



SELECT POEMS

J. FRASER







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# SELECT POEMS :

## REFLECTIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY

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ABERDEEN :

PRINTED AT THE FREE PRESS OFFICE.

1870.



## PREFACE.



THAT there are, happily, few young men among the working classes in the present day who cannot write, is a fact that no one will seek to dispute or deny, who are in the slightest measure conversant with the current literature of the more fortunate times we chance to live in. I do not mean merely to affirm that the bulk of working men can perform the mechanical portion of the fine art in a passable way, but that working men can write intelligibly to illustrate their industrial occupation, social position, mental emotions, and higher, holier aspirations. This they may not often do in verse writing, nor, it may be, in very elegant English prose composition, yet, for all that, it may be telling and truthful, and deserve a hearing. Were the writing of books left alone to the learned and the wealthy, the domain of letters would be of less extent. The author of the present work, in coming again before the public in quite a new character, is not altogether hopeless of obtaining a hearing from the industrial portion, even in this busy age of

work and cheap reading. However that may be, the doing so in any shape affords a fitting opportunity of expressing kind compliments to the many friends who were in any way instrumental in putting into circulation his previously published prose writings. And, moreover, it also affords him the opportunity of very sincerely thanking the editorial gentlemen of the local newspaper press for their kind, cheering notices of these writings at the respective dates of their publication.

OLDMELDRUM, *July, 1870.*



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SELECT POEMS :  
REFLECTIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.



THE LADY'S WELL.

'Tis nae the hills that fend the vale  
From surly winter's withering blast ;  
Though clad in crops of grass or grain  
In summer when the storms are past.

'Tis nae the landscape smiling fair—  
With hill and dale, with water, wood—  
That woos my lanely heart to seek  
The shelter of this solitude.

'Tis nae to see the pastoral flocks,  
Or hear the wild birds sweetly sing,  
To welcome back the signs of life  
That tell us of a coming spring.

But 'tis again to stand beside  
The spot where flows our Lady's Well—  
A little fold 'mid cultured fields,  
Far down a solitary dell.

In centuries past our Catholic sires,  
Where human feet had seldom trod,  
Within this plot of burial-ground,  
A chapel built to worship God.

They built with care the charmed spring,  
And gave its name, the Lady's Well ;  
They keep it clear—the purest fount  
E'er seen within this lonely dell.

Here where I stand in reverend mood,  
Amid the chapel's ruins grey,  
The worshippers in praise and prayer  
Have knelt upon the hallowed day.

That blessed sun has seen them meet,  
The air has borne their hymns on high ;  
And when their journey reached its close  
They came beneath this turf to lie.

Here pastor, people, sleep unknown—  
No stone preserves their name or age ;  
All, undistinguished, sleep below—  
The youthful child, the hoary sage.

On the first Sabbath morn of May,  
The joys I've felt nae tongue can tell,  
When with some scores of youths I went  
To drop a pin into the Well.

But now, alas! how changed the spring!—  
Filled to the mouth with many a stone;  
Few care to call up memories past,  
Or live as in the days by-gone.

“Were I the owner of these lands,  
I'd have this graveyard trenched, to see  
What it for long past centuries hid,”  
Said one that sat beside my knee.

Forbid it, Heaven!—though all the bones  
Had turned in time to purest gold,  
I would not stir one humble grave  
Within this long-forgotten fold.

But were I owner of these lands,  
I'd fence it round with proper walls,  
To keep at bay the browsing herds  
From making heedless daily calls.

I'd plant the ground with mournful trees,  
Where birds might 'mid the branches sing,  
And cast their shadows o'er the mounds,  
Again restore the holy spring.

How glad to see once more a path  
Where human feet might reach the spot  
Where sleep, in dust, our Catholic sires  
In graves that need not be forgot!

How can we, then, enjoy this life,  
 And all its blessings richly given?  
 Who leave in wreck a temple once  
 Men met within to worship Heaven.

Where, when their earthly toils were o'er,  
 Their ashes slumber in the dell—  
 Afar from strife of human homes,  
 Beside the Lady's holy Well.



### REGAL HOMES.

Among the British regal homes  
 I like Balmoral best;  
 When weary with the cares of State,  
 I turn me there for rest;  
 I feel the odorous breezes sweep,  
 With health-reviving powers,  
 From blooming heath and fragrant thyme,  
 And scent of summer flowers.

Old English rivers, truly grand—  
 There's music in their names—  
 And chief, beside my English home,  
 Sweeps on the stately Thames;  
 But none of these, however grand,  
 Possess the charms of thee,  
 On whose bank stands my mountain home,  
 Thou sweetly flowing Dee.



The summer sun at early morn  
Here rises bright and clear ;  
No cloud of smoke bedims his sheen  
Through a pure atmosphere.  
A bonnie blue and tranquil heaven  
Bends o'er my Highland home,  
That woos me out at morn and e'en  
Amid the hills to roam.

Oh would, that I could ever dwell  
Where stately pine-trees grow ;  
Where towering hills look grandly down  
On rill and river's flow ;  
Where every erag and cairn retains  
Fond memories of the past—  
Sweet time, when first I roamed with thee,  
'Mid days too bright to last.



## THE POET'S MORNING WALK ON THE SEA-SHORE.

I HAD been invited by a friend to come and spend the New-Year in Aberdeen—a season invariably of boisterous hilarity among the people there. I carried my spade home, and, in the course of a few days, started on foot for the Granite City. There I found as great preparations making to welcome the New-Year as if Her Majesty had promised to pay them a visit. After the hurry of that period was over, I took a stroll on a calm forenoon to the sea-side,—there alone, while leisurely sauntering amongst the shells and shingles that a retreating wave of the ocean had

but lately washed, a thought occurred to me that the place would make a suitable subject for a few stanzas of poetry. I commenced there and then to pencil down the "Poet's Morning Walk." That same night, I wrote the verses correctly out, returned to the sea-beach on the morrow, for the purpose of reading them aloud,—sheltered from being overheard by the sound of the heaving ocean. Other pieces, since that time, I have given a rehearsal there. This trifling effort pleasing me, I sent it soon after to the *Aberdeen Journal*, addressed, of course, to the editor. The stanzas appeared in the paper as follows :—

How sweet to pace the pebbly beach  
Of bonnie Aberdeen,  
When morning sun gleams o'er the sea  
In bright and silvery sheen ;  
Wide o'er the watery wilderness,  
When waves forget to roar,  
And billows fling their snowy wreathes  
In kisses round the shore.

I love to tread these yellow sands  
Along the rugged bent,  
To chase the soft receding waves  
When all their fury's spent ;  
To hear the watery syren sing  
Her mild melodious strain—  
Allured by her bewitching lay,  
Whose home is on the main.

The merry sailor in his bark  
Was never born to fear—  
With lion-heart he beards the waves,  
Unmoved as is the Pier.

He scales the frowning, watery Alps  
When towering in their pride,—  
Oh, Heaven, guide him and his bark,  
As fond bridegroom and bride.

Now, wearied on the “lang, lang sands,”  
On the Braidhill I will rest—  
To hail the laden ship's return  
From far on ocean's breast ;  
Then launch my thoughts on Fancy's wing  
To a haven beyond the sun,  
Where I wish all Aberdonians moored  
When life's last voyage is done.



## FAREWELL TO ABERDEEN.

On the removal of Mr. John Petrie, Poet, to the Register House.  
Edinburgh, in March, 1869.

AND maun ye leave the bonnie toun,  
With bosom friends in tears behind,  
And scenes where first the lyric muse  
Woke worlds of beauty in thy mind ?

When light of foot as upland roe,  
And blythe of heart thou trod the braes  
By murmuring Don, or silvery Dee,  
To spend the summer holidays.

Sweet scenes, where first thou fondly wooed,  
And won thy Harriet's gentle hand—  
She gave in trust her heart to make  
Thee happiest lad in a' the land !

Ill can the city bear to lose  
The eldest of her minstrel band,  
Whose martial strains, or mournful themes,  
Ring for the bravest in the land.

Edina, rich in ancient lore,  
Has charms to win the poet's eye—  
Her fairer fields, her softer skies,  
And works of art that never die.

Yet manhood comes with care and thought,  
He views new scenes of beauty rare ;  
But where he spent the boyhood years,  
No after scenes can bear compare.

When far removed, oh, let the muse  
At times sweep o'er this lovely land ?  
And when I read thy gushing thoughts  
I'll seem to grasp thy friendly hand.



## AN ELEGY.

I'm kneeling by thy grassy grave,  
    Bent o'er thy bed of rest,  
With the picture of thy sinless youth  
    Imprinted in my breast,  
Clear as the clouds at summer eve  
    That ne'er from memory fade,  
Until this body drops to dust,  
    And in the grave is laid.

I see the moon rise here, alone,  
    And darkness hence is driven ;  
The stars appear a countless host  
    Upon the brow of heaven ;  
The wind that wails around thy head  
    In leafless tree-tops rave,  
But cannot break the sleeper's rest  
    Within the silent grave.

I'm kneeling by the grassy grave  
    Where thy dear relicts lie,  
While thy sweet, sainted spirit bends  
    Down from its home on high,  
To guard and guide my weary feet  
    While wandering here alone ;  
I'll make thy life my pattern pure,  
    And still be following on.

I miss thee in the morning grey—  
The early morn of spring—  
By the river where we used to stray  
To hear the wild birds sing,  
And see the face of Nature  
Resume its veil of green,—  
With thy sweet presence ever near,  
Gave beauty to the scene.

I miss thee in the summer days—  
The long sweet summer hours ;  
Within the mazy haunts we trod  
Amid the wood-wild flowers.  
The flowers and leaves may bloom or fall,  
The birds attune their song,  
I cannot feel as I have felt  
These rural haunts among.

I miss thee in the autumn days  
Beside the ripening corn ;  
How glad of heart we used to be  
When sheaves were homeward borne !  
We entered church with grateful hearts  
To join the praise and prayer,  
To thank the God of mercies great  
For all His bounteous care.

We mourn the stroke that fells the flower  
Just opening into bloom ;  
Thou wert that flower to every eye,  
Pale tenant of the tomb.

Though maidens fill the outward void  
Which thou wert wont to grace,  
The unfilled void within the heart  
Is still thy special place.



## THE YOUNG SPRING IS BREATHING.

The young spring is breathing on garden and lea,  
And bright flowers are springing delightsome to see ;  
The robin has gone to his home in the grove,  
Through summer to mate with his sweet lady-love.

The young spring is breathing on hedgerow and tree,  
And the leaf-buds are bursting to shade the ox e'e ;  
The mavis and blackbird sing loudly and clear  
A sweet song to welcome the spring of the year.

The young spring is breathing o'er ocean and sky,  
To give play to the pulse and life to the eye ;  
The woods are renewing their mantle of leaf,  
So dear to the bosom through summer so brief.

The young spring is breathing by braeside and burn,  
Where the wee gowans greet me wherever I turn ;  
The sweet lark soars upward like a speck in the sky,  
With an eye to the sward where its nest is to lie.

The young spring is breathing on valley and plain,  
And the farmer is ready with the pick o' his grain  
When the soil is in season to scatter in hope  
That autumn will yield him a bountiful crop.

While the young spring is breathing her blessings so  
free,  
Let hearts bless the Giver while bending the knee,  
That, while some have been summoned to fill their  
long home,  
Our feet have been spared through this valley to roam.

Those eyes still the beauty of Nature can see,  
And rejoice that our homes from the famine are free ;  
Can wander through woodlands with hearts void of care,  
And feast on the beauties prepared for us there.

The ear is regaled with the hum of the bee ;  
Some sweet singing bird from the top of a tree,  
The slow monotone of the mellow wood-dove,  
Unite in a chorus I ever will love.



## ABSENCE—EVENING.

I'm musing late and lonely, love,  
On Porthill's lofty height,  
While o'er my head the radiant stars  
Shed down their lovely light.



The city bells, in solemn tones,  
Send weary ones to rest,  
The sea-fowls sleeping on the wave,  
The song-bird to its nest.

I'm pacing sad and slowly, love,  
On Porthill's lofty brow,  
Beholding gas-lamps like a sea  
Spread lovely out below.  
The traveller loves the friendly ray  
Through gloom that twinkles clear,  
From double file of King Street lights  
Down seaward to the Pier.

I'm pacing late and lonely, love,  
Where I have trod before,  
To hear the dark and troubled sea  
Come dashing to the shore.  
The solemn scene is still the same  
It was in days by-gone,  
But, oh, my heart is heavy, love,  
For I must walk alone.

Ten years twice told have nearly sped  
Since last I met thee here,  
I have not pressed thy gentle hand  
This many a weary year;  
Nor once beheld thy rosy cheeks  
Since in their youthful bloom,  
Nor heard thy voice in witching tone  
Wake up my lonely room.

The hill's to me a sacred spot,  
'Twas here I met thee last,  
And wrapped thee in a cozy plaid  
To keep thee from the blast;  
We both beheld the evening scene,  
In all its matchless pride,  
I saw it then with double joy,  
For thou wert by my side.

I've trod since then a tangled path—  
How has it fared with you?—  
Whatever cloud of darkness rose  
I saw thine image through;  
The pleasure of that autumn night  
Will last for years to come,  
Until the Hand that made us both  
Shall please to call us home.

Oh, then, we'll meet above, love!  
We'll meet nae mair to part,  
No pang of absence then, love,  
Will cause a tear to start;  
Till then a long farewell, love,  
May good thy steps attend,  
And may you never gain a foe,  
Nor ever lose a friend!



## BRAES OF DON.

'Twas twilight of a summer's eve,  
When all around was hushed asleep,  
Save where the burnie reached a linn  
To undergo its noisy leap.

Tired Nature, like a slumbering child,  
Lay cradled on its mother earth,  
Calm as that hour which erst bespoke  
The closing of creation's birth.

Amid this calm of deep delight,  
When not a star or moonbeam shone,  
I sought Burnervie's birken bowers,  
Amid the woody dells of Don.

Manar's dark woods hung gloomily,  
When song-birds to their rest had gone,  
Soothed by a watery lullaby  
From silvery serenading Don.

Embossed amid encircling woods,  
Where aged elms their arms spread,  
An ivy-mantled mansion stands,  
The dwelling of a darling maid.

Here let creative fancy draw  
Youths wandering 'mid a scene like this,  
While love is winding up their hearts  
To the acme of terrestrial bliss.

Refractive memory holds to view  
 The magic of that moonless night.  
 Amid soft sleep's refreshing hours,  
 In fairy visions of delight.

From worldly cares I'll step aside,  
 In fancy roam the braes of Don,  
 Where soon I hope to meet again  
 My bonnie Mary Morrison.



### SERENADE.

LAURA, love, oh ! are ye sleeping—  
 Smiling in thy loveliness ?  
 The twinkling stars their vigils keeping,  
 Light me to thy dwelling-place.

Silence reigns around the Aulton,  
 Night couthie dries the mourner's e'e,  
 No vesper hymn is heard, but deep Don  
 Murmuring a midnight lullaby.

Laura, love, oh ! are ye sleeping ?  
 List thy lover's serenade.  
 Could ye see me wary creeping  
 To thy chamber half afraid ?

Luna sheds her silver radiance,  
 Soft on ocean's trembling breast,  
 Bright as thy dark eye's dazzling glance,  
 With beauty's sacred seal impressed.

Laura, love, since not awaking,  
I maun, sorrowing, say farewell !  
Morn o'er ocean's bosom breaking,  
Midnight missions to reveal.

The cheerful lark is sweetly singing,  
Poised above its downy nest ;  
Sol rising bright his beams are flinging,  
To gild the mountains of the west.

Laura, farewell ! I go mourning,  
By thy beauteous eyes unblest,  
Secret sighing, homeward journeying,  
Sleep on, sweetest, take thy rest.

May ne'er such dreams surround thy pillow,  
While night maintains the reins of sleep !  
As broken vows from faithless fellow,  
To cause thee when awake to weep.



## HILLS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BONNIE blooms the heath on the hills o' my childhood,  
Waving its bells to the wild busy bee ;  
Sheltering with its friendly shade the plover and moor-  
fowl,  
And blooming late in summer, when the flowers deck  
the pea.

Oh, peace to those hills where the linnet sings sweetly,  
And cheerily on the wings of liberty flee !  
Thrice-blest be yon woodlands encircling a bower,  
Dear, as the dwelling of Mary, to me !

Our village youth take pleasure in dancing at even,  
When the minstrel strikes up some favourite air ;  
But my heart wings awa' to the home o' my Mary,  
For daft-like is dancing when she is not there.

The gentle may joy in their parks and their palaces,  
Glittering sae grand in the glare o' the sun ;  
Mine be the moorlands to meet wi' my Mary  
At the close o' the day when the labour is done.

If earth yet retain one trace of creation,  
One gleam of the innocence Eden first knew,  
It lies round the hallowed spot of fond lovers meeting,  
Such as those hills would be, Mary, wi' you.

For thou art the rose in the wilderness blooming,  
Mild as the moon essaying to rise ;  
There is nothing can fan the flame in my bosom,  
Like the love-sparkling smile I have read from thine  
eyes.



## PERCOCK-TREE.

PERCOCK-TREE stands on a slight elevation, at the distance of a few minutes' walk from the centre of the town, and the villagers frequent it to enjoy the fine view westward, and breath a mouthful of fresh air. The concluding lines of the last stanza have reference to the storm of 3rd October, 1860 :—

OH, words are weak to ring the knell !  
My pen is paralysed to tell  
How dear to me's the crystal well  
That flows from Percock-tree.  
'Twas there I spent my golden youth—  
From that clear current quenched my drouth,  
And let this tongue cleave to my mouth  
When I mind not on thee.

I've lonely leaned beside that spring  
To watch the lavrocks heavenward wing,  
And heard the loving linties sing  
Their morning song wi' glee.  
How sweet from manhood's height to gaze  
To sacred haunts o' early days,  
When barefit o'er the gowany braes  
I ran around the tree !

With youth reposing in the grave,  
The self-exiled beyond the wave,  
And some who fell in battle brave,  
Whose turf no tongue may tell ;

But where in life or death ye be,  
 Companions dear by land or sea,  
 The air seems vocal with your glee  
     Around the tree and well.

Three centuries has its ample shade,  
 In sun and storm, a shelter spread  
 To gambling youth, to man and maid,  
     Assembled round the spring ;  
 But those who rest to view the vale  
 May well the crumbling tree bewail,  
 Another such terrific gale  
     Its requiem will sing.



### YTHANSIDE.

A SUMMER sweet of pastoral life  
     Was spent on Ythanside,  
 While brightly shone the star of hope,  
     My wandering feet to guide.  
 Youth, health, and strength made sunny days  
     Right pleasantly to glide,  
 While roaming through the broomy knowes  
     On bonnie Ythanside.

What cared I for State affairs,  
     Whatever might betide ?  
 The sound o' strife, the trump o' war,  
     Disturb'd not Ythanside.



The beautiful in earth and sky  
Poured in thy heart a tide ;  
That rises yet, though far removed  
Frae bonnie Ythanside.

From near the Pithe o' Minnony  
To braes above Slateheugh,  
Was herding, hunting, fishing ground,  
Afforded play enough.  
When leaving these delightful scenes,  
My grief I strove to hide ;  
So dear I loved the hills and dales  
On bonnie Ythanside.

The Pithe o' Minnony I passed  
To follow Ythan stream,  
When Gight in grandeur meets the eye,  
Like scene in wizard dream.  
The trees in gorgeous foliage waved  
In summer's leafy pride,  
Far up the braes on either hand,  
On bonnie Ythanside.

If wood and water constitute  
The beauty of a scene,  
The Braes o' Gight in summer time  
Will charm the dullest e'en ;  
Where the grand and beautiful combine  
To woo me to abide,  
And feast upon the picturesque,  
On bonnie Ythanside.

## THE DYING GIRL.

“Come closer to my couch, mother,  
And cheer me while alive ;  
I will not see December end  
To welcome sixty-five.  
The joys of merry Christmas time  
Are not in store for me ;  
Nor will those eyes behold, mother,  
The children's Christmas-tree.

“Come closer to my couch, mother ;  
—I thank thee for thy care,  
The sweet sustaining looks of love,  
For many an earnest prayer—  
For watchful days—for sleepless nights—  
A guardian angel nigh ;  
God grant thee strength of mind, mother,  
To see thy daughter die.

“Come closer to my couch, mother,  
My sun will set at noon ;  
I'd hoped to live to smooth thy path,  
And see thy sun go down,  
To tend thy few declining years,  
To fan the spark of faith,  
Till, triumphing in Christian hope,  
I closed thine eyes in death.

“ Come closer to my couch, mother ;  
I feel my eyes grow dim—  
My pulse is weak, my blood runs slow,  
Chill is each feeble limb ;  
These messages from heaven proclaim  
My death is drawing near—  
My voice is weak and hollow,  
And dull each aching ear.

“ Come closer to my couch, mother ;  
I forward looked with pride  
To when I'd leave my early home  
A youthful blooming bride ;  
But my bridal bed will soon be made  
In a corner where ye know,  
And be clad before the glad new year  
With a robe of virgin snow.

“ Come closer to my couch, mother,  
I wish to let you know  
That I will die betrothed, mother,  
Hear it before I go—  
And for my sake regard him, mother,  
As a leal and loving son,  
For the strong, undying love to me  
In past times he has shown.”

Away from the weary, wasted girl  
She turned her aching sight,  
And e'er a few brief moments passed  
The spirit took its flight.

The mother mute bent o'er her child—  
The lips that whispered low  
Were mute and pale, and gentle speech  
Had ceased for aye its flow.

The sisters wept, the mother mourned  
The loss of a darling child,  
But grief unutterable wrung  
In quenchless surging wild  
The bosom of her best beloved,  
Who loved as life the maid,  
And watched the first return of health  
To get his fair one wed.

And now he lives a widowed one—  
In musing on the past  
Mourns that the early dawn of youth  
Was so suddenly o'ercast ;  
And oft a solitary one is seen,  
As Sabbath-day comes round,  
Bending in silent sorrow o'er  
A new-made grassy mound.

Though storm be past and spring return,  
The flowers in forest blow,  
A robe of sunlight glows above,  
And beauty spreads below ;  
Though song-birds wake the woods again,  
The rose in gardens bloom,  
These fail to cheer a lover's heart  
Beside a fair one's tomb.

## INVERURIE.

SWEET gem of Garioch—beauteous gem  
 As e'er from hand of artist rose—  
 Placed like a royal diadem  
 Between where Don and Ury flows.  
 The Ury, where the anglers ply  
 Their rod and reel by light o' day ;  
 The Don, where youthful lovers hie  
 To wander 'neath the moon's pale ray.

Sweet gem of Garioch—beauteous gem  
 As e'er from hand of artist rose—  
 The child delights to lisp thy name,  
 As do the aged at life's close ;  
 Thy children gone beyond the ocean,  
 Divided by the raging sea,  
 Implore for thee at night's devotion  
 Blessings while they bend the knee.

Sweet gem of Garioch—beauteous gem  
 As e'er from hand of artist rose—  
 The King set seal upon thy name  
 In face of wild malicious foes.  
 While rebel royal factions warred,  
 The river kept them both at bay ;  
 Their warfare at short distance heard,  
 Seemed puny children at their play.

Sweet gem of Garioch—beauteous gem  
 As e'er from hand of artist rose—  
 The roll of ages gild thy name  
 As race on race their eyelids close.  
 Beauty abounds in water and wood ;  
 Peace and prosperity is found  
 Within thy border ; sterling good  
 And plenty yields the grateful ground.



### ALBERT MONUMENT.

THE people were proud around Aberdeen  
 Of Albert the Good, for sake of the Queen ;  
 Proud of his worth, his manner, his mind—  
 As ever seen north, exalted, refined ;  
 Proud of his intellect, ripe scholarship—  
 Poetry and music dropped from his lip ;  
 Proud of his loving life, proud of his death—  
 Pure through a sea of strife, a trophy of faith.  
 Science and literature he cherished with heart,  
 Improved agriculture and genius of art.  
 A pattern father all might admire,  
 As bairns could gather round the evening fire.  
 He stamped his life on the national mind,  
 From his widowed wife to the humblest hind.  
 Dark was the hours, we sadly remember,  
 On Windsor towers that night of December,  
 When medical science was powerless to save,  
 Or hold in abeyance death and the grave.

The photograph art, in sunniest hour,  
 Did his profile impart in polish and power ;  
 But picture so faint can't stand in the sun,  
 To mould a monument in metal or stone,  
 Built up in might in sight of the people,  
 To rival in height and beauty the steeple,  
 That races may see, whether bishop or bard,  
 That goodness and virtue will reap a reward.  
 There's nought worth a look of monument kind  
 In town, but the Duke, bending and blind.  
 Ah, patiently wait till a season is over,  
 The bonnie bronze statue genius uncover,  
 Then welcome the Prince, with young fair queen,  
 At whatever expense to dear Aberdeen.



## BONNIE KINTORE.

How blithe the light of the morn that breaks  
 So bright o'er the glades of bonnie Kintore,  
 When in the woods the song-bird wakes,  
 And sings his merry song o'er and o'er.  
 The fisher must daily be out at his toil,  
 Let sunshine or storm prevail on the deep ;  
 The sower here scatters the seed in the soil,  
 And heeds it nae mair till the season to reap.

How blithe the light of the morn that breaks  
 So bright o'er the town of bonnie Kintore,  
 The glance of whose water in river and lakes  
 Welcome the wanderer, weary, footsore.

Dear to me, who's slept in the shade of its trees,  
 When winter and darkness held league in the north;  
 While boughs of the ash-tree groaned in the breeze,  
 And voice of the tempest spoke angrily forth.

How blithe the light of the morn that breaks  
 On bonnie Kintore to thousands and me  
 Who travelled afar, now gladly partakes  
 The joys of home in my own country.  
 From Deveron banks to mouth of the Dee,  
 I've trod every green valley o'er and o'er;  
 From the shade of the hills to the side of the sca,  
 But sweetest of scenes was the Don at Kintore.

How blithe the clear moonlight that breaks  
 On the haughs and howes of bonnie Kintore,  
 When bit or bed nae burgher neglects  
 To have waiting the weary that reaches his door.  
 That hearty welcome, that kindly good-bye,  
 They live in the heart though they never meet more,  
 I'll fondly cherish till the moment I die,  
 The goodness that dwells in bonnie Kintore.



MARY.

I'm bending by thy grave, Mary,  
 Beneath the warm sun's ray,  
 But cold this heart, for thou, my wife,  
 Liest sleeping in the clay.



Ten weary years have slowly passed,  
Since thou wast carried from  
My own beloved home, to rest  
Within the silent tomb.

I'm bending by thy grave, Mary,  
Beside the marble stone  
So pious raised by us upon  
Our Isobel and John :

Two precious babes that Heaven lent,  
Soon to be called away :  
And thou rejoin'st them in the grave,  
To mingle with the clay.

While bending by thy grave, Mary,  
The past comes into view ;  
My pleasant home amid the flowers,  
In company with you,

Whose trusting heart and gentle hand,  
And love to me was given,  
But all the powers of mind and soul  
Were consecrate to Heaven.

The homeless poor to thee, Mary,  
When Winter ruled severe,  
Pled not in vain, their hapless case,  
Drew many a sigh and tear.

Thou wert the sun to me, Mary,  
Of a long and happy life ;  
Whose smile could blunt the edge of care—  
My fond and faithful wife.

The circling year of sun and shade,  
Of outward gloom or glee,  
Passed o'er thy calm and tranquil mind,  
As shadows o'er the sea.

We shared each other's joy, Mary,  
Likewise each other's grief ;  
The mirth whose fruit was lasting,  
The sorrows that were brief.

The glee of birth and bridal  
Was shared by you and me ;  
And burial day of friend or foe,  
We never longed to see.

These ten long years have been, Mary,  
A long ten years indeed ;  
They have not, like our wedded years,  
In smiling swiftness fled.

That morn ne'er lifts its rosy e'e,  
Nor twilight shadows close,  
That sees me not a pilgrim grey,  
Where you in death repose.

From earth I'll soon be missed, Mary,  
These lyart locks that wave,  
And bending frame, and failing powers  
Seem voices from the grave.

But what's the grave through which we pass?  
A path, an open door,  
That leads me to that better world,  
Where thou art gone before.



## CARDRUM WOOD.

THE stately trees of Cardrum Wood,  
The pride of every eye,  
That for the space of fourscore years  
Had tapered to the sky—  
That battled bravely wi' the storm  
When winds did fiercely blaw,  
The lofty trees of Cardrum Wood  
Are nearly a' awa'.

I' the tall trees of Cardrum Wood  
The song-birds built their nest,  
And cozy 'mong the green leaves  
Hushed their young to rest.  
The foliage o'er them graceful waved,  
Whate'er the wind could blaw,  
But the tall trees of Cardrum Wood  
Are nearly a' awa'.

The stately trees of Cardrum Wood,  
 Now fallen to the ground,  
 Gave refuge to the deer, the hare  
 Pursued before the hound ;  
 The wood gave rest to bird and beast,  
 Whoever sought to ca',  
 But the tall trees of Cardrum Wood  
 Are nearly a' awa'.

The stately trees of Cardrum Wood  
 Gave beauty to the scene,  
 The planters a' have gone to sleep,  
 Their graves are growing green ;  
 And now the trees, their joy and pride,  
 Before their fellers fa',  
 And the tall trees of Cardrum Wood  
 Are nearly a' awa'.



## VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO THE CUCKOO.

ADIEU, delightful bird—adieu !  
 Tears write the valedictory lay ;  
 Does home record a parting vow  
 That makes you haste so soon away ?

Hope heaved my heart the morn I hailed  
 Thy welcome from a distant clime ;  
 When from the grove thy shout assailed  
 The ear, it was a cheerful time.

Have waving woods no winning charm  
For thee, 'neath Caledonian skies?  
Or flown to shun gregarious swarms,  
Who hate thy annual enterprise?

The stork knows her appointed time  
To bask beneath a brighter sky;  
The cuckoo seeks a warmer clime  
Than Scottish seasons can supply.

Sweet bird, thy premature retreat  
On every grove hath shed a gloom;  
Oh, for the turtle's pinions fleet,  
To track thee to thy distant home!

Adieu, thine annual mission's past—  
Heaven chart thee safely o'er the main!  
Strong hearts to all to front the blast,  
Lone pilgrim, till we meet again.

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## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

How swift is the summer-time passing!  
Here's the last month save one in the year;  
And the leaves from the tall trees are massing  
By the wayside, sapless and sere.  
The song-birds afar off are winging,  
Who sung in the sweet summer-time;  
Now silent the woods they set ringing,  
While they winter in a warmer clime.

The flowers in the old woods are faded,  
They droop and decay on their stalk,  
And the air is no longer invaded  
With scent in my afternoon walk.  
The sky that was draped in beauty  
In the light of the long summer day,  
The dying year feels it a duty  
To cloud with a look of dismay.

The leaves only fall for the races  
Of the young leaves to come in their room,  
And the old flowers cover their faces  
For the young race to rise into bloom.  
The birds that departed the hedges  
To shun the long night of the year,  
Have left the old nests as their pledges  
That in spring they again will appear.

The heart of the hopeful can waken  
In the midnight of wintry gloom,  
And feel as it had partaken  
Of next year's delicious perfume.  
The past, the present, the future,  
Have their spring of delight in the heart,  
And change can the sympathies tutor  
To witness the summer depart.



## W I N T E R.

SHOULD winter wi' its frosty breath  
    Becloud the heart wi' woe,  
When it sets again the sun-dried rill  
    Will have a merry flow.  
The winter makes the poor and rich  
    Draw far more close together,  
And knits the bonds of brotherhood  
    Set loose in summer weather.

The summer yieldeth wealth of leaf,  
    And lovely blooming flowers ;  
It's only during winter's reign  
    That garnered fruits are ours.  
From every clime the autumn's stores  
    Are landed on our shore,  
And plenty drives the wolf awa'  
    From every cottar's door.

The winter wiles the robin back  
    That summer wooed awa' ;  
He stands to see if any crumbs  
    The children's hands let fa'.  
The rich expect the poor to ca',  
    Looking for food and fire,  
And warm claes and kindly words,  
    Or what they maist desire.

Oh, winter ! I will welcome thee,  
 Nor fret thy fickle rule ;  
 By thee we reach the time to catch  
 The troutlets in the pool ;  
 The gowans growing on the brae,  
 The nests among the heather,  
 And a' the blessings that ha'e birth  
 From glorious sunny weather.



