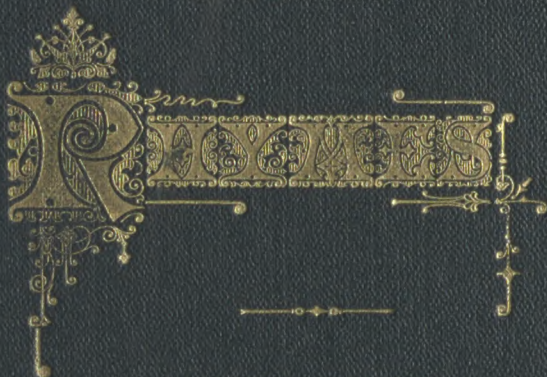


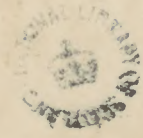
HAME-SPUN



JAMES SMITH.

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HAME-SPUN RHYMES

Fifth and Complete Edition.

BY

JAMES SMITH.

ABERDEEN :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1892.

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ENCOURAGED by the success of my former attempts in the art of spinning Rhymes, and by the support received from Her Majesty the Queen, and the nobility and gentry of our country, I now venture forth a Fifth Edition of my Book, in a more collected form, with some additions, which I earnestly hope will please.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES SMITH.

13 COMMERCE STREET,
ABERDEEN, December, 1892.

TO MY READERS.

THE folk wull be sayin' that disna ken,
Can onything gueed come out o' Yeats' Lane?
Were I posses't o' thousan's a year,
Didna belang to the class o' the peer,
Mony ane wud mair favourably look,
An' smile baith on me an' my little book.
But gie your thoughts a little higher pitch,
Think I belang to the ranks o' the rich,
And then as my book ye to yoursells read
Wull appear to be well written and gueed ;
Seen through the glitter an' shine o' siller,
Wull mak' right even wi' an' ill willer ;
Dinna lat yoursells for jist ance suppose
That I'm peer, or a' their gueed ye wull lose,
It tak's awa' their gueed fan ye've read them,
To think it was a peer chiel that made them ;
But keep that fast dark, an' aye out o' sight,
An' then ye'll get on, an' a' wull be right.
A peer chiel to presume to mak' rhymes,
In this dear an' hard-up kin' o' times,
An' think he'll mak' ony kin' o' a livin',
Frae his senses he's surely been driven.
Oh ! but my frien's that's nae fat I think,

To my Readers.

That rhymin' wull either bring meat or drink.
I made them for fun in my leisure hours,
An' I Hope the same they wull dee for yours.
If I had without workin' a livin',
Far better stuff than this I'd be givin';
Time an' attention I cou'd better spare,
To gie them better, an' lots o' them mair.
I hope the reason the public will see,
For onything wrang their pardon will gie,
An' I will try to dee as weel's I can,
Dee my best to please baith 'oman and man
In the neist bookie that I try to write ;
I will say goodbye, wus you a' gueed night.

HAME-SPUN RHYMES.



LINES COMPOSED ON SITTING DOWN TO MEAT.

WHEN our humble fare is set doon,
And we are at it sittin' roun';
While wholesome fare our board doth croon,
 How thankful we,
For mercies given late an' soon,
 Should always be.

And thanks and praises due to pay
To Him who of life is the stay,
Whose bounty is new every day,
 In season due,
On which every one always may
 Their strength renew.

By such blessings may we be led,
The paths of holiness to tread,
And look on Him, who for us bled,
 With lively faith ;
And the rule of our lives be made
 By what He saith.

HARVEST ADVENTURES IN 1842.

My custom's been this mony lang
To some place for hairst wark to gang.
For hairst o' Auchteen Forty-Twa
I took in han' the rake to draw
Ower the rigs o' a neiper toon,
That folk by name dae ca' Auchloon.
Hame on a day to wark I went,
Fan word for me to come was sent.
When to the field I did repair,
I counted ten I saw, an' mair,
O' harvest han's, were muster'd out,
The crap to cut an' tak' about.
Three stout lads to cut the corn down,
Who well could wield their weapons roun',
Were stanin' there wi' courage true
Anxious to show fat they could do ;
Three lasses neist upo' that morn,
Was there to gather up the corn ;
To follow close tee them ahin',
Three lads were there to bin'.
Fan through them I had better looket,
I, a fourth ane, saw that stooket,
To rake ahin' I did mysel',
So thus equipp'd, to wark we fell
Upon a field ca'd the Auld Toon,
The northern boundary o' Auchloon,
Where as nice a crap o' corn grew,
As cu'd be wuss'd to stap the mou'

Or hungry wame o' man or beast—
On naething better could they feast.

Yet for a' the corn's mighty length,
It cu'dna lang withstan' our strength ;
Our cuttin' lads seen smash'd it doon ;
At ilka stroke a sheaf cam' roun'—
Nae a wee dogleg o' a thing,
But fat wu'd full't a three-fit ring.
Twa o' our lasses o't their airms full't,
An' show't work they war well wull't ;
But for the third an' hin'most ane,
That day maist tul a back ca'd deen ;
Our ban'ster lads coost off their coats,
An' nim'ly snappet in the knots,
Syne at a dreadfu' rapid rate,
It on its en' again was set,
An' syne to keep the rakin' tee,
Down ower my face gar't rin the bree,
To win my bread an' swall my purse,
It gar't me min' on Adam's curse,
Whereby he was doom'd to earn's bread,
Wi' the sweat drappin' frae's forehead.
But wisht to this rhymin' libel,
I mauna borrow frae the bible ;
But to my tale I maun proceed,
An' tell fat happen'd, ill an' gueed.
Our first day seen did wear awa,
The time beguil'd with orra jaw,
Wi' fyle's a tale an fyle's a sang,

The time was kept frae seemin' lang ;
Sic anither gay merry ban'
Was nae in Tillery's hale lan'.
Neist day we cam' but poorly on—
Ane o' our lasses frae's was gone,
Which pat's completely out o' rank,
An' in our order left a blank ;
A muckle hole't dang in our class ;
Jist our best an' bonniest lass
That wicked tyrant, want o' health,
Took frae our company by stealth.
Neath's iron feet he dang her
Ower to lie a week an' langer.
Out amang's we sadly miss't her,
Till the time we got her sister—
A clever wifie was, an' stark,
Our lass made up in point o' wark,
Tho' nae suitin' a' our classes,
Wha's delight is aye the lasses ;
But that's nae consequence ava,
At wark she bet the ither twa.
I trow she was a gatherer gueed,
Amon' her feet scarce left a reed ;
An easy job it wud hae been
For me to gotten't rakit clean,
If that the tither gatherers twa
Had made their wark to look as braw.

To tell the events o' ilka day,
Mair skill wud need than fat I hae ;

I only shall proceed to tell
The exploits o' our meal and ale.
Wi' sic great strength upo' the toon,
A' the corn seen was cuttit down ;
Ae night ere the sun left the skies,
We did obtain the wuss'd-for prize ;
Which did our hearts wi' pleasure swell,
Expectin' seen our meal an' ale.
Hame frae the field wi' hearty glee,
Each min' was fully bent to spree ;
Syne in a short we're snugly set
Aside the hunger staunchen mate,
An' pangin' in aneath our nose,
O' meal an' ale a hearty dose—
Seen after that the circlin' glass.
Strange things that night was brought to pass.

The whisky's power and strength o' ale
Upon maist o's began to tell ;
While some's heads were strangely bizzin',
Ither's same maist tint their rizen,
An' like to fa' an' brak our banes,
The house nae langer cu'd contain's,
So out we swarm'd like ony bees,
To tak' the road that su'd us please.
Some roun' the peat-stack turned the nook,
An' in their haste ca'd ower a stook ;
Some roun' after them gied watchin' ;
Lest they su'd be young ane's hatchin' ;
Some aff braken frae our classes,

Gaed that night to see their lasses.

Fan I wan out I took the gate,
 Straight doon the road for hame I set.
 To keep me frae a' evil free,
 Three o' the lads set out wi' me ;
 Doon the road we cam' careerin',
 Neither deil nor bogle fearin',
 Hame wi' sic speed I'd shortly been,
 But being some to frolic gi'en,
 I min't upon anither toon*
 That day a' their corn had taen doon,
 So thinking there they'd hae some fun—
 Anxious to end as I'd begun—
 The strength o' whisky i' my head
 Gar't me gang on wi' double speed,
 The corner o' the road I turn'd roun',
 And seen was inby at the toon.

My neiper lads now turn'd back,
 Some route o' their ain to tak',
 But on their route I'll lat them be,
 Till account o' mysel' I gie.
 Yet for mair fun bein' fully bent,
 In at the door I quickly went,
 Where was sittin' roun' a table—
 Them to count I was not able,
 There o' them there was so mony,
 O' lads gay an' lasses bonnie.
 I was delighted wi' the sight,

* The farm town of Tillyfour, then tennanted by Mrs. Sharp.

An' thinks we'll hae a blythesome night,
So doon amo' them set mysel',
An' got a tastin' o' their ale,
Syne a wee drop o' the cratur
O' quietness soon made me a hater ;
Amo' them I cu'd nae langer sit,
I started up unto my fit
An' thro' the house gaed reelin',
*Roun' me for the lasses feelin',
O' ilk ane tryin' to get a grip,
Till by missluck my fit did slip,
An' ower by accident I fell
Upo' the chiel that sets folks' kail,
Who dealt a blow in wrathfu' ire,
But up I get, returned the fire
Wi' double force, right in his face—
Nae wunner tho' I'd marked the place—
An' ready was to gie him mair
If fat he'd gotten didna sair ;
But grown weary o' sic a game,
I now set out to push for hame.

But ere I join the class o' sleepers,
I maun see fat's come o' my neipers.
The fumes o' whisky in their head
Gar't them set out frae me wi' speed,
Salutin' ilka body's toon
They chanc'd to meet wi' in their roun'.
To some they didna muckle harm,
But to the inmates caused alarm ;

* The game of "Blind-man's Buff."

At ithers, some, as they gaed by,
 They did into their women cry,
 An' some mair capers did play up,
 The effects o' a flowing cup.

But at a toon thro' i' the howes,
 Their fun mair fierce did lowse,
 Ane gaed to the window creepin',
 An' cried, "Lassie, are ye sleepin',"
 But scarcely waintin' a reply,
 Neist to the door gaed doon the way,
 An' gropin' roun' the sneck to fin't,
 He fan' the key was stickin' in't,
 When a thought thro's head did rin,
 To lock the door an' keep them in.

By the time that this was actet,
 The lave's han's wi' stanes was packet,
 Which thro' the midden at the door
 They whirled wi' mony a yell an' roar ;
 But wae's me for the best broth pot
 Was at the door that night forgot.
 A braw pot 'twas, baith soun' an' hale,
 Stanes gar'r ring like ony bell,
 Till ane at random cam' across,
 Slung frae a han' wi' double force,
 The braw pot ca'd a' to pieces,
 An' jist spoil'd it frae a' esses ;
 For in a crash to atoms fell
 The pot that boil'd the broth an' kail,

So broth the folk hae gottin' nane,
Nor yet a boil o' kail sin' seen.

The dread massacre o' the pot,
The folk it waukened a' the lot ;
Up got the guidman o' the house,
Cursin' an' swearin' vengeance crouse,
As out ower his bed he jumpet,
But in the water pot he plumpet,
Which, that night o's unhappy lot,
To be set in had been forgot.

Wi' sic a force he lap out ower,
The pot was ca'd in three an' four ;
Foreby the bree spil't i' the flier,
He'd cuttet's feet I sairly fear,
But yet sair feet an' a' he ran,
An' to the door he shortly wan',
But there a fruitless task he yoket,
The door outside was firmly locket ;
Syne fan he saw that widna do,
He till a window quickly flew,
At which he managed to win forth,
But left the window little worth ;
Some o' the cheeks out o't was torn,
Which in his haste he out had borne.

Now sark alane he did pursue
Hard after the pot-brakin' crew,
Thinkin' seen he wud them uptak
For punishment to bring them back ;

Yet for a' his skliner dress,
He far ahin' fell in the chase,
For the pursued were now across
The wooden brig aside the moss,
Near at the wuds o' Tillery,
Maist out o' their pursuer's cry,
Who now had nae ither help but turn hame,
Nae kennin' hardly fa' to blame.
A mystery till'm it might hae been,
If that their dog he hadna seen,
An' likewise by a stern comman',
Threatenin' fra's service to disban',
His 'owan quick he did compel
Whate'er o' them she kent to tell ;
An' rengen thro's neiper's houses,
Knowledge frae various sources
He thus about them did obtain,
So as to ken them every ane.
So thus, wi' information stor'd,
He, struttin' big, like ony lord,
Cam' ower by in a day or twa,
Wi' punishment to fley them a',
Threatenin' to jail to sen' the lot
If they'd nae pay the broken pot.
Nae gettin' them bro't right in awe,
He was 'ower fley't to try the law,
So turnin' out their judge himsel',
He to his pris'ners thus did tell :—

THE INDICTMENT.

Pris'ners, ye hae without a cause
Clean broken thro' your country's laws,
Afore me ye convicted stan',
Deservin' o' Van Deman's Lan'.
To that ye cu'd transported be
Jist for the ill ye've deen to me—
Ye needna laugh, nor think it fun—
A capital crime 'tis ye've done,
For that I've power to sen' you there
For seven lang years an' maybe mair.
To lock my door, the power takin',
I here charge you wi' housebrakin',
An' my pot, for fat ye've deen tull't,
I herewith charge you wi' assault.
For waukenin' me out o' my sleep
A crime it is by far mair deep ;
For comin' on the night sizen,
Fleyan' me near out o' rizen ;
For raisin' me out o' my bed
My toon o' you ye rogues to red ;
For brakin' o' my cham'er pot,
Brakin' my window an' what-not,
Garin' me maist cut mysel' to dead,
To great effusion o' my bleed ;
For garin' me curse an' swear so,
A thing I'm no accustomed to ;
Me after you for garin' rin,
Wi' naething on to hap my skin—
I might hae gotten caul' an' dee't,

Syne't wud hae been a word on lee't,
 Jist, I say, a capital crime,
 To kill't me dead afore my time.

SENTENCE.

Now a' this crimes I charge you wi',
 So now come choose an' tell to me
 If to jail ye'll gang a' the lot,
 Or pay doon to me a poun' note ;
 So lads, come now, mak' up your minds,
 If its to jail, or pay your fines.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PARISH OF CRUDEN IN
 THE AUTUMN OF 1841.

ANCE on a time nae very lang,
 When wark at hame was nae that thrang,
 I took a notion in my head,
 Jist as I'd deen my foreneen's feed,
 For Cruden's howes to wing my way,
 So aff I set wi' spirits gay,
 Nae thinkin' on the waefu' fate
 Which I met wi' ere it was late.
 A lad that was workin' wi' me
 Set out as company ti' me,
 Nae doubt he'd had some bit erren',
 He wudna tell, tho' I'd been speerin',
 As I an errin' had mysel'
 That to ilk ane I wudna tell.
 However, be that as it may,

We baith set out upon our way,
When the hour o' twa had rattled o'er,
An' reach'd Ellon ere it was four,
*Where to a tavern we went in
To tak' a drap we thocht nae sin.
We scarce were seated on our doups,
When we had drain'd twa well-filled stoups,
An' stuff'd our wames wi' bread an' cheese.
Lat teetotallers say what they please—
What they say it disna matter—
O' our dram we were the better,
By it we fan' our strength renewed
When we our road again pursued
Owing to the wee drap liquor
We gaed on a gueed bit quicker ;
The mile-stanes past like lightnin' flew,
An' shortly from our backward view
Ellon's village receded far.
We seen approach'd the Birness Bar,
Where he an' I, like twa gueed freens,
Agreed to hae a gill atween's ;
'Cause by that time 'twas gettin' dark,
We judg'd it best to tak' a spark
In case we might hae grown fear't.
As thro' the howes our way we steer't,
Aye we fan the gueed o' our glass ;
Fan we cam' to a boodie place,
We wudna min't upo' the cost,
If we had chanc'd to see a ghost.

* Old Keith Maskie's.

Sic things sometimes there has been seen,
 Near by the twenty-first milestane,
 At a place ca'd Auchmaud's Moss.
 Some hae been like their lives to lose,
 Hae seen grim ghosts an' fearfu' sights,
 Heard dolfu' soun's, an' seen queer lights,
 Which flesh an' bleed cudna withstan',
 Unless wi' mair than human han';
 When they were like their life to yield,
 They fan' themsel's wi' strength upheld.
 But thro' that place we seen wun clear,
 An' naething saw to gie's a fear,
 Tho' thro't we almost nearly ran,
 An' to Bogbrae we shortly wan,
 Where roun's we now began to glower,
 Now thinkin' a' our dangers ower,
 Which now, alas! were but beginnin'.
 In the road afore's gaed rinnin',
 As rinnin' we took them to be,
 It was so dark, we scarce cu'd see,
 If that they rinnin' were or no,
 If not, they pretty fast did go,
 As we tho't, twa ghost-like figures,
 Which fley'd us worse than ony tigers.
 We tho't now that some fearfu' ghosts
 Was come up frae near the sea coasts,
 Where some hunners o' slaughter'd Danes
 That lie on Cruden's sandy plains
 A'maist in an unburied state,
 Were come to tell's their waefu' fate.

Whate'er their erran' might hae been,
We wuss'd we had them never seen,
An' tried to shun them as we cu'd,
Lest that wi' fear we might gang wud,
Which is the warst o' human ills,
To tint our wits an' run the hills.
Wi' sic thoughts reelin' in our brain,
We on our fancied ghosts did gain,
When lo ! as we were little dreamin',
They turn'd out to be twa women,
Travlin' there them lane at night,
Which gaed us sic an awfu' fright.
But frae our fright we seen recover'd,
For ance we rightly had discover'd
By their dress an' ither matters
Them to be our fellow-creatures,
An' didna mean to dae's nae ill,
Then at the joke we laughed our fill,
An' past them cam' at a gueed canter.
Thus en't our first misshanter.

So down the brae to Auchenten,
In sick short time we scarce did ken,
Till by burns the road there crosses,
We ken't we were at John Ross's,
In which I maist think shame to tell
We got some porter an' some ale
That pat our heads a' in a steer,
An' gart's gang reelin' but the floor ;
My neiper lad seen fan the door,

He'd mony time been there afore.

When fairly out afore the house,
We now began to think what course
Was best doon to the Ward to steer.
Min's on a lass, an' fain wud see'r,
Says I, " My lad, if ye hae will,
I think on ower Ardifry's Hill,
Wud be best our way to grapple,
An' syne doon by Cruden Chapel,"
He seen gaed a consentin' nod,
An' says, " Set out, lat's see the road."
So thinkin' now that a' was right,
Altho' it wasna very light,
Quick out I set to show the way ;
Wi' hasty steps gaed ower the ley,
An' well assur'd that I gaed right,
I skelpet on wi' a' my might,
Scarce lookin' back ahin' to see
Gin that the lad was keepin' tee.
Since I set out upo' my run,
He had, wi' laughin' at the fun,
At antrin times been forced to stan',
Sae well's he kent where I would lan',
Tho' well he kent, he didna tell,
Since 'twas the road that pleas't himsel',
As he jist for the Ward was boun',
He cared nae for nae ither toon.
Anither place I had in view,
Than doon jist to that place I trow,

For there I ne'er inten' to gang,
Gin' I'd nae made a short road lang ;
But ance wrang, like a stupid stirk,
I never kent till Cruden Kirk
Afore me now appear'd in view,
An' taul too late my error true,
But scarce I kent I was at 'er,
Till I saw the Cruden Water,
An' gaen' alang her ancient brig,
That I'd play'd sic a stupid rig.
My neiper now laughed at the fun,
An' said the Ward we seen wud wun.
There to gang I was nae inclin'd,
Anither place ran in my mind ;
As the road had me sae cheatet,
I now fear'd I wadna get it,
So I was forc'd, tho' it was hard,
To gang doon wi' him to the Ward.
Ere we kent, jist in a clatter,
We'd again to cross the water,
An' grope our way as well's we cud,
Alang'st a wee brig made o' wood,
Syne in a crack in the fish toon
We're in an ale-house snug set doon.
Where spirits seem'd nae to be skant,
We seen got fat supplied our want,
But jist wi' that we didna had,
We drank till we were haffin's mad,
Thinkin' out o' that nae to gee,
Till we neist mornin's light sud see ;

But thinks I it's gettin' gy'en lang,
Anither road I'd rather gang,
So left the place in a flutter.
In a crack I'm thro' the water,
An' trudgin' on jist like a feel,
I seen was at the Errol Squeel,
But there I gaed a' fairly wrang,
Which held me wand'rin' mony lang.

Up Chapel Hill I meant to crawl,
But took the road to Funny Faul,
An' travel't on wi' a' my might,
Nae thinkin' now but a' was right,
An' thinkin' seen that I wud see
The place which I desired to be ;
But in a short began to doubt,
I'd ta'en a conterary rout,
An' won'er't aye that nae kent place
Didna appear afore my face ;
But there for that I looked in vain,
As lang's I kept my southward strain,
True, some farm toons I now did see,
But didna ken fat they might be ;
Funny Faul's toon I seen was at,
But there nae information gat
About the place where I was boun',
For a' the folk was sleepin' soun'.
To wauken them was past my power,
It being about the midnight hour,
So on I gaed down to the sea,

Yet kent nae well whaur I might be,
I might hae gaen to Ythan mou',
If I'd nae chanced to get a view
Jist o' what was a well-kent place,
'Twas the light frae aff Girdleness,
Which gar't me won'er what I mean't.
If I'd been right I sudna seen't,
So to the north I wheel'd about,
Yet kentna whaur to set my snout.

I now gaed on three hours an' mair,
Whaur I was gaen I ne'er kent where ;
Thro' a' bogs an' holes I plumpet,
Ower the lugs fyle's near I jumpet,
Sometimes I gaed, sometimes I ran,
At last till a made road I wan ;
But yet I kentna where I wus,
So on I gaed at a good fuss.
The sea now on my ither han',
Now put me to an unco stan',
Thinks I I'm north o' Peterhead,
But kentna fu' I'd come sic speed.
I ne'er kent whaur I was avà,
Till Errol's Squeels again I saw,
An' a' the roads about I'd seen,
That I kent right whaur I had been,
So thinkin' now it would be best
To seek a place to get some rest.

Determin'd to gie up the chase,

I for the kirk now set my face,
An' on right fast gaed trudgin',
Anxious now to get some lodgin',
An' nae fairly at that ava,
It was about the hour o' twa,
I heard the hammer strike the bell
O' Cruden Kirk wi' fearfu' knell,
So thinks I I'll seen be at'er,
But was stopit by the water,
I had again taen a wrang run,
An' thro't I cu'd by nae means wun,
Instead o' gaen right up the hill,
I'd cam' down by Ardenret's Mill,
Thinkin' 'twas the Nethermill Toon
That I had pass'd as I gaed doon ;
But seen I kent 'twas nae right,
Seen's o' the place I got a sight,
An' kent I seen wu'd need to turn,
Fan by the mill I saw the burn ;
Sair for a brig I look'd roun't,
But growin' fley't I might be droon't,
For nae brig I cu'd see ava',
I turn'd an' frae't gaed fast awa' ;
An' back the road again I set,
Thinkin' a kent place I'd ne'r get.

My patience now I fairly tint,
An' thought my fate some deil was in't ;
But jist as my gueed luck wu'd hae't,
I saw the kirk, an' nae far frae't.

Glad that I was now so near 'er,
An' the night grown somewhat clearer,
My courage now began to rise,
Wi' a' speed down the road I tries ;
But minin' on some things I'd heard,
I grew some fley't at the kirkyard.
Thinks I the place I'll try to shun,
But kent nae ither road to wun,
So minin' this, thinks I I'll try't,
Right on I gaed an' seen wun by't ;
An' naething saw I cou'd ca'd wrang,
But stan' to look I didna lang.

So thinkin' now that a' was weel,
I seen was up an' by the Squeel,
An' trampin' on wi' a' my will,
I in a crack was by Midmill,
Where a wee bit up on a hight
I stopet to bide out the night.
But muckle o't was nae adee,
It was about the hour o' three,
So thus en't my sad adventure,
Which on its like I'll ne'er enter,
Tho' a lass I sud never see
Betwixt this and the day I dee.
But here my muse does cour her wing,
The like o' that she winna sing ;
Disdainfu' like by me she passes,
Fan I begin to slight the lasses.
O' that she winna hear ava,

So that for fear she rins awa',
 Wi' her I'll need to try an' 'gree,
 An' a' the lasses gang an' see,
 Tho' I sud maybe fyles gang wull,
 That I may keep her favour still ;
 For about what I hae jist noo sung,
 She's at me fairly ta'en the bung,
 For which I am truly sorry,
 An' sae maun conclude my story.

ON A ROUP OF BOOKS AT FOVERAN INN.

THE ither day, nae langer seen,
 Fan I my wark had gotten deen,
 An' my wame weel stappet fu' o' meat,
 As muckle as I weel cu'd eat ;
 Seen's my face I'd g'en a bit wash,
 An' on some claes to cut a dash,
 Quick aff I set doon through the howes,
 Ere ither folk began to loose ;
 For scarcely was it sax o'clock,
 Fan doon amo' the gath'rin' folk
 I seen fan mysel' embarket,
 In a crowd like ony market,
 That night had brought to get a coup
 O' fine cheap books by public roup.

Expectin' sae gar't mony rin,
 Some up, some doon, to Fov'ran Inn,

Where there that night were to be sold,
Numerous books, baith new and old ;
A rare an' a choice collection,
O' a' feature an' complexion,
As cou'd be wished to store the min'
Wi' knowledge, human an' divine.
Some to cheer the Christian's days,
An' tell him mair o' wisdom's ways—
To teach him how his soul to save,
That he may live beyond the grave ;
An' some to warn, ere't be too late,
The sinner o's impendin' fate,
If he do not forsake his sin,
An' a new life of faith begin.
These seem'd to form the greatest lot,
Yet plenty mair were to be got,
Tho' their num'er I canna fix,
On history an' on politics ;
Wi' mony mair o' various kin's,
Well befittin' curious min's,
That form'd ance a library full,
To the late deceas'd Andrew Mull,
Who, when he lived, was near akin
To him that keeps the Fov'ran Inn.

A little after sax o'clock,
A man stood up amo' the folk
To act the part o' auctioneer,
An' cried, " Come, gie attention here,"
Syne said a leash as lang's himsel',

But fat it was I cou'dna tell ;
 I cou'd mak' nae sense o' his news,
 Except somethin' about Queen's dues,
 Tho' nae ava the common way,
 That ev'ry buyer had to pay ;
 But fearin' that a' didna hear,
 Or didna un'erstan' it clear,
 And thus might ineffectual fa',
 They wrote an' stuck it on the wa'.

Fan ance their plans were a' adop'tet,
 Sae as the law cou'dna stop it,
 The sale at length an' lang began
 Wi' onything cam' first to han'.

*Our parson he stood i' the door,
 As books cam' forth to name them o'er,
 An' their character to gie them,
 To them who ne'er chanc'd to see them.
 Some, as they cam' out to be sold,
 He said was worth their weight in gold ;
 What'er afore they had been worth,
 Was nae look'd to fan they cam' forth,
 For ilk ane was so swear to draw,
 They were at naething thrown awa'.
 The time was short, they didna hing,
 But were sold aff at what they'd bring,
 An' by the hour o' nine o'clock,
 Were scatter'd a' amo' the folk—
 Which was neist thing to a wunner,
 For the lots were near twa hunner.

* The late Mr. Watt, then minister of Foveran.

Seen as the roup was fairly o'er,
They roun' them seen began to glower,
An' thro' the crowd they quickly sought
For a' them the books had bought ;
An' taul them where, an' show'd the way
For them their book to gang an' pay.
Into a housie ilk ane gaed,
O' books to pay for what they had ;
But there was gather'd sic a thrang,
As didna get thro' for mony lang.
Thinks I, there's mony rich folk here,
That maun be tee afore the peer ;
An' pushin' to wun farest ben,
I better will wear out again.
Thinks I, it will be the best plan,
As here's respect to the rich man,
To wait jist ere the house wud clear,
Tho' it sud be the mornin' near.
So for the door again I set,
An' there twa o' the lads I met,
Wha, like mysel', cou'd nae wun tee ;
We thought that the best plan wud be,
To something get to heat our bleed,
Tho't were but porter mull'd wi' bread ;
So thinkin't wud be nae great sin,
We set our faces for the Inn,
An' there got fat supplied our want,
An' strengthen'd for our hameward jaunt.
As seen's our drappie out we drank,
An' our bit budgets gi'en a rank,

For the pay-house again we set,
 Thinkin' we now seen clear wud get ;
 Yet pushin' ben they were wi' spite,
 To whaur the clerk did sit an' write.
 At length an' lang, wi' some sair wark,
 I got a hearin' o' the clerk,
 An' got him now for ance to look
 Fu' aft he fan me in his book,
 An' noted down pence after pence,
 An' syne to countin' did commence ;
 Syne for a fylie held a news
 Wi' the auctioneer about dues
 That did belang to Britain's Queen,
 Syne addin' a', wi' me got deen.
 Right thankfu' now, out there I came,
 An' now set out to push for hame.
 Up the road wi' strength like Samson's,
 *I seen was by Robbie Tamson's ;
 Wi' win' an' rain fair i' my dock,
 I did wun hame by twal o'clock.
 Fat time some o' the rest wan hame,
 An' fu' they did I winna name ;
 In obscurity I'll lat them sleep,
 As a' in darkness like to keep,
 Whose deeds o' evil do partake ;
 So for the hypocrite's sake,
 An' those who act in sic-like sense,
 I'll stop for fear I gie offence.

* The Farm of Westfield, Foveran.

ADDRESS TO YTHAN WATER.

STOP, I say, ye Ythan Water,
Stop, I say, an' gie's your clatter,
An' nae hurry by, sae clever,
Bearin' athing down your river,
To bury down in dark oblivion,
In beneath the sea's pavilion,
The memory o' ages past,
On which, nae doubt, an eye ye've cast ;
Discernin' weel, in your wide range,
O' onything that happens strange.
Mony a fairly ye do daily view,
Frae Forgue parish doon to ye're mou',
Whaur ye derive your little source,
That to a river swells in course.

Then from the place that gives you birth,
Ye sport along wi' joyfu' mirth,
Thro' the parish o' Auchterless,
Made there by you a bonnie place ;
An' doon thro' Fyvie's gladsom' lan's—
Roun' by where Gight's Castle stan's ;
An ancient place o' wealth an' power,
That has withstood baith win' an' shower
Thro' mony a fast fleetin' year,
To a' this you can safely swear.
Pursuin' onward to the sea,
O' Fyvie's lan's ye seen wun free,

An' doon thro' Methlic's fertile howes,
Your water like a burnie rows ;
An' vow but ye turn mighty gran'
Ere ye tak' leave o' Methlic's lan'.
Near by where ye pursue your course,
There stan's a place ca'd Haddo House,
Own'd by a peer o' the nation ;
This is a great augmentation,
An' to your honour greatly adds
A dignity that never fades.
For a' the grandeur o' that place,
Your speed it makes nae nane the less,
But fast frae it ye haste away—
Like fleetin' time ye wunna stay—
But drivin' on your wonted roun's,
Ye seen arrive in Tarves boun's.

After enterin' Tarves parish,
The first is ane o' your ferrys,
A wee bit doon at Tanglen Foord,
For crossin' over a boat lies moor'd,
In which trav'lers tak' a seat,
For fear o' wettin' o' their feet ;
That might gar them tak' the gravel,
An' thereby might stop their travel.
Tho' in you there there's steppin' stanes,
Yet folk might fa' an' brak' their banes,
If they were to meddle wi' them,
An' wha'd ken what ye'd dae ti' them.
Ye wud think fun to haul them doon,

Wha wud ken but ye might them droon ;
Ye hae deen as gueed tricks already
To them wha's head wasna steady.
But about that I will you dress,
Fan ance we come doon to the place
Where so wickedly ye did it—
If my muse does nae forbid it—
On her I canna weel depend,
May leave me ere I wun the end ;
Tho' I hae made this digression,
Ye mauna count it transgression
Tho' I left you at Tanglen Boat,
Yet there I hadna you forgot.

Frae that in inspiration gran'
Ye row along thro' Tarves lan' ;
Ellon's boun's ye're in a clatter,
Where ye're join'd by Ebery Water,
That mak's you a gueed bit bigger,
An' cuts a mair dashy figure ;
Then on majestically ye float,
Till at Kinharichies' Boat,
Where suddenly ye sweep about
To had a rapid eastward route.
Rushin' doon by Esslemont's woods,
Wi' noise like thunder i' the clouds ;
But in a short ye quieter grow,
As doon to Ellon's toon ye row,
Where all along on your left han',
The village stan's in order gran'.

Beside your gentle winding stream,
Appears as if't were jist a dream ;
It is like an enchanted vale,
Or place in some romantic tale.

There a brig they bigget ower ye,
When dry-shod they cou'dna shore ye ;
It was a well projected scheme,
An' does great honour to your name.
A noble structure 'tis indeed,
That covers ower your agèd head,
'When cover'd ower as wi' a shroud
O' it ye may be something proud ;
Be sure 'neath't nae to mak' a din,
Thro' below't aye to quietly rin,
Lest that your noise might shak' its foun',
An' bring't about ye tumblin' doon ;
For great, ye ken, wud be the loss,
Withut a brig you there to cross.
About the brig ye needna fear,
It winna fa' this mony year,
If ye dee nae in anger rise,
Foamin' up maist to the skies.
O' the toon an' brig I'll caper,
An' completely full my paper,
An' nae leave room to mention ower
Some mair acts o' your mighty power,
That by your strength ye dee achieve,
Ere ye o' Ellon tak' your leave.

When first Ellon's boun's ye enter,
Ye water right thro' its centre,
An' greatly fertilise its plains,
Diffusin' thro' its wide domains
Thy nourishin' powers abroad—
Wi' wavin' corn thou crowns the sod.
In a' thy meadows, haughs, and fields,
Abundant pasturage thou yields ;
Plenty o' food for man an' beast,
On which to haud a daily feast.
Here ye do yield a dainty dish,
O' excellent fresh water fish,
That in abundance in you lives,
An' is ta'en here by means o' crieves,
An' also wi' the angler's wan',
Mony a fish is brought to lan'.
By this ye great amusement yield
To them that love the sportin' field,
An' likewise here I've heard it said,
That in some places o' your bed,
Clear shinin' pearls is aften found,
That beats maist a' the rivers round.

Permit, ere we gang far'er doon,
Ere we tak' leave o' Ellon's toon,
Me here to a short notice tak'
O' fat happen'd to ye nae lang back.
It was, if I can rightly min',
The year o' auchteen twenty-nine—
I wat I min' on it right weel,

I was a striplin' at the squeel,
 An' rinnin' aye about your banks,
 For which I flyles got little thanks.
 But to my tale—upo' that morn,
 When Phœbus did the hills adorn
 I rose an' straight to you I hied.
 Intent to wander by your side,
 An' your clear wimplin' stream to view,
 As I afore had used to do.
 Judge my surprise when you I saw
 Full up the brig frae wa' to wa',
 An' doon rush in wild commotion,
 I saw you a foamin' ocean,
 Upheavin' wi' a flowin' tide,
 Full up the howe frae side to side,
 Sweepin' a' thing doon afore ye,
 'Cept the brig that covers o'er ye.
 Wi' a' your pow'r ye cou'dna meav't,
 But as ye fan't was forc'd to leave't,
 Tho' a bittie up your river,
 Aff a brig ye snappet clever,
 An' doon your stream ye quickly sped,
 Tho' o' gueed timmer firmly made.

An' you I saw at Ellon toon
 Mony a bonny garden droon ;
 Ower their dykes your waters pourin',
 Aff afore ye athing scourin'.
 Mair than half up the New-Toon Brae
 I saw you on that waefu' day

Demolishin' the warks o' men—
Thy pow'rs ye mony ane loot ken—
An' doon the haughs aneath the brig,
Ye drooket mony a corn rig,
An' laid it ower your stream aneath,
Like man that fa's for want o' breath,
An' hae like him nae pow'er to rise,
A ravel't mess, till harvest lies.
Braw girse rigs ye cou'dna lat stan',
But covered them maist o'er wi' san';
An' likewise ricks an' coles o' hay
Ye bore along your watery way;
An' mair sic deeds o' sad mischief,
To mention o'er wud full a leaf.
To say some mair about the flood,
If I cu'd min', I maybe wud,
But here ye're maybe thinkin' lang,
I doot I'll need to lat you gang
On towards the German Ocean,
Jist to keep your jints in motion;
But far I winna lat you rin,
Till I again wi' you begin.

Frae Ellon toon ye calmly row,
Doon Waterton's fine meadow howe;
But stop, now, till I tak' a note
*Jist here about your ferry-boat,
In which folk are row'd by a 'oman,
Ower your stream baith gain and comin',
An' here now ye may cock your fins,

* Commonly called "Baubie's Boat."

For here your grandeur it begins.
 At this place ye may claim your part,
 O' navigation's noble art ;
 Here is brought up baith lime an' coals,
 In lighter boats by means o' poles ;
 An' likewise tee by means o' sails,
 *Fan they get win' fair in their tails,
 Jist manag'd by a man an' loon,
 They dee come up to Waterton.
 An' doon again they dee tak' grain,
 That is brought here by farmer men.
 Here very lang they dinna bide
 But gangs an' comes wi' ilka tide,
 To where the ships doon in you lie,
 Wha tak'st awa the seas ower by.

Here lang again ye winna stay,
 But must be on your wonted way ;
 Ye now present a wild-like scene,
 Confin'd twa rocky steeps atween,
 That rises high on every side,
 An' tries your beauty here to hide.
 But likin' nae sic hollow glens,
 That in a sense your beauty stains,
 Ye slowly on frae that advance,
 Till anent Logie's kirk an' manse,
 Where out to spread ye dee get room,
 Your former grandeur to resume.
 Here doon in Logie's bonny howes,
 A ferry-boat across you rows,

* A small steamboat is now employed to take up and down the barges.

I've heard it sung, blyth an' vogie,
Bonny rows the boat o' Logie.
Here such a scenery's wi' you class'd,
Tho' equall'd canna be surpassed.
Up i' the brae wi' shinin' joy,
There stan's the house o' Auchmacoy ;
Sic a braw ornamented house
Ye dinna pass in a' your course,
Wi' a' its greens sae nice laid out,
An' thrivin' plantin's roun' about.
An' gardens large, wi' fruit well stor'd,
Might suit the taste o' ony lord ;
There's mony lord in Scotlan' wide,
That fain in sic a hame wud bide.

Ye are right proud o' sic a place
Your auld time sair-worn banks to grace,
Ye jist maist seem to un'erstan'
Its nae the hame o' common man.
For here ye nearhan' stop to gaze
At sic a scene o' grandeur's blaze,
Brighter far than stars, sun, or meen—
To look at lang it hurts your e'en,
And watter brings down o'er your snout,
So that ye're forc't to turn about,
An' only cast a sidelins glance
Nae nearer it can ye advance.

Anither cause ye hae o' joy,
For here the laird o' Auchmacoy

Comes mony a time to visit you,
An' sails your waters thro' and thro'
In a nice ornamented boat
That in you aye maist lies afloat,
An' contributes a muckle heap
To ornament your waters deep.
Here ye appear a maritime port—
Sae mony boats o' every sort,
Some for profit are you plyin',
Ither some for pleasure lyin',
That a' thegither forms a scene
Equal'd nae this an' your head atween.

But ye awa again maun be
A little nearer to the sea,
Tho' slowly on your waters row,
Sweer-like to leave the bonnie howe.
Ye canna pass without remark
The bonnie place ca'd Bilbo Park,
That stately stan's upon your brae,
An' has you graced for mony a day.
But a' sic grandeurs ye maun leave,
An' on your course maun slowly meave.
Fan o' this place ye dee get clear
Down to a place ca'd Machermeer,
Where out to a great breadth ye spread
Upon a level sandy bed,
Whereat sometimes sae ebb ye grow
You easy cud be widen thro'.
Mony a time has that been deen

Wi' nathing aff bit hose an' sheen ;
An' likewise tee, at different parts,
They dee ca' thro' wi' horse an' carts,
Scarcely knee-deep they thro' you go,
Fan that the tide does doonward flow.

Now Slains an' Foveran in atween,
Ye dee contrast an odd like scene,
A' up an' doon on your left han'
There naething is but bent an' san'
A' up in great big hillocks pil'd,
What Forvie parish ance was styl'd,
That for something that was nae right,
Was happet o'er a' in a night
Wi' hills o' san' out o' the sea
A win' gar't o'er the parish flee,
An' smother'd doon for their misdeeds
A', baith young an' auld time-worn heads,
Was by a sentence doom'd on high
Decree'd aneath the san's to lie
Till nature's final thunders roar,
An' it sworn be that time's no more.

