

5594

THE MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK, FOR MAY.

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fost'ring breezes blow !
Ye soft'ning dews, ye tender show'rs descend ;
And temper all, thou world-receiving sun,
Into the perfect year !

THOMSON.

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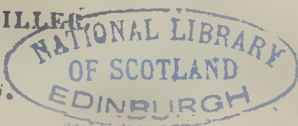
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DUNFERMLINE :

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Price One Penny.



JOHN AND JOAN,

A Domestic Tale.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight ;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottem sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup,
But Joan was not like John ;
For when her lips first touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair
But she ne'er chang'd a jot ;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found a l remonstrance vain
Another card he play'd ;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a devil pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet she as stoutly quaff'd ;
And ever when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrified,
His hair rose on his pate :
And ' why dost guzzle now,' he cried,
' At this enormous rate !'

' Oh, John,' said she, ' am I to blame ?—
I can't in conscience stop :
For sure 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave the devil a drop !'

THE
MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

“What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet!
And fearful, oft, when day's declining light,
Yields his pale empire to the mournful night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves, and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.”

COLLINS.

THE same wave that overwhelms one man, often bears another triumphantly to the shore of safety. My father's sudden death, which elevated my elder brother from the equality on which we were placed during the old man's lifetime to the summit of affluence, threw me into the lowest abyss of poverty and despair. He died without a will, and I was left penniless and unprotected. Young and romantic, I wandered from the land of my forefathers, and for many lingering years was buffeted about the world, alternately rioting in joy and luxury, and reduced to the very extremes of despondency and want. Thrice have I been shipwrecked; nine years I bemoaned my fate in the walls of a foreign prison; I have wandered over the hot deserts of Africa, and penetrated some of the thickest wilds of the New World. My latter years afford the most extravagant contrast to those of my dawning manhood and maturity. Like a mild evening, after a day of turbulent storms, my present peaceful occupations are ren-

dered more dear by the contemplation of my former busy and dangerous career.

I was once a guest at a marriage-feast in Southern Africa. A young man, with whom I had contracted an intimacy during the few months that circumstances obliged me to tarry at the Cape of Good Hope, invited me to accompany him on a fortnight's journey up the country, to a wealthy boor's house, whose daughter he was going to marry. I had nothing to do, time hung heavily upon me, and I gladly accepted his offer.

We set forward in high spirits, and proceeded as straight as the nature of the country would allow, towards our destination. My young companion knew each mountain, rivulet, kloof, and resting-place from the coast upwards even to the land of the Caffrees; having been on innumerable bartering expeditions, to different parts of the country, and accustomed to travel from one place to another from his very childhood. It was on one of these journeys that he first met with the daughter of old Hendrick Groning, and he contrived to prolong his visit at the boor's house, until he won the young girl's heart; and after obtaining her father's consent to their marriage, hastened away to Cape Town, wound up his affairs with all possible expedition, and made up his mind to spend the remainder of his life with the family of the boor. On these conditions only would Hendrick agree to the match; and my young friend was so enamoured of the descendant of the Dutch Gronings, that, with very little reluctance, he assented to old Hendrick's whim.

We traversed the wilds and mountains without encountering any thing particularly worthy of remark, and arrived in safety at the threshold of the puffy but good humoured Hendrick Groning. He was considerably more active and industrious than his neighbours, and had amassed a decent property through his superior agricultural knowledge and general management. He had paid several visits to the Cape, could read and write, and was upon the whole infinitely superior to the generality of those who dwelt in his district. He cleaved to the ways of his forefathers, wore as much clothes, and smoked as much tobacco as any genuine Hollander on earth. He calculated a man's sense and honesty by the love he bore to the herb of his idolatry, and deemed him a rank traitor or hypocritical villain who would not quaff cup for cup with him throughout the day. The month I spent in his house was chiefly consumed in drinking, smoking, dozing, and listening to the clumsy, matter-of-fact, every-day tales and traditions, which Hendrick's bulky rib recounted as absolute wonders. Hendrick's passions were never roused by liquor; it only increased his natural appetite for sleep, tobacco, and silence. He had very little of the young people's company; it was at a season of the year when the boors can do little work out of doors, and Hendrick and I had no other method of amusing ourselves than by getting tipsy, sleeping in our chairs until thirst awoke us, and drinking and smoking again, until slumber again stole upon us unawares.

