

BEAUTIFUL BOTHWELL.

THE "AULD BRIG" AND THE "NEW BRIG" ARE THE SAME BRIG.

"Pastor Felix" Tells of Tomstones and Gooseberries, and of the Hamilton of Cadyow Castle—The Bloody Battle of Bothwell Hill—Where Evan Mingles with the Clyde.

Doubtless you will return to wander through the churchyard. No antique village in England or Scotland is seen till we have pondered the mossy crumbling stones where generations past have laid their dead, and have in their turn been laid. This one is extensive, scattered with old-fashioned tombs, and forms a famous play-ground for the children of the neighboring village school, who, perhaps, are out leaping in the deep damp soil, and galloping among its rank hemlocks and mallows to their hearts' content. The church is of ancient date, but has been renewed in recent years, and is, like Bothwell Castle, of red sandstone. A visitor to this place writes: "Having by the courtesy of the minister, Dr. Matthew Gardner, seen the Manse, and had a stroll in the garden, I again wandered over the churchyard, watching the boys at their play, and reading the inscriptions on the tombs and headstones; one of which I copied in evidence of the state of parochial education in Scotland, where it has existed as a national institution, I believe, ever since the days of Knox:—

ERECTED BY MARGARET SCOTT, IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, ROBERT STROB, LATE SMITH AND FARMER OF GOWTHRAPLE, WHO DIED THE 21ST, 1834, IN THE 70TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

"My sledge and hammer lies declined, My bellows pipes have lost their wind; My forge's extinct, my fires decayed, And in the dust my vice is laid. My coal is spent, my iron is gone, My nails are drove, my work is Done."

What struck me as not less curious was the following handbill, posted on the jamb of the church door:—

GOOSEBERRIES FOR SALE, BY PUBLIC ROUP. The Gooseberries in the Orchards of Bothwell Manse, also at Capt. Bogles Laroyet, and in, etc. Sale to begin at Bothwell Manse, at 5 o'clock, p.m. 10th July.

This was certainly characteristic of 'Fruitland.'

What a child's paradise was this! Who can tell how much these blossoming trees and flowering banks in spring, and this fruited richness in autumn, had a charm for her whose soul was so finely strong, who left it in her fifth year. Why did her heart still incline to this sweet and secluded place, and its old parsonage, "embosomed amid sunny fairland in the midst of them, with its flowers and the humming bees, that old church and half wild churchyard alongside of it, and its hanging crofts and little umbrageous valley." Certain it is that there was no scene in her native Scotland that she ever so loved to think about.

From the manse you descend to Bothwell Brig. Over this smooth highway the feet of how many successive generations have trodden! This historic relic is the centre of a landscape rich and inviting. But do you expect in the brig an unpolished piece of antiquity? You will not find it such. The modernizing influences have reached Scotland; and now new brigs are not built so much over against the "auld" as into their very selves. So this has been revamped and made into new. It ought to speak, you affirm, of Claverhouse and his dragons, and of the stern and sturdy gossellers of the Scottish kirk; it should be the narrow, steep, gray, quaint, and altogether old-fashioned structure the covenanters knew; but it is not, for the modern man has had to deal with it, and has worked changes more than time. An antiquarian's curse on these wipers-out of antiquity! You can now hardly guess what things were once down here; you have come into the present, but you seek the past. The brig is the same, yet not the same; it is very modern and respectable. "The gateway which used to stand in the centre of it has been removed, the breadth has been increased, an additional arch or arches have been added to each end, and the whole looks as much like a decent, every-day, well-to-do, and toll-taking bridge as bridge can well do. There is a modern toll-bar at the Bothwell end of it. There is a good house or two, with their gardens descending to the river." Here, midway of the brig, beneath the arches the Clyde "flows full and clear" between its green banks, well-tilled and clustering with plantations. The eye pursues its easy way up the gradual slope of the highway on the Hamilton side; and in the distance finds the domain of the Duke of Hamilton, with its orchards and woods, its walled park, and its ornamental, estuqueoned gate, its lodges and winding driveways. Musing on the old unhappy tar-off things, and battles long ago, the struggle waged amid this sylvan luxury comes into mind, with memories of the old ballad of Bothwell Brig.

