THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. JANUARY, 1891. No. 3.

ALONG THE LOWER JAMES.

THE James, the principal river of Virginia, has its head waters four thousand feet above the sea level amid some of the wildest and grandest scenery of the Appalachian system. Here ages ago, the scientists tell us, was a great water basin, a mighty cup about whose brim circled the everlasting hills, their awful stillness reflected in the crystalline, mirror-like surface of the lake. At last, still in a remote age, with resistless force it struck asunder the rocky wall and plunged southward through what is now known as the Great Gate, where the strata of rock, seemingly by some subterranean upheaval, have been thrown into almost perfect arches, between which the sparkling and limpid stream flows onward to the sea. Very beautiful it is, winding in and out through the Blue Ridge chain and its spurs, suggesting nothing of the terrible day of its wrath when the mountains were rent in twain and it became a river. The only record we have is that of the hills from whose clasp it broke away. When the English came and found that the Indians called the river Powhatan in honor of their chief, the settlers reproved the heathen by asserting the rights of his sacred majesty King James I., whose name it still bears, since we did not see fit to change it to Washington when we cut our leading-strings.

The country through which the navigable portion of the James pursues its tortuous course offers little or no scenery, according to the generally accepted meaning of the word, beyond the always agreeable combination of water and low banks fringed with willows and cypress trees —meadow lands and cultivated fields alternating with steep bluffs of marl and clay heavily wooded on top. The river is rarely clear, generally of a tawny red, often a dull orange color, owing chiefly to the influx of the Rivanna, which flows among the red hills of Albemarle and empties its turbid waters into the James some fifty miles above the city of Richmond, situated at the head of navigation. But it would be difficult to find in America a region of country of the same extent possessing greater historical and romantic interest than these counties of tide-water Virginia between which the James makes its way to the sea. Into this estuary more than two hundred and eighty years ago came the first successful English colonists. Along its shores dwelt, like nabobs amid their princely domains, the Cavalier planters, men who sought refuge in the new land of Virginia during troublous times at home, and whose stately old mansion-houses remain to us of the present day. Here, too, have marched the armies of two great wars, and battlefields are everywhere—cornfields and pastures they are now.

Richmond presents a fine appearance to the traveler as the steamer drifts slowly out into the stream just as the sun comes above the horizon. Along the slightly curving bank the city rises tier on tier upon the slopes of its seven hills, the loftiest eminence being crowned by the State capitol, made after Jefferson's model of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, its façade with an imposing row of columns presented to the view. Down close to the water's edge are the great Haxall and Gallego flour mills, among the largest in the world, and farther up the river the Tredegar and Belle Isle ironworks, their chimneys belching forth volumes of flame and dark smoke. On the opposite bank is Manchester, situated upon a low-lying plain contrasting well with the varying elevations of the larger city, with which it is connected by some half-dozen bridges. Soon the spires and roofs become a misty bank against the western sky; then the Old Dominion's prosperous

seven-hilled city is lost to view, and the day's journey is well begun.

The steamer had journeyed on at a jog-trot, so to speak, about an hour, when a tall, gaunt man approached and seated himself in the chair beside me.

"I hain't be'n to these parts since sixty-fo'," he observed, tilting the chair and crossing his long legs, "an' then I set up thar on them steep banks an' had agers nigh about every day. You don't belong to these parts, I reckon?"

Not heeding the rising inflection in his voice, I uttered some platitude concerning the pleasant difference between those times and these. But it was not necessary for me to take any great part in the conversation. I soon discovered that my new acquaintance was a farmer from the Blue Ridge country.

THE PIGEON HOUSE AT SHIRLEY.

"Thar she is!" exclaimed he of the mountains, clutching me by the arm and dragging me across the deck. "Thar she is! I tell you we poured hot shot into them gunboats till they were glad enough to get back whar they come from."

The height to which he pointed was Drewry's Bluff, or Fort Darling, towering something less than a hundred feet above us. Along its crest the earthworks were outlined against the sky. How still and peaceful it had grown in all these years. From the slope of an embrasure where the blazing mouth of a cannon had once called a halt a little child looked down upon us as we journeyed on unchallenged.

"We poured hot shot into them gunboats," repeated the mountaineer reflectively, shifting a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, "an' they did n't find gittin' along here so easy."

Another reminder of the war is Dutch Gap, a canal a few hundred feet in length, cut by Butler when ascending the river with his gunboats. For the practical purposes of navigation this canal is a great advantage, since it avoids a "horseshoe" of seven miles. Butler's forerunner was a Dutchman, who in the dim days of the colony laid a wager with an Indian that he could beat him in a canoe race around the horseshoe, he, the Dutchman, starting a mile lower down the river. The Indian cheerfully accepted the bet and started off. When the Dutchman reached the narrowest point across the little peninsula he shouldered his canoe, walked over with it, and relaunched it on the other side, where he lighted his pipe and quietly awaited the arrival of the Indian. Hence the name of Dutch Gap. Upon the bit of land now converted into an island Sir Thomas Dale in 1612 laid out three streets defended by palisades and watch-towers. Being of a sanguine disposition and loyal withal, he called the place the City of Henricus, in honor of Henry, Prince of Wales. A few years later a "university" was established here. No vestige remains; city, palisades, university — all are vanished utterly. At Varina, — the Aiken's Landing of our civil war, — a short distance from the City of Henricus, Pocahontas passed several years of her brief married life.

