

A LEGEND OF LOUGH REE.

(Translated from the Irish.)

"Twas summer; the morning was shining
O'er heaven's expansion of blue;
And the flowers of the vale lay reclining,
Inhaling their night-draught of dew:
While Eva lay yet on her pillow
In a slumber of deep reverie,
In her home at the verge of the billow
That swelled by the cottage of Ree.

When "ho!" said a voice at the window,
"Twas the voice of her chieftain Míleer;
"Arise my dear, fair, gentle Eva,
Let's bathe in the waters anear."
She rose at the call of her lover,
And bright as a goddess was she,
Alas! little thought she she'd never
Again see the cottage of Ree.

Adown to the edge of the waters
That swelled in the Shannon's dark tide
With the fairest of nature's neck daughters
The chief of Míleer proudly tied;
He stood on the bank of the river,
"I'll first venture in dear," said he;
"I'll follow my love" (with a quiver)
Said the star of the cottage of Ree.

Across the blue waters he darted,
Nor thought that forever and aye,
He from that bright, fair one had parted;
Oh! woe! to him is that day:
For lo! when he glanced behind him,
Engulfed in an eddy she
Who to life had most dearly entwined him,
The flower of the cottage of Ree.

Engulfed by some sprite of the water,
Enraged to behold charms so dear,
Is beauty's mild, fair, gentle daughter
The dazzling, young bride of Míleer:
A whirlpool wound round and round her,
No help from its grasp can her free;
For the magical demon has bound her,
The pride of the cottage of Ree.

He hastens to rescue his darling,
"Farewell, O! unhappy Míleer,
Henceforward from this dismal morning
That fair one's no longer thy dear."
He saw the fierce waves roll above her
"O Lord!" he said, "thou must it be
That I, her affectionate lover,
Must part with my Eva of Ree."

Her last gasping breath met his ears:
A moment,—the scene is all o'er;
The wild raging eddy appears
As placid and calm as before.
Below poor Eva is sleeping,
Above lonely wailing is he
For her: all in vain is his weeping:
She's lost, the fair Eva of Ree!

"Farewell and for aye gentle Eva,
The doom thou hast met soon be mine:
May I in thy blest mansion see thee,
Where the rays of eternity shine.
Drinking deeply of sorrow's full measure
I'll weep my lost darling for thee:
Since nought there is left to give pleasure,
By the lonely sweet cottage of Ree.

"A BARD OF DUNBOY."

Montreal Sept. 26th, 1882.

AN AESTHETIC TEA.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

Upon the Rennweg, that old roadway leading from the Schwarzenberg Platz to Imperial Belvedere, the summer palace built by Prince Eugene of Savoy, that roadway along which the Empress Maria Theresa passed when leaving the irksome cares of state and the tedious duties of Vienna court life, she went for a few days to rest to these marble halls and luxurious apartments whose great windows overlooked the Kaiser Stadt, the Danube and the heights of the Leopold and Kahlenberg, upon this Rennweg, in the neighborhood of Schwarzenberg palace and its lovely garden, stand many old palaces and cloisters, built in the reign of that most imperial of sovereigns, Maria Theresa, daughter of Charles VI.

One of these cloisters, no longer used as a convent home, shelters numerous families of gentle birth who, through loss of fortune, are obliged to earn their bread as best they may, teaching music or the languages, embroidering, painting or copying manuscript. None but those who are known to be of good family and social worth are allowed domicile in this building, for it is imperial or state property, and of course an emperor must have the *crème de la crème* of tenants.

On the ground floor of the building of which we write, at the farther end of the marble-paved cloister walk, with its arched and quaintly stuccoed ceiling, dwelt one whose duty it was to instruct the daughters of a noble house in music and English and accompany them in their daily walks. The position was somewhat of a sinecure, as the slightest headache, imaginary or real (oftener the former), would excuse the lessons, and as driving was easier than walking and a coroneted coach always ready in the palace courtyard, the daily airing was a charming drive in the Prater or an excursion in spring and autumn days to gather ferns among the Nussberg hills, mountain gentian and haidensüßchen on the heights of the Sofian Alps beyond Hütteldorf. Evening always found the pianist in her cozy apartment at the end of the old klostergang, or else in the upper tier of the Hofoper theatre with the conservatorists and other musical students in the Kaiserstadt. Occasionally she would send out cards for an "aesthetic tea," and then about five o'clock her little parlor would be filled with musicians, composers, professors, debutants, dilettanti and a few old musical critics who came there to listen, not with one ear toward the scenes and the other strained to catch the call of "that boy," whom printers in all lands seem to take fiendish delight in despatching for "copy."

