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THE MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK, FOR MARCH.

“O! who can speak his joys when Spring's young morn
From wood and pasture opened on his view,
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
And the first primrose dips its leaves in dew.”

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1832

Price One Penny.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Thermometer of politics ! strange folio of news !
Which young and old, which rich and poor, which grave and gay, peruse ;
A faithful portraiture of all the manners of the age ;
A picture of the actors proud who crowd the public stage ;
A medley of most rare events ; a " map of busy life,"
With all its shifting lights and shades, its pleasure and its strife ;
Containing acts of statesmen wise, accounts of bloody wars,
Rebellions, murders, robberies, infernal feuds and jars ;
How greedy churchmen meanly fawn, and to a patron bow ;
What small regard for people's rights the most of princes show ;
How wily lawyers love to hear of squabbles and contentions ;
How titled fools, tho' wanting sense, are often blessed with pensions ;
How some are hunting after fame, how some are seeking health,
And others with avidity are toiling after wealth :
The varying phrases of the times there we distinctly mark,
And see the nation's healthful signs, or plague-spots deep and dark.
It is a Courier bringing news from shores and climes afar ;
A Herald with the flag of peace, or symbol red of war ;
A Mercury hastening on its way, the messenger of fate ;
A Sun that lights us with its ray ; a Standard of the state ;
A Record of the Times ; a Globe that daily shews its light ;
A " Northern Whig" that forward comes, and pleads the people's right ;
'Tis a Spectator looking on with sharp discerning eyes ;
A calm Observer of the world ; Examiner that prys
Into the schemes and secrets deep that statesmen sly devise ;
An Atlas large of politics ; a Morning Post that flies
With fashionable gossip round ; a Chronicle of news ;
A Journal of intelligence ; a Scotsman true, that views
With joy the efforts making now in freedom's noble cause ;
A Free Press urging on Reform, with just and equal laws ;
An Advertiser spreading wide accounts of rousps and sales,
With prices of estates and books, of ships and merchants' bales.
It is a thing that's sorely taxed to fill the public purse,
Which selfish politicians fear, and despots loudly curse ;
And though it seems a feeble thing, of trail materials made,
It can alarm oppressors fierce, and helpless sufferers aid ;
For, guided by the voice of truth, it has a power unknown,
A lever that can overturn the greatest tyrant's throne.

November, 1831.

1831

Robin Strap.

Price One Penny

THE

MONTHLY SCRAP BOOK.

THE EAGLE.

IN summer, 1828, the writer of the following pages traversed the greater part of Galloway, visiting in his course every hill and loch whose locality is at all celebrated in the district. During this excursion he met and conversed with many shepherds, and was careful to gather from them every thing they knew concerning the eagle. Among the hills almost every shepherd is familiar with the appearance of these birds, and though their statements vary in some points, they all agree in this, that "every year they are getting scarcer and scarcer." So far from complaining of their depredations, several store-farmers assured me that the eagles never touch a lamb or sheep until life has become extinct from natural causes. Every season there is more or less mortality in the flocks, and the eagle's sense of smell is so remarkably acute that he scents carrion at some miles' distant. When their numbers were greater and provisions scarce, necessity, no doubt, must have compelled them to carry off living lambs, and I have often heard Major Miller mention a case which occurred when he was residing at Braemar Lodge, in which an eagle lighted among a herd of deer, fixed its ta-

ions in the head of a devoted doe, pierced the skull, and had actually begun to feast on the brains at the very moment the animal fell. On another occasion, a voracious bird, of the same species, pounced on a setter-dog, the property of some of the keepers at Braemar, and bore it as high as the surrounding trees, when the pup, by its yelping and struggles to escape, so alarmed the enemy, that he relaxed his hold, and soared with the greatest speed away. Yet, notwithstanding of these facts, I am inclined to believe that eagles do very little mischief at present beyond poaching most extensively. Hares, conies, grouse, black-game, partridges, carrion, and vermin, are all considered their lawful prey; and some of them, by frequenting lakes and rivers, assail the finny tribes as often as they can, and live by levying contributions from the waters. For several years past a brace of eagles, whose eyrie is perched amidst the cliffs of Cairnsmuir, have visited Cally every summer, in quest, no doubt, of the hares and rabbits with which that princely domain abounds. The game-keepers, who are well aware of their errand, have sometimes put their longest barrels in requisition, and attempted to bring them down with ball; but their efforts hitherto have been unsuccessful—a circumstance I rejoice at, rather than regret. The distance from Cally to the top of Cairnsmuir must be at least a dozen miles as the crow flies; but this, of course, is mere recreation to the most lordly bird that cleaves the air, and is perhaps performed in a briefer space than a gentleman about to travel can order his horse, get it saddled, and brought round to the door.

