

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXI.—No. 795.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30th, 1912.

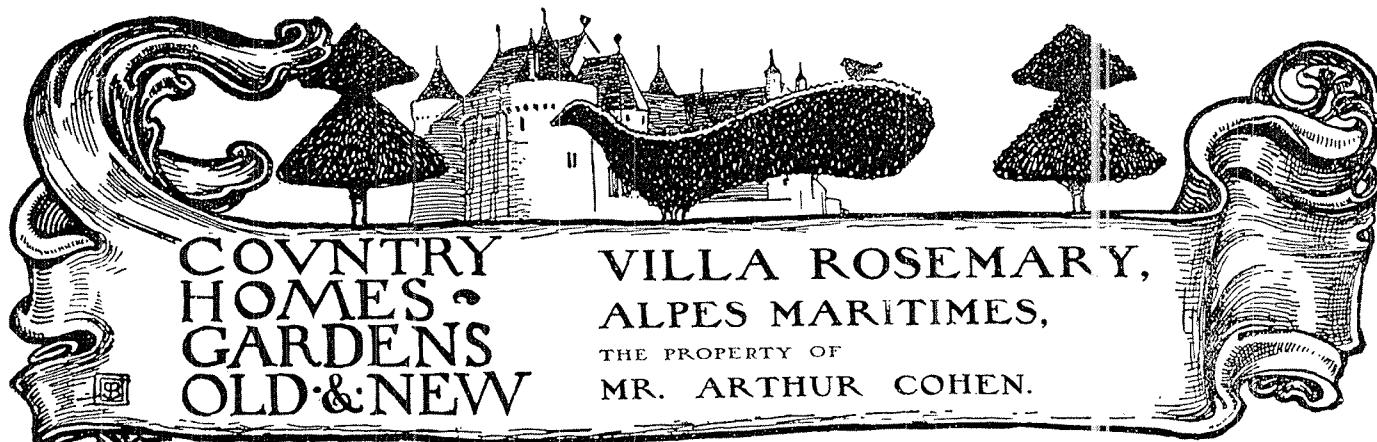
PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6d.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



SWAINE

LADY DOROTHIE FEILDING.

106, New Bond Street, W.



## COUNTRY HOMES & GARDENS OLD & NEW

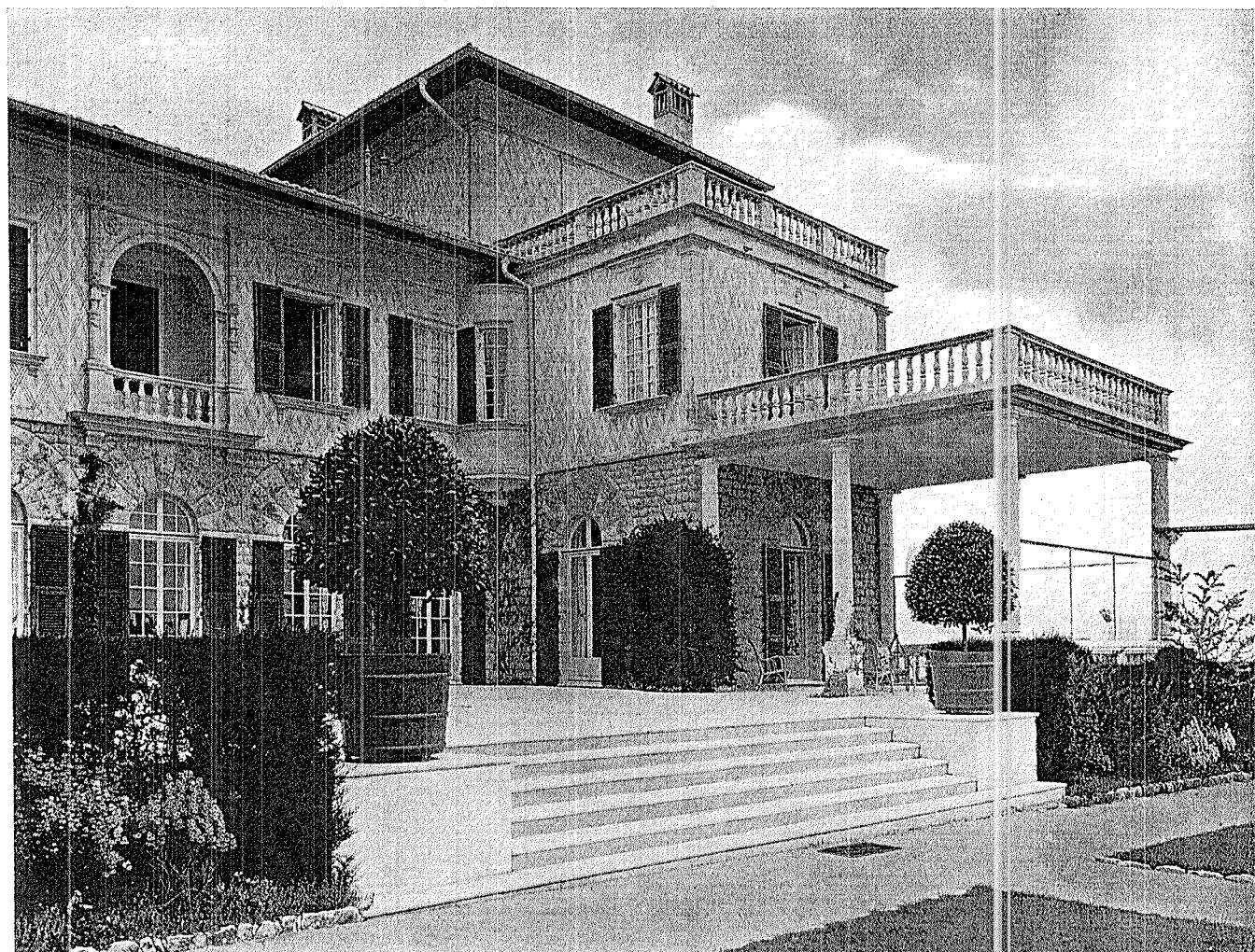
### VILLA ROSEMARY, ALPES MARITIMES, THE PROPERTY OF MR. ARTHUR COHEN.

