One William Hogarth over a hundred years ago gave us the full face, the side one, too, patches and all, of the fallen woman of his time, and as far as outline goes, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is only his equal, if not his superior. If there be talent in an artist because he possesses the power of irritating one's eyes, so merit may be accorded to certain flies for the reason they can produce blisters. The outside of The Yellow Book has one of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's absurdities. A woman with a negro's profile, holding a powder-puff in her hand, is gazing at a mirror lighted up by two gas lamps. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has the cult of the horrible, and his work is the desecration of good taste. One picture of his, entitled "The Wagnerites," is nastily conceived and brutally executed. There is no reason why we should not appreciate the "charge d'atelier," but the best-natured person dislikes having this kind of thing pounded into him.

Looking through the illustrated portion of The Yellow Book there are, maybe, two or three prints which, if not stupid, are not distinctly ludicrous. "Andreas Mantegna," the Paduan, has nothing about it. "From a Lithograph is a sketch of a woman, a woman with the face of a negro, her hair making her look like a corded poodle. She has thick lips, a terrible smile, a third finger thicker than a thumb, and no little finger to speak of. The head of the arm alone shows a certain want of drawing. "From a Pastel" must be a woman in the pork-butcheringle business, who has a greasy look and a very bad complexion. Do artists of music halls alone occupy the attention of those who earn a few shillings by the acceptance of their sketches by The Yellow Book? If such illustrations as "Collins's Music Hall" and "The Lion's Comique" were offered in New-York, we do not say to a respectable publisher, but to one who knew anything, they would both be declined, because they would be called stupid.

Why should Mr. Max Beerbohm, who can write well enough, make a picture of George IV.? He could never describe the fat man as did Thackeray, nor caricature him as did Gilray. Englishmen must seek far for their fun if they find anything the least amusing in this picture of Beau Brummel's fat friend. "The Study of a Head," by an unknown artist, is not ludicrous, nor does it shock the taste, only it is a distressing likeness of a narrow-chested, high-bred woman who is consumptive, with an inclination to show her chick bones. There is really but one fair study in the whole collection of prints, and it is "A Sunset."

The text is contributed by some twenty-five persons, a few holding good places in current English literature, and it is far better than the prints. Illustratively, Volume III. of The Yellow Book with a letter worse than the last one. If originality be sought—and if the English want it badly—which is doubtless, why do not the publishers open a credit in France? At least in Paris "the shocking" has the merit of good drawing.