From his vicinity to the hills, zeal as a naturalist, and ardour as a sportsman, Mr Stewart, of Cairnsmuir, possesses more practical knowledge of the haunts and habits of the Scottish eagle, than any gentleman I ever meet with. On more than one occasion, he has marked their eyries, and a few years ago, after adopting the proper precautions, he sent a person down the cliffs with the view of securing a particular nest, when he knew the parent birds were both abroad. The messenger succeeded, and returned safely from his voyage of discovery, though he only captured one eaglet. Indeed there was only one in the nest—a circumstance by no means uncommon. It is of the very nature of birds of prey to be jealous and quarrelsome in a high degree; and eaglets, I am told, begin to fight almost as soon as they are out of the shell. In this way the eyrie, like some other nurseries, is apt to become a scene of uproar, when its guardians are abroad on other business; and at meal-time, when rations are brought in and divided, particularly when the demand exceeds the supply, feuds arise about the “loaves and fishes,” which not unfrequently terminate in the stronger bird thrusting the weaker from the nest, long before its pinions are grown, to meet its fate on the cliffs below. An assault of this kind had occurred in the case of which I am speaking, and Mr Stewart, though anxious for a pair at the time, had to content himself with a single nursling of the wild. Shortly after he shot its mother, a magnificent specimen of the golden eagle, with legs, or rather

thews, almost as thick as a man's wrist, and measuring, in the stuffed state, as near as may be, three feet high. Her son is of inferior height and strength, both from his sex and the captivity he has endured; for I need hardly remark, that female birds of prey are larger than the males—an anomaly certainly in the history of the species, but at the same time, a wise provision of Nature, seeing that the mother has most to do in catering for her callow young. The live eagle at Cairnsmuir retains all his instinct unimpaired. When I saw him last year, he was in tolerable feather, hopping about and facing his visitors with the greatest boldness; and like all the tribe, he seems to have an eye that never cowers—at least from fear. Though his food is rarely stinted, he likes best to kill his own meat, and if a domesticated fowl happen to stray within his range, its doom is fixed and its fate sealed. Instantly it is severed into a number of fragments, with a dexterity no carver could equal, though the head and brains are always eaten first, as affording the most delicious morsel. The practice followed by some of skinning hares and rabbits before surrendering them to birds of prey, is as unwise as it is unnecessary. In his natural state, the eagle has a contempt for the subdivisions of labour; the game laws, too, he sets at defiance; far and wide, without leave asked or given, he acts as his own huntsman, butcher, or cook; even when confined, he takes great delight in skinning for himself; and as he uniformly swallows a portion of the fur, this fact of itself is decisive as to the proper mode of treatment, and proves that down of some kind

is necessary to promote the important process of digestion. In the days of falconry, small balls of worsted were administered to hawks after a gorge; and every one knows that canaries, linnets, &c., pick up sand and other substances, and thus avert many dyspeptic evils to which thousands, with reason to guide them, are martyrs during the greater part of their lives. Eagles, when confined, are generally fed every second day, though it is known they can fast for a week or more, without any great abatement of strength. Like the Indian hunter, their means of subsistence are rather precarious, and at certain seasons, they must often pass the day without a meal. Mr Stewart's eagle—a fact which I hold to be not a little curious—refuses to touch a bird of prey, however hungry he may be at the time. Again and again the experiment has been tried, and as often, after smelling the quarry, and plucking off a few feathers, hawks, ravens, owls, and bats, have been thrown aside as a tainted thing. I have already hinted that birds of this kind appear to be untameable; and I very much doubt whether they could be taught, after the greatest care, to obey the falconer's call or whistle, and hunt as much for other's pleasure as their own. After an acquaintance of several years' standing, Mr Stewart and his eagle are on as distant terms as they were at first—so much so, that in approaching him, he must carry a stick, and move very warily to boot, to eschew the consequences of a flap of the wing—a stroke of the beak—or a dig of the claws. Every dog that has heard his chirrup, takes care to keep at a respectful distance; and if a stranger cur hap-

