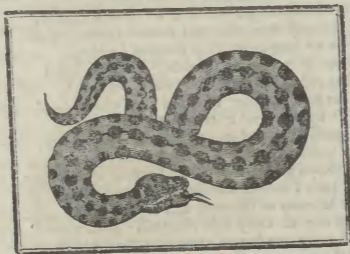


THE
MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK,
FOR JUNE.

From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth
 He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
 And ever-fanning Breezes, on his way ;
 While, from his ardent look the turning Spring
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves !

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DUNFERMLINE :
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MILLER.

Price One Penny.

should be subjected to the imputation of using the

THE SPOUTING CLUB.

SOME youth's residing in a country town,
And ever on the wing to gain renown,
Must needs, to raise their fame a little higher,
Proudly to the histrionic art aspire:
Some females too, engaged to lend their aid,
Part of the histrionic party made.
One night they met, and soon a club was formed;
The poet's language every bosom warm'd;
Beyond its bounds each heart began to soar,
And soon their theatre was in a roar.
'That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this;
Cries a slim grocer, with Satanic hiss.
'By heavens, 'tis false,' proud Warwick sternly cries,
And almost on the taunting Edward flies;
Whilst with a voice shrill, dissonant, and hoarse,
A barber bawls, 'my kingdom for a horse.'
Next comes a taylor, with his clenched fist,
And solemnly he cries, 'list, list, oh list.'
Next comes young pedagogue, with hat and cane,
And loudly shouts 'tis I, Hamlet the Dane.'
Whilst a young crackly with a dandy roll,
Cried —— fine charming girl, upon my soul."
'So fast one woe doth tread upon another,'
La Gertrude cries, 'now do look at my brother.
I never—Robert, how you do behave,
He's jump'd right down into Ophelia's grave.'
'Confound thee, thou old smooth fawning falker,'
Cries an heroic youth, a licensed hawker;
'Here it not,' cries a smith, 'for 'tis a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.'
''Tis now the very witching time of night,—'
'Is't by George,' cries Richard, in affright,
'I should have shut up shop three hours ago,
My master will be after me I know.
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror,
I'm sure I cannot shave a man to-morrow.
The lateness of the hour sets all in fright,
And now on every side resounds 'good night!'
And every one hastes home half dead with fear
Of the reception that awaits him there.

THE
MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK.

THE RATTLE-SNAKE,
An American Tale.

“Lo! the green Serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even imagination fears to tread :
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense.”

My residence in Carolina was so short, that I had not an opportunity of entering much into society in Charlestown, and consequently my books and my gun were my principal companions. I had read all the works of Lord Byron, and, after their perusal, I determined to have recourse to Nature, and to study her myself. Having been informed that there was a village about twenty miles from Charlestown, with suitable accommodation, I determined to proceed thither ; and, as the woods afforded the promise of good sport, I resolved to walk, and, when a favourable opportunity afforded, to shoot at the wild animals which fortune might place within the range of my fowling-piece. Although I commenced my journey at break of day, my progress was slow, over roads through a sandy soil, and, where the soil was soft, formed by trees laid across, which, however, were less annoying to me than they are generally found to be by those who travel in the carriages of the country.

The trees on either side of the way have a most striking and imposing effect, rising, as they do, to a height that is almost incredible, and, I fear I should be subjected to the imputation of using the

traveller's privilege, were I to attempt to give an idea of their dimensions. Pines one hundred and sixty feet height, and perfectly straight, were on all sides to be observed, whilst many hardwood trees, from their highest branch to the surface of earth, were concealed with long grey moss, which hung in graceful festoons, and formed a curtain, behind which the wood nymphs might gambol unseen.

