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Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is beside that, however authorized by consent or recommended by variety, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.
LOCKE.

REVIEWS.

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE LABORING POPULATION OF NEW YORK. With suggestions for its improvement. A discourse (with additions) delivered on the 30th December, 1844, at the Repository of the American Institute. By John H. Griscom, M. D., Fellow of the College of Physicians and Surgeons; Physician of the New York Hospital; late Physician of the city and eastern dispensaries. New York; Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1845.

(Second Notice.)

ALTHOUGH Dr. Griscom's labors are mainly in behalf of the poor, yet he very clearly proves to the rich that their own welfare is closely connected with that of the lower orders.

"At all seasons of the year, there is an amount of sickness and death, in this, as in all large cities, far beyond those of less densely peopled, more airy and open places, such as country residences. Even in villages of small size, there is an observable difference over the isolated country dwelling, in the proportionate amount of disease prevailing; proving conclusively that the congregation of animal and vegetable matters, with their constant effluvia, which has less chance of escape from the premises, in proportion to the absence of free circulation of air, is detrimental to the health of the inhabitants.

"These circumstances have never yet been investigated in this city, as they should be. Our people, especially the more destitute, have been allowed to live out their brief lives in tainted and unwholesome atmospheres, and be subject to the silent and invisible encroachments of destructive agencies from every direction, without one warning voice being raised to point to them their danger, and without an effort to rescue them from their impending fate. Fathers are taken from their children, husbands from their wives, "ere they have lived out half their days,"—the widows and orphans are thrown upon public or private charity for support, and the money which is expended to save them from starvation, to educate them in the public schools, or, perchance, to maintain them in the work-house or the prison, if judiciously spent in improving the sanitary arrangements of the city, and instilling into the population a knowledge of the means by which their health might be protected, and their lives prolonged and made happy, would have been not only saved, but returned to the treasury in the increased health of the population, a much better state of public morals, and, by consequence, a more easily governed and respectable community."

The amount of suffering in our city, as detailed in this pamphlet, from causes within the power of our municipal government to remove, is much greater than we had supposed could exist. One great cause of disease, as shown by Dr. Griscom, is the practice of sub-tenantage, which prevails to a very great extent among the very poor, and which is, perhaps, wholly beyond the power of the Corporation to remedy; but the greatest evils grow out of filthy streets, and these the Corporation have entirely under their own control; but the people have suffered so long from this grievance, that they now seem hardly conscious of its existence, and sit down contentedly in their Glenburneyism, without making an effort for its removal. Yet we believe that any party which will give us clean streets for six months, will be kept in power forever by the people, out of gratitude for their good works. As Dr. Griscom truly observed, New York is more favorably situated than any other city in the world for the preservation of health; yet with all the advantages that nature has so bountifully bestowed upon us for the increase of happiness, we continue by the most violent departures from obvious rules of health to cultivate as great an amount of disease and suffering as any other city on the Continent.

Dr. Griscom devotes a good part of his pamphlet to the subject of ventilation, on which our people need enlightening to a fearful extent. The wealthy classes are generally as deficient of knowledge on this important subject as the laboring poor, and not unfrequently suffer acutely for lack of fresh air, of which they ignorantly deprive themselves. In remarking on the necessity of making physiology as applied to the laws of life, and the preventive of diseases, a study in all our private, public and common schools, the author says:

"It is needless to say to an ignorant adult apparently free from sickness, that he lives, works and sleeps, in too confined an atmosphere—he will answer that he is well enough, and a change would be irksome, and cost money, and he will not believe what you say, for he cannot be easily made to understand the importance, or even the right use, of air. But bring up his child in a knowledge of the value and necessity of pure fresh air, by teaching him the relations which it bears to the blood, the digestion and other functions—teach him never to fear it, that it is his immediate and incessant source of life and health, give him a knowledge of the diseases and dangers to which its absence will subject him, and think you he would not avoid its impurities, as he would poison or the pestilence? In his school-room, his sitting-room, his chamber or his work-shop, he would seek for a pure clear atmosphere, as when thirsty he would seek the cool water, as the weary "hart panteth after the water brook." "Ventilate, Ventilate," would be his natural demand, in tones of earnestness proportioned to the necessity which his expansive lungs, and ever freshened feelings, would readily discover. The humble tenement of the laborer, would then, though but a single room, be no longer shut night and day, uninvited by the refreshing air of heaven; the work-shop would then be no longer a receptacle of foul effluvia of human and other origin, and our churches, public rooms, and lecture halls, be no longer unventilated. (*En passant*, what a strange inconsistency is it, in the refined and polished, to object to sip a mouthful of water from the same glass as another, in which there can be no possible contamination, and yet swallow over and over again, the breath of others shut up in the same apartment, and which has passed through hundreds of lungs, perhaps diseased, and over teeth in every stage of decay.")

The appropriation of the Common Council the present year for the Alms House, amounts to $197,000. Probably one quarter of that sum expended in keeping the residences of the poor in a healthy condition, would save another quarter at least, as may be seen from the extracts which follow.

"As upon the condition of health of an individual are based his physical and mental strength, his ability for self-maintenance, his personal happiness, and that of others dependent on him, and also his usefulness to his family, to the community and his country; and as the community depends for its prosperity upon the performances of its members, individually and collectively, in the measure of influence committed to them respectively, so does the health of the people affect the capacity and interests of the state.

"As upon the individual, when sick, falls an increased pecuniary burden, with (in general) a suspension of income, so upon the state or city, must rest, not only the expenses of removing an unsound condition of public health, but also, from the attendant loss of character, a diminution of its resources.

"When individuals of the pauper class are ill, their entire support, and perchance, that of the whole family, falls upon the community. From a low state of general health, whether in an individual or in numbers, proceed diminished energy of body and of mind, and a vitiated moral perception, the frequent precursor of habits and deeds, which give employment to the officers of police, and the ministers of justice."

PRESCOTT'S FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

The Harpers have lately issued the *tenth* edition of Mr. Prescott's invaluable "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic." It is not our intention of course, at this late day, to say anything *critically* of a work whose preeminent merit is as definitely settled, and as generally admitted as that of any history in existence. It would be difficult indeed, to urge anything, with a show of reason, *against* the book, considered with reference to Mr. Prescott's intention in undertaking it—and it seems a matter of nearly

equal difficulty to add, in the way of approbation, a syllable to what has already been said. We are guilty of a sheer trueism in maintaining that "Ferdinand and Isabella" is a thorough, elaborate, well arranged, well-toned, and original record of an epoch replete with events of importance to mankind and of especial importance to Americans. If there lies upon this record a shadow of blame it is on the score of a very pardonable partiality for the principal personages introduced.

Our purpose in penning this notice, now, is simply to call attention to the issue of a new edition, and to say a word or two of the book as a book merely, and as a very desirable acquisition to any library which shall happen to be without it.

It is the *sole* work giving a particular account of the epoch it discusses—the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—although there are particular narratives, in an unbroken series, from Charles the First to Charles the Third. Yet it was in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that the several provinces into which Spain had been so long parcelled off, were reduced into one dominion—that the kingdom of Naples was conquered—that the Spanish Arabian empire was overthrown—that the Jews were banished—that the Inquisition was established—and, finally, that America was re-discovered by Columbus. This reign, too, (which should have been the historical basis of all the others) was rendered notable not only through Columbus, but through the illustrious statesman Ximenes, the "Great Captain" Gonsalvo de Cordova, and several other remarkable individuals, to say nothing of Isabella herself, in the illustration of whose character alone a bulky volume might be profitably written.

The only continental histories of the period are "*L'Histoire des Rois Catholiques Ferdinand et Isabelle par L'Abbe Mignot*"—and the "*Geschichte der Regierung Ferdinand des Katholischen, von Rupert Becker.*" These works, however, are very brief and compendious; neither of them equalling in bulk one of our ordinary novel volumes. Their authors refer only to the most accessible materials, and make no claim to research.

The truth is, that previous to the period at which Mr. Prescott commenced his task (which was, we believe, in 1826 or 1827), there were comparatively no facilities for its accomplishment. The researches of Spanish *literati* have lately thrown much light, at random, on various points of the theme. Llorente, for example, the noted Secretary of the Inquisition, has issued his pregnant history of that memorable institution; Conde has given a literal version of the Spanish Arab chronicles; Sempere, Marina, and Capmany have written diffusely on the political aspect of Spain; Navarrette has made an extensive collection of original documents concerning Columbus; and Clemencin has completed the sixth volume of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Spanish History. To these sources Mr. Prescott is, of course, very very greatly indebted, and he is the first to avail himself of the vast advantages they afford. Mr. Irving's "History of Columbus" and "Chronicle of Granada" were very partial and very unexpected, although unquestionably very beautiful anticipations of *small portions* of Mr. Prescott's great design.

The edition now issued by the Messrs. Harpers, is carefully prepared from the *third English edition*, which embraces many important matters not embodied in the original work. While the second edition was passing through the press, Mr. Prescott ireceived copies of two valuable Spanish works having reference to his theme, but which from the recency of their issue, had not previously come to his knowledge. He was also enabled to avail himself of the "Mahommedan Dynasties of Spain," a book of great merit just then published by Don Pascual de Gayangos, and which throws much light upon the Arabian portion of the Peninsular Annals.

The mechanical execution of the "Ferdinand and Isabella" is every thing that can be desired. It is issued in three royal octavo volumes of about 400 pages each, printed on fine thick paper, with bold type, and illustrated with portraits of Isabella, Ferdinand, Columbus, Ximenes, and Gonsalvo of Cordova. It furnishes also numerous autographs of these and other celebrated personages of the time discussed. The binding is very neat and durable.

Woman in the Nineteenth Century. By S. Margaret Fuller. New York, Greeley & McElrath. 1845. Price 50 cents.

It will be a happy time for the world, but especially happy for the reading part of it, when people shall be content to accomplish, in the shortest time possible, whatever they may feel themselves called to do. Time flies, should be inscribed on the door-posts of every author's dwelling. An emblematic figure, like that in the Hall of our National Legislature, does not appear to be sufficiently striking, though it tells the hours as they fly. The author who writes to amuse, may write as long as he can amuse, even though he should write tales longer than the Grand Cyrus, or Sir Charles Grandison; but the author who writes to instruct, cannot write too briefly, for we have much to learn, and but little time to learn in; one third must be given to sleep, another third, at least, to labor, and the rest to study, to amusements, to writing, and talking, and sight-seeing. The time that the best of us can devote to reading, is but short, and therefore, we cannot afford to read books which lack method, or which contain more words than are necessary to convey the author's meaning, provided he have any. That Miss Fuller is justly chargeable with wasting the time of her readers, her most devout admirer cannot deny. Her book consists of two hundred pages, but all that it contains of her own suggesting, might be fairly compressed into a third of the space. The title is a misnomer to begin with; the one under which the essay was once published, "The great Law-suit, Man vs. Men: Woman vs. Women," was much better, because, having no particular meaning, it created no improper expectations. Miss Fuller informs us that she changed it because it was not understood; she will have to change the present one, for an opposite reason. We keep looking for woman of the nineteenth century, but we only find a roster of female names from Panthea to Amelia Norman. The propriety of the title is the more doubtful from the following passage in her preface.

"By man, I mean both man and woman. I lay no especial stress on the welfare of either. I believe the welfare of the one cannot be effected without that of the other. My highest wish is that this truth should be distinctly and rationally apprehended; and the conditions of life and freedom recognised as the same for the daughters and the sons of time."