The manor-house of Shirley may be taken as a typical house of the James River planter of the middle colonial period. Square, built of bricks alternately glazed and dull, two stories and a half in height, with steep roof set with dormer windows, the walls of the foundation from three to four feet in thickness, it is an edifice massive and simple in plan. Indeed, the builders of these old Virginia country-seats seem to have aimed at massive simplicity rather than at architectural display. And how much better it is, for the stately old piles yet retain their olden dignity, wearing well the years as they come upon them.

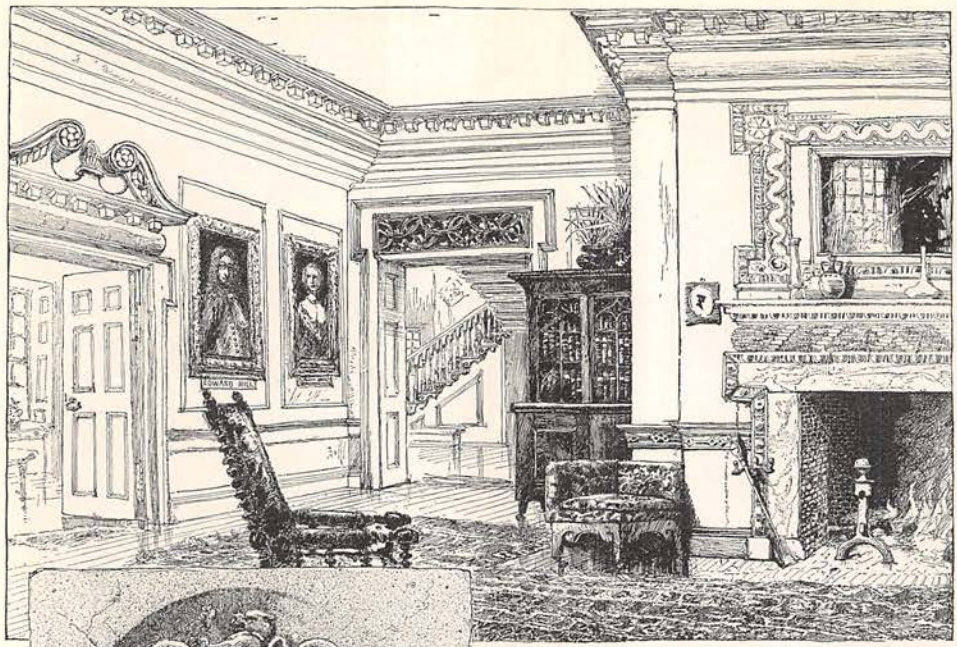
The eastern and western porticos of Shirley, with their Ionic columns, are of more recent erection, though they do not mar the original plan, with which, however, the quaint north porch more strictly accords. In the English models followed by the early builders in Virginia broad stone steps led up to the doorways, and while at some houses, as at Weston, these

SHIRLEY FROM THE GARDEN.

remain, porticos and verandas have been generally substituted—an exigency of a warmer climate afterward recognized.

Everything here seems to have been constructed with a view to durability. The various outhouses, almost any one of which would make a commodious dwelling, are of brick, thick-walled and arranged in a hollow square, as though they might have been designed to serve the purposes of defense did emergency demand. Even the dovecote, a peak-roofed turret set upon the ground, is of brick. Within, the mansion corresponds to its exterior. The interior arrangement differs materially from that of other mansions of the period, the lower floor being divided into four unequal parts, all wainscoted to the ceiling, the largest of which serves as hall, from which an ornate stairway leads with two rectangular turns to the floor above.

The galleries of Shirley are rich in family portraits—the Carters and the families with whom they have intermarried, the Wickhams, the Byrds of Westover, the Randolphs, and others, from the first Virginia generation to the present. There are many Saint-Mémins among them—crayon portraits in profile against a soft pink background. How exquisitely regular of feature were these old belles and beaux of Saint-Mémin's time! One of the chief treasures of the gallery is Charles Willson Peale's full-length portrait of Washington, a figure of the most unheroic rotundity standing out against the smoke and tumult of a battle-scene. There is also a portrait of the founder of the house, a handsome man clad in crimson velvet, lace, and a flowing peruke. Beneath a massive tomb emblazoned with the family arms he sleeps in the neighboring



THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHIRLEY.

TOMB OF EDWARD HILL, THE FOUNDER OF SHIRLEY.