A beautiful bird, which flew past me before I could raise my gun to my shoulder, alighted in a part of the wood which had been partially cleared, about fifty yards on my right, and, although warned to keep the direct roads, its beautiful plumage tempted me to follow it. As I approached, it rose again, and again alighted at a short distance. When I left the road and entered the wood, I was delighted with its fragrance. The wild fig-tree grew in abundance, offering its delicate fruit; the jessamine and myrtle exhaled their delicious perfume; and, at times, I could perceive the yellow orange peeping from amidst its umbrageous retreat, and my mind arose in grateful acknowledgement of the Power that sprinkled the forest with beauty, and whose all-creating hand is as visible in the simplest floweret as in the proudest and loftiest of yon heaven-towering pines!

I was yet in pursuit of the richly-coloured bird I had seen, and which still attracted me forward, when the ground became swampy, long dank grass occasionally interrupted my progress, and I was convinced a retreat ought to be contemplated, when I approached a space where two or three pines had

been felled, and, upon the branch of a neighbouring tree, the bird had alighted. I was about to fire, when, in a moment, it uttered a shrill piercing note, its little wings fluttered and beat against its sides, and it gave every evident signs of fear and alarm. I could not pull the trigger, and, indeed, the chance of securing it without firing, appeared to me important, as its beautiful and varied plumage would thus be uninjured. It was now only about six feet from the ground, and I immediately crept behind it, as it hopped from spray to spray, on its downward course, and I was about to put forth my hand to catch it, when the glare of two dark-red eyes from amidst the brushwood attracted my attention, and I perceived an enormous rattlesnake gazing on the poor victim, now at the distance from it of only a few feet.

At first I had believed the folds of the reptile to be the branches of a tree, but I was soon undeceived, for as the poor fluttering bird approached, he began to rattle violently, whilst a strange unearthly sound proceeded from his throat. As far as I could judge, he was at least eight feet long, the colour of his head a dark brown, the body yellowish brown, transversely marked with broad black stripes, but his eyes were absolutely fiendish; and under their fascinating influence, I stood for some moments immovable; although the animal was too intent on his prey, to observe me. The poor bird, at this moment fell from the branch exhausted and trembling, and the serpent was raised up to dart at it, when taking a cool and deliberate aim, I fired.

It was some time before the smoke cleared away, and I deemed it prudent to reload as quickly as possible ; but I was delighted to see the little bird, flying overhead unhurt, and soon after the horrid snake writhing in death. As I was rejoicing over the correctness of my aim, I heard a footstep approaching, and being now ignorant in what direction the road lay, I felt relieved by the circumstance. The person approached ; he wore a light straw hat, and was habited in his working dress, carrying a very large axe, which he seemed lately to have used. His hair was dark, long, and bushy, his eyes black, dull, and heavy, with a very sinister expression, as it occasionally glanced under its eyelids, as if to examine my intentions. I felt distrustful of him, and kept at such a distance behind him, he leading the way to the public road, as would enable me to act, should he be inclined to warfare. After inquiring whither I was going, and declaring, I should be unable to reach the place of my destination, until long after night-fall, he stated that I would find accommodation, at a cottage four miles farther on the road. I understood, of course, it was not an inn ; but in America, hospitality is carried to the greatest extent, and there, "stranger is a holy name."

I determined to take his advice, although I remarked his very extraordinary expression of countenance, as he pointed to the direction I ought to travel.

Having arrived at the road, we parted, and I went merrily forward for some time, but at length it rained, and darkness approaching, I naturally

felt anxious for a place of rest from my fatigue. After walking for a considerable time, I descried a glimmering light at some distance, and thither I repaired. It had rained heavily for an hour, and although the house was literally a hovel, shelter in any situation, of the humblest description, was still a blessing. I approached and knocked. "Who is there," exclaimed a female voice. I replied "a stranger." The door was immediately opened, and, having ascertained that the place of my original destination, was yet five miles off, it may be supposed, I readily accepted the offer of shelter which the inmate of the cottage proffered.

The light revealed the figure of my hostess, who was, without exception, the ugliest of the sex I ever beheld. I inquired if her husband were at home? to which she replied in the negative, adding, however, that she expected him to return in an hour. I declined eating any thing, although pressed to partake of some provisions, and placed my fowling-piece, knapsack, and powder flask in a corner, not far from the fire. My clothes were soon dry, and I was beginning to feel drowsy, when footsteps were heard at the door, and in walked a tall, powerful figure, whom I immediately recognized as him of the hatchet, whom I had encountered a few hours before. He dashed upon the floor his axe, and, at the same time, the bloody body of a serpent, which retained just motion enough to indicate it had recently lived, and which, I perceived, was the one I had fired at in the woods..