### KILDONAN BURN.

LET'S haste to the Burn o' Kildonan,  
 There's gowd for the gathering there ;  
 And though seldom yet gotten in nuggets,  
 We'll dig on and never despair.  
 We ha'e na to cross the wide ocean,  
 To mate in a trough wi' a nigger ;  
 The gowd-field's our ain bonnie Highlands,  
 And a Scot is the principal digger.  
 Then, hey for the Lord o' the Manor,  
 Sutherland's popular Duke ;  
 Success to the Mines o' Kildonan,  
 The fine auriferous brook.

Then, haste to the Burn o' Kildonan  
 In the hey-day o' sunshine and youth,  
 To meet wi' the crowds there convening  
 Frae the east, the north, and the south.



There's order and law to protect us,  
There's wealth for the workers untold,  
And a fair for one's fortunate findings,  
To sell at true value the gold.  
Then, hey for the Lord o' the Manor, &c.

We'll leave the horse at his fodder,  
The plough to rest in the field,  
And hurry, as fast as we're able,  
To see what the diggings will yield.  
King Crispin will fling by his lapstane,  
Though feet gae unshod in the cold,  
And tailors, though men march in tatters,  
Will prefer a good nugget of gold.  
Then hey for the Lord o' the Manor, &c.

Here's a health to our ain bonnic Scotland,  
The Sutherland Highlands sae grand ;  
Nac mair will we tempt the mad ocean  
To dig in a far foreign land,  
While our ain happy Highlands supply  
A rich, inexhaustible field ;  
And lang may the Burn o' Kildonan  
Continue a full harvest to yield.  
Then, hey for the Lord o' the Manor, &c.



## MY NATIVE LAND.

How dear to me this sunny noon !

    This calm and pleasant autumn day,  
When I can joyful sit me down

    Alone on Percock's lofty brae,  
To view the varied country round—  
Hill, dale, and richly-cultured ground—  
And hear the railway whistle's sound,  
    Come screaming up the iron way.

In bloom beneath its southern shade,

    Well wooded up to near the crown,  
I gaze on Barra's rock façade

    And trenches, where I've travelled round,  
When o'er my head the laverock's lay  
Thrilled in the sunlight through the day ;  
Or, seated on the auld rock's grey,  
    When rosy light began to fade.

How grand to view the mountain chain

    That bars the view far to the west,  
Where, nightly, Sol beyond the main

    Descends ere man retire to rest.  
What worth the Garioch Vale contains,  
In lordly ha', on broad domains,  
Or lowlier hut, where wife and weans  
    Feel pleasures, countless, unexpressed.

I envy not the wealth of those  
Who dig it in a distant land—  
Be mine where first my being rose,  
To find food in my native land.  
To rough it in Australian wild  
Requires a hardier "mountain child"  
From home, where fewer pleasures smiled  
When mental light began to dawn.



## ELEGIAC LINES.

FAR from the land where kindred sleep,  
And where his native wild woods wave,  
For wealth and fame he crossed the deep,  
But gold and glory dug a grave.

"Dust unto dust," the body dies,  
We all must bow to heaven's decree,  
But none knows where the spirit flies,  
While gazing with a mortal e'e.

Death never chained a soul below,  
And his hath reached that holy clime  
Where Sharon's fragrant roses blow  
Beyond the withering blight of time.

While lying sick he thought of home—  
Its hallowed scenes arose in view,  
Where loving friends he'd wandered from,  
Unconscious of a last adieu.

As kindly strangers pressed around,  
His parting smile their love confessed,  
But, oh, could eagle's wings been found  
To bear him home to be at rest !

The lamp of life was burning low,  
His eye returned a ghastly stare,  
The tide of life forgot to flow,  
And all was midnight silence there.

Peace to that sacred spot of earth  
Where, mouldering, low his relics lie ;  
Weep, heavens ! for her that gave him birth,  
Hath ceased not till the fountain's dry.

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### GOWNER BRAES.

THE Den of Gowner is as beautiful a natural hollow as one could desire to see, lying lengthways between the fine farms of Gowner (Mr. Philip's) and Parkfield (Mr. Davidson's), nearly a mile in length. It was planted in 1822 with a great variety of the choicest trees, which long afforded to the lovers of solitude a most agreeable walk, till recently proscribed. The Den was planted by the then proprietor, James Urquhart (died 1835), who, some ten years after having it planted, had a nice path cut out for pedestrians along the steep brae on the north side, and of sufficient breadth to permit a small carriage, containing himself, to be propelled by a male servant. Down in the hollow recess runs a small burn, along the margin of which lofty and luxuriant trees wave their tops. This thriving plantations forms an object of romantic beauty to the tourist bent on sights ; but, to the thrifty farmer, whose richly-cultivated fields skirt the plantation, the picture may possibly have fewer charms. Half-way down

the Den there is a small round rising knoll, once of considerable interest to young folks, termed the "Elfin Hillock," superstitiously believed in our young days to be the haunt and home of Fairies. When Mr. Urquhart had the path made for his coach, he built on the top of this knoll a summer-house of most ingenious rustic woodwork, and surrounded by sweet-scented rose and briar bushes; but the laird's summer-house on the "Elfin Hillock" has disappeared from sight, like himself, long ago.

OH, bonnie's the burnie in Gowner's green Den  
That murmurs afar from the dwellings of men;  
The grass on its banks grow unfadingly green,  
While its bosom mirrors a beautiful scene.

It flows in the sunshine, and whiles in the shade  
Concealing its face like a coy young maid,  
Beneath the spruce trees a picture of glee,  
A clear, cool burnie as traveller could see.

The trees on its banks taper forty feet high,  
Are leafing to wave in summer's soft sigh,  
Where birdies are bigging their warm downy nests,  
Each to hush a happy young family to rest.

While song-birds are singing melodiously sweet,  
'Tis pleasant to stroll through the sylvan retreat,  
Where music and beauty imparteth a joy  
That this world's cares cannot, dare not, destroy.

The Den should be sacred to the worship of love,  
Where nothing is seen but the blue lift above;  
And the steep wooded braes where anemones blow  
In April to smile on the valley below.

The music of Art may blush to compare  
 With the music of Nature sung sweetening the air,  
 In the long Den of Gowner when summer is nigh,  
 Where everything ministers delight to the eye.

The peewit that came to old haunts in the spring,  
 Now daily makes the groves of Gowner to ring ;  
 The bee and butterfly's out in the sun,  
 Rejoiced to feel that the winter is run.

No longer, alas, must fond lovers profane  
 The time-hallowed haunts of the beautiful Den !  
 It is sacred henceforth to the rabbit and hare,  
 As the drummer has warned us all to beware.

Farewell, bonnie Gowner, adieu for a while !  
 Let hoar winter howl, and sweet summer smile,  
 Thy beauty and grandeur unheeded remain  
 Whilst banished from treading thy holy domain.



### POLISH SONG.

Is this the land where Wallace fought—  
 Where Bruce expended strength and thought ?  
 And have their blood been shed for nought ?

Is freedom but a word ?

Can Scotsmen live as mute as moles,  
 Unmoved to see the noble Poles  
 Chased like rats to hiding holes,  
 And never draw a sword ?

My spirit burns with fierce disdain  
As tyrants treat the bravest men,  
And bind on them a galling chain,  
    Forged by a fiendish foe.

Look at her peasants' homes on fire ;  
Her daughters' lamps of hope expire,  
A prey to Russian's foul desire,  
    Helpless to answer, No.

How long shall they pollute those fields,  
Which bread to British children yields ?  
Can Scotland sleep, that nobly wields  
    The arm of Volunteer ?

Come, don the rifle, draw the sword,  
And march to meet the invading horde—  
Throw every Russian overboard,  
    Till Europe give a cheer.

By streams of blood already shed,  
That's dyed the soil of Poland red—  
By Polish bravery oft displayed,  
    Final victory's sure.

Can Cossack crimes be e'er forgiven  
To Poland by the King of Heaven ?  
No, they shall from the soil be driven  
    With more than Polish power.



## THE MEADOW'S BURN.

STREAM of my childhood,  
Again I am proud  
To hear the murmur of thy musical flow,  
As I pull the wild flowers,  
In summer's sweet hours,  
That 'neath the bright sunshine beautiful grow.

Not a river I sing,  
That makes the woods ring,  
With noisy cascades dashing from high,  
But a wee purling rill  
Gliding by the old mill,  
Where grey water-wagtails nest by the way.

Mention the Meadow Burn,  
And the oldest will turn,  
To where in youth's morn he trod its green banks,  
With those, it may be,  
Now far o'er the sea,  
Whom destiny draws from the juvenile ranks.

What joy to steal away,  
On the Saturday holiday,  
With brave school-boys to trout in the burn,  
Till the sun set at eve  
Gave warning to leave  
For home, where they longed for the fisher's return.



The burnie flows the same—  
 In place, and power, and name—  
 Though with many, alas, has lost its power to please!  
 The waters flow as clear,  
 Its banks as green and dear,  
 Yet many loving manhood, loses love of these.

The burnie's still appealing  
 To young hearts fresher feeling,  
 By gowans on its banks to hearts' gushing glee,  
 In the sweet summer day  
 They sigh to get away  
 To where it sings merrily to the spirits of the free.



## MELDRUM VOLUNTEERS.

ROUSE, rouse, ye men of Meldrum,  
 — Brave in heart and young in years ;  
 Come, as leal, true hearted Scotsmen,  
 Join the Rifle Volunteers.

Join them ye who love your country—  
 Revere her laws and love the throne,  
 Ready to beat back invasion,  
 Nerved by deeds your sires have done.

The motto of our Volunteers  
 Ring valiantly—" We fear nae foe !"  
 " The tyrant's dread's a nation armed,"  
 Prepared to give him blow for blow.

As ye love your grandsires' memories,  
As ye love your fathers' graves,  
By the light of hearths and altars,  
Swear you never shall be slaves.

We have ground to love our country,  
Yield submission to her laws ;  
And, roused by din of despot nations,  
To wield the sword's a holy cause.

Then, rouse ye in the morning early,  
Rally with the rising sun ;  
Gather in the evening twilight,  
Each bearing brave his rifle gun.

While the shout of Sergeant Dunlop  
Soundeth like a silver bell,  
Echoing o'er each happy homestead,  
Hasten, hasten to the drill.

Clad in handsome uniform,  
And cheered by smile of female beauty,  
Let the fair refuse love's guerdon,  
Till every man has learned his duty.



## BRIDAL SONG.

AWAKE the morn with merry bells  
In honour of the Prince of Wales ;  
When love and loyalty prevails,

Hail the auspicious day.

His heart's the fount of purest love,  
The happy day doth clearly prove ;  
And, oh, may He who reigns above  
Guard well his slipp'ry way.

Heir-apparent to the throne,  
Parents love thee as a son—  
Love Alexandra, as thine own

Choice of queenly grace.

Blessings on Albert and his bride,  
England's hope and Scotland's pride,  
Born to build and not divide

The royal Brunswick race.

The nation, with united voice,  
Stamps approval of the choice—  
Rich and poor in heart rejoice

To bless the bridal day.

They mark a mighty Hand Divine,  
Make two hearts in union twine ;  
The British oak—the Danish vine—

Will smooth sovereign sway.

Hail the day with mirth and song—  
 A day to be remembered long  
 In every house by old and young—  
 Let them banish care.

Blessings on the Prince of Wales—  
 On her whom in his bosom dwells ;  
 Beat your drums, and ring your bells,  
 And pledge the royal pair.



### BOUTTIE BRAES.

To sweeten health and lengthen life,  
 Go travel Bouttie's bonnie braes,  
 While Nature's music loads the air  
 Amid the smile of summer days.  
 Climb up to see the rising sun  
 From lofty top of Lawell side,  
 Where mist nor city smoke ascend,  
 The lovely rural scene to hide.

Delightful haunts of early days,  
 Where I have trod the blooming heather,  
 Or forest tall of glowing broom,  
 Amid such glorious sunny weather ;  
 But Lawell side though dearly prized,  
 Thornton nor Sunnybrae can marrow,  
 The wooded hill of old renown,  
 Where heroes sleep on lofty Barra.

There while I hail the lovely June,  
 The forest trees are draped in leaves ;  
 To screen me from the solar rays,  
 A robe of beauty Nature weaves.  
 No hostile foes on Barra meet  
 As wont, to right a nation's cause ;  
 The harmony of heaven in song,  
 Fills up the long-enduring pause.

It thrills the heart with purest joy,  
 The melody of song-birds near,  
 The lofty laverock's lay of love,  
 The mavis' joyous tone so clear ;  
 The peewit's eerie wailing cry,  
 The caw of rooks, the low of herds,  
 The bleat of sheep, the rushing burn,  
 Chime forth a bass to song of birds.

I love to linger long and late  
 Amid such summer scenes abroad ;  
 The heart grows holier thus alone  
 Amid the solemn works of God.  
 I feel His smile in sunlight shed,  
 At morn and eve, 'mid leafy trees ;  
 In solitude, I hear His voice  
 Whispering in every gentle breeze.

Give me to see, as season's roll,  
 Thine impress stamped on all below---  
 In summer landscape's lovely green,  
 Or in the winter's flakey snow ;

To greet Thy smile in budding spring ;  
 To see Thee in the fading leaf ;  
 A heart to hail a time of joy,  
 To meet resigned a time of grief.

~\*~

### HYMN TO LABOUR.

"That monster drain of emigration will eventually ruin this country."

THERE'S breadth in bonnie Scotland still,  
 Upon her ever-honour'd soil ;  
 There's happy, humble homes to fend  
 Each hoary-headed son of toil.  
     God bless the working classes, O—  
     The money-making masses, O—  
 May Heav'n shed health and wealth in showers  
 Among the working classes, O.

With pride they plough the stubborn soil—  
 They hew the wood and net the streams ;  
 And when they dig in foreign lands,  
 May they make good their golden dreams.  
     God bless the working classes, &c.

Stern autocrats, who own the soil,  
 Would raise a faint protection growl,  
 While honest men who daily toil  
 Are sweating out their very soul.  
     God bless the working classes, &c.

But none will start a backward march,  
 If led in lordly leading-strings ;  
 While Commerce, free as human thought,  
 Wafts plenty on her olive wings.  
 God bless the working classes, &c.

Oh, may the light of knowledge spread,  
 As morning sun-beams travel forth,  
 Till every working man be made  
 To feel and own its priceless worth.  
 God bless the working classes, &c.



W O M A N ' S E ' E .

THERE'S sunlight for the saddest heart  
 That human bosoms bear,  
 To quell the mist of early morn,  
 And warm the evening air ;  
 The lordly ha', the humble cot,  
 Get a' an equal share—  
 There's sunlight for the saddest heart  
 That human bosoms bear.

There's moonlight for the musing lad  
 That loves alone to stray,  
 To lift his mind above the earth,  
 The turmoil o' the day ;

To light his path, to show the eye  
When danger's drawing near—  
There's moonlight for the saddest heart  
That human bosoms bear.

There's starlight for the lover swain,  
Abroad with stealthy feet,  
To guide him to the trysting tree,  
His bosom queen to meet ;  
They twinkle bright and beautiful,  
His lonely path to cheer—  
There's starlight for the saddest heart  
That human bosoms bear.

Though light of sun, and moon, and star,  
Be sweet alway to me,  
The light of love in maiden's smile  
Is doubly sweet to see ;  
It beams to banish grief and care ;  
The choicest comfort here—  
Love lightens up the saddest heart  
That human bosoms bear.

The soldier dares the battle field,  
The sailor braves the sea,  
The poet sings his sweetest lays,  
For smile o' woman's e'e ;  
And youth will don the rifle dress  
To rank a Volunteer—  
Love lightens up the saddest heart  
That human bosoms bear.



From beggar on the bustling street  
To monarch on the throne,  
Through every grade in camp or court  
The fact is widely known.  
The ruling power is woman's e'e  
Undimm'd by sorrow's tear—  
Love lightens up the saddest heart  
That human bosoms bear.



## YTHSIE MONUMENT.

Who built the monumental tower  
On lofty Ythsie hill,  
Displaying beauty of design,  
In judgment, taste, and skill?  
The tenant farmers, who desire  
To keep the memory green,  
Of the best laird that ever lived—  
The Earl of Aberdeen.

They choose the elevated site  
Whereon to rear the tower,  
As type of his exalted place  
In the scale of rank and power;  
Compeer to Europe's crowned heads,  
Beloved by the Queen;  
Her first, best, truest counsellor—  
The Earl of Aberdeen.

Rank claimed him to mingle much  
With men of kindred power,  
Yet he loved in leisure hours to muse  
On Scotland's honest poor.  
And tenants, met at quarter day,  
Were never heard complain  
Of having high rack-rent to pay  
The Earl of Aberdeen.

The monument will manifest  
To strangers from afar,  
How dear were Kelley's quiet dales,  
Removed from din of war ;  
The grassy slopes where lambkins feed,  
He prized the pastoral scene,  
And ever gladly home returned—  
The Earl of Aberdeen.

They mourn'd his death as children do  
Who lose a father dear,  
When the mournful tidings swept along  
The telegraphic wire.  
And who could grudge to mingle tears  
With our beloved Queen,  
Who wept to lose her early guide—  
The Earl of Aberdeen.



## SONG.

THERE'S beauty in the clear sparkling burn in the  
meadow,

Whether its waters flow swiftly or slow ;  
Health and happiness dwell on its green banks,  
Mirth and music spring from its flow.

The youth I see stealthily pacing the margin,  
To hook the wee troutlet hidden unseen ;  
Maidens in freedom and frolic are tripping,  
The aged recline on its carpet of green ;  
But the boys I've known, oh, where are they gone ?  
By the burn-side trouting they're not to be seen.

The palace by the burn, with its woods and its walks,  
Offers to the foot-weary a grateful retreat ;  
The beautiful gardens, well stocked and fruitful—  
Where the pear and the apple grow juicy and sweet.  
The home of the song-bird of exquisite tone—  
Of plumage that rival the rainbow's hue,  
Who leave not to winter in countries remote,  
They lodge in the ivy the long winter through ;  
But where is the kind hand that fed them in storm ?  
Each face that I meet with is strange-like and new.

Where is the miller and the miller's cot-house  
That stood with its white-washed face to the sun ?  
Where is the miller, and where is his spouse ?  
Why are they banished ? What ill have they done ?

Sair do I miss the auld miller's mill-wheel  
 That never grew weary of its roundabout range ;  
 Man may depart or to distance remove,  
 Seasons revolve, too, and places may change,  
 But the burnie, unchanged, continues the same—  
 The only bright face that never looks strange.



### LADY HARRIET'S BRIDAL.

SING we a song of the seventh of May ;  
 Lady Harriet is humble and good,  
 And the blood in her veins is the gentle blood  
 Of a Gordon—a Jerviswood.

Lady Harriet lingers in heart still here,  
 'Round her dear old home, Haddo House,  
 While, before the best in the land, this day  
 She becomes a fond, loving spouse.

From the beautiful scenes of her early days,  
 Lady Harriet is wooed away ;  
 Yet pledge we her health in a cup of the best  
 On this glorious seventh of May.

Lady Harriet's smile inspired new life  
 In the ranks of the Volunteers,  
 At summer's return on the bonnie green sward,  
 And we bid her farewell with tears.

The rich and the poor in heart have blessed  
Lady Harriet's bright bridal day,  
And hope that he may prove worthy the hand  
Lady Harriet has given away.

The bonfires blazed on the heights around,  
While rockets made beautiful play,  
And the rifles told how dearly we loved  
Lady Harriet's wedding day.

Here's a health to both, in heart made one ;  
May their love not experience decay,  
But burn as bright to life's latest hour  
As seen on the seventh of May.



## FALL OF THE FOREST.

THE mind surveys, in mournful mood,  
The spot where once in boyhood  
A grand old roomy forest stood,  
Battling with the western wind.  
Now a straggler here and there  
Trembles in the wintry air,  
While all around is bleak and bare,  
And none can needy shelter find.  
The huntsman's horn or woodman's axe  
No more the weary silence breaks ;  
Nor schoolboy runs again to vex  
The forester of crusty mind.

Where will the cushats build and breed,  
With leafy canopy o'erhead,  
When farmers go to sow oat seed  
    At lovely smiling spring's return?  
No more will songsters come to cheer  
The wood that screened the timid deer;  
Nor fox nor hare now venture near,  
    While all the blooming cover mourn.  
Ah! what avails returning spring  
To where there are no birds to sing,  
Or cuckoo's waking woods to ring  
    In concert with the wimpling burn.

The youthful lovers—man and maid—  
Who met beneath the leafy shade,  
Will miss for aye the sheltering glade  
    That screened them from the world's gaze,  
As close enfolded in his arms  
He fed upon her budding charms,  
While rays of hope his bosom warms,  
    Lighting the path to happier days.  
The grand old wood no longer gives  
Repose or food to aught that lives,  
And bees from out the straw-built hives  
    May safely shun these barren braes.



## THE GEM OF ABERDEEN.

I LEFT my own delightful home  
One lovely morn in June,  
With a heart as light as any man  
That ever left the town.  
A radiant beam from morning's womb  
Illumed the placid seas,  
While diamond dew-drops sparkling waved,  
Like tears among the trees.

The milk-maids merrily passed the town,  
With many a shining pail ;  
Thus up at early morn, like larks,  
A singing to themsel'.  
The morn was fair, but fairer they—  
Each happy as a queen—  
With rosy cheeks might shame the girls  
That wanton late at e'en.

'Mong a' the woods o' women here,  
Great forest of the fair,  
One lovely myrtle blooms unseen,  
Whose fragrance scents the air ;  
But why compare an earthly flower  
With peerless Eveleen ?  
Who is the Venus star of earth—  
The gem of Aberdeen !

Her auburn locks in ringlets wave,  
 Like tassels in the wind ;  
 Her pretty eyes, like evening stars,  
 Lit up a noble mind.  
 She's good and fair beyond compare—  
 The phœnix of her race ;  
 Heaven rain thy richest blessings down  
 Around her dwelling place !



## BONNIE UDNY.

I THOUGHT the sunlight sweetest fell  
 On bonnie Udny once—  
 The shining town, the castle tower,  
 And round the quiet manse.

The eye admired the landscape round  
 At every varied turn,  
 And music sweet that touched the ear,  
 Came wafted frae the burn.

I thought spring planted earliest flowers  
 Around the favoured place,  
 And autumn lingered latest here,  
 Ere winter showed his face.

And what had forged sic wizard power  
 To bind wi' sic a spell ?  
 It was the innocent girlhood home  
 Of beauteous Isabel.



At ball or bridal, kirk or fair,  
No rival Isa found ;  
She sung as sweet as lark o'erhead,  
Or lintie on the ground.

The rural maidens envied her  
Though plain in dress was seen,  
For none could trip wi' half the grace  
Across the village green.

One market day the maiden set  
To see a neighbouring fair,  
Her mother said, with heavy sigh,  
" You have no errand there."

But go she would, and stayed all day,  
And late returned hame,  
And lives to wear the blackest spot  
That stains a maiden's name.



## QUAGLIENI'S CIRCUS.

BONNIE lassie will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonnie lassie will ye go, to Quaglieni's Circus ?  
There the grandest troupe ye'll see,  
That ever left fair Italy ;  
To cross the noble river Dee,  
This Quaglieni's Circus.

Bonnie lassie will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie will ye go, to Quaglieni's Circus?  
 Let's hie on Tuesday to the place,  
 And see the brilliant steeple-chase,  
 A neck or nothing of a race  
 In Quaglieni's Circus.

Bonnie lassie will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie will ye go, to Quaglieni's Circus?  
 For I could be 'maist every night,  
 Where marvellous Luigi leaps a height,  
 And, spell-bound, witness every sight  
 In Quaglieni's Circus.

Bonnie lassie will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie will ye go, to Quaglieni's Circus?  
 Never were better riders seen,  
 Or swifter steeds in Aberdeen,  
 Then let us fly across the Green  
 To Quaglieni's Circus.



## THE GRENAGO STANE.

On the 23rd of May, 1308, when the forces under the Earl of Buchan attacked the royal army under King Robert Bruce, the citizens of Aberdeen hastened to assist Bruce on the battle-field of Barra, and were mainly the cause of Comyn's defeat.

The Earl, seeing the carnage of his troops, fled in hot haste to the stone below the Parish Church of Meldrum, where people passing heard him groaning, hence the name of the stone, which should be Groanogo Stone. This is traditionary, but old people credit the belief as genuine.

OH, wha hasna heard o' the Grenogo Stane  
That stands on the right o' the road to Kilblean,  
Like a sentry on guard, east end o' the common,  
An object o' interest to man an' to woman.

When a cow-herd lang syne, my leefu' lane,  
I've mused on the past by the Grenogo Stane ;  
An' the spirit o' history from sleep did me summon—  
To see Earl Buchan, the notorious Comyn.

When routed by Bruce below Hill o' Barra,  
He fled from the field wi' the speed o' an arrow,  
An' lay down to rest by the Grenogo Stane,  
Heart broken and weary his leefu' lane.

He that wasted Buchan wi' bow and wi' arrow,  
Wi' fire an' wi' sword, is driven frae Barra,  
To pillow his head on the Grenogo Stane—  
His broadsword dimm'd o' its glancing sheen.

The presence o' Bruce on the field o' battle,  
Scattered his foes like a herd o' cattle !  
While the Earl skedaddled to the Grenogo Stane,  
Sick at seeing where the conflict had been.

Thanks to the burghers of brave Bon-Accord—  
They came wi' what strength the town could afford ;  
And that help, that lives yet in memory green,  
Laid Comyn to groan by the Grenogo Stane.

The Earl, while resting, was heard to groan—  
Hence, says tradition, the name of the stone ;  
And deny it who list that the Earl has been  
A lodger by the Grenogo Stane.

Five centuries an' more have passed away,  
Since our brave fighting fathers did sleep in the clay ;  
But wha doesna gaze wi' sparkling een  
To where he lay down by the Grenogo Stane.

Proudly did the royal flags float o'er the field,  
When the rebel invaders were driven to yield.  
So perish all rebels to the reign of our queen,  
And bury their bones by the Grenogo Stane.



### SPRING'S RETURN.

HERE she comes with visage fair,  
Lightsome step, and laughing e'e,  
Breathing balm upon the air,  
Wakening gowans on the lea.

Tripping hill and moorland range,  
Barren heath and cultured farm,  
Rousing fancies new and strange  
As she shows the other charm.

Roaming down the calm retreat,  
Through the close embowering woods,  
Where are song-birds bigging neat  
Nests, amid the bursting buds.

Flowers in wild woods feel the duty  
All to stir at Nature's voice—  
Up they spring to life and beauty,  
Making human hearts rejoice.

In the garden's beds and borders  
Early flowers already bloom ;  
Snowdrops, crocus—Nature's order—  
Fling their petals o'er their tombs.

Infant grass, in broad fields springing,  
Comes refreshed from winter's rest ;  
Soon will corn-crakes be winging  
O'er the laverock's lowly nest.

See the burns—a blithesome sight—  
Now go singing to the sea,  
While the gleams of genial sunlight  
Woo abroad the industrious bee.

Morning, at an hour more early,  
Wakes to see the pleasant scene ;  
Evening, lost in wonder fairly,  
Lingering, drops her rosy screen.

## RUSTIC WOOING.

“ At last merry marriage I met, mother,  
The bonniest lad in the land,  
Who sought me sair for his wife, mother,  
As he pressed my gentle hand.  
The last soft kiss you gave me, mother,  
He stole, and twenty beside ;  
Then how could I grudge consent, mother,  
To be his bonnie young bride ?”

“ Allow me to ask thee, daughter dear,  
Has he only stolen a kiss,  
Or twenty more, my daughter dear,  
There’s nothing far amiss.  
But the rose has departed thy cheek, love,  
That bloomed sae bonnie and red,  
And weddings are few that honour bear  
To grace the bridal bed.”

“ Beside the kisses he stole, mother,  
He stole my virgin heart,  
Oh, the rarest jewel in woman’s keep !—  
He’d such a winning art.  
This youth of manly mien, mother,  
I’m his for evermore,  
And you will laud my choice, mother,  
The day he seeks your door.”

“ Come, tell to me his calling love,  
The place he calls his hame ;  
His character, good or bad, love,  
And please to state his name.  
There’s many men marrying now-a-days  
That have nae house ava,  
And I am thinking such an one  
Has vowed to take thee awa’.”

“ His name I’ve quite forgot, mother ;  
He lives at some neighbouring farm ;  
His face I’m sure to know, mother,  
Whose heart’s sae true and warm.  
The term will bring us joy, mother,  
When you clasp your son-in-law,  
And every day I long, mother,  
The winter was awa’.”

“ Alas, how simple are girls become !  
And you’re a silly dove ;  
His aim in seeing you home that night  
Was not an errand of love.  
By trusting his flattering tongue, girl,  
He’s brought your house to disgrace  
And, ten to one, you’ll never again  
Behold the betrayer’s face.”



## TIFTY'S ANNIE.

THE sweetest, saddest song,  
    Within my memory sung,  
Was Tifty's Annie's tragic lay  
    Crowned by a mother's tongue.  
It dropped in soil prepared,  
    Took root within the mind,  
And flourishes when flashing strains  
    Are scattered to the wind.

While yet of tender years,  
    I was sent a-herding cows,  
And it chanced my herding lay  
    In Mill of Tifty's howes.  
Deep feelings stirred the soul,  
    Standing where Annie dwelt,  
Thinking how friends had dyed their hands  
    In everlasting guilt.

By Fyvie Castle since  
    I've taken my wistful stand,  
To see the hero lofty perched,  
    With trumpet in his hand.  
In Fyvie's kirkyard, where  
    Proud tombs their shadows throw,  
I on the stone with awe have knelt  
    Her dear dust lies below.



Who reads the tragic tale,  
As told by the nameless bard,  
And feels no charm, may turn his foot  
From Fyvie's green kirkyard.  
Bless, Heaven, the Fyvie fair ones,  
And guide them where they stray ;  
They pitied the long-neglected spot  
Where slumbers Annie's clay.

They rear a granite tomb,  
A guide to pilgrim feet,  
Adorned with Annie's saintly name,  
Each age with love repeat.  
May love like her's be pure  
In ilk Fyvie female bairn,  
And meet a better fate than need  
A monumental cairn.



## SPRING.

Of all the seasons of the year  
Commend to me the spring,  
When Nature throbs in every pulse  
To cast her covering ;  
When birds amid the budding boughs  
Hymn life-restoring spring,  
And Nature, like an opening book,  
Invites her sons to sing.

Safe in the bosom of the soil  
The silvery snow-drop lay,  
To list the January winds,  
And watch Sol's earliest ray ;  
And though rude February frowned,  
Sweet bud, upon thy birth,  
No Briton breathes but sanctifies  
Thy natal hour with mirth.

First of the feathered songster-race—  
Sweet harbinger of spring,  
Exult, at early morn, I heard  
The lonely throstle sing ;  
Upon a lofty pole he perched,  
And trilled a merry strain,  
Which whispered tales in every tone  
Of spring's return again.

Hail, blithely animating time !  
All Nature feels thy sway ;  
From winter drear thou ope'st the gate  
That leads to summer day.  
Man riots in delicious joy,  
And feels constrained to sing,  
Of all the seasons of the year,  
Commend to me the spring.



## HILLS OF EASTERTOWN.

THERE'S nae a spot in a' the land,  
However green, however grand,  
In Highland glen or Lowland down,  
So dear to me as Eastertown.

Oh, beauteous brae, that, when a boy,  
With lightsome step I trod with joy,  
To drink from many a crystal urn  
That flows to feed the Bakie Burn.

The Bakie Howe, the auld Mealmill  
That sweetly stands beside the hill,  
They will not fade from memory soon,  
Around the hills of Eastertown.

I've stood to watch, with glad surprise,  
The summer sun at morn arise ;  
To watch his first ray tip the crown  
Of lovely hills o'er Eastertown ;

And trace his course throughout the day,  
Careering on his gladsome way,  
Till, westward, slowly sinking down,  
His last ray gleamed on Eastertown.

How grand the high hill's rugged form  
That towers to bar the nor'lan' storm !  
Spends its fell force in sough and soun',  
Yet, scathless, fall on Eastertown.

The brae-side boys wi' horse and plough  
Have bravely speeled its rocky brow,  
To till and crop its fertile crown,  
As never seen on Eastertown.

How wide the view, how sweet the scene  
That, southward, greets the gazer's een  
In summer-time, when gazing down  
From lovely, lofty Eastertown !

Well do I know the birds that sing,  
The game-fowl of whatever wing ;  
Each flower by name, as seen at noon  
In bloom on bonnie Eastertown.

Let others seek a distant shore,  
To see their native land no more,  
I would not care to wear a crown  
That turned my eyes from Eastertown.

