

SARGENT AND OTHERS.

A Gallery of Portraits by the Most Brilliant of Modern Masters.

THE WORK OF JOHN S. SARGENT, R. A. With an Introductory Note by Mrs. Meynell. Illustrated. Folio, pp. 72. Charles Scribner's Sons.
RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER, BY ARTHUR JEROME EDDY. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 228. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F. S. A. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 48. The Macmillan Company.
THE GENIUS OF J. M. W. TURNER. Special Winter Number of "The Studio." Illustrated. Folio. No. pagination. John Lane.

There are several things about the first of the books named above, which, in spite of long familiarity, cannot but astonish the reader. One of them is the indication, in the title, of Mr. Sargent's membership in the Royal Academy. "What," one murmurs, turning from the frontispiece, a superb photograph of the portrait of Carmelita, to the opposite page, on which the symbolic letters stand, "what in the world is he doing in that gallery?" It has always been a puzzle, it always will be a puzzle, for Mr. Sargent is so brilliantly individualized a painter, he is so obviously the antithesis of everything that the Royal Academy implies, that it is difficult to understand how he, any more than Whistler, could be in any way identified with Burlington House. He is not really identified with it; he is in it but not of it, his genius placing him in a category apart. Every exhibition in which his work has appeared has made this plain, but to many an observer this sumptuous

canvas, could not have more delicately imparted to his portrait the note of patrician distinction, of courtly grace and refinement—the special property of the earlier English school—which Mr. Sargent, interpreting his subject with perfect sympathy, has communicated to this beautiful portrait. In every situation he shows the same resource. Never has the British sportsman been portrayed with a more conclusive grasp of all that is contained in the type, especially when that type is found in the ranks of the nobility, that in the full length of Lord Ribblesdale. Never has the musician been interpreted with a surer hand than in the portrait of Johannes Wolf, or the artist than in the portrait of M. Paul Helleu. It is impossible to avoid seeing Mr. Sargent first as a painter of character as one turns these pages. The book is as brimful of human interest as any novel could be. In fact, there are portraits here, like the "Lady Faudel-Phillips" or "The Hon. Mrs. Charles Russell," which give one an almost painful sense of participation in the ruthless analysis of character. But one can never look for more than five minutes at a painting by Mr. Sargent without becoming absorbed in contemplation of his technique. It is, after all, the beauty of these works that makes them so impressive, and it is the beauty that flows from felicitous composition, from consummate draughtsmanship and handling generally. The painter gains something from being translated into black and white. Long ago, in reviewing the great exhibition of his works at Boston, we pointed out the inferiority of his gifts as a colorist to all his other gifts. These monotonous show with great clearness how much those other gifts do to make us forget his limitations. They show with what ease and vigor and breadth he conquers difficulties of form; with what accuracy,

than another. And he did more than any man who ever lived to reduce portrait painting to a trade, a mechanical pursuit. Mr. Eddy's "views" are not inspiring. His anecdotes, however, are numerous, and we are glad to have them in so pretty a form.

Lord Ronald Gower has had better luck in writing of Gainsborough than he had in writing of Michael Angelo in the little book which we noticed about two months ago. He treats a theme which is more within his scope, and in regard to which, we fancy, his experience has been richer. The career of Gainsborough is rapidly outlined in this volume. The author advances his general ideas of his subject, which are conventional enough, in an introductory chapter, and then follows his hero from Sudbury to Ipswich, then to Bath, and finally to

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. A Severely Critical Study of Her Romantic Adventures.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. A Political History. By Major Hume. Illustrated. 3 vo, pp. xiii, 47. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Major Hume's volume on "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" is gratefully remembered by students of sixteenth century history. The companion volume, which he now publishes, must leave them with a deepened sense of obligation. It is, indeed, one of the best books on Mary Stuart which we owe to modern research, scholarly, independent and absorbingly interesting. It gains much from the author's refusal to adopt

