

**Unpublished biography of Richard Morris Hunt  
Written by his widow Catherine Clinton Howland Hunt,  
between 1895 and 1909**

**Manuscript pages from Binder 4 of 4**

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## Introductory Notes

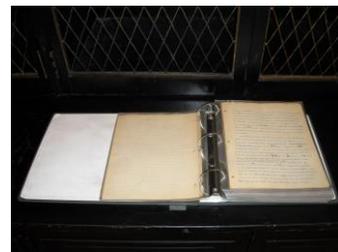
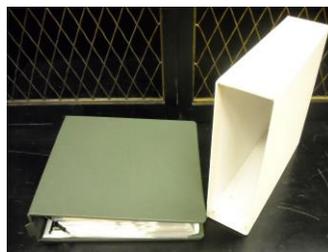
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These photographs show the original manuscript's Binder 1 of 4 in its special housing.



Empire style, like that of the pavillon Marsau, facing the rue de Rivoli. Although Visconti was a man of great merit, it was, in my opinion a Godsend to France that he was replaced by M. Lefuel, because Visconti's work was not fairly representative of French architecture. When Lefuel was asked to undertake the work he made it a condition of acceptance that he should have a 'bureau des études' and that the work should be carried out in the French style, taking as a guide the petit façade of the Louvre. But there were great difficulties in the way of completion of certain portions of the works. Thousands of men were employed whom it would not have been politic to dismiss, and everything had to be driven; the épannelage had to be carried up according to Visconti's designs, and while that was being carried up, the bureau des études was engaged in working out a totally different design. I merely allude to this because there was one fault, I thought, in the pavillon de la Bibliothèque, opposite the Palais Royal, namely, that the Ionic order on the second story was a little slim. The reason of that was that they could not get anything more out of it. What they wished to have there, was the Ionic order of Philibert de L'Orme, which was that of the old Tuileries, but the épannelage, having gone up in the shape in which it had gone, there was not sufficient stone left for the borders which Philibert de L'Orme would have introduced. The order was, therefore, a bit slim, though it was not the fault of M. Lefuel, who wanted to correct the defect by introducing marble bands such as Philibert de L'Orme used in the old Tuileries. But I am, perhaps becoming too tedious with

these historic points. Since I have known that I was to be the recipient of the Gold Medal, I have felt, frankly, that I have been too much favored as a follower of my profession. It is true that I have worked in it for now forty nine years, but at the same time I have, perhaps, received too many compliments and decorations. I will however excuse the Institute for having been the medium of presenting me with the Gold Medal, but since I have had to receive the honor-- and there is no honor that I would esteem more highly--I do not think that the time of its presentation could have been better selected than in the present quadricentenary of America, which is being celebrated in the large exhibition buildings prepared for the World's Fair at Chicago. Then followed a description of the Fair buildings by R--.

We went to Paris on the 21st, so you see how much was crowded into those ten days of great heat and atmospheric changes, and it is not to be wondered that the reaction should have come. After a few days of busy work in Paris, where two of his clients, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Ogden Goelet, were making demands upon him, and where there were many appointments to be kept with art dealers, from whom he was making purchases of interiors and boiserie for his clients.

He had the pleasure of one of the Institute dinners, and one with Paul Sedille, when we all went to Sceaux Robinson by train, but it was the last straw, and a violent cold brought on a very bad attack of gout. After a few days, Dr. Faure Miller advised us strongly to move to St. Germain, and to go at once. It was a drive of great suf-

fering, and we arrived at the Pavillon Henri Quatre, where we found rooms reserved for us on the ground floor, where the fires had not been lit as directed, and it was cold and damp. As he was unable to walk, and refused to be carried up stairs in spite of our entreatise, we had to stay there, for as big fires as the small French chimney permits were immediately made. The next day the sun shone, and the aspect of things had changed. We stayed there for ten days, I going backwards and forwards to get the doctor's directions. We were booked to sail on the 23<sup>rd</sup> <sup>of July</sup>, and it seemed as if the constant worrying for fear we might not be able to do so, aggravated his condition. The question of how he was to get back to Paris, was equally distressing, but was solved by the happy thought that we could, perhaps, engage a whole car and come in by tramway, having a carriage meet us at the Paris terminus, which took us down the smooth roadway of the Champs Elysee to the Hotel Continental. There we had a great big salon on the corner. His old friend Mr. James Carter was at the hotel with the Edward Phelps in the interests of the fisheries boundary.

We had a few days of rest and quiet at the Hotel Barclay in London, and sailed for home on the 23rd of July. We went directly to Newport, where Kitty and Livingston were waiting for us. The gout, which still kept him in its clutches, prevented his returning to New York to the office, but we went down to see Dr. Janeway in consultation, who strongly advised a course of sulphur baths at Sharon, where we went at once taking one of the little cottages attached to the hotel. The Herman Livingstons had the adjoining one, and Anna did much to relieve the tedium of his stay. The course at the baths did not relieve him very much, and we returned to Newport the second week in September, staying over in New York for a few days en route, that he might go over the work at the office.

Chartran, the French portrait painter, came with Oliver Belmont to see R-- being anxious to paint his portrait. He had just finished a very successful portrait of Mr. August Belmont, and Oliver, as well as some of R--'s other friends, were very desirous that he should paint one of R--, but his personality was extremely distasteful to R--, and he politely but firmly refused.

We moved to New York the end of September so that he might be in close touch with the office, and Dr. William H. Draper became his physician.

R--'s nephew, Clyde Hunt, was married to Mrs. Dickie on the 4th of October. The wedding breakfast was at the Holland House, and R-- had a flash of his old spirits and was as gay and debonnaire as if he had never had a day suffering in his life. On the 10th of Octo-

ber Esther and I went to Chicago with him, meeting Joe, who had pre-  
ceded us. Mr. Burnham assigned to us a great room on the second  
floor of the Building for the Administration of Works. The hospi-  
tal was at the other end under the same roof. Two bath rooms open-  
ed out of the large central room, at one end of which our sleeping  
apartments were fenced apart by hospital screens. Our dining room  
was in the middle, and the other end, where there was a big open fire  
place, was our reception room. We had a colored servant assigned to  
us, and our meals were brought in from the hospital kitchen. Mr  
and Mrs. Frank Stockton were stationéd in quarters near by, so we  
asked them to join our party for meals. Mr. Stockton was a very  
quiet, rather depressed, little man, and she a stout motherly person,  
who had the effect of putting him in his high chair and tying a  
napkin under his chin. They were a most devoted and inseperable  
couple. The management also placed an electric launch at our dis-  
posal, but we almost lived in the rolling chairs <sup>in</sup> which Joe's strong  
arms pushed his father <sup>^</sup> from morning to night. Jarvis Hunt was there  
too, having designed the Vermont Building, and just established him-  
self professionally in Chicago. We were there, altogether, ten days,  
which included Manhattan Day, when we all, with the addition of Mr.  
McKim, Judge Howland, and Joe's chum, Cam Forbes, went to see "Buffalo  
Bill" and his Rough Riders of the World. Joe still always at the  
rudder of the rolling chair. I wish I could remember more details  
of this visit, of the people who came in to see him, and what they  
said and did, but I was so distracted by anxiety and the fear that



Harry Codman. 1893.