But this is only one of the historic and legendary events clustering about this region. We mention one other. To the left looking over the haughs or meadows of Hamilton, from Bothwell brig, you discern the top of the present house of Bothwell-haugh over a mass of wood. Here another strange event connects itself with this scene. Here lived that Hamilton who shot in the streets of Linlithgow the Regent Murray, the half brother of the Queen

of Scots. The outrage had been instigated by another, which was calculated, especially in an age like that when men took the redress of their wrongs into their own hands without much ceremony, to excite madness in a man of honor and strong feeling. The Regent had given to one of his favorites Hamilton's estate of Bothwellhaugh, who proceeded to take possession with such brutality that he turned Hamilton's wife out naked, on a cold night, into the open fields, where before morning she became furiously mad. The spirit of vengeance took deep hold of Hamilton's mind, and was fanned to flame by his indignant kinsmen. He followed the Regent from place to place, seeking an opportunity to kill him. This at length occurred by his having to pass through Linlithgow on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. Hamilton placed himself in a wooden gallery, which had a window toward the street, and as the Regent slowly, on account of the pressure of the crowd, rode past, he shot him dead. The reader of Scott's fine ballad of "Cadyow Castle" will not have forgotten the vivid manner in which he presents the scene.

"Earlston rose in the morning, And mounted by the break of day; And he has joined out Scottish lads, As they were marching out the way. "So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill, And waly they rode bonnily! "They stell'd their cannons on the height, And shower'd their shot down in the howe, And beat out Scots lads evenly down, Thick they lay slain on every knowe. "Along the brae, beyond the brig, Many a brave man lies cauld and still; But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue, The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill. The blood can still be stirred by deeds done in the old time. "When we picture to ourselves the Duke of Monmouth ordering his brave foot guards, under command of Lord Livingstone, to force the bridge, which was defended by Hackstone of Rathillet and Claverhouse sitting on his white horse on the hillside near Bothwell, watching the progress of the fray, and ready to rush down with his cavalry, and fall on the infuriated covenanters who were quarrelling amongst themselves on Hamilton haughs, we see a wild and correspondent landscape, rough as the Cameronian insurgents, and rude as their notions. The Bothwell Brig of this present day has all of the old aspect modernized out of it. Its smiling fields, and woods that speak of long peaceful times, and snug modern homes—oh! how far off are they from the grand old melancholy tone of the old ballad:—

"Now farewell father, and farewell mother, And fare ye weel my sisters three; An' fare ye weel, my Earlston, For thee again I'll never see."

Scott tells us, in his notes to this fine old ballad, that "the whole appearance of the ground as given in the picture of the battle of Hamilton palace, even including a few old houses, is the same as the scene now presents. The removal of the porch or gateway, upon the bridge, is the only perceptible difference." But chance and change will come, and there have been many alterations since last the minstrel stood in this spot. The bridge has undergone its metamorphosis. The river banks are smoother and more cultivated. The plantations are so thick as to impede those who might wage a modern battle. All moorland traces have vanished, and there is now no wild aspect to the landscape. When we would imagine the place where the covenanters fought it is a far different scene. Unshorn nature looked down,—"Where Bothwell Bridge connects the margin steep, And Clyde below runs silent, strong, and deep, The hardy peasant, by oppression driven To battle, deemed his cause the cause of Heaven. Unskilled in arms, with useless courage staid, While gentle Monmouth grieved to shed his blood; But fierce Dundee, inflamed with deadly hate, In vengeance for the great Montrose's fate, Let loose the sword, and to the hero's shade A barbarous hecatomb of victories paid,"

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"Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove, Proud Murray's plumed charger move, So close the minions crowded night. "From the raised visor's shade his eye, Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along, And his steel truncheon, waved on high, Seemed marshalling the iron throng. But yet his saddened brow confessed A passing shade of doubt and awe; Some fiend was whispering in his breast, 'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs— Wild rises tumult's startling roar— And Murray's plumed helmet rings— Kings on the ground, to rise no more." What are these figures that move before our eyes? The ghosts come clustering out of the past about us:—"Lo as on Evan's banks we stand The past returns—the present dies!"; Again we awaken from the dream, and—"See! the minstrel vision falls— The glimmering spears are seen no more; The shouts of war die on the gales, Or sink in Evan's lonely roar. For the loud bugle, pealing high, The blackbird whistles down the vale, And sunk in ivied ruins lie The bannered towers of Evandale."

