

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A Sketch from Life.

To mark the sufferings of a babe
That cannot speak its woe;
To see that infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Thro' dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close,—
This is a mother's grief!

To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears:
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
This is a mother's grief!

Yet, when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "my child is there;"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief!

SERENADE.

Come down to the lattice,
Come down, love, and list,
When the eve lights her stars
In the purple of mist—
My heart, like a traveller,
Long journeying afar,
Looks up to the zenith,
Hope's bountiful star!

I have vows for thy bosom
To sigh unto truth:
I have perilous tales
Of the bridal of youth;
O! come to the lattice love,
Come thee, and list,
When the stars are so bright
In the beautiful mist.

MAN.

Admire the man who well can bear
Misfortune's angry frown;
Admire the heart that spurns despair,
Though all its friends are flown.

Admire the soul so nobly proud
That misery cannot blight;
The soul that braves the jeering crowd,
And sternly claims its right.

Admire that fortitude refined,
Which sorrow cannot shake;
Admire that strength of soul and mind
No earthly power can break.

Admire the man who seems to bend
Beneath afflictions' blast;
Who trusts in his Almighty friend,
To sooth his woe at last.

THE SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

When James V., in 1529, determined to hold a flying court of justice on the borders, he proceeded there with an army of ten thousand men. So unaccustomed, however, were the banditti to any thing like law, that in some cases they seem to have looked upon the advent of the King as a friendly visit! Piers Cockburn of Sunderland, it is said, had prepared a feast for the entertainment of his brother monarch; but, according to another tradition, was found by him at dinner. A message, saying that a gentleman requested to speak to him, was disregarded; and so was a second, couched in more urgent terms. On the third, Cockburn, amazed at the audacious importunity, swore he would not move till he had finished his meal, were the visitor the Laird of Ballenreich himself.

"It is the Laird," said the messenger; and at the words of fate the borderer rose up stupefied, and went out, when he was instantaneously hung up before his own gate.

Adam Scott, of Tushelaw, met the same fate. This renowned freebooter, who was called the king of the borders, was executed

on an elm, used by himself as a gallows-tree, and still growing upon the ruins of his fortress, exhibits numerous marks of the rope.

Johnnie Armstrong, however, was the most interesting victim on this occasion. He came out from his tower of Gilnockie, in Eskdale, attended by a train of knights, all gallily and gallantly dressed and armed, and confident they would meet nothing but favour from the king. James, however, was rather irritated than otherwise by the bravery of their appearance, and ordered them all without ceremony to the gallows-tree. In vain Johnnie offered to maintain forty men in the royal service; and to be ready at all times to bring to the king's feet, alive or dead, within a given space, any Englishman, of any rank, he might designate. All his terms were rejected; and at length, ashamed of having condescended to supplication, the stout riever resigned himself to his fate—marking, that had he suspected the result of that meeting, he would have kept himself upon the borders in spite of the kings of both countries. He was hanged, with his comrades, amounting to thirty-six, upon the nearest trees, and their graves are still seen in a church-yard near Caerlanrig.

After the union of the two Crowns, the borderers, losing the pretext of national hostility, were no longer on the same respectable footing, although they still continued in great numbers. Fuller describes the moss-troopers as robbers descended from the more honourable borderers. "When England and Scotland," says he, "were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours." They dwelt in the mosses, and rode in troops together, obeying the laws of neither country; and therefore, he opines, they may be lawfully put to death without legal ceremony—"wearing," according to the words of Bracton "a wolf's head, so that they may be destroyed without any judicial inquisition, as those who carry their own condemnation about them, and ceservingly die without law." Scott informs us that the last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them.

The cause of these desperate men being enabled so long to set at defiance the laws of the United Kingdom, is significantly told in the few and simple words of Fuller—"They are a nest of hornets—strike one, and stir all of them about your ears." Their modes of intercommunication, is so wild and thinly a peopled country, seem almost miraculous. No sooner was the blow of authority, however sudden, felt in one quarter, than the whole border was in a tumult, and many hundred armed troops appeared spurring to the spot from all points of the compass.

In Carey's Memoirs he tells us that he went to a house within five miles of Carlisle, accompanied by twenty-five horsemen, to apprehend two Scots who had slain a Priest. The fugitives, however, had escaped into a tower close by; and Carey, afraid to venture with so small a party, although thinking himself quite secure of his prey, despatched messengers to "raise the country," including the townsmen of Carlisle. Allies accordingly came as fast as legs either of man or beast could carry, and the tower was speedily surrounded by a considerable force both on foot and horseback. At the same instant, however, there appeared dashing down the hills to the rescue a troop of four hundred Scots. This phenomenon was at once accounted for, by their having observed on their arrival a single boy scouring away on horseback from the solitary tower.

