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THE  
MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK,  
FOR JULY.

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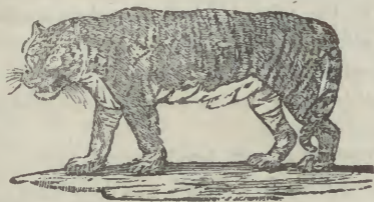
“ Now, if on Swithin’s feast the welkin lowers,  
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,  
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,  
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.  
Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind ;  
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds or wind.”

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# THE PIG AND MAGPIE.

COCKING his tail, a saucy prig,  
A magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,  
To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest ;  
And with such ease began the hair-attack,  
As thinking the fee-simple of the back  
Was by *himself*, and not the *Pig* possest.

The Boar look'd up, as thunder black, to Mag,  
Who, squinting down on him, like an arch wag,  
Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn ;  
Then busy went to work, not nicely calling ;  
Got a good handsome beakfull by good pulling,  
And flew, without a "Thank ye," to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling ;  
Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,  
Who, like a fool, had built it 'midst a bramble :  
In manfully, he sallied, full of might,  
Determin'd to obtain his right,  
And 'midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,  
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags :  
But ere he from the brambles came, alack !  
His ears and eyes were miserably torn,  
His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,  
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

THE  
MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK.

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A VISIT TO THE CARAVAN.

AT Bartholomew Fair, Atkin's collection of Wild Beasts held a most conspicuous place. The people "tumbled up" in crowds, to the sound of clarionets, trombones, and a long drum, played by eight performers in scarlet beef-eater coats, with wild-skin caps, who sat fronting the crowd, while a stentorian showman called out "dont be deceived; the great performing elephant—the only lion and tigress in one den that are to be seen in the Fair, or the proprietor will forfeit a thousand guineas! Walk in! walk in!" I paid my sixpence, and certainly the idea of the exhibition raised by the invitation and the programme, was in no respect overcharged. The "menagerie" was thoroughly clean, and the condition of the assembled animals, told that they were well taken care of. The elephant, with his head through the bars of his cage, whisked his proboscis diligently in search of eatables from the spectators, who supplied him with fruit or biscuits, or handed him halfpence, which he uniformly conveyed by his trunk to a retailer of gingerbread, and got the money's-worth in return. Then he unbolted the door to let in his keeper, and bolted it after him; took up a sixpence with his trunk, lifted the lid of a little box fixed against the wall and deposited it within it, and sometime afterwards relifted the lid, and taking out the sixpence with a single motion, returned it to the

keeper ; he knelt down when told, fired off a blunderbuss, took off the keeper's hat, and afterwards replaced it on his head with as fitting propriety as the man's own hand could have done ; in short, he was perfectly docile, and performed various feats that justified the reputation of his species for high understanding. The keeper showed every animal in an intelligent manner, and answered the questions of the company readily and with civility. His conduct was rewarded by a good parcel of halfpence, when his hat went round with a hope, that "the ladies and gentlemen would not forget the keeper before he shewed the lion and the tigress." The latter was a beautiful young animal, with two playful cubs about the size of bull dogs, but without the least fierceness. When the man entered the den, they frolicked and climbed about him like kittens ; he took them up in his arms, bolted them in a back apartment, and after playing with the tigress a little, threw back a partition which separated her den from the lion's, and then took the lion by the beard. This was a noble animal ; he was couching, and being inclined to take his rest, only answered the keeper's command to rise, by extending his whole length, and playfully putting up one of his magnificent paws, as a cat does when in a good humour. The man then took a short whip, and after a smart lash or two upon his back, the lion rose with a yawn, and fixed his eye upon his keeper with a look that seemed to say—"Well, I suppose I must humour you." The man then sat down at the back of the den, with his back against the partition, and after

