

be lashed to the mainmast and put to death, but Sélka rushes forward and threatens to plunge her dagger into Inez's bosom if Vasco be not instantly released. Don Pedro commands the audacious slave who has dared to raise her dagger against her mistress to be scourged on the spot; but before this order can be carried into effect, the storm, which had been gradually increasing, grows more and more violent, and threatens to split asunder the ship, which is at this moment, by the contrivance of Nélsko, acting as steersman, boarded by a troop of Indians with their tomahawks, who crowd on board, and overpower the crew and passengers, and this terrific conflict of elements and men brings the third Act to a termination.

The action of the fourth Act takes place in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean. Some critics have fixed on Madagascar as the *locale* of this "beautiful paradise rising from the sea," as it is described by Vasco, who lands on its enchanted and enchanting shores, and inhales its perfume laden breezes just as the priests and Brahmins, with warriors of every tribe and caste, Amazons, Bayadères, African slaves and dancing girls of all degrees, have met to renew before their deities the oaths of fealty to their queen, Sélka, who has been restored to them.

He alone has been saved out of the general massacre on board the fated vessel. All eagerly demand the blood of this fresh victim, who was found in the ship's hold loaded with chains; but just as, at the instigation of his mortal foe, Nélsko, their weapons are raised to strike, Sélka appears on the temple steps, and once more arrests the murderous blow. To save his life from their vengeance, however, she is forced to declare that he was her preserver when languishing in a foreign clime, and that, having bestowed herself on him in gratitude, he is her husband. She calls on Nélsko to testify the truth of this, declaring that the stranger's death shall be hers, and he, to save her life, proclaims that she has spoken truly, though she doing so costs the bitterest agony, and they enter the temple to return thanks to their gods. Left alone, Sélka generously tells Vasco that by these forced ties he shall not be bound to her, but that by morning's dawn her galley shall convey him to his vessel and his friends, who now, in safety, anxiously await him.

The enchanting southern atmosphere of the fragrant Indian clime and Sélka's bewitching charms have, however, exercised their potent spells over Vasco, who refuses to quit her fascinating presence.

Becoming at length conscious of the passionate love of which he has so long been the object, he resolves to requite it with his own, and the pair, now for the first time really united, pour out their souls in a rapturous duet of joy and transport. The priests, warriors, and maidens returning, he is led captive through groves of enchanting hours to the feet of the high priest, where, kneeling beside his bride, he receives the nuptial benediction. At this moment the pathetic romance of Inez, who has as yet escaped death, is heard in the distance, and Vasco's sickle heart once more melts towards her whom he thought lost to him forever.

Fain would he escape from the flowery chains that enthrall him, but it is impossible. His queenly bride is there, gazing sadly upon him, and he cannot quit her side. The curtain descends upon his despair, in the midst of the bridal dance and festivities.

The fifth short Act is comprised in two scenes. In the first, an interview and a generous struggle between the two heroines results in Sélka nobly resolving to abandon to her more fortunate rival the man she so deeply loves, and to whom she has just been united. She orders Nélsko, to his intense gratification, to see that both Inez and Vasco are safely embarked on board a vessel that is just leaving the harbour, confiding to him, moreover, some tablets on which she had just written, and which are to be placed in their hands when on board, and *not before*. She then repairs herself to a distant point of the rock overhanging the sea, whence she may strain her longing eyes on the restless ocean whose rolling waves bear from her her newly-wedded bridegroom, now by her own heroic act united to another. Over this promontory the deadly upas-tree extends her poisonous branches, and beneath its fatal shade, and her soul filled by its treacherous perfume with dreamy and ecstatic visions, the unhappy African breathes her last sigh, which her faithful and devoted follower Nélsko arrives just in time to receive.

The Scottish Farmer is the authority for the assertion that "a small quantity" of bi-carbonate of soda added to milk will prevent its turning sour

THE ERL-KING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE. BY W. HOUSNELL.

Who ridest so late through the wind moaning wild
And the darkness of night?—'Tis the sire with his child;

With strong arm he claspeeth the infantile form—
He holdeth him surely—he keepeth him warm.

"My son, why so timidly hidest thou thy face?"
"The Erl-King! O father, there can ye not trace—
With train and with sceptre the Erl-King behold!"
"Hast ye, my son! 'tis the fog o'er the wold."

"Thou infant of beauty, come, come, ye with me,
In the merriest pastimes I'll gambol with thee:
Midst flowers all bright shall ye play uncontrolled,
And my mother shall clothe thee in garments of gold!"

"O! Father dear father, and do ye not hear,
What the Erl-King is whispering now in mine ear?"

"Rest quiet, no harm shall come to thee, my love;—
The wind shaketh loudly the dead leaves above."

"Wilt thou not, pretty boy, come now with me?
Fondly my daughters shall wait upon thee,—
My daughters, who nightly a gay revel keep,
Shall fondle and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep!"

"My father! my father! and see ye not there
His daughters in yonder place lonely and bare?"
"Hush—quiet—my son, I but see o'er the way—
Ah! yes—'tis the old willow gloomy and gray."

"I love thee—thy pretty form pleaseth my sight—
And come ye not freely, so come ye with might."
"O Father! O father! his hand on me bore!—
The Erl-King, so evil, hath injured me sore."

