

throughout that last night, that he must see her no more. And so before dawn of the day when she would have told him the truth he steals softly away and passes out of her life. The idyllic charm of the story is undeniable. There is at times a certain mannerism, a root of affectation approaching preciosity. Yet in the later part of the story, which is full of the din

of battle, there is an impetuous on-rush of action that makes one quite forget any occasional artificiality of style. It is a book strong enough to carry with it a conviction that here is a new writer whose work will count for something definite among the novels of the present decade.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THREE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

THE WORK OF JOHN S. SARGENT.*

MUCH has been written of Mr. Sargent's work and much to the purpose, but it seems to have been reserved for a woman to communicate that which is almost incommunicable, in the notes that Mrs. Meynall has prepared as introductory to this fine volume of photo-gravures published in London and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, of portraits by Mr. Sargent.

It is an attribute of genius to inspire consideration from many sides; and we think it most important that an artist who is so widely discussed should find a worthy commentator. It may seem rather an inversion of the order of things that this volume should be reviewed, giving precedence to the literary side of the book when the illustrations form really the book itself. But in a sense this again seems proper, for the writer calls her notes introductory, and doubtless, if they are first read, he who then examines the work will be in a frame of mind to better appreciate the riches here displayed. Mrs. Meynall has done nearly all that can be done, outside the esoteric circle of the practised painter to explain the sources of this artist's power—and, again, in that charmed circle of kindred craftsmen few can successfully give expression through the medium of words.

In the last few years, since the revival of interest in portraiture, and there has evidently been such a revival, volumes of importance dealing with one or the

other of the great earlier portraitists have been brought here for our delectation. We doubt, however, if one of quite so great impressiveness from the point of view of book-making has yet been offered to the public.

But before speaking of the physical features, so to say, of the book, we must still go further in expressing our indebtedness to the writer of the introduction. For anything that is to-day conducive to a better understanding of the portrait painter, anything that will indicate the problems he has to face and the qualities of mind required to successfully portray a human being is most welcome. A volume of this kind is well calculated to further such a desirable end; and we regard Mr. Sargent as peculiarly fortunate in possessing so searching a verbal interpreter, and also in working at a period when a fair exposition of his achievements can be so satisfactorily disseminated. The writer in disclaiming partially the rôle of "psychologist" which some have seen fit to give this painter, goes on to say: "He proves himself rather to be observant and vigilant, nay, simple, as a great artist must be. How many and various qualities, mental and physical, meet to prepare that direct and simple contemplation of the world might give us matter of surmise; for contemplation there is—something more than observation; and something more than perception—insight." The closeness of Mr. Sargent's differentiation of national types is then mentioned: "When Mr. Sargent paints an American—the portrait of Mr. Roosevelt, for example—the eye has the look of America, the national habit is in the figure and head. In like manner, Mr. Sargent paints an English-

*Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$30.00 net.

woman with all the accents, all the negatives, all the slight things partly elegant, partly dowdy—one can hardly tell which of these two—the characteristics that remove her, further than any other woman, from the peasant and the land, further than an artificial Parisian. Mr. Sargent perceives these keenly, never forcing the signs, for force would destroy anything so delicate." All this shows what a subtle instrument of sight, which might truly be named insight, this painter possesses, if, in addition the tale be veracious that Mrs. Meynell quotes as hearsay: "that of one portrait a physician made a diagnosis from it and named a malady until then uncertain—a disorder that has a characteristic effect upon bearing and expression." While showing the painter's grasp of the spiritual significance of physiognomy, bearing, traits, and habit of life in general, she, the writer, goes as far as a layman can be expected to go in indicating the marvellous technical proficiency of this wielder of the brush. Much of this virtuosity is conveyed to us through the medium of these admirable points; and had the autochromatic process been more perfect we would in this volume be placed still closer to the painted charm of these "human documents." As it is, what can be more vitally present than the picture of Coventry Patmore? The colour values in this reproduction seem well sustained, the head in relation to the white of collar and waistcoat, as well as of the strong darks in cravat and coat and lesser dark of background; while the composition, the placing of the figure in this limited area so as to leave the impression of gauntness and slenderness is most intelligently conceived. The portrait of the artist's friend, George Henscel, appears also very successfully reproduced in the colour values. It is a simple bust, but with an animation and a tilt of the head that is most characteristic and which gives it a pervading impression of life-likeness. Of other merely bust portraits there are few, and these apparently studies—that of "Lady with White Waistcoat" is in that interesting stage which appeals to the painter as revealing the security of this particular painter's method of attack when beginning a portrait; it is direct and "telling," as is also that of the Joseph Jefferson again in the

initiative state. It is, indeed, one of the instructive features of this publication that in it, these various steps in the technical procedure of Mr. Sargent are not withheld. He has, in a certain sense, opened his portfolio to the publishers, and we are given a chance to see examples of charcoal, wash, and even pencil drawings simultaneously with his most perfected productions.