derness, whose indiscretions were of the heart rather than of the head. As a matter of fact, she was a craftily scheming woman all her life long. If she is to be as much pitied as blamed, it is because circumstances so contributed to the development of all the worldly traits in her nature. While she was still an infant she was a pawn in the game being played by the courts of France, Spain and England for the balance of power in Europe. To those in control at each of those courts the possession of Scotland could not but mean an increase of political weight and an added resource in military enterprise. The squabbles for the hand of Mary, begun almost with her birth, render her a pathetic figure, and Major Hume is not forgetful of those aspects of her childhood in France which appeal to our sympathy. But he lays stress upon her precocious appreciation of her royal state and prerogatives, and exhibits her as capable, even at the outset of her career, of acts which it is impossible to condone. As the time of her marriage to the Dauphin approached she gave a pledge to Scotland that she and her husband would preserve intact the laws and privileges of that country, but meanwhile she was cheerfully playing into the hands of the Guisan party, and signed papers in which, "in consideration of the protection always given by the kings of France to her realm, and the care that had been taken of her (Mary) by Henry II," she declared that if she should die without heirs of her body, she gave "in pure and free donation to the kings of France, present and to come, all her realm of Scotland, and her rights and claims to the Crown of England." In addition, she promised that "Scotland and its entire revenue should remain thenceforward pledged in gage to France until the whole sum of 1,000,000 (crowns) in gold was paid as a return for the expenses that had been incurred by the King in the defence of the country." Final-

ly, in a third document, "she divested herself of the power of ever retracting or annulling the free donation she had made of Scotland to France, in default of heirs of her body."
Cardinal Lorraine was, of course, the moving power behind this treachery, and she was not only accustomed to looking to him and other kinsmen near her for advice, but, as Major Hume says, she was doubtless brought to believe by her entourage that Scotland, being the kind of barbarous country they always called it, must necessarily fall a prey to England and lose its Catholicism unless it became an integral part of the realm of France. But, the author adds, it must be recollected, after making all allowances, "that Mary had already shown in many letters still extant that she understood perfectly her sovereign position and privileges, she was clever and clear sighted, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the interests of the Guises and of France were her first care, whatever became of Scotland." This attitude was modified in time, but she never wholly abandoned it. We need not traverse the story of her short married life and the break with Catherine de Medici which came inevitably on the death of her husband. It may be noted, however, that even long before she left France she had given signs of her intention to press her claim upon the throne of England, whenever opportunity should arise, and though it is tempting to see in her, on her embarkation toward Calais, the sorrowing widow, hastened on toward her Scottish domain by cruel inducements at the French court, Major Hume is careful to exhibit the selfishness of her emotions at this juncture of affairs.

He points out that throughout the poem she wrote on her bereavement it is in a vein of self-pity that she pursues her theme. "Not a word of sorrow," he says, "for the premature cutting off of the life of young Francis or grief at the suffering he had borne. . . . Her own loss of pleasure, the waste of her beauty and youth, the absence of something that ministered to her individual well being, . . . are the main burden of her railings against Fate." All this is to be remembered for the reason that Mary was scarce a widow before matrimonial plans began to be woven around her, and because, as time went on, her share in those plans was determined not only by her romantic feeling but by her coolly considered policies. Her latest biographer represents her as early learning to gather the threads of statecraft into her hands. Life in Scotland was sorely troubling to the young Queen. With her dour subjects swiftly developing an ill-concealed dislike for her levity, with John Knox thundering against her religion, she was hard put to it to preserve her patience. She had brains as well as charm and courage. With a greater stability of character, and a keener insight into the conditions springing from the very roots of the people she had come to rule, she would have committed herself to a conciliatory line and would have adhered to it in all good faith. But always she looked forward to the creation of a Catholic Scotland, and hence her feverish eagerness to find a husband at the Spanish court. Don Carlos may have been unfit for her as a man, but she would have married him with a light heart in order to gain the help of Philip in imposing her religion upon her country, and she dreamed of strengthening by this means also her hold upon the English succession. When she found that she could not wed the Spanish prince she turned to Darnley, and though she loved him she was unquestionably influenced in choosing him by the approval of Philip. By this time she had cooled toward France, whose discomfiture was aimed at by that monarch when he fell in with her plans, and she plunged headlong, a very incarnation of selfishness, into her disastrous marriage. Major Hume at this point a passage which we must quote intact:

Mary was, as we have seen, in love with her young suitor, and had already decided to marry him, when she learned that her father-in-law, and her determination to supplant Elizabeth on the throne of England, had together driven her thus basely to promise to submit herself and her realms, present and prospective, to the dictation of a foreign monarch who was the traditional enemy of the France she pretended to love so well, and whose aim was to overthrow utterly in both kingdoms over which she aspired to reign the religion held by the majority of the people. But it must have been a sweet triumph for her that the support of Spain, for which she had been bidding since the death of Francis, was at last promised to her as a condition of her marriage with the man to whom she had taken so violent a fancy. For once, inclination and policy seemed to go together, for Mary was blinded by love and blinded by Lorraine's teaching. She could not see in its true aspect the treachery, the wickedness of her aims. That the hideous methods of religious enslavement characteristic of Spanish Catholicism were to be employed in crushing her own subjects; that foreign pikemen were to deluge England and Scotland in blood rather than religious liberty should prevail; that French interests should suffer irrevocably, was all nothing to Mary if she could call herself Queen of Britain and enjoy the man she thought she loved.