Awe-stricken the father rode on like the wind,
And closer his arm round the little one twined.
Soon reached he his castle in trembling dread;—
But, alas! the loved child at his bosom was dead.

Montreal, August, 1865.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MUSIC AT HOME.

MUCH has been written in condemnation of what is termed "yellow covered literature"—much also might be written in condemnation of so-called "popular songs." Music is a literature of sound, and, when wedded to words, has the power of directing the affections into proper or improper channels with a force equal to that wielded for good or evil by the cleverest book ever written. A good song will leave remembrances behind it for years after it has passed into disuse, and will bring back many a sunny recollection when chance shall have brought it forth from some old folio or neglected volume. A bad song must exercise a like power, but of course with a vulgar and vicious tendency. Yet how comparatively few songs do we hear which are not in some degree objectionable.

Why is it so? Why is it that so much trash, bearing the name of songs is constantly to be found upon pianos, and in the portfolios of young ladies? Is there no remedy for this state of things? We fear not, unless the public raises its voice against them, and parents cease to encourage the practice of such productions among their children. We cannot believe our teachers are to blame for this corrupt taste. Possibly there may be a few who select such trash for their pupils; but the major portion of this class of musical literature, we fear, is purchased in opposition to their wishes. Too often in the drawing-room or social circle one's feelings are outraged by some musical vulgarity. There are exceptions—we know where a good musical education has developed a love for the pure and beautiful—but they are "few and far between." This state of things cannot be attributed to the want of really good songs. We have plenty of English song and ballad writers. Take for example—Bishop, Balfe, Hatton, Smart, Macfarren, and a host of others, whose names are sufficient upon a title page to promise something pure and good within. Then there are numerous translations of German and Italian songs appearing almost simultaneously with the original issues, all pure and chaste in words and sentiments, and beautiful in melodies and accompaniments. There is an abundance of the chaste and beautiful.—Songs capable of calling into play the most amiable and lovable instincts of our nature.

They are always to be had, and cost no more than the class we have reprobated, upon which money is worse than thrown away, for a vulgar sentiment may be grafted upon a pure heart, and exercise an influence, the durability of which is beyond our power of imagining.

We understand arrangements have been made whereby the services of Mr. Torrington will be retained in Montreal.

REVIVAL.—We hear it is the intention of Mr. George Carter to resume *The Chamber Concerts* this winter. All lovers of good music will rejoice at this intelligence.

A TREAT IN STONE.—There is some probability of Moritz Rello, the band-master of the 25th Regt., giving a series of *Popular Concerts* shortly, with his Orchestral band. It is his intention, we hear, to strengthen the string portion of his band with city professionals, when we are to have some of Beethoven, Mozart, and Hayden's symphonies. We trust our information is not too good to be true.

MUSIC ABROAD.

The English opera season is fixed for the 10th October, and the management has determined to start "right away" with *L'Africaine*; Miss Louisa Pyne, Mdme. Lemmers Sherrington, Mdme. Weiss, and Messrs. Adams, Lawrence, and Weiss, being the chief engagements.

Madame Meyerbeer and her two daughters have been slaying at Wildbad, but will return to Berlin for the production of the "Africaine" in December, in which Lucca and Wachtel will be the *Setika* and *Vasco di Gama*.

Thayer's long expected chronological catalogue of Beethoven's works has appeared in Berlin, and is warmly praised by influential and severe writers.

The opera season will commence in New York on the 25th, under the direction of Maretzok. Three new operas are to be produced, *Il Folletto de Grey*, *L'Africaine*, and *Crispin and his Godmother*. Signora Bassio will make her first appearance in the first named opera.

THE CONFEDERATE SURRENDER.

IMMEDIATELY that General Lee was seen riding to the rear dressed more gaily than usual, and begirt with his sword, the rumour of the imminent surrender flew like wildfire through the Confederates. It might be imagined that an army, which had drawn its last regular rations on the first of April, and harassed incessantly by night and day, had been marching and fighting until the morning of the 9th, would have welcomed anything like a termination of its sufferings, let it come in what form it might. Let those who idly imagine that the finer feelings are the prerogative of what are called the "upper classes," learn from this and similar scenes to appreciate "common men." As the great Confederate captain rode back from his interview with General Grant, the news of the surrender acquired shape and consistency, and could no longer be denied. The effect on the worn and battered troops, some of which had fought since April, 1861, and (sparse survivors of heatombs of fallen comrades) had passed unscathed through such hurricanes of shot as within four years no other men had ever experienced—passes mortal description. Whole lines of battle rushed up to their beloved old chief, and, choking with emotion, broke ranks and struggled with each other to wring him once more by the hand. Men who had fought throughout the war, and knew what the agony and humiliation of that moment must be to him, strove with a refinement of unselfishness and tenderness which he alone could fully appreciate, to lighten his burden and mitigate his pain. With tears pouring down both cheeks, Gen. Lee at length commanded voice enough to say, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you." Not an eye that looked on that scene was dry. Nor was this the emotion of sickly sentimentalists, but of rough and rugged men familiar with hardship, danger, and death in a thousand shapes, mastered by sympathy and feeling for another which they had never experienced on their own account. I know of no other passage of military history so touching, unless, in spite of the melo-dramatic colouring which French historians have loved to shed over the scene, it can be found in the *Adieux de Fontainebleau*.—*Fortnightly Review*.