But o'er upo' ye're right han' side,
Fov'ran parish in which I bide,
A real contrast to that presents—
I here mean Forvie's san's an' bents—
Instead o' hills' o' bents an' san',
Fov'ran presents on ilka han',
Upon your side on every way,
A picture lively, rich, and gay.

Upon your side nae far awa,
 Stan's the auld Castle o' Knockha',
 That has to you an honour been
 For mony years that's past lang seen ;
 An' even at the present day
 It sheds on you a gladnen' ray.
 Here ye tak' a turn in ower,
 As if ye wad at it glower ;
 An' weel ye may, in that same place
 Ance liv'd a noble war-like race,
 Which here lang syne this house did beild,
 An' a' the lan's o' Udney held.

Ye the auld Castle o' Knockha'
 Ahin't maun leave an' move awa'.

Wi' waters now extended wide,
 Ye now move on to Watterside ;
 Where boatmen ply their weary oars
 Between your wide-extended shores.

*Here baith sides maun hae a ferry
 People ower your stream to carry ;
 Cause your banks are far atween,
 They'd nae be heard nor scarcely seen.

At this place ye look gay and braw,
 Fan upo' you ye hae ferries twa ;
 An' might great convenience hae—
 But here I maun maist candid say
 A sad inconvenience is foun',
 Ere mony ane across you wun.

Especially on the Fov'rn side,

* An iron bridge lately built has done away with the ferry
 boats.

Fyles near an hour the folk maun bide,
Ere that the drunken lazy drone
Wun up an' a his claise get on.
Wisht! I'll need to haud my clatter,
Lest he coup me in the water,
An' think it fun to duck my pow,
Ony time I need pittin' thro'.
Wi' boattie lang I maunna stan',
A nobler task I hae at han';
I maun awa, lat a' thing be,
To what afore me here I see;
But I maun stan' a fyle to glower,
Afore I venture tult in o'er.

O Ythan now so mighty grown,
A humble bard do not disown—
Here I may thank my lucky fate,
Ye're nae like man in high estate,
Else half the grandeur here ye hae,
Wud mak' ye're banks to spurn me frae.
But well assur'd ye hae na pride,
I'll venture inby to your side;
Jist at the place ca'd Cuttertee,
Your braw new pier that's there to see,
Tho' yet in an unfinish'd state,
Must shortly tend to mak' you great;
If ance made out an a' complete
(As I hae nae doubt short time will dee't),
An' ships langside to it laid tee,
It a maist splendid place will be.

Great lots o' cash it maun hae cost,
 Yet money on't will nae be lost.
 O Ythan ye may gie your thanks,
 And gratitude o'erflow your banks
 Unto the noble fearless man
 Who first devised sic a plan ;
 Who not only plan'd an' thought it,
 But in operation brought it ;
 An' likewise has the whole to crown,
 Buildings begun to plant it roun',
 Which in the course o' twa 'r three year,
 A nice sea-port toon may form here.
 It a new name they'll need to gie,
 Gran'er than vulgar Cuttertee.
 O' it to say mair I sanna,
 Jist to tell the truth, I canna ;
 Yet there's nae doubt but fat I may,
 Fan ance its deen hae mair to say,
 If that its owner disna frown,
 An' on me wi' contempt look down.

Wi' you again dear Ythan stream',
 Who here does in sic grandeur seem ;
 A wee bit doon I'll need to try,
 To where the ships at present lie,
 An' something o' your grandeur speak,
 Where ships come in maist every week ;
 Sailin' this an' your mou 'atween,
 Presents on you a lively scene,

An' gars you here appear to be,
An arm or inlet o' the sea.

An' Newburgh toon as ye gae by,
Ye dee wi' sparklin' pleasure spy ;
Ye're proud to hae upon ye'r coasts
The only toon that Fov'ran boasts,
Made here by you an active place ;
To you it owes baith mair an' less
The stimules o' its busy trade—
An' mony a braw livin's made.

When ance o' Ne'bru' ye get free,
It is nae lang till in the sea,
That roun' about does Scotlan' rin,
Your waters ye de empty in.
But afore I lat you gang,
I've to say as I promised lang,
Fan I was up at your head,
To dress you for a cruel deed.

'Atween your mou' an' Ne'bru' toon,
Ance on a time, fu did you drown
*The man that taught our Fov'ran youths
To read an' learn the Scripture truths,
An' aften preach'd the word o' life
To mony a man, lass, an' wife.
Fu' could you thus your beauty stain,
To drown an' claim him for your ain?
Tho' ye was search'd baith far an' wide,

* The late Robert Gordon, schoolmaster, Parish School of Foveran, brother of late Rev. Maxwell Gordon, of Foveran.

Ye still contriv'd him to hide ;
 Unwillin' up your dead to give,
 Tho' him ye'd kept o'er lang to live,
 Tho' thro' you a great search was made,
 Wi' harrows tearing up your bed,
 In you he cudnae be gotten,
 Till flesh near aff his banes was rotten.

Mair about this I sanna say,
 As knowledge o't I didna hae,
 Wi' what I've said I'll lat you be,
 Trustin' the like ye'll never dee ;
 But this, I doubt, ye wunna hear,
 Nor counsel tak' I rather fear,
 To leave aff fat's natural t' ye,
 For advice that I would gie ye,
 Since ye can say ilk word on lee't,
 That ye was made at first to dee't.
 An' man is taught the danger clear,
 If he approach to you owre near ;
 Since ye can say truth keepin' by,
 That man was doom'd by you to die.
 I winna need wi' you conten',
 But lat you jist fulfill your en' ;
 Here as well's your temper firen',
 I doubt I'm your patience tiren',
 Keepin' you here sae lang stan'in',
 Things against your will comman'in' ;
 To win awa, I wat ye need,
 As here ye come so little speed,
 Like a dead lake ye nearly stan',

Ye're so damm'd up wi' bars o' san'
By which ye get some awfu' grips,
An' near bars out the tradin' ships
That sail up your bonnie waters,
Fyles near drivin' them to smatters
In rough weather ere they wun in,
To where ye in your deepness rin.
But ance wun in an' fairly moor'd,
Frae win' an' storm they're well secured ;
A safer place they canna get,
Than Ythan mou' at anyrate.

But yet in spite o' the san' bars,
That does create wi' you sic wars—
Yet conquer'd ye refuse to be—
Ye force ye're way into the sea,
To combat wi' the foamin' tide,
Where lang to war ye canna bide ;
Nae victorious as before,
Ye're forc'd to flee the ocean's roar.
Ascendin' up into the skies,
Your waters do in vapours rise,
Which floatin' back o'er lan' again,
Fa's to the earth in showers o' rain,
Your springin' fountains to supply,
An' keep your bed frae rinnin' dry.

Here I maun stop an' lat you be,
Till o' your grandeur mair I see ;
If ance your pier was finished out,

*An' at fats ca'd the Tarty Snout,
 A brig were thrown across your bed,
 Again I'll try the rhyming trade ;
 If critics dinna discomfit me,
 An frae the trade o' rhymin' pit me.

ADDRESS TO THE RIVER DEE IN 1874.

STOP, stop I say, ye River Dee,
 Stop, I say, an' attention gie,
 An' nae be aye on sic a chase,
 Jist wait a wee, hear my Address.
 I'll nae begin up at your head,
 I fear I wud come little speed
 As I'm nae sair acquainted wi' ye,
 Farer up than I can see ye
 Fan I'm crossin' ower to Torry ;
 Sae I maun jist tell my story
 As well's I can, wi' fat I ken
 About ye at your lower en'.
 I hardly ken noo fat to ca' ye,
 Ye're sae chang'd since first I saw ye ;
 I canna think that ye're the same,
 But a stream o' anither name.
 Ye're surely nae the River Dee
 In my young days I used to see ;
 Great noo is the alteration—
 Ye'er bed made a Railway Station ;
 The Harbour then ye doon did rin,
 Ere gates were made to keep ye in.

* Where a bridge was first proposed to be built.

So then ye had to be shifted,
An' your bed had to be lifted
Far out ower ayont the Inches,
Till want o' room again pinches ;
Then ye are again meddled wi',
Pushed to the present course o' Dee ;
Surely noo ye can dee nae harm
Fan ye're ca'd ower to Torry Farm ;
Wi' you they'll hae anither rig
An' ca' ye tae the Bay o' Nigg.
I'm sure ye're tae be pitied sair,
The way ye're kicket here and there ;
If they wud only lat ye be
To mak' ye're way into the sea,
As ye did in days langsyne now,
Ye're waters full't up a' the howe ;
But noo ye're bridled like a horse,
An' in ye're channel kept by force ;
Ye noo wud be richt snod an' trigg
*If ower ye they wud pit a brig,
An' lat folk get ower tae Torry,
Horse an' carts, or yet a lorry ;
An' nae humbug wi' ferry boats,
Fan ye're rough get wet their coats,
And hae at times sae lang to stan'—
The boat canna be aye at han' ;
An' fan the win' does fiercely bla',
The boat can nae get thro' ava,
Then folks are play'd an unco rig,

* A handsome granite bridge is now built, and ferry boats done away with, 1881.

An' hae tae gang by the Chain Brig,
 Or than turn an' again gang hame,
 Jist back the very road they came.

Noo a' this cud be avoided,
 Were ye wi' a brig provided,
 As I trust noo seen tae see ye,
 An' hae little bother with ye
 As I hae had for aucht years now,
 Maist ilka day I hae been through,
 An' had aye to pay my penny,
 For that time maks them many.
 Jist up to ten poun' aucht they cum',
 I've had to pay jist a' that sum,
 An' loss o' time to wait the boat,
 To count on that I'd maist forgot
 An' had aft to treat wi' a dram,
 Ilka day as aften's I cam' ;
 'Twas aye gie me a drappie the day,
 An' I'll the morn back again pay.
 But it was aye the morn wi' him,
 That he'd full the stoup tae the brim ;
 Now he's awa', o' that I'm free,
 Can gang as I like ower the Dee.

But noo, River Dee, I maun speak
 O' fat's in the papers this week.
 While readin' I happened to see
 That groun' on baith sides o' the Dee
 Was bought tae belang tae the toon,
 An' buildin's wull seen be set doon

A' along baith sides o' ye're stream,
Things o' which naebody wud dream.
Ye'll be lin'd wi' houses an' streets,
Lots o' kirks an' gentlemen's seats,
A' kin' o' factories an' mills,
Breweries, an' maybe distills ;
A' that, an' a gueed hantle mair
Wull a' seen be bigget owre there.
Ye'll nae ken yoursel' rinnin' doon
Jist richt thro' the heart o' the toon ;
I fear ye'll be then in the road,
An' ye'll be sent farer abroad ;
Here ye wud be thocht tae dee ill,
Be sent to the back o' the hill ;
Ye'd be turn'd at the Railway Brig,
An' sent doon to the Bay o' Nigg,
An' then nae san' ye wud bring doon
To bar entrance into the toon.

Then fat a fine harbour wud be
Fan rid of bars made by the Dee,
An' fresh water spates comin' doon,
The big ships maist driven roun',
Wi' sic a force out fyles ye rin,
They're mony time wreck'd comin' in.
Noo I hope, my dear River Dee,
Nae offence ye wull tak' at me
For advisin' to pit you hine roun',
Awa' out o' sicht o' the toon.
I'm sure ye'll be by far better,

Wun into the sea mair quieter,
 As the howe o' Nigg ye rin doon,
 An' clear o' the filth o' the toon.

I into futurity see
 That ye wull still the boundary be,
 An' the twa shires still wull divide ;
 Fan Torry Hill 's taen to this side,
 Frae Kincardine it wull be taen
 An' be made part o' Aberdeen ;
 They'll get a Parliamentary Act
 To mak' the hale toon mair compact ;
 Nae its lums an' bonnie kirk spires
 A' stan'in' in twa different shires.

ABOUT DOGERAL RHYMES

SOME gipe o' a chiel, I'm sure he's a feel,
 Said my first book was dogeral rhymes ;
 He's a stupid rogue, I never had a dog
 Nor a cat to help me at times.

I once had a cat, but fat about that,
 It never jist helped me ony ;
 A dog me to help—it wud rather yelp,
 An' mak' rhymes nae very bonny.

A dog makin' rhymes, it's surely queer times
 Fan the dogs commences to that ;
 The wisest o' them can never lay claim
 Tae the like, tho' help'd by the cat.

Nae lee I wull tell, I made them mysel',
Tho' they jist be nae very gueed ;
There's better by far, but jist as they are,
I hope mony ane will them read.

An' tho' they be ill, at them laugh your fill,
It's fat they're inten't for tae dee,
I've made them sae droll, that I jist maun thole
Your laughin' at them an' at me.

A laugh tho' ye give, yet lang I wull live,
After that I am laughin' at ;
I hope that I'll dee, an' some mair wull gie,
For you tae laugh an' grow fat.

Fun bye man be laid, wi' some that I've made,
There's times be funny an' sad,
Tho' yet, I maun say, I aye like to hae
Something to mak' a' bodie glad.

Yet things will occur that sticks like a burr,
An' damp the best joys that we hae ;
Some grief may come on's, that wull cause us groans,
Mak' us sad for mony a day.

Clouds hae a linin', if that the shinin'
O' them right by us cou'd be seen,
Wud jist mak' our pains turn out to be gains,
Afore wi' them we had deen.

STREET CRIES.

PEATS !!!

RISE up aff your seats, come out, buy my peats,
 They're jist new come out o' the moss,
 They're bonny an' dry, dee ye hear my cry?
 Come out, or the chance ye will lose.

Gie anither roar, they are at your door,
 Mair handy ye canna get them,
 Sax for a penny, canna gie many,
 I've to pay to cast an' set them.

An' that's nae jist a', I hae them to ca',
 At hame to big up in a stack,
 An' syne to drive here, they're nae ower dear
 Come buy them, or I'll-nae come back.

COALS !!!

COME out o' your holes, come buy my coals,
 They are new hame frae the diggin',
 Frae Englan' they're come, they'll blaze up the lum
 Buy them, an' dinna need priggin'.

Come out an' buy them, only jist try them,
 Ye never had ony sae gueed,
 One an' nine the mete, I winna you cheat,
 So jist tak' as mony's you need.

They are nae sclate stanes, believe me for ance,
 Their equal can nae where be foun',
 They are fine black coals, come out o' dark holes
 That's howket far down i' the groun'.

TATIES !!!

COME noo, my dawties, come, buy my taties,
I'm sure they're mealy an' dry,
I'm sure they will please, they're free frae disease,
Come only jist take them an' try.

O' earth they are free, come only an' see,
They are nae a' cover'd wi' dubs,
But perfectly clean, can easy be seen,
That they will maist nae fyle your tubs.

They're aucht pence the peck, so come out direct,
Or else I maun drive them awa',
Nane ither ye'll get that'll be sic a treat,
Tho' thro' a' the toon ye dee ca'.

FISH !!!

FRESH haddocks an' skate, I'm sure they're a treat,
Come buy them to roast or to boil,
Caller fytens neist will mak' you a feast,
An' cod to mak' cod-liver oil.

They're nae unco dear, come ye out an' speer,
I'll sell them as cheap as I can,
Ye'll ken by their looks, I hae caller flukes,
Fine fan they're fried in a pan.

Fine yallow haddocks, fatter than paddocks
The French people eat up wi' greed,
An' noo I maun speak, made by timmer reek,
My fytens are bonny an' gued.

HERRIN' !!!

O' CALLER herrin', I'll gie your ser in,
 I say, come a' out wi' your plates,
 Three for a penny, are ye for any?
 I'll seen be awa' frae your gates.

The boats are a' in, ye will better rin,
 Or else ye'll nae get them ava,
 I think I'm the last, the lave are a' past,
 Fat I hae will seen be awa'.

To lee I wud scorn, ye'll get nane the morn,
 I'm sure the boats winna gang out,
 The sky is lowrin', it'll seen be pourin',
 Win' will be up, it's noo gaen about.

BADDERLOCKS, TANGLES, AN' DILSE !!!

Hi! tangles an' dilse, I sell naething else,
 They're caller new aff o' the rocks,
 Come, gie's your bawbee, the worth o't I'll gie,
 Come awa', I'm nae ane that mocks.

An' badderlocks te, a han'fu' I'll gie,
 Ye'll nae get mair till neist big tide,
 Jist this very day, its true that I say,
 I had to gang in an' wide.

PARTINS !!!

Hi! partins caller, baith big an' smaller,
 I hae a store o' a' the kin's,
 Aneath the sea stanes, were crawlin' them lanes
 I took them, they're nae ta'en wi' lines.

It's true that I'm tellin', R in the spellin'
O' the month they only are gueed,
This month wi' the R, they are better by far,
So buy them, an' eat them wi' speed.

SAN'!!!

FINE san' frae the bay, I'll sell you it aye,
So come an' get san' to your fleers,
Jist for a bawbee, a pailfu' I'll gie,
A cartfu' wud sair you for years.

So if ye will say, I'll sell't a' the day,
To nae had you aye buyin',
An' for ane an' six, a bargain I'll fix,
An' nae langer had me cryin'.

GAS CINDERS!!!

GAS cinders I sell, come out ere I tell,
Jist a' the right way about them,
It's true that I'm sayin', they've a way o' their ain,
An' winna dae right without them.

Dae fat I desire, pit them on your fire,
A gueed puckle on o' the tap,
An' syne lat them be, nae pokerin' gie ;
To ca' out the dust gie a rap.

Then a fire ye'll hae the maist o' a' day,
A great heat will spread thro' the house,
An' far cheaper be, as far's I can see,
Than coal or sticks now in use.

ONIONS !!!

Ho! onions come buy, a poun' o' them try,
 They're the best that ever you saw,
 They're bonny and clean, as hard as a steen,
 Come out, or they'll seen be awa'.

Ae poun' a penny, if ye want any,
 Or for three bawbees ye'll get twa,
 If ye want mony, I care nae for ony,
 I will maybe sell you them a'.

STICKS, DRY STICKS !!!

STICKS, dry tarry sticks, your coals wi' to mix,
 An' I'm sure ye'll seen get a fire,
 Sticks fu' o' rosit, gie coals a dose o't,
 An' they'll burn like the East Kirk spire.

As they are, buy them, if wet jist dry them,
 They'll get wet aye fan it's rainin',
 Come, buy a gueed lot, they will boil your pot,
 If o' them ye are nae ower hainin'.

HOT ROLLS !!!

FINE mornin' rolls, new aff the coals,
 They are nae caul', yet I'm maist sure
 They are fine an' sweet, maist toothsom' to eat,
 They're made o' the finest o' flour.

Come, buy ane or twa ere I gang awa',
 I canna stan' lang here cryin',
 My time is now deen, an' some ither ane
 May be mair anxious for buyin'.

THE CUTLER !!!

COME out wi' your whuttle, I'll gie't a cuttle,
An' sharp it, as also your shears,
I say bring them out, an' dinna hae doubt,
I'll mak' a edge will last you for years.

Bring out your razor, I'll mak' you prais'er,
Fan to shavin' ye dee begin,
As sure as I'm here, I hae little fear,
She'll nae leave a hair on your chin.

ON THE LATE REV. JAMES RUST, MINISTER OF
SLAINS.

I AM maistly sure a' bodie that kens,
Will mourn wi' me for the parson o' Slains
He's noo awa' the road we a' maun gang,
The time may be short, wi' some o' us lang.
He has left his flock ahin' him to mourn,
Again to them he will never return,
But they can follow an' yet see his face,
He has aften tell't the road to the place.
He has now gone frae his labours to rest,
An' join in the joyful songs o' the blest,
He's now wi' his Saviour rejoicin',
Expectin' at the general risin'
Then to be join'd by the whole o' his flock,
For he never wore the hypocrite's cloak,
But on his course straightforward did go,
An example to his people did show ;

Their worldly welfare he aye had at heart,
 A' thing that happened he aye took their part.
 His advice to gie was ane o' his acts,
 Aye, since I kent him first in forty-sax,
 Aye he was willing an' happy to gie
 To a' ither bodie, as well as to me.
 Among the fishermen an interest he took,
 When at sea, he was aye on the outlook ;
 When the sea was rough, an' they'd ill gettin' in,
 He aye was among the foremost to rin,
 An' ready to help, if help was required,
 He aften stood lang, an' never seem'd tired.
 An' aft, in spite o' the wet an' the caul',
 He'd been kent to gang as far's Funnyfaul',
 Nae a time he was ever kent to slip,
 When danger was wi' a boat or a ship.

When sea was raging, an' like to ca' down
 Some o' the houses about the low town,
 He cam' to see nae damage was deen,
 Made them remove lest their life might be ta'en.
 An' aye anxious o' their success to learn,
 When their bit bread they were tryin' to earn,
 At sea pursuin' their dangerous callin',
 He mony a time enter'd their dwallin',
 In a rough day, amaist wet to the skin,
 Speirin' fan they thought the boats wud come in,
 And if they thought ony danger wud be
 Wi' such a wild tempestuous sea ;
 But now he's awa', nae mair to come back,

In a' their welfare an interest to tak'.

I'll never forget the pains that he took
To let a' his folk get read o' a book,
To found a library he took great pains,
Jist for the gueed o' the parish o' Slains.
To get it right he didna spare his purse ;
" If I was the father, he was the nurse,"
As he oft said (I kent it was in fun),
That I, as the father, had it begun.
But to him I'll ascribe a' the gueed o't,
As he aft said the parish had need o't,
An', but for him, it would never been there,
I hope, for his sake, o' it they'll tak' care.

To fill his place I doubt will nae be gueed,
They'll seen get a man to preach an' to read,
But to fill his place in a' that he did,
Is frae them yet in obscurity hid.
Men to do a' that he was wont to do,
I doubt will be found to be very few ;
Nae doubt he had faults, wha hasna nane ?
The gueed he did will mak' up for them clean.
In the Holy Scripture we often read
That it's a sin to speak ill o' the dead,
If he did wrang, I hope he's forgiven,
An' his soul's now rejoicin' in heaven ;
Where he will meet wi' his folk gone before,
A' safely landed on that happy shore,
Who will ever bless him for his great care,

The means, under God, o' bringing them there.
An' those that are left to follow them home,
Wi' them in that pleasant pastures to roam,
May the thought what awaits them urge them on,
To meet wi' their frien's an' their pastor that's gone.

May comfort be gi'en to those that are left,
O' pastor, husband, and father bereft,
May their loss to them abundantly prove,
They are the objects o' heavenly love.
And under the eye o' their Father's care,
Who to those He loves the rod does not spare,
An' taught to look up for help from above,
When depriv'd o' those they most dearly love.
To his elders now left wanting their head,
May the event a lesson to them read,
An' on naething earthly their hopes to depend,
Calmly look forward, awaitin' the end ;
When they will join their loved pastor again,
Wi' his an' their Redeemer aye remain.
O' his first elders there now is but one,
An' he's now come to be nae a young man,
An' must now soon follow after the rest,
An' join them in the bright realms o' the blest.

It is a sad an' melancholy fact,
When for fifty years I now do look back,
There is nae a kirk I can mind upon,
But has had to mourn a minister gone.
Some has had ane, some o' them mair,

Has left them wantin' a minister's care
For a time, till they get anither put in
To tell them o' life, an' evils o' sin.
I hope that Slains will soon be appointed,
Get a parson by heaven anointed,
So I'll say God-speed, an' bid them adieu,
A' them I kent best are now gettin' few.

AULD NICK ON THE DRINK.

To see mortals quaffin', auld Cloutie sits laughin',
He is rejoicin' wi' boisterous glee,
Frae the poisonous bowl, to kill body an' soul,
An' maist sure mak' them a' his fan they dee.

"I carena for preachin', nor religious teachin',
If they wud aye lat the drap o' drink be,
Mine the drink mak's them sure, puts them in my
power,"
Says Cloutie, "I'll get them a' fan they dee.

"Strong drink is my watchword, it kills mair than
the sword,
Ruins their bodies, brings their souls unto me,
A' their senses it dulls, an' their conscience it lulls,
Keeps them in sin, mak's them mine fan they dee.

"If the drink were awa', my share wud be but sma',
The folk's een wud be open'd, an' their danger
wud see,
An' flee frae my wiles, an' escape frae my toils,
An' I wud scarcely get ane fan they dee.

“ But I needna hae fear that as lang’s folk is here,
 The lads that the laws about it dee gie,
 It’s true that I tell, likes a drappie themsel’,
 An’ I will sure get them a’ fan they dee.

“ There is some rhymin’ chiel * that dis nae wus
 me weel,
 A Fov’ran blockhead they ca’ him, I see,
 To cure the warld o’ ills, cries awa’ wi’ the stills,
 An’ lat me get naebody fan they dee.

“ But he’ll better tak’ care, lest I gie him a scare,
 Will mak’ him wus he hadna fash’d wi’ me,
 O jist only to think he wud stop the drink,
 I’ll jist be at han’ fan he’s gaen to dee.

“ It’s lang since I began wi’ the drink to trap man,
 The auld bodie Noah I set on the spree,
 An’ thought I wud get him in my place to set him,
 But I lost him fan he was gaen to dee.

“ But mony is the ane that wi’ drink I hae ta’en,
 That but for the drink wud noo hae been free,
 But fan ance in my snare, I jist aye took care,
 Keep’t them stupid fan they were gaen to dee.

“ Now in this latter times, fat lots o’ fearfu’ crimes,
 Folk to kill, to steal, to cheat, an’ to lee,
 By the aid o’ the drink I entice to the brink
 O’ the place I put them in fan they dee.

* The Author.

“Now I maun mak’ a stop, an’ the subject jist drop,
Awa’ to some ither things I maun flee,
As word’s noo come to han’ that some o’ the drink
ban’,
Wi’ the effects o’ drink is gaen to dee.

“An’ sure I maun atten’, an’ be there at the en’,
To tak’ them awa’ where they ever will be,
Nae mair to come back frae the place I them tak’,
An’ hae to bide aye there after they dee.

“ But noo lat me think, if I’ve fley’t frae the drink
Some that was true faithfu’ servants to me,
Frae their drink rous’d them up, made them fling
by the cup,
I’ll be mad nae gettin’ them fan they dee.

* “ The New Year is at han’, then the sight will be
gran’,
Sae mony folk makin’ ready for me,
I’ll hae a busy time, sweatin’ in my warm clime,
Makin’ room for them fan they come to dee.

“ Ah, but jist noo my frien’s, tak’ my advice for
ance,
Get ye roarin’ fu’, an’ aye on the spree,
A life short an’ merry, syne aff in a hurry,
An’ awa’ to my warm hame fan ye dee.”

* Written in the end of December, 1873.

LINES ON THE HOUSE AND FAMILY OF
TILLERY.

NEAR whaur I bide maist close inby,
There stan's upon a hillock dry,
The bonnie house o' Tillery,
Sae neat an' trim ;
The greatest man entitled high,
It might please him.

Frae Ythan mou' an' this atween,
A Fov'ran boasts nae sic a scene
As Tillery upo' the green,
Nae far awa',
That scarcely is excell'd by nane,
Fu' ever braw.

For bonny Tillery's the pride
O' a' Fov'ran parish wide ;
There it may boast near Ythan side,
O' Fov'ran House,
Yet a contrast it canna bide,
It looks sae douse.

Nae lively air to it applies,
As it aften unpeopled lies,
Sae aften waste its beauty dies,
Rooms under lock ;
Aft and baith sair an' loudly cries,
For want o' folk.

But Tillery can nae complain,
Its never left a dreary scene,
Like Fov'ran House that's stan'ent leen
 Sae sad an' sair ;
Aye greetin' out its wakefu' een,
 To midnight air.

At Tillery the family's aye
Diffusing forth a gladdenin' ray ;
An' roun' it a' thing mak's look gay,
 An aspect wear
O joy great, caus'd by their stay
 Amang them here.

I'm safe to say, in a' the lan',
In which the family's bears comman',
There's nae an individual man
 But wishes them
Aye where their bonnie house does stan',
 To bide at hame.

Well may the tenants wish the same,
Their laird wi' them to bide at hame,
In farmin' to encourage them
 Right on to go ;
As aye since he their laird became,
 He's nae been slow.

He to them an example shows,
The way he to farmin' goes ;

Surmountin' ill's, down wuds he throws,
Baith crap an' reet,
An' then in their place he corn sows,
For food to eat.

An' lat's them see a noble plan,
Aye first to drain an' dry the lan',
So as to lat nae water stan'
In it ava,
As't the manure frae it aff han'
Soon wastes awa.

The tenants seem to tak' the hint,
O' ilka plan an' gueed that's in't,
An' to their profit soon they fin't,
Thro' a' the lan',
There is nae a' thing lost nor tint,
O' gueed like plan.

The bounteous gifts o' Tillery,
Out thro' the lan' does aften fly,
To a' the needfu' wants supply,
O' mony peer,
That disna hae wherewith to buy
Their needful gear.

A sight o' bonny Tillery,
The tearfu' e'e gars aften dry,
An' blink wi' joy up the way
To where it stan's,

Where they dee live that occupy
Sic liberal han's.

The bounteous acts o' Tillery,
O'er to tell I needna try ;
Ane that mair learn'd is than I
Will need to dee't,
But still the bonny place upy,
I like to see't.

VERSES SENT TO A YOUNG LASS IN THE PARISH
OF CRUDEN.

O, MAGGIE, lass, the truth I'll tell ;
Since first acquaint wi' you I fell,
I never hae been like mysel' ;
Ye surely hae,
By some cantrip or magic spell,
Peace bound me free.

Peace awa' frae me now is flown,
Pleasure I canna call my own,
My happiness is fairly stown,
Nae comfort left ;
Maist like a fool I am now grown,
O' sense bereft.

On you I maun lay a' the blame,
Ye hae play'd me a bonny game,

How can I thus again gang hame
 To Fov'ran's howes
 To be seen there I wud think shame,
 Boun' wi' your tows.

To see me sae oppress'd wi' care,
 The folk will at me gape an' stare,
 An' think that I hae got a scare
 Wi' Cruden ghosts,
 Or been disturbed in my lair
 Wi' fairy hosts.

Little will they think it's been a lass,
 That has me brought to sic a pass,
 An' made me like a stupid ass
 O' brute creation,
 But it's made by the female class—
 The alteration.

O, women's nae to meddle wi',
 Uneasiness they're sure to gie,
 O happy they who do keep free
 O' womenkin' ;
 For truly blest they'll ever be
 Wi' easy min'.

But some comfort I'll get frae ye,
 Neist time I come doon to see ye,
 So may health be ever wi' ye
 In lim' an' lith,

A' fu it en't, an' fu't began,
 Nae heedin' lees,
 An' gets him sae to un'erstan',
 Till ance he sees.

But fan the truth is right fun' out,
 The man begins his tale to doubt,
 An' finds naething it a' about,
 On which the law
 Can fix its a'-devourin' snout
 Or yet its claw.

Then he's outwitted for his pains,
 To be laugh'd at is a' he gains,
 An' thus his name he deeply stains
 Wi' blackest dye,
 An' a' about his way disdains,
 An' keeps outby.

He'd maistly need to gang an' dwell
 In some bit island by himsel',
 Where he cou'd live baith soun' an' hale,
 Wi' peacefu' heart,
 Wi' nane to brak', nor yet to gale,
 His auld bit cart.

I wud advise a' neighbours roun'
 To keep weel outby frae his toon,

Or else he'll maybe knock them doon
 Wi' deadly blows,
An' hame awa' he'll sen' them soon
 Wi' bleedy nose.

SENT TO A YOUNG MAN WHO HAD APPOINTED
A TIME TO GET MARRIED, AND AN ADVICE
HOW TO PROCEED WITH THE AFFAIR.

O, WILLIE, man, do not forget
The time that was appointed set,
For you to try the married state,
 An' change your life,
To turn roun' the bit wheel o' fate,
 An' tak' a wife.

If among the sex ye can find
A lass that suits you to your mind,
To whom ye can in wedlock bind
 Yoursel' secure,
To whom ye can prove ever kind,
 Wi' delight pure.

I doubt ye'll hae enough ado,
Unless ye hae some ane in view
To whom ye can the love renew,
 O' time that's past,
An' a' promises perform true,
 An' bind them fast.

If ye hae yet a lass to seek,
It's time ye were begun to streek,

The least for langest, by their law,
Is half-a-crown.

If ye be in a hurry wi't,
An' think three times ower lang to dee't,
Mair o' your cash they'll like to see't,
An' ye maun pay
Your seven-an'-sax, maun freely gie't,
For't in ae day.

If ye wud dee as I'd advise,
Try to get it ca'd aff at twice,
For that the sum is but sma' size,
Jist shillin's five,
Then off at ance, it looks mair wise,
A hurried drive.

*But one thing yet I hae to say,
When fortune does bring roun' the day,
An' ye're set out upo' your way
To meet the priest,
To this give heed my lad, I pray,
I'm nae in jest.

If by the road ye chance to meet,
Horse an' carts load wi' coal or peat,
Gang saftly by them wi' your feet,
An' nae mak' din,
Keep doon your han's I do entreat,
Your pockets in.

*Allusion made here to the foregoing piece on "A Fashious Neighbour."

If ye do speak ye'll pit them daft,
 Ye'll gar them rin an' brak' a shaft,
 An' seen ye'll get the towbeith laft
 To stan' aneath ;
 An' lad, ye'll find it nae that saft,
 To stan' a raith.

If to go there you don't incline,
 You'll hae to pay a weighty fine,
 Now lad, ever keep that in min',
 I'd be sorry
 That ye your money thus sud tyne,
 Ends my story.

CHARACTER OF A LASS.

———— ———'s a right nice lass ;
 They wud be neist thing to an ass
 That wud lat her unheeded pass,
 An' nae grip fast ;
 Sic a precious, golden treasure,
 That wud yield to them sic pleasure,
 That has wit in time to seize her,
 Ere she gae past.

Her worth does gold by far excel,
 Ower a' I ken she bears the belle,
 I think I'll tak' her to mysel',
 Ere lang gae by ;
 I'm sure she'll mak' a right gueed wife,
 A real cordial to sweeten life,

To keep down angry words an' strife,
She'll ever try.

A' house concerns she'll manage fine,
Sight o' neatness she'll never tyne,
But a' thing clear she'll mak to shine
Like siller bright ;
Her ways are far frae bein' rude,
She's always in a pleasant mood,
An' aye mindfu' o' whate'er's good,
Her way's upright.

Frae gossipin' she will refrain,
Whate'er she hears she will retain,
To reveal't she will disdain
Wi' conscious pride ;
To noble ends she will employ
The gifts o' speech she does enjoy,
To gain peace naething can destroy,
Her tongue she'll guide.

Her blythesome face an' cheerfu' smile,
The thoughts o' labour shall beguile,
An' yield sweet to every toil
An' care o' life ;
To him that fully gains her love,
A fund o' happiness she'll prove,
A real blessin' doon frae above,
In sic a wife.

Noo, lasses a', let such as this,
 If ye do wish for wedded bliss,
 An' sure your end ye winna miss,
 Aye be your plan ;
 If ye do as this character implies,
 As far as power in you lies,
 Then happy will your marriage ties
 Be to a man.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A RAFFLE OF APPLES.

YE that at fun do like a whack,
 O' this I pray you notice tak'.
 There is to be at Tillyfoor,
 On Tuesday night at the eighth hour,
 A raffle o' most famous fruit,
 Their equal grows nae hereabout ;
 In some place far awa' they've grown,
 An' ower to this in ships they've flown,
 The very place I canna tell,
 Come a' there an' judge for yoursel'.

Now a' ye people far an' near,
 It's hoped that there you will appear
 Wi' something to the poor an' needy,
 It's for want, nae that they're greedy,
 That they on you for help do ca',
 A little wi' them ye'll lat fa,
 An' ye never will repent it.
 Tho' o' cash ye be some stentit ;
 What ye gie to the needfu' poor

Will on your back in blessin's shower.
Again, I say, a' that like fun,
Come there that night a' that can wun,
When they get thro' the apples all,
Then will commence a dancin' ball,
As twa fiddlers it's said will be
To bang the reels wi' hearty glee,
In a barn, wi' plenty o' room
To shak' your hough an' crack your thoom ;
An' a' the lasses o' the place,
It is hop'd there will show their face,
For lads to them will nae be scant,
To start an carry on the rant.

Sic a night for lads an' lasses,
Seldom ever by them passes,
Each wi' his lass will get a dance,
An' hame wi' her will get a chance.
Fan ye get fun an' courtin' thus,
Fat mair in the world cud ye wus ;
Grudge nae the lateness o' the night,
It will, I'm sure, be gueed meenlight ;
If to ken fa it's till ye want,
I tell you it is to J——n G——t.

ON THE ELECTION OF MR. BANNERMAN AS M.P.
FOR THE CITY OF ABERDEEN.

MR. BANNERMAN for our good city
Is duly elected again,
By a handsome majority
O' our most enlightened townsmen.

Ower baith Chartist an' Tory
A splendid victory he's got,
While at bad luck they'll be sorry
He'll rejoice in's fortunate lot.

His party wi' him will rejoice,
Good reason have they to do so;
In Parliament House he'll advise,
For their good he'll never be slow.

Now for the best o' my story,
I sincerely wish him success
Ower the nation's ruining Tory,
That he'll soon hae boldly to face.

Nae doubt he'll do his endeavour,
In spite o' a' opposition,
The Liberal Party to favour,
Aye to improve their condition.

To that able Parliamenter
We now wish wealth an' happiness,
Parliament lang may he enter,
Our grievances to redress.

A LETTER TO A BROTHER BARD WHO WAS
OFFENDED AT TAXING HIM WITH BORROWING
FROM OTHER AUTHORS, AND COMPARING
WOMEN TO ASSES.

SIR, I hae receiv'd your letter,
I think I ne'er saw a better
Since I was form'd into nature,
 It is so full
O' interestin' rhymin' matter
 Out o' your skull.

To say otherwise I wud disdain,
I doubt not but it's a' your ain,
Baith rhyme an' sang in every strain
 So sweetly sung,
They've cost you pains out o' your brains
 To get them flung.

I tell you, lad, I wud be proud
If I cou'd mak' them half as good,
My muse is nae in sic a mood
 As ye hae yours,
Her face is aye like a rain cloud
 Afore it pours.

She winna look sae kind on me
As she does look an' smile on thee,
But, lad, tak' care an' wi' her gree
 Lest she tak' flight,
Out ower the hills awa she flee,
 Out o' your sight.

If ance o' her I get a haud,
 I'll keep her tho' she sud gae mad,
 Lest some time she awa' might pad,
 An' leave me dry ;
 At best she's but a fickle jade,
 An' unco shy.

I cou'd speak mair about the muse,
 Anither strain I now maun choose,
 An' try to mak' some bit excuse
 For my great wrang,
 In throwin' such unkind abuse
 Upo' your sang.

But ye maun ken, my brother bard,
 I didna say but what I heard,
 Him that said it will hae's reward
 For tellin' lees,
 Tryin' your progress to retard,
 Fan it he sees.

Sayin' it was out o' a book
 That ye yon nice bit sangy took
 But sair, I fear, he'll need to look
 Again it ower,
 An' vainly search thro' every nook
 Wi' a' his power.

Ere he gie proof o' what he says,
 He'll need to search it a' his days,

Thro' every page wi' eager gaze,
An' even then,
He ony proof mak' out to raise,
I dinna ken.

Now I hope, sir, wi' what I've said,
Your scaulin' will be nearly staid,
When I hae every honour paid
Unto your sang,
An' aff mysel' the blame a' laid,
An' a' the wrang.

The ither thing you tax me wi',
I'll try some bit excuse to gie,
Tho' mysel' I jist canna free
O' fat I've said,
I fyles may chance to gang agee
At rhymin' trade.

An' speak lightly o' the lasses,
Rankin' them wi' brutes in classes,
An' ca'in' them stupid asses,
I canna say ;
But they them by far surpasses
In every way.

Tho' I may ca' them something wrang,
Jist in my fun, fan I think lang,
In makin' a bit rhyme or sang
Wi' funny glee,

Yet some o' them I near wud gang
 Twal' mile to see.

Ye mauna think that I do mean
 To forsake an' despise them clean,
 Or yet to pad thro' life my lane ;
 A weary life
 I'm sure't would be to ony ane
 Without a wife.

Now, I hope my rhymin' brother,
 A' sic thoughts ye'll try an' smother,
 An' try to speak of something other,
 As ye think fit ;
 An' seen sen' me back another
 Sic funny bit.

SENT WITH BOOKS TO SHIELS LIBRARY.

SIR, back to you again I've sent
 The books ye kindly to me lent ;
 As on readin' I'm fully bent,
 I want some mair,
 Judgin' my time to be well spent
 In gatherin' lear.