Her action in this matter throws a flood of light upon all her subsequent performances. The key to her love affairs is to be found in the disintegration of her moral nature, wrought by her gusts of abandonment to passion and her steadily un-Scottish policy. Experience taught her little. Disillusionment where Darnley was concerned failed to warn her against entangling herself with Bothwell, and, even in



GAINSBOROUGH'S "LADY MULGRAVE."
From "Thomas Gainsborough." (The Macmillan Company.)

HARMONY IN GRAY AND GREEN: PORTRAIT OF MISS ALEXANDER.
(From "Recollections and Impressions of J. A. McNeill Whistler.") (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

MARY STUART WHEN SIXTEEN.
(From "The Love Affairs of Mary, Queen of Scots.") (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

ous volume must bring a new sense of the painter's extraordinary originality and power. The threescore full-page photographs it contains are of the highest quality, so that even in the absence of color they give a wonderfully vivid impression of just what he has accomplished, and, when it is remembered that these plates are far from representing all the work that he has executed, and that he is still in his prime, something like astonishment is, we repeat, bound to be felt.

Who else in modern art could have produced so many portraits of such rare excellence? Not Sargent's master, Carolus Duran, who has spent a long life trying to do much the same thing. In fact, the only man in the nineteenth century who ever exhibited anything like Sargent's skill and fecundity in portraiture was a painter as unlike him in temperament and style as could possibly be imagined. We refer to Ingres, whose portraits, whether among his paintings or among the thousands of drawings he left behind him, are unique in modern art for authority and distinction. But Ingres was so thorough a classicist that around even his most modern portraits there hangs the glamour of a remote past. He is already, so to say, an Old Master. Mr. Sargent is a modern of the moderns. All his traits are of to-day, his alert outlook upon the world, his quick sympathy for its most characteristic types, his nervous tension, in a word, his thorough sophistication. It is not in the state portrait, as we may call it, that he excels, in groups, as in Sir Joshua, like "The Lady Alexandra, Mary and Theo. Achenso," or "The Misses Hunter." It is in a portrait that is actually itself, in such a merciless transcript from reality as the famous "Asher Wertheimer," which a novelist of the ultra modern school might envy, that he is most at his ease. Yet he has the pliability which is to be expected in a man of his generation, and it is interesting to see with what a sure instinct he handles almost any motive when he is unhampered by convention of design, and has simply to point what he sees in his sitter.

The confirmed cosmopolitan, whose art is of his country exclusively and of no school; who reminds you of certain masters of the past, only to emphasize the fact that he is, when all is said, emphatically a master of the present, is called by no type. Half a dozen nationalities are represented in this portrait gallery. Mr. Sargent has painted members of most of the professions, and the women of his time he condescends with no less sympathy than he shows in his studies of men. Among the reproductions here of portraits which have never been shown on this side of the Atlantic, and which have not hitherto been published, there is one peculiarly suggestive at once of the artist's modernity and of his aptitude in expressing the accent of the particular milieu in which he happens to find his sitter. This is the full length of the Duchess of Portland, standing in evening costume beside a carved mantelpiece of marble. There is nothing about the dress to recall the earlier atmosphere of English society, save, perhaps, the broad lace collar that stands out more or less stiffly, like an old ruff. The composition is utterly without the formality characteristic of eighteenth century portraiture. Something in the pose of the Duchess, more over, something of arrested movement, subtly suggests the modern drawing room. Yet Reynolds himself, whose qualities of style and design are not even faintly suggested by this

and yet with what freedom, he puts the fact on canvas. It is never idealized fact as he gives it to us, yet it is always raised to the higher plane on which style envelops it, and gives it new life and charm. Mrs. Meynell, in her more ecstatic than luminous prefatory note, speaks of the "Mrs. George Batten" as "the portrait of a moment," as a work "full of spirit and action." It is all that she says of it, but if we are arrested by this production it is chiefly because it is, as one can see even in the reproduction, a brilliant piece of technique.

