

THE MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK, FOR JANUARY.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;
While well attested and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The Rural gambol. THOMSON.

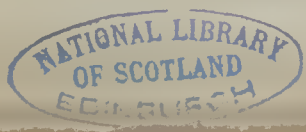
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THE suspension of our "Gas Work," and the consequent demise of Cockspur and Co., have cast a gloom over our little "literary horizon," which a "discerning Public" will doubtless feel very depressing. That the dire effects resulting from the departure of such brilliant luminaries may in some measure be mitigated, we have resolved to draw upon, and reflect some of those Southern lights, which are so extensively diffusing their corruscations under our Northern sky: and it will be our endeavour to present—not only to our own town and neighbourhood but to places far distant from us—such Extracts, and occasionally Original Articles, as we trust will not fail to excite, in the rising generation especially, a relish for elegant and useful reading, calculated to improve the mind and humanise the affections; and thus the "MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK" may, at the year's end, form a volume worth referring to, as a source of amusement for an idle hour.

But it may be necessary to explain to those who are far from the place of our operations, to whom "these presents may come"—and who may find our figurative language obscure as the "unknown tongues"—that when we say "our Gas Work," we mean to indicate—"The GASOMETER, or, Dunfermline Literary Magazine, for 1831:" to which Messrs Cockspur, Batwing, Argand, and Jet, were contributors. We would further intimate to such as may wish to possess themselves of the Work, that a few copies still remain on hand, price Five Shillings in cloth, which may be had of Mr A MACREDIE, Bookseller, St. David's Street, Edinburgh; or of the Publisher, Bridge Street, Dunfermline.

MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK.

THE BEAR.

There through the piny forest half absorpt,
 Rough tenant of those shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn :
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storm's increase,
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift ;
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

THOMSON.

THE annals of the North are filled with accounts of the most perilous and fatal conflicts with the Polar bear. The first, and one of the most tragical, was sustained by Barentz and Heemskerck in 1596, during their voyage for the discovery of the north-east passage. Having anchored at an island near the strait of Weygatz, two of the sailors landed, and were walking on shore, when one of them felt himself closely hugged from behind. Thinking this a frolic of one of his companions, he called out, in a corresponding tone, 'Who's there? pray stand off.' His comrade looked, and screamed out, 'A bear! a bear.' then running to the ship, alarmed the crew with loud cries. The sailors ran to the spot, armed with pikes and muskets. On their approach, the bear very coolly quitted the mangled corpse, sprang upon another sailor, carried him off, and plunging his teeth into his body, began drinking his blood at long draughts. Hereupon, the whole of that stout crew, struck with terror;

turned their backs, and fled precipitately to the ship. On arriving there they began to look at each other, unable to feel much satisfaction with their own prowess. Three then stood forth, undertaking to avenge the fate of their countrymen, and secure to them the rites of burial. They advanced, and fired at first from so respectable a distance, that all missed. The purser then courageously proceeded in front of his companions, and, taking a close aim, pierced the monster's skull immediately below the eye. The bear, however, merely lifted his head, and advanced upon them, holding still in his mouth the victim whom he was devouring; but seeing him soon stagger, the three rushed on with sabre and bayonet, and soon dispatched him. They collected and bestowed decent sepulture on the mangled limbs of their comrades. while the skin of the animal, thirteen feet long, became the prize of the sailor who had fired the successful shot.

The history of the whale-fishery records a number of remarkable escapes from the bear. A Dutch captain, Jonge Kees, in 1668, undertook, with two canoes, to attack one, and with a lance gave him so dreadful a wound in the belly, that his immediate death seemed inevitable. Anxious, therefore, not to injure the skin, Kees merely followed the animal close, till he should drop down dead. The bear, however, having climbed a little rock, made a spring from the distance of twenty-four feet upon the captain, who, taken completely by surprise, lost hold of

the lance, and fell beneath the assailant, who placing both paws on his breast, opened two rows of tremendous teeth, and paused for a moment, as if to shew him all the horrors of his situation. At this critical instant, a sailor, rushing forward with only a scoop, succeeded in alarming the monster, who made off, leaving the captain without the slightest injury.

