

Poetry.

THE HONEY-MONEY MOON.

I had a cousin, we loved each other ;
He was so handsome, I was so fair !
Uncle, his father, auntie, my mother,
Said : " What a happy, beautiful pair !"

My heart was tender ; he was not clever
Nor rich, but kisses and bread are life ;
So we both promised to be for ever
A faithful husband, a model wife.

It was December, we had to linger
As birds and flowers waiting the spring ;
One day he, trembling, put on my finger
The bond of lovers, the golden ring.

Chorus—Happy sweethearts
Will know how soon
Regret eclipses
The honeymoon.

Consulting fashions, tailors, dressmakers,
January is ended, February is come,
March is spent in reading *Bœdekers'*,
April adorning my future home.

After the wedding we took the steamer ;
Hymen requires a trial trip :
The fancy vessel was called the *Dreamer*,
So told me Willie, kissing my lip.

With love, seasickness, and all my money,
We got to Naples the 1st of May ;
The moon was brighter, distilling honey,
In drops of kisses, hundred a day.

Chorus—By land, by sea,
Hut, or saloon,
Love still reflects
The honeymoon.

Like hot Vesuvius, the red volcano,
We were two burning smoking hearts,
Speaking always in *Italiano*
Of love and poets, music and arts.

Romeo and Juliet were less poetic
Than we, by sunset and by moonlight ;
He found my singing divine, æsthetic,
My thoughts all graphic, my words all right.

Women were ugly, I was the Beauty ;
With silks and velvets he fill'd my press ;
Respect, obedience was his first duty,
At all my questions answering " Yes."

Chorus—With a full mouth
And silver spoon,
Lovers lick quicker
Their honey . . . moon.

Now Spring was over . . . what transformation !
Money, dreams, flowers are gone away :
Love has accomplished its own cremation,
The hundred kisses are ten a day.

New heart got Willie with the new season,
The May's fresh roses were thorns in June ;
My thoughts were nonsense and out of reason,
My songs insipid and out of tune.

To my blue glances, my cheek of roses,
My golden tresses . . . what a surprise !
He prefers classic Italian noses,
Cheeks *terra cotta*, lovely black eyes.

Chorus—Love is a play,
And very soon
The curtain covers
The honeymoon.

Now, if we travel, all cars and classes
Cars for my husband's sleeping are ;
His pounds are shillings, his jewels brasses,
His kisses puffings of his cigar.

My ex-Romeo now is Othello,
I am Ophelia, Hamlet is mad.
I am unhappy, and the poor fellow
Is always yawning, tired, and sad.

" What is the matter, O Willie dear ?"
" Nothing," he tells me, bending his head.
I say, smiling, and with a tear :
" The moon is ended, your love is dead."

Chorus—A dazzling bubble,
A frail balloon,
Is for you, lovers,
The honeymoon.

We came to London about September ;
Sometimes my husband (only for fun)
Calls me " My darling," and I remember
The moon of Naples, the Italian sun.

Now all is grumbling, business and cares,
All fogs and shadows, and winter all :
The joys are sadness, the dreams nightmares,
That comb of honey is cup of gall.

Hear me, lasses, and don't be silly :
Get a good husband, rich if you can,
But never, never a cousin Willie ;
Love is a liar, the man is man.

Chorus—'Tis true, the honey
Palls very soon.
Only the money
Survives the moon.

carry on his back. A 'fad,' or 'faud,' is a lesser quantity, such as can be conveniently carried under the arm or in the hand.—*Note by the same.*

BRANDLINGS. These were defined as "a mixture of peas and beans." "They are, properly, large peas of a brownish-yellow spotted colour, quite different from the ordinary grey pea, and are much fancied and in request for 'carlins.'"—*Note by the same.*

BENT-HAMMER, a mason's hammer, having a flat face at one end and a point at the other.—*Note by Dr. McLean, Corbridge.*

BOONDER, BOUNDER, to control. "Ye mun boonder yorsel"—you must control yourself.—*Note by J. A. H.* "Here, Mary, help me wi' this jam; it canna be boondered." The jam was boiling over. (Heard at Thropton).—*Note by Mr. G. H. Thompson.*

