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~~University of Aberdeen~~ 1873



# AJAX HIS SPEECH

TO THE

## GRECIAN KNABBS;

FROM OVID'S METAM., LIB. XIII. :

“ CONEDERE DUCES, ET VULGI STANTE CORONA,”

ETC.

ATTEMPTED IN BROAD BUCHANS,

By R. F., GENT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A JOURNAL TO PORTSMOUTH, AND A SHOP BILL,  
IN THE SAME DIALECT.

---

WITH A KEY.

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ABERDEEN:

A. BROWN & CO.

EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

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1869.

SINCE the publication of "The Goodwife at Home," frequent enquiries have been made for additional specimens of the genuine Buchan dialect, and "Ajax his Speech, &c." by Robert Forbes, being now very rare, has been reprinted; and also "A Journal from London to Portsmouth;" and "A Shop Bill" (with a few necessary excisions in each), as affording good specimens of the dialect of the district. The Glossary has been carefully revised and considerably enlarged by the Editor of "The Goodwife at Home."

Information regarding Robert Forbes has been sought for in various quarters, but without success as to anything reliable. He is often confounded with William Forbes, the author of "The Dominie Deposed," who was schoolmaster at Peterculter, and who enlisted or left this country for Ireland about 1732. "Ajax" was published in Aberdeen in 1742, 8vo; Edin. 1754; Glasgow, 1755, 8vo; Leith, 1761, 8vo, which copy is followed in this reprint; Edin., *Ruddiman*, 12mo, in "Scots Poems," 1785, in which "Ulysses' Answer to Ajax's Speech" appears, as "never before published;" Aberdeen, 1791, 18mo; and at the Gordon's Hospital Press, Aberdeen, without date, 18mo.

G. W.



A J A X ' S   S P E E C H  
TO THE  
G R E C I A N   K N A B B S .

---

THE wight an' doughty Captains a'  
Upo' their doups sat down ;  
A rangel o' the common fouk  
In bourachs a' stood roun.  
*Ajax* bangs up, whase targe was shught  
In seven fald o' hide ;  
An' bein' bouden'd up wi' wraith,  
Wi' atry face he ey'd  
The *Trojan* shore, an' a' the barks  
That tedder'd fast did lie  
Along the coast ; an' raxing out  
His gardies, loud did cry :  
O *Jove* ! The cause we here do plead,  
An' unco' great's the staik ;  
Bat sall that sleeth *Ulysses* now  
Be said to be my maik ?  
Ye ken right well, fan *Hector* try'd  
Thir barks to burn an' scowder,  
He took to speed o' fit, because  
He cou'd na' bide the ewder.

Bat I, like birky, stood the brunt,  
 An' slocken'd out that glead,  
 Wi' muckle virr, an' syne I gar'd  
 The limmers tak the speed.  
 'Tis better then, the cause we try  
 Wi' the wind o' our wame,  
 Than for to come in hanny grips  
 At sik a driry time.  
 At threeps I am na' sae perquire,  
 Nor auld-farren as he,  
 Bat at banes-braken, it's well kent,  
 He has na' maughts like me.  
 For as far as I him excell  
 In toulzies fierce an' strong,  
 As far in chaft-taak he exceeds  
 Me, wi' his sleeked tongue.  
 My proticks an' my doughty deeds,  
 O, *Greeks!* I need na' tell,  
 For ther's nane here bat kens them well :  
 Lat him tell his himsel' :  
 Which ay were done at glomin time,  
 Or dead hour o' the night,  
 An' deil ane kens except himsel' ;  
 For nae man saw the sight.  
 The staik indeed is unco' great,  
 I will confess alway,  
 Bat, name *Ulysses* to it anes,  
 The worth quite dwines away.  
 Great as it is, I need na' voust ;  
 I'm seer I hae nae neef  
 To get fat cou'd be ettl'd at,  
 By sik a mensless thief.  
 Yet routh o' honour he has got,  
 Ev'n tho' he gets the glaik,



Fan he's sae crous, that he wou'd try  
 To be brave *Ajax'* maik.  
 Bat gin my wightness doubted were,  
 I wat my gentle bleed,  
 As being sin to *Telamon*,  
 Right sickerly does plead :  
 Wha, under doughty *Hercules*,  
 Great *Troy's* walls down hurl'd,  
 An' in a tight *Thessalian* bark  
 To *Colchos'* harbour swirl'd.  
 An' *Æacus* my gutcher was,  
 Wha now in hell sits jidge,  
 Where a fun-stane does *Sisyphus*  
 Down to the yerd sair gnidge.  
 Great *Jove* himsel owns *Æacus*  
 To be his ain dear boy,  
 An' syne, without a' doubt, I am  
 The neist chiel to his oye.  
 Bat thus in counting o' my etion  
 I need na' mak' sik din,  
 For it's well kent *Achilles* was  
 My father's brither's sin :  
 An' as we're cousins, there's nae scouth  
 To be in ony swidders ;  
 I only seek fat is my due,  
 I mean fat was my brither's.  
 Bat why a thief, like *Sisyphus*,  
 That's nidder'd sae in hell,  
 Sud here tak' fittiniment,  
 Is mair na' I can tell.  
 Sall then these arms be here deny'd  
 To me, wha in this bruilzie  
 Was the first man that drew my durk,  
 Came flaught-bred to the toulzie ?