[This plate reproduced in color at the end of the document]



R-- would do too much, that all of the main circumstances have escaped me; but there was one moonlight night when the Court of Honor was illuminated, that the beauty surpassed anything seen before or since, and the realization of what his influence had done to bring about the conception and the unity of those wonderful buildings, impressed itself upon us all. "Any reference to the Columbian Exposition, no matter how brief," Mr. Daniel H. Burnham writes in the official guide book, "would be incomplete without some mention of the names of John W. Root and Henry Sargent Codman. Two names linked together in the tenderest memories of his associates. Mr. Root's skillful hands drew the plan of laying out buildings, and upon "Harry" Codman fell the general arrangement of the landscape gardening, which worked its magic in the grounds of the great Fair. There are two columns east of the Administration Building, and between them rolls the cascade of the Columbia Fountain; each column bears a name, upon one, that of John W. Root, upon the other, Henry Sargent Codman. One of these men laid down his work when it had scarcely begun, leaving the first sketches of his brilliant plan; the other passed away with the result of his almost finished labors bright before him." R-- was particularly attached to Codman, and his death was a terrible shock. He was exceptionally talented and thoroughly in love with his work. He studied in Paris with André, and had been associated with R-- at Biltmore, where, under Olmstead, he superintended the elaborate system of parks and forests. He resumed his work when he had barely recovered from an operation for appendicitis,

and so overtaxed himself that a second operation was found necessary on the 12th of January, 1893. Mr. Burnham and Mr. F. D. Millet left him quietly resting in the evening, but later in the night his condition changed, and he died in the early morning.

The Inland Architect in an article in the autumn of 1895, thus speaks of R--'s connection with the Columbian Exposition: "Chicago has more cause than any other city, even New York, his home, to regret the death of Hunt. To Hunt, more than any other one mind, is due the credit for the conception of the Court of Honor of the World's Fair. In the marvelous beauty of that acme of American Architecture, Hunt displayed all of the purity of style, that thorough education and masterly skill that forty years ago earned him fame as the greatest American artist that ever graduated from the architectural schools of France, and which had later been tempered and refined by over a generation of experience and constant practice.

In the building of the World's Fair, Hunt was the mainstay of the Board of Architects who had been intrusted with that mighty task. He was the dean of the board, and every member of the board looked up to him with the greatest respect and confidence. When the planning of the Court of Honor began, the board held daily meetings for three weeks. Hunt presided at all these assemblages. Each architect had designed that building which he was to build after an especial style. It was to Hunt that all the plans were submitted, and to him that we all looked to harmonize the conflicting personalities in the various styles of architecture, and bring them into

that condition of architectural unity which finally found such marked expression in the grand Court of Honor.

He gave much needed hints about our plans, reconciled our proportions, fired the laggards with some of his own ceaseless energy and enthusiasm. The most magnificent triumph of Architecture in Jackson Park was his own individual creation. That was the Administration Building, one of the monumental structures of the century.

Almost immediately after our return from the Exposition, our dear Esther had typhoid fever, and indeed Dr. Draper thought she must have had walking typhoid during our stay there.

The contract for the Fogg Museum at Cambridge was signed on the 20th of November with Norcross Bros. There were alterations to the Plaza bank, conservatory at Biltmore, and buildings in the village under way. A ballroom for Mr. Heber R. Bishop; studies for the interiors of The Breakers, Newport; sarcophagus for Mr. Elliot F. Shepard, and a monument for the Ledyard family. Dick had charge of some building for Mr. Thomas Hitchcock at Westbury, and the villa at Tuxedo for Richard Mortimer, also a residence for Mrs. Josephine Schmid, corner of Fifth avenue and 62nd st, of which his father was very proud.

At the exhibition of the Architectural League of 1893, a departure was made by including decorative work in iron and bronze, glass and textile manufactures as employed by architects, and at the League dinner R-- made an enthusiastic speech saying, among other things: "By the Great Cesar, if this country doesn't take up art, we'll

make it, we'll educate it, we'll show it what a great and glorious thing it is." The Springfield Republican in its report of the dinner says: "Well, nobody can say that Mr. Hunt has not done his part in that direction. His Administration Building, the center of the "White City," where all was glorious, must have brought Art home to all that were susceptible to it."

R-- was made a member of the Società Architettura et Amicitia of Amsterdam. This honor came through the American Institute of Architects, to whom the Holland Society wrote that they wished to confer the honor of a Corresponding Member upon the most prominent of the members of the A.I.A., and R-- was unanimously elected by the Board of Trustees.

1894

R--'s intimacy with Joseph H. Choate dates from his boyhood in Boston, and to him he naturally turned for help whenever it became necessary for him to have legal advice, and we almost always dined with him on his birthday, as <sup>we</sup> did this year, the 24th of January. At the end of February R-- spent a week at Biltmore, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones and her daughter Beatrix being of the party. On their return home, he stopped over in Washington as usual, but it must have been on Institute business rather than personal, as the Observatory was finished.

On the 8th of March he was staying with the Brimmers again in Boston, and with Mr. McKim and St. Gaudens, was consulting about Trinity Church, called there by the Vestry to judge the designs that had been sent in for the alterations.

The Fogg Museum was also claiming his attention, and Mr. Edward Hooper, who was the chairman of the building committee, came to New York constantly to consult him. The site selected was unfortunate, and there was some criticism about the building itself, which annoyed R-- extremely as he felt it to be quite unjustifiable. His relations with the building committee were most harmonious, but the main trouble seems to have been that they attempted to get a museum and a large lecture room out of an expenditure which was only adequate for the erection of one or the other. As usual, the architect was blamed for the impossibility of producing satisfactory results with an insufficient appropriation. Mr. Charles Elliott Norton's crit-

icisms were most severe, but on being pinned down by Mr. Hooper and Mr. Brimmer of the building committee, as to his real cause of complaint of the lecture room in which he delivered the first course of lectures, said: "Well, there is no good place to leave your umbrella and india rubbers!" There had been some complaints of the acoustic properties, perhaps because Mr. Norton's voice was not strong enough to fill so large a lecture room.

R-- was much interested in a plan to establish an Arts & Crafts Society, which would hold exhibitions in succeeding years, in the different large cities. The project died out at the time, but there have been since two exhibitions held at Copley Hall in Boston, of great interest. He was also consulted about this time in regard to a National League for the protection of American Industries.

The Thursday Evening Club held a mock trial at Judge Howland's, which was so clever an entertainment that it deserves to be mentioned. It was entirely impromptu, just a sketch of the proceedings being furnished to each participant when he arrived at the house. R-- took part, being rather unwillingly persuaded to do so, but entered into the spirit of it as soon as he was called as a witness. It was a breach of promise suit brought by a landlady (Mrs. William H. Draper as the Irish landlady) against one of her boarders, a young commercial traveler, Prescott Hall Butler, and the other boarders were called as witnesses. R-- took the part of an old contractor. James Russell Soley was the Judge, and Judge Howland and Mr. Choate appearing for the complainant and defendant. There was a mixed jury of

equally distinguished men and women, as one lawyer remarked; "for the first and only time".

The Municipal Art Society of New York was organized in 1892. "Its aim was to provide adequate sculptural and mural decorations for public buildings and parks in the city of New York, and to promote in every way the beautifying of its streets and public places." R-- was greatly interested in the development of the idea and he was elected first president, for the reasons set forth in the Resolutions which the society passed in 1895. "What chiefly gave us a claim upon his attention and led him to accept a task which included the supervision of many branches of art not in the immediate line of his professional studies, was the intelligent and eager interest that he took in every manifestation of taste and skill and the generous public spirit which he threw himself into every movement calculated either to promote the education and training of artists, or to bring the public to a fuller appreciation of their work. The weight of his name and example has been invaluable to this society which will always remain deeply indebted to him."