The style is somewhat stilted, but the thought is just and philosophical, and proves Miss Fuller to be a thinking, right-judging person. Why could she not, then, since she thinks so correctly, call her book, Man, or Society in the Nineteenth century, and so plead in a straight forward manner in behalf of man, without any specialities about woman's rights or woman's wrongs, as though she had either rights or wrongs, which are not also the rights and wrongs of men. We certainly did not expect from a woman of Miss Fuller's natural and acquired powers, the wretched cant which we hear so often from men, who, having no claim upon man, seek for the sympathies of women, and from women, who,

having as little claim upon the sympathies of men, try for it by speaking in the name of their sex, about woman's mission, woman's influence, and woman's rights; and we have not been disappointed; she seems to entertain a wholesome horror of the whole tribe of shallow canters. But then, if we do not misapprehend her, which we are not sure of, she has errors of her own which are more dangerous, because not so shallow as the others. She forgets, or rather seems to forget, that God created man male and female, notwithstanding the declaration in her preface, which we suspect, contains, like the postscript of a woman's letter, the fact which she intended to put into the body of her work. She is dissatisfied that women are not men, and takes offence at the term "women and children"; words which to us sound sweeter for being spoken together. She is offended that women should esteem it a compliment to be called masculine, while men consider it a reproach to be called feminine. "Early I perceived," she says, "that men, in no extremity of distress, ever wished themselves women." Of course not. It is the law that woman shall reverence her husband, and that he shall be her head. We may love those whom we protect, but we can never wish ourselves in their place, although we naturally wish to be like those from whom we receive protection. The wish of Desdemona that Heaven had made her like Othello, is the sweetest touch of nature in Shakspeare. Some have doubted what she meant, but they have only to read her wish by the light of revelation, and her meaning is clear. Miss Fuller says:

"I have urged on woman, independence of man, not that I do not think the sexes mutually needed by one another, but because in woman, this fact has led to an excessive devotion, which has cooled love, degraded marriage, and prevented either sex from being what it should be to itself or the other. * * * That her hand may be given with dignity, she must be able to stand alone."

This, we conceive to be the radical error of Miss Fuller's reasoning, and directly opposed to the law of nature, of experience and revelation. She says,

"A profound thinker has said, that no married woman can represent the female world, for she belongs to her husband. The idea of woman must be represented by a virgin."

He was a very shallow thinker, or a joker. It would be as reasonable to say that none but a deaf man could give a true idea of music. Woman is nothing but as a wife. How, then, can she truly represent the female character who has never filled it? No woman can be a true woman, who has not been a wife and a mother. These are not accidental characters like those of mistress and servant, which may be thoroughly understood without being acted; but they are the natural destiny of woman, and if she is kept from them, her nature is distorted and unnatural; and she sees things through a false medium. Her report, therefore, of a character which she never filled, must be received with distrust.

It is not easy to discover from Miss Fuller's essay what her precise ideas of the true relation of man and woman are; although on some points she is sufficiently distinct. Mrs. Jamieson, with true womanly feeling, said that she would prefer being Mary of Scotland to Elizabeth of England; but Miss Fuller would prefer being the termagant Queen and swearing by "God's teeth." Colonel Emily Plater and Madame George Sand sound pleasantly in her ears. "If you ask me what offices women may fill," says Miss Fuller, "I reply any; let them be sea captains if you will." Very good, let them. We have a queen of England, and England claims to be mistress of the seas; let us have a woman Admiral. But we take sides with Spinoza, and answer that woman cannot command. She lacks the chief qualities of a commander. She cannot invent. She is an apt imitator, but she cannot originate; and therefore we have no fears that we shall ever see woman in our halls of legislature, or in command of our ships or armies. "A party of travellers lately visited a lonely hut on a mountain. There they found an old woman that told them she and her husband had lived there forty years; why, they said, did you chose so barren a spot? She did not know, it was the man's notion. And during forty years she had been content to act, without knowing why, upon the man's notion. I would not have it so"; says Miss Fuller. In the name of all that is monstrous, what would she have? Would she have the woman to leave her husband, or would she have the husband abandon what he believed to be for his interest to do, to satisfy a whim of his wife? She is not bound to provide for him, but he is bound to provide for her, and therefore he must be allowed the privilege of following his own business in his own way, unless she can advise him better; but he must be the judge of the advice. The old woman was a true woman and a good wife, who had no thought but to please her husband. Women who have any other thoughts have no business with a husband. If there is anything clear in revealed and natural law, it is that man is the head of the woman. All the beauty, all the harmony, all the happiness of life is centred in this truth. The most perfect woman that the world has ever known, one who was tried as no other woman was ever tried, who was endowed by nature as few women have ever been endowed, the sweetest, purest being that ever bore the name of woman, counted herself nothing but the wife of her husband, would know no law but his will, no happiness but his love; and when his love grew cold, and he became dead to her, though living, she still remained true to him. The world has abounded in Ephesian widows, but there has been only one Eloisa. Yet Eloisa is the true type of perfect woman. But Eloisa is not the type of Miss Fuller's ideal wife: she is better pleased with such a wife as Madame Roland, whose equality with her husband, and congeniality of tastes and employments, made her his companion and friend. She was, in truth, no wife at all, at least, to him, and she fully exemplified the truth which Miss Fuller denies, that love is a necessity with woman.

"This is one of the best instances (the marriage of Madame Roland) of a marriage of friendship. It was only friendship, whose basis was esteem; probably neither party knew love, except by name;" says Miss Fuller. But Thiers says; "Elle respectait et chérissait son époux comme un père: elle éprouvait pour l'un des Girondins proscrits une passion profonde, qu' elle avait toujours contenue."

THE ART OF THE USE OF COLOR IN IMITATION IN PAINTING.

NO. III.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

We all know that our picture, when it is done, should answer to a catechism like this, "If you tickle us, shall we not laugh? if you prick us, shall we not bleed? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?

Now let us suppose that we have a white canvas on which we are to paint a head. White is not only the best receiver of color, but indeed the only equal receiver of all colors, as well as that on which we can get the greatest transparency and permanence, and is least likely to swallow up eventually the colors put upon it, as is the case in dark grounds.

On this white ground then we draw very carefully the outline, in red ink, so that it cannot be washed off by the

paint when passed over it, and so that it will not need correction or removal, because whenever this has to be done, it must make a patch, which no skill can wholly hide; and then let us begin with the simplest colors we can get of known permanence.

Take on the pallette Venetian Red, Vermillion and Prussian Blue—and only these, the first being really not a perfect red, but rather an orange color, that is, one in which yellow is mingled with the red. So indeed are almost all known pigments more or less mixed, and we have not the colors wherewith to represent *perfectly* the red, yellow, and blue, of nature, any more than those to represent light and darkness.

Let us then take in a brush, some Venetian red, together with drying-oil, the only vehicle fit for oil painting, and brush over the place of the flesh with this red, so that we half obscure the white ground, covering every part of it, until it is perhaps half as dark as this color would make it if laid on to a solid body, which must not however be done anywhere, because this would make it opaque at the last,and the light ground should appear somewhat through, even to the end. After heightening the reds in the lips, cheeks, &c., whefe the carnations are to be more purplish, when completed, with vermillion; proceed to make out the shadows with the Venetian red, stronger as they deepen, until the forms are faintly indicated, and a tolerable idea of the rotundity of the head is given.

But if the complexion of the subject is very clear, with uncommonly brilliant color; before laying on the Venetian red, paint in those bright parts with vermillion on the white ground, and paint around them with the other reds. Then, whilst it is still wet, take a soft brush with Prussian blue, rather thin, and well diffused through the brush, sweep gently over those parts that either retire from the light, or the eye, neutralising with this, the red color more or less, as it is more or less indefinite in the head before you, until you have made out a complete general resemblance to the original. Be careful not to destroy the unity by entirely obliterating the red or the white ground anywhere, except, perhaps, in the deepest points of dark, as in the pupils of the eyes, for they are to be passed over with the rest, the nostrils, and the darkest parts of the mouth. The hair may be treated in like manner, unless it be very peculiar in color, as a good preparation for after painting.

When this painting is perfectly dry, if it should be found weak in effect, the same process may be repeated, until the full force of Chinese vermillion be given in the cheeks, &c., that is, as much power of color as this pigment can be made to exhibit, for it will be brightest before it is perfectly solid, or before it entirely obliterates the white ground.

This stage, which in its progress will resemble as much as may be the mode used by miniature painters, on paper or ivory, must continue until all the force of color the pigments are capable of is produced, and the effect of the whole is as harmonious as possible.

By this time it will be brought to that tone which I have attempted to describe, and in which alone it can attain its full force. As the color is yet only on the surface, it may perhaps be *leathery*, not however a discouraging circumstance, unless the complexion to be imitated is remarkably clear, in case of which the blue must continue to be used over in the first painting, until something of a pearly or cool effect is produced, by the red being almost neutralised. If there be any white near the flesh, it should be treated in this way; Venetian red passed over the white ground, until reduced to as low a tone as need be, and then, whilst it is wet, blue used over it, until all the red disappears.

For what Sir Isaac Newton calls white, and produced by rapidly turning the seven prismatic colors on a wheel so as to mix them all together—was not white, which is positive, but the *negation of color*. This may also be done by so mixing the three primitive colors together, that neither is seen to predominate, and this, in its proper relation, will appear white; though in reality it will come into that medium degree of light which I have before named, and am obliged so often to refer to. So that what is called Venetian red being, as before stated, orange, and having added to it blue until the red and yellow of the orange disappear, or are neutralized, becomes, in this stage of the picture, the representative of white.

It will then be seen that such a white you may heighten at pleasure, or represent shining objects upon, as could not be done, if you had already exhausted your power by the use of positive white. The picture in this state will of course have the look of glazing; this will be the look of *wetness* also, which all glazing has. Though this will not be so entirely wet as if the colors used had been what are known as transparent, and all known pigments except metals, have some degree of this transparent quality; that is, they will all, with one exception, show through them something of the color on which they are laid, if they be not too thickly impasted thereon, (I speak of colors in oil.) And these more opaque pigments, Venetian red and vermillion, are recommended, because the more transparent want that look of body, necessary to give the full force and solidity of flesh.

Should the picture be capable of receiving additional strength from glazing reds or yellows, this is the state in which to use them to their fullest extent; though if it is as low as it should be in tone, it will appear to the uninitiated lower than nature, and cause one who lacks experience in this mode, to fear that he has his flesh below that of Titian's; but if it be really carried to a complete unity in this stage, as it should be, the after process will, if well applied, cause your eyes to sparkle with the result which nature only need surpass.

Let us suppose, then, that all the parts are complete, in their proper relations, no blackness in the shadows, and yet all the lights so far removed from white, that as seen by twilight, the whole picture seems to sink to a flat tone, and when it is sufficiently dark to hide the colors, shows as a blank canvas, of a low middle-tint, yet in the light of day, has all the power of the pallette in color.

When this former painting is completely dry, take Naples yellow, which is the most opaque of all the colors in common use, and carries more light than anything but white itself, and mix with it a small portion of Ultramarine, enough to make the Naples yellow, which is, when best, a delicate orange color, perfectly neutral, so that it shows as much blue as either red or yellow. This is to be, in the next stage, your representative of light, which it is well calculated to do from its opacity, because light itself is opaque, particularly when seen concentrated or focussed on any glossy substance, glass for instance, where through the highest light no color can be seen, however brilliant.