I concealed my dislike, as well as I could, and boldly stated, that I intended to remain all night

under his roof, although privately, I did not particularly relish my situation. He said, there was only one bed in the house, but I should have it, and, as I was anxious and ready for my repose, he pointed to the humble couch on which I was to sleep, at the opposite end of the apartment from the fire-place.

“A long sleep to you,” said he, and his wife immediately added, “he will sleep long enough, and sound enough, I warrant him.” “What can these expressions mean,” thought I, “surely they do not intend to murder me.” The light, occasionally reflected in my face, from the huge axe that lay on the floor. There, too, lay the rattle-snake, and the lamp having been extinguished, the fire, occasionally, lightened the faces of my companion, and then, for a time, sunk into utter darkness.

The woodman and his spouse now began to whisper, and, although I shut my eyes, I found sleep had altogether forsaken my pillow. I could even hear what they said, but, as it did not concern me, I had nearly fallen into slumber, when suddenly, I heard the husband say, “is he asleep?”

“No,” replied the female, who had, for some time keenly observed me. Again they began to whisper, and the words “fowling-piece” and “rattle-snake,” frequently reached my ear. In short time he asked again, “is he asleep?” I now feigned myself to be slumbering, and “yes,” was her reply.

The man then arose. He went to a box and from thence took a large knife. The hair on m

head bristled, and the perspiration stood on my forehead! A sigh escaped my lips. He started back, and, seizing the lamp, he placed it near the bedside on a table—"he is dreaming," he whispered.

He now placed his left hand firmly on the edge of the bed, and, clasping the knife with the other, stretched it across me. My doom was sealed. I prepared for my fate, when, with an eye that watched every motion, although nearly closed; I saw his hand move from the bed-side and seize a large bacon ham that lay below it, whilst, with the other, he cut off several slices, which he took to the fire-place, and on which, after due preparation, his wife and he supped comfortably together.

After a profound sleep, I arose next morning, and enquired to what amount I was their debtor. "You owe us nothing," they replied, "we are too proud of a stranger visitor in our poor cottage." They, moreover, presented me with rather a bulky parcel, neatly sewed, which, they requested, I would not open, until I arrived at the place of my destination. This, afterwards, proved to be the skin of the snake which the kind couple had spent a great part of the night in preparing for me as a present. I left them with my best wishes, and learned, from my "day's sport in the woods," that, in all circumstances, we should judge charitably of the motives and intentions of mankind, especially when we have no cause to think unfavourably of them besides our own unfounded prejudices and aversions.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

A night's repose scarcely restored me to my wonted energy. I started, however, at day-break, bending my way towards the habitation of the descendant of a Scottish emigrant. He was reputed to be the richest man and the best farmer in the district; and was deservedly famed for his strict unswerving honesty, cheerful disposition, and great hospitality. I hoped to reach his land by noon, and took no provisions with me, although the friendly boor pressed me to accept something to keep up my courage as I went. I declined his offer with many thanks for his kindness, and hurried on my way to the Scotchman's abode. I reached his portal as the family were sitting down to their plain repast. Plenty smiled around me; but luxury never intruded on the board of M'Leod. Boiled roots, fine bread, a few fruits and spring water, were the constant fare of himself and his hardy, blooming, and virtuous family. I remained under their roof for three days, so truly was I delighted with every individual of the house. Their manners were strictly primitive. The daughters were particularly beautiful; there was an expression of innocence and truth in their features, and a natural grace in their deportment that I have seldom beheld. The men were all stout, active, laborious, and free from those petty bickerings and animosities which too often arise between those whom nature and consanguinity should unite in the soft ties of peace and loving communion.