In 1788, Captain Cook, of the *Archangel*, when near the coast of Spitzbergen, found himself suddenly between the paws of a bear. He instantly called upon the surgeon who accompanied him to fire, which the latter did with such admirable promptitude and precision, that he shot the beast through the head, and delivered the captain. Mr Hawkins, of the *Everthorp*, in July 1818, having pursued and twice struck a large bear, had raised his lance for a third blow, when the animal sprang forward, seized him by the thigh, and threw him over its head into the water. Fortunately it used this advantage, only to effect its own escape. Captain Scoresby mentions a boat's crew which attacked a bear in the Spitzbergen sea; but the animal having succeeded in climbing the sides of the boat, all the sailors threw themselves, for safety, into the water, where they hung by the gunwale. The victor entered triumphantly, and took possession of the barge, where it sat quietly, till it was shot by another party. The same writer mentions the ingenious contrivance of a sailor, who, being pursued by one of these creatures, threw down

successively his hat, jacket, handkerchief, and every other article in his possession; when the brute pausing at each, gave the sailor always a certain advantage, and enabled him, finally, to regain the vessel.

Though the ferocity of the bear is such, that he has been known to feed on his own species, yet maternal tenderness is as conspicuous in the female, as in the other inhabitants of the frozen regions. There is no exertion which she will not make for the supply of her progeny. A she-bear, with her two cubs, being pursued by some sailors across a field of ice, and finding that, neither by example, nor by a peculiar voice and action, she could urge them to the requisite speed, applied her paws, and itched them alternately forward. The little creatures themselves, as she came up, threw themselves before her to receive impulse, and thus both she and they effected their escape.

Cab. Library.

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

THE following remarkable circumstance is extracted from the "Life and Diary of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine," just published; and is a very striking instance of the principle within us responding to the voice of inspiration.

At one time Mr Erskine, after travelling, towards the end of the week, from Portmoak to the banks of the Forth, on his way to Edin-

burgh; he, with several others, was prevented by a storm from crossing that frith. Thus obliged to remain in Fife during the Sabbath, he was employed to preach, it is believed, in Kinghorn. Conformably to his usual practice, he prayed earnestly in the morning for the divine countenance and aid in the work of the day; but suddenly missing his note-book, he knew not what to do. His thoughts, however, were directed to that command, "Thou shalt not kill;" and having studied the subject with as much care as the time would permit, he delivered a short sermon on it in the forenoon after the lecture. Having returned to his lodging, he gave strict injunctions to the servant that no one should be allowed to see him during the interval of worship. A stranger, however, who was also one of the persons detained by the state of the weather, expressed an earnest desire to see the minister; and having with difficulty obtained admittance, appeared much agitated, and asked him, with great eagerness, whether he knew him, or had ever seen or heard of him. On receiving assurance that he was totally unacquainted with his face, character, or history, the gentleman proceeded to state that his sermon on the sixth command had reached his conscience; that he was a *murderer*; that being the second son of a Highland laird, he had some time before, from base and selfish motives, cruelly suffocated his elder brother, who slept in the same bed with him; and that now he had no peace

of mind, and wished to surrender himself to justice, to suffer the punishment due to his horrid and unnatural crime. Mr. Erskine asked him if any other person knew any thing of his guilt. His answer was, that so far as he was aware, not a single individual had the least suspicion of it; on which the good man exhorted him to be deeply affected with a sense of his atrocious sin, to make an immediate application to the blood of sprinkling, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance; but at the same time, since, in providence, his crime had hitherto remained a secret, not to disclose it, or give himself up to public justice. The unhappy gentleman embraced this well-intended council in all its parts, became truly pious, and maintained a friendly correspondence with this "servant of the Most High God" in future life. It is added, that after he withdrew, the minister had the happiness to recover the manuscript formerly missing; and, in consequence, preached in the afternoon on the topic he had originally in view.

THE MAN O' TH' LEATHER.