An' sall this sleeth come farrer ben,  
 Wha was sae dev'lish surly,  
 He scarce wou'd gae a fit frae hame,  
 An' o' us a' was hurly ?  
 An' frae the weir he did back hap,  
 An' turn'd to us his fud :  
 An' gar'd the hale-ware o' us trow  
 That he was gane clean wud.  
 Until the sin o' *Nauplius*,  
 Mair useless na' himsell,  
 His jouckry-pauckry finding out,  
 To weir did him compell.  
 Lat him then now tak will an' wile,  
 Wha nane at first wou'd wear,  
 An' I get baith the skaith an' scorn,  
 Twin'd o' my brither's gear !  
 Because I was the foremost man,  
 An' steed the hettest fire,  
 Just like the man that aught the cow,  
 Gade deepest i' the mire.  
 I wish the chiel he had been wud,  
 Or that it had been trow'd ;  
 That mither o' mischief had not  
 To *Troy's* town been row'd.  
 Syne, *Pæan's* son, thou'd not been left  
 On *Lemnos'* isle to skirle,  
 Where now thy groans in dowy dens  
 The yerd-fast stanes do thirle :  
 An' on that sleeth *Ulysses* head  
 Sad curses down does bicker,  
 If there be gods aboon, I'm seer  
 He'll get them leel and sicker.  
 This doughty lad he was resolved  
 Wi' me his fate to try,

Wi' poison'd stewgs o' *Hercules*,  
 Bat 'las! his bleed wis fey.  
 Wi' sickness now he's ferter like,  
 Or like a water-wraith,  
 An' hirplin' after the wil' birds,  
 Can scarce get meat an' claith,  
 An' now these darts that weered were  
 To tak' the town o' *Troy*,  
 To get meat for his gabb, he man  
 Against the birds employ.  
 Yet he's alive, altho' to gang  
 Wi' him he was fu' laith;  
 If *Palamede* had been sae wise,  
 He had been free frae skaith:  
 For he'd been livin' ti' this day,  
 An' slept in a hale skin,  
 An' gotten fair play for his life,  
 An' stan'd he hadna been.  
 Because he proved he wasna wud,  
 He was sae fu' o' fraud,  
 He slack'd na' till he gat the life  
 O' this poor sakeless lad.  
 For to the *Grecians* he did swear,  
 He had sae great envy,  
 That gou'd in goupens he had got,  
 The army to betray.  
 An' wi' mischief he was sae gnib,  
 To get his ill intent,  
 He howk'd the gou'd which he himsel'  
 Had yerded in his tent.  
 Thus wi' uncanny pranks he fights,  
 An' sae he did beguile,  
 An' twin'd us o' our kneefest men,  
 By death and by exile.

Altho' mair gabby he may be  
 Than *Nestor* wise an' true,  
 Yet few will say, it was nae fau't  
 That he did him furhoo.  
 Fan his poor glyde was sae mischiev'd,  
 He'd neither ca' nor drive,  
 The lyart lad, wi' years sair dwang'd,  
 The traitor thief did leave.  
 These are nae threeps o' mine, right well  
 Kens *Diomede* the wight,  
 Wha' wi snell words him sair did snib,  
 An' bann'd his cowardly flight.  
 The gods tho' look on mortal men  
 Wi' eyn baith just and gleg;  
 Lo he, wha *Nestor* wou'd nae help,  
 For help himsel' does beg!  
 Then as he did the auld man leave  
 Amon' sae fierce a menzie,  
 The law he made, lat him be paid  
 Back just in his ain cuinzie.  
 Yet fan he cryed, O neipers help!  
 I ran to tak' his pairt,  
 He look'd sae haw as 'gin a dwame  
 Had just o'ercaast his heart.  
 For they had gi'en him sik a fleg,  
 He look'd as he'd been doited,  
 For ilka' limb an' lith o' him  
 'Gainst ane anither knoited.  
 Syne wi' my targe I cover'd him,  
 Fan on the yerd he lies,  
 An' sav'd his smeerless saul; I think,  
 'Tis little to my praise.  
 Bat 'gin wi' *Batie* ye will bourd,  
 Come back, lad, to yon place;

