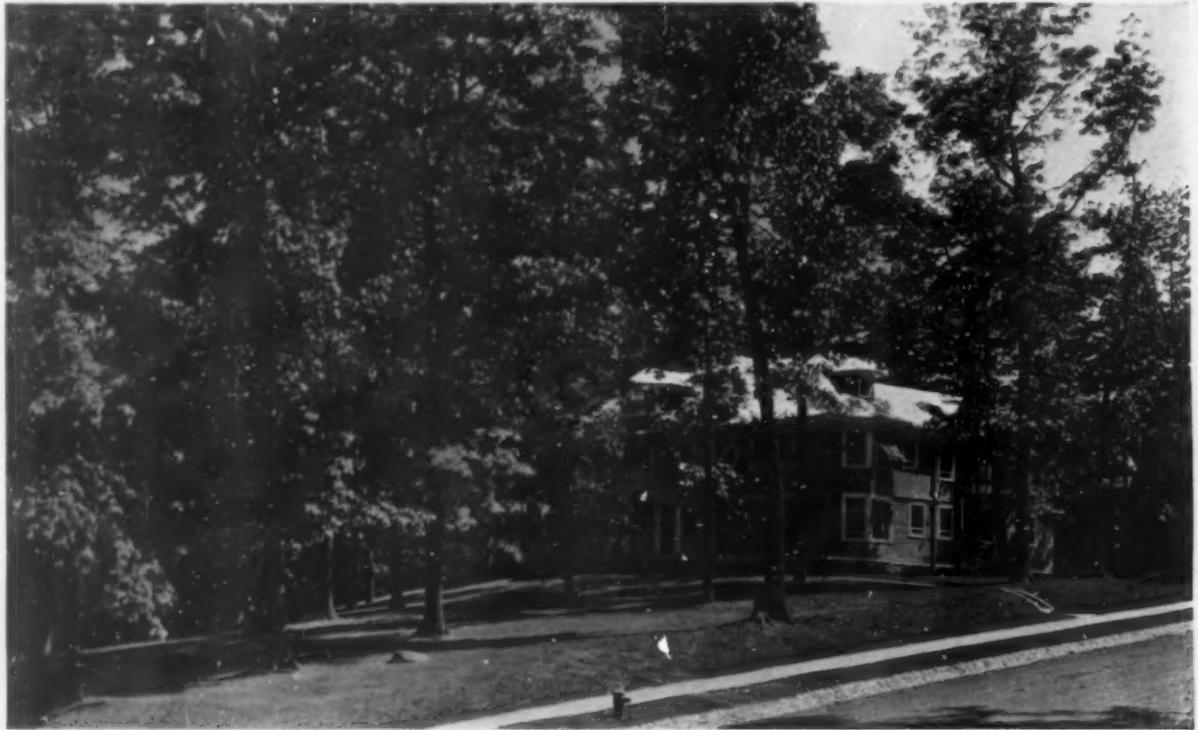
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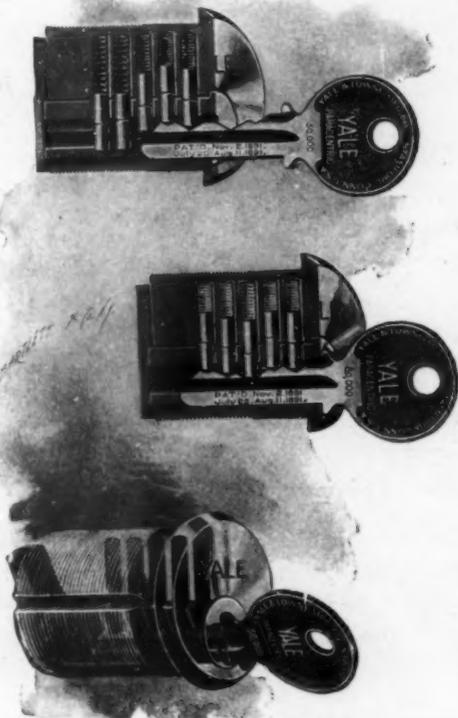


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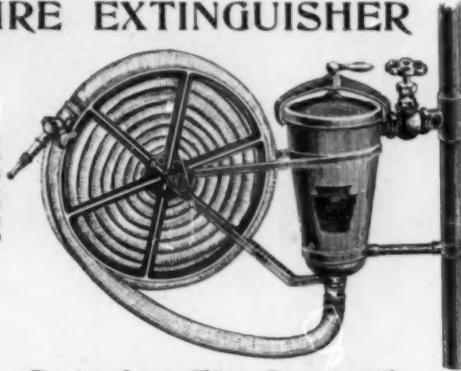
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