

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.

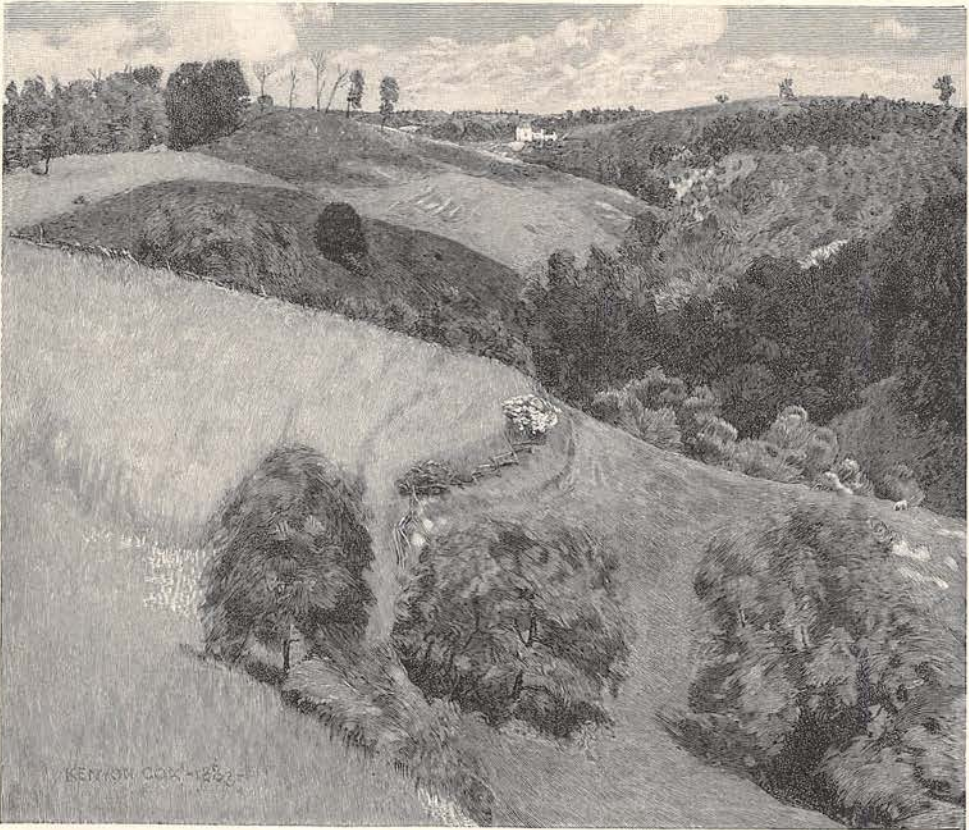
KENYON COX.



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



FLYING SHADOWS.

is now president of the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Cox's mother is the daughter of the late President Finney of Oberlin College. His father's family are New Yorkers, and give Hanover as the place whence they came to America years ago. When a small boy Cox saw some pictures in Warren by an artist named Crawford which fired his youthful imagination, and he announced his firm intention to become a painter. His family received this declaration—as well-regulated American families usually do—with depreciating smiles, but the boy was not yet able to show them that he meant what he said. From the time he was nine years old until he was thirteen he spent most of his life in bed, and underwent two critical operations.

Having lived through this most painful period he slowly gained strength, and after that went to school when he could go; but that was not very often. In a year's time he was allowed to enter the McMicken Art School in Cincinnati, where he remained about three years, though he passed more of his time sketching animals at John Robinson's menagerie than he did in the class-rooms. Three more years he spent in a desultory way with

some drawing and much reading, "receiving an early and healthful introduction to Shakespeare," and in 1876 he went to Philadelphia, becoming a pupil at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Cox began to feel the truth of the maxim that "Art is long," but he did not see how to help himself much in Philadelphia, and in the autumn of 1877 sailed for Paris. He worked first about a year in the atelier of Carolus Duran, but feeling that the men who studied there did not draw well enough to suit him, he entered the École des Beaux Arts and drew for a time from the antique under Cabanel. Later he again changed masters and was admitted to Gérôme's class; here he worked from the life about three years. In the afternoons when the ateliers in the government school were closed he painted at the Julian Academy, receiving criticisms from Bouguereau, Lefebvre, Boulangier, and other professors. Gérôme, however, he regards as his master, and as "élève de Gérôme" his name is printed in the Salon Catalogues of 1879, 1880, 1881, and 1882, in which years he exhibited "A Venetian Girl"; "Lady in Black" and "Among the Wildflowers"; "White and Pink"; and "Portrait

