

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

AN ART-STUDENT IN MUNICH. By ANNA MARY HOWITT. Boston: REED & FIELDS. New-York: EVANS & DICKERSON.

There is a fascination about this book which does not readily admit of an explanation. It is not enough to remember the peculiar merits of MARY HOWITT's writings, and to know that this work is the first literary production of her eldest daughter. That circumstance alone would have brought us to the perusal of the *Art-Student in Munich* with feelings of curiosity and hope. But we read only a few pages and are struck with an indefinable charm. Here is the first work of a young lady, a painter by profession, which manifests the ease of the most practiced writers, combined with the ardor, the inspiration, the devotion to the beautiful in Art and Nature, and the passionate love of excellence in the real and the ideal, which characterize the commonly immature efforts of the youthful *litterateur*. Only here there is no immaturity; no meritorious promise indicating an unrealized but still possible performance. The *Art-Student in Munich* leaves little to be desired, and possesses a fascination to which few works can lay so reasonable a claim.

The history of the work is simple enough. Miss ANNA MARY HOWITT, having resolved to become a painter, and having pursued her studies for some time in London, proceeds with another young lady, a cherished friend, to Munich, with the intention of perfecting herself under the tuition of the celebrated KAULBACH. These devotees of Art remain two years in that city, unattended, young as they are, by relations or protectors; much to the wonder of the good citizens, who cannot comprehend how two girls dare trust themselves so far from home. All that is peculiar to Munich,—its museums, galleries, festivals, and works of art,—or to German life, whether in high or low degree, and still more all that belongs to the cultivation of the artist, is told in these pages with a beautiful earnestness and a naive simplicity, that have a talismanic effect upon the reader. It is one of those sunny works which leave a luminous trail behind them in the reader's memory.

The names of WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT are so familiar to our modern literature, that we may be excused for wishing to learn how their daughter prospered after her return from Munich. The following extracts from a late number of the *London Athenæum*, criticising the pictures in the Portland Gallery for the present year's exhibition, will determine:

"From a crowd of smooth incarnations of smug vanity and complacent ugliness,—from portraits of self-applauding nobles and portraits of very common commoners that very few applaud,—from widows at Nain and widows who are inane,—from firework phantasmagorias and ballet-dancing angels,—from sketches from Nature that look as unreal as imagination, and imaginings much more sober than Nature, we turn with pleasure to *Faust's Margaret returning from the Fountain*, by Miss A. M. HOWITT. It is like stepping out of the glare and noise of a country theatre into the soft lustre and dewy freshness of a May morning. There is head and heart work in this little poem of a picture; no inch of feeble thought stretched painfully over a dozen feet of canvas, no pin's head of metal beaten out to half an acre of colorless film. It is tenderly conceived, full of more heart than women usually show to the sorrows of their own sex, and painted by a hand with the firm delicacy of a man's execution. The moment is happily chosen when the flippant malice of her thoughtless fellows has probed Margaret to the quick, and has cast a shadow of despair over her deep grief and penitence. Her face shows that the heart-break has begun, the hand pressed on her temple that dull aching of her very blood which she could not soothe, no not with all the balms of Gilead. Of course, this able and promising picture was immediately sold—and might have been sold many times over on the day of the private view."

In the number of the *Athenæum* for the following week we read:

"A story is going about curiously illustrative of the taste and judgment displayed by the mysterious and irresponsible power which sits enthroned in Pall Mall, dispensing its ignorance in matters artistic very much at its ease. On several occasions lately we have been compelled in the interests of art to use sharp words against the *British Institution*,—but nothing which we have said in the way of condemnation can have carried home the sting of censure like the fact we have now to state. It is positively said that the gem of the Portland Gallery, Miss HOWITT's '*Margaret returning from the Fountain*,' the finest picture so far of the year, and one of the best pictures—both as to the conceiving imagination and the executing hand—ever painted by a woman, was rejected as unworthy of a place on the walls of the *British Institution*! Such a fact will seem incredible to those who do not know the *British Institution*. Even we, who know it well enough, hesitated to believe the story when we heard it first. Nevertheless, it is quite true. Surely this is a circumstance to open the eyes of those noblemen and gentlemen who lend the sanction of their names to the misdoings of the society. As we announced last week, '*Margaret*' found a ready purchaser—we believe in Mr. HERBERT. Among the many who would have bought it was Miss BURDETT COURTTS—being too late as a purchaser for the present effort of the young artist, this lady took care to secure the next work from the same easel by means of a commission."

With these quotations we part from Miss HOWITT and her book. Of all books published this season—aye, and for many seasons past—none will be found better worth reading and preserving than *The Art-Student in Munich*.

TURKEY AND THE TURKS, AND A CRUISE IN THE BLACK SEA—A Record of Travel. By ADOLPHUS SLADE, Admiral of the Turkish Fleet. New-York: TAYLOR & Co.

This book was written by Mr. SLADE many years ago. He was not at that time Admiral of the Turkish Fleet, and his work has no reference whatever to the war question. It is, however, as perhaps many of our readers know from its having been so long in the market, quite a readable account of Turkey and the Turks. The present reissue is an attempt to meet the emergencies of the hour, books on Turkey and Russia being much in request.

THE FORESTERS. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Translated from the author's original MSS. : pp. 226. New-York; D. APPLETON & Co.

The publishers of this work have made arrangements with the most celebrated living French authors, for the simultaneous publication of their works in this country and in France. The present volume is the first of the series. It is, in our opinion, the most unexceptionable of DUMAS' works, being less melodramatic than either of his previous writings, while the story is interesting, at times thrilling, and always moral. We can recommend few French novels. We can recommend this.