

ART BOOKS.

MEMLINC, GIOVANNI BELLINI, AND OTHERS.

HANS MEMLINC. By W. H. James Weale. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture). Illustrated. Octavo, pp. xxiv, 110. The Macmillan Company.

GIOVANNI BELLINI. By Roger E. Fry. (The Artist's Library). Illustrated. Octavo, pp. 48. Longmans, Green & Co.

ALTDORFER. By T. Sturge Moore. (The Artist's Library). Illustrated. Octavo, pp. 48. Longmans, Green & Co.

AMEOS. By Cyril Davenport. (The Portfolio Monographs). Illustrated. Octavo, pp. viii, 66. The Macmillan Company.

HIS CHEFS D'OEUVRE OF THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1900. By V. Champier, A. Saglio and W. Walton. Illustrated. In Twenty-five Parts. Parts VI, VII, VIII, IX. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Son.

Hans Memlinc is one of those Netherlandish painters of the fifteenth century, who combined extraordinary naïveté with great artistic gifts. Like the Van Eycks, he at once attracts and repels. His designs have the quaint archaic flavor which touches one's sense of humor and almost in the same moment appeals to one's serious sympathies. Mr. Weale, in the monograph on Memlinc, which he has just contributed to the series on the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," is too enthusiastic over his subject. "Memlinc's figures of Our Lady," he says, "by their exquisite purity, tenderness, and mild, intellectual majesty, alone realize the character of the Virgin Mother as revealed to us in the Gospel; indeed, I know no painter of any school who surpasses him, whether he represents her bending in loving adoration of the new born Saviour, or as sitting in calm, dignified humility, supporting His tender limbs whilst He receives the homage of the Wise Men, or, again, as enthroned in majesty surrounded by angels and saints." It is hard to understand why Mr. Williamson, the usually vigilant editor of the series, did not expunge this nonsensical passage. The Italian masters reached a "purity" and a "tenderness" in the painting of the Madonna to which no artist of the Low Countries ever attained, and not one, but many of them, possess a distinction of which Memlinc is wholly innocent. The books in this series are well illustrated, however, and with the plates before him the reader need not be led very far astray by Mr. Weale's ill-considered panegyrics.

Moreover, if Mr. Weale is not an impeccable critic, he is at all events a useful historian. His account of Memlinc is sound as to its facts, and these are very well arranged. He may err now and then on the side of partiality, but nevertheless he renders good service to the cause of art, inasmuch as this is a popular handbook and ought to revive interest in Memlinc among those who are ordinarily apt to neglect him. The list of his works, even when expanded to include those of which the authenticity is questioned, is not a long one. The paintings are widely scattered, too, and the uninitiated traveler easily overlooks them. Once they are known and studied they are cherished in the memory. Memlinc was a capable designer, and though Mr. Weale exaggerates the value of the evidence to this effect which exists in such panoramic schemes as "The Passion of Christ," at Turin, it is impossible to deny the excellence of the composition in the simpler pictures, like those in the triptych in St. John's Hospital, at Bruges. His color is nearly always brilliant and harmonious, and the polish of his execution sometimes gives to his paintings the radiance of a jewel.

The new series published under the general title of "The Artist's Library" promises to be interesting. The text in each of the two volumes we have received runs to less than fifty pages. All the illustrations, of which there are about two dozen in each book, are placed together at the back. They are mostly halftones of good quality, with one or two photogravures thrown in for good measure. Press work and binding are both substantial and in good taste. As to the text, it is impressionistic and personal rather than historical. Mr. T. Sturge Moore, in his "Altdorfer" constantly verges on the dithyrambic. We sympathize with his pleasure in Altdorfer's landscape sentiment and charm of style, but justice could have been done to both without the little literary flourishes in which Mr. Moore apparently likes to indulge. Mr. Roger E. Fry, writing of Giovanni Bellini, shows far more scholarship, and, writing with more restraint and a livelier sense of proportion, is therefore more helpful. His study of the great Venetian is, in fact, a first rate essay, brief, but closely put together, and with much in it of fact and interpretation that should serve the purpose of the serious student. Other volumes in the series will be awaited with curiosity.

Mr. Cyril Davenport's "Cameos," the latest of "The Portfolio Monographs," is chiefly to be commended for the first of its four chapters. This, describing the materials used for cameos and the processes employed in cutting them, is as clear, as concise and at the same time as full as the most practical of readers could desire. The rest of the book is taken up with a terse historical survey of early cameos and glass pastes, Graeco-Roman, Mediaeval, Renaissance and later cameos. Mr. Davenport is wisely critical in his descriptions, and so provides not only a history of cameos in this book, but a guide for the collector. The illustrations are numerous and good; some of them are in colors. We have received four more numbers in the series published on the Paris Exposition, to

which we have previously referred with approval. These carry the record of the exhibit of painting through the American, British, German and Austrian schools. The text is intelligently written. American artists cannot complain of neglect. No one, in fact, is overlooked, and the writer has mingled his personalia and description cleverly, and in a judicious manner. The illustrations are all good, halftones and photogravures.

THE WORD "GENTLEMAN."