SOME fifty years ago, an honest townsman of Carrick-on-Suir, a currier by trade, and Darby O'Donnell by name, (mine own well-known and lately deceased grandfather too, by the-by,) happened to traffic for several scores of hides with a dealer at Cashel. The price was agreed upon, the money laid down, and an arrangement

made, that the merchandize should be sent in the course of a few days to the purchaser's store-house at Carrick. The sparkling joy of life, fair uisgebetha, was then, of course, brought in; the current prices of goods, the hopes, fears, and scandal of the trade, were at first introduced; moderate argument succeeded on indifferent subjects; and, as the goblet passed, the tanners forgot their cares and drudging occupations—laughed, sang, jested and toasted, until the shades of evening began to veil them from each other. O'Donnell hastily rose and bade his host adieu, as the latter called for lights. He lingered, however, with his hat and the parting cup, until prim Peggy appeared with the lamp; a moment of silence then ensued. The tanner of Cashel's eye roamed over the solid table, he thrust his hand into his pockets, looked extremely pozed, and on his customer's again wishing him good night, with more obstinacy than became a courteous host, opposed his departure. O'Donnell was nettled—the more especially as the cups were void, and the Cashel-man had made no motion to replenish; and being much the stronger man of the two, at length broke by main force from his grasp and gained the door. “By St. Patrick, Sir, you're too bad,” said he, adjusting his disordered cravat, “one word to business, and then good night. Send me the goods by Thady Conor's waggon on Wednesday.”

His host was silent.—“I want no writing or acknowledgement,” continued Darby, “for

the cash." The Cashel-man looked back at the table, and turned his pockets most eloquently inside out. "Though I paid you in hard money, without drawback, you remember," added the the tanner of Carrick.

"You put de money on de board," croaked the Cashel man.

"Yes, I know," said Darby.

"But you took it up and fobbed it again, I believe," pursued the other.

It would be impossible to put down in good set terms the ensuing dialogue. Darby's honest blood was instantly warmed with the aspersion. The one roundly asserted what the other as positively denied. The debate grew hot, each being positive that he was right, and his opponent an arrant rogue. From words they naturally enough came to a thwacking contest, wherein Darby was, as usual in such cases, completely victorious. After thrashing his opponent to his heart's content, he walked quietly to his inn, saddled his horse, and in his high-flow of spirits and internal triumph for the victory, never thought of the cause of the quarrel, until he reached his own pillow at Carrick.

About a week after this, the Cashel-man's door was rudely assaulted about twilight, and on reconnoitring through the window, he discovered the outline of an unknown leg at the door.

"Who waits there?" said he, surlily.

"'Tis I, the man o' th' leather," was the reply.

“Go to the devil ye tief—ye don’t chate me—ye’ll heave no leader o’ mine—repent! repent!” said the Cashel-man turning on his heel.

It was in vain that O’Donnell knocked with all his force, and loudly vociferated at the door. The Cashel-man quietly sat down to his uisgebetha; in due time thrust his red pat into his linsay-wolsey nightcap, and went orderly to bed.

O’Donnell repeated his visit to the Cashel-man’s door with similar success every succeeding market eve for many weeks. At length circumstances occurred that induced him to attend a different mart. He wrote off the value of the hides on the loss side of his ledger, with the word ROBBERY engrossed in large letters on the margin, and in the course of a few months forgot the subject altogether.

But it was not ordained that the matter should rest here. On one of those “dark gloomy days” in November, when men instinctively pore over the bad sides of their accounts, Darby’s eye fell upon the aforesaid word ROBBERY in his bulky, by-gone ledger. The date was two years old, but the circumstances of the ‘robbery’ were conjured up by his memory in a moment. He saw the whole details of the matter at once, and—after heartily cursing himself for being such a fool as to put up with so barefaced a cheat—saddled the sorrel nag, and trotted off to Cashel. Formerly he deemed the drubbing which he had inflicted, worth at least half the money; but at this lapse of time it appeared marvelously de-

creased in value, and about equivalent only to the legal interest thereof. The principal sum, or the leather, he was resolved to have, and this he swore innumerable times, accompanying each oath with a heavy thwack to solemnize it, on the loins of the astonished nag, in order to keep his resolution to the sticking place, and that, being religiously bound, he should have no possible loop-hole for sneaking off unsatisfied.