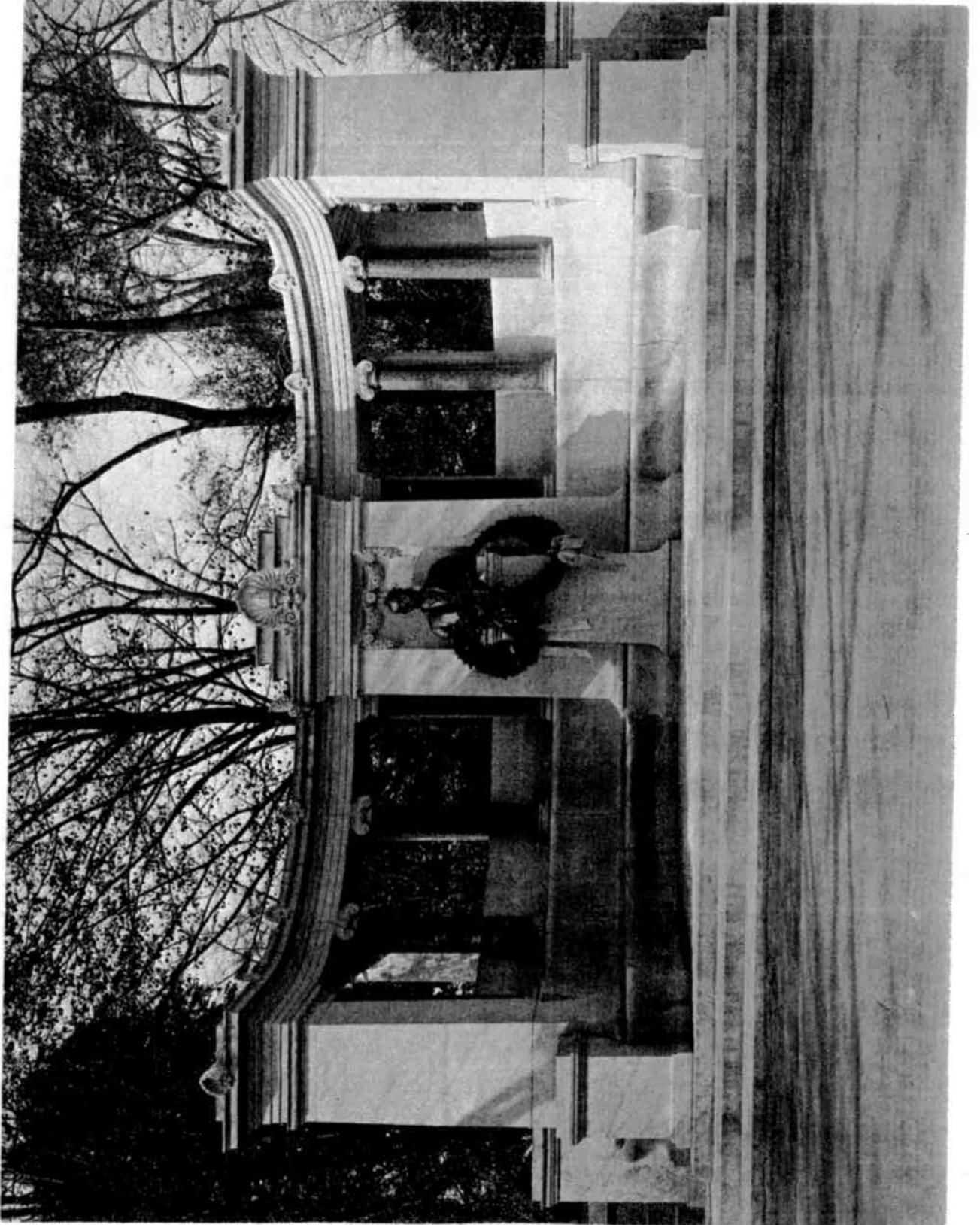
The first accomplishment of the society was the placing of allegorical paintings by Mr. Edward Simmons in the court room of the Criminal Courts Building. Mr. Simmons came on to Newport to consult with R-- when his sketches of the proposed work were completed. R-- had great admiration for his talent and his personality carried everything before it. Chauncey Depew once described R-- as the most picturesque swearer in America, as Simmons is certainly the most pic-

turesque talker, and R-- used to tell a story about two old brothers connected with his family, one of whom was very profane and the other extremely pious, of whom a third said: "John swears and James prays and they neither of them mean any thing by it."

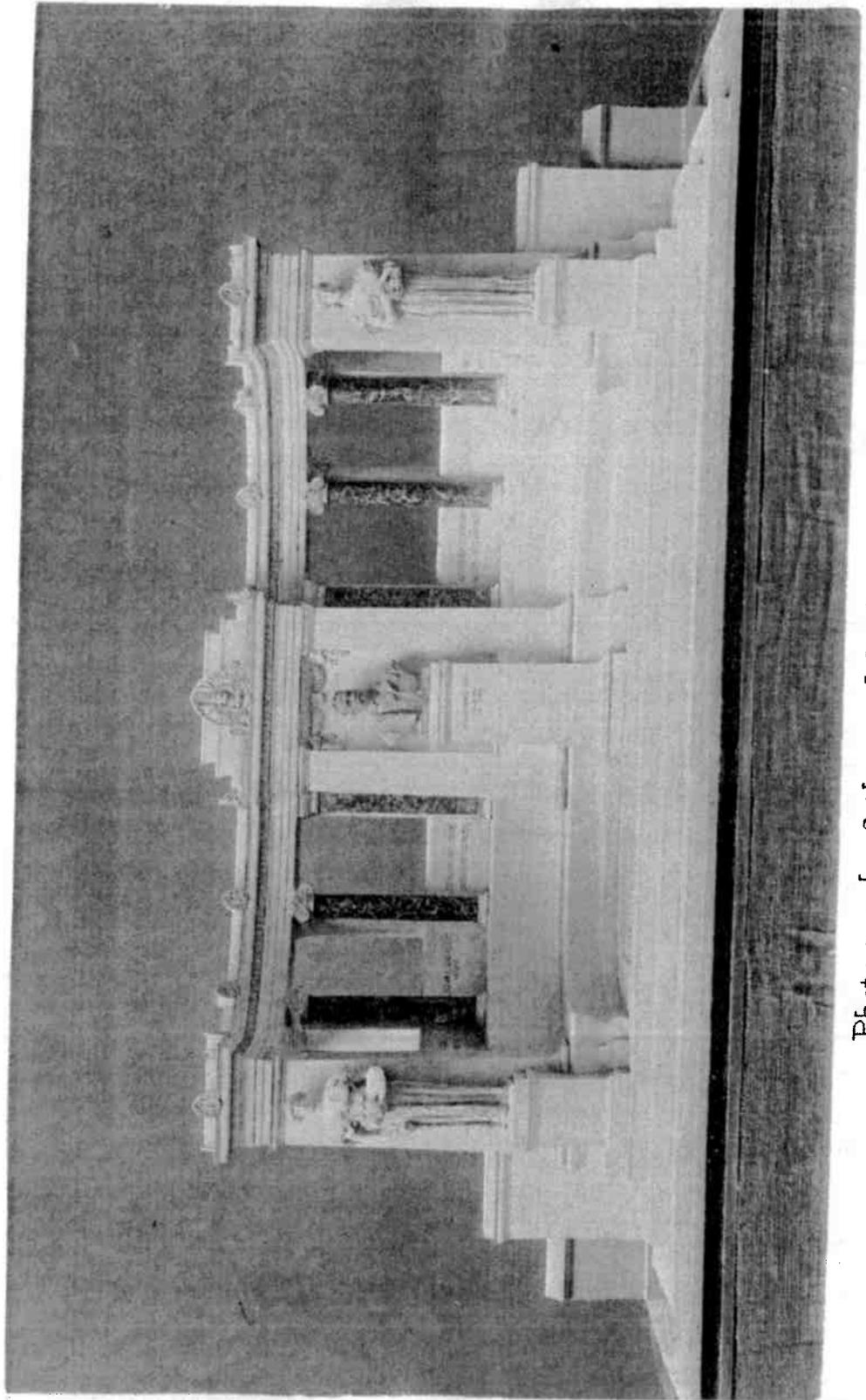
Following a suggestion of the Municipal Art Society to erect "a memorial to their distinguished confrere," the Architectural League; the New York chapter of the A.I.A.: the National Sculptor Society: the Society of the Beaux-Arts: the Century Association: the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art: National Academy of Design: the Society of American Artists: the Society of Art Artisans: and the American Water Color Society formed a joint committee, of which Mr. George Post was chairman, and Mr. Hamilton Bell secretary, with the result of the beautiful memorial, the joint work of Mr. Bruce Price, architect, and Mr. Daniel Chester French, sculptor.

