

A LA MODE.

BY NED P. MAH.

Life is a mystery. 'Tis a good old saying; a feeble commonplace, a little trite. And still behind the scenes our hearts are playing parts from our public actions different quite. The placid, staid, unruffled rôle exacted by those who deem all show of feeling rude. Oft cloaks the direst tragedies enacted within the soul's unshaded solitude. Killing the germs within, as of springing love and truth, choking the sources of passion, and making us old in our youth.

And thus it was with Sara. Nature's teaching, striving with the restrictions fashion made. Wrought secret war within her being, blessing her cheeks fair roses to a death-like shade; And untear floods of tears and storms of passion left her, in public, with a calm so grand. That she was envied by each dame of fashion, her easy grace and perfect self command; And just that interesting *blair* air that our ideal saints and martyrs wear.

And Horace saw and loved her—their meeting happened, I think, at the Gay Spankers rout. Or perhaps his heart first felt a quicker beating at Lady Tinfoil's, where she first came out— Won by her *tout ensemble* of perfection from her hair's glories to her satin shoe. But more than all charmed by the bright reflection of spirit light that gleamed and sparkled through Those windows of the soul, her lustrous eyes; brighter than brightest star in midnight skies.

With coldest courtesy they met and parted; with frigid forms of slight acquaintanceship. Yet their eyes kissed sometimes; and Sara started at the slight pressure of his finger tips. Then she would bite her lip and bridle, blaming her weakness, while an angry flush shone through her pallor, reddest roses shaming; and bid her loudly beating heart to hush, Fearful of trespass on that strict propriety to be observed at all times in society.

Yet there were times when love would make her bolder, when, for a moment, she would forget All her mamma and governess had told her, and fixing on his face bright orbs of jet, Watch the expression of each mobile feature, listening intently to the eloquent flow Of graceful language from her handsome teacher; opening her soul to much it longed to know, Till of his eager fire she caught a part: for he was an enthusiast in art.

Horace was poor, 'twas rumored; though so sweetly he sang, and thus became the *salon's* pet. And o'er the keys the fingers wandered fleetly, that wrote so prettily in albums, yet 'Twas understood—because he was so clever, so entertaining, he became a guest. To be regarded as an equal never, but just invited to amuse the rest; Nor as a possible suitor, though the fact is some ladies flirted with him—just for practice.

Yet, though he ran the gauntlet almost nightly, their empty favors never reached his heart. And he returned their mock love-making lightly, with polished compliments and practised art; Sara alone he weakly loved to madness, knowing his folly had no hope, and saw Parting alone could cure it; so, in sadness, he bade fare well and wandered to the war. Sara felt giddy and faint, yet dared not ask him stay; lay on her couch and sobbed and was "not at home" all day. And there came a letter. She reading the hand that she did not know. Learnt the heart of the writer was bleeding for a comrade stricken low; And it covered the portrait he painted, and in it a bullet hole. It had lain next his heart when he fainted, and through it had ebb'd his soul. The pictured face seemed smiling o'er the blood-stained office. Her pale lips smiled not now as they pressed one passionate kiss!

Accented by the world of fashion, where virtue is haughty and cold, Whose "gowning all passion, and beauty is bought and sold— Sold to the pampered ill liver, not granted the man she loves— The rich sister has thousands to give her. Her idol can't pay for her gloves! But, Sara! inquired my friend, Is her story ended quite! She lives—is my Lady Goldengout—calm, and pretty, and white.

LEGENDARY LORE OF SCOTLAND.

There is no nation or country, with which we are acquainted, without its ancient fabulous traditions.

Egypt, Greece and Rome had their mythology; the Indian tribes their records of Pagan superstition, while our Christian ancestors were not lacking in abundance of wonderful legends, which have been so blended together, in many instances, as to leave their origin doubtful; yet a great many may be traced to that divine revelation given to the Hebrews. Now that the light of science hath arisen the superstitions are vanishing like darkness at the dawn of day. Stript of their superstitious coil, legends are received as pleasing absurdities—pretty allusions to embellish with imagery and comparisons the poems of modern bards.

No country stands so high in legendary lore as Scotland; whether owing to its romantic scenery or to the physiological development of the inhabitants let the philosophers say. True it is, however, that Scotland's every glen and mountain, wood and lake, moor and dale, streamlet and river, are consecrated by legendary tale and song. Wells had their saints; forests their gnomes; castles their ghosts; dingles their fairies; kirk-yards their witches; mosses their spunkies, and waters their kelpies.