To your library I'm indebted,
 Lear so cheap, where cud I get it,
 It is, I'm sure, nae overrated,
 Sae sma' the sum,

At which out ye yearly let it
To a' that come.

The pay has been most wisely judge't—
Twelve pence a year, fa cud grudge't,
Whaur cud, I ask, be better lodge't
An orra shillin',
Tho' purse be light, 'twill never budge't,
If ony willin'.

Wi' the books I sen' this bit line,
To let you know I don't incline
To slip the time, if I cud min',
Fan it comes roun',
To sen' them back without a fine
To be paid doon.

So thus I maun conclude my rhyme,
I canna spare nae langer time ;
To slip my wark wud be a crime,
As ye well ken,
An' nae provide while in my prime,
'Gainst age come ben.

So now the numbers down I'll draw,
O' which, I hope, ye'll sen' me twa,
Some that afore I never saw
The bearer with,
An' I am, wi' respectful awe,
Yours, Jamie Smith.

SENT WITH THE PRECEDING TO SHIELDS
LIBRARY.

J——N A——N sen's his books wi' mine,
For fear ye sud him charge a fine,
An' hopes ye will be obligin',
An' sen' him books upon religion ;
Nae ither kin' ye need gie him,
Nane but that will satisfy him ;
The numbers mark'd down here below,
To you their kin' will plainly show.

WRITTEN AND LEFT IN A TAVERN IN ABERDEEN
AFTER DINING THERE.

MR. M——R I thank you for the dinner
Ye hae prepar'd in so nice a manner,
It well deserves great recommendation
Frae ony ane, whate'er be their station,
As well's your punctual ready waiters,
Well may ye be proud if they're your daughters;
Even tho' they be but hir'd dependants,
They show themsel's trustworthy servants,
They will advance, if not amend your trade,
Amang those that want a neiper to their bed.

Here I canna forbear to mak' mention
How to your guests ye show sic attention,
That sure must please the most penurious,
Who wus to be serv'd somewhat curious.
An' likewise to speak o' your excellent drink,
It canna be surpass'd in town I think,

Your choice, well-selected stock o' spirits,
Shows your skill in judgin' o' their merits ;
Also your excellent porter an' your ale
Right well entitles you to a gueed sale.
You, doubtless, will be very apt to think
That in the praises o' your meat an' drink,
I only meant you thereby to flatter,
Or some jestin' remarks on you to scatter ;
Be assured that's far frae my intention,
Thus to choose your praise forth to mention,
Only to furnish matter for a rhyme,
I absolutely scorn so to waste my time.
I've only said what is exactly true,
An' is as far's I think most justly due,
So I hope you will not be offended,
An' so my scrawl o' a rhyme is ended.

NOTE.

Tak' care an' nae this lable tyne,
But paste it up upo' your sign,
Mair customers 'twill gar come in,
Fan they read a' fat's within ;
If they'd gang by they wud be asses,
An' nae come in to see your lasses.

Feb. 8, 1841.

SENT WITH BOOKS TO SHIELS LIBRARY.

THIS I sen' to you, Mr. Hay,
Be pleas'd to hear what I've to say,
I herewith sen' back your twa books,

I've carefully search'd a' their nooks ;
In them I've fun' much information,
An' much amusin' recreation,
Learnin' things I didna ken afore,
Things worth kennin', mair than a score.

Now sen' me ither twa as gueed,
An' I will try them baith to read,
If I can get as muckle time,
As I fyles scrawl a verse o' rhyme,
That near tak's a' my leisure hours,
An' in my readin' time ca's clours.
But I'll try to divide it right,
Atween them baith on every night ;
As I hae little ither time
Either to read or yet to rhyme.
I hae to work the hale daylight,
Frae morn till it be dark at night,
Then naething but the evenin' hours,
Hae I to use my readin' powers,
Since I may aye dee as I choose,
Sae I inten' to court the muse,
An' nae mair to court the lasses,
As I aft hae foun' them asses.
Ye'll jist see fat books back to sen',
If to the num'ers ye atten'.
Sen' ane o' aul', an' ane o' new,
Baith num'ers I've sent a few.
I need not you pretend to teach,
Ye ken to sen' me ane o' each,

An' I'll them read wi' a' my pith,
An' I remain, yours, Jamie Smith.

ON THE WHIGS AND TORIES.

THO' there be a great number o' Tories,
The Whigs will seen ding them a' doon,
In spite o' a' their fair-seemin' stories,
O' the gued they'll do for the crown.

They boast an' they brag o' fat they hae done,
Wi' their dark an' sly-like intrigues,
But fat are they but jist mock'ry an' fun,
When compared wi' that o' the Whigs.

O' a' the Tories' mischievous-like schemes,
There is ane by far warst ava,
That does great dishonour to their great names,
It's to keep aye on the Corn Law.

They mean to gie a part o' the nation
Far mair than they rightly deserve,
An' leave the rest o' the population
Wi' nae food, gist a'maist to starve.

They'll better think again ere it be too late,
O' what they now wud be doin',
O' the farmer, if their way they do get,
They will be entire ruin.

They think the agriculturists they'll favour,
 An' do them a mighty gueed turn,
 Should they succeed wi' fat they endeavour,
 They'll seen gie them cause for to mourn.

If the grievous Corn Laws be not repeal'd,
 Their error they'll see very soon,
 An' a' the hopes on which they do build
 To the ground will seen tumble doon.

The Chartists arn't far frae the Whig system,
 Tho' a set o' positive men,
 If they'd tak' time to sit doon an' rest them,
 An' think ower the matter again.

An' be as wise as join in wi' the Whigs,
 The Tories wud seen tumble doon,
 An' a' the plans that their sophistry bigs,
 An' quickly be razed to the foun'.

They stupidly think if the duty were aff
 To lat the corn come in duty free,
 That hame-grown corn wud be scarcely worth caff
 Or the leaves that hang on the tree.

Mair about them I winna say,
 I o' them great knowledge dinna hae.

TOAST.

MAY a' Whigs, Chartists, an' Tories agree,
 An' lat auld Scotlan' o' a' trouble get free.

MY ADDRESS AND OCCUPATION.

Now a' bodie ken I bide in Yeats' Lane,
In o' the big house num'er four,
Where naething I've deen but men't beets an' sheen
For three years a' maistly now ower.

Where still I inten' to continue to men'
The same's I hae aye deen afore,
As cheap as I can will aye be my plan;
An' by nae means gang ower the score.

An' dee them wi' speed an' warkmanship gueed,
Aye as far's I can dee ava ;
It's naething but buff to pit on bad stuff,
An' stupidly think trade to draw.

So then I will try to keep your feet dry,
If ye come to me wi' your sheen,
But only I'm sure that it's out o' my power
To mak' them right if maist worn deen.

So bring them in time if ye want them prime,
An' made to keep out the water,
I'll pit on the soles, an' patch up the holes,
An' had in the roset an' batter.

I gie nae credit, trade winna bide it,
If only charg'd fat they sud be,
If I lose a pair I'd need to take mair
To gar outgang an' income agree.

It's aften been said, in a' kin' o' trade,
 The honest man pays for the rogue,
 By far the best plan is the cash aye in han',
 An' then on your way ye will jog.

Aye fan I get time I scrawl a bit rhyme,
 At night fan the day's wark is deen,
 Fan my arms get tired, an' fingers get fired,
 Wi' haulin' at auld beets an' sheen.

But yet, I sair fear, at en' o' the year,
 My rhymin' will bring little in,
 It's aften been said that it's a peer trade,
 An' nonsense to ever begin.

But jist for my fun the thing I've begun,
 I maun lat it en' whaur it likes,
 It's nae right to fret at decrees o' fate,
 Tho' a' thing sud gang to the tykes.

I winna get fame nor yet a great name,
 Nor get praise till ance I'm dead,
 Nae bodie can say but fat yet their may
 Some my scrawls admirin'ly read ;

May admire an' praise, an' a monument raise
 To mark where reposes the head
 That's gien them a store o' rhymin' galore
 In their leisure minutes to read.

Mair gueed it wud dee if that they cud see
To bestow their gifts while in life,
The peer chiel to help an' keep down the yelp
O' destitute weans an' wife.

But now I maun close, an' nae my wark lose,
An' mair on my wark to depend,
For spinnin' o' rhymes, in this hard-like times,
Will never come to a gueed end.

ON THE EVILS OF DRINK.

FOR mony lang I've been set a thinkin',
O' fat wud stop the evils o' drinkin',
But nae ither plan I can see ava
Wi' the curs't whisky, but sweep it awa';
By exertin' the power where it lies,
An' jist at ance stop up the supplies,
An' sweep the stills aff the face o' the earth,
Bring peace an' pleasure to mony a hearth;
An' the word whisky be fairly left out,
In future times be min't naething about,
So as our children their teachers may ask,
Fan in the squeel they sit learnin' their task,
Fat by the auld-warld word whisky is meant,
As in some auld books by chance they had seen't.
Fat a maist happy world then it wud be,
Fan ance o' alcohol fairly set free,
An' nae sic temptation there wud be then
To delude on either women or men,

To stan' ony mair on hell's awfu' brink ;
 Fan they are freed frae the curs'd draps o' drink,
 They wud sing an' cry out a' blessed day,
 Fan the wicked drink was clean swept away.
 The greatest drunkard that is in the lan'
 Wud gladly see the drink trade at a stan' ;
 As lang as the public houses aye hae't,
 The temptation's there, they canna had fae't.
 Tak' awa' the drink frae this world o' sin,
 The joys o' heaven on earth wud begin,
 I canna see fu the drink trade began,
 Unless by the great enemy o' man.
 To get folk's senses frae them ta'en awa',
 To gar them sin an' lat him get them a',
 The drink has deen mair to fill up his place
 Than onything yet he has tried wi' our race ;
 So ye that hae the power, stop it at ance,
 The evil will stop if ye stop the means,
 Ye maun jist see the ill ye are doin',
 Permittin' the distillin' an' brewin'.

A SECOND ADDRESS TO YTHAN WATER.

O YTHAN ye ken weel I said
 If nae fley'd frae the rhymin' trade,
 Wi' you again I'd hae a crack,
 I hope ye'll nae offence tak'
 That I've sae lang been about it ;
 Ye'll be glad, I dinna doubt it,
 Me to hear again address ye,

Tho' I'm nearhan' fley'd to face ye.
Tho' I've neglected you sae lang,
I own my fau't, I ken it's wrang,
But I maist think, if ye can min',
Fan I promised to you langsyne,
That I wud hae another rig,
Fan ance that ye cou'd boast a brig
Across your stream, near at your mou',
Then I wud mak' my promise true.
But noo fan ye're like to come speed,
An' get a brig at Garplehead,
A thing ye hae muckle need o',
Mony ane will fin' the gueed o' ;
An' nae hae fyles sae lang to bide,
An' wait the down-gang o' the tide,
Or than gae thro', near drown themsel's,
As want o' time them aft compels.

Yet for a' the gueed it wud dee,
By readin' the papers I see
That there is a few selfish men,
That against your brig wud conten',
Wud wus, for some en's o' their ain
That as ye are ye sud remain ;
Your ferry continue to row,
Tho' folk sud be drown'd gaen thro' ;
For in you there lives hae been lost,
As mony can tell to their cost,
An' mair wull o' life be bereft,
If wantin' a brig ye be left.

But I'll put you up to a rig
Wi' them that opposes your brig.
Ye can jist easy confoun' them,
Aneath your waters jist drown them ;
For your acts ye canna be tried,
Tho' wi' their bleed ye sud be dyed.
If ye dinna ken fat way to dee't,
A fine plan, I'll seen lat you see't,
Fan they come to fish ony time,
Ye can easy manage the crime ;
Fan to fish ye see them come doon,
Be prepar'd to gie them a droon.
Some o' your big salmon look out,
T'entice them to come in about,
As nae doubt they'll fling them a line,
An' then ye can manage them fine.

Pit your salmon up to the tricks,
On their lines to greedily fix,
But tell them about them to look,
An' nae tak' a grip o' the hook ;
But jist tak' a haud up abeen't,
They'll ken whaur to bite fan they've seen't.
Then a great rug gie them clever,
Gar them plump into your river,
An' jist get them droon't clean an' fair,
An' then ye'll be bother't nae mair.
But your brig an' a' thing get right,
An' folk will wun thro' day or night,
Wi' naething but fair in the road,

An' hame to their place o' abode ;
To hae on nae ferry to bide,
Nor yet the slow doon-gang o' tide.

Now, Ythan, I hope ye will min'
If ye wus in grandeur to shine,
To nae lat them play you a rig,
An' truckle you out o' your brig.
I'm nae at han' to keep you right,
I noo bide far out o' your sight,
But about you I'm aye speerin',
An' o' your doin's aye hearin' ;
I hope ye'll tak' care o' yoursel',
Or o' me ye seen will hear tell.

A LAMENT FOR THE LAIRD OF AUCHMACOY.

O YTHAN I ken ye had a regard,
An' ye'll mak' a great lament for the Laird
That is noo awa', nae mair to come back,
An interest in your well-being to tak'.
Ye'll sadly miss him awa' frae your side,
Noo lonely the house ye gaz'd on wi' pride ;
The house ye sae aft look'd up to wi' joy—
Ah ! nae laird is there noo at Auchmacoy.
O sair noo will ye mourn as ye rin by,
As his weel-kent form nae mair ye can spy,
Wi' his fishin' rod, the neist time his gun,
Alang your banks to hae some sport an' fun.
Nae mair will he sail in his bonny boat,

That lies in your waters aye maist afloat ;
 Jist a' thing will noo look dreary an' blank,
 Dull a' up an' doon there on your left bank.
 I am maistly sure ye are greetin' sair,
 For the gueed laird ye'll never see mair,
 Ye will see the place where he lies at rest,
 But that will be but sma' comfort at best ;
 It will only mak' your grief mair severe,
 Nae to see him, an' him lyin' sae near.

But, O Ythan, tho' ye thus sadly mourn
 An' weep for him that will never return,
 There's ithers will hae mair cause to bemoan
 An' mourn their best frien', the laird that is gone.
 A' his tenants will miss him sad an' sair,
 Sae gueed a lan'lord they'll never get mair,
 He never was hard, nor push'd them for rent,
 But aye for their gueed an' comfort was bent.
 Was aye ready to help them if needed,
 An' ony bit fau't they did was nae heeded ;
 An' to pit them awa' he cou'dna see't,
 They maist a' liv'd in the lan' till they dee't ;
 If ony ane tir'd, an' tho't best to flit,
 They aye repented that they didna sit.

To his crafter bodies he aye was kin',
 Tho' short wi' their rent, he didna min',
 But took fat they had an' never was cross,
 An' rather than push them, was at the loss,
 An' bade them keep up an' never hae fear,

They wud be able to pay him neist year.
An' wark for them a' he aye looket out,
Keepet them a' at his place workin' about ;
Didna keep folk frae a distance that came,
Keepet the wark to his crafters at hame.

A' the peer bodies that was in the lan'
Was aften fed by his bounteous han',
Nane o' them a' was below his regard,
Supplied them a' wi' a free house an' yard.
A' that an' mair he was aye kent to give
To a' poor bodie as lang's they sud live ;
Sair will they miss him, frae them ta'en awa',
That aye sae kindly took care o' them a'.

The public at large the loss will fin' great,
As well as the tenants on the estate,
As aye that fair dealin' might never cease,
He acted fair as a Justice o' Peace ;
In a' the law courts held up at Ellon,
Was aye there, his advice never failin'.
To mak' a' thing right again that was wrang,
Debts to get paid that was stan'in' ower lang,
Disputes to settle atween man an' man,
Peace an' order aye to keep in the lan'.

Nae factor had he his tenants to rack,
He was nae proud, but their rent he wud tak',
Aye met them himsel' in his hamely ha',
An' had a kin' word for ane an' for a'.

The tenants lik'd the plan, an' tho't it gueed
 To come themsel's aye to the fountain-head,
 Ony laird that is sae saucy an' proud,
 To their tenants surely canna be good ;
 As canna tak' their rent, met them himsel',
 Is nae jist worthy among them to dwell.
 The laird that is gone was humble an' kind,
 As the better for him he now will find,
 In yon ither world so bright an' so fair,
 If he had been proud, he wudna wun there ;
 As on earth a' the time he was here,
 He did nae scorn to mix wi' the peer ;
 He has gone to the place where the peer go,
 To the rich an' the proud it will be no.

The name o' Buchan has been in the lan'
 Mair than five hun'er years I un'erstan',
 Aye since the year thirteen hun'er an' auchteen
 The lan' has aye in their possession been.
 If that's nae certain, as I canna sure be,
 Sure since the year fifteen hun'er an' three
 It's been own'd by ane o' the Buchan name,
 A very lang time it has been their hame.
 But noo there is fear the name will be deen,
 A man o' the name there noo is nae ane,
 Nae ane to tak' up the name I sair doubt,
 An' the honour'd name o' Buchan dee out.

May the laird's death be a lesson to a',
 As grim death baith peer an' rich tak's awa',

In the path o' virtue keepin' steady,
An' be for his approach makin' ready.
In rich worldly things to nae pit their trust,
They maun leave them to lie doon in the dust,
Then what will a' their possessions avail,
If o' true riches they are found to fail.

To those left behind may comfort be gien,
To them sae lonely noo left them lane,
Bereav'd o' husband an' father they love,
May consolation come doon frae above ;
An' be the means o' bringin' them to see,
That like him they also shortly maun dee,
An' join him in the abodes o' the blest,
In joyful happiness ever to rest.
Aye roamin' in bliss on that happy shore,
By the change o' time be parted no more,
A fam'ly united for aye in heav'n,
Nae wanderer awa' frae them driven.

THE AUTHOR'S ADVICE TO HIS READERS.

Now, ye people a', here an' far awa',
I jist hae this request to mak',
In your leisure times read ye my rhymes,
An frae your wark nae aff brak'.

It will never dee, as far's I can see,
To read fan ye sud be workin',
It sure winna pay to read a' the day,
Your precious time to be burkin'.

I meant them when made at night to be read
 When the day's wark is fairly ower,
 After wark restin', hame's pleasures tastin',
 Snug seated within your ain door.

To keep you at hame is fat I wud claim,
 Nae be gaen out gettin' ill
 Wi' that nasty stuff that's nae worth a snuff,
 That's brew'd an' made at the distil.

To tak' awa' cash to won's cast you fash,
 Sair hard weary labour an' toil ;
 My bit bookie read, tho' nae very gueed,
 It's better than sit drinkin' a while.

Jist buy my rhymes made in leisure times,
 They'll only cost you a shillin',
 'Twill be better spent, if ye only kent,
 Than yoursel' near to be fillin'.

Mair fun ye will get at a cheaper rate
 Than in theatre or public house,
 Fan ye've time to spare dinna ye gang there,
 But sit an' read quiet as the puss.

ON OUR NEW FASHIONS OF WORSHIP.

OUR fashions in the kirk are gettin' queer,
 The gueed auld plans that for mony a year
 We an' our forefathers thought best to be,

Are a' set aside, an' noo canna dee.
An' new fangl'd plans noo set in their place—
Maun sit in our seats fan seekin' for grace,
An' stan' up fan we sing our songs o' praise,
The nearer to heaven our voice to raise.
Our forefathers were sav'd by the auld plan,
Lang afore this new things ever began,
An' fat's to hin'er the same plans to dee,
Nae reason for them the least I can see.
To the clergy this I am noo sayin',
Where is their warrant for sittin' prayin'.
In the Scriptures in mony place we read,
People stood prayin' for help in their need ;
But to sit doon when prayer we offer,
It's gueed fun to the athiest an' scoffer.
Say in our God's presence nae awe we feel,
When we nae stan' or reverently kneel,
It wud be odd, an' a very strange thing,
To sit in presence o' an earthly king.
If petitions o' him we were to ask,
An' nae honour him, we'd be ta'en to task,
The King o' kings is to be honour'd mair,
When our petitions we pit up in prayer.
In His house gie Him a' the honour we can,
For His great love shown to sinfu' man.
Folk are grown simple thus to be driven
To new ways seekin' the way to heaven.
I wud nae advise strife nor makin' foes,
But folk jist sudna be led by the nose
To please the best minister ever seen,

In their head tak's whims, an' is to change gien;
 When the folk to sit doon they sharply tell,
 Fat way is it that they stan' up themsel'?

The posture we put our bodies into,
 When into the sacred presence we go,
 Is of nae consequence to the Most High,
 If the heart be right, an' on faith rely.
 But to sit still in our seats at our ease,
 Nae to stan' or fa' down on our knees,
 Canna fail to mak' folk turn nae to care,
 Nor follow the minister in prayer.
 Indolent worship they're sure to bring in,
 Instead o' prayin' for the pardon o' sin ;
 Folk will sit easy an' nae think about it,
 The parson does a', they dinna doubt it,
 An' naething ava left to them to dee,
 Fan they hae nae to stan' nor bow the knee ;
 An' doubtless will bring to our kirk at home
 Some popish plans o' the kirk o' Rome.
 Our good pious Queen sud jist mak' a law
 To put a' that new fangl'd notions awa',
 An' gar them brak' aff frae that lazy plan,
 An' gang back to the ways they first began ;
 They will nae dee separate frae the State,
 If they gang on at this changin' rate.

But noo I jist min', fan I am growin' calm,
 O' fat is said in the ninety-fifth psalm ;
 O' mony ither proofs I am nae scarce,

But there will be foun' jist at sixth verse—

“O, come, let us worship an' praise our God,
Let us bow down as if crush'd by the load
O' our sins, an' for help let us aye call,
An' on our knees before our Maker fall.”

To suit our new fashions wud need to be—

“O, come, let us worship an' easy be,
Let us sit down in our seats at our ease,
An' nae stan' nor yet fa' down on our knees ;
Before the Lord, our Maker, let us sit,
Sittin' is better than to stan' on our fit.”

In the New Testament we aft times read,
Where the proud Pharisee said he was gueed,
An' the poor publican said he was vile,
On their feet they baith stood the while.

They did nae sit doon for ease to their feet,
If they'd liv'd noo they'd had to tak' a seat ;
At their prayers they'd nae be lettin' stan',
As it's nae the custom noo in our lan'.

An' fatever custom is noo adopet,
We jist maun nae dee naething to stop it ;
Maun dee as by our minister bidden,
Tho' dark to us the meanin' be hidden.

It is as if the minister wud say,
Ye will a' sit doon while I for you pray,
Ye hae naething to dee till I hae deen,
Then to the sermon your lug maun be gien ;
But noo I will drop an' jist lat it be,
Till I see in the end what gueed it dee.



THE CURSE OF RICHES.

WHAT o' stinkin' pride in the world I see,
 Where the rich an' the peer never agree,
 I think it is well a place is set by
 In the ither world for them that look high,
 Where they will be separated aye frae the peer,
 As they canna dee to mix wi' them here.
 They aft try to shun them walkin' the streets,
 An' in the kirk maun hae separate seats ;
 The vulgar throng they can nae sit amang,
 If they cud, they'd nae to the same kirk gang.
 Fan they're dead 'mang the peer they winna lie,
 But maun be buried a gueed bit outby,
 A railin' put roun' to keep them awa',
 An' a braw granite steen their praises to bla'.

In the Scriptures it is expressly said,
 In the world to come a distinction is made
 Atween the humble, the lowly, an' good,
 An' the great, the vain, the rich, an' the proud.
 What will their pride an' riches avail,
 When grim King o' Terrors does them assail ;
 A' those that in riches do put their trust,
 When they've to leave them, lie doon in the dust.
 If they wud consider, while they are here,
 That heaven will be maist fill'd by the peer ;
 Their pride an' high looks maun a' be laid by,
 If they wish to enter the heav'n on high.
 Fat way wud they dee an' it fu' o' peer,
 Fan their company they canna bide here,

But they need nae cry out, nor yet complain,
They will get a place to be a' their ain,
Auld cloutie will pit them far'est ben,
He aye liket weel proud women an' men,
Pride was the fau't he did himsel' at first,
That out o' heaven gar't him flit his kist ;
Nae won'er he likes an' favours a' them,
Had they been there they wud hae deen the same.
O fu he rejoices to see a' their doin's,
He trysts them on, syne laughs at the ruins,
He is pleas'd, an' gies aye the ither smirk
Fan he sees the way they gang to the kirk.
For their kirk gaens he disna care,
He kens their pride keeps frae gettin' gueed there;
To see them wi' their braw costly dresses,
In their coaches drivin', like trying races ;
Lots o' wark to their peer servants makin',
In mony ways the Sabbath-day brakin' ;
They dinna think it can be ony wrang
To keep a' their servants aye busy an' thrang.
Tho' the kirk jist be near an' close at han',
They, close attended by their maid an' man,
In their coach maun be driven on in state,
To mak' them look't up to, an' thought great ;
Canna gang nae mair than if wantin' legs,
My lady same care taen o' as if eggs,
An umberell' held up to the kirk door
For fear she might melt wi' the shower.
The coachman has to drive back again hame,
Fan the kirk comes out be waitin' for them,

To the kirk himsel' he can never get,
 Like his horse, live on in a graceless state.
 Fat care they tho' he gang on to the grave,
 Scarcely kennin' he has a soul to save ;
 An' at hame their cook she maun sweat an' toil,
 A first-rate dinner she maun roast an' boil ;
 Nae time to rest nor yet think on her state,
 An' to wun to the kirk is nae her fate.
 The rest o' their servants are jist the same,
 A' Sunday in the proud rich man's hame ;
 Thus worldly things they only think about,
 Till their glass o' time be almost run out,
 Then they get fear'd fan it's nearhan' too late.
 Think on the end o' the proud an' the great.

THE BLESSING OF RICHES.

O WHAT a pleasant sight it is to see
 The rich folk an' the peer folk aye agree,
 In the ither world to which all are boun',
 Baith the rich an' the peer will be foun'.
 There is a place for the gueed rich an' peer,
 Those that can mix frien'ly while they are here,
 A' the rich that o' the peer had a care,
 Nae respect o' persons is ever there ;
 Equal a' will meet in that world above,
 An' firmly be held by the bonds o' love.
 The gueed rich man, while he dwells here below,
 Wi' the peer man is nae ashamed to go,
 As he kens weel, in o' that happy place

Nane but the humble dare there show their face.
He pits on humility as weel's he can,
An' ever is kind to his brother man.
When the beggar he meets he aye is willin'
Kindly to speak, an' gie him a shillin' ;
An' ony ane that he sees strugglin' sair
In the world, he's aft times helpet wi' mair.
He tak's delight in helpin' the needy,
If they're in want, relievin' them speedy ;
He dis nae keep up his cash till he dee,
The gueed that it does he aye likes to see.
To the needy's call never says no,
Dis nae grip till death gars him lat it go ;
There is mony ane great sums dis lat lie,
An' thinks wi' it that salvation they'll buy,
By gi'en the thing they can nae langer keep,
They thus lull their conscience soundly to sleep.

But the good man is aye ready and willin' to gie,
Fan a case o' need he happens to see,
He acts wi' the riches to him given,
As the true faithfu' steward o' heaven ;
Its gifts great blessings to man providet,
By him to his peer brother man dividet.
The humble, the good, an' mercifu' man,
Is to his servants as gueed as he can,
He lets them a' to kirk ance at the least,
On a Sunday they rest baith man an' beast ;
Nae wark does he want on that day o' rest,
Nae mair than he is forc'd doth he request.

It's very rare he gars his coach turn out,
To gang to the kirk ne'er pits him about,
He is nae lazy, but can use his legs
As weel's ony peer man that gangs an' begs.
He gangs aye, be the weather dry or wet,
An' in the kirk sits far he gets a seat,
He's nae particular if he be there,
Hear the sermon, an' join in the prayer.
Nae coach needs he waitin' his comin' out,
But tramps awa' hame baith keenly an' stout,
At hame nae fine cooket dinner he needs,
But on onything maist handy he feeds.
Nor sits an' gets his head muddled wi' wine,
But tak's water or beer, thrives on it fine,
An' thus keeps his head aye clear an' steady,
For a Sunday's duties he is ready ;
Closes the day wi' readin' an' prayer,
While a' his servants maun sure aye be there.
The way he closes on ilka Sunday,
He begins the week the same on Monday,
An' so on thro' the week jist noo begun,
To the end o' his days smoothly dis run,
Till his appointed time on earth be gane,
To leave his possessions regret he has nane,
Better possessions is laid up in store,
From the which he will be parted no more.
He's done his duty to his fellow-man,
An' fully embrac'd salvation's right plan,
To heaven he will get, he has nae fear,
He'll never repent bein' kin' to the peer.

A LAMENT FOR THE LATE COLONEL GORDON
OF FYVIE.

LAMENT with grief, ye Fyvie lands,
Your loss, so great, few understands ;
Tenants lost kind indulgent laird,
That for you all had kind regard.
At Fyvie Castle death has been,
And has deprived you of a frien',
His like, it's doubtful, will be found
To be the laird of Fyvie's ground ;
The old laird not replaced by young—
From the old stock no branch has sprung—
To tenants makes the stroke more cruel,
A stranger now must o'er them rule.
Though he may do as well's he can,
Long ere beloved like the old man
That's now from them removed away,
His loss be mourned for mony a day.
Though few near friends to mourn him dead,
For him will many tears be shed,
A laird, by his tenants loved most dear,
And all that knew him, far and near.
To those that was his bounty dealt,
Will be a loss acutely felt.
By him liberal gifts were given,
Faithful steward was of heaven ;
Of its good things on him bestowed,
Share to his brother man allowed,
Where he saw any case of need,
His help was sent with utmost speed.

To more than those within his lands
His gifts were dealt with liberal hands ;
To Infirmary of Aberdeen
He proved himself a worthy frien',
A good large sum was yearly sent,
When short of funds his aid he lent.

Hospital built within his lands,
Endowed with money by his hands,
To keep it up in after years,
His generosity it bears.
Some years ago a church he built,
As a gift to the parish dealt ;
And many more good actions did,
Will come to light that yet are hid.
He to his tenants aye was kind,
If fault they did he did not mind,
A way forgiving brought about,
A tenant he never turned out.
Some tenants there and their forebears
Been in the land three hunder years ;
Speaks well of him and lairds before him.
As laird, tenants did adore him,
At home among them did abide,
At hand their counsellor and guide ;
In foreign climes he did not roam,
The rents he drew he spent at home
(If lairds did among tenants stop,
'Twixt them would much ill-feeling drop).
But Fyvie's laird, now dead and gone,

Was never long an absent one ;
Liked aye among his folk to be,
Their wants and wishes always see,
Aye of their welfare had a care,
For them expense he did not spare ;
What needs he saw were soon supplied,
And plans were for their comfort tried—
Happy tenants, happy lairds,
That the well-being of both regards.

Ah ! Fyvie Castle, long you've stood,
In you lived lairds both wise and good,
But the late Colonel, now awa',
Has proved himself the best of a',
At least to present tenants been
Their only best and truest frien'.
Since first a Castle ye was built,
Ye many changes have seen and felt,
Seen both young lords and ladies gay
Spring up and bloom and pass away.
In long past years many a scene
Within your walls enacted been ;
Seen oft a joyful wedding day,
And to long home be borne away ;
Seen days of joy and days of grief—
In man's life, at best, but brief.
Now again you're dressed in mourning
For him gone where no returning.
Sadly on Ythan's banks ye stand,
Great mourning now in Fyvie's land ;

Where gladly past did Ythan flow,
There's nothing now but scenes of woe.

But why thus disconsolate mourn?
He back to earth would not return,
Had mortals that power given,
Would not leave the joys of heaven,
Where we hope the good laird has gone,
Which his faith and good deeds have won;
By his life here tried to deserve,
Did by good deeds his Master serve.
In Scripture we distinctly read
That our faith without works is dead.
His steadfast faith and deeds of love,
Secured a mansion has above;
Pain, sin, and sorrow fled away,
Rejoicing now in endless day.
Ransomed soul in that happy land,
Before the throne in white doth stand,
Robes washed in his Redeemer's blood,
His Saviour see without a cloud,
Would not exchange his present state,
Not for all this earth's kingdoms great.

To widow now so lonely left,
Of her best earthly friend bereft,
Friend of the Friendless prove a friend,
By heavenly comforts be sustained
In this her day of deepest grief.
To heal cruel wounds send her relief

And consolation from on high,
The tears of heartfelt sorrow dry ;
Trust in her Heavenly Father's love,
Who but for good doth friends remove,
Seen it to be in wisdom best
To call her husband to his rest.
Together long they have been spared,
Life's joys and troubles alike have shared,
Will soon united be again,
Be free from a sad parting's pain ;
In heaven meet to part no more,
Safe landed on that happy shore ;
Be welcom'd there by friends most kind,
All sin and sorrow left behind.
Thus happy those that Christ doth save,
Death finds ripe, ready for the grave ;
To them sweet the grave's peaceful rest,
And joyful rise mixed with the blest,
At the last trumpet's awful sound,
Among the ransomed hosts be found.
Such, let us hope, the fate of those
Our friends on whom the grave doth close ;
From earth's false promises hollow,
Let us prepare them to follow.

To Fyvie's laird I bid farewell,
To me a friend I well can tell ;
Twice donations he did send me,
And good wishes did attend me.
Ah ! what a lesson to mortals ;

All must enter Death's dark portals ;
 Though high be their station in life,
 Must fall by Death's keen-cutting knife.
 No respect to high or the low,
 All at Death's dread summons must go ;
 The rich and those high in power
 Soon be cut down as a flower ;
 May bloom on the earth for a while,
 And kind fortune may on them smile ;
 Bestowed on them the world's good things,
 Abundance of wealth to them brings.
 Around us we daily do see,
 Stores of wealth away from them flee.
 Soon deprived of all that they have.
 They nothing can take to the grave.
 Of pride the more need to beware,
 Humbly for latter end prepare.

ADDRESS TO BENACHIE ON THE COMING OF
 AGE OF HENRY KNIGHT ERSKINE,
 ESQ. OF PITTODRIE.

19TH NOVEMBER, 1879.

AH! Benachie, thou mountain grand,
 Stands sentry o'er our lowlan' land,
 In majesty ye lang hae stood—
 I would suppose aye since the flood.
 Upheaved with earth's commotion,
 When all was a foaming ocean,
 When the fair earth, by man's sin cursed,

And seas o'erwhelmed their boundaries burst,
Engulping all within its waves,
Where all mankind found watery graves—
Except those saved in Noah's Ark—
Buried beneath the waters dark.
The earth was left a rugged scene,
Mountains high, with vales between,
Ye may had your first erection,
Or since by volcanic action ;
Ye might been raised in later times—
Cannot determine in my Rhymes.
But there you stand, conspicuous seen,
Towering surrounding hills abeen.
However lang ye have been there,
If ye could speak, what things declare
That ye have seen in time take place,
When round you lived a barbarous race.
Traces of them can yet be seen
By the antiquarians keen ;
Defences formed around your top,
The enemy's advance to stop.
In far back days of feud and strife,
The motto was, " War to the knife."

Of years lang past there's more to say,
But knowledge of it I do not hae ;
I'll to your present time come down,
To what you see occurring roun'.
Near at your base a mansion stands,
The glory of Pittodrie's lands,

Lang been owned by a noble race,
Can far back their ancestors trace,
Done honour to their country's cause,
Maintained its rights, upheld its laws ;
Oft for their country fought and bled,
Her soldiers on to victory led.
Forefathers of the present laird
Did military life regaird
As the prime object of their life,
Aye engaged in their country's strife ;
And took a part in Church and State,
Much concerned in their country's fate.
Father's ambition to the son
Is seen in his career begun,
As an officer to command
In the Militia of our land ;
Regiment Royal Aberdeenshire,
Began career of his grandsire,
Where of his deeds we yet shall ken.
When officered by gallant men,
The regiment yet will show its worth,
And many men from it come forth,
And join the army of our land,
Well trained, no foe their charge can stand.

But to come to the case in hand,
Other day in Pittodrie's land
Like, Benachie, ye never saw,
Of many sights that beats them a'.
November's month, the nineteenth day,

I'll be exact with what I say,
Year eighteen hunder and seventy-nine,
A day in after years will shine
Ever in history's brightest page,
Pittodrie's young Laird came of age.
Beloved by tenantry of his land,
Convened gave him a dinner grand.
Tenants to a man adore him,
As his fathers gone before him.
On that eventful natal morn,
Long ere the sun did you adorn,
Flags and streamers gaily flying,
Each homestead its utmost trying
To express their gladness and joy;
Their Laird now man, no longer boy,
Would now assume o'er them the sway,
For many years and distant day;
Ancestors back five hunder year,
The Erskine name to them been dear,
They do not wish to change the name,
But to rule o'er them aye the same.

Before the sun behind you went doon,
And wearing on to afternoon,
In a large granary at the home-farm,
Tenants gave a reception warm,
Most cordial to their young Laird:
At dinner with him sumptuous fared,
Where many friends and tenants met him,
In the seat of honour set him,

By chairman's seat on his right hand,
A sight it was imposing grand.
Many happy smiling faces ;
Seats a' filled, no empty spaces,
All were so anxious to be there
At that love-feast of dainty fare.
Great honour do to their young Laird,
And show to him their kind regaird.
All good things that earth afford
Was there in plenty on their board.
When dinner o'er and cloth remov'd,
Then toasts were drunk to those they loved ;
Health drunk to Britain's noble Queen ;
And those that have her defenders been ;
To Army, Navy, in grand style,
For their defence of Britain's Isle ;
But toast that claim'd the maist regaird
Was the health of their youthful Laird.
First day in that new relation,
Hearty as Queen's of the nation,
With glasses filled up to the brim,
Drunk health and happiness to him ;
Health to his much-loved lady mother
Was pledged maist above all other,
Who to her son that day did hand
The reins to rule Pittodrie's land.
Son own'd the gift as no a mock,
Feelingly of his mother spoke,
Speaks well for him as a good laird,
That of his mother has regard.

With other toasts and speeches made,
Of Britain's weal, commerce, and trade,
Soon passed away that afternoon,
Benachie's back the sun went doon.
Then to the ballroom did repair,
Baith youth and beauty gathered there,
The evening spent in mirth and glee,
Really was a gladsome sight to see.
Hours flew past in mirth and dancing,
Music and love time enhancing ;
Care thrown aside, no trouble there—
Happy night to the loving pair,
They will mind on in alter life,
When they are happy man and wife ;
Eventful day in life's bright page,
When young Pittodrie came of age.

What an enlightened state of things,
Tenants and lairds in contact brings ;
Each for the other's welfare cares ;
Lairds that look how their tenants fares ;
Tenants that for lairds bear respect,
Is what should be the way correct.

Ah ! Benachie, thou ancient hill,
Remembrance of this haunts thee still,
That day looks back with such delight,
Made you put on robes of white,*
Most ever since that happy morn,

* Written during a heavy fall of snow.

Each day and night doth you adorn.
To-day ye stand in your white dress,
And view with joy the happy place.
Though you look dreary now and cold,
You'll soon put on your dress of old,
Be clad with purple and with green,
Then you'll view a lovelier scene.
Pittodrie's bonny woods and lawns,
When spring again upon them dawns ;
In all your wide-extended view
Like to Pittodrie there is few
For beauty can with it compare,
A situation has most rare ;
Lies sloping to the sunny south,
Which all must own that is the truth.
Ye have look'd on it for many years,
The bonnie view your old heart cheers.
Hope ye will gaze for years to come,
Long on the bright, warm, much-loved home
Of him that now rules o'er the place,
Successor of a much-loved race.
Son of the respected lady,
To do good was ever ready.
Happy to see her much-loved son,
The tenants' warm affection won,
The other day showed their regard,
Attachment firm, to their young Laird,
Increasing still towards life's end,
Already proved the tenants' friend.
His first act was the delaying

The time set the rents for paying ;
Get farm produce to market brought,
Shows much goodwill and great forethought.
By such kind acts he'll gain their love,
Besides a blessing from above ;
And walking on in upright ways
Among them honoured spend his days.
Aye with them at Pittodrie live,
Nor in factor's hands the rule give,
As is the case with lairds many,
Factors exacting every penny.
Tenants like aye the fountain-head
To come to in their hour of need ;
Hope uncorrupted will abide.
By Tory lairds on either side
Would of my books no notice tak',
But were to me returned back.
They're nae ava the poor man's friend,
To him no helping hand extend ;
They do not think, they do not care,
Nor have to him a mite to spare ;
Trying more their wealth to mak' it,
But away they cannot tak' it.
To other world they soon must go,
Leave all dear to them here below.
What a contrast ! Pittodrie's Laird
Doth me with favours kind regard ;
For his welfare I'll ever pray,
May he be spared many a day,
And sunshine cast on all around,

To needy aye a friend be found.