Now the picture being perfectly dry, and this light tint mixed for the purpose, let it be carefully spread over the flesh, light, dark, middle-tint and all; carefully I say, of course with the original before you, using more or less, as the skin more or less obscures the blood beneath, but everywhere some, though the less of this light that is required to produce the desired effect the better, as it weakens the colors beneath, which need to be kept as pure as possible,

oftentimes mere skin-deep, but as the skin is everywhere over the flesh, the *surface* everywhere *lighter* than beneath that surface, even in the deepest shadows, this will so represent it, that through all the shadows, the skin will appear to pass, showing everywhere the blood beneath, and ten thousand silvery tones will be produced, surpassing the most skilful *mixing* of colors that can be attained without passing light over dark.

Though everywhere this light must be passed over, yet no where must it be so thickened as wholly to obscure the color beneath, or the flesh where it occurs will be opaque—and only in the extremest focus of the lights is this the case in nature, the light every where else falling into the flesh, and the vision following it, and so will light and vision fall into the picture.

Now, though the picture before this last process was apparently very low in tone, this has made it seem to be filled with light, and indeed it is so, for you see *through* it all, as well as into it, and the light penetrates to the ground and is reflected back again, bringing color with it. This use of the white ground is the only compensation we have to make amends in painting, for the great depth to which the light passes into real flesh, owing to the greater transparency of its substance, and that of the blood; but in the picture we get the surface *comparatively* opaque, colorless, and light, to represent the skin, and the red beneath *comparatively* transparent, and dark, for the blood.

The flesh will now appear as light as need be, but you will remember that if you had used all the light of the mixture, which would be far too much, it would still be a very great way removed from white.

Let us now take the same color which we used over the flesh for light, and with it make out, as economically as possible, the white spoken of above, taking care not to make it very light any where, that is, allowing the darker preparation to show through, unless the stuff to be imitated be many thicknesses of linen, for linen too shows the darkness through it, and must in a picture, or Titian himself could not make it more than tolerable, and certainly not low in tone.

When this is again dry, take pure white and breathe it here and there on the high lights very thinly, bringing it to a small focus on the eyes, and where it shines the brightest, but always with the same strict economy that I have inculcated, never using more light than the least that will serve, and if you have done well what is here advised, your picture will possess what few modern pictures can boast, and yet what are the universal qualities of flesh in nature; the full force of color, together with unity, and a skin over its surface, with ten thousand minuter beauties, nameless from their multitude, which yet the dullest eye can see when compared with the productions of the usual modes adopted in the painting of pictures. For all true general laws act perfectly in the smallest particulars; witness the laws of the Creator.

Wrong modes of color have often been so ingeniously used, and with so much feeling and perception of beauty, as to make a feeble means founded on false principles appear to those who wanted experience and thought in the matter, the true way. But in this that I have attempted thus far to present, though even so slightly sketched, may be found the broad principles of imitation and rational thought, and the only way I am well assured that can make Art worthy to be the study of such men as could adorn any liberal pursuit, and might revive a hope, in these days, of producing anything worthy admiration, or fit to be handed down to coming time.

I neglected above to mention particularly the reason, as I promised to do, why the rich browns are found in the old masters in place of the greys of the moderns—though any one who understands well what I have written, can scarcely have failed to see ere this the cause. It is, that the "Old Colorists'" painting, as I said before, on the low key, with the full power of the primitives, could not fail, when these were united in full tone, to produce browns of great depth and richness; but now, painters introducing more light into their color, and of course weakening it thereby, when they mix them together produce greys instead of browns.

GAMBLING.

Of the evils of gambling it is needless to say a word. All the world are agreed that it is one of the most disastrous of vices—surpassed, perhaps, in the deplorable character of its results, by drunkenness alone. The crusade waged against the latter, found its most effective weapon, not in dissertation on the iniquity, but in exposition of the physical ill. Men who listened to sermons on intemperance as to matters that might or might not be worth thinking about at some future indefinite day, were startled at once into good resolves by a simple inspection of the coats of a drunkard's stomach. The books and lectures of Mr. *J. H. Green*, the reformed gambler, are, upon the same principle, the most effective remedies for the vice he is endeavoring to overthrow. It is all very well to say in our pulpits "do not gamble, for it is a heinous sin;" but it is far better to demonstrate to the public satisfaction, that the man who gambles, without being himself a sharper, is at the absolute mercy of those who are. Let it be once *clearly* shown that there is really no *chance* in the matter, and that all is an absolute certainty in favor of the swindler by profession, and we put an end to gambling in general, by removing the inducement to gamble.

Now Mr. Green proves all this in a manner which must satisfy the most incredulous. In his books, he gives a full exposition of the various rogueries practised by the gambling fraternity; and the man who reads these books and gambles in any shape again, is little better than an idiot. But more than this;—Mr. Green will have no objection to convince any one who may feel interested—to convince him by ocular demonstration of the absolute mastery held by the gambler over his victim. He will show that *he* (Mr. Green) can tell any card by the ordinary marks on its back—that it is in his power in dealing, to give himself a hand to suit his own purposes—in short that, in all games at cards, what his opponent shall win or lose is entirely at the option of himself (Mr. Green). He will show, also, the deceptive mechanism of the faro-boxes, and roulette-tables, and explain in the clearest and most irrefutable manner, that the usual system of lottery-drawing is only a more comprehensive method of picking the public pocket.

Now we maintain that *the press* has the victory over this vice within its own hands. If Mr. Green *fail*, the press only is responsible. He has done his part with a courage—with an unflinching resolution, to be estimated by those alone who have opportunities of knowing the desperate animosity of the class whose profession is thus to be overthrown. If the press now come to his aid—if it give publicity to his efforts—gambling will be more thoroughly suppressed than ever has been intemperance through the exertions of its opponents. It may be said Mr. Green's object is merely to make money. And what then? we have nothing to do with his private object; nor will the public object be one iota the less attained because, in attaining it, the public puts money in the

pocket of Mr. Green. He has been at much trouble, and encountered great danger, in effecting a purpose which cannot fail of being highly advantageous to mankind. He has labored and is worthy of his hire; this altogether independently of his immediate motives, which nevertheless we believe to be commendable. He seems actuated by a sincere desire to render the public a service, and by a very profound, and certainly a very natural disgust to the fraternity he has abandoned.

We call therefore upon our brethren of the press to aid Mr. Green in his efforts.

His books are "Gambling Unmasked," "The Arts and Miseries of Gambling," and "The Gambler's Mirror"—the latter a serial work of which only the first number is as yet issued. They are to be obtained of all booksellers.

Independently of their value as affording not only very full, but the *sole existing* expositions of all the arts of the blackleg, these publications have the merit of presenting numerous vivid pictures of the wretchedness wrought by the vice in question. These pictures are clearly from nature—from life. They bear with them distinct internal evidence of their truth. The volumes have often, too, a less painful interest, and are sometimes exceedingly amusing. We quote from the "Arts and Miseries" a specimen of highly ingenious trickery:

"To show still further the industry of this class of persons in inventing means to deceive and win money, I will relate a trick played upon a merchant in Shreveport. A gambler, who was there, had a very fine dog, which he shut up two days without feeding him. The gambler told his secret partner to go and get into conversation with the merchant, and he would soon come by with his dog, which the partner would call into the store, and tell the merchant to weigh him; and he (the owner) would pass on and make no stop. The partner was also to suggest to the merchant the great probability of winning some champagne on the weight of the dog, as he, after weighing him, would know his weight better than the owner. The plan pleased the merchant, as he knew the owner to be a man always ready to bet. He weighed the dog, and turned him loose. The dog went home to his owner, who gave him some two or three pounds of meat to eat, and then walked back by the store with his dog, and made a stop to converse a while with some of his acquaintances. The merchant proposed to make a trifling bet that he could tell the dog's weight as near as the owner; and finally a very large bet was made. The merchant guessed first, and the owner guessed about two pounds more, and won; for the meat he had just given his dog made about that difference. The merchant could not, for a long time, account for his being deceived, as but a few minutes had elapsed since he had first weighed the dog. But he had, unwisely, suffered himself to be drawn into a bet with a man who had made betting his whole business, and who never calculated to be beaten.

But there is a gambling principle which lies deeper than the plummet of Mr. Green's experience has sounded, and which requires exposure by some stronger hand. There are other gamblers than those who shuffle cards and rattle dice. Nine tenths of our leading politicians are gamblers, who make a business of calculating the chances of success in nominating men for office, and then bet and speculate accordingly,—not always for the love of money, the love of power, or of office, but from the love of excitement: never, however, from the love of good principles. A very great part of our politicians gamble in more ways than in politics. Wall street operators are nearly all gamblers. The subject is too notorious to require more than a hint; but if any one would like to see the gambling principle in full play, he may find as perfect a development of it among the outside brokers of Wall street, who cluster about the doors of the Exchange just after the adjournment of the "Board," as can be witnessed at any of the Hells in London or Paris. Merchants are generally strongly imbued with gambling propensities; there are but few mercantile adventures which are not undertaken in a gambling spirit. One of the chief causes which influenced the Legislature in abolishing lotteries, was the frequent development of frauds committed by fiduciary agents to cover their losses in lottery gambling. But such frauds were not diminished in the slightest degree by the abolition of lotteries. Gambling was never carried to such an extent as in 1836, when the whole nation, from the priest in the pulpit to the President in Washington, GAMBLED IN LAND. There are many innocent people in New York, who read with great horror accounts of gambling in Paris, New Orleans and London, and are quite familiar with Crockford's and other houses in St. James's, who never dream that they daily walk in the shadow of Hells quite as brilliant and quite as black as any in those cities. Young gentlemen are enticed to such places at first by a gratuitous supper, when all the elegances of the table are spread in lavish profusion, and afterwards they are drawn into the alluring maelstrom by a hope of gain, a love of excitement, or some other similar motive.

Excitement of some kind all men, excepting only a few human sloths, require, and they will seek it as they will food—without any thought of consequences. The chief aim of the reform must be, to give this love of excitement a proper direction. Mr. Green is himself, doubtless, as favorable an illustration of our principle as could be afforded. If his motive could be strictly analysed, we have not a doubt that it would be found that his former gambling and his present exposures of the acts of the gambler, result from one cause. It is for this reason that the greatest sinners always make the greatest saints—as St. Paul and others.

THE NEW YORK GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

Good and bad pictures should never be exhibited together, for a poor work of art which might attract attention by itself, will appear disgusting when hung by the side of a work of real merit; for this reason, if for no other, the directors of this excellent institution have acted very unwisely in placing in the exhibition several pictures which do not deserve to be exhibited even by themselves. In the beginning of an institution which is to continue forever, and to influence people who will hardly know the names of its founders, it is of the greatest importance that right principles of action should be adopted; otherwise errors innumerable must be the consequence. We do not find in the Constitution of the "New York Gallery of the Fine Arts," or in the remarks appended to the Catalogue of pictures, any hint of the principles by which the trustees will be guided in their selections of works of art, to be added to the gallery. We regard this as a very great oversight, as it leaves a wide door open to admit anything and everything which the whims or incapacity of any future trustees may choose to purchase, or accept as a donation; and according to the Constitution no work can ever be alienated from the Institution after it has become its property either by gift or purchase.

In founding this Gallery, an opportunity was offered to render it unique and an honor to the country, by forming it exclusively of the best works of American Artists alone. It was a matter of trifling consequence whether it numbered ten or a hundred pictures, if they were all of a high order of merit. A rigid impartiality in excluding second-rate performances would have gained for it in the outset a high character, which would have attracted more visitors than a thousand works of ordinary merit could ever do. Above all things, copies of every kind should have been excluded.