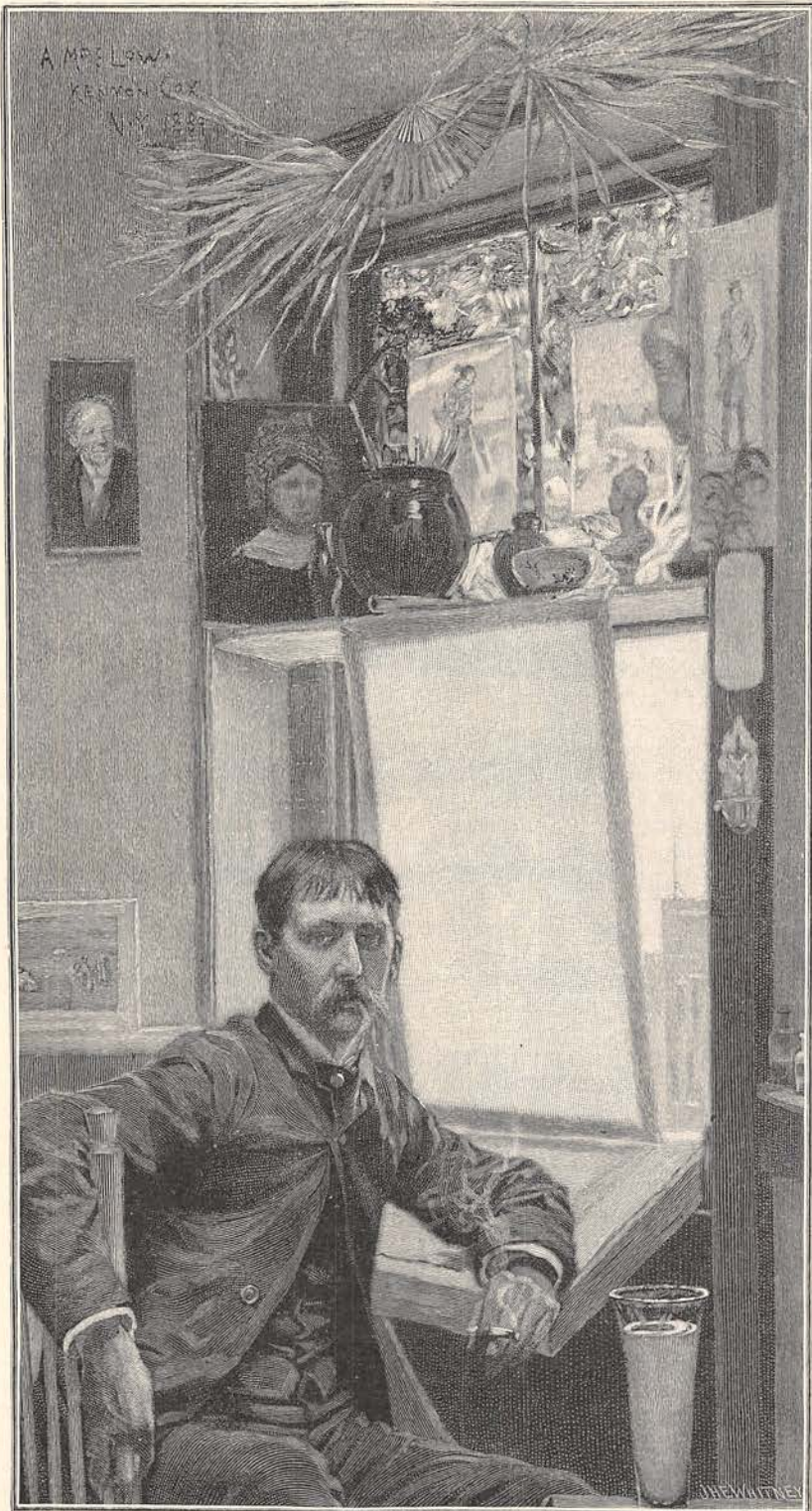
of Mr. E. G." and "The Looking-glass Portrait of my Friend U——."