In this way I passed an entire month. From the moment I entered Hendrick's house, to the day of my departure, I never enjoyed the full use of my reason for three hours together. At length, in a moment of ebriety, I resolved to return, and intimated my resolution to Hendrick and his family over a pipe. They all strongly opposed my intention, but finding me bent on going the next morning, it was unanimously agreed that the night should be passed in drinking. My young friend offered to accompany me some distance homewards; even Hendrick volunteered his services for a day's ride; I was besought to accept of a horse; but such was my vanity and self-conceit, that I considered these proffers as indirect aspersions on my courage and strength, and obstinately refused them all. I had travelled over the same ground but a month before, and thought it would be impossible for me to mistake the great landmarks, and my inebriety rendered me proof against the apprehensions of danger. At length the dawn shone in upon us, and betrayed the disgusting relics of our nocturnal debauch. We hastened into the open air, and made a slight meal on some slices of the *hippopotamus*, which looked and tasted very much like pork. Hendrick put a lighted pipe in my mouth; and, with his whole family, accompanied me to the verge of his little domain; where, previous to bidding me, perhaps an eternal farewell, he gave me a few words of advice, which, he said, might be of service to me in the deserts. "If you should happen to meet with a lion in your path," said he, "don't be daunted, but look him

resolutely in the face, stand as stiff as a rock, and bicker and clamour at him with all your might. Tut! tut! never trust to your snaps," continued the wary old man, observing me fumbling for my pistols, "never trust to your snaps; you may hit the beast by chance, but it's a miracle if you kill or even disable him; but oh! dear, Sir, if your lead whizzes over his mane, or cleaves his tough skin without entirely slaying him, your life isn't worth a two hours' purchase. Why, Sir, he'll lay you across his mighty loins, and carry you off to his den as fairly and cleverly as my galloway ambles away under the light body of my boy Rudolph. You'll never look upon mortal again. Your grave will be the fiery maw of the terrible beast; but don't be daunted, Sir—look fierce upon him, and he'll fly you; but if you prize your existence, let him go off peaceably and quietly when he turns his back; don't hail him, or scoff at him in his retreat; his spirit wont bear it; an insult thrown upon a cowed and perishing enemy, is often fatally revenged—but dont be daunted, Sir, don't be daunted—wife—wife—bring the jar."

I quaffed a cup of mine host's wine; kissed his coy little girls, who apparently wondered as much at my departure, as they did at my coming among them; pressed old Hendrick's hand to my heart, and after taking a warm leave of my young friend and his bride, departed in high spirits. I travelled along at a moderate rate for several hours; but, to confess the truth, I felt my courage sensibly flagging as the inspiring fumes of Hendrick's strong drink were gradually dispelled by exercise

and perspiration. My contempt of danger and fear was merely ephemeral. My unusual elevation of heart was succeeded by the most extraordinary prostration of spirits. I vainly endeavoured to rally my sinking powers, and to laugh at my fears. I never felt so strong a sense of cowardice before.

The shades of evening were veiling the hills in obscurity; the boor's place, towards which Hendrick had directed me to steer, was some miles distant; there was no human being at hand to cheer me, and Hendrick's advice to brave the lion in my path, I felt internally certain I was unable to follow. At first, I blushed with shame at my terror; but as it grew darker I gradually altered my opinion on the subject, and at length felt perfectly reconciled to myself, notwithstanding my unconquerable dismay. How fearfully did the occasional roaring of the prowling beasts echo around me! I felt them smite on my heart; they reached my soul before my more obtuse animal sense distinguished them; the intervals between them increased their effect upon me. A wild, blended, and continual peal from the throats of all the beasts in the desert, would not have been so terrible as those silent pauses—those heart-quelling minutes which elapsed between each roar. They afforded time to think—to reflect on the danger with which I was enveloped. My senses were not altogether scared with affright. I was sensible enough to feel the misery of my situation. The lion, whose deep, rumbling tone I heard at a distance, had sufficient time to reach me before I heard his voice again. His next ebullition of hun-

gry rage might be thundered forth within a few yards of my side. I ran with the velocity of a hunted deer, and still felt freezing in every limb. Had a lion crossed me that night, I must inevitably have fallen a prey to him; but, by good fortune, I reached the boor's house in safety, and in the comforts of his hospitable hearth, endeavoured to forget my fears.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE COCK FIGHT,

A BURLESQUE SKETCH.

Concluded from our last.