Efforts were made to have the memorial take the form of one of the entrances to the Central Park, following the lines of the gates designed by R-- in 1864; but there was opposition to this suggestion, and the site finally selected was on Fifth avenue facing the Lenox Library. That great achievement which was voted by architects all over the country, in a newspaper canvass, to be the finest example of classical architecture in America, and carries out Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's admirable saying: "Architecture is a long lived art, and should therefore satisfy and not startle."

The execution of the plan adopted was intrusted to the executive committee of the Municipal Art Society, which acted as a sub-



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Photograph of the model of the memorial.

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Daniel Chester French  
Sculptor

committee of the Hunt Memorial Committee. The Memorial takes the form of an exedra in somewhat free treatment of the Grecian-Ionic style. The bust is bronze, and of heroic size; and at each end are two allegorical figures of Architecture and Sculpture. Beneath the bust is the inscription which sums up what Richard Morris Hunt stood for in the community and in the hearts of his brother artists.

To Richard Morris Hunt

Oct. 31st, 1828

July 31st, 1895.

In recognition of his services to the  
cause of Art in America, this memorial  
was erected in 1898 by the Art Societies  
of New York.

In the three panels on each side are the names of the Art Societies named above.

The unveiling of the Memorial took place on the anniversary of his birthday, October 31st, 1898 at four o'clock. The ceremonies were very simple. Mr. George B. Post, president of the A.E.A. and the Fine Arts Federation, presented the it to the city, and in a brief address referred to the honors achieved by H--, to his notable works, and to his recognition by Germany, France, England and Italy, and that he had founded a school of architecture in this country in 1858 as a pioneer, and was the first American to be honored by the award of the Paris Beaux-Arts medal.

Mr. Randolph Guggenheimer received it for the city, saying:

"Here the unfading inspiration of the dead architect can speak to the future generations in the words of a famous French epitaph:

"If you seek my monument look around you!"

Mr. Clausen who represented the Park Commissioners said: "The distinguished services of the artist architect, in whose memory this memorial has been erected, is a monument not only to Richard Morris Hunt, but to the great profession which he loved so well, adorned so highly, and to the progress and glory of which, he contributed so much."

Two beautiful wreaths were placed on the pedestal of the bust, one by the Institute of American Architects, and the other by the Art Artisans; and as the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington read the following sentences: I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are they dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them; and pronounced the benediction, a ray from the setting sun illuminated the wreaths and fell upon the bust.

The bust was unveiled by his eldest grandson, Richard C. Hunt, the oldest son of Richard Howland Hunt. It was cast by the Henry Bonnard Co, who asked the sculptor, Mr. French, to be allowed the privilege of casting the bust without charge to the committee, and said: "We would feel very badly to see this work go elsewhere, as Mr. Hunt was our first stockholder in 1882, and one of our best friends. We make this offer out of respect to the memory of Mr. Hunt."

The American Academy at Rome was opened under the superintendence of Mr. Austin W. Lord, on the first of November 1894, in temporary quarters in the Palazzo Torlonia. It was founded after the pattern of The French Academie, established about 1650, to which the Institute of France accords the Prix de Rome, the difference being that the French Academie is supported by the government, and the American by subscriptions from patrons of art. It was then moved to the Villa delle Aurora. The beneficiaries of the scholarship receive one thousand dollars a year for four years, and are entitled to a studio and lodging where they must live and work, and they are also obliged to devote a year of this time to travel in France, Italy and Greece.

The School of Architecture was installed in October in the year 1895. The first meetings took place in R--'s office at 1 Madison Square, and Mr. William R. Ware, who was interested from the start, writes me that "Mr. Hunt more than anyone else should be credited with having started the whole enterprise," and I find entries in R--'s note book of many meetings with Messrs Burnham, McKim and Ware in his own office and at the Century Club, where they discussed the conditions that should govern the enterprise. Their object was to enable American students of Architecture, who had passed with honor through leading technical schools of this country, or who had spent two years in the École des Beaux-Arts, to develop their powers more fully under favorable conditions of historical and classical environment. He was largely influential, not only in obtaining subscriptions, but in forming rules and regulations for its future guidance,

and he went to Baltimore to consult with the Peabody Institute, the members of which were trustees of the William H. Rinehart fund, which was to provide for the education of two sculptors in Rome, in order to have the bequest merged into the Roman Academy. Indeed early in July of the next year, the last day in fact that R-- was able to hold continuous conversation, he had two long interviews with Mr. Charles McKim in the morning room at Newport, talking over the best methods on which to conduct this far distant educational work. R-- was very weak, but so much interested that it gave him momentary strength. I sat at the desk taking notes and writing from them a long letter to Mr. Ware, who had taken some steps without consultation, of which neither of them approved. It was the last day R-- sat up all day. I make these statements because the reports of the Roman Academy are very vague, and all mention of his connection with the establishment of the American Academy at Rome has been ignored in the meagre reports to which I have had access. It is generally understood as the enterprise of one man, so to speak, who certainly has generously done much for its advancement and support. Professor William R. Ware appears to have been the first chairman, and on his resignation R-- became the head of the Board. The whole scheme started from a plan of Mr. John Armstrong Chanler to establish traveling scholarships for all branches of art, and he came to R-- in the very beginning to seek his advice; this must have been in 1890-91. A constitution was adopted in May 1897. In 1905 Congress passed a law incorporating the Academy, thus giving it a national character, but it

has continued to rely upon private munificence. The Villa delle  
Aurora proving too small for all these allied art interests, in No-  
vember 1894, Mr. Henry Walters of Baltimore, generously purchased the  
Villa Mirafiora, where it now owns its own home.