In early times a message from the borders was told all over Scotland in a still shorter space. A bale of fire, kindled on the peak of a hill, or on the tower of some mountain fastness, notified the suspected appearance of the English; two bales the certainty of their coming; and four bales that the enemy were in formidable force. This blaze, lighted at Hume, was instantaneously answered by one at Eggerstone Castle, and the latter by one at Soltra Edge. The Lothians were thus warned—Edinburgh, Dunbar, Stirling, Fife—"that all might see and come to the defence of the realm."

During the late war, when this country was threatened with a French invasion, some of these beacons were again called into use, although only by mistake. The beacon-keeper of Hownamlaw in Roxburghshire, unaccustomed for so long a time to such matters, imagined that the festive illumination of a house near Dunse was the beacon of Dunselaw, and instantaneously flared up in the old border spirit. Dunselaw, in turn, although it had not given the signal, was not slow in replying; and thus blaze after blaze rose like ominous meteors on the night, till, in the course of a few hours, a great part of the South of Scotland was in arms. Some mistakes, no doubt, occurred. The yeomanry of Berwickshire galloped into East Lothian, and the East Lothian yeomanry dashed headlong into Berwickshire. No matter. The only thing wanting was the enemy. All was zeal, noise, and animation, and the flashing of eyes and arms. The old spirit of the Scots seemed to start from its peaceful slumbers with a shout; and ere the sun had well risen over the mountain borders, the Teviot

dale yeomanry had marched into Jedburgh, playing "Wha daur meddle wi' me!"

LOVE AND ITS EFFECTS.

[Selected from a dramatic entertainment, called VARIETY, got up in Europe, in which all the characters are represented by Mr. Maywood.]

Love is, like honesty, much talked of and little understood; like common sense, valuable and scarce. The miser calls it a bad mortgage,—the stock jobber a sinking fund,—the doctor, a hypocondria,—the lawyer, a suit in chancery—a soldier, his parole of honour—and a sailor, the mariner's compass.

An Englishman in love, amuses himself with—the blue devils; ask him a question, and I'll hold a thousand pounds to a ducat, you feel insulted by his answer; for instance:—

"Fine morning, Mr Bull?"
B.—I've seen thousands finer!
"How are you to-day, Sir?"
"What ails you, friend?"

B.—What the devil business have you with my ailings?

An Irishman in love, (and who loves like him?) gets merry with *Innishonen*, then exclaims—"Och! Sheelah! Sheelah! my box of diamonds! my essence of cruelty! my pearl of pearls, and my flower of all flowers, except the potatoe flower! Arrah, dear, why will you shut your one eye against little Terrence M'Gladdery? Hav'n't I got a gentale, commodious, lofty, nate little mud edifice? Hav'n't I got a cow, and a turf stack to feed her with? Hav'n't I got an empty flower garden full of potatoes? Och-an-ey! Och-an-ey! ever since you stole my heart, I feel it hanging against my ribs, just like the pendulum of a cuckoo clock! Sheelah, dear, without you be mine, poor Terrence will be after dying an old maid! By the powers of buttermilk, he'll just go off like the snuff of a rush light—so he will!

A Scotchman in love, takes a pickle o' sneeshin, frae his mull, an' whyles claws his elbows when it disna yok. "Hec, Donald, man! what i' the muckle diel's name's come ow'r ye noo? Eye, eye! dinna let Maggy M'Creel's pawky e'en thirl ye through? Ruse ye!—ruse, chiel!" O, Sawney, Sawney! len' me ye'r lug a wee bit, my discreet friend and keep a secret. Its no her twa gim'let e'en, or her painted face I'm courtin', it's her siller! her siller! her siller!

A Welchman in love, looks as silly as the goats on his mountains—refuses leek porridge and toasted cheese—thus proving the power of the blind archer to be the same in every country. "Poor Shenkin ap Shones, is very bad—hur heart go pit a pat all day! Hur cannot work! Hur cannot play! Hur cannot sleep! Hur can't pe gay! O luf her, do, Winifred! luf her as your life.

And Shenkin and Winifred soon will soon be man and wife.

A Dutchman is as cold as a confectioner's ice house, and a Spaniard as hot as a grill'd devil: a lawyer in love pleads away his soul and a love-sick doctor physicks away his soul—by the bye, a doctor must be sick indeed, when he takes his own physic; a musician in love, fiddles away his soul, and a poet rhymes away his soul.