OF all the feathered warriors assembled on this eventful day, only three had shewed an aversion from appearing on the field of strife. However, by flying from danger, they rushed upon inevitable destruction; for they immediately suffered an ignominious death; and after being immolated, were exhibited to public view, as unworthy longer to live in a society which their cowardice had disgraced. Of the rest, not one had retired from the scene of action without obvious marks, and painful recollections, of the service in which he had been engaged.

Some had lost an eye; others had broken wings; their plumage was stript off; their limbs and wounds were now sore and stiff with fatigue and clotted blood.—Yet such was the spirit of their masters, that they were again brought forth to afford them sport; again they were placed in the pit, not in pairs, but old and young, veteran and

raw recruit, in one promiscuous crowd, where they fought *pele mele*, tearing open their closing wounds, to the great delight of the spectators, who termed this a battle royal, and expressed great satisfaction in this humane and rational amusement.

The dead, the dying, and the wounded, were now removed from the scene of action; and those who had set them on, forgetful of all their sufferings, exhibited an apathy similar to the general at the siege of Frederickshall, who, after a bullet from an unknown hand had levelled his hot-brained master, Charles XII., coolly said, 'My lads, the play is over, let us go to supper!'

An emigration now took place, from the malt-barn to Jonathan's dining-room; and, as if their ferocious spirits were not yet satiated, they determined to imitate the rudest barbarians, by feasting on the victims of the day.

The feast of skulls (as it might be termed) was spread, the victims were devoured, and their bones lay scattered around. All discussion of the ~~any body performed~~ had been suspended by the pleasures of mastication. Now that the table was cleared, and a bowl of rum punch smoking before them, many were the bets to be decided, and difficult to be adjusted were the claims for martial honour. Among these last, the most dubious were, those of the black champion and the speckled warrior.

The point seemed to turn upon these two things, which of the two gave the last stroke, or fell first on the floor; and here there was a considerable difference of opinion. A great majority affirmed,

that they rushed forward and met each other—that the shock of their collision produced immediate death to both, and that at the same instant they lay lifeless on the floor. But there were a few, who, either from observing more keenly, or being interested in the catastrophe, were of a different opinion. One affirmed, that the black hero made the greatest progress in his advance to meet the enemy—that he came up in quick march, while the other advanced in slow time; hence it was evident, that, allowing that they had both started at the same instant, one shewed more eagerness for the fight than the other.

Another asserted, that the party-coloured warrior gave the last stroke. A third, that the champion in armour only fell in consequence of his antagonist tumbling over him, when no longer able to stand. Disputes were multiplied, and “of their wrangling seemed no end.”

Some writers on the human constitution have affirmed, that both body and mind are influenced by the nature of the aliment taken into the stomach. Be this as it may, the doctrine appeared plausible enough on the present occasion; for, as the arguments were protracted, the wrath of the parties increased. From high words, threats followed; gesticulations succeeded, which were answered with proud defiance. At length, as if the spirits of the murdered warriors had been inhaled by the company, and incorporated into their system, they all at once proceeded to blows. The combatants were arranging themselves on different sides, and preparing for a regular systematic action, for as

yet it had been only slight skirmishing among some of their leaders, particularly Clover senior and old Anvil ; the different allies had begun to fall in, and a few missile weapons had been played off, when a bottle, aimed at Anvil's head, took the candle in its way, and lodged it in the pocket of Tom the joiner, who happening to have a small quantity of gunpowder there, in a piece of brown paper, the said powder, now, in imitation of the company, burst forth in a blaze ; but luckily did no serious harm, further than singeing Tom's whiskers ; unless we add a contingency, of which it was doubtless the occasion, namely, that Arthur Clod, in his hurry to escape from the blaze, attempted to jump on the table, but coming short, stript the skin from his shins, and overset the table ; by which accident, a large decanter of water was thrown topsy turvy, and the contents, by the law of gravity, descended on the floor ; but in its passage, a very considerable quantity lodged in the small-clothes of a lusty farmer, who sat contiguous. Its temperature being rather beyond blood heat, produced him no small uneasiness ; but the present was not a time to make noise about a trifle. When the table was overturned, the remaining candle went along with it, and being unaccustomed to burn on a floor, in a horizontal position, it went out in a pet.