Mr. Sargent is as flexible in his technique as he is in his attitude toward his material. A swift and forcible touch is disclosed in the portrait just cited. The "Mrs. Leopold Hirsch," one of the painter's greatest triumphs, is quite as broadly painted, yet it seems to have been done with far more patience and research. Again the "Mrs. Charles Hunter" is as loosely handled as though it were only a sketch, and in other canvases, notably the "Mrs. Carl Meyer and Children," and the "M. Leon Delafosse," it is the artist's polish, his exquisite elegance, that we notice. The key may change but the mastery remains. It is true that the selections for this book have been most judiciously made. It contains none of Mr. Sargent's less successful paintings. But it might fairly be said that when a man can produce as many masterpieces as are reproduced in the volume before us, his failures do not count. We may remember them, yet we continue to think of him as a great painter. It was perhaps wise to omit the Boston decorations. The merits they possess cannot blind us to the fact that they do not stand, as the portraits stand, for what places Mr. Sargent among the men of genius. Several of his pictures have been included: "El Jaleo," "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," and "A Spanish Dance," and they are welcome, for when he painted them he was well within his natural scope. But this is a portrait, not a picture gallery. As such it stamps the man who filled it as, beyond all question, the greatest living painter, who, if he seems anything but an Old Master now, is destined, unmistakably, to attain to the rank of one when time shall have set its seal upon his art.

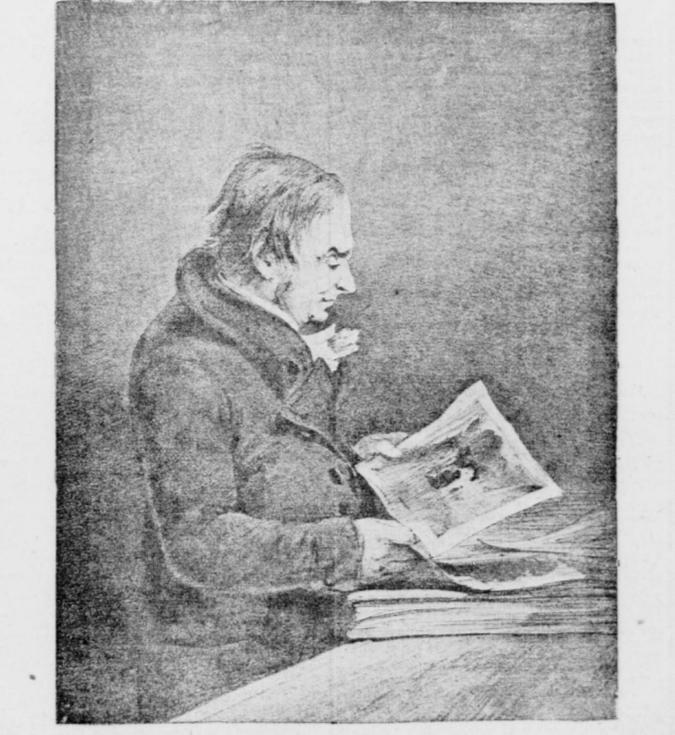
Mr. Eddy's book on Whistler is a rather unsymmetrical piece of writing, daintily printed and uncommonly well illustrated with photographs, but bearing the signs in the text of a work thrown together in haste. The author says that many of the anecdotes he gives were had from the artist's own lips, and that his views concerning Whistler's art "were formed by watching him at work day after day, and after many interviews in which, now and then, he would speak plainly concerning art." These remarks prepare us to expect a book of some value, but instead of that we have a collection of anecdotes and similar odds and ends. The story of the artist's life is told in fragmentary fashion, and is obviously incomplete. In the discussion of his work, Mr. Eddy discloses no critical capacity. He is wildly enthusiastic, and merely swells the chorus of unmeasured praise which has been raised by certain of the painter's thick and thin admirers, who cannot think of him without losing their heads. Mr. Eddy, by the way, holds very severe opinions on the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. "For the most part," he says, "his reputation rests on mere volume of brilliant and high grade work—very much as one factory has a greater reputation

London, commenting briefly as he goes on the works which belong to the periods and places he traverses. An anecdote aptly introduced here and there serves to lighten the narrative in an agreeable manner. It is a good popular life of Gainsborough, of a humdrum sort. At least it is clear, and contains a good deal of useful information. The illustrations are admirable; they have been chosen with sound judgment, the collection including a number of the drawings and studies. Most of the illustrations are, of course, half tones, but there are three photographs, one of them, a portrait of Gainsborough, serving as frontispiece, and another showing one of his loveliest paintings, the famous "Lady Mulgrave."