I departed from the door of Macleod in a very different state to that in which I left my smoking host, old Hendrick Groning. I was calm, collected, but by no means so extravagantly brave. I was influenced by no unnatural excitement, and feared no succeeding depression and weakness. I had a long tract of country to cross before I could reach a place of shelter ; but I looked forward to the twilight, in which I knew I should necessarily be enveloped, without a single emotion of fear or reluctance to proceed. It was reported by the labourers of Macleod's, that the Caffrees had long meditated an incursion,—that they had even committed ravages on the banks of the Great Fish River. Some of their straggling parties might possibly fall in with, and sacrifice me with their assagays for the sake of my pistols and accoutrements. The buffaloes infested that part of the country which I was crossing, and several cattle had recently been missed, which, it was supposed had fallen victims to the lions. I recollected all these circumstances on my solitary journey, but they alarmed me not. I found myself in full possession of my faculties, and went on, until I had well nigh accomplished my day's travel, without waiting to take any part of the bread and fruit which the good Macleod had considerately thrust into my wallet.

I sat down to my frugal repast, just as the sun's disk was drooping beneath the horizon. A light breeze arose from that point, towards which my face was often turned, when the wind blew from thence ; for I loved to think that the same breeze

was kissing my brow which had blown over the the green hills of my own native Erin, and wafted the wishes and sighs of those who were near and dearest to my heart. I was thinking of the wicker gate of my old nurse's cot; over which I had so often leant, at an hour like that, in sweet discourse with the maiden I loved. The old elm tree, Father Daly's white, blossoming rose-bush, and every object in my native village started up in rapid succession before me, when suddenly I heard something at my back, which sounded like a naked foot, warily placed upon the ground. I started up in a moment. There was a lion within ten paces of me!

I had now occasion for all my courage and presence of mind. My first idea was to level my pistols at the beast; but Hendrick's caution instantly crossed my recollection, and observing the effect my accidentally bold and steady position appeared to have on the brute, I resolved to follow the old man's advice. The lion's eyes were fiercely bent upon mine, and I returned him frown for frown, standing firm and inflexible as he gradually approached me. I did not move a muscle of my limbs, but railed at him in a loud tone, and he in return roared so as to shake the earth beneath me, as he successively lifted up his paws and held them, for a moment, curved under him, before he put them to the ground again. At length, I unconsciously closed my eyes, but recollecting myself in a moment, re-opened them just in time for my salvation. The lion had ceased to roar, his tail was curved, his mane seemed to be a wave of living

hairs, and he was crouched for a spring, when I burst my eyelids open, and looked upon him with redoubled sternness. He appeared to be suddenly quelled, and uttering one short growl, slowly dropped his huge tail, turned about, and sneaked muttering away. I kept my eye upon him until he disappeared; and then, and not till then, felt the full sense of my danger; the sense of which so completely overpowered me that I fell lifeless upon the earth. Even now I shudder whilst I ponder on the event, and thank heaven that it was my fate to encounter the fierce animal when I was cooled and invigorated, both mentally and bodily, by the pure fare of Macleod, rather than on that fearful and well remembered night which succeeded my departure from the kind, but intemperate Hendrick Groning.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

THE Sabbath was provided and appointed by divine wisdom—that wisdom which well knew what was in man, to be a place of seclusion and retreat, to which the soul might betake itself every seventh day, for the purpose of recruiting its strength, and of repairing its wasted energies, after conflicting in unequal contest with the perturbations and inquietudes, the cares and interests, the pleasures and dissipations of the world. On this day, a truce has been imposed by the high authority of heaven, upon the more direct warfare which that great enemy, in its various forms of business and pleasure, carries on against the soul. It is a holy league stipulated in our favour for the express pur-