Lat *Trojans* an' your wonted fears  
 Stand glourin' i' your face :  
 Syne slouch behind my doughty targe,  
 That yon day your head happit ;  
 There fight your fill, since ye are grown  
 Sae unco' crous an' cappit.  
 Fan I came to him, wi' sad wound  
 He had nae maughts to gang,  
 Bat fan he saw that he was safe,  
 Right souple cou'd he spang.  
 Lo ! *Hector* to the toulzie came,  
 An' gods baith fierce an' grim,  
 He flegged starker fouk na' you,  
 Sae sair they dreaded him.  
 Yet as he did o' slaughter voust,  
 I len'd him sik a dird,  
 As laid him arselins on his back,  
 To wamble o' the yerd.  
 Fan he spang'd out, rampag'd an' said  
 That nane amon' us a'  
 Durst venture out upo' the lone,  
 Wi' him to shak' a fa' ;  
 I dacker'd wi' him by mysel',  
 Ye wish't it to my kavel,  
 An' gin ye speer fa' got the day,  
 We parted on a nevel.  
 Lo ! *Trojans* fetch baith fire an' sword  
 Amo' the *Grecian* barks :  
 Whare's eloquent *Ulysses* now,  
 Wi' a' his wily cracks ;  
 I then a thousand ships did save,  
 An' muckle danger thol'd ;  
 'Gin they'd been brunt, de'il ane had seen  
 The land whare he was foal'd.

Bat 'gin the truth I now durst tell,  
 I think the honour's mair  
 To them, than fat it is to me,  
 Tho' they come to my skair ;  
 At least the honour equal is :  
 Then fat needs a' this din ;  
 For *Ajax* them he does na' seek,  
 Sae sair as they do him.  
 Then lat *Ulysses* now compare  
*Rhæsus* an' maughtless *Dolon*,  
 An' *Priam's* son, an' *Pallas* phizz  
 That i' the night was stolen.  
 For de'il be-licket has he done,  
 Fan it was fair-fuir days ;  
 Nor without gaucy *Diomede*,  
 What was his guide always.  
 Rather na' give him this propine,  
 For deeds that feckless are,  
 Divide them, and lat *Diomede*  
 Come in for the best share.  
 But fat use will they be to him,  
 Wha in hudge mudge wi' wiles,  
 Without a gully in his hand,  
 The smeerless fae beguiles ?  
 The gowden helmet will sae glance,  
 An' blink wi' skyrin brinns,  
 That a' his wimples they'll find out  
 Fan i' the mark he sheens.  
 Bat his weak head nae farrach has  
 That helmet for to bear,  
 Nor has he mergh intil his banes,  
 To wield *Achilles'* spear :  
 Nor his bra' targe, on which is seen  
 The yerd, the sin, and lift,

Can well agree wi' his cair cleuck,  
 That cleikit was for thift.  
 Fat gars you then, mischievous tyke!  
 For this propine to prig,  
 That your sma' banes wou'd langel sair,  
 They are sae unco' big?  
 An' if the *Greeks* sud be sae blind,  
 As gi' you sik a gift,  
 The *Trojan* lads right soon wou'd dight  
 You like a futtle haft.  
 An' as you ay by speed o' fit  
 Perform ilk' doughty deed,  
 Fan laggert wi' this bouksome graith,  
 You will tyne half your speed.  
 Besides your targe, in battle keen,  
 Bat little danger tholes,  
 While mine wi' mony a thudd is clowr'd,  
 An' thirl'd sair wi' holes.  
 Bat now, fat need's for a' this din?  
 Lat deeds o' words tak' place,  
 An' let your stoutness now be try'd,  
 Just here before your face.  
 Lat th' arms of *Achilles* brave  
 Amon' our faes be laid,  
 An' the first chiel' that brings them back,  
 Lat him wi' them be clad.





A  
JOURNAL

FROM

LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH.

---

SIR,—I wou'd hae written you lang 'ere now, bat I hae been sae eident writing journals that I hae been quite forfoughen with them : bat diel ane has glacked my mitten for as sair as I hae been nidder'd wi' them ; fousomever, fin we're speaking o' journals, I hae been sae baul as sen you a sampler o' mine frae London to Portsmouth : an' first an' foremost, there was three i' the coach forby me ; the first was a leiftenant o' a ship, a gaucy, swack young follow, an' as guid a pint-ale's man as 'ere beeked his fit at the couthack o' a browster wife's ingle : he was well wordy o' the gardy-chair itsell, or e'en to sit ben inno the guidman upo' the best bink o' the house : I believe an honester follow never brack the nook o' a corter, nor cuttit a fang frae a kebbuck, wi' a whittle that lies i' the quinzie o' the maun oner the cleath.