some ordering and coaxing, the tigress sat on his right hand, and the lion on his left, and, all three being thus seated, he threw his arms round their necks, played with their noses, and laid their heads in his lap. He arose and the animals with him; the lion stood in a fine majestic position, but the tigress reared, and putting one foot over his shoulder, and patting him with the other, as if she had been frolicking with one of her cubs, he was obliged to check her playfulness. Then by coaxing, and pushing him about, he caused the lion to sit down, and while in that position opened the animal's ponderous jaws with his hands, and thrust his face down into the lion's throat, wherein he shouted, and there held his head nearly a minute. After this he held up a common hoop for the tigress to leap through, and she did it frequently. The lion seemed more difficult to move to this sport. He did not appear to be excited by command or entreaty; at last, however, he went through the hoop, and having been once roused, repeated the action several times; the hoop was scarcely two feet in diameter. The exhibition of these two animals concluded by the lion lying down on his side, when the keeper stretched himself to his whole length upon him, and then calling to the tigress she jumped upon the man, extended herself with her paws upon his shoulders, placed her face sideways upon his, and the whole three lay quiescent till the keeper suddenly slipped himself off the lion's side, with the tigress on him, and the trio gambolled and rolled about on the floor of the den, like playful children on the floor of a nursery.

Of the beasts there is not room to say more, than that their number was surprising, considering that they formed a better selected collection, and showed in higher condition from cleanliness and good feeding, than any assemblage I ever saw. Their variety and beauty, with the usual accessory of monkeys, made a splendid picture. The birds were equally admirable, especially the pelicans, and the emew. This sixpenny "show" would have formed a dozen sixpenny "shows" at least, to a "Bartlemy Fair" twenty years ago.

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### A FRIEND AT A PINCH.

For the Scrap Book.

"FOR the want of a nail the shoe was lost," says Franklin, and we need not follow out his series of consequences in order to be convinced that little things have their value. Minor matters are seldom regarded by the many; the thinking few, however, regard them not the less on that account, for who knows not how often trivial causes have been productive of vast and unlooked for effects. The insolence of a tax-gatherer seated a fisher boy on the throne of Naples,—the cackling of geese awakened Rome to life and safety,—and the beauty of Helen was the destruction of Troy.

"Dinna despise sma things" was one of the concluding advices of old Elspeth Winnigate to Edward Henryson, who had been arguing some matter in economy with her, as she stood in the door of her cottage and watched the departure of her nephew, "and dinna lippen to your lang legs to cross the burn when ye can get the stappin' stanes:"

she added, as the young man walked on rapidly through the fields to reach the high-way—which led to one of the market towns in the south of Scotland. The person thus addressed was a youth about twenty; tall, stout, and active, who, having been brought up by his aunt in the country, and afterwards settled in the county town, used occasionally to visit his relation, and had this time brought with him a supply of the newly imported and novel article—tea, of which Elspeth was particularly fond. Edward possessed a clear and cool head, and a spirit which had already borne him through several severe trials, and though the path which he now trod bore a bad name in the neighbourhood, a feeling of confidence and courage swelled his heart when he surveyed his well formed limbs and sinewy arm. As he proceeded, an odd mixture of singing and recitative fell on his ear, and he soon recognized the chorus of a popular carol,—

Come, rouse ye merry men all,  
 We'll trowl a stave-fu' jolly;  
 Long life to the hearty and free Bacchanal,  
 Come, let us all join in a right fallal,  
 And wi' mirth choke melancholy.

A turn of the road shewed the worshipper of Bacchus in the person of a thick set, broad shouldered hind, who, notwithstanding his libations, made a tolerable attempt at progressive motion, and he rolled up to Edward with that free, hail-fellow-well-met sort of a manner, that, for the time routs all ideas of distinction. Edward, who knew how to humour a tipsy fellow, shook his proffered hand, and was passing on with the customary “Gude e’en,” but this was denied till he had also

taken snuff with his free companion. "Hae man, tak' a snuff, to be neighbour-like," said he; but on observing Edward's moderation in the use of the article, "tat, ye raw-callant," he added, "what for are ye feared at the sneeshin' ? tak' a goupen o't, or I'se thresh ye." The *argumentum ad hominem* was not to be resisted; so passing it off with a laugh, Edward returned the mull considerably lessened in its contents. "Gude nicht" was given on both sides; the countryman rolled off, and Edward, with his enormous pinch between his fingers passed on.