BROGLY, shaky, twisted, uneven. "Aa've a pair o' compasses, but thor varry brogly yens"—that is, bent and twisted in the legs and generally shaky. "The road's varry brogly yen."—*Note by Mr. J. B. Atkinson, Stocksfield.*

BRAKE, a lever forming part of the apparatus used in coal boring. It is a simple beam having a crook at one end to which the bore-rods are attached by a chain and sling rope. When the depth attained in boring has become so great that the bore-rods cannot be lifted by the men at the brace-head, then the brake is brought into requisition. By its powerful leverage the rods are lifted and then allowed to drop, the rods being turned at each stroke by the brace-head.—*From a note by the same.*

BROACH, to break a hole through the stopping in a pit.—*Note by the same.*

BUFFE-NOR-STYE. The form of this expression at Winlaton is, "Gruff-nor-stye." "He nowther said gruff-nor-stye"—that is, he churlishly gave no answer whatever. It is said when a person has been grossly insulting in his manner by refusing to answer when spoken to.—*Note by Mr. Isaac Jeavons, Winlaton.*

BRANKS. "Mr. Heslop, in his 'Northumberland Words,' makes no reference under the word 'Branks' to the utensil till recently used here for toasting purposes. Perhaps, as it is sometimes called a 'Cranks,' Mr. Heslop is reserving an explanation for a future occasion when he reaches the letter C."—*Note by the Rev. T. Stephens, Horsley, Otterburn.* The "toasting cranks," or "branks," is a framework of wrought iron standing upon two feet, and having two or three rows of sharp cranks, or teeth, projecting towards the fire before which it is set. The term branks as applied to it arises probably from a confusion with the similar sound of cranks, and, as conjectured, it will be duly found under the latter heading. For calling attention to the omission of the word under branks, however, I am grateful to the Rev. Mr. Stephens.

BUCKSHEENED. "The meaning of this word is, having the shin bones bucked, or crooked, a condition produced by ricket in early life. I remember a man who was always known as 'buckshin,' from the peculiar way in which his shin bones curved outward to the front."—*Note by Mr. Isaac Jeavons, Winlaton.*

R. O. H.

Received with thanks :—G. H. T., Alnwick.

IMITATIONS OF GREAT WRITERS.

FIRST PRIZE.

THE STORY OF JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG. [AFTER LORD MACAULAY.]

By JOHN THOMAS MILNE, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham

The Border pilgrim, pursuing his way from Longtown to Langholm, up the romantic valley of the Esk, cannot fail to notice, midway between those towns, and picturesquely placed on the right bank of the river, the ruins of Gilnockie Tower, linked, through many stormy era, with the fortunes of the redoubtable clan of the Armstrongs. In stirring legend, and more stirring song, the memory is still preserved of many feat of daring and of skill, wrought by those chevaliers of Border history. Where, among the dwellers in the Western Marches—that immemorially debateable land—shall we find one unfamiliar with the story of this famous sept? Who among them but know by heart the ballad of "Kinmont Willie," the finest in the literature of the Border? or has not heard of Christie Will, who occupied the same tower of Gilnockie during the reign of Charles the First? And as for Johnnie Armstrong and his adventurous career—his exploits and escapades—his deeds of reckless daring and of noble courage, too—his restless life and tragic death—is not the record of these, to the loyal-hearted West-Country peasant, as "familiar as household words"?

The story of John Armstrong's execution strikingly illustrates, not only the summary character of the methods by which punishment was visited upon offenders in those days, but also the arbitrary powers assumed by monarchs, as one of the prerogatives attaching to the "divine right of kings." Viewed in this latter connection, the execution obtains a greater significance from the circumstance that it was carried out by order of a prince as generally just and humane as any that have filled the Scottish throne. It was in 1529 that the event occurred which brought about the effacement of the master of Gilnockie from the scenes of his many raids and triumphs. James the Fifth—then only in his seventeenth year—had just escaped from the thralldom in which he had been held by the