pose of affording us convenient opportunity of carrying on, unmolested by the encroachments of worldly care or occupation, our intercourse with our Father who is in heaven. And when the object of the institution is duly realised and appreciated, the effect is transcendently glorious and beneficial, and the end is fully accomplished. It is indeed difficult to estimate too highly the soothing and tranquillizing influence of a sabbath, upon a spirit which has been worn in the service of the world during the preceding week, into comparative numbness and insensibility to the pure and holy enjoyments of an exalted fellowship with God. It is delightful to contemp'ate it amidst the serenity of the surrounding atmosphere, composing its ruffled affections, and, like the bird of the morning, preparing to rise on its pinions, in order to meet in midway fellowship the hallowed choir above, and to pour forth its notes of praise and thanksgiving, while no jarring tumult of worldly business or delight intervenes to break their melody. On every seventh day, the impetus of earthly and carnalizing pursuits thus receives a check, and their power becomes in some degree enfeebled. The course of this world, which is so apt to carry us along in its turbid and destructive movement, is broken at intervals; which affords us time to reflect upon the peril of our condition, and to contemplate the dreadful gulf to which it conducts. By the periodical cessation from other employments, which the sabbath brings round, we are impressively reminded, that there is another and a better world; that there are higher and weightier interests, that there are

purser and more substantial joys than the present scene affords, that ere long, time will be swallowed up in eternity, and that we shall be surrounded with realities of happiness, or woe, which will render all sublunary sorrows and delights as insignificant as the bubbles upon the stream.

There is in fact, no external ordinance of religion, which experience shews to be so intimately connected with correspondent effects upon the general character, as that of the sabbath. Few habits are so truly symptomatic of the real state of the mind, as the mode in which it is habitually employed. Fix your eye upon any individual of your neighbourhood, or acquaintance in any department of life, who is remarkable for his conscientious regard for the sabbath, and for his regular and uniform attendance upon the public services of the sanctuary, and I am most exceedingly mistaken if you do not find him equally distinguished, if not by the genuineness of his piety and the fervour of his devotion, at least by the decency, the industry and rectitude of his general demeanour. Look around you on the other hand, and mark the man who is noted for his desecration of the day, which is by pre-eminence "the holy of the Lord", the man who spends it in sleep, or in work, in travelling, or yawning, in drinking or gambling,—the man who is rarely, if ever, found at his church or his chapel, and still more infrequently at his Bible or his devotions; and what are his prevailing habits during the other days of the week? Granted—that he is not very precise in the duties which he owes to God; but is he more exact and

conscientious in those which immediately relate to man? Is it to him that you would look for a pattern of every social and domestic virtue, of honour, benevolence, and integrity, as a man of property or professional engagement,—of rectitude, veracity, and assiduity as a tradesman,—of industry and conscientiousness as a workman,—of fidelity as a servant,—of sobriety and diligence as the head or subordinate member of a family, of kindness as a husband, of affection and prudence as a parent, or of dutifulness and obedience as a child? To look for such qualities in combination with gross sabbath-profanation, and with habitual neglect and contempt of the appointed ordinances of the sanctuary, would obviously be to seek for light in darkness, virtue in vice, life in death.

THE SEASON, IN THE COUNTRY.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

Sheep-shearing, one of the great rural labours of this delightful month, if not so full of variety as the hay-harvest, and so creative of matter for those “in search of the picturesque” (though it is scarcely less so), is still more lively, animated, and spirit-stirring; and it besides retains something of the character of a rural holiday, which rural matters need, in this age and in this country, more than ever they did, since it became a civilized and happy one. The sheep-shearings are the only *stated* periods of the year at which we hear of festivities, and gatherings together of the lovers and practisers of English husbandry; for even the harvest-home itself is fast sinking into disuse, as a

scene of mirth and revelry, from the want of being duly encouraged and partaken in by the great ones of the earth; without whose countenance and example it is questionable whether eating, drinking, and sleeping, would not soon become vulgar practices, and be discontinued accordingly! In a state of things like this, the Holkham and Woburn sheep-shearings do more honour to their promoters than all their wealth can purchase and all their titles convey. But we are getting beyond our soundings: honours, titles, and "states of things," are what we do not pretend to meddle with, especially when the pretty sights and sounds preparatory to and attendant on sheep-shearing, as a mere rural employment, are waiting to be noticed.