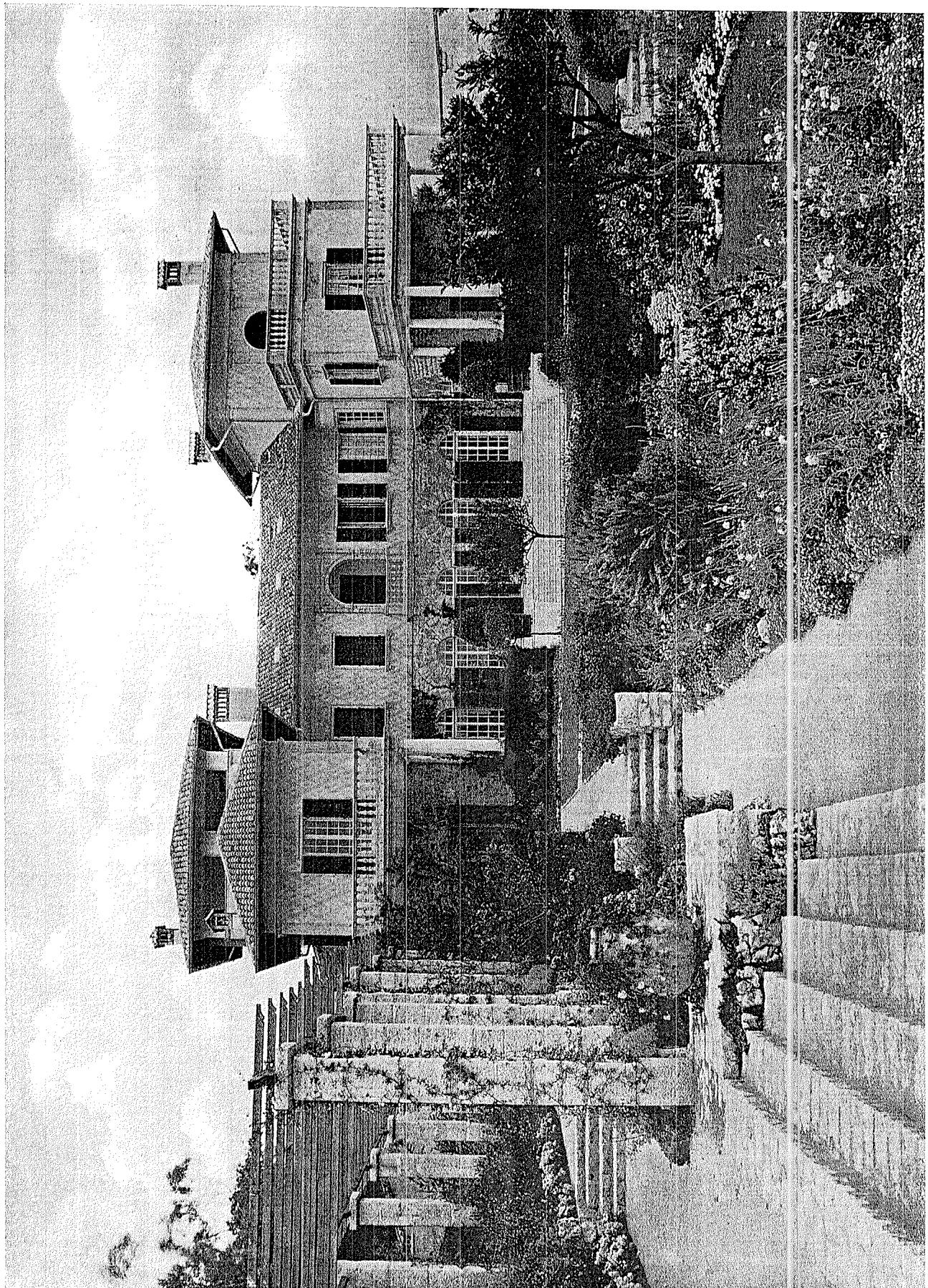
**T**HERE will be a great foregathering of English folk on the Riviera this Eastertide, for it is then that the statue of Queen Victoria is to be unveiled at Nice and that of King Edward at Cannes. Then, too, the harbour of Villefranche is to be the scene of a meeting of the fleets of the *entente cordiale* group, France acting as hostess to her Russian and English friends.

