

094

THE
MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK,
FOR APRIL.

Then all the boys
Shout " Ah ! you April fools !" with clamorous noise ;
And little girls enticed down stairs to see,
Stand peeping, clap their hands, and cry " tee-hee !"
Each gibing boy escapes a different way,
And meet again some trick, " as good as that," to play.

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THE WATER THIEF.

(For the Scrap Book.)

AN Aberdonian ship, call'd the Endeavour,
Lay in the Thames, that stream, whose racy flavour
Gives zest to porter. This said vessel's crew
Were sworn at dighgate, to *themselves* still true ;

All Yorkshire, ever zealous to protect
Their lumbers, ne'er on shore at night would venture,
The boat was hoisted up to save the *painter*,
While the coil'd cable lay secured on deck.

At midnight, dreaming o'er their loves, the tars
In luscious slumbers lock'd, were loudly snoring,
While scouts were out upon their pilfering wars.
And two bold thieves the drowsy scene exploring,
Found all things ready ;—never dreamt those wretches,
In search of ropes—of gallowses or Ketches !

Cautious, as if spring-guns were planted there,
One of the robbers scaled the ship with care,
While his companion, rocking in the wherry,
Chewing his quid, look'd every thing but merry !
The water-thief, the cable's folds divided,
Which o'er the vessel's dark sides smoothly glided,
When, lo ! he started ; for a sudden growl
Grew to the roaring thunder of a howl
From the roused watch-dog, that cried out so brief,
Just in the nick of time, " Pray, catch the thief ! "

Alarmed, the captain, and his drowsy crew,
Sprung to the deck, with many an angry whew !
When casting up their red shot eyes, they saw
The culprit on the rigging, trembling wait,
The dreadful sentence of his future fate,
That needed no formula of the law ;
While Lion wagg'd his tail, and stretch'd his ponderous ja
When, hark ! a sudden splash heard in the water,
Told that the robber's messmate fled from slaughter ;
For, slipping from the gunwale to the ground
He thought it no advantage to get drown'd ;
And, swimming to the shore, without his paddle,
Bade an adieu to wherry, comrade, cable !

The jolly tars, the knave's intention scorning,
Gazed on the caitiff, perch'd up in the shrouds,
Ghastly and grim, like Neptune in the clouds ;—
Just threw a look of meaning to the rogue,
Bade him, " Good night ! "—
And left him to the dog,
To freeze with cold, or die of fright,
A *prisoner* till the morning light,

MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK.

THE COCK FIGHT,

A BURLESQUE SKETCH,

Here his poor bird, th' inhuman Cocker brings,
 Arms his hard heel, and clips his golden wings ;
 With spicy food th' impatient spirit feeds,
 And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.
 When fallen, the savage grasps his dappled plumes,
 His blood-stained arms for other deaths assumes ;
 And damns the Craven fowl, that lost his stake.
 And only bled and perished for his sake.

CRABBE.

IT is not thirty years since the barbarous practice of fighting Cocks at Fasten's-even was, as an annual entertainment, given by the teacher of almost every parish school to his scholars. When, how, or for what reason, this absurdity in the education of children crept into schools, is not easy to determine. We have assuredly a more enlightened body in that profession now; and the "Schoolmaster" of these days is so effectually "abroad," that we hope there is not one who would permit, or even countenance by his presence, such a relic of a barbarous age. We also hope there are but few, even of village publicans, who would be so accomodating as Jonathan Jollie; and we record the following history as a sketch of the folly of former times.

THEY crowd to the scene of action (Jonathan Jollie's malt-barn floor); the field is cleared; and the dreadful conflict begins. The combatants are placed against each other by lot, and most unequal matches were the result. The first pair who

entered the arena had never seen a battle, much less shed their blood on the warlike field. Like raw recruits, accustomed to the drum and fife only at parades and reviews, they had strutted on their native dunghills, and heard the echo of a rival's voice, to which they gave a response, accompanied by the quacking of ducks and the cackling of all the hens in the haram. Now that they have met their bosoms beat with youthful ardour; not like two apprentices, who, imitating the follies of the great, challenge one another to a duel, and when met, would both retreat, if either of them set the example. Not so these youthful heroes; the feathers on their necks are ruffled—they fly at each other—blood is shed—and the conflict becomes more furious. Their want of skill is supplied by native ardour—they strike with head and heels—breathe, and strike again; at last, like generous Englishmen, who box each other from pure good will, they resign the contest as it were by mutual consent.