Now, then, on the first really summer's day, the whole flock being collected on the higher bank of the pool formed at the abrupt winding of the nameless mill-stream, at the point, perhaps, where the little wooden bridge runs slantwise across it, and the attendants being stationed waist-deep in the midwater, the sheep are, after a silent but obstinate struggle or two, plunged headlong, one by one, from the precipitous bank; when, after a moment of confused splashing, their heavy fleeces float them along, and their feet, moving by an instinctive art which every creature but man possesses, guide them towards the opposite shallows, that steam and glitter in the sunshine. Mid-way, however, they are fain to submit to the rude grasp of the relentless washer, which they undergo with as ill a grace as preparatory schoolboys do the same operation. Then, gaining the opposite shore heavily,

they stand for a moment till the weight of water leaves them, and, shaking their streaming sides, go bleating away towards their fellows on the adjacent green, wondering within themselves what has happened.

The shearing is no less lively and picturesque, and no less attended by all the idlers of the village as spectators. The shearers, seated in rows beside the crowded pens, with the seemingly inanimate load of fleece in their laps, and bending intently over their work; the occasional whetting and clapping of the shears; the neatly-attired housewives, waiting to receive the fleeces; the smoke from the tar-kettle, ascending through the clear air; the shorn sheep escaping, one by one, from their temporary bondage, and trotting away towards their distant brethren, bleating all the while for their lambs, that do not know them; all this, with its ground of universal green, and finished every-where by its leafy distances, except where the village spire intervenes, forms together a living picture, pleasanter to look upon than words can speak, but still pleasanter to think of, when *that* is the nearest approach you can make to it.

COOKERY.

As cookery is the most honourable, so it is the most ancient of sciences. There is no nation so utterly barbarous as to devour their food without some previous preparation, and the appellation of a "*cooking* animal" may be truly considered as forming the most accurate specific definition of the human race. The progress of cookery is, in fact,

the progress of civilization ; and it is impossible to trace the improvement of the one, without having our attention perpetually called to the gradations of the other. In the very infancy of society, before the invention of culinary utensils has occurred to his untutored understanding, the savage broils his food on the embers of his fire, and satiates his carnivorous appetite with a "rasher on the coals." When the introduction of a few of the ruder arts has brought with it a proportionate degree of civilization, he becomes naturally partial to a more refined diet. He is speedily initiated into the manufacture of earthen vessels, and his meat being placed in these, and heated on the fire, he now regales his bowels with a "collup in the pan." As he is probably not very particular about the mechanism of his *jack*, the step to roast and boil is but a short one ; and the addition in the preparation of the latter of a few roots and herbs, will put him in possession of something similar to *barley broth*. Such are the dishes most consonant to a savage appetite, and which, in the exertion of the limited means which he enjoys, he is most naturally enabled to procure. Fixed to a single spot of earth, he is without the means of communication with those, who enjoying a different soil and climate, could furnish him with higher pleasures, and afford new gratification to his palate. Of the charms of curry, cayenne, mustard, catsup, and anchovy sauce, he is yet entirely ignorant. Many ages must elapse before he can hope to regale himself with Stilton cheese and Bologna sausages. It is indeed impossible to look back on the depriva-

tions of our forefathers without a sentiment of pity. A roasted ox, and about a dozen large cauldrons of greens, formed the common meal of the most powerful Baron and his dependants. It is not two centuries since the Duchess of Northumberland usually made her breakfast on salt herrings. Yet even in those days the profession of cookery was not wholly undistinguished by the royal favour. The manor of Addington, in Surrey, is still held by the tenure of *dressing a dish of soup* for the King at his coronation. Stow likewise, in his *Survey of London*, informs us, that Henry VIII. granted an estate in Leadenhall-street to “*Mistress Cornwallies, widdow, and her heirs, in reward of fine puddings by her made, wherewith she had presented him.*” — But perhaps the greatest triumph of human genius in this department was achieved by the chief cook of Louis XIV. On a grand entertainment, he dressed a pair of his Majesty’s old slippers with such exquisite skill, that the King and his courtiers declared it to be the best dish they had ever ate! Such a man was indeed an honour to his age and country: but, alas! he has found no successor.

