BEAUTIFUL BOTHWELL.

PASTOR FELIX TELLS OF JOANNA BAILLIE'S BIRTHPLACE

Glasgow, and Where Nature is Adorned as a Bride, Awaiting the Coming of a Poet-Lover like Pastor Felix.

For the sake of its fascinations, of beauty, of poetic and historic interest, as also, because it was the birthplace of Joanna Baillie, to which her heart and fancy were ever returning, we are inclined as an imaginative pilgrim to Bothwell in the vale of Clyde. The poetess, in her address to her sister, (that sister, her own soul's mate, who grew up and grew old with her, and was only separated from her by death,) reverts to their childhood in that lovely vale:

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy, and dashed with

O'er us have glided almost sixty years, Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen By those whose eyes long closed in death have

Two tiny imps who scarcely stooped to gather The slender harebell on the purple heather; No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem, That dew of morning studs with silvery gem. Then every butterfly that crossed our view With joyful shout was greeted as it flew; And moth and lady-bird, and beetle bright, In sheeny gold were each a wondrous sight, Among the sunny shallows of the Ciyde * Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin, Swimming in mazy rings the pool within. A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent, Seen in the power of early wonderment.

Let it be one of the rarest of the early autumnal days which you shall choose to visit this famed locality. When you have left the smoke and dust of Glasgow behind, you will then have ten miles over the country before your object is accomplished, and the place of your delight is attained. You are at once on the highway leading amid well cultivated farms, and agreeable scenery; but the roads and the trees are somewhat dingy from the all-pervasive coal dust of which you are never rid in the the immediate vicinity of the city. "As you advance the country grows more elevated, open, airy and pleasant. About a mile before you reach Bothwell, the tall square church steeple of which, seen far before you, serves you for a guide, a pair of lodge gates on the right hand mark the entrance to the grounds of the Bothwell castle. By writing your name and address in a book kept by the gate-keeper you are admitted, and can then pursue your way alone to the castle, and make your own survey without the nuisance of a guide. The castle lies about half a mile from the high-road. You first arrive at a very beautifully kept pleasure ground, in which stands a good modern mansion, the seat of the proprietor, Lord Douglas. Passing through these grounds and close to the right of the house, you soon behold the ruins of the old castle.

And here we are, in the very nursingground of romance. Fit scene for the nurture of poets! Theatre of memorable deeds! Nature is here adorned as a bride. as waiting; still the coming of some hero or poet-lover. That master of romantic story, the author of Waverley, has been here; and the world follows the pointing of his pen. Here, too, walked Burns, with admiring eyes. The manse, upon its height, is worthy of being sought for itself and its associations; but he who stands there looks down on Bothwell Brig, and sees the fighting-ground where the faith and the conscience of Scotland stood embattled. Yonder lies Hamilton Park, † where the Covenanters lay encamped. Truly this is no common spot of earth, and has other than mean associations. He who said to other tracts, be barren and unhistoric, smiled here, and bade the place be fruitful and beautiful, giving its sylvan slopes and its musical stream to song and story. The pilgrim to Bothwellhaugh, the dreamer by "Bothwell bank," will say: "Here the charm of poesy has been conferred with an almost needless prodigality, for it is so delightful in its own natural beauty."

But let us walk about the castle, and tell its towers. "It is of a very red sandstone, extensive in its remains, and bearing evidence of having been much more extensive. Its tall red walls stand up amid fine trees, and masses of ivy, and seem as if created by time to beautify the modern scene with which they blend so well. The part remaining consists of a great oblong square, with two lotty and massive towers overlooking the river which lies to your left-There are also remains of an ample chapel. From the openings in the ruins, the river below, and its magnificent valley or glen, burst with startling effect upon you. The bank from the foot of the castle descends with considerable steepness to the river below, but soft and green as possible; and beyond the dark and hurrying river rise banks equally high, and as finely wooded and varied. Advancing beyond the castle you come again to the river, which sweeps round the ruins in a fine curve. Here every charm of scenery, the great river in its channel, its lofty and well-wooded banks. the picturesque views of Blantyre Priory oppesite, the slopes and swells of most luxurious green, and splendid limetrees hanging their verdurous boughs to the ground, mingle the beautiful and the noble into an enchanting whole. A gravei walk leads you down past the front of the walk, and presents you with a new and still more impressive view of it. Here it stands aloft on the precipice

