



R. F. MARION CRAWFORD, after a long absence, returned to the United States some weeks ago, having been detained in Rome longer than expected by the death of his mother, Mrs. Terry, whose illness called him there, and where his wife is staying at present with Mr. Terry. Mrs. Terry married the sculptor Crawford when she was quite a young girl, and had, besides her talented son, two daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Fraser, is also distinguishing herself in the literary world of England. Mrs. Terry herself, who was Louisa Ward, was one of the most brilliant and charming women of her day, living for years in the old Palazzo Odescalchi, in Rome, which, especially after her second marriage, to Mr. Terry, became a rendezvous for all the talented and witty people of her generation. Artists, poets, litterateurs flocked to her Wednesdays, where she was fairly worshipped as she became a very old lady. Her two children by her second husband are Mrs. Winthrop Chanler and Arthur Terry, both living in New York.

Mr. Crawford married Miss Elizabeth Berdan, daughter of Gen. Berdan, who led a regiment of sharpshooters during the war, and one of whose inventions has been used ever since in United States Army rifles. They have four children, the youngest of whom are twins, a boy and a girl, and make Sorrento their home, although Mr. Crawford's affairs bring him frequently to America for the winter. While in this country he makes his headquarters at his publisher's, in Fifth Avenue. He leads a very quiet, industrious life here, seldom going into society except among intimate friends, and generally being at work by 8 o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Crawford last Summer purchased a pilot boat—the Ezra Nye—which he converted into a very charming little yacht, renamed the Alda. He engaged a crew, stocked his boat with provisions, took out his papers as sailing master, and, starting the early part of March, 1896, arrived at Sorrento after nine enjoyable weeks on the sea. The accompanying photograph shows him with his crew of Italian sailors. One of them, Luigi, has been with him fifteen years. The old man was dubbed St. Peter many years ago, owing to his likeness to the pictures of that Saint, and the name has stuck to him ever since, and his wife is known as the wife of St. Peter throughout Sorrento.

Mr. Crawford's villa is situated about the centre of the long line of cliffs which rise on the southern side of the Bay of Naples to the height of about 200 feet. The land stretches back from the top of these cliffs, rising gradually to the foot of the spur of the mountain which forms the Peninsula of Sorrento. A triangular plain is thus formed, the northern side of which is made by the cliffs, the southeastern side by a rugged and bare mountain, rising about 1,800 feet from the sea, and the southwestern side by



F. MARION CRAWFORD AND HIS CREW OF ITALIAN SAILORS.

a lower mountain, which extends to the Capo di Sorrento and the Campanella.

The villa is a square house of three stories, with a terrace about fifteen feet in width extending the full length of the sea side. On the eastern side Mr. Crawford has added a large octagonal tower, which serves as a stairway from the top of the house down to the sub-cellar. Both the cellar and sub-cellar are partly cut into the rock and have windows on the face of the cliff. A "calata," or descent, leads down to the water's edge through a chasm which separates Mr. Crawford's garden from his neighbor's to the east. At the foot of the "calata," where the yacht and boats are moored, the water is so deep close to the cliffs that a large vessel can easily land. The little steamer plying between Naples, Sorrento, and Capri disappears entirely from view as she passes the cliffs.

The villa is reached by a narrow driveway about 400 yards long. On either side of this rises a stone wall nearly ten feet high, covered with vines and creepers. The

house itself has the large rooms which distinguish all Italian villas, with long French windows opening on the terraces. There is a porte cochère, and you go up a few stone steps into a vestibule, on the right of which is the large, square dining room, with its walls hung with dark-blue sailcloth and decorated with silverware. From the dining room you go out on to a Moorish terrace, which connects with the terrace on the front of the house by a balcony leading around the tower. This Moorish terrace is used in hot weather instead of the dining room.

The drawing room is entered from the end of the vestibule, and communicates with the dining room. The floor is covered with matting, and there are a great many beautiful rugs, collected by Mr. Crawford in Constantinople just before his marriage, which took place in that city. There are also a great many other Eastern articles—silver, embroideries, &c.—and the portraits of Mr. Crawford's father, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, and his mother, painted by Page, in the forties.

The drawing room faces on the terrace overlooking the Bay of Naples, with Mount Vesuvius almost opposite and the ancient Bayae to the left. The horizon line from Vesuvius to this point is very similar to the line of the Brooklyn Bridge. To the left of the drawing room, occupying the remainder of the front of the house, is the library, the four walls of which are entirely covered with books. The nucleus of this library was left to Mr. Crawford by his uncle, the late Sam Ward, but it has been greatly added to. The beautifully carved bookcases, reaching to the ceiling, which is very high, were bought by Mr. Crawford from the Massimo family, and were in the Vatican at the time of the Pope of that family.

On the left of the vestibule a flight of marble stairs leads to the upper stories. Mr. Crawford has his own den, or working-room, at the top of the house, occupying the space on the third story directly over the drawing room. He has had the doors of this apartment padded, so that domestic sounds may not disturb his thoughts. He is often seen accompanied on his walks by two enormous Danish hounds, who are great pets with his children. In this beautiful villa the greater number of his famous stories of Italian life have been written, most of the plots of which are founded on fact.

The portrait of Mrs. Crawford, by Lenbach, of which the accompanying is a photograph, was taken about five years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were spending the Summer near Munich. Mrs. Crawford has beautiful coloring and a quantity of wavy, golden hair. Her eyes are dark, and she is a woman who would command attention anywhere. Lenbach's best paintings are his portraits of Bismarck, of Pope Leo XIII., and of other men prominent in the contemporaneous history of Europe. His portraits of women are interesting and comprise the most beautiful women in the society of Italy and Germany, but do not compare in artistic merit with those of men, whose force and character he depicts with particular aptness.

Mr. Crawford has been studying the history of Rome in the Middle Ages from the romantic point of view, and will shortly publish a book on this subject. He is at present giving a series of talks based on his researches in various parts of the country, under the management of Major Pond, and with his intimate knowledge of Rome and the Romans he renders his tales and anecdotes very real.

MRS. F. MARION CRAWFORD.
From the Painting by Lenbach.