

SHE WAS SCOTT'S FRIEND.

PASTOR FELIX WRITES OF JOANNA BAILLIE, THE POETESS.

When She First Heard Marmion—Her Highland Home in Lanark County—The Good and the Great Drove Near and Loved Her Home—She Was a Minstrel.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

Two sisters were sitting together in one room. One was engaged with some needlework; the other was reading. The book was "Marmion,"—then newly from the press, and in the hands of its multitudes of feverishly eager readers. The reading had proceeded as far as the introduction to Canto III, with its memorable praise of Sir Sidney Smith and Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Then the reader struck the following lines; but before she had got through her voice was tremulous, and her gentle listener in tears:

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp which silent hung,
By silver Avon's shore,
Till twice a hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatched the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swains, while rung the grove
With Montfort's late and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspiring strain,
Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again."

The listener surprised by this magnificent praise was Joanna Baillie, herself, and coming to a modest, amiable woman from one of her dearest friends, it moved her greatly. Seldom has so fine a compliment been paid to one so deserving as she.

And who was she who could so be counted worthy? A sweet-tempered, beautiful-minded, large-hearted woman; a singer of Scottish lyrics, full of wit and grace; the author of powerful dramas, of a highly intellectual cast, which, if not so well adapted for representation on the stage, are calculated to delight the solitary, appreciative reader. She loved a quiet life. Studies and friendships she coveted. If praise came to her it sounded sweeter were it like a distant murmur, as of the far-off ocean, or the soft lapse of a friendly lip, like a streamlet falling among her native Scottish hills. Through many years she lived "in her quiet retreat at Hampstead, and let the world flow past her as if she had nothing to do with it, nor cared to be mentioned by it."

Her life was uneventful, and may be outlined in a few sentences. She came of good Scottish stock, and was by blood related to celebrated people. She was born in a Scottish manse at Bothwell, on the banks of the Clyde in 1762. Perhaps Scotland has no lovelier rustic scenery than can be found in Lanark county and in the vale of that historic river. Wilder, grander, it has; but "bonnier,"—as a Scotch praiser would say,—nowhere. The poetess loved ever to revert to the scene of her nativity, though she was only four years old when she left it. What the Annapolis valley is to our own Acadia, or the St. John valley to New Brunswick, the Clyde valley is to Scotland, for fruitfulness and rural beauty. Indeed Upper Clydesdale has been termed "Fruitland;" and as you go along the street of Glasgow and other Scotch cities, you will see in the piles of apples, plums, pears, etc., on the fruit-stalls, the product of Clydesdale orchards.

She was the daughter of Rev. James Baillie who was known for his talent and good works in the parishes of Shotts, Bothwell and Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, and for his brief occupancy of the divinity professor's chair at Glasgow University. The repression of the emotions and sentiment, and even of the affections, has long been a noted feature of Scottish, and especially Presbyterian character. The finger of caution is laid on the bounding pulse, as it is to say,—"Thou shalt not go, and no farther." This appeared conspicuous in the Bothwell manse, where the duty of self-restraint was constantly inculcated. In the "Memoirs of Lucy Aiken" we are informed—Agnes, Joanna's sister, having told Lucy—that notwithstanding he was an excellent parent, he avoided all demonstration of parental fondness. When his child "had once been bitten by a mad dog, or one thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but that he had never given her a kiss. Joanna spoke of her yearning to be caressed as a child. She would sometimes venture to clasp her little arms about her mother's knees, who would seem to chide her, but the child knew she liked it. Indeed; would she be a woman, and a mother, otherwise?

That mother might be supposed a woman of marked intelligence and self-command, being a sister of the celebrated brothers, William and John Hunter. Dorothea Hunter was worthy of all dignity, and had a strength of intellect and character, the origin, in part, of that which became more conspicuous in her poet-daughter, and in her son Matthew, eminent as an anatomist and physician.

Agnes, was also a poetess, and in the fullest sympathy and almost constant companionship, with her sister Joanna; and, after

*Dr. Matthew Baillie was born at the manse of Shotts, in 1761. He succeeded Dr. Hunter as lecturer on anatomy at St. George's Hospital, being at the same time, physician in ordinary to their Majesties George III and IV. He was a most estimable man, and in high repute among members of his profession. He was the author of valuable medical and philosophical works, and the collector of a valuable museum of anatomical specimens, which he presented to the College of Physicians. He died in 1823.

their removal to London, helped to make that little cottage at Hampstead the attractive social and literary centre it became.