Villefranche Bay is not only an amply convenient but likewise exceptionally beautiful harbour—a lovely framework of land enclosing all that is joyous in the life of the sea. It is formed by the projection into the Mediterranean of two large promontories, of which the eastern is that of Villefranche itself, while the western is that of St. Jean. The latter is the larger and more projecting, and, breaking up as it extends south and east, divides into the two headlands of the Cap St. Hospice and Cap Ferrat. The whole of this area—a *presqu'ile* connected only by a narrow neck to the mainland, and therefore at all points offering delightful views where sea and land combine to form the most choice compositions—is naturally much sought after by those who need winter homes in this favoured climate. There are villas many, and nearly all of them are of the perfectly commonplace type that unfortunately prevails on the Riviera.

Three or four, however, stand out as notable exceptions, and owe their interest and distinction to the broad architectural experience and the perfect taste of Mr. H. A. Peto. Of these, Maryland and Villa Sylvia have already been described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE. The former is in the centre of the peninsula, the latter is on its western edge, overlooking Villefranche Bay, while Villa Rosemary, the subject of to-day's illustrations, lies on the east slope of Cap Ferrat, and is so placed as to give exceptional views not only out to the open sea, but towards the picturesque coast-line where Monaco nestles at the foot of the mountains. Cap Ferrat, unlike the central portion of the peninsula where Maryland is situate, was not split up into tiny peasant holdings, where olive trees shade cultivated ground. It was a rocky track, largely pine-clad, and was termed a *domaine*. Valueless for agriculture, it was purchased by a company that laid it out and developed it for building purposes. This so far enhanced the price of the land that even a well-to-do settler would purchase only a limited area and would call for a scheme that would make the most of it.

The section that Mr. Arthur Cohen acquired on Mr. Peto's advice covers some two and a-half acres, and the





THE SOUTH FRONT FROM THE PERGOLA STAIRWAY.

Copyright.

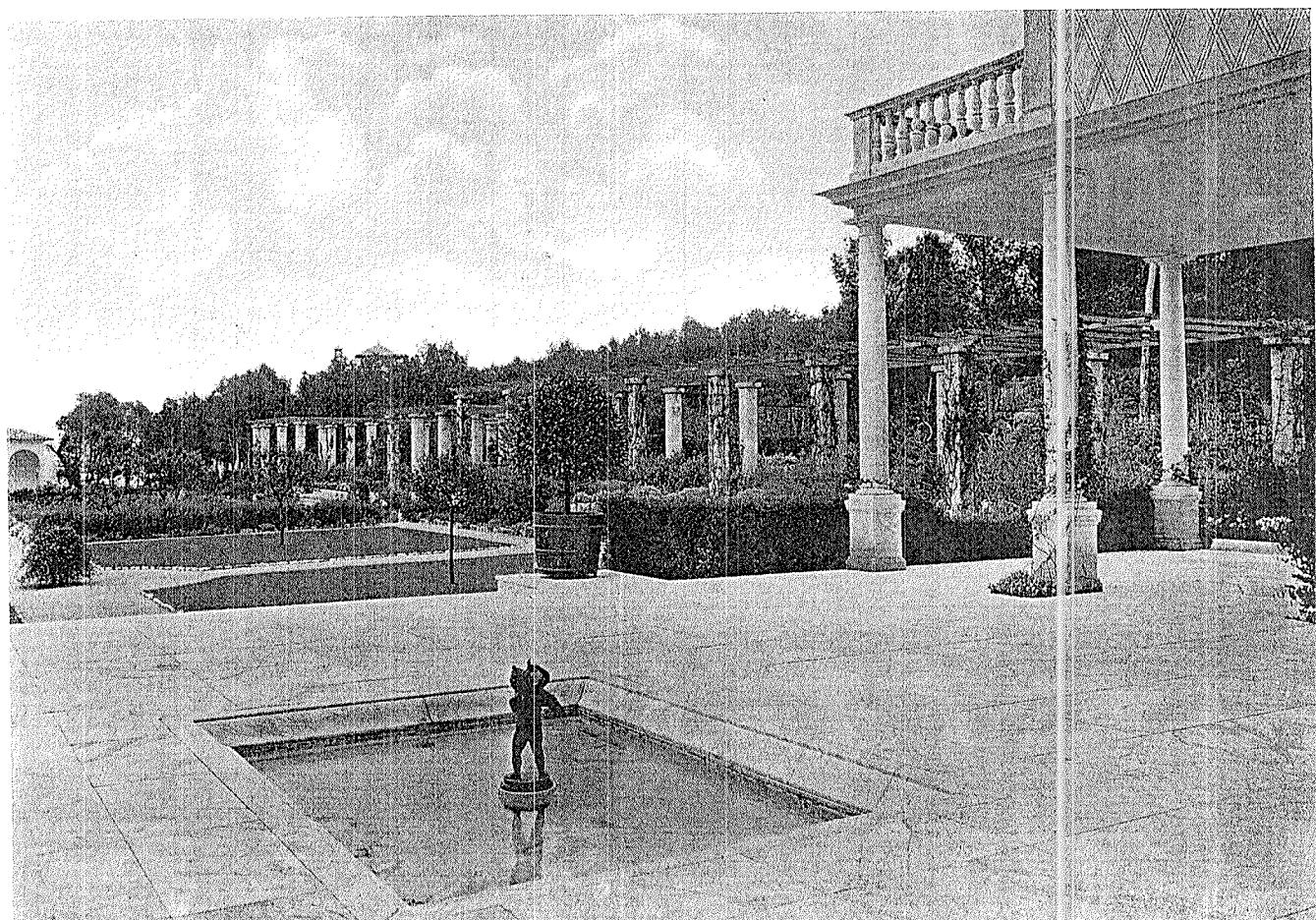
"COUNTRY LIFE."