Good-natured, clever little De II— (the

cleverest critic in Vienna, and always to be seen at classical concerts), his small wrinkled face mounted with a pair of huge gold spectacles—through which he never looked, however, but held his tiny note-book and pencil close to his eyes, jotting down the faults and triumphs of the artists before him, dropping that pencil, bending down to seek it with his near-sighted orbs, kicking over his well-worn silk beaver hat, then stumbling over his cane and finally placing it so that every one else stumbled over it too as they entered the concert hall—little De II—came to these teas, deposited his stick and hat in the corner, sat on the edge of his chair, covered his knees with a huge linen handkerchief, upon which he placed a generous triangle of lugel-hupft, hung the napkin brought him over his arm, talked, laughed and sipped his tea from an old cracked satsuma cream cup, and only put it down to applaud by clapping his hands over the piano performance of one of the company or to rest his hands on his knees and lean forward, earnestly listening to a dramatic recitation or vocal rendition of some unpublished composition. Then his criticism so just, so lenient, but so seldom praise, and where no good could be spoken he sipped the tea most energetically and pronounced unqualified encomiums upon the goodness of that beverage.

There was another critic, an old lady whose mother had been brought up by her aunt, the great Schroeder-Devrient, and had been a pet of Beethoven's, who came to these teas. She was a precise little body, always dressed in heavy black satin and rare old laces yellowed by time. She had the gentle manners of by-gone days, the charming little courtesy, the affable smile and a comically nervous manner as she spread a napkin over her dress and placed her tea-cup far on the old wooden table by which she always sat, her knitting work on the sofa beside her, the lace lapets of her cap, which she always brought folded in a silk kerchief, bobbing in time to the music, for the old lady's head was a perfect baton and moved this way and that like any *tactir stab*—"ganz tactmässig," we sometimes called her.

Often in the midst of this home-like hour the door would fly open and the face of the handsome Ele would peep into the room, then, with pirouet and polka step, his Spanish cloak flying from his shoulders, he would be in our midst, and literally shaking off mantle, hat, and dropping his cane, he would seize the hostess by both hands, imprinting a kiss on each, declare that he could not stay for a moment, had "written a waltz that day—goes so—" then would hum a few measures, whirl up to the piano, beg pardon of whoever might be seated before that instrument, and play a provokingly few, soft, bewitching strains, start up, turn away, rush back, strike a final chord, saying, "just for my nerves, you know, all tones must cease in a resolution—no tea for me, thanks, a caramel, yes, a rose drop, delicious, no, no kackerel, oh yes, an éclair, danke schön—ah, I cannot stay, must go home and rest, I wield the baton at a court ball to-night, my coat sleeve weighs three pounds, gold embroidery, you know, frightful, shall die some day; my only regret will be to leave the beautiful women of Vienna, no other city in the whole world!"

A guest once suggested America.

"No, no, am afraid of water, never cross it, have no use for it, a curse ever since the deluge of Deucalion; America is grand, no doubt, Joseph was treated like a king there, fine pianos, yes, but too much business, no art!"

"But one makes money there," suggested another.

"What's money? All one wants is to find a florin or two in your pocket to pay a fiacre when you're tired, money—ah, it is a great bore; worse than a chromatic interval for a trombone."

"But it is more of a bore to be without," said a young painter, who was a pupil of Makart.

"Oh no, one can always borrow from a friend when one's check book is not convenient, indeed I must go, now don't you want tickets to my concert to-morrow evening, take all you want," and he throws a handful on the piano, "give me a pen, though; must affix my autograph to make them more valuable, you know."

"Yes, valuable to the door-keeper," suggested the critic; nothing less than a concert of strictly classical music ever secured his attention.

The tickets signed, with butterfly motion the talented, handsome young musical director would catch up hat, mantle and cane, then pressing a farewell kiss upon the finger-tips of the hostess, disappear as instantaneously as he had entered. The room during a visit from Edouard Strauss always seems in a whirl, the guests in a constant flutter, one seems to breathe in waltz time and the head grows dizzy trying to catch an imaginary waltz measure vibrating mesmerically on the air. When he goes everything and every one seem intensely quiet and commonplace.

To break up this dazed state of the guests, sometimes a musician present would give the trompeton ruf from the "Ring des Nibelungen," and this would lead to long discussions upon Wagner. A distinguished conservatory professor once turned the score of "Rheingold" upside down and played it. "Really it sounds better so, I think," said he, but the critic exclaimed, "O! p'fui," and the guests looked solemn. Another day, Wolzogen's "Leitfaden" would be produced, a few chapters read and analyzed, then perhaps young Mottl, (lately musical director of the unfortunate Ring Theatre), would be present and play that exquisite idyl, the cradle song

music dream written by "der Meister" for his son, "der musika Stig-fied heissen."