pen to stray within forbidden bounds, the first glimpse of the inmate of the den makes him take to his heels with the speed of lightning. In June, 1827, a stranger gentleman, while residing at Cairnsmuir, came in contact with the eagle before he knew there was one about the place, and the onset was so fierce, that he was thrown down, and his upper garments torn almost to shreds; otherwise he escaped with a few scratches; and though his nerves are neither weak nor his arms powerless, he declared that he would rather face an angry mastiff than again put himself in the way of receiving a practical specimen of the *lex talionis*. On another occasion, a very old woman, a dependant of the family, was seized by the gown, suddenly upset, and so rudely treated when lying on the ground, that the eagle, it is thought, would have made a meal of her face and arms, had not the servants rushed to the spot, and indignantly driven the enemy away.

Sailors' Omens.—Sailors, usually the boldest men alive, are yet on their own element very superstitious. At the present day they account it very unlucky to lose a bucket or a mop. To throw a cat overboard or drown one at sea is the same. Children are deemed lucky to a ship. Whistling at sea is supposed to cause increase of wind, and is therefore much disliked by seamen, though sometimes they themselves practise it when there is a dead calm.

THE NUPTIALS;

A tale of the Olden Time.

(For the Monthly Scrap Book.)

Vile Traitor, yield that Lady up!
 And quick his sword he drew;
 The stranger turned in sudden rage,
 And at Sir Bertram flew.

The Hermit of Walksworth.

“TELL me not so: I deem it unwise for the daughter of Sir Christopher Walshingham—the pride of English Chivalry, to give her fair hand to a base churl. Maiden, it is not beseeming our order that I should hear more. It shall not be said that the Abbot of St. Cuthberts, debased the glory of the Holy Church by aiding the union of English knighthood with Scottish peasantry.”

Thus spoke the Abbot of St. Cuthberts, in a warm tone, to the daughter of Sir Christopher Walshingham; and as he turned with great agitation into a recess of the church, she threw herself into an attitude of supplication, and exclaimed:—

“Trust me, my Lord Abbot, I debase not the glory of my ancestors by refusing the hand of one for whom I could never feel one throb of affection. Lord Marlowe brings no claim with him for the affections of Gertrude Walshingham, but brutal force and fendal tyranny. For, as sure as that bright moon lightens up this fair earth, so sure are his motives base and dishonourable. I beseech thee, father, by all the Saints,—by Him whom you profess to worship, that you betray me

not to that false-hearted fiend. You tell me that your convent is poor,—my richest jewels shall be the reward. You remind me the power and influence of Marlowe is great;—the benedictions of a pure heart, and the prayers of an humble maiden shall seek to you that protection from heaven, which may be denied you on earth.”

“Daughter,” said the Abbot, “the reward is the inheritance of Satan, the prayers of the giver can never avail me.”

“Holy Father,” exclaimed Gertrude, “does it become the Church which I have been taught to revere as the pillar of our land, to lend its power and influence in oppressing the helpless, and to sell its aid to the cause of tyranny? Let it not be said of thee at least, my lord Abbot, that the prayers of the innocent were ever less in thy sight, than the commands of the guilty.”

“Maiden,” answered the Monk, “thy prayers may not have wanted their effect. A conviction of the right has not led me to thy wishes, but that the Holy Church may be instrumental to thy peace and happiness; meet me an hour hereafter in the chapel with thy betrothed.”

