

SONNET.

Call the musicians hither; bid them play:
 For evening comes all ruthfully and needs
 Deft clavicem, the fiddle-men, and they
 That finger up and down their diverse reeds,
 Pipes, flutes and horns: and where is one who
 leads
 These gentles on their quaint, harmonious way?
 Silence: and then the gracious viol pleads
 From speaking strings; and the rest have their
 say.
 Set forth, ye marching melodies austere;
 At we remember wanton Youth gone winging,
 Charm us away to Arcady's green glades,—
 Where down the beechen solitudes we hear
 Calm voices lifted in some golden singing
 That we would have with us when music fades.

The New-York Tribune

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1909.

The troubles of the bookseller in England seem never to end. They are always being aired, for while the doctors frequently agree as to diagnosis they either quarrel over the cure proposed or lack the courage to put that cure into practice. Recently, in London, the Associated Booksellers held their annual dinner and discoursed at large upon the decline in the book trade and the decadence of literature. Conditions, it seems, are exceedingly bad. "Not only is there a lack of important work, there is an unprecedented dearth of buyers." Mr. William Heinemann, one of the most energetic and resourceful of the publishers of the day, uttered some truths which the London "Outlook" thus summarizes:

Overproduction and the issue of worthless publications account for much, the latter perhaps more than the former. Quality is no longer considered by authors, nor quantity by some publishers, and the artificial prices put upon books, often greatly in excess of their true value, complete the cumulative blundering which has brought a cloud over the publishing trade.

How is a change to be brought about? This commentator rather vaguely recommends "united effort and improved methods, so that, as Mr. Heinemann expressed it, the books offered to the public shall represent the money asked for them." United effort is all very well, but what is really needed is a general searching of hearts and much individual reform.

It is a curious thing that while the adulterator of food is looked at more or less askance the adulterator of literature meets, on the whole, with so little moral reprobation that he himself is not even dimly visited by a sense of transgression. Criticism may fall foul of him with burning zeal for purely literary issues, but it is restrained, doubtless by wholesome artistic considerations, from impugning his respectability. Obviously it would be absurd to treat the writers of poor fiction and the compilers of catchpenny "memoirs" as malefactors, but, on the other hand, there is surely a question of conscience in these matters, and when authors neglect it they deserve much harder raps on the knuckles than, as a matter of fact, they ever receive. Perhaps the worst sinners of all, and the ones who suffer the least from ruthless rebuke, are those of whom we have the right to expect the most. How many authors who make a reputation by good work are in a hurry to exchange it for the money that is to be made out of inferior stuff launched upon a favorable market! The popular author who engages in "overproduction" would of course scorn this imputation, but how otherwise are we to account for his frequent subsidence from the rank of the artist to that of the mere journeyman? It is scarcely credible that he would so often thus deteriorate if his conscience were not lulled to sleep. Vanity, it is true, sometimes offers the right solution of the problem. The writer who has been lauded too much easily enough gets to thinking that everything he does is as good as it could be made.

The author, then, is the man to whom we should look for some correction of the conditions deplored by the Associated Booksellers. He, quite as much as the publisher, must think of quality rather than quantity. He must think, too, of his own responsibility in matters which it is very speciously convenient to treat as resting solely with the publisher. Take, for example, the printing of a short story in the form of a novel, and its sale at the price of a full-grown book, this transformation being accomplished by the simple process of using large type, decorative borders, and a quantity of illustrations. No publisher brings out a volume of that sort without the author's sanction. We have known a book containing several pieces by an English author, and published at six shillings in London, to be split up into two volumes for the American market, with a consequent serious increase of cost. Was the author in question totally innocent in the matter? We trow not. The English publishers are much perturbed about the future of the six shilling novel. They have been issuing their cheap reprints too soon after the publication of the tale in its original form, and while this enterprise has its momentarily profitable aspects it is threatening disaster. Few modern novelists are so entrancing that the reader must buy them at once, when a cheaper edition may be expected inside of a year, or even sooner. In short, if there is to be "united effort," the unity must involve publishers and authors and sacrifices must be made on both sides. It is rather odd that there should be any difficulty in straightening out the whole question, considering that there are heaps of authors and publishers whose hearts are in the right place.

NEW ART BOOKS.

An Attempt to Shorten the List of Paintings by Velasquez.