A tremendous pull at a pitcher of whisky on his arrival at Cashel, about night-fall, augmented his resolution "to get at his rights;" and after shaking hands and shipping tankards with a few old friends in the inn-kitchen, and seeing his horse doubly fed by way of salvo or remuneration for the double beating he had endured, our hero inquired for the Cashel-man.

"Is it Timmy Grogan you mean? Troth then he lives in the overright street just," said the ostler. "What! in the same house he had two years back?" "Not de same—but one like it—de neighbour to it—but if ye're going to Timmy, take heed and don't be foul o' the ould house, the which (his presence be with us!) has been haunted dese ten months. Timmy left it 'kase de ghosts terrified him."

"I'll mind, I'll mind," said Darby, striding forth with his hat cocked, his left arm a-kimbo, and his right hand grasping with superfluous energy a huge shillalah. "I'll mind," said he, "I'll mind:" thinking of any thing else rather than the instructions of the ostler. He arrived

in the centre of the "overright street," assumed a more sedate and business-like pace, and proceeded to the door. "It's late," quoth he, "as the clocks around tinkled the tenth hour—"but never mind—the fellow! I'll switch him." So saying he applied his staff with great vigour to the stout door-pannels. A hollow sound, and several faint echoes succeeded, but no mortal answer was returned—"Ah! curse him! he's a-bed, is he?" said Darby, "Well that's the better—I'll have him up—I will, by the holy Salt! Och! it's worried you'll be to-night, Misther Grogan, I'll engage." The door was again assailed with redoubled vigour; and as soon as the echoes subsided, a light step was heard within, as if stealthily approaching the door. Darby waited a few moments, but the utmost silence prevailed—he knocked impatiently again—"Hollo! is any one there?"

No voice replied, and Darby repeated his terrible peal upon the door.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A GHOST STORY.

AT a town in the west of England a club of twenty-four people assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Each member had his peculiar chair, and — it was a rule, that if a member was absent his chair should remain vacant.

One evening at the meeting of the club there was a vacant chair, which had remained empty

for several nights. It belonged to a member who was believed to be in a dying state, and inquiries were naturally made after their associate. He lived in the adjoining house. A particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and reported to the club that he could not possibly survive the night. This dismal tidings threw a damp on the company. They took off their glasses without turning lively; they smoked, and still they were gloomy: all efforts to turn the conversation agreeably were ineffectual.

At about midnight, the time when the club was usually most cheerful, a silence prevailed in the room, the door gently opened, and the form, in white, of the dying man, walked into the room, and took a seat in the accustomed chair. There it remained in silence, and in silence was gazed at. His appearance continued a sufficient time in the chair to convince all present of the reality of the vision. But they were in a state of awful astonishment. At length the apparition arose and stalked towards the door, opened it, as if living—went out, and closed the door afterwards.

After a long pause, a member at last had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived."

The company by degrees recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was respecting the object of their alarm. They broke up in a body and went home.

In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. He had died as nearly as possible about the time of his appearing at the club. There was scarcely room for doubt before, but now there was absolute certainty of the reality of the apparition.

The story spread over the country, and was so well attested as to obtain general belief; for, in this case, the fact was attested by three-and-twenty credible eye-witnesses, all of them living.

Several years had elapsed, and the story had ceased to engage attention, and was almost forgotten, when one of the club, who was an apothecary, in the course of his practice attended an old woman, who gained her living by nursing sick persons. She was now ill herself, and finding her end near at hand, she told the apothecary she could leave the world with a good conscience, except for one thing which lay on her mind.—

“Do not you remember,” she said, “the poor gentleman whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed without my patient. I knew he was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir: but after some time, to my great astonishment, he came back shivering, and laid down on the bed, and died. Considering I had done wrong by leaving him, I kept it a secret that he had left the room; and

indeed I did not know what might be done to me. I knew I could explain all the story of the ghost, but I dared not do it. From what had happened I was certain that it was he himself who had been in the club room, perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting. May I be forgiven for keeping it secret so long!—and if the poor gentleman's friends forgive me, I shall die in peace.” *Year Book.*

SCOTLAND, FOREVER!