Thus saying he quitted the church, and as the last sound of his footsteps died away, Gertrude Walshingham starting as from a dream, exclaimed—“Thanks my lord Abbot,” and retiring from the building tripped with a light step down an avenue overhung with lofty trees by a path which led to the abbey of St. Cuthberts. At the foot of the avenue the figure of a man was seen to glide ac-

cross the path and to approach her. Gertrude as soon as she discovered him, threw herself in his arms, and giving vent to a torrent of joy, she exclaimed,—

“Reginald, our happiness is now completed. The good Abbot has consented to our union.”

The individual to whom these words were addressed was a young man of commanding aspect. He was clad in a brown russet cloak, the coarseness of which ill contrasted with the dignity of his mien, and betrayed what indeed it seemed intended to disguise, that his rank was superior to his appearance.

He clasped her to his breast, and both were for a moment overpowered with emotion. At length leaning upon his arm she conducted him up the avenue, when they quickly came in sight of the Monastery, whose grey walls were distinctly seen by the reflection of the full moon. The hour at which the Abbot would be prepared for their reception arrived, and they proceeded to the chapel, the door of which was cautiously opened by the porter. They entered, and a lighted torch gleaming faintly from the altar with the moon-beams reflected through the arched windows, discovered to them the Abbot kneeling in the attitude of prayer. They remained in silence for a few moments, when the Abbot, rising, approached and led them to the altar.

He uttered a short prayer and commenced a service which had only the scene and situation to render it magnificent.

“Hold, villain!” cried a voice from the other end of the chapel, which was succeeded by a figure rushing into the midst of the group, “who dares claim the hand of Gertrude Walshingham.”

“Now, by all the Saints,” said the bridegroom, “who darrest give such interruption? Wretch, thy life shall atone for thy audacity.

“Base menial!” said Lord Marlowe, for such was the unexpected visitor, “dost thou think that I will condescend to stain my sword with the blood of peasantry.—Slaves! seize the villain!”

The command was followed by two ruffians springing forward and attempting to seize the bridegroom, who flinging aside his doublet and cloak discovered to their astonishment, a figure of gigantic frame, braced in complete armour. With one throw of his arm he forced the first who attempted to lay hold of him to totter to the ground, while the other, aware of his personal danger, retired behind the altar.

“Now, by my knighthood,” said the bridegroom, “I credit my sword will have but a poor antagonist; draw thy weapon, my lord, thy cowardice will have but too fair play. Sir Reginald Maxwell was seldom found playing such game with such a loud crowing chicken.”

Thus saying he attacked with great ferocity Lord Marlowe, who, throwing himself into an attitude of defence, passed his weapon and made an ineffectual feint which partly overbalanced him, and the sword of Sir Reginald Maxwell was plunged into his breast, when he fell to the ground.

A loud knocking was now heard at the door of the chapel, which was succeeded by the entrance of Sir Christopher Walshingham, frantic with rage and boiling with unrestrained fury. Sir Christopher rushed into the midst of the chapel, loudly demanding the villain who had robbed him of his daughter. The Abbot now interfered, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, exclaimed—

“Peace, Sir Christopher, vengeance is from heaven. The Holy Altar has been already stained with human blood, and woe be to him who has done the impious deed.

“I feel the truth of what you suggest my lord Abbot,” said Sir Christopher,—“But by heaven, vengeance shall overtake the villain on this spot, where the innocent has fallen by his hands.”

“Stay, and hearken to me, Sir Christopher,” said the faint voice of Marlowe, as he attempted to raise himself on his arm, but which effort proved ineffectual; “I feel the flow of my heart’s blood fast ebbing—the cold icy hand of death is on my brow; and before I appear before my judge I will disburden my conscience of its weight. I have wronged you all. I am already espoused to—Lady Marlowe is now in the castle of——

He could proceed no farther,—his eyes became fixed and he expired. The announcement he made came like the electric stroke upon the hearers. Walshingham leaned upon the body, and gladly would he have extracted something more from the dead. Sir Reginald Maxwell approached with Gertrude leaning on his arm.

“Sir Christopher Walshingham,” said he, “w^o ask thy forgiveness. But trust me, a Scottish knight now asks from thee something else than beauty or wealth. He asks the hand of thy daughter in honourable wedlock.