Of course the children in such a family did not lack educational facilities, nor did they hesitate to improve them. Joanna had a thorough classical education, and was early absorbed in literary studies and pursuits. Her habit of literary invention and elaboration dated from childhood, and even then her poetical predilections were manifest. Her father died at Glasgow, while she was yet a girl, three years after his installation in the University. After his death the family removed to Kilbride, where they lived for over six years. This was an unattractive locality, after Bothwell. Around them were the bare mounds, but there were social advantages that helped to make their sojourn agreeable. There were two neighboring families who won them by their intelligence and kindness.

Joanna was never much of a traveller, indeed was rather adverse to change of place. "She never saw Edinburgh till on her way to England when about twenty-two years of age. Before that period she had never been ten or twelve miles from home, and with the exception of Bothwell, never formed much attachment to places." During her long residence in the suburban home she chose near London, she came to Scotland only as a visitor, at infrequent intervals. Their parents being gone, the two sisters followed their brother Dr. Matthew Baillie, to London, and took the cottage at Hampstead, where the remainder of their lives were spent, and where they accomplished their literary tasks and achieved celebrity. Their uncle, Dr. William Hunter, left them a small competence, which, together with their literary earnings, sufficed to maintain them in a modest way. How tranquilly they lived in this cosy retreat, and what a sense of comfort and quietude and of amiability they defused about them. An admirer had said of Joanna, hers "is a name never pronounced by Scot or Briton of any part of the empire, but with the veneration due to the truest genius, and the affection which is the birthright of the truest specimens of womanhood. The sister of the late amiable and excellent Dr. Baillie, the friend of Sir Walter Scott the woman whose masculine muse every great poet has for nearly half a century delighted to honor Joanna Baillie, wrote because she could not help pouring out all the fullness of her heart and mind, and the natural consequence was fame; otherwise, whoever sees that amiable, quiet, unassuming lady, easy and cheerful as when she played her lute, the fruit-laden boughs of her native garden, sees that, though not scorning the fair reputation of a well exercised intellect, she is at home in the bosom of home, and lets no restless desire for mere fame disturb the pure happiness of a serene life, and the honor and love of those nearest and dearest to her. Had the lambent flame of genius not burned in the breast of Joanna Baillie, that of a pure piety and a spirit made to estimate the blessings of life, and to enjoy all the other blessings of peace and social good which it brings, would have still burned brightly in her bosom, and made her just as happy, though not as great."

It is easy to understand how the good and great drew near and loved to frequent her home. It was a centre of goodness and intelligence; it was something more than a salon,—an ideal domestic, as well as literary, resort. Whoever reads Lockhart's Life of Scott will note how many of Scott's most familiar letters are addressed to her. And when he came to London and made himself their guest, what delicate attentions were lavished upon him, and how much at home he must have felt! And when, in 1806, she went home to Scotland on a visit what delightful weeks she spent at the magician's home in Edinburgh. She was a minstrel and a woman after her own heart. "From this time they were the most intimate friends. . . and he planted in testimony of his friendship for her, a bower of pinasters, the seeds of which she had furnished, at Abbotsford; and called it Joanna's bower." PASTOR FELIX.

Terribly Mixed.

A quintuple matrimonial arrangement between the members of two households has just been completed by the marriage of five couples, whose relationships to each other have become terribly mixed. The oldest of these venturesome folk, twice a widower, and seventy-five years of age, had a daughter aged forty-eight, a son aged twenty-five, and two granddaughters aged twenty and sixteen respectively. The lady he married was a widow, aged seventy-four, who had a son of fifty and two grandchildren. The son of the widow espoused the eldest daughter of the widower, the son of the widower married a grandchild of the widow, and two of the latter's grandchildren married the two granddaughters of the widower. As a specimen of some of the complications of relationship thus engendered, it may be mentioned that the six parties to the last three unions have become grandchildren twice over of the first couple, and children, step-children, nephews, and nieces of the second, besides being brothers and sisters, as well as brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law amongst themselves.

Hints for Shavers.

"A fact that involves the possible good looks of the whole male creation is not a trifling one," began a veteran artist on Chestnut street, who claims to have shaved some of the highest dignitaries of the nation, from President Millard Fillmore down. "When I tell my young customers that the reason why the old cavaliers had such handsome beards was because they never shaved and that a silky moustache is produced by never shaving it off but once, and then it will retain its natural color long after the hair has turned gray—I know what I am talking about, for I have been asking questions for more than 40 years."