ACCOUNT OF A WEDDING CEREMONY IN CYPRUS.

A few days ago we were present at a wedding of the servant of the English Consul, a native of Larneca, with a pretty looking girl of the same place. There was some disparity of years between them, as the bridegroom was about forty, and the

bride only eighteen. We had no sooner entered the room, than we were presented with a large wax-taper, with most of the guests, who sat on benches round the room, and who lighted those given to the most distinguished guests: we observed that many of them blew theirs out again, and took it home with them. The bride was dressed in a green silk robe, trimmed with silver lace, the covering on her bosom left but little for the imagination to indulge upon, and was ornamented with a large nosegay; a long white veil concealed her face, but her taper hand and arm remained uncovered. The bridegroom was very plainly dressed, and from the large nosegay which he wore on his breast, appeared to be as great an admirer of flowers as his bride. After a form of prayer the rings were exchanged, and the bridegroom kissed the cheek of his bride, who wept during the whole ceremony. When the priests were changing their rings, the parents and relations of the married couple threw small sugar plumes at them, and *paras*, a small silver coin, at the priests. These reverend gentlemen seemed to think it no insult to be pelted in this way, coolly deputed some of their attendants to collect the pieces of money, and put them in a plate, which was held for that purpose. Pipes and coffee were then brought, and the guests sat down to a supper, prepared on the occasion.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Anecdote of Capt. Basil Hall.

THAT a man, by merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star, with a little portable instrument held in his hand, and applied to his eye, even with so unstable a footing as the deck of a ship, shall say positively, within five miles, where he is, on a boundless ocean, cannot but appear to persons ignorant of astronomy an approach to the miraculous. Yet the alternatives of life and death, wealth and ruin, are daily and hourly staked with perfect confidence on these marvelous computations. We have before us an anecdote communicated to us by a naval officer (Captain Basil Hall, R. N.) distinguished for the extent and variety of his attainments, which shows how impressive such results may become in practice. He sailed from San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of 8000 miles, occupying 89 days, arrived off Rio de Janeiro, having, in this interval, passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making any land, or even seeing a single sail, with the exception of an American whaler off Cape Horn. Arrived within a week's sail of Rio, he set seriously about determining, by lunar observations, the precise line of the ship's course, and its situation in it at a determinate moment, and having ascertained this, within from five to ten miles, ran the rest of the way by those more ready and compendious methods, known to navigators, which can be safely employed for short trips between one known point and another, but which cannot be trusted in long voyages, where the moon is the only sure guide. The rest of the tale we are enabled by his kindness to state in his own words;—“We steered towards Rio de Janeiro for some days after taking the lunars above described, and having arrived within fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, I hove to at four in the morning till the day should break, and then bore up; for although it was very hazy, we could see before us a couple of miles or so. About eight o'clock it became so foggy that I did not like to stand in further, and was just bringing the ship to the wind again before sending the people to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared off, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar Loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbour's mouth, so nearly right a-head that we had not to alter our course above a point in order to hit the entrance of Rio. This was the first land we had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas and being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds.” The effect on all on board might well be conceived to have been electric; and it is needless to remark how essentially the authority of a commanding officer over his crew may be strengthened by the occurrence of such incidents, indicative of a degree of knowledge and consequent power beyond their reach.

LAW FOR BACHELORS.

A Hard Law.—At Sparta, a man was liable to an action for not marrying at all, for marrying too late, and for marrying improperly.

Club Law.—At Lacedemon, upon a certain feast, the women drag those men who were not married round an altar, and beat them with clubs, that the scandal of this treatment might induce them to avoid it, by desiring to become fathers, and marry at a proper time.

The Civil Law.—The Roman law lent all its aid to a point so national and interesting; for we learn from Dionyssius Halicarnassensis, that their old law compelled those who were of a proper age to marry, and it was a branch of the Censor's office to see it put into execution.