The peasantry relate from the oral traditions of childhood days—learned from Grannie—"doone honest woman"—that wizards, brownies and witches haunted every parish and—

"By their cantriaps queer, Kept a' the country-side in steer, as weal as fear!"

Allan Ramsay in his *Gentle Shepherd*, makes Bauldy give a recitation in true rustic simplicity

on the unsoucy, uncanny, supernatural beings who celebrated Hallowe'en by dance and riding on the backs of evil-eyed cats and broomsticks.

In no less masterly manner Burns portrays them in "Tam O'Shanter." The Ettrick Shepherd is famed for graphic description of same; and Sir Walter Scott—"the mighty wizard of the north" wielded his pen like the enchanting wand of a magician and kept his audience spell-bound—reason temporary dethroned—by the legendary lore of Scotland. Many a strange story is told of Druids and their circular temples which take us back to the days of Pythagoras; the mysteries of their religion were no less remarkable than the sorcery with which such were preserved among themselves. In astronomy and medicine they were supposed to be deeply skilled, and some seers even foretold future events. The opal chronicles of the nation were committed to them, which at sacrifices, under the *Sacred Oak*, they rehearsed and gave their precepts to the people. This Druidical order was succeeded by the Bard and Culdeepriesthood which abounded with still more of the marvellous, being a compound of both Pagan and Christian mythology. The tales of their day have come down to us in the pleasantly mournful strains of the voice of Cona, son of the mighty Fingal, *Ossian*! While those of more recent date, Tam the Rhymer, Alex Pedan and a host of stern covenanters survive by the writings of Blind Harry, Drummond, De Lansey and others.

Saints with their miraculous legends followed. The Western Isles or Galway produced St. Patrick, the famous apostle of Ireland. A curious dialogue is yet preserved in which Ossian and St. Patrick dispute the merits of their respective religions. The Bard contrasts the pitiful songs of the apostle with his own poems, and extols the virtues of Fingal, in reward for which he was believed to be then enjoying the delights of the aerial existence. The saint assured him that notwithstanding the worth of Fingal, yet, being Pagan, he was at that time roasting in hell. The Caledonian exclaimed, "If the children of Morni and the tribes of the clan Ovi were alive we would force brave Fingal out of hell, or the habitation would be our own!" The legend of St. Andrew, the nation's patron saint; St. Calhbert, St. Mungo, St. Fillen, &c., are already popularly known.

The establishment of Columba in Iona gave the death blow to Druidism. By conciliatory measures the people were gradually weaned from the venerated superstitious rites of their forefathers, and taught the simple yet sublime precepts of Christianity, long before any Papal bulls were heard of in Caledonia.

A few Oral traditions may be mentioned. Iona claims to have supplied the stone on which the Scottish Kings were crowned. The same kind of dark-colored rock susceptible of the finish polish is still found at Iona.

The history of said coronation stone begins far back of any authentic record. It is believed to have been Jacob's Pillow in the Holy Land. This famous stone associated for so many ages with the Sceptre and Crown of Scotland has continued to be used at the coronation of all British Sovereigns including that of our beloved Queen Victoria.

An oracular verse on this stone is still preserved in Gaelic and may be thus translated—

The race of free Scotmen for ever shall flourish
Else false this eternal prediction shall perish.
Wherever this stone of the fates shall be found,
By the right of high Heaven they shall be renowned.

The oak tree, combined with the amarantline tale of veneration and religious worship has descended in legendary lore to the Celtic race. Under the oak their God of thunder or fire (Bael) was adored; once a year fires were extinguished and re-lighted by Druids, hence the festival of Yule-log, Jack-in-the-green on May day, etc. The well-known chorus of "Hey derry down," according to Prof. Burnet is another relic and literally signifies "in a circle the oak moves round." National assemblies were often held under the "Monarch of the Glen." Wallace oak at Ellil-lee still flourishes in immortal youth. In Drysdale, Dumfries, Maxwell's Hawthorns, commemorative of the battle of Dryblesands, 1593, still continues to flourish, but are now more often associated with Lover's—

"Breathing out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk white thorn,
That scents the evening gale."