Now, Benachie, I must have done ;
Hope long the lady and her son
Will down beneath your shadow live,
And aye for good their influence give.
Soon again in sunny weather
Ye'll be clothed in purple heather ;
Pittodrie's laird, as use and wont,
The wild muirfowl on you will hunt.
Soon, I hope, auld Benachie,
A handsome lady fair you'll see,
Will come to grace Pittodrie's land,
On the young Laird bestow her hand,
And take his good kind mother's place,
Who will resign to her with grace
The place she's held with honour long ;
Her household, ruled with love most strong,
Will be relieved of all her care
By the young lady soon be there.
Her much-loved son will like to see
With lady of's choice happy be,
And see a numerous offspring rise,
Keep up the name when parents dies,
Continue on the Erskine name
For generations aye the same,
Honoured, respected, as of old,
To after generations told.
The Erskine name be handed down,
The hoary heads with honour crown,

To generations yet unborn
Descend, and future sons adorn
Of that ancient illustrious race,
So long lived in the bonnie place ;
A lovely fragrance spreading round,
Friends to friendless always found,
The orphan's and the widow's shield,
Poor wand'ers always found a beild ;
Found food and shelter from the cold ;
Time to come be as times of old.
A blessing on the house descend,
Heaven them from all ill defend,
As generations pass away
The honoured name be there for aye.
Such is my wish, auld Benachie,
And ye the same will like to see,
As ye stand sentry o'er the place,
Guardian of Pittodrie's race.
So now I'll say, old hill, good-bye,
Till I stand on your summit high.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE EARL OF
KINTORE.

LAMENT, In'rurie and Kintore,
For the good lord you'll see no more ;
Lament and mourn, ye tenants all,
Through extensive lands of Keith-hall.
You have good friend and landlord lost—
A father, may be said almost ;

Lament, ye Don and Urie baith,
And mourn this sad and sudden death.
Auld Benachie, hang down your head,
Lament and mourn the good Earl dead ;
You have there many changes seen,
But this the worst has ever been.
Ye bonnie grounds about Keith-hall,
Woods and trees, lament him all ;
Ye bonnie walks and gardens fair,
Ye plants and flowers, rich and rare,
Now drooping hang your heads and mourn
For him gone never to return.
Ye pretty swans upon the lake,
Go ye in mourning for his sake ;
He often fed you from his hand,
Emblem of all within his land.
To all in want ever ready,
Proved himself their friend aye steady ;
And mourn ye servants of the place,
No more you'll see his kindly face ;
To mourn his loss you have good cause,
A kind, indulgent master was ;
His like you'll never serve again,
And that right well you all do ken.
Mourn sad the church he did belong,
Of which he was a pillar strong,
Aye interested in her fate
Since she was separate from the State.

Aberdeenshire will miss him sair,

Its management took a great share ;
Lord-Lieutenant of the County,
His advice and liberal bounty
Aye ready was the best to give,
Both rich and poor he wished to live ;
In doing good his life he spent,
Kind influence felt where'er he went ;
Like the great Master whom he served
He from his duty never swerved.

Tenants all will miss a landlord kind—
To them not hard, to faults was blind ;
Liked to see his tenants thriving,
For their good was always striving.
His servants and his working men
Their needs and wants he wished to ken ;
Good things of earth to have a share,
And for their souls he had a care ;
To all who came within his reach
He anxious was the truth to teach.
In midst a world of sin and strife
He often preached the Word of Life,
And often taught men's minds to rise
To better life above the skies.
Leave things of earth and all its care,
To meet their God themselves prepare,
Secure a mansion firm above,
Where all is peace and perfect love.

Keith-hall that did such joy afford

Looks dreary now without its lord ;
By pretty mansion on the green
His smiling face was ever seen ;
And a kind word had aye in store,
The good, kind Earl of Kintore.
For kind the needy found him aye,
From him none empty sent away ;
Faithful steward was of heaven
With things of earth to him given ;
Many a one beyond his lands
Had liberal favours from his hands.
Whate'er their creed he did not mind,
To all in need was ever kind ;
The naked clothed, the hungry fed,
In doing good a life he led—
To bodies and the souls of men—
His like may never see again.
Though we mournfully him regard,
He is now reaping his reward,
Now sees the fruit of all his toils
In souls rescued from Satan's wiles,
By instructions kindly given,
Now for ever safe in heaven.
Earth's pleasures but as toys
Contrasted with high heaven's joys ;
Man's best estate down here below,
Oft but a source of pain and woe ;
But there, all sorrow ever fled,
Now with the Lamb that for them bled.

The sorrowing family left behind
In this can consolation find—
Though separation causes pain,
Is to husband and father gain ;
Now gone to join the happy blest,
Will sweetly now enjoy his rest.
May we all to the same end come,
His last words, “ I am going home ; ”
“ I am going home ”—blessed words,
Comfort to loving friends affords.

From lovely spot where he now lies
At the great day will gladly rise,
With all God's saints on earth will fly,
Meet their Saviour King on high.
By grace to them freely given
Joyful family meet in heaven,
Will undivided aye remain,
Sad parting never know again,
United love their Saviour more—
The happy family of Kintore.
Great comfort now may heaven send,
By death removed their earthly friend,
To sorrowing widow husband prove
As father do the family love.
Family of Keith-hall heaven bless,
See an Almighty hand in this,
By sad event teach them to see
That this their rest can never be ;
A better mansion seek above,

Meet with the one they here did love,
Not to them lost but gone before,
A true Christian, Lord Kintore.
All with such faith their Saviour see,
Like to his let their last end be ;
Of future life our views are dim
If any's lost that lived like him.

Another of my kind friends have lost,
I will find sadly to my cost—
The good, kind Earl now from me gone
Was to me kind, he pride had none,
But used me like his brother man,
Him as a friend I counted one.
When short of cash my books to print,
To help was twice donations sent,
For which I'll ever grateful feel—
Family of Keith-hall, I wish them weel.
I hope, kind friends, I'll yet have there,
The future Earl may for me care,
Have of his former bounty shared,
At Keith-hall long may he be spared ;
A comfort to his lady mother,
To his sisters and his brother.
Walk in footsteps of his father,
Loving friends around him gather,
Beloved by tenants as before—
Be called the good Earl of Kintore.
Keep up the highly-honoured name,
Make Keith-hall almost aye his hame,

Not in far distant climes to roam,
'Mong tenants happy be at home,
So as the good old Earl hath done—
And prove himself a worthy son ;
Till sons succeeding take his place,
Continue on the ancient race
That at Keith-hall of old hath been,
Four generations now I've seen—
Two still live, and two have passed away,
Shows man the creature of a day.

May the young Earl that now has come
Live long, then say " I'm going home,"
Peaceful as old Earl's days did close—
End a long life in calm repose.
By actions good, and useful life,
In a world of envy and strife
Help to make a vile world better—
A pattern to his fellow-creature.
From evil courses try and save,
Those high in power great influence have,
By their virtues and good deeds,
Others on to good actions leads,
They must be led, they will not drive,
For good of mankind always strive :
Such be their aim, Earls of Kintore,
Till earth shall fail, and time no more.

LINES ON THE DEESIDE HYDROPATHIC,
HEATHCOT.

HEATHCOT, by the side of the Dee,
A place it is pleasant to see,
About five miles out frae the town—
Up the glen, the Dee it comes down—
Deeside Hydropathic is there,
Where many for health do repair ;
Get health renewed and ither ills
With air of the Grampian Hills.
Great good the Establishment hath
By washings and Turkish bath,
And what is far better, I think,
Get cured of the evils of drink,
The root and the rise of ill-health,
And enemy great to their wealth.
By effects of drink must come there,
Might had health and money to spare ;
If of drink they had keepit free,
No need for the banks of the Dee.
But mony ane will bless the day,
And for its good manager pray
As the best friend they ever had,
Turned them from a way that was bad—
Perfect slaves to drink were before,
But now cured they'll never drink more ;
Comfort now to children and wife,
Time to think on a future life.
No drink now to muddle their brain,
In right ways their family train ;

With joy in heaven meet at last,
Earth's troubles and trials all past.

For pleasure, to pass off the time,
Heathcot Hydropathic is prime ;
The fine rural scenery to see,
And oft-times to fish in the Dee,
By Dee's limpid waters, at will,
The trout and the salmon to kill
On its banks, or sail in a boat,
Extent of the lands of Heathcot.
Rare treat on a fine summer day
By Dee's gravelly banks to stray.
Heathcot House, aye making bigger,
Makes now a prominent figure ;
Its high tower, seen from afar
By folks in Deeside railway car,
As by Cults they quickly run past
Many approving look is cast ;
Entices many one to come there
Who has time and money to spare ;
Time spent there they'll ne'er regret,
Enjoying a fine healthy state.
The house is aye full running o'er,
At times scarce get in at the door ;
But now they are extending it mair,
Will have room and something to spare,
Accommodate each new comer
That comes there to spend the summer ;
Their health and their strength to recruit,

Pleasure grounds to ramble about
And inhale the sweet fragrant breeze
In beautiful walks 'mong the trees
That surround the health-giving place,
Now blooming in their summer dress.
A walk among some ancient beech trees,
The most fastidious must please,
To wander at their own sweet wills,
Gentle ascent up to the hills,
Then across at the top of the fields
Fine view of house and grounds it yields ;
Then downwards again takes a turn
By side of a streamlet or burn,
Runs down a romantic ravine,
Dee in her seaward course to join.
When in flood a grand sight to see,
Rushing onward to swell the Dee ;
The glen, full of wild flowers and trees,
A fine sight the visitor sees.

A walk through the gardens in bloom
Goes far again health to resume—
In short, Heathcot is a boon,
To all folks confined in a town
Suffering from want of fresh air,
Should do what they can to get there.
Though blest with abundance of wealth,
Of what avail if wanting health ?

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM LESLIE OF
WARTHILL.

AH, Death, what havoc you're makin',
Some friend awa' fae me takin';
Near a score of my patrons now gone—
At this rate I'll soon stand alone,
Without them in these hard-up times,
Not able to publish my Rhymes.
With their assistance kindly given
I made out to make a livin'—
Unless new friends take their places,
I'll hae blanks and empty spaces,
And many a name will out be mist
In my Patrons' Subscription List.
Some have left good friends behind them,
In my straits I always find them,
To lend a hand and help me on,
Makes up the loss of them that's gone,
For which I'll ever grateful feel,
And heartily I'll wish them weel.
Other wark is with me failin',
And old age is on me tellin',
But for a bookie now and then,
What way I'd live I hardly ken.

A kind patron I've now to mourn,
Gone from me, never will return;
The good laird of Warthill, now dead,
Left's tenantry wanting a head.
By whom he was greatly beloved,

Nothing but death could them removed.
Great sorrow is now in the land,
Help and advice was aye at hand
By him that is now from them gone,
His kind deeds oft thought upon.
Tenants' welfare he had aye at heart,
Acted aye a good landlord's part ;
Live and let live his motto aye,
Farms not dear nor rents ill to pay,
Punctual paid by willing hands
To the loved laird of Wartle's lands—
Not with a grudge to factors paid.
At home their laird among them stayed,
In foreign lands did not roam,
Was happy `mong tenants at home.
To family the stroke's been severe,
Together lived lovingly here.
Kind husband and father he was,
They to mourn his loss have good cause ;
Never can their loss be made up,
Had to drink dregs of bitter cup.

Why repine in sorrowful mood ?
Great affliction been for their good ;
Everything happens for the best,
Teaches that this is not our rest.
Through much tribulation and woe
To our home in heaven must go ;
Losing a friend is grief and pain,
Our loss is their eternal gain—

From sin, pain, and sorrow set free,
In heaven their loved Saviour see.
A happy, a satisfied soul,
As the ages of eternity roll,
Never ending their happy state,
Ever increasing happiness great.
Such a hope of him that is away
To the bright scenes of endless day ;
Let us cherish and fondly hope,
Were not left in darkness to grope ;
By light of the gospel we see,
Can judge by the fruits of the tree.
The good Laird of Wartle gave proof,
From the poor never stood aloof,
Of his worldly means gave a share
In charity something to spare.
His Saviour, when questioned will be,
Will then say, " You gave it to Me,
Your reward I now will accord,
Enter now the joys of your Lord,
Faithful steward been of heaven,
Of things of earth to you given."

What comfort to friends left behind,
In this consolation can find,
By the sure hope to them given,
In the end to meet in heaven
With husband and father they love,
Not to part in that world above.
Undivided ever remain,

Free from sad partings again.
 Such is my wish and my prayer—
 All my friends at last to meet there.

THANKS TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

To numerous patrons thanks I give,
 I by their liberal bounty live ;
 Events 'mongst them notice takin',
 Some kind of a livin' makin'.
 Great things I do not wish to get—
 To live in splendour not my fate ;
 My humble wish is daily bread,
 Clothes to my back, to feet and head—
 Not fine nor yet in the fashion,
 But to stand the wear and washin' ;
 Keep out the cauld when at my wark,
 On Sundays dress me for the kirk
 (Though of cash be sometimes scant),
 That's a' my wish, and a' my want.

Accept my thanks, 'tis poor return
 For bidding you rejoice or mourn,
 As the event or case may be
 Happening round about I see,
 Tell about in rhymin' matter—
 Pity cannot do it better.
 I have the wish, but not the head,
 Accept the will just for the deed.

Better while the rhymer's livin'
Be him a donation given,
Instead of waiting till he's dead,
Raise a monument o'er his head,
Of money cost a great deal more
Than would get food and clothes a store.
Keep him in comfort a' his days,
And benefit in many ways.

Many a man, in former times,
Has tried to live by makin' rhymes ;
Sadly fail'd to make a livin',
None to him donations given—
No recompensing for his rhyme,
For want only lived half his time.
Half what was spent when he was dead
Would amply have supplied his need,
Might liv'd another half as lang
And lilted forth his rhyme and sang.
Instead of that he's dead and gone,
On his grave a tower of stone,
At a great cost been erected,
After death, too late respected.

Reading this, some will be thinkin'
That I'm daft or hae been drinkin' ;
But not the ane nor the ither,
But the wit I've frae my mither.
Write for fame—an empty bubble—
Aye like something for my trouble.

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK.

I SEND you out, my little Book,
 Ye for great favour need not look.
 Some folk will tak' and read you through,
 But to admire you will be few ;
 Some will read bits hear and there,
 Fling you past, never mind you mair.
 For their neglect, just never heed,
 Ye'll honour get when ance I'm dead ;
 Folk to books sma' attention gives
 So long as their author lives,
 But when awa' to their lang hame,
 It's then their writings gather fame.
 But never mind the slights ye get,
 Of better books that's been the fate.
 In artless language tell your tale,
 Let what you say commend itsel' ;
 To rich and poor be aye alike,
 Get dainty fair or bones to pike ;
 Be aye well pleased and never fret,
 Tak' aye the treatment that you get ;
 Where you're caressed and where you're not,
 Be well contented with your lot.
 No doubt ye'll hae a chequered life
 In this world of envy and strife,
 Some will your homely sayings mock,
 And make of you a laughin' stock ;
 But let them laugh at you their fill,
 Ye're for amusement, mean nae ill,

A leisure hour to pass away,
That is your aim and motto aye.
To great and sma' be aye obligin',
Tell them of your low origin,
Sure to man or woman tell'er
Ye was wrote in a coal cellar,
A table couldna you afford,
But in its stead a washin' board,
And held upon your author's knee,
That ye this world's light first did see.
Ye're imperfect, nae great wonder,
There's nae ane among a hunder
That could you hae composed so weel,
With but aughteen months at the skweel.
Had I the learning some folk hae,
I'd made you say anither say,
And keepit back by daily toil,
A living get by crook and wile.
I little time could on you spare,
Things to keep right need a' my care.
But as you are I send you forth,
To east, south, west, and to the north,
And hope you'll do as well's you can,
Do some good to my fellow-man.
Hope good reception you will get,
And help me to get out of debt,
Is the height of my ambition,
Owe nae man a pinch o' sneeshin.
My wayward fate's been aye uphill,
And gone in debt against my will,

But now, I think I see my way,
With help of you be rid for aye.

MY OWN LIFE AND ADVENTURES :

FROM 1818 TO 1879.

IN March month, the twenty-aucht day,
As I've heard my auld mither say,
Year auchteen hunner and auchteen,
That I in this world first was seen
At Langhaven, Cruden paris',
Nae far frae Stirling quarries.
A fishing village ance was there,
But now for forty year and mair
Has oot o' that place been lifted,
To North-haven has been shifted,
Maist aside the Buchan Bullers,
Ever since they hoist their colours.

First nine years o' my life's spent,
The ways o' the world little kent ;
The spring and hairst I herdit kye
To crafter folk that lived near-by—
By name, James Anderson, was ca'd,
Ower-by at Little Tillymaud.
There was nae Education Act,
Or aff to skweel I'd had to pack.
My parents, poor in my young days,
Could scarce get to me meat and claes,

Mair family, as well as me,
They had baith meat and claes to gie ;
Some o' us wis maist aye unweel,
And needed aft the doctor's skeel.
Thus we lived on frae day to day,
Where the neist day's meat would come frae
Mony's the time we didna ken,
And had at times to get a len' ;
Thus strugglin' on, I kenna hoo,
Some way or other aye got through.

Manag'd aye to get a livin',
We Cruden left in twenty-seven,
And to the south we flitted far,
To a craft aside the Birness bar,
On Peterhead and Ellon road,
For a short time was our abode.
'Twas a coarse place, o' stiff red clay,
Frae it we seen remov'd away—
I'm sure we left it wi' guid will.
We flitted neist up to Coalhill,
Maist about twa miles frae Ellon,
A house and yard to plant kail in ;
Nae mair a craft was to be got,
Must be contented wi' our lot.
But here now I maun be tellin'
I was sent to skweel at Ellon ;
Nae ower seen 'twas to me given,
I of age was now eleven.
Upon the year right weel I min',

Auchteen hunner and twenty-nine,
 The year o' the great muckle spate,
 That the Ythan put in sic a state,
 Gart her in flood come rinnin' doon—
 I min' weel on't, though but a loon.

Our skweel was the Secedar Kirk,
 And our teacher's name was George Clark—
 Did weel enough in warm weather,
 But cauld days gart's seek anither
 Where a fire could be erected.
 The auld town-house was selected,
 That stood up in the Ellon Square,
 And up in front had a stane stair.

The first day I gaed to the skweel,
 Like yesterday, I min' on't weel,
 A New Testament had wi' me—
 There was nae ither book to gie me.
 The maister speir'd if I had more,
 And what skweel I'd been at before ;
 Said at nae skweel I'd ever been,
 This was the first that I had seen.
 He said, " That book ye needna bring,
 You'll need, I doot, some ither thing ;
 You'll need a book used by a bairn
 E're ye begin to readin' learn."
 I said I had been readin' in't
 As weel as my self-learnin' went.
 " Ah, weel," says he, " if that's the case,

Ye in a class may tak' yer place,
But first I would like you to hear
If ye that book can read it clear."
So I to readin' set mysel',
Ae word I didna need to spell,
Then in a Bible class was plac'd
At its fit, aneath a' the rest ;
But at it lang I didna stop,
I seen was up and at the top ;
But there a ticklish seat I had,
Some o' the class were nae that bad,
And sometimes press'd me awfu' hard
Wi' any great lang-nibbet word.
Ae day, I min' upon't richt weel,
That I was keepit frae the skweel,
For that neist day I had to sit
Aneath them a', doon at the fit ;
But doon there lang I didna stop,
First lesson was up near the top.
Some of them there were scholars gweed,
Withoot gaen wrang could spell and read.
Thèy a' thought it glorious fun
That I up could nae farer wun.
I was thus put in to a stan' ;
The maister took my case in han',
With the word Banff gave me a chance,
I spell't it, and got up at once.
Wi' such like contests learned fast,
Frae ae step to anither pass'd.
I very anxious was to learn,

Had wit I was now nae a bairn ;
My skweelin' days would seen be ower,
I only got months three or four,
My bread I'd hae to gang and earn
Out in the hard world, cauld and stern.

As far as I can remember,
Left Ellon skweel in December.
Father aye on the wing was hoverin',
We again removed to Foveran ;
To a place there ca'd Davishill,
I had to gang against my will.
So there we dwelt a year or twa,
In a frail hoose aye like to fa'.
To learn, I being unco willin',
To a skweel at Culter-Cullen
Three o' that winter's months was sent.
Neist summer I to herdin' went,
Back again nae far frae Ellon,
For a poun' my labours sellin'.
Muckle fees was nae in that days,
Would nae gang far in sheen and claes ;
Herd't nowt, cleaned oot byres dirty,
Passed the summer auchteen thirty.

A fearfu' night was in that year,
Fill'd mony a ane wi' dread and fear :
A terrible thunderstorm raged,
The elements in strife engaged,
And carried on a dreadful fight

Through the whole o' that awful night.
The lightning flash'd, the thunder roar'd,
And mony thought that Nature's Lord
Was callin' all to judgment home,
An' the last day was on them come.
A night like that there hasna been
Within the shire of Aberdeen,
Nor ither shires, as far's I ken,
Nor the like seen by aulder men.
Some thunder storms as fierce I've seen,
But nane the cracks sae short atween,
Nor yet extend to sic a length,
Ere it abated a' its strength ;
Continued on for aucht lang hours,
And rain came down wi' awfu' pours.

That simmer's herdin' did wear deen,
I gaed hame to learn makin' sheen ;
My idle days were now a' past,
I had now to stick to my last.
That I would like it I had doots,
Sewin' patches an' closin' boots,
And also closin' women's sheen,
As well as orra jobs atween.
I was nae slow at uptakin',
Little sheen I seen was makin'.
A gweed trade we seen would had there,
To mak' beets and sheen mony a pair.
But father being aye some fickle,
And the house near in a rickle,

He took a notion in his head
Frae that again to flit wi' speed.
Got a bit groun' jist by gweed luck
Up at the Moss o' Pettymuck—
A bit when Udny Road was made,
Aff College lan's to Udny laid,
Again was chang'd for the end rig.
But a house was on't to big,

So in the spring o' thirty-one
Father and me a house began.
First we had the stanes to quarry,
At that a while we had to tarry ;
Then to the biggin' we began—
He the mason, I the barrowman.
Of mason work we'd little skeel,
A while we got on unco weel,
Till we cam' up to the gable ;
Up the stanes I was nae able
On the scaffoldin' to set them,
Up sae high I couldna get them.
So then to let the wark go on,
Father he gave me up the stone,
I gables and lumheads bigget,
So up a house we seen had rigget,
Put on the reef and in the doors ;
A lot o' wark had yet afore's—
The windows an' the fleers to lay,
The wa's to plaster o'er wi' clay ;
On the reef put mossy divot,

Then a thackin' had to give it ;
But for that we were nae fashious,
Just stob-thackit it wi' rashes,
For them we were nae at a loss,
Plenty of them was in the moss.
Thus by workin' at it steady,
By the hairst time we had it ready ;
A' right it's stannin' to this day,
Though it was bigget maist wi' clay.

It is now a mair lively abode—
There now, across the Udney road,
The Buchan and Formartine line
Is carried by a straight incline ;
Trains are ever on it flyin',
Now it's nae sae lomesome lyin'.
At the door you could tak' your stan',
A stane could throw on three lairds' lan'—
Tillicorthie, Udney, College—
That's been deen aft to my knowledge.
At that time a square mile of moss
To the house north end came close,
Twa or three yards or little more,
Could thrown the peats in at the door.

Father heard Udney's factor say
To gentlemen with him one day,
“If they awa' the moss would take,
What a fine field that ground would make.”
Now a' the moss aff it has worn,

And now it's growin' neeps and corn.
 Left the auld house at Davishill,
 And flitted up our new house till ;
 We liv'd in it about five years,
 That now as yesterday appears.

As I nae arithmetic had,
 And wantin' which is very bad,
 I gaed a few months to the skweel,
 At coontin' got on vera weel,
 Made me at times be on my mettle,
 Up at the skweel at Balnakettle.
 To get on I fell on a plan—
 When any new rule I began,
 I gart the maister lat me see
 First question o't the way to dee ;
 Then got on at a rapid rate,
 Wi' lots o' questions fill'd my sclate.
 To let me nae block time at school,
 The maister said pass to neist rule ;
 Ken fu to work ane or twa
 Is jist as gweed as work them a'.
 Anything I'd to get by heart,
 I manag'd to get quick and smart,
 Nae langer time to it takin'
 Than mither was the pottage makin'.

We carried on wi' din maist deavin',
 Baith makin' sheen and weavin'.
 Father at the leem kep't whackin',

I the beets and sheen was makin' ;
A gweed livin' we might hae made
Had we baith but stuck to ae trade.
Now growin' up to be a man
I got disgusted wi' the plan,
Wi' the trade I brak' the bargain
And turned oot to try the dargin',
Wrought at that about sax years—
(Ah ! time, fu' fast awa' it wears).

For months employed at castin' peats,
Far sairer wark than sheen or beets ;
Fyles I had some heavy touches,
Trenchin' groun' and castin' ditches,
Biggin' feal dykes and castin' drains,
Fyles had but little for my pains ;
And took a hairst maist ilka year,
For a' that couldna gather gear.
My first hairst was up near Kintore,
Got auchteen shillin's to my store ;
It took full five weeks to make it,
For that to twa scythes I raiket,
Just sair enough for a young loon,
To James Harvey of the Fordtoon.
Neist hairst I was at Tillyfoor,
The fee I had was very poor ;
I didna unco muckle for't,
Rake to ae scythe was only sport.
The neist, if I can rightly min',
Was at a place ca'd Hill o' Clyne ;

But there I had a better fee,
I had for months nae mair than three
The nice large sum of three poun' ten,
A bigger fee than best o' men.
My neist was at Hill o' Crimon,
For twa poun' five I got on swimmin'.
Neist year I gaed to Fiddesbegg,
But there wi' wark I got a flegg—
To hale four scythes I had to rake
My twa poun' five to make,
But as they were weel pleased wi' me,
Five shillin's added to my fee.
A hairst in Udny, at Hillbrae,
For some four weeks a' but a day ;
Of fee I had one poun' auchteen,
Was by the week, hairst was nae deen.
Three weeks' hairst was down at Cruden,
At South Ardiffery intruden ;
Intruden was what came to pass,
I took awa' a farmer's lass.
I near forgot, nae wi' my will,
A hairst I was at Davishill,
I had for twa poun' five o' fee
To rake to scythes the number three ;
And twa hairsts was at Auchloon,
To year forty-five brings me doon—
The hindmost hairst that I was at,
I think I am maist sure o' that.

Now when about my hairsts I've tell't,

Back to the house in which we dwelt,
And say something mair about it,
Else my story might be doubted.
We stoppit there about five years,
Till about our health had fears.
It was a low unhealthy place,
Some o's unwell aye mair or less,
A nasty bog anent the door
A thick mist came often ower ;
So we again thought best to flit,
In sic a bog nae longer sit.
We a healthier place would try,
So in the lan' of Tillery
A house and yard we did secure
On a farm town ca'd Tillyfoor.

There a fine healthy place we got,
Nae in a bog to sit and rot,
A fine house now and a gweed yard
Did us wi' gweed health reward ;
For kail and taties at nae loss,
And a short distance frae the moss.
Thought now a restin' place we'd found,
But grandfather gave up his ground,
So father now moved to the place,
Year auchteen forty-one o' grace.
Father, mother, and a' the rest,
Left me alone to do my best,
Sae aft flittin' I'd taen anger,
I'd nae wi' them flit nae langer.

I now house-hadden first began,
Though I was yet but a young man
I in a empty house was left :
Folk thought and said that I was daft
In a teem house to bid alane
Wi' naething but the wa's o' stane.
Now launched on life's stormy ocean
I set a' my powers in motion.
First thing, some furniture to get,
Aff to an auld wife's roup I set,
Bought a bed and some orra things,
And them hame to the hoose I brings.
At sale of wood at Tillery
I nine big stanin' trees did buy,
And into boards I got them sawn,
Then rack'd them up to keep frae thrawn,
And got them seasoned wi' the drought
Ere into furniture were wrought ;
Then wi' them fitted up my house,
Gart it look tidy and gay spruce.
Neist for a wife I lookit out
Among the lasses roon about,
Self sometimes on them intruden,
Till at last got ane frae Cruden,
Nae a useless dress'd up lady,
But ane to work a'thing ready ;
Could wash a sark, could knit and sew,
Do a'thing maist, could bake and brew,
Aye willin' to do a' she can,
Fit neiper for a workin' man.

Took my auld grannie's gweed advice,
“ First get a hoose up fitted nice,
Then some gweed decent lass look oot,
Mak' her your wife, then little doot
Bairns at the proper time will come
To cheer and bless the happy home.”
In that house for about four years
We jogg'd on through life's hopes and fears,
And baith worked as hard as able,
Hae a bit upon the table,
And get some duds o' decent claes
To keep us warm in stormy days.
Wrought in the moss at castin' peats,
Now sunbrunt, then the rain did wet's,
For sax weeks that did workin' keeps,
We then got wark at hoein' neeps ;
Then after that the hairst came on,
Then we did baith a hairst fee wun—
When back to our hame did enter
We had something for the winter.
Through winter's months whatever came
I did to bring a shillin' hame,
At blastin' stanes or thrashin' corn
Aye when it was a weety morn,
Or day's work at a neiper toon
Till mossin' time again cam' roon.

Aye at night, and at orra times,
Employed mysel' at makin' rhymes,
The year o' auchteen forty-twa

In gweed print first the light they saw,
To the number of five hunner,
Mony ane gart stare and won'er.
We in the house at Tillyfoor dwelt
Till notice got to leav't were tell't,
Nae that we did them ony harm ;
A man to work upon the farm,
For which the folk did need the house,
And oot we had to flit in course.
To Collieston we flitted down,
Ayont the Ythan, a fish town,
In which for nine years we stop't ;
So now the outside work I drop't,
Commenced again to makin' sheen,
Nae ither work could there be deen.
I for a fyle had a gweed trade,
But by-and-by began to fade—
A'thing new at first is bonny,
Is maist aye the way wi' mony.
A payin' trade it never was,
At lang and length found out the cause :
Men got their sheen at Peterhead,
When they'd a herrin' fishin' gweed.
Aye afore they came hame again,
They maist got sheen to a' the men ;
The best payin' part of the trade,
But few of them I ever made,
Only women's and little sheen
And the mendin' to me was gien,
Which is aft but a time-killer,

Soon found I was losin' siller.

Fyles sair made to mak' a livin',
Forced at last to be up given.
To do something and help a part
We a bit shoppie tried to start,
And on wi't was comin' speed
Till we began to sellin' bread ;
A thing folk said we seen would rue't,
As in the place 'twas nae allow't
Nane but the baker to sell bread,
The folk maun tak' it ill or gweed.
In a short time we got a tellin'
To desist frae the bread sellin',
If we persisted mair or less
We would just hae to leave the place ;
For a' that, never fash't our thoom,
Continued on, we kent our doom,
When tauld the term was ower near,
So on we sell't anither year,
And a great trade in bread did mak',
For folk nae ither bread would tak'.

So Collieston we had to leave,
Our anchor up again to heave,
For a free country to set sail
Across the Ythan with the gale
To Newburgh, the land o' the free,
For what you sell't nae fau't would be.

Some o' things I did in Slains
 I little thanks got for my pains.
 Nae a library Slains could boast,
 A' its folk wantin' readin' lost,
 While ither parishes aroun'
 A library had settled doon.
 A great privilege to hae
 Gweed and cheap readin' to get fae ;
 A real intellectual treat,
 Readin' is the neist thing to meat,
 Must meat to feed the body find,
 So readin' needs to feed the mind.

Ae day, thus aboot it thinkin',
 The place in ignorance sinkin',
 A library we here maun hae,
 What way or where the cash come fae !
 To found it I at once began,
 On a paper made out a plan
 To get it up as far's I kent.
 Quick to the minister I went,
 Said the very thing he wanted,
 What he could do would be granted.
 Bade me get on, he would assist,
 A guinea gie to head my list ;
 Said I should gang through the pairis'
 And raise money on to carry's.
 To do that quickly I agreed,
 But said I would come better speed
 If on Sunday after preachin'

My plan to the folk be teachin',
Tellin' them they'd fin' the gweed o't,
That the parish had much need o't,
And thoroughly explain to all,
And that I was to on them call
In the course of the present week,
A subscription from them to seek,
A library to set agoin',
Their cash would nae awa' be throwin'.

Then he tell't them a' on Sunday,
I began my calls on Monday,
And for four days I trampit on
To rich and peer ; I spair'd none,
And maist wonderous speed I came
Aye where I got the folk at hame,
Frae them maist a' five shillin's got,
So thus aye four came till a note ;
Frae twelve of our committee men,
Who doubling gave us shillin's ten.
Landlord, Colonel Gordon, Cluny,
Was nae spairin' o' his money,
When rightly a' our plans he kent,
To help wi' 't ten poun's he sent ;
And likewise, to show's guidwill,
Five poun's was sent us frae Parkhill.
The minister gave guineas twa—
So when we up had added a',
We had just about sixty pounds
Collected in the parish bounds.

A library was then erected
And much gweed frae it expected ;
Cost me lots of time and cash,
And hinner't wark, forby the fash
Attendin' meetin's o' some sort,
I never yet got thank you for't ;
Might get thanks in a public manner,
Get a supper or a dinner—
After I was ower in Foveran,
Expected a purse o' sovereigns.

We again crossed Ythan ferries
Back again to Foveran parish,
In Newburgh village pitched our camp,
Poor as a fellow on the tramp.
We for our flittin' couldna pay,
Carter paid on a future day.
I tried again sheen makin',
Some trips to Collieston takin'.
I got some jobs still frae that place,
In course my wark frae that grew less ;
As that grew less, in Newburgh mair,
Some cobblin' jobs, fyles a new pair ;
Got a lot of sheen frae Ellon,
In Newburgh commenc'd sellin',
For them ready market found ;
First year's sale, three hunner pound,
Per hunner had seven poun' ten,
That set me up a bit again.
Soon I did mair than sellin' sheen,

Got made claes frae Aberdeen ;
Got stationery, books, and papers,
Pots and pans, and hooks for reapers,
Tinware, flagons, and tea kettles,
Knives, forks, spoons, a' kinds o' metals.
On a' that I commission had,
Sell't for cash, debts never bad.
Then sellin' groceries we did try,
Each week got out a new supply,
What didna sell was returned back,
On our hands nae dead stock did mak'.

Although our plans were some funny,
In that way we made some money,
And shortly would hae grown rich,
But things turned roun' seen caused a hitch.
We in our house had little space,
With fillin' up was growing less,
Goods a' crushed on ither lyin',
Spoiled their look, pat folk fae buyin'.

The man for whom we sell't the shoes
Came down aye day, expressed his views,
He said that way we'd need to drop,
And he would big a roomy shop,
To the street a showy gable,
Let's pay him when we're able,
And interest pay him for the len',
And then the shop would be oor ain.
To dee a' that we seen agreed,

And then the shop was built wi' speed,
Wi' gweed hard bricks and temper'd lime,
Was in a very short space of time
A nice-like shop, and very neat,
Wi' twa big windows to the street,
And a door right through atween them,
A braw sign stuck up abeen them.
We now got in a bigger stock,
Maist a'thing had to suit the folk,
Get our goods now better shown,
A gweed trade was now set agoin'.

The man that to us built the shop
Said in my name the trade should drop,
And he in partnership would gang,
Raise a great trade ere very lang ;
Extend the shop a bittie bigger,
Hae a more imposing figure,
Mair room for our increasin' trade,
Get things in proper places laid.
An' quick get on, and nae be tardy,
Wi' the firm of Smith and Hardy,
It will mak' the concern stronger,
Mak' our credit stan' the longer.
So into partnership we went
Wi' some cash that was to him lent ;
Said we would mak' a lucky hit,
Our shop we would mak' bigger yet
For a soutar and some tailors,
Never countin' on nae failures.

Got up a shop cost twa hunner—
Folk in the place we gart won'er :
Our shop now to our min' was made,
In it we did a roarin' trade ;
Plenty folk came to us and bought,
We maist had a'thing that they sought ;
And aye mair trade to try and catch,
Sell't our tobacco row'd in match.
Wi' such a trade we might grown rich,
But in't there soon occurred a hitch ;
My partner had some borrowed cash,
Folk for't back began him to fash.
He to pacify that same folk
Blamed me for takin' too much stock.
A merchant dwelt in Aberdeen
That he was due a lot for sheen,
Advised him to put me out
If o' my management had doubt,
He would send a man to the shop,
That way o' daein' soon would drop.

A man was sent to tak' my place,
Again I had the world to face ;
If I fae doin' right was far,
The man put in was ten times waur.
Soon shop and stock was in a mess,
And day by day the trade grew less,
Soon my late partner saw's mistak'
And aften wished he had me back.
It was a shame a'budy said,

After I'd made there sic a trade.
Soon was baith shop and stock to sell,
At sic a loss thinks shame to tell.
A little shop across the road,
I startit now, in debt a load,
I to different folk was owin'
Ere I could get it set agoin'.
In many straits, in hopes and fears,
I kept it goin' for three years,
In that time tried many a plan,
But in the end a broken man.

Then I was done for, fair and clean,
Had to flit into Aberdeen ;
In there we thought it best to be,
Our twa boys frae that went to sea,
And as to sea they went and came
We had for them an open hame.
When settled down in Aberdeen
Commenced again to makin' sheen ;
At that some kind o' livin' made,
At its best its but a peer trade
(That I ever learned am sorry).
Maist o' my wark I got from Torry ;
Folk frae Collieston had flitted there,
To them I'd made many a pair ;
Crossed ower to Torry every day
Aye for their wark, it was their way,
Now for nearhan' to thirteen years
(Lookin' back, short the time appears).

For first sax years new sheen I made,
And carried on a gey gweed trade
Till workmen's pay and leather raise,
Aff them could nae mak' meat nor claes ;
Left aff the new, to cobblin' fell,
Only what I could do mysel'.

When first to Aberdeen we came,
In Wales Street we took up our hame,
Then removed to Jasmine Terrace,
Through twa years o' time did carry's.
Neist four years in Cotton Street dwelt,
Very hard up it maun be tell't ;
Wi' ill health and ither losses
We'd to bear misfortune's crosses.
What way we did I scarcely ken ;
Then flitted neist down to Yeats' Lane,
Then for the neist three years dwelt there,
Then to our present house repair ;
Near four years at number thirteen
In Commerce Street in Aberdeen—
That is now our place of abode,
Where we pass on life's weary road.

In the year aughteen seventy-four
I tried again my Muse's power,
Got her on me again to look :
Second edition of my book
I now put out, of Hame-Spun Rhymes,
Wi' some new bits to suit the times.

I printed got full ten hunder,
Wi' sae mony made a blunder ;
I only sell't half the number,
The rest remained useless lumber.
Thought nae mair of them would sell,
Till an event, it's strange to tell,
I got them noticed by the Queen,
Then my supply went shortly deen.
Soon as they got royal entry
Then nobility and gentry
Patronised me on every han',
Spread far and wide throughout the lan',
Till nae a copy's wi' me left.
But of the muse I'm nae bereft,
O' rhymin matter I'm nae deen,
I'll soon now hae out a new ane.
I of the money now hae need,
I doubtna but I will come speed,
As now it's widely kent and seen
I'm rhymer now unto the Queen ;
His Royal Highness, Prince Leopold,
His patronage I also hold ;
To be knighted I'm maist certain,
At the same time wi' Sammy Martin.

So thus I've tried to put in rhyme
My life's adventures to this time,
Reviewing my past life I see
Many things again I wouldna dee.
Nae use vain regrets ower the past,

Do better while my life does last,
In the right path try and hold on,
As time with me will soon be gone,
Mair need to work while it is day,
In night I cannot grope my way.

Twa generations I have seen
That hae their course of life run deen ;
Grandfathers lived to be auld men,
One's age I do not rightly ken—
The one upon my mither's side—
How long in this world did abide ;
The other was in years well ower,
Lived till he was eighty-four.
My father here had a sair fecht,
And when he died was eighty-eight ;
My mither at the same age died,
Though wi' ill-health she lang was tried,
Roughly tossed on life's troubled waves,
They are at rest now in their graves ;
While in life may had sins forgiven,
Hope their souls are now in heaven ;
Up there to follow them I'll try,
In heaven join them when I die.
So in that hope my mind I'll rest,
Wi' heaven's help I'll do my best,
Nae kenin' yet what is before me,
Or what evils may come ower me—
'Twould nae be well for me to ken,
So now I'll stop and add, Amen.

My life brought up to seventy-nine,
 I'll hae to add anither line,
 So after adding an Amen,
 I will need to begin again.
 In early spring of forty-twa,
 A misfortune great did me befa';
 My faithful wife took bad and died.
 To keep in life our utmost tried,
 A chequered life for forty years,
 We wandered in this vale of tears;
 She is for ever now at rest,
 I must follow as can best.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF
 ABERDEEN.

