

594 THE
MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK,
FOR FEBRUARY.

Now shifting gales with milder influence blow,
Cloud o'er the skies, and melt the falling snow ;
The soften'd earth with fertile moisture teems,
And, freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams.

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DUNFERMLINE :
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MILLER.
1832

Price One Penny.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVES OF A CABBAGE AND

A CAULIFLOWER.

A much admired Recitation.

A CABBAGE loved a cauliflower,
(How far beyond my Muse's power
To tell how much he loved,)
'Oh! list unto a lover true,
To one whose heart was formed for you,'
He said,—she seemed unmoved.

'Ah! think not 'cause my wounds are green,
I speak thus warmly, fairest queen,
Nor think me insincere:
Ah, no! my love is firmly rooted,
Nor is there one so aptly suited
To be my wife, my dear.'

Said she, 'I heard the gardener say
Your heart was hard, the other day,
Then pray can you love but me?'
Said Cab, 'you did not comprehend
The gardener, love, you may depend,
Did merely wish to cut me.'

'Oh!' then the Cauliflower sigh'd,
'Do you deem worthy for your bride,
One of such small renown?'
'Of small renown! what is't you say?
The gardener said but t'other day,
Your head was worth a crown.'

'Then take me for thy wife, my love,
'O rapture! can I ever rove?
Oh no! I swear by Venus!
But, love, our distance,' Cabbage cried,
'Our distance?' cried the lovely bride,
'We've but one bed between us.'

How little thought the luckless pair,
The cruel gardener was near,
(He came at set of sun),
His knife from leathern case he drew,
And cut off both these lovers true,
For fear that they should run.

Universal Reciter.

THE
MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK.

THE PANTHER.

An American Tale.

THE Panther, the name of which is chosen for the title of our story, is a native of the New World, and is more distinctively known as the "Jaguar;" but from the similarity of its appearance and habits to the Panther of our hemisphere, has acquired its name. It is considered as one of the most formidable quadrupeds of the new continent.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE and Louisa proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature; when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

‘Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?’

‘Such things frequently happen,’ returned Louisa. ‘Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.’

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing, that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—

‘Look at the dog!’

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally shewing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

‘Brave!’ she said, ‘be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?’

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking.

‘What does he see?’ said Elizabeth; ‘there must be some animal in sight.’

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

‘Let us fly!’ exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the hand of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

‘Courage, Brave!’ she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; ‘courage, courage, good Brave!’

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature approached near the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent,

but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.— Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore-paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as they commenced by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly, as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form

of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff; which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extri-

cate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power; in the present instance, suspended the threatening blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant; when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashed its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

‘Hist! hist!’ said a low voice; ‘stoop lower, girl; your bonnet hides the creature’s head.’

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom ; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stock rushed by her, and he called aloud—‘ Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool ! ’tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag’in.’

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded pantner, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded ; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

From the Pioneers, by Cowper.

CANDLEMAS IN SCOTLAND.

AT every school in the South of Scotland, the boys and girls look forward with as great anxiety for Candlemas Day as the children of merry England for their Christmas holidays. It is an entire day of relaxation, play, and festivity. On the evening preceding Candlemas Day, the schoolmaster gives notice that to-morrow is their

annual festival. The formal announcement is received with joy, and they hasten home to their fathers for their donations to the schoolmaster, called "Candlemas bleeze," that all may be ready on the morrow. On the morrow all is anxious bustle and conjecture. Who is to be king? Who is to be queen? It is the only day in the year in which they hurry to school with eager pleasure. The master receives the "Candlemas bleeze" from each pupil with condescending and familiar kindness. Some bring sixpence, some a shilling, and others more, according to the circumstances of their parents. With the "bleeze" the master purchases a few bottles of whisky, which is converted into punch, and this, with a quantity of biscuits, is for the entertainment of his youthful guests. The surplus of cash, after defraying all expenses, he retains as a present to himself. This, therefore, being in lieu of a "Christmas box," may be termed a "Candlemas box." The boy that brings the most "bleeze" is crowned king; and, on the same ground, the girl with the largest portion of "bleeze" is crowned queen, as distinctions of the highest honour for the most liberal gifts. To those illustrious personages the other youths in the school pay homage for the remainder of the festival.