Though many youths repose in death  
That trod with me the blooming heath,  
Until my own life's sun gae down  
I'll love the hills of Eastertown.

Farewell, my own romantic hill,  
The Bakie Howe, the auld Meal-mill !  
I'll come with smiling spring's return  
To wander by the Bakie Burn.



## THE RICHEBUCTO.

THE morning sun saw, as he arose,  
The Richebucto moored in the bay,  
But ere in the west world he sank to repose  
That vessel was launched and away.  
And away the barque bounded—away,  
Like a sea-bird over the main,  
While her blue, wavy path was illum'd  
By the glare of the moon in her wane.

The wild wintry winds were expelled  
By the genial gales from the south,  
That breathed gently over the deep,  
As the smiles from a maiden's mouth.  
But away the barque bounded—away,  
To steer for Canadian shores,  
Where round the woods in the Yankee's dear land  
The ocean eternally roars.

As nightly the good folks of Futtie  
Are closing the day with devotion,  
They will pray for the safety of Sandy,  
With every other son of the ocean—

Pray to Him who the waters can hold  
In the palm of His omnipotent hand,  
Till, by favouring gales, her snowy-white sails  
We hail again coming to land.

Then, oh, what delight will be felt  
By friends round a father's ingle,  
When the distant and dear, with bosom friends here,  
In heart-felt communion mingle.  
While the song and the wine-cup goes round,  
The family circle to cheer,  
The intricate coil of a sailor's yarn  
We love and we linger to hear.



### JESSIE WEeping OVER HER LOVER'S GRAVE.

KIND Robin, chant thy plaintive wail,  
Round my departed lover's bier,  
And while I breathe I'll pay his dust  
The tribute of a grateful tear.  
Here, as the widowed dove, I'll mourn  
In midnight's deepest, darkest shade ;  
My guiding star of life is set,  
And here I weep a widowed maid.

Spring's genial suns and gentle rains,  
Here ply the soil with magic powers,  
Grateful, as knowledge to the mind,  
Re-animate the sleeping flowers.

But the flowers bloomed to deck his turf—  
No health-reviving gleam was given,  
Till death unloosed the mystic tie,  
To be for ever bound in heaven.

To countless years of wedded bliss  
Hope shone with fair, propitious ray,  
And, deaf to wisdom's voice, I fixed  
My tender heart on mortal clay.  
Long weeping nights were joy to me,  
Could burning tears from dying save,  
But gone, I'll tend with nursing dews,  
The grass upon his lowly grave.

Now cheerless gloom my native braes,  
Though mantled o'er with heather bloom,  
They point me back to happier days,  
With him who sleeps within the tomb.  
And there, amid the shades of night,  
When wailing winds in dirges rave,  
I'll nightly kneel to shed my tears  
In sorrow o'er my lover's grave.



## THE POETS OF THE GRANITE CITY.

COME, listen lyric poets a'  
That charm the Granite City,  
While I a simple ditty croon—  
Wha cannot sing I pity.

Five centuries now are nearly run  
Since Barbour sung of yore,  
And many a loving lyric since  
Has floated round the shore.

The list is long of lyric bards  
Wha've sung and earned a name ;  
And loving ones have been enrolled  
Among the sons of fame.  
King bards of kindly hearts have sung  
Those strains I can adore,  
As, wafted on the sunny breeze,  
They charm the crowded shore.

While songs of Burns, of Nicoll, Hogg,  
Of Motherwell, Tannahill,  
Are sung in every corn-field  
And every cotton-mill ;  
While Doric strains by minor bards  
Are chanted Scotland o'er,  
The city songs as sweet are heard  
Re-echoed round the shore.

The names of local lyric bards  
In number I could name,  
Poets wha sing—lang may they live—  
To set the heart a-flame.  
Oft may they sing as sweet again  
As they ha'e done before,  
To kindle mirth in ilka home  
Around the busy shore.



E'en students of Divinity  
An' lawyers woo the Nine,  
An' a' successfully ha'e wrought  
A rich poetic mine.  
Sweet lyric gems, wi' tearfu' e'e,  
I've crooned them o'er an' o'er,  
The fruit o' those wha walk nae mair  
A-musing by the shore.

Oh, what a host of bards ha'e sung  
In five-and-thirty years !  
The names of some beloved ones  
Are ringing in mine ears.  
Far sweeter strains I've weekly heard  
Than minstrels sang of yore,  
Breathing the charms o' sea and sky  
When chanted by the shore.

The mavis singing on the tree,  
The linnet on the briar,  
Sing not to woo the audience  
Of any human ear ;  
They sing to ease a leal full heart,  
As these ha'e done before,  
Though the hamely lay should never pass  
The boundary of the shore.

Sing on, ye bards of Bon-Accord,  
What theme the muse inspires,  
Content though never higher fame  
Should bless your native lyres

Than love of friends around the hearth—  
 A merry-hearted core—  
 In health and joy, and happy hames  
 That over look the shore.



### LUCY'S WEDDING.

As queen of beauty who will reign,  
 Since Lucy's wed away,  
 That ruled the realm as queen of hearts  
 With sweet and graceful sway?  
 Whose couthie smile shed joy around,  
 Was like a morn in May,  
 But she was wooed and wed upon  
 The last December day.

Now what will country farmers do?  
 And what will fleshers say  
 Wha bourach round her mammy's door  
 On cattle-market day?  
 Regardless what amount they call,  
 Or what they have to pay,  
 If served by her now married on  
 The last December day.

Alas, for lads that had a mind  
 To change their mode of life,  
 And thought that wi' her gowden locks  
 She'd mak' a winsome wife.

But she'd a better in her choice,  
 Though livin' far away—  
 True-hearted still, she married was  
 The last December day.

Nae length of absence cooled the flame  
 She kindled in his breast ;  
 And now made one in heart and hame,  
 In church before the priest,  
 Come, let us drink long life to them  
 Before we go away ;  
 A health to both—new married on  
 The last December day.



### MY BORDER HOME.

A LONG adieu, my native land !  
 The Barra Hill, the Meadow Burn,  
 From Cromblet Mills to Muirtown March,  
 I know its windings every turn.  
 The Cromblet Hill, the Gownner Den,  
 The Meldrum Woods, the Percock Tree,  
 Upon the green sward round the well,  
 I've sported hours in girlish glee.

A long adieu, companion girls !  
 From school afar now widely spread,  
 But looking back I see you all—  
 The vision lives and cannot fade.

Each face and well-remembered tone,  
 And every strain we used to sing ;  
 The plays—when hurrying out of school  
 We grasped the hands at jing-go-ring.

A long adieu, my parents dear !  
 May peace preside around the square ;  
 We part—but, nightly round the throne,  
 We'll meet when comes the hour of prayer.  
 The sacred strain of psalm and hymn  
 We learned to sing around the fire,  
 I'll sing to mind of home and friends,  
 And fit me for the heavenly choir.

But, hush ! the railway whistle screams  
 To take me loving kindred from,  
 And bear me to the sunnier south  
 To occupy my border home  
 With him that lang syne had my heart,  
 And now has won my willing hand,  
 Farewell, my friends ! and, as for foes,  
 I leave none in my native land.



### A DREAM.

'Twas a dream of the past—of centuries ago—  
 A Sabbath in summer serenely fair,  
 When the beautiful heath-bells waxed in blow,  
 And fragrance floated abroad in the air.

Peacefully the milk kine browsed in the strath,  
On banks ever green by the side of the rill  
That downward rolled in its well worn path,  
Like a silvery thread from its spring in the hill.  
Its sound on the ear fell soothingly sweet,  
'Twas delicious to listen when all was so calm ;  
As like hermit I stood in that lonely retreat,  
It stirred in my heart a holiday psalm.  
The scene proved sweeter as through the green strath,  
The worshippers wended in simple attire ;  
Single, or groups, by the rough mountain path,  
To the wilderness church—'twas a scene to admire.  
Hundreds had come from their homes on the hill,  
And reverently knelt on their ancestor's grave ;  
While over their heads, in freedom of will,  
The old ash trees did their long branches wave.  
But see, as the pastor comes full into view,  
Tottering and bowed with the burden of years,  
In haste, yet in reverence, they fill up each pew—  
A scene of solemnity worthy of tears.  
The service was simple, solemn, sincere,  
He knew every one from the day of their birth ;  
In the day of their sorrow he mingled a tear,  
At bridal disdained not to join in their mirth.  
But the beautiful vision suddenly broke,  
And vanished as I from my slumber awoke.



## INVERCANNIE.

Written on the Opening of the Aberdeen Water-works, Oct. 1866.

COME away, come away,  
My ain dearest Nannie,  
To spend wi' me a holiday  
At sweet Invercannie.  
We'll there see the Queen,  
Frae her hame up the river,  
Wha loves Aberdeen,  
And will love it for ever.

Oh, may blessings untold  
Descend on the lady,  
Wha, regardless of cold,  
At a bidding is ready  
To turn on supply  
Frae her ain royal river !  
We'll shout until the hills reply  
Victoria for ever.

There cannot live in town  
Ae heart that is mourning,  
While the wearer of the Crown  
The stream on is turning.  
The blessings of higher health  
Is in the current comin',  
And is better than world's wealth  
To ilk man and woman.

The leaves from the woods  
 Are fa'in' before us,  
 But clear through the clouds  
 The sun's shinin' o'er us.  
 Let us drink to the Queen adored,  
 My ain dearest Nannie,  
 From the fountain of Bon-Accord,  
 At dear Invercannie.

~\*~\*~

A L A M E N T.

CAN I forget that summer morn,  
 The warm sun shining high,  
 When all was music to the ear,  
 And beauty to the eye?

The ripe corn-fields his spirit cheered  
 As joyous he went along,  
 And stirred within his blithesome heart  
 The melody of song.

When from the green and grassy banks  
 He swam the silvery Dee,  
 And safely gained its southern side,  
 Took rest beneath a tree.

Then, with intent to cross the stream,  
 Dived in the treacherous wave,  
 And sank into the arms of death,  
 Beyond all power to save.

What lips may speak the priceless loss  
 The parents thus sustained,  
 Who daily viewed with honest pride  
 The height of fame attained.

Endowed with mind and moral worth,  
 Artful in flowing rhyme,  
 One moment quenched a shining light  
 In manhood's golden prime.

A stranger to his face and form  
 Bewails his death sincere,  
 And seeks to wet the new-laid turf  
 With sorrow's bitter tear,

And fain would hope his warm friends soon  
 May rear memorial stone  
 By that sweet grave, for ne'er had bard  
 Such tribute worthier won.



### THE MOOR O' DYCE.

BEST of a' the precious things  
 In our social life, lassie,  
 Flows from what the railway brings  
 To favour man and wife, lassie.  
 Blessings on the Moor o' Dyce,  
 Come, let us sing with loudest voice,  
 What Stoic heart would not rejoice,  
 Sae far removed frae strife, lassie?



Where granite hames displace the heath  
Grey boulder's couch the bent beneath,  
The furze and fern adorn its breadth,  
And wild birds wander rife, lassie.

By granite hames—a pleasant sight—  
The trains go to and fro, lassie,  
To bear us to the left or right,  
Which way we wish to go, lassie.  
Beauty pays the industrious hand,  
Sweet Flora wreaths the garden land,  
And makes the railway junction grand  
Wi' summer flowers in blow, lassie.  
And here for us how sweet to rest,  
Lull'd by the breezes frae the west,  
To live with friends the heart lo'es best :  
Then dinna say me no, lassie.

Here we'll hail the Sabbath hour,  
That dawns to hush a' noise, lassie,  
The sweet bell tolling from the tower,  
High o'er yon holy house, lassie,  
Where men approach with solemn air,  
To join devout the worship there,  
The hallowed service—praise and prayer,—  
With maidens, men, and boys, lassie.  
Then blessings on the Moor o' Dyce,  
Beyond the reign of crime and vice,  
As year by year it grows more nice,  
In wealth and social joys, lassie.

## KEITH-HALL.

Written on seeing a procession of school children visit the grounds.

OH, where is summer sweetest seen,  
Ere sere leaves 'mid the forest fall ?  
Where lovely lawns keep ever green,  
Around the venerable Keith-hall.

I love to gaze, with all my heart,  
Upon the wide-spread beechen trees ;  
That ne'er yet felt the pruning art—  
As swaying in the summer breeze.

The river, that with trout abounds,  
Rolls past with grand majestic sweep,  
And woods that heard the yell of hounds,  
Re-echo now the bleat of sheep.

Bright flowers are blooming in the shade,  
And in the sun from every land ;  
Are lovely even while they fade,  
As showing forth a Master's hand.

Here grow the fruit from every clime,  
As rich as 'mid their native air ;  
These soon will feel the autumn time,  
And, drooping, leave the branches bare.

What glee from youthful hearts gush forth,  
Engaging free the wondrous sight,  
A charming oasis 'mid the north,  
As seen by lamp of solar light.

They breathe a gushing music out  
Upon the soft sweet summer breeze,  
Before they take their homeward route,  
While strolling through the shady trees.

These youths have come from city pent,  
To tread the mead, to climb the hill ;  
And feel at night a day well spent,  
In being allowed their own sweet will.



## AUTUMN WINDS.

BELOVED, though the autumn winds  
Are raving through the forest bowers,  
And, struggling in the tall tree-tops,  
Sweep down the yellow leaves in showers.  
Our eyes the easier may behold,  
While rambling through the wood at even,  
The countless stars that gleam on high,  
And sparkle on the brow of heaven.

Beloved, though the autumn winds  
Howl loudly through the evening gloom,  
It makes the comforts higher prized,  
Enjoyed within our cozy room.

The light, the fire the brighter burns,  
 We seek no other where to be ;  
 Then thy sweet voice, in lyric song,  
 Came clothed in richer melody.

Beloved, why should we repine,  
 Though dark clouds frown above our head,  
 Though birds have fled to warmer climes,  
 And native flowers lie faded dead :  
 Cold winter, with its briefer light,  
 Conducts us to the gate of spring,  
 When snowdrops, through dissolving snows,  
 The tender pendent white bells hing.

Beloved, then what blest return  
 Of merry days, should we be spared,  
 When, hand in hand, we'll climb the braes,  
 To watch the song-birds newly paired,  
 And taste the joys that never fade  
 By bosky burn and valley wide,  
 At blushing morn, at balmy eve,  
 With thee, beloved, by my side.



### THE BARRA BRIDAL.

BLEST be the fact that love's alive  
 To rule supreme in cot and ha' ;  
 And where he lights to print a kiss  
 The fairest beauty's made to fa'.

The most enchanting courtly dame  
That counts a noble pedigree,  
Love soon will change a maiden name  
To join what her liege-lord's may be.

'Twas love that brought us here to-night  
To circle round the festive board,  
With warm hearts glowing with delight  
In honour of our good landlord.  
Health, then, my friends! a brimming glass  
This day the rose and thistle's joined  
In union sweet; as moments pass  
We'll wish the emblems closer twined.

Barra now joys in happier sight—  
Its brow adorned with young greenwood—  
Than when its base that gloomy night  
Swept round in woe the vengefu' flood;  
Nor later times when warrior men  
Made Barra-hill their battle ground:  
Rejoice we were not fighting then,  
To gain a grave on yon green mound.

Thank God, we live in peaceful days—  
Our captain hangs his sword aside,  
Returns from war's distasteful ways,  
And weds this day a blooming bride  
To share life's joys in princely home—  
Broad acres bound the ancestral pile—  
And Barra's old historic fame  
Will kindle 'neath her gracious smile.

Ten thousand happy hearts are one  
 The pæan-hymn of joy to raise,  
 That Heaven would make their course as bright  
 As sun-light in the summer days.  
 Long may the laird and tenants prosper,  
 Joined to him as a threefold cord ;  
 And should he need our help—a whisper—  
 We'll rally round the good landlord.



## STANZAS.

In the vale by the streamlet enraptured I stood—  
 On the banks of my native meandering stream—  
 The scenery surveying in contemplative mood,  
 As the forest shook hands wi' the sun's setting beam.

Sweet summer was smiling delightful and dear,  
 The rill serenaded o'er its smooth sandy bed,  
 And wild meadow flowers anointed the air,  
 While earth's gowany carpet by Nature was spread.

As enchanted I gazed on this peace-speaking scene,  
 The birds sung their last loving song in the grove ;  
 While musing alone there, I met a dear friend,  
 The first in the circle of friendship and love.

The language at meeting no tongue can reveal,  
 Though deep in my heart hath memory impressed ;  
 And sharp as a sting was the parting farewell,  
 From one whom the angel of goodness had graced.

Sweet friendship like this is a beautiful theme,  
 But such twinklings of bliss glide too swiftly away ;  
 Transporting, as visions fancy weaves in a dream,  
 Yet fleeting as they at the dawning of day.

What sorrow we feel when parted from those  
 The warm heart holds in the highest esteem :  
 We paint their virtues in *colour-de-rose*,  
 They reign in the mind like a beautiful dream.

The streamlet in beauty goes singing along,  
 As clear as the sun shining over the sea,  
 But the friend whom I met there, inspiring my song,  
 Is musing alone in a far country.

As the summer returns when the cold winter's gone,  
 So hope bids me look for a blithsome return,  
 When a few years are past, and riches are won,  
 To meet once again on the banks of the burn.



## DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

THE light of summer lingers yet,  
 As wae to disappear,  
 And sheds a pleasure o'er the mind  
 Like music on the ear.  
 I watch the wane wi' heavy heart,  
 And tears drap frae my e'e,  
 As I view the ship that carries friends  
 Away across the sea.

The summer came when hope was high—  
    Hope blasted to the core—  
And slowly, sweetly, while it wanes  
    Lights up that hope no more.  
I cannot make the summer stay  
    Sae swiftly on the wane,  
As day by day its hoary hues  
    Impress the heart wi' pain.

I wander lonely by the woods  
    From early all day long,  
Intent to hear some merry bird  
    Repeat its summer song.  
But, though they linger 'mid the trees,  
    They're mute as mute can be,  
And the surly blast o' winter wails  
    Through every leafless tree.

I wander from the dusty ways  
    'Mid woods in sunny hours,  
To drink frae springs that bubble clear,  
    And search for forest flowers ;  
But flowers that grew in lonely dales  
    Have shed their peerless bloom,  
And gentle breeze no longer wafts  
    Abroad the rich perfume.

There's sadness now in solar light  
    That faintly struggles through  
A mass of clouds that give to earth  
    A dim and sombre hue ;



There's sorrow in the softest breeze  
That stirs from every airt—  
Enough to sadden bird and beast,  
And touch the human heart.

The laverock sweet no longer soars  
To sing at heaven's gate,  
And high above its downy nest  
The sunset hour await,  
But cold and mute amid the grass  
Sit hid from human view,  
Nor seeks a crumb, nor begs a bield,  
To tide the winter through.

Oh, what can better ease the heart  
Than reapers 'mid the corn,  
Wha, with the rising sun come forth  
To kiss the breeze of morn,  
And labour late in corn-fields  
Till dews begin to fa',  
And evening mild o'er hill and dale  
Her rosy light withdraw.

Blest be the Power that yearly gives  
A time to sow and reap,  
Gives man his daily strength for toil  
And guards his hours of sleep,  
Who peace and plenty hand in hand  
Bestows to crown the year,  
And makes the earth to weeping eyes  
Her sweetest aspect wear.

## HARVEST MOON.

How sweet the brown landscape when sere leaves grow  
tender,

And the toil of the harvest the reapers press through ;  
When the bright sun streams from his pathway of  
splendour,

As he wheels down the west to hide from the view.  
When, calm as an infant on soft pillow sleeping,  
The breezes lie hushed o'er moorland and lea,  
The beasts seek their beds and the wee birds are  
creeping

To roost the long night in the branch of some tree.

As night o'er the landscape her mantle is flinging,

The bright stars unnumbered rush into sight,  
And the full round moon, from ocean up-springing,  
Floods the sweet valley with beauty and light.

And man from his dwelling walks forth to behold her,  
A scene that awakens emotion and tears ;  
While the pulse of creation seems hushed in deep  
slumber,  
No sound, even the softest, disturbs the lone ears.

Still march on, sweet moon, in thy highway of glory,  
Amid the sweet starlets reflecting thy light ;  
To me thou art lovely—for such I feel sorry  
Who gaze up unmoved at so glorious a sight.

Light up the ocean—the national highway,  
Light up the land to those who would roam,  
And guide me, a pilgrim beholding thy beauty,  
Down from this hill to the shelter of home,

To dream of thy blessing, queen-regent of night,  
To those who must watch while the weary must  
sleep.

The mariner at midnight is blessing thy light,  
While lying becalmed on the wide, lonely deep.  
To lovers abroad when all eyes are sleeping,  
How prized the loved light the harvest moon yields !  
And the farmer blesses thy bright beams while keeping  
Watch to get carted his sheaves from the fields.



## THE VOLUNTEER CAMP.

LISTEN to the bugle's sound  
Calling to the camping ground,  
And sweeter spot nae foot has found  
In braid Formartine's fertile plain.  
And men have marched mony a mile  
To join the loyal rank and file ;  
Drest out in military style,  
In smiling summer once again.

Each company has come in haste,  
In handsome uniforms all drest,  
With loyal love in every breast  
To her who worthily fills the throne.

Noo, thunderin' rifles smoke and roar,  
 That here were seen an' heard before ;  
 Yet speak na murder, slaughter, gore,  
 Or weeping widow's weary moan.

Beneath the summer's balmy air,  
 To guard our homes we here prepare,  
 Should any foreign dastard dare  
 To land upon our native shore.  
 We'll rush, as one, from every airt,  
 To fight the foe with dauntless heart,  
 Our ain battalion doin' its pairt,  
 What Scotchmen aft hae done before.

Wha but strives to gain a prize  
 Beneath the smile of beauty's eyes ?  
 Honour's blossom never dies,  
 Nor in dear Scotland knows decay.  
 Nae Volunteer is such a fool  
 As let the glorious movement cool,  
 So long as we have Captain Pohle  
 To give us summer holiday.



## A BALLAD.

A SPLENDID ship Lepanto was,  
 As ever cut the watery way  
 That flows to join the distant ports  
 Of London and Bombay.

She crossed the line at dark midnight,  
While seamen in their hammocks sleep,  
The chief mate on the watch he stood,  
To sound with lead and line the deep.

On waves that looked serene and calm,  
She sped right gently o'er the sea,  
Until, unlooked for by the watch,  
A fearful, fatal lurch gave she.

No human eye beheld the plunge,  
Nor arm was stretchèd out to save,  
And thus the bravest of her crew  
At midnight met a watery grave.

A loud cry through the vessel rang,  
The ship was lost, the watch o'erboard,  
When all awoke to aid the search,  
From master to the steward.

Praiseworthy were the efforts made  
To clutch the body from the wave,  
But all exertions proved in vain—  
It sank to depths of ocean's cave.

The burial rite is ocean's roar,  
Where no fond eye can drop a tear ;  
Empty his bed in the burial-yard,  
Where parents sleep that loved him dear.

No marble marks his resting-place,  
To keep his name when memories fade,  
But cold entombed in ocean's depth's,  
With shell and sea-weed round his head.

No more I'll see that youthful form,  
With bushy locks and manly brow ;  
Shoulders broad, and brawny arm,  
The sea hides from my anxious view.

The green path of his native dales  
No more his wayward feet will press ;  
Nor cull spring's sweetest, early flowers,  
That give to fields so rare a grace.

Dearer than sportsman loves his steed,  
He loved the sea—its storms to brave,  
Forsook the land and loving friends,  
To spend life on the treacherous wave.

The time is posting hourly on,  
When all the lost from shore to shore,  
That sleep below the restless wave,  
The angry ocean must restore.

And that brave youth, so full of hope—  
Of social glee—of genial heart,  
Will then rejoin his loving friends,  
In bliss above, no more to part.

## BALGOWNIE.

"Sweet Seaton's green banks on the Braes of Balgownie  
Seem dear to my bosom wherever I roam."

WELCOME, sweet May, to woo me where  
My longing heart delights to go,  
To climb Balgownie's bosky braes,  
Imprinted on the stream below.

The sun shines sweet, love, come away,  
Permit me not to leave alone ;  
I've vowed to spend the first o' May  
Amidst soft, sylvan scenes by Don.

Where sweet's the shades of solitude,  
Afar from dinsome dusty lanes,  
To lave us 'mid the May-morn dew,  
Unseen amidst Balgownie's glens.

The doves, who love to roam in flocks  
O'er wintry fields when woods are bare,  
Spring woos them to these groves to build  
And breed in many a loving pair.

When last I climbed these woody heights,  
These terrace lawns to seek the shade,  
Kind Nature, with no niggard hand,  
Displayed her beauties far and wide.

In yellow blossom waved the broom,  
Profuse to decorate the scene,  
Inviting haunts where amorous youth  
Could kiss and crown a May-day queen.

Wild waving flowers, in beauty rare,  
Flung balmy fragrance on the gale,  
Blue-bells beloved were blown to bliss  
And beautify the winding vale.

The flower-enamelled banks we'll tread,  
Deep in the bosom of the dale,  
Through sylvan scenes the river rolls  
Unruffled by the passing gale.

We'll view Balgownie's Gothic arch—  
Proud pillar in poetic theme—  
From rock to rock o'er-arching spans  
Don's deep, dark, salmon stream.

Grand scenes surround on every hand  
Enormous rocks, piled high and hoar,  
Where trees from rocky chinks arise—  
The aged ash and sycamore.

But shun to tread the wooded banks  
Above the Black Nook's lazy sweep ;  
There's danger by the eddying pool,  
Grim shadows hover o'er the deep.



I'll through this lovely valley trace  
 Thy ebb and efflux, noble river,  
 And watch thy wedded waters flow  
 Till ocean's arms embrace thee ever.

And now, adieu, enchanting glades,  
 And wooded braes, and grassy plains,  
 Thy beauties rare will haunt the mind  
 While memory on her throne remains!

Till this fond heart shall cease to beat,  
 The vagrant muse forget her song,  
 In fancy I will ever tread  
 Balgownie's beauteous vales among.



## OH, MARY DEAR!

THE incident said to have suggested "Mary in Heaven" is thus told:—Robert Burns went out, at the close of a harvest-day, to the barn-yard, and, throwing himself down upon a heap of straw, gazed upon a brilliant star that shone like another moon till he had perfected his peerless poem.

MARY, dear, sweet Highland maid,  
 Down from thy blissful home on high,  
 Oh, turn to earth thine angel eye,  
 And see where low thy lover's laid.

Forgetful of day's harvest toil;  
Oblivious to the damps of even,  
His thoughts have gone to thee in heaven,  
Led by that star's serenest smile.

Fond hearts still prize that luminous star,  
Glittering like a young moon's ray,  
That marked the anniversary day  
She died when from his bosom far.

Though years had cooled the blood of life,  
With peerless smile and witching voice,  
Jean called him to the fire-side thrice,  
But, deaf to voice of kindest wife,

That shining star full in his sight  
Recalled to him the banks of Ayr—  
His wanderings with his Mary there  
Beneath the moon and stars' pale light.

Oh, banks of Ayr! beloved scene,  
Where youthful passions, tender, true,  
Were nursed between these lovers two,  
In pleasure long that closed in pain.

Oh, hallowed Ayr! where vows in youth,  
In mutual faith were breathed in love,  
And ratified in heaven above,  
In solemn tones of trust and truth.

But all the past and present bliss—  
The bright foretaste of joys to come ;  
Her sudden death it struck him dumb,  
The last adieu, the parting kiss.

The promised fruitage of the year  
Is blasted, nevermore to rise ;  
The idol of adoring eyes  
Lies cold in death, his Mary dear.

These lovers and the banks of Ayr  
Are photographed in every land,  
Through every coming year to stand—  
In beauty an immortal pair.

The grandest monarchs bearing sway  
In passing hence have been forgot,  
But ages gone will fail to blot  
From human minds these names away.

A rustic hind and rural swain  
Engraved their loves, as on the stone,  
That can be read when both are gone,  
In language passionate though plain.

Oh, cease to wonder that the star  
That marked the anniversary day  
Of Mary dear returned to clay,  
Should thus attract him from afar ;

When it recalled the past to view  
That promised such a wealth of bliss—  
And all he got, a farewell kiss  
From those sweet lips so fond and true.

Lips pulsing warm with blood and breath  
Turn from the touch as cold as clay—  
The vision fades, life starts away,  
The lips are pale and sealed in death.

She lived for one a virtuous life,  
Betrothed to bless his home and heart,  
But Heaven thus willed to keep apart  
The lovers fond as man and wife.

Thine early death leaves duty clear,  
Beloved gem of love divine ;  
We come, as pilgrims to thy shrine,  
To bow the head and drop a tear.



## THE DENBURN.

THE stupendous arch, familiarly known as Union Street Bridge, which spans the spacious valley of the Denburn, is considered a marvel of strength and beauty. Its construction cost the City of Aberdeen the sum of £13,342—an enormous amount sixty-eight years ago. The stranger, pausing in his march to enjoy the prospect northward from this point, cannot fail to be pleased with its physical aspect. Many years ago, the burn ran through the centre of the beautiful green sward in a condition dangerous to

public health. Surveying it under a hot, glaring June sun, I fancied the most effectual remedy to check the spread of its deadly pollution would be to cover it over, and, on the spur of the moment, I pencilled these lines :—

“An’ the burnie that ance was the washerwife’s pride  
Is a’ fu’ o’ mud, an’ it stinks like the tide.”

YE patriots of Bon-Accord,  
I pray entomb this rancid fen ;  
What nobler way can ye atone  
For dead and dying fellow-men !

Philanthropists recall health back—  
High Heaven’s choicest gift to man ;  
Ye men who built the Denburn Bridge,  
And arched its brave gigantic span.

The baneful burn exhales disease  
When bright Sol darts his sultry rays,  
Till broken-hearted health has fled  
From all her sweet, romantic braes.

The graceful weeping-willow hangs  
In sorrow o’er the gowan lea ;  
The drooping ash and silvery birch  
Hang each a silent, mourning tree.

Warm summer reigns on wood and field,  
In all the virgin pride of June,  
And Nature’s free-born minstrels’ voice  
Hymn in the dawn with joyous tune.

How charming 'tis to leave the town,  
In health to tread the sylvan wood,  
Where breathes thy sacred spirit, Peace,  
Amid the shades of solitude.

Beneath the plane-tree's cooling shade,  
Whose leafy foliage forms a screen,  
To rest and view the grassy vale,  
Fair, smiling 'neath a sky serene.

Sweet is thy vale's refreshing charm,  
As melting smiles from woman's eyes,  
Who, singing, spread their snowy robes  
Beneath the blush of morning skies.

Trees from thy terraced gallery bend  
Over the grassy dingle deep,  
As mother fondly o'er the couch  
Where rests her cherub child asleep.

Fair gardens decked in rosy robes,  
With fragrant flower-knots on their breast,  
Enamoured woos, with wanton smile,  
A setting sunbeam from the west.

Sweet-scented briar and fragrant rose  
Exhale your rich and choice perfume,  
Till southern sunny breezes waft  
Your odour round yon lofty dome.

Before spring loosed earth's icy bands  
To let her flowery prisoners forth,  
Yon walls were reared by pious hearts  
To fend each *parterre* from the north.

Denburn vale, in matchless charms,  
One major beauty you're denied,  
Which would have crowned the queen of groves  
O'er native Caledonia wide.

Instead of fever-breeding burn,  
Had healthy Don or Highland Dee  
Come gliding gently down thy vale,  
In native Highland purity,

Health, blooming health—handmaid of life—  
Might then have had no cause to mourn,  
Though now exiled, when noxious rays  
Glide sick'ning o'er the baleful burn.

These ravenous putrid vapours fly,  
Tainting the heavens' blessed breath,  
And some that's breathed the pest'lent draught  
Have early found a fatal Lethe.

Ye favoured sons of Bon-Accord,  
I pray entomb this rancid fen ;  
What nobler way can ye atone  
For dead and dying fellow-men ?

Health, universal empress, smile !  
 Sweet rosy-cheeked cherub reign !  
 Oh, spread thy healing mantle wide  
 Round Bon-Accord yet once again !

Oh, with what pure delight will spring  
 And summer's flowery train return,  
 When Nature decks her carpet green  
 With blooming gowans above the burn.



### THE LATE JAMES HALL.

Mr. James Hall, the eminent Aberdeen shipbuilder, died suddenly on 29th May, 1869.

WHEREVER the summer breezes sweep,  
 Wherever the golden sunbeams fall,  
 On every sea and distant shore  
 Ring forth the manly worth of Hall.

Not mourned by's native town alone,  
 Where hangs in view the flag of woe,  
 Where'er a brother Scot is found,  
 Warm tears for Hall will freely flow.