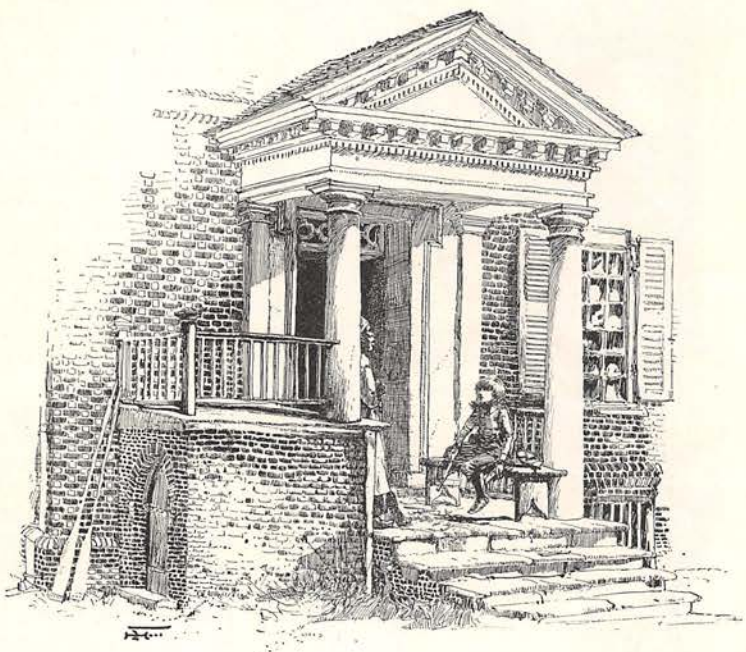
graveyard. He was one "Edward Hill, Esq., Collonel and Comander in Chiefe of the Countys of Charles Citty and Surrey." His granddaughter, a blond beauty in blue among the family portraits, married into the Carter family, who are still the proprietors of the estate. If the family tradition of the building of the house is correct, Shirley must long antedate the other James River mansions, since Edward Hill "dyed the 30th day of Novr in the 63d year of his age Anno Dom 1700." Certainly it is full of Old World suggestions, with its fine sweep of lawn, its prim box-hedged garden, its stout brick barns and other farm-buildings, the hatchments above the doorways, even the habits and manners of its occupants — a bit of England such as one does not often find in America.

Across the river, at the conjunction of the Appomattox, is the little village of City Point, the port of Petersburg, in which there is one attractive spot, a low, rambling frame structure situated amid picturesque grounds on the summit of the almost perpendicular bluff below which the two rivers come together. It was used for a time as headquarters by General Grant, and the weather-boarding in many places is riddled with bullets — cards left by passing visitors during the late unpleasantness.

Near City Point once stood the mansion-house of Cawsons, the birthplace of John Randolph of Roanoke. The Blands, Randolphs, and Bollings were at one time possessed of vast estates along the James and the Appomattox; and even now Turkey Island, Curles, Wilton, Cobbs, Matoax, etc., are indissolubly associated with their names, though for the most part passed into other hands and the dwellings destroyed.

The patent of Westover, one of the finest and best known plantations in this region, was granted to the Pawlet family and sold by Sir John Pawlet in 1665 to Theodoric Bland, the founder of the Bland family in Virginia. He is buried here, and his tomb and armorial bearings may still be seen. From the Blands it passed to the Byrds by purchase; and with the name of the second Colonel William Byrd, one of the most conspicuous figures in the story of colonial Virginia, who was born to a fortune amounting to a principality, as his tombstone pridefully records, it is now invariably connected. From the river it presents a fine and prosperous appearance, its stately red brick front looking out upon a broad, closely trimmed lawn stretching down to the river. An avenue of superb tulip trees borders the gravel walk running the entire length of the grounds, at each end of which are elaborate gates of hammered iron with the arms of the Byrd family curiously inwrought. There is yet a third gate, above which perch leaden eagles with outstretched wings, larger and more elaborate in decoration, and capable of admitting the most ponderous chariot. Everything else is on the same lordly scale: even the bricked and flag-paved drain, the mouth of which, now partly choked up, opens from the bank upon the river shore. A man of average height may enter standing; and hence has arisen the tradition that the drain was a subterranean passage for escape from the house in time of danger, the curious stairway let into the wall of the house and the dry-well some twenty feet in depth, flanked at the bottom by two tiny rooms, adding to the mysterious charm of the tradition. The present proprietor is one of the most successful planters in the State, and by him the mansion has been restored to much of its pristine dignity. What fine old days it must have seen in the time of the jovial fox-hunting gentry, the descendants of those old Cavaliers who proclaimed Charles II. King of Virginia while still an exile from the British throne! And had the king taken them at their word and appeared in person how speedily these same old Cavaliers, so restive under the slightest infringement of their rights, yet ever "his Majesty's most dutiful, affectionate, and obedient subjects," would have repented of their bargain and felt no hesitation about telling him so. One can almost fancy he sees the quaint iron gates swing open as the cavalcade rides in, sees the gentle dames and squires returning from the chase, hears their hunting-horns and merry shouts. But it is only the whistle of the steamer, and her captain and the present owner of Westover exchanging parting salutes. Ah me!

The Harrisons are represented among other estates by Berkeley on the north side of the river, and Brandon and Upper Brandon on the south. The first, erected in 1725, was the seat of Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and is the birthplace of the first President Harrison. To Virginians



THE NORTH PORCH, SHIRLEY.

Harrison and Brandon are almost synonymous; hospitality and Brandon certainly are, in the good old Anglo-Saxon acceptation of the word, notwithstanding the changes wrought by time and war.