This opportunity in the case of one possessing Mr. Sargent's command of materials is to the amateur as well as to the professional worker, of truly intrinsic interest and value. These preparatory studies are, however, so few that they do not impair anything that the collection may possess of a popular nature. When one compares them with the important compositions of portrait group comprising two or three figures the intellectual interest is only enhanced by the opportunity thus given to study the preparatory brushwork that goes to realisation of these perfectly constructed examples of the painter's craft. For in most of these photogravures the touch is markedly revealed. As for the ingenuity of arrangement in the larger works, full-lengths, and group portraits, one's admiration and esthetic pleasure seem to grow in noting the happy disposition of masses and the beautiful balance of quantities in these spirited presentations of human beings in their habitual and natural environment. This is what Mr. Sargent does—he places them there, they exist in their own air, they possess their individuality, their own distinction or lack of it. His observation is alert and his scrutiny keen. Nothing escapes him and he presents what he sees by the shortest cut—by eliminating all that is likely to detract from the power of the impression. This is felt, I think, with much truth in the portrait of Lord Ribblesdale—he is there before you—English and handsome. The portrait, too, of Alfred Wertheimer shows a young man in the fullness of a rich and ripe vitality, so lighted as to offer the best relief to the plastic planes of this broadly modelled and virile head. One can see by examining these pictures how almost absolutely unerring is the painter's touch. A turn of the brush when accompanied by faultless drawing, provided the note thus placed is true in

"value," and we have a finished thing. We hear much of Mr. Sargent's lack of finish—When is a portrait finished? One might answer—"When it has thus received throughout, the significant touch." So peculiarly powerful is this painter in picturing the outward aspect of his subject that in reviewing a book reproducing his work one is tempted to be led off from remarks on the book to an estimation of the artist it illustrates. The method of the painter is well given by these plates, while the make-up of the work is in excellent style. It would, however, have facilitated the searcher for a particular plate had these been numbered in the index. It now remains, however, in spite of defective index, to speak of a few of the most important compositions—those of the Misses Hunter, the Ladies Acheson, and the group of Wertheimer children.

The Misses Hunter is one of those presentations in which Mr. Sargent utilizes the resources of furniture to tie together, as it were, the figures of his canvas into a compact composition, but with such judgment that the personages appear to have happened quite naturally or quite by chance in their respective places in the scene; for scene it sometimes is when three sisters on this cushioned circular seat sit talking over the little nothings or somethings of the season. Again, more obviously perhaps is a scene produced for its possibilities of colour and line when the Ladies Acheson pluck oranges and sit or stand where foliage and sky may play a part in the admirably "arranged" environment in which the artist has chosen to picture them. The Wertheimer children in their schoolroom, where the freedom from study hours has permitted the admission of household pets. The naturalness of such a moment with its privileges, seems most truthful and unstudied, and in its domestic theme is of the tradition of Velasquez's "Las Meninas." There are so many large portraits here that even a brief mention of more is out of the limits of this review, but a word must be said of the graceful American girl, Miss Leiter, who figures in surroundings that it would have pleased Sir Joshua to paint her, and from the charm of this printed copy must have proved a subject no less grateful to the esthetic taste of Mr. Sar-

gent. A pencil drawing at the end of the book of Mrs. Meynell, friend of Ruskin, and intelligent appreciator of the present painter, is of a fineness and interest that captivate. Certainly this handsome large folio of broad margins and fine painting, is a most timely and welcome contribution to the cult of portraiture which appears to have lately been established among us.

Frank Fowler.

II.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S SATIRES OF JUVENAL.*

FROM the days when Dr. Anthon smoothed the path of the student of the classics by his ample commentary and extended translations, the production of annotated editions has been continually increasing, until not only is every author read in the college curriculum published in annotated form, but some e.g., Horace, have appeared in such numerous editions as to awaken astonishment at the productivity of classical scholarship and at the endurance of the author. The Satires of Juvenal have not suffered from over-annotation. It is true that from England we have the editions of Mayor, Lewis, Pearson and Strong, Hardy, and Duff, but only the last two are serviceable for students in our colleges. In America, however, Juvenal has been neglected; for with the exception of two editions with brief notes and little attempt at scholarly treatment, nothing has been published. It is to fill this gap that Professor Wilson has prepared the book which we are considering, and before any further comment is made, it should be said that his work is a decided addition to text-books of this character and is highly creditable to American scholarship.

The Satires of Juvenal offer certain difficulties to an editor. First, there is the question of the desirability of printing the entire text. The result of Dr. Anthon's attempt to make a satisfactory edition by omitting the objectionable word or phrase would have been amusing, if it had not been

*The Satires of Juvenal. Edited by Harry Langford Wilson: The University Publishing Company.