Each "clipper bow" his genius built,  
 To fleetly cleave the ocean wave,  
 Will prove a noble monument  
 To him that fills an honoured grave.



The head that planned with matchless skill,  
The hand which wrought, reposes low ;  
The shaft of death that spareth none  
Struck down our best at one fell blow.

The hundreds whom he fed and clad  
Will find anew a time to weep  
That day the war-ship's noble form  
Slowly to seaward 'gins to sweep.

He loved the labourer—sought his good  
For earth below, for heaven above,  
And God sent not a moment's pain,  
But called from life to death in love.

He meekly heard the sudden call,  
Resigned his soul to God's good hand,  
And now, removed from earth and sin,  
Enjoys with saints the better land.



## A MONODY.

TOLL, toll for the brave and good !  
Mourn we the fatal fall,  
That shrouds in a sable pall  
The home of the manly Hood.

Our city was justly proud  
Of her son's now world-wide fame—  
“ Hood ” was a household name,  
And high 'mong our seamen it stood.

How swift, how sad his death !  
At sundown pacing the shore,  
He is, ere the city sleeps, no more,  
Reposing the waters beneath.

Waft, waft the sad tidings afar,  
That Hood lies cold on his bier !  
Thus close the death-roll of the year,  
The new year's rejoicing to mar.

Refuse not to mingle a tear  
With a household so lonely left ;  
With those of a loving father bereft,  
At the dawn of another new year.

A summons so swift has a tongue  
That warns all to prepare ;  
The arrow flies that will not spare  
The rich or poor, the aged or young.



## RETURN OF HER MAJESTY.

Q UENCH not love in loyal hearts,  
 U nder Queen Victoria's sway,  
 E ngland's throne's her people's pride,  
 E urope's mightiest men must say.  
 N one live happier—more contented—

O ver Europe—none so free :  
 F rance foaming under present rule,

E ngland may never compare with thee.  
 N ations near or far remote—  
 G reat in might and power might be,  
 L and and ocean yield them wealth,  
 A las ! may give not liberty.  
 N ame best prized of earthly treasure,  
 D ear to every son exiled,

S evered by miles of ocean,  
 C limbing through Australia's wild.  
 O h, my dear beloved Scotland,  
 T ime lets thy happy children feel,  
 L inked by loving laws to England,  
 A dministered wisely, all is well.  
 N atives though they saw her already,  
 D own comes again the royal lady.

Angels guard her when the journey's  
 North or south, or east or west,  
 Dawn of morn or tranquil evening,

In peace and joy retire to rest.  
 Round the queendom by land or ocean,  
 Every heart will welcome thee,  
 Loyal banners wave thy welcome,  
 August lady—queen of the free.  
 Neath thy mild reign we fear no jar  
 Disturb us by the clang of war.



### IN MEMORIAM.

THEY made his bed with loving hands where pearly  
 Ythan flows,  
 And mournfully they laid him there in soft and sound  
 repose ;  
 'Twas a bleak cold day in February, the spring time o'  
 the year,  
 And strong men stood around to weep upon the youth-  
 ful bier.  
 To both the future brightly shone one wee short week  
 before,  
 And now the heart in whispers told we'll see his face  
 no more.  
 They linger by the lowly tomb to take a parting sight,  
 For well they knew a brilliant star had set in endless  
 night.

Not on the sea in light canoe, while breasting the  
billowy wave,  
He met the last great enemy that bore him to the  
grave ;  
Nor in the battle-field of strife, 'mid clouds of smoke  
and sound,  
Did the fatal arrow give the stroke that proved the  
mortal wound ;  
But 'mid the tranquil evening's close, unseen to human  
eye,  
The good, the great, in heart and soul, lay quietly  
down to die,  
Afar frae loving friends at home, by Ythan's murmuring  
stream,  
The sudden drama now to all is like a troubled dream.

The knell, as winged with lightening speed, spread  
tidings far and near,  
How mother had lost a loving son, the land a volunteer,  
The Senate had lost a future star, destined to shine full  
bright ;  
But death has quenched the brightest hopes, and plans  
have put to flight.  
His matchless feats of strength and skill, in every  
manly art,  
Had won the praise of every tongue, the homage of  
every heart ;  
And now a nation's tears will flow for worth so early  
lost,  
For never more the manly youth will stand beside his  
post.

He soundly sleeps where Ythan stream in beauty glides  
along,  
While little birds his requiem sing the wooded braes  
among ;  
And as men meet on Sabbath-day, the grassy turf to  
tread,  
They'll shed a tear for him at rest among the sainted  
dead.  
Sweet Ythau, that he loved so well, Oh, hush thy  
wintry wave  
In gliding past the hallowed spot now sacred as his  
grave ;  
And while upon thy fertile haughs the summer corn  
crops grow,  
Men wandering near for him will bless the river's peace-  
ful flow.



## THE ABERDEEN HILLS.

THE Aberdeen hills are nine in number, viz. :—Castle Hill, Heading Hill, Broad Hill, Gallow Hill, Spittal Hill, Port Hill, School Hill, Woolman Hill, and St. Catherine's Hill.

GIVE ear to me for a minute,  
Till I make a few remarks,  
As a sort of memento to those  
Who plead for people's parks ;  
If only to show what the public ha'e lost,  
By a century of greedy sharks.

Our fathers had a reverence for hills,  
Devoting them to public use,  
As, comparing the past with the present,  
We discover the monster abuse ;  
And had the public their rights restored  
Some would not crawl sae croose.

Take first the Castle Hill,  
Sweep buildings and barracks away,  
And give the ground for a public park,  
Where a chapel stood many a day.  
Who robbed the city of its public use ?  
Let any one answer who may.

We've lost the Heading Hill,  
Where culprits lost their heads ;  
Upon the summit in open day  
They suffered for their misdeeds ;  
Besides giving away an hospital site,  
We supplied every builder's needs.

The only place of reserve  
Is the Broad Hill's ample round,  
On its top our fathers built a fort  
To grace its lofty crown,  
And to warn off piratical crews  
Approaching too near the town.

Now see our Gallow Hill—  
A low powder-magazine,

Just where the Court of Justiciary sat  
For the City of Aberdeen,  
And the gallows knowe where the gibbet hung,  
Where the job could be properly seen.

The public have entirely lost  
Their right to the Spittal Hill,  
And almost the Port Hill, too,  
Where stood the city's wind-mill ;  
With building and feuing there's little left,  
Save got by some dowery will.

And, then, the broad School Hill,  
Where Gordon's Hospital stands,  
Is irrecoverably lost for the people's good,  
And much of the adjoining lands.  
Oh, for power to level the dykes  
With those pair of willing hands !

The little green Woolman Hill  
Is lost to the public now,  
Where country folk on market-days met  
To dispose of their pickle woo' ;  
With stone and brick, and streets and lanes,  
Grass gets nae leave to grow.

Lost is St. Catherine's Hill,  
So lovely o'erlooking the Green,  
Affording so sweet a rural view  
To the south of Aberdeen.



Though it was the citizen's favourite resort,  
Few know where the hill has been.

Well may a blush of shame  
Crimson each craven face  
At the thought of what our fathers left  
In charge of their succeeding race.  
Prodigal, we've lost the sacred trust  
In this our native place.

Restore us again the hills—  
Alas, that never can be !  
As well may I plead with the granite walls,  
Or reason with a roaring sea,  
As plead the public's right to the hills  
Without toll, tax, or fee.

They now must promenade  
'Mid dub or dust on the street,  
No shady hill towers in the heart of the town  
With the green turf under the feet ;  
Better to pace on the pebbly beach  
Than here in this terrible heat.



## THE CAMP ON YTHAN BANKS.

THE longest day—a lovely noon,  
The fairest night—the fullest moon ;

Sweet time to rear a canvas toon  
 For Volunteers,  
 Then hail the twenty-first of June  
 With lusty cheers.

The noble House—the nation's pride—  
 Where grand old trees stand side by side,  
 The crisp, green lawns extending wide,  
 The sweetest river :  
 To fairer scene nae foot could guide  
 In roamin'—never.

We dearly love the grand old House,  
 The absent lord, the widowed spouse,  
 Who kindly gave the lawns for use  
 Whereon to rear  
 The spacious camp. May no abuse  
 Disturb their ear.

The highest head, the humblest hind  
 Here meet—one *aim* rules every mind,  
 To love the throne, defend their kind  
 From foreign foe ;  
 The camp and drill will fuse and bind  
 Their strength to show.

Old England from her farthest isle  
 Looks on to see, with kindly smile,  
 Our stout battalion—rank and file—  
 Prepared to cope

With every power's invasive wile,  
 Be't king or Pope.

Wherever rolls the Saxon speech,  
 The doings of the camp will reach ;  
 The rifle's roar will sternly preach  
     To crownèd heads ;  
 And, timely, lasting lesson teach  
     To mind their deeds.

And they who camp on Ythan banks,  
 Enrolled among the Rifle ranks,  
 Will join to render grateful thanks  
     To Captain Pohle,  
 Who tolerates no unmanly pranks  
     Within his rule.



## BRIDAL ODE.

Written in honour of the marriage of James L. Manson, Esq.,  
 Cromblet Hill, Oldmeldrum, 10th June, 1868.

REJOICE ! 'tis merry June,  
 The smiling sun lights up the sea ;  
 Up with the first faint streak of light  
 To welcome it joyously ;  
 And ring forth a merry peal  
 With all your power of might,  
 That, from the old grey steeple,  
 The knell so free  
 May rouse the slumbering people.

Wave banners in the breeze,  
The gaudiest colours that may for love be got,  
And give them leave to float all day  
From every lofty, central spot,  
That each man and maid within the town  
May share the spree,  
In loudest glee,  
In honour of the tenth of June,  
In honour of the bridal day,  
Blow, minstrels, mightily the merriest tune  
Ye ever yet essayed to play !  
Ye drummers, rattle up the drums,  
That so this merry tenth of June  
May live a grand *red-letter* day  
When years have come and passed away.

This day the happy pair join joyful hands,  
Before the face of man,  
In simple Presbyterian plan,  
And come what may in life,  
To run the race as man and wife,  
That howsoever seasons o'er them roll,  
While course the warm blood  
Its life-march through the veins,  
In pleasant mood  
They'll rise and rest,  
One hope, one fear,  
Shall move each breast,  
As swiftly speeds past year by year  
To render its account.  
The bridal knot is tightly tied for life,

The Volunteers proclaim the auspicious hour  
That witnessed them rendered man and wife.

Let's toast their health  
In something nice in every home,  
While they depart awhile to roam  
By road, or rail, or ocean's foam,  
Wishing them abounding wealth.

And let it be the generous, hearty prayer  
That Heaven may guide their steps from ill,  
Till soon we hail the happy pair  
Returning home to Cromblet Hill.



## RAMBLING RHYMES ON POETIC PROVIDENCE.

Addressed to a Young Friend.

ALL hail, my young romantic bard!  
If crambo brings its own reward,  
— Oh, let us thankful be!  
For jingle's like an air-balloon,  
Transporting man beyond the moon  
Strange, marvellous sights to see.  
'Tis said that "Man was made to mourn,"  
And, rhymsters to a sad degree,  
Such sinking bathos let us spurn—  
Discard such slang philosophy.

Not every ditty, sparkling, witty,  
 Boasts the true poetic art,  
 But that union, deep communion,  
 Man holds with his living heart.

God never made mankind to mourn ;\*  
 The rill, rising from its mountain urn,  
 Impure was never found.

When man from his Maker hid his face,  
 In turn He hid the human race  
 All underground.

When men grew giants in sin and size,  
 He repents having formed flesh and blood,  
 At last He opened the windows of the skies,  
 And drowned them with a flood ;  
 But saved a few, with kindly view,  
 To re-people a dripping earth,  
 Vowing never again, in wrath, by rain,  
 To blast their day of mirth.

Ah ! why for food should man despair ?  
 Behold the fowls that fan the air,  
 They have no fields to sow ;  
 No harvest ripe for them to reap,  
 No barnfuls disturb their sleep,  
 Rocked on the leafy bough.  
 Yet all that creep and all that fly  
 Our heavenly Father feeds—  
 His mercy meets a sweet supply  
 For daily returning needs.

\* "For God created all to bliss."—*Chatterton*.

His wakeful eye all things survey,  
 That not a sparrow falls unknown ;  
 Then learn to trust the Holy, Just,  
 For loving-kindness shown.

Ye serfs that weave, and dig, and plough,  
 Consider the lilies how they grow,  
 They neither spin nor toil,  
 Yet rival in glory Solomon,  
 When fresh, and fair, and newly blown  
 They wear their virgin smile.  
 How wondrous is providential care  
 For even the vegetable race !  
 But God—more marvellous—did not spare  
 His Son, for man to purchase grace.  
 When He deigns to teach, lilies must preach,  
 And stir in holy hearts a hymn—  
 Inducements rare to trust His care,  
 And gaze with single eye to Him.

What hidden charm's in witching rhyme,  
 Whose cords have cow'd in foreign clime  
 Hearts happy, young, and strong ?  
 What makes a Caledonian weep,  
 At hearing sung across the deep  
 A native nursery song ?  
 What's poetry ? In mercy, oh, never ask,  
 For none could ever rightly tell,  
 And the world's been unable to unmask  
 The lady since she took the veil.

But bear in mind the viewless wind,  
 Blow where it will we cannot see ;  
 It comes and goes, we hear the noise,  
 And so it is with poetry.

But sure, as she is of heavenly birth,  
 Her mission to our favoured earth  
 Was to administer delight ;  
 There, watching her heavenly ecstacies,  
 She closed the immortal Milton's eyes  
 In everlasting night.  
 And light's truly pleasant to the eyes,  
 The blest return of dawning day ;  
 'Twere bold bartering the charm of blushing skies,  
 Decked in the robes of rosy May.  
 The moon by night, with borrowed light,  
 Careering through the ethereal blue,  
 Each twinkling star beheld afar,  
 But brighter blest his mental view.



### BABY'S GRAVE.

WHERE aged trees in stately row  
 Beside St. Peter's Grave-yard grow,  
 And high and wide their branches throw  
 The blast to brave,  
 They sweet in summer shade below  
 A baby's grave.



Within that grave—a few feet long—  
There sleeps the angel of my song,  
And I can feel it would be wrong  
    To leave untold  
Her home of hallowed rest among  
    The dull, cold mould.

As pass away year after year,  
I love unseen to linger near,  
To yield the tribute of a tear  
    Beside the grave  
Of one I could (she was so dear)  
    Have died to save.

She came—first gift of wedded life—  
When health and happy days were rife,  
To knit the hearts of man and wife  
    More close together,  
And shut them in from wordless strife  
    All kinds of weather.

That lovely girl, with hair like gold,  
Was given to nurse for heaven's fold,  
And soon, on passing three years old  
    Is summoned from  
Earth, and its wintry storms and cold,  
    And parents' home.

The little child, so full of glee,  
That sported merry round my knee,

Her home looked desolate to me  
    When she did die ;  
The parting pangs, how sad to see,  
    While standing by.

But, ah ! how blest the babe at rest,  
With arms folded on her breast,  
Decked for the grave, so neatly dressed  
    In snowy shroud !  
Her whom those widowed arms embraced  
    In mirthful mood.

Her spirit gone (while low her dust)  
To Him who gave the precious trust,  
And now, dear Saviour, holy, just,  
    We have no dread,  
The grave again give up it must  
    The buried dead.

Suffer little ones, the Saviour said,  
To come to Me—e'en from the dead ;  
I am to all the Living Head  
    Whom God has given  
To be My crown, My joy, and seed  
    To people heaven.



## LORD CLYDE—A MONODY.

BRITANNIA, bow the head,  
And heave a sigh for the noble peer—  
The gallant warrior rests on his bier,  
Numbered with the mighty dead.

The highest to the humblest born,  
Stood mute at the knell of death,  
Or muttered, in muffled breath,  
Britannia's loss that morn.

The nation rested at peace—  
No cloud her proud joy to mar;  
And Heaven, seeing no sign of war,  
Signed his spirit's release.

Now, soundly, he sleeps who trod  
Through many a hostile land,  
Bravely battling, sword in hand,  
For Britain's peace, for God.

Since the weary has gone to rest,  
Enrol his honoured name  
Chief of the warrior sons of fame—  
Britannia loves the best.

Toll, toll for the brave Scots' son!  
 Wide waft it to every airt  
 That Britannia, with sorrow at heart,  
 Weeps for her warrior gone.

No more at the bugle's shrill tone  
 He'll rouse at the call of duty—  
 Fired by the glance of female beauty,  
 His honours are faithfully won.

The veteran of threescore and ten,  
 Whose eye was clear to the last,  
 A halo of glory round the army has cast  
 To stimulate brave young men.



### RUSTICATING.

I LAID me down one lovely day  
 Beneath the broad, green spreading trees,  
 Where I intensely longed to hear  
 The green wood's minstrelsies.

More dear to me the mavis' song  
 Than lay of gifted vocal peer,  
 As pours the strain from forest glade  
 To charm the listener's ear.

The sun serene shed down his rays,  
    Fantastic through the glossy leaves,  
Flooding with light the gawzy web  
    The silent spider weaves.

Amid the tall trees' topmost twigs,  
    The soft breeze played a plaintive tune,  
While stillness reigned among the boughs,  
    And quiet the farther down.

The small birds twittered in the trees,  
    The shillie with its speckled wing ;  
I love a bird that's beautiful,  
    Although it cannot sing.

The robin red-breast looked shy,  
    As if its bosom throbbed with fear.  
Sweet bird, it was not always so  
    When winter ruled the year.

The whinchat springs from spray to spray,  
    With timorous cry as sore distressed,  
Lest I was there with sole intent  
    To rob the little nest.

Away adown the wood's dim aisle,  
    The cuckoo's voice made echoes ring  
Around where birds of every name  
    Were singing on the wing.

The loud notes of the mavis rang,  
As leader of that forest choir,  
Unknowing that any human ear  
Was listening to admire.

The wood-larks from the tree-top soared,  
To sing beyond the reach of sight  
Of clearest human eye or ear.  
How grand the upward flight!

His praise they sing who gave them tune,  
His power who gave them pith of wing,  
His providence that fed them through  
Cold winter to the spring.

His love I bless that led me here,  
To hear song in the calm retreat,  
For light of cloudless summer sun  
To guide my pilgrim feet.



## THE STEEPLE CHASE.

It is now nearly thirty years since the horse first became really known to people in this neighbourhood, but it was not until the memorable Steeple Chase, on the estate of Tulloch, that his merits became fully known and acknowledged as both fleet and firm-footed. To learn this more clearly, it is necessary to review the event in detail, to see how "Dandy" gained the laurels. On

a lovely day, early in the spring of 1844, a steeple chase for £50, handsomely presented by Mr. Kilgour of Tulloch, to be contested for by gentlemen riders riding their own horses—catch weight—came off near Tulloch House, and attracted a numerous concourse of spectators. We shall not give a particular description of ground, further than that it was of a decidedly more formidable description than in the case of any of the former steeple chases near the city. The ground had to be gone twice over, and mostly consisted of heavy ploughed land; the fences were mostly sunk, and in some instances double, and otherwise awkward. In short, though, as a whole, they presented something more formidable than the average fences to be met in with a run across the country, yet there was nothing which should have checked a good hunter, while, at the same time, they put a stop to all pretenders. Five competitors started, viz., Mr. Robertson of Foveran, Mr. Lumsden, yr. of Tilwhilly, Mr. Urquhart, yr. of Byth, Mr. Nicol and Mr. Moncrieff, of the 92nd Regiment. The latter two gentlemen were soon out of the race, Mr. Nicol's horse having baulked the first fence; they both, however, contrived to get over the ground, but not until long after the decision of the race. Mr. Robertson, on "Tinderbox," got the length of the fourth fence (a double ditch) and had dropped his horse into the opposite one; on attempting to scramble up the bank, the horse failed, threw his rider, turned sulky, and was, after many attempts to get him to go along, turned back. The race was left between Mr. Lumsden's "Selim" and Mr. Urquhart's "Dandy," and was beautifully contested throughout. As the former, however, refused some of the fences when first put to them, which the other took, this counter-balanced the advantages arising from superior strength and speed. However, it was a very near contest when at the last fence but one, both horses being alongside. This fence was a brook about ten feet wide. This "Selim" refused, but "Dandy," very clever in all his movements, and capitally ridden, soon got through it and came in winner.

MIDNIGHT had sung the world asleep,  
When wild beasts from their covert creep  
    Abroad, like plundering host ;  
Till up arose the radiant sun,  
His heaven-appointed race to run,  
    Around the aerial coast.

Bright lucid orb, whose golden beams,  
On an awakening world gleams,  
    Mirth sparkling in the skies ;  
God's glad creation, pair and pair,  
Were sporting 'mid an April air,  
    When man rose to rejoice.

Sol wished the morning skies good-by,  
And as he climbed meridian high,  
    Still brightened in his race ;  
He said by this, or seemed to say,  
I mean to patronise this day,  
    And see the Steeple Chase.

Cabs filled with gentry, scoured the road,  
And gigs, with many a precious load,  
    Were gliding on their way ;  
Fat farmers followed at the trot,  
And rustic swains, to view the spot,  
    Came gasping up the brae.

Each neighing charger pawed the ground,  
Impatient for the bugle's sound,  
    To show their agile art ;



While thousands stood, eager for the hour  
Of twelve, appointed by Kilgour,  
All longing for the start.

Now, as the hour appeared in view,  
The gathered crowds more eager grew.  
Hark ! the bugle sounds ;  
“ Huzza ! ” the assembled thousands cry :  
The *dowlerts* gave a bold reply,  
The hollow vale rebounds.

Bethelnie's fields, fenced high with thorn,  
Each horseman o'er the tops were borne,  
Clearing in gallant style ;  
The infant grass sprung from the sod,  
Felt as by fairy footsteps trod,  
Or shadows o'er the soil.

Sly Reynard heard yon bugle sound,  
And wisely minds to go aground,  
They're liker foe than frien' ;  
Such awful hops put birds to flight,  
The timorous hare sped out o' sight  
To some rush brake unseen.

O'er dyke and ditch, like coursers true,  
Twice round the trackless path pursue,  
The lapwing screaming round,  
The miry snipe sprang from her lair,  
Breathing an anathema prayer,  
Despair in every sound.

Around each heat at railway speed,  
 Or antelopes each nimble steed,  
     While not a fit did fag ;  
 The rustic groups, astonished, gazed  
 With eyes that like a beacon blazed,  
     And praised each supple nag.

See, here they come, the prize in view,  
 And what is *bona fide* true  
     The muse would fain record—  
 How "Selim's" set made Lumsden yield,  
 While "Dandy," victor o'er the field,  
     Triumphant crowned her lord.

He's round the pole, and won the prize ;  
 See how they flock to feast their eyes  
     On him who won the race ;  
 Loud burst applause from every tongue,  
 Till slumbering echoes waked and sung  
     A *finale* to the Chase.



## SEPARATIONS FROM THE CITY.

Written 1862.

### BURIAL GROUNDS.

It's not amid the city's smoke  
 The dead should buried lie,  
 'Mid dust and din of daily life,  
 And buildings towering high.

The stillness of a Sabbath calm  
Should wait the earthly close,  
And welcome the halcyon of peace  
To guard the soft repose—  
Beyond the snare of gathering wealth,  
And from the town afar,  
The blue heaven bending o'er the bed,  
Lit up with many a star,  
Murmuring brooks and whispering trees  
Circling round the ground,  
And everything that speaks of heaven,  
To aid the calm profound.

## FISH MARKET.

It's not amidst the city's crowd,  
If I could have my wish  
To tolerate a place for sale  
Of dripping, dying fish.  
Some fitter mart it well becomes  
The city to provide  
Beyond the crowded thoroughfares—  
Beyond the Torry tide ;  
And every man in trust and power  
Should lend his helping arm  
To have the nuisance removed  
Beyond its power to harm.  
The love that's learned from human lips  
Is children's readiest lear,  
And such a place is dangerous ground  
For youth to venture near.

## MANUFACTORIES.

It's not within the city's midst  
Manufactories should stand,  
But far beyond the city's bounds,  
Upon some moorish land ;  
And there the smoke, the dust, and din  
Might harmlessly go  
Beyond the reach of doing ill  
To any in its flow.  
The pure, sweet air that man receives  
So free his Maker from,  
Man should strive to keep it pure  
Around each human home ;  
But how can life in young or old  
Be kept in active play,  
Where fumes of smoke pollute the air  
Throughout the light of day ?

## BARRACKS.

It's not 'mid city's crowded homes  
That soldiers' barracks should be,  
While there remains a vacant spot  
Adown beside the sea.  
The soldier and civilian pure  
Can seldom live at peace,  
But, parted by a mile of land,  
Love, as brothers, would increase.  
The soldier, with his sword and gun,  
Is ever hailing strife,

While men of commerce daily strive  
To lead a calmer life ;  
And, seeing that those rival trades  
Never can agree,  
It would become us now to build  
A barracks by the sea.



## HARVEST HYMN.

SWEET September,  
Though flowers and forest leaves are brown,  
Thou didst create a stir  
In every rural town :  
Young men and maidens lent their arm  
To reap the cereal crops on every farm.

The tiller ploughed  
Betimes his finest fertile land ;  
This law obeyed,  
Frost came from heaven's hand  
To double the tilth for tender seed,  
The germ of man's future daily bread.

In lengthening days  
He ventured out to sow, in hope,  
The best seed-corn  
Destined for the coming crop,  
Then prayed for blessing of sun and shower,  
And left the result to a higher Power.

Daily he viewed,  
    With tender joy, descending rain  
From passing clouds  
    To water the parched plain ;  
Rejoiced to see the spiky blade appear—  
The raising up to the full corn in the ear.

With grateful heart,  
    And tears of joy rolling in his eye,  
Now sees heaven's done its part,  
    The harvest time is nigh ;  
The fields beneath heaven's lovely blue  
Stand waving in harvest's golden hue.

The birds are dumb  
    In clover-fields and forest-boughs among,  
But harvest's come—  
    I hear the reaper's song  
From early morn to calm descending eve :  
They wearily with star-light take their leave.



## AUTUMN FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL in decay  
    The wan face of the dying year,  
As fall away  
    Leaves in the forest sere,  
Drooping daily on my pathway down,  
Gently in the calmest, clearest noon.

The summer sun

Now daily pales his burning fire,  
His mellow work done,

Doth slow retire  
Before the waning, briefer light  
Of misty morn and gloomy night.

The flowers of spring—

True to the wakeful voice of God—  
Here seen to hing

Bright petals o'er the clod,  
Before song-birds were seen to pair,  
Or frosty winds forsook the air.

Ere they had ceased to blow,

Then came the summer flowers  
In sweeter, grander glow,  
To charm dull hours,  
And load with scent the breezy morn  
Where'er the travellers foot could turn.

And in the decline

Of summer, sweet speak the flowers  
To this heart of mine,

With potent powers—  
More dear than pen can well express,  
The flowers in autumn's loveliness.

Oh, let those eyes again

Behold them ere their beauty's lost,

By showers of rain,  
 Or blanching frost,  
 To cheer me on my pilgrim way,  
 Through many a dark and wintry day !

~\*~

AN EPISTLE.

"I saw the harp of my country hang mute."—*Speech of W. T.*

'Twas there to wake with tuneful tongue  
 The harp that mute for years had hung  
 On weeping willow-trees, unstrung  
 Sin' Burns dropped the shell,  
 While leaving little in life unsung  
 That minstrel martyr fell.

Thou sawst thy country's harp hang mute,  
 Beheld light after light go out,  
 As one bombazed 'tween fear and doubt  
 Strung thy sweet lyre,  
 Till thousands searched the harper out,  
 Stood to admire.

To reign a royal burgh's bard,  
 The flattering thought is sma' reward,  
 While lank poverty presses hard  
 The luckless poet,  
 And leagued with want and woe ill-starred  
 Afraid to show it.



Though want eclipsed thy natal morn,  
The muse left not her son forlorn,  
Thou kissedst the rose but felt the thorn—  
    Twin bairns young—  
For thou a child of song wast born,  
    Heart taught the tongue.

Thy spirit soars with searching ray,  
From earth to heaven's bright milky way,  
Or where dim legends warp the lay—  
    Tradition's tale ;  
Thou scour'st the mists of years away,  
    And liftest the veil.

The land, delighted, stood to see  
Thy soul dissolved in poetry,  
Welcome as spring to flower and tree,  
    That woos the buds to bloom—  
Grand as a rocket to the raptured e'e  
    Strikes through the gloom.

Sweet strains you sung to womankind,  
The essence of a gifted mind—  
Like gold or silver twice refined  
    Has flowed thy song,  
Whilst here I'm pressing up behind  
    The admiring throng.



## THE RINDERPEST.

WHEN God resolves to chasten man,  
'Tis part of His mysterious plan  
    To smite the brute creation ;  
With the dire rod of rinderpest  
To lay on man's most valued beast  
    Within the British nation.  
In open day when all is fair  
    Beneath the arching skies,  
He pours the poison on the air  
    Before men's wondering eyes.  
We cannot see though there it be  
    Upon its fatal road,  
Enough to know that it is so,  
    A messenger from God.

'Twere vain too nice to criticise  
Where first the pestilence had its rise,  
    In men to narrowly scan ;  
We know 'tis here—for that we grieve—  
Nor is it likely soon to leave,  
    To try the faith of man.  
He sees at night a blooming herd  
    That ere another day  
Their feet below the mother earth  
    May soon be stowed away.

The hide and horn as they were born  
Lie huddled in one grave,  
The loss of steers—the pride of years—  
Is hard enough to brave.

This same will be a memorable year,  
When straw is scarce and turnips dear,  
The profits will be small ;  
And should the plague still wider spread,  
Many will, I'm sore afraid,  
Be driven to the wall.

Though farmers housed and fed them well—  
Full better than their hinds,  
If that was right they know themself',  
I leave it to their minds.

The great losses of their crosses  
Is punishment for the crime,  
And, if read aright, may give new light  
To guide the future time.

Oh, Thou who sent this fell disease,  
Hear us from our bended knees,  
Be pleased to stay the plague.  
In mercy to mankind, oh, spare !  
Give needed grace each loss to bear,  
Oh, Heaven, we humbly beg !  
And bless all means now put in use  
By men to check its power—  
Let none their sympathy refuse  
In this dark, trying hour.

Thou gavest it sway, oh, bear't away  
From our beloved land !  
Then shall we pray from day to day,  
And bless Thy mighty hand.



## FOOTDEE.

THOUGH darkness drear her mantle spread,  
And woke the ocean's sullen roar,  
Still there was light, and peace, and joy  
Within one cottage near the shore.

'Twas Christmas night—a merry night  
To every dweller in Footdee ;  
And here the lightest-hearted met,  
Each sworn to mirth a devotee.

The tables groaned with Christmas cheer,  
The wine-cup passed from hand to hand,  
To pledge a toast to one sweet girl  
About to leave her native land.

With song and tale the hours sped past,  
Sae fleet it seemed a fairy bower—  
None seemed to note the Footdee clock,  
That measured out the midnight hour,

Until the watchman in his round  
Us startled with his "Half-past three!"  
And though it was a scene of joy,  
I marked a tear in Ida's e'e.

Dark rose the future in her sight  
Beyond the ceaseless, sullen sea—  
The light of morn about to break  
Would tear her from this scene of glee.

And Ida owned a head of sense,  
Joined to a fine strung feeling heart;  
And felt it would be worse than death  
For ever from her friends to part.

She was a sweet and graceful girl  
As e'er had graced a mother's e'e;  
But one forsook her virgin fruit  
To perish on the parent tree.

Strong in the faith that friends anew  
Would greet her on a distant shore,  
She waved adieu from off the boat  
To friends she hoped to see no more.

With will to work for food and fee,  
She spread her wants before high heaven,  
And all she asked for, hoped for, came—  
An answer to her prayer was given.

Her spirit found its buoyant tone,  
Her face regained its wonted smile,  
Her heart had all its girlish glee  
The day she stepped on Erin's Isle.

A friend that marked her modest mien  
Soon offered her his heart and hand,  
And now in her adopted home  
She reigns a lady in the land.

With plenty wealth to spend and spare,  
And olive plants her table round ;  
And husband with a loving heart,  
Her dear domestic joys to crown.

With chastened mind and thankful heart,  
She looks at times across the sea,  
To where she spent that Christmas night  
Within the village of Footdee.

She only wants to make her blest  
The friends she left beside the shore,  
Or through her girlhood's haunts to tread,  
The teeming beauties to explore.

As leaves before the autumn blast  
Lie torn and tossed upon the ground,  
So death has torn from earth the friends  
That never can again be found.