The second chiel was a thick, setterel, swown pallach, wi' a great chuller oner his cheeks, like an ill scraped haggis : he's now gane back to London, an' I'm seer, gin ye'll tak' the pains to fin' him out, an' flay him belly-flaught, his skin wad mak' a gallant tulchin for you : but I canna say I had ony cause to wish the body ill, for he did gaylies confeirin, only he connach'd a hantle o' tobacco ; for diel belickit did he the hale gate bat fegh at his pipe ; an' he

was sae browden'd upon't, that he was like to smore us i' the coach wi' the very ewder o't; bat yet he was a fine gabby, auld-farren carly, and held us browly out o' langer bi' the rod.

The third was an auld, wizen'd, haave coloured carlen, a sad gysard indeed, an' as baul' as ony ettercap: we had been at nae great tinsel apiest we had been quit o' her; for diel a maik to her that e'er you saw: for altho' you had seen her yoursell, you wou'd na' kent fat to mak' o' her, unless it had been a gyr-carlen, or set her up amon' a curn air bear to fley awa' the ruicks: jidge ye gin we had na' bonny company.

But there was something war na' a this yet, the diel a drap guid ale cou'd we get upo' the rod; I canna tell you fat diel was the matter wi't, gin the wort was blinket, or fat it was, bat you ne'er saw sik peltry i' your born days; for it tasted sweet i' your mou, bat fan anes it was down your wizen, it had an ugly knaggim, an' a wanch wa-gang: an' syne the head o't was as yallow as biest milk, it was enough to gi' a warsh-stamack'd body a scunner; bat ye ken well enough that I was never vera ogertfu': bat for a that we came browlies o' the rod, till we came within a mile of Godlamin, a little townie upo' the rod; an' syne on a suddenty, our great gillegapous follow o' a coachman turned o'er our gallant cart amon' a heap o' shirrels, an' peat-mow, an' flang her upo' her bred-side i' the gutter: my side happen'd to be newmost, an' the great hudderan carlen was riding hockerty cockerty upo' my shoulders in a hand-clap: for the wile limmer was sae dozn'd an' funied wi' cauld, that she had neither farrach nor maughts; for she tumbled down upo' me wi' sik a reimis, that she gart my head cry knoit upo' the coach door; I wat she rais'd a norlick on my crown, that was not well for twa days. By this time the gutters was comin in at the coach door galore, an' I

was lying tawin an' wamlin' under lucky-miunny like a sturdy hoggie that had fallen into a peat-pot, or a stirkie that had staver'd into a well-eye: saul man, I began to think be this time that my disty-meiller wis near made, an' wad hae gien twice fourty pennies to had the gowan oner my feet again; for thinks I, an' the horse tak' a brattle now, they may come to lay up my mittens, an' ding me yavil, an' as styth as gin I had been elf-shot: bat the thing that angered me warst ava, was to be sae sair gnidg'd by a chauler-chafsted, auld runk carlen; for an it had been a tyddie, cauller, swack pennyworth, I might hae chanc'd to get a mens o' her, an' ane widna hae minded gin she had only been neiperly; bat to mak' a lang tale short, I gat out oner the wife, an' clam out at t'ither door o' the coach, as gin I had been gain out at the lum o' a house that wanted baith crook and rantle-tree. Saul man, ye may laugh at me fan ye read this, bat I wat it was na mows, for I was fidgen fain an' unco' vokie fan I gat out oner her, for as laggart an' trachel'd as I wis wi' tawiu' amo' the dubs; I believe gin ye had seen me than (for it was just i' the glomin), staakin about like a hallen-shaker, you wou'd hae taen me for a water-wreath, or some gruous ghaist; bat I'm seer you wou'd hae laughin sair, gin ye had seen how the auld hag gloffed fan she fell down after I got out oner her; however twa or three o's winfree'd the wife, an' gat her out. Fan we wis a' out, the vile tarveal sleeth o' a coachman began to yark the peer beasts sae, that you wou'd hae heard the sough o' ilka thudd afore it came down; bat a'this wou'd na' dee, sometimes the breast-woddies, an' sometimes the theets brak, and the swingle-trees flew in flinders, as gin they had been as freugh as kail-castacks; syne ilka a thing gaed widdersins about wi' us: at last we, like fierdy follows, flew to't flaught-bred, thinkin to raise it in a widdeu-dream; bat saul, we wis mistaue, for we cou'd na' budge it: at the