Upper Brandon, now owned by Mr. George Byrd of New York, though still occupied by a representative of the original family, was formerly a magnificent establishment, but has never fully recovered from the shock and ravages of war. There is here a beautiful three-quarters length portrait of Martha

Blount,[1] Pope's sweetheart, done by Sir Godfrey Kneller and brought from England by Colonel Byrd of Westover. Clad in a robe of soft yellow satin cut low on the bosom, she sits before a harpsichord and holds a sheet of music in her hand. Ah, beautiful tyrant, when I look into your deep brown eyes and note the turn of your head with its wealth of chestnut curls, and the pouting, half-petulant, voluptuous fullness of your nether lip, I do not wonder that the poet permitted you to lead him such a dance. Here, nearly two centuries after your beauty has crumbled and I look upon your pictured loveliness, I am almost willing to assert that I, too, would have been as abject a subject, notwithstanding your notorious habit of indulging yourself in a bad quarter of an

THE BRANDON PLATE.

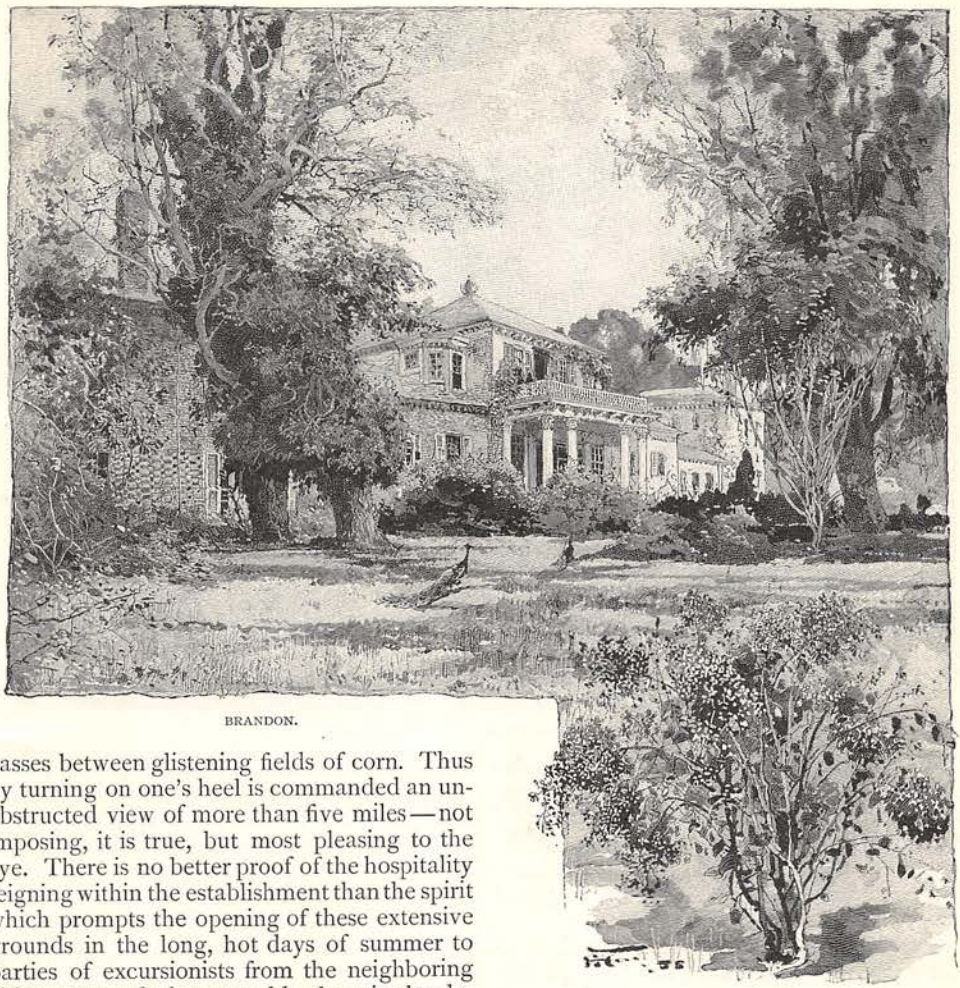
hour: I say quarter of an hour, madam, out of deference to your sex — and your beauty.

Brandon, a veritable English country-house encompassed by broad lawns, shadowed by noble trees, among which are the magnolias and mimosas of the South, has remained in the Harrison family since its foundation, about a hundred and fifty years ago. Here, too, linger many traces of the war. The blinds and other exterior woodwork are defaced by bullets, and entire panels of the wainscoting of the interior have been torn away. In this connection it may be interesting to quote from a private letter written by the present mistress of Brandon, a daughter of the distinguished editor Thomas Ritchie.

"Our hall windows," she writes, "were real chronicles of the past. Mr. J. K. Paulding, of literary fame, was the first who enrolled his name with a diamond upon one of the old panes years ago. In his 'Letters from the South' you will find an interesting sketch of his visit to this old place. Year after year his example was followed by numbers of dear friends, and many panes of the four old windows had long lists of the happy spirits who had flitted around so joyously and have now passed away forever. Mr. John R. Thompson, one of our Virginia poets, who visited us, was so struck with these old records of the past that he wrote some touchingly beautiful lines on them. You may imagine our grief, on returning home after the war, to find all our historic panes shattered and our house a skeleton home — fifty windows gone and fourteen doors. But we were so grateful that we had a roof over our heads. The birds had built their nests in the hall; the foxes came up to the steps even after our return; and the squirrels were masters of our lawns, where they are still gamboling, leaving us but few nuts and pears. But they are real pets with the family, and are not disturbed."

