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We have never read a book which gave a more favorable impression of the personality of the author. The sentiments, reflections, and criticisms incidentally dropped, like flowers along the highway, betray thoughtful cultivation, a varied experience, a sound judgment, and, above all, a true heart. When the heart of an intellectual woman rules equally with her head, or before it, her opinions upon social problems, politics, abstract right and wrong, and the affairs of the world generally, will be found to be, almost instinctively, correct. There are, it is true, very few of such women.

Several poems are introduced into the story: they blend well with the spirit of the narrative, are above mediocrity, and show the same fine feeling which pervades the prose; yet, they do not so irresistibly prove the genius of their author. A volume of poems might come from her, remarked for their quiet beauty; but, if those given here form a standard for judgment, they would scarcely compel that sudden acknowledgment of the author's high rank, which it seems to us must be the result of the publication of the "Household of Bouverie."

This book must be the work of a fully-matured woman. Its faults, therefore, are not those of girlish inexperience. We have the privilege of enjoying such a novel too seldom to pause and pick out minor deficiencies. Its merits are more than sufficient to cover over and obliterate its lesser faults. The effort required for the production of such a story must have exhausted, for a time, even the rich energies of the writer; and we do not look, immediately, for another work so peculiar, absorbing, and splendid.

M. V. V.

THE PERRY STATUE—MOCK NAVAL BATTLE.—The inauguration of a statue of Commodore Perry, at Cleveland, will doubtless be one of the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed at the West. Among the novelties announced is a mock naval battle. It will be a novelty never witnessed in the West, and will be one of the most attractive features of the day. Application has been made to Secretary Toucey for permission for government vessels on the lakes to attend and take part in the battle, and the request will doubtless be granted. The battle of Lake Erie will be represented—to take place in full view from the banks.

ART AT THE SOUTH.

CHARLESTON, S. C., }
July 10, 1860. }

THIS dear, delightful old city—dignified, but always agreeable—is not altogether behind the age in art. How can she be? Her citizens have, from the days of her settlement, been in the habit of passing some portion of their time abroad, and I question if there is a place of her size in these States where can be found so many who are familiar with the choice paintings of Europe, in private collections, and with the splendid public galleries of art found in Munich, Dresden, Antwerp, Paris, Rome, Florence, etc. Our people do not *talk* much about these things; but it is a *fact*, that there were, in Charleston, choice and valuable pictures, brought from abroad long before New-York began to stir herself, and before her Belmonts, Aspinwalls, and Wrights, began their splendid collections. It is not, therefore, surprising that an early effort was made to establish an academy of art here. It was attempted; but, though taste and knowledge presided over the enterprise, it failed, for the *public* mind was not prepared, and the proper "material aid" was not afforded. But, the spirit did not die; and two years ago a new effort was made, which has resulted in great and unlooked for success. Beginning with a subscription list of one hundred and fifty members, at ten dollars each, the association now numbers nearly five hundred. But the chief encouragement, this year, has come from the ladies. They were determined to aid in this noble and graceful enterprise; and, by means of a Fair, sustained and patronized by the most distinguished ladies of the city, they were enabled to place \$5,000 in the hands of the Art Committee.

The Gallery has now some choice pictures, which number will be steadily, though gradually increased, by order and purchase.

At some other time I may tell you of these pictures particularly; but, at present, I leave them to glance at others out of the Gallery, as well as at the artists among us.

Not long since, an original painting, by Washington Allston, was brought here, and found a purchaser at \$2,000, so Mad-

am Rumor says. It was called "Falstaff Enlisting his Ragged Regiment." In color it was cold, and in drawing stiff; nevertheless, it was a curious and remarkable picture.

A few weeks ago, we were startled by the announcement that a veritable "Rubens" was expected, and would be exhibited for a few days. Expectation was on tip-toe, for none of us who belong to the "stay-at-home club" had ever seen a "Rubens," and those who had, were equally excited with the notion that it must be a spurious picture. It came, and was exhibited; and, unquestionably, is one of the finest pictures ever seen here. It possesses all the marks of the distinguished Fleming, and is, with little or no doubt, an original of the great master. An effort has been made to purchase it for our Art Gallery, with what success, I do not know.

Of our artists, I have but a word or two to say. Our revered and beloved Fraser, now bending beneath the weight of four score years—whose works, collected a few years ago, formed a beautiful gallery of art—has laid aside his pencil forever. His portrait, by Flagg, is upon the west wall of our "Art Gallery," and seems to look down upon the pictures there assembled with loving kindness. When Fraser is carried to the "City of the Silent," our community will have lost one of its brightest ornaments. Literature and art will fold their arms above his funeral urn, and many hearts will enshrine his memory.

At the corner of Broad and King sts., Irving's studio is found. A student at Dusseldorf, a pupil of Leutze, an enthusiastic lover of his art—Irving promises to be a painter for fame. One of his early historic compositions is in the Art Gallery. Though now devoted to portraiture, the time may come when Irving's name, connected with historic composition, shall be as widely known as that of his masters—Leutze and Lessing.

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NOTE.—We should be glad to hear from every portion of the country in regard to matters appertaining to art. We have a thousand artists scattered over the land of whose works we rarely hear, because no one qualified to speak writes to say what ought to be said. We shall be always happy to receive items of gossip or data, and trust those parties whose knowledge of art entitles them to the passing of judgments will keep us "posted."