*The manse of Bothwell was at some distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about. Journa said she 'rambled over the heaths and plashed in the brook most of the day." One day she said to Lucy Aikin, "I could not read well untill nine years old." "O Joanna," cried her sister, 'not till eleven."—Memoirs of Lucy Akin. Agns outlived her sister some ten years, dying April 27 outlived her sister some ten years, dying April 27,

† Our Canadian poet, Arthur Wentworth Eator, born at Kentville, N. S., is on his mother's side descended from the Hamiltons in this neighborhood. To this he alludes in his poems to Lord Hamilton

A subtle charm my heart enthralls Within me flame ancestral fires, Here wakes the blood of all my sires, Of the proudace roHam i iton.

above you, a most stately remnant of the old times, and nature has not stinted her labors in arraying it in tree, bush and hanging plant, so as to give it the grace of life in its slow decay, making it in perfect haras its victorious guest Edward I., of England; which again sheltered the English chiefs fleeing from the disastrous fleld of Banneckburn; which was the stronghold of Archibald the Grim, and the proud hall of down in softest beauty the verdant bank, and the stately Clyde, dark and deep, flows on smid woods and rocks worthy of all their fame. The taste of the proprietor the cornet and the snare-drums. has seized on every circumstance to give a possible not to exclaim in the words of the celebrated old ballad .-'Oh Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair.' "

You will loiter on toward the village of Bothwell, and in the direction of Hamilton. Every step of that mile cheers the eye of the pilgrim and delights his imagination. Here, at the entrance to the village, is the manse, where the Rev. James Baillie once lived, and where the gentle, gifted, sprightly, highly gitted Joanna was born. It is at the left hand as you approach the village, and lies buried amid the thickmatted foliage of orchard trees. But first you come to the church, and through the church yard and the garden thick with branches, laden, may be, with mellow fruit, you may pass on to the manse, where it stands on a sort of mount, or high knowe, a sightly and beautiful spot,—overlooking the churchyard and part of the village, on the one side, and the Clyde Valley, on the other. Around this airy seclusion with its grassy shaded slopes and many foliaged glen, lie the neighboring closes and orchards, with their clustered trees, adding to the density of that mass of toliage in which it is immersed. Down this shady glen that, commencing between the churchyard and the Manse garden, runs widening and deepening towards the ripples of Clyde, might once have been heard the voices of the little Agnes and Joanna, with song and childish laughter, when their sportiveness was like the sunbeams dancing among the leaves, or flecking the shallows of the Clyde's sweet water. This glen is one of the principal features giving picturesqueness to the site on which the Manse stands. From the churchyard it is reached through a footpath between two high hedges, leading into the carriage road from the village, and directly in front of the house. Here you will pause and take in the whole prospect. You will find such a composition of varied and lovely landscape as will enrich your memory forever. Often will you love to recur to Bothwell Manse, with "its own little secluded glen, its sloping crafts, finely shaded with trees, and beyond again other masses of trees showing cottages and PASTOR FELIX.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

Showing What a Boon it is for a Medium to Speak English.

An old gentleman, apparently from the country, one day entered the room of a medium, and expressed a desire for a "sperit communication." He was told to take a seat at the table, and to write the names of his deceased relatives. The medium, like many others, incorrectly pronounced the term "deceased" the same as 'diseased," sounding the s like z. The old gentleman carefully adjusted his 'specs," and did what was required of him. A name and relationship having been selected from those written, the investigator was desired to examine and state if they

referred to one party.
"I declare they do!" said he. "But I say, mister, what has them papers to do with a

sperit communication?' "You will see directly," replied the

Whereupon the latter spasmodically wrote a "communication," which read some

what as to lows :-"My dear husband, I am very glad to be able to address you through this channel. Keep on investigating, and you will soon be convinced of the fact of spirit-intercourse. I am happy in my spirit-home:

"Good gracious! but my old womau can't be dead," said the investigator, "For

patiently awaiting the time when you will

join me here, etc. Your loving wife,

left her at home! "Not dead!" exclaimed the medium. 'Did I not tell you to write the names of

deceased' relatives?" "Diseased!" returned the old man;

'She ain't anything else, for she's had the rumatiz orfully for six months!"