It was about the middle of autumn when numbers of strange and dubious characters are to be met on country roads, and evening grey was putting on her sober livery, when Edward was again accosted, but in a different strain, by a swarthy fellow who carried a stout stick, and who, in no ceremonious way, with one hand seized him by the collar, and then endeavoured to trip up his heels. Edward, whose self-possession had left him on the suddenness of the attack, was soon convinced, by a pull at his watch, that his situation was no less desperate than real, so shaking himself free he was bestowing some hearty kicks on the rascal, when he closed with him, and being almost double his weight, both rolled to the earth. But when Edward found himself embracing mother earth, he received a fresh accession of strength, as did the Titans of old when they measured fists with Hercules; and though the fellow pressed his stomach very forcibly with his knee, he continued to hold his arms in such a manner as to render



them ineffective for mischief, and thus they lay without advantage on either side. At this moment a lucky thought struck Edward. By a mere mechanical act, he had still retained the countryman's snuff between his fingers, and that by a dexterous movement, was instantly transferred to the rascal's eyes. The application was as efficacious for his deliverance as if he had presented the shield of Perseus emblazoned with the snaky Gorgon's head. The fellow's grasp was instantly unloosed, and Edward had little difficulty in rolling him off into the ditch, roaring and smarting with agony. The first use he made of his liberty was to possess himself of the poltroon's cudgel, with which he walked off as fast as his agitation would allow him. "Dinna despise sma' things," said he to himself, "I never thought my aunt half so sensible till this moment; when did I think I should have owed so much to a pinch? Would that I had broken the villan's head with his own weapon," continued he, grasping the sapling with superfluous energy. "I should like to know which of the two is the hardest timber." At this moment a strife of tongues, consisting of ejaculations and imprecations, sobs and cries like those of females, mingled with the incessant barking of a little terrier, arose at no great distance; and Edward, whose blood was roused by his late conflict, pushed on to the scene of distress, for such it was,—two young ladies in the act of being pillaged by another son of Mercury,—who was with the utmost barbarity trying to pull the rings out of their ears. The sight was to Edward as wood to

fire; the sundry ungracious fisty-cuffs he had already received were only so many incentives to action, and he rushed forward in a mood to enjoy the meleé as the breath of life. His appearance caused the fellow to release the ladies, but he himself shewed no disposition to retreat. On the contrary when he saw, by the stick which Edward flourished, that it had gone hard with his fellow labourer, he heaved his weapon over his shoulder and came up at a running pace, evidently bent on mischief. Edward had scarcely time to recollect his points of fence ere his man was at action. By throwing up St. George's guard and stepping back a pace, he avoided the first blow which would have terminated the contest had it taken effect, so well was it delivered, while the rejoinder with which he followed, was rendered partly inefficient by the superior dexterity of his antagonist, who seemed a most consummate master at quarter-staff. Blows were given and parried on both sides for a considerable time, and longer they might have fought had not the terrier by snapping at his heels and otherwise annoying the rascal, distracted his attention so much, that a lunge from Edward given at an advantageous moment caused him to measure his length on the soil.

The ladies, who had waited the issue at a distance, now hastened up, and entreated Edward to accompany them to Martinvale. Exhausted by his exertions, and suffering extremely from a blow on the head, he willingly accepted the offer, and in half an hour he found himself surrounded by a happy and smiling circle, who vied with each other in tendering him their grateful services.