From The London Daily News.
Mr. R. St. J. Corbet must be wishing he had refrained from writing to "The Spectator." That journal has been publishing a correspondence on "The Definition of a Gentleman." Various suggestions have been made, but Mr. Corbet will have none of them. "Surely," he says, "there can be but one definition! A 'gentleman' is a man of gentle birth, a member of the gentry, a member of a family 'untainted by trade' (as the expression went) for three generations. I think it was Sir Walter Scott who said that three generations are sometimes insufficient 'to breed out trade,' and that five should be substituted. No Psalm or sentiment can make a man a 'gentleman' any more than Psalm or sentiment can

FICTION.

THE MELLOWING OF MISS RHODA BROUGHTON'S ART.

FOES IN LAW. By Rhoda Broughton. 12mo, pp. 325. The Macmillan Company.

THE DISHONOR OF FRANK SCOTT. By M. Hamilton. 12mo, pp. 319. Harper & Bros.

WINEFRED. A story of the Chalk Cliffs. By S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated. 12 mo., pp. 309. L. C. Page & Co.

Miss Broughton's work had long ago its period of sensational popularity; schoolgirls wept over the untimely withering of the lady who came up as a flower, and were thrilled by the fervors of the other lady, who was colored like unto a rose. If the author's undeniable talent has not been admired as it deserved, it is doubtless because the somewhat hectic sentiment of that earlier work discouraged the readers whose liking was best worth having. But that is of the past; with the years have come to the novelist a more restrained manner, a mellow humor,

with a resolute jaw, and a peppering of smug-glers, comic farm people and stage parvenues. The scene being set in the last years of the eighteenth century, the story gains thereby something of quaintness in manner and speech. There is one episode near the end which has a vivid dramatic interest—the chalk cliff is rent asunder by the secret forces of Nature, and the villain, seeking to escape with his bag of stolen money, runs hither and thither over heaving earth and widening fissure—and runs in vain.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LOVE OF BOOKS.

From The London Telegraph.
Some interesting particulars bearing on Queen Victoria's taste in books are given in the February issue of "The Bookman." The writer states that the royal libraries, as they stand to-day, show clearly that the taste of Her Majesty in books was distinctly a three-sided taste, denoting the breadth of her interests and her sense of the obligations of empire. The volumes which she collected, treasured and read were, first, those which were valuable to her as curios; second, those which, by their sentiments or the lessons they taught, pleased her womanly and humane heart; and, third, those which bore on the questions of the day and were of serious importance to her as a ruler.

It was the Queen's delight to recover or acquire every book which had been the actual property of an English sovereign. Original bindings, designed and made for royal readers, were more usual in Tudor or Stuart times than in our own, and the Queen was always eager that any such which had fallen into private hands should, if possible, be restored to royal keeping, herself sanctioning considerable expenditure that some volume bearing the Tudor arms or Stuart badge might be placed among other relics in her own libraries. "No great while before her death," states the author, referring to the Windsor Library, "she added to this collection the book written by Henry VIII defending the seven sacraments, the historic book which gained for him the title of Defender of the Faith. This volume was Henry VIII's own copy, in which his autograph is written twice. The price was high—£600—and the decision as to purchase hung for some little time in the balance; but—and we think no confidence is betrayed by the telling of the incident—one day one of the private apartments opened, and a small royal granddaughter hurried out to the librarian, delighted to tell the news: 'Grandmamma says you may buy it! She must have it!'

"As regards the second class of books which claimed Her Majesty's interest," it is added, "one feels instinctively that her taste was formed in earlier, happier days, and that she did not greatly wander from it. Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Black, Mrs. Oliphant, George Elliot—these were her favorites; and though not, perhaps, a critical reader, she was an appreciative and an affectionate one."

Queen Victoria's appreciation of all that Lord Tennyson, her Poet Laureate, wrote has often been mentioned, and she once told Browning that she much enjoyed some of his wife's poems. "Beautiful descriptive passages, noble sentiments and fearless utterances for the righting of wrongs or the bettering of the oppressed—these," says the writer in "The Bookman," "are the things which appealed to Queen Victoria. Her interest in Dickens's work is well known. This author's popularity was as old as Her Majesty's reign, but Dickens did not actually meet his Queen till the year of his death. It was a long and gracious interview when it did take place; and at the close the Queen took from the table her own 'Journal of Highland Life,' with an autograph inscription, 'To Charles Dickens,' and gave it to him with her own hands, saying that the humblest of writers would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest, but that Mr. Helps had said it would be valued most if given by herself."

It was in the third class of books—those bearing on questions of the day—that, perhaps, the Queen's hardest reading was done. "These are the books," it is added, "by which she mastered the details of the great events which were taking place in her empire, the books which could teach her the salient points concerning the countries which were important to her. As far back as the days following close on the Crimean war, a great soldier said to a friend that not even among his fellow soldiers or the responsible statesmen had he found a more thorough knowledge of the Crimean country, the war, its cause and effect than in his conversation with Her Majesty. It is said that the same tireless attention to her country's weal was shown by the Queen in the present South African war, when book after book on the subject was read to her, until every point dealing with the past and the present was familiar to her. It was with such books as these—books bearing upon the constitution and government of her empire—that the greater part of the Queen's reading time was spent." Her Majesty also took great interest in medals, seals and coins, and in her rare collection of miniatures is a picture history of all the English sovereigns, except Mary, since Henry VIII.