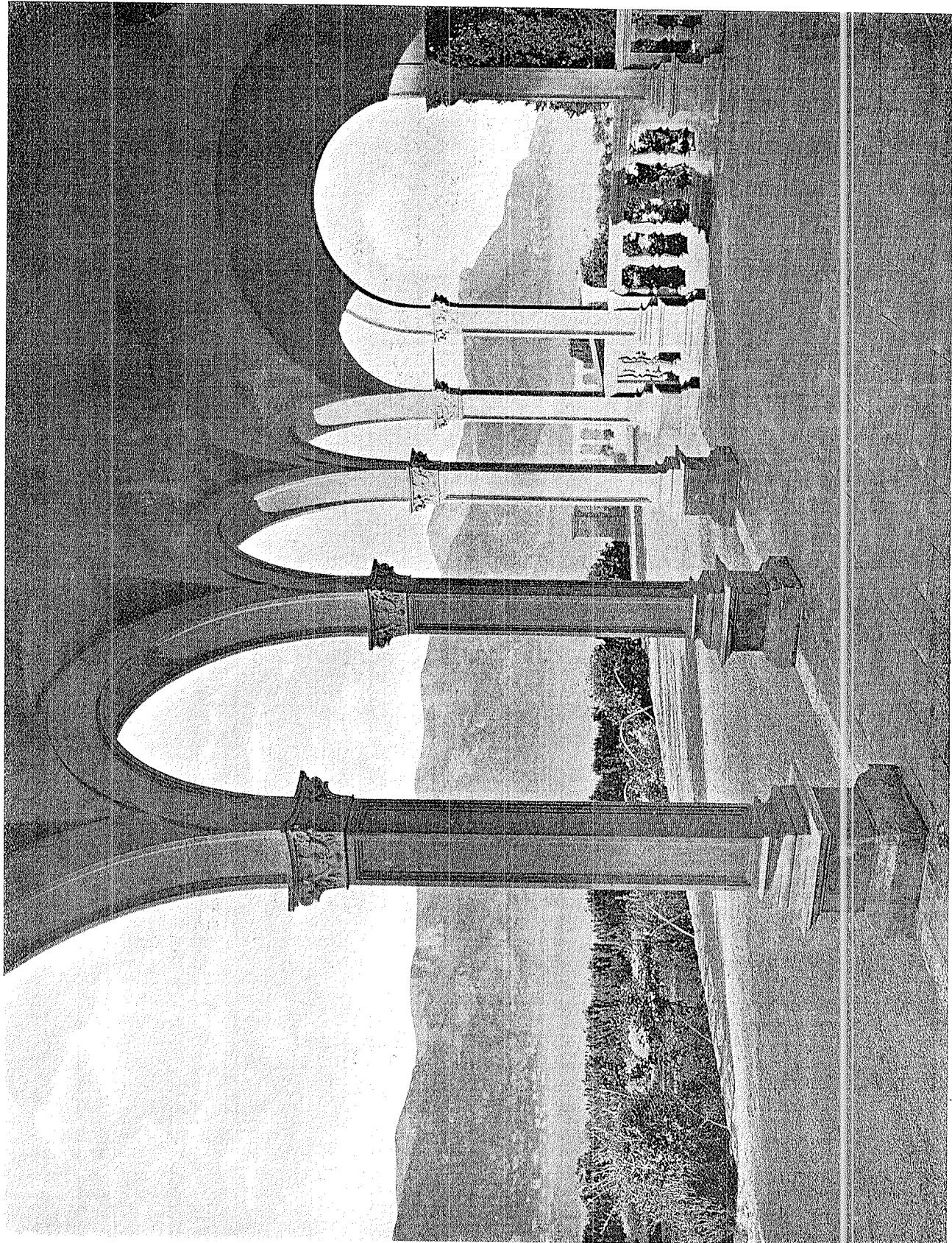


Copyright.

THE SQUIFFA FROM THE MIDDLE PLAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





LOOKING NORTH-EAST FROM THE SQUIFFA.

