

eighty-fifth year, long indeed an invalid, she survives—to every one who loves his fellow-man, a saint, none the less actual for being still uncanonized.

—Professor Santayana of Harvard puts forth the first two little volumes of five to be entitled "The Life of Reason, or the Phases of Human Progress" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The first volume is entitled 'Introduction, and Reason in Common Sense,' the second 'Reason in Society.' Reason in Religion, Art, and Science respectively are promised. The publishers' advertisement called the philosophy pragmatic, and it is true that the first part of the first chapter and some other passages have that aroma; but the author more accurately describes himself when he says that "almost every school can furnish something useful." It is, in fact, an eclectic philosophy, and, like other works of that sort, is likely to have more literary than scientific value. Book A of Aristotle's *Metaphysics* (the theistic book) has had more influence upon this mosaic of opinions than any other one work. Professor Santayana's style is highly polished, in parts too much so; so that we are bewildered and fatigued by a shimmer of rapidly passing thoughts that are hard to make out through a medium more glittering than lucid. He is so extravagant an admirer of Greek reasonableness that we have sometimes asked ourselves whether he hadn't a deep design of producing in his writing a general effect of Greek; although nobody can be more perfectly aware than Professor Santayana that on a closer inspection every feature of his style is at the very antipodes of Greece—as far from it as one could possibly get. Professor Santayana's volumes are anything but commonplace. They are all that Boston has of most *précieux*. They are also extremely handy and agreeable to the eyes.

—In "The Chronicles of an Old Campaigner" (Dutton) Col. Walter C. Horsley has translated a volume of memoirs which, after enjoying considerable repute in the eighteenth century, has been suffered of late to disappear from view. The author, M. de la Colonie, was a dragoon officer in the service of the Elector of Bavaria during the years when the court of Munich was deriving its political inspiration from Versailles. His reminiscences are almost wholly devoted to the wars of the period, and reflect the state of feeling which prevailed in South Germany when Marlborough and Prince Eugene made their famous march to the banks of the Danube. M. de la Colonie was not actually present at the battle of Blenheim, but he served during that campaign, besides being present at Ramillies and Malplaquet. He also took an active part in the Turkish war of 1717, when Prince Eugene foiled the last attempt of the Ottoman to reach Vienna. It was in the operations around Belgrade that M. de la Colonie gained his chief distinction, but the most interesting part of his story relates to the Blenheim campaign. His chief characteristic as a critic is moderation of tone and sympathy with the unfortunate, but he cannot understand why Tallard, when he had decided to leave his entrenchments, did not use the 15,000 Bavarian troops that were at his disposal. Eloquent testimony is given to the quickness of Marlborough's movements by the effect they had on the enemy. So completely did he take Tallard by sur-

prise that, when he began his attack on the French position, a considerable part of the French army was dispersed in the form of foraging parties. What pleased the English and Imperialists most was that they should have captured twenty-seven battalions and twelve squadrons simply by hemming them in; nor can there be any doubt regarding the failure of the French to make the best of a bad business. This book contains little information regarding politics or society, but certainly deserves to be known by all who care to study warfare as an art.

ART ESSAYS BY KENYON COX.

Old Masters and New. By Kenyon Cox. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1905.