For the Monthly Scrap Book.

- WHEN Wallace, the peerless, betray'd by false traitors
Must live the low vassal of England or die!
He went to the block with a smile on his feature,
And “Scotland forever!” exulting did cry.
- When Scotia's proud barons, combin'd with Eliza,
Decoy'd the fair flower of Lschleven away;
Her wrongs she forgot, poor unfortunate Mary!
—And “Scotland forever!” she sigh'd night and day.
- When the diadem of Charles was lost at Culloden,
And with it, the hopes of his clansmen so true,
A tear dimm'd those wan cheeks, the green plaid was shrouding,
And “Scotland forever!” he badc thee adieu!
- When gallant Sir Ralph beat Napoleon in Egypt,
And tarnish'd the vaunting Invincible's name,
As life ebb'd away, and while victory was sounding,
Oh! “Scotland forever!” he still did exclaim.
- When Park amidst dangers unbounded was wand'ring,
The earth for his pillow—his covering the sky;
Ah! what led this martyr of science to glory?
'Twas “Scotland forever!” his country's dear tie.
- And what was the watchward of Britain triumphant,
When France's choice legions were forced far to fly?
When the Greys charg'd the heroes of Friedland and Jena,
'Twas “Scotland forever!” the shout and reply.
- Let England exult in her gay blooming roses;
Let Ireland enraptur'd her shamrock entwine;
While Virtue resides in the lowlands of Scotland.
And valour sits crown'd on her mountains sublime. Q Z

THE STATIONER'S CHAUNT.

A New Song.

WHEN the wise men of Gotham were call'd to decide,
On the best means of keeping besiegers outside,
The Poulterer placed a great weight on a feather,
And the Shoemaker stood to the last upon leather,
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

It is thus each one thinks his own bus'ness the best,
And moves on, if he can, at the cost of the rest ;
But exceptions there are to all rules—we're to this,
For, if we're not *Stationers*, who the deuce is ?

And yet, if one e'er of their bus'ness may boast ;
Let me ask if we might not indulge in't the most ;
When we think that, but, for what I deal in—and you,
Man's mind, like our Stock, had been *station'ry* too.

Why, each one of us, should but the earth need a prop,
Could supply a *New Atlas* from out his own shop ;
And if e'er a State in't a government seek,
Imperial or *Royal* they'll have in a week.

Nay, if it will not have the *Medium* we use,
Super-Royal, or even *Double Crown* it may choose ;
But if Anarchy rather it seek—to its shame—eh !
We might send it our curse in a large lot of *Demy*.

Your Statesmen and Patriots we'll suit to a hair,
Not with *Foolscaps* alone—which so many might wear,
But with that I am sure they of all things wish most,
Be't of Kent or of Country—a *very fine Post*.

The lover may have the full use of a *quire*,
If his mistress to serenade he but desire,
Whilst *Hot-pressing*, he'll learn, that a wife if fantastic,
Is the better—like *Ledgers*—of being *Elastic*.

And if in extent her expenditure be
Antiquarian—either for *Sugar* or *Tea*,
We've a remedy too for his poor hen-peck'd lot,
Since he's only to send the virago to *Pot*.

Then a bumper let's drink to the fam'd paper trade,
And consumpt to papers, coarse, fine, wove or laid ;
For of all trades it surely doth hold the first rank,
Without it you know there's an end of the Bank.