Joe sailed for Europe on the 26th of May for a tour in Italy,  
~~fax x fax~~ "personally conducted" by Professor Hamlin of Columbia  
University. His father greatly delighted in the descriptive letters  
he sent back.

There was another visit to the Fogg Museum and Mt. Auburn on  
the 12th of May, and ~~as~~ R--, as usual, stayed with the Brimmers, and  
writes home: "The only drawback to my visits, is that Martin and I  
sit up half the night talking, a habit very pernicious but very re-  
munerative." Martin Brimmer was R--'s ideal of a cultivated gentleman,  
and the attachment between them was real and strong; beginning in their  
boyhood, when they coasted down the steep streets of Boston together,  
continuing through the student days in Paris, in fact throughout  
their lives, and in Martin Brimmer's last illness, R--'s photograph,  
in a little silver frame like mine, <sup>id</sup> ~~layed~~ on the bed beside him.  
He had led every public spirited movement in Boston for over half  
a century, giving of his time and money, and in spite of his delicacy  
of body, for he was lame, no comrade of his youth, and no witness of  
his maturer life ever accused him of lack of courage, decision or  
perseverance. He was a trustee of Harvard University for nearly  
thirty years, a keen lover of art, with knowledge of it, he was the  
founder of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, convinced of the benefit



Martin Brimmer.

[This plate reproduced in color at the end of the document]



and pleasure it would be to all classes. He had a perfect temper, a sweet and serene disposition, and all classes in Boston felt a personal loss in his death. His large inherited fortune made him free from private cares, and he dedicated himself to the commonwealth. He married Marianne Tirmins, a sweet and lovely woman, whose enthusiasm went hand in hand with his; and in Mrs. Sarah Whitman, artist, critic, poet, the counterpart in a woman of what he was as a man, he found congenial and devoted companionship. A memorial sermon preached in Trinity Church on January 6th, 1896, concludes: "With you I join in thanking God for the good example of that gentle spirit, that strong character, that noble unselfishness, that rare refinement, which, for three score and six years shown undimmed in the life of God's soldier, servant and saint-- Martin Brimmer --."

To M.B.

The mask of life is fallen. Behold the man.  
 Such was he and so is. How easily  
 Do all the accidents of earth drop off;  
 And as they fall---the Immortality---  
 The soul departs to---shines through the clay.

---

Severe, calm, dominant: a general  
 Frail, yet the very manifest of Power.  
 A look of life-- long conquest in his brow;  
 Christ militant! Thy soldier as he lies,  
 Not for our eyes, this bearing, but for Thine. S.W.



Catharine Howland Hunt  
Livingston Hunt, Jr.



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Twice more, in August and November, they were together, and from the last visit R-- joined me at Pomfret, where Herbert was at school, with the beginning of an attack of his old enemy from which he had been free for some months.

In June he made a visit to Kitty, who was settled in her new home at 1709 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, and with McKim, Peabody and Burnham, had an interview with Secretary of the Treasury, the Supervising Architect, and appeared before the committee of the House of Representatives to urge the claims of the general profession in regard to the apportionment of public work.

We put the little cottage at 108 Church Street in order for Kitty, and there her baby boy was born on the 12th of August, at thirty five minutes past five.

Mr. William E. Peck had been to talk over the plans with R-- for the new school at Pomfret, to which Herbert followed him. His connection with St. Marks terminated on Class Day of this year, and we went on to it with Esther, and then on to Charles Sargents at Brookline so that Esther might go to Harvard Class Day.

There was plenty to keep R-- busy in Newport this summer, with both the "Breakers" and the Ogden Goelet house, and as neither of these ladies practised the courtesy to which R-- hitherto had been uniformly accustomed, he chafed under their unconscious rudeness, and it made the work occasionally trying, not only for him but for their husbands. The other events of the summer included a visit that R-- made, on McKim's request, to Madison to see the Twombly place

then building. R-- criticised the way the house was placed, and the approach to it, in which Mr. Burnett, with whom they passed the night, agreed with him. Always perfectly frank when asked for criticism, when A.T. Stewart asked him once what he thought of his newly constructed house on the north west corner of Fifth avenue and thirty-fourth st., and referred to it as "Greek", R-- replied: "Well, Mr. Stewart, it may be Greek to you, I assure you it is Greek to me, but I don't think it would deceive the smallest little yellow dog that runs down the street!" This building has now been pulled down as well as the University Building on the northeast corner of Washington Square, in the march of commerce, which leaves no spot sacred; and R-- said he felt as if it was pulling down some of the "foundation stones of his life," and now in 1907 the monumental Lenox Library is threatened by the hand of the Iconoclast..

In the autumn Dick and his wife and children passed the latter part of the summer with us. There was a wonderful storm during this summer, in which hail stones fell three inches in diameter, some of which the trades people preserved for months in their refrigerators as curiosities. The skylight in the studio was all broken, and the stones cut their way through the panes of glass in the house, leaving clean round holes, Horses were killed and great damage done.

Mary Walsh came to take care of 2 North Washington Square, and was, and still is, at 28 East 21st st., a faithful, devoted and efficient housekeeper.

Joe was in Rome in June and dined with Mr. McVeagh, the Ambassa-



Dick and his boys. 1900.

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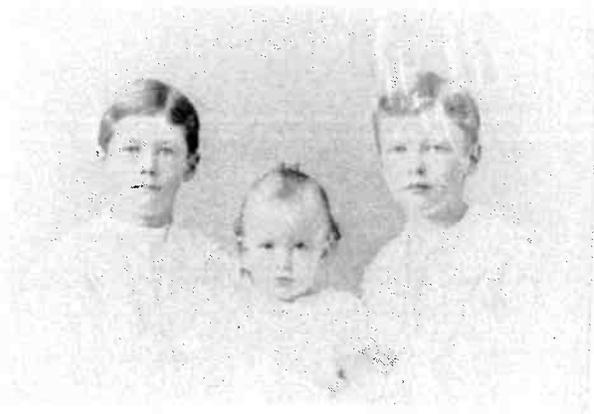
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Joseph Howland Hunt

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dor, who took the trouble to write me a charming note about him, also with Dr. Nevins, that social ecclesiastic, so long a feature in Roman-American life. After his tour in Italy Joe established himself at 3 rue Soufflot, <sup>forming a joint household</sup> ~~joining a number~~ of young american students at the Beaux-Arts.

Of the work, in the office, a house for Mr. & Mrs. William Rice of Albany was in Dick's hands, also the library at Utica. Biltmore, week by week and month by month, was increasing in interest, and was certainly the culminating and professional joy of R--'s career. Everything about the work and the people had an intense interest, and "the brick house," a farm house altered into comfort, was the place of many gay little parties who came from New York to enjoy the lovely country and to watch the chateau rapidly lifting its head in the crown of mountains. In his letters he reports: "The chateau is beginning to hum. The mountains are just the right size and scale for the chateau!" "The vines on the pergola, planted by you and Mrs. Vanderbilt, are well up. Every day tells now about the chateau, which will be stunning. I think."

The Baron, who had charge of the agricultural department of Biltmore, was an interesting personality. When camping out or on long excursions, they had a flask of brandy known jocosely as "Bill Adams." The Baron used to say when starting, "We take an Adams, is it not?" He had a tragic history, having been deserted by his German wife, who had no natural affection for their one little boy, who was afterwards adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Battle, the good physician of all the mountain side. The Baron was a man of fine presence and much attraction, and died after a painful illness in the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore.