And it should have been one of the chief aims of the Institution to have at least one picture from every American Artist of any pretensions. But we find eleven paintings in the collection by G. W. Flagg, and not one by Inman or

Page. Of Mr. Flagg's eleven pictures, not more than one deserves a place in the gallery; but they are all fastened there for eternity, and unless a fire should snap them up some of these wintry nights, they will hang upon the walls until they drop from their frames, Falstaff and Lady Jane Grey and all. There are several other pictures which belong to the Gallery, and must, therefore, remain in its collection forever, which should be hung in a dark corner where they could never be seen: for instance, a Magdalen after Corregio; an Allegory—Italian school; View from Roster Hill, Richardson; Landscape—Dutch school; Boy fallen asleep over his dinner—Philip; Interior—Dutch school; Pan and Midas—Goltzius; Assumption of the Virgin—Annibale Caracci; and the Old Fiddler after Teniers.

Cole and Ingham have each presented a valuable picture to the gallery, and other artists have promised to do so. Mr. Ingham's gift is an original portrait of Lafayette, painted by himself, and Cole's is a view in Sicily, one of his finest landscapes.

Among the works loaned for exhibition are two of Mr. Edmonds' most pleasing compositions, the boy stealing milk and the "bashful cousin;" an admirable copy from Titian, by Durand, and the Day Dream, by Ingham, probably the best female head he has ever painted. In addition to the paintings, there is a fine collection of rare engravings, which should be attentively studied by the public as an antidote to the magazine plates with which we are flooded every month.

Taken altogether, the Gallery presents a very fine collection of paintings, which are well worth visiting; but if it contained only the pictures by Cole and Mount, it might well be regarded with pride by a New Yorker.

The public, no less than a *re*-public, is apt to be guilty of the sin of ingratitude, and like a pampered child, never troubles itself about the source whence its enjoyments are derived. We trust that the multitude who will gain pleasure and instruction from visiting this collection of works of Art, will bear in mind that it is not a spontaneous production, and that they are indebted to *somebody* for its existence. We believe that the gentleman who was mainly instrumental in the formation of the "New York Gallery of the Fine Arts," is Jonathan Sturges, the former mercantile partner of Mr. Reed, to whose liberality we are indebted for the collection. Other gentlemen, of course, have lent their aid, among whom, we believe, James Brown, Shepard Knapp, F. W. Edmonds, and Charles M. Leupp, took an active part. Most of the grocers too, in Front street, out of respect to the memory of Mr. Reed, who held an eminent position among them, have subscribed liberally.

We were a little premature in announcing that the Common Council had unanimously resolved to allow the use of the Rotunda, to the Gallery, at a merely nominal rent, in spite of the Mayor's veto of their former resolution; it was only the Board of Aldermen that passed the unanimous resolutions; the Board of Assistants, whose assistance, in this case, has not been of any particular help, referred the matter to a special committee, who will, it is apprehended, report adverse to it.

Original Poetry.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRY HEINE.

I.

At the window stands the mother,
  In bed her son doth lie,
"Wilt thou rise and look out, William?
  The procession goeth by."

"I am so sick, my mother,
  I can see and hear no more;
I think of my dead Margaret,
  That makes my heart so sore."

"Rise, we will go to Kevlaar,
  Book and rosary we will bear.
And the dear mother of our Lord
  Will heal thy sick heart's care."

The chanters they are chanting,
  Swell the church's banners fine,
And the long procession goeth
  To Cologne upon the Rhine.

The crowd the mother follows,
  Her sick son carries she,
While both do sing in chorus,
  "Oh, Mary, praise to thee!"

II.

The Virgin unto Kevlaar
  In gayest clothes they bear;
To-day she has much work to do,
  For many sick come there;

And the sick people carry,
  As offering good and meet,
Full many waxen members,
  And waxen heads and feet.

Whoso a waxen hand offers,
  Heals on his own the wound;
Whoso a waxen foot offers,
  His own is thenceforth sound.

Some who went there on crutches,
  Could dance on ropes that day;
Some who had scarce a finger
  On the violin could play.

The mother took a wax light,
  And moulded thence a heart,—
"Bear that unto our mother,
  So shall she heal thy smart."

Sighing he takes the wax heart,
  Sighing to Mary goes,
Tears from his eyes are flowing,
  Prayer from his full heart flows.

"Oh, thou most holy mother,
  Thou Virgin good and pure,
Thou Queen of all the Heavens,
  Thou can'st my sorrow cure!"

"I dwell with my dear mother
  In the city of Cologne,
That may hundred chapels
  And churches high doth own.

"And near to us dwelt Margaret,
  Who is dead for evermore.
Mary, I bring thee a wax-heart,
  Heal thou my heart so sore.

"If my sick heart thou healest,
  Early and late from me
Shall ever rise the song and prayer,
  Oh, Mary, praise to thee!"

III.

The sick son and his mother
  In the little chamber lie,
The Holy Virgin cometh
  And softly draweth nigh.

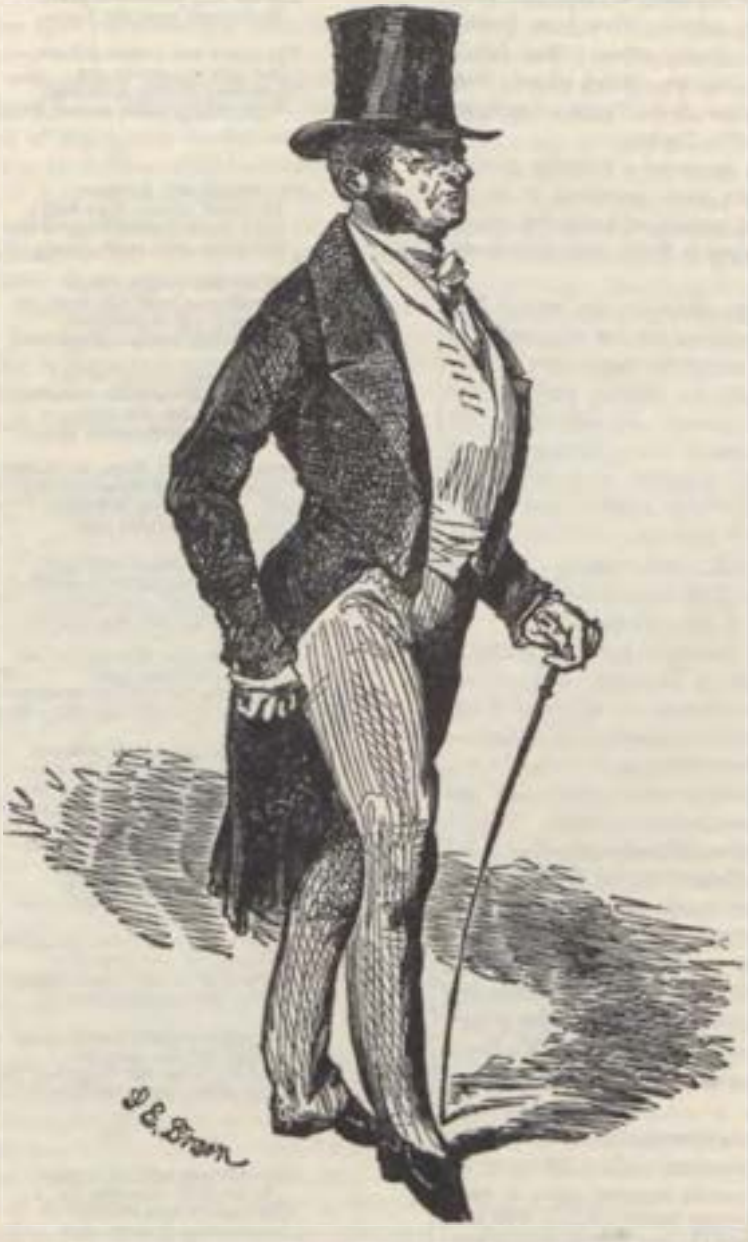
She bends above the sick one,
  And then her hand doth lay
On his poor heart so gently,
  And smiling fades away.

All in dreams the mother seeth,
  And more had seen in sleep,
But she wakened from her slumbers—
  The dog he howled so deep.

There lay stretched out before her,
  Her son—and he was dead!
On his pale cheek was playing
  The tender morning red.

His hands the mother folded,
  She knew him dead to be,
Then sang devout and softly,
  "Oh, Mary, praise to thee!"

MARIA LOWEL.



ONE OF THE "UPPER TEN THOUSAND."

THE GREAT TOWER OF TARUDANT.

BY ROBERT OLIVER.

(Continued from page 119.)

Swiftly his noble steed bore him on, all that day and during the succeeding night. Much they suffered from hunger and thirst, but they were stouthearted and patient, and they quailed not nor flagged until morn came, the fresh and fragrant morn, when the king found himself at no great distance from a well, around which were growing palm trees and green and tender herbage. Joyfully he led his good horse to the water, and taking off his trappings turned him loose to feed and bask amid the delicious grass. He then slaked his own thirst, plucked and ate some of the dates that hung above his head, and sat down to rest and contemplated the scene before him.

The well was full of beautiful clear water, but of such depth that the king could by no means perceive the bottom, but only far down a darkness deepening to intense obscurity. It was covered by a light and elegant dome of simple architecture, whose cieling was adorned with silver stars, and in the midst an image of the moon, which were constantly reflected in the still, transparent fluid beneath. The dome was supported by sixteen octagonal pillars of white marble whereon were engraved in letters of gold the holy words of the Koran. The tall and thickly tufted palms so completely sheltered the building, that even at noonday, when the surrounding desert glowed like a furnace, it was cool and pleasant beneath that graceful roof.

In this sweet place the king remained three days; each day drinking of the refreshing water and eating of the nourishing dates. In the cool of the morning he rode about on the sand to exercise his horse, and the rest of the day employed in reading the words engraven on the pillars and in meditating on their meaning. At night he prayed and slept beneath the dome.

On the morning of the fourth day feeling much invigorated and full of hope, he resolved to depart, though loth to quit so delightful a dwelling-place. His heart was cheered and his mind strengthened by the words he had read on the pillars, and the future gave him no anxiety. Having saddled his horse he approached the well and knelt down to return thanks to Allah and drink a parting draught. During each hour of his sojourn the water of the well had been growing clearer and clearer, and he now saw to an immense depth, though no glimpse of the bottom could yet be obtained. As he gazed downwards farther than ever before, he was startled to perceive the water troubled, and presently with amazement, but also with delight, he beheld emerge from the well a female figure, habited in a beautiful blue garment, spangled with silver stars. About her neck was a string of pearls, and on her head a silver crescent like the rising moon. In her right hand was a wand, also of silver. Her form was commanding, though elegant, and her countenance lovely in feature, but cold and pale, no trace of color being visible.

She looked upon Abdallah for a moment, and then said:—"You have been long expected, king of Tarudant, and are now well prepared. I am ready to be your guide."

"Who and what art thou?" inquired the monarch, as soon as his astonishment would suffer him to speak.

"I am a fairy who for ages have dwelt at the bottom of this well, which never before was visited by mortal to whom I could reveal myself. Notwithstanding my seclusion, I know your history and your present condition. Trust to my guidance and you will be restored to your kingdom, and the false magician cast down from his bad eminence."

There was something in the appearance of the fairy that commanded the king's confidence, though he could not divest himself of a feeling of awe at her presence, and though she addressed him with a grave coldness, that bordered on austerity. Joy flowed into his heart with her words, and he warmly expressed his willingness to submit to her control. She continued:

"Upon a mountain in the east, in the mighty Atlas chain dwells a twin sister of mine, without whose assistance I can do little, with it, almost everything. First of all, we must seek her abode, which is distant and difficult of access. The way is toilsome and beset with dangers—are you ready to pursue it?"