Despite all changes Brandon continues a most charming spot, where the aroma of the old time still hovers and hospitality has never become a tradition. The house consists of a main building two stories in height, flanked by spacious drawing and dining rooms, beyond which are broad corridors connecting with capacious wings. It is indeed a picturesque old pile, softened by the innumerable neutral tints of time and partly enveloped in ivy, in many places several feet in thickness. The western wing is entirely covered with this vine, the windows looking out through a mass of perpetual green, the apartments within appearing from the outside more like arbors than like the chambers of a dwelling. Standing in the lofty, square hall facing the northern entrance, you look out across the lawn down a narrow vista, cut through a tangled wilderness of rose trees and boxwood hedges, at the end of which is a glimpse of the river and the opposite shore. Then turning towards the southern entrance you look along another vista through the park out to the open country beyond, where the road

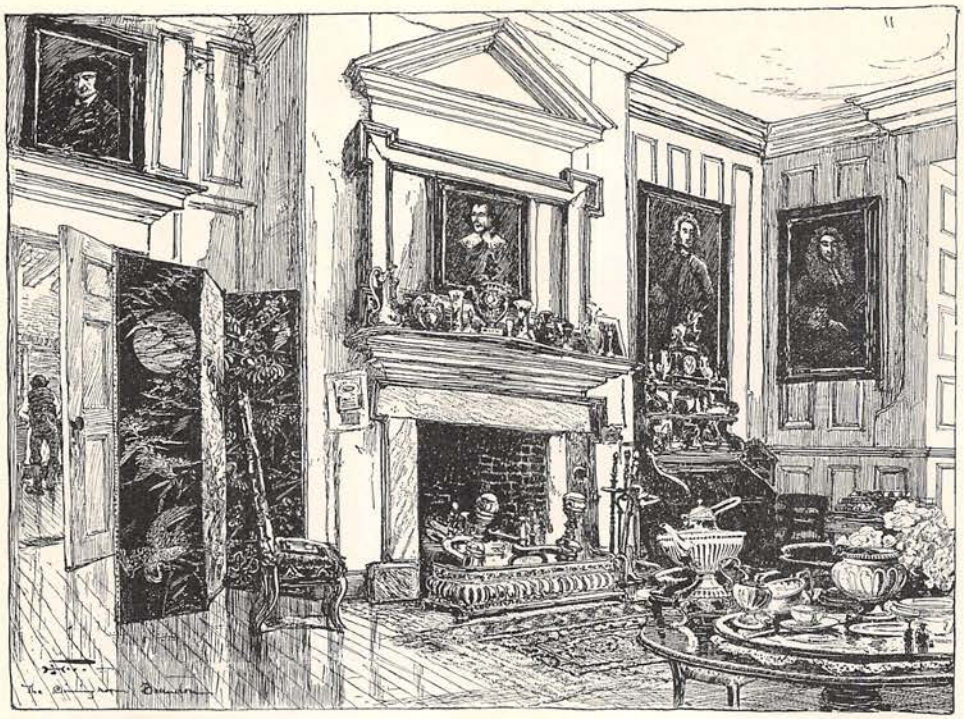
[1] The present owner of this portrait has recently come to believe, from external evidence, that it represents Teresa and not Martha Blount. Tradition has always held it to be the latter.



BRANDON.

passes between glistening fields of corn. Thus by turning on one's heel is commanded an unobstructed view of more than five miles — not imposing, it is true, but most pleasing to the eye. There is no better proof of the hospitality reigning within the establishment than the spirit which prompts the opening of these extensive grounds in the long, hot days of summer to parties of excursionists from the neighboring cities, many of whom would otherwise be denied a breath of the pure country air. "One cannot refuse to others a blessing the value of which one so truly appreciates and is so thankful for." Is not this a beautiful hospitality, so disregardful of personal inconvenience or annoyance? Then, too, some specially favored guest may pass through the hall to the stately old drawing-room and there receive the ceremonious, but most gracious, greeting of the mistress of the house, upon whose head the snows of years rest more like a benediction than the mark of speeding time.

The art treasures of Brandon are numerous and valuable, consisting not only of the Harrison family portraits but of those of the Byrds of Westover and many others of distinguished men and women collected in England by the second Colonel William Byrd. Conspicuous among these is one of Colonel Byrd himself, done by the brush of Sir Godfrey Kneller. The face looking from the flowing brown curls is as beautiful as that of a woman; and it is difficult to realize that it lived to wear the wrinkles of threescore years and ten, and finally went to dust nearly a century and a half ago. Colonel Byrd filled many positions of trust in the colony, founded the city of Richmond, and was one of the Virginia commissioners who superintended the running of the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. Of this expedition he wrote a lively and delightfully witty account — the famous "Westover Manuscripts" — the original of which is preserved at Brandon. He was educated in England under the particular care of Sir Robert Southwell; and afterwards went there as agent of the colony to the court, becoming known among his familiars as the Black Swan. Thus among his personal friends were numbered many of the nobility and other distinguished men of the time; and in the dining-hall at Brandon hang the portraits of some of them, emphasizing the Old World effect of the wainscoted walls and the massive dark mahogany furniture. Among these are



THE DINING-ROOM, BRANDON.

represented Sir Robert Southwell; Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax; Sir Charles Wager, First Lord of the Admiralty; John, second Duke of Argyle, in steel corselet and cloak of crimson velvet; Sir Wilfred Lawson; the Earls of Albemarle, Orrery, and Egremont; and Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford.