To write the past of Aberdeen
 I'll only speak of what I've seen.
 The year auchteen hunner and thirty
 I first saw the town, foul and dirty.
 In December month, ae frosty morn,
 I came in wi' carts load wi' corn,
 Came frae Davishill of Foveran,
 Proud as if I'd had a sovereign—
 I anxious was to see the town
 And places that did it surroun'.
 Strange things I saw as we came on,
 By Balgownie's Brig crossed the Don;
 The new brig was then completit,
 The road was nae made to meet it,

At the north end men were cuttin'
A great bank in order puttin',
A road to mak' up the incline,
Straight on the former road to join—
A nearer and a better route,
By auld brig half-a-mile about.
By Seaton House a brae came down
To the road leadin' to the town—
A fine road, nane could be faultin',
Better far than through the Aulton.
In bygone days folk had to gang
(Now better roads and nae sae lang,
Though somewhat steep), frae Lady Mill
Up to the top of Spital-hill,
When there, glow'rin' right afore me,
Saw the reek, I thought would smore me,
And through my fear began to speak,
Doubt we'll nae farer wun for reek ;
But aye as we to it came near,
Awa' afore's it seemed to clear.
Safely got to Mealmarket Lane,
That was the name 'twas kent by then,
That name it did deserve it weel,
A market was for sellin' meal ;
In a large square, just off the street,
In covered sheds to keep off weet,
Wi' open fronts, their stores to show,
In front a counter, weights below,
A beam and scales upon the top,
Was wholly used as a meal shop.

Now our journey came to a fix,
 Horses unyoked at number six,
 And stabled there till afternoon,
 Gien lots o' meat and rubbit doon,
 As well's a drink and feed o' corn,
 And rest fae fatigue of that morn.
 So much for beast, so now for man :
 Made for the inn, our only plan.
 We now our breakfast sair was needin',
 The horses in the stable feedin' ;
 Our breakfasts soon we bolted down,
 Then we set out to see the town,
 And of what we saw mak' mention.
 The first thing took our attention
 Was the North Kirk, just new bigget,
 Wi' a spire and clock was riggit.
 Gazed wi' wonder at the biggin',
 Spire and clock upon the riggin',
 And sic a height abeen the door,
 The like I never saw before ;
 Admired pretty front and gable.
 Right to ken I wasna able,
 What way they sic a house could mak' ;
 But for the claes she'd on her back,
 They rugged were and worn bare,
 It was rightly named the Rag Fair.

Baith side of a lane hung wi' claes,
 Maist of them had seen better days,
 Been worn by the best in the lan',

But now for sale as second-han'.
Second-han', what am I sayin',
First han' on the sheepies baein',
Then they came to be second-han'
When they came to be worn by man ;
They first by sheep and silkworm worn,
Then came to dress the noble born.
Some of them in their day been gran',
Now here for sale at the third han'.
On gay braw folk they might been seen,
Now in Rag Fair of Aberdeen
They are seen hingin' up for sale ;
If they could speak strange things could tell.

Now, a bit farer up Queen Street
O' seein' sights I got a treat,
On explorin', now embarkit
In to see the Poultry Market ;
Saw for sale, butter, eggs, and cheese,
Sellers there (buyers ill to please)
Sittin' wi' baskets in their lap,
Nae tables to set on the tap.
The butter wives sat on ae side,
The poultry sellers had to bide
A' out ower upon anither,
Didna well agree thegither.
Hens would flee about and flutter,
Raise a dust and spoil the butter ;
Also, geese and turkeys were for sale,
Sides of beef and sheep hingin' hale—

A queer-like place a'thegether,
Little protection frae the weather,
Nae closed in front, but open sheds,
Some broken tiles abeen their heads ;
Such was the market at the time
As I hae tried to put in rhyme.

Folk would think my rhyme but silly
Nae to speak of " Turkey Willie,"
That aye about the market went,
A character a'boday kent.
Ower his shoulder turkeys hingin',
Them into the market bringin',
Some hung afore and some ahin',
Came on right well though he was blin'.
He doubtless lived a weary life,
Had such a vixen of a wife,
While she sell't hen, duke, and turkey,
To carry them gart him work aye.
If he chanced to tak' a wrang road
Gaen or comin' wi' his load,
Up and shook him by the shouder,
While her tongue gaed loud and louder,
And ca'd him mony an ill-faur'd name,
O' what was wrang aye got the blame.
And a loon ca'd " Jumpin' Robbie "
In the market had a jobie,
Aye sellin' spunks, thread, and trappin',
Also blin', on folk aft rappin'.
Of market a' I min' upon,

To something else maun now move on.

But for my guide my way I'd loss,
We now come to the Market Cross ;
It stood then anent the Town House,
A structure baith for show and use.
The head post-office it was made,
The letters took for folk in trade,
The arches o't were boarded ower,
A' but ane left, that was the door.
A man sat in't a' day steady,
Letters to tak' and gie ready.
There wasna mony letters then,
Just a few among tradin' men ;
The cost of postage made them few—
Fourpence each office they came through.
Around the Cross was the Planestanes,
Fishwives came to increase their means,
And daily sat and sell't their fish,
A better place they couldna wish.
There the townsfolk came and bought them,
To the Planestanes came and sought them.
Fishwives wi' their snow-white mutches
Made a picture's finest touches,
Sittin' there sae clean and tidy,
Wi' their creels close by their side aye,
Fu' o' haddocks smokit yellow,
Ilk ane better than its fellow—
Rare treat for the breakfast table,
Cheap to buy them, a' was able,

Nae curers then to buy them a'
And send them to the south awa'.

To Marischal Street we steppit ower,
The only road then to the Shore,
Saw Shore Porters at heavy tasks,
Up the street haulin' great big casks
On a laigh buggy wi' four wheels,
Took a' their strength, though gey stout chiels;
Carryin' great loads the Shore up frae,
By Marischal Street and Hangman's Brae,
Tired ere to the head they got it,
Were stout men, and would hae not it.

Down Marischal Street we took our trips
To see the Harbour and the ships,
Saw them lie 'mong mud and slime,
It being low-water at the time ;
Nae Dockgates to keep them afloat,
Nae water then would sailed a boat.
The Dee then ran down the centre,
'Mong the ships, when first I kent'er.
Tide came up, set them in motion,
Sailing out into the ocean,
And comin' in richly laden,
Mony ane to bless and gladen.
Maist naething then but sailin' ships,
Took fyles lang time to mak' their trips ;
But twa steam boats could then be seen
That did belong to Aberdeen,

They were not big, nor for speed famed,
“Velocity” and “Brilliant” named.

Employed then in London trade,
Clippers “Fairy” and “Scottish Maid,”
Them twa maist carried a’ the goods,
When win’ blew fair oot o’ the clouds
They werna lang upon the run.
As yet steam trade was nae begun
To ply atween the distant towns,
And gang the length in weekly roun’s.
The whale ships, laid up in winter
Till March sun began to blinter.
American ships that sailed for wud,
Were lyin’ up among the mud
As far up as the Poyner-nook,
Where the water of Dee a turn took,
Came then straight doon frae the Chain Brig,
Then to run eastward took a tig.

Neist in our inspectin’ tourie
Saw the Canal frae Inverurie,
Was thought a wonder in its day,
Boats came by water a’ the way,
Brought grain and farm produce down
Frae Port-Elphinstone to the town,
Here to ship and in granary store.
In Canal Basin near the Shore,
The boats were ’livered of their load,
Some kept in town, some sent abroad.

Were load again wi' coals and lime,
To load and 'liver took some time ;
Up the Canal wi' horse were towed,
Were nae wi' sails nor oars rowed,
Up through the locks didna come speed,
Some time they took to reach the head.
A swift boat for passenger folks,
But didna come below the locks,
Out to meet her folk did muster
A bit ayont Kittybrewster ;
To Port-Elphinstone got a sail
Back again when she turned her tail,
Nae very high her fares did fix,
Near sixteen miles for one-and-six.
Twa horses, wi' boys on their back,
Did up and down her shortly tak',
The horses ran at a sharp trot,
So that's a' about the Canal Boat.

Now we're off up Union Street,
The fast-flyin' mail coach to meet,
That into the town came boundin',
Wi' Letters a' the way frae London.
Folk then turned out the coach to see,
Heard her horn at the Brig o' Dee,
The soun' young and auld gart rin
To see the mail come dashin' in ;
Passengers nae aft had many,
On some days she scarce had any.
Her fares were high, past folks' power,

Her inside seats were only four ;
Uncomfortable travellin' then,
Frae the cauld naething to defen'
The outside seats upon the top
Frae bitin' cauld or fierce rain drop.
At the Royal Hotel she stoppit
And the mail bags frae her droppit,
Wi' them lang time they didna loss,
Were carried quickly to the Cross,
There by the man to be loosed down
And distributed through the town.
Some were to ither towns sent forth,
Sent by mail coaches to the north ;
In town lang they didna tarry,
Then they werena ill to carry.
They were sent north to many a place,
A mail daily ran to Inverness ;
To Fraserburgh and Peterhead
They were dispatched wi' utmost speed,
In bags after sortin' process,
By coaches drawn by four horses.
Sometimes they were a grand display
Upon the King or Queen's birthday ;
Gaurds had on coats of scarlet red,
And ribbons braw at each horse head,
And aften blew the bugle horn
In honour of the birthday morn.

Stage coaches in these days were seen
That daily came to Aberdeen,

On a' the turnpike roads did rin,
Parcels and passengers brought in,
In town had business to transact,
Then to their hames they took them back ;
But their fares were unco dear
And nae ava did suit the peer.
Then mony ane came in on fit,
Couldna pay on to coaches sit ;
And then nane but the better class
Could on the road in coaches pass.

Up Union Street we took a turn,
Saw the brig than spans Denburn ;
The open burn then ran below,
Upon its banks the grass did grow,
And was of use to many ane
To bleach their claes, was a bleach-green.
But back again we had to turn,
Then little town ayont Denburn :
Out Rubislaw way, few houses there,
Ferryhill was of buildin's bare ;
Dee village then stood by itsel',
By yards surrounded growin' kail ;
A dull and dreary place was then,
The houses filled by labourin' men.

A marshy howe 'twixt and Torry,
To look across made ane sorry,
The whole howe, 'twas plain to see,
Had ance been covered by the Dee.

Up Commerce Street and Hangman's Brae,
Well tired of travelin' for a day,
The nearest road my guide did ken
Back we got to Mealmarket Lane.
Through streets and lanes, foul and stinkin',
What way folk lived set me thinkin',
They could endure the nasty smell,
Glad hadna to bide there mysel'.
Aberdeen was foul and dirty
In the year of auchteen-thirty,
Soon to leav't my stars was thankin',
The horses yoked, came home spankin'.
And Aberdeen thought little o't,
At least the parts that I was show't.
So ends the past of Aberdeen,
The things in it that I had seen.

To Aberdeen now come to dwell,
Its present state I'll try to tell.
So then I'll speak as in my list,
Put things as in my visit first,
Ca' clean wi' me as I go on :
The first thing is new Brig o' Don,
A great advantage to the town,
Instead of by the auld brig roun',
Akward road, steep braes to climb,
In danger baith of life and limb ;
Now a nice wide and level road
On which a horse can tak' a load,
Along the brig of five arches

Out and in the traffic marches.
A' out the road upon baith sides
Buildin' is makin' rapid strides ;
Maist closely built in a' the way,
New houses buildin' every day.
On that road many things are new,
Of them I mention shall a few :
A Barracks built for the sodgers
There in trainin' time are lodgers,
Aberdeenshire Militiamen,
Keep't for war time a han' to len'.
After this the Cattle Market,
That wi' high dykes in is parket,
On Wednesdays a market held
Of cattle in frae byre and field ;
On Saturdays are weekly cattle sales,
That's brought to town by road and rails.
The Poorhouse neist, a buildin' large,
The pauper bodies tak's in charge ;
Big as it is it's aye well filled,
To help the Poor Law has it willed ;
Aberdeen folk are rated weel
To pay meat, claes, and doctors' skeel.
A block of buildin's new complete
The ither side of Nelson Street.
In the bed of the auld Canal
(A far mair useful boon to all),
The Railway through aneath the road
Runs wi' many a heavy load.

A big School on the ither side,
Youths in the ways of learning guide,
A pretty house, and garden ground
In front and back doth it surround.
A new street aside it makin',
To the Links a short cut takin',
Will be a fine place of abode,
It's to be named the Urquhart Road.
Then Roslin and Jasmine Terrace
On that side a gweed bit carries ;
A large woodyard and a saw mill,
What once was gardens now doth fill.
Yards where stones are cut and polished,
Hath mair garden ground abolished ;
Twa large stone works carried on
To cut, to carve, and polish stone.

Then comes on to Mealmarket Lane,
A name now folk hardly ken,
A gran'er state of things to meet,
'Tis now named Mealmarket Street ;
Of its meal market now strip't bare,
Numbered among the things that were,
And in the place where it was held
They now up thrashing mills do build ;
A place it's now of steam and fire,
And things they do mak' out of wire ;
Where once was heard the meal wives' clamour,
Now is heard the blacksmith's hammer,
Anvil's din, and bellows blawin',

Into useful things iron thrawin'.
 And in the street, a bit farer down,
 A sharp corner is made roun',
 Now there is built a Mission Hall,
 Where is made known the Gospel call.
 The North Kirk now of claes is bare,
 Clean sweep't awa' is the Rag Fair
 The bonny kirk did ance disgrace,
 Aye when she had on her weekly dress.
 Friday aye was ane o' the days
 That she had on her ragged claes ;
 Now stan's a credit to the town,
 Tells a' the folk that live aroun'
 The time o' night and time o' day,
 Of the wind blawin' points the way.

The Poultry Market's now awa'
 And in its place a buildin' braw,
 Where sodgers learn to use their lim's,
 And in gymnastics jump and clim's ;
 A pretty door that opens wide,
 A roomy biggin' is inside,
 Lots o' tradesmen had a wark at—
 Looks better than the auld market.
 A New Market folks' wants to meet
 Is now built off Union Street ;
 Part o't in what is called the Green,
 A market place in Aberdeen,
 Till the New Market took its place,
 Part of it yet, but now made less.

New Market is a nice buildin',
To the town great use is yieldin';
Buyers and sellers comfort hae,
Especially on a rainy day,
With a gweed reef it's covered in,
Sclates and spouts to mak' water rin,
Nae wet their claes and spoil their goods
When rain is pourin' frae the clouds.
Its lower basement a stone fleer,
Things for sale are caller here ;
When the weather's hot and sultry
Does fine wi' the fish and poultry ;
Game plenty aye is to be foun',
Keeps best upon the caller groun'.

After seein' a' what's below,
A braid stane stair then up maun go.
Right in front a pretty fountain,
The water up in air mountin',
Down in pretty cistern fa's,
Vegetables cools, reets and shaws,
Keeps a'thing cool and caller lookin'
When in cistern gets a dookin'—
A' made of nicely-polished steen,
Near Peterhead has quarried been.
Now up the visitor then lands
On the floor where the fountain stands.
At any end you may enter,
Twa double lines up the centre
Of tables, to lay out the things

The seller to the market brings.
At the end neist where the fountain stan's
Are fruits frae this and ither lan's,
Brought here frae places where they grow.
Put temptin' up, a pretty show,
Each kin' when comes their season roun',
A' placed on tables slopin' down.
At the end next to the Green,
Mair useful things are to be seen :
Country wives wi' eggs and butter,
Each a seat, nane out can put her—
A show a' the rest surpasses,
Sonsy wives and bonny lasses—
Bright the golden butter shinin',
Snow-white towels baskets linin',
They weekly on the Fridays come,
Some of them a long way frae home.

A' up and down upon each side,
Market gardeners' stores displayed
Of onions, carrots, leeks, and kail,
Potatoes, neeps, they hae for sale.
In their season fruits and flowers
Grown by sunshine and showers,
A pretty show mak's of the place
When with flowers their stands they dress.
The butchers' stalls aroun' the wa'
Are ranged a' in a single raw,
Beef and mutton, a rich display,
Is to be seen there every day.

So that does complete the first floor :

Now to the gallery tak' a tour,

Up in them folk can always find

Great store of goods of every kind ;

Here a' trades are represented

In sma' shops that's yearly rented.

Up the gallery stairs at the top

*A book and stationery shop.

A great glass front that does extend

The whole New Market's eastern end ;

Well stored wi' books of many kinds,

The student and the scholar finds

Helps here for their onward career

In learning they can aye find here.

Now turning up around the south side

Opens a prospect far and wide,

A pretty row of shops appears,

And each its tenant's name it bears,

Fitted up with door and windows,

Open aye but on the Sundays.

Round the whole buildin' they extend,

A gweed lang gang to reach the end,

Though it appears droll and funny,

Maist a'thing here is got for money.

Such is the New Market buildin',

The town convenience yieldin',

Maist a'thing that the people need

* Now a Clothier's Shop.

Can be got there baith cheap and gweed.
 A row of shops baith trim and neat
 With fronts look out to Hadden Street,
 In the basement floor was rigget
 Years lang after it was bigget.

Now I maun notice Market Street,
 Made the town's growin' wants to meet,
 A pretty street and braw and wide,
 Buildin's gran' upon each side,
 A better access to the Shore
 Than the town e'er had before,
 A better road the Harbour frae
 Than Marischal Street and Hangman's Brae.
 A thoroughfare right through the town
 Frae Broadford a' the way comes down
 To the new brig across the Dee,
 A useful street it thus will be.
 Some ugly arches at its head
 Now away does it some gweed ;
 If they would tak' down the ither—
 Share the fate of its twin brither—
 Nae awkward arches stanin' there,
 With best of streets it might compare.
 Gable now of National Bank,
 A buildin' of the foremost rank,
 Now of the arches tak's the place,
 Puts on the street a better face ;
 Nae hamper now at turnin' roun'
 When Market Street intendin' down,

Folk now on with freedom marches,
Nae stop now with narrow arches,
Nae gweed of them or their fellows
But at times for umbrellas,
They might hae kept off the shower
When rain came wi' a sudden pour ;
And then up the street was blockit,
Nae move on, was fairly chokit.

Nice shops and buildin's down the street,
Now gaps built up and a' complete.
Near at its foot a buildin's famed,
Douglas Hotel has been named,
Has held its own in spite of fate ;
And new hotels that's built of late,
Thought that they a' the trade would tak',
Customers that went soon came back.
None of them a' can yet compete
With the hotel in Market Street,
Famed for its liquors, teas, and coffees,
And handy too for the Post Office,
Where Fish Market was held before,
Now stands to the hotel next door,
Is a great boon to business men,
And mak's them aye come back again.
Best criterion of its use,
It's aye a well-frequented house,
Obliging landlord, kens his trade,
Was fully to the business bred—
That ither landlords do not hae,

Some ither business new come fae—
Also his obligin' lady,
Aye to give attendance ready,
To business baith hae serv'd their time,
Mak's house to be conducted prime.
The Lords that roun' on Circuit come,
Douglas Hotel mak' aye their home
The time that they stop in the town,
With honours Market Street led down
Back frae Court-house, where they have been
At Circuit Court of Aberdeen.

Post Office next in order comes,
A house with windows, doors, and lums,
Would have been a pretty biggin'
Higher up had been the riggin',
Mony ane looks on it sorry
It has nae anither story,
Mak's row of buildin's nae complete,
Spoils the appearance of the street.
Though outside it has little show,
A' on account of being low,
Inside it is a spacious house,
And nicely fitted up for use.
For room now they are at nae loss—
What a contrast to the auld Cross
That ance transacted a' the trade
At that time was in letters made.
Better now and mair complete
Than former place at top of street,

Folk had to gang a' here and there,
Sometimes down, sometimes up a stair.
But here a' business that folk hae
Without the counter goin' frae :
At one end postage stamps are sell't
And letters weigh'd, their postage tell't,
To a' parts of the world send them,
Frae extra postage defend them.
In the middle money orders
To the kingdom's utmost borders ;
Money can be got or off sent
If parties' proper names be kent.
At the ither end the telegraph
Messages far and near sends aff,
And answers back come in nae time,
Though message sent to foreign clime.
A lot of men it now employs,
And telegraphic message boys.
Numbers of clerks at work inside,
And sorters, letters to divide,
Send each to its destination,
In mail bags sent to the station,
By railway to be sent flyin'
On to places distant lyin'.
Letters to in town deliver
Need some active men and clever,
Each day go three times through the town,
Each of them has his stated roun'.

Harbour now—what alteration !

Bed of Dee a railway station ;
 The Dee awa' frae doin' harm
 Is now sent ower to Torry Farm,
 Is the third course I've seen her in
 Since the first time I saw her rin.
 The harbour now of water full,
 A ship can sail or boat can pull,
 Nae mair left lyin' in the mud,
 Tide kept in, now aye high flood.
 Dock-gates been a costly matter,
 Open only at high water ;
 To let ships out as well as in,
 Shut when tide begins out to rin.
 Lots of steamers, now to be seen
 In scores, belong to Aberdeen.

Steam now to London twice a week,
 Thirty-six hours the time they seek
 For the voyage to London town,
 And in the same time frae that come down.
 Quick they run, they do not tarry,
 Goods and passengers they carry,
 Hae a gweed trade, they mak' the notes—
 The Aberdeen and London boats.
 Twa steamboats, passengers, goods full,
 Sail for Newcastle and for Hull,
 Just once a week they mak' the trip,
 Far quicker than a sailin' ship.
 Twa steamers weekly trade between
 Dundee, Liverpool, Aberdeen,

American goods to this brings,
Bales cotton, wool, and ither things ;
Frae Liverpool, the nearest port,
Things can be gotton of that sort.
Passengers they also carry,
Folk in either place that tarry.
Steamboats frae Leith to places north—
'Twixt Orkneys and the Firth of Forth,
The Shetland Isles and ports between—
In passin' call at Aberdeen,
But long here they do not tarry ;
Goods, passengers, and mails they carry,
Lots of cattle bring frae the north
(The Shetland anes but little worth).

Lots of steamers coals are drivin',
Daily sailin' and arrivin' ;
Steamboats here scarce ever seen,
Numbers belong to Aberdeen,
Are tradin' far to foreign climes,
Come only here at antrin times.
The sailin' ships are gettin' less,
Steamboats now comin' in their place.
Naething now but steamers buildin',
Quick return to owners yieldin',
Maist a' of iron bigget now,
Supply of wood is gettin' through.
A few large ships yet sail frae here
In early spring time of the year
To North America for wood,

Twa voyages mak' when weather's good.
 Sma' crafts, maist of them rotten ships,
 Can hardly bide to mak' their trips
 'Twixt this and Sunderland for coal—
 It's here a crack and there a hole ;
 If they do carry on for lang
 Maist a' will to the bottom gang,
 If men's lives were but well secured,
 'Twould be nae loss, they're well insured.

So much for ships wi' steam and sails,
 Now for traffic upon the rails.
 Railways in a' directions rin,
 Some going out, some coming in,
 Baith goods and passengers they bring,
 The mails, and many ither thing.
 Improvement great on coachin' days,
 Keeps folk dry, does not spoil their claes,
 Tak's on folk quick frae place to place,
 Thinks naething now of time and space ;
 Tak's out aff coals, lime, and manure,
 Great loads they drive by steam power,
 Brings in grain, stones, trees for coal props,
 Rins night and day, maist never stops.
 Lines run south, west, and to the north,
 A' where the trade is the trouble worth.

Comin' back to Union Street
 Where King and Castle Street baith meet,
 And lookin' down that thoroughfare,

Extends in length a mile and mair,
A pretty street and very wide,
With handsome buildin's on each side ;
It safely can a challenge gie
To a' towns in the kingdoms three,
Can nae produce a street so grand,
Of granite built, to ages stand.
First is the North of Scotland Bank,
With best of buildin's it can rank,
Ornaments the King Street corner,
Our good city doth adorn'er.
Next the Town and County Buildin',
To the town is grandeur yieldin',
A pretty house, cost lots of cash,
Far and near it casts a dash ;
Its spire is seen through a' the town
And far into the country roun' ;
A handsome clock up in the tower
Proclaims to a' the passin' hour,
Strikin' baith the hour and quarter,
Tells folks their time's gettin' shorter ;
By day sees the hours as they pass,
At night its lighted up with gas ;
Inside town's business transacket,
All into one house now packet ;
To them a' it affords a beild,
Circuit and Sheriff Courts are held,
Police Courts and Council meetings,
Sharp punishments for wife beatings,
For thefts, assaults, and ither crimes,

Here are awarded oftentimes,
Police, water, and other taxes,
And gas accounts (poor folk mak's us),
Must a' be punctual paid in here,
And a' must come, baith rich and peer.
And mair things done I do not ken,
By lawyers and by legal men
That chambers have within the hoose—
So near the courts they are of use.
Round at the back are prisons strong
For them that do their neighbours wrong,
Being there confined for what they do,
Make them their evil lives renew.

Then down the street what pretty shops,
Maist a' four stories to their tops,
Banks and other business places,
A' built up, nae empty spaces.
Come now to top of Market Street,
Here with our noble Queen we meet,
A statue worthy of the town
Stands there, and Market Street looks down,
White marble, a pretty figure,
A life-size, or somewhat bigger—
Peterhead granite set upon,
A pretty carved and polished stone.
To East and West Kirks now move on,
Both pretty structures, built of stone,
And reared on them a pretty spire,
Replacing one burnt down by fire.

A graveyard laid out trim and neat,
Nice fence and gateway to the street ;
Inside silent dead reposes,
Where life's scenes forever closes ;
Wrapt in death's slumbers, peaceful lie
Till the last trumpet sounds on high.
Passin' on to Union Brig,
Sees Pleasure Gardens neat and trig
Where open Denburn once did rin,
Now covered up, now closed in.
The wooded bank of stunted trees
A prospect made the eye to please,
Flower plots and grasses sown down ;
Visitors who come into town,
When coming in with the north trains
See one of the town's ugly stains
Forever now removed awa',
And in its place a garden braw.
At the west end of Union Brig
A statue sits, nae worth a fig,
Of the late husband of our Queen,
'Tis a disgrace to Aberdeen ;
The good Prince deserved a better,
Town should try and mend the matter,
Could bettered be by painter's art,
With lively colours be made smart.
The pretty base it sits upon
Looks better made of polished stone ;
When a' looks well about the place
It just is simply a disgrace,

With Palace Buildin's ower the way
It should be made to look mair gay.

Palace Buildin's, a pretty house,
Lately built here for show and use,
Fills up what was an ugly nook,
That frae the brig its grandeur took.
Here maist of human wants supplied,
And cauld and hunger baith defied—
Pratt & Keith supply the clothin',
Lorimer (pretty shops they're both in)
A dealer is in boots and shoes ;
Shop hair to dress and get the news ;
And shop sells machines for sewin',
Where in each a fair trade doin',
Fill up and mak' the floor complete
That's on the level with the street.
Then up above a grand hotel,
Where passin' travellers often dwell,
Come on business to the city,
That they're few the mair's the pity ;
And fam'lies passin' through the town
Find handy here to settle down,
Whole suites of rooms they can have here,
Great comfort too, and not ower dear.
Most airy place in a' the town,
And open view of prospect roun',
See folks up the streets come trippin',
See the Harbour and the shippin' ;
Near Post Office and the Station,

Where to all parts of the nation
They can take train, or news get frae,
Delivered here three times a day.
A spacious entrance, trim and neat,
Leads up stairs frae Union Street—
Better hotel, produce who can?
And is kept here by Charles Mann.
About Bridge Street must say word,
An easy access does afford
Down to the Harbour and the Shore,
Improvement great since days of yore,
Now a great accommodation
Leads traffic down to Railway Station.
Across frae the Palace Hotel
Is a braw house where lodgers dwell,
That looks well, it's nice and tidy.
And a new house will soon be ready.
With the hotel and new houses twa,
Bridge Street will now be gay and braw.

In Union Street further on
Are houses nice of granite stone,
But them we cannot notice all,
Must here speak of the Music Hall.
Is a large and roomy buildin',
Though but sma' revenue yieldin'
To the company that built it,
Payin' job they have not felt it.
Sometimes a kirk, next a theatre,
Let to a' playactin' creature ;

Sometimes a ballroom or bazaar,
 Where folk gamblin' for prizes are,
 With concerts and sometimes singin',
 Anything a penny bringin';
 To owners but a poor concern,
 As to their cost they now can learn.

Twa kirks next claim our attention,
 And must here of them make mention—
 Free Gilcomston and Free West,
 Both spires tower above the rest,
 At gable ends up been riggit,
 Dark and dull of freestone biggit.
 Now come on to Union Place,
 The width of street is here made less.
 Next come on twa seats of knowledge,
 Holburn Kirk and Free Kirk College,
 Then pretty seats of gentlemen
 Extend as far as Rubislaw Den,
 Complete route in that direction.
 Back for Castle Street inspection,
 First comes a statue recordin'
 Memory of last Duke of Gordon ;
 And further up stands the auld Cross,
 If taen awa' would be a loss
 To the town's specious Market Square ;
 Upon twa sites it's lang been there,
 A very ancient arched structure,
 A' carved roun' with many picture
 Of our good, true, auld Scottish kings.

Upon it many ither things
That bring to mind the days of yore,
That were our father's days before ;
They're lasting as the granite stone,
And will be there when we are gone.

Now lookin' roun' the roomy square
Some ancient buildin's we see there,
Seen generations pass away,
Have seen some strange things in their day—
Seen kings and queens come, pass, and go,
Seen nations rise and overthrow.

A pretty Square would grace the town
If some old buildin's were taen down,
Stan's a disgrace to Aberdeen,
Prevents the Barracks being seen,
Government should cause be thrown down ;
Buildin's to ornament the town,
Barrack buildin's, should stand there,
A pretty front to head the Square,
Correspondin' with buildin's roun',
Make the Square worthy of the town ;
A pretty sight the eye would meet
When folks come up Union Street.

Aye on the Fridays in the Square
Is held what may be ca'd Rag Fair,
With lots of claes, baith auld and new,
Weekly there exposed to view,

And many lots of useful things
That brokers to the market brings,
Cart loads of taties, cauff, and strae,
Come there on every market day.
Timmer Market held every year,
Brings to the town lots of wooden gear,
And also brings a large turnout
Of children's toys and garden fruit.
For feeing markets a fine place,
The town's confusion would mak' less,
And nae block up the busy streets,
When farmers and the servants meets
On Fridays aye afore the term :
To shift the day would do nae harm,
And hold the markets in the Square
When nae carts, stands, nor brokers there.

Aberdeen now, what a contrast
Compared with what 'twas in the past
As I can mind, now fifty years,
In every street a change appears,
Auld buildin's daily takin' down,
New ones to ornament the town
Are growin' up maist everywhere.
A stranger would mak' gape and stare
If he had been some years awa',
So different frae what then he saw.
Out ower the way of Ferryhill
The ground is there of houses full.
Some pretty streets are now laid down,

Formin' a new pretty town ;
What formerly was nursery grounds,
Is now within the city bounds.

To meet the city's growin' need,
A nice cemetery for the dead,
A pretty place beside the Dee,
Flowers and many a pretty tree ;
Nice gravelled walks and plots of grass
Tak' folk's attention as they pass ;
Its beauties I can hardly tell,
A pretty place is Allenvale.

Out way of Cults on Deeside Road,
Is many a braw place of abode ;
New streets are to be seen makin',
And folk aye mair feus are takin',
On them pretty houses biggin',
Granite wa's and sclated riggin'.
The present state of Aberdeen
To folk now livin' can be seen.

I need not say more about it,
That I've done right I sair doubt it,
By far mair learnin' I would need—
But tak' the will just for the deed.

The future now of Aberdeen,
As by the past and present seen,
I will mak' an attempt to tell,
But for nae prophet set mysel',
And judgin' frae what I see now,

Can see what Aberdeen will grow.
 Then first the boundaries of the town,
 As what I think I will note down.
 The course of Dee will yet be shifted,
 To Nigg Bay it will be lifted,
 The southern bound'ry there will be ;
 And up the then straight course of Dee,
 Up the Dee with a flowin' tide,
 And past the Cults as far's Beildside,
 Then off the country tak' a slice
 And meet the Don at Brig of Dyce.
 Thus form the boundary to the west ;
 Include Blackburn, Dyce, and the rest,
 Villages that on the west side lie,
 Bound to Aberdeen firmly tie ;
 Then down the Don into the sea
 Will then the northern bound'ry be ;
 Then in the sea shore a' the way,
 Meet river Dee in the Nigg Bay,
 Eastern boundary of the town mak',
 And bind it solid and compact.

The Hill of Torry built upon,
 And streets well paved with granite stone,
 A good foundation for a town,
 So high nae water it will drown.
 Nice houses, high, with many story,
 Will soon be on the Hill of Torry,
 Down frae the Chain Brig to the sea
 A pretty town there soon will be ;

Be joined to town of Aberdeen,
With spacious harbour in between,
Full of shippin' berths, quays, and docks,
The tide kept in by means of locks,
Loadin' and 'liverin' to perform,
And sheltered well frae wind and storm.
Frae Point Law to the Chain Brig
Soon many wharfs and piers they'll big ;
Frae Regent Quay to Torry Farm
Whole space they will a harbour term,
Can nae be matched in kingdoms three,
Nor yet in ports ayont the sea.
Between the quays and rows of piers
Great warehouses built up in tiers
Of stories high above each ither,
Goods stored there keep frae the weather.
With road right through frae side to side,
By new brig across Dee, here wide,
Needs some arches ower to carry,
Better far than auld boat ferry.
Straight road to baith sides of the town,
Frae Nigg Bay Torryhill comes down,
Leads through the town right on to Dyce,
By rail, tramway, and 'busses nice
Frae the south boundary to the north
That way a few years will bring forth,
Steam tramways will be then run on
Frae Bay of Nigg to Brig of Don ;
Frae Fittie and the Harbour mou'
To Woodside and Dyce run through ;

Run to Cults and the Brig of Dee,
Some young folks livin' yet will see.
Frae Queen's Cross out past Rubislaw Den
As far's town's boundary doth exten',
Double line out Union Street
Till it the ither branches meet ;
Will a' in time be double rails,
The cars in rows at ither's tails,
Time nae blocked in passin' ither,
In and out go on together.

Frae warehouses on the Inches,
Will in time be railway branches,
And frae pier, wharf, quay, and jetty,
Drive folk and goods through the city ;
To town's distant corners flyin',
With goods in the Harbour lyin'
That steamers bring frae distant parts,
Would be too great for horse and carts.
In the town will new streets be made,
Be better for increasin' trade,
Auld ugly houses be pulled down,
Stand a disgrace to any town ;
In their room built business places,
To the streets hae better faces,
Make Aberdeen a pretty town
That will beat a' the cities roun'.

The best street that's in the city
Has a blot, which is a pity—

The narrow brig across Denburn,
That mony ane mak's look and mourn,
To see such a nice pretty street,
Where coaches tremble when they meet.
Street's awkward grip in the middle,
Looks like waist of a bass fiddle,
Appearance bad in a dark night,
When rows of lamps are a' in light.
That will in time be rectified,
Brig will be made the street as wide ;
When pavement on each side complete,
Town may brag of Union Street.

Of Aberdeen, I've tried to tell
About it what I ken mysel' :
Of its past since first I kent it,
And now in my book I'll print it.
Its present, what I ken about,
Which is but little, I sair doubt,
It a mair learn'd man would need
To tell about it, ill and gweed.
I little ken about its College,
And its other seats of knowledge ;
Town's institutions for the poor,
And places where diseases cure ;
And many a public buildin'
Is to the town great good yieldin'.

Had I been rich I would hae seen
Public buildin's in Aberdeen—

I'd been invited in to see ;
 But a poor workin' man, like me,
 To see what does the town adorn,
 Those in power would treat with scorn,
 Were I to ask in to see them,
 That I a bit rhyme might gie them.
 If I inside them could look,
 I might describe them in my book,
 Send it out, let people see't,
 But I'd pollute them with my feet.
 So them a' I maun just let be
 Till I get cash, then them I'll see ;
 Prophet nae honour has at hame,
 Frae hame a bit he gathers fame.
 I've been invited out by lords,
 To see a' that their place affords,
 Through a' their house and grounds I've seen
 Nae proud, like folk of Aberdeen.

The future of the town to tell
 Would maist need some prophetic spell,
 To rightly tell what it may grow,
 As it does lapse of time pass through ;
 But judgin' by the change I see,
 May hae some guess what it will be.
 So wishin' a'thing for its gweed,
 Its people work and daily bread,
 A city be of granite stone
 Lang after I am dead and gone.

COMPOSED ON PASSING A NEW SPIRIT BAR.

You young thoughtless chaps tak' care o' the traps
Decked out to entice you to come in,
Set a' up and doon through a' parts o' the toon,
Your last shillin' aff you to skin.

Dangerous and risky, baited with whisky,
Clean your pouches o' sair-won cash ;
So people tak' care, they will leave you bare,
Forby a sair head will you fash.

If you enter there they will leave you bare,
Kick you out when your purse gets toom,
Tak' awa' your wealth and endanger your health,
Nae the least doubt will be your doom.

Learn of auld Cloutie, baith grim and sootie,
Secure a warm berth in his den ;
When, if ance in there, ye will ever mair
Hae to bide in his farthest ben.

A PLAN TO ASSIST THE SHAREHOLDERS OF
THE GLASGOW CITY BANK.

To assist those that look blank
Upon the downfa' of the Bank,
On a plan I hae been thinkin' :
Let folk one week stop drinkin'
And gie them what they gie for drink,

The publics shun, the temperance choose
To refresh and himself amuse.
Comin' hame refreshed and wiser,
Mornin' finds a healthful riser
Fitted to fulfil his duty,
Now of temperance sees the beauty ;
Blessin' them that did invent them,
Or to assist their help lent them.

What a pity our lawgivers
Allow drink to run like rivers
Through the length and breadth of the land,
To stop the flood should give command ;
Revenue frae ither sources
Than frae drink and public-houses
Might be devised and carried out,
Would not such evils bring about ;
Government in sin is steepit,
Needs such evils up to keep it.
Far less taxes would be required
If folks' minds wi' drink were not fired ;
Leads them into horrid, awful crimes,
Street brawls, and murders often-times.
By drink, peace and order oft destroyed,
For which police must be employed
Effects of drink to try and stay ;
Taxes must be a' them to pay.
Drink fills our hospitals and jails,
Poorhouses maist rin over whiles,
And madhouses for the insane,

A' by taxes we must maintain.
Were the drink trade removed awa'
We would be rid maist o' them a',
Then peace and order be enjoyed
And tradesmen better be employed ;
Merchants far mair trade would hae
If folk the drink were keepit fae ;
Mair cash the folk would hae to buy
Goods that the workin' men supply,
And thus create a brisk demand,
Would work supply to many a hand,
And save as well great lots o' grain
Is on our food supply a drain,
Between distillin' and the brewin'
Helps to work the nation's ruin.
Just only let folk pause and think
What cash is yearly paid for drink—
One hundred and fifty million,
Mair than Bank of England's bullion.

Drink is, I'm sure, the nation's curse,
Of a' crimes and evils it's the nurse ;
Auld Cloutie says, " Let be the drink,
It's earth and hell's connectin' link."
If the drink had its freedom given
But unco few would get to heaven,
It leads the folk frae gweed awa',
And in the end's the loss of a'.
Ye Tarland folk, just think on this
If ye wish to inherit bliss ;

Stop the drink, become teetotal,
 Patronise the temperance hotel,
 Then daily will your thanks be gien
 To Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

A THANKSGIVING FOR THE LATE ABUNDANT
 HARVEST OF 1878.

YE folk in country and in toun
 Be thankful when the hairst comes roun',
 When the crop's secured in plenty,
 Man and beast to feed on dainty ;
 To kind Providence thankful feel,
 That thus with food supplies us weel ;
 The earth its fruits will not afford
 Unless it's bless'd by Nature's Lord ;
 A man may sow and do his best,
 A fruitful season does the rest.
 Men may plant and the seeds sow,
 A single plant they can't make grow,
 And all their work is spent in vain
 Without sunshine and showers of rain ;
 Were these withheld from dry-parch'd earth,
 Of meat supply would soon be dearth.
 Without spring's reviving wonders,
 Man and beast would die by hunders ;
 With balmy summer's rip'ning powers,
 And its soft and genial showers,
 Autumn finds us with food in store,
 For which we should our God adore ;

From whose hand all our blessings flow,
To Him our gratitude should show,
And thanks and praise give to His name,
Who thus sustains our body's frame,
Some folk there be that I hae kent,
If ane to see their farmin' went,
Wi' pride tak' credit to themsel',
About their beasts and craps would tell,
As if their great skill in farmin'
Did this state of things determine ;
Gainin' a successful battle,
Raisin' crops and rearin' cattle,
By their own management done it,
Never own't a blessing on it.
To them I'd say, tak' time and view't,
Without a blessing could you do't ?
Ah ! helpless man, it's past your power
To bring to earth a single shower ;
Did not the clouds down moisture drop,
A' your fine doin's soon would stop.
Would soon be taught in Nature's school—
Without kind Providence to rule,
What could man poor and helpless do,
A single blade could not make grow ;
With a' your vain and empty boast,
Your toil and labour would be lost.

