

# *POEMS*

*By T. W. OGILVIE*



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Thomas W. Ogilvie, M.B., C.M.

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BY

THOMAS WHITE OGILVIE

M.B., C.M., ABERDEEN

*With Portrait and Other Illustrations*

*Collected and Edited by*

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ABERDEEN

*Author of "History of the Aberdeen Volunteers"*

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TO  
THE SONS AND SURVIVING BROTHERS  
OF  
THE AUTHOR  
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY  
THE EDITOR

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MEMOIR



## MEMOIR

**T**HOMAS WHITE OGILVIE was born at Keith, Banffshire, on the 23rd January, 1861. His parents were the late John Ogilvie, a highly respected merchant of Keith, and his wife, Elizabeth White, daughter of John White, farmer, Morayshire. There was a family of eight, of whom only two now survive, the Rev. John Ogilvie, the Manse, Slains, and Mr. Charles George Ogilvie of Delvine, Perthshire, and of Earlsmont, Banffshire. Thomas was educated at the Public School, Keith, and afterwards spent a few months in a law office there, but not being enamoured of the law, he entered a local chemist's shop. After a brief sojourn there, he migrated to Aberdeen in 1876, and became an apprentice to the well known firm of Davidson & Kay, chemists, where he remained ten years, latterly as their principal assistant. He then decided to graduate in medicine, and accordingly matriculated at Aberdeen University.

His career at the University was exceptionally brilliant, as may be seen from the following record :—

- First Bursar in Medicine.
- First Prizeman and Medallist in Zoology.
- First Prizeman in Botany.
- First Prizeman in Junior Anatomy.
- First Prizeman in Senior Anatomy.
- First Prizeman in Histology.
- First Prizeman in Comparative Anatomy.
- First Prizeman in Practical Chemistry.

He graduated M.B., C.M., with Honours, and during his undergraduateship, he occupied the following important posts at his Alma Mater :—

- University Extension Lecturer in Biology.
- Two years Demonstrator in Zoology, and
- Prosector in Anatomy.

During his University career he began the important work of the re-organization of the Natural History Museum at Marischal College, and succeeded in effecting many important improvements in this department, a work which was much appreciated by the University authorities. As one of the editorial committee of *Alma Mater*, he took his share in the literary activities of that department of student life. In addition to his University work, he successfully carried on evening classes for teachers in such subjects as Botany and Natural History. His abilities were undoubtedly of an exceptionally high order, and, as will be obvious from the above, he was no ordinary student. He was, in fact, what is sometimes called a many-sided man, and was possessed of a personality the charm of which it is not easy to over-estimate. Naturally his

friends anticipated for him a brilliant future. That these hopes were not fully realized must at once be conceded, and this may be accounted for in a great measure by indifferent health.

Long after our Author had left the service of Messrs. Davidson & Kay, they wrote of him as follows:—

“His business capacity, scientific attainments and devotion to work and duty, gained for him the confidence of employers and the respect and esteem of everyone he came in contact with, and his brilliant after-career at the University gave great pleasure to all his friends.”

During the ten years' service with that firm, he was an earnest worker in Natural History, Botany, and kindred subjects, and many a happy hour did he spend botanising on the Hill of Tullos, Scotston Moor, and such-like places in the vicinity of the city. At the same time, he did not neglect either his ordinary work or general literature. He was an omnivorous reader, and was, in particular, passionately fond of poetry and history. He did not confine himself to the great or better known writers, but loved to search out gems of poesy from the minor poets. It was indeed the enthusiasm he displayed in this delightful department of literature that first drew our attention to the value of the minor poets, a lesson which we have never forgotten. We well remember one evening, in the upper room of Davidson & Kay's, reading with him the chapter in that deeply interesting volume of Hill Burton's "The Book-Hunter," titled "Some Book Club Men." When we came to the description of some of the fine songs of Sir Alexander

