NEW PERIODICALS.

Mr. T. B. Pugh, subscription agent for this city, sends us the September number of *Hours at Home*. The selection is remarkably interesting; we believe there is no other "magazine which fills the reader so full with information, and bothers him so little with opinions, as this thoroughly popular monthly. Dr. Bushnell's thoughtful article concerning sacrifices all the great architectural orders to religious origins, and even suggests a new order, in the following words:

"There is also a kind of architectural effect proposed by Ezekiel, in his mystic temple, that has never yet been exhausted. It has now, in fact, been tried, save in a very limited way, in a few of the most picturesque Middle Age structures. It proposes a cutting into the walls of the structure, built immensely thick, of open corridors and open stair-ways, to be used in processions that shall be seen moving onward and back, and up and down, all over the structure, without and within, and making it alive with marching hosts of praise. As describing it, the prophet says: 'And the side chambers (galleries, corridors) were three, one over another, and thirty in order; and they entered into the wall.' And there was an enlarging and a winding about, still upward, to the side chambers, for the winding about of the house went still upward round about, round about, for, by reason as it will be seen, the vast stone pile was to be made alive as if it were some ant-hill of worship, and we have the living multitudes of the people for its ornamentation."

The author of the "Heir of Redcliffe" continues the series called "The Chaplet of Pearls." A very amusing piece of personal gossip, translated for the magazine from the German, describes the interview with Adolphe Thiers, the historian. The Rev. W. W. Patton, in adjusting the relative claims of Amusements and of the Church, pleads for more healthy latitude, and for the need of recreation in due. "A Sea-Shell" is a poem clipped from *Macmillan*. "Saint Helena" is a sketch of the island, which Napoleon dubbed a good account of the religion of Japan. "What is Death" is a question asked but not answered, in a few paragraphs devoted to modern investigations into the question, which should decide the moment of expiration. Ashmun Institute, the University for colored people, in Chester county, Pa., is described by J. W. Phelps. President J. F. Tuttle publishes some very pleasant extracts from the journal, in his possession, of a clerical worthy of the epoch of the Revolution, a lady, Julia A. Shearman, writes a historical chapter on the Irish Church. Alice Gray's pretty story of "Helen Dean" is characterized indexed *Julia Dean*, and we observe from time to time indications that the orthoepic department of this publication is in need of watching, and of a thorough revision, a capital number.

Mr. Samuel Sloan, an architect well established in the confidence of the community, has conceived the project of starting an *Architectural Monthly and Builders' Journal*, the first number of which promises well. It is a royal octavo in size, containing eighty pages separated into double columns, printed on heavy white paper, in good type, embellished with small cuts where necessary, and interlaced with four full-page designs on buff paper. These wood-engravings, although apologized for by the editor, seem to us very good; they represent elevations for a City Store, a City Mansion, a Swiss Cottage, and for a Memorial Church and Chapel at Gettysburg; they are accompanied by ground-plans and full descriptions to scale, and appear to be good, tested, practical working models. There are varied and timely articles, with maps or illustrations, on the Penn Treaty Ground, on the Philadelphia Park Extension, on Fireproof construction, on the designs of chairs, benches, &c. Articles without illustrations are on Improvements in the River View of Philadelphia, Stained Glass (by John Gibson), the Philadelphia Gas Trust, Removal of the National Capitol and other topics of immediate interest. The architecture of the future will be studied with attention by builders and architects, landscape gardeners, naval or civil engineers, ornamental artisans, and industrial artists of every class, cabinet-ware draughtsmen, &c. The range of subjects is intended to be wider than the mere title implies, the intention is to include—in rotus, designate such themes as naval construction, sepulchral architecture, strength of materials, management of steam boilers, and preservation of their stock, preservation of forests from waste, pleasure grounds, ornamental trees, drawing, perspective, projection of the sphere, on the basis of angular and chromatic effect, nature of pigments, symbolic colors, heraldry as adapted to a republic, a running gazette of architectural operations, and many other schemes adapted to inform the reader on every kind of practical art. We believe there is no publication on this side the water which at all takes the place of that now projected by Mr. Sloan, and that it will contain more information for American architects than the heretofore principal classic, the London *Builder*. The new magazine will appear monthly. The assistant editor, Mr. C. J. Lukens, exhibits an unusual ability in collecting and furnishing matter. We very much admire this new monthly. Office 152 Sixth Fourth street.

We receive from the agent, Mr. J. K. Simon, of Sixth street, the final number of Frank Moore's Rebellion Record, with which an undertaking requiring vast knowledge, skill and patience is excellently completed. The Record is complete in eleven volumes, commencing with the meeting of the South Carolina Convention, in 1860, and rounding off with the extinction of the rebellion and a supplementary mass of documents; over three thousand official reports and narratives, from the confederate as well as the national side, are interwoven in the "diary," one hundred and twenty-four steel plate portraits are bound up with the narrative, as well as a quantity of maps and battle plans; and the editor plumes himself besides on the accumulation of seven thousand separate anecdotes, and the insertion of about seven hundred songs, loyal and rebel. This history is certainly the best arranged for the library and for reference of any of the Rebellion narratives; and we believe that as it is superior to all for consultation, it is equal to any for impartiality. It enjoyed the full confidence of Mr. Lincoln so far as it had progressed during his life, and the same temper of strict and even justice, combined with industry and accuracy, appears to mark its pages to the end.