Change of Seasons.

The budding forth of plant life as spring advances reminds one forcibly of the changes that are constantly going on in nature. Nor is man exempt from this change of the seasons, for with the spring comes either renewed strength and vigor, or a feeling of lassitude and a generally enervated condition. If you have that tired exhausted feeling you require a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the invigorator, blood builder, appetizer and restorative tonic of the age. All druggists sell it.

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A NEAT CAPTURE

The Way Transgressors Are Treated in the Far West.

The sun had sunk behind the bleak, snow-clad hills of Medicine Bow, and the stars shone dimly in the canopy of blue overhead, still radiant with streamers of red and orange.

The dwellings, many of them nothing more than log cabins, were dark and silent, but presently a light flashed here and there from a window, and occasionally a door opened, revealing the interior aglow with the light of blazing logs.

A roughly clad figure sauntered up the principal thoroughfare, singing a rollicking song. Posing in front of one of the many saloons that lined both sides of the street, he peered curiously through the dirt-begrimed window. At that very instant a half-drunken miner came out and awkwardly lurched up against him with a, "Hello pard!"

"Hello!" What in blazes do you mean by falling all over me in that manner?" The miner did not answer the question, but stood off and surveyed his interrogator with owl-like gravity, in the meanwhile endeavouring to get control of his legs and balance his body firmly upon them. The other laughed good-naturedly.

"Never mind old man; it's all right. Who keeps this place?"

"Why Jim Flood of course. Thought everybody in Medicine Bow knew—hic—knew Flood."

"Possibly they do, but I am a stranger. Obligated to you for the information. Come inside and let us have a drink."

The pair entered the dingy barroom, filled with loungers, some of whom were sitting at tables, others standing at the bar. The newcomer shot a quick glance around the room and walked straight up to the bar, throwing a handful of coin upon it.

The generous individual who had dispensed such lavish hospitality did not sit down with the rest, but walked to the end of the bar and engaged the barkeeper in conversation.

"Who is that party over yonder that every one seems to be afraid of?"

"Oh that is One-Eyed Pete; don't know him by any other name. He comes here occasionally, and somehow or other has got the reputation of being a man-killer, but I never knew him to hurt any one."

"Well, the crowd is afraid of him, anyway."

Yes, but as I say, I don't know why. Now, there's Flood—you know Flood, who owns this place—he ain't afraid of the devil, yet I have seen him turn pale almost, and fairly tremble when Pete fixed that one eye of his upon him."

The conversation at this instant was broken short by a great commotion without, a party of horsemen having ridden up to the door with a clatter of hoofs, rattling of accoutrements and wild shouting and cursing. Before the occupants of the saloon could get to the window and ascertain the cause of the uproar the door was flung open and six of the vilest looking specimens of humanity that ever inhaled the breath of heaven rushed into the room. All were armed to the teeth, travel stained and very much under the influence of liquor.

The leader, a big strapping fellow, with a most repulsive expression of countenance that was not improved by an ugly scar on the right cheek, glanced first at the barkeeper and then around the room, and not discovering the person he was looking for, uttered a fearful oath.

"Where's Flood?" he fiercely demanded.

"Gone to Dismal Gulch," mildly replied the dispenser of drinks, slyly reaching for his pistol under the bar.

Another oath from the leader, supplemented by a heavy blow of his fist on the bar.

"To Dismal Gulch, do you say? when did he go?"

"Day before yesterday."

The leader turned to his men as it to read in their faces a confirmation of some suspicious thought, running through his brain. For the space of perhaps ten seconds there was dead silence, then another string of profanity and more questioning.

"See here, barkeeper; has any one been here lately that you never before saw around this place?"

A look of keen intelligence crossed the man's face, and he seemed to comprehend all at once the object of the questioning and the impatience of the questioner.

"Why yes," he stammered; "he is here, that is he stood just where you are standing now before you came in."

"Who?"

"I don't know who he was, but he was a stranger, and maybe he is the fellow you are after."

"Thunderation! Where is he now?"

"Right here near at hand, Dave Saunders."

The words were quietly spoken, and issued from the lips of someone in the outer edge of the crowd near the door. Every eye was turned in the direction of the speaker, and there stood the man of whom the barkeeper had spoken with a revolver in each hand leveled at the crowd. By his side stood One-Eyed Pete, similarly armed.