Boswell, such as, "Jenny's Bawbee," "Guid Nicht and joy be we ye a'," and "Jenny dang the Weaver," the expression of delight that flashed across his intellectual face, and the intense interest with which he followed the extracts from "Skeldon Haughs, or the Sow is flitted," remain to this day imprinted on our memory. The next night we met, he had obtained a copy of and was quite familiar with Boswell's poems. The above anecdote may appear trifling, but it is illustrative of the enthusiasm and energy which he threw into all he did, and of his usual occupations in his spare time. He was either deeply engrossed with "Darwin" or "Huxley"; working with a microscope; classifying botanical specimens; or, with a congenial friend, studying some of the masterpieces of literature.

Ogilvie's subsequent professional career may be briefly told. Immediately after graduation, he accepted an appointment as Medical Officer to the Rubies and Sapphires of Siam, Ltd., and, while in Siam, his devotion to duty and to the interests of his employers, at a time of great trial, earned for him the highest commendations; but the strain was too much for his not over-robust frame. He was prostrated with malarial fever, and had to be carried through the jungle to Bangkok. At one time he was dropped in the jungle by the native bearers and left to his fate, but he was, fortunately, near a Buddhist temple, to which he was able to crawl, and a priest there, gave him the succour he needed. Soon afterwards, the bearers, somewhat afraid for the consequences of their cruel desertion, returned, and taking leave of his kind friend the Buddhist priest, he arrived at Bangkok more

dead than alive. He returned to this country in shattered health, and although he exhibited all his old intellectual alertness and enthusiasm, his health was never so good after that unfortunate experience. When it is added, that he lost the most of his personal and medical belongings during that terrible journey through the jungle, and that the Company was unable—in consequence, mainly, of the occupation by the French of the territory within its sphere of influence—to implement its obligations to him, it can readily be understood that he was injured not only in health but in pocket.

A two years' spell of fairly easy work at Longhope, Orkney, somewhat restored his health, and on the suggestion of a friend, Dr. Ogilvie came to Aberdeen in 1895, and commenced practice in Torry, then a small but rapidly rising suburb.

Little need be said of the seven years during which he practised in Torry, as the events in the life of an ordinary medical practitioner, in a working-class locality, do not usually present features for stirring narrative. He threw himself into his work with characteristic energy, and in that brief period, by dint of sheer hard work, he not only built up a large and lucrative practice and made himself prominent in the public life of the locality, but also established a reputation as a writer of elegant verse, as a versatile lecturer, and as a raconteur of no mean order. It was during this time that the most and the best of his poems were written, and they appeared in *Brown's Book-Stall*, *Bon-Accord*, and the evening press of the city. Though those engaged in public life invariably make enemies as well as friends, Dr. Ogilvie had the art,

and that in no ordinary degree, of making friends, and we believe that his enemies, if any, were few and far between. When, therefore, in 1902, he decided, mainly on account of his health, to leave this country for South Africa, the efforts that were made by the people of Torry to retain his services, and the expressions of regret that his departure evoked, were too widespread and spontaneous amongst all classes of the community, to be other than sincere. His public work had already been formally recognized by his being made a Justice of the Peace for the County of the City of Aberdeen. A brief sojourn in Kimberley; three years in practice at Gringley-on-the-Hill, near Doncaster; an attempt to establish a new home in British Columbia, which failed in consequence of another collapse in health; then about a year of hard work as a *locum* in London, bring us near the end. In 1908 he purchased a practice at Willesden, North London. On the 17th October he took possession of the practice and house, and on the following morning he was found dead. The ill health from which he had suffered more or less for years, had, notwithstanding his indomitable courage, told on his somewhat enfeebled body, and hastened the end. So at the early age of forty-eight, and when just about to enter on what promised to be a congenial sphere of usefulness, died one of the staunchest of friends and most kindly and loveable of men, leaving behind him a widow with five young sons, and also a memory that will long be cherished by all who had the good fortune to own his friendship.