## THE BAY OF GREYHOPE.

WITHIN the little rock-bound Bay  
Of Greyhope, at the dawn of day,  
The whaling-ship, the Oscar, lay  
    Light on the bounding waves.  
The morn was spent with song and jest  
By seamen, till they saw south-east  
A gale that, as it fast increased,  
    Shook them o'er their graves.

Her manly crew of forty-four,  
Awaiting, stood to guide her o'er  
The treacherous sea from shore to shore,  
    To hunt the slimy whale ;  
But sudden tempest lashed the air,  
The sea, the shore, and everywhere,  
That made the stoutest-hearted stare  
    Before the awful gale.

Men wept to see the rising tide—  
The heavy seas to shoreward glide—  
Dense snowy showers o'er ocean wide  
    Came sweeping to the coast.  
The ship was wildly dashed about,  
Bravely assaying to ride it out,  
Till pitched in Greyhope beyond doubt,  
    The gallant ship was lost.

Their efforts failed to reach the land,  
And none could stretch a helping hand—  
The thousands who had ta'en their stand  
    In sight of the hopeless crew.  
Tremendous waves the vessel tossed,  
The sailors one by one were lost,  
The floating wreck soon strewed the coast,  
    And all were drowned save two.

Full fifty years have passed since then,  
And boys have grown to aged men,  
Who still rehearse, with heart-felt pain,  
    How the ship was lost—  
Upon the first morn of April,  
When all had hoped the sea would smile,  
The sun ascended bright the while  
    To light the rocky coast.

Come, let us croon a doleful lay  
Adown beside the rocky bay,  
Where the flowing tide wave, day by day,  
    Around the coast doth sweep.  
Joining the cold, blue moaning wave  
In wailing for the sailors brave,  
Who found a wide, deep, watery grave  
    Wherein they now do sleep.





## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

I LOVE the land that gave me birth—  
It is the sweetest spot on earth ;  
Its manly sports and social mirth  
    Afford the highest pleasure.  
Its fertile fields of golden grain  
I would not leave to cross the main ;  
Proud fame or wealth would tempt in vain  
    With countless golden treasure.

Though thus I love the Lowland soil,  
Where manly worth finds food and toil,  
The grand old hills have sweeter smile  
    Than decks the glowing west.  
The spacious vales where rivers roll,  
The towering hills like living coal,  
Have burned their image in my soul,  
    In storm or sunshine dressed.

The glens and corries' rugged steep,  
Where lonely shepherds tend their sheep,  
The broad defiles where breezes sweep  
    In cadence, loud or low.  
The pure, pellucid mountain stream,  
Reflecting noonday's solar beam,  
Oh, heaven of joys, to stand and dream,  
    Lulled by its murmuring flow.

Green grows the pine that braves the blast  
On hill that has its shadow cast  
Upon the grave where years long past  
    My grandsires' been at rest.  
I live to heir their honoured name  
(Unknown in life to wealth or fame),  
That it unsullied may remain,  
    I'll ever do my best.

Beloved land of hill and dale,  
Where bards have sung and heroes fell,  
I'll tread thy heights, if all is well,  
    To learn thy song and story.  
In humble homes, on steep hill-side,  
I'll rest where lowly worth reside,  
And bend the ear with honest pride  
    To tales of Highland glory.



## WELCOME SUMMER BACK AGAIN.

LOVELY it is when lowly valley,  
    Rising hill, and rural plain,  
Waken wild flowers from their slumber,  
    To welcome summer back again.

Buds of beauty, fresh and fragrant,  
    Nurslings of the sun and rain,  
Wafting odour on the west wind,  
    Welcome summer back again.

Cultured flowers, in beauty, springing  
Round the arbour's trim domain,  
Come, with flowers in field and forest,  
To welcome summer back again.

Fields of verdure, green and growing,  
Parks of springing precious grain,  
Join with man in hopeful chorus  
To welcome summer back again.

Joy-birds of gayest plumage,  
Sporting, join the sweet refrain,  
Troutlets in transparent rivers  
Welcome summer back again.

Birds that build in deepest greenwood,  
Or that nest in grassy plain,  
Chant as true as words can speak it—  
Welcome summer back again.

Skylarks singing, soaring heavenward,  
Pouring forth the thrilling strain,  
In the sunbeam, morn and mid-day,  
Welcome summer back again.

Rose-linnets from the breeding grounds  
Hail the dawn with sweetest strain,  
And dull's the heart that cannot join  
To welcome summer back again.

Corn-crakes and cuckoos calling  
From the grove or grassy glen,  
Shout in tones that all interpret,  
Welcome summer back again.

Swallows swift, from winter quarters,  
Early cross the raging main,  
Eager to outstrip the lapwing,  
To welcome summer back again.

Leaf-buds on the larch and elm trees,  
Ash, beech, birch, and stately plane,  
Lilac, laburnum, whin, broom blossom,  
Welcome summer back again.

Beauteous in the genial sunbeam,  
Insects sport a countless train—  
Bee and butterfly, rejoicing,  
Welcome summer back again.

Seeing that birds and buds of Nature  
Unite in one harmonious pæan,  
My heart would join the glorious choral,  
And welcome summer back again.



## THE TEUCHATS.

No individual born and bred in our rural districts but retains, through mature years, pleasant reminiscences of this real summer visitant—the lapwing or “teuchat,” whose well-kent cry will be sounding in his ears when far apart. The yearly return of the lapwing to rear its young with us for unnumbered centuries is a somewhat singular circumstance, and dull, indeed, would our summer pasture fields be without the presence of the “peewit.” Breeding over, by the beginning of August they become again gregarious, and now commences the business of exercising their young on the wing in mid air, so as to strengthen the pinions for the autumnal flight to other climes. It is certainly one of the most delightful sights to witness on a clear, cloudless summer afternoon an array of teuchats—a thousand strong, say—going through their beautiful evolutions up in mid air in quick style, no perceptible awkwardness anywhere in the ranks, even the youngest are expert enough to shame the blundering of volunteer riflemen. This remarkable trait of instinct in the lapwing I have witnessed on some fields of pasture grass on a farm in this locality, when they congregate undisturbed just now, as they have been in the habit of doing during previous years. It is singular how they manage to muster an array so large, that must necessitate its being collected from a circuit of many miles for this special object—the discipline of their young. The lapwing’s care and affectionate solicitude for the welfare of its young is more clearly manifested than in any other of the feathered tribes, and, seeing that it is so, it is wonderful how little care they show in the structure and furnishing of their nests. A slight depression in the soil, without any apparent shelter from the sun or wind, and a few withered grasses crossed in the bottom, not sufficient to keep damp from the young birds, is all the comfort they are

solicitous to secure. When the nest is finished, family cares commence in earnest. Let you rise ever so early, or sit up late, the cry of some wakeful teuchat from far off will be heard coming wafted on the breeze from some solitary haunt of breeding ground. This is, indeed, a most pugnacious bird when the young are in the nest as one could meet with, but during the time of eggs only. They adopt several ingenious devices to wile people in an opposite direction from where the nest is—running themselves on the ground leading the way, &c., and a search for their eggs is a tedious process, from their grey colour. It is not, however, until young birds are actually in the nest that the fond parents show their true pluck in the protection of their young. Let any poor dog have occasion to pass the way, or an unfortunate crow, and they will feel the full force of their wings until they get beyond reach. We have seen them sometimes attack the “heron” in its slow flight, and at times we have seen them collect assistance to beat off boys bent on plunder, and during these trying times the cry is intensely plaintive. But under ordinary circumstances they continue loquacious until the time the young are able to take wing themselves. Now all this picture of breeding time is entirely changed—ten hundred or more are sitting before me on that bare pasture field in the middle of cattle and crows, while they run about catching their food, as docile as a flock of doves. Or until they mount up again to go through the aerial evolutions when the tongues are once more let loose to guide and restrain the junior members of the flock, and such a splendid review I have witnessed often with no ordinary pleasure.—

SEATED on a height

Beside the pasture, bleak and bare,

Watching the flight

Of teuchats in mid air,

Training their young ones how to fly

Before they take a last good-bye.

Behold them come,  
    Massed like troops a thousand strong,  
No one altogether dumb  
    Amid the nursery song ;  
Perhaps the secret of such joyous mirth  
Is in surveying their spot of birth.

Now drawn in line,  
    Beauteous beneath the sunbeam clear,  
Dazzling with its shine  
    My eyes through the atmosphere ;  
While upwards they soar to airy height,  
Till almost lost to human sight.

How can man or maid,  
    With vision trained this sight to see  
Amidst the rural shade,  
    E'er forget such scenes of glee ?  
In summer's earliest morn or latest eve  
They hear the teuchats' deafening deave.

And dull, indeed,  
    Would be each grassy pasture field,  
Were crows instead  
    Their nests to build  
Amidst our valleys' pasture grass,  
E'en strangers would hiss them as they pass.

Watchful, awake,  
    To mount at peep of earliest spring,

Their flight to take  
    On tireless wing ;  
They cross the wide and turbulent main  
To seek their summer haunts again.

Swiftly they come,  
    Only to find our valleys deep wi' snaw,  
Sweet song-birds, dumb  
    In greenwood shaw—  
They pair, like lovers, in too great haste,  
Ere they have time to build a nest.

Yet see them manifest  
    A love for young, enough to shame  
Mortals the best  
    Of Christian name,  
Battling for them with all their might—  
The dog on foot or-crow on flight.

No hunter's eye  
    Would dare to watch the teuchat's flight  
Overhead high,  
    To shoot in sight  
The favourite of our pasture lands—  
Single, pairs, or in large bands.

A mighty Power  
    Protects them on the trackless sea  
In night's still hour,  
    Or on the lea



'Mid summer sunshine, nor can early storm  
A single feather of their wing deform.

Soon will I miss

The teuchat 'mid the autumn atmosphere,  
When gone to kiss

A sky more clear ;  
Their months of absence I will mourn,  
And welcome the time of their return.



### THE ROBIN.

WHEN winter rears his snowy towers  
Against the northern sky,  
Red-breasted robin quits the woods  
To live where comforts lie.

In warm abodes of living men  
He craves his daily crumbs,  
And warm the welcome all awards  
The friend that frankly comes.

Deep in the dark green plantain shade,  
He makes his cozy nest,  
With grass and moss, well lined with hair,  
Wherein his brood may rest.

And there, till autumn's withering hand,  
Destroys each mellowing leaf,  
He quits not till the frosty blasts  
Presage a time of grief.

With noiseless step and sparkling e'e  
He enters by the door,  
And, prying, pertly claims a right  
To crumbs upon the floor.

Ah! who would dare the stranger harm,  
Or prison in a cage?—  
The ruddy-breasted winter guest  
That comes from age to age.

Robin, I'll feed thee till the snow  
Of winter disappear,—  
Till thy sweet note no more is heard  
In spring time of the year.

When thou wilt join thine absent mate,  
Down in some wooded glen,  
Secluded sweet from smoky towns  
Till winter comes again.



## THE OUSEL, OR BLACKBIRD.

A MALE ousel sat with his sable coat,  
And his bright orange bill, on the apple tree,  
At the cold, gray dawn of a winter's morn,  
Looking around him piteously.

The snow-flakes flew, and they froze as they fell  
On the tender twigs of the apple-tree,  
While the ousel looked for a morsel of food,  
But nothing to eat could the blackbird see.

The worms were hid in the depths of the soil,  
Neither slug nor snail could the ousel see—  
The insect world had gone to repose,  
And nothing appeared to his anxious e'e.

The haws and the hips were spoiled wi' the snow,  
And wi' frost the fruit of the mulberry-tree ;  
The garden and forest were wreathed wi' the blow,  
And I watched the bird had a tear in his e'e.

The cat by the fire had been liberally fed,  
The dog had obtained abundant supply,  
The robin had ventured to eat within doors,—  
And it's winter, indeed, when robin comes nigh.

The bairns were fed round a warm blazing fire,  
The baby, too, on its mother's knee,  
But the ousel, shivering wi' hunger and cold,  
Kept hopping about on the apple-tree.

At length a fair hand raised a window sash,  
And spread out crumbs on the window-sill,  
The ousel he twigged the timely supply,  
And was shortly seen using his orange bill.

I thanked the hand—the generous heart—  
As warmly as if 'twas stretched to me ;  
The ousel had sung me sweet summer songs  
From the top of the very same apple-tree.

Blest be the heart, when cold winter comes,  
That spreads for the ousel a handful of crumbs.



## THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

BENEATH the sod  
She sweetly sleeps the sleep of death—  
Died as she lived, professing faith  
In Jacob's God.

She sweetly sleeps  
Beneath a robe of Nature's grass ;  
And worshippers that weekly pass,  
Her absence weeps.

Closed is her ear  
To the preacher's voice, the holy psalm,  
And church-bell, 'mid the hallowed calm,  
She loved to hear.

No lofty monument  
Of marble white, or granite stone,  
Rears its proud polished head upon  
This grave of saint.

But in this bosom  
Her memory fragrant lives enshrined ;  
With earliest, tenderest thoughts entwined,  
In fadeless blossom.

The humble school,  
Associated with my early doings,  
Thus long since fallen into ruins,  
Where she bore rule.

There stood her seat—  
The only stool she in the world possessed ;  
And right before the fire was placed,  
Beside the heat.

The girls and boys,  
Encircled round the venerable dame,  
Reading aloud—no fear, no shame—  
Made jarring noise.

Now in the better land,  
She's crossed the gloomy sea of death ;  
And mightier ones must learn her faith  
To leave the strand.

The green turf evermore,  
Light may it lean upon her aged breast ;  
And, oh, to be as meet a guest  
On Canaan's shore !

Daily press on,  
Tired pilgrim, through this vale of tears ;  
Yet count not on the fourscore years,  
She had to run.

But day by day  
Rendered the tribute of a grateful heart  
To God, who can all good impart,  
To smooth the way.



## THE SUICIDE.

THE summer was past—the beautiful summer ;  
Nae mair in the blue air carolled the lark,  
Nor was the tired labourer roused by the drummer  
At five, to go forth to his wearisome wark.

The winter was come wi' its eeriesome sough,  
When æ night twa drouthy auld cronies did meet ;  
The horses, at rest frae their drag in the plough,  
Suggested that they might take rest to their feet.

An ale-house at hand was blazing wi' light,  
Where both had too often entered before,  
And their face to the keeper was a blithesome sight—  
She welcomed them ben wi' a smile frae the door.

Scarcely had Willie and Tammias ta'en seat  
Before the red glow of a blazing coal fire,  
Ere they called for a gill, wi' something to eat,  
And everything came their hearts could desire.

Hour after hour sped heedless away,  
As gill after gill disappeared on the table ;  
They minded the curfew-bell closing the day  
Nae mair than the horse asleep in the stable.

But there's limits to all, and Nature hersel'  
Had begun to refuse the meat and the drink,  
Till the stomach of Tammie did fairly rebel—  
His tongue became mute—he could only but win!

The landlady hinted that midnight had come—  
Spoke about leaving wi' twitchings of heart ;  
Tam yet had his feet, though his tongue it was dumb,  
And she smiles as her customers slowly depart.

Will, without doubt, was the soberest of the two,  
And dwelt in a well-known street in the town,  
But Tam had twa miles of wild marsh to go through—  
The drearicst meadow maist ever was known.

Will saw him a bittock, and bade him good-night,  
Returned, and was soon in the arms of sleep,  
Believing that morning would set Tammie a' right—  
That daybreak would find him a-foddering his sheep.

Tam held on to the brig, till the road took a turn,  
Thro' the bogs got bewildered, lost the power of his feet,  
While he quietly lay down by the side of the burn  
His much-abused life beat a hasty retreat.

Alone, and at midnight, with no eye to behold,  
His spirit took flight in that terrible place ;  
And four days the body lay rigid and cold  
Before human saw his pale, ghastly face.



Ah, such is his fate who indulges in drink !—  
 Pits open in his path at a higher command ;  
 He madly careers on eternity's brink,  
 And the graves of suicides are dotting the land.

—❦—

BON-ACCORD.

WHOM shall electors choose  
 To send up to Parliament ?  
 To that grand reformed House  
 Who shall be sent ?  
 Not a lawyer, laird, or lord,  
 Can the electors afford  
 To represent Bon-Accord—  
 No titled gent.

Whom shall electors choose ?  
 No rural squire ;  
 If such wish to grace the House,  
 Let him try the shire.  
 The city, at whatever expense,  
 Must have a man of sense—  
 A town-born merchant-prince  
 Would electors desire.

A burgess-burgh member,  
 For the county a knight ;  
 Let the people remember  
 This deep-rooted right.

A man of cosmopolitan mind  
Electors may quite easily find,  
Who, to home work, may be blind  
As a mole at midnight.

Our mercantile height  
Must needs be upheld,  
And who so fit for the fight  
As some brither Guild,  
Blest wi' a fluent tongue  
As ever in St. Stephen's rung—  
Rare as poets ever sung  
On that battle field?

The growth of the city  
In numbers and wealth,  
To choose a stranger 'twere pity,  
When home-works for health  
Demand a real town's bairn  
That knows every crag and cairn,  
And has nothing to learn  
About water and filth.

Electors, be doing then,  
At whatever expense ;  
What's been shall be again—  
A real merchant prince,  
Of sound head and warm heart,  
Acting ever a manly part,  
In aiding every native art  
With prudence and sense.

## THE THUNDER CLOUD.

THE warm and genial month of May  
Had passed its twenty-second day,  
    When dusty was the soil ;  
Men, as they stood with heat oppressed,  
Gazed gladly to the darkening west,  
    That threatened rain meanwhile.

Men heard the distant thunder roll,  
That moved with awe the dullest soul,  
    As darker grew the clouds ;  
The lightning flashed before the eye,  
Which lurid flashed in passing by  
    Between us and the woods.

The sun, ere mid-day, veiled his light—  
The lark reversed its upward flight,  
    And stayed its summer song ;  
In lovely hedge and higher trees,  
The birds sat silent at their ease  
    The shady boughs among.

At this brief hour of deepening gloom,  
The world appeared a living tomb—  
    We looked for copious shower ;  
Just then the black cloud broke away,  
And that sweet forenoon hour in May  
    Resumed its charming power.

Only a few large rain-drops fell,  
 When Sol regained his former spell  
     Of brightness, beauty, heat ;  
 The birds in field and forest singing,  
 O'er the green landscape music flinging,  
     Had left their dark retreat.

Such was the vision of an hour,  
 Enacted by an unseen Power,  
     Before my wondering sight,  
 Showing how powerless puny man  
 Can see how works the simplest plan  
     Of Him, the Lord of Light.



### LOSS OF THE STANLEY.

THERE was darkness on the deep—  
     There was tempest in the air ;  
 And loud was heard through ocean's sweep  
     The wail of wild despair,  
 As dropped each tender-hearted girl  
 Into the seething, surging swirl.

There was sorrow on the sea,  
     There was sorrow on the shore,  
 Tears fell from many a manly e'e  
     Sinking to rise no more—  
 Sucked down amid the boiling brine,  
 Surging the murderous mouth of Tyne.

As on the rocks she hung,  
The mad waves leaping high,  
Tenaciously the doomed ones clung  
While poised 'tween earth and sky ;  
The frail sea-craft men strove to save,  
And loved ones from a watery grave.

Long had she steamed before  
Across the treacherous main,  
And never had she felt so sore  
The fury of wind and rain ;  
But with a care to save the cattle,  
Rushed madly to the murderous battle.

The poet's pen—how very weak  
To paint the awful scene !  
Oh, for the artist's eye to speak  
What the dark night had seen !—  
Death stalking by the sailor's side,  
As man and maid plunged in the tide.

Ye mothers that mourn by Dee,  
Know others' hearts are stirred,  
And weep in sympathy with thee,  
Where'er thy loss is heard ;  
The lost are safe with a God of love,  
Who rules the sea, and reigns above.



## JEANIE'S DEATH.

JEANIE D—— was a poor old body, who, all alone, occupied a humble habitation in Causeway. Aged and helpless, she had no earthly relations, but, for all that, was well cared for. One day she knew that a sermon was to be preached in the parish church in the early spring of 1807. She dressed herself betimes, with the view of being a worshipper, and, long ere the hour, was seen to leave, clad in her cloak, and bearing her big Bible under her arm. Snow lay thick on the ground, and more was falling. When she had reached opposite the church, instead of turning to the right hand, she, unfortunately, held on the road until she reached the hill-head, turning then to the right hand when too late. She followed the moss road for a long way, until, coming to a round knoll, quite bewildered, she crept down with her back to the blast, wrapping her napkin round her mouth and drawing her cloak over her head, with the Bible in her hand, and heaven in her heart. She then resigned herself to her fate. What time she died, or what were her thoughts and feelings in prospect of death, are not known. The snow-flakes continued to fall, feeding the blast that whirled the wreaths around her defenceless form, and over her head until she, in common with all surrounding objects, had disappeared from view some feet below the snow's surface. People became alarmed at her non-return from church, and search was instituted in every conceivable direction, which proved utterly fruitless for more than three weeks, when the diligence of one William Robertson, who had been out daily, was at last rewarded by finding her, in a sitting posture, when thaw had set in. Information was conveyed to the minister, who had her carried to church, where she was shrouded, and thence interred decently in the graveyard. The strange, melancholy manner of her end is not easily effaced from the minds of people, even at the present day.

MOURN the end of aged Jeanie,  
Snatched sae suddenly awa';  
Oh, I could gi'en a gouden guinea  
She hadna perished in the snaw !

Jeanie, in her wee cot housie,  
Well beloved by neighbours roun',  
Ae day left her pipe and poussie,  
To reach the kirk ayont the town.

Up by times, and dressed fu' neatly,  
Three times at a house did ca',  
Speering for the hour sae sweetly,  
Ower anxious to be awa'.

Soon were Jeanie's limbs in motion,  
Moving up the eastward road,  
Hating to disturb devotion  
By entering late the house of God.

Fearful blew the norland blast,  
Thickly fell the blinding snaw ;  
Jeanie miss'd the gate—went past—  
And never saw the kirk ava.

Up the hill and down the whin-brae,  
Jeanie lost her power o' kythe ;  
Driven, licht as windle strae,  
Reached at last a laigh dyke lythe.

Down she sat—fell soon asleep,  
Madly whirled the drift around ;  
Beneath a wreath of some feet deep  
Stiff and cold her corpse was bound.

Empty was her seat at sermon,  
Where could she have strayed ?  
Soon her neighbours out alarmin',  
Sought her baith in glen and glade.

For weeks Jeanie lay eold and sleeping  
'Neath a winding sheet o' snaw,  
Till many tears were spent in weeping  
Watching for the coming thaw.

At Heaven's own time the hour arrived ;  
The snow has wept itself away ;  
Jeanie, paler than when alive,  
Is found at last at break o' day.

Straight to church the corpse is borne,  
Hundreds haste the sight to see ;  
And some mind yet the awful morn  
When Jeanie closed her aged e'e.

And we hope, though thus she perished,  
'Mid the elemental wrath,  
That Heaven the priceless treasure cherished  
While walking duty's onward path.



## THE WATER SCHEME.

## A DREAM.

I SOUGHT a place, o'ercome with heat,  
To rest and muse—a quiet retreat,  
And found the spot near Calsay Seat,  
    Where birds sing cheerie ;  
And, oh ! how precious, passing sweet !  
    Rest to the weary.

I heard the city's mingled noise,  
From rattling cars and roving boys ;  
And, farther east, that joy of joys—  
    The moaning deep ;  
These, and other somnoric ploys,  
    Sung me asleep.

Then rose a vision on my sight—  
The city, seen by evening light,  
When mirth was at unusual height  
    In street and lane,  
Among the thousands left and right  
    Of living men.

All manifested such a glee,  
I wondered what the cause could be  
That made all classes mingle free,  
    When, happily, soon  
I learned they had an arm of Dee  
    Laid to the town ;

And that, before to-morrow's sun  
 Should rise to chase the shadows dun,  
 The water pure in power would run  
                   Down every street—  
 Not even the filthiest close would shun,  
                   To make more sweet.

Where'er was filth to purge away,  
 A fire to quench by night or day,  
 To cleanse, or cook, in any way,  
                   The river's ready—  
 To poorest, scant o' cash to pay,  
                   As to my lady.

The river, from its upland source,  
 Careering on its seaward course,  
 Will happily not grow less or worse  
                   While time doth last ;  
 Alike the friend of man and horse,  
                   As in the past.

Blessings now for increased supply,  
 Each tongue joined in the general cry ;  
 Tears glistened in many a grateful eye  
                   Of man and maid,  
 As thinking on last summer dry,  
                   When poor supplied.

Praise to the noble water scheme,  
 No longer now Utopian dream ;  
 May glory gild each actor's name

Through coming ages,  
And generations point to them  
In history's pages.

Blessings on all who toiled in thought—  
On those who early, nobly wrought,  
And every man who truly sought,  
By tongue or pen,  
To urge the fight so nobly fought,  
The field to gain.

Now wakened from my idle dream,  
I mused upon the wondrous scheme,  
Well fit from fever to redeem  
To higher health,  
This noble city that doth teem  
With growing wealth.

Soon may the dream be something real,  
To cheer ilk man that wrought with zeal,  
And all who wish the city's weal,  
Both high and low ;  
May all soon see the water sweet  
In copious flow !



## THE RAIN SHOWER.

THERE was joy below when the rain came down  
On the parched earth and the pastures brown ;  
And the farmers praised Heaven in thanks aloud,  
For the cattle were pinched for their daily food.

As it descended in torrents hour after hour,  
Washing the dust off ev'ry leaflet and flower,  
The gardener, gratefully, uncovered his crown,  
For sending such copious rain-showers down.

The miller rejoiced that his dam would soon fill,  
And give speed to the wheels of his neat corn-mill,  
For the streamlet was down to a fine silken thread,  
But now it flows wildly through the green glade.

And how lovely the landscape's now to behold !  
The flocks, well-contented, go with glee to the fold ;  
The setting sun, cloudless, throws a far softer ray  
Than graced his appearance at dawn of the day.

And the too dusty street and the dirty lane  
Are rendered much purer by a copious rain ;  
Then let us be thankful for all blessings given—  
For fostering dews and the rainfall from heaven.

For the prospect of plenty to man and to beast,  
From the hills on the west to the sea on the east,

From the surly cold north to the warm sunny south,  
There's plenty to fill every hungry mouth.

Let us humbly thank the Omnipotent Power,  
Who gives us in season the sun and the shower ;  
Who causeth the seed in earth's bosom to grow  
Till the ear bends in fulness gracefully low.

Let us wish for the reapers both health and strength,  
To harvest the fruits, till at last and at length  
They join in a grateful harmonious song  
To Him to whom all praises in right doth belong.



### THE MELDRUM FLAG.

STILL floats the flag on Meldrum towers,  
Above a sea of forest trees,  
— In duty to each vagrant breeze  
That fans the lovely autumn hours.

As morn by morn it meets the eye,  
Glad tidings it unvarying tells,  
That Meldrum's lord a tenant dwells  
Within the mansion towering high.

Rejoice that still the spacious halls  
Re-echo to the manly tread,  
As erst to those forgotten dead  
Who reared with pride the lofty walls ;

Walls that will stand to future years,  
Memorial of exalted taste,  
In plan and execution chaste,  
As o'er the north country appears.

It blunts the edge of human pride,  
To think when each has done his best,  
They must retire and be compressed  
In gloomy vault among the dead.

The grave receives them one by one,  
Whene'er a few years pass away ;  
They go to mingle with the clay,  
Where rule is o'er and work is done.

Their spirits still may hover near,  
When summer suns in splendour shine  
Beside the flowers or clustering vine  
That scent the genial atmosphere.

These favourite trees, affording shade  
And shelter from the burning ray,  
Waved o'er the missed ones day by day,  
Before they joined their kindred dead.

Long may the flag on Meldrum wave,  
While it proclaims the unvarying tale  
(More eloquent than noisy bell)  
That still he rules the young and brave.

## THE DYING GIRL.

DEAR mother, hush thy heavy sigh—  
Dry up thy tears and sympathy ;  
I rest upon His mighty arm,  
Who shed atoning blood for me.

The sun, in summer beauty, shines  
Upon our garden's blooming flowers,  
But ere he hides behind the hills,  
Dear mother, I'm no longer yours.

The sweet, soft breeze of leafy June  
Now gently fans each glossy leaf ;  
The laverock's carol high in air,  
Then, mother, hush thy wail of grief.

The happy children, out at play,  
I hear around our cottage door  
In gleeful shout—but ne'er again  
I'll mix among the merry core.

Put past the play-things, mother dear,  
They yield no longer joy to me ;  
I leave them a' to younger ones,  
And long for God to close my e'e.

Brush off the tear ; you cannot wish  
To prison me in pain from death,  
While holy angels wait the hour  
I draw my feeble, parting breath.

They come to bear my spirit where  
No more pain is, or death, or sin ;  
They stand in heaven, beside the gate,  
To welcome ransomed spirits in.

Oh, calm thy grief!—a few more years  
To wake and sleep—to work and rest—  
To eat and drink—to laugh and weep,  
And then rejoin me with the blest.

Mind ever on me, mother, there,  
With other dear ones gone before ;  
And spend a life of hope and trust  
That we may meet to part no more.



## LUCY'S RUIN.

## BALLAD.

BEAUTY has place within the bud—  
Sweet as in the opening blossom,  
And Lucy was a bud of beauty  
Sleeping on her mother's bosom.



Growing in beauty as in days,  
Lovely she lay within the arms,  
Where parents could delighted trace  
Sweet Lucy's budding charms.

While thus the parents fondly gazed,  
Fear shot an arrow through their heart,  
Lest Lucy's charms should prove a snare  
Should she and they be doomed to part.

Alas! how swift the hand of death  
Laid parents both upon their bier,  
And right they fear the snares abroad  
Await to trap their Lucy dear.

This Lucy found a faithful friend,  
When parents both were dead and gone,  
Who, in sympathy for the orphan child,  
Adopted Lucy as her own.

And soon she grew a graceful girl  
As ever saw the summer sun,  
Until the span of girlhood's years  
Its course had swiftly run.

Then Lucy left her early home,  
Entreated by a loving brother,  
Who thought he saw in Lucy's face  
The picture of his sainted mother.

He fondly loved his sister dear—  
Shed tears at seeing her taken ill,  
And swiftly sought for Lucy sick  
A doctor of high reputed skill.

Alone with Lucy every day  
An hour the surgeon sat ;  
Her brother thought the time was spent  
In free and friendly chat.

Alas ! how little could he dream  
The doctor schemed her ruin ;  
How Satan in that villain's heart  
The blackest plot was brewing.

A host of hellish lies he forged  
About her dangerous case,  
And duly each day before her door  
He came with brazen face.

Whene'er the villain came to know  
By him she was with child,  
He made her drink a deadly drug,  
In hope one life he'd spoiled.

Poor Lucy, down in body—mind—  
Bewailed her sin and shame ;  
Breathed softly in a brother's ear  
The guilty villain's name.

The brother, deeply grieved, could see  
The ruin basely, cowardly wrought ;  
Ruined quite for life a modest girl,  
And shame on him had brought.

For her dishonour he sought redress,  
And found that without fail ;  
Now the vile seducer lies immured  
Within a gloomy jail.

With family plunged in deep distress,  
And wife in wild despair,  
The answer for his horrid crime  
He swiftly must prepare.

The high, sweet promise of Lucy's youth  
Lies blasted in its bloom,  
And soon the pain of body—mind—  
Will bring her to the tomb.

Let never female youths neglect  
To implore a higher Power,  
To give the needed grace to cope  
With evil every hour.



## BEES.

A SWARM of bees having lodged themselves behind a monument in the wall of a country churchyard, the circumstance has suggested the following lines :—

MYSTERIOUS choice that lured thee from  
Some cottage-garden wreathed in bloom,  
To find a cold ungenial home  
In cavity of human tomb.

How strange to seek that dark retreat,  
Amid the silence of the tombs,  
Wherein to store the honey sweet  
In curiously-wrought waxen combs !

A few brief months the sun will shine,  
To light thee to some heather range,  
Till autumn bring the day's decline—  
Presage of winter's gloomy change.

When storm and frost will shut thee up  
Within the dark and slimy cave,  
Thy little honey hoard to sup,  
Then perish soon—thy home thy grave.

The prodigal penitent returned  
When he had spent his little all ;  
The false escape he keenly mourned  
When hunger's voice began to call.

But ah, return's not left for thee,  
Where flowers bloom in red and blue—  
Where parents' eyes would joy to see  
Their children fed thee winter through.

Thy murmur musical might cheer  
The dwellers in the dust below,  
When life and song their bosom stirred,  
Before they cared from earth to go.