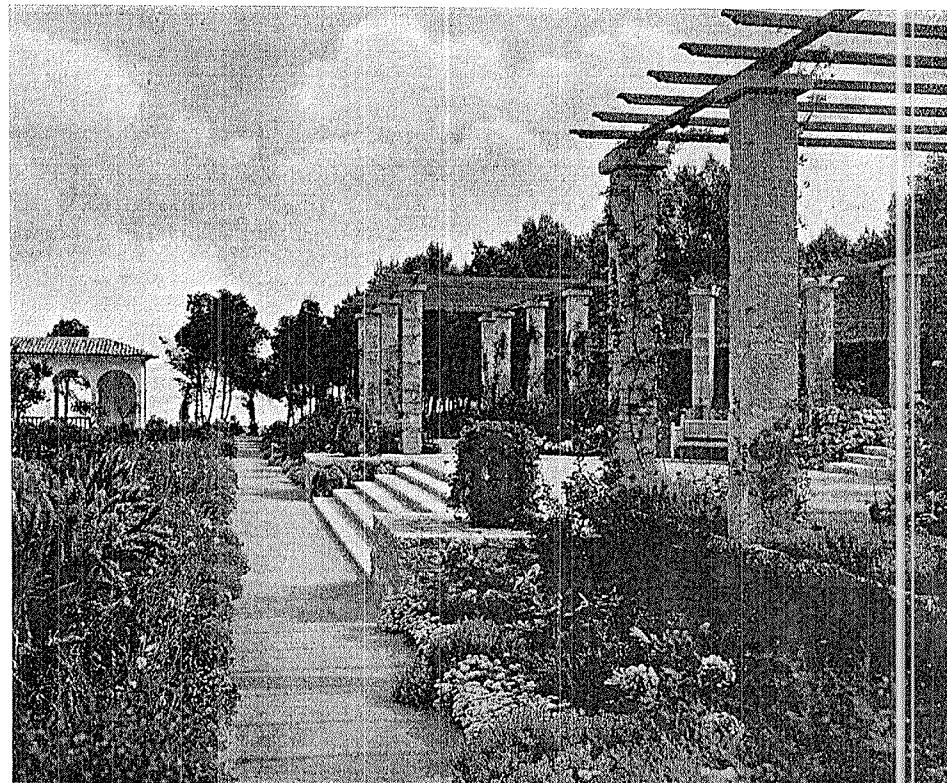
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright.

[March 30th, 1912.]

first question that arose was how to place the house and dispose the ground so as to ensure privacy without spoiling the outlook, and variety of incident without destroying the sense of amplexus. Mr. Peto excels in giving the best possible answer to such questions, and can turn—as he did at both Maryland and Villa Sylvia—what to the less experienced might appear the defect of a site into its most advantageous quality. At Villa Rosemary the problem was less difficult than in the other two cases, but, none the less, it required judgment to seize the right and avoid the wrong method of dealing with the natural lie.

The main slope was from the north-west towards the south-east, and the plot was a square stretching out to a sharp angle

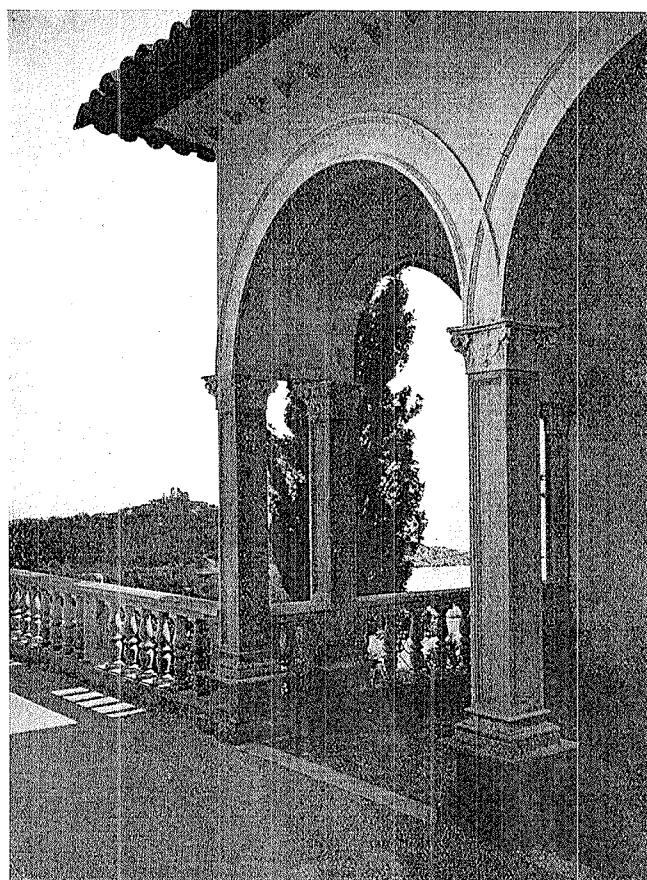


Copyright.