And, since like a *letter* I've sealed up my song,
The address it but wants, which need not be long,
So I'll send it, my friends, to two funny chiefs,
The remainder now of the *Three-fur-fum'd Dells*,
Tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Liberty of the Press.—If the Liberty of the Press be, what we firmly believe it is, that political blessing which includes all other, or that at least, without which all others would become curses, how much does it behove all those who perceive and feel its value, to struggle not factiously or indiscreetly, but with all the intrepidity which virtue and good sense authorise, to defend and preserve it? The Liberty of the Press embraces all other liberty, civil and religious. Without it, no people or government can be free. How are grievances to be redressed, if they are not to be stated? How are laws to be amended, if their tendency and expediency cannot be considered and discussed? There can be no such rights as those our ancestors fought for, bled for, and died for, if the people cannot talk about the subject of them, write about them, and in short, exercise the Liberty of the Press respecting them. When the law gives rights, it gives also the means of exercising them. Nay, it gives more; it gives moreover, *the presumption of innocence* in the exercise. It is not to be presumed that any man has a criminal intent in availing himself of a constitutional privilege. When another motive is asserted, it is incumbent on him who makes the averment to prove it by unequivocal evidence. If room be left for a rational doubt, the accused is entitled to a verdict in his favour.

Scotsman.

Refractory Dogs.—In a parish in Scotland, great complaints were made against the disturbances occasioned during divine service by the quarrelling, or otherwise unmannerly conduct of the dogs, when it was agreed that all those who had dogs should confine them, and not allow them to come to church. This did very well for the first Sunday or so; but the dogs not at all relishing to be locked up on a day when they were wont to enjoy themselves, were never to be found on a Sunday morning to be tied up; they, by some instinct which I cannot explain, knew the Sunday as well as their masters, and set off before them whither they had been in the habit of going on that day. It was now evident to the members of the congregation that this plan would not do, and another scheme was laid before them, which was, to erect a house close to the church, in which they might be confined during divine service. This was adopted, and a kennel was accordingly erected, in which the dogs were imprisoned; but the animals being more accustomed to freedom than to confinement, took very ill with the restraint put upon their liberty, and set up a most dreadful howling; to the great annoyance of the people in the church. They, however, persevered in confining them for a considerable time, thinking the animals would get accustomed to incarceration; but in this they were mistaken; for, instead of the howling diminishing, it got worse and worse. So it was agreed they should again be set at

liberty, and have freedom of access to the place of public worship; but their manners had been so corrupted, that they were with difficulty restored even to their former discipline.

A Definition.—When the notorious Jeffreys was a barrister, a gentleman in the course of his evidence was making use of the law terms *lessor* and *lessee*, *assignor* and *assignee*: which might have escaped observation, had not his testimony been directly against Jeffrey's client. 'You there, with your law terms of your lessor and lessee, and of your assignee and your assignor, do you know what a lessee or lessor is? I don't believe that you know that, for all your formal evidence.' 'Yes, Sir George,' said the witness, in reply to this gasconade, 'but I do, and I will give you this instance: if I nod to you, I am the nodder. and if you nod to me, then I am the noddee.'

A Great Wall.—The substance of the great wall of China, which extends along a space of 1500 miles from the shore of the Yellow Sea to Western Tartary, has been estimated, by Mr Barrow to exceed in quantity that of all the houses in Great Britain, and to be capable of surrounding the whole earth with a wall several feet high.

Mr Peter Glass.—Mr Peter Glass, minister of Crail, in Fife, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was one of the old school of Presbyterian Clergymen,—addressed himself in

familiar terms to the Almighty,—spoke to individuals of his congregation during public worship,—and invariably preached in good broad Scotch, using all the homely technical terms appropriate to the subjects he happened to have in hand. His parishioners being mostly fishermen, he was praying one day that the Lord would fill the men's boats wi' herrin', up to the very tow-holes,—that is, we suppose, up to the spaces in which the oars work.—when one of the persons concerned, roared out, 'Na, no that far, sir, or we wad a' be sunk!'

Native Wit.—A farmer's wife called to her cowherd—'Jock, come in to your parritch, or the flees 'ill a' drown in the milk," to which the urchin roguishly replied,—'There's nae fear, they may wade through't.' His mistress indignant at this aspersion on her liberality, exclaimed, "What, ye loon, that's saying ye dinna get eneugh." 'Ou aye,' said Jock, 'there's aye eneugh for the parritch.'

Hidden Talents.—A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and as likely to do honour to the university of which he was a member. 'But he is shy,' added the father, 'and idle, and I fear buries his talents in a napkin.' A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for the reverend gentleman's opinion, enquired what he thought of his son? 'I have shaken the napkin,' said Rowland Hill, 'at all corners, and there is nothing in it.'