Were not to earth a blessing given,
Nae sunshine nor rain from heaven,
A dry-parch'd land this soon would be,

We a great famine soon would see ;
 Nae food for man nor yet for beast,
 But on east wind would hae to feast.
 Let us the God of Nature praise,
 Who by His power our crops doth raise,
 By which we do our cattle rear.
 With grateful hearts let us draw near,
 And own the power to which we owe
 Corn for man, grass for beasts to grow.
 For these blessed gifts of heaven,
 Let our daily thanks be given ;
 To Him by whose goodness we live,
 Let us eternal praises give.

A VISIT TO KEITH-HALL, SEAT OF THE
 EARL OF KINTORE.

THE year of auchteen seventy-eight
 Of time's fast ever onward flight,
 In August month, the hindmost day,
 For Inverurie took my way.
 By invitation kindly sent,
 Out to Keith-hall I duly went,
 The seat of the Earl of Kintore,
 I never had been there before.
 At the station was at a loss
 To ken where I the line should cross,
 And find a road to tak' me down
 Right to the place where I was boun',
 Thought I'd hae an unco bother,

Nae kennin ae road' by another ;
But as I the road was speirin'
A man chanced to be in hearin',
Who there asked some questions at me,
That a' to rights shortly set me—
If frae Aberdeen train came with ?
And also if my name was Smith ?
If I on to Keith-hall was boun' ?
As he was sent to tak' me down,
By the Earl sent to guide me there.
And gave me cash to pay my fare—
First-class fare he made me tak',
None of the siller he'd hae back.

Took me a footpath through the woods,
So close, we scarce could see the clouds,
A gravelled walk, right nice and trig,
Across the Urie by a brig ;
Was made of wood, I'm maistly sure,
Well dressed, and painted white and pure.
Ury was that day in a spate,
Overflowin' banks with rains of late.
Amongst majestic trees we came
That here surround the Earl's hame,
A grand old mansion through the trees
On a slight risin' groun' I sees.
I was awestruck at the gran' sight,
To enter it I maist took fright,
But keepin' close ahin my guide,
Ere I weel kent I was inside

And handed to the butler's care ;
While round I did with wonder stare,
Astonished to such grandeur see,
There a'thing new and strange to me.
Stumpin' ben, bittin' at my thoom,
I soon was in his lordship's room,
Where I stood and stared with wonder,
Books aroun' me by the hunder.
His lordship, soon as he saw me,
Kindly by my name did ca' me,
A hearty welcome to me give,
I will mind on as lang's I live.
A nice gentleman, free of pride,
He would walk with me side by side ;
What a contrast to some that be,
That would not look nor speak to me,
Think not of the same stuff made,
And wish to be of me well rid.

His lordship wished me to take meat,
And kindly said a lunch I'd eat ;
Having lately had my dinner,
Did with thanks decline the honour.
His lordship said, " If that case be,
You'll take a more substantial tea."
Then asked me to with him go out
And see the grounds a' roun' about.
A straight course we then did make
Down through the flowers to see the lake :
I was bewildered with the scene,

I glowered around with dazzled een ;
The walks and flower beds so grand,
I thought I was in Fairyland,
A'thing in such perfect order,
Such nice walks and flower border ;
The lawn between them closely shaved,
And at the foot the water laved
Of a nice, clear, freshwater lake,
That did a charmin' picture make.
Down by its side on rustic seat,
A while to rest and ease our feet
We sat and cracket like pen-guns ;
About the dukes and pretty swans
Were sailin' on the pretty lake ;
A pleasure boat, a sail to take,
Oft on the bonny lake was rowed,
Was there in a nice boathouse stowed.

When we had seen a' that was there,
Back to the mansion did repair,
Where the gardener he was ready
(A nice, decent man, and steady),
To guide me through the pretty grounds,
That hae cost some scores of pounds
To put them all in such order,
Every bonny walk and border.
We passed the ancient Druid stone,
With figures cut its sides upon,
A monument of ages past,
For ages yet to come will last,

Placed in the centre of a mound,
With a deep moat encirclin' round.
Nae doubt a castle had there stood
Sometime between this and the flood,
In warlike times of feuds and strife,
When might was right, war to the knife
Was the then order of the day,
To live unscathed, black mail must pay.
We stood and looked upon the scene,
And mused on what might there hae been.
Nae doubt but there are some records
Been keepit by its ancient lords—
I'd like well if I could see them,
And be made acquainted wi' them.

To modern things we now did pass,
And saw the houses roofed with glass
To rear up fine fruits and flowers,
Would not stand the winter showers,
But heated up baith night and day
Make climate same as they came frae.
Saw oranges grow on their trees,
A sweet perfume gave to the breeze ;
Peaches hung, maist ripe and ready,
Like to the cheeks of pretty lady ;
Vines, with grapes in clusters hingin',
Makes the wine sets folk a singin',
Makes light and glad the hearts of men—
Auld Noah it made drunk we ken—
And many other rare kinds of fruit

That's nae just common here about,
Natives of some far warmer clime,
Some ripe, others in course of time.
Rare flowers in rich profusion,
A' regular ranged without confusion,
A magnificent sight to see,
Especially to the like of me
That's not oft seein' such display,
The like to see I never may.
The vegetable gardens neist
Was to my eyes a splendid feast,
Nice onions, carrots, neeps, and kail,
And things their names I cannot tell.

In terraces the gardens lie,
A fine effect to please the eye,
A flight of steps up ascendin',
Frae the one to other tendin'.
The gravelled walks so nice and clean,
Nae weeds unsightly to be seen,
But a' are clean and keepit weel,
Tell of the gardener's care and skeel.
Outside the gardens roun' about,
With taste some plots right nice laid out,
Full of things that's often wanted ;
Others some with trees are planted
Frae countries far ayont the seas,
And planted here the eyes to please,
Frae California, France, and Spain,
India, China, and Japan,

Frae Australia and Peru,
And other countries nae that few.

And next I saw the gardener's prizes,
Drinkin' cups, a' shapes and sizes,
Salvers, teakettles, and teapots,
That had cost a lot of notes,
And their value not be over-rated—
Silver and with silver plated—
A credit to his pains and skill,
And worthy well the place to fill ;
Fruits and flowers bringin' to a state
That but few can with him compete.

When we surveyed had a' thing roun',
We to the mansion next went down,
Where was a good substantial tea
In the library waitin' me.
It was good, and I was hungry,
So to see't I was not angry :
I did full justice to the same,
And then set out to try for hame.

His lordship was there to meet me,
Did with utmost kindness treat me.
I never will forget the day,
Nor yet the very handsome way
I was received by Lord Kintore,
Though I should live for evermore.
The gardener then got new commands,

After good-bye and shakin' hands,
To convey me to the station,
For hame see me set in motion.
So many thanks to Lord Kintore,
Never had such a treat before,
Not better been, nae lee I'll tell,
Though I'd a lord been like himsel'.

A LAMENT FOR THE GRAND DUCHESS OF
HESSE-DARMSTADT (OUR PRINCESS
ALICE).

YE people of every station,
Lament all the British nation,
Lay aside envy and malice,
Lament for the Princess Alice ;
Beloved by all right-thinking minds,
And many eyes the salt tear blinds—
For the good and gentle lady,
In kind deeds was ever ready.

O, cruel death ! what have you done ?
To snatch away the pleasant one
Just in the very prime of life,
The loving mother and the wife,
A husband's heart with grief hath torn,
And lovely children to him borne.
Their anguish cannot be expressed,
A loss can never be replaced.
A grief to our beloved Queen,

A loving daughter to her been ;
Now frae her removed away,
We trust to realms of endless day.
She's now beyond the reach of pain,
Our loss, her everlasting gain,
Joined her two loved ones gone before,
And father dear she did adore.
She's now with them in heaven blest,
In heaven's time joined by the rest,
Lived lovingly while here below,
Their Father's house at last will go.
A united family will be
In bliss again when death sets free ;
Divided never be again,
Free from sorrow, death, sin, and pain.
In endless bliss forever be,
Their loving Saviour always see,
Though high their station has been here,
Exalted then to higher sphere.

To Her Majesty shock severe,
Occurring same day of the year
The good, the kind Prince Albert died,
Makes her grief more acutely tried.
Short-sighted mortals that we be,
Great heaven's ways we cannot see :
The good are early called away,
While wicked folk get longer stay,
Extending long their day of grace,
To fit them for a happy place,

And even at the eleventh hour
They may make their salvation sure.

May this teach all that death is sure
To all alike, both rich and poor,
Mortals must go when heaven calls,
The tree lies the same way it falls :
Lesson, to be up and doin',
Lest delaying be our ruin.
We see the young, the middle-aged,
Oft in grim fight with death engaged,
And in the grave consigned to lie,
As well's the old that soon must die.

To write this a painful task has been,
So now I'll say, God bless our Queen.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON AND HEIR TO THE
HADDO HOUSE ESTATES.

METHLIC, Tarves, Tarland rejoice,
With mirthfu' strains lift up your voice ;
Ye tenants cry and shout for joy
At the birth of the infant boy,
That, if his precious life be spared,
Some distant day will be your laird :
Direct line of the Gordon name,
And aye mak' Haddo House his hame,
Where his forefathers lived and died,

Their tenants' friends aye staunch and tried.
To them the Gordon name is dear,
Now for a change they need not fear,
And thankful for the pretty boy—
A father's pride, a mother's joy ;
And see him up to manhood grown,
When years of childhood past have flown ;
A good kind landlord may be seen,
Like former Earls of Aberdeen.
Well may the tenants all rejoice
When they see this branch arise,
That's sprung direct frae the auld stock,
For ages back have stood the shock
Of time's still ever-changing scenes,
And yet the good old name retains.
Done their best for their country's good,
Their tenants' friends have firmly stood ;
Liked to see all thriving round them,
That all under them aye found them.
Aye favours to dependants give,
Their motto was " Live and let live."'
Ho ! thrice welcome little stranger,
Ye have now removed the danger ;
If your infant life be spared,
At Haddo House nae ither laird
Will now for lang assume the sway,
The Gordon name be there for aye.
In heaven's favour may he grow,
As this life's vale he passes through ;
As he strength and wisdom gathers,

Follow the footsteps of his fathers.

May heaven guide the darling youth,
Aye lead him in the ways of truth ;
Guard him in a vile world of sin,
May he a virtuous life begin ;
In favour be with God and man,
And understand salvation's plan ;
Early choose the safe and only path
That leads to live away from wrath.
May prove himself a worthy son,
His duty do till life be done ;
Across life's stormy ocean past,
In heaven be received at last.

O Ythan, send up your thanks,
Another lord to grace your banks,
Will you now pleasure great afford ;
For ages past ye've had a lord
To honour with his presence near,
Beside you spent part of the year.
Ye had a blythe and joyful day
The noble Countess came to stay,
When the Earl had brought her home,
And by your side at times to roam ;
To see her almost wild with joy,
Ye'll dance to see the lovely boy,
Which in due course will come
To live in his forefathers' home,

Or cooked in any way you try,
Mak' dainty fare,
Even folk up in life's scale high
Could wish nae mair.

And I will prize the gift the mair,
Such things come nae oft to my share ;
Nae used to feed so rich and rare,
Nae often seen,
My table aye of such meat bare,
Yet nae complain.

From grateful heart my thanks I send
To all that are to me a friend,
And helping hand does to me lend,
I wish them weel,
By such kind deeds a happy end
In time they'll feel.

At Haddo may the game be plenty,
And make to them dinners dainty ;
By sportsmen on pleasure bent aye,
Quick be nabbit,
Now and then to me be sent aye,
Hare or rabbit.

A VISIT TO HADDO HOUSE, SEAT OF THE
EARL OF ABERDEEN, IN 1878.

A BIT rhyme I am now to spin,
But scarce I ken how to begin.

The thing I'm going to tell about
Would need an abler pen, I doubt,
But I will try and do my best ;
Read what there is, suppose the rest.
A great event in my life's course,
A visit out to Haddo House,
By invitation kindly gi'en
By Lord and Lady Aberdeen,
September month, the fourteenth day,
I'll be exact with what I say,
The year auchteen seventy-eight,
That was the very day and date.

I left home and occupation
Out by train to Udney Station,
Where, sent by his lordship's command,
A conveyance did waiting stand
To take me on to Haddo House,
That place we reached in due course.
There my difficulty begins,
Right to tell a' the outs and ins
I saw about that bonny place,
Lang the hame of the Gordon race.
Was received by kind waiting men,
And to a room conducted ben,
Who a' attention did gie me
Till his lordship wish'd to see me ;
Then was led out upon the green
To meet the Earl of Aberdeen.
There I his lordship first time met,

And did a hearty welcome get
To see the house and pretty grounds—
Had cost many thousand pounds
To put them in such nice order,
Gravelled walks and flower border.

I looked around me with surprise,
I hardly could believe my eyes
That I still on this earth did stand,
Transported to some fairyland
By some unearthly power I'd been,
Before I'd half the rare things seen.
So many pretty things I saw,
Near took my senses clean awa'.
Upon the lawn before the hoose,
Saw everything so neat and spruce ;
Water up in air was mountin'
Frae a pretty polished fountain ;
Pretty flower beds here and there,
And close-shaved lawn round everywhere,
Just like any Brussels carpet,
A finer one was never warpit.
When my surprise was wearin' ower,
And steady could around me glower,
And ither things began to see,
His lordship kindly asked at me
If I would like to see the lakes,
As he in them an interest takes,
He thought I would like to see them,
And become acquainted wi' them.

I said I would delighted be,
The pretty lakes to go and see ;
But as I of them didna ken,
He kindly sent one of his men,
One of the keepers of his game,
To let me see the road to them.
He was a nice, attentive chiel,
Who told and showed me a'thing weel.

About the trees we had a talk
As we went down the pretty walk ;
I delighted was with what I saw,
Could scarce be got to come awa',
So many fairlies to see here.
And then the park that feeds the deer
Next did our attention claim—
Thinks I, I am now far frae hame,
Afar in some wild Heilan' glen,
And far frae the abodes of men.
When I saw the bonny creatures,
Shy and timid in their natures,
Then found I was not far frae hame;
They were so quiet, nice, and tame.

When down a bit I was conveyed,
One of the lakes I then surveyed ;
Saw there some pretty swan,
Fear'd not at the approach of man,
Sailing in majestic grandeur,
As did a nice goose and gander ;

Numerous ducks, wild and tame,
Made that bonny lake their hame,
Contented with their happy lot,
Nothing to fear but being shot.
Twa pleasure boats and a canoe
Lie there for use as well's for show,
In a nice boathouse built of wood,
With wooden piers, the landing good.
In one of them a sail to tak',
The man said he'd safe bring me back,
He bade me one of them enter—
On the water I'd not venture,
Had not pluck to be a sailor,
Either in a sutor or a tailor,
That I doubt you would not get—
That is my case at any rate.

Now on a wooden seat sat down,
Where lofty trees did us surroun'.
We sat and gazed upon the scene,
Trees on each side, the lake between.
It was a splendid sight to see,
And looked grand, at least, to me.
Then after restin' for a time,
In which I read some bits o' rhyme,
That I thought best, out of my book,
As we sat in that shady nook,
To my guide that was strange and new.
He said my rhymes were very true
Upon the subjects that they touched—
He sat and heard like one bewitched.

But we on again must travel
On a walk of finest gravel.
The roads and walks are a' the same,
Fine seats to rest on sides of them ;
They are so numerous and so lang,
'Twould take a week through them to gang.
When to gang round them I did speak,
Guide said, " Ye'll need to bide a week."
Trampin' on upon anither tack,
We came upon anither lake,
By far better and far bigger.
And of a mair romantic figure.
A pretty sheet of water pure,
I could hae gazed on't by the hour
And never tired, it was so grand,
Surrounded by the higher land,
On which the old and noble trees,
Their heads were noddin' to the breeze
And hangin' ower the pretty lake,
Did a most pleasant picture make.
In its midst a wooded islan',
Bright with verdure green was smilin' ;
Swans, geese, and ducks were also there,
Both wild and tame, a score and mair,
A quiet seclusion did enjoy,
No poachers dared them to destroy ;
The keepers aye were on the watch,
A poacher there they soon would catch.

Also a boathouse here I saw,

In it pleasure boats ane or twa,
I have no doubt but there will be,
I did not wish to go and see.
I would not of this make mention,
Other things took my attention,
Made me hurry on to see them,
And a short inspection gie them.
We passed the lake at lower end,
Our walk a bit on to extend.
An old castle, now in ruins
By the effects of time's doin's,
Next did our attention claim,
Castle of Kelly was its name ;
In years now lang past and gone,
As we judged by the crumbling stone ;
Had in its day been of some strength,
But after time of such a length,
So little about it I ken,
Leav't to antiquarian men
To read up and speak about it,
As what I'd say folk might doubt it.
Leaving the ruins as they are,
We did not proceed that way far.
Saw twa cottages of wood built,
In one of them my guide he dwelt ;
Very nice cottages they were,
Keepit in full state of repair.
His lordship likes to see his men
In comfort keep't, their wants to ken,
And what he sees they are in need

Is to them done or sent with speed.

There of the Ythan had a view,
That here to me seemed strange and new ;
She almost comes close to the place
As she rins on her seaward race.
Far enough in that direction
We were now with our inspection,
So turned about and back again
The same way we before had gane.
Back to where pretty trees did thrive,
Along what is called the Green Drive,
Travelled on it a good long while,
The wood we entered by a style.
So close the trees were overheed,
I of my guide now saw the need
(Out there I fear I had not wun,
As I saw neither wind nor sun),
Out of that soon we found our way
Into the dazzlin' glare of day.

But now in walks and shaven plot,
Former fatigues we soon forgot,
And pretty grounds now walkin' through,
The mansion house came into view,
To which I was led in again
By my guide and some servin' men,
Who showed me such attention
That of them I must make mention.
To dinner next I was led ben,

The road mysel' I did not ken,
Could not get on without a guide,
So many doors stood open wide,
In wrong ones I'd been sure to stray,
And in the end would lose my way ;
But by my guide's able leadin',
Was led to what I was needin'—
A nice hunger-staunchin' dinner,
Served up in a handsome manner,
To which I ample justice did,
Attendants did not need me bid ;
I hungry was, the meat was gweed,
I soon had a substantial feed,
Swilled down with a good glass of ale,
Well satisfied I found mysel'.

When from dinner I did retire,
I found by his lordship's desire,
Another man to be my guide
To where the gardener did abide,
That I might see the gardens brow
Before I left to come awa'.
Up through pretty flowers we went,
And walks, the like I never kent,
We came to the gardener's dwellin',
Where my guide was for him callin'.
Saw his wife, a decent woman,
Who said soon he would be comin'
To show the beauties of the place.
So says my guide, " If that's the case,

He in the gardens will be throng,
We'll not need to detain him long ;
We'll to the gardens straight repair,
And maybe we will meet him there."'
After seein' their handsome hame,
We bade good-bye unto the dame,
Proceeded then up to the gate,
And there by chance the gardener met,
My guide then tell't him our story,
At which he said he was sorry
He had so little time to spare,
A fine flower was needin's care,
Would take his time fast as able,
To grace this day's dinner table.
He said my guide would do as weel,
Of what we'd see he had some skill,
'Twas long since to the place he came,
Head keeper to his lordship's game.

But as the day was now far spent,
Into the gardens straight we went,
And there I stood with sad surprise
As the bright scene before me lies.
Frae the gate at which we enter,
A nice walk runs up the centre,
Both sides lined with pretty flowers,
Grown by sunshine and warm showers.
Lots of vegetables planted,
And for cookin' often wanted ;
What pretty onions, leeks and kail,

Carrots, neeps, mair than I can tell,
Growin' there in rich profusion,
So close, almost in confusion.
From them a' we did shortly pass
To houses walled and roofed with glass,
Full of fruits, flowers o' rare worth,
That will not grow in open furth,
In cold days heated up with steam
Till they a warmer climate seem.
Grapes in big clusters hingin' roun',
With weight the vines were bendin' down ;
Plums and peaches, the taste to please,
Tomatoes, figs, and bread fruit-trees,
Pine apples, mellons, and nice pears,
A' well trimmed up with the gardener's shears,
Rare and choice fruits, and the tree fern,
And things I have their names to learn
Are there by scores and by hunders,
Teeming earth's prolific wonders.

When we had seen a' that was there,
We saw we had some time to spare ;
Now being out of the garden bounds,
Surveyed some more surroundin' grounds.
Outside behind the garden wall,
Are houses where the workmen dwell,
That daily work about the place,
The gardens and the walks to dress.
Snug, pretty cottages they were,
That speak well of his lordship's care

And comforts of his working men,
A' that right weel his servants ken ;
That they are well, they are believing,
Scarcely ever think of leaving.
A long walk by his lordship planned,
To look at now took us in hand,
A pretty walk, and well laid out,
The best, I think, the place about.
It frae the gardens takes a roun',
Then to the house it straight leads down
Between twa rows of pretty trees,
For lang have stood the wintry breeze.
So down we came that splendid walk,
And about it had a talk ;
Then saw and walked upon the green
That lately was the lively scene
Of the tenants' princely dinner,
The Earl being their entertainer ;
To show's goodwill and his respect,
He did them there that day collect.

Having some little time to spare,
We to the gun-room did repair,
Saw the sporting guns and rifles,
A' right nice guns they were, not trifles,
Both single and double barrels,
Were not made for nation's quarrels ;
Cartridge-filling machine I saw,
At once a hunder out can draw ;
Deers' heads, with foxes' heads and tails,

Upon the walls were fixed with nails,
Gas stove for heating up the room,
And nice and clean swept with a broom.
But as the time did onward flee,
Into the house I went to tea.
Was led into the house again
By some one of the serving men,
To the tea-table by him led,
And with nice dainty things was fed.

When tea was done, I was ready
Now to go and see the lady,
As a man did notice gie me
That the Countess wished to see me ;
Right glad I was that she had sent
To come before I homeward went.
To see the handsome pretty lady,
In her room I found her ready
A hearty welcome to gie me,
And said she was glad to see me ;
She kindly for my welfare speirt,
That I was well, was glad to hear't.

Next throughout the mansion shown,
From room to room in order goin'.
Oh ! what a lot of pretty things
That the command of money brings,
What pretty pictures there I saw,
Were hung about upon the wa'—
Lords and ladies, fair to look on,

Long since to the ither world gone.
The well-stored library I saw,
The room that pleased me best of a' ;
There I would get store of readin',
The thing I am aye sair needin'.
I often find that a great want,
As I of books am very scant ;
A loss I find it many times
When I am writing out my rhymes.
Then I was glad the place to see
To Heaven's King they bow the knee,
And they sing to Him songs of praise,
In family prayer their voices raise,
And taught beyond this earth to look
By lessons from the sacred book ;
That they their precious souls may save,
And live in bliss beyond the grave.
The new chapel erecting there
Will be the place for family prayer.
Oh, what a fine world this would be,
Did we more family altars see !

Lots of more things were to be seen,
But as my time was nearly deen,
I fear I'll need to end my rhyme
And go and see't some other time ;
The other lake I'd like to see,
A pretty lake's a treat to me.
My time, I found, was fairly ower,
And a conveyance at the door

To take me to Udney Station,
Where the train in expectation
Was to take me to Aberdeen
To meditate on what I'd seen.
So ends a day I'll mind upon
So lang as life with me runs on,
I never can forget the way
That I was entertained that day
By Lord and Lady Aberdeen,
Their like is not often seen.
Of stinkin' pride they are quite free,
When they'd look on the like o' me.
Some, with not half what they possess,
And many with a good deal less,
That would disdain with me to speak,
Far less my company would seek.
Should this my lord and lady please,
They'll say to me, "Come back and see's."

TO YTHAN WATER, ON THE HOME-COMING
OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF
ABERDEEN.

My gweed auld frien', Ythan, rejoice,
And with gladness lift up your voice ;
Nae ither river that I ken
Has been sae honoured by great men
And gentle ladies, gweed and fair,
Like diamonds costly, rich and rare.
Your banks for lang hae studded been,

And many ups and downs you've seen,
For many years now past and gane,
Sae lang, it's out o' mortal ken.
Frae the Deluge I might suppose
Ye to a river's rank arose,
And down through Methlic's howes ye ran.
Lang afore the abodes o' man
Upon your banks came into view,
Your course ye seaward did pursue.

A place of note stan's on your banks,
Wi' best o' modern mansions ranks,
Has lang the hame been o' a lord,
The best that Scotland does afford,
The country's welfare had at heart,
In her government took a part,
And aye took measures for her gweed,
For what things she stood maist in need ;
Happy aye would auld Scotland been
Sic statesmen had she always seen.

I might gang back for many year,
But o' their history I'm nae clear,
And farrer back can nae record
Than grandsire o' the present lord,
Whose memory stan's on Ythsie's hill,
And keep in mind for ever will
The honoured late-lamented peer,
And seen by a' baith far and near,
Who will lament their landlord gone

When they see that tower o' stone.
Their loss would been mair hard to bear
Had they a landlord got to fear,
Been keepit down wi' iron rule,
And made them sing wi' care and dool—
But honour to the Gordon name,
They hae got landlords aye the same,
Who well can act a noble part,
Their tenants' welfare hae at heart,
They ever think and act upon,
As well as them that's dead and gone.

But O, Ythan, though thus ye've seen
Their landlords pass ane after ane,
Yet a great comfort yet ye hae
To see a branch that root sprung frae
Grow up to fill the vacant place,
By a' beloved nane the less.
The tenantry upon your banks
May a' pit up their fervent thanks,
As well as those ye dinna see.
May a' unite, may a' agree,
With you abundantly rejoice,
That they hae got sae rich a prize
As the gweed lord at Haddo House,
That there now rules and is the source
Whence flows all their prosperous state
In the future, as well's of late.
In proof o' what I hae here said,
Look at the demonstration made ;

The tenants showed true and ready,
To welcome hame the gentle lady
Their much-loved lord had to them brought,
That he had chosen (happy thought)
To cheer and bless his noble home,
Baith now and for lang years to come.
To be such will be the prayer
O' a' connected wi' them there.

O, Ythan, such a great turn out
Ye never saw, I sairly doubt,
Since that noble lordly buildin'
(Joy and pleasure to you yieldin')
Was built in years now lang gane by
Upon your banks that near han' lie.
Placed there by the commanding word,
Ancestors o' the noble lord
That lives now in that bonny place,
And mak's your grandeur nane the less.
When word came frae the happy pair,
The noble lord and's lady fair,
Were coming to their future hame,
Lang honoured by the Gordon name,
The tenants mustered out in force,
Each mounted on a well-fed horse,
A cavalcade o' near five hunder
Came on wi' noise like thunder.
They in the road came ridin' on
As far at Newseat o' Tolquhon,
And mony ane upon their feet

Came out that day their lord to meet ;
Glad he was among them to bide,
And bringin' hame his bonny bride.
With hearty shouts they rent the air
As soon's they saw the happy pair,
A lang life, and welcome hame,
Frae ilka heart right royal came ;
Wi' flags and streamers wavin' round
Frae a' lumheads and vantage ground,
Was never seen sic great display
As was got up there that happy day.
Ye Ythan, sparklin' in the sun,
Rejoicin' in the glorious fun,
And almost stoppit in your course
When ye came anent Haddo House,
And dancin' in your banks wi' glee;
Such happiness around to see.
As landlord and his tenants a'
Together close and closer draw,
Each for ither's welfare care,
Each pittin' up a silent prayer,
The tenants wishin' on their side,
For their gweed landlord and his bride
A lang, lang life o' happiness
Among them in their bonny place ;
Their landlord and his noble lady,
On their part aye wishin' steady
Everything for their tenants' gweed,
Great store o' health and daily bread,
Each in their place to live contented,

Friendship 'twixt them be cemented
Aye firmer as the years roll on,
Their interests aye be joined in one.
But, O, Ythan, I hae mair to say
About another grand gala day.
The noble lord and his lady,
Always kind, and ever ready
To their tenants to show respect,
To a great dinner did collect
Them a' upon the bonny green,
A show the like was never seen.
Nine hunder farmers were convened,
A' tenants that their lands contained,
With cottagers and crofters baith,
A' that his lordship sat aneath.
Maist o' them had been a' their lives,
Came wi' sax hunder o' their wives,
As their landlord did them summon
To come, ilka man and woman.

A large marquee and canvas tent
Right on frae Aberdeen was sent,
Lots o' waiters frae that sent on
The assembled guests to wait upon.
To a', frae great unto the least,
The gweed things o' that sumptuous feast
For them there that day provided,
And wi' nae spairin' han' divided ;
Hale sheep and big oxen roasted ;
Hens, geese, ducks, and turkeys toasted ;

Big salmon, as ye may well ken,
Taen out o' you by servin' men ;
Wi' dumplin's, puddin's, and fruit pies,
Well baked, and o' a monstrous size ;
Wi' liquors gweed to swill them down,
Nae stintit drap was handit roun'.

When a' had eaten well their fill
O' a' thing gien them wi' gweed will,
The tables cleared o' fragments left,
But nae o' a' gweed things bereft,
On them soon was set the toddy,
And a glass to everybody
To fill up and mak' a' ready,
Health to pledge the noble lady
That holds the rule o'er Britain's Isles,
And keeps at bay the foeman's wiles
That would seek Britons to enthrall,
But by her rule repels them all.
A lot o' mair toasts were taen up
And drunk to wi' a flowin' cup
A' in their order as they came,
And well responded to the same.
But the great toast o' the meetin',
O'er a' ithers far competin',
Was the health and happiness
Of the noble owners of the place—
Earl and Countess of Aberdeen,
Was with a hearty cheerin' gien,
And loudly called for one cheer mair

For the Earl and his lady fair.
“Hip, hip, hurrah!” for three times three,
“Lang may they live and happy be,”
Was the wish and fervent prayer
O’ a’ the tenants that day there.
So closed a day will ever live,
When thought upon will pleasure give,
As lang as life wi’ them remains,
A’ in Haddo House domains.
Also respect and honour yieldin’
To masons engaged buildin’
A chapel to complete the place,
Showin’ them nae devoid o’ grace,
But like the patriarchs of old,
As in the Scriptures we are told,
That aye where they pitch’d their abode
They raised an altar to their God.
What an example gweed to see
Those high in station bow the knee
To Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
The giver free of all good things
To use and richly to enjoy,
For good their riches to employ,
And keepin’ aye the end in view
When an account of how they do
Will be of every one demanded,
And in weel or woe be landed
Accordin’ as they hae done here,
And distributed to the peer,
As stewards of riches lent them,

By Him who to this world sent them.
Likewise the workmen at the place
Were treated wi' respect nae less,
A gweed hearty dinner gien them,
Nae cost spared to entertain them,
But treated like as brither men,
As they respect them back again ;
Some o' them been there a' their lives,
A warm hame to bairns and their wives.
O, happy folk and happy laird,
To hae o' ither such regard.

Now, Ythan, such a happy day
For lang ye've nae chanced to hae,
And lang may ye wish it to be
Till ye the like again may see,
As that right well ye ken implies
Till ane or baith parties dies
(That's been the cause o' that display
Upon your banks the other day).
But in their highly-honoured home
Live for mony lang years to come
In peace and happiness and love,
Till called to a blest home above,
Be your wish and earnest prayer
Aye for the newly-wedded pair.

Many a braw place in your course
Ye see, but nane like Haddo House.
I've oft thought I would like to see't,

And better become acquainted wi' 't,
 But my station and low degree
 Keeps me frae what I'd like to see.

So, Ythan, dear, I'll say good-bye,
 And may your bed be never dry;
 But rinnin' on while ages last,
 Contented where your lot's been cast.
 I wish you well wi' a' my pith,
 Ever your true frien',—JAMIE SMITH.

POSTSCRIPT.

But, Ythan, I must nae forget
 About the scholars' handsome treat.
 Great numbers were invited there,
 Made to partake o' dainty fare,
 Fruit, tea, and mony things forbye,
 To suit the taste and please the eye.
 Amusements and games made ready
 By his lordship and his lady,
 And prizes gien to those that won,
 To jump, to dance, and races run.
 A pleasant afternoon they spent,
 The day was done afore they kent.
 In after life they will look back
 Wi' pleasure on this generous act.
 When done, three hearty cheers were gien
 For Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON AND HEIR TO THE
BALMEDIE ESTATES, BELHELVIE.

SOMETIME back, self-constituted,
Of events to tell about it,
As rhymer I took in hand
To tell what happens in the land
Among my patrons, kind and gweed,
That condescend my books to read,
Pay me well for what I send them,
For which may a' gweed attend them—
Little ither for a livin'
Than what kind friends to me givin'.

An event, the cause of much joy,
Birth of an heir, a pretty boy,
To the estate of Balmedie.
Mr. Lumsden and his lady
Will now be quite proud of the same,
Continue on the family name,
Lang in the place has honoured been.
Three generations now I've seen,
By a' their tenants well beloved,
As out and in 'mongst them they moved ;
Aye landlords to their tenants gweed,
Giving free what they saw them need--
Happy tenants and happy lairds,
That have of ither such regards.

When glad news came to Balmedie,
Tenants turned out quick and ready

To show their gladness and their joy
At the birth of the infant boy,
Keep up a name they hae regard,
Be in some future time their laird,
But wishing that a distant day,
Well pleased are with the laird they hae ;
But well assured a day will come,
When to his fathers gathered home,
Will hae one of the honoured race
'Mong them as laird to tak' his place.

To seen the land the ither day,
With wavin' flags and streamers gay,
One would hae thought the folk gane mad,
Held holiday, they were so glad.
Maist every house had up a flag,
The poorest, though 'twas but a rag,
At their lumheads were erected,
To show how their laird respected,
And their love for his good lady,
Aye their friend, staunch and steady,
By his kind ways affection won,
And above a', their youthful son.

Upon a hill a pile they raised,
And there at night a bonfire blazed
(The bonfire on the Hill of Keir
Made the dark night like noon-day clear),
In honour of the happy day,
While around were folk glad and gay.

In full bumpers that did o'errun,
Pledged their laird, lady, and young son,
Wishin' them health and happy days,
As on through life they wend their ways,
Prayin' far off may be the day
Till the young laird assumes the sway,
But glad when parents' life is done,
Father succeeded by the son ;
If heaven spares the darling boy,
See him grow up will be their joy.
As he strength and wisdom gathers,
Move in footsteps of his fathers,
Will their love and affection claim.
They dearly love the Lumsden name,
Wish nae ither to rule o'er them,
Sons of fathers gone before them.
If tenants' prayers hae effect,
Providence will the youth direct
In the right path that he should go
Through all his life while here below ;
And when his time on earth is done,
His place be filled up by a son,
Keep ever up the Lumsden name,
Generations to come the same,
And one of that name ever be
Aye at Balmedie by the sea.
A nice place, and growin' better
By the mason, wright, and slater ;
A pretty house will soon be there,
With pretty grounds and gardens fair,

Delightful residence will be,
 And prospect of the boundless sea.
 Long may they live it to enjoy,
 Laird, lady, and their lovely boy,
 Aye walking in the ways of truth,
 Example to the darling youth,
 And when their time on earth is done,
 Leave honoured name unto their son.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. ARCHDEACON
 M. G. F. BISSET OF LESSENDRUM.

ANOTHER of my patrons gone,
 All passing off, one after one ;
 Ten of my former patrons gweed,
 Alas ! now numbered with the dead.
 Each had to go, their time was come,
 Grim Death has called at Lessendrum
 And taen awa' my gweed auld frien',
 That twice had me donations gien--
 Nae trifle, but a gweed roun' sum,
 Was sent to me frae Lessendrum.
 Reverend Archdeacon, now awa',
 Was ever good and kind to a' :
 Whate'er their creed he did not mind,
 He as their brother man was kind.
 The love to man he did accord,
 Showed forth his great love for his Lord,
 Who said, "Love God with strength and mind,
 And to your brother man be kind."

Acting on this plan to the end,
Ever did my departed friend,
To all was his assistance given
Whatever road they took to heaven ;
If they straight in that road held on,
And looked to Christ before them gone,
Travelling on by faith and prayer,
Their different roads would a' meet there—
Before the throne would meet at last,
Where all life's cares and troubles past.

Such was the creed of him that's gone,
His Master's work hath faithful done,
Through a long life has done his best,
Now sweetly will enjoy his rest ;
With his Saviour (here did love)
Will spend eternity above.
Now a' his toils and troubles ower,
Safe landed on that happy shore,
See the reward of all his toil
In many happy ransomed soul
Brought home by what of Christ he told,
Now safe in the Good Shepherd's fold.
Tenants will miss him sad and sair,
He of their well-being had a care ;
The time he their landlord has been
Many ways proved himself their frien',
Made them a comfortable home,
'Told them oft of a world to come,
By many a line and many a text,

Their friend for this world and the next,
Did their souls and bodies regard,
Proved himself a most worthy laird ;
Sincerely for him now they'll mourn,
From them gone, never to return.

And many one beyond his lands
Received great favours at his hands,
To them oft in great straits did come,
Will miss the laird of Lessendrum,
Who was right well beloved by a',
Baith near at hand and far awa'.
Sure folk of Huntly and Drumblade
For him will tears of sorrow shed.
Nae mair his venerable form
(Welcome baith in sunshine and storm)
Will gladden with his presence near,
With words of comfort come to cheer
When sad and downcast in their minds,
The good old man some comfort finds.
They'll mind the way he cheered them on,
And prayed for them at mercy's throne,
Their lot made bright in many ways,
And now they'll bless him a' their days.
When in heaven they meet him there,
Will him thank for their soul's great care.

While all will thus with sorrow mourn,
And eyes to his successor turn
For comfort in their hour of need,

And be to them a landlord gweed,
And be their friend as far's he can,
Be a good son of so good a man,
Friend of them he did befriend,
To them a helping hand extend ;
In my individual case,
Aye be to me a friend nae less.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM LESLIE OF
NETHERMUIR.

ALL will lament with me, I'm sure,
Mr. Leslie of Nethermuir.
Now gone the way of all the earth,
We hope now to a better berth—
A man, rose frae the workin' class,
And far ahead of them did pass.
A workin' mason first was bred,
At the time a poor payin' trade.
By great exertion and by skill,
And a determined onward will,
He rose to be a man of note,
Left a name will not be forgot,
But will mourned be by mony ane
In country and in Aberdeen ;
Be missed by a', baith rich and poor,
The good, kind laird of Nethermuir.

His tenants a' will miss him sair,
He of their welfare had a care,

Wished to see them thrive and get on,
And money make, as he had done.
Gave a' assistance in his power
To let a' live on Nethermuir :
But they have yet his kind lady,
Will be their friend and help steady,
Who with him for their comfort cared—
O, lang may she be with them spared.

Although bent on money makin',
And of it aye gweed care takin',
He was nae miser with his gear,
He liberal was aye to the-peer.
The truth of that I well can tell,
Sent a donation to mysel'
To help me in these hard-up times
To pay the printing o' my Rhymes.
Another of my patrons gone,
I doubt I'll come but poorly on
With my next book, now near ready,
But I will trust to his good lady.
A' what he did, she'll do the same,
Keep up the credit of his name,
Leave nane to sadly mourn his death,
But bless him with their latest breath.
He in his day had honoured been,
The highest seat in Aberdeen
For years he with acceptance filled,
For city's good the best he willed.
Freedom and keys of Aberdeen

He honour had to give our Queen
(As was the Provost's wont and use),
As she came through from Haddo House.
A prince once as his guest had gone,
That came to lay foundation stone,
Harbour of Aberdeen's north pier,
Of north-east storms to keep it clear.
And honoured statesmen, high in power,
Have gone to feast within his bower—
A man honoured and respected,
Oft to posts of trust elected ;
An office-bearer in his Kirk,
Aye faithful in his holy work,
With's worldly substance helped her on,
She'll miss him sair now that he's gone.
With workin' hard and doing's best,
He sweeter will enjoy his rest.
When his toils are now past laid,
By heaven's King it will be said,
“ Well done thou servant good and true,
My delight is in such as you ;
To you heaven's joys I do accord,
Enter now the joys of your Lord.”

The lonely lady left behind,
To comfort her be heaven kind,
From all her sorrows give relief,
Support her in her day of grief,
Till life be spent she come to die,
Join her loved husband up on high,

Where they united will remain,
 Never divided be again.
 Through endless ages will rejoice,
 Endowed with life that never dies,
 Their loving Saviour ever see,
 And in His presence ever be ;
 Now freed from sorrow, death, and sin,
 And from a wicked heart within,
 In robes of white they'll ever stand,
 And roam in bliss that happy land.