“It is granted! it is granted!” exclaimed Sir Christopher; “and now, my lord Abbot, thy mistaken zeal in calling Lord Marlowe and myself to this place to stay the nuptials of my daughter, has caused the death of the guilty. Thy sanctuary has been polluted with human blood, but a rich reward shall, we trust, wipe out the stain and we now ask thee to seal the nuptials of the lovers in a way befitting the daughter of Sir Christopher her Walshinghame.” M.

MANCHESTER.

What's in a Name.—It appears that, while Manchester is now acknowledged to be amongst the greatest commercial towns in Britain, it also boasts not a few peculiarities worthy of remark. And by turning over Pigot's new Directory, it will be found to be a seat of royalty, as it contains at present, no less than 25 Kings, and although we have no Queens, yet there are 30 Princes, 4 Dukes, 3 Earls, 47 Lords, 21 Barons, and 36 Knights. We can also boast of having 2 Bishops, 80 Deans, 21 Proctors, 11 Popes, 3 Priests, 3 Prophets, and 5 Monks; still it is lamentable to think that there are only 2 Christians in the whole community. If we take places of worship, it would appear that the

issenters are gaining ground very rapidly, as there are only 2 Churches, while there are 15 Chapels and 17 Kirks. The peculiarities of the seasons are remarkable, for we have neither Springs nor Autumns, but to make up for their loss, we have 3 Summers, and 9 Winters; we have likewise frosts, Snows, Rains, and Fogs. We have plenty of Moons, but no Suns; still we have Roses and Lillies, Oakes and Ashes; and plenty of Gardeners, Forresters, and Farmers. Our scenery is also greatly diversified, having 2 Mountains, 100 Hills, and 37 Dales; and although we have neither Rivers or Lakes, but only a few brooks, yet we have Bridges and Barges, plenty of Fishers, and a fair supply of Salmon. And the stranger in Manchester will be surprised to find, perfectly at large, no fewer than 27 Lyons, and lots of Nightingales, Swans, Peacocks, and Ducks. We have Mr Law, an attorney; Mr Jump, a rope-maker; Wood, a joiner; Corn, a baker; and Chambers, a house builder. We are taught in strong language the mutability of human affairs, for we find the great Isaac Newton, a painter, in Liverpool Road; Addison, a joiner, in Tulse-street; Barus, a dyer, in Oldham-street; and Thomas Lawrence, (no longer bearing the honour of knighthood) earning his livelihood by weaving, at No. 5, Quay-street. And is it not a lasting shame, that poor Tommy Moore should be making, not amorous ditties, but boots and shoes, in Oldham Road. The "Pilot that Weather'd the storm," is still pursuing his vocation by mending windows in Oak-street; and his great opponent

Charles Fox, is an artist in Market-street. Robert Peel, is now a labourer in Salford; and Joey Hume, an engraver in Shudehill. Horatio Nelson, now "fights his battles o'er" at the King's Arms, Abcoats Lane; and to crown all, Charlie Stewart is now a mill-wright near St. Peter's. Although Manchester, in point of population, stands second in the British empire, containing upwards of 230,000 inhabitants, among which there are no less than 20 Savages, it is a melancholy reflection that there is only one Wiseman in the whole parish. — *Manchester Guardian.*

THE POISONED VALLEY.

THIS valley is in the island of Java; and is particularly remarkable for its power of destroying in a very short space the life of man, or any animal exposed to its atmosphere. It is distant only three miles from Batur, in Java, and is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley. On the 4th of July, Mr Loudon, with a party of friends, set out on a visit to it; and, following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. When a few yards from the valley a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin this inconvenience was no longer found. The scene that now presented itself is described as of the most appalling nature. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, about thirty or

thirty-five feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. The attention of the party was immediately attracted to the number of skeletons of human beings, tigers, boars, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, which lay about in profusion. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty in breathing. A dog was fastened at the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking round, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in which died in a minute and a half, and another which was thrown after it, died in the space of a minute and half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. Two hours were passed in this valley of death, and the party had some difficulty

in getting out of it, owing to the rain that had fallen. The human skeletons are supposed to be those of rebels, who have been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the valley without their knowledge of the danger to which they were thus exposing themselves.—(The effects, as here described, are identical with those at the Grotto del Cane, at Naples, and no doubt arise from the same cause. These seem more strange in an open valley; but the mephitic air at the Grotto is so heavy, that you may stand upright without inconvenience, as it rises but a few inches above the surface.)