Next appears an ill-matched pair—a bird of game and a dunghill craven: the first paces the floor with martial strut and warlike air, shakes his plumes, and looks with proud disdain upon his trembling antagonist, who droops his head, while his feathers collapse close around him; he eyes his enemy askance, and recreant like, runs round the pit to avoid meeting him; then, as the last effort of despairing pusillanimity, gains a retreat behind the spectators.

Now comes forth a veteran, who had fought many a campaign—his rival, a youthful hero,

whose prowess had been tried only with a stripling like himself, hatched in the same nest, and bred in the same barn-yard. In this mockery of war, neither had ever felt the sentiment of "victory or death!" Now the veteran views this young unseasoned warrior with disdain, nearly allied to contempt, indicating that he was a chicken, below a hero's notice. At length he darts an indignant stroke, intended to drive the cadet from the field—it is returned—a dreadful conflict ensues—they fight—fail—rise and fight again; skill is on the veteran's side, but dauntless courage shakes the youthful warrior's glossy plumes. Both are strangers to fear, although experience has rendered the one cautious, while the other rushes on the charge with all the ardour and temerity of youth. Heedless of danger, he precipitates himself upon the foe, and meets the stroke that prudence would have avoided—wounded severely, breathless and overcome, he makes a desperate but feeble attack upon his antagonist, and falls lifeless on the bed of honour.

There is a sympathy in nature, that impels her creatures to mingle in the scenes before them. War and all its horrors reigned in this hitherto peaceful region; and so anxious were the intended gladiators to join the carnage, that they pecked and struck at each other, as they sat on the laps of their owners. Cowardice was banished from every heart, and every breast heaved with the exultation of anticipated victory. During four long hours, many were the victims of war. The dead and dying were carried off the field, to make room for

others ; for the eyes of the sanguinary spectators were not yet glatted with this scene of savage barbarity.

As on Marengo's field, or Leipsic's plain, many a valiant hero fought and fell undistinguished ; so here, the martial achievements of many a feathered warrior must sink unrecorded. But on every well-contested field, there are some whose deeds are so conspicuous, that our innate love of valour rescues them from oblivion. Such was now the case— a couple of heroes took their post on the floor of blood, whose matchless prowess, and deeds of might, merit a place in the records of fame, and deserve an abler historian.

Not greater anxiety did Buonaparte feel at the battle of Waterloo, when the fate of Europe depended on its termination, than was depicted on the countenance of Dick Clover, when he placed his hero on the floor. Sprung from a magnanimous and warlike race, whose blood is warmed by the fervours of a tropical sun, he claimed to be of Malayan extraction. Fierce and cruel in his disposition, a blow was never forgiven ; he had been accustomed to fight, but knew not what it was to retreat. Repeated victories had increased his pride, and, like some of his brother bipeds, he believed himself invincible. Black were his plumes, as the fur of the sable, and glossy as the raven's jetty wing. Majestic was his stature, and proudly did he lift his head, as he looked around. While the glance of scorn flashed from his eyes. Hard and heavy were his heels, and death was in their strokes ; but his leader, to fit him for deeds

of murder, had armed them with steel, that none might meet him with impunity.

To oppose him in the field, came forth a warrior, under the protection of Peter Anvil. No foreign blood flowed in his veins, but courage and fortitude were the characteristics of his family. Purple, orange, indigo, and white, mingled their shades with infinite variety, to give lustre to his vesture. The dignity of his air added to the elegance of his external appearance; never was more of beauty and majesty blended; and, like the splendid garments of the eastern monarch's soldiers, they excited a sigh of regret, that plumes of such exquisite richness should be stained with blood. As they entered the floor, every eye was fixed, and every tongue was hushed in silence. They rushed upon each other with impetuosity; fierce was their onset, and desperate the conflict; feathers bestrewed the floor, and blood sprung around. The delight of the spectators increased with the fury of the combatants; a burst of transport went round the pit. Bets were laid—two to one—three to one—all were interested in the carnage, and impatient for its issue. Guineas were sported by the farmers; crowns and half-crowns by the more cautious mechanics; while the motley mass of spectators confined their bettings to gills or half-mutchkins of whisky toddy.

Now the hero in black, with his armour of steel, like Napoleon's Cuirassiers, seems to drive all before him. Anon, the speckled champion, like a Scotch Highlander clad in his native tartan, fetches a stroke that makes his antagonist reel. Anxiety

dwells on every countenance, impatience sparkles in every eye, when the steel-mounted warrior, by a well-aimed stroke, lays his party-coloured antagonist apparently lifeless on the floor.