As yet, little has been said of our Author as a writer of verse. That he was a keen lover of nature goes

without saying. One has but to read some of the pieces written when still a youth, to appreciate at once that from boyhood, nature had claimed him for her own. In fact, nature in her varying moods was the dominating note of his life, and is the dominating note of the best of his poems, and these will doubtless have a charm for most readers: but the strong sense of humour which permeates some, and which made him so ideal a companion, will undoubtedly appeal to others. That he was a charming lecturer many audiences knew well, but that he had the gift of poesy was known to only a small number even of his friends. This is accounted for by the fact that he usually wrote over the initials "T. W. O.," varied occasionally by "O. W. T.,"; latterly adopting the French numeral "DEUX"—a play upon his initials—as a *nom-de-plume*, and by that he was known as a writer. We do not feel justified, even if qualified, to enter on either an appreciative, an analytical, or a critical survey of his poetry, but we venture to say that one who was capable, at the age of sixteen, of writing "Art and Nature," "Autumn in the Duthie Park," and "Tullos Hill," and again to produce "Anxious," "Saint Fittick's," and "Waiting for the Nightingale"—in all of which there is expressed, so exquisitely, such a variety of feeling—could, given the opportunity and the leisure, have written much more of a quality of which any writer might well be proud. The charming ode "The Bards of Bon-Accord" (with the capital portraits of William Carnie and William Cadenhead by Mr. William Smith, Jun.), was, like the ode to Cadenhead himself, written on the impulse of the moment, and we have the best of reasons for knowing



how much both bards appreciated the compliment paid them by their young compeer.

We should not omit to mention the "Book of Saint Fittick," a history of Torry, written and presented as a Bazaar Book to Saint Fittick's Church, Torry, in December, 1901. This book was profusely illustrated with drawings by the following local artists:—Messrs. George Davidson (now deceased), J. A. H. Hector, Stephen Reid, and William Smith, Jun. An excellent sketch of the proposed Well of Saint Fittick was also contributed by Mr. William Kelly, architect, and pity 'tis that the well, as designed, was not erected. This was his last public service to the district, and in that delightful volume he has made live again, with all their quaint and curious customs, the fisher folk of the long-forgotten past. We do not profess that it possesses absolute historical accuracy. It could hardly do so, written as it was at high pressure and in the midst of so busy a life, but we do claim for it literary ability and taste, in both prose and verse. One has but to read the verses at the beginning of each chapter, in imitation of Sir Walter Scott's quotations from old authors, to see that Ogilvie had in him the gift of true poetry. Although we have only referred to poetry, it should in justice be added, that Dr. Ogilvie made occasional contributions of short stories to the press, and these were in no way inferior to his poems.

A well-known local journalist (U.U.S.), writing of our Author after his death, said: "While in Aberdeen Dr. Ogilvie was a frequent and valued contributor, both in prose and verse, to the local press. His writings—



one and all—displayed great literary grace and poetic fervour and imagination, and withal, he had a rare gift of spontaneous humour. For several years nearly every monthly issue of *Brown's Book-Stall* contained something from his pen, over the signature of 'Deux.' He was a ripe scholar in the true sense of that term, and his books to him were full of living friends with whom he could not only pass the time, but so to say, 'pass the time o' day' as with an everyday acquaintance, as exemplified in his dream-poem, 'Storylanders.' Dr. Ogilvie's most complete work was 'The Book of Saint Fittick.' It was a gathering together, as the Author puts it, of some fragments of history relating to the Torry district, and what is inseparable from it, the harbour and river-mouth. To this work the doctor's many young artistic friends lent a willing helping hand, and the volume is enriched with between thirty and forty pictures and plates of the district. It is an ideal work in every respect, and its success was immediate and phenomenal, and fortunate, indeed, is the collector who possesses a copy. A kindlier soul, or one more richly endowed with the graces that make friendship valued and enduring, never 'passed out from the crowd.'"