About a twelvemonth after, there appeared in the public prints the following paragraph:—  
 “Married, Edward Henryson, Esq. to Alicia, eldest daughter to H. Montmorency, Esq. of Martinvale.” By a singular coincidence, another column of the same paper recorded banishment against two notorious criminals, who, Edward afterwards learned, were the men that had formerly committed the outrage on his person, and to one of whom, he used to remark, giving a laughing look to Alice, he was very particularly obliged.

### THE THIMBLE AND PEA.

At this season the public roads are often infested by a set of vagrants, who entrap unwary travellers, by means of a Thimble and Pea.—On the 3th of June, 1825, a publican in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel was charged at the Public Office, Bow-street, by Mr John Francis Panchaud, foreigner, with having, in conjunction with several other persons, defrauded him of a £10 note, at Ascot Heath race-course, on the Thursday preceding. J. Smith, the officer, gave the following description to Mr Minshull, in order that the worthy magistrate might perfectly understand the case:—A gang of seven or eight, or more, set up a table, but they all appear strangers to each other, and unconnected with the game, except one who conducts it, and who appears to be the sole proprietor. This master of the ceremonies has three thimbles, and is provided with a number of peas, or pepper-corns. He puts one under each thimble, or perhaps only under one or two, as the

case may be. He then offers a bet as to which thimble a pepper-corn is or is not under, and offers at first such a wager as is eagerly taken by those round the table, and he loses. He pays the losings freely, and the other members of this joint stock company affect to laugh at him, as what they call a "good flat." Having thus drawn the attention and probably excited the cupidity of a stranger, who appears to have money, they suffer him to win a stake or two, and get him to increase his bets. When he seems thoroughly in the humour, the master of the table lifts a thimble, under which is a pepper-corn, and turning his head aside to speak to some one, he suffers the corn to roll off; and seeming to be unconscious of this, he replaces the thimble, and offers bets to any amount that there is a corn underneath that particular thimble. The stranger having seen the corn roll off "with his own eyes," as the phrase is, chuckles to himself and eagerly takes the bet; the thimble is removed and behold!—there is a pepper-corn under it still, the fellow having dexterously slipped another under it when the first rolled off the table. "So that the plain fact is, sir," continued Smith, "that the stranger, fancying he is taking in the master of the table, cheerfully stakes his money with a dead certainty, as he supposes of winning, and he finds that he has been taking in himself." Smith said he had known instances of gentlemen getting from their carriages, and in a few moments ridding themselves of £20 or £30, or perhaps more, and going off wondering at their folly, and looking uncommonly silly.

It appeared that Mr Panchaud went up to one of these tables, at which the defendant and many others were playing, and after winning two or three times, the trick above described was commenced. The conductor of the game offered a bet of £5, and Mr Panchaud having seen the pepper-corn roll off, took the wager, and put down a £10 note. In a moment after there was a general hustling, the table was upset, and the whole party speedily disappeared, together with the £10 note. When the bet was offered, the defendant, who stood next to him, jogged his elbow, and said eagerly, "Bet him, bet him, you must win, the ball is under our feet." Mr Panchaud had no doubt, from his whole manner, that the defendant was concerned with the others in the trick. The case stood over for further investigation; and it is only inserted here for the purpose of showing a species of slight of hand continued in our own times to defraud the unwary.

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### FALLS OF NIAGARA.

IT is a general impression, that, to go under the falls, we must walk upon the level where they spend their fury, and within arm's length of the torrent; but it is not so; our path lies upon the top of a bank at least thirty feet above the bottom of the abyss, and as far in a horizontal line from the course of the falls, and close under the immense rock which overhangs them. This bank overhangs us, as one side of an irregular arch, of which the pending side is formed by the sheet of water; and thus, instead of groping our way at the foot of a narrow passage, we stand mounted on a stupendous cavern.