THE LITERARY ADVISER.

From The Sketch.
The functionary once known as a "publisher's reader" is now spoken of as a "literary adviser." It has been said, reasonably enough so far, that the old name is good enough for him. But the fact is that the change of name points to a change of function. In old days, authors went to publishers. Nowadays, publishers go to authors. The publisher once depended for his books mainly on the manuscripts that were sent in, and it was natural that he should employ a literary man to examine and report on them. Nowadays, the literary adviser discusses with the publisher the books that are wanted, and endeavors to secure the help of well known authors, or, if he does not suggest plans for series and subjects for books, he at least keeps an eye upon rising genius, and helps his employer to estimate the offers that may fairly be made.

Manuscripts sent in by unknown writers are, of course, still examined, but no publisher who knows his business would venture on more than a few books every year by new authors. The difficulty of making a new name familiar to the public increases year by year. For the staple of his list the publisher must look to those who are more or less well known. To estimate the pecuniary value of a book is no easy task. You cannot take the sales of previous books by the same author as an infallible guide. There are many cases where sales have unexpectedly gone up, but these are less numerous. Upon the whole, then, I think, the change of designation is justified, for the simple reason that the reading of manuscripts is now the least part of a literary adviser's duties. Formerly it was by far the most important.



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD BETWEEN TWO ANGELS."
(From the painting by Memlinc in the Uffizi.)

make a man an Admiral or an Attorney-General." And so Mr. Corbet proceeds, reminding us, amongst other things, that in America "Judges and Colonels are numerous; at this nonsense we smile, but are we much better ourselves?" In a note to this curious effusion the Editor of "The Spectator" remarks: "We publish our correspondent's letter because we desire to express our absolute and total dissent from the pernicious view it supports."

Mr. Corbet's doctrine is not new, but it is remarkable that at the present day a man should be found willing, nay eager, to sign his name to such absurd balderdash, which has not even the justification of being historically accurate. "Gentlemen," says Holinshed, "be those whom their race and blood, or at least their virtues, do make noble or known." And what does Mr. Corbet say to this from Richard Steele? "The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them." As Mr. Corbet, no doubt, is aware, Steele was not only an Officer of Foot, but also a Knight, a fact which should give his opinion additional value in Mr. Corbet's eyes. Thackeray, of course, was not a gentleman according to Corbet, or shall we say a "gentleman" of the Corbet stamp, but with ordinary uncorrupted people his opinion still has some value:

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful Will,
And bear it with contented heart;
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
By if you fall or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

So sang Thackeray, who, no doubt, among the pleasant shades, is dealing with Mr. Corbet's letter in an Elysian appendix to "The Book of Snobs."

TWO OF A NAME IN ONE FAMILY.

From Notes and Queries.

This occurrence is not of extreme rarity. I have five daughters who have the same name—viz., Angharad—their full names being (1) Ruby Angharad Gertrude, (2) Irene Clare Angharad, (3) Phyllis Gwenllian Angharad, (4) Rosamund Angharad Kathleen, and (5) Sybil Helen Angharad; all being named after a literary relative. I have seen it stated in print that a noted sausage maker in the city has three sons, named William the first, William the second and William the third, which is very odd if true.

less sentimentality—though she provides plenty of sentiment—and a keener analysis of character. Her new book is an admirable specimen of the minor novel, one so cleverly conceived and so pleasantly worked out that the reviewer is not disposed to dwell on unimportant blemishes. It is witty and ironically wise in many an implied moral; it is packed with lifelike studies of man and woman in their strength and in their weakness; and if its theme is obvious it is never anything but amusing. The heroine proves anew the folly of following the hasty impulse born of wounded feeling, and the injustice of cherishing a pigheaded prejudice; and in proving them she provides a more than commonly piquant story.

"Sitting too long with a woman in the moonlight"—so began the complications which led winning, weak, light hearted, kind hearted Lord Francis Scott into wickedness mean and vulgar, and into consequent tragic misery. He is untrue both to the underlined woman for whom he has a brief passion, and to the woman he loves with all that is best and manliest in his nature, and the twists and turns of his falsity his chronicler has portrayed with much skill. Where the author fails is in the unconvincing management of the bigamous episode; the improbability of the second marriage under such circumstances is too glaring. This and some lapses in taste are the chief drawbacks of the story; its power lies in its revelation of the amiable, generous, altogether lovable and fatally self-indulgent temperament that works more real harm in the world than the frankly brutal one. Piteous is this tale of poor, unstable "Fluffy" Scott, and sharp is the lesson set in the successive stages of his dishonor.

Mr. Baring-Gould's novel is of the good old brawny British sort. Here be no introspective vagaries, no fine drawn analyses of character and motive. It is all plain sailing, with a very villainous villain, a pair of handsome, hearty, misunderstanding lovers, a deserting husband with a retreating chin, a deserted wife