"Throw up your hands."

The command was mildly spoken, but the voice was that of a desperate and determined man, and every one in that room knew that sure death awaited him who refused to obey orders, so every hand went up.

One-Eyed Pete lowered his weapons and placed them in his belt ready for use; then, taking from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, he ordered the leader of the party of horsemen to step forward, which he did, but not without much cursing and threatening. In this way the entire party of six were securely handcuffed. The gang, one by one, were then marched out of the saloon, compelled to mount, and were tied so that they could neither leap nor fall out of the saddle. Having completed these preparations, the two detectives warned the habitués of the place not to follow nor attempt a rescue, and, backing out of the saloon door, mounted each a powerful horse that in some mysterious manner had been provided for their use, rode away with their captives.

They, with Flood and some others who were as cleverly captured, were subsequently tried on the charge of counterfeiting and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

Three Cents a Day

The regular army of China is said to consist of 323,000 men. Besides this, the Emperor's army, there is a national army of 650,000 men, who are paid about four

shillings a month, but in consideration of this munificence are required to feed themselves. The cavaliers receive twelve shillings a month, feed his own horses, and should they be lost or killed, must replace them out of pay given by the Government.

KING THEEBAW'S TREASURE.

Opinion of a Soldier Who Stood Guard Over It.—What Became of It.

When the British troops marched into Mandalay, on October 28, 1882, James Troon was a private in the 2nd Battalion of the Hampshire regiment. He was one of the party who found the king Theebaw's palace. Troon is now a commissioner, tall, broad, sturdy looking, and with a chest covered with medals. He does not think king Theebaw's crown will ever be recovered. "I'll tell you why," he said to a representative. "It must have been two hours after we got into Mandalay that we found the King. We found him in a small building, in the midst of trees, in the palace garden. I was put a sentry on No. 1 post over him. The following evening he was taken away from Mandalay to India. As I was one of the oldest soldiers, I was selected to go to another post—where the crown jewels were."

"Where was this?"

"It was a room in the palace. It was full of mirrors and beautiful screens, and things to sit upon. It struck me as being the room where the queen used to sit. The jewels were in this room. They were placed all together in a heap. The heap was on the floor. The officer lay on one side of it. We two sentries marched up and down the other side."

"Which of the jewels do you remember?"

"I only took notice of several cups. There were plates of silver and gold. The golden cradle was there. It was set with diamonds and rubies, like stars. I ought to remember it, for I had a little bit of it."

"What?"

"A bit of a star. I looked for the crown, but I did not see it. There was no difficulty in getting into the place. There were a lot of men on the staff. They could go where they pleased. Need only say they were going up to the roof to signal. In fact, every soldier there was trying to get hold of what he could. I picked up a bag of rupees in knocking about, and I'm sure there was more where it came from."

"Do you remember any man of the name of White?"

"There was a man named White in the 2nd Hampshire regiment, but whether he transferred to the West Surrey I don't know. The West Surrey was not engaged. The troops that were engaged were the 2nd Hampshire, 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and the 5th King's (Liverpool) regiment."

"Do you think he will find the regalia?"

"I don't, sir, and it's my belief it will never be found. When the king left, his servants and the queen's servants were loaded. All but a couple of these servants were dispersed at the pier, and were not allowed to go on board with the king and queen. The orders at the palace were not to allow any men out. All night long, women kept leaving the palace just as at a fair. Many of them may have been men. It looks queer that a West Surrey man could get the crown when the native sappers and others had been all over the palace. The blue-jackets packed up all the valuable things in boxes and sent them home. This was loot. I saw more than a hundred boxes. The government had that, of course. But the crown will never be found. A golden peacock was taken by the men and smashed up. I had a piece of it, and it turned out to be a piece of brass covered with gold. The men were so disgusted they threw the remains into the water."

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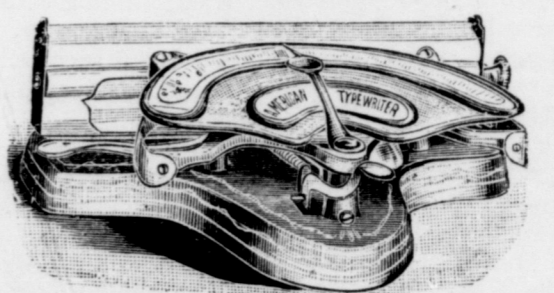
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