On a fine morning in August, soon after sunrise, I set out with a friend and a guide to visit this sublime scene. The first thing to be done, after descending the tower of steps, is to strip ourselves of all clothing, except a single covering of linen, and a silk handkerchief tied tight over the ears. This costume, with the addition of a pair of pumps, is the court dress of the palace of Niagara.

We passed about fifty rods under the Table rock, beneath whose brow and crumbling sides, we could not stop to shudder, our minds were at once so excited and distressed as we approached that eternal gate-way, which nature has built of the motionless rock and the rushing torrent, as a fitting entrance to her most awful magnificence. We passed a jutting corner of the rock, and the chasm yawned upon us. The noise of the cataract was most deafening; its headlong grandeur rolled from the very skies; we were drenched by the overflowings of the stream; our breath was checked by the violence of the wind, which for a moment scattered away the clouds of spray, when a full view of the torrent, raining down its diamonds in infinite profusion, opened upon us. Nothing could equal the flashing brilliancy of the spectacle. The weight of the falling waters made the very rock beneath us tremble, and from the cavern that received them issued a roar, as if the confined spirits of all who had ever been drowned, joined in an united scream for help! Here we stood—in the very jaws of Niagara,—deafened by an uproar, whose tremendous din seemed to fall upon the ear in tangible

and ceaseless strokes, and surrounded by an unimaginable and oppressive grandeur. My mind recoiled from the immensity of the tumbling tide; and thought of time and eternity, and felt that nothing but its own immortality could rise against the force of such an element.

The guide now stopped to take breath. He told us, by hallooing in our ears at the top of his voice, "that we must turn our heads away from the spray when it bléw against us, draw the hand downwards over the face if we felt giddy, and not rely too much on the loose pieces of rock." With these instructions he began to conduct us, one by one beneath the sheet. A few steps farther, and the light of the sun no longer shone upon us. There was a grave-like twilight, which enabled us to see our way, when the irregular blasts of wind drove the water from us; but most of the time it was blown upon us from the sheet with such fury that every drop seemed a sting, and in such quantities that the weight was almost insupportable. My situation was distracting, it grew darker at every step, and in addition to the general tremor with which every thing in the neighbourhood of Niagara is shuddering, I could feel the shreds and splinters of the rock yield as I seized them for support, and my feet were continually slipping from the slimy stones. I was obliged, more than once, to have recourse to the prescription of the guide to cure my giddiness, and though I would have given the world to retrace my steps, I felt myself following his darkened figure, vanishing before me, as the maniac, faithful to the phantoms of his illusion,

pursues it to his doom. All my faculties of terror seemed strained to their extreme, and my mind lost all sensation, except the sole idea of an universal, prodigious, and unbroken motion.

Although the noise exceeded by far the extravagance of my anticipation, I was in some degree prepared for this. I expected too, the loss of breath from the compression of the air, though not the suffocation of the spray; but the wind, the violence of the wind exceeding, as I thought, in swiftness and power the most desolating hurricane. How came the wind there? There, too, in such violence and variety, as if it were the cave of Eolus in rebellion. One would imagine that the river above, fearful of the precipice to which it was rushing, in the folly of its desperation, had seized with giant arms upon the upper air, and in its half-way course abandoned it in agony.

We now came opposite to a part of the sheet, which was thinner, and of course, lighter. The guide stopped and pointed upwards; I looked, and beheld the sun, "shorn of his beams" indeed, and so quenched with the multitudinous waves, that his faint rays shed but a pale and silvery hue upon the cragged and ever humid walls of the cavern.

Nothing can be looked at steadily beneath Niagara. The hand must guard the eyes against the showers which are forced from the main body of the fall, and the head must be constantly averted from a steady position, to escape the sudden and vehement blasts of wind. One is constantly exposed to the sudden rising of the spray, which



bursts up like smoke from a furnace, till it fills the whole cavern, and then, condensed with the rapidity of steam, is precipitated in rain ; in addition to which, there is no support but flakes of the stones covered with innumerable eels.