An Underground Electric Railroad.

The Anglo-Austrian Bank and the firm f Siemene & Halske have submitted to the Board of Trade a detailed plan for a Vienna underground railway. It is intended to be an electric narrow-gauge railway, with double rails, and should begin at the Danube Canal, pass under the Central City to where it touches the western suburbs, continue under the Maria Lilterstraes to the western terminus, and thence to the outskirts of the town to Schonbrunn and Penzing. Between seventeen and eighteen minutes would be the time for getting from one end to the other. The railway would run directly under the pavement, without touching the foundation of the house. A single carriage, to be started at short intervals, is meant to convey forty passengers in ordinary times, while in the morning and evening, and Sunday and fete days, two cars might be added. The bank would begin to build the underground electric railway at seven points at once and would complete it in a year from the day when the concession is granted. The Viennese, who have no means of communication in the central part of the city, wish this undertaking every success.

Its Principal Beauty.

"The strong point about Mississippi river water," said the St. Louis man, holding a glass of the fluid between himself and the light, "is that it's selffiltering. As the sand and rich alluvial matter it contains sink to the bottom they carry all the impurities along with them, leaving the resulting liquid pure and wholesome.

And he tilted it carefully toward his mouth, being careful not to disturb the quarter of an inch of rich alluvial matter at the bottom of the glass, and drank it with great relish.

In the particular health resort in which I am writing these lines there is a good deal of music in the air. There is a brass band fascinating than this. Above you the the large hall built over one of the mineral towers of the castle, which once received springs a fine Italian orchestra holds forth, giving us a judicious intermixture of classical and popular music, to suit educated and uneducated tastes alike.

To appreciate the situation it must be stated that the leader of this orchestra is an the notorious Earl Bothwell. Below slopes | exceedingly pompous individual, as, alas! so many wielders of the baton are, just as it they produced the music rather than the industrious understrappers at the fiddle,

If any mere hotel visitor or combination finish to a scene so lonely; and it is im- of them desires a particular selection to be played the next day, they have to approach the bass viol man. Then he raised his the request with much tact and delicacy. He is a peppery old ruffian who knows his business, and he has, as a general thing, fingers. At the beginning he said "hush" the utmost contempt for the selections that

> produce the most applause. ask Signor Fideli to favor us with a select- that moment he said nothing more: his ion from Wagner, whom the signor hates fine, clean cut face, aglow with enthusiasm with a bitterness utterly unaccountable to for his art, fascinated orchestra and audan unmusical person. The old man, on these occasions, breaks out first in his appalling English, but finding what be knows promenading up and down the long hall. of that language deplorably inadequate to At the first bar of the intermezzo every express his feelings, he speedily lapses into Italian and pours a torrent of invective at the astonished newcomer, who never afterwards ventures another suggestion.

Signor Fideli is tired of it, for he has been playing it all the season, but the peogramme two or three times a week. For the courage to tell Signor Fideli that he silence. gives but a poor rendition of the intermezzo. It is not that I know much about music, but I was in Covent Garden Opera House when Signor Mascagni himself led the orchestra when "Cavalleria Rusticana" was young Italian to repeat the selection, so I flattered myself that I knew how it should be played. I often said to an Italian triend of mine, who lives at the same hotel, duce the intermezzo, and he always answered: "Go and tell him so." But there was

a limit to my courage, and I never went. One day I was sitting with my friend in the large hall. The intermezzo was on and we were waiting for it. The orchestra was at its best, and old Fideli was almost genial. People were parading up and down in couples and groups and singly, each with his glass of mineral water in his hand sipping it as he walked. As the intermezzo was being played my Italian friend said

"There's one young man who does not like your favorite selection.'