We turn away to our common world

with thoughts of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie making a fragrance in the mind, and a glance at him who also sang of this scene,—

"Oh! banks to me forever dear! Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear! All my hopes of bliss reside Where Evan mingles with the Clyde."

PASTOR FELIX. JOURNALISM IN CHINA.

A Selection of Interesting Editorial Comments from Chinese Newspapers.

Slowly but surely the Chinese are "catching on" to the advantages of daily papers; there are already three daily papers printed in the Chinese language in Canton, and the native merchants are beginning to understand the advantages of advertising. Until lately, the advertising columns of Chinese papers were patronized only by foreigners doing business in China. According to the Figaro, Paris, the most noteworthy publications in China are at present these:—Cnen-Pao (Shanghai News); Hu-pao (News of Hu, another name for Shanghai); Tsing-Pao (News of the Capital, Peking); Che-Pao (Daily News, Tien-tsin); Kwong-Pao (Canton News); Ling-nameje-Pao (News of Ling-nam, old name for Canton). All these papers contain carefully written leading articles, discussing questions of international interest, as for instance, the Pamir question. News by telegraph from the capital and abroad is not wanting, and the usual quantity of murders, suicides, fires, and sporting items is supplied to the readers just as regularly in China as in Europe. The editorial comments are nevertheless very amusing to those Europeans who are sufficiently acquainted with the Chinese language to read them. The Ost-Asia-tische Lloyd, Shanghai, recently published the following items culled from the native Chinese press:—

"It is sad to see how short is the life of man. In Europe they invent remedies against death, but they don't work."

"The seventh son of the Mandarin Kolin is said to have four legs—that is the fault of the Moon."

"Three persons committed suicide by hanging in Canton at one and the same time. That is very good!"

"The rice-harvest promises to fall out very good this year. It is to be hoped that the great examinations in Li-Whah will be just as good. They will take place during the harvest."

"A murder has been committed near the seventeenth tower of the Great Wall. Two Peking merchants were killed there. It is a blessing that they were not Mandarins."

"As the Emperor was being carried through the Yellow street, recently, blows were given to the multitude to make room. The mighty Son of Heaven laughed merrily over this."

"The Arch-Mandarin Tui-Men's summer residence on the Yang-Tse-Kiang has been burned down, owing to the carelessness of a lamp-lighter. May the noble Lord be comforted!"

"During a recent interview at Manking, Prince Ho-Tu-Din-Sab (the second son of the late emperor) swore at the soldiers because the cannons were not polished."

Etiquette in Different Countries.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or a restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady—even his wife—his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

No Turk will enter a sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting shoes with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left and not the right is considered the position of honor.

In Sweden if you address the poorest person on the street you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on a stairway. To enter a reading-room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person, it is sacred; is one of their proverbs.

An Original Speaker.

Those who wish to speak to public audiences with power and effect, recognize the fact that it is half the battle if the attention of the hearers can be riveted from the very outset. A certain original conservative candidate, when about to address a large body of constituents in the north recently, began his speech thus:—

"Long live the Grand Old Man!"

Then he paused, and his auditors seemed astonished.

"Hurrah for Lord Rosebery!"

Another pause, and no little commotion. "Home Rule for Ireland!"

He paused again, and the commotion became more apparent.

"Down with the House of Lords!"

There was about to be an uproar, when he stretched out both arms and said—

"So say the Radicals!"

There was a mighty shout of applause, after which the speech was listened to with rapt attention.

Traveller (in Europe)—Who are those two beautiful girls? Steamer Captain—One is a Circassian whose parents are going to sell her to a Turk; the other is an American whose parents are going to give her to a nobleman.

For Body and Brain.

SINCE 30 YEARS ALL EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND

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The original French Coca Wine; most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.