"I will go with you to the ends of the earth, O beautiful and benign fairy! Cheered by the light of your presence, I can endure all toils and defy all dangers."

"Come, then. Light indeed will be the toils I spoke of, and harmless the dangers, if you steadfastly abide with me, and yield willing obedience to my counsels; but turn aside or falter in your faith and you are lost forever."

She then gave him a silver bottle filled with water from the well, and a sack in which to put dates for himself and grass for his horse. They left the dome together and commenced their journey over the desert, the fairy gliding lightly along beside him. Said the king, glancing at the surrounding barrenness—"Why do you not, O wise and powerful fairy, make use of the water of your well to fertilize this desert, to clothe it with beautiful vegetation, and people it with happy inhabitants?"

"I care nothing for the things you speak of," coldly replied the fairy, "I leave them to the sister we are seeking, whose whole delight is in such like works. My pleasure is to sit still at the bottom of my well in the clear, cool water, and contemplate the moon and stars and graven words above."

This answer seemed strange to the king, "for why," said he to himself, "if she delights not in deeds of benevolence, has she taken me under her protection and engaged to guide me on a long and perilous journey, having for its end the recovery of my kingdom?" But a certain awe restrained him from speaking his thought, though he more than suspected that silence could not conceal it from the fairy.

On they went for many days and nights, and Abdallah soon found to his great astonishment that he need take no thought for what he should eat, or what he should drink, nor for the sustenance of the good steed whereon he rode. The bottle of water and the sack of dates and grass which the fairy had given him, proved to be endowed with the most marvellous qualities: use did not diminish their contents, nor did time and heat despoil them of their freshness. This miracle inspired him with confidence in his wondrous guide, so strong that he felt nothing could ever shake it. Henceforth he proceeded with a heart still lighter, and a mind still more assured.

On the morning of the fourth day, soon after sunrise, as they were passing through a valley bounded by low hills of sand, a loud roaring was heard upon their left, so sudden and so frightful that the king's hair stood straight upon his head, and his horse sprung aside with a start that nearly unseated the rider. In an instant after, six monstrous leopards came leaping over the hillock and fell upon Abdallah, whose first impulse was to draw his sabre and defend himself; but immediately remembering his guide and protectress, whom the leopards did not seem to see, he turned to her with a look of confident appeal. She smiled, and waved her silver wand. The beasts, one of whom had already fastened his claws upon the horse, were struck with furious madness; quitting their expected prey, they rushed down the valley, tearing each other as they went and filling the air with howls of rage and pain, till they were lost to view in the desert.

"Had you trusted alone to your own arm," said the fairy, when the king's look returned from following the leopards to fall with gratitude upon her face, "they would have torn you limb from limb; earth breeds no fiercer beasts than they, and your weapon would have been but as a straw against their strength."

"Words cannot express my thankfulness, O blessed fairy, for this deliverance; but see, my poor horse is dreadfully wounded—what can I do to relieve him?"

"Wash the wound with water from the silver bottle." The king did so, and when the blood was cleared away, the fairy passed her hand over the place and instantly the horse was healed, as sound and strong as ever.

They proceeded on their way, and Abdallah, rendered vigilant by this encounter, kept wary watch on all sides, but perceived nothing alarming until just at high noon his glance fell upon a strangely shaped shadow flitting over the sand. Surprised at this, for the sky of the desert had been hitherto cloudless, he looked up to ascertain the cause, and beheld one of the monstrous green birds that he had last seen flying to and fro in the smoke of the tower, coming down directly over his head, with a large tortoise clutched in its talons. When the monster saw that it was seen, it screamed with baffled rage and let fall the tortoise, which would have crushed the king to earth had he not spurred his horse aside just in time to avoid the missile. It struck where he had stood with such force as to sink deep into the sand.

The king looked around for the fairy, but she was nowhere to be seen. He had no time to be amazed at her disappearance, for the bird had descended almost as quickly as the tortoise, and was rushing at him with its seven heads stretched greedily forwards, and its mighty wings beating the air with such force that the sand flew up as if raised by a whirlwind. Retreat was impossible. Nerving himself with a brief prayer to Allah, the king drew his sabre and awaited the onset. He scarcely hoped that his horse would endure the sight of so terrible a creature; but the good steed bravely faced the monster, which in an instant was upon them and seized the king's left arm with one of its beaks, while with the others it strove to pluck out his eyes and those of the horse. At a blow Abdallah struck off the head that gripped his arm. The blood spouted forth like a fountain, and the screams of the bird rang far and wide through the desert, startling the wild beasts in their lairs, and arousing a thousand answering roars. Mad with pain and fury, the monster grasped with all its remaining beaks the arm that had inflicted the wound, and would have torn it off, but just then a dove appeared, flying downwards, and alighted upon the head of the king's horse—a small white dove with coral-colored feet and eyes of ruby hue.

INDIAN NAMES OF THE ISLANDS AND BAY OF NEW YORK.

BY H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

The first name, which occurs, is that of the Hudson river. It does not appear that the discoverer thought of giving it his own name. In the narrative of his voyage, it is called the Great River of the Mountains, or simply the Great river. This term was simply translated by his employers, the servants of the Dutch West India Company, who, on the early maps of Nova Belgica, called it *Groote Riviere*. It was afterwards called Nassau, after the reigning House, but this name was not persevered in. After a subsequent time, they gave it the name of Mauritius, after Prince Maurice, but this name, if it was ever much in vogue, either did not prevail against, or was early exchanged for the popular term of North River—a name which it emphatically bore to distinguish it from the Lenapihittuck or Delaware, which they called *South* river. [Zuydt Rivier.] That the name of Mauritius was but partially introduced, is indicated by the reply made by the New England authorities to a letter respecting boundaries of Gov. Kieft, in 1646, in which they declare, in answer to his complaint of encroachments on its settlements, their entire ignorance of any river bearing this name.

Neither of the Indian names by which it was called, appear to have found much favor. The Mohegans called it Shatèmuc. Shaita, in the cognate dialect of the Odjibwa, means a pelican. It cannot be affirmed, to denote the same object in this dialect, nor is it known that the pelican has ever been seen on this river. Uc is the ordinary inflection for locality. The Minsees, occupying the west banks, called it Mohegan-ittuck. The syllable itt, before uck, is one of the most transitive forms, by which the action of the nominative is engrafted upon the objective, without communicating any new meaning. The signification of the term is, Mohegan river. The Iroquois, (as given by the interpreter John Bleecker, and communicated by the late Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell in a letter to Dr. Miller in 1811,) called Ca ho ha ta tè a,—that is to say, if we have apprehended the word, the great river having mountains beyond the Cahoh or Cahoes Falls.

The three prominent Indian names for the Hudson are therefore the Mohegan, *the* Chatemuc, *and the* Canotatea.

The river appears also to have been also called, by other tribes of the Iroquois confederacy, Sanatatty. The word atatty, here, is the same written aiatea, above, and is descriptive of various scenes according to its prefix. The English first named the river, the Hudson, after the surrender of the colony in 1664. It does not appear, under this name, in any Dutch work or record, which has been examined. It may be observed, that the term has not exclusively prevailed to the present day, among New Yorkers in the river counties, where the name of North River is still popular. It will be recollected, as a proof of the prevailing custom, that Fulton called his first boat, to test the triumph of steam, "The North River."

If the river failed to bear to future times, either of its original names, the island, as the nominative of the city, was equally unfortunate, the more so it is conceived, as the name of the city became the name of the state. Regret has been expressed, that some one of the sonorous and appropriate Indian names of the west, had not been chosen to designate the state. The colonists were but little regardful of questions of this kind. Both the Dutch in 1609 and the English in 1665, came with precisely the same force of national prepossession—the first in favor of Amsterdam, and the second in favor of New York—both connected with the belittling adjective "New." It is characteristic of the English, that they have sought to perpetuate the remembrance of their victories, conquests and discoveries, by these geographical names. And the word New York, if it redound less to their military or naval glory, than Blenheim, Trafalgar and Waterloo may be cited to show, that there was an early developed trait of character of the English, abroad as well as at home. It would be well, indeed, if their descendants in America had been a little more alive to the influence of this trait. Those who love the land, and cherish its nationalities, would at least have been spared, in witnessing the growth and development of this great city, the continued repetition of foreign, petty or vulgar names, for our streets and squares and public resorts, while such names as Saratoga and Ticonderoga, Niagara and Ontario, Iosco and Owasco, are never thought of.

The Indians called the Island Mon-a-tos—dropping the local inflection uk. The word is variously written by early writers. The sound as pronounced to me in 1827 by Metoxon, a Mohegan chief, is Mon ah tan uk, a phrase which is descriptive of the whirlpool of Heilgate. *Mon* or man, as here written, is the radix of the adjective bad, carrying as it does, in its multiplied forms, the various meanings of violent, dangerous, &c., when applied in compounds. *Ah tun*, is a generic term for a channel, or stream of running water. *Uk*, denotes locality, and also plurality. When the tribe has thus denoted this passage, which is confessedly the most striking and characteristic geographical feature of the region, they called the island near it, to imply the Angticised term, *Man-hat-tan*, and themselves *Mon-a-tuns*, that is to say, "People of the Whirlpool." It is well known that the Indian tribes, have, generally, taken their distinctive names from geographical features. The Narragansetts, as we are told by Roger Williams, took that name, from a small island off the coast. Massachusetts, according to the same authority, signifies the Blue Hills, and is derived from the appearance of lands at sea. Mississaga, signifies they live at the mouth of a large river, and by an inflection, the people who live at the mouth of the large river or waters. Onondaga, means the people who live on the hill. Oneida, the people who sprang from a rock, &c. These names afford no clue to nationality, they preserve no ethnological chain.

The tradition that this island derives its name from the accidental circumstance of the intoxication of the Indians on Hudson's first visit, in 1609, is a sheer inference, unsupported by philology. That the tradition of such an event was preserved and related to the early missionaries by the Mohegan Indians, admits of no doubt, nor is there more, that the island was referred to as the place where their ancestors first obtained the taste of ardent spirits. That the island had no name prior to 1609, or if well known by a characteristic name, that this elder name was then dropped and a new name bestowed, in allusion to this circumstance of the intoxication, is not only improbable, on known principles, but is wholly unsustained, as will have been perceived by the above etymology. The word for intoxication, or dizziness from drink, in the Algonquin, and with little change in all the cognate dialects, is *Ke wusk kusa bee*. The verb to drink in the same dialects is *Min e kusa*, in the Mohegan "Minahn"—words having none of the necessary elements of this compound. Very great care is, indeed, required in recording Indian words, to be certain that the word given, is actually expressive of the object of inquiry. Some curious and amusing examples of mistakes of this kind might be given, did it comport with the limits of this report.

There were several Indian villages, or places of resort, on the island of Mon-à-tun, for which the original names have survived. The extreme point of land, between the junction of the East and North rivers, of which the Battery is now a part, was called Kapsee—and within the memory of persons still living was known as "the Copsie point"—a term which

appears to denote a safe place of landing, formed by eddy waters. There was a village called Sapokanican, on the shores of the Hudson, at the present site of Greenwich. Corlear's Hook was called Naghtognk. The particle took, here, denotes sand. A tract of meadow land on the north end of the island, near Kingsbridge, was called Muscoota, that is, meadow or grass land. Warpoes was a term bestowed on a piece of elevated ground, situated above and beyond the small lake or pond called the Kolck. This term is, apparently, a derivative from Wawbose, a hare.