From above the door leading into the corridor a personage of a thin, keen visage surmounted by a cocked hat surveys this august assemblage in their full-bottomed wigs, laces, and gorgeous velvets. He is one Mr. Waltho, for many years clerk of the Virginia House of Burgesses. This portrait of himself he presented, along with a handsome diamond ring, to Colonel Byrd, requesting that it should be hung among the peers, for whom he might show his republican contempt by wearing his hat in their presence. The gifts were accepted, and the portrait was placed above the door, in token that the clerk of the House of Burgesses finds the company too good for his keeping and is in the act of leaving. When, through an intermarriage, this, among other pictures, was transferred from Westover, the conceit of the aristocratic Virginian was not disregarded; and Mr. Waltho's diamond ring sparkles upon the hand of the lady of Brandon.

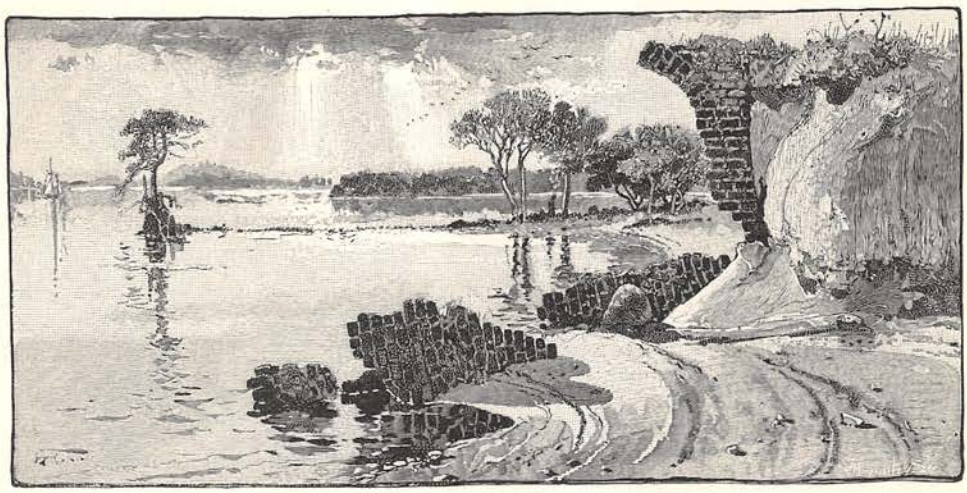
Another exquisite work of art, the painter of which was Sir Godfrey Kneller, is a portrait of Daniel Parke, governor of the island of Antigua, who, through his daughter's marriage with a Custis of Arlington, became the progenitor of the first husband of Martha Washington and of Mrs. Robert E. Lee. A Virginian by birth, he went to England, entered Parliament, from which he was expelled, and then became an aid-de-camp to Marlborough. After Blenheim he bore a hasty note from the great duke to his redoubtable duchess, and the queen presented him with her own miniature framed in diamonds. This he wore on his breast when he sat for his portrait, and there it shines at the present day, while the smoke of Blenheim ascends, a dense column in the background. As governor of Antigua he proved a tyrant, and the inhabitants mobbed and murdered him. One of his daughters became the wife of Colonel Byrd, and thus this beautiful picture finds a place in the Brandon gallery. These portraits hang in the dining-room, where there is much else of interest in the way of old family plate, and the quaint communion service of Brandon church, bearing the date of 1659. Other portraits hang in the halls and drawing-room.

Passing by the work of West, the elder Peale, and other distinguished American artists, there yet remain three portraits demanding special attention, on account both of the painters and of their subjects. The first of these is of Anne Randolph of Wilton, the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison of Brandon, done by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The second is of Eliza-

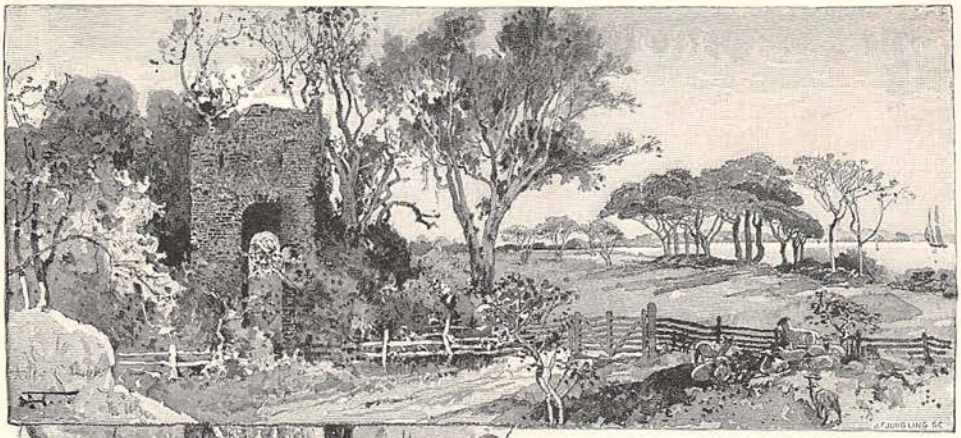
beth, Lady Claypole, Cromwell's daughter. Sir Peter Lely was the artist, and the woman he painted in her pale blue draperies, leaning upon her bare bended arm, was a beauty. The picture is therefore priceless.