The king and queen are installed by each being introduced to the other by the schoolmaster; and they acknowledge the honour with a fond salute: both then receive a glass of punch,

and pledge their worthy master. They next drink "long life and happy days to their loyal subjects," and are afterwards placed on an elevated seat, previously prepared, and called the throne. After the enthronement, the schoolmaster gives each scholar a glass of punch and a biscuit, and they all drink "long life, and a prosperous and happy reign to their most gracious sovereigns," at the same time making obeisance with their best bows. As long as the whisky holds out, these testimonials of loyalty and attachment are repeated. The young ones get full of mirth and glee; and, after receiving their master's thanks for their kindness, they are finally dismissed with merry hearts, to relate their adventures at home.*

It is a custom with many old country people in Scotland to prognosticate the weather of the coming season according to this master prognostication:—

If Candlemas is fair and clear,
There'll be twa winters in the year.

Of the truth of this distich they have no doubt. Should Candlemas day pass over without a shower of rain, or a fall of snow, their spirits droop: they conclude upon severe weather before spring is over, and they reckon upon heavy snow storms before the following Christmas;—if such is the case, ruin is inevitable! On the contrary, if Candlemas day is showery and tempestuous, they anticipate a fine summer,

* It may be necessary to inform the reader that this was the practice of a former age, and is now entirely abolished.

genial suns in autumn, and plenty of refreshment for man and beast. I have seen a farmer of the "Old School," rubbing his hands with glee during the dismal battling of the elements without, while the wind entered within through the crevices of the doors and casements of the latticed window, while his little children at the loud blasts that roared round the roof, ran for protection between the knees of their father, or hid their face in the lap of their mother. When the young ones were put to bed, the two old folks would sit on the side of the Ingle Neuk, talking "o' th' days o' langsyne," when they were bairns themselves, and confirming each other's belief in the old prognostication. Any one acquainted with the habits of the Scotch shepherds and peasantry will authenticate these facts as to Candlemas day.

The blessing of the candles by the pope was seen by Lady Morgan at Rome in 1820. The ceremony takes place in the beautiful chapel of the Quirinal, where the pope himself officiates, and blesses, and distributes with his own hands, a candle to every person in the body of the church; each going individually and kneeling at the throne to receive it. The ceremony commences with the cardinals; then follow the bishops, *prélats*, canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c., down to the sacristans and meanest officers of the church. When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representatives of the Roman senate and people,

receive theirs. This ceremony over, the candles are lighted, the pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chaunting, round the antichapel; the throne is stripped of its splendid hangings; the pope and cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put on their ordinary robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung. The blessing of the candles takes place in all the parish churches.

Year Book.

THE MAN O' TH' LEATHER.

(Concluded from our last.)

“Hollo! is any one there?” quoth a voice from within. “Yes!” said Darby, smothering his anger and simulating in order to gain an entry, “a friend!”

“A friend,” replied the voice, and a deep silence of many minutes succeeded—Darby, constantly expecting that the door would be unbarred for his admittance. At length his patience was exhausted, and he beat the pannel with absolute malice. His knocking was this time more violent and protracted than ever, and he desisted not until the same voice as before hailed him from within. “Hollo! is any one there?”

Darby, this time, scorned a lie, and loudly vociferated “Dash your daylight—don’t you hear there is? It’s me, the man o’ th’ leather.”

“Oho! Man o’ the leather!” was the reply.

Another long pause, followed by another furious assault upon the door, ensued. The former salutation again arrested his violence, to which he shrieked out as before, "It's me, the man o' the leather."

"Ho! Ho! man o' the leather!" responded the voice again, and the long mortifying silence again roused the wrath of the Carrick Carrier.

"I'll swear to his croaking penny-trumpet voice. He knows me," said O'Donnell to himself, after the twentieth repetition of this vexatious farce. "Well, I'll be up with him. The curse o' Cromwell on me, but I'll terrify him up every half-hour o' the night, and come on him the first moment he opens the door on the morrow."

Darby kept his resolution until it was one o'clock, when, unable any longer to bear the mortifying coolness with which he was answered, (and that so speedily too at last, that his foe seemed to be sitting up on the watch, for the mere purpose of tormenting him) that the fiery Carrickman laid his hip and shoulder to the door, and with one tremendous effort forced it from its hinges.

A light step was then heard across the hall. Darby listened for a moment, and looked earnestly towards the spot from which the sound proceeded; but all was darkness. "He's making away, but I'll be after him," quoth the carrier to himself, grasping his oak, and proceeded

on tiptoe across the floor. He stole along, with all possible caution, for a few paces, but hearing the light steps and a noise resembling the fluttering of garments on his right, he thought his tormentor was endeavouring to pass him on that side, and turning suddenly about, he sprang forward, and tumbled headlong down a long flight of stone stairs.