I feel that the allusions that have already been made do not do justice to Biltmore. The following letter from Mrs. Sarah Whitman, whose appreciation and knowledge of the beautiful made her a critic,

whose opinions carried great weight with them, records briefly the "Impressions Biltmore made upon those who saw it for the first time: "Not even all that has been said prepared me for this place, its beauty, its splendor, its amazing possessions! I have walked about it," and measured the towers thereof", and it is one long tale of delight.

The relation of Art and Nature is the great underpinning--it gives its structural perfection--- and then the fitness and distinction of each part is enough to make one weep with joy. I go and sit in the library for hours, just making myself aware of it all; and the proportions and scale, combined with the details, fills one with the kind of peace which comes from artistic perfection, and which is like touching a fountain of perfection."

Mr. Henry Van Brunt in his memorial address before the American Institute of Architects, says: "Above all the chateau of Biltmore, N.C. bears witness, not only to his profound respect for authority, and to his command of precedent, but to a certain pliability of mind, which enabled him to accommodate all ~~of~~ the complicated conditions of modern living within the reasonable compass of the Gothic Chambord or Pierrefonds. Indeed, in these works, he carried the style a step further in natural developement without any conscious attempt to express in it his own insistent individuality. No one who studies this beautiful composition in plan or elevation, without or within, can fail to be impressed with the patient and conscientious elaboration of their detail, and by the constant evidence of wise self-repression and reserve force."

With the vision always before him of creating the finest es-

tate in America, George Vanderbilt has bought land until now he has land about his chateau, and in sight of it, nearly a hundred thousand acres. I quote from an intelligent and comprehensive article in Ainslee's Magazine: "In securing the services of the eminent architect, Richard Morris Hunt, and the ripe experience of the great park builder, Frederick Law Olmstead, Mr. Vanderbilt got the best in the world. These two men could look at a large proportion in a large way, and their work at Biltmore is a monument to their breadth of vision as well as to the sagacity of Mr. Vanderbilt in intrusting his great scheme to them."

Mr. Vanderbilt was the first private owner to take up the matter of scientific forest administration on a large scale; and Mr. Gifford Pinchot was asked to make a survey of the Biltmore forest, and develop a plan of management, and there is kept for the benefit of students of forestry, a careful record of this branch of the educational work the estate is doing for North Carolina, and indeed for the whole of America, while students from the old world travel to see the work accomplished by this public spirited young American.

"The site of the chateau opens directly upon a valley, from the opposite side of which rise the forest clad mountains. The face of the terrace is riveted with masonry, forming a rough and picturesque retaining wall extending a considerable distance beyond the building at the sides, and bounding an ample esplanade upon which the chateau stands. This platform is extended behind the house into a level expanse divided into a "rampe douce" or plaza, laid out in

grass and walks, and a water garden at a lower level. The approach to the house is thus: On the entrance front, an example of symmetrical, highly formal and artificial gardening, while the prospect from the opposite front is of unbroken and primeval wilderness. This contrast has been carried out in the architecture. On the side of the approach it is rather a highly elaborated version of the architecture of Francis I, of the architecture of the chateaux of the Loire. Not only is the architecture in itself rich and decorative, but the effect is heightened by the free employment of decorative sculpture, which sometimes becomes, as in the statues of the spiral staircase, independent sculpture, and challenges attention for its own sake, as well as the contribution it makes to the architectural effect. On the other side, the forest front, the architecture is much more severe, being no further elaborated in detail than is necessary to expound its construction. The architecture of Biltmore House derives much of its interest from its attempt to do what the builders of the chateaux would probably have done if they had been let alone by their royal employers. The purpose is as evident in the exquisite detail of the main entrance, and in the design and detail of the rich dormers, as in the staircase. The general composition of the entrance front is worthy of its detail. It has a very effective balance without formal symmetry, and the variations in the counter-parting features on each side of the massive central tower that signalizes the main entrance, are more effective as well as more expressive than would be in mere repetition. Architecturally,

Biltmore House is a noble chateau, in addition to the interest, unique on this side of the ocean, that it derives from its dependencies and surroundings that is necessary to make a true chateau. It is moreover, the most beautiful piece of architecture we have in this country."

"Between the master and the workmen there was a warm feeling of mutual respect and consideration which is the strongest possible testimony of the unaffected simplicity and sincerity of his heart, and of his ability to teach without condescension, and to correct without offense. It was in affectionate recognition of these rare qualities of the master, that in completing the W.K. Vanderbilt house in New York, that delicate casket of precious architecture, the workmen, using a wisely given liberty of design in carving the finial of the highest gable, placed there the life-sized portrait figure of the architect in the garb of a fellow workman with mallet and chisel in hand. In this way he was elected into a companionship of toil, and when he died there was this from the workmen of Biltmore embodied in a series of resolutions so significant that I venture to repeat their words:

*Whereas*, the great Architect of the Universe has in His wisdom removed our fellow laborer, Richard M. Hunt, from this earthly mansion to a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and

*Whereas*, his fame as an artist and his devotion to and his accomplishments in his profession are known to the world, but his generosity, sympathy, and services in behalf of the worthy laboring men of all classes are only known to those whose good fortune it was to be under his immediate supervision;

*Therefore* we who have worked under him, deeming it fitting that we record our love for and appreciation of him, have

*Resolved*, that in his death our country has lost its greatest architect, and our skilled workmen, artists and sculptors have lost a kind, considerate and constant friend; for neither his great fame nor his wealth ever caused him to be forgetful, indifferent, or careless of the rights and feelings of his fellowmen and laborers who were aiding in an humbler way in erecting these beautiful buildings, which, only marvellous genius could have imagined and planned;

*Resolved*, that to him more than any other man of our time all the representative workmen of this country are indebted for the elevation of their trades and arts to the position which they now hold in the ranks of the great army of skilled workmen.

*Resolved*, that we tender his afflicted family our deepest sympathy and that a copy of these Resolutions be sent to his widow.

Dated at Biltmore, N. C., August 1st, 1895.

B. Worth . . . . .	for the carpenters	J. Miller . . . . .	for the stone carvers
J. O'Neill . . . . .	bricklayers	J. C. Thompson . . . . .	painters
G. Bartigata . . . . .	stone cutters	L. Bowen . . . . .	electricians
S. J. McKeon . . . . .	plumbers	E. D. Holt . . . . .	tile layers
R. J. Miller . . . . .	marble cutters	P. P. Jones . . . . .	coppersmiths and slaters
S. C. Gladwyn . . . . .	wood carvers	P. McNiven . . . . .	stone setters
J. Mortimer . . . . .	plasterers		

COMMITTEE.

Chairman, George Bartigata.

Secretary, S. C. Gladwyn.