THE WALK BELOW THE PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

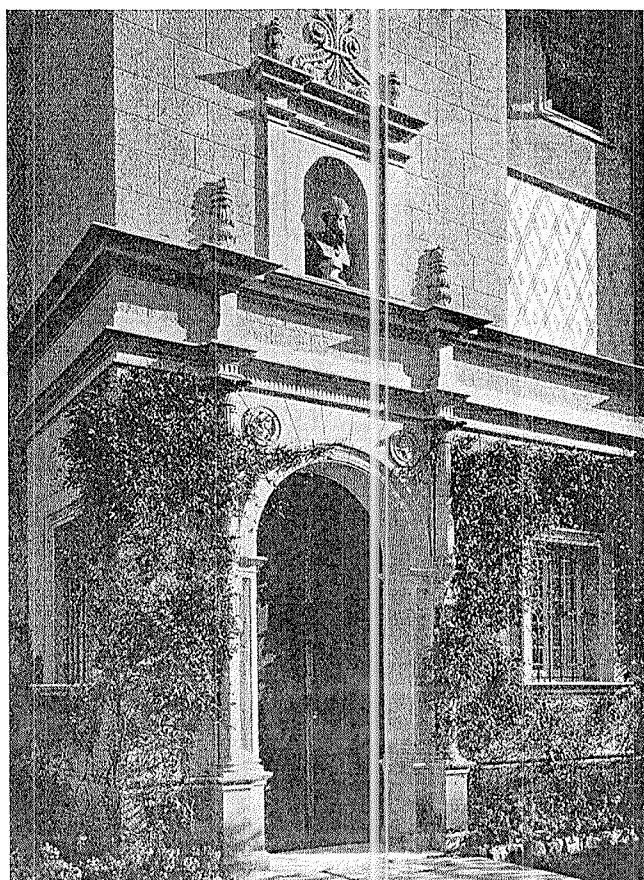
is led here both within and without doors. The chief material of the building is local in the strictest sense. It is the stone of which Cap Ferrat is formed, and has a fine marble-like hardness and surface, delightfully stained with that iron in the soil which gave its name to the promontory. This stone, used in rubble manner for the walling, but wrought in almost cyclopean fashion for the window arches, exposes its surface on the lower floor. But the whole of the upper portions of the house are treated with plaster, the material that has always prevailed along this littoral and in Italy, and is admirably suited for such climates. At Villa Rosemary the top coat is lighter in tone than the one beneath it, and, while still



LOOKING SOUTH-EAST ON TO STE. HOSPICE TOWER.

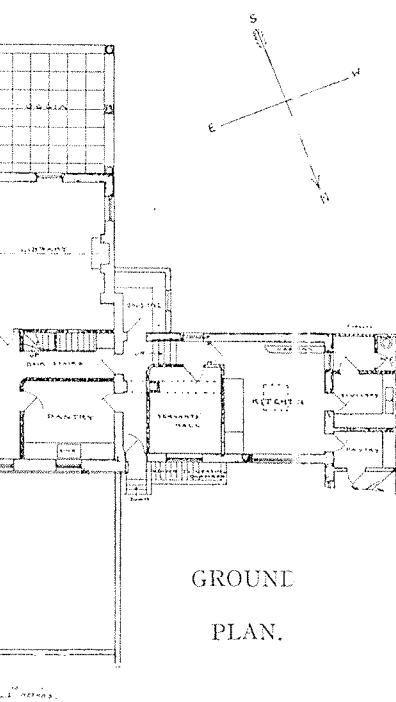
at the north-east corner. This gave the longest side towards the east, where the continuance of the slope made the view safe against obstruction. Mr. Peto placed the house as near the angle as the main block and its dependencies permitted. A narrow eastern terrace garden projects right up to the sharp

and from this the forecourt opens direct. This "court of the lemons" is about thirty feet deep, and opposite to its entrance is the porch, with fine architectural lines and delicate sculpturing, of which an illustration is given. It is the one feature of this elevation which is of a severe kind, pierced by no important window, and therefore in complete contrast with the south elevation, which is joyous with its liberal fenestration, its ample loggias and balconies, its broad, marble-paved terrace—all speaking of the social life that