As when Wellington's heroes set up a 'Hurra!' that made the heart of every Frenchman collapse, like a bladder when an idle boy expels its internal air;—such was the shout now heard, and which nearly rent the roof of Jonathan's barn; but being recently built, and of good materials, it stood the shock, although the thatch was rumped on the roof; and the proprietor has often affirmed, that previous to this event, his establishment was overrun with rats and mice; but since that memorable exertion of lungs, not one has ever infested the premises.

Fate had not yet done tantalizing those, who were so deeply interested in this most arduous and protracted conflict. Scarce had the echo of the premature shout of victory died upon the ear; the cobwebs pendent from the roof were still fluttering from the repercussion of the air; when the speckled chieftain rose, shook his ensanguined plumes, and looked calmly round him. His haughty rival stood at a slight distance, clapping his wings,

“Pride in his port, defiance in his eye.”

Indignation warmed the breast of the discomfited warrior, and in the very moment that the fancied victor opened his mouth to sing “Io triumphe!” the heel of his antagonist struck him in the throat, and checked in its passage the note of self-applause.

Rage, redoubled by disappointment, now fired the hero in black; he stood to the charge, and by a dexterous manœuvre with his spur of polished steel, one of his rival's orbs of vision was buried in eternal darkness. Such was the fury by which the weapon was impelled, that it sprung from the leg of its owner, hissed across the house like an arrow, and stuck in the breech of a cow boy, who sat upon the rafters.

Still the battle rages: betts are doubled, wings flutter, limbs dart, and beak meets beak. The unfortunate half-blind hero receives another stroke on his remaining eye, it flashes a momentary gleam, fierce as the lightning, and closes in everlasting shade.

Breathless, but not vanquished, he sank on the floor, and death seemed hovering over that devoted head, from which the cheerful light was for ever banished. Again the adherents of the sable champion began to wake the shout of victory, when its starting note roused his prostrate foe. Like another Polyphemus groping in his den, slowly he traversed the pit in quest of his enemy; he raised his head to listen for the steps of him whom he could no longer behold. Again they meet, and blows are dealt with redoubled fury. The sightless warrior sometimes misses his stroke; but still he fights with one advantage—he shrinks not from danger which he no longer perceives. For a moment they pause, as if to call forth all their strength—expectation is on the rack, and anxious crowds gaze in breathless solicitude. Here an eye beams bright with hope; there the corners of a mouth

are curved in the wrinkles of despair. Again the combatants meet, strike, and retreat; at last they come against each other with a shock, the impetus of which lays them both lifeless on the floor. Bets are still laid, not on the victor, but that they will yet rise and renew the horrid carnage.—It cannot be, for

“ All is still on Death’s devoted soil.”

The vital sparks have fled, and they who just before seemed inspired with interminable rage, now lie stretched beside each other in lasting repose, and far more calmly than ever they slumbered on the roost with the favourite females of their seraglios.

So must the proudest hero of the human species rest. A few feet more of earth will serve for his peaceful bed—his laurels may flourish a little longer—the trumpet of Fame, as it repeats his name, may waken echoes at a greater distance:—his deeds of devastation and human carnage may shine in song, and his name be blazoned on a page, that shall live when the heroes of my humble tale are forgotten. But on the theatre of the universe, amidst the immensity of Nature, how trivial is the difference between the cock-pit and the plains of Austerlitz! and how unimportant are a few centuries, more or less, of sublunary fame, when compared with Eternity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JUDGE JEFFERIES.

THIS infamous judge died in the Tower of London, in 1689, whither he had been committed by the lords of the council, after he had been taken in the disguise of a common sailor for the purpose of leaving England. He was born at Acton, near Wrexham, in Denbighshire, and being raised to the bench, polluted its sanctity by perversions of the law. His habits and language were vulgar and disgusting. John Evelyn says, "I went this day to a wedding of one Mrs Castle, to whom I had some obligation; and it was to her fifth husband, a lieutenant-colonel of the city. She was the daughter of one Bruton, a broom-man, by his wife, who sold kitchen-stuff in Kent-street, whom God so blessed, that the father became very rich, and was a very honest man; and this daughter was a jolly, friendly woman. There were at the wedding the lord mayor, the sheriff, several aldermen, and persons of quality; above all Sir George Jefferies newly made lord chief justice of England, who, with Mr justice Withings, danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry! These great men spent the rest of the afternoon, till eleven at night, in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of judges that had but a day or two before condemned Mr Algernon Sidney, who was executed the 7th of December, 1683, on Tower-hill, on a single witness of that monster of a man, lord Howard of Escrick, and some sheets of paper taken in Mr Sidney's study, pretended to be written by him, but not fully

