

SHE WAS SCOTT'S FRIEND.

FANTASIES WRITTEN BY JOANNA BAILLIE, THE POETESS.

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

Two sisters were sitting together in one room. One was engaged with some needle-work; the other was reading. The book was "Marmion,"—then newly from the press, and in the hands of its multitudes of feverishly eager readers.

"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!

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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."

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.

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.

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.

One 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.

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.

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.

"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."

"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."

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.

"I don't know who he was, but he was a stranger, and maybe he is the fellow you ate after." "Thunderation! Where is he now?" "Right here near at hand, Dave Saunders."

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 cavalrymen receive twelve shillings a month, feeds 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.

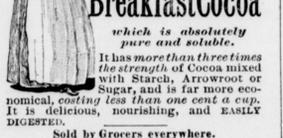
When the British troops marched into Mandalay, on October 28, 1882, James Troon was a private in the 2nd Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. He was one of the party who found the king Theebaw's palace.

"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 sentrys marched up and down the other side."

"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."

"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, 3rd Welsh Fusiliers, and the 8th King's (Liverpool) Regiment."

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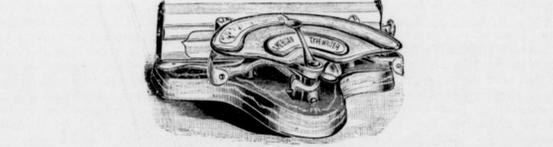
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