Visitors to Europe who care for the art either of yesterday or of three hundred years ago, would do well to put into their trunks, or, better, their handbags, Mr. Kenyon Cox's collection of essays and reviews with the above title. Readers of the *Nation* will find some of them familiar but none the less re-readable. Much that he says, if (as he himself notes) not always particularly new, is vital, and is stated clearly, tersely, and with the authority of a practising artist. It is perhaps this authority which is peculiarly valuable to his reader, backed as it is by a fearlessness that does not for a moment hesitate to call a spade a spade, even if, in the hands of a Titian or a Tintoretto, it may appear to the half-initiated an enchanter's wand. The great artist really does bear a magic staff, and its waving clothes all that his name stands for with a glamour so effective that, within its influence, his devotee sometimes mistakes bad for good, and lumps failure with achievement. To the layman such a state of mind is probably healthier than a too critical one, for, if he be not somewhat dazzled by the splendor of a great master, he has not wholly enjoyed him. Nevertheless, when the tourist says of a canvas, *quia* a Titian, "What splendidly glowing color!" (we quote textually an instance known to us), it is well sometimes to have an artist at elbow to say, "Instead of proceeding by acquired momentum, wait a bit and look at the canvas; these colors are cold and inharmonious, the result of overpainting done long after Titian was dead." Mr. Cox is this artist at one's elbow; and if he thus corrects our hasty mistakes, he also combats, now and again, a deliberately acquired opinion, fortifying his own by a trained and often peculiarly keen observation, and never forgetting that if documentary testimony is sometimes invaluable and study of an artist's environment is nearly as important, consideration of the work in hand—looking at the canvas or fresco—is worth all the rest.

Our author's space is relatively limited, and as historian he summarizes, giving nearly all his time to criticism, as the reader would wish to have him. Critically, too, he summarizes the qualities of the painter studied, ordering his exposition carefully, and covering the different sides of his subject's artistic expression with gratifying comprehensiveness. He does not, however, permit this regularity of plan to hinder emphasis of the salient; when he assumes his personal point of view, it is without hesitation. Thus, he sees in Rubens, for example, a classic rather than a

romantic painter; and when he agrees with the opinions of others he just as unhesitatingly reaffirms them—as of Michel, for instance, regarding the same painter's method and ponderation, which, superficially considered, seem so converse to his apparent *entrainment* and real *fozgue*. Mr. Cox notes the great Fleming's faults and virtues as not Flemish, but European and *sciento*, and finds cleverly qualifying epithets, such as the "flourishing and writing-masterly style" of Rubens's drawings, and pays deserved tribute to this pioneer of landscape painting.

In the Frans Hals article Mr. Cox corrects the loose-thinking admiration of loose handling, and shows that it is not looseness, which is easy, but right placing and shaping of the loose stroke, which deserves such admiration; and he prophesies the eventual discovery of canvases which shall show the steps that led Hals to his unerring brushwork. He frankly disavows the presence of beauty in some of Rembrandt's most famous figures, yet emphasizes their adornment of a beautiful result; he condenses Fromentin's estimate as "the truest word of criticism" uttered, and, on his own account, puts tersely and excellently the reasons for Rembrandt's sharing in his old age the lot of the prophet in his own country. In sum, he qualifies wisely, yet sees in the work of the wonderful Dutchman the expression of "one of the greatest and most profoundly original minds in the world's history."

When he approaches the modern artists, Mr. Cox enters a less-trodden field, but treads it as firmly. He puts Meissonier's minuteness of detail in the background (or at least the middle ground) rather than the foreground of his achievement, thus again usefully stimulating the thought of the average observer, and gives a well-stated explanation of why the "1807," full as it is of Meissonier's best qualities, is a failure. He praises his masters with discrimination, but Baudry he *loves* among moderns, as Veronese among the men of the Renaissance; perhaps he overpraises a little Baudry's earlier works, yet the article is a timely tribute to the great and not sufficiently known Frenchman. The lover of Baudry is heartily appreciative of the genius of Puvis, and in the successive articles upon these two painters he impartially follows the gamut of decorative painting in the nineteenth century's latter half. Perhaps the best article in the book is that on Whistler. In this admirable essay the exposition of a man's technique and technical development is the most direct and sustained which we remember since Fromentin wrote his *Maitres d'autrefois*, and is all the more illuminating in that Mr. Cox shows that it is hardly a technique at all; in the generally accepted sense, but rather the development of a state of mind regardless of whatever else might be; the development of a sort of caress which smoothed out of nature everything that did not minister to Whistler's inclination; the development almost of a *mood*. The reader may be commended to the juxtaposition of Whistler, Sargent, and Velasquez upon page 244, and, above all, the paragraph on page 245, beginning "How far the absence" and ending with "He lacks the first essential ability, the ability to desire." These are golden words; and Mr. Cox gives us such

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