Such is the effect which the late chemical lectures have produced upon the ladies that when an egg at the breakfast table is well boiled the albumen is declared to be sufficiently coagulated; and if by dire mishap another egg should be tainted, as its smell will at once declare, the lady coolly desires the footman "remove this egg, as the sulphurated hydrogen gas is evolving; when a vase is placed on the table, it was no uncommon thing in former days to hear the question asked, are you sure the water is boiling? but now the matron demands if the water or it may be if oxide of hydrogen has reached the 212th degree of Fahrenheit.

A singular old gentlemen in a neighbouring county was waited upon the other day with his surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating over its contents for some time, he desired the person in waiting for his answer, to tell his master that the medicine he should certainly pay for, but that he should return his visits.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A FOOTMAN.—He must have eyes like a hawk, but be as blind as a bat; ears like a cat, but be as deaf as a post; must have more sensibility, than the sensitive plant, but be as hard as a stone; must be wise as a counsellor, yet ignorant as an ass; his movement swift as that of an eagle, but smooth as that of a swallow; in manners and politeness a Frenchman, in probity and virtue an Englishman; in dress a gentleman; in disposition, a saint; in activity, a harlequin; in gravity, a judge; he must have a lady's hand, a maiden's speech, and a light foot; in protection and defence, he must be a lion; in confidence and trust, like the law of the Medes and Persians "which altereth not;" in domestic management, a Moses; in chastity, Joseph; in pious resolution, a Joshua; in wisdom, a serpent; in innocence, a dove.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD QUIZ.—Very few words ever took such a run, or was saddled with so many meanings, as this monosyllable; and, however strange the word, 'tis still more strange lexicographers, from Bayly to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious—it is because it has no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world, ever known from the Babylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day; gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken, all through the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language—wagers were laid, and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and shop window in town. Shops being shut all next day, every body going to and coming from their different places of worship saw the word, and every body repeated it, so that "quiz" was heard all through Dublin; the circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window caused much surprise, and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression—*You are quizzing me.*

GOOD IF TRUE.—A Chancery Barrister having been for a long time annoyed by an irritable ulcer on one of his legs, called upon Mr. Abernethy for the purpose of obtaining that gentleman's advice. The Chancellor judging of an ulcer as of a brief, that it must be seen before its nature could be understood, was busily occupied in removing his stocking and bandages, when Mr. Abernethy abruptly advanced towards him and exclaimed in a Stentorian voice, "Hallo! what are you about there; put out your tongue man; aye, there 'tis, I see it—I'm satisfied—quite enough—quite enough—quite enough—shut up your leg, man—shut it up—shut it up.—Here, take one of these pills every night on going to bed." The Lawyer put the pills into his pocket, handed over a fee, and was about to leave the room, when Mr. A. thus accosted him; "Why, d—e look here, this is but a shilling!" The Barrister sarcastically replied, "Aye, there 'tis! I see it, I'm satisfied! quite enough—quite enough—shut it up—shut it up!" and hastily left the room.

A distinguished civilian was lately explaining to his son, a small boy, the outlines of Italy, and remarked, as has often been done, that it resembled a man's boot.—"Well, Sir," said the boy, "if I live to be a man I'll put my foot in it."

A young dandy entering, a short time ago, the lodgings of a fashionable opera danseuse at Paris, complained to her of the impertinence of her porter—"Egad, my dear," said he, "you should unquestionably send the rascal about his business." "Why I have often thought of it," replied the lady, "but what is to be done? the man is my father!" —*Furet de Londres.*

"Why, you have never opened your mouth this session," said Sir T. Lethbridge to Mr. Gye. "I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," replied Mr. Gye; "your speeches have made me open it very frequently. My jaws have ached with yawning."

There is a sportsman in Paisley who has repeatedly laid down his double barreled gun loaded at his feet, thrown two penny pieces over his head, lifted the gun and struck the penny-pieces successively, right and left before they reached the ground. The same gentleman, for a wager that he would not, with a single barreled gun, loaded with a ball, hit two oranges out of twenty, thrown up one by one, at the distance twenty yards, actually struck two of the first seven that were thrown up, and thus decided the bet.—*Greenock Paper.*

As two gentlemen were sitting conversing on a causeway pillar, near Bushmills, they were very much surprised by an unusually heavy shower of frogs, half formed, falling in all directions; some of which are preserved in spirits of wine, and are now exhibited to the curious by the Apothecaries in Bushmills.

VENTILATING HATS.—A London hatter advertises patent ventilating hats. He says the water proof hats have been complained as preventing the escape of perspiration and causing head ache, and he has therefore invented a porous hat.

At one of Burn's convivial dinners, he was requested to say the grace, when he gave the following, impromptu:—

O Lord we do thee humbly thank
For that we little merit:
Now Jean may tak' the flesh away,
And Will bring in the spirit.

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