All was now dark, but still the battle raged with unremitted fury ; the missile weapons were on the floor, and several of the company lay beside them. Blows were dealt at random, and few of them fell ineffectual. Some, who still kept on their legs, endeavoured to get out, and when obstructed in

their egress, laid about them lustily. Several dogs were in the room, who, more sagacious than their masters, had hitherto preserved a placid disposition; but, amidst the din of arms, some one trode on the paw of a mastiff, with no gentle pressure; he growled resentment—it was echoed by another, and a canine battle commenced. Those who lay on the floor still kept up the *row*: they kicked, pinched, scratched, pulled hair, bit noses, and boxed at random: clothes were torn, hats tossed on the fire; execrations were uttered, or rather bellowed; dogs howled, and every moment produced ‘confusion worse confounded.’ A sly old fellow, an excise officer, who sat in a corner, and had hitherto taken no part, thinking it wrong to be idle when every one was so actively employed, and recollecting the proverb, that ‘water separates dogs,’ snatched the kettle from the side of the fire, and, guessing from the uproar where the crowd were sprawling thickest, discharged its contents among them. The passage out was now clear, some ran, others walked, and not a few crawled out upon all fours. The landlord, hitherto afraid to enter, came with lights, hats, bonnets, wigs, shoes, &c. were wanting, some torn, some burnt; decanters, bottles, glasses, &c. strewed the floor: black eyes, bloody noses, and wounded cheeks, bespoke the valour of the combatants. One had a dislocated thumb, and another had left a couple of his fore-teeth on the field of battle.

They had just concluded a truce, when Fame, having already spread the report of the battle from one end of the village to the other, men, women,

and children, collected, and besieged the doors of the inn; some alarmed for their husbands, others for their sons, and not a few wishing to enjoy the fun. Among the first who arrived, was Mrs Anvil, whose husband and son were both engaged;—an Amazon in strength and courage, and a Xantippe in clamour and volubility of tongue. She entered the house before hostilities had fairly ceased between her loving spouse and Clover senior: her husband was bleeding profusely at the nose, and the blood, diffusing itself over a beard, bushy, black, and nearly of a week's growth, rendered his appearance ruefully picturesque. His brawny fist, was clenched opposite to Clover's teeth; when, with the fury of a tigress, his wife sprung upon the hapless farmer, indenting his cheeks with her talons, and closing the attack with a most redoubtable blow on his mouth, which had the immediate effect of exhibiting his face in the same colour as that of Anvil.

Obstreperous din, scolding, clamour, crying, and hysterics, now had the effect of recalling the scattered senses of the combatants; who united their powers of rhetoric in persuading the females to withdraw. Most of them took the hint; but Mrs Anvil, determined to enjoy—what she conceived a woman's privilege—scolding, began to exercise her lungs, much to the amusement of the mob. Her husband first entreated, and then commanded her to be silent and withdraw, which only tended to increase her soul-mouthed vociferation. Honest Vulcan, justly offended with this contempt of conjugal authority, seized her in his arms, car-

ried her to a pond at a small distance, and soused her over head and ears ; when she lifted her head, he asked if she was now willing to walk home quietly, assuring her she should lie there till she gave her consent. A few minutes cooled down her wrath ; her husband assisted her to rise ; and she walked off in sullen silence. The mob were prevailed upon to disperse, and the company separated soon after.

The human mind is a compound of most heterogeneous principles. Had any one accused me of feeling pleasure in the sufferings or misfortunes of my fellow-creatures, or even of being negligent or indifferent in my endeavours to promote the happiness of my species, my heart would have warranted me in denying the charge. Yet candour obliges me here to confess, that the foregoing circumstances, when related, gave me no real concern ; perhaps, I was not sorry to hear them. And I could not refrain from saying to myself, "Well, this comes of despising my advice!"

Scottish Probationer.

CARDINAL BEATON.