last an' the lang, came up twa three swankies riding at the hand-gallop, garring the dubs flee about them like speen-drift, an' they seein ns tawin an' working sae eident, speird fat wis the matter wi' ns ; for fan they saw ns a' in a bonrich, they had some allagust that some mishanter had befa'n ns ; however they wou'd na' take ony fittinment wi' our bnsiness, till we speerd gin they wou'd lend us a hand to winfree our coach ; sanl, the lads wis nae very driech a-drawin, bat lap in amo' the dubs in a hand-clap ; I'm seer some o' them wat the sma' end o' their moggan : syne we laid our heads together, an' at it wi' virr ; at last, wi' great peching an' granin, we gat it up with a pingle. By this time it wis growing mark, an' about the time o' night that the boodies begin to gang, an' as I was in a swidder fat to dee, I wou'd na' gang into the coach agen, far fear I shon'd hae gotten my harns kleckit out, or some o' my banes broken or dung a smash ; on the tither hand I did na' care to stilp upo' my qneets, far fear o' the briganers, an' mair attour, I did na' care to bachle my new sheen : however the lief-tenant an' I ventured on the rod : for ye ken well enough, we, bein' wet, wou'd soon grow davert to stand or sit either in the canld that time o' night : an' we con'd na' get a chiel to shaw ns the gate, alpuist we had kreished his liv wi' a shillin ; bat be guid luck we antered browlies npo' the rod, an' left the auld gabby carly, an' the hudderren wife, to help the leethfu' leepit sleeth o' a coachman to yoke his horse ; for mony a time did he bid diel confonnd him frae neck to heel, or clse sheet him styth, that he might na' dee o' dwinin. O man, an ye had seen how laggert the auld-farren body wis afore he gat the runk carlen hame to our lodgin ; wae worth me bat ye wou'd hae hard the peer bnrse belchs whosing like a horse i' the strangle, a rigglenh e'er you came neer them ; an' syne the auld wife complain'd sae upon her banes, that you wou'd hae thought

she had been in the dead-thraw, in a weaven after she came in; guid feggs I wis fley'd that she had taen the wytenon-fa, an' inlakit afore sipper, far she shuddered a' like a klippert in a cauld day.

There happen'd to be i' the house we came to lodge in, three young giglet hissies, an' they were like to split their sides fan they saw how blubber'd and droukit the peer wary-draggels war fan they came in; far ye wou'd hae thought that the yerd-meel had been upo' their face: There wis ane o' the queans, I believe, had casten a lagen-gird; the tither wis a haave colour'd smeerless tapie, wi' a great hassick o' hair, hingin in twa-pennerts about her haffats; she looked sae allagrugous that a bodie wou'd nae car'd to meddle wi' her, apeice they had been hir'd to do't; bat the third wis a cauller, swack bit o' beef, as mirkie as a maukin at the start, an' as wanton as a spenin lamb. I believe she was a leel maiden, an' I canna say bat I had a kirnen wi' her, an' a kine o' a harlin favour for her; bat did na' care for bein aur brouden'd upon her at first, for fear she shou'd say that I was new-fangle; however I took her by the bought o' the gardy, an' gar'd her sit down by me; bat she bad me had aff my hands, far I misgrugled a' her apron, an' mismaggl'd a' her cocker-nony: bat I had not set her well down by me, till in came sik a rangel o' gentles, an' a liethry, a' hanziel slyps at their tail, that in a weaven the house wis gain like Lowren-fair; for you wou'd na' hard day nar door; syne the queans wis in sik a firry-farry, that they began to misca ane anither like kail-wives, an' you wou'd hae thought that they wou'd hae flown in ither's witters in a hand-clap: I wis anes gain to speer fat wis the matter, bat I saw a curn o' camla-like follows wi' them, an' I thought they were a fremt to me, an' sae they might aet ither, as Towy's hawks did, far ony thing that I car'd; far thinks I, an' I shou'd be sae gnib as

middle wi' the thing that did nae brak my taes, some o' the chiels might let a raught at me, an' gi' me a clamehewit to snib me frae comin that gate agen. At last ane o' the hissies came an' speerd at me gin I wou'd hae a bit o' a roasted grycie, or a bit o' a bacon haam (that is the hinder hurdies o' an auld swine), for sipper, bat ye ken well enough that I was never very brouden'd upo' swine's flesh, sin my mither gae me a forlethie o't, 'at maist hae gi'en me the gulsach; an' sae I tauld her I wou'd rather hae the leomen of an auld ew, or a bit o' a dead nout. By this time, it wis time to mak the meel-an-bree, an' deel about the castocks, bat nae ae a word o' that cou'd I hear i' this house; well, thinks I, an' this be the gate o't, I'll better gang to my bed as i'm boddan: fan they saw that, they sent in some smachry or ither to me, an' a pint of their scuds, as sower as ony bladoch, or wigg that comes out o' the reem-kirn; far they thou't ony thing might sair a peer body like me: bat the leave o' the gentles wis drinkin wine a fouth, tho' I might nae fa that: Bat to mak' an end o' a lang story, I made shift to mak' a sipper o't, an' gaed to my bed like a guid bairn, an' the niest mornin they had me up afore the sky, an' I believe afore the levrick or yern-bliter began to sing, and hurl'd me awa to Portsmouth.

Gin ye like this piece o' my journal, I care nae by to sen you a weekly journal, in case I binna thrang; bat my fingers are sae davert wi' the cauld, that I canna write langer at this time: bat fan this comes to hand, I hope you'll be sae kind as let us hear frae you. Adieu dryly, we sall drink fan we meet.