A LAMENT FOR THE LATE CAPTAIN
 JOHN GORDON OF CLUNY, &c.

LAMENT wi' grief ye Cluny lands,
 Alang wi' Slains and Forvie's sands,
 Buckie lands, and Isles o' the west,
 Kinsteary land, and a' the rest.
 Death has deprived you o' a frien',
 Your loss is nae yet fully seen ;
 A gweed, a kind, indulgent laird,
 That for his tenants had regard ;
 Had they but the least want express't,
 Was soon and willingly redress't ;
 If he but saw that they had need,
 Any improvement for their gweed,
 His purse was aye at their command,
 Through a' the corners o' his land.
 To do gweed he aye was ready,

Baith him and his gentle lady,
They many kindly actions did,
Will come to light that yet is hid.
Wi' the stiff clayey soil o' Slains
He neither spared purse nor pains,
And like to baffle a' did seem,
He sent and ploughed it up wi' steam.
A' the fishermen on his lands
Had many favours at his hands ;
Harbours he built where he saw need,
And many things did for their gweed.

To save their lives in time o' storm,
Wi' liberal hand he did perform,
And his gweed Christian lady
Was like to him, ever ready,
Aye buildin' schools where she saw need,
Without respect o' sect or creed ;
She nae preference to any showed,
By her were a' alike endowed,
For their eternal welfare cared.
May she among them lang be spared,
See fruits spring up a hunder fold,
Mair precious than the finest gold,
Will last when earth and all its store
Will be consumed and is no more.
Short-sighted mortals canna see
What for their gweed is best to be,
We would murmur, and say why
Has the good man so soon to die

When so much good is being done ?
Men's interests cared for, their souls won.
By the example that they see
Of those that in high station be,
As well's o' them a lesson learns,
Looks to a future life's concerns.

The good and true right-hearted man
Has oft a short allotted span
Gien to him here upon this earth,
Till taken to a better berth,
Maun leave all, in dust lie down,
And exchange for heavenly crown.
The vain allurements o' this scene
Come oft them and their God atween ;
The good is oft quickly taen away,
While wicked men get leave to stay,
Their life prolonged down here below,
In hopes they'll turn before they go,
Extending lang their day of grace,
And fit them for a better place.
If they repent they will most sure
Be saved, even at the eleventh hour.

The late laird's gweed deeds to tell ower
Is a task far past my power,
In history they'll ever shine,
By mony ane be kept in min'.
I never can in time forget,
How Slains' library up he set

In a way quite unexpected.
For years it had been neglected,
The books been sad and sair abused,
Cared for by nane, by a' ill-used ;
Wi' careless usage sadly torn,
The bindin's aff o' them maist worn,
Keepit in a most unsuitin' place,
On a damp wa', in a damp press.
Maist o' them in want o' bindin',
To do that nae money findin',
The whole concern nearhan' failin',
To raise't up nae way for tellin'.
When like to fa' to rise nae mair,
And be among the things that were,
The kind, gweed laird o' Slains appeared,
And it through danger safely steered,
And set it upon its feet again,
In a' its usefulness to men.
Pounds he gave, and that nae a few,
The books to get re-bound anew,
In a place get them right keepit,
Where they'd nae wi' damp be steepit ;
A man set ower to keep it right,
O' a' the books to keep a sight,
And gie to a' folk that need them,
Books to take hame and read them ;
A yearly sum for them set by
To keep them goin', nae useless lie.

That I'm well pleased, is nae wonder,

When I'm its first and only founder.
 I spared nae time nor yet expense,
 Although some at it took offence
 When called upon wi' it to help.
 I persevered despite their yelp,
 And got to it many a shillin'
 Frae them that for gweed were willin'.
 I soon had a sum o' money—
 A ten-pound note I got frae Cluny.
 To make the money bigger still,
 A five-pound note came frae Parkhill;
 Cash frae tenants on their grounds
 Made up the sum to sixty pounds.
 Folk should do gweed where'er they gang,
 Should they stop short or stop they lang.
 I dwelt for nine lang years in Slains,
 To do some good I took some pains,
 Got a library set on foot,
 I'll nae repent as lang's I've wit.

I hope, my lady, you'll accept
 Frae me, nae just a great adept
 In rhymin' up in prose or verse,
 I canna be called a poet scarce,
 But fain wi' you I'd sympathise,
 As far as power in me lies,
 And your great grief wi' you to share,
 Ye hae been called upon to bear;
 Though hard to bear, yet may you see
 A loving Father's hand to be,

For wise reasons he has seen best
To call your husband to his rest.
Now, we trust, in his heavenly home,
Where no disease nor death can come,
But perfect joys for ever flow.
Freed from the cares of life below,
Each ransomed soul doth quickly fly
Up to its blissful home on high.
Though high their station has been here,
Higher in that exalted sphere,
They will in endless honours roll,
A satisfied, a happy soul.
Had they it now o' their choicin'
Things o' earth they'd be despisin',
Just mere playthings and childish toys
When compared wi' their present joys.
When a' the changes o' this life,
When a' the battles and the strife,
A' the mortal ills o' life are past,
And the dread moment comes at last,
When the grim king to you draws near,
May you look on him wantin' fear,
Only come you to escort home
To where all good people come,
And meet your husband there on high,
No more to part, no more to die,
But changeless all for aye remain,
Where joys and bless for ever reign.

A LAMENT FOR THE LATE EARL OF FIFE.

AH ! Death, you've busy been of late
Removing men of high estate,
Ye rich and poor make all alike,
None can escape when you do strike.
Into this world by man's sin brought,
Among men ye have sad havoc wrought ;
By you all mankind have to die,
Get your commission from on high ;
No wealth nor power can stay your hand,
Both poor and nobles of the land
Must go when you do on them call—
Such is the common fate of all.
Death, you have deprived of life,
The good, the noble Earl of Fife,
A loss be felt both far and wide
By all that in his lands abide.
They will for him sincerely mourn,
Gone from them, never to return ;
A good, kind landlord to them been,
Stood them and many ills between,
Had many favours at his hands
Through all his extended lands,
Aye scheming something for their gweed,
And giving what he saw them need.
Tenants' welfare had aye at heart,
Did to them well a landlord's part.
In House of Lords be felt a blank,
Country his services have to thank,
Both for his time and talent lent,

Did's best for Scotland's government ;
Supported measures for her good,
Industries and supply of food,
Twa things she most depends upon,
She will now miss his counsel gone.
Good statesmen true she ill can spare,
To steer her right needs a' their care—
The late Earl gone did well his part,
And for him now her grief is smart.

But why thus for him sadly mourn ?
To the bright side now let us turn.
The good Earl did his duty here,
Translated now to higher sphere
After earthly toil (done his best),
Has, we trust, entered on his rest ;
Done duty to his fellow-man,
Accepted of salvation's plan,
Has run his race, and won the prize,
With his Saviour in the skies—
On earth did serve with ardent love,
Will spend eternity above ;
Would not exchange his present state
For a world's pomp and riches great,
Would not return to earth's vain show
For all the kingdoms here below,
Of all pain, sin, and sorrow free,
Loving Saviour ever see.

Another cause mak's grief the less—

One of the name to take his place,
A landlord good to tenants be,
An exact counterpart they'll see
Of the good earl that now is gone,
Father's footsteps followed by the son,
Will do to them what joy affords.
Take his place in the House of Lords,
Good landlord and statesman be,
Measures for country's good agree.
Devoted to his country's good,
And tenants' friend hath firmly stood,
Be ever named in after life
As a true and good Earl of Fife ;
When all life's toils and troubles o'er,
Join his forefathers gone before
In that other world, bright and fair,
Where no sad partings ever there,
But undivided dwell for aye
In realms of everlasting day.
To sorrowing friends left behind,
Heaven send consolations kind,
May see a Father's hand in this,
A friend removed from earth to bliss.
Heaven doth but its own restore,
Not to them lost but gone before,
In Christian race may urge them on,
And meet their friends to heaven gone,
United stand the throne before,
When things of earth and time's no more.

This call to one of noble birth
Shows no respect to sons of earth,
As well's the poor the rich must die,
Descend to grave from station high.
If to them be riches given,
Account will be required by heaven
Of how on this earth have spent them,
To the poor and needy lent them.

A RHYMING LIST OF THE KIND PATRONS OF
MY BOOK OF RHYMES.

PUBLISHED IN 1874.

I'm rhymer now, as may be seen,
To Prince Leopold and the Queen ;
Mrs. Buchan of Auchmacoy,
Miss Buchan's favour I enjoy ;
The Misses Turner of Menie
Hae gien me mony a penny ;
Lady Clark of Tillypronie
Has been kind with shillin's mony ;
The good Lady Dingwall-Fordyce,
For my book sent something nice ;
Dowager Countess of Aberdeen
Has to me very liberal been ;
Misses Leslie of Powis House,
Their purse strings hae broke loose ;
Mr. Lumsden of Balmedie
Has been my friend, firm and steady ;

Lady Lumsden, Belhelvie Lodge,
A handsome sum she did not grudge ;
Lady Leith, owner of Leith-hall,
With a good sum did on me call ;
Frae Keith-hall, the Earl of Kintore
Sent me shillin's mair than a score ;
Lord Saltoun, House of Philorth,
A handsome sum to me sent forth ;
Colonel Gordon of Fyvie laird,
Did also for me show's regaird ;
J. H. Udney of Udney's Green,
Has shown himself to me a frien' ;
William Henderson, Devanha House,
To me his money's been of use ;
Thomas Douglas, of the Hotel,
Of what he gave I'm proud to tell ;
William Yeats of Auquharney's land,
He gave to me with liberal hand ;
Sir William Forbes, Fintray House,
A good round sum to me let loose ;
George Thompson of Pitmedden, Dyce,
Sent to me a donation nice ;
Robert O. Farquharson of Haughton,
Did not pass me with money none ;
William Cunliffe Brooks, Glentanar,
Used me in a genteel manner ;
Hardy Robinson of Denmore
Sent to me shillin's half a score ;
Late Colonel Forbes, Rothienorman,
Was great good to me performin' ;

John Miller, Chemical Works here,
Helped me on with my career ;
Newell Burnett, Cairnton Cottage,
Sent me what would buy my pottage ;
Martin Pirie, of Stoneywood,
Has proved himself a patron good ;
David Seton, Mounie, Daviot,
Book for naething would not have it ;
Alex. Nicol, Murtle Hoose,
He helped me to cook my goose ;
Captain John Gordon of Cluny,
When he lived he sent me money ;
Henry Gordon, laird of Manar,
Did not me from his purse debar ;
John H. Milne, land of Craigelly,
Liberal was to me in really ;
Hugh G. Lumsden of Clova land
Did also me with money stand ;
Captain Duff of Hatton Castle
Helped me with debt to wrestle ;
J. W. Pease, Cardovan Lodge,
To my appeal did quickly budge ;
The Hon. G. Skene of Montcoffer,
Shabby sum he did not offer ;
The late laird of Rothiebrisdane,
With me on trifles did not stan' ;
Major Thomas Leith, Pitmedden,
Gladdenin' rays was on me sheddin' ;
The now honoured Marquis of Lorne
Showed that he was liberal born ;

Walter Leslie of Drumrossie
Helped me a bit up the closie ;
T. J. R. Innes, Netherdale,
On with my task gave me a spell ;
Alexander Baird of Urie
Came down with a golden showerie ;
William Leslie of Wartle laird,
His money with me liberal shared ;
A. Kilgour of Loirston, Cove,
Up with my book gave me a shove ;
Edward Pease, Kindrchet Cottage,
I'll mind on, though in my dotage ;
F. Garden Campbell, House of Troup,
He did not let my spirits droop ;
Sir R. Abercrombie, Forglen,
Is one of the right kind of men ;
The Lord Macduff of Geldie Lodge
Did not leave me alone to trudge ;
James W. Barclay, Auchlossan,
By him I was nothing lossin' ;
Archdeacon Bisset, Lessendrum,
Sent to me a handsome sum ;
Alex. P. Hogarth, Seaton,
Gave to me a handsome treatin' ;
A. S. Wilson, North Kinmundy,
Help'd me up with my fund aye ;
General Disney Leith of Blackhall
Handsome responded to my call ;
Lord Inverurie, Dunnichan House,
Sent cash that was to me of use ;

Harry Lumsden of Pitcaple
Sent to me a handsome "apple";
Macpherson-Grant, Ballindalloch,
With laughter made me squalach;
Colonel Duff, laird of Knockleith,
Gave money of some length and breadth;
William Leslie of Nethermuir
Made on me fa' a siller shower;
William Newall of Blairfindy
Was with money very kind aye;
James Florence, number ten Queen's Road,
Sent money on to my abode;
James Davidson of Balnagask,
For help in vain I did not ask;
Francis G. Fraser of Findrack
A liberal sum he sent me back;
Charles Dalrymple, Kinellar,
Gave me onward a propellar;
Lord Clinton, House of Fettercairn,
A liberal man I then did learn;
Captain C. B. Fisher, Murcar,
Was with me a fellow-worker;
The noble Earl of Aberdeen
Is about the best man I've seen;
Baronet Sir Dudley Majoribanks,
For what he sent deserves my thanks;
Lord Rosebery, Dalmeny Park,
Gave me a push on with my wark;
William Ferguson, Kinmundy,
Gave out by baith door and window;

Major Turner of Turnerhall
Aye added to the rollin' ball ;
James Sim, the late laird of Cornhill,
Gave me a little with good-will ;
James Shepherd, Aldie, Cruden, laird,
Showed unto me his kind regard ;
John F. White, flour merchant here,
Likes well to help the honest peer ;
Alex. Smith, at the Gas Works,
Is nae miser, but out he forks ;
John Begg, of Lochnagar Distil',
His mite sent to me with good will ;
J. F. Leith, M.P., Aberdeen,
A little help has to me gien ;
A. Macdonald, Field, & Co.,
They did not let me empty go ;
Andrew Farquharson, of Whitehouse
Me a donation down did douse ;
William Hall, shipwright, Aberdeen,
To me a good friend has been ;
Colonel Innes of Learney
With cash heaped up the cairn aye ;
Peter Morison, the Lime Co.,
He has not been to me a foe ;
James Matthews, King Street, architect,
Was better than I did expect ;
J. A. Sinclair, of Scotland Bank,
Among my friends I now must rank ;
H. Wolridge Gordon, Esslemont,
With his full purse came to the front ;

Robert Catto, laird of Wallfield,
Did unto me the right thing yield ;
George Emslie, that lives at Kintore,
With his money swelled up my store ;
A. Duthie, shipbuilder, Fittie,
Helped me on a little bittie ;
George Paterson, the Deeside Lodge,
He did not treat my call as fudge ;
Andrew Mitchell, late Foveran House,
Sent what would buy a brace of grouse ;
Daniel Mearns, a merchant here,
To send me cash he did not fear ;
James Cumine, House of Rattray,
Helped me to defend my battery :
Colonel Farquharson, Invercauld,
Was to me a friend, true and bauld :
Doctor Beveridge, in Aberdeen,
Has proved himself to be my frien' ;
Colonel Fraser, Castle Fraser,
Up my muse has helped to raise 'er ;
George Williamson of Littlewood
Has with his money done me good ;
William Hutcheson of Cairngall
Has sent money to where I dwell ;
A. Boyd, St. Fergus, Castlebrae,
The same I have got money frae ;
J. R. Mackenzie, of Thorngrove,
A gey good friend did to me prove ;
James Crombie, late of Govalbank,
Was good to me, I'll feel the blank ;

A. Douglas Ainslie, Delgaty,
For the hard-up he shows pity ;
Robert Smith, laird of Glenmillan,
To help me was very willin' ;
John Fyfe, of the Kemnay Quarries,
To do good he never taries ;
Walter Scott, Glendronach Distil',
The money sent did me nae ill ;
Gilbert Wilkinson, Monaltrie,
Is not neither mean nor paltry ;
John F. Lumsden, House of Auchray,
Helped in my strait to put it bye ;
Captain Farquhar, House of Muiresk,
To help me on unlocked his desk ;
John L. Ross, of Arnage estate,
Gave me a very handsome treat :
John Fowler, laird of Easter Skene,
Stood me and poverty between ;
Alex. Scott, Towie-Barclay,
Lighted up where I saw darkly :
J. Forbes Mitchell, of Thainstone,
On me he has with favour shone ;
Robert Tindal, of Stonehaven,
Has a nice donation given ;
Major Ferguson, Coynach Brae,
I have some money gotten frae :
William Black Ferguson, Invery,
To thank him well I'll ever try ;
John Park, merchant in Fraserburgh,
Pulled me out of despondin' slough ;

Admiral Farquhar, Carlogie,
His cash made me blythe and bogie ;
William Dunn, Huntly's Battle Hill,
His cash did me with pleasure fill ;
William Maitland, of Shannaburn,
Did me a very handsome turn ;
William Findlay, six Carden Place,
Helped me on in my rhymin' race ;
Colonel G. Kinloch of Park,
To me made light where it was dark ;
Alexander Stuart, Laithers,
Gave to me nae stupid blethers ;
William M'Kenzie, of Fintry,
A nice donation gave to me ;
R. G. Gordon, Letterfourie,
Rained on me a gentle showerie ;
R. Lumsden, House of Ferryhill,
Did to me not that very ill ;
Simpson Shepherd, of Drumduan,
Did something to prevent my ruin ;
D. L. Shirras, House of Tullos,
Sent cash, and then twa books follows ;
Francis L. Pirie, Waterton,
He wished to see me gettin' on ;
J. Davidson, Inverurie,
Wished my way pleasant and flowery ;
J. F. Lumsden, Albyn Terrace,
Seemed my adventure to caress ;
Edward Fiddes, of one Queen's Road,
Wished to help me to bear my load ;

James Nicolson of Glenbervie
Wished me success to deserve aye ;
John Fraser of Derncleuch
Helped me to climb Parnassus' heuch ;
E. B. Stuart of Crichtie Dens
Well me rewarded for my pains ;
John Stewart, Banchory Mansion,
My rhymin' efforts did sanction ;
William James Taylor, Rothiemay,
Helped me to keep the wolf at bay ;
Duncan Forbes of Balgownie
Bade me ride my rhymin' pony ;
George Donald, senior Baillie,
Friends like him I would wish daily ;
James Park, Fraserburgh, in the north,
To me a man of sterling worth ;
Doctor Fiddes, Union Street,
He sent for me with him to meet :
David Dewar, of Castle Street,
Helped to set me upon my feet ;
Alex. Simpson, Firs, Murtle,
Fed me up like ony turtle ;
R. B. Horne, eight Queen's Terrace,
Me and my book on would carry's ;
James Henderson, Carden Terrace,
Helped to keep me aff the paris' ;
J. Mitchell, laird of Glassel,
To my cap he sent a tassel ;
Colonel Chambers, Huntly Lodge,
He sent me cash without a grudge ;

Doctor Stewart, dwells at Heathcot,
Showed he had not me forgot.

TO MY KIND PATRONS.

IF former patrons would assist
With trifle sma', they'd never miss't
(It's mony sma's mak's up a great),
Would now put me out of my strait.
Liberal as with my bookie last,
Then a' my troubles would be past,
If me their aid kindly lent it,
Soon my bookie I'd get printit ;
If I'd but siller of my ain,
I for help would nae be prayin',
But that's the thing I do not hae,
Depend on what I friends get frae.
Cobblin' auld sheen, nor much of that,
It will be lang ere I get fat :
Cobblin'. at best, but a poor trade,
Nae better though new boots I made.
Poor the livin' of a soutar,
Wife he'd need to live without 'er,
Can scarce get meat just to himsel',
A bachelor he'd need to dwell,
Of a family need never think,
And, above a', keep frae drink.

RECOLLECTIONS OF UDNY IN THE OLDEN
TIME.

I WILL try and write a bit rhyme
About Udny in the olden time,
As far back as I right can min',
The year of eighteen twenty-nine.
Old John Leslie minister then,
Good old John mony ane did ken ;
Though he is now lang dead and gone,
His humble ways I mind upon.
No fine black dress nor pride had he,
Nor pulpit gown as now we see ;
An old black coat and crumpled hat,
And white cord trousers, dressed in that.
First gospel preachers bring to mind,
Their dress but scant, of poorest kind--
Fine dress does not make preaching good,
The only thing pure gospel food—
'Tis not the dress upon the man,
But plain describe the gospel plan.
In John no vain show could trace,
Was not particular with his dress.
While oft the manse, as folk came by,
Carrying in neeps into his kye,
Aye the folk kent would be in time,
When minister saw working prime.
Good man thus mindful of his beasts,
Better than our more modern priests !
When saw folk gathering to the kirk,
He shut the door on cow and stirk ;

When right had made cow and bullock,
Cleaned his shoes on grassy hillock,
Then straight up Udny's bonny green
Was Sunday after Sunday seen.
Some little dogs before him ran,
Was like some poor, old beggar man.
A stranger once was heard to say,
That came to hear him preach one day,
And did not know the Udny plan—
“ Will they allow that beggar man,
With all that dogs to enter there?
The congregation all will stare.”
Some one says to him, “ You stoopit,
That's the man ascends the poopit,
You came to hear preach the day.”
Says he, “ If that's so, I'm away.”

Into the kirk went dogs and man,
And the day's services began ;
When first a song of praise was sung,
Then prayer had 'most on my tongue,
The same words repeated ower
He had used many times before,
Said aye the same in whole and part,
Most of the folk had them by heart.
Then sermon on morality
Had little Gospel quality,
From's text had naething else to tell's,
But live at peace amongst oursel's ;
Kindness have for one another,

Everyone to love their brother ;
Be in their actions true and just,
Wholly in good deeds put their trust ;
Pay all their debts to others due,
As they would take to others do ;
To keep down din, a little lee,
He aft said, no great sin would be ;
In a good moral life to shine,
Without a faith in aid Divine,
And not Holy Spirit given,
By own good deeds get to heaven.
Then sung another song of praise,
In solemn sound their voices raise,
Followed by concluding prayer,
Again the same words used there.
No time put off chapters reading,
Did not think that folk was needing,
Without he did explain the same,
The chapters folk could read at hame,
Then a short benediction said—
Whole service in an hour made.

Short before death old John removed,
He wished his nephew, whom he loved,
To be placed his successor there,
Of his loved flock to have the care ;
Feed them with the same kind of food,
As he, old John, thought to be good.
When the old man had breathed his last,
And all his trials and troubles past,

Young John thought in his shoes to step,
And kirk emoluments to reap.
Then got up an awful bother,
Some would have this, some the other ;
The Presbytery, divided, fought,
To keep him out objections sought,
Tried many low and mean-like plan,
Because he'd been a working man,
The only fault that they could get,
But forced to own the fault not great ;
Obliged the Kirk to let him have.
To all their faults the lie he gave,
Did good pastor to Udny prove.
He soon gained all the people's love ;
Nice, quiet, earnest man he was,
Did much in his great Master's cause ;
His flock did him lovingly regard.
He is now reaping his reward ;
Gone and left his flock behind him,
Will at last in heaven find him.
Another now has got his place
To teach the flock the way of grace,
To be got by faith and prayer,
Acceptably he labours there.

Another strain I must select,
Is what my readers will expect,
And tell them more about Udny's land,
Of the estate and castle grand.
Old Udny Castle, at that time,

A stately house of stone and lime,
 Up-towering high majestic stood,
 Seen far above surrounding wood.
 Long avenues of pretty trees,
 That long have stood the wintry breeze,
 A shelter to the walks indeed,
 Meets interlacing overhead.
 Udney Castle, an ancient place,
 One can by its surroundings trace
 To be of very ancient date,
 Many vicissitudes has met ;
 Of great antiquity can boast,
 Now in the mist of ages lost ;
 Generations past, come and gone,
 Of its first owners there is none ;
 Great many changes it has seen
 Within its walls enacted been,
 Seen man born, bloom, and pass away,
 Both mourning scenes and parties gay.

Udney Castle was in its prime,
 Grand place in Jamie Fleemin's time,
 When Jamie broke the beastie's leg,
 And chock'd the geese, gave them a fleg ;
 From going mad, the worst of ills,
 For places looked to big windmills,
 Folk said his master's head would turn,
 And friends would loss of reason mourn.
 The ground with vegetation scant
 He said you will with factors plant,

In any place they'll grow and thrive,
Manure to them you need not drive ;
To Aberdeen rode on his stick
To company of sodgers lick ;
Wished two or three to come at once,
Till on their backs he made them dance ;
As the time was wearing bye,
Let him get home put out the kye.

Udny Castle, a bonny place,
Has now put on another face,
Now pretty greens and gardens there,
Flower plots and walks everywhere,
Many improvements made ready
For young laird and pretty lady,
Now come to live and oft be seen
At bonny Udny's village green ;
Where all was desolate and bare
Has now assumed a lively air ;
The Castle now and bonny grounds,
And pretty woods that it surrounds,
Their dreary look has laid aside
Since owners came there to abide.
Bonny Udny, once praised in song,
Yet pretty places ranks among,
A great contrast to old Tolquhon,
A dreary sight to look upon,
With its ruined and roofless house
Makes Udny Castle look more spruce.
Far through the land the castle seen,

A good landmark long has been,
With its great turrets towering high
Stands pointing upwards to the sky.

On Udny's Green was markets held,
Did to the village profit yield ;
For feeing and sale of cattle,
Scene of many wordy battle,
Amongst cattle and horse dealers,
Whisky tents and drunken reelers,
With sweetie stands and children's toys,
Enjoyment for girls and boys ;
And older folk went often there
To spend the day at Udny's fair ;
But now gone that occupation,
Fairs now held at Udny Station,
In every month within the year—
What changes do in time appear.

Udny village—a bonny place—
Without market's traffic less,
Yet a stirring place of its size,
In a nice situation lies,
Exposed to the sunny south,
Unequaled, can be said with truth ;
A pretty kirk and manse can boast,
A handsome school hath money cost,
And handy inn where travellers stop,
With wright's and a blacksmith's shop ;
Tailors and merchants there,

Houses make three sides of a square—
These traders supply the people's need.
Graveyard where lie the silent dead.
At the south corner of the square,
The old parish kirk once stood there—
Place peopled by an other race
Than when first I kent the place ;
In the kirk now no kent faces,
Strangers now have ta'en their places ;
Scarce one that worshipped there now left,
But been by death of life bereft,
In the graveyard now silent lie,
Till the last trumpet sound on high.

In the land's scarce a tenant now,
If any left they are but few,
But all have gone to their lang hame
Since that I first to Udny came.
'Most every farm within the lands
But in that time have changed hands.
Three different lairds I now have seen
O'er Udny's lands have rulers been.
The lands of Udny large estate
Aye been well farmed and fully let.
Under good lairds they truly loved,
But few out of the land removed,
'Most all remained till days were done,
And then succeeded by a son ;
Same family in the farms stayed,
And rents by them punctual paid.

From Green of Udny to the sea
A good many long miles there be,
To where Knockha's old castle stands,
Where once lived lairds of Udny's lands,
In long back days ; a pretty place,
By the old ruins yet can trace,
By old remains yet to be seen,
Can judge of what it once had been ;
To yet be seen some pretty trees,
With fine effect the eye to please.
Knockha's Castle, though in ruins,
Recalls Jamie Fleemin's doin's ;
When he flung out the charter chest,
Show'd he was with some reason blest,
Also showed his amazing strength—
Three strong men could not gone that length—
Dash'd it through window's oaken frame,
No other man could done the same ;
Saved title deeds of the estate,
To the landlord was a service great.
When he that job had gotten deen,
He danced with glee upon the green.
The cook, he said, aye spoke of hell,
This night she will be there hersel' ;
She in the castle now on fire,
To see her brunt was his desire.

Castle has situation grand,
Extensive view of sea and land ;
View from that high, conspicuous place

From Cruden Skares to Girdleness ;
A fine view of the Ythan mouth,
A grand sea view both north and south,
The Ythan water stretched below,
In which tides out and inwards flow.
Ships often sailing out and in,
The trade of Newburgh does begin,
That's now a handsome village grown,
And all the laird of Udny's own.
Pretty houses built and building,
Profit to the landlord yielding.
A handsome inn and shops new built,
Of people's needs no want is felt ;
Old houses fast disappearing,
On their sites new ones rearing ;
Branch of a bank establish'd there,
Takes in folk's cash has it to spare,
And lends them money back again
When trade upon them makes a drain ;
Telegraph, post office, station,
Used in trading occupation.
From the old castle now appears
Grander sight than in former years,
A pleasant place to look upon,
Substantial built of granite stone ;
Pity there stones so far to drive,
Else a great village there would thrive.
Ythan, a fishing river too,
From Tarty Burn down to its mou' ;
The mussel beds in Ythan there

Brings in the cash to keep and spare,
For fishermen their lines to bait,
Adds value to Udney estate.
The salmon fishings yearly let,
As well's good sport the anglers get ;
There not in vain doth Ythan rin,
Good sums of money she brings in,
Well stocked with salmon and sea trouts,
Brings in the cash there's little doubts.

In former years a chapel stood,
Dispensed to people Gospel food,
In sound preaching, praise, and prayer,
Close by the banks of Ythan there ;
And a small piece of burying-ground,
With stone dyke lately fenced round,
Where in peaceful silent slumbers
Newburgh villagers in numbers,
And still in it interring more,
Still adding to the gastly store.
In centre of the burying-ground,
Upon a slightly-rising mound,
Stands the Udney family vault,
To this day without flaw or fault,
O'er their bones faithful sentry keeps,
Where many of the family sleeps
With forefathers gone before them ;
Dust of ages gathers o'er them,
Till Nature's great and final morn
All vaults and graves asunder torn.

Home awaits young laird and lady,
When time comes may they be ready ;
Heaven grant that the youthful pair
Be long before they are laid there,
But may it be ever in their mind
That this the end of all mankind,
Live useful lives while they are here,
Time done on earth, in heaven appear.
No state on earth, however high,
Will them exempt, for all must die ;
All must go when their days are done,
From beggar to queen on the throne.
Let all be wise and flee in time,
Pardon obtain for sin and crime.

Hope the old castle in repair,
Udny family yet see there,
A lively place it then would be,
Newburgh tenants will all agree ;
Do the village a deal of good,
Make a demand for clothes and food,
The Newburgh merchants all supply,
A family there would come and buy ;
Lots of servants aye something needs,
And to the shops some custom leads,
Besides the place where landlord lives
To trade a stimulus it gives.

Though Udny Castle pretty place,
Castle of Knockha' be nane the less,

By far more lively it would be
To look upon the rolling sea,
To see the ships sail out and in,
Past the place see Ythan rin,
See busy trade there carried on,
See shipping place and pier of stone,
Make dull times pass on clever
Fishing in the Ythan river,
The pretty trout and salmon catch,
Their gambols in the river watch.
Now a bridge across the river
Lets folks get through smart and clever,
No bother now with ferry boats,
As in past times was always lots ;
No waiting now down-going tide,
Till then no horse and cart could ride,
Come any time and drive right on,
It hath much good to Newburgh done.
The farmer folks that live in Slains
Can any time bring through their grains,
Take back manure, or coals and lime,
Without delay or loss of time.
When first I kent South Fardens Hill,
And moss came near to Fiddes' Mill,
A dreary place, without a house,
Was only fit for ducks and grouse.
In moss horse or cow could tether,
Hill grew little else but heather ;
A useless place but for the view ;
Then public-house at Fountainblue.

Udny and Ellon turnpikes cross't,
When first I mind sod inn could boast,
Was built with turf cut off the hill,
In it sold many pint and gill,
By a man, William Fettes, keep't,
That now lang in his grave has sleep't.
But now the moss near clean away,
No peats there this many a day,
All into cultivated land,
And useful crops now on it stand ;
The hill now houses built upon,
Farming everywhere carried on,
Small farms and crofts to people let,
Where they a decent living get,
A good new inn at Fountainblue,*
Now a mair lively place to view.

At that time three schools did stand,
As far's I mind, in Udny's land.
The first in Udny's village green,
A place of learning noted been,
Turned out many a scholar grand,
Held high positions in the land ;
And at Howe of Culter-Cullen,
School taught them that were willin' ;
Compulsory education then
Was not thought of by ruling men ;
The third near Newburgh, at Loanhead,
Man, Robert Gordon, long since dead,

* The Inn at Fountainblue, at present discontinued.

First, when I mind was teacher there,
Often preached and offer'd prayer
In Fov'ran Kirk, as I can min',
In year of eighteen twenty-nine,
That time and some years after that,
Till kirk was filled by Mister Watt.
When's brother, Maxwell Gordon, died,
To get Fov'ran kirk hard he tried ;
His party triéd many a plan,
Failed by majority of one,
Despatched out of this world clever,
He was drowned in Ythan river.
While I mind to tell I'm willin'
About Howe of Culter-Cullen ;
In twenty-nine at the school there,
All but the school of houses bare,
School and school-house stood there alone,
Other houses as yet was none.
Man, John Seivwright, was teacher then,
Belonged to class of learned men.
A marshy howe came close theretill,
And loch on farm of Davishill,
Frequented by wild ducks in flocks,
Folk shot at them with old flint-locks ;
Percussion locks not common then,
But in use 'mong rich, sporting men ;
Mind there I've often done my best,
When out of school, seek wild duck's nest.
The Howe, near to a village grown,
A landlord might be proud to own.

Two merchants' shops now to be seen,
A wright's shop there for years has been,
A blacksmith and shoemaker
Cover ground more than an acre.
All but one there has crofts of land,
Both sides of road to Newburgh stand ;
The marshy howe and loch now dried,
There highest cultivation tried ;
Where once was but sprots and rashes,
Crops will please if not too fashious.

Hope the present generation
Will see at Udny Station
A handsome pretty village built,
Supply a want at stations felt ;
A handy inn already there,
Beside where held a monthly fair ;
A branch of bank and merchant's shop,
Houses where railway servants stop ;
Private houses built and building,
A more grand appearance yielding.
Moss of Pettymuck now away,
Around the station looks more gay ;
With railway trade where markets stand
Will do much good to Udny's land ;
A great contrast to what it was,
The railway being the moving cause.
At the place, as I've said before,
A little croft and merchant's store,
Some people now for ever gone

I often think and muse upon,
When I to dwell in Udny went,
Some of them were to me well kent.
Beadle of the kirk, old Gordon Reid,
For long now numbered with the dead.
Adam Scroggie, kirk precentor,
Many years to sing did enter.
To get that berth he had the luck,
He was a wright at Pettymuck.
John Logan, miller, Udny Mills,
Accepted by the people's wills,
Was elder lang of Udny's kirk,
And a good judge of cow and stirk.
Old Sandy Doverty; an old man,
At Udny Castle led the van,
Had management about the place
About year thirty-one of grace,
Noticed folks cattle in the parks,
And any other such-like warks.
George Sangster, officer of land,
Of Pettymuck moss rulling hand,
A very busy, active man,
And held three offices in one,
Was ground-officer and moss grieve,
Sheriff's officer, I believe ;
In the moss was truly happy,
There found means to get the drappie
When folk came to get a bit moss,
To give them never at a loss,
Although to some one day before

He made one bit suit half-a-score ;
Then lucky one first come best served,
By George's plan to none preserved ;
After hole's dug, the boundary made,
By George's never-failing spade,
Then with spade upon his shou'der,
Get his dram flew off like powder
To public-house that was close by,
There was keep't by Robert Machray.
John Davidson, of the lime quarries,
No longer in this world tarries ;
He was a man many ane did ken,
Had the lime quarries working then.
John Kemp was merchant in the Green,
Beside the kirk his shop was seen.
Mistress Davidson keepit the inn—
A quiet wife, made little din ;
A grocery shop she also keep't,
In the graveyard she long has slept.
Schoolmaster's name I think was Bisset,
If I'm not right, then what is it ?
Down at Bridgefoot lived Adam Moir,
Dead and gone years more than a score,
To farmers made both carts and ploughs,
Keep't public-house folk oft did use.
Old Sandy Mair's sons, George and John,
Shoemaking business carried on ;
And Sandy Moir, a blacksmith there,
Did horses shoe and ploughs repair.
Old William Gilles keep't the post-office,

Dealer was in teas and coffees ;
Grandfather of the present man
In the same place has business gran'.
Where now stands the Udney station
Was carried on occupation
Of general merchant, all its store,
By William Daverty, now no more.
George Stodart, long in Culter-Cullen,
To leave it no doubt unwillin',
Was oldest tenant in the land
That keep't the farm in his own hand.
James Reidford, long in Coulie been,
Now come to live in Aberdeen.
At Pettymuck old Sandy Marr,
Advanced in years now very far,
He has long there a tenant been,
And many ups and downs has seen.
Archbald Stodart, at Davishill,
Lived long, remember him I will,
Was good to me and parents gone,
By many will be thought upon.
Must not forget old James Allan,
At Monkshill long had his dwellin',
A bachelor he lived and died,
The married life he never tried.
Janet Duncan a'body kent,
And through the land she often went,
Called everywhere, bought up their eggs,
She doubtless oft had tired legs ;
Week after week she trudged on,

To sell her eggs at Brig o' Don ;
Collected news to tell again,
She silent long could not remain,
No secrets in her breast was locket,
Told them off and sat and smoket
Her never-failing cutty pipe,
Rehearsing every tale and clype ;
Folk to her tales gave little heed,
She's now long since with silent dead.
James Stirling, at Mill of Fiddes long,
Now long since laid the dead among,
As nice a hearty, honest man
As could be found in Udny's lan'.

Most of the notables I mind,
To speak about I am inclined,
Long dead but not forgotten lie,
Their mem'ry out will never die
While there lives one that once knew them,
That had some respect unto them.
So Udny Recollections done,
Mem'ry fails, cannot further won,
About folk there I once did ken,
So must conclude, and add Amen.

VERSES ON THE MARRIAGE OF LADY GORDON-
CATHCART OF CLUNY, &c.

THE other day a glad event
And joy to many a place was sent.
The tenants through the Cluny lands,

From where the stately castle stands,
And lands in Slains to western isles,
Distant more than a hunder miles,
A day of great rejoicing held,
O'er what much happiness will yield
To the good lady of the land,
Who on that day bestowed her hand
On a man worthy of her love,
A compact but death can remove.

At every place throughout the lands
The kind landlady gave commands
To meet and dine at her expense—
Substantial dinner, nae pretence,
Defrayed by her abundant wealth—
To richly dine and drink her health,
Along with partner of her choice,
With whom she can through life rejoice ;
Wishing a blessing from above
On happy pair, to crown their love,
With many years of pure delight,
In many joys their lives unite ;
In much contentment always found,
And useful lives to all around.
Happy tenantry around them,
By their love and kindness bound them ;
Each for other have kind regard—
Happy tenants, happy laird.

Appointed place in every land

Was held a demonstration grand.
The tenants met with joy, ready
Honour to their much-loved lady
Each one most willingly to pay
Landlady on her wedding-day.
By invitation kindly gi'en,
The whole tenantry did convene,
And a great holiday did make,
Of a rich dinner did partake.
Groaning tables, richly laden,
Earth's good things man's heart to gladden ;
No want or stinted means was there,
Plenty to eat and some to spare.

Dinner done and cloth ta'en up,
On tables placed the flowing cup,
A health was drunk to Britain's Queen,
Hearty wish and honour gien ;
And to the newly-wedded pair,
By all tenantry seated there,
To noble owners of the land,
A health was drunk with honours grand,
Three hearty cheers, with one cheer more,
With hearty voice and cheerful roar,
Long life and many happy days,
Joy and love shine on all their ways,
End a long life in peace below,
Then to a bright, better world go.

With other toasts and speeches made

To Britain's weal, commerce, and trade,
Spoke of their landlady kind,
Who tenants' welfare keeps in mind ;
Aye doing something for their good,
Poor in the land gives clothes and food,
And wishing all to happy be,
A living get by land and sea.
The fishermen, a numerous class,
For them improvements brought to pass,
Both here and in her Highland Isles ;
Harbour walls built, near count by miles,
Prevent great wrecks and loss of life,
From wild storms in those places rife.
Hardy sons of stormy ocean
Will her bless in their devotion,
And on high send up their prayers,
For what she's done for them and their's.

Judging by the long speeches made,
Much good is of her husband said.
Come of a noble, ancient race,
Can long back his ancestors trace ;
From old, true records it appears,
Something more than five hundred years,
In Ayrshire owners been of lands
That to this day in honour stands,
And brave defenders been the while
Of their loved native Britain's Isle.
Bravely led on her war-like sons
Amid the thunder of her guns ;

Their headlong charge no foe could stand,
The brave, the patriotic band ;
In many well-contested field
Made Britain's foes reluctant yield.
From hardy, brave forefather's sprung,
Whose deeds of bravery often sung
By the bards of true poetic skill,
And lovers of their country's weal,
Sir Reginald has descended.
His estates with Cluny's blended
Will form estate both wide and grand,
Almost the largest in this land ;
Where tenantry contented sit,
Few of them ever seek to flit,
Glad to have such landlords o'er them,
Kind as those now gone before them.