The golden fruit of *Hesperides*, which was one of the labors of Hercules to procure, noted by Greeks, Scandinavians and the Celtic tribes, is judged to be the same in kind that, on Hallowe'en gives so much merriment to the rustic youth of Scotland. The biting of the suspended apple and the evading of the candle; also the ducking for apples in a tub of water are well portrayed in Burns' legendary poem of Hallowe'en, where descriptive humor laughs in every line.

The ash of which Scandinavia Edda says man was made, was also believed to be significant of Cupid's arrows. The alder was used by the superstitious as a charm, and a twig of the rowan tree was supposed to be a sovereign preventative against witchcraft.

"A rowan-tree and a red thread,
Put the witches to their speed,
Aye! will even twist them dead."

Reference made in Scottish song to the heather, bloom, blayberry, gowan, and the thistle—her national symbol, must live while the gowan glint on her sunny braes or the heather

blooms on her everlasting hills, and while music and poetry have a single votary their praises will be sung.

The Gaelic alphabet is literally as well as symbolically and legendary a grove of trees, some of which are symbolically used in the heraldry of Scotland.

Many are the legends concerning animals and birds; the collie or shepherd's dog, and the noble hunting hound were in ancient times believed to accompany their masters beyond the grave. Hares were held to be synonymous with witches; should one of these harmless creatures cross the path of a rustic swain woe betide him for that day. The jolar or mountain eagle—king of the dizzy cliff—was used as the emblem of strength and independence, its feathers serving as badges of Celtic clanship.

"The 'howlet,' corbie, pyet and petral were ominous birds to which poets make many happy allusions, for instance:

"A mirkle black corbie sat croaking,
I dread he foreboded some ill."

Notions about the magpie are thus described—

"Ane's sorrow, twa is mirth,
Three's a funeral, four a birth,
Five's plenty, six a dearth."

As Petrels—"Mother Carey's chickens"—were supposed by sailors to cause tempests, so were some equally harmless, pretty, singing birds made victims to the contracted antipathy of rustics; for example the yellow homer was persecuted in consequence of the popular saying—

"Half a toad, half a paddock,
Half a yellow yoreling,
Drinks a drop o' the dell's blood,
Every May morning."

Other birds are great favorites, even the raven notwithstanding supposed unluckiness, is safe from the rustic's gun because it brought food to the prophet Elijah. The robin and kitty rhin go scot free, being unmolested by rustics wishing to excel at the target, bow, spear, dance, curling, putting the stone, wrestling, leaping, running, throwing the caber, or who expected to be recognized by their bards, minstrels and pipers, who in poetry and music were men of high rank and genius and worthy of the "garb of old Gaul."

So great is the change since King Edwin expelled the Danes from Scotland, cleared the coast of pirates, and founded Edinburgh that one might almost imagine the wizard's wand had something to do with the wonderful transformations wrought between then and now. To-day the capital of Scotland stands very high as a seat of learning, is the birth-place and home of numerous scientists, theologians, men of letters, poets and artists of world-wide renown. Educated tourists have often pronounced "the grey metropolis of the north" to be second to none in Europe for picturesque grandeur. Canadians have often stood on the breezy braes surrounding the lofty, precipitous rock upon which stands the auld castle and exclaimed with the poet, "What a sight is here!"

Long miles of masonry appear,
Scottish gothic pinnacles arise,
Melville's statue greets the sky,
Grecian front and sculptured pile,
The pleased, yet puzzled eyes beguile.

To those contemplating an European trip I would say—go and do likewise; a visit to this modern Athens "will pay" any one who derives an atom of the pleasure it has yielded to your correspondent.

WM. DOUGHTIE.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, June 10.

AN "anti-fashionable journal," called *Rational Dress*, is about to be issued by those persons who are endeavoring to reform ladies' attire.

THE authority of Parliament having been obtained, there will be a tunnel made between Greenwich and Millwall.

NEXT year's Royal Academy exhibition will most likely present us with the result of Sir F. Leighton's travels in the East, Jerusalem being the centre-point of his pilgrimage.

A NOVEL idea has occurred to a Liverpool tradesman, who advertises that he is able to sell cheaper than others because he is a bachelor, without encumbrances, and does not want the profits of a married man with a large family.

A SIGNIFICANT sign at present is to be seen in Parliament street. Mounted police patrol the main road between Nelson's monument and old Palace Yard at intervals all the time that the House is sitting, giving a sad and serious eye to the great public buildings in Whitehall, and especially to the neighborhood of Downing street.