## SHOP BILL.

---

To ilka body be it kend,  
 Frae John O'Groats to the Lan's End,  
 That frae this day I do intend  
                                   Some shanks to sell ;  
 This is my bill, to you I send  
                                   That it may tell.

That if you chance for me to speer,  
 I'll fit you weel wi' doughty geer  
 That either knobbs or lairds may weer,  
                                   And ladies tee,  
 For ilka season i' the year,  
                                   As ye shall see.

An' first o' hose I hae a' fouth,  
 Some frae the North, some frae the South,  
 An' some o' our ain quintray grouth,  
                                   Baith grae an' russet,  
 Wi' different clocks ; bat yet in truth  
                                   We ca' it gushet.

An' mair attour I'll tell you trow,  
 That a' the moggans are bran new,  
 Some worsted are o' different hue,  
                                   An' some are cotton,  
 That's safter far na' ony woo,  
                                   That grows on mutton.





Besides I'd hae you understand,  
 That I hae caps upo' demand,  
 An' gloves likewise, to hap the hand  
                                     Of fremt an' sib.  
 An' napkins, as good's in a' the land,  
                                     To dight your nib.

Now by my bill you plainly see,  
 That great an' sma' can fitted be :  
 Come then flock flaught-bred unto me,  
                                     An' buy my shanks,  
 You may be sure that I will gi'  
                                     A warld o' thanks.

I likewise tell you by this bill,  
 That I do live upo' Tower-hill,  
 Hard by the house o' Robie Mill,  
                                     Just i' the nuik,  
 Ye canna' mist when 'ere you will,  
                                     The sign's a buik.

*O si nunc juvenes et puellæ*  
 Wou'd flock in, like *micantes stellæ*,  
*Tum mihi suavius erit melle,*  
                                     When, frae the thrang,  
 The clink that haps baith back an' belly,  
                                     I tell ding dang.

*Sed denique*, it is uncommon  
 To send a bill that mentions no man,  
*Ut finem huicce story ponam,*  
                                     *Sit notum vobis,*  
 Simmer an' winter, *hoc est nomen*,  
                                     I mean ROB. FORBES.



# A KEY;

OR

EXPLANATION OF THE HARD WORDS CONTAINED IN  
AJAX'S SPEECH AND THE JOURNAL,

ALPHABETICALLY DIGESTED.

---

Allagugous	Grim, ghastly
Allagust	Suspicion
Anter'd	Saunter'd, hit upon
Apiest, Apiece, Alpuist	Although
Arselins	Backwards
Atry	Stern, grim
Attour	Besides
Auld-farren	Sagacious
Bachle	Wrench, distort
Bang-up	Rise impetuously
Bann	Curse, swear
Batie	Mastiff
Beeked	Warm'd
Ben-inno	Within, beyond
Bicker	Rattle
Biest milk	Milk from a new calved cow
Bink	A seat of plaister
Birkie	Mettlesome fellow
Bladoch	Butter-milk
Blink	Glance
Blinket	Sowr'd, spoil'd
Bodened	Provided, supplied
Boodies	Ghosts, goblins, &c.
Bouden'd	Swell'd
Bought, Bught	Bend
Bouksome graith	Bulky accoutrements
Bourachs	Rings, circles, crowds
Bourd	Meddle, contend
Bran	Quite, entirely
Brattle	Violent start
Briganers	Robbers, thieves
Brinns	Rays, beams
Bruilzie	Scuffle, quarrel

Browden'd	Fond, enamour'd
Browly, Brawly	Very well
Budge	Stir, move
Bursen belchs	Breathless wretches
Cair-cleuk	Left hand
Camla-like	Sullen, surly
Cappit	Touchy, quarrelsome
Care nae by	Don't object
Carl	Man, usually elderly
Carlen	Old woman
Casten a lagen-gird	Bore a child
Cauler	Fresh, cool
Chaft-taak	Talking, prattling
Chafts	Chops, jaws
Chandler chaftit	Thin cheeked
Chiel	Man, often in disrespect
Chuller	Double chin
Clamehewit	Stroke, a drubbing
Cleikit	Caught in the fang
Clowered	Notched, indented
Confeirin	Considering
Connach'd a hantle	Spoil'd much
Corter	Quarter
Coutchack	Clearest part of the fire
Cracks	Speeches
Crous	Bold, stout
Quinzie	Coin
Curn	Considerable number
Curn air-bear	Parcel of early barley
Dacker'd	Engaged, grappl'd
Davert	Cold, benumb'd
Deil-be-licket	Nothing
Dight	Wipe, cleanse
Ding me yavil	Lay me flat
Dird	Thump, box
Disty meiller	Made an end of, last meal made of the crop
Doited	Stupified
Doughty	Strong, valiant
Doup	Bottom, buttocks
Dowy	Dismal
Dozn'd	Benumb'd
Driech	Slow, slack
Droukit	Wet, bedaub'd, besmear'd
Dwame	Qualm, fainting
Dwang'd	Bow'd, decrepid
Dwinin	Lingering illness
Dung a-smash	Beat to powder
Eident	Busy, diligent
Etion	Kindred, genealogy