“Oho! man o’ the leather,” were the first sounds he heard on recovering his senses. He was bloody, lamed, and almost disabled by the fall; but this eternal ejaculation set him on his legs again in an instant.

“I’ll follow ye all night,” said he, as he hobbled up stairs. “Curse ye—I’ll murther ye—” “Ho! ho! man o’ the leather,” again struck his ear, followed by the sound of feet apparently moving hastily and with less caution than before, up the stairs above him.

He pursued with all his speed, and in the course of an hour had involved himself in an inextricable labyrinth of passages, closets, byeways, and corridors. “Now what in the name of St. Dennis shall I do? I’m bleeding like a bullock—tired, sorry, and sore, and divel a light, and no living mortal can I come upon. I’ve lost that fiend’s voice too now; vexing as it was, it encouraged me, and kept away weariness, and the spirit of the chace alive. The first sup o’ the morning be poison to you—ye thief of all thieves, ye’ve enticed me here, and mazed and puzzled me, so that I’m lost—curse ye; but I’ll

be up with ye. Oh! St. Dennis! to think o' the beauty o' banging you—ne bocklish boy, ne bocklish—”

“Ho! ho! man o' th' leather.”

This time the never-failing exclamation was succeeded by a loud noise like the chuckle of a demon; which so incensed Darby, that, mustering all his strength, he hurled his trusty sprig in that direction whence the obnoxious sounds proceeded. “There I had you at last,” said he, “I think I had you then, my joy—then I was quits with you at any rate. I've a notion that levelled you, boy—levelled you, Sir, do you see”—said he, groping about on all fours: “where are you, my tricky tanner—where are you?”

“Oho! man o' th' leather,” quoth the voice, in its usual tone.

This was too much. Poor Darby could endure no more, and actually sunk on the broad of his back, at so unexpected an aggravation, and burst into tears. While he lay disconsolately, pondering on his misbaps, he suddenly bethought him of the directions which he had received from the ostler. The mystery was made clear to him in a moment. “I'm in the haunted house,” said he to himself, trembling like the last leaf of the year, “the cursed tanner's new residence must be next door. Murther, now! What will become of me? Oh! that I'd salt or steel, or holy book, to keep the creatures off! Not a

bit—not a snatch of a prayer, can I think of. With a black hen's dung beneath my feet, and a black-hafted knife in my hand, I'd defy man or devil."

"Oho! man o' th' leather!" again assailed his ear.

The dark space before him became immediately painted with myriads of uncouth shapes, which varied with inconceivable rapidity, enlarging to the most stupendous masses and decreasing gradually, yet in a single instant to the merest atoms. They came upon him in huge armies, threatening instant demolition, and suffering a mutation at a hair's breadth from his body, prostrated themselves in all humility at his feet, or passed over him like the globules which dance in the sun's rays. Huge creatures, like mountains, skipped about with all the activity of fleas; and pigmies of half a barleycorn in length stalked by as solemnly as mourning kings. Body and mind could not support this long, and Darby soon fell into a profound sleep.

On awaking at day-break, he found himself in an empty, dilapidated house, and his staff lying by his side. With great difficulty he hobbled to the top of the main staircase, from which, he had the mortification to discover, he had lain distant but a few paces. On descending to the hall, he found the door almost battered to pieces, and moved across it with the sneaking and alarmed air of a dog that has been on a midnight prowl to the fold.

“Here I am once more, thank St. Dennis,” said he, as he placed his foot on the outward steps.

“Ho! Ho! man o’ th’ leather,” again fell on his afflicted ear. He turned about instantly, and about a yard from him beheld a ragged, dirty, one-eyed, lop-winged, grey-pated rogue of a magpie!

The bird cocked up his only eye in the face of Darby with such good-humoured effrontery, that, maimed and jaded as he was, he could not refrain from bursting out into a loud ‘Ho! Ho! Ho!’

“Ho! Ho! Ho!” quoth the magpie, turning about and hopping away on a leg and a wing.

“I’ll have you, my man, and keep you in token of this night’s adventure, if I die for’t,” said Darby, recrossing the threshold. A long and well supported chace put Mag in turn to his shifts. ’Twas in vain that he shrieked, “Oho! man o’ th’ leather—leather—leather—man o’ th’ leather!” The Carrickman was resolute, and after an hour’s hard running, Mag reluctantly betook himself to a hole in the garret wall. Darby was close upon him, and thrust his hand into the cavity before the bird’s tail had disappeared. Judge of his surprise, when, instead of the pie, he pulled forth a well-remembered little bag of his own, containing the exact price of the Cashelman’s leather. He now recollected that the bargain had been struck, and the money paid in the presence of the bird. “It’s as clear as the sun at noon,” said he,

peeping into the hole, which he found went right through the wall into a lumber-room, wherein a heap of damaged hides appeared marked with the initials of Timmy Grogan, the Cashel tanner. The bird, who was perched on a broken piece of furniture, at a distant part of the room, after gazing for a considerable time at his rifled treasure-hole, shook his head, and in a most rueful tone, exclaimed, for the last time, as he hopped off, "Oho! man o', th' leather!"