Cox took a studio in New York in the autumn of 1883, and his work has been well known in the current exhibitions of American art ever since. He received the second Hallgarten prize at the Academy exhibition of 1888, and represented at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 by four of his works in oil and by six drawings in black and white, he was awarded two medals of the third class. As a draftsman his illustrations for Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"—none of which, by the way, he was able to send to Paris—have given him a wide renown. In some of these designs, such as "Some of her New Friends," "The Stars sang in their Spheres," and "With Love," he has attained a very high level. The work the artist did in this series of drawings has had a strong influence on his painting, being of the serious sort that helps to progress, and not of that other sort, too frequent, unfortunately, in the illustrative work of painter-designers, which lowers their standard rather than elevates it.

Kenyon Cox is a colorist of distinction, but he is above all a draftsman; indeed he is one of the best draftsmen among American painters. In the autumn Academy exhibition of 1888 there was a small portrait of a lady by him that is a marvel of drawing, and which possesses a fineness of line that makes it comparable to the best work of Élie Delaunay. Better drawing is seldom seen nowadays than is to be found in this admirable little head in three-quarters view, and it is painted with extreme delicacy of touch. That it is entirely free from hardness in modeling is proof of its great excellence. In the portrait of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1888, Mr. Cox has had to deal with an exact problem in the representation of things as they are in nature, and he has given in this picture a brilliant exposition of his power as a technician. It is notable also as showing skill in the expression of character—a quality that marks every portrait which the world has decided to call good. "A Studio Corner" (a portrait of the artist Will H. Low), exhibited at the Academy in 1884, is, again, a worthy example of the painter's ability to transcribe facts while investing them with the quality that belongs to true picture-making. The list of portraits that Mr. Cox has painted is not a very long one, but it is marked by several performances that are extraordinarily good. Considering a portrait as it ought to be considered—as a work of art in itself as well as a likeness—we shall not find many canvases among those signed by American painters in recent years that equal Mr. Cox's "Portrait of Roger D——," in the Academy

exhibition of 1890. A little boy with a rosy face and blonde hair, dressed in a sailor suit of dark blue, is represented standing, with a background of quiet gray. There are no "accessories" in the picture; the composition is simplicity itself. But it has much of that charm which distinguishes the master's portraits, the charm that lies in giving us character and truth without meretricious effect.

No man in America has worked more persistently and conscientiously than Kenyon Cox to paint well for the sake of painting, and no man has striven more resolutely to realize his ideal in spite of that lack of encouragement which is measured in money. From indifference on the part of the public, from a criticism of his intentions which in some quarters has been as malicious as it is ignorant, Cox as a painter of the nude has had much to endure. Some of the best of his works, such as "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" (Society of American Artists, 1888), have not attracted much more than a passing notice; others have been misunderstood and condemned. It is sufficient to say here that no painter among us has a purer sense of beauty in the ideal, and no one has a keener perception of grace of form and distinction of color in nature. He is impelled to paint the nude simply because he considers it beautiful. It would be a sorry day for art if the critic's right were admitted to dictate to the artist what he shall choose for the subject of his work, yet Mr. Cox has been told to leave off painting the nude and paint only those other things in which his intentions are fully understood and his ability universally recognized. It is characteristic of the man that he has turned a deaf ear to such admonitions, and it is gratifying to those who believe he is right to see that in a composition completed during the past autumn he has surpassed his previous work in this direction, and has produced in a picture called "Vision of Moonrise" a canvas of most admirable quality and so complete in drawing, color, and *ensemble* as to make it compare favorably with the best of modern work. It would be scarcely fair, however, to compare what he has done with the best work of the same kind by modern Frenchmen. He is much nearer the Italians of the Renaissance in his sympathies than he is to Gervex. He has more in common with Baudry, whose works he admires intensely; but he is most influenced by the great Venetians. Titian and Giorgione are his gods, and if he thinks of other men's work when he toils at his own it must be of these two. His standard is such a high one that he may never reach the point where he can say that he is satisfied with what he has done; but is it not a question whether any really good man ever did? And is it not



A. M. P. L. S. W. A.
KENYON COX
N. Y. 1888

J. H. WILKINSON

A STUDIO CORNER, BY KENYON COX.

the best hope for the future of his art when we find a painter saying, "I have yet something to learn"?