proved." James II. found Jefferies a fit instrument for his arbitrary purposes. After the defeat of the duke of Monmouth in the west, he employed the most sanguinary miscreants, and Jefferies among the rest, to wreak his vengeance on the deluded people. Bishop Burnet says, that Jefferies' behaviour was brutally disgusting, beyond any thing that was ever heard of in a civilized nation; "he was perpetually either drunk or in a rage, liker a fury than the zeal of a judge." He required the prisoners to plead guilty, on pretence of showing them favour; but he afterwards showed them no mercy, hanging many immediately. He hanged in several places about six hundred persons. The king had a daily account of Jefferies' proceedings, which he took pleasure to relate in the drawing room to foreign ministers, and at his table he called it Jefferies' campaign. Upon Jefferies' return, he created him a peer of England, by the title of Earl of Flint. During these "*bloody assizes*," the lady Lisle, a noble woman of exemplary character, whose husband had been murdered by the Stuart party, was tried for entertaining two gentlemen of the duke of Monmouth's army; and though the jury twice brought her in not guilty, Jefferies sent them out again and again, until, upon his threatening to attain them of treason, they pronounced her guilty. Jefferies, before he tried this lady, got the king to promise that he would not pardon her, and the only favour she obtained was the change of her sentence from burning to beheading. Mrs Gaunt, a widow, near Wapping, who was a Baptist, and spent her time in acts of charity, was tried

on a charge of having hid one Burton, who, hearing that the king had said he would sooner pardon rebels than those who harboured them, accused his benefactress of having saved his life. She was burned at the stake. The excellent William Penn, the Quaker, saw her die, and related the manuer of her death to Burnet. She laid the straw about her for her burning speedily, and behaved herself so heroically, that all melted into tears. Six men were hanged at Tyburn, on the like charge without trial. At length, the bloody and barbarous executions were so numerous, that they spread horror throughout the nation. England was an *aceldama*; the country, for sixty miles together, from Bristol to Exeter, had a new and terrible sort of sign-posts or gibbets, bearing the heads and limbs of its butchered inhabitants. Every soul was sunk in anguish and terror, sighing by day and by night for deliverance, but shut out of all hope, till the arrival of the prince of Orange, on whom the two houses of parliament bestowed the crown. Jefferies had attained under James II. to the high office of lord chancellor. *Hone.*

DICK AND THE MERMAID,

An Irish Tale.

ON the shore of the Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shogging the dudeen." which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists

clearing away out of the valleys went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or maybe the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissars, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.--Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the

power of going away into the water ; so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the cap, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her ; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen a mighty tender heart of his own.

“Don't cry, my darling,” said Dick Fitzgerald ; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot ; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

“What's your name, my darling ?” says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him ; but he got no answer ; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him : he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the

universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeas'd at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whining all at once—“Man,” says she, looking up in Dick's face, “Man, will you eat me?”

“By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee,” cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, “I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you my pet?”

“Man,” said the Merrow, “what will you do with me, if you wou't eat me?”

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw at the first glimpse that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

“Fish,” says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; “fish,” says he, “here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do.”

“Never say the word twice,” says she, “I'm ready and willing to be yours, mister Fitzgerald; but stop if you please, 'till I twist up my hair.”

It was sometime before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow

put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck? says Dick.

"What!" said she, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be. "Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father;—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated she, "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh! yes, they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just

mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?”

“By all means,” said she, Mr Fitzgerald— plenty of beds at your service. I’ve fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones.”

“You have,” says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. “’Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they’d have the one, need never ask for the other.”

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunnig, where father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

“There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald,” said his Reverence, looking mighty glum. “And is it a fishy woman you’d marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that’s my advice to you, wherever she came from.”

Dick had the cap in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then says he—

“Your Reverence, she’s a king’s daughter.”

“If she was the daughter of fifty kings,” said Father Fitzgibbon, “I tell you, you can’t marry her, she being a fish.”

“But,” said Dick again, in an under tone, “she is as mild and as beautiful as the moon.”

“If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick, said the Priest, stamping his right foot, “you can’t marry her, she being a fish.”

“But she has all the gold that’s down in the sea only for the asking, and I’m a made man if I marry her; and,” said Dick, looking up slyly, “I can make it worth any one’s while to do the job.”

“Oh! that alters the case entirely,” replied the Priest; why there’s some reason now in what you say: why didn’t you tell me this before?—marry her by all means if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hanel of it as another, that may be would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done.”

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for, at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he

had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got. One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife, minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own cap. She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them. She sat down on a little stool and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea ; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. " But," says she, " he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them ?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brother, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand.—The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her

old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the cap on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the cap. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him. Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

VARIETIES.