Still there are moments when the eye, at one glance, can catch a glimpse of this magnificent saloon. On one side the enormous ribs of the precipice arch themselves with Gothic grandeur more than one hundred feet above our heads, with a rottenness more threatening than the water under which they groan. From their summit is projected, with incalculable intensity, a silvery flood, in which the sun seems to dance like a fire-fly. Beneath, is a chasm of death ; an anvil, upon which the hammers of the cataract beat with unsparing and remorseless might ; an abyss of wrath !

We had now penetrated to the utmost recess. A pillar of the precipice juts directly out into the sheet, and beyond it no human foot can step, but to immediate annihilation. 'The distance from the edge of the falls, to the rock which arrests our progress, is said to be forty-five feet, but I do not think this has ever been accurately ascertained. The arch under which we passed, is evidently undergoing a rapid decay at the bottom, while the rock, too, unwasted, juts out like the leaf of a table. Consequently a fall must happen, and, judging from its appearance, may be expected every day ; and this is probably the only real danger in going beneath the sheet. We passed to our temporary home, through the valley which skirts the upper stream, among gilded clouds, and rainbows, and

wild flowers, and felt that we had experienced a consummation of curiosity ; that we had looked upon that, than which earth could offer nothing to the eye or heart of man more awful or more magnificent.

### MONASTERY OF ST. BERNARD.

ELEVATED on the Alps which separate Le Valais from Piedmont stands the celebrated *Hospice au Grand St. Bernard*. It is 8314 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest *inhabited* spot in Europe. It is of the order of St. Augustine, and was founded, in the eleventh century, by St. Bernard de Manthe, a gentleman of Savoy. Before Buonaparte made the great and useful roads over the Simplon and Mount Cenis, the most frequented passage from Italy to Switzerland was by this convent. It is still a very considerable thoroughfare, especially for the poor Piedmontese, who cross these Alps every spring to Italy and France, for employment. In this convent twelve Monks and six Domestic<sup>s</sup> constantly reside, to receive the poor without payment, and to succour the distressed traveller. For this purpose the domestics go out every morning in the winter, on different routs; to search for travellers who may have lost their way. They are accompanied by their Dogs, which are of the Spanish breed, nearly as large as young heifers, fine powerful animals ; and whose sagacity is so unerring that they follow the tracks where the human foot has passed, though covered with snow eight feet deep. They go before the domestics, clearing a path through the snow with their heads and feet ; and as soon

as a traveller is near, they invariably smell him out, and lead the domestic to him, who is furnished with bread and wine to revive him. Sometimes a dog is sent out alone to find the lost and shivering Pilgrim, with bread and wine in a basket tied to his neck. The number of lives saved in this manner is incredible. Last winter an old man was found quite frozen, and was restored to life. Two other men had been carried away by an avalanche and would undoubtedly have perished; but for these good Samaritan monks and their humane dogs. One single dog has saved the lives of five persons; his name is Jupiter; and there are four others whose names are Lion, Turk, Pallas, and Castor. We had them called to us that we might caress them, for they are good-natured and generous animals. They live upon a sour kind of soup made on purpose for them. They are called the Dogs of St. Bernard. Their fame is spread throughout the world, and pictures of them are multiplied.—

One of them, who had saved twelve or thirteen persons, was stuffed after his death, and is now at Berne. One of the Monks pointed out to us several spots where the dogs had discovered frozen travellers, and had rescued them. One place, in particular, he shewed where they had discovered a peasant's family perishing in the snow; upon seeing which, one of these noble animals contrived to take up an infant and place it on his back, and then hastened home to the Monastery to fetch persons who might rescue the unhappy parents. The story affected us almost to tears. I saw, at Paris, a

beautiful engraving of this dog in the act of saving the infant.—Two of these dogs are of a brown speckled colour, and three are white with fawn ears: their heads are very large; their teeth enormous; their necks thick, with flesh hanging down like a bull's; their front feet are amazingly strong, and they stand very high upon their legs; their haunches and hind legs are like those of hounds. They add to all their other qualities that of being remarkably gentle.