Their eyes could watch thy upward flight,  
When morn broke the world's repose ;  
Or watched thee by the evening light,  
As home thou wing'st at day's sweet close.

Their tongue might taste the gathered sweet,  
Well stored within the straw-built hive ;  
But now they rest in death's retreat,  
Whil'st thou art labouring all alive.

  
DAVIOT.

THAN the dear rural village there's nae to be found  
More pleasant a spot on the low Garioch ground ;  
In summer, sweet season, the flowers a' blown,  
Amid beauty she sits like a queen on her throne.  
How lovely the village, wi' the woods at her back,  
Stretching far up to the new house of Glack,  
That stands like a gem on the brow of the knowe,  
Where the rising sun sets every window a-glow.

With joy I've stood by the village in spring,  
 When the birds were first beginning to sing—  
 The lark pouring down the notes from on high,  
 While poised away up 'ncath the bonnie blue sky.  
 How grand looking east where the villager sees  
 The burgh of Meldrum encircled with trees ;  
 And the hills away north that in boldness arise  
 'Till their peaks seem to meet and mix wi' the skies.

Behold, to the southward, how grandly glides on,  
 In brightness and beauty, the Ury and Don ;  
 And the broad fertile valley's a picture o' green  
 The pen cannot paint—it requires to be seen.  
 Where so lovely to live in, 'twere pleasant to die,  
 And in the green yard for the ashes to lie ;  
 Where sweetly the Sabbath bell chimes o'er ilk bier,  
 In summer and winter—a' time o' the year.

May the season of seed-time aye favour the field,  
 And summers propitious give abundance of yield !  
 Give health to the sower and a' who may reap,  
 And strength for the work in the watches of sleep.  
 And lang may the village of Daviot ha'e peace,  
 With prosperous times—a growing increase ;  
 May her lasses be chaste, while bonnie and braw,  
 And her young men models o' virtue an' a'!



## ROYAL WELCOME.

WHILE peace on every sea prevails  
Where British vessels spread their sails,  
And on the land—Princess of Wales,  
    Welcome to Aberdeen,  
Where love in every bosom swells  
    To thee as future queen.

The royal pair will grace the bay,  
Let that be general holiday,  
That rich and poor may jointly pay  
    A generous offering  
To him who will the sceptre sway  
    As Britain's king.

They come across the ocean's foam,  
*En route* for the royal highland home ;  
Let all award a hearty welcome  
    Albert may not forget,  
When as king we better know him—  
    May that be long and late!

Pour to his health the blood-red wine,  
The pure juice of the generous vine,  
And in the toast the name entwine  
    Of her, the coming queen,  
Endowed with beauty, grace, to shine  
    In low or lofty scene.

Let music's merriest notes be heard,  
 The happiest lay of local bard ;  
 Hoist flags in every building yard,  
     To top-mast high ;  
 Let cannons pay their loud award,  
     While drawing nigh.

Hail, hail with glee the royal pair,  
 Let loud huzzahings fill the air  
 From every man and maiden fair,  
     Who in the city dwells ;  
 That rich and poor may jointly say—  
     Welcome, Prince of Wales !



### WOODS OF BRUPTER.

I TREMBLE whiles frae head to toe  
 In giving thought a backward throw,  
 At dangers braved to rob the crow  
     Amid the woods o' Brupter.

'Twas like the frolic of a fool  
 To loose my dinner, trew the school,  
 For the glee o' sitting like an owl  
     In tall tree-tops o' Brupter.

See, there they stand, the branchless trees,  
 Swayed by the slightest breeze,  
 While a' the help is hands and knees  
     To climb the trees o' Brupter.



And this is called by youthful boys  
The very cream o' youthful joys,  
To hear the rooks kick up a noise  
    Amid the woods o' Brupter.

I've for them a far higher respect  
Than rob their nests and risk my neck,  
Though I should get of eggs a peck  
    From rookery nests o' Brupter.

'Tis sorry sport for boys at best  
To steal the eggs frae nest to nest,  
And laugh to see them so distressed  
    Amid their homes at Brupter.

Oh, praised be the protecting Arm  
That folded me, as with a charm,  
From danger near, from every harm  
    Amid the woods o' Brupter!



## LAMENT.

THE noble heart that warmly throbb'd  
    To elevate each struggling Briton,  
The hand of death has hushed to rest  
    That heart with all its generous beating.

He meekly bent to bless earth's poor  
For time and heaven's high concern,  
Affording all in wealth and power  
A lesson it were wise to learn.

In honour of the noblest name  
That grace the senate of the empire,  
He gave a princely gift to feed  
The starving poor of Lancashire.

He who thus wrought for others' weal,  
And spent a life of self-denial,  
Was, by affliction, made to feel  
That God had sent him here on trial.

The memory of his too brief life  
Drops odour like a healing balm,  
The story of his heavenly walk  
Breathes music of a holy psalm.

Such life has not been spent in vain,  
Of heavenly trust—unwearied prayer,  
If, from the grave, it speaks to guide  
In the same path the youthful heir.



## WELCOME.

THE following extract is from an Aberdeen newspaper of the period referred to :—"The people here are in high glee at present in anticipation of the Queen's visit, which, as currently reported, is to take place on the afternoon of Wednesday the 14th current, which will be another *red-letter* day in the annals of Meldrum. It is the first of the kind, and may be the last the present generation may see, viz., a Queen's visit. We can only hope that the tidings are true, though we must not be too sanguine. The same hope was held out nine years ago, and not fulfilled. Her Majesty really had in view, in 1848, passing through the district on a visit to Lord Aberdeen at Haddo House the same as at present, when leaving her Highland home. At one time, it was understood the visit was all arranged, and preparations were made along the route for Her Majesty's reception. At no place were preparations more complete than they were at Oldmeldrum, but we need hardly say that the expectations were not realised. It was not until nine o'clock A.M., on the day of the expected visit, that a messenger arrived with the tidings that a different route had been chosen. This disappointment was keenly felt by all, with the single exception of the author, who sat down in a poetical fit of good humour, and endeavoured to celebrate the event in rhyme, as if actually realised. We subjoin the verses as they have come to hand again, and may be used as a sort of guide in carrying out preparations to the same extent as formerly:"—

LOYAL enthusiasm hath fired the lieges' latent zeal,  
 They've not pulled like oxen unaccustomed to the  
     yoke ;  
 In preparing, all have boldly set their shoulders to the  
     wheel,  
 Determined not to be "in wi' the Aul'town folk."

If well, she comes this day at three o'clock—  
Though whiles an hour too soon, like maiden leal,  
To meet her lover ; oh, haste ! there's not a moment to  
    be lost ;  
And see noo that the Specials a' be early at their post.

This happy day, the royal cortege comes,  
And Meldrum hails the Queen of Britain ;  
Unfurl your silken flags, and brace your drums,  
And minstrels, muster for the auspicious meeting ;  
All loyal hearts unite to vote a hearty greeting,  
Bring purple blooming heath to deck your lums  
From Barra's braes, and raise a grand triumphal arch-  
    way,  
Beneath whose graceful bow the carriages may march  
    to-day.

Ye rural villas, send your denizens here,  
Though Ceres taxes a' their strength and time  
At present ; remember that it is not every year  
She comes to visit us with retinue sublime,  
With the throne of Britain's future heirs in youthful  
    prime,  
And princely Albert, a brave-looking grenadier.  
Oh, powers propitious, guide the royal strangers safe  
    from  
Scotland, and waft them safely to their palace home.

Behold your gentle-hearted, generous Queen,  
Ye hoary old, and children, too—let none be absent ;  
Yes, view this *regal star* before ye close your een,

Where all the noblest virtues are in one female blent  
 Of truth and beauty,—she is a rich blessing to Britain,  
 lent  
 To sway a golden sceptre. Remembering what hath  
 been  
 Done abroad to fill the bloody catalogue of grief and  
 pain,  
 Good cause we have to bless her peaceful, prosperous  
 reign.

Folk came from Bourtie and beyond to see the sight—  
 From Daviot, Fyvie, and the distant town of Turriff;  
 And some, to be in time, have travelled a' the night  
 To reach this town, where the celebrated *Herb Snuff*  
 Is made—the real *Oldmeldrum*—I hate to puff!  
 But why conceal our candle 'neath a bushel to hide the  
 — light?  
 Health t' ye a' in sight of the village steeple,  
 And long may the curfew ring to rest a happy, loyal  
 people.

There was beside the Strath toll-bar an arch erected  
 By a few loyal lads determined to go a-head,  
 Or to commiserate a spot, so grievously neglected,  
 Making it, unexpectedly, to take the lead.  
 Over-arching the highway, 'twas a noble-looking span  
 indeed.  
 The other ingenious arch the highest praise reflected  
 On all employed in tastefully erecting it on the Cross,  
 Composed of evergreens, dahlias, flowers, the balus-  
 trades festooned wi' moss.

The royal cortege entered the village from the west,  
Her Majesty appearing happy, healthy, hale, and  
strong,

Specials along inside the line of rail were placed,  
With batons to keep at bay the eager throng,  
While she kept nodding as she was slowly borne  
along ;

The ladies grew pale to see Majesty so plainly dressed,  
And slanderers say not a few were put to shame,  
But blushing would vote a libel on a lady's good name.

Wonders hath been sung along the royal route,  
But in one branch of Horticulture we take the lead ;  
There's not in all the *Queendom* such a place of note  
For nursing the most approved kinds of turnip-seed—  
Yellow, purple-tops, tankard, and Dale's famed hybrid.  
The bulbs are picked, and planted in autumn in a shel-  
tered spot ;

And should you chance to be in London, reader, you  
cannot fail

To observe on window-tickets, " Oldmeldrum Turnip-  
Seed for Sale."

To enjoy the princely hospitalities of Meldrum House,  
That ancient seat of U———'s of venerable name,  
The indulgent, liberal landlord and his amiable spouse  
To meet thus far the Queen of Britain came,  
Ent'ring the policies by the grand approach to view the  
same,

Spanned by an arch interspersed with dahlias and  
flowers profuse.

And here we leave the regal suite proceeding through  
the wood,

While we return to the village with a hurraing crowd.

Night saw the Square illumined by a blazing bonfire,  
A lighted tar-barrel gleaming like a harvest-moon,  
And merry hearts were dancing round the glowing  
pyre,

Voluntarily renewing allegiance to the Queen and  
Crown,

Expressing their heart-felt homage, which will not soon  
From memory be effaced. Oh, if the mental empire  
Be swayed in dreams correctly to rehearse a former  
play,

What crops of *Dramas* may spring from actions past  
to-day !



### A DIRGE.

A MOURNFUL wail of sudden death  
Comes swiftly through the valley pealing  
Upon the wings of summer morn,  
A tale of saddest note revealing.

'Tis early day, the sunbeam's dance  
On placid Ury's lovely river,  
But one beloved in manhood's bloom  
Will never behold its beauty—never.

He early left a happy home,  
A dear young wife behind him sleeping—  
It proved to both a last farewell,  
She wakened to a day of weeping.

The angel with the raven wing  
Did o'er the busy station hover,  
And snatched, away that fatal hour,  
The spirit of her youthful lover.

Twelve months ago their hearts and hands  
Were joined, that only death could sever,  
And now is come her first great grief,  
That never will leave her bosom—never.

The land in summer beauty's dressed,  
Heaven smiles, and everything's rejoicing,  
But sorrow shuts one happy home  
That saw the worth of early rising.

Farewell, dear youth! thy sudden death  
Reads loud to all a solemn lesson;  
What ill or good day keeps for man,  
He little knows at rising—dressin'.

But thou to God had given thine heart,  
And stood for change each moment ready;  
Flow fresh, my tears, in deepest woe,  
For her the weeping, widowed lady.



## DENBURN RAILWAY.

ADIEU to the route by the bed o' canal,  
The stiff, steep Waterloo line ;  
And welcome the way by the Denburn vale,  
With its smooth, soft, easy incline.  
Hurrah for this day, this glorious day,  
Hurrah the fourth of November,  
Let war rage at Rome, peace and plenty at home,  
Makes this a time to remember.

In sight of the land, in light of the sun,  
In view of the sea and the shore,  
The north and the south are married to-day,  
They join hands to sever no more.  
Hurrah for this day, this glorious day, &c.

A health to the heroes that victory gained,  
Let their names on our white banners wave,  
And in silence we'll drink to the memory of friends  
That sleep in their clay-cold grave.  
Hurrah for this day, this glorious day, &c.

This day's happy union we celebrate here  
Is a tie that nothing can sever,  
When centuries are gone and new races rise  
The union is stable as ever.  
Hurrah for this day, this glorious day, &c.

Let us bury the past, with its years of strife,  
And lock up the rifle and sword,  
Then ring in peace and prosperous times  
To the trade of dear Bon-Accord.  
Hurrah for this day, this glorious day, &c.



## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

DEAR good-wife, I pray awake  
And share my fears, for Heaven's sake !  
I had strange thoughts in sleep,  
That fill my troubled heart with pain,  
That chill the blood in every vein,  
And make my flesh to creep.  
I fail to hear the bed-room clock,  
Can see no window—all is dark ;  
I hear no crow of morning cock,  
Nor the faithful watch-dog's bark.  
I almost weep, disturbed in sleep  
Amidst the calm of night,  
While darkness reigns o'er hill and plains,  
Without moon yielding light.

I thought that, after going to rest,  
A stranger came, in scarlet dressed,  
Whilst every soul was sleeping,  
To steal away our eldest born  
Before the early dawn of morn,  
And here I wakened weeping.

I thought he tapped her window glass,  
Aware of her sleeping place,  
And swift from sleep the youthful lass  
Soon met him face to face.  
From sister asleep, in slumber deep,  
Moved quiet to hush alarms,  
With footstep light, with none in sight,  
Leaped in her lover's arms.

I thought they fled in flurried haste,  
The man and maiden, barely dressed,  
None knowing to pursue ;  
And thus from where the lass was born,  
Amidst the gloom of early morn,  
She took a swift adieu.  
Long ere the lark had left its bed  
To chant a morning hymn,  
Or the midnight host of stars had fled  
—Amid the distance dim,  
They hurrying on, caring for none  
That might their route discover,  
But she bravely dared, the perils shared,  
For sake of her soldier lover.

What cared she for the proud or great  
That swim in silks, that live in state,  
And are fine ladies styled ;  
A leal, true heart she prized more dear  
In one with none of world's gear,  
But for a living toiled.

For him she waked while others slept,  
For him gave up warm home and friends,  
While others danced, for him she wept,  
Assured that time would make amends,  
And now's the hour, no man e'er truer  
Had breathed a vow to woman's ear,  
That he would come to the parent's home,  
To bear away his lovely dear.

The dream was real : when sun arose,  
His light the secret did disclose,  
Wrought under cloud of night.  
The downy bed whereon she lay  
And other things in wild deray,  
Stood clear before the light.  
Her mother mourned a daughter lost,  
Her brother vowed to fetch her back,  
Her father's mind, though sadly tossed,  
Would not their journey track.  
“ Seeing that she chose to leave my house  
At such an untimely hour,  
I could not, nor would not,  
Wile back, though in my power.”

Her parents in the far off west  
Are now gone to their final rest—  
Not 'neath the family stone.  
The lovers both are gone to sleep  
In that far land beyond the deep,  
In graves to me unknown.

All actors from the stage withdraw,  
 The lights go out, the curtain falls :  
 I seem to tread the stage alone,  
 And feel a charm within the walls.  
 There's much the same that I could name,  
 Not changed in the least,  
 Since on that night the lady light  
 Dropped on her lover's breast.



## THE REFORM BILL.

LAUNCH forth, pilot, the vessel Reform,  
 Heedless alike of the calm or the storm ;  
 What are the chafings of a turbulent sea—  
 Of half-hearted friends—to a pilot like thee.

Launch forth the vessel, Disraeli and Co.,  
 And up in the air our bonnets we'll throw ;  
 Let Lords in the Upper House grumble and threaten—  
 The voice of the nation thy labours will sweeten.

Pilot, launch forth—her timbers are good—  
 The oak of old Scotland—well-seasoned wood ;  
 What are favourites in front or foes in thy rear ?  
 Let thy motto be—"Onward—still persevere."

Launch her forth gently down on the sea—  
 Millions of eyes look trustful to thee—

Millions of tongues warm blessings implore,  
Whilst they wistfully watch the launch by the shore.

Launch her out fearless—of eminent build,  
And steered by a crew that refuses to yield ;  
Brave to defend as she mounts on the tide,  
And, if conquered at last, to die by her side.

Launch her out hopefully : welcome on board,  
Not drones of society in the shape of a lord,  
But winners of wealth by the pith of their arm,  
That will die in defending the nation from harm.

Men better at handling the plough than the pen—  
To go on the gallant ship—these be the men ;  
Clear, cool in the head, and warm in the heart,  
Who will to the nation fresh vigour impart.

Launch forth, pilot : pray heed not a few,  
The people have faith in the captain and crew ;  
So steer her right gallant what way the winds blow,  
And the cry will be “ God-speed Disraeli and Co.”



## MEETING BY MOONLIGHT.

SURVEY with me, in Memory's page,  
A lovely scene in early life ;  
Hear how a girl, yet in her teens,  
Became a true, devoted wife.

The harvest moon hung in the east,  
On that September's evening warm,  
When a lovely girl, with rosy cheeks,  
Reclined upon my arm.

No human foot disturbed the ear,  
Nor breeze to stir the forest leaves,  
And reapers from the ripened corn  
Reposed from their sheaves.

Between the quiet woods we met—  
Her presence made a hallowed place ;  
With joy I hailed the welcome hour  
That brought us face to face.

And there, unseen, we paced for hours,  
Picturing future prospects fair,  
Which, to my heart's undying grief,  
Were breathed and ended there.

I praised her peerless eyes, in words  
As sweet as move on mortal tongue ;  
I smoothed the long and lovely locks  
That round her shoulders hung.

I led her by a loving hand  
Through scenes inspiring joy and pleasure—  
Feeling as one entrusted with  
Some very special treasure.

I long admired her gentle heart,  
Her graceful symmetry unmatched ;  
Her maiden bloom maturing fine,  
Devoutly I had watched.

No man e'er held a fairer hand  
Than I upon that harvest night ;  
I love the woods, our meeting place,  
The scene, and sweet moonlight.

I call the moon to witness still,  
The myriad stars that shone above,  
And wakeful wood-doves in the trees,  
My true and tender love.

But cruel voice recalled her home,  
And hurriedly from me she parted ;  
From then till now I've often thought  
Upon her, heavy-hearted.

The maid was destined soon to meet  
A youth who made her his by marriage ;  
And all our talk was idle air—  
Our meeting a miscarriage.

Alas ! that other arms should fold,  
In fond embrace, that gentle bosom ;  
Should pull the flower that shed on me  
The fragrance of its morning blossom.



After some years of wedded bliss,  
Fate aimed at them a fatal arrow,  
And, with her babes, that dear young wife  
Mourned an absent marrow.

Now steep's the hill her feet must climb,  
Within sound of the city bells  
That chime beside the river Dee,  
Where the young widow dwells.

May that kind Providence still bless,  
That watched o'er her infant years ;  
And may those babes a blessing prove,  
To dry their mother's tears.

I fain would learn if time has spared  
Those waving ringlets' glossy hue ;  
If voice that sung in sweetest tone,  
Possess unrivalled charms now ;

Her hazel eyes beam still as bright,  
As first I led her through the dance ;  
Or if long years of grief and care  
Dim the girlish glance.

The scene is still as sweet around,  
The burnie glides as gladly on ;  
The woods retain their wonted charm,  
And stars beam brightly down.

The summer comes with flowers as fair,  
And autumn brings the ripened grain ;  
The fruit as fine in garden grows,  
And verdure clothes the plain.

The full moon sheds its silvery light  
On upland hill and lowly dell,  
As beamed upon that beauteous face,  
That bound me in its spell.

I miss her eyes to admire the scene,  
That robes it in a darker hue ;  
Time fails to make the past return,  
Or sweep from mind one last adieu.

Companion dear of happier days,  
Thine years of absence I do mourn ;  
I'll bless the season for thy sake—  
The happy harvest moon's return.

Our wooded walk, to memory dear—  
The balmy eve—the moon-lit dell—  
The ripened corn—but chief art thou,  
My absent fair one—fare-thee-well.



## LINES.

THE saintly feet  
Have found repose, that trod so tireless  
In the ways of God, gathering into the Shepherd's fold  
The wandering sheep that went astray ; to seek out  
The sorrowing ; to whisper words of comfort  
About the better world, where all his hopes  
And future comfort lay. The hands repose, too,  
That tenderly broke the bread of life to weary,  
Weeping pilgrims here below ; that carried the cup  
Of heavenly comfort to the parched lips of mankind,  
Breathing the blessed words of Him that freely gave  
His life a ransom. Mute now's the tongue,  
Melodious once with David's psalms ; that led in prayer,  
With holy unction from on high. And the warm blood  
Hath ceased to course. Now the sunk eyes no longer  
Watch with delight the sun rise from his ocean bed  
At early day, with radiant light and fairest beauty  
In his beams : the eye following his exalted course,  
Till in the glowing west his burnished wheels  
Became lost to the beholder's gaze. Soundly he sleeps,  
And on the streets the mourners walk in deepest woe,  
Arrayed in sable dress, that tell how very dear to them  
His memory is : a sacred trust they fondly cherish  
Till laid beside him to their last long sleep.



## LAMENT.

Written on hearing of the death of Lauchlan M'Kinnon, Esq.

WHILE some men round the Council Board  
Could act the dumber, or play the coward,  
There was a son of Bon-Accord  
                    Deep versed in laws,  
That pled, before the civil lord,  
                    The people's cause.

With singular eloquence of tongue,  
Oft has the Council chamber rung,  
But now a last refrain is sung  
                    With many a tear ;  
The mantle from his shoulders flung—  
                    Let others wear.

He loved his native river Dee—  
Her wooded, witching scenery,  
As murmuring on to join the sea,  
                    In light and shade ;  
Behold with joy and reverend e'e  
                    Beauty displayed.

Dearly he loved his native place—  
The granite homes of strength and grace ;  
Nor those who live within the less  
                    Though in the lanes ;  
Yet built his home—a love to express  
                    For airy plains.

He loved the men who daily toil  
 To make a wilderness to smile—  
 Mould works of beauty by their toil  
     From a rude state ;  
 He toiled to give them bread, meanwhile,  
     Till evening late.

With worldly wealth in ample store  
 Heaven's goodness made his cup run o'er,  
 Grateful to God he gave the poor,  
     As generous prince,  
 Without giving man the wish or power  
     To ask for pence.

Gone, ere his eye with age was dim,  
 Or strength had left the active limb ;  
 No more the steep Broad Hill he'll climb  
     At early day—  
 Men long will mourn the loss of him  
     Swift called away.

Before life's waning light expire,  
 Comfort, oh, God, his aged sire,  
 Who soon must from the earth retire—  
     His journey done,—  
 And leave the things men most admire  
     Beneath the sun.



## THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA.

THE tidings of peace came to hand one day after this was written.

BEHOLD Britannia march to meet  
The sable king of Abyssinia  
In deadly war, though it should cost  
Her hindmost gowden guinea.

Where sand-drifts blow—the heat intense—  
On every hand discomfort reigns ;  
With ruts as roads for man and beast,  
And lodgings in the open plains.

What power may paint the rugged scenes  
That skirt the line to left and right ?  
Grand in their giddy height the hills  
That tower to cheat the eye in height.

Anon, through gorges, narrow, deep,  
The traveller slowly threads his way,  
Where breathing space is scarcely found,  
Or the blue lift seen in open day.

How wild the scene—the beasts and birds  
How wild—that have their dwellings there ;  
The fierce baboon, the vulture, kite—  
And the solitary Koodoo deer.

No more let Britain's forces march  
 To waste on war her hindmost guinea,  
 In freeing man from Theodore's gripe—  
 The savage king of Abyssinia.

'Tis tying mill-stones round their necks,  
 Who have the war expense to pay,  
 And they should know who choose to go—  
 The nation will not break their stay.

Soon may the transport train return—  
 The black king cowed—the prisoners free ;  
 Safe landed on the British shores—  
 The land of peace and liberty.



## IN MEMORIAM.

ON Saturday, the 9th July, 1870, the remains of the much-respected and lamented Dr. Thomson were consigned to their last resting-place in the ancient and picturesque churchyard of Kinkell, where he had often expressed a wish to be laid when his earthly toils were over.

“THERE is a time,” the wisest said,  
 “For everything below the sun ;”  
 But every time belongs to death  
 Since first the sands began to run :  
 The babe new born—the hoary head—  
 Each age that treads the path between,  
 The sun rose bright that set in death  
 On him, the people's truest friend.

A thunder-clap at summer noon,  
With clouds serene high overhead,  
Is heard not with such startling voice  
As lips that spake "The doctor's dead!"  
Some lords might die, and scarce be missed—  
Even kings, and not a tear be shed—  
But more than lord or king was he  
When standing by the sick one's bed.

To patient tossed on bed of pain  
How prized the soft approaching tread!  
That calm and thoughtful face, how watched,  
If wreathed in hope, or veiled in dread!  
Comfort, oh, God, his mourning friends—  
The daughters, sons, the weeping wife!  
May hearts be nearer drawn to Thee  
At seeing this sudden close of life!

This day the eyes of Christian men  
Have seen the grave-dust o'er him close,  
And, weeping, turned in deepest thought  
To leave him to his long repose.  
There, in the spot he chose for rest,  
Let friends erect a memorial stone  
To guide the path of pilgrim feet  
When circling years have come and gone.





## THE FINDING OF MOSES.

WHEN Pharoah, the bloodiest of three,  
Issued in Egypt his monster decree—  
That the midwives should murder every male child,  
These God-fearing ladies, in love,  
Were richly repaid from above,  
When the king's satanic edict they so artfully foiled.

Moses' fond, heroic mother  
Her love could not smother,  
And three months she hid him in that critical time,  
Till Jehovah strength did give her  
To bring bulrushes from the river  
To build a little ark, and to pitch it with slime.

When the people were spreading alarms,  
She laid (by faith) the ark on her arms,  
With the babe whom the Lord in His wisdom had  
given ;  
And fancy a female taking her flight,  
Like Jesus' mother in shadows of night,  
Whom the tyranny of man from home had driven.

If ever faith by works gained the mark,  
It was the mother of Moses bearing the ark,  
And breathing to the ear of Heaven her wishes and  
wants ;

Heavy was her heart as she gazed on the wave,  
Not knowing if she had made a cradle or a  
grave,  
Then launched forth her frail bark near royalty's  
haunts.

See Pharoah's fair daughter  
Coming down to the water  
To wash, in the stream of the beauteous Nile,  
The princess' limbs or linens clean—  
Customs not too low for a queen—  
With her attendant maidens assisting the toil.

Abandoned by all save Heaven and Miriam,  
The mother in heart lingered near him,  
When, lo, the lady sees something 'mong the Nile flags  
afloat!  
Then quickly gave her maids command  
To draw it safely to the land,  
And she found it to be a water-proof rush-built boat.

While exploring her precious prize,  
By his colour could recognise  
In the water-proof shell a Hebrew child;  
As with compassionate joy  
She bent o'er the heaven-born boy,  
The unconscious weeping babe in its innocence smiled.

Miriam her lonely watch was keeping,  
When she heard Moses weeping,  
And she eagerly enquired, "Shall I find thee a nurse?"

“Go, run!” and she hired her own mother  
 To nurse the baby-boy—her brother,  
 While the pay was kindly proffered from the lady’s  
 own purse.

How truly grand is each design  
 In Wisdom’s counsels divine !  
 While God’s own people the monarch is enslaving,  
 His own only-beloved daughter,  
 From the Nile’s cleansing water,  
 Their deliverer and saviour by her own hand is saving.



## THE DAY OF REST.

HAIL, Sabbath ! the holiest and best  
 Of all the sweet days of the seven ;  
 Beautiful type of the ransomed’s bliss  
 ’Mid the bliss-breathing bowers of heaven.

Hail, Sabbath ! the sacredest season  
 That e’er dawned on the darkness of earth ;  
 Thy sunrise reminds me a brighter Sun’s risen  
 To witness many a spiritual birth.

Glory to God ! when He finished creation,  
 In resting, He gave an example of rest ;  
 And this, the Christian believer’s confession,  
 On Sabbath we bless Thee, oh, God, and are blest.

Weekly as we welcome the hallowed repose,  
 Let us flee unto Jesus with the speed of the dove,  
 Rememb'ring this day from the grave He arose,  
 And the drooping disciples were glad in His love.

Train up your children to hallow the day,  
 All ye who boast a parent's control,  
 And your hire's in heaven: Jesus will gently say—  
 "Enter blessed, I died to ransom thy soul."

Hail the sweet Sabbath with devotional feeling,  
 Panting athirst for this heavenly brook,  
 And learn what day unto day is revealing  
 Of the honeyed hopes hived in God's blessed Book.

His rest awaiteth the people of God  
 When the day-light of life is come to a close;  
 But the infidel, posting on opposite road,  
 Cannot share with the saints the blissful repose.



### A H Y M N .

THERE remaineth sweet repose  
 For the people of God,  
 When the light of life shall close  
 Round their earthly abode.  
 Loving friends may drop a tear,  
 Beholding an empty chair,  
 Where long sat a brother dear,  
 Gone 'neath the sod.

How cheerfully we follow  
The friend whom we love,  
Hand-in-hand this world through,  
Affection to prove !  
But more cheerful to pursue  
Life's long shady avenue  
That, oh, Saviour, leads to you,  
Seated above.

There now the martyrs reign  
Who died at the stake,  
Glorying in shame and pain,  
Endured for His sake.  
No inharmonious lay  
Comes from the ransomed—they  
Cease not, either night or day,  
Hymns to awake.

Oh, for a brighter faith,  
A hope of heavenly tone !  
That when these hands do fold in death  
—And a new life's put on,  
I may 'midst the shining throng,  
Redeemed from mankind among,  
Wake to sing the holy song  
Near the white throne.



## A HYMN TO MEEKNESS.

“I am meek and lowly in heart.”

JESUS' heart was meek and lowly  
Under every provocation,—  
Wise amid a world of folly,  
Gentle to a sinful nation.

Moses was the gem of meekness,  
His like we have not on record ;  
And faith beholds a perfect likeness  
In Thee, our meek immaculate Lord.

Meekness shall the earth inherit,  
Watered with blessings from above,  
And the first-fruits of this gentle spirit  
Be gathered by the Hand of love.

Yon sun, imparting life and light  
To planetary worlds on high,  
Producing seasons, day and night,  
Beyond the glance of mortal eye,

Disdaineth not to warm the soil,  
Still causing fertile *terra* teem  
With herbs and fruits, and Flora smile  
That bares her bosom to his beam.

Thou, Jesus, more glorious Son and Spirit,  
While basking in Thy beams benign,  
We pray, assured that Thou wilt hear it,  
Illume us with Thy rays divine.

Meekness is man's safe asylum,  
'Tis sunshine to the immortal soul,—  
Let the implacable world revile him,  
Unmoved, he hears the tempest howl.

This virtue is the Christian's armour  
When poisoned arrows fly around—  
Within this sanctuary secure  
The world may aim but cannot wound.

Then board this vessel bound for Canaan,  
To voyage o'er life's stormy sea,  
Pants not the heart to hail the land  
Where angels wait to welcome thee?



## MOSES' DEATH.

His eye was not dim though burdened with years,  
Nor his natural force in the slightest abated,  
But his vision grew brighter as the sun at his  
setting,  
And calm as a Christian the last summons  
awaited.

This was the eve of his wilderness wanderings,  
His earthly encampments had come to a close ;  
But the dawn in the heavenly horizon was breaking,  
Where sun without spot would new beauties disclose.

Then lively, light-hearted, he ascended Mount Nebo,  
Displaying the vigour of his earliest days,  
Oh ! what ravishing sight of luxuriant Canaan  
From Pisgah's proud summit lay spread to his gaze.

And here, in a transport of ineffable joy,  
At Almighty goodness so often displayed,  
His glorified spirit returned to the Giver,  
But none ever knew where his body was laid.

We can fancy it sweetens his song of rejoicing,  
Now viewing our world from his lofty abode ;  
Souls saved as the seed he had scattered in tears,  
Ripe one by one gathered to the garner of God.

'Mong lotus leaves, lowly, thou lay cradled, concealed,  
But waves could not crush thee, and man was un-  
able—

Great type of a Greater that was born in Bethlehem,  
And cradled—oh, shame !—in the stall of a stable.





## THE PSALMIST'S PRAYER.

“Oh, that I had wings like a dove,  
That I might flee away and be at rest.”