Old and New Style.—Since the commencement of the present century, the difference between the old and new style is twelve days: *another day* in addition to the prior eleven having been thrown out in the year 1800, by assigning to February only twenty-eight days. This loss of a day to the whole civilized world was scarcely remarkable at the time.

Buying a Husband.—Alicia Keating, a hale, stout, hearty-looking wench, and a candidate for matrimony, was charged by her brother at the Dublin Post Office for robbing her father of £140, for the purpose of *buying* a husband. Her brother, who preferred the charge, stated that his sister went off with her own cousin, a young *gossoon*, about sixteen years *ould*, and who would not be married for twenty years to come. This cousin of his was a great drinker and reprobate, and an estate would not last him—*shure* he got an hundred and eight *ould ginnees*, and forty-two pounds in notes, from his sister, and if he could be found he would prosecute him—at all *events* she should be prosecuted. Magistrate—Do you wish to swear against her? If you do I must send her to Newgate. Musha, your Honour, replied the brother, you may send her wherever your *Honour* chooses. Prisoner—*Arrah sure* I only *tuck* a trifle to pay our passage to America. He was a cousin of my own, and a well-larned boy, and a baker besides, and, I *give* a' the money to him, and I don't know where he is. Magis-

trate—Do you mean to swear informations against her? Brother—*Sartainly*, your Worship. The two of *thum* must be committed, and hanging is too good for them; *shure* didn't his father say he ought to be hanged long ago? He then proceeded to lodge informations, when the brother re-appeared, and begged of his Worship to keep her over *till* the *mornen*, when *they might get the boy*. To this the Magistrate assented; and the *loving* brother departed, heaping benedictions on his Worship.

Selling a Wife.—The following memorandum (says the Stockport Advertiser), drawn upon a 1s 6d stamp, will best explain the nature of a bargain between two fellows at a beer-shop in the Hillgate, in this town. Millward is a butcher, and was last week fined before our magistrates for using uneven balances in his trading transactions. The other persons are unknown to us.—“I Booth Millward, bought of William Clayton, his wife, for five shillings, to be delivered on the 25th of March, 1831, to be delivered in a *alter*, at Mr John Lomases house.

WILLIAM CLAYTON.

Attested by three Witnesses.

A New Coat.—An Irishman vindicated the shortness of his coat by insisting; that it would be long enough before he got a new one.

*Directions for laying out a Small Garden,
of Twenty Falls of ground.*

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 Falls of early Potatoes. | 2 Falls of Leeks & Onions. |
| 4 do. late do. | 2 do. Pease. |
| 2 do. early Cabbage | 1 do. Beans. |
| 2 do. late do. | 1 do. Carrots. |
| 1 do. Savoys. | 0½ do. early Turnips. |
| 2 do. Greens. | 0½ do. late do. |
| Total, 20 Falls. | |

Garden Work to be done in January.

IN mild weather, sow early pease and beans, likewise radishes, cresses, and lettuces, in warm sheltered situations. Sow these seeds pretty thick; and if frost set in strong, spread some dry long litter over the beds. In mild weather, if formerly omitted, prune apple, pear, cherry, and plumb trees; also gooseberries and currants. Plant fruit and forest trees, thorns, and other hardy shrubs, in open weather. Turn up strong soil to meliorate with the frost; also such flower borders as are empty, to be in readiness at the time of planting. In hard frosty weather carry dung, and be careful of tender seedling trees, shrubs, evergreens, &c. by sheltering them from the frost.

| JANUARY 1st. | ho. | m. | JANUARY 31st. | ho. | m. |
|---------------------|-----|----|--------------------|-----|----|
| Day breaks about | 6 | 39 | Day breaks,..... | 5 | 45 |
| Sun Rises,..... | 8 | 4 | Sun Rises,..... | 7 | 29 |
| —Sets,..... | 3 | 56 | —Sets,..... | 4 | 31 |
| Twilight ends,..... | 5 | 59 | Twilight ends,.... | 6 | 29 |

The days now lengthen very perceptibly.