This convent was built in 1550. The walls are enormously thick, and strengthened with buttresses on the side of the lake behind, which is frequently frozen during the whole year. The snow falls almost all the year, and it commonly freezes in the morning even in the middle of summer. Dreadful storms of wind often come on unexpectedly, and carry away travellers.

The Provost told me, that in 1800, Buonaparte passed this way. He had sent over 60,000 men from France to Italy who were three weeks in crossing. He came himself after them on a mule, it stumbled on the way, and had not the guide caught him in his arms, he would have fallen down the precipice. He rewarded his deliverer, who ever after went by the name of Buonaparte. Napoleon staid two hours and a half at the convent, was dark and thoughtful, spoke little, took some provisions and a little wine, and appeared lost in silence. He asked if they knew the strength of a neighbouring fort, went down to Italy, and fought the battle of Marengo! The poor monks lost every thing during the war, even their linen

and furniture, yet this was the only convent the conqueror spared.

A regular journal of the state of the weather, and the principal events that occur at the convent, especially the lives saved, is published once a month in one of the periodical works at Geneva—I think, “*Bibliothèque Universelle.*”—

The benevolence and courage of this fraternity amount to a devotion truly extraordinary, as the following incident will show:—The Italian Courier, a few winters ago, arrived from Aoste at St. Bernard on a very inclement afternoon. The Monks endeavoured to dissuade him from proceeding, but he determined to go, and they sent two domestics to guide him. These not returning at the proper time, another servant and two dogs were dispatched. The dogs refused to move, a certain sign that danger was on the road; but life was at stake, and they were forced to go. No soul returned that night, neither men nor dogs; and some days afterwards, about half a league from the Convent, they were discovered, buried under an avalanche, all dead.

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#### EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

THIS religious society has subsisted, under various circumstances and forms of government, ever since the Reformation; but did not receive a legal establishment till the year 1560. About thirty years afterwards, episcopacy was renounced, and presbyterianism adopted; but in the reign of James, episcopacy was restored, and their prelates were consecrated by the English bishops. In the turbu-

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lent days of Charles I., monarchy and episcopacy both fell together, and a solemn league and covenant was entered into for effecting the entire extirpation of prelacy in the Scottish church. At the Restoration, episcopacy was again restored; but the clergy being attached to the Stuarts, and refusing the oath of allegiance to King William, they obtained the name of *Nonjurors*, and were deprived of all their worldly dignities and emoluments. The last claimant to the throne, commonly called the Pretender, having died in 1788, they acknowledged the title of the reigning monarch; the penal laws were soon afterwards repealed, and a union formed between the Scottish and English clergy.

The Scottish Episcopalians maintain the divine right of Episcopacy, and the independency of the church on the state, but admit the propriety of a national establishment. Contrary to the opinion of the Presbyterians, that all ministers are co-equal, they believe that ever since the days of the apostles there has existed another and higher class, to which the presbyters have always been indebted for their authority, and responsible for their conduct; and that the priesthood of the New Testament, as well as of the Old, is by succession.

This church has adopted the Thirty-nine Articles, generally in an anti-calvinistic sense, and also the Liturgy of the English church, with some trifling variations; but is governed by its own clergy, under a distinct form of discipline, instituted in 1743. There are seven bishops, who are usually elected by the whole body of the clergy; but who

are neither distinguished by titles nor riches, like the English bishops. This community includes about sixty congregations, and the same number of clergy of every description. The eminently pious Archbishop Leighton, and the celebrated Bishop Burnet, were members of the Episcopal church of Scotland.

Jones.