Ettercap	Venomous spider, a wasp
Ettled at	Aim'd at
Ewder	Blaze, scorching heat
Fa	Afford
Fair-fuir-days	Broad-daylight
Fang	Slice
Farrach	Strength, substance
Farrer ben	More favour'd
Feckless	Of no effect, value
Ferter-like	Like a little fairy
Feugh	Whif
Fey	Doom'd to die
Fidgin-fain	Restless with pleasure
Fierdy	Fierce, stout
Firry-farry	Hubbub, confusion
Fittiniment	Concern, footing in
Flaught-bred	Briskly, fiercely
Flay belly-flaught	Skinn'd over head like a hare
Fleg	Fright
Flinders	In pieces, splinters
Foal'd	Born
Forby me	Besides me
Forfoughen	Fatigu'd, toil'd
Forlethie	Surfeit
Fouth	Abundance
Fremt	Strange, not related
Freugh	Frail, brittle
Fud	Tail, back-side
Funied	Stiff with cold
Funstane	Whinstone
Furhoo	Forsake
Futtle-haft	Handle of a knife
Gab	Mouth
Gabby	Talkative
Gain	Going
Galore	Plentifully
Gar'd	Forced
Gardies	Arms
Gardy-chair	Elbow-chair
Gate	Road, way
Gaucy	Jolly, plump
Gaylies	Pretty well
Gear, Geer	Accoutrements, property
Giglet	Merry, light-minded
Gillegapons	Half-witted, crack-brain'd
Glacked my mitten	Put cash in my hand, gratified me
Glaik	Cheat
Gleed	Blaze, flame
Gleg	Bright, sharp
Gloff'd	Shiver'd

Glomin-time	Twilight
Glourin	Staring
Glyde	An old horse
Graith	Accoutrements
Gruous ghaist	A grim, grisly ghost
Grycio	Small young pig
Gully	Weapon
Gulsach	Jaundice
Gnib	Ready, quick
Gnidge	Squeeze, press down
Gou'd in goupens	Gold in handfulls
Gutcher	Grandfather
Gutters	Mire
Gyr	Fretful, peevish
Gysard	Harlequin, disguised
Haave	Pale
Haffats	Chops, cheeks
Hale-ware	Whole
Hallen-shaker	Sturdy beggar
Hanny-grips	Close grapple
Hanziel-slyps	Uncouthly dressed, ugly fellows
Happit	Skreen'd, cover'd
Harns	Brains
Harlin	Slight
Hassick	A great besom
Haw	Pale, wan
Hirplin	Clenching, halting
Hissy	Woman, used contemptuously
Hockerty-cockerty	With leg on each shoulder
Howk'd	Digg'd
Hudderren	Hideous, ugly
Hudge-mudge	Secretly, underhand
Hurdies	Buttocks
Hurl	Throw, carry in a vehicle
Hurly	Last
Ingle	A strong fire
Inlakit	Died, breath'd her last
Inno	Within
Jidge	Judge
Jouckry-pauckry	Roguery, tricks
Kavil	Lot, share
Kebback	A big cheese
Kirnen	Familiarity
Kleckit out	Knocked out
Klippert	A shorn sheep
Knabbs	Gentry, leaders
Knaggim	Gout, by-taste
Kneefest	Keenest, briskest
Knoited	Clash'd
Kreish'd his liv	Greas'd his loof, his palm

Lagen gird	Hoop at bottom of vessel
Laggert	Encumber'd
Laith	Unwilling, loath
Langel	Entangle
Lat a raught	Aim a stroke
Lay up my mittens	Beat out my brains
Leel	Honest, smart
Leepit	Meagre, thin
Leethfu'	Loathsome, dirty
Leomen	Leg
Liethry	Croud
Lift	Firmament
Limmer	Worthless woman
Lith	Joint
Litted	Dyed
Liv	Loof, palm of hand
Lone, Loan	Vacant ground, avenue
Lowren-fair	A great market in Aberdeenshire
Lucky-minny	Grandam
Lyart hair	Hair mixed with grey
Maik	Match, equal
Man	Must
Mark	Dark
Maughtless	Weak, sickly
Maughts	Might, strength
Maun	Bread-basket
Meel-an-bree	<i>vulgo</i> , Brose
Mens	Amends, atonement
Mensless	Greedy, covetous
Menzie	Crowd, throng
Mergh	Marrow
Mirky as maukin	Merry as a hare
Misgrugl'd	Rumpl'd, handled roughly
Mishanter	Disaster
Mismaggl'd	Spoil'd, put awry
Mittens	Woollen gloves ; see <i>Lay up</i>
Moggan	Footless stocking
Moggan, wetsma' end of	Find great difficulty
Mows	Sport, jest
Muckle virr	Great force
Neef	Difficulty, doubt
Neipers	Neighbours
Nevel	A box, blow with the fist
Newmost	Nethermost, beneath, lowest
Newfangle	Fond of something new
Nib	Nose
Nidder'd	Plagu'd, warmly handled
Norlick	A lump, swelling
Ogertfu'	Nice, squeamish
Oner	Under