Oh, for the pinions of a dove  
To bear me to Emmanuel's breast!  
The changing seasons clearly prove  
That earth is not my place of rest.  
I weep to see the flowers so early die  
That bloomed, like childhood, 'neath a mother's eye.

Oh, for the pinions of a dove  
To soar above the thunder-cloud,  
Where welcome guests are fed above  
With heavenly manna—angels' food,  
And drink from streams—as flowed of yore  
From Horeb's vein—to thirst no more!

Oh, for the pinions of a dove,  
When all are snapped of mortal ties,  
That earth for years have warped and wove,  
In hope to snare me from the skies,  
Upward to waft, as on the wings of prayer,  
To meet my risen Saviour in the air!

Oh, for the pinions of a dove—  
Heaven's flaming sword is sheathed for ever;  
God's Spirit strives that long hath strove,  
To woo the soul back to the Giver—

Amazing stretch of sovereign grace,  
He still compassionates a fallen race !

Oh ! for the pinions of a dove—  
Be mine the pious Psalmist's prayer ;  
Upon the ocean of a Saviour's love,  
I long, O Lord, to anchor there—  
Moored in the haven of eternal rest,  
To swell the hallelujahs of the blest !

— — — — —

AN ACROSTIC.

L AUD the biographer of Moore,  
O ld Town folks and New Aberdeen ;  
R egal splendour, regal power,  
D azzle through him from the Queen.

J oined in one the seats of knowledge,  
O ne in full effulgence bright—  
H igher rector for the College  
N ever saw the solar light.

R eform in the noble Lord  
U nderlies long public life ;  
S cience, art, in deed and word,  
S parkle through his years of strife ;  
E very art that's good and fair,  
L aw, literature—loving pair,—  
L etter-writing has its share.

## STANZAS.

“And all the widows stood by him, weeping and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them.”

THE soft sighing zephyr that fondles the flower,  
Breathes kinder than the voice that roars in the gale ;  
We start with affright in that turbulent hour,  
When the torrent, aroused, decendeth in power,  
Yet love the life-giving rill stealing calm through the  
vale.

The trumpet may be telling of the warrior's fame,  
Loquacious lips may be breathing't abroad,  
While the world press to kneel in adoration to them,  
The meanest on earth may be gaining a name,  
In ministering to the needy the blessings of God.

Pæan shouts triumph with an awe-thrilling knell—  
'Tis the slayer's earthly adieu to the slain,  
Till they shake hands on high at a final farewell,  
And be parted like pilgrims, for ever to dwell  
In weal or in woe, to meet never again.

Oh, thou meek disciple of a darker day,  
Cold naked loins will bless thy heroine name ;  
The poor thou clad, which any man or woman may  
Imitate ; for oh, there's souls and bodies not to slay,  
But save—the Christian's royal road to fame.

When weeping widows surround the victor's dying bed,  
Their pressing errand we may faintly guess ;  
They come not clothed in garments he had made,  
But they crowd to display their widowed weed,  
And show a family fatherless.



## RACHEL'S REQUEST.

GIVE me children, or else I die ;  
Young females tremble while you read ;  
And spurn the vile, the impious cry  
Of Rachel speaking from the dead.  
God Omnipresent heard her prayer,  
And made her barren womb to bear.

The fretful fair, who vowed to die,  
Had what her foolish heart did crave ;  
But pangs of birth, beloved Benoni,  
Consigned thy mother to the grave.  
In seeking babes she asked amiss,  
And found them bane instead of bliss.

The patriarch's first love Rachel's dead,  
Her gentle spirit passed away—  
Her graceful blooming beauty's fled,  
And Bethlehem holds the honoured clay.  
Bethlehem beams bright as radiant morn,  
Sacred as the place where Christ was born.

Seek first sincere, with martyr faith,  
 That ye may be an heir of heaven,  
 And enough for earthly wants till death  
 Assuredly will be given.  
 The Eye that marks the sparrows fall  
 Can see the wants of one and all.

He feeds the ravens when they cry ;  
 He tempers the blast to the shorn lamb ;  
 He studs with stars the midnight sky,  
 He is infinite in knowledge—the great I AM.  
 May we behold Him with the eye of faith,  
 His love light us through the vale of death !



### N A M B L Y - P A M B L Y .

Written for a Little Girl.

“And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of Israel a little maid ; and she waited on Naaman’s wife.”

NAAMAN, the Syrian, was saved by a maid,  
 And a little captive maid was she ;  
 But little Zaccheus was a giant in grace  
 When he climbed up the sycamore tree.

On a plundering mission the Syrian band  
 Did the kingdom of Israel invade,  
 And away from her country, her kindred, and home,  
 A captive they carried this maid.

The captain of the Syrian host was beloved  
By his prince, whom he endeavoured to please ;  
Successful in war, but a leper he was,  
And he groaned 'neath the loathsome disease.

With so graceful endearment her bondage she bore,  
That her mistress grew proud of her little bond-maid,  
While, like Mary, she mourned for her master, and  
grieved  
That a cure was so long delayed.

Till a thought, like a spirit, from her young heart's  
home  
Kindly whispered her not to despair—  
She remembered of a balm in her long-lost land,  
And she told of a physician there.

Her note, though in bondage, like the bird in the cage,  
Had a charm like a fatherland song,  
And, borne to his ear, he made haste to depart  
With chariots, for the journey was long.

A suffering sinner he left his own land,  
But returned, rejoicing, whole :  
Yea, in Jordan he washed, and turned to his God,  
And was cured in his body and soul.

Little maid, thy memento is embalmed with a blessing  
To numberless millions of beings unborn—  
Ever fragrant in grace, as the sweet-briar breathes  
When bathed in the dews of the morn.

With curses the conqueror's laurels are fringed  
 And dyed with innocent blood in the wars ;  
 But the smallest child that turns one sinner to God,  
 In heaven shall shine for aye as the stars.

The Abana and Pharphar of earth do forsake,  
 Though their waters should swell as a flood ;  
 And oh, pray that your leprous soul may be washed  
 In the stream of a Saviour's blood.

— — — — —

AN ACROSTIC.

T EMPL E of God—light in the world—  
 H EAVEN bless thy beam from sea to sea !  
 E VER in faith thy flag unfurl—

F REE, as the breeze of summer—free ;  
 R ADIANT as is the rainbow's arch.  
 E ASTERN tribes, in heathen lands,  
 E NCOURAGE thy evangelising march,

C RYING “Come !”—they stretch imploring hands.  
 H IGHLY-favoured, spread thine arms  
 U NTO east, west, north, and south.  
 R EFUGE from the world's alarms—  
 C ORNER-stone of Gospel truth—  
 H ASTE to spread the gladsome tidings

O ver each benighted land ;  
F earless, storm Satan's hidings—

S atan bruise, by God's command—  
C reate man anew in Jesus' likeness.  
O ld things having passed away,  
T hen truth, clear as the noon-day brightness,  
L eads him home with gentle sway.  
A ngels, with joy, will then behold  
N ations ransomed—not with gold :  
D rawn, lamb-like, to the heavenly fold.



THE HAPPY MAN: THOUGHTS FROM  
THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man that daily walks with God,  
And cherishes a fervent frame,  
Draws down the dews of heavenly grace  
    To sanctify his soul.

He shuns the broad way the wicked walk,  
To tread the narrow path alone—  
Strives to insure that promised rest,  
    Oh, covenant God, with Thee.

He counsels not with wicked men,  
Nor the ravings of a carnal world,  
But, through the oracles of vital truth,  
    He communes with his God.



The scorner's jest is his delight,  
God's holy law he learns by day,  
While through the night upon his bed  
    He meditates with joy.

Imperceptibly, as grain expands,  
Or willows by the water-course,  
The saint on earth grows ripe in grace  
    For glory in the skies.

When the Husbandman doth come,  
With broad fan in his heavenly hand,  
Saints, as celestial seed, will then  
    Be garnered in the sky.

But weak and worthless wicked men  
Will be tossed like chaff before the blast,  
And, despairing, driven to their dismal doom,  
    Where mercy cannot reach.

Man judgeth man by outward show ;  
But Infinite can sound the finite heart—  
And they who sow in tears on earth  
    May reap with joy in heaven !



## THE PUBLICAN.

OH, God, have mercy on me, a sinner !  
So prayed the publican, in faith ;  
And God loves a sincere beginner,  
While angels say, Behold, he prayeth !

Heaven's joy's enhanced a hundred-fold  
When grace hath turned a child of wrath ;  
And mercy caught a firmer hold  
To lead him up the narrow path.

God shows the publican his guilt,  
But not to woo him to despair—  
Words cannot tell the weight he felt,  
When hastening to the house of prayer.

With body bent and soul oppressed,  
He durst not raise an eye to heaven ;  
But smote upon his aged breast,  
And prayed in heart to be forgiven.

Oh, what a noble, pattern prayer !  
He urged no merit as a plea ;  
Of earth he craved no larger share,  
Nor boasted like the Pharisee :

To God with broken heart he'd come,  
The stings of sin had made him smart—  
Full justified, he home returned,  
His wine to drink with merry heart.



PARAPHRASTICAL LINES ON THE  
DEATH OF STEPHEN.

ACTS, chapter vii., verse 54.

THRICE blest is the hour of the spirit's release  
From the body—its prison of clay ;  
Away from the dark night of sorrow and sin  
To the light of eternal day.

So radiant shone the starlight of hope  
To the first noble martyr, Stephen,  
As he carried his cross with no murmur on earth,  
For his crown was preparing in heaven.

His eye, while his foes were gnashing their teeth,  
Was drawn like the sun-flower by sunbeam divine,  
And the glory of God, that fills the whole earth,  
Did bright on his countenance shine.

When the heavens to his eye was parted in twain,  
The martyr beheld and was glad,  
For his Advocate stood at His Father's right hand  
In the robes of humanity clad.

While pious he knelt, commending his soul  
 To his God in the prospect of death,  
 He breathed forth a prayer for his murdering foes,  
 Like our Lord, with his dying breath.

But the mortal blow came, and many a one wept  
 When his body lay mangled and torn ;  
 Yet the grave's a soft bed, and soundly he'll sleep  
 Till dawns the resurrection morn.

For the grave's but the gate of the highway to heaven,  
 Through which Jesus ascended on high.  
 And Stephen in the arms of love fell asleep,  
 For the Christian never can die.



### A MOTHER'S TEAR.

Elegiac Lines on a Young Man who was drowned while bathing.

Who could have dreamed, oh, my son,  
 When thou last, loving, wished us farewell,  
 That thy sand-glass was run, with time to have done,  
 And life's last cold covering to be the ocean-waves' swell,  
 With the echoing rocks ringing thy dying knell.

Proud leaped the billows of the insatiate sea,  
 On its watery bier bearing the gentle and brave,  
 Affliction's cold finger was pointing to thee ;  
 And oh, fatal hour ! the cruel sea-wave  
 Bore thee away to a watery grave.

Time can never wipe a widowed mother's tears,  
For manhood's stamp shone brightly on his brow,—  
Half-way he'd gained the Psalmist's span of years,  
When, fleet as arrow from a bended bow,  
The summons sped that laid him low.

To home, and all the busy sons of wealth,  
He smiled adieu—a last good-night—intent to roam,  
Then sought the sea-breeze bracing health  
Around Macduff, where few could know him,  
There drew his last breath 'neath the ocean foam.

Ye foot-paths near that lead to solitude,  
His pilgrim wanderings, courting health, tell  
How lover-like the coy nymph he wooed.  
Ye dewy gowans—earth's stars—that gem the solitary  
dell,  
And bowed so gently to his lightsome tread, farewell!

Thou bright, unblushing sun, from heaven's blue  
arch,  
That flickered on the billows, when the surge had  
driven  
God's image down, oh, whisper to the world in thy  
majestic march  
Along the sky, that the mortal shell was only riven  
The sooner to let the precious pearl its setting find in  
heaven!

## JESUS AT THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS.

“She goeth unto the grave to weep there.”—*JOHN xi. 13.*

MARY, the sister of Martha, was weeping  
By the grave where her brother lay sleeping,—  
And the tears are sacred to God a sister doth shed  
To water the turf where a brother is laid.  
Near Bethany he lay in a hard, rocky cave,  
His affectionate friends had dug for a grave.

As Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, drew near,  
The death-wail of a woman fell sad on His ear :  
In her feminine weakness and folly, she cried,  
“If Thou hadst been here he would not have died !”  
But He whispered her comfort that Lazarus slept,  
And that Monarch of Mercy immediately wept.

He shed not those tears for the perishing clay—  
Tears, pure as the dew-drops at dawning of day—  
He wept in compassion for Mary bereaved,  
In heart melting pity His bosom was heaved,  
In spirit He groaned and was troubled within  
When justice had paid the wages of sin.

Majestic He stood by the side of the grave,  
He stood as a man, yet Almighty, to save ;  
Pure gratitude flowed from His heart's holiest springs  
While faith bore it heavenward as on eagles' wings ;

Heaven heard the beloved for His obedience and worth,  
When He cried with loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!"

Responsive the dust at the summons arose,  
For the glory of God and the shame of His foes;  
His spirit in the eternal world above,  
Came back at His call like the ark-seeking dove.  
Mary's joy at this moment was never revealed,  
But like Lazarus' last words are eternally sealed.



### PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come  
Felix trembled."

WHEN Paul, a prisoner, stood before Felix  
To plead for his precious life,  
The Roman had seated in judgment beside him  
The Jewess, Drusilla, his wife.

Drusilla was the loveliest lady alive,  
Yet bore not a character chaste;  
For divorcing her husband, the king, with intent  
To get Felix in wedlock embraced.

Paul spoke forth the truth on the infidel pair  
From the depths of an innocent heart,—  
Each thundering word of the prisoner's fell  
On the trembling judge like a dart.

Righteousness, temperance, might kindle a smile,  
 But the thought of a judgment to come  
 Made the proud-hearted judge to tremble with guilt,  
 And his profligate partner sit dumb.

A judgment to come, like the hand on the wall  
 When Belshazzar's great sorrows began,  
 Made Felix to quake, like David the king  
 When Nathan said, "Thou art the man!"

The flash of conviction woke terror within,  
 But conversion came not in the rear:  
 He wanted delay, to get the preacher away,  
 And was lost unto heaven, we fear.

Oh, come, blessed Jesus! Thou art the Judge  
 Whose final assize is immutable—just.  
 May we live not to fear when Thou shall appear  
 To awaken the dead from their mouldering dust!



## SONNET—SUMMER.

ONE come swallow makes not summer—  
 The old adage is partly true—  
 Yet, listening to the voice of the cuckoo,  
 I hail the season in that blithesome comer  
 And trusty herald, seeking no truer drummer  
 To note the news. What heart-felt joy anew  
 To hail the birth of Nature spring forth to view  
 In blooming gardens, where the honey hummer



Employs the sunshine hours each opening day ;  
 Or tread through groves—enchanted grounds—  
 Where trees are vocal, the wood-dove's sounds  
 Mingles with merry-voiced children out at play ;  
 Then join we in this carnival of joy  
 That flows free to all without alloy.



## SONNET—WINTER.

It is a solemn sight to see  
 Pale winter in his winding-sheet,  
 Woven of frost, hail, snow, and sleet,  
 The north wind harping a mournful melody  
 Through naked bush and leafless tree.  
 The frost-flowers fringe the meadow rill,  
 The voice of song-birds hushed on barren hill—  
 A sunny scene of summer's merry glee.  
 And where I've sat to view the scene,  
 Snow-drift wreathes the old grey rocks,  
 Trees wave in the blast their hoary locks,  
 And all seem changed from what has been.  
 But hush, faint heart, from present woes,  
 Nature soon will waken from her brief repose.



## SONNET—MELDRUM.

WHEN autumn breathes decay  
 On foliage of the forest trees,  
 It needs no powerful breeze

To sweep the mellow leaves away—  
Meet emblems of life's summer-day.

When passed the three-score years  
No longer death will brook delay—  
Calling on me to mingle tears  
With those bereaved, the bowed in heart.

For thee, lord of the manor, I do mourn  
The hour that saw thy soul depart ;  
The flowers will bloom at spring's return,  
The field, and forest glen, and gowany lea,  
But, ah, they bloom for others, not for thee !



SONNET—ROBERT FORBES.

THE autumn eve had donned its murky shroud,  
The hand of toil reposed from field and busy mill ;  
All, save the restless sea, was calm and still ;  
And few the travellers that were seen abroad,  
Save one, devoted life-long to the work of God—  
Labouring His love and mercy to unfold,  
And gathering lambs for heaven from out earth's  
wold.

As wending home along the frozen road  
His Father called,—he heaved his latest breath.  
No friend was there to catch his parting sigh—  
No mother, wife, or child beloved were nigh.  
He bears no weeping by this bed of death,  
Who showed not Moses' grave to mortal eye,  
Nor when He called that chosen spirit to the sky.

SONNET—GORSE BLOOMING IN  
DECEMBER.

GREEN grows the gorse as in the month of May,  
 Though frosts have made the air a little cold ;  
 Each bush stands clothed with bloom like gold,  
 To charm each dark December day.  
 But no bee hovers round the bloom,  
 Nor bird constructs its nest within the bush,  
 The sweet rose-linnet nor the mellow-thrush :  
 They know, by instinct, 'tis a time of gloom.  
 The dying year goes swiftly to its end,  
 Yet Christmas sees the prickly gorse in bloom.  
 While the blazing yule-log lights my room,  
 To show the face of every welcome friend,  
 The blooming gorse sheds glory on the naked earth,  
 Around the Christmas-time of social mirth.



SONNET—BENACHIE.

I CLIMBED up to the loftiest peak  
 Of steep, majestic Benachie,  
 And viewed the rural scene with glee,  
 From whence ten hundred hamlets reek.  
 In the unarched, blue firmament on high,  
 The sun in noon-day splendour shone ;  
 And, down the rich vale of Alford, Don  
 Sped, murmuring his mountain melody ;  
 The sun-lit wave seemed loath to leave

Scenes Nature had done her best to busk,  
 There's beauty 'mid the groves of Monymusk,  
 Which stoics, on leaving, have been known to grieve.  
 To woods and waters, hill and dale,  
 A long, but not a last farewell.

SONNET—EARLY PIETY.

In the young morn of thy days,  
 In all thy ways acknowledge Him :  
 When swift as the roe of lithe and limb,  
 Joy cheers the eye where'er ye gaze ;  
 Acknowledge Him in all thy ways,  
 Before old age thine eye-orbs dim.  
 At morn, noon, and night, be sure to trim  
 Heaven's lamp—the soul—that never dies.  
 For blessings shall crown that pious youth  
 Who holds communion with his God  
 By night, by day, at home, abroad.  
 Who steers, unwavering, for the haven of truth,  
 And anchored there, no wind nor wave  
 Can shake his trust beyond the grave.

SONNET—LOYALTY.

SCAN the wide world with clearest een,  
 The crowned heads of every nation,  
 To find me one in royal station

Of sterling worth, transcendent mien,  
 Comparable to Britain's beloved Queen.  
 America defied Britannia at Bunkerhill,  
 To gain the pleasure of doing her own sweet will,  
 To slaughter brethren in Satanic spleen,  
 And ban us as monarchical slaves.  
 But we feel the bondage light to bear,  
 While war tales din the listening ear  
 From that far land of king-hating knaves,  
 While we leal-hearted Scots are ever ready  
 To welcome back the royal lady.



## SONNET—BLAIKIE.

HEAVEN'S best beloved get swiftest call  
 To quit the cares of earth below,  
 Escaping many a painful blow,  
 Dealt out to sickly in the spring and fall,  
 Who live as ever, seeing death's sable pall,  
 While not a shade of pain to loved one's given,  
 By the blessed Father of us mortals all.  
 Bright on thy hallowed memory smiles the light of  
 heaven.  
 Chief of a local illustrious race,  
 Thy rule was blessed as a civic lord,  
 For the lasting honour of thy native place,  
 A wise and worthy son of Bon-Accord,  
 Whose like, we fear, will ne'er again be seen  
 Seated at the Council Board of Aberdeen.

## SONNET—ROYAL CHARTER.

OH, mournful Mona, that direful day  
 Thrilled every heart with deepest sorrow ;  
 A human freight that early morrow,  
 Lay drowned ere night in Red Wharf Bay :  
 Years cannot wipe the stain away.  
 A gallant ship as ever ploughed the briny wave,  
 Hung hundreds o'er a watery grave  
 For hours, 'mid ocean's blinding spray.  
 Meanwhile, a Bethel's formed on the deck  
 To fix the anchor of their souls in heaven,  
 Till from their knees the deck was riven ;  
 They praying, plunge into the yawning wreck.  
 Let's hope that watery death was the way to  
 glory  
 To all the victims of this mournful story.



## SONNET—SCHILLER.

THE man who spurns to canonise a saint,  
 May honour genius in a Burns or Miller,  
 Pay warm homage at the shrine of Schiller,  
 Whose centenary yields the patriot spirit vent  
 With Teuton hearts. Each home's a monument  
 To him whose song is sweet as Shelley's page.  
 Heaven sent us Shakespeare to exalt the stage—  
 A star to light a murky firmament ;

Poet, historian, dramatist—tri-union rare—

A Milton, Southey, Bulwer, who won his bays  
 Amid national tumult, he lived in evil days,  
 And, as a son of genius, received a double share ;  
 But that blue firmament canopies every land,  
 Now curtain worshippers in many a happy band.



## SONNET—JUNE.

GENTLE June, as true as ever,  
 Is bathing in a sea of bloom ;  
 While breezes clutch the sweet perfume  
 To bear it over road and river—  
 Awearied of its burden never ;  
 And birds have learned a sweeter tune  
 From the voice of gentle June.  
 Summer songs are hymns of joy,  
 Heard at morn or breezy noon,  
 Cheering at their field employ  
 Man and maiden, girl and boy.  
 Oh, summer song's a priceless boon,  
 While the gowans greet me from the grass,  
 And violets are nodding as I pass !



## SONNET—ROBERT FERGUSON.

THE day never dawns but something dies,  
 And nothing dies but something mourns.  
 Yearly, as October the sixteenth day returns,

All hearts instinctively agonise :  
 Down went at noon the son of Doric strains,  
     Whose genial ray lit up immortal verse,  
     Which young and old with pride rehearse,  
 Amid his native Scottish plains.  
 While rivers roll, and woods grow green,  
     His name and fame remain inviolate.  
     Let little minds grow big with hate,  
 And slander gaze with jaundiced een,  
     Annually as autumn sere proclaims the summer's  
     gone,  
 I'll mind on hapless Robert Ferguson.



## SONNET—BOTHWELL.

I TROD at noon the city round,  
     From place to place, from street to street,  
     To look on all I chanced to meet,  
 But one dear friend was no more found—  
 His place of rest, the clay-cold ground.  
     His spirit winged to bliss on high—  
     From mortal life to immortality.  
 He sleeps 'neath grassy mound, where  
 Chime the city bells he loved to hear.  
     There I will kneel to let the tear-drap fa'  
 For him, whose memory will be dear  
     When years of change have passed awa'.  
 Oh, for Heaven's light, dear absent friend,  
 To cheer, as thine, my latter end !



## SONNET—ROBERTSON.

SOLDIERS of the Cross have shortest way  
To travel through this vale of tears—  
Faith ripens fast, though young in years—  
While youth's sun beams a noon-day ray.  
The saint broad Scotland weeps, as well she may.  
Had not his mighty mental powers impaired,  
His noble soul did strengthen day by day,  
In travelling Scotland to be seen and heard,  
Pleading in strains of lofty eloquence with men for  
means,  
Praying Heaven unseen the cause to bless.  
And who wields such powerful means can miss  
An early triumph through her fastest friends ;  
And those who loved the cause forsake it never,  
Though death has hushed that voice for ever.



## SONNET—SHIPWRECK.

How could I dream that, in sweet May,  
When soft winds sigh o'er sea and land,  
The brave old salt could have lost command  
To let his ship drift from the proper way,  
Into a rough, inhospitable, rocky bay,  
Imperilling precious goods and human lives—  
Fathers, husbands, brothers, sisters, wives.  
There hopeless, while a seeming wreck she lay,  
Upon that bleak and dangerous coast,

Mingled cries went through the murky air  
 From hearts in fear, from lips in prayer—  
     In frantic agony given up as lost ;  
 But God can save, even at sea, from harm,  
 By nerving to noble deeds the landsman's arm.



## SONNET—GARIBALDI.

WHAT talisman's in Garibaldi's name,  
 Who fell inglorious in the rebel raid,  
     Essaying to place Victor in Pio Nono's stead ?  
 But, playing the mislucky card, he lost the game,  
 And stained his honour with lasting shame.  
     Little it matters to us at home  
     What master rules the roast at Rome—  
 Whether pope or emperor have a handle  
 In lighting the holy Roman candle.  
     I hate his creed, yet hold him an erring brother,  
     And, at his death, desire to see none other  
 Crowned in Rome but King Emmanuel ;  
     But, in freedom's name, 'twould be a pity  
     To drive old Pius from the Holy City.



## SONNET—STEWART.

JUST past the allotted three-score years and ten,  
     He sudden dies and disappears ;  
     As high in honours as in years  
 Among his own loved countrymen,

Whose like we ne'er shall see again ;  
 Paying yearly for the real prime Scots  
 His fifty thousand pounds—a noble rate—  
 To keep the country in a prosperous state  
 From Land's End on to John O'Groat's.  
 Indeed, his fame was Scotland-wide ;  
 His honoured name was breathed with pride.  
 He stood pre-eminent in the trade of stots ;  
 Yet while his country's fame he raised,  
 He blushed to hear his own part praised.



## SUMMER HOURS.

I TROD amid the broom sae tall,  
 In bloom sae sweet to view,  
 While rays from yon bright summer sun  
 In beauty dazzled through.  
 No prying eye could follow there—  
 No human foot intrude—  
 While merry down the forest dale  
 I roamed in solitude.

The soft, sweet burn I love sae well  
 To bathe the burning feet,  
 Makes music sweet as murmuring on  
 Amid the cool retreat.  
 The birds amid the tall tree-tops  
 Sung each its artless lay,  
 At seeing a happy human face  
 Amidst the woodlands stray.

The flowers that here profusely grow—  
 Free gifts of a loving Father—  
 Are mine, I need not plant or sow,  
 But gently stoop and gather.  
 Oh, vale of joys, in summer time,  
 To roam without a care,  
 Like sportive butterflies abroad,  
 And meet mirth everywhere.

But hark! the bell, wi' silvery tone,  
 Proclaims the close of day,  
 And dusky twilight's gentle hand  
 Is beckoning me away  
 To seek a home, a downy couch,  
 To dream of forest flowers,  
 And all delights enjoyed by him  
 Who roams in summer hours.



## PARTED.

FAREWELL, ye friends,  
 Round my ain native sheilin' !  
 To part wakens thoughts  
 Too deep for words revealin'.  
 Adieu to the dear home  
 O' my father and mither,  
 And the sweet days o' youth  
 When we lived a' thegither.

Farewell, ye woods,  
That crown the hills o' heather,  
Where the wee birdies hide  
Through the cauld stormy weather !  
Adieu to the green braes,  
The clear sil'er burnie !  
To see them a' in simmer-time,  
I'll gang a day's journey.

Farewell, the home  
O' my light-hearted boys,  
Whose presence made the spot to me  
A heaven of earthly joys !  
Though distance now divides us  
By ocean's heaving billow,  
The night brings them near  
When asleep on my pillow.

Farewell, my friends  
I've long loved sincerely,  
The times shall go hard  
If I don't see you yearly !  
And still with heart and voice shall plead,  
As time quickly passes,  
In behalf o' my friends  
'Mong the hard-working classes.

Adieu ! 'tis simmer now,  
The bloom's on the mountain ;  
There is beauty and life  
In the clear, caller fountain ;

But sweetest where I left  
 Are the wild flowers springin',  
 And greenest are the woods  
 Wi' the clear music ringin'.



## S O N G.

Come, dearest, sit beside me, down  
 On this soft bank of springing grass ;  
 The sun has set, there is no moon,  
 Daylight is passing—let it pass.  
 Enough for us of evening light  
 The stars that shine from heaven's height ;  
 Enough for me thine eyes so bright,  
 Sweet, youthful, ruddy-winsome lass.

I wooed thee to this lonesome place,  
 Where sleep the solitary owls ;  
 I prize more dear thy comely face  
 Than rush to hear the song of fools.  
 And I esteem thee ten times more  
 Than dance, or drink—the tavern's roar ;  
 Thy lips can speak a grander lore  
 Than learned in the highest schools.

The weary wee bird goes to rest,  
 And sleeps the naked boughs among,  
 Forgetful of forsaken nest,  
 An absent mate, and summer song.

But spring's return—the lengthening day—  
 Again will wake its merriest lay,  
 To charm me when I come the way  
 That leads to one beloved the best.

Here shall no e'e behold us meet,  
 Nor shall they see the hour we part ;  
 No foot dare tread this lone retreat  
 To raise one fear within the heart.  
 And though we part, we'll meet again  
 Ere broad fields wave wi' golden grain,  
 Or wild flowers wave to prank the plain  
 In bloom without the hand of art.



### THE TRYSTING HOUR.

HE comes to-night across the burn  
 My lonely heart to cheer,  
 Whose foot-fa', like a word of hope,  
 Wakes pleasure in the ear.  
 The moon at night will lend her light  
 Wi' fair and friendly beam,  
 And myriad stars wi' twinkling ray  
 Will guide him o'er the stream.

The morning sun wi' burning beam  
 Drinks up the early dew,  
 As cares and toils throughout the day  
 Dispel sweet thoughts of you ;

But night's return, when people sleep,  
And song-birds fauld their wing,  
Brings sweet thoughts to the longing heart,  
The night can only bring.

How eerie soughs the weary wind  
Down through the garden trees !  
Its restless murmur makes me start  
At ilk recurring breeze ;  
But I will lend a listening ear  
To hear his dear foot-fall,—  
What has a loving heart to dread  
Beneath night's gloomy pall ?

Oh, hush thy fears, my throbbing heart,  
He stands before my face !  
And, as a mother's trusting child,  
I fall in his embrace,  
And feel the worth of courting him—  
A labour not in vain—  
Till morning light at day's return  
Us briefly part again.



## WOOD AND MARRIED.

THE mother proud may lift her head,  
And hold it high amid the throng,  
To see a favourite daughter wooed  
And happily wed, and nothing wrong,



To him that searched far to find  
A mate to sleep within his arms,  
Yet found not, till he came the way  
To feel the force of beauty's charms.

The maid was of a thrifty race,  
And merrily wrought her mother's wark  
From early morn till evening late,  
And sung light-hearted as the lark.  
The seal of health was on her brow,  
Her every movement timed wi' grace,  
And, when she chose to walk abroad,  
Could be the lady in her dress.

Oh, sair, I ween, will she be missed  
About the house for mony a day :  
The throngs that pressed around the door  
By her were wiled to come the way ;  
But since through love she left the place,  
We wish her health and every joy,  
And some increase with every year  
To keep her hands in full employ.

When winter's stormy breezes blaw,  
And a' the joys o' summer's gone,  
When hills and dales are deep in snaw,  
And long dark nights come creeping on,  
Sweet sister, think on us at hame,  
Attending balls and merry splore,  
While you must march to bed at nine,  
And think of balls and hame no more.

## THE MAID O' HARLAW.

OH! whaur would you meet wi' a lassie sae braw,  
 Sae comely an' fair as the Maid o' Harlaw?  
 Wi' her muffs and her ruffs, her vailie, an' a',  
 She is gem o' the Garioch, the Maid o' Harlaw.  
 She is fair as the morning sun's first ray of light,  
 And mild as the moonbeam that falls in the night  
 Her milky-white bosom is pure as the snaw  
 When it mantles 'mid winter the hills o' Harlaw.

Her beautiful features when fully displayed  
 Reigns palm, to cast all other maids in the shade,  
 For Nature's fair roses for ever do blow  
 On the sweet cherub-cheek o' the Maid o' Harlaw.  
 The kiss o' her ruby lip's sweeter than wine;  
 But who can love's eloquent breathings divine?  
 The fairest and dearest my eyes ever saw  
 Was that angel woman, the Maid o' Harlaw.

Lovers came frae the east, an' they came frae the  
 west,  
 Besieging her mansion, disturbing her rest;  
 Her dark rolling eye was the magnet to draw  
 The bashfu'est wooer to the Maid o' Harlaw.  
 Each beau in the ball-room sly eyed her askance,  
 While she stood on his left, smiling, ready to dance,  
 Till the minstrel o'er the strings his bow ga'e a draw,  
 Syne they jumped fu' heigh wi' the Maid o' Harlaw.