### VARIETIES.

*A Good Pennyworth.*—An old highlandman, some years ago, called at the shop of Mr Black, merchant in Biggar, for the important purpose of getting his *spleuchen* replenished with tobacco. Mr B. was a bit of a wag, and liked well to sport a joke with his customers, but on this occasion he was fairly outwitted. The highlandman enquired how much of the precious weed he could get for a penny? Mr Black replied, that he would get as much as would reach from lug to lug.—“Got’s bliss,” exclaimed the eager purchaser, “her nainsell will now get plenty of *tombach*, for her ae lug be here, and its neighbour she be at ta’ Shirra Muir!”

*Ludicrous Case of Robbery.*—A few days ago a robbery was committed which caused a great laugh against the tradesman who was plundered. A well-dressed “victimizer,” whose general apparel a pair of very indifferent shoes disgraced, walked into a bootmaker’s shop in the city, and asked for a particular neat pair of Wellingtons. He was rather a fastidious customer. but the master of the shop at last fitted him with great exactness. “What’s the price?” said he, stamping with his right foot to fasten himself immoveably in the new purchase. Before an answer could be given, in darted a stranger to the shop, struck the booted customer a violent blow in the face, knocked him flat, and then ran off. The insulted person leaped up, with the blood streaming from his nose, and crying out, “where is the villain who assaulted me!” ran out at full speed to catch the aggressor. “I wonder,” said the owner of the shop, “will the gentleman catch that ’ere rascal wot hit him so sharp. I am afraid the boots will cramp him; I thought they was too tight, and it’s a pity if the fellow escapes.”—“Catch him!” said the shopman, looking at the old pair of mudplungers which the “victimizer” left behind.—“What!” said the master, “do you mean to say that the gentleman with the bloody nose won’t come back.”—“To be sure I do,” answered the shopman. “What would he come back for? Has’nt he got a good pair of boots for his bloody nose?”

### ST. SWITHIN’S DAY.

THE opinion of the people on subjects connected with natural history, is commonly founded, in some degree, on fact or experience; though in this case, vague and inconsistent conclusions are too frequently drawn from real premises. The notion commonly entertained on this subject,

if put strictly to the test of experience, at any one station in this part of the island, will be found fallacious. To do justice to popular observation, I may now state, that in a majority of our summers, a showery period, which, with some latitude as to time and local circumstances, may be admitted to constitute daily rain for forty days, does come on about the time indicated by this tradition; not that any long space before is often so dry as to mark distinctly its commencement.

The tradition it seems, took its origin from the following circumstances.—Swithin or Swithum, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 868, desired that he might be buried in the open church-yard, and not in the chancel of the Minster, as was usual with other Bishops. This request was complied with; but the Monks, on his being canonized, considered it disgraceful for the saint to be in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July; it rained, however, so violently for forty days together at this season, that the design was abandoned. Now without entering into the case of their Bishop, who was probably a man of sense, and wished to set the example of a more wholesome, as well as a more humble mode of resigning the perishable clay to the destructive elements, I may observe, that the fact of the hindrance of the ceremony by the cause related, is sufficiently authenticated by tradition, and the tradition is so far valuable as it proves that the summers in this southern part of our island, were subject a thousand years ago to occasional heavy rains in the same way as at present.

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### GARDEN WORK IN JULY.

Plant more cauliflowers for autumn; and cabbages, savoys, brocoli, and leeks for winter. If any vacant ground, sow turnips, carrots, onion, winter spinage, kidney beans, endive, &c. Towards the end, plant sweet herbs. Transplant celery, more cabbages, and cauliflowers, on the ground where the early pease are done. Water, in dry weather, always in the evening. Dung and dig ground for full crops of winter greens and cabbage to be planted next month.

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JULY 1st.	ho.	m.	JULY 30th.	ho.	m.
			Twilight begins,.....	1	30
Sun rises,.....	3	46	Sun rises,.....	4	17
— sets,.....	8	14	— sets,.....	7	43
			Twilight ends,.....	10	40