The third portrait is of a beautiful girl who came into the world nearly two centuries ago and dwelt but a little while. She was Mistress Evelyn Byrd, daughter of that Colonel William already so often mentioned. One loves to look at her seated there upon a bank of greensward — amid the shadows of gathering dusk, the fading light yet aglow upon her pale blue gown, and the handful of gathered roses and the shepherd's crook lying across her lap; still illumining the dark almond-shaped eyes and kissing the full, bare throat and bosom. Among the branches overhead perches a brilliant red-bird, doubtless a play upon the name of the satin-clad shepherdess whose sheep have wandered away out of sight over the brow of the hill. Sir Godfrey Kneller must have been proud of this picture, as he was of that of Beatrix Esmond, beneath which Madame Bernstein sat and meditated grimly in after years. But there is no such pitiful tale to tell of the fair young Virginian, the *Rara Avis* as she was called at the court of George I. She was beloved by the Earl of Peterborough, but her father opposed the marriage on account of differences in religious belief, and she died young. Tradition says that her heart was broken. Across the river she lies in the graveyard at Westover, and a massive monument with the family escutcheon tells her "name and life's brief date."

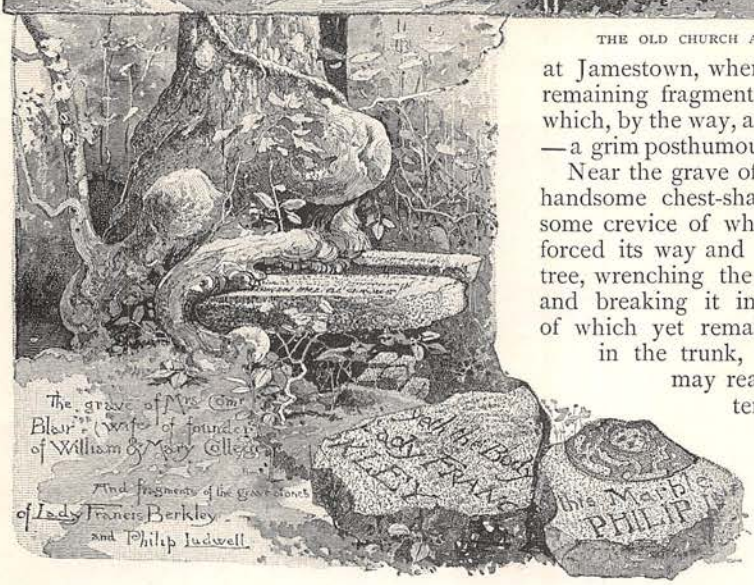
Jamestown is but a low-lying island that seems scarcely to rise above the water's edge. With the aid of the glasses one can easily distinguish the vine-covered ruin of a square brick tower standing amid a grove of trees. This, with a few broken gravestones heavily carved with armorial bearings, is all that remains of the first successful English colony in America. Along the beach lie the remnants of undermined foundations, over which the tide ebbs and flows; and at the present rate of encroachment it must be a matter of only a few years before the waters will lick up the very dust of the dead. The island is gaining at the lower end; but this seems small compensation for the destruction of its most historic part, the preservation of which demands prompt action and a well-filled purse. But they should not be demanded in vain. One cannot look without emotion upon this island and think of the scenes that have been enacted here, of the men and women who lived out their lives within its narrow circumference and laid the cornerstone of our great republic. The place is haunted. Here Captain John Smith, Admiral of New England and doughty slayer of Turks, one of the most picturesque figures in our colonial story, flourished as the hero of many romantic adventures. In this very church, whose crumbling belfry alone lingers from the past, Pocahontas, the lithe-limbed Indian princess, if you can accept tradition, stood beside the font and was transformed into Rebecca, a Christian woman. Here, too, she plighted her troth to John Rolfe, Gent. Ah, that same John Smith, with his furious mustachios and sword and breastplate, as we all see him in his portraits, was a gay deceiver every inch of him, at least to lovers of the romantic. How much more pleasant it is to think of Pocahontas stealing through the woods at night to give warning of a proposed attack by her father's braves than



THE OLD MAGAZINE AT JAMESTOWN.



THE OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.



IN THE GRAVEYARD.

of Rebecca Rolfe homesick at the English court. There is something very touching and desolate about that grave on the other side of the sea at Gravesend, where she sickened and died and went to dust. "She came to Gravesend, to her end and grave," as the quaint old chronicler has put it.