With such kind toasts and speeches roun',
Soon passed away the afternoon.
Then to the ballroom did repair
The flower of youth and beauty there ;
To bands of music tripped the dance,
For love and courtship happy chance ;
To Time's swift flight gave little heed,
The happy hours, with lightning speed,
Flew quickly past ; the night was spent,
The morning came ere well they kent.
On neighbouring heights bonfires blazed,
Made birds and beasts to look amazed,
Such light around them every way

Made darksome night to shine as day.

By such goodwill to tenants shown
 Will not away on them be thrown,
 But will return love to lairds,
 And will have for them best regards,
 With profound respect adore them ;
 Happy future lies before them.
 All their tenants will be glad aye
 Sir Reginald and his lady
 For many years o'er them to reign,
 Let each and all add, Amen.

A PLEA FOR SLAINS PAROCHIAL LIBRARY

(SENT WITH THE FOREGOING).

I HOPE by this time Sir Reginald kens
 About the library formed in Slains ;
 I hope to it a friend will be,
 To keep it up assistance gie,
 Good as the late Captain Gordon,
 As its friend his name recordin'.
 Had I the means at my command
 I'd give it feet whereon to stand.
 Late Mr. Rust did me bother,
 Said I was of it the father,
 And for that I was rightly blamed ;
 It is a child, I'm not ashamed,
 I'll proudly own it as a son.

Has much good in the parish done,
Much knowledge it has spread abroad,
Of ignorance removed a load,
And many leisure hour amused,
That otherwise might been abused.
Cannot tell of all its uses,
Keeps folk from the public-houses ;
To spend an hour on reading bent,
Their time could not be better spent.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF
CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.

AMONG my patrons I've to mourn
Three good friends gone, will not return.
There first departed from this life
The good old man, the Earl of Fife ;
Then lamented Earl of Kintore,
Both on this earth be seen no more ;
Earl of Crawford and Balcarres
(Three earls ill to find their marrows),
Has now from's labours gone to rest,
Gone now to mingle with the blest,
In that bright world of love and peace,
Where all pain, sin, and sorrow cease.
The good old Earl now lately gone,
Will be by many thought upon ;
His many tenants will deplore
A loss none to them can restore ;

The good old Earl was ever kind,
They did in him a true friend find ;
And quiet, retiring in his ways,
In peace among them spent his days.
Now that the final blow is dealt,
His loss will be acutely felt.

The reading world will feel his loss,
Writing books did his time engross,
Many great works he did produce,
To many men has been of use ;
Gave the fruits of a well-stored mind,
Will greatly benefit mankind ;
Will be read in many a home
By generations yet to come.

Hope his soul now to glory gone ;
In the new chapel, built of stone,
Body rests in peaceful slumber,
Hence amongst the ransomed number
Rise at the great and final day,
When earth and seas are fled away ;
Saviour trusted here below,
Shall then with Him to heaven go,
Reap the reward of all his toils,
Bask in his great Redeemer's smiles ;
As on eternal ages roll,
Will rest a joyful, happy soul ;
See all earth's greatest honours vain
Compared with his eternal gain.

What comfort here to friends bereft,
To family and widow left,
Can forward look to happy day
When shall again be joined for aye ;
Through endless years united be,
The glories great of heaven see,
Ever with their Saviour dear,
No parting sad again to fear ;
Delights appearing ever new,
Creator's plans unfold to view ;
Unnumbered worlds will then appear,
Were at best but conjecture here,
By astronomy darkly known,
And the dark secret clearly shown.
Same as our world with mankind fill'd,
For their Creator's glory will'd,
If with sin and temptation tried,
And for them a Saviour died,
Or had in innocence abode
Both true and faithful to their God.
Astronomy, noble science,
Has done much with its appliance
To scan and know the starry skies ;
But after death, what our surprise,
What scenes will burst upon our view !
Splendid, gigantic worlds, to us new,
The mind of man could not conceive
Nor their magnificence believe ;
Dimly seen by powerful glasses,
Their splendour ours far surpasses ;

Their great Creator's power display,
In all their motions Him obey.

May consolation come from heaven
To mourning widow comfort given,
And family of father bereft,
Behind him in this world left.
May heaven's grace to them be sent,
And in good deeds their lives be spent ;
Faithful stewards be of heaven,
Good things of earth to them given ;
Believing faith to good works join,
For such is the command Divine.
When time and earth come to an end,
May join again their earthly friend,
Husband and father, gone before,
Together heaven's King adore ;
United family be again,
Now free from separation's pain.

Though from friends and tenants Earl gone,
Loss made up to them by his son,
Will prove himself to them a friend,
Ever a helping hand extend ;
Good Earl Crawford and Balcarres prove,
That every friend and tenant love,
And through his life in after years
An honour to the name he bears.

I at Dunecht would like to be,

Clear night the starry heavens see,
In the observatory there—
I with astonishment would stare,
Through powerful glasses see the skies,
Planets roll nightly, set and rise,
Each in their courses as they roll
Along the skies from pole to pole.

TO KIND FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

HAPPY new year to those my frien's
That has me helped with their means,
Baith at this and at other times,
To pay the printing of my rhymes,
Without their aid I would have stuck,
To get kind friends has been my luck,
Far beyond my expectation ;
My poor trade and occupation
Makes me obliged to seek their aid
To print the bits of rhyme I've made.

Thanks to those heard my last appeal
And with donations helped me weel ;
Them that before did not see fit
Are not too late to help me yet ;
In time yet a small donation
From those in a higher station,
Else my muse I will hae tint 'er
Ere I get through this hard winter.

To all my friends to me most dear
 I wish a happy, blythe new year,
 With many returns of the same,
 Great happiness around their hame,
 In peace and comfort may they live,
 Have means to keep and means to give,
 Till all their days on earth be deen,
 Such the wish of their rhymin' frien',
 To all my friends is sent herewith,
 Your humble servant, JAMIE SMITH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAND OF TILLERY
 IN THE YEAR 1829.

To write a bit of rhyme I'll try
 About the land of Tillery,
 As far back as I richt can min',
 The year of eighteen twenty-nine.
 Year came to live at Davishill,
 I've kent what happen'd, weel or ill,
 Throughout the land of Tillery,
 For fifty-two years now gone by,
 Since first I saw the bonny place,
 That is the time, no more nor less.
 Surrounded by its woods and trees,
 My youthful mind did greatly please,
 The place to me appearing grand,
 So late come from a treeless land.
 In midst of woods a pretty house,
 Then but few years had run their course

Since it was built upon the green,
And stately stands now to be seen ;
Round it pretty greens nice lain out,
With thriving plantin's round about ;
Large, fruitful gardens at the place,
But by improvements now made less.
When Tillery first I ken'd,
A stately wood at the west end
Was much frequented by the crows.
When spring took place of winter's snows,
In their tree-tops built their nests,
Farmers round oft thought them pests ;
But, by observing, in the end
Them proved to be the farmer's friend,
Though the potato whiles uptorn,
Devour'd the grub and sav'd the corn.

The old crow wood at Tillery
Young boys like me could not come bye,
But from the school oft would tarry,
Trees would climb and crows' nests harry :
A dangerous work, as prov'd to me,
One day fell from top of tree ;
Live to tell't I scarce did expect,
Uncanny fall might broke my neck.
Crawl'd out of wood on hands and knees,
Cur'd me of again climbing trees.
That wood was in some years cut down,
And sold to wrights and farmers roun'.
Out of that place the crows did send

Down to a wood at the east end.
That wood again shar'd the same fate,
To get big trees the crows were beat,
Except a few around the house
And in small plants of firs and spruce.
Contriv'd to multiply their race,
Unwilling were to leave the place ;
And bonny woods of Tillery
So long resounded to their cry.

Another thing I'll take in hand,
Tell of tenants then in the land.
Beside the gate of Tillery,
In a snug corner there did lie,
That the north winds could do no harm,
A little place, James Chapman's farm,
The houses close beside the gate,
From that have been remov'd of late.
Man, William Ruxton, had a croft
By the burnside where land was soft.
Across the burn, almost close by,
Was farm of Mill of Tillery,
Possessed by Alexander Smith,
Whose ways folk been amused with,—
Was some eccentric in his ways,
Yet unknown how he closed his days,
An' by what means his death he met,
A mystery yet hangs o'er his fate.
Then next is the farm of Edgehill,
Man, David Ruxton, long did fill,

Up on the hill the houses stood,
Close beside the Skellydam Wood.

Right down from that high-up perch,
Three crofts close by the Ardo march,
Liv'd Robert Smith and William Gray,
Charles Ligertwood did there stay ;
The good old laird did to them let,
And gave them work on his estate ;
Considering man ground to give,
And work so as let crofters live.
Next in the land, some further down,
Lies the large, fine farm of Auchloon,
By Alexander Aiken farmed,
A quiet man, no one would harm'd ;
His parents, living at that time,
Young Sandy then was in his prime.
From Auchloon let us westward turn
To some small farms across the burn,
Where William Chrystal liv'd and died,
An honest man, both staunch and tried ;
Was elder lang of Fov'ran Kirk,
Bought and sold many cow and stirk.
Close beside old William's dwallin,
For a long time liv'd John Allan ;
Was long a tenant in the land,
Faithful did what he took in hand ;
Long member of the kirk of Shiels,
For such as him folk respect feels.
Next comes Bridgefoot, where William Deans,

When first I kent was in his teens ;
Only tenant in the land
That has a farm in his own hand ;
Near sixty years been farmer there,
No one left can with him compare,
Now oldest tenant in the land,
May be to him an honour grand,
At the back of the woods of Tillery
Did old James Leslie live and die ;
Was ground officer and moss grieve,
As carrier did fortnightly leave
For the good town of Aberdeen,
In Mealmarket Lane oft was seen,
Brought goods to house of Tillery
And other folk that liv'd near by,
Without him land would been at loss,
Took charge of Crabadona Moss.
Old William Cantly liv'd there long,
At darger work a labourer strong,
Leading man work at Tillery,
Did ever to do justice try ;
Long at the place did service good,
Liv'd on a croft at back of wood.
While tenants all thus recordin',
Must not forget old Lizzie Gordon.
Up on the brae her house did stand,
A useful woman in the land,
As a midwife by many sought,
By her many to the world brought.
Down through the land now in my tour,

Come to the town of Tillyfour,
Then tenanted by man, John Rae,
Farmed by him for many a day,
From where I liv'd saw him but rare,
Died shortly after I came there.
It a nice compact farm appears,
I dwelt on it eleven years.
The happiest years of my life,
Under Mrs. Sharp, then guidwife,
Well-liked tenant of Tillyfour,
Mind on her till my dying hour.

To Crabadona now must pass,
Tell what on it at that time was.
First a small croft and a wright's shop,
Man, Sandy Hutcheon, there did stop ;
Built thrashing mills both far and near,
Made carts and ploughs and farming gear.
Then further on a steading stood,
Liv'd man, George Laing, a blacksmith good ;
Had there a wide extended trade,
Horses shoed, iron ploughs he made,
Farmers' plough irons kept in trim,
A nice croft there was own'd by him ;
Though looked a fierce and stern-like man,
A kindness had for ill-off one.
Now come to Crabadona farm,
To me gave oft reception warm,
James Argo long had tenant been,
Venerable, old man was seen,

To's memory yet respect one feels,
An elder was of kirk of Shiels,
Position held he did adorn,
Had fam'ly worship even and morn.
Left without helper or friend,
His son came to untimely end.
Next, to mud house must now proceed
Liv'd William Stewart, lang since deid,
Wise, quiet, inoffensive man,
A good wright, could work and plan
How difficult work could be done,
He coffins made to many one ;
Did all house work at Tillery,
With the old Laird a favourite aye.
Milltown of Minnes next comes on,
Alexander Catto, now gone,
For a long time was tenant there,
A man well kent was everywhere ;
Good farmer was, reared pretty beasts,
The food he gave them perfect feasts ;
Keepit a'thing snug about his town,
He to the Newburgh oft went down,
Where oft he bought and shipped grain,
A gran'ry had, employed some men.
Mill of Minnes next comes in view,
Tenant had could be beat by few.
William Walker, the miller there
At that time, none could work compare.
A frank, a true, kind-hearted man,
A friend to any hard-up one ;

Though purse empty, could not him pay,
Was never sent with nought away ;
The poor man's blessing oft he had,
A man doeth that cannot be bad.
Then, up the howe from Minnes Mill,
Farm of Damhead we next come till,
Alexander Nicol lived there then,
Belonged to class of trading men ;
Keep't a shop, sold goods a pickle,
Kent by the name of Merchant Nicol ;
At that time had a good fair trade,
Keep't some tailors, folks' clothes they made.
Next, up to farm on Minnes Hill,
Mister Fiddes lived there intill ;
First of his name I do not min',
Farmer there eighteen twenty-nine ;
A fine, large farm, up high it stood,
Beside the Hill of Minnes Wood,
Was standing then, afar was seen,
A good landmark for long had been.
Then, Nether Minnes, further on,
Tenanted by Hill of Minnes' son,
Robert Fiddes, then a young man,
Farm'd well upon his father's plan.

Then, small farm by Sandy Kelly,
For long on it he toil'd daily ;
Poor bodie, no great farmer was,
Doubtless want of cash the true cause.
Down the road on side of the hill,

And just nearly to Ardo's mill,
 A small farm, when first I kent it,
 By man, David Simpson, rentit.
 Then Ardo Mill, beside the burn,
 That did mill wheel with water turn.
 Arthur M'Donald, miller then,
 Honest man mony ane did ken.
 A little up the burnie side,
 A man, Peter Mutch, did abide,
 Folks' shoes did mak' and did repair,
 Had a nice bit of craftie there ;
 And, further up, lived Widow Reid,
 Not sure if then her man was deed,
 If not, did shortly after die,
 For croft paid rent to Tillery.

Then, by the dam above the mill,
 Some tradesmen, one of them there still—
 A shoemaker, Sandy Dunbar,
 Well kent by folk near and far ;
 A good trade long he carried on,
 But from him now for ever gone.
 William Martin, merchant tailor,
 Kept a shop without a failure,
 Made money fast, maist like a charm,
 Was able soon to take a farm.
 Then Hill of Ardo, it comes next,
 John Chrystal then the tenant fix't ;
 He farmed the place and managed well,
 Man of experience and skill.

Comes to the farm of Gateside,
Tenant John Milne did then abide ;
But there got to be tired of life,
To put an end he used the knife.

Then come we on to Darrahill,
William Fiddes, man of stern will,
He of the place was tenant then,
He was a man I well did ken ;
I often times to him did work,
He oft was stiff cash out to fork.
To Middle Ardo now we come,
Man, Gildowie, was then his home,
When first I mind was tenant there,
A man well kent at kirk and fair.
We now come on to Ironrive,
Where William Deary then did live,
Was then the tenant of the place,
Did not make on't a bonny face :
Much of it did in heather lie,
Disgrace to land of Tillery.
A place there must not be forgot,
Croft tenant then was George Stott,
That kill'd the sheep at Tillery,
Was a good hand to tell a lie ;
Did I some of his stories tell
Would be thought to tell lies mysel' ;
A handy man no doubt he was,
But much ill-feeling oft did cause,
Amongst the people of the land

He as peacemaker did not stand.

Must notice Mister Chessar's school
And him that over it did rule :
A clever man, had learning grand,
In the true measurement of land,
At land measure unrivall'd stood,
Writing and arithmetic good,
At reading lessons not a fool,
Yet small attendance at his school ;
Had a good croft, was then rent free,
But no rent no good farmer be ;
In wretched state the land it lay,
Part grew but rashes in his day.
Also there some old houses stood,
Beside plantation of young wood,
Where did a few old women live,
Tillery fam'ly oft did give
Of the good things they were possess't,
For such good deeds they are now blest.

Of small crofts there was another,
Robert Barclay and his mother
For many years had tenants been
And many changes there had seen ;
At gard'ning Robbie tried his hand,
And dress'd folks gardens in the land,
Set their kail, potatoes planted,
Other things in gardens wanted.
Thus I have tried, as far's I min',

State of the land in twenty-nine.
Old laird carried on farming then,
Employment gave to working men,
The home-farm kept in his own hand,
Farming a pattern to the land ;
George Smith had management of farm,
Kept all the beasts and crops from harm,
A careful man of all things there
That was committed to his care.

My readers would be at a loss
Not tell of Crabadona Moss.
Belong'd to land of Tillery,
Tenants had each there a bit set by
By moss grieve on a certain day,
For which they did a small sum pay.
Was not a homestead in the land
That but beside did peat-stack stand ;
No need for coals from distant towns,
All has moss-fire within the boun's,
Brushwood and trees near rotten
Out of woods were cheaply gotten.
Each tenant had what could desire
Land of Tillery for fire,
When first I kent about the place,
But now, I fear, is getting less.
So now I'll stop, and say good-bye
To bonny land of Tillery.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ELLON IN 1827 AND 1829.

SOME old things I will be tellin'
About the village of Ellon,
Some notice of't be given
In year of eighteen twenty-seven ;
Was the year I first saw the place,
Long time, cannot mind on it scarce,
A wonder was to me the more
Had village never seen before.
The Deer Dykes, when first I saw,
Them so high, thought would on me fa',
With the old Castle and the trees
Astonish'd did and greatly please,
Brought up in Cruden parish been
I trees before had never seen :
So strange to me did things appear
I look'd with wonder mix'd with fear ;
But when my eyes did rest by chance
On a big tree beside the manse,
With perfect wonder was amaz'd,
Up to its top I stood and gaz'd ;
Conjectur'd if it there had stood
Since earth was drown'd by Noah's flood,
Judging by its enormous size,
Of other trees its age was twice,
For long on turnpike side did stan'
Past men'ry of the oldest man ;
Ellon folks' care well rewarded,
North entrance of village guarded ;
Its branches spread across the road,

Security to folks' abode.

When I entered Ellon Square,
Saw the Tolbooth with its old stair,
With its stone steps built up in front
The upper storey up to mount,
One up from either side could walk,
On the broad top could stand and talk ;
And merchants around the Square,
Could little do but stand and stare,
Surpris'd so many things to see,
Not seen big shops, was new to me,
So many wonders had to face,
Me coming from a country place,
My whole attention did engage,
Was but a boy nine years of age,
On Ellon village best I min'
In the year eighteen twenty-nine,
Year I was first there sent to school
Go under the schoolmaster's rule ;
Before had some skill in reading,
Learn to write and count was needing.
Describe Ellon village then
Will try as far's I min' and ken.
Of Ellon Kirk I'll first venture,
First kirk I did ever enter,
Stands there by Ythan river side,
That past the place doth smoothly glide.
A large graveyard doth kirk surround,
Many folk resting place has found,

That was in Ellon living then,
Many of them I well ken.
Mister Douglas was at that time
The minister man in his prime ;
Some of his ways I mind upon,
Though he is now long dead and gone.
Style of preaching will not mention,
Did not then give much attention.
He did as others, I suppose,
Bade us love both our friends and foes,
That a High Power us above
We all must fear, obey, and love ;
That in a short time we all must die,
And in surrounding graveyard lie ;
Perhaps the subject of his sermon,
Of that cannot well determine ;
Being but a young boy at the squeel,
One thing he did I mind on weel.
When service done and all was o'er,
And folk dispers'd from the kirk door,
To post-office minister went
For a newspaper there was sent.
With open paper in his hand
Minister on the road did stand,
Of what was strange he read aloud
To part of folk around him stood ;
Inside the kirk did Gospel preach,
Outside doings of the world teach.
Other part off across the Square
To hear from old Tolbooth stair

Old Sandy Simpson cry the rouns,
Get bargains raised the people's hopes.
Sandy, then bellman and gravedigger,
Ellon folks kent Sandy's figure,
In graveyard well one's grave could tell,
But now, at last, lies there himsel'.

The parish school the kirk close by
And schoolhouse did adjacent lie.
Mister Lily, schoolmaster then,
Of some rude boys made learned men,
In after life have well got on,
A credit to his teaching shone.
A private school was also there,
In old Tolbooth, floor up the stair.
The teacher there was then George Clark,
Both teach'd and did some cooper wark ;
Good teacher was, brought scholars on,
A nice, quiet man, mind well upon ;
Mind well on him I have good cause,
Brought me well on, first teacher was.

The other kirks in Ellon then,
Ministers of both able men,
Seceder Kirk had Mister Young,
There preach'd and pray'd and praises sung ;
A Missionary Kirk stood beside,
Mister Roberts did worship guide ;
Chapel Saint Mary's on the rock,
Where Mister Grieve fed his lov'd flock.

Ellon of kirks was not then scant,
If folk not good not preaching want.

In Ellon then great days of coaching,
Railways were not then encroaching,
On the roads mail coaches flying,
Horses utmost speed were trying,
Carrying letters far and near,
Horses changed and night stayed here.
'Twixt Peterhead and Aberdeen
Ellon was just half-way between ;
At the New Inn were horses fed,
Wash their feet into Ythan led,
In stables fed with corn and hay,
And wait return of coach next day.
Stage coaches also daily ran,
Was work to many a boy and man,
In that days of coaches driving
Business was in posting thriving,
Gigs, chaises driving everywhere,
From New Inn and Watt's in the Square,
And Taylor's Inn beside the Brig
Also hired out a horse and gig,
Most of the markets on the hill,
The Hallow Market Square did fill,
On Market Hill the rest was held,
Less profit did to village yield ;
The Market Hill, a more clean stance,
Hallow Fair in the year but once,
Sometimes a perfect puddle was—

A rainy time was oft the cause.

Of the old houses in the Square
Very few of them now stand there ;
Tell of them what I mind upon,
Most of them from my mem'ry gone.
Beginning near to the big tree,
William Thompson's I mind to see,
Carrier was, keepit public-hoose
For travellers' and the public's use.
Next, Sergeant Walker's, close at hand,
Another public-house did stand,
Shoemaking business had there then,
Employed himself and some men.
Then, Sadler Garden's came upon,
Where a large trade was carried on,
Horses' harness made and repaired,
With Francis Moir Ellon trade shar'd.
Near to where did the sadler stop,
Man, John Clark, had grocery shop.
Down the road a bit further still,
Came to the shop of Thomas Milne ;
Old Thomas there was living then,
But come to rank amongst old men ;
Keep't spirit shop and other things,
The sale of which in money brings.
Across the road stands the New Inn,
Then a new house did trade begin ;
It was then thought a building rare,
Sandy Cowie, innkeeper there,

I think, assisted by his mother,
Manag'd to help one another,
Grand establishment at the time,
They did in it a business prime,
Now back again and up the brae,
Came to shop long keep't by John Rae,
Sold groceries, cloths, teas, and coffees,
Also keeper of post-office,
I am well sure, no lie tellin',
Had then the best trade in Ellon.
Beside his shop John Mackie dwelt,
In clocks and watches largely dealt,
Lots of them clean'd and did repair,
In my school days mind on him there.
Then, a short distance up from that,
Stood a large inn kept by James Watt,
Was then a well-frequented house,
Had everything for people's use.
Beside that stood the old Tolbooth,
A giral and a school for youth.
In lower floor the meal was stor'd
That tenants did their laird afford,
Part of their rent they paid in kind,
Meal storing there I well do mind.
In upper floor a school was kept
By a man, lang in 's grave has slept ;
Mind well on going up the stair,
My first school teaching I got there.
Round corner Thomas Shirreffs dwelt,
In porter, ales, and spirits dealt,

Was a sheriff's officer then,
Sometimes of use to business men ;
Also, a house, used daily,
Was kept by the Misses Kelly,
To suit the public had for sale
Good spirits, porter, and stout ale.
General merchant's shop was up there,
Old William Chalmers had the care,
Dealt in most things people need,
But now long with the silent dead,
Ellon Provost had the title,
He the honour valued little.
Bit up on Ellon's western side
Then old John Cowie did abide,
By trade a baker, long was there,
One of the two in Ellon Square,
Shop there, I think, was at that day
A grocery shop, kept by George Rae ;
Shoemaker, Barrack was by name,
Then had a shop was near the same.

John Johnstone's bakehouse and his shop
For long had stood up at the top,
For length of time he beats them all,
Owners changed or gone at death's call,
Old John has liv'd out all compeers,
A man now far advanced in years,
Far beyond all his neighbours rang'd,
Has Ellon seen completely chang'd.
Old Keith Mackie must not forget,

Good old man, like not often met,
 Kept a good, hearty public-house,
 To dram aye bread and cheese in use,
 A hearty bit to every gill
 To keep the dram from doing ill.
 Had belief in the old sayin',
 Drink wanting meat affects the brain.
 A watchmaker lived up also there,
 In the north corner of the Square,
 Thomas Will, I think, was his name,
 For a good tradesman had the fame.
 To old David Thomson's comes round,
 Another public-house is found ;
 In Ellon public-houses nine,
 The trade in each could not be fine.

New town of Ellon then but small,
 Inn, two kirks, few houses was all ;
 Old Andrew Taylor's inn was there,
 For long had managed it with care.
 Two kirks, each as the builder made 'er—
 Missionary and Seceder—
 Stood close one beside the other,
 Was like sister and like bother.
 Old Doctor Mitchell's house outside,
 Long there the doctor did abide,
 A useful man to many one,
 To cure disease tried many plan.
 Old Doctor Thom, a clever man,
 Of Ellon doctors the best one,

Had he but kept from the bottle,
Or turned and joined the teetotal,
Few doctors could with him compared,
In dangerous cases lives been spared ;
He in his prime in Ellon then,
In my schooldays I well did ken.
Nice gardens down to Ythan lay,
Made new town look both smart and gay ;
Ellon Castle stood in ruins,
The effects of old time's doin's,
Surrounded was by pretty trees,
Would old antiquarians please,
With its deer park and gardens fair,
To curious men a treat rare ;
New Ellon Castle not built then,
Nor planned by scientific men.
Such Ellon was in twenty-nine,
As near to that as I can min',
Not half the size that it is now,
And bigger still inclined to grow ;
About it now I need not tell,
The Ellon folks ken that themself'.
In Ellon what of changes been
In fifty years I have now seen ;
Of all I knew come to be men
But few remains that I did ken ;
All of them to other world gone,
A lesson to reflect upon ;
Some of them men in their prime,
What lesson to redeem the time ;

Proves that all men at last must die,
With silent dead in graveyard lie ;
Whate'er their station here below,
All at death's call must leave and go—
Must go when comes appointed hour,
Comes alike to both rich and poor.
How sad to think so many gone
In my young days I mind upon :
In business were in Ellon then,
Succeeded by new race of men.
Ellon village now pretty place,
When first I kent a good deal less,
New buildings fast now appearing,
Nice new shops and houses rearing,
For folk of all occupation,
Soon be up at railway station.
Though railway first made Ellon dull,
Will soon make it of business full ;
It now with stirring places ranks,
Three branches it has now of banks :
Telegraph, post-office, station,
News from and to every nation.
Markets there now fortnightly held,
Doth to the place much profit yield,
Frequented by the farmers round,
Brings to the place many a pound.
The New Inn and Buchan Hotel,
Only places now drink that sell ;
What a contrast when first I min',
In Ellon public-houses nine ;

A move in the right direction,
Great good public-house restriction.
So must conclude and wish success
To Ellon village, thriving place ;
The glory of the Ellon lands
On banks of Ythan proudly stands.

VERSES ON THE HOUSE AND ESTATE OF ARDOE
AND HEATHCOT, MARYCULTER.

UPON the banks of silvery Dee
We many pretty places see,
Both near at hand and far awa',
But Ardoe House doth beat them a'.
A pretty house stands on the brae,
An honour be for many a day,
With greens and gardens round about,
That shows much taste in laying out,
Lies sloping down to river Dee,
With many pretty shrub and tree,
In the good soil appear to thrive,
On each side of a carriage drive ;
A graceful sweep takes up the green,
From where a handsome lodge is seen,
Built at the gate for porter's use,
Admittance gives to Ardoe House.
A pretty scene in summer time,
When pretty trees in foliage prime,
With flowers and nice walks around,

And the birds' songs delightful sound.
Sheep grazing on the bonny green
A picture makes not often seen,
Where pretty house like palace stands,
An honour to the Ardoe lands ;
A deal of money must have cost,
But something of to make a boast.
The owner may be proud to see,
Appears grand from north side of Dee ;
From railway trains that pass along
House finely seen the trees among ;
Thought to be palace of a lord,
That common lairds could not afford ;
Next to Balmoral Castle be,
Stands some miles further up the Dee.
A nice estate surrounds the place,
Still adding more will not make less ;
Estate now with Heathcot blended,
Up the river Dee extended,
Where is salmon and trout fishing,
Heart of man no better wishing ;
In summer days a pleasure great
In boat to sail and fishing get.

Pretty places Ardoe and Heathcot,
Their equals here can scarce be got ;
Healthy air off Grampian Hills
Into human frame health instils,
Best of all, if not blessed with health,
What signifies store of world's wealth ?

A pretty view across the Dee,
At Cults some pretty buildings see,
From Ardoe House are clearly seen,
Will yet be part of Aberdeen ;
Boundary out to there extended,
Future time with city blended.
I hope long Ardoe and Heathcot
Will be the owner's happy lot,
More pleasant place one could not wish
On land to hunt and stream to fish ;
May owner there long life enjoy,
Many years useful life employ ;
A blessing to the country round,
The poor man's friend be always found ;
Faithful steward be of heaven,
Of good things of earth him given ;
An honoured name be handed down,
Along with credit and renown,
To generations yet unborn,
All future time the place adorn.

The Ardo family long be there,
And plenty have to keep and spare ;
Aye where they see a case of need
Relieved by them with willing speed ;
The orphan's shield, the widow's stay,
Downcast in spirit make look gay ;
By such good doings to needy poor,
Good things of earth will on them shower,
Heaven's blessing will on them descend,

After long life a peaceful end ;
 Heaven's gates for them opened wide,
 Received for ever to abide.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

MAN in this world is doomed to die,
 Decreed in dust at last to lie,
 Both poor and those in high estate,
 All must submit to meet their fate ;
 From this vain world of empty show
 Man at appointed time must go,
 Whatever station held in life,
 In life's battle death ends the strife.
 Effects of sin brought death and woe,
 There's no escaping, all must go ;
 Some in youth, unknown the world's ways,
 Some in the noon-tide of their days,
 Some in their manhood's very prime,
 But in old age must come their time ;
 Both old and young, both rich and poor,
 Cannot avoid the fatal hour.

Since that the fate of all mankind,
 Their latter end should keep in mind,
 With heaven's help should ever try,
 Secure a mansion in the sky ;
 May, when they bid this world farewell,
 In joy and bliss for ever dwell.
 To the widow and family left,

Of husband and father bereft,
Been called to his eternal home,
May Heaven's consolations come ;
Murmur not at Heaven's decree,
In wisdom seen it best to be,
All events happen for our good,
If they by us right understood ;
By dispensations bring us near,
Such as loss of friends to us dear.
And see that this is not our home,
Ourselves prepare for world to come ;
This fleeting world be not our all,
Be ready waiting for our call ;
Our lot in this world, low or high,
Will not exempt, for all must die ;
Let's all steer for the happy shore,
Meet with our friends us gone before ;
But why mourn thus for my friend gone ?
He happy stands before the throne
Of his loved Lord he served below,
Face to face his Redeemer know.
In life improved talents given,
Faithful steward was of heaven :
Good things of earth dispensed around
Where he the poor and needy found,
Of abundance to him given,
For such is the will of Heaven—
Those that store of earth's good things possess
Should relieve the poor man's distress.
What comfort this to mourning friends ?

Enter'd on joy that never ends ;
The good, the kind, old man hath gone,
Reaping reward for good deeds done,
The outcome of his faith and love,
From good works did not faith remove.

Although the body laid in dust,
The soul now in heaven we trust,
Now all his toils and troubles past,
Loving friends meet him there at last ;
His friends on earth that held him dear,
No more sad parting have to fear,
No more shall death step them between,
Nor any more a mournful scene,
But undivided aye remain,
Free from all sorrow, sin and pain—
Such is my wish and such my prayer,
In heaven my kind friends meet there.

Passing events among my friends,
As far's I know of them extends,
I try to tell about in rhyme,
A pleasant task to pass the time ;
Tell of a happy marriage morn,
And tell of children to them born,
Or of death the sad story tell
When some loved one bids them farewell—
To me sad, mournful task to do
When have been friends and patrons true.
Sometimes of that poor job I make,

But the will for the deed must take ;
Suitable words I cannot find
To express the thoughts of my mind ;
I try to do as well's I can,
What can expect from unlearn'd man ?
My rhymes exact express my mind,
Which in some books is ill to find.
I always say just what I think,
Unless some word to make it clink ;
Would not, though on my deathbed,
Wish to recall one word I've said,
What blessed thing look back upon,
Not have to say when I am gone
That to my friends great lies I told
About the present and things of old,
But told them truth as far's I knew,
Though writing's poor, at same time true ;
Tried some good moral to bring in—
Aye to do good and hate sin.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE BROWN.

LOST OFF THE "BIRKHALL," OF ABERDEEN, ON 11th
FEBRUARY, 1881, AGED 24 YEARS.

IN midst of life we are in death,
At best man's life is but a breath ;
Man in full vigour of his youth
May be cut down in Gospel truth.

Be in a moment called away,
Beyond his time he cannot stay ;
Appointed time by Heaven's decree,
This world must leave by land or sea.

Like this has been the early call
To young man, carpenter of "Birkhall,"
A young man in the prime of life,
Drowned in the waves' terrific strife.

Grim Death at his duty found him,
Snatched him from comrades around him,
No time nor the least warning given,
But, we trust, prepar'd for heaven.

There all his toils and troubles done,
No storms nor gales where he has gone,
There all wild storms for ever cease,
In that bright world where all is peace.

Left loving friends his loss to mourn,
He back to them will not return,
On earth will never see him more—
He is not lost, but gone before.

Unto his Father's house gone home,
There waits his friends are yet to come ;
Now met with those him gone before,
Together heaven's King adore.

Now his last great voyage is o'er
And landed safe on heaven's shore,
Where all serene and calm the skies,
No wild nor angry tempests rise.

Though now beneath the waves his bed,
And sea-weed wrapt around his head,
Calm sleeps, though tempests rage around,
Till the last trumpet's awful sound.

When the sea must give up her dead,
Body rise without fear or dread ;
Soul again with body join,
Body glorious and divine.

Friends not mourn, a hope is given
Their lost lov'd one meet in heaven,
Freed from all cares and trouble here,
No parting there again to fear ;

But undivided aye remain,
No dread of a sad parting's pain ;
With their Saviour here did love,
Will spend eternity above.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO MY KIND FRIENDS
AND PATRONS.

WHEN New Year's time people's hearts cheers,
A custom's been this many years
Of sending gifts to worthy friends
To those that help to me extends.
To all my friends and patrons kind

No more suiting gift can I find
Than wish them a blythe New Year,
Great happiness their hearts to cheer,
Many glad returns of the same,
Peace and contentment in their hame ;
Great store of happiness be found,
In health and plenty aye abound ;
Good things of life to have a share,
Aye plenty have to keep and spare.
At this happy season of the year
Hearts of the poor raise and cheer,
Faithful stewards be of heaven,
Earth's abundance to them given ;
What is given to the needful poor
Will on them*back in blessings shower,
A Scripture precept we believe,
More bless'd to give than to receive.
Our Lord, when on this earth did stay,
Said give to them that can't repay ;
To such let your help be given,
Great reward is yours in heaven.
Wishing all good may you attend,
So poor, I've nothing else to send.

The past been an eventful year,
Farmers crying out land too dear ;
To most of them let me just tell,
They have the blame of that themsel'
By offering rents they cannot pay,
Then the blame on their lairds they lay,

Grasping cash to fill their coffers,
Forgetting 'twas their own offers
That made rents of their farms so high,
Who would bid most they each did try.
When a good farm they saw to let,
So anxious were the same to get,
Did not reflect that times might turn,
Of produce prices have to mourn ;
Thought to have price and seasons good,
Good market have for people's food ;
Thought aye the earth its stores would yield,
And would larger barns have to build.

But seasons bad and prices low
They think they will to ruin go,
But when good years did make them glad
Should have laid past to meet the bad ;
Something laid past for rainy day,
Managed in a more thrifty way ;
In good times been not such fools,
Their families sent to boarding schools ;
Sons, too, grand education get,
Move far above their father's state,
Expensive teaching at college,
Gave them scientific knowledge
For medicine, Gospel, and the law,
Forget they farming ever saw,
And move in a far higher sphere
Than what a farmer's means can bear ;
Their daughters sent to school to learn,

Anything but their bread to earn,
To study there week after week,
How all foreign languages to speak
Ere they can read and speak their own,
Be like to foreign ladies grown ;
Dancing and music also learn,
To be a lady their chief concern.

Now, all this costs the farm must bear,
A great drawback in a bad year :
The Miss must have a grand piano,
Cost what would get tons of guano,
With other manures, bones, and lime,
Farm would have put in order prime :
Also, a fine horse and a braw gig,
Gentleman farmer out must rig ;
Lots of cash must be embarket,
Drive about to kirk and market ;
The best of clothes to keep them warm,
Cost of all must come off the farm ;
Great feasting parties night and day,
No wonder farming will not pay.
If farmers would but just look back,
Off their forefathers pattern tak' ;
With them no high-flown notions then
To make their sons great learned men,
Nor daughters teach to sing and dance,
And learn to speak like folk of France ;
Farmer and family wrought the farm,
Few servants' wages at the term,

Had little but their rent to pay ;
What a contrast to present day.
Maist lairds are doing what they can
To help the struggling farmer man
By making rent a good bit less,
And time of paying longer grace.
Hope things will come to a bearing
Without the law interfering ;
Hope all will get what is in reason,
Have next year a better season.
But let's reform and do our best,
Trust kind Providence for the rest ;
And when each has done all he can,
A blessing ask on works of man ;
Try to do the will of Heaven,
Allotted tasks to us given.
In all our doings Heaven serve,
We get far more than we deserve ;
Grateful thanks let us ever give
To Him by whose bounty we live ;
Till, sow the land in faith and hope,
And trust to heaven for a crop,
Then able be the rent to pay,
Without reduction or delay ;
All in peace and harmony live
Both those that get and those that give ;
Farmer class no longer doubt them,
None of us can do without them ;
So let all enter the New Year
By doing right, then nothing fear.

New Year, new life, let each begin,
And daily seek to conquer sin ;
Rest well assured, if right we ask,
To be enabled for the task ;
By good deeds our life adorn,
Glad rise in resurrection morn.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SMITH,

27th APRIL, 1882.

EVENTS occur to darken one's life
Such as death of a beloved wife ;
I lonely must wander about,
The light of my life now gone out.

But cheering hope to me given
To meet her again in heaven ;
About her state doubt there is none,
Her end gave proof where she is gone.

Her death-bed was a peaceful scene,
No cloud her Saviour came between ;
But, full assured of Jesus' love,
Her freed soul winged its flight above.

Long on a bed of sickness tossed,
She death's dark river now has crossed,
Where nothing now can her annoy,
Has entered everlasting joy.

Though in the dust her body lies,
With her Redeemer in the skies,
Beyond all sorrow, sin, and pain,
Our loss is her eternal gain.

On that great day, at trumpet's sound,
Among the ransomed hosts be found,
For ever with her Saviour dwell,
Amidst joys, what tongue can tell.

To us, her friends, left here behind,
May such a scene keep us in mind,
Do our best, by faith and prayer,
In heaven at last meet her there.

Heaven teach us not to repine
Nor murmur with its ways,
In faith and hope trust to His grace,
Spend all our earthly days.

In the glad resurrection morn
Meet our beloved one,
Then shall our hearts burst out in song
Of Heaven's love to man.

May such glad hopes our sad hearts cheer
While we dwell here below ;
Undivided in heaven dwell,
No more in mourning go.

TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

NEAR at the end of my tether,
Must give up working in leather ;

Since the year eighteen thirty-one
Been employed baith boy and man ;
Since forty-one been writing rhymes,
Has brought me money many times,
Been noticed by Royalty
And people of high quality,
Liberal responded to my call,
Sent money on to where I dwell.
Sure now this book will be my last,
Will serve till all my needs be past ;
Now ten hunder copies printed,
Of number will not be stinted.
Last of my rhyming efforts now,
With things of time I'll soon be through,
To all my friends I'll say good-bye,
To write more rhymes I will not try ;
Few so well supplied have been
By lord and duke, by prince and Queen,
By lairds and commons thro' the land ;
My lines approved on every hand,
Though but a plain and simple kind,
The outcome of an unlearned mind.
I'm advanc'd now far on my way
To the dreary cold house of clay,
Which for me will be for the best,
Where troubl'd and wearied find rest.
Accept my thanks this book sent with,
Your humble servant, JAMIE SMITH.