THE SCHOOL OF MADRID. By A. de Beruete y Moret. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. xvi, 288. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

EL GRECO. An Account of His Life and Works. By Albert F. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. xii, 324. The John Lane Company.

THE WATER-COLORS OF J. M. W. TURNER. Text by W. G. Rawlinson and A. J. Finberg. Foreword by Sir Charles Holroyd, R. E. Illustrated, 4to, pp. vi, 42, xxx. The John Lane Company.

THE MONUMENTS OF CHRISTIAN ROME. From Constantine to the Renaissance. By Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. vii, 42. The Macmillan Company.

A HISTORY OF ART. By Dr. G. Carotti. Vol. II, Part I. Translated by Beryl de Zoete. Illustrated, 8mo, pp. xxi, 375. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE ROMAN FORUM. Its History and Monuments. By C. Huelsen. Translated by J. C. Carter. Second edition. Illustrated, 16mo, pp. xv, 271. G. E. Stechert & Co.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By William J. Anderson. Fourth edition. Illustrated, 8vo, pp. xx, 196. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Señor Aureliano de Beruete, in his book on Velasquez, has placed all students of Spanish

painters were often notably competent as craftsmen. It is not that they want emotion. Their religious pictures in many instances possess vitality to this day, and in portraiture they showed a certain feeling for character and a characteristically Spanish dignity. If they impress the disinterested observer somewhat less forcibly than they impress Señor Beruete, it is for the reason that they have not great power and are without the glamour of style. It is amusing to reflect on what would have happened if El Greco and Velasquez had never been born and these men had presided over the destinies of Spanish art. We would scarcely have heard of them.

The painter of whom Señor Beruete makes most in his book is, indeed, one whose merit resides altogether in his approximation to the method of the master. This is Juan Bautista Martínez del Mazo, who married the daughter of Velasquez, imitated the latter, and has, for several reasons, to be seriously reckoned with by modern criticism. He provides the salient theme in this book. It is in his treatment of that theme that Señor Beruete steps from the more or less safe ground of the historian and makes some doubtful strides across the shifting sands of so-called connoisseurship. He is not content to appraise the known works of Mazo at a fairly high valuation. If that were all one might easily follow the author, cheerfully accepting the friendly things he has to say about



ADMIRAL ADRIAN PULIDO PAREJA. (From the painting by Velasquez attributed by Señor Beruete to Mazo.)



A VIEW OF TOLEDO. (From the painting by El Greco.)

painting in his debt. Now his son performs a service which is, in its way, of equal value. "The School of Madrid" brings enlightenment where it has been sorely needed, exposing the true significance of a number of artists about whom very little is known save to specialists, and even the latter may well profit by the information here set forth. In a sense the author leaves seventeenth century Spanish art just where he found it—that is to say, an art dominated by Velasquez and of distinctly minor import where his contemporaries and immediate followers are concerned. His isolation and supremacy remain unchallenged. But intrinsically considered the painters dealt with in this volume are far from being contemptible, and, in any case, it is good to have their personalities lifted out of obscurity, to have their history systematized and brought into relation with the general movement of their time.

The author is careful to note that the school of Madrid is not, strictly speaking, the school of Velasquez. Some of the painters who formed it unquestionably imitated him, but his own self-centred disposition, the incommunicable character of his gifts and the pedestrian qualities of most of the Spanish artists of the period all militated against anything like the development of a tradition expressive of his genius. Perhaps in two respects he may be said to have been a source of really constructive inspiration. In respect to the truth that they put into their pictures and to the progress they made in matters of color artists like Pareja, Pereda, Colantes, Leonardo, the brothers Rizal, Carreno, Cerezo, Antolinez and Claudio Coello were all indebted to the example of Velasquez. They were clever men, and, with a number of others who need not be named here, they make an interesting company. Not one of them rose to a plane of true greatness. It is not that they lack technical proficiency. On the contrary, these

his painter and especially about the latter's *flair* for landscape. But Señor Beruete must go further, and, picking out divers paintings which he does not consider quite good enough for Velasquez, give them to Mazo. The "Admiral Adrian Pulido Pareja," in the National Gallery," is one of the works which, following his father, he thus would take from the master; the fascinating picture of "Prince Balthasar Carlos in the Riding School," at Grosvenor House, is another, and for a third he chooses that "Lady with the Mantilla," in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, which makes so perfect a pendant to the "Lady with a Fan," at Hertford House. He plays the old game of attribution with skill and aplomb. In regard to each of these three paintings he frames a very plausible case. To tell the truth, that is not very difficult. There are passages in them in which the execution falls below the master's best, and in his exhaustive analyses the author, of course, gives these the fullest possible weight. But it is when you come to consider the "Admiral," say, or the "Lady," as a whole, that you begin to wonder if any one save Velasquez could have painted them.