The islands around the city had their appropriate names. Long Island was called Metôac, after the name of the Metoacks, the principal tribe located on it. It is thus called by Van Der Donck in 1656, and in all the subsequent maps of authority, down to Evans', in 1775. Smith calls it Meitowacks. In Gov. Clinton's discourse, it is printed Meilowacks, but this is evidently a typographical error.

Staten Island, we are informed by De Vries, was occupied by the Mon-à-tans, who called it Monockkong with a verbal prefix. The termination is *ong*, denotes locality. Manon is the ironwood tree, ack denotes a tree, or trunk, and admits a prefix from "manadud," had. By inquiry it does not appear that the Ironwood, although present, ever existed in sufficient abundance to render the name from that characteristic. The other, it is too late to investigate. It is believed the expression had an implied meaning, and denoted the Haunted Woods.

Thus far the colonial maps and records, so far as they have fallen under the committee's notice. The vocabulary of the Mohegans affords, however, a few other terms, the application of which may be well assumed from their etymology. Of this kind is the term Naosm, for Sandy Hook, meaning a point surpassing others. Minnisais, or the lesser island, for Bedlow's island; and Konuk, or Gull island, for Ellis's island. The heights of Brooklyn are graphically described in the term *Ihpetonga*; that is, high sandy banks.

The geological structure of the island was such as to bring it to a much narrower point, than it now occupies. By the recent excavations for the foundations of Trinity Church, and the commercial buildings on the site of the Old Presbyterian Church in Wall-street, the principal stratum is seen to be of coarse grey sea sand, capped with a similar soil, mixed with vegetable mould and feruginous oxide. From the make of the land, the Indian path, on the Trinity plateau, forked at the foot of the Park, and proceeded east of the small lake called the Kolck [Agieçon] to the rise of ground at Chatham square. Here, or not far from it, was the eminence called Warpoes, probably the site of a village, and so named from its chief. The stream and marsh existing where Canal street now runs, gave this eastern tendency to the main path. At or beyond Warpoes, another fork in the path became necessary to reach the banks of the Hudson at the Indian village of Lapinikan, now Greenwich. In this route laid the eminence Ishpatena, late Richmond Hill, at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets. The path leading from the interjunction at Warpoes, or Chatham square, to Nahtonk, or Corlear's Hook, had no intermediate village, of which the name has survived. This portion of the island was covered with a fine forest of nut wood, oaks, and other hard-wood species, interspersed with grassy glades, about the sites of the Indian villages. The upper part of the island was densely wooded. Above Fortieth street it was unfavorable for any purpose but hunting, and much of the middle part of it, as between Fifth and Eighth Avenues, was either shoe-deep under water or naturally swampy. This arose, as is seen at this day, from a clayey stratum, which retains the moisture, whereas the whole island below this location, particularly below the brow of the syenitic formation of Thirty-seventh street, &c., consisted of gravel and sand, which absorbed the moisture and rendered it the most favorable site for building and occupation. On the margin of the Hudson, the water reached, tradition tells us, to Greenwich street. There is a yellow painted wooden house still standing at the northeast corner of Courtland and Greenwich streets, which had the water near to it. Similar tradition assures us that Broad street was the site of a marsh, and small creek. The same may be said of the foot of Maiden lane, once Fly Market, and of the outlet of the Muskeeg or Swamp, now Ferry street. Pearl street marked the winding margin of the East river. Foundations dug here reach the ancient banks of oyster shells. Asharo denotes the probable narrow ridge or ancient cliff north of Beekman street, which bounded the marsh below. Ocrroc is a term for the heighth of land in Broadway, at Niblo's; Anic, a rock rising up in the Battery; Penasic, Mt. Washington, or the Comb mountain. These notices, drawn from philology, and, in part, the earlier geographical accounts of New Belgium, might be extended to a few other points, which are clearly denoted; but are deemed sufficient to sustain the conclusions, which we have arrived at, that the main configuration of the leading thoroughfares of the city, from the ancient canoe-place at Copsie or the Battery, extending north to the Park, and thence to Chatham square and the Bowery, and west to Tivoli Garden, &c., were ancient roads, in the early times of Holland supremacy, which followed the primary Indian foot-paths.

Governor's island bore the name of Nut island, during the Holland supremacy, in Dutch *Nutten*; but whether, as is suspected, this was a translation of the Indian Pecanoc, or "nut-trees," is not certain. As a general remark, it may be said that the names of the Mon-à-tons, or Manhattanese, were not euphonous, certainly less so than those of the Delawares or Iroquois.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits, generally, of the Magazine literature of America, there can be no question as to its extent or its influence. The topic—Magazine literature—is therefore, an important one. In a few years its importance will be found to have increased in geometrical ratio. The whole tendency of the age is Magazine-ward. The quarterly reviews have *never* been popular. Not only are they too stilted (by way of keeping up a due dignity), but they make a point, for the same reason, of discussing only topics which are *caviare* to the many, and which, *for the most part*, have only a conventional interest, even with the few. Their issues, also, are at too long intervals: their subjects get cold before being served up. In a word, their ponderosity is quite out of keeping with the movement—with the rush of the age. We now demand the light artillery of the intellect: we need the curt, the condensed, the pointed, the readily diffused—in place of the verbose, the detailed, the voluminous, the inaccessible. On the other hand, the lightness of the artillery must not degenerate into pop-gunnery—by which character we may designate the character of the greater portion of the newspaper press; whose sole legitimate object is the discussion of ephemeral matters in an ephemeral manner. Whatever talent may be brought to bear upon our daily journals, (and in many cases this talent is *very* great) still the imperative necessity of catching, *currente calamo*, every topic as it flits before the eye of the public, must, of course, materially narrow the limits of their power. The bulk, and the period of issue of the Monthly Magazine, seem to be precisely adapted, if not to all the literary wants of the day, at least to the largest and most imperative, as well as the most consequential portion of them.

With these views, we shall, of course, regard attentively all that concerns our Magazines. It is our design to treat this class of journals with a consideration to which hitherto they have been unaccustomed. We propose neither to be laud nor to abuse them; but in regarding them as the most important arenas for our literary men, we shall be pardoned for sweeping them clean of all that is adventitious.

Keeping these intentions in mind, as points to be accomplished *in the future*, we shall content ourselves, this week, with a few observations, at random, on the March number of Graham's Magazine—reserving its general character, as well as the general character of its class, for more deliberate investigation hereafter.

The two first plates are capitally designed and engraved; the "Dacota Woman and Assiniboin Girl," in especial, is worthy of all commendation. No annual has been issued in

America which might not have been proud of these illustrations. The third plate, called the "Love-Letter," is disgraceful in every respect. The flesh of the woman is sheep's wool, and the hand holding the love-missive, has the air of having been carved by a very small child, with a dull knife, from a raw potato. The essay on Egotism is well written and pointed. Miss Sedgwick's "Incidents at Rome" is only *mediocre;* it has little either of force or novelty. Mr. Simms' "Boatman's Revenge" is a spirited tale, by one of our best narrators of similar things—a man whose literary interests have suffered by too pertinacious a residence in the South. Mr. Simms is full of fault, but he has a true vigor which more than redeems it. The division of his present story into chapters is without meaning, and has a stiffness which is objectionable. "Serenading" is only so-so. "Lucy Dutton," by Fanny Forrester, is gracefully told. "Foreign Mysteries," by Grund, and "Carry Carlisle" by Mrs. Osgood, are the best contributed prose articles in the number; the latter piece embodying also some of the best poetry. The editorial criticisms of "Graham" are in general vigorous and pungent—but the notice of "Lowell's Conversations" in the present number, by no means does justice, we think, to the very great and peculiar abilities of the author reviewed.

THE LOST BOY.

We find the following remarkable story in the New York Evangelist of last week, without any indication of the source whence it was derived. But it has all the appearance of truth, and all the strangeness of fiction; it is a novel incident in American life, which somebody or other will doubtless make the foundation of a tale.

In 1835, Mr. Ammi Filley, of Windsor, Ct., removed with his family to the town of Jackson, in the State of Michigan. In this town, then a wilderness, he located himself, and by his industry and economy he soon found himself in the possession of a productive and profitable farm: and by the accession of settlers, the town became populous and flourishing. Although in the vicinity of various tribes of savages, and often visited by wandering families of the natives, all was peace and quietness, and every thing conspired to render their abode pleasant and happy.

On the 3d of August, 1837, his little son, then a child of four years old, went out to a swamp in the vicinity of their dwelling, with a hired girl, to gather whortleberries. The swamp was in the direction from Mr. Filley's to the dwelling of Mr. Mount, the father of the girl, whither they expected to go to spend the night—and the scene of their toil was about a mile from the house of the former, and some twenty or thirty rods from the dwelling of the latter. Having satisfied himself with picking berries, the child displayed a desire to return, whereupon the girl conducted him to the road, and placed him in the direction to the house of Mr. Mount—not doubting, as the house was in plain sight, and only a few rods distant, but the little fellow would reach it in perfect safety.

The girl returned to the swamp, and after completing her supply of berries, went home to the house of her father, and found to her astonishment, as well as that of the family, that William had not arrived. Notice was immediately given to the parents, an alarm given through the settlement, and the whole population rushed at once to the assistance and relief of the almost distracted parents. Day and night, for more than a week, the whole country, in every direction, to an extent of more than twenty miles, was searched with untiring vigilance. Every pond and stream of water was examined and dragged—and every rod of ground scrutinized, for many successive days, but no trace could be discovered of the absent child.

As suspicions were entertained that foul play had been practised by the Indians, inquiries were made of the different tribes and families in the vicinity, and pecuniary offers tendered to their chiefs and influential men, and Mr. Filley himself traversed for months the wilds of Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, but his efforts proved vain. No discovery could be made, and no tidings had, and he returned to his broken-hearted family, with the sad reflection that his William was lost!

For seven long years this stricken family endured the agony of an affliction which seldom falls to the lot of human nature to submit to—"months of vanity and wearisome nights were appointed to them."

Since the decease of his wife, Mr. Filley has visited Connecticut, the place of his nativity, and while here, by a mysterious course of events beyond the comprehension of human wisdom to fathom, his long lost child has appeared and been restored to his embraces.

It seems that the lad, before reaching the house of Mr. Mount, was overtaken and kidnapped by a band of Indians, who in their wanderings happened to pass that way. In this family he lived, and travelled with them in all their movements, from the time he was captured until the autumn of 1843.

About this time his family visited Albany, N. Y., and while there this white child was discovered among them. The municipal authorities of the city becoming acquainted with the circumstance, at once caused their arrest, and took measures to compel them to disclose the means by which they became possessed of the child. They were alternately flattered and threatened, but no disclosure could be obtained, as they seemed resolved to submit to any punishment rather than make any communication by which the paternity of the child could be ascertained. They were therefore discharged, and the child very humanely placed in the Orphan Asylum.

Subsequently, in the spring of 1844, Mr. Cowles, of Tolland, Mass., being in want of a boy in his family, was recommended to this place, and furnished with this lad, whom he brought home with him to his residence in Tolland.

In the month of December last, a most marvellous concurrence of circumstances, the facts in relation to this boy, so far as it concerned the transactions at Albany, came to the knowledge of the Rev. Dr. Cooley of Granville. The Dr. having frequently heard the circumstances under which the child was lost, immediately communicated the intelligence he had obtained to Mr. Marvin, the grandfather of the child, and he without loss of time, made known the tidings to Mr. Filley, who was then with his friends in Connecticut. From the knowledge thus obtained, Mr. Filley visited Mr. Cowles in Tolland, with whom the lad then resided.