I looked over to the place he indicated. and saw with surprise a pale young man with jet black hair and moustache in ardent

"By the gods," I cried, "that's Mascagni himself, or I'm a Dutchman. saw him once in London." " Surely not," said the Italian with aroused interest, "I heard he was in

" It's not his ghost."

The young man could not sit still. He rose, and with his hands behind him, the fingers nervously twitching, he walked with bent head down the hall. When the intermezzo was finished the crowd applauded, of course. Signor Fideli sat on his piano stool well contented with himself, as he always was. The young man, with clouded brow, walked up the long hall. "He is going to speak to Fideli, I see it

in his eye," said my Italian friend as we both instinctively edged nearer the piano. "I want you to translate what he says; don't miss a word," I asked.

"I will if I can hear," answered the

The young man leaned over the piano and said to the leader: "Pardon me, but I think you played that last selection too fast. Also there was---

"What!" cried old Fideli, every grey hair standing up straighter then usual in

"Permit me to say," said the young man rapidly, but in a low tone of voice, "that there is an organ accompaniment. You cannot play a waltz on a church organ. The accompaniment when it is not given is at least understood. It dominates the piece. Then you played it too loudly throughout. You should begin-"Good heavens!" sputtered enraged



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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MASCAGNIORTHE DEVIL. Fideli, "have I, a pupil of Verdi, to be taught my profession by a youth? Perhaps you will lead my orchestra!"

The last remark was evidently intended as a "bluff," but to the amazement of Fideli. Where one Leaves Behind the Smoke of mony with herself. Few scenes are more in the park forenoon and atternoon and at the young man instantly accepted the situation and sat down on the piano stool that the leader had just arisen, with a word of thanks to the astonished and speechless signor. He said a few words to the orchestra in so low a tone that my Italian friend could not catch the remark. but the men nodded as if they understood. Italian musicians are very quick of comprehension. He turned to the man at the bass violin and said: "Do not play those jerky notes, but draw out your tones. Imagine you are imitating a church organ."

The youth made some marks in pencil on the music of the first violinist and of the leader with great deference and prefer right hand and from that moment he seemed to hypnotize the orchestra—to hold them at the ends of the outstretched in a long sibilant whisper and seemed to suppress the loud tones by gently depress-It is one of the standing amusements of ing his open hand, softening down the this delightful spot to get a newcomer to music as if he had closed a swell, but from ience alike.

The people, as I have said, were man and woman stopped and stood entranced. All conversation ceased, and in the intense stillness not a note of the soft, slow, sweet harmony was missed. It appears that the popular selection Only once did the young composer turn to this year is the intermezzo from "Cavall- the piano, and then to lift the intermezzo eria Rusticana," by Signor Mascagni. to its highest and loudest point. - After, with both hands upraised, as if in benediction, he led the orchestra gently down ple will have it, and so it figures on the pro- the slope and up again to the high note with which the piece ends, holding them the past two or three weeks I have not had until the long-drawn sound died away in

> A huge sigh, rather than applause, arose from the listeners, but in a moment it gave way to a roar of appreciation and cries of "Bravo."

Fideli, gruff old curmudgeon as he is, given-"as performed before the Queen," is a musician to his fingers' tips. His eyes the programme stated—when the audience | were wet and he groped for the two hands rose after the rendition of the intermezzo of the young man, who was trying to steal and with loud acclaim, compelled the unnoticed away. "My God!" he halt sobbed, shaking his two hands in his own "you are either Mascagni or the devil."

"I have seen him lead," said the young man, but whether it was Mascagni or the that old Fideli does not know how to pro- devil he had seen he did not state, being anxious to escape into the crowd.



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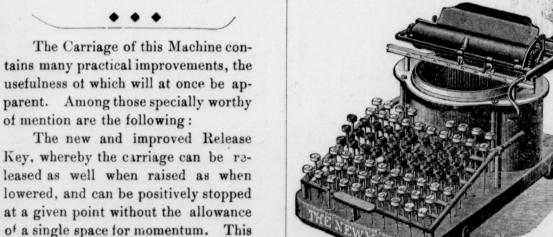
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