This dignitary of the Romish church was assassinated on the 28th of May, 1546. He was primate of Scotland, over which he exercised almost sovereign sway. Just before his death he got into his power George Wishart, a gentleman by birth, who preached against Romish superstitions, and caused him to be condemned to the stake for heresy. The cardinal refused the sacrament to his

victim, on the ground that it was not reasonable to allow a spiritual benefit to an obstinate heretic, condemned by the church. Wishart was tied to a tree in the castle-yard of St. Andrews, with bags of gunpowder fastened about his body. The cardinal and prelates were seated on rich cushions with tapestry hangings before them, from whence they viewed the execution of their sentence. The gunpowder having exploded without ending Wishart's bodily sufferings, the inflexible reformer exclaimed from the fire, "This flame hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit: but he who from yonder high place beholdeth me with such pride, shall within a few days lie in the same as ignominiously as now he is seen proudly to rest himself." After these words, the cord that went about his neck was drawn by one of the executioners to stop his breath, the fire was increased, his body was consumed to ashes, and the cardinal caused proclamation to be made, that none should pray for the heretic under pain of the heaviest ecclesiastical censures. If the church, said the priests, had found such a protector in former times, she had maintained her authority; but the cardinal's cruelty struck the people with horror, and John Lesly, brother to the earl of Rothes, with Normand Lesly, the earl of Rothes' son. (who was disgusted on account of some private quarrel,) and other persons of birth and quality, openly vowed to avenge Wishart's death. Early in the morning they entered the cardinal's palace at St. Andrews, which he had strongly fortified; though they were not above sixteen persons, they thrust out a hundred

tradesmen and fifty servants, whom they seized separately, before any suspicion arose of their intentions; and having shut the gates, they proceeded very deliberately to execute their purpose on the cardinal. Beaton alarmed with the noise which he heard in the castle, barricadoed the door of his chamber: but finding that they had brought fire in order to force their way, and having obtained, as is believed, a promise of life, he opened the door; and reminding them that he was a priest, he conjured them to spare him. Two of them rushed upon him with drawn swords, but a third, James Melvil, stopped their career, and bade them reflect that this work was the work and judgment of God, and ought to be executed with becoming deliberation and gravity. Then turning the point of his sword towards Beaton, he called to him, "Repent thee, thou wicked cardinal, of all thy sins and iniquities, especially of the murder of Wishart, that instrument of God for the conversion of these lands: it is his death which now cries vengeance upon thee: we are sent by God to inflict the deserved punishment. For here, before the Almighty, I protest, that it is neither hatred of thy person, nor love of thy riches, nor fear of thy power, which moves me to seek thy death: but only because thou hast been, and still remainest, an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus, and his holy gospel." Having spoken these words, without giving Beaton time to finish that repentance to which he exhorted him, he thrust him through the body, and the cardinal fell dead at his feet. Upon a rumour that the castle was taken, a great tumult arose in the

city; and several partisans of the cardinal armed themselves with intent to scale the walls. When they were told of his death they desisted, and the people insisting upon a sight of the cardinal's body, his corpse was exposed to their view from the very same place wherein he sat to behold the execution of George Wishart.

A WALK IN MAY.

I chanced to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country, to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays, I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. My pleasure, however, was somewhat interrupted by the appearance to the windward of me of a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of *Alexander the Great* and *Artaxerxes*; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret

in it ; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said. After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, that he valued the *Black Prince* more than the *duke of Vendosme*. How the duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive : and was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, that if the *emperor of Germany* was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the season was so changeable, the *duke of Marlborough* was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence ; especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the *prince of Hesse*, and the *king of Sweden*, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the *crown of France* was very weak, but that the *marshal Villars* still kept his colours. At last one of them told the company, if they would go along with him he would shew them a *Chimney-sweeper* and a *Painted Lady* in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower which had driven them as well as myself into the house, was now over ; and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company. The gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while ; for that he believed he could show me such a blow of *tulips* as was not

to be matched in the whole country. I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour. I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us; but my agreeable sensations were a little abated by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest I ever saw, upon which they told me it was a common *Fool's Coat*. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of *Fool's Coat*. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which was the finest of the flowers, for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. He told me, that he valued the bed of flowers, which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England; and added, that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cookmaid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip roots for a heap of onions, and by that means, says he, made me a dish of porridge, that cost me above a thousand pounds sterling. He then shewed me what he

thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties. I have often looked upon it as a piece of the greatest happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with.

Tatler.

COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

In no other country is the great and engrossing business of courtship conducted in so romantic a manner as among the rural swains of Scotland. Excepting among the higher classes, who have time entirely at their own disposal, night is the season in which rural 'lovers breathe their vows,' and in which their rural sweethearts 'hear them.' Let the night be 'ne'er sae wild,' and the swain 'ne'er sae weary,' if he has an engagement upon his hands, he will perform it at all hazards; he will climb mountains, leap burns, or wade rivers, not only with indifference, but enthusiasm; and, wrapped in his plaid, he will set at naught the fury of the elements, the wrath of rivals, and the attacks of the midnight robber.