Furthermore, you wonder with even greater doubt if Mazo could have been the man. Señor Beruete is pretty confident of that individual's authorship of the works in question, and he possesses so much knowledge of his subject that one is bound to respect his opinion. One is not bound, however, to accept it as final, and our own belief is that it will not stand. Where the absence of certain qualities from a given painting constitutes the point at issue it is of the utmost importance to consider the extent to which the painting is deficient in those qualities. If you find no good drawing at all, no firmness of touch, no felicity in the grouping, no *brío* whatever, you may begin to doubt. But if these virtues are present, only lapsing in this or that detail, it is surely a more reasonable hypothesis that at those points the master hyp-

pened to nod. Señor Beruete falls into the familiar error of the modern scientific critic. He tends to dehumanize Velasquez and to assume that, like some consummately balanced machine, he always maintained his art at the highest pitch of perfection. His good faith is unimpeachable, yet we cannot help feeling that he has been unconsciously influenced in this matter by the fact that his argument so happily contributes to the exaltation of Mazo.

Mr. Calvert's book, in the composition of which he has been assisted by Mr. Hartley, has, like Señor Beruete's, a certain novel interest. We have not hitherto had a volume in English on El Greco, and this one not only fills a gap, but does so the more effectively inasmuch as it profits by the definitive study of Señor Cossio. The sketch of this master's life is particularly welcome, for, while biographical details are scant, there are enough of them available for us to develop some idea of his walk and demeanor, and Mr. Calvert works them over into a very interesting narrative. "His nature was extravagant, like his painting," says Martínez, who came upon the scene soon enough after El Greco's death to acquire authentic information about him. Mr. Calvert, with true insight, does not overdo the motive of extravagance in his hero's character or in his work. El Greco's violence and eccentricity may not be denied, but they were powerless to quench the genuine inspiration that was in him, the dramatic power, the ecstatic emotion, the originality. Though his color is often morbid, it is as often distinguished, if not beautiful, and while his curious elongation of the human form not infrequently savors of affectation, it serves, on occasion, to heighten his imaginative effect. He is, after all, the one poet in Spanish painting, a soul fed by fires of which even Velasquez knew nothing. Only a man of genius could have painted the stupendous "Burial of Count Orgaz" or his romantic "View of Toledo." In portraiture, too, he was as strong as he was original. Mr. Calvert pays a warm though not perfervid tribute to him, and as usual in this "Spanish series" of his, adds a voluminous array of illustrations. It is a book worth having.

Very useful, also, is the latest special number of "The Studio," one given to "The Water Colors of J. M. W. Turner." It consists largely of full-page reproductions in color, thirty of them in all, illustrating the artist's development from 1790 to 1845 and giving, in short, a really representative survey of his dealings with a medium in which he magnificently excelled. Sir Charles Holroyd, in a prefatory note, speaks of the passion for truth underlying Turner's most casual memoranda. He has put the matter to the test, and, with the reproduction of one of the master's sketches in his hand, has stood on the spot from which it was drawn, only to find that the scene in question has been noted with the minutest accuracy. "I still remember my delight," he says, "at recognizing the gnarled markings on three ash trees a little below Bolton Abbey; the angle of their growth forming a rough letter N was identical, although they were mere saplings in Turner's drawing, and even the broken bank of the river was still the same, all the winter floods of variable Wharfe not having washed away nature's truth to Turner's drawing." At the outset he got his truth by taking pains, and recorded it in very literal fashion. The student may observe him in this early phase of his career by turning to the first subject in the present collection, "The Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth." But, as Mr. W. G. Rawlinson and Mr. A. J. Finberg indicate in their essays, Turner used the solid facts he accumulated on paper or on canvas as a means to an end. Especially one is struck by the genius with which he adjusted them to his conception of design, making beautiful works of art out of seemingly unimaginative records. The thirty examples in this vol-