As a tender and loving tribute from the master of that great estate is placed in the entrance hall the bust by Miss Grant, and in the great hall on the second floor, are the two life-sized portraits by John Sargent of the creators of Biltmore, and when the sad news flashed over the wires, another message came back from George Vanderbilt, ordering all work stopped until the architect and friend was laid in his final resting place; and in 1898 three windows were placed in the south transept of All Souls Church in the village of Biltmore, to perpetuate the memory of his dearly beloved mother, of Richard Morris Hunt and of Clarence Barker, the dear friend of his own age who was closer than a brother. These windows are the work of Maitland Armstrong and his daughter Helen, who wrote out for me the following description: "The window in memory of Mr. Hunt represents Solomon consulting with Hiram, the architect, about the building of the temple. The king is sitting on a stone in the foreground with the plan of the temple on his knee, and looking up at Hiram, that man of Tyra, "filled with wisdom and understanding, skillful to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, in iron and stone, and timber, in purple and in blue," who stands a little behind him, and is explaining to him the details of his design. The king, "David's son, the sad and

splendid" is represented as quite young, he was twenty years old at the time, and is dressed in purple and blue, perhaps of Tyra. He is wearing a crown and a jeweled ornament is around his neck. In the top of the window, a dark cedar branch makes a frame, as it were for an open hillside and a light sky, and on top of the hill stands a great white temple, which is being built to God "for glory and for beauty".

On September, Herbert entered Pomfret School, and on the 23rd, Kitty's baby was christened at Kay st. chapel, with his aunt Esther as Godmother, and his uncle Joe as Godfather. He was given the name of Livingston, after his father,

The end of November R-- was in Boston with the Brimmers, which he records as a particularly delightful visit, though the Fogg Museum was what had taken him there. I had gone to Pomfret to see Herbert for the first time in his new school. Unfortunately R-- took cold in Boston and had a sharp and severe attack of gout, which, as he had to return to New York before he was fit to travel, came on with renewed violence, and kept him in bed almost until he returned to Biltmore on the 27th of December. I think it was about this time the sketches for the Fifth Avenue wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art was started. It was completed after his death by his son, Richard, after trouble with the trustees, who took the ground that the work should be completed by an older and more experienced architect. By the terms of R--'s will, everything belonged to me during my lifetime, and I refused to give up the plans to

them unless the work was done at the office and by R--'s eldest son, who had become its capable head. The point was finally carried, but with inevitable friction, and a want of courtesy astonishing from such a body of men to the memory of one of their board, who had also been one of their earliest and most active members. I suppose that Mr. Charles F. McKim, who was the candidate before the trustees to succeed R--, feels now that "everything comes to him who waits," as he is now, in 1907, building the next wing to the Metropolitan Museum. The president, Mr. Henry G. Marquand, had engaged R-- to make plans embodying the future development of the Museum. This he did. It would be ungracious not to refer to the devoted and efficient efforts of Judge Henry E. Howland and others to impress upon the minds of the trustees, the fact that the only honorable course to pursue was to leave the completion of the plans in the hands where they belonged.

The latter part of the summer had been full of anxiety not connected with his professional career, and worry of any kind always brought a return of this persistent and sapping influence. Indeed, from this time, more clearly the effects of what he suffered was apparent; in fact he never was the same man after his return from the Chicago Fair. The wonderful vitality had lessened though the old fire leapt up into flames on provocation. Mr. Marsh, that most faithful of the office staff, still at his post, says of those last months; that he went to his private office and found him asleep, something he had never seen before, and then alarmed by the tired look on his face said: "Mr. Hunt, you need a long rest from business," but that he

replied: "Work, work, keep on going, that is the best rest you can have"; and that when the office was moved to the Metropolitan Building, it was an effort for him to walk the length of the rooms.

About this time he began to announce himself, when he returned to the office after an absence at Newport, or from one of his professional journeys, in this way: "Here comes the old man of the mountains," bursting in, bag in hand, as if all New York were after him and he couldn't get in too soon.

Still this year held constant visits to Biltmore, to Boston, and to West Point. It seemed as if change of scene and thought, compensated for the fatigue. He always went to Biltmore full of anticipations of pleasure, for here George Vanderbilt watched over him with affectionate solicitude, and he was surrounded by an atmosphere of affection and attention; even his professional work was made easy by the perfect harmony between himself and his client.

Daniel H. Burnham was president of the A. I. A. R.-- having refused re-election to any office, but yielded to Mr. Burnham's wishes, and took the chairmanship of Foreign Correspondence.

1895

January first, R-- spent at Biltmore, and on his return he went to Boston about the Fogg Museum, staying with the Brimmers as usual, and reports: "I am very well and very careful. They make me always wear my artics." From Boston he went to Newport about The Breakers, and the Astor Houses Fifth Avenue and 64th st. were well under way, and consultations about the wing of the Metropolitan Museum were frequent. I find many notes of meetings at The Century, his own office and Mr. McKin's about the Roman School.

On the first of March we went to Washington to be with Kitty, who had been ill, and at the end of the month R-- was in Boston again, and there is a note of constant returns to the two places.

In April, considering the journey too humid for me, he went alone to a great banquet given by Mr. McKin on the opening of the Boston Public Library, where the mural paintings of Abbey, Sargent and Puvis de Chavannes were shown for the first time.

Bishop Hurst called at the office repeatedly this spring with the project of a great educational buildings in Washington.

On the 15th of May we went to Biltmore with John Sargent, the portrait painter, Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead was also there, and they were both sitting to Mr. Sargent for their portraits to be hung in Biltmore House. There was much good talk about future work, and I remember Mr. Sargent saying that he could not finish the decorations in the Boston Public Library, without another long and exhaustive visit to Sicily. He chose as a background to R--'s portrait a place



Sargent's portrait at Biltmore of  
Richard Morris Hunt.

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where a well curb stands just outside the spiral staircase where R-- posed sometimes, but oftener in one of the rooms of the chateau, where a large fire could be kept burning, as the spring days were still chill. With the extraordinary inner perception or sub-consciousness that marks so much of Mr. Sargent's work, he seemed to have divined, apparently without knowing it himself, how much more ill R-- was than we realized, although through all this visit there seemed to be no more cause for anxiety than usual. The portrait represents a man thin and worn from suffering, and though it has a certain likeness, the fire, the vigor, the personality are all wanting.

M<sup>18</sup>- Sarah Whitman's criticism is as follows: "If only the portrait could have been different, that is a great pain to me. With only pain in it---a total loss of both nature and aspect--a sort of travesty; but then the architect lives in every stone, and so is set forth in the fullness of life and beauty." The memory of it haunted me, and although Mr. Sargent offered to do a replica of the head for me whenever I should ask him to. I never had the desire to possess it.

Mr. Aiken, supervising architect at Washington, came to Biltmore to consult R-- over the vexed question of the workings of his office; and when we all returned to New York, a terribly hot and exhausting journey, R-- and G.W.V. stopped over in Washington, he to see Secretary Carlisle by appointment on the subject, and to look over the Foulke tapestries with G--. Mrs. William Vanderbilt had made a great point of our going to Lenox to the wedding of her grand daughter Adèle Sloane to William Burden. The extremely hot

days spent in Washington had been very exhausting, and the Lenox excursion seemed unwise, but R-- was determined to go, and enjoyed every moment of the occasion, but we left Elmscourt in a drizzling rain, and R--, always impatient when it was a question of catching a train, would not wait for the carriage next in line, but got on the box in which Esther and I were, with the result that he must have gone back to New York in damp clothes. The next day we had a prolonged journey to Newport, with the result of an attack of gout which continued to the end, and kept him on the sofa in the morning room, from which he still transacted business, and where, at first, his friends shortened the tedium of his confinement.