I have known several instances of young men, who toiled all day at the plough, the harrows, or the scythe, walking fifteen miles to see their sweethearts, after the hour of nine in the evening, and returning in time for their work on the ensuing morn. And this, be it observed, was not done

once or twice, but repeatedly—week after week, for several months. Twenty miles of a journey, upon an errand of such a nature, is regarded as a trifle by many a young farmer who has a spare horse to carry him.

During these stolen interviews, if a mutual attachment subsist between the parties, another assignation is always made, and never was oath more religiously kept than is this simple compact, ratified by no other ceremony than a parting kiss, or a tender shake of the hand. Time appears to have leaden wings with both, until the hour of meeting again arrives; and then the swain sets out anew with alacrity, be it rain, sleet, snow, murky, or moonlight. His fair one, true to her trust, has by this time eluded the vigilance of father and mother, of maid or man servant, and has noiselessly lifted the latch, undrawn the door-bar, or escaped by the window, and awaits him with fond impatience at the favourite spot, which they have consecrated to their love. He joyfully beholds her in the distance as he approaches, gliding like an apparition from the house, and sauntering about until his arrival; and she, not less attentive to every thing that is stirring, perceives him like a shadow amidst the distant dimness, watches him as his figure becomes more distinct, recognises his gait, his air, his every peculiarity, and at last, on the strength of her conviction, runs to throw herself into his arms, and bid him welcome.

In this way courtships are so secretly conducted, that it is frequently never known, excepting among the nearest friends of the respective parties, that a

couple are more than commonly acquainted, until the præcentor, from his seat upon Sunday, publishes the bans of their marriage. People are extremely fond of discussing topics of that nature,—of scrupulously weighing the merits of each party in the balance,—of dropping oblique hints, and sly insinuations,—and of prying, with impertinent curiosity, into motives and conduct—some of them for the sake of indulging an envious or malevolent disposition, and others from a hope of discovering some flaw or failing which may keep their own in countenance, and save them from the appearance of singularity. For this reason it is always deemed a most fortunate and happy event should two lovers happen to bring matters to a crisis before the public ears have begun to tingle with a report of their intentions. Then it is only a sudden buzz, which gradually dies from the moment of their marriage, after which they are left, with characters unsifted, to pursue their matrimonial course in tranquillity.

But perhaps the fair one's charms have been so powerful as to draw around her a crowd of admirers; and in that case, neither the courtship nor the marriage can be accomplished in a corner. The favoured suitor has almost on every occasion to make his way, either by force or stratagem, to the door, the window, or whatever place he and his love may have appointed as the scene of their meeting. She, pestered by crowds of others—who, though void of hope, still continue to prowl about for the purpose of molesting the more fortunate—can rarely escape from the house, or admit her lover into it, without being seen, and teased with importunities, or

taunted with the name of him upon whom she has set her heart. In this way some of the most wonderful *hits*, and *misses*, *escapes* and *seizures*, take place at times that ever were known in the art of manœuvring; and the intuitive quickness with which she can distinguish the true from the false voice among many that whisper at her window in the course of an evening, almost exceeds credibility.

Traits of Scottish Life.

METHOD OF MAKING YEAST.

The following method of making yeast for bread is easy and expeditious. Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour, when milk warm, bottle and cork it close; it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One mutchkin of it will make eighteen pounds of bread.

GARDEN WORK IN MAY.

Sow cabbages, cauliflowers, and savoys, for a late crop, and transplant those formerly sown, when ready. Sow full crops of French and Turkey beans, marrowfat, and other kind of pease. Every week during the summer months sow lettuces, &c. for a constant supply of salad. Earth up celery, and thin carrots, onions, turnips, and spinage, where necessary, taking care to leave the strongest plants. Plant cucumbers under hand glasses. Water, in dry weather, young fruit trees, and protect the roots from the heat, with short grass laid round the stems. Cut box edgings. Nail up young shoots of wall-trees, and tie espaliers with twigs of the golden willow. Remove plants out of the green-house, and place them in a shady sheltered border, observing to water them daily.

MAY 1st.		ho. m.	MAY 30th.		ho. m.
Day breaks.....	2	7		Sun rises,.....	3 54
Sun rises,.....	4	37		— sets,.....	8 6
— sets.....	7	23			
Twilight ends.....	9	53			