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Strengthens entire system; most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces.

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Sole Agents in Canada for MARIANI & CO., OF PARIS.

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SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE.

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Ask your Grocer for it.

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See This Dress?

Surprise Soap Washed it.

And will wash any washable material without injury to the color or material—it is harmless yet effective.

White goods are made whiter and colored goods brighter by the use of Surprise Soap.

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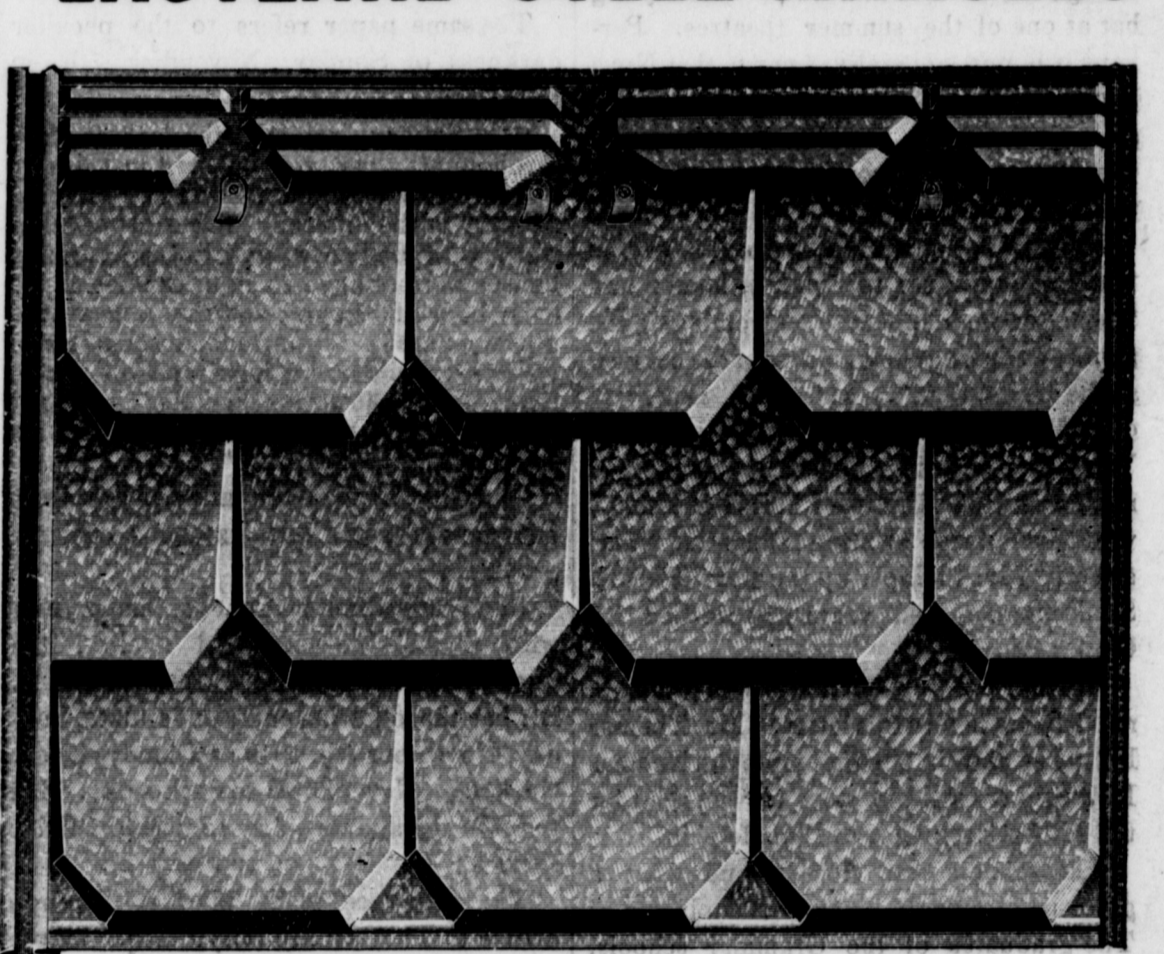
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