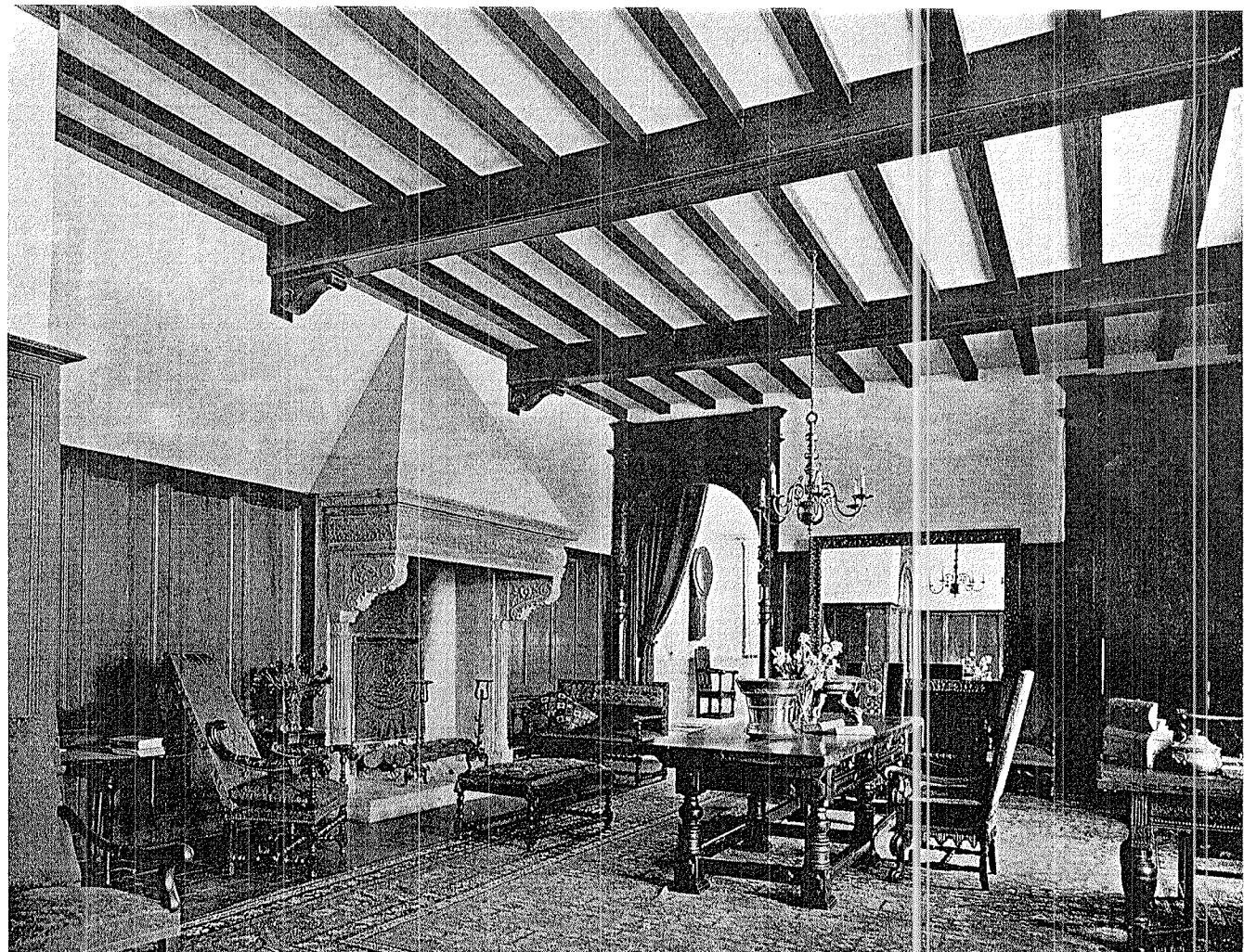
soft, it was roughly scratched into a diagonal patterning that gives to the whole surface a simple but effective decoration in the *graffiti* manner. Detail is given by the consoling of the sills of the windows, while their architraves are surmounted by entablatures that have a medallion head in the centre of each frieze panel. Corner pilasters support an upper entablature below the broad eaves of the tiled roof, while the elegant detail of the arch of the central balcony combines with the colonnades and balustrading of the loggias to give abundant richness and variety to the architectural composition without the least extravagance or confusion.

The house plan eliminates the drawing-room and thus allows of a very spacious sitting-hall—a stately room some twenty-four feet by thirty-six feet, with an archway opening on to the broad staircase of veined marble, a material very sympathetic to the conditions of life on these Southern shores, and there obtainable without prohibitive outlay. The hall itself has a beam and rafter ceiling, and plain, whitewashed walls above the walnut wainscoting. It is delightfully furnished, mostly with late seventeenth century pieces, and its most noticeable



GROUND  
PLAN.

was needed to mark the extremity of the lay-out. Here, then, he erected the long, open loggia known as the *Squiffa*, an idea adopted from old Moorish gardens, where it was usual to place such a building at the furthest end from the house. The sea to the south is seen through its double arcading. The corners are closed in for shelter, but the exquisite character of the views from the open sides to north and east is perfectly caught in two of the illustrations. The upright picture gives a corner of the squiffa in excellent detail, and beyond it is seen the rocky, timbered, pyramidal knoll that forms



Copyright.

THE HALL.

the south-eastern outlier of the St. Jean promontory, and on the summit of which rises the old tower of the St. Hospice. The long picture is taken from within the squiffa, and through its numerous arches, across an arm of the blue sea, is seen the bold outline of the *Alpes Maritimes* with their rich colouring of rock and vegetation, with little ancient hill villages posted on the spurs, and the great stretch of more modern settlements extending along the shore. It is only from such a promontory as that of Cap Ferrat that this glorious formation adequately unrolls itself before the delighted eye.

The squiffa is set on a little raised terrace of its own, and between that and the house are disposed three square gardens, rising above each other towards the house terrace. All are treated as formal plats—the outer ones simply treated with cross paths forming little quarters of grass, each centred by an orange tree. The middle plat is a flower garden, where there is a good deal of variety of shrub and herbaceous plant, but where especially the luxuriant growth and festal blooming of pink and crimson carnations attract attention. The soil of Cap Ferrat is that of the carnation *par excellence*. It is in great demand throughout the neighbourhood, but, as the deposit of it on the rock formation is thin, the demand is decidedly greater than the supply. Thus nurtured, the carnations of Villa



THE WILD GARDEN AT VILLA ROSEMARY.

