

once, and coldly performed, as it seemed to be, it made no impression; but the course the academy has heretofore pursued, was to study and repeat fine compositions, till they were understood, both by the performers and hearers. This winter they have preferred to amuse the public with showy overtures, well enough in their way, but not adapted to raise or purify the taste of those who are so immediately pleased with them, or to gratify those who have any deep feeling of music. One concert was made up of overtures, which reminded us of Timon's feast, only substituting bottles of cider (we can't say Champagne) for the warm water which he had prepared to balk his hungry guests.

The Handel and Haydn society have given the Messiah, Mendelssohn's St. Paul, and Rossini's Stabat Mater, as well as is possible with such a lack of good solo singers.—The Stabat is a splendid and flowing composition, unworthy the theme, and unworthy the echoes that have answered to the sublime choruses of the Messiah, but full of life, of winged melody, and such excellencies as may be expected from Rossini. As Scott to Shakspeare is Rossini to Handel, so wide the gulf of difference, both as to depth of insight, and poetic power of representation;—but then again, wide as the distance between Bulwer and Scott is that between the imitators of Rossini and himself, the great green tree, blossoming full of vigor and joy, the fountain overflowing with enchanting, though superficial melody. It is Italy, it is Naples in its high coloring and profuse growths.

The younger Rakemann, who came to this country last autumn, has added a new and important page to our musical experiences. He has enjoyed the benefits of intercourse with the most wonderful pianists in this day of wonderful execution, and adds, to the great command of the instrument attainable by early and ardent study of their methods, a depth of feeling, range and force of expression far more admirable. He has a wide range, doing justice to delicate, to magnificent, or simple and solemn compositions. If it be possible that his genius be worthily developed in a country where is, as yet, no musical atmosphere, we hope he will remain to educate us for the enjoyment of his performance, and of the thoughts of his masters.

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*The Bible in Spain, or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula.* By GEORGE BORROW. Author of "The Gipsies in Spain."

THIS is a charming book, full of free breezes, and mountain torrents, and pictures of romantic interest. Mr. Borrow is a self-sufficing man of free nature, his mind is always in the fresh air;

he is not unworthy to climb the sierras and rest beneath the cork trees where we have so often enjoyed the company of Don Quixote. And he has the merit, almost miraculous to-day, of leaving us almost always to draw our own inferences from what he gives us. We can wander on in peace, secure against being forced back upon ourselves, or forced sideways to himself. It is as good to read through this book of pictures, as to stay in a house hung with Gobelin tapestry. The Gipsies are introduced here with even more spirit than in his other book. He sketches men and nature with the same bold and clear, though careless touch. Cape Finisterre and the entrance into Galicia are as good parts as any to look at.

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*Paracelsus.*

Mr. Browning was known to us before, by a little book called "Pippa Passes," full of bold openings, motley with talent like this, and rich in touches of personal experience. A version of the thought of the day so much less penetrating than Faust and Festus cannot detain us long; yet we are pleased to see each man in his kind bearing witness, that neither sight nor thought will enable to attain that golden crown which is the reward of life, of profound experiences and gradual processes, the golden crown of wisdom. The artist nature is painted with great vigor in April. The author has come nearer that, than to the philosophic nature. There is music in the love of Festus for his friend, especially in the last scene, the thought of his taking sides with him against the divine judgment is true as poesy.

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*The Sleep Waker.* A Tale. Translated from the German of HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

WE would call attention to this little tale, which is remarkably well translated. It is, in itself, very pleasing, and the natural affinities of character, as developed by means of the trance of animal magnetism, are treated with fineness of observation and sympathy. Nothing can be more graceful than the little scene in which the Rose is given, and the way in which it is made to bear on the conduct of the story. The sweet and sustained tone of the magnetized, the aloofness with which the soul regards the blemishes of its personal, temporal existence, are what may be divined by those who have ever seen so much as the smile which accompanies this sleep in the body, awaking into the spirit.