

EDITORS' TABLE.

'GIULIETTA E ROMEO. NOVELLA STORICA DI LUIGI DA PORTO DI VICENZA.'—This very entertaining work has lately been placed in our hands; and we are surprised that its republication has not been attempted in this country. To the lover of the Italian language, its purity of diction and quaintness of style are important recommendations; to the admirers of romance, nothing could be more pleasing than the interesting tales it contains; while it offers to the student of Shakspeare a perfect mine of information. The work comprises all that has ever been written upon Romeo and Juliet, in the original, embracing all the tales and poems upon the subject, with an account of the two opposing families, and the genealogical tables of the unfortunate lovers. The first tale in the volume is the celebrated 'novella' of Luigi da Porto, and the similarity between this and the succeeding one by Bandello is very great. Whether the immortal bard adopted the former or the latter, as the foundation on which to build his play, which Love alone could have written, is of little moment; although we incline to the opinion, that he has used Painter's version of Boistau, who translated the first story into French in 1560. Most of the tales were written in the earliest stages of the literature; hence the style is exceedingly quaint and expressive. No one can find fault with the purity of the words, although to one unacquainted with the manners and feelings of the South of Europe, the expression may seem to be very warm; but it does not, to the pure in heart, convey any thing but purity. Its beauties are of a peculiar kind, and are not a little marred by an attempt at translation.

The next portion of the work embraces many instances of cases, in which a prolonged sleep has been caused by some powerful anodyne; but passing these, we come to the story of Bandello. This tale varies but slightly from the former, is written in nearly the same style, and seems to have been a mere *rifacimento* of the preceding. We are the more confirmed in this opinion, as the writer builds upon the story of an archer, Peregrino, in the same manner as Da Porto, who says the tale was told him by one of his archers of this name. We must therefore regard Bandello, either as an innocent imitator of Da Porto, or suspect him of committing a plagiarism. The truth is, probably, that both writers heard the story from a kindred source, and having recorded what they could recollect, supplied the rest from fancy. Throughout both versions, one feeling seems to have actuated their authors. They felt what they wrote, and have left behind them specimens unequalled save by Boccaccio in his chastest moods. While upon this subject, we cannot but lament the scarcity of this work. We know of but a single copy in the country. It would be well, were the cultivators of a taste for foreign tongues to do more than they have hitherto done, toward encouraging a fondness for the romantic literature of the South of Europe. Irving has acquired enduring fame by his 'Conquest of Granada,' and his 'Alhambra.' These have by no means exhausted the field. They have induced many to read in the original, works of a similar character, which would otherwise have lain dormant forever. France and Italy yet remain, overflowing with like traditions, particularly the latter; yet they are rarely reproduced here, because

little encouragement is given to the classical literature of these countries. To the young student, a tale is far more interesting than the study of Dante, or Petrarch, or Ariosto. Where is the young man, who can read the Romeo and Juliet of Shakspeare, without feeling his breast inflamed with a noble passion? And yet the poet has merely adapted the subject to the stage. We are even more affected, if possible, by the story than the play. But let it not hence be argued, that the Bard of Avon was 'no great Shakes.' He was a clever writer, was Shakspeare!

To the before mentioned tales, succeed extracts from the history of Verona, relating to the main subject, with an account of the tomb, its present and past condition, and the attempt to restore it; a poem on the unhappy love of the two most faithful lovers, Julia and Romeo, dedicated to the Duchess of Urbino, and many other topics, all in the same connection, but too numerous to be here recounted. In all of them, however, there is the same interest, and the pleasure never palls upon the appetite.

MUSIC — MR. RUSSELL. — Since our last number, the readers of this Magazine in this city, and several eastern towns, have enjoyed the rare pleasure of hearing Mr. RUSSELL sing many of his popular songs; and we doubt if there be one who has been thus privileged, but will bear witness, that this distinguished vocalist deserves the full measure of praise which was awarded him in these pages, previous to his first public appearance before a New-York audience. Mr. RUSSELL does not need our encomiums; but we would embrace this occasion to say, that the delighted crowds, comprising the first and most discriminating of our citizens, who attended his recent concerts, sufficiently evince, that nature is superior to, and more attractive than, fashion, in matters of music, with which, after all, the heart would really seem to have something to do. People thronged to hear Mr. RUSSELL sing, not because he had studied under the best English masters, and had been an accomplished pupil of Rossini; nor yet because he had received, as a meed of professional excellence, a golden medal from the King of Naples. Neither did he, as many fashionable singers before him have done, win his laurels, by carrying his voice to the farthest point of 'inarticulate sound,' and tarrying there to *shake* and *trill* for an indefinite period; no, nor by mouthing His Christian Majesty's English, in such wise that it became a dead letter to the listener, who, were it not *à la mode* to stay and applaud, would infinitely prefer making one of the promiscuous crowd of amateurs, who throng the pavement, of a pleasant night, before Peale's Museum. Mr. RUSSELL's style, though chaste and refined, is *simple*, and unadulterated by modern improvements. His voice is powerful, yet mellow, in all its tones, as the soft notes of an organ; and it has always a strong, rich effect. His enunciation is as distinct as if he were only speaking; and his *musical expression*, if we may use the term, is wholly unsurpassed by that of any vocalist we have ever heard. He depicts scenes with the palpable truth of a painter; and he so clothes his subjects with life, that we are not quite sure that he would not 'sing the ten commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition.'

We have already spoken of Mr. RUSSELL's execution of 'Wind of the Winter Night,' 'The Old English Gentleman,' 'Come Brothers, Arouse', etc., and of the natural effect given to the two former, in all the scenes and events described by the songs themselves, which also accompanied our remarks. In the additional pieces which this vocalist performed at his recent concerts, the same power and fidelity were visible. We will cite but one example — 'The Brave Old Oak.' What hearer did not see the sunlight die away from the rosy bosom of the western cloud, and hear the roar of the midnight wind in the forest-oak? — and who did not instantly revert to IRVING's delightful pictures of an English Christmas, or lament the lost, with the bereaved mourner? — when the fol-