Go praise her, ye linnet, that chants frae the bush ;  
 Ye loud whistling blackbird concert wi' the thrush,  
 And awaken each minstrel her praises to blaw,  
 Till gray rocks re-echo the Maid of Harlaw.  
 The wild woods and valleys shall echo prolong,  
 Till trees, rocks, and rivers burst bonnie in song ;  
 An' when spring comes rejoicing to drive winter awa',  
 The daisies will bloom for the Maid o' Harlaw.

The miser in rags will not part wi' his gold,  
 Though shirtless an' shoeless, an' dying wi' cold ;  
 But while I've a sixpence, although it were twa,  
 I'll pledge a good health to the Maid o' Harlaw.  
 Her presence is paradise happy regained,  
 Though woman by auld Mother Eve ha'e been stained,  
 Yet let fortune's cauld blast, as winter winds blaw,  
 There's a bield ready waiting the Maid o' Harlaw.



## THE TWA KYE.

IN putting the following simple lines into print, it may be as well to preface them with a brief explanatory note as to how the lines were first suggested. Eight years ago—viz., in the autumn of 1862—a loud hue and cry was raised that Scotland was sending to the London market a great amount of butcher-meat of a spurious quality, to supply the demands of the poorer classes, and, seizing on this complaint, the lines were hurriedly written down. Of course, the picture attempted to be drawn then has lost colour in the present day, as little, if any, inferior meat is sent from Scotland now to the London market—only meat of marketable quality would be thought of among those

in the meat trade. Many causes may have contributed to this desirable result; among others, a more stringent enforcement of Parliamentary statutes—a higher, healthier morality among men in the trade. Whatever may be the main cause of this great change is of little moment,—we only congratulate our fellow-countrymen on the fact that such is the case, and hope it may long continue to be the rule to send only meat of first-rate quality.

'Twas on a spot o' Lowland soil,  
 Whaur simmer comes wi' cheerfu' smile,  
 Upon a fair, delightful day,  
 Towards the latter end o' May,  
 Twa kye lay down to tak' their ease,  
 And crack about the nowt disease.

One o' them whose name was Dinnie,  
 Wad sure ha'e feared my lucky minnie,  
 Wi' horns like spears upon her head,  
 Was got to keep distinct the breed  
 Of the far-famed Dunrobin stock,  
 From a pure West Highland hardy flock.

Her stumpy legs and shaggy coat  
 Tauld plainly whaur the cow was got,  
 Nae hydra mongrel-breed was she—  
 A pure Highlander—as pure's could be,  
 That ne'er was wi' a shorthorn crossed,  
 Sin' e'er she left her native coast,—  
 Never sought to loup a stank or dyke  
 To meet a beast she didna like;  
 Though prize-bulls had been proud to see her  
 On grassy pasture drawing near.

The other cow was of the Aberdeenshire breed,  
 Nae scur nor horn adorned her head,  
 Strong battle limbs, straight in the back,  
 Her name was Doddy, colour jet black—  
 A kind of breeding bestial stock  
 Lang highly prized among aged folk.

Trimly could Doddy crap the heather,  
 As if 'twere clover ; upon the tether,  
 Sae quiet an' docile in her nature,  
 She wouldna harmed the weest creature ;  
 Her gentle shape frae head to tail  
 Was proof that she could fill the pail ;  
 Wi' hair and hide as saft as silk,  
 An' needed nae hire to gi'e her milk.

The twa were happy to foregather,  
 Untrammelled wi' either tow or tether,  
 To roam about as blithe's a bird,  
 Without the clog of dog or herd.  
 Oh, happy days for youthful cow,  
 To eat grass wet wi' morning dew !  
 Then free retire to cool retreat  
 When Sol is up wi' burning heat.  
 Sae here they stretched their legs at ease,  
 To crack about the nowt disease.

## DODDY.

“ Oh, Dinny, when first I saw your face,  
 I pitied the Highland bestial race,

And 'mazed how cattle lived ava  
In winter amid the frost and snaw.

“The fodder there for winter keep  
Is scarce an' short—few see a neep—  
To keep poor, hardy Highland nowt  
In stormiest day from being put out,  
While here 'tis quite a different matter,  
Being scarcely out to get the water,  
Wi' plenty sweet strae always ready  
To make a bed might serve a lady.

“While out amid the snaw an' frost,  
Feeding on little care an' cost,  
The Lowland beasts are housed like gentry  
Where frost an' snaw scarce find an entry ;  
Yea, better housed an' better fed  
Than some that earn their daily bread :  
Get fouth o' fodder—neeps as weel—  
And some get feeds o' pure ait-meal,  
Wi' ither fine feed, to make them thrive,  
But a' whiles keeps nae them alive ;  
The beasts are being sae sadly crossed,  
I marvel mair o' them are not lost.”

## DINNY.

“The picture drawn o' Highland kye,  
You paint not o' too dark a dye ;  
There scarce was meat to feed my mither—  
Sufficient to keep skin an' bane together.

Sin' first I left my native shire  
 I've squat in mony a different byre,  
 Where death has stalked frae sta' to sta',  
 An' swept the choicest cross awa'.

“ Yet here am I as plump an' hale,  
 As e'er ha'e trod before a tail.  
 The crossing for a while may please,  
 But they pay the piper when disease  
 Finds entry 'mid the blooming stock,  
 An' slays the choicest o' the flock.  
 This crossing too much, behad an' see,  
 Is a dangerous hobby for the country.”

## DODDY.

“ Yes, would that men could see the ruin  
 The rage for excessive crossing's doing !  
 They should, at least, bear this in mind,  
 That breeding should be after their kind.  
 Many are sounding the death-rattle  
 Among the herds o' Lowland cattle.

“ Wha ha'ena witnessed, an' been wae,  
 Some cattle dressed an' sent away  
 To feed the Metropolitan maw—  
 Not fit for food to send awa—  
 Poisoned wi' medicine, what a treat !  
 To consider fit for human meat.  
 Oh, God, have pity on hungry poor !  
 But perhaps the sea can work a cure.

“I do heartily pity the London poor,  
Wha must unhealthy food devour.”

## DINNY.

“I’m tauld the poor will make a feast  
Upon the worst diseased beast ;  
They’re sae accustomed wi’ sic trash,  
That really it gi’es them little fash.  
The flesh o’ rotten cow or game  
That would kill dog or cat at hame,  
When sent across the sea in ships,  
Will make poor people lick their lips.  
What though’t may help to end the lives  
O’ London poor—the weans and wives—  
The death-rate o’ thirteen hundred per week,  
The major cause is nae far to seek.  
The poor are hurried into the ither warl’,  
Ill ready to meet the gruesome carle ;  
Spending their days collecting news,  
Or the daily trivial tales peruse.  
What’s to be the end o’ political strife,  
Is thought o’ mair than a future life ;  
What’s latest been done in Parliament,  
Must a’ ere nine next day be kent ;  
What’s done for people’s temporal good  
Must a’ be thoroughly understood—  
From the great, grand question o’ Reform,  
To when shall occur the next storm ;  
Scan everything, but what they eat  
In shape o’ food called butcher-meat.



"That motley tribe, the London poor,  
 At morn as midges after a shower,  
 Roam out to catch the solar ray—  
 Through crowds o' splendour pick their way,  
 Careless, heedless o' coming night,  
 Whether it's to be black or bright ;  
 Where they're to find bit or bed,  
 To fill the wame, to lay the head.  
 It pains the heart wi' deep distress,  
 The poor's life in sic wilderness.

"While poor are pinched, the wealthy riot  
 In gaudy dress, in drink, an' diet ;  
 An' great's the gulph that seldom passes  
 Sympathy between the classes—  
 A gulph that some are trying to span,  
 To draw them heavenward, han' in han'.  
 Oh, would that ilk leal-hearted Scot  
 Would lend his aid to cure this blot  
 Of sending up meat—unworthy the name—  
 That people hesitate to eat at hame."

## DODDY.

"Since it's nae for the people's good  
 That men dispatch unwholesome food,  
 It seems a rather serious matter  
 To injure our cousins o'er the water ;  
 Without bad motive in the head,  
 Save the sole aim of worldly greed,  
 Well may we feel a blush of shame  
 In playing out unlawful game.

Man may impose on fellow man,  
But can't clude their Maker's ban.

“ Now you heard what has been said  
Upon this truly selfish trade,  
And naturally question Who is to blame ?  
Would like to know the culprit's name  
That saps life's citadel in sic a manner  
By sending destruction through a dinner ;  
A wilful sinner will grow worse and worse,  
And welcome death in deep remorse ;  
Whoever is deepest in the guilt  
The sting of sin I hope has felt,  
And such deserve to feel the stocks,  
A warning clear to ither folks.”

## DINNY.

“ Deed, wha pursue this baneful trade  
Get nae blessing wi' their daily bread ;  
The man will seldom see a prosperous end  
That wilfully Heaven's laws offend.

“ Oh, happy to live by honest toil,  
To hail each morn a father's smile ;  
The family grow to make them blessed,  
And after death be mourned and missed.  
The son's to copy a father's honest, godly life,  
Yield solace to a sorrowing wife,  
The neighbour's ready wi' helping hand  
To cut the corn, to till the land,

Anticipating every returning need,  
 And prove a friend in word and deed ;  
 But shunned in life is double dealing  
 By every man of proper feeling ;  
 And such an one, even at his death,  
 Gets few to mourn his parting breath."

## DODDY.

" Yes, a' this trade in cattle lossing  
 Springs of breeders' rage for crossing.

" It's been to some, nae doubt, a bank,  
 Wha ha'e their parents' purse to thank,  
 That gathered wealth ere they were born  
 From breeding stock and rigs o' corn ;  
 Prosperity has filled their sails,  
 And on they scud wi' favouring gales ;  
 What care they losing a few steers,  
 A full purse scattereth idle fears ;  
 The yearly rent laid up secure,  
 Lifts man beyond misfortune's power.  
 Ah ! Dinny, it's my proudest boast  
 That I was ne'er wi' shorthorn crossed,  
 Hereford bull, nor Angus breed,  
 To spoil my sweet Aberdeenshire bleed.  
 'Tis a monstrous thing, unkent in nature,  
 And hated by the humblest creature ;  
 There never was seen impure union  
 Beyond the sway of man's dominion ;  
 But the basest coupleation  
 Is seen where human powers is shown.

Witness the wild rabbit and the hare,  
They for nae vile purpose form a pair,  
A fox was never seen to wear  
The noble head of forest deer ;  
There's nothing illicit known among  
The beasts of prey nor birds of song,  
No beast below nor bird above  
Pursue in lust their neighbour's love.  
But leave awhile in rural shade  
The happy creatures Heaven has made,  
And see what mankind brings to pass—  
Crossing blood mares wi' a jackass,  
Or any sort of well-known cross  
That bear resemblance to a horse ;  
Scottish bulls to Shetland cows,  
Leicester rams to Highland ewes,  
And soon will flocks in every place  
Become a kind of mongrel race."

Oh, when will crossing, now so rife,  
Cease to disgrace beastial life.  
Now up got Doddy wi' a groan,  
As Lizzie sung upon the loan,  
"Come awa, Doddy, to gie' your milk,  
And Dinny o' the Highland ilk,  
I made your bed o' sweetest straw,  
O' greenest clover filled your sta' ;"  
At this each ran wi' speed and grace  
To see wha first should reach the place.

## THE FATHERLESS LASSIE.

THE night like a matron in her mantle o' grey,  
Came to hide the sweet sunshine that brightened the  
day,

Advising young bairns round their ain hearths to gather,  
Leaving ae leafu' lassie that hadna a father.

Left sae lanely, uncared for, she wandered the street,  
Unseen by the watchman while sounding his beat ;  
Till dandering to a quarter where danger was rife,  
The puir wee waif got maimed for life.

At her birth the accoucher acting the seer,  
Drank deep, sketching out her future career ;  
The gossips convened got sae high on the spree  
That the cottage re-echoed wi' new-year's-day glee.

Her brither lay asleep at the foot o' the bed,  
Nae eye to keep watch how his heidie was laid ;  
The auld sheet was torn, the blankets thread bare—  
You can picture the heroine's natal lair.

Though dwarfed in stature precocious she grew,  
Revelations of the ideal world rose to her view ;  
Future glory would gild her infantile years,  
Living on the border 'tween laughter and tears.

But elbowed by the insolent and haughty *hateur*  
Of the proud that scowl on the humble poor,

Shook hands with a world that doomed her a slave,  
And buried her griefs in the gloom o' the grave.

Her Maker in heaven in mercy and love  
Recalled her young spirit to His presence above,  
To assemble with angels in the light of His face,  
To trophy the redeeming power of His grace.



### THE HEBREW.

THE Hebrew mother never dreamt,  
While sat the boy upon her knee,  
That stranger hands would lay his dust  
To sleep in Christian cemetery.

And while she taught him holy rites  
Peculiar to the Jewish race,  
She little deemed her God in him  
Would manifest a work of grace.

When first the father's eyes beheld  
The youthful mind athirst for knowlege,  
He could not judge the boy would die  
Professing Hebrew in the college ;

That men of grace, of heavenly mind,  
Would bring their offspring to his care,  
In hope that Heaven would bless the means,  
The morn, mid-day, evening prayer.

The Jewish maids that cast on him  
 Sweet glances from bewitching een,  
 Might weep at him forsaking all  
 To choose a Scottish wife, I ween.

The foreign tongue with accent strange,  
 The stature low, the sickly hue ;  
 But none of these could baulk the man  
 With honest heart gone forth to woo.

Afar from where his parents sleep,  
 His native land, his place of birth,  
 He sleeps in peace, and eyes will weep  
 Beside his hallowed bed of earth.



## BARTLE FAIR.

To behold the beauty o' Bartle Fair  
 On a broad green park in the open air,  
 You must there at an early hour repair  
     On a market day,  
 An' mix in the mirth, enjoying a share  
     Till gloamin' grey.

To all around it's half holiday,  
 An' merriest when light has begun to decay,  
 When youthful pairs go fondly away,  
     Wi' blink o' moonlight ;  
 The fun o' forenoon's nae worth a strae,  
     Compared wi' night.

On ae side are flocks o' nowt an' sheep,  
 Some for slaying, and some for keep ;  
 The keepers and collies, dazing asleep,  
     Squat on the ground,  
 Yet ready to spring on any that creep  
     Their stance beyond.

Some men in the Fair are neatly dressed—  
 As farmers, fleshers—in their best ;  
 Yet not so nice many o' the rest,  
     Clothed like knags,  
 Wi' trousers tattered, coat and vest—  
     The roving wags.

Behold in the centre o' Bartle Fair,  
 Spread out for sale, a' kinds o' ware,  
 An' who ha'e a penny or groat to spare,  
     May get it spent ;  
 In buying some useful bargain there,  
     None will repent.

The Fair has long been famed for cheese,  
 An' still the traveller delighted sees  
 The gaucy gudewives striving to please  
     Each buyer's taste,  
 Though seldom the buyer an' seller agrees  
     Which is the best.

Behold the tents set up in a row,  
 By no means quite set up for show—  
 If hungry, or thirsty, in ye may go



An' get a dinner,  
 An' liquor's will make the blood to glow  
 O' saint or sinner.

An' now the horse-market may be seen  
 Away at the lower end o' the green,  
 Where crowds to feast their eyes convene,  
     An' see each merit—  
 The feck o' them showing a temper keen,  
     An' lively spirit.

When Sol displays his waning light,  
 The market then has reached its height ;  
 Crammed full o' lads and lasses tight,  
     Braws get an airin'—  
 The lasses keep crying, left and right,  
     "Come, gi'e me fairin'."

Behold the stance at evening grey,  
 When pairs set out their hameward way—  
 From Bartle Moor the annual day,  
     The 2nd September,  
 A meeting some wi' cause may say,  
     I will remember.



## THE WAES O' WAR.

How doleful to me the dawn of to-morrow  
Were despatches to darken our peace-loving land,  
That her brave sons, her bulwarks defending, had fallen,  
And died by wounds from the enemy's hand.

What heart-rending tale to the ear of a parent  
To hear of his son in battle lie slain,  
Exposed to the mercy of wolves of the forest,  
The sun's burning rays on the wide arid plain.

It were sad to see the pilgrim of sixty  
Unsheathe the sword with youths of sixteen ;  
The mothers and daughters frantic and fainting—  
A revival of what our forefathers ha'e seen.

I should weep to see the clear current of Cromblet,  
That murmurs its sweet, lulling song in the meadow,  
Flow red with the blood of the patriot parent,  
And its waters mingled with the tears of the widow.

Death rather than see the broad brow of Barra  
Blood-crimsoned anew its mantle of bloom,  
Or hear the trump arousing to the conflict,  
As the soldiers of Cummin's that trenches their  
tombs.

Then pray not for bloodshed in dear Caledonia—  
 A murderous war abroad nor at home—  
 But may every weapon be hung on the wall,  
 Or beat into ploughshares for ages to come.

BRIDAL SONG.

SHE came in girlish, guileless days  
 To fill with glee a lowland hame,  
 And grew in beauty, meekness, grace,  
 To set one youthful heart on flame.  
 Her kindness even dumb creatures knew  
 That roam at will the grassy plain ;  
 While love kept singing in her ear  
 'Tis time to fill a hame, thine ain.

Beside the bush that shades the burn  
 They met when fell the evening dew,  
 When soft he breathed his tale of love,  
 And vowed to keep for ever true.  
 She, as the lily, bent with rain  
 Leaned on his breast and sweetly sighed  
 I'm thine for life, my heart and hand,  
 Make me dear, thy wedded bride.

In bridal robes she stood arrayed  
 Before her window, trig and gay,  
 And saw the bridegroom hither come  
 To crown the bliss of bridal day.

The knot is tied, the bride's-cake broke,  
The drinking healths soon rend the air,  
And blessings merry tongues implore  
Upon the newly wedded pair.

Their youthful days of doubt, distress,  
The winter of her life is gone,  
And all her wealth of smile and speech  
Is showered on one, on one alone.  
Let others search in quest of joys  
'Mid giddy crowds at ball or game ;  
They miss the mark who want like thee  
A merry-hearted friend at home.



## ADDITIONAL NOTES ON POEMS.

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### PAGE 36.

THE newspaper obituary of February 5th, 1857, records a name endeared to the people of Oldmeldrum from many deeply important considerations, long association, and from the constant exercise of active benevolent principle—Mary Forsyth, the beloved wife of the Rev. Jas. M'Crie, of the United Presbyterian Church. Deceased was the second daughter of the late Mr. Forsyth, farmer, Rubislaw, near Aberdeen. She, along with an elder sister, who predeceased her by some years, retired to a freehold in Aberdeen, and there, nearly a quarter of a century ago, became the wife of Mr. M'Crie. Accompanying her husband to Oldmeldrum, to his residence at the U.P. Manse, contiguous to the church, preferring comparative solitude with the society of one to the bustle of city life. The fruit of that long and happy union, now terminated, were a daughter and a son. The former of these children, Isabella, died on the 4th August, 1834, aged six months; the latter, John, died on the 3rd of May, 1842, aged fourteen months. These children repose in the Meldrum Cemetery, in a tomb near the south-east corner. The parents, a few years ago, in lasting respect to the memory of their offspring, had the burial-ground enclosed with a neat metal rail, at same time placing a very tasteful and costly marble tablet in a niche in the wall, at the south end of the ground so enclosed. This tablet bears the names of their children, with a consolatory text of Scripture at the bottom; and in this sweet and solitary asylum the remains of the mother now join those of her tender babes who had gone before. Deceased was a woman of no ordinary intellect, as any one soon discovered who had occasion to meet with her. The benevolence of her

character was exhibited in a variety of ways. Unlike many well-meaning people, who possess strong desire to do good in their sphere, but whose good intentions fall to the ground for want of resolution and means, she possessed both in an eminent degree, and exercised them. Her prayer and her alms went hand in hand, to cheer many a needy recipient. Sabbath schools were a fine test of her catholic character. She seemed to have closely copied for imitation in this laudable work the spotless pattern of the great Exemplar who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Her creed in regard to scholars was of the same non-sectarian character. The children of parents belonging to any other religious denomination were all equally welcome to share in her instructions as those children whose parents belonged to their own communion. Works of philanthropy formed not the least part of her benevolent sympathy, she being the first to move during the past winter—when she saw the inclemency of the weather and the necessity that existed, to get a clothing society organised, and which met with such a hearty degree of support. The amount of voluntary exertion she underwent in prosecuting a house-to-house visitation in her allotted district of the town, when the snow was lying on the streets knee-deep, and the frost intense; and all the other exertions she underwent in attending committee meetings, where she acted, we believe, the part of secretary to the society;—these labours, at such a season of inclemency, if not the cause, we fear, tended to accelerate the fatal malady. Among other schemes of beneficence, which she was long desirous of seeing in active operation during winter, was a public soup kitchen, and no person of large heart, possessing liberal means, residing among poor people in times of severe dearth, as during the past year, could fail to see and lament the want of so beneficial an institution. That object is left for the benevolent efforts of others to establish. Private effort is ever inadequate to grapple with such schemes, and public bodies are slow to move. During the brief space that she lay prior to her decease, frequent were the inquiries at the Manse regarding her health, and when at last the mournful tidings required to be told, that she was no more, the news cast a gloom over the town. Many mourned as if it had been a family bereavement. The funeral took place on Wednesday last, and was largely attended. Most of the respectable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood were present, and almost all the

male members of the U. P. Church, where deceased was so long a pattern of liberality in all the Church's schemes of Christian usefulness. Many others were present from considerable distances. The company met in the church prior to the procession moving. The Rev. Mr. Turner, of Craigdam, offered up a beautiful, comprehensive, and affecting prayer, well suited to the mournful occasion. The procession then proceeded to the cemetery, and was the largest funeral company seen for a long time in Oldmeldrum.

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IN the amazing advances which practical agriculture has made in the northern parts of Aberdeenshire during the past half century, nowhere is the progress more visibly manifested in our experience than in the Braeside of Eastertown and Bethelnie. This long elevated ridge of hills commences at the Howe of Lightnot, two and a half miles by the north turnpike road from the town of Oldmeldrum. Following an excellent road, which some deceased General Wade has formed along the braeside at considerable cost, we pass in our progress westward the splendid farms of Lightnot, occupied by Mr. Gray; Bethelnie, Mr. Lumsden; Mill of Eastertown, Mr. Hunter; Eastertown, Mr. Durno; Westertown, Mr. Watson; Jackstown, Mr. Durno, and round to what is named the Cross of Jackstown, a distance from the road of about three miles. These lofty ridges afford a fine prospect south and westward, having a sweet southern exposure. The respective farm steadings lying snugly in the shelter of the hill mostly display the outward look of prosperity so common now-a-days where taste and means harmonize. At Mill of Eastertown there is a deep defile on the upper side, known locally as the Bakie Howe, watered by a sweet rivulet, which is made by engineering skill to rise from dams further up, sufficiently high in rounding the base on the west side of the hill to give it strength in its fall to turn the outer wheel of Mr. Hunter's thrashing mill, and formerly the meal mill for Eastertown. The water, as it flows southward, is known as the Balcairn Burn.

The land on the eastern side of the Howe partly belongs to Bethelnie and partly to Tulloch, and is included in the parish of Meldrum. On the west side, the land belongs entirely to the pro-

prietor of Fyvie, and is located in the parish of that name. Only recently, the eastern side of the Howe came into the possession of Mr. Lumsden, of Auchry, before which no one seemed to have entertained the idea of commencing aggressive operations on the heather, doubts having been entertained whether grain would ripen at such an elevation. But this hill-side has been subjected to an admirable system of trenching. In general, trenching is done by burying the surface sod, and placing the subsoil on the top, and, by this system, the soil ever remains poor, whatever quantity of manure may be applied. A different system has been adopted, however, on these hills. In trenching, the surface soil is laid aside till the subsoil is turned over, and what was formerly uppermost continues so. It is then subjected to a twelvemonths' fallowing, during which time it becomes sufficiently pulverised to bear a root or grain crop. Of this hill ground, there is now sufficient reclaimed in the above manner to form an excellent farm, and Mr. Lumsden's operations may serve as an example to others having similar property.

At the top of the Bakie Howe, on the same side, where the land belongs to Tulloch estate, agriculture is in a very flourishing state, as any one may see who is in a position to compare the present with the past. On the brow of the burn, there once stood three primitive-looking domiciles at some distance from each other, in each of which lived a large family, who cultivated as much of the heather land adjoining their homes as produced turnips and straw to a cow or two, and some potatoes for the family. It was matter of sympathy to behold these poor cottar bodies in the lonely habitation, and with corn crops that never began to show sign of ripening until the autumn frosts had set in. But a marvellous and beneficial change has taken place. It is quite amazing, while remembering those days gone bye, to stand, on a lovely autumn afternoon, and look on the abundant crops being cut and carried in excellent condition to swell the bulk of the stackyard. The life-renter of the old meal-mill used to be the worst farmer it was possible to picture. A few acres of the finest infield was all he sought to put under the plough, and even that was encroached on by the whins, broom, and heather, which seemed to be chasing him, year after year, into a more circumscribed radius. As the old life-renters have died out on this hill-side, enterprising tenants have taken their places at about equal rents, so as to allow a mar-



gin for the carrying out of improvements. The result is that where heather and game only flourished, there now grow magnificent crops of cereals, and this year they have been reaped. On this hill-side, too, are grown, with the aid of manures, excellent turnips for feeding stock for the winter markets, and potatoes for family use. Altogether, the farmers on the "brae side" show a liberality and enlightenment in the cultivation of the soil worthy of the advanced age in which they live.

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PAGE 88.

CHURCH OF BETHELNIE.—Well nigh two hundred years, with their vast and varied changes, have rolled over these green hill-sides; summer suns and winter storms have shed their influences, races of the human family have been born and buried, since the Church of Bethelnie was utterly demolished, and the sacred edifice removed from its original site in the northern part of the parish, three and a half miles south-eastward to the border of Bourtie, to be designated Meldrum in all time coming. The wisdom of such procedure to parties in the present day seems not so very clear, or the justice implied in the act. The commencement of a village that is prosperous in the present day, perhaps, may have moved them to the change. Since that date, the Parish Church has not been necessitated to contain all the parishioners; the Episcopal Church, United Presbyterian, and Free Church, have all endeavoured, with the rapid increase of population, to meet the wishes and wants of the people. But what of the broad wilderness northward, when all these churches have been planted at the southern extremity of the parish, a few minutes' walk from each other? What destitution of church convenience parishioners must experience in other parts may be judged of. Let us stand on the northern boundary of Meldrum, where it joins Fyvie and Tarves, and we find it a toss-up which way we go to church. These three Parish Churches are all at about equal distances—four miles. That distance to walk may be a trifle to the young of either sex, but to the aged and infirm, who stand in as great need of hearing the Gospel preached, distance from church is a serious matter. Some remedy is needed. The remedy I would desire to see is to restore again, on its original site, the Church of Bethelnie, where a congregation

of some hundreds, within a circle of two miles, could conveniently attend once every Sabbath day. I am not at all desirous of seeing it restored as a Parish Church, but one of a purely missionary character, or preaching station, to meet the wants of the district, where all the people, of whatever name or denomination, could meet, from scattered homes bordering on these parishes, to hear the Gospel. I have little doubt but that clergymen would deem it a privilege to be instrumental, by turns, in supplying them with sermons, if not every Sabbath, at least every alternate week with one service. I can suppose the proprietor, W. Kilgour, Esq., on whose estate the site of the old church stands, would hail right gladly its restoration for that object, and aid heartily such an undertaking. The Meldrum family, too, the spot being the loved scene of their parents' resting-place, would probably not be among the last or least to tender something more substantial than good wishes. On a spot so peculiarly hallowed, where repose the mouldering ashes of hundreds of a bygone era, it would be pleasing to waken again, after two centuries' silence, the slumbering mounds with the blended voices of devout worshippers in praise and prayer, amid the stillness of the mountain solitudes. And would it not be worth travelling the distance of a Sabbath-day's journey to see the hills dotted again with pious worshippers, restoring a picture of primitive times, all coming with one heart and aim to bow the knee at the footstool of our common Father. The Church of Bethelnie is of considerable antiquity; says the historian:—"King Alexander II., by a charter dated at Fyvie, 22nd February, 1221, and witnessed by Robert, his chaplain, John Bysset, William de Brays, Thomas de Strivelen, clerk, Walter de Vescy, Walter Bysset, and Peter Bysset, confirmed a grant by William Comyn, Earl of Buchan, to the monks of Arbroath, of the Church of Bethelnie"—a period of six hundred and forty-nine years. These monks got more churches and church lands than they made a good use of, and it is not to be regretted that the strength of their title deeds did not prevent them from being put to better use.

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THERE may appear little difficulty in judging what was the major motive that moved the purse-proud people living in the gold

region of Australia—once nationally known as the penal outlet of the criminal scum of the British population—in changing its name as originally known to Victoria, the most popular of reigning sovereigns, to wipe out for ever the entire remembrance of the long years of degradation and the struggles of the infant colony, or what prompted the loyal and patriotic citizens of the City of Cork to follow in the wake by changing its name to that of Queenstown; but how the public-spirited citizens of Futtie never have taken action in adopting a more lofty name we are at a loss to account, seeing that Her Gracious Majesty did them the honour to land on their shore—an honour that but few towns can boast of. Futtie appears to possess a history of its own, which, read in the light of its present status and commercial magnitude, manifest this influential quarter to be quite the antipodal of its former self. It started with other quarters of the city in a race of prosperity, and has beat them all hollow long ago, prosperous beyond parallel both in population and in every description of material wealth. From its dockyards, ships unmatched for build go forth to plough the surf of every sea; within its extensive, famed iron-founderies as many find employment as would people a little city; and, in travelling with open eyes through its streets and lanes, the wonder is heightened how the whole city below Waterloo Station still continues to be styled the folk of Futtie, Fittie, Fotyn, Fotty, as the name is written in old records, or even the more modern name of Footdee, as if the etymology of the name was foot of Dee. St. Clement, the patron saint of Futtie, would seem to have been sent for a blessing, with the ocean flowing at his feet, wafting in with every returning tide the treasures and trade of distant nations, while the “train” gathers in the abundance of the land, the true secret of its growing greatness. Footdee, its modern name, is only more indefinite than Futtie, for, to speak in sober earnestness, it appears to be downright nonsense in calling it Footdee, especially seeing the River Dee has, during the past forty years, been turned aside from its ancient channel to flow sea-ward in a more direct course. When we hear, in river nomenclature, of Don Mouth, Dee Mount, Ury Bank, Ythan Lodge, Deveron side, &c., we discover, without any ambiguity, what these and similar twin terms signify, but let a stranger be told of a place called Footdee, the announcement would not awaken in his mind any lofty picture of its actual wealth

and splendour; the stranger might fancy that the place merely consisted of a few fisher houses, that had been rudely built to shelter those who gain a living by fishing, as we read of its humble beginning. This hamlet can boast of considerable antiquity, for, so early as the year 1281, it gave its name to the lane or wynd now called the Hangman's Brae. About a century ago, continues the narrative, it was inhabited only by a few fishermen. One unacquainted with the locality could form no accurate conception what is at present contained within the parish of St. Clements, as might be surveyed from the Castle Hill. The misapplication of Footdee—putting the cart before the horse—has been previously pointed out by an intelligent observer, who found that such a derivation was opposed to the idiom of our dialect, in which the rule seems to be that, in the compounded word, the *object* takes precedence of the *qualification*. If she (that is Fittie) possess a history peculiar to herself in civil, secular matters, she does so trebly in matters ecclesiastical, presenting now quite a contrast by the becoming order and decency which may be observed on the Sabbath day, from the scandalous manner everything of a sacred nature was treated by the graceless populace of the early days of Futtie's history, about which kirk history will amply repay perusal. If the secular affairs have risen in rapid prosperity, it has by no means outstripped the means made to supply the people's spiritual wants; the Free and Established Churches of St. Clements are both, meantime, blessed with esteemed pastors—large attached flocks weekly wait on their ministry. As the rude, humble hamlet has given place to the populous city, so the small beginning of church accommodation, when, in 1498, a chapel was first erected by the magistrates of the burgh, when two masses were performed weekly by a priest, supported by the villagers, has the church risen to command the reverence and respect of all classes, as is her legitimate claim. The prosperity of the place, in both of these lights, unite to implore for it a name more in keeping with its present attainments, than when an insignificant hamlet, say such a name as Port-Royal, Queenstown, Victoria, or the like of a royal character, and this wish is strengthened by the fact that the broad, beautiful Links, adjoining Futtie, was originally known by the name of the Queen's Links or Meadows.