LADY violin players are increasing; they show great aptitude in acquiring a mastery over this difficult but thankful instrument. Among those who have recently appeared in London with great credit are Miss Hickling, of Nottingham, and Miss Emily Skinner, of Cheltenham. The

latter has had the honor of playing before the Princess of Wales and the Princess Louise.

APPARENTLY we shall have to wait another week before we are rejoiced by the tones of "Great Paul." Some moulding stones in the tower where the bell has been placed had to be removed before it could be hung, and must be restored before it can be rung. Part of the dedication ceremony consisted in "knolling" the bell, that is, swinging it until the clapper touched the sound-bow. This elicited a sort of murmur from "Great Paul" which must have been highly impressive.

I HAD occasion a few days ago to visit the lady barristers who practice conveyancing very successfully in their chambers in Southampton buildings, Chancery lane, in order to sign a small transfer deed, and I found them most agreeable and intelligent legal advisers. A lady much younger than either of the principals told me she was article to the firm, and was reading in chambers with them. I think they have demonstrated that clever and competent women can overcome difficulties and succeed in any calling in life on which they may enter.

THE prospectus of a Volunteer Service Club has been issued, the object of which is to "promote social intercourse among gentlemen serving, or who have served, in the Volunteer Force." The proposed site of the Club is in the vicinity of St. James's street. The general committee comprise many noblemen and gentlemen of influence, as well as position, including such well-known officers and friends of the volunteer movement as the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Earl Waldegrave, Viscount Baring, Viscount Bary, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Robert Lloyd-Lindsay, V.C., &c.

EVERY year brings its new fashion in flowers as well as every other *article de luxe*. Last year we had the glloxinia, with its glorious incarnation, its violet velvet, and its dark purple blossoms. This season we have the offering of the *Nyederinia*—"a poem made flower"—as Oscar Wilde would say. The flower is of light blue, growing in the form of a fairy crown just fitted to place upon the head of Queen Mab. The heart is of the brightest red, and attracts immediate attention to the pale blossom which otherwise, being so fragile in form and so delicate in color, would escape notice.

THERE is to be a new restaurant in Regent street with the title of the *Lion d'Or*, the cost of which will amount to £100,000. It is to be conducted by a company, of which the Earl of Donoughmore is chairman, and we are told that the establishment will be conducted on the best French system, and made similar to the "Café Anglais," "Maison Dorée," and "Bignon," in Paris, which restaurants are so justly celebrated. An attractive feature will be the Winter Garden, with the terrace and galleries, while the decoration of the restaurant generally will make it one of the artistic curiosities of London.

WEDNESDAY last was the Jubilee of the great Reform Bill of 1832. From the general aspect of London one would not imagine that the most interesting political event of the century was being celebrated. London is too huge to be emotional save in the local way, and then its emotion appears not to run in the celebration of jubilees. The House of Commons, which enacted the great measure, went unaffectedly upon its way to day; and in the Reform Club itself no one could have imagined that an occurrence of so much interest to Parliamentary Reformers had impressed itself with special significance upon the dial of English time.

MR. WILLIAM CROOKES, the celebrated savant, who lives at 7 Kensington Park Gardens, has made experiments in lighting his mansion by incandescent electric lamp, obtaining his power from gas. He erected a 3½-horse power Otto gas engine, purchased a dynamo machine, and laid the wires in his principal room at a cost of £300. The gas engine required five minutes' attention at starting, and then worked unattended for six or eight hours, being overhauled every Saturday. In the first quarter of a year Mr. Crookes broke a number of lamps, of which there were fifty in all, but in the second quarter he only broke one. The cost of the electric lighting has been at the rate of £31 per annum, while gas, Mr. Crookes asserts, would cost £43. As Mr. Crookes did not previously use gas, but candles, his saving has been greater. The conclusion to which the savant has come is as follows: "When electricity is laid on to our houses as gas is, all extra expenses and difficulties will disappear; and if, as I hope I have shown, electricity, heavily handicapped as it is in a private house, compares favorably with gas even in the matter of cost, it will necessarily be far cheaper than gas when it is supplied wholesale from a central station.

A GENTLEMAN wishing to buy some roast chestnuts in the street, the lad who was selling them asked, "D'ye want 'em very good, or only good?" "You have two qualities, then?" said the gentleman. "Yes," replied the little fellow, coolly—"one for eating and the other for warming your hands. Them for warming your hands ain't got such a good flavor."