The task of collecting, and the process of selecting the poems suitable for publication from amongst many that were of a semi-private nature, have been to us a pleasure, although in many respects a somewhat sad one. Memories of the past seem to jostle each other as one reads the lines, and although it may well be that in our affection for Thomas White Ogilvie we may be accused of over-rating the literary value of his writings, yet we pre-

sume to believe that many of his poems will rank as among the best that have been given to Aberdeen by her honoured list of minor poets ; that they will stand both comparison and the test of time ; and that readers will heartily endorse our opinion, that in presenting this volume to the public, we are only doing justice to the talents of one who was a distinguished graduate of our University, and who, although a Banffshire "loon" by birth, is, we believe, well worthy of a place amongst the Bards of Bon-Accord.

D. S.

ABERDEEN, *October*, 1911.



POEMS

## POEMS

### ST. FITTICK'S: A NIGHTMARE\*

Ae Autumn nicht when Nigg lay still,  
The moon gaed scuddin' through the sky;  
The plovers piped o'er Tullos Hill,  
The corn in stooks was reestlin' dry.

I dandered by the Bay o' Nigg  
As city bells the midnight tolled,  
And barmy breakers foamin' big  
O'er clatterin' stanes like thunder rolled.

The Girdleness flashed oot and in  
Its kindly warnin' o'er the sea;  
St. Fittick's graveyard wa's within  
The nicht wind's croon sooched eerily.

By day St. Fittick's kirkyard seems  
A' weedy, drear, deserted holes,  
By nicht when moonlight o'er it streams  
The rendezvous o' restless souls.

This nicht the little belfry blazed,  
Its slender spire, its tiny bell,  
A dainty thing by faerie raised  
To ring some dying baby's knell.

\*From *Brown's Book-Stall*, January 1898.

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I lap the wa', and on a stane—  
Some lang deid Nigger's monument—  
I sat an' pondered a' my lane  
On life and death and what they meant.

Ower in the toon the citizens  
Are maistly steeped in drink or sleep ;  
But here the kirkyard denizens,  
Although unseen, their revels keep.

A nettle boos, a dockan shak's,  
A stane gaes rattlin' doon the bank ;  
Wee devilkins the clatter mak's,  
Tormentin' waukrif souls wi' pranks.

And throo the wa'-cracks lichties trip,  
Dance down the haugh a twinklin' train ;  
Ower at the healin' well they dip,  
And turn and twinkle back again.

And puzzlin' over life and death,  
A riddle that I canna rede ;  
I saft and safter drew my breath  
And soonly slept amo' the dead.

Hoo lang I slept I canna tell,  
But roused at last wi' mony a horn  
And mony a clamorin' factory bell  
That rang impatient through the morn,

I waukened—rubbed my e'en and stared,  
My head was bizzin' like a bee ;  
And like the wifie i' the sang,  
Says I "This is na surely me!"

The kirkyard wa's are here ; and there  
The little belfry safe and soun',  
But Tullos Hill seems feued, and where  
Were fields last night, the day—a toon.

A thoosan' hoosies in a nicht,  
Wi' toors and steeples far and wide,  
And in the bay—afore my sicht  
A thoosan' ships in harbour ride.

And stranger still, the gravestanes seem  
Much brawer, fresher, than yestreen ;  
Tchach—dammit—this maun be a dream,  
I'll no believ't—lat's rub my e'en ;

And read the stanes to see if aye  
The fathers o' the hamlet sleep—  
What's this?—Guid God ! I shak' and pray,  
While o'er my niz the cauld sweats dreep.

Freens o' my youth, can ye be deid,  
Wi' wham last nicht I played at whist ?  
The tears doon fa', I canna read  
Your gravestanes through this sauty mist.