But the hour passes all too quickly. At six the musicians and critics present leisurely put on their wraps; no one ever hurries in Vienna, and taking leave of the hostess with compliments innumerable, start for the opera, theatre, or concert-room.

Sometimes, but it was only on rare occasions, after a particularly brilliant concert, they would return to the musician's apartments, and sending to the nearest restaurant for a simple supper, such as "Braten, gemischter, salat, lager and garniter Liphauer," with cigars and cigarettes, eat, drink and smoke until the small hours warned them that they must get some sleep before the duties which awaited them the next day.

After ten o'clock p.m., in Vienna, the sound of piano music ceased, no one except those living in their own palace or those who obtain a special license, which is most difficult to obtain, is allowed to indulge in any musical study or instrumental entertainment. Of course on rare occasions, such as a dancing soiree or wedding reception, permission to use the piano may be obtained, but as a rule when the house door is closed at ten o'clock silence reigns supreme. After four o'clock in the morning it makes no difference at what hour scales and finger exercises begin, even cornet and trombone practice is carried on with good effect to awaken the birds at sunrise, but "early to bed, etc.," is an article of vast importance in the creed of these excellent Viennese, and although some few busy, energetic musicians, mostly American students, attack their instruments as the birds begin to sing, most of the native students believe that the earlier to slumber one goes and the later one awakes, is the royal road to health and happiness, which is all the "wealth" they care to obtain.

A MODERN MAMMA.

That she is a sweet woman all are agreed. She professes to live in charity with all men, and stranger still, all women. Her voice is velvet in its softness; her manners have all the full-blown grace of a matronly self-possession. Society's thistle-down, she would seem satisfied with floating on summer seas, aimless and indolent. She assures her little suite she is "all for romance." Scientific match-making is criminal. Bidding for eligibles is barbarous. Her daughter shall choose for herself. But in spite of the guileless protestations, Black Care ever sits close behind her, and, in her going out and coming in, haunts her day and night. The purring murmur of the sympathetic voice, the genial insouciance of her comfortable presence, are a picturesque domino, making a unity of purpose and a capacity for self-denying pains that would win laurels in the professions, and might, indeed, subdue continents. The part she plays does, in fact, require all a tactician's genius. She must be light of touch, but firm of grasp. She must master that concealment of art which is itself, we are taught, the sublimest art. Her strength lies in mystery. The Wagner of society, her method, like the music of the future, must be all surprises; her schemes must contain no tricks of hackneyed strategy. On rare occasions, to sister-matrons—like herself, on the war-path—the "anxious mother" drops the mask, and shows as the scheming duenna, the farsighted unscrupulous woman of the world.

Mater pulchra filia putchrior. Such virtues and valour and aims deserve success. Too often they fail to achieve it. Her first experiment is a sad, even an ignominious, breakdown. She begins boldly, and flies high. Some undergraduate perlet, without form and void, crosses her path. He dances persistently with the daughter. The mother nurses tenderly and trains affectionately his erratic fancy. To him and his her country house is made a vacation Lotus-land. To suit the exigencies of the case, his little vices are watered down into virtues. Her fond imagination soon rears, as even cool-headed, ripe, British motherhood will do at times, her cloud castles in the air. Her visiting-list is already, in her mind's eye, beginning to contain names of note that will make it a Jacob's ladder to the celestial regions of the highest social bliss. As her scheme ripens she grows sweeter. She begins to cloy. But of a sudden her sunny prospects cloud over. Her prize has been played long enough. The landing net is adjusted. But he is lost. A boyish blunder results in rustication. He breaks the Queen's peace in a mess-room escapade. Still eager to ignore the *contrôle*, she finds, with a sinking heart, that society will not at present hush it up as a mere frolicsome episode in the breezy seed-time of wild oats. In such moments of crisis it is sometimes well to fall back on prerogative. It is convenient to plead a stern father's command. Good easy man, in reality he only desires his daughter's happiness. But the parental edict issues. The maiden is to "give him up." The time of rebellion is not yet. The schoolroom is too fresh in memory. And so there is the usual romantic exchange of old love-letters; a half-hour of declamation, mock heroics, a few tears, and he leaves his cousin Amy—his no more. To the mother's dismay he succeeds prematurely to his father's coronet, moves the Address successfully, becomes a pattern legislator, an exemplary landlord, makes his mark and the match of the season. Like a trained campaigner, my Lady Kow must receive defeat, philosophically, harden her heart, spin her gossamer afresh, and play the old stale piece again, with new scenery.