Rosemary grow tall and vigorous, and beneath them Mr. Peto has broadly set an undergrowth of *Viola cornuta*, of which the cool grey-blue harmonises most pleasantly with the warmer tone of the carnations. From the west side of the central plat, broad steps of the local stone lead one up to the level of the long pergola that forms the division between the formal garden and the considerable area of hillside, set with ancient fir trees, that protects both terraces and formal gardens from much riotous wind and from the danger of overlooking neighbours. Here Mr. Peto has been able to leave most of the old pines that originally covered the whole area. But under their shade or in their openings he has grouped magnolias, myrtles and rose bushes, pink Japanese cherries, and an endless succession of flowering trees and bushes. Then, as seen in the picture, there is a carpeting of grey *gnaphalium* and *santolina*, of *iris* and other dwarf subjects, while over all trail creepers, among which the lovely blue *kennedyia* is conspicuous. In the midst of this wood a tennis ground has been cleared and levelled. Above this and between the western fringe of the wood and the public road the gardener's house, the garage and a little bit of nursery or vegetable ground have been accommodated. Thus, within the modest limits of the Villa Rosemary domain, everything may be found that conduces to both beauty and comfort. The general effect has not been spoilt by placing the house in the centre, approaching it by a dull carriage drive and curtailing the garden areas in all directions. Though near the road, the forecourt affords all privacy that is needed to a house that was carefully planned to have no important outlook in this direction.

Sitting on the marble terrace, on to which all four sitting-rooms open, and in the centre of which a little bronze boy spouts limpid water into a marble tank, the eye is carried step by step down the line of the three descending plats and up again to the squiffa terrace to revel in the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean Sea, seen through the pearly white arches. The pergola forms another delightful walk, its centre opening out as a semi-circle, on which are placed seats, looking immediately down upon the rich flower feast of the foreground, beyond which rises the amazingly diversified coast-line with the bold headland of the Tête du Chien outlined against the sky. Pass upwards through the pergola, and you feel yourself in one of Nature's secluded solitudes, so cleverly is the little bit of pine-wood disposed as a wild garden with shady corners.

The house itself has every modern convenience in combination with all the forms, materials and appurtenances that produced the beauty and charm of old Italian architecture and life. Mr. Arthur Cohen is to be congratulated on possessing a haven of exquisite beauty in which to take occasional refuge from the wintry storms of our northern clime. T.

## THE CALL OF THE RIVER.

**O**all sportsmen, the true fisherman is surely the most devoted, else he would not look forward with such keenness to the early spring salmon-fishing. True, if he be successful, his reward is great; but the hardships he endures from cold are, if anything, greater, at any rate, on the East Coast of Scotland. If he is able to fish the water from the bank, he is lucky; if it is boat-fishing, the difficulties he has to overcome are so much reduced that half the satisfaction of fishing is lost; if he has to wade in the icy stream, he will suffer, but will have his recompense. The first thing, therefore, of which to make sure is warmth; it is almost more important than tackle. The body is easy enough: clothes can and must be piled on, clothes impervious to biting winds; the feet and hands are the crux. As

to the feet, two pairs of thick stockings at least must be worn inside the waders; but these are no good if the waders or brogues are at all tight. It is best to have an extra large pair of brogues to be worn exclusively during spring wading, and another pair which fit more or less for summer wear. For the hands, wool or fur-lined gloves are necessary, but in addition a pair of loose mackintosh gloves, of the shape worn by infants, without separated fingers and with only a separate thumb, are a boon, especially in snowy weather. If the water be right, snowstorms and blizzards are welcomed, for salmon, as a rule, take best in the conditions of weather least pleasant to the fisherman. Only if there are grue, ice crystals which form in lumps on the bottom of the river in shallow water and float to the surface, is fishing of little use. In English salmon rivers, if there is snow-water coming down, fishing is said to be useless. It may be the case, but so many rules laid down by fishermen are fallacious that the probability is that this one is so likewise. At any rate, in Scotland, if one did not fish in snow-water there would be but little fishing in the early spring, and in Norway little ever. Not a few rules of fishing

have been evolved by the cunning and indolence of Scotch gillies. The writer has in mind a beat of a well-known river leased by a friend who had not then much experience. The rule as laid down was that it was no use fishing after four o'clock in the afternoon in summer. The gillies had, in fact, had enough of it by then, and liked to go home to the bosoms of their families. Why not? The writer, not wishing to disturb the arrangement, begged leave to continue fishing and gaff his own fish, fanny, after they had gone. He did so, and was amply rewarded. Now the order of the day is to begin fishing at four o'clock and continue till dark. However, it is idle to pursue the subject, as rules of fishing, like all others, are only made to be broken, though fish caught in breach of such rules are doubly prized. There are those, it is to be regretted, who prefer to spin with minnow or gudgeon to throwing the fly. We pass them by. The fly-fisher is the fisherman *par excellence*. He would be wise to have a spare rod in case one breaks. He should have a reel holding one hundred and twenty yards of line, forty of which should be double-tapered and whipped or spliced on to the rest, which is of thin "backing." He will do well to get good stout gut casts, two at least, of half single and half twisted gut. It is sound economy to have the single gut of the best, with the knots not too far apart, and to pay a good