But Cox the painter of the nude is another man from the painter of such a landscape as "Flying Shadows." He holds, rightly, that an artist should not keep to one "line," and he thinks, rightly again, that the highest fields in painting are the portrait, the nude, and the landscape. In his portraits he is as modern as he well could be, meaning always that he has never been guilty of cultivating a "fad" or of sacrificing truth and simplicity for mere effect. As a landscape painter he is modern and a naturalist. He is always sober, self-contained, and reserved. "Flying Shadows" was painted when the artist returned fresh from the sympathetic atmosphere of France. He visited his native State in the summer of 1883, and the picture was painted on the banks of the Ohio near Bellaire. There is a force in feeling one's self amid scenes that have been familiar from childhood and receiving the impressions that associations produce, and in the picture in question there is no doubt but the painter was influenced by such a feeling. These rolling hills, with patches of woods and fields separated by rail fences, with alder bushes growing in the corners, are distinctively American. They belong in Ohio and western Pennsylvania, and nowhere in the world except in the upper Ohio Valley does the landscape bear just such characteristics as distinguish this picture. In its treatment there is no hint of the softer atmosphere of northern France, where the painter had lived and studied for five years before. In the well-modeled contours of the ground, in the clearly marked values of one mass of green beside the others, in the well-defined horizon with its bright sky and white clouds floating by, in every line of the composition, there is the accent of local truth. Such native motives as these Mr. Cox has used in his compositions of the nude; and in the "Vision of Moonrise," "Evening," "An Eclogue," and other pictures, their fitness for the purpose may be noted. In choosing these motives, too, it should be remarked, the painter has avoided the raggedly picturesque—the scraggy oak and the stringy birch tree, with which we are only too familiar. In his pictures are broad stretches of meadow, round, well-foliaged trees, and simple skies with cloud masses well drawn and in harmony of line with the land.

As a painter, whether of portraits, or the nude, or landscape, Kenyon Cox always impresses us as a man who is in earnest. His work is invariably sincere and dignified in intention; in many of his compositions there is a regard for style

that is such a rare quality in the work of American painters as to make it worthy of note when we find it. That which has been criticized most frequently in his pictures of the nude is the result of mistaken judgment of his public, not of perverted taste. He fancies that all the world can see from his point of view, forgetting that the artist from the hour he begins to study gets farther and farther away from the standpoint of the layman, who has generally remained almost in the same place. Feeling sure that he is right himself, he is tenacious of his opinion, and rarely makes a change in his work at the suggestion of others; or if he does, he often changes it back again, convinced that he was right in the first place. Self-reliant and persistent, he reasons clearly and logically, and acts upon his conclusion. High-minded and absorbed in his own world, he takes little heed of the concerns of others except when he is appealed to, and then he is always ready and willing to give to his friends the same conscientious thought and the same energetic action that he brings to his own affairs. Though his health is none too robust, and his life has been in part a struggle to regain the strength the illness of his boyhood came near depriving him of altogether, he has energy of intellect sufficient for a whole company. Alert, keen, and responsive, he finds an interest in many things outside of his art. A writer of correct and vigorous English and a regular contributor to some of our best periodicals and journals, an active working member of the Society of American Artists and one of its Board of Control, the indefatigable secretary of the National Free Art League, a hard-working committeeman, one of the ablest instructors in the Art Students' League, a busy illustrator, and a painter who works in his studio with the ardor of an enthusiast, there is no more individual figure in the art world of New York than Kenyon Cox. He believes thoroughly in the future of American art and thinks the best hope for its high rank lies at home. He maintains that its ultimate supremacy is inevitable, and to do what he can to hasten the day when it shall be acknowledged second to none is his constant thought. He is always ready with hand and voice and pen whenever and wherever he feels he can help to advance the cause of true art among us, and when he enlists he fights manfully to the end. No one's interest is greater and no one's industry is so unflagging in every movement which tends to achieve that higher civilization which comes to a people after the height of material progress is attained, and no good cause need more than once appeal to the artist or the citizen Kenyon Cox.

William A. Coffin.