Although time and exposure had somewhat obliterated the fair features of his youth, his personal appearance was the counterpart of the other members of his family. His size, his age, the complexion of his eyes and hair, and all his prominent characteristics indicated those of his child; and upon appealing to a known scar upon his hand, and examining an indubitable mark in the hair of his head, his identity was fully recognized; and in the joy of his heart he pressed to his bosom his *long lost son.*

From the story of the boy it appears that he has constantly resided in the same family, which consisted of four Indians—Paul Fye, Phebe Anne Fye, his wife, Martha Anne Fye, their daughter, and Thomas Williams, an inmate of the family. They adopted him as their son, and he was taught and believed that Paul and Phebe Ann were his parents, and Martha his sister. He supposed himself an Indian boy, and was not aware of any difference of complexion, or distinction of nature, until his deliverance at Albany. He has an indistinct recollection of attending school, but when or where he knows not.

This seems to be the only remaining fact in his memory that he can recognize as having transpired prior to his capture, and he does not seem to associate this with any other fact indicative of his home, except that *he did not go to school with the Indians.*

He recollects living near Detroit, Utica, Brothertown, Catskill and Hudson, and several months at Hillsdale, N. Y. In all their wanderings in summer and winter he travelled barefoot, suffering in winter from cold, and at all times from hunger and fatigue; but his Indian sister, like a second Pocahontas, took unwearied pains to mitigate his sufferings and make his captivity endurable.

Although he cannot recognize his new friends, yet he rejoices that he has found a permanent home in a land of civilization, and all parties feel it their duty to render their grateful thanks to the author of all good for this marvellous dispensation of Providence.

THE CONCERT ROOM.

MR. GEORGE LODER'S CONCERT.

THIS much talked-of and long expected Concert was given at the Apollo Saloon on Saturday evening last. The appearance of the weather had for several days indicated rain, but the promise was not fulfilled until about an hour, or so, before the Concert commenced, when it fell heavily. It was very unfortunate, and almost destructive to Mr. Loder's hopes and just expectations. However, despite the storm, some five or six hundred persons assembled, and among them many of our first citizens, and most accomplished amateurs.

The performance commenced with Mendelssohn's Lobegesang, performed by about one hundred and twenty instruments and voices: most of them were picked artists, chosen for their professional capability.

The Lobegesang is a Sinfonia-Cantata, consisting of three movements for the instruments—an Allegro, an Allegretto Agitato, and an Adagio, which are followed by choruses, duetts, and solos. The first movement is in B flat, in which the work also ends, and commences with two bars for the Trombone, in which is developed the leading idea, the prominent thought, which is wonderfully elaborated in this movement, and stands out in bold relief in almost every other piece, and is the phrase in the work. We might almost say that the Lobegesang is a work of one idea, embodying in music the following words—All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord—for the countless exquisite thoughts which crowd the composition, are to that one thought secondary and subservient. The subject of the Allegro we take to be *the voice of Faith proclaiming aloud*—"*Sing to the Lord.*" This lofty and elevating strain is broken in upon by a melody of exquisite beauty, hopeful and trusting in its sentiment, and symbolical of simple but earnest adoration, but ever and anon, the stern and unyielding phrase—"Sing to the Lord"—bursts forth as warning to the wavering and confirmation to the believer. This movement is great in

its design and is instrumented most *massively*, and yet with a variety which precludes all feeling of weariness. A few bars at its close introduces us to the second movement, Andante Agitato, which for the beauty of its melody, its tearful and plaintive sorrow, agitated and doubting, its exquisitely varied treatment for the orchestra, has no parallel in instrumental writing. To compare the great in design, with the comparatively trifling, it reminds us of that exquisite weeping song "*L'Hoperduto me meschina*" in Mozart's La Nozze de Figaro. In the midst of this heart thrilling movement, the voice of Faith is heard saying in commanding tones, "Sing to the Lord." But the mourner, wrapped in his sorrow as in a shroud, would not be comforted; again and again the voice was heard, and lo! unable to resist its stern control, the heart which grief had hardened, bows down in supplication and in prayer. The penitent and prayerful spirit is exquisitely portrayed in the *Adagio Religioso*. It is a most lovely movement; gratitude, devotion, and faith break forth in every phrase in the measure.

This Sinfonia was admirably executed; each one in the band seemed to vie with the other in the endeavor to produce something to near perfection as possible. The violins were too few, as is usual in American orchestras, but these few were firm and drew a vigorous bow. Messrs. Marks and Tyte are equal to any four men.

It is impossible, we find, to notice this great work in detail, as it was our intention to have done, we must, therefore, content ourselves with mentioning a few of the prominent beauties. The recit. and aria, by Signor Antognini, *Sing ye praise*, and the chorus, *All ye that cried unto the Lord*; duetto, Mrs. E. Loder and Miss Watson, *I waited for the Lord*, and chorus, *O blessed are they*, and the duett, Mrs. Loder and Sig. Antognini, *My song shall be therefore, Thy Mercy*, are such of the work as will be most felt by the public, for they are truly surfeited with beauty. The three great choruses are, however, the first, fourth, and sixth.

The choruses were admirably performed, every point was taken up with firmness and precision, and a body of sound produced altogether disproportioned to the small body of singers. But difficulties become easy when the *true spirit* animates us in the struggle.

Mrs. E. Loder has received so much praise on every hand for her beautiful and chaste execution of this difficult and classical music, that we need not make any further comment. Miss Watson also acquitted herself to the satisfaction of all, and received in the second Act, the heartiest applause of the evening, for her chaste and simple style of singing an admired ballad.

Signor Antognini sang some of the music of the Lobegesang with much taste and expression, but his style is neither suited to our vernacular, nor to the music of Mendelssohn. The genius of the German music is entirely opposed to the Italian school; there is no one point of union; not even a half-way house. The Italian finds himself fettered by the music, and his style either becomes heavy and strained, or the poor music becomes unmercifully extracised. Signor Antognini, however, did admirably, considering that he is not familiar with the language, and less familiar with the music.

The Offertorium, by Henri Vieuxtemps, contains some passages of beauty, but we do not much admire it. It is an attempt to imitate the strict school of writing, but in attempting this, he has not only imitated the school, but the masters. Mozart has contributed largely to the Offertorium. As a vocal composition, it proves that M. Vieuxtemps is unaccustomed to write for voices, and though the union with the full orchestra renders the effect somewhat imposing, we do not think the work will add to the fame of the author.

To Mr. Loder we again give all praise and commendation. He conducted throughout the evening with judgment and firmness, and proved himself equal to the task he had undertaken. The cordial support and assistance he met with from the best of his brother Professors, must prove truly gratifying to him, as marking their respect and esteem.

The Lobegesang should be repeated at the Tabernacle, at Fifty Cents a ticket, so that the people may have a chance to hear one of the greatest compositions of the present day.

THE SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

On leaving the Tabernacle on Monday evening, we asked ourselves if we had heard the Messiah? The answer was, No! Handel's Messiah, like Shakspeare's plays, has become subject to travestie; the levelling and depreciating spirit of the age has laid its slimy hand upon it, and every chattering jay may libel in annotations, or emasculate by interpolation or emendation. In days past, and yet so recently, that the past is treading upon the hem of their retreating garment, in days scarce past, we say, the Messiah of Handel, like the Iliad of Homer or Paradise Lost of Milton, was looked upon as the great classical epic, as the great musical epic, of time. It was held sacred; and each one deemed it incumbent upon him, within his sphere, to preserve it as much as possible, in its original and majestic purity. It was then graciously conceded by liberal souls, that the composer of a great work knew his own mind, and put down his conceptions as he wished them executed, while the singer considered he had enough to do to study to give effect and do justice to the composer's manuscript. But we have fallen upon better days; the composer's task is easy; he has only to fashion the rough outline, and leave all the rest to the more exquisite taste, extensive knowledge and profound judgment of the singer, who is supposed of course to know a little more than singers usually do; for instance, he or she must be able to tell the name of a note when shewn to them, and also able to play the common chord in two positions. These accomplishments, considering the education usually bestowed upon singers, would be acknowledged great. It will be therefore perceived, that the singer is now the composer, and the composer the drudge. "The public is therefore respectfully informed that the skeleton of the Messiah, by Handel, will be performed this evening; the principal characters by the principal singers, who will give an entire new version of this almost obsolete work, done up to suit the times. N. B. The public may rest assured that no vestige of its former classical style shall be allowed to remain. N. B. No. 2. Composers can have their works altered and ornamented to suit the modern taste and refinement, on the shortest notice. N. B. No. 3. Mendelsshon cooked after the Italian style, to suit the taste of the "*Upper ten thousand.*" Such will be the announcements in future, we expect. Such were our reflections on listening to the Messiah on Monday evening. Of Madame Pico we have little to say. Unacquainted with the language, and a stranger to the strict style of Handel's school, we expected but little, and we can only reiterate the general expression, that Madame Pico did extremely well—considering. The contralto songs lay very unfortunate for her, resting chiefly upon the middle part of her voice, which is comparatively weak, and thereby contrasting too strongly with her lower and stronger tones. Her ornaments were out of place, and consequently in bad taste. Some portions of the music she seemed to feel, and the few words she knew perfectly, she gave with good emphasis. But we never wish to hear Handel after the Italian fashion again.

Miss Northall has a very good quality of voice, but the upper region, though clear, is thin, and has a tendency to extreme sharpness. She should not attempt to extend her compass beyond A, for too many voices are ruined by a foolish ambition to possess an extensive compass. The consequence is, that the whole scale becomes thinned and weakened. With respect to Handel's music, we state distinctly, that Miss N. knows nothing of its sentiment, its style, its execution. It cannot be sung unless it is felt and appreciated mentally. It cannot be sung properly unless the singer has been trained up in a strictly classical school, and has had constant opportunities of studying classical models. Respectable mediocrity may be attained without this course, but no step higher. Miss Northall, on Monday evening, disfigured her music by a host of common-place cadences, hackneyed closes and affected sentiment, produced by constantly slurring one note into another, or by continued anticipation, faults of a most vicious school. Her cadence at the close of *Rejoice greatly* was so ridiculous and startling, that every body doubted the evidence of their senses. We must now state, that we believe Miss Northall to possess good capabilities both mentally and physically, and we feel assured that if she will look more to nature, and strive to banish from her mind that meretricious style which offends the judicious, and palls most rapidly upon the multitude, we shall shortly have the pleasure of speaking more in her praise, than we have ever said to her prejudice.

Mr. Jones executed his music with much taste. Some faults we might find, but he stood so preeminently superior to all who sang that evening, that we refrain from fault-finding, and are content to praise most warmly.

Mr. Brough never did, never could, and never can sing any thing that Handel ever wrote. We have warm respect for Mr. Brough as a man, but we beg of him, for the sake of all that is classical, to connect himself entirely with the "Monks of Old," and such like ballads, and quit the legitimate.

Mr. Meyer labors under many difficulties, and we feel that, considering the circumstances, we ought to refrain fom saying all we know.

The chorusses were extremely inefficient. Each separate chorus was rendered with no more of effect than an amateur church choir. The tempo of every chorus was was by one half too slow; the trebles were repeated out of tune; twenty well disciplined voices would have

completely drowned the entire mass. In short, we could scarcely recognise the choruses of Handel, so utterly were they devoid of the spirit and the sentiment.