Cigar.

VARIETIES.

Irish Love of Fighting.—Some peasants belonging to opposite factions had met under peculiar circumstances; there were, however, two on one side and four on the other. In this case, there was likely to be no fight; but in order to balance the number, one of the more numerous party joined the weak side; "Bekase, boys, it would be a burnin' shame, so it would, for four to kick two; and, except I join them, by the Powers, there's no chance of there being a bit of sport, or a row at all at all!" Accordingly he did join them; and the result of it was, that he and his party were victorious—so honestly did he fight.

Effects of Sudden Fright.—An instance occurred on Friday last, in the family of Charles Brendren, esq., Bayswater-road, of the lamentable consequences attendant on the very reprehensible practice of "frightening in fun" as it is

termed. One of Mr Brenden's sons, about 12 years of age, dressed himself in a white sheet and a hideous featured mask, and laying in wait for the house-maid, he suddenly jumped upon her as she was passing along the scullery passage to the kitchen, and clasped her in his arms. She uttered a loud scream of terror, and fell down in a state of insensibility. Her fellow-servants endeavoured to re-animate her, but were unable, and it was found necessary to send for medical assistance. By the aid of powerful stimulants she was recovered, after remaining insensible for upwards of three hours; but the shock and fright she sustained have entirely turned her brain! She has not uttered a word since, and when spoken to by any person, takes not the slightest notice, but will continue sitting in one position, gazing vacantly for eight or nine hours at a time. It has been necessary to use force to compel her to take sufficient nourishment. She is twenty years of age, and was a merry good tempered girl; but by a mischievous frolic, she is likely to remain in a state of idiotcy for life.—*Sunderland Herald.*

Bridewell Keeper Nonplussed.—A young and rather sheepish-looking fellow, who had been condemned for some misdemeanor to pass a short time in our House of Correction, on being ushered in was asked by the keeper if he could weave. He replied, "No." The keeper then went over all the different kinds of bridewell work, asking if he could do any of them.—But he still received the same answer. Being rather nettled, he ex-

claimed "What the d—l is the use of you, sir—can you do anything at all?" "Yes," replied the young fellow, "I can ca' (drive) a cart as weel as ony man in Paisley."

Cost of Armies.—M. Thiers, a Deputy, made an estimate lately in the French Chamber, of the sum paid for the services of each soldier in the different armies of Europe. According to him, the whole expence of feeding, clothing, &c. each man in the French army is £29; in the English £98; in the Prussian £40; in the Austrian £26. This estimate, however, in what relates to England, includes the Ordnance expenses, garrisons, half-pay, &c. and is of too loose a nature to be worth much. Perhaps he is a little more correct in the following statement, viz. that each general officer costs, on an average, in France, £600; in Austria £602; in England £1280; in Prussia; £960; in Bavaria £800.

Free Trade to the Lawyers.—A man from the country applied lately to a respectable solicitor in this town for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Ou ay, sir," rejoined the applicant; "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the *lees* till't yourself".

A Killer.—Little Maggy Smith of Balcaskie, the daughter of the game-keeper there, is a first-rate shot. It is not unusual to see Maggy, on a morning, trudging to school with her fowling-piece over her shoulder, followed by a number of dogs, who are exceedingly fond of their little mistress, and who regularly participate with her at dinner time, the allowance of bread and cheese with which her pockets are usually plentifully supplied. Maggy is a general favourite in the neighbourhood; and indeed there may be something of selfishness in this, for a rabbit or two occasionally—her usual compliment—is generally speaking, no unwelcome *douceur*, and may act as a sort of bounty to the cultivation of Maggy's good graces. Some time ago, on an extraordinary occasion, her father—the old game-keeper—had rather partaken largely in the festivities going forward at Balcaskie, so that he was found next morning, to be wholly unfit for the functions of his office. The crisis was an important one to his family; for a peremptory demand had just come from Balcaskie House for a certain quantity of game. Maggy *willingly* officiated in the emergency, and sallied forth with gun, bag, and belt, and soon procured the necessary supply. She actually bagged, it is said, a couple of pheasants, a brace of wood-cocks, and a hare. So much for Maggy Smith's deadly eye! If it is such a killer now, when she is only about 12 or 14 years of age, what will it not do in two or three years hence?—We opine manslaughter right and left to a certainty. *Fife Herald.*

HINTS RESPECTING CHOLERA :

With DIRECTIONS which may be most safely followed when Medical Aid cannot be immediately obtained.