Commentary on the Civil Law.—When it is urged against this coercing power, that matrimony should be free, it is granted as to any particular person. Your consent is not compelled to Titia or Sempronia. The State has a right to your contribution in general, but leaves you to choose the party at your own discretion.

A Pious Pinch.—During the better days of Presbyterianism—when the ministers' stipends were one half less, and their labours of love one half more—snuff-taking was reckoned among the foolish vices, and of course was considered a luxury not to be countenanced by the cloth. One worthy divine, however, had swerved a little in his youth from the virtue of total abstemiousness, and among other College sins that had beset him, that of snuff-taking clung to his reverence with unconquerable tenacity. He never, however, forgot his gravity so far as to indulge in a pinch during sermon, until one close, warm, weary afternoon, when the hearts of the congregation were heavy, and his eyelids weakened every moment to follow the example of their neighbours. He hemmed, stamped, and struck the pulpit till his fingers dinneled; he would not do, for the clouds were charged with electricity, the kirk was heated like a baker's oven, and the drowsy audience were fast dropping away into the balmy dominion of Morpheus. At this critical juncture, the minister's eye caught an-honest countryman in the act of opening a huge *mull*, and resuscitating his drooping spirits with a hearty peezer. "Ah! John!" exclaimed the Divine, taking out his own snuff-horn, "I see what ye're about there! yer taking snuff, John!—needna deny't!—Here's the way ye did, John. Ye took out yer snuff, this way, see; and ye took a pinch as big as *that*, John; and ye played *this*, and *this-iss-iss*, (inhaling nearly a goupin of macouba); which is a great sin, John.—But to resume our discourse, &c." There was no more sleeping in the kirk, *that* afternoon at least.

Mocking Bird.—The musical powers of this bird have often been taken notice of by European naturalists, and persons who find pleasure in listening to the song of different birds, whilst in confinement or at large. Some of these persons have described the notes of the nightingale as occasionally fully equal to those of our bird. I have frequently heard both species in confinement, and in the wild state, and without partiality, have no hesitation in pronouncing the names of the European Mocking-bird equal to that of a *Soubrette* of taste, which, could she study

under a Mozart, might perhaps in time become very interesting in her way. But to compare her essays to the finished talent of the mocking bird, is in my opinion, quite absurd.

Children Hundreds.—The Steward of the Children Hundreds is a nominal office, with a salary of Twenty Shillings, which may be said to be nominal also, for it is, we believe never paid. A member of Parliament cannot resign his trust simply; but he may lose it by committing a crime, or accepting an office from the Crown, and the Stewardship alluded to is an office of this description.

Tea Drinking—There is now living in Advocates Close, High Street, a woman of the name of Mackintosh, aged 95, who says she has herself used a quarter of a pound of tea every week since she was 27 years of age, so that she has consumed the enormous quantity of 97 pounds weight, amounting, on an average of 6s per lb., to £292 10s. The duty on tea is 100 per cent., she has paid to government the sum of £146 5s for that article. This is a good customer. She deserves a pyramid to her memory in Canton!

GARDEN WORK IN JUNE.

Continue to plant cabbages, cauliflower, and savoys, for a late crop. Plant out leeks and brocoli. Transplant celery, endive, and lettuces, and sow sallad seeds every eight or ten days. Sow full crops of turnips, both yellow and white; also field turnip, white, green, red, and Swedish. Sow beet, red, white, and green, in drills, about an inch deep, and ten or twelve inches distant. Hoe beans and pease; top the former, and stick the latter. A few of the early kind of each may be sown the first or second week for the latest crop. Gather and dry sweet and pot herbs as they come to bloom. Train wall trees and espaliers. Secure young trees against wind, and water them in dry weather. Mow grass walks in the morning, before the dew is off. Clean and roll gravel walks.

JUNE 1st. ho. m.		JUNE 30th. ho.	
Sun rises,.....	3 53	Sun rises,.....	3
—sets.....	8 7	—sets,.....	8
All Twilight,—no real night during the whole of this month.			

...and consequent power beyond their reach.