Herbert went to New Haven for the examinations to the Sheffield Scientific School, but failed to pass his preliminaries. This was a great disappointment to R--, particularly as Mr. Peck considered him thoroughly prepared, and we decided to send him on a tour to the Yosemite and California with Joshua Hubbard, who had been Joe's chum at Harvard, but before that Kitty and I, very reluctantly, went to Pomfret on the 25th of June, Prize Day, because R-- was ~~so~~ worried <sup>so</sup> over the idea that no one would be with Herbert on his last day at school, that we accepted the lesser evil.

Esther stayed with her father, but could not prevent him making a long professional visit to The Breakers, and having a conference with the Ogden Goelets, these two exacting ladies being insistent in their demands.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Draper came just for a few days early in

July, and Dr. Draper gave false encouragement. Dr. Clement Cleveland, the only resident physician in Newport except Dr. Beverly Robinson, who had attended R-- very successfully in several attacks, but whose personality irritated him, was in charge of the case. In these last days Mr. Marsh, the Mayor of Worcester, came on twice to see R--, and from his bed he dictated the terms for the competition for the State House of Worcester, R-- having been selected to judge the designs sent in. This was the last business of any kind done in the sick room. The mantle fell on Dick's shoulders, and he accorded the design to Peabody & Stearns of Boston.

Towards the end of July, Dr. William Pepper of Philadelphia was called in consultation, and he gave as his opinion that there was no reason why R-- might not have many years yet of usefulness.

The change came very rapidly. We telegraphed to Dick, who got to Newport just in time to spend the last night with him, and on the morning of July 31st, 1895, he "passed through morning's glory gates, and walked in Paradise."

"In this atmosphere of peace and material prosperity, his fame increasing, his opportunities multiplying, compassed by a cloud of witnesses who admired and praised him, the love of his art possessed him with an ever increasing passion. In his last years, when pain and serious disabilities came upon him, this indomitable love was his comfort and consolation. Even in his last and darkest days the desire of creating filled his still active mind with a fair imagery, which, we may truly believe, though here expressed in form, was not

a vain dreaming. "Even in ashes live his wonted fires." Upon his death-bed he was seen to raise his hand and, with the fine gesture of the artist, to trace as with a pencil in the air a line of beauty, delicately but firmly fitting the act of grace to the unconscious study of his imagination. And so, a few moments later, with insensible transition, bearing with him the divine creative gift, unsoiled, undiminished, immortal, he passed over into the larger life."

And doubtless unto him is given  
 A life that bears immortal fruit,  
 In such great offices as suit  
 The full grown energies of Heaven.

The tributes from all over the country and from all classes came to us, which best tell the character of the man. The Rev. Edward Judson, pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, on the south side of Washington Square writes: "We all miss the great radiant spirit, and many others like myself, who knew him slightly, feel his departure like a great personal bereavement. I used to go across Washington Square sometimes in the morning, just in hope of meeting him!"

My dear Madam

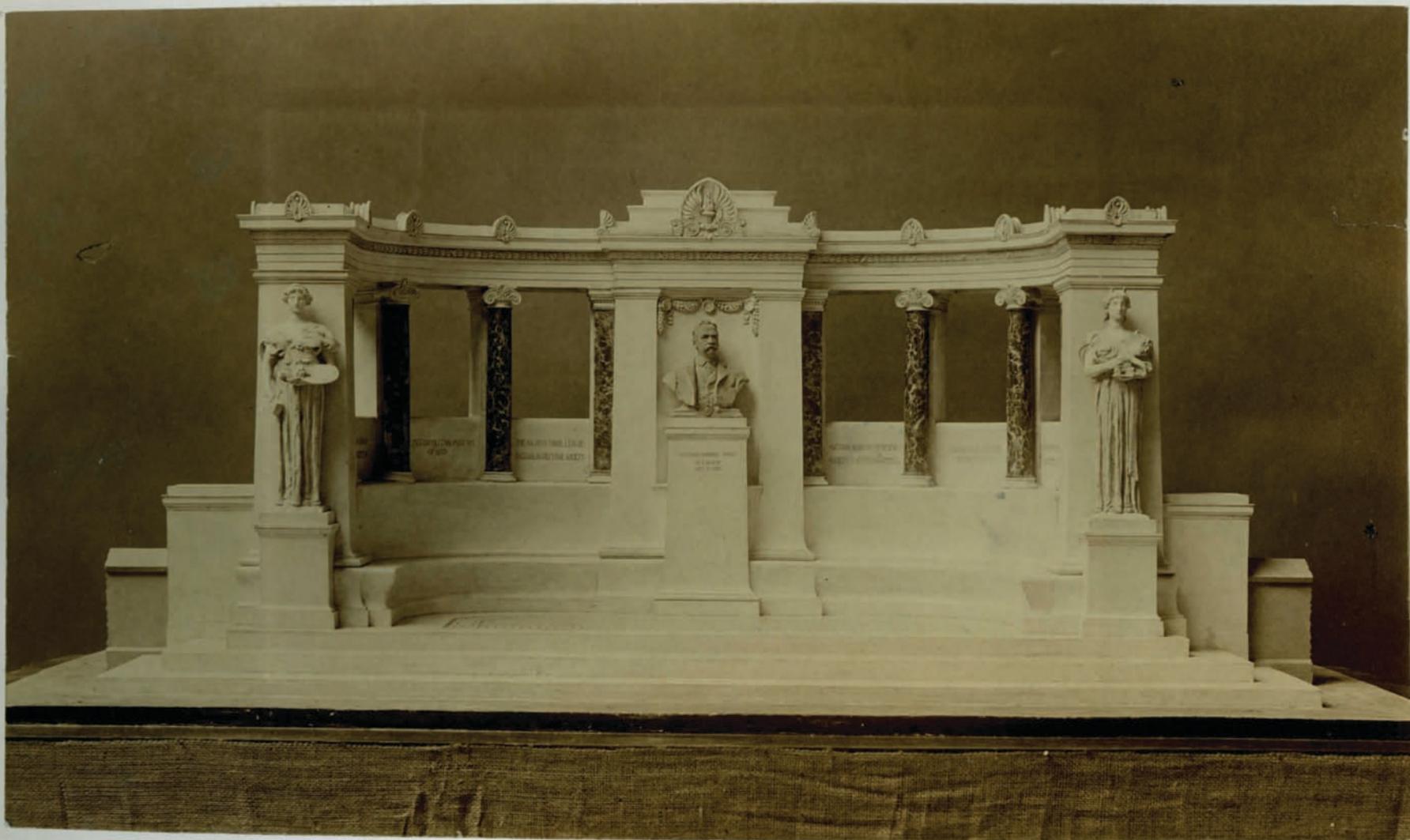
I sympathize deeply with you in  
this great affliction. All your friends & all those of your  
most esteemed & amiable husband feel for you with the  
liveliest sensibility. They cannot ask you not to sorrow —  
but I hope you may soothe and mitigate the  
first anguish of this bereavement, by the thought that  
you have had strength and firmness to enable you to  
watch over the sick & dying bed so constantly & tenderly —  
and by the love you bear to your children to whom  
you are now every thing. Most affectionately & respectfully  
Yours M. Chouteau

Very much.



Harry Codman. 1893.





Photograph of the model of the memorial.



Martin Brimmer.



Catharine Howland Hunt  
Livingston Hunt, Jr.





Dick and his boys. 1900.



Joseph Howland Hunt