The text in the winter number of "The Studio," which is devoted to Turner, is not to be neglected. M. Sizeranne writes interestingly on the oil paintings, Mr. W. S. Sparrow deals to equally good purpose with the monochromes and water colors, and Mr. C. F. Bell contributes an especially welcome paper on "Turner and His Engravers." But the value of this publication is chiefly that of a kind of portfolio of reproductions. There are special plates in color, there are special plates reproduced from "Liber Studiorum," and there is a wealth of first rate half tones of various sizes. Many of the chief

that subtly sentimental tone which has, of late, been too popular among contributors to Marian literature. He is not an enemy to the Queen. He is not eager to prove that there was more evil than good in her nature. But he is an unimpassioned archivist, resolute in the pursuit of the truth, and he leaves the wholesome impression of a man who will not allow the charm of the most charming of all the Stuarts to divert him from the clear statement of those facts which, if necessarily enveloped in the glamour of romance, are nevertheless to be correctly understood only when placed in the dry light of purely political history. Mr. Andrew Lang, in "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," which he published two years ago, found it impossible to acquit the Queen of all the charges brought against her, but he found it equally impossible to withhold his sympathy from a woman undoubtedly as unfortunate as she was unwise. Major Hume keeps his sympathy well in hand, and is, on the whole, a severe critic of his heroine. We are not altogether sorry. Pages as candid as his act as a kind of tonic in a field of study in which too many writers have been enfeebled by excess of liking for its salient figure.

The right note is struck by Major Hume in pointing out that while Mary's romantic infatuation was never to be lost sight of in the study of her love affairs, it is equally important to keep in mind the reference they always bore to her political ambitions. We are apt to think of her as a beautiful woman, all love and ten-



J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.
(From "The Genius of J. M. W. Turner.") (John Lane.)

ly, in a third document, "she divested herself of the power of ever retracting or annulling the free donation she had made of Scotland to France, in default of heirs of her body."
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captivity, when her spirit seemed to be broken, she intrigued in the hope of being made "Queen of a Catholic Britain under Spanish protection," and her last love affair, bound up with this political purpose, contemplated the bringing of a Spanish prince upon the scene, Don John of Austria, the illegitimate brother of Philip. It is natural to ask why she failed, and Major Hume more or less steadily builds up a conclusive answer to that question as he unfolds his narrative. The woman whose upbringing at the licentious Court of France had permanently warped her powers of discretion; the woman who, partly through her own fault and partly through the secret labors of her foes, had allowed herself to be involved in the episodes of Chastelard and Rizzio; the woman whose real relations to the tragedy of Kirk-o'-Field and whose complaisance toward Bothwell retain an ugly look whether the Casket Letters are proved false or genuine; the woman capable of falling again and again so far beneath the level of her queenly responsibility, could hardly hope to prevail against the astute monarchs with whom she had constantly to reckon. The great stake for which she was playing was not to be won after such blunders as her's in a game which was absorbing all the cunning and energy of rulers as well poised as Elizabeth and Philip. In making this plain Major Hume extenuates nothing, and Mary, though she loses none of her charm at his hands, is put upon her trial in this book with a ruthless fidelity to the cold, hard facts in her case which cannot but inspire the reader to a more judicial reading of her character. Nothing is lost thereby. Mary remains an incomparable enchantress.

A FORTUNE IN FORGERIES.
From The London Daily Mail.
Dr. Mathias Schell, a physician of repute, who recently died in Vienna, at the age of eighty-four, left a collection of seventy-two pictures, which he had valued at £150,000, the acquisition of which had absorbed his entire fortune. The pictures have now been examined, and turn out to be either cleverly executed forgeries or copies, and consequently almost worthless. One of the pictures was supposed to be a Raphael, and the town of Urbino, on hearing of the doctor's discovery of the alleged masterpiece of its greatest son, conferred the freedom of the town upon him.

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