Arthur's *Home Magazine*, for September, continues Virginia F. Townsend's serial tale, "The Hollands," and provides for its readers a pleasant miscellany of home reading. There is a good variety of recipes for the workbable, toilette and kitchen. The *Children's Hour*, likewise edited by Mr. Arthur, has its principal attraction an excellent boys' story by the editor, and some good articles and pictures for the young.

Chromo-Lithography.

BOSTON, Aug. 18, 1868.—*Mr. Editor.*—DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to an article in the BULLETIN of July 24th, in which, taking as a text our recent production in chromo of Eastman Johnson's "Barefoot Boy," your fine-art critic has made certain comments, and, in some cases, certainly unmerited strictures on my chromo-lithographic publications.

I ask you, as a matter of simple justice, and in the interest of this new and important art, if not to reply to your critical remarks, at least to point out and correct the errors or misapprehensions into which you have been led, and to which you have given that school-boy reader, Public Opinion, a bias quite sufficient to secure for any opinion for a time a wide and unchallenged currency.

You critic opens with an unfittering description of Mr. Johnson's picture in itself entirely apart from our share in its honors or dishonors, and calls it a work "very humble work of art," while of the artist he says he "merits we take to be decent, and, comparatively, a very pleasant, which will never bring a blush to the cheek of the young person, a sale for little kids worthy of Alex. Sigourney, and a good heart." In this quite worthy of the BULLETIN established reputation as a candid and impartial critic, or of Mr. Johnson's worthily-won and established fame as the greatest *American genre* painter of our time? Has your fine-art critic never seen, or heard of the world-famed works of Mr. Johnson, his "Pension Agent," or "Lincoln at His Desoite," or even the "Old Kentucky Home," and, if so, did he see nothing in these consummately productions than "decency," "pretty" and "a good heart?" I ask in good faith, to say that "I am greatly surprised that a cultivated writer should not discern far higher and more practical attributes than mere "decency" as I take it, in a careless and unguarded sentence, and yet so fit to designate as Mr. Johnson's characteristics.

Your critic is evidently qualified for higher work than that of wholesale fault-finding. Against true genius, like that of Mr. Johnson, the individual consumes full harmless.

I do not regard it as at all necessary to defend Mr. Johnson's execution. If his figures "have no bones in them," if, when he tries to paint feet, he turns out "uncooked sausages" instead; if the face of his boy is "like that of a doll"—why then Mr. Johnson is *not* "one of our principal figure artists" which your critic admits that he is.

But when your critic denies that he has succeeded in reproducing the charming Barefoot Boy as Whittier conceived him, I think I have the right to call on a witness more competent than your critic to testify to more weight than that of all the art critics in America combined. I mean the poet himself. Mr. Whittier has examined our chromo and says of it:

"It is a charming illustration of my little poem, and in every way satisfactory as a work of art."

Your critic draws a model of an American boy of a certain type: "Whoever," he says, "has this ideal in his eye will not see much life or nature in Mr. Johnson's pretty chorus."

Very likely not; but if the poet who drew a far different ideal, when *he* sees it embodied on canvass declares it to be a "charming illustration" of it—what then? Shall the painter justified and the critic condemned?

Most of the strictures which your critic makes on chromos are entirely out of place, because they imply claims for the art art, which none of its friends have ever asserted. Chromo-lithography is not the art of producing original paintings, but simply the art of reproducing them in absolute or nearly perfect *fac-simile*. In a high sense nothing in art which is not creative and original. From that point of view, chromo-lithography is simply a handicraft. But, from that point of view, also, every painter, however eminent, ceases to be an artist and becomes a mere workman (more or less skillful) the very moment that he begins to copy one of his own pieces. Take pictures of any one class. If there is no merit in copying a work of art with exact accuracy, both as to the form and sentiment, then chromo-lithography is a worthless invention, but if there is merit—artistic merit—in reproducing a work of art with fidelity—in drawing, color or spirit—there is at least as much credit due to the chromo-lithographer as to a copyist with brush or palette. As perfect a knowledge of the principles of drawing and coloring—as great a skill in manipulation—is required to produce a *fine* chromo as to copy a painting in the ordinary way. The slightest lack of skill or knowledge on the part of any artist or pressman, at any stage of the complex process is instantly detected by the practised eye in the finished performance.

No "tricks" whatever are used in legitimate chromo-lithography to produce the legitimate effects of painting. "Loaded touches" produce effects in a painting which nearly all "smooth pictures" lack; it is absolutely necessary to reproduce these touches in a chromo in order to give the effect of the original. If your critic will examine a first-class chromo before and after what he calls the "embossing" process, he will see at once that it is one of the most important elements in an effective reproduction. There is no "deception" intended. All our chromos—at least our best productions—have the name of our firm on the picture, just as much as the original artist, and the name also of the artist of our establishment, who copied and superintended its publication, and there are only a very few exceptions to this rule, in cases where our firm was accidentally omitted. Every chromo and every half-chromo issued by our house, has also a conspicuous label on the back, which makes any attempt at deception impossible. Instead of attempting to palm off our chromos for paintings—as seems implied in the article under notice—we have published very extensively in our own *Art Journal*, and in hundreds of leading papers a clear explanation of the process of reproducing the