A dangerous companion.—Between the years 1750 and 1760, a Scottish lawyer of eminence made a journey to London. At that period such journeys were usually performed on horseback, and the traveller might either ride post, or, if willing to travel economically, he bought a horse, and sold him at the end of his journey. The gentleman above alluded to, who was a good judge of horses, as well as an excellent horseman, had chosen the latter mode of travelling, and had sold the horse on which he rode from Scotland as soon as he arrived

in London. With a view to his return, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse. About dusk, a handsome horse was offered to him at so cheap a rate, that he was led to suspect the animal was unsound, but as he could discover no blemish, he became the purchaser. Next morning he set out on his journey; his horse had excellent paces, and the few first miles, while the road was well frequented, our traveller spent in congratulating himself on his good fortune, in having made so good a bargain: On Finchley Common, and at a place where the road ran down a slight ascent and up another, the traveller met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody within sight, and the horse, by his manœuvre, plainly intimated what had been the profession of his former owner. Instead of passing the chaise, he laid his counter close up to it, and stopt it, having no doubt but his rider would embrace so fair an opportunity of exercising his vocation. The clergyman, never doubting the identity of the equestrian, produced his purse, unasked, and assured the astonished lawyer, that it was quite unnecessary to draw his pistol, as he did not intend to offer any resistance. The traveller rallied his horse, and, with many apologies to the gentleman he had so innocently and unwillingly affrighted, pursued his journey. The horse next made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the windows of which a blunderbuss was levelled, with denunciation of death and destruction to the rider, though *sackless*, as he used to express it, of all offences in word or deed. In short, after his life had been once or twice endangered by the suspicions

to which the conduct of his horse gave rise, and his liberty as often threatened by peace-officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as a notorious highwayman who had formerly ridden the horse, he found himself obliged to part with the inauspicious animal for a mere trifle, and to purchase, at a dear rate, a horse less showy, and of inferior action, but of better moral habits.

Anecdotes of Horses.

The Rev. Mr Sheriff of Kirkcaldy.—Innumerable characteristic anecdotes are told of this celebrated clergyman, who, for native humour and unrestrained freedom of speech, never perhaps had his equal in the Church of Scotland. It was one of his many eccentricities to speak of secular, and even familiar things, in the time of divine service, so as sometimes to upset the gravity of his congregation. In the year 1794, when a number of volunteer corps were raised throughout the country, for the defence of government, a Kirkcaldy weaver, who had got himself decked out in the flaming uniform of the Kirkcaldy brigade, came one Sunday into church, after the commencement of divine service, and kept lounging about for some time in the passage, to show himself in his new attire, although repeatedly offered accommodation in the pews. Mr Sheriff was also prevented from immediately reprehending his vanity by his being engaged in prayer; but, when that was concluded, he looked over the pulpit and said to the new soldier, ‘Sit down, lad; we ken ye’ve gotten new breeks, and we’ll tak a leuk at them when the kirk skails.’”

GARDEN WORK IN APRIL.

THIS month requires the greatest exertions of any in the year with the gardener, the ground being ready to receive whatever is planted or sown. Sow pease and beans and sallads, every ten or fourteen days. Plant potatoes, and transplant cauliflowers, lettuces, &c. Sow parsley, celery, endive, purslane, and pot sweet herbs. Hoe pease and beans, and sow more for a succession: stick tall growing pease when four or five inches high, and top beans when come to their full height. Thin out onions, carrots, turnips, and spinage. Plant evergreens in moist weather, and all kinds of flowering shrubs. Sow French beans in dry weather. Water new planted trees in dry weather. Clear gravel walks and form thrift and box edgings. Sow all kinds of hardy flower seeds. Transplant tender annual flowers from the hot bed.

Many kinds of annuals and perennials, sown in March and the beginning of April, will be fit for transplanting about the end of May, and may either be planted in patches about borders, or in beds, as fancy shall direct. Of these, the kinds improved by transplanting are, amaranthuses, China asters, columbines, French and love lies bleeding, mallows, mignonette, prince's feather, scabious, stocks, sun-flowers, sweet Williams, wall-flowers, and others. They should be planted out in a showery time, if possible, or otherwise be frequently watered, till they have struck root.

APRIL 1st.	ho.	m.	APRIL 30th.	ho.	m.
Day breaks.....	3	32	Day breaks.....	2	10
Sun rises.....	5	34	Sun rises.....	4	39
—sets.....	6	26	—sets.....	7	21
Twilight ends.....	8	28	Twilight ends,...	6	50