Geographical Society

THE BURGHER GUARDS.

AT Hamburgh may be found one of the few remaining shadows of this once formidable force still surviving only amongst the free towns of Germany. Its organization is an exact copy of what it was in the olden time, and reminds us forcibly of the period when every city was of necessity a fort, and every citizen a soldier. The town is divided into regiments, and these again into companies, at the head of each of which there is a commandant. The regiments and companies parcel it out, just as our more modern cities are divided into police districts; and each regiment counts as its men the free citizens residing within its locality. Altogether unlike our common militia force, in which by substitution any ballot man may shift personal service upon a deputy, this guard consists solely of free citizens, and enrols

the whole of them. No man can enjoy one of the rights of burgher-ship, without acquiring burgher qualification, and the very first step towards the attainment of this, is enrolment amongst the wards. As none but citizens are permitted to open an account with the Hamburg bank, all commercial men trading with the city and keeping counting houses in it, are compelled to submit to this odd ordeal; and the first thing a mercantile stranger does on his arrival, is to notify his residence to the commandant of his district, and receive orders to be drilled. The corporal, in return for one of old Turpenny's *considerations*, indulges his recruit by attending him at his house or counting-house, and enabling him to perfect himself in the accomplishment of a soldier in a quiet and gentlemanly way. The exercise, however, does not end here, and the recruit speedily finds it is no joke to play at soldiers in Germany. During a great part of the year, the whole force is drilled out for public training, and certainly a most odd figure do its men make. Upon any one their strange dress would sit but queerly; and it may be judged how the stiff middle blue trowsers, with black stripe down the outer side seams, blue tight jacket, high narrow cap and towering feather, become those worthy burghers,—the most of them showing, by a huge capacity of paunch, that whether or not they know any thing of the art of taking away life, they are tolerably well acquainted with the method of keeping it in. North Germany has never been famed for handsome men, and the long-stricken traders of the Elbe, naturally incline

the vital principle to put on that particular form of covering, which has the property of being nearly as broad as it is long. Whether this has been done for the sake of keeping itself more comfortable, and of enjoying, as far as possible from all external disturbance, its morning glass of *skidam*, so regularly and faithfully transmitted to it by the careful German, we take not upon us to determine; but certain it is the Hamburgh Burgher Guard consider it no unwise provision, and their best "maugre the graces"—to grow in diameter and rotundity, as fast or still faster than in length. Great and ponderous men! Admirable subjects for Cruickshanks! Exquisite matter for Knickerbocker's historic pen! When we saw you last on parade, slowly moving your immense bodies in a vain mimic of activity, direspectful thoughts came into our wild heads, and we almost laughed at the idea of such soldiers. Wiser feelings straight returned,—we remembered of Wilkin Hammock,—we recognised you as his kinsmen,—we remembered, that your ungrateful forefathers, marshalled in that same cumbrous and ungainly band, planted the first tree of Liberty in the soil of modern Europe, informed Power that God had placed a limit to oppression and disorder, and made property a sacred thing! *Fife Herald.*

When it was observed by a grave critic that the *Moon* in the tragedy of Douglas did not *move*, one of the audience answered, that being made of *paper* it was *stationary*.

VARIETIES.

LIBERIA.—This new African Colony, established by the Pennsylvanian Colonization Society as an Asylum for Emancipated Negro Slaves, is situated near the river Montserado, upon land purchased by the Society from native African kings. It consists of nearly 2000 souls, *all negroes* formerly slaves, and all employed in manufactures, trade, and commerce. No *white* settlers are allowed. The only whites are the Society's agent, and a physician who is his attendant. The colony is *independent*. Its Port is free to all nations, and 9 vessels, mostly English, arrived and sailed in the course of one month. This settlement is a successful experiment to establish FREE NATIONS upon their *native soil*. A Newspaper is published, which is edited and printed by these negro settlers in their little flourishing colony of independence, entitled, "LIBERIA HERALD—'Freedom the brilliant gift of Heaven'—MONROVIA, LIBERIA (WEST AFRICA), 1830.