Other shapes haunt this island of Jamestown. Here Sir William Berkeley lived for thirty years as royal governor, thanking God that there were no printing presses in America, and hanging more men for participating in Bacon's Rebellion — the revolution one hundred years ahead of schedule time — than Charles II. put to death for the execution of his father. When he died his widow married Philip Ludwell, secretary of the council, reserving the privilege of retaining the title of Lady Berkeley. Being possessed of a neat property,— some thousands of acres, probably,— she was enabled to make her own terms. She is buried at Jamestown, where I have seen the remaining fragment of her tomb, upon which, by the way, are the Ludwell arms — a grim posthumous retaliation.

Near the grave of Lady Berkeley is a handsome chest-shaped tomb, through some crevice of which a sycamore has forced its way and grown into a large tree, wrenching the slab from its place and breaking it into fragments, some of which yet remain partly embedded in the trunk, and upon these we may read in mutilated sentences the epitaph of Sarah Blair, wife of Commissary James Blair, who founded William and Mary College at Williamsburg in 1693, seven miles inland, Sir Francis Nicholson's "new citie" two centuries ago, the capital of the colony in its palmiest days, and the first capital of the commonwealth.

Of the original Jamestown this is all that remains. Fields of waving grain and pastures dotted with browsing cattle encompass the moldering church-tower and graveyard, beyond which stands an old colonial mansion, now filled with the life and interest of the nineteenth century, but keeping the old-time spirit of hospitality as well.

The last of the old mansions visible from the river as you draw near the bay is The Grove, a seat of the Burwell family, built about 1746 after the prevailing colonial pattern by "King" Carter of Corotoman, whose daughter married a Burwell. Situated upon an elevation a quarter of a mile back from the river, the grounds sloping in terraces to the level of the bluff which here bounds the beach below, the old

house with its pyramidal roof and flanking "offices" stands out clearly against a background of noble trees, and commands an unobstructed water view twenty miles in extent. It is noted for the beautiful and elaborate carving of the woodwork of the interior, some of which has fortunately escaped the painter's brush, the wainscot now become mellow in tint, a dark richness that age alone can impart. An interesting memorial of the Revolution is the mahogany balustrade along the stairway hacked by sabers — the cipher signature of Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton and his raiders.

Now for a word as to the material condition and prospects of this country of the lower James, teeming with the traditions of past wealth and a romantic social history. Naturally, reared in such an atmosphere, it has taken a long time for the people to recover from the shock consequent upon the result of the war, and many have not yet done so. But all along the line there is an ever-growing realization of the power of well-directed personal exertion which is slowly but steadily producing good results. The fine old manor-houses of the nabob planters, though far removed from their pristine grandeur, have been raised in many instances from a state of semi-ruin to become once more the homes of comfort, if not of opulence; and there is good reason to believe that this process of improvement, slow though it may be, will ultimately restore much that has not already been regained.

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways.

Men's souls have been severely tried; but the blood of the old colonists, infused with new life, has risen to meet the emergency; for after all it is the maker of the old South and his descendants who are the moving spirits of the new South, though their energies may be bent in other directions. Though still most tenderly cherishing the past as a precious legacy, they realize and act according to the demands of the present, with the reasonable hope of reaping in the future a generous harvest. Westover — no longer, it is true, in the hands of its quondam proprietors — once more wears the front of prosperity; the broad acres of Shirley and the two Brandons as I saw them in the full blossom of June were smiling with luxuriant crops; and so it is, in greater or less degree, with other estates. Clairmont, the seat of a flourishing agricultural and manufacturing colony, is now the deep-water terminus of a railroad which has opened up a large tract of back country hitherto difficult of access. Hog Island, so called on account of the large droves of wild hogs found there by the early settlers at Jamestown when starvation stared them in the face, has been converted into a model cattle farm with all the modern improvements.

As the steamer leaves Newport News, a city in embryo, the eastern terminus of a great railroad system, and plows her way through Hampton Roads, where the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* fought each other, the broad land-locked water scene is very fine, the Roads meeting the Chesapeake, and the ocean peeping in between the distant pale-blue capes. Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Hampton are faintly visible at different points of the horizon; and also Fort Monroe, with its grass-bordered rampart crowning the tip of the peninsula, while the Hygeia Hotel, as if basking under its protection, stretches its length along the beach below.

Charles Washington Coleman.

KENYON COX.

IT seems as if there could be little in the atmosphere of a prim New England village or of a busy Western town to incite a youth to the serious study of art; nevertheless, many of the best of our painters have come from so uncongenial a place. The fact is that the country boy who finds himself possessed of the desire to become an artist has no exact knowledge of what an artist's life is like, and but a confused notion of the aims of art. He forms an ideal, and after trying to realize it with the limited means near at hand ends sooner or later by striking out boldly for the best place in the world. It is certain, moreover, that the ablest men we have, with very few exceptions, are those who have cut away from home life and have had their artistic taste cultivated and their brains trained to work in the best foreign schools. Kenyon Cox is one of these.

He was born at Warren, Ohio, on the twenty-seventh day of October, 1856. His father is General Jacob D. Cox, whose career as a soldier in the civil war, as governor of Ohio, and as a man in public life is too well known to need to be referred to here in detail. What is perhaps less generally known is that he is a man of high scientific attainments whose name is familiar to the learned world of Europe and America as a distinguished microscopist. He