Out oner	From under
Oye	Grandchild
Pallach	Fat and short, like a porpoise
Peat-mow	Peat-dross, dust
Peching	Puffing, breathing hard
Peltry	Vile trash
Pennerts	Pennyworths
Perquire	Accurate
Phizz	Image, the <i>Palladium</i>
Pingle	Difficulty, hardly
Pranks	Tricks
Prigg	Importune, sue for
Propine	Gift, present
Proticks	Warlike deeds, achievements
Queets	Anceles
Quinzie	Corner
Rampage	Move about with fury
Rangel	Croud, <i>omne gathærum</i>
Rantle-tree	End of a rafter or beam
Raught	Blow
Rax	Stretch
Reem-kirn	Cream churn
Reimis	Rumble, roar
Routh	Plenty, wealth
Ruicks	Crows
Runk	Wrinkled
Sair	Satisfy, serve
Sakeless	Helpless, innocent
Saul	By my soul
Scouth	Room
Scowder	Set on fire, scorch
Scuds	Sour beer
Scunner	Loathing, surfeit
Setterel	Thick-set, dwarfish
Shak a fa'	Wrestle, grapple
Shank	Stocking
Sharger	Weak and lean person
Sheens	Is visible
Sheet styth	Shot stark dead
Shirrels	Thin turfs
Shught	Sunk, covered
Sib	Related by blood
Skair	Share
Skirle	Howl, shriek
Sky	Vault of heaven, twilight
Skyrin	Shining bright
Slack	Abate
Sleeked	Fair and false
Sleeth	Sloven
Slocken'd	Quench'd



Slonch	Skulk
Slyp	Slovenly, ill dressed
Slyth	Stark dead
Smachry	Trash
Smeerless	Senseless, thoughtless
Smore	Smother, choke
Snell	Bitter, sharp
Snibb	Chastised, frightened
Sough	Sound
Souple	Supple, agile
Staik	Stake, prize
Staver'd	Stagger'd
Stewgs	Rusty darts
Stilp	Stalk, walk
Stirkie	Young steer or quey
Sturdy	Giddy, affected with a vertigo
Spang	Spring
Speen-drift	Driving snow
Spier, Speer	Ask, enquire
Suddenly, on a	Suddenly
Swack	Nimble
Swankie	Active young fellow
Swidders	Doubt, hesitation
Swirl'd	Sail'd
Swown	Swell'd
Tapie	Silly woman
Tarveal	Ill-natured, fretful
Tawin	Wrestling, tumbling
Tedder'd	Anchor'd
Thirle	Thrill, pierce
Thol'd	Suffer'd, endur'd
Threeps	Allegations, falsehoods
Thudd	Stroke, box
Tight	Prepared, fit for action
Tinsel	Loss
Toulzies	Battles, engagements
Trachel'd	Fatigued
Trow	Believe
Tulchin	Budget
Tyddie	Plump, fresh
Tyke	Dog
Twin'd	Deprived of
Uncanny	Unsafe, unskilful
Virr	Force, impetuosity
Vockie	Glad
Voust	Brag, vaunt
Wamble	Tumble
Warsh stamack'd	Tender or watery stomached
Wary-draggel	Feeble, worn-out
Wauch wa-gang	A sickening by-taste

Weaven	Moment
Weerded	Determined, foretold
Weir	War
Widden-dream	All of a sudden, with a vengeance
Widdersins	Backwards, contrary to the course of the sun
Wig, Whig	Thin fluid under sour cream
Wight	Strong, active
Will and wile	Free choice
Wimples	Cunning, wiles
Wind o' wame	Words
Winfreed	Raised from the ground
Witters	Throats, fallen foul of one another
Wizen	Throat
Wizend	Wither'd, dry
Whosin	Blowing, breathing hard
Wordy	Worthy
Wraith	Wrath, spirit, ghost
Wud	Mad
Wytenonfa	Trembling, chattering
Yark	Strike, whip
Yavil	Flat
Yerd	Earth
Yerded	Buried
Yerd meel	Earth-mould, church-yard-dust
Yern-blitter	A bird called a snipe

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