The band, though composed of good men, was totally inefficient: indeed, we speak advisedly when we say, that a worse performance, in relation to its advertised importance, we never witnessed in our life.

We are sure that Mr. Hill will agree with us in all that we have said. The only blame which attaches to Mr. Hill is this: as conductor of the Society, he should not have allowed the performance to take place, knowing, as we are sure a man of his experience must know, that it could not redound to the credit of the Society. He retrieved the singers, the chorus and the band, by his steadiness. We can only regret that he was not firm enough to prevent the Society so disgracing itself.

We shall in a future number give some advice to the Government of this Society, for it ought to be the greatest Society in the country.

The *three* thousand persons, including five hundred of the upper ten, and twenty-five hundred extremely serious people, stated by the Evening Mirror to have been present at Madame Pico's Concert, have dwindled down to some six or seven hundred. Verily these men in buckram do multiply by the thousand.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Works received from Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., Boston.

"The Christian Graces," written by the Rev. J. Reynell Wreford, F.S.A., composed by Stephen Glover. This is a sacred song well suited for a Sabbath evening. The poetry is very beautiful, breathing a spirit of deep and pure devotion—penitential, yet hopeful. The music is simple in its character, and, if it cannot be called original, it is not offensively copied. The melody is flowing, and easy to be learned. In the fifth bar the B flat in the treble should be A sharp.

"Take back the Gems you gave me." Composed by George Linley. Mr. Linley is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest ballad writers of the day. His songs are all singable, and we occasionally find much musician-like feeling in his writing. The ballad under notice is very pretty—quite a drawing-room piece, and is one of the most teachable ballads published for some time.

"Dear Normandie." Written and arranged by Stanhope Gordon. This is a new arrangement of a well-known air. The words are very pretty, and well adapted to the music. It is a very pleasing song. In the fifth bar of the second page, the last note in the voice part should be E instead of D. It has a handsome and well executed lithographic frontispiece. The lady, however, in the foreground, if standing up, would measure some seven feet six inches in height.

"The Rose of Tyrone." Written by Mrs. Crawford, composed by E. L. Hime. The words of this song are sentimental, but the music is in the Rory O'More style, an imitation of the regular rollicking Irish school. The music and the words, though wedded, are by no means matched. The frontispiece is the portrait of the Rose of Tyrone, full blown and bewitching.

"Beauties of L'Elisir d'Amore," arranged for the piano forte by S. F. Rimbault. This is a collection of very easy arrangements of the most popular melodies from Donizetti's well-known opera, the Elixir of Love. The pieces are fingered throughout, and will prove popular among beginners, serving as relaxation from severer studies.

FOR REVIEW.

From A. Fiot, 196 Chesnut St., Philadelphia, and W. Dubois, 315 Broadway, New York.

"Twelve Nouvelles Vocalises, pour Mezzo-Soprano, dediees a son S. A. R. Madame La Duchesse de Nemours, par Marco Bordogni."—In two books.

"Abd-El-Kader Quick Step," for the piano forte, composed by J. C. Viereck.

"The Reproach" (Il Rimprovero), duettino, words translated from Metastasio, by B. S. Barclay. The music by F. Flotino.

"Le Tremolo, sur un Theme de Bethoven, pour le Piano Forte, composee par Henri Herz."

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Manual of Ancient and Modern History. By W. C. Taylor, L.L.D., M.R.A.S., of Trinity College, Dublin. Revised, with a chapter on the History of the United States, by C. S. Henry, D.D., Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of the City of New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

"The use of history is not to load the memory with facts, but to store the mind with principles," says Dr. Taylor, in his preface: but if this were true, it would be an idle labor to compress a world of facts into the compass that he has done in his manual; principles alone would have answered a better purpose. But it is an unmeaning sentence. The principles of history, like the principles of chemistry, are facts: we have need of nothing else. Facts are to the mind what manure is to the soil—nothing of value will grow without them. How absurd it would be for a man to talk of the philosophy of history, whose memory was not well stored with facts. Happily for us, Dr. Taylor has not acted on his own theory, but has given us as many historical facts as could well be disposed of in 800 pages; and it is this, not his principles, which gives so high a value to his manual. There is yet no settled principle in regard to the best manner of pursuing historical studies; and it is not probable that there ever will be. In nine cases out of ten, accident will guide the student in his choice of books; and elegance of style more than any other cause, will gain popularity for an historian. Some of the worst histories that have been written, are the most popular: indeed, a good history will stand but little chance of popularity. If every man knew himself thoroughly, he would have need of no other knowledge of mankind, for history, which sounds so grand, is only an exceedingly imperfect account of the lives of men precisely like ourselves: and whether they were crowns or tarpaulins, the particulars of their lives are alike valuable as materials for philosophy. The life of any milliner in Broadway is as good material for history as the life of Queen Anne. If the whole plan of writing histories were reversed, and the quarrels and speeches of corporals and hucksters from the earliest periods to the present time were given, we should know as much of the philosophy of the human mind as we do now. The most important fact to be gleaned from the history of mankind, is whether or not the human mind has improved since the creation; and the only way to determine it is by comparing man at the outset with man at the present. But history can aid us but little here; we must have a more reliable source than the records which men make of each other. The true objects for the student of humanity will be found in the monuments which men have left of their habits, like foot prints in the sand, by which we ascertain in what direction they have travelled. A comparison of the Astor House with the pyramid of Cheops, if we but knew the uses to which both buildings were put, will enable us to determine, better than any history that has been written, whether the human mind has made any advances during the last three thousand years.

But we are undesignedly uttering all manner of heterodoxies, when we had only intended to call attention to the very valuable work under notice, whose original value has been enhanced by an additional chapter by Professor Henry, (we call him Professor, lest he be confounded with Dr. Henry, the historian of England,) on the history of the United States, which brings down our history literally to the present time, giving an account of President Tyler's Texas message to Congress.

The work is divided into ancient and modern history, the first part beginning with the Egyptians and ending with the creation of the Western empire, and a separate chapter on India. The second part commences with the Gothic kingdom of Italy, and ends with the affairs of yesterday. There are also separate chapters devoted to the history of Colonization, the history of the Jews, and the history of China.

As a manual of history it will be found one of the most useful, and at the same time most readable compends, that have been published.

The Nun, or Life in a Convent. By one of the Sisterhood, first American from the fifth London edition. Farmer & Daggers, 30 Ann st.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

From Wiley and Putnam's News Letter for March.

AMERICAN LITERARY AGENCY,
6 Waterloo Place, London, Feb. 1, 1845.

Anastatic Printing.—About five weeks since I had an opportunity of seeing a practical experiment in this new and extraordinary process; but as the patentee's arrangements were not then completed, he did not wish to have the invention prematurely announced. The practical details—or as much of them as are explained—are given in the Art Union for February. The invention is even more wonderful and certainly more important than that for reproducing line engravings, as described in the January number of the same journal. It is sufficient to say here, that I desired a copy to be made of the page of a newspaper with three illustrations on wood, the inventor *engraved the*

page, type, cuts and *all* and gave him *six copies in less than* TEN *minutes!* the zinc plate thus engraved being capable of producing 20,000 impressions, and then of being re-engraved, *ad infinitum*. Thus an octavo volume, with wood or steel illustrations to any extent, may be reproduced in two or three days or less: and hundreds of thousands struck off, equal in all respects to the original.

"Dana's System of Mineralogy," has been reviewed at great length in the new number of the *North British Review*, and the highest praise awarded to it.

LOTS OF THEOLOGY.—At the sale of the first portion of the stock of the late eminent bookseller of London, Mr. John Bohn, there were 5813 lots of theology, and in the other portions 30,000 lots.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF GUANO.—This article is likely to prove extra-hazardous. An English bark, returning from Ichaboe, with a load of guano, was recently destroyed in consequence of the spontaneous combustion of her cargo, which was caused by salt water uniting with it. A volume of smoke arising from the hatchway warned the crew of their danger. They took to the boats, and immediately a tremendous explosion of the gas, engendered by the partially fired guano, blew the stern out of the vessel, which then filled and sunk.

A NEW POEM BY ARTHUR CLEAVLAND COX.—It was announced more than two years ago, that a sacred drama by the author of "Athanasion," entitled, "SAUL, A MYSTERY, in five acts," would soon appear. We now learn that it is in press, and will be published by Parsons, of Hartford, and Wiley and Putnam, New York.

Saul was sketched six or seven years ago, and has since been carefully revised. The former productions of the author will gain for it the attention of all lovers of poetry.

The Rev. Mr. Wright of Philadelphia, in a letter to the Northern Whig, a Belfast newspaper, calls Mr. Tyler, a "Presidential man-stealer," and accuses him of selling his own children, according to the Liverpool Times; but it is pretty generally known in this country that Mr. Tyler could never have sold any of his offspring, at least his male children, as it would be extremely difficult to find anybody willing to purchase them.

CHIROGRAPHY.—The point of perfection in any art or science is difficult to determine; since almost every day heralds an improvement in some department of practical knowledge. We think however, that Mr. Oliver B. Goldsmith's system of instruction in penmanship is as near perfection as can be attained in an art purely mechanical. His writing and flourishing have been submitted to the test of comparison with those of his most accomplished rivals, and the result has been the award of five premiums to Mr. G. While thus standing at the head of his profession, Mr. Goldsmith has reduced his terms below those of his compeers, and we observe that he now advertises to give a course of lessons for $2,50, at his rooms, 189 Broadway. As a matter of course his classes will, on such terms, fill up rapidly. In the department of book-keeping, Mr. G. is assisted by Mr. W. T. Plummer, who is thoroughly competent to give instruction in that branch of a business education.

MR. DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL.—We conceive that we are rendering a service to the public, in recommending to their favorable notice the Equestrian Academy of Mr. Wm. H. Disbrow. The manner in which that establishment is conducted, the moderate charges, and the *tout ensemble* of its internal arrangements cannot fail, when they become known, to render the establishment eminently popular. The Ladies have peculiar advantages in the schools, as the horses are broken expressly for their use, and as no possible accident can befal them. As a teacher of horsemanship Mr. Disbrow is certainly unparalleled in this city, at least: and all who may place themselves under his tuition, will derive much valuable information relative to the management of the horse. As the art of riding is daily becoming more necessary as an accomplishment to both ladies and gentlemen, we would earnestly recommend all who desire to become proficients in the art, to visit Mr. Disbrow's Menage.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*The communication by R. H. will appear next week; We shall be glad to hear from him often.*

We have taken the liberty to clip off a part of the letter from "Horace," because it contains a puff on ourselves: we have not the least repugnance to a puff, but we do not like the plan of helping to give one currency.

We have ample reason to believe that we did the publisher of Graham's Magazine an injustice last week in respect to his paying contributors. We are assured that he has uniformly paid liberally where pay has been asked, and that during the last three or four years he has paid more to American authors than any other publisher in the country.

Prospectus of the Broadway Journal.

To be Published every Saturday.

The Broadway Journal will differ from any of the weekly Periodicals now published in this city, as it will be made up entirely of original matter, consisting of Essays, Criticisms on Art and Literature, Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, and Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

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Efficient aid has already been secured in the services of some of the best writers in the country; but it is hoped that a free channel being opened through which true-hearted men may "let loose their thoughts," will be the means of drawing out some of the slumbering talent amongst us which has not yet been seen afloat on the surface of our periodical literature.

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JOHN BISCO, Publisher, 153 Broadway.

John Douglas, Printer, 68 Ann Street.