As it is easier to prevent than to cure this dangerous disease, the following cautions should be observed :— Great moderation in diet, and in the use of fermented and spirituous liquors. Raw vegetables and unripe fruit should be carefully avoided ; a diet of light animal food is the best. The state of the skin should be particularly attended to, so that perspiration be not checked suddenly. The feet should be kept dry and warm. Flannel should be worn next the skin, or at least a flannel bandage round the body. The utmost personal cleanliness is to be maintained by frequent washing. Every room should be ventilated by opening the doors and windows frequently in the daytime. Under the proper observance of cleanliness and ventilation, this disease seldom spreads in families, and rarely passes to those about the sick under such favourable circumstances, unless they happen to be peculiarly predisposed. Gentle exercise in the open air is highly useful to preserve the general health of persons exposed to the risk of infection. Glauber's and Epsom salts, as well as other cold purgatives, are not to be taken without the express prescription of a medical man. No specific against Cholera is known ; and all the patent drugs offered with this pretention are absolutely injurious. The only preventives are a healthy body and a cheerful mind.

In most cases, a day or two days before a person is seriously affected by the disease, he has some disorder of stomach, giddiness, and a loose state of bowels, with frequent calls to go to stool. When these symptoms appear, he must confine himself to bed, and take a pill of two grains of calomel and one grain of opium, to be repeated in two or three hours, and followed in the course of four or five hours by a table spoonful of castor oil. A small quantity of brandy and hot water may be taken at intervals. *It is of the utmost importance to pay particular attention to these early indications of the disease.*

When the most alarming part of the disorder has actually commenced, the patient complains first of giddiness and nervous agitation, and is extremely feeble ; his features become sharp and contracted ; his lips, face, neck, hands, and feet, blue ; the fingers and toes are contracted ; the pulse is so small as to be almost extinct ; the skin is deadly cold and shrivelled ; the voice nearly gone ; breathing quick ; the patient speaks in a whisper ; suffers cramps in his limbs and body ; his urine is totally suppressed ; he vomits and purges a liquid like rice-water or whey.

A person so seized should take immediately, as an emetic, two tea-spoonfuls of common mustard in half a tumbler of warm water. He should be wrapped in hot blankets; and friction all over his body with camphorated spirit or oil of turpentine and warm flannel should be used. Bottles of hot water or hot bricks should be placed at the back and feet.* Poultices of common mustard and linseed meal in equal parts, mixed with warm water, should be applied to his stomach. He should drink hot brandy and water, or hot water with a tea-spoonful of sal volatile, or with ten drops of oil of peppermint and some sugar in it. In case of his complaining of pain, from twenty to forty drops of laudanum may be given; should, however, the pain be accompanied with spasms, the dose may be from thirty to fifty drops. *Medical assistance should be obtained as soon as possible.* It is important to add, that when the patient's shirt or the sheets of his bed are changed, which should be done as frequently as possible, the dirty linen is to be plunged immediately into cold water.

* * * The above short Hints were submitted to the inspection, and have received the approval, of several of the most eminent Medical Men in Edinburgh. *Circulated gratis by Oliver and Boyd.*

* Flat bags, about 18 inches by 12, filled with hot sand, salt, or meal, will be found very useful for this purpose.

FOR FEBRUARY.

Sow more pease and beans for a succession; also radishes, lettuces, cresses, parsley, &c. Spinage may be sown every three or four weeks to have a constant supply; also a few cabbages and savoy seeds about the end of the month. A few onion seeds may be sown in the middle of the month, which often do better than those sown later. Prepare ground for potatoes, onions, and other roots. Gather fresh horse dung to prepare for making up hot beds for cucumbers and melons. Water may be given in small quantities to such plants as want it, picking off all decayed leaves. Plant ranunculuses and anemonies. Sow tender annual flowers on a moderate hotbed.

FEBRUARY, 1st. ho. m.	FEBRUARY, 28th. ho. m.
Day breaks,.....5 30	Day breaks,.....4 45
Sun Rises,.....7 27	Sun Rises,.....6 37
—Sets,.....4 33	—Sets,.....5 23
Twilight ends,.....6 30	Twilight ends,..7 15