More skill is requisite at this stage. In turning over new leaves the old pages must be pasted down securely. This is difficult, and requires time. Besides, the daughter begins to run alone. She begins to despise the maternal go-cart. As yet she has not shown herself a chip of the old block. If mothers have sold themselves for settlements, she fails to understand that the younger generation should do the same. But she has been under fire. The smell of gunpowder clings to her. Mysteriously she remains on hand. The story of her adventures has gone down the wind; the whispering haunts where men unmarried most foregather have made her tale, in a hazy way, their own. It comes about that her bail-carls do not fill so rapidly as heretofore; at best they show tell-tale gaps. The rank and file of doubtfully eligible knight-errants muster courage; the youthful cleric thinks *his* time has come, and begins to skir-mish around. Cousin Amy complains to any and every sympathetic ear that she has not received fair play. Motives essentially feminine begin to act. There is still an attraction in the mother's *beaux yeux*. It begins to be borne in upon her that the sceptre is passing from her. There is a fresh claimant to the throne of beauty in the household. And so between parent and child a civil strife of intrigue and finesse breaks out. Once war is declared, battle is in the air, and the drum has beat to quarters, all is fair. Scruple ceases to exist in the maternal vocabulary. The ebbing and flowing tide of the damsel's correspondence is at times mysteriously diverted. A council of war is held at head-quarters: if the early post brings the daughter suspicious missives, postmarks and handwritings are closely scrutinised; if an envelope directed "Miss" should be read and treated as "Mr."—of course by an oversight—and disastrous results and stormy interviews ensue, the incident is forgotten in the hotter strife of less questionable strategy. Perhaps the inquisitor herself has correspondents whose letters she is wise in leaving unopened at her husband's breakfast-table. Time is passing. The anxious mother wrings her hands. She pines, but the daughter dances not; mourns, but her child laments not. It is too late in the day for the maternal chaperon to be squeamish in strict adherence to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing else. She is apt to overdo her part. An interesting detrimental, whose original intention began and ended in a passing flirtation, proves amusing to the damsel. The mother paints him to her as a monster of vice. Her charge, with the quixotic wilfulness and malignant generosity of maidenhood, fights his battles behind his back, and gits him with angelic virtues which had escaped the notice of his best friends. It is useless for the watchdog to fawn on eligible cavaliers. They ride by. The daughter has laid up for days of trial a whole harmony of dainty daggers, wherewith to retaliate on the sharp practices of her matronly guardian. On both sides the stiletto is sharp and in practised hands. At times there is open cut and thrust. The younger combatant hears she is "letting slip chances, wasting her time, losing her looks." With the charming, and even brutal, candour of youth, she gives as good as she gets. The *dénouement* is usually a compromise. The last act is not strictly spectacular. The wedding-bells, to practised ears, have a ring of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Those in the secret, matrons or maids, after a time proclaim the story on the house-tops. The responsibility rests with the mother. Husband and wife agree to go their separate ways, or do so without any agreement at all. They become one only to become two, and those who had singed their wings at the flame are thankful at auspicious and timely escape from closer contact with the modern mamma.

JENNY LIND'S COURTSHIP.

"I am a Quaker, as you know," a Philadelphian recently said to me, "and it is reported that, shortly before Jenny Lind's visit to our city, an aged lady arose in one of our meetings and said she had heard that 'Jane Lyon, a very wicked woman, was on her way to this country to sing,' and she hoped that none of the young people would be drawn away to hear her. Nevertheless, an uncle took me and my brother to the Saturday matinee. We had seats in the balcony and so near the stage that we could in a way see behind the scenes. Early in the entertainment Jenny Lind sang, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the audience was beside itself. Among the members of her company was her future husband, Otto Goldschmidt. He was to the audience simply an unknown pianist, and to be obliged to listen to anything but the voice of Jenny Lind was provoking. Well, the man played, and from where we sat we could see Jenny Lind behind the curtain listening most intently. When he had finished, the audience seemed in nowise disposed to applaud; but Jenny Lind began to clap her hands vigorously, observing which, we boys reinforced her, and, observing he face light up—I can see the love-light on it yet—we clapped furiously until the applause spread through the audience. When he had finished playing a second time, my brother and I set the ball in motion, and the applause was great enough to satisfy even the fiancée of Otto Goldschmidt."—Century.

A FRENCH paper assures us that at a meeting held by some distinguished aristocrats, the English idea has been accepted that young ladies may walk out unattended and without fear of interference. How benevolent!