Antiquity of the Campbells.—An old woman of the name of Gordon, in the North of Scotland, was listening to the account in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little female grandchild. When the girl came to tell of the *thousand camels*, which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, "Eh, lassie," cried the old woman, "a thousand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells (*pronounced Cammils*) are an old clan, sure eneuch; but look an ye dinna see the Gordons too."

Fumigating Mixture.—Two ounces of salt dried, two ditto of nitre. Mix and put to them in a stoneware basin or plate, a half-ounce of water, and the same quantity of good *sulphuric acid*. Remove all polished-metal articles from the room, as the vapour would rust them, and close all doors and windows. To procure more advantage, when the process appears to cease, place the basin on hot sand.

Balancing Accounts.—At a time not very distant, it was an established practice throughout most of the Highlands for the smith to get the mart's head in return for keeping the axe in repair during the year. About half a century ago, the then minister of Blair-Athole, having killed his mart, sent the head according to custom to the smith, but being fond of a delicate bit himself, he sent it without the tongue. The smith received his tribute without any remark, but in the course of a few days the parson's axe having come to be repaired, he trimmed the head of it, and sent it back without meddling with the cutting part. The minister on seeing this, waxed wroth, and set off for the smithy in a violent passion. "What, in the name of wonder," said his reverence, "is the reason that you only sorted the head of the axe; you must be very ungrateful for the present I sent you?" "What, in the name of wonder," said the smith, "is the reason that you took the tongue from the mart's head?" "O!" says the parson, turning as smooth as oil, "you must know, smith, that it is by the tongue I earn my bread." "I did not know before," says vulcan, drily, "that it was by a *nowl's tongue*."

Ancient English Dandies.—Varied and ridiculous modes of dress were much in vogue. What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than the English beau of the 14th century. He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; a stocking of one colour on one leg, and of another colour on the other; short breeches, which scarcely reached to the middle of the thighs; a coat, one half white, the other half blue or other colour; a long beard; a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, and ornamented with gold and precious stones.

Drunkenness expels reason—drowns the memory—defaces beauty—diminishes strength—inflames the blood—causes internal, external, and incurable wounds—is a witch to the senses—a devil to the soul—a thief to the purse—the beggar's companion—a wife's woe and children's sorrow—makes a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. He is worse than a beast, and a self-murderer, who drinks to others good health, and robs himself of his own.

Leap Year.—Albeit it is nowe become a parte of the Common Lawe in regarde to the social relations of life, thate as often as every Vessextile year dothe return, the Ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may do either by wordes or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefitte of clergy, who dothe refuse to accept offers of a Ladye, or who doth in anywise treat her proposal withe slight or contumely!"

GARDEN WORK IN MARCH.

MAKE small hot-beds for raising cucumbers and melon plants. Plant some early potatoes on a warm sheltered situation, covering them in frosty evenings with litter of pease straw. About the middle, sow brocoli, cabbages, savoy, asparagus, and onions; also cauliflower, leeks, carrots, turnips, &c. and pease and beans every fortnight for a succession. Plant out cabbages and savoy, artichokes and asparagus. Sow all kinds of hardy annual flower seeds in the open ground, and the tender kinds in a moderate hot-bed in pots. Finish planting fruit and forest trees. Plant gooseberries, currants, strawberries and raspberries. Transplant all kinds of sweet herbs, also perennial fibrous-rooted and herbaceous plants, and evergreens. Make box edgings.

PROVERBS ON THE WEATHER.

If red the sun begins his race
Expect that rain will fall apace.

The evening red, the morning gray,
Are certain signs of a fair day.

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day.

In the waning of the moon,
A cloudy morn—fair afternoon.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refresh'd by frequent showers.

MARCH, 1st. ho. m.		MARCH, 31st. ho. m.	
Day breaks	4 43	Day breaks,	3 3
Sun rises,	6 35	Sun rises,	5 3
—sets,	5 25	—sets,	6 2
Twilight ends, . . .	7 17	Twilight ends, . . .	8 2