The Psalmist says we canna richt-  
ly tell what change a day brings forth ;  
That's true for Judah ! but a nicht  
Works mighty wonders in the north.

Here Shirra Broom's, his record closed  
And taen tae avizandum ;  
The cases rare his Lordship posed,  
In heaven they understand 'em.

#### EPITAPH

*In prison lone the Shirra lies,  
For trial here remitted ;  
The Lord will say on Judgment Day  
“For justice done—Acquitted.”*

The Toon's House Plutarch, learnèd chiel,  
Lies ready for uprisin',  
Wi' heart richt leal, and head weel stored  
Wi' knowledge maist surprisin'.

#### EPITAPH

*In a deid box below  
Lies Saunders Munro,  
The Toon's Hoose lamented recorder,  
Gin the big buik's ahin  
When to Heaven he win,  
He'll set it in apple-pie order.*

Here's Maker Carnie, kind and keen,  
A poet first—and second  
(A combination rarely seen)  
A man o' business reckoned.

#### EPITAPH

*Softly tread, a poet's ashes  
Wait below the end of time ;  
Softly quote, in reverent whispers,  
Fragments of the “Waifs of Rhyme.”*



*Waifs that drifting with the current,  
Waifs that tossing with the wind,  
Rest at last in quiet corners  
Of the human heart and mind.*

*Tones of feeling, glints of gladness,  
Glimpses of the good and fair,  
Sympathy that softens sadness,  
Merry thoughts that conquer care.*

*And the waifs aye tossing, drifting,  
Down life's lanes and streams are whirled ;  
Here and there like seeds they settle,  
Bright to bourgeon in the world.*

*Softly tread, a poet's ashes  
Wait below the end of time ;  
But to us he's ever singing  
Charming little "Waifs of Rhyme."*

Here's auld John Low, the minister,  
Let's hope that he's forgiven ;  
John valued mair a rood o' glebe  
Than acres broad in Heaven.

#### EPITAPH

*The Reverend John Low  
Is buried below,  
Nae mair noo he mumbles and screeches ;  
In Hell, ye may bet,  
He can hardly get het  
Ij he burn as bad as he preaches.*

Beside the eastern wa' there lies,  
Awaitin' Resurrection,  
A raw o' fossil councillors  
In dread of non-election.

Each narrow ward—echt feet o' sward,  
Within a little rail is,  
Nae index stane nor golden chain  
Distinguishes the baillies.

But o'er their dust the noble bust  
O' faithful Provost Daniel,  
Wi' city crests, twa unco beasts  
Like pard or spotted spaniel.

While under on a slab there's traced  
This verse, their sole record,  
A single epitaph's enough  
For a' the Council Board.

#### EPITAPH

*How are the mighty fallen  
From the palmy days of Zion ;  
Daniel's still in the wild beasts' den,  
But he's only got one lion.*

And neist I see the doctor's deid,  
His peels have lost their fushion ;  
He took a maggot in his heid  
To test new fangled pusion,  
And here he lies.

## EPITAPH

*Here's the auld doctor bobby,  
A thocht cracked in the noddy,  
Wha dabbled wi' dockans and daisies ;  
Gane to heaven or hell,  
We canna weel tell—  
He sent patients to baith o' the places ;  
  
The folks wi' cauld's to heat in Hell,  
The sair hearts sent to glory,  
And those complaints he coodna tell  
He kept in Purgatory.*

In classical sepulchral vault  
Methinks here lies Sir William,  
Who Greeks' and Romans' every thought  
Could learnedly reveal 'em.

When Homer in Elsysian fields  
Was chatting with Ulysses,  
Sir William happened there to take  
An airing with his missus.

Old Homer heard him ask what time  
He might expect his dinner,  
The poet says I know, I ween,  
That man or I'm a sinner.

His figure's strange, his face unknown,  
But when I heard him speak,  
I thought it was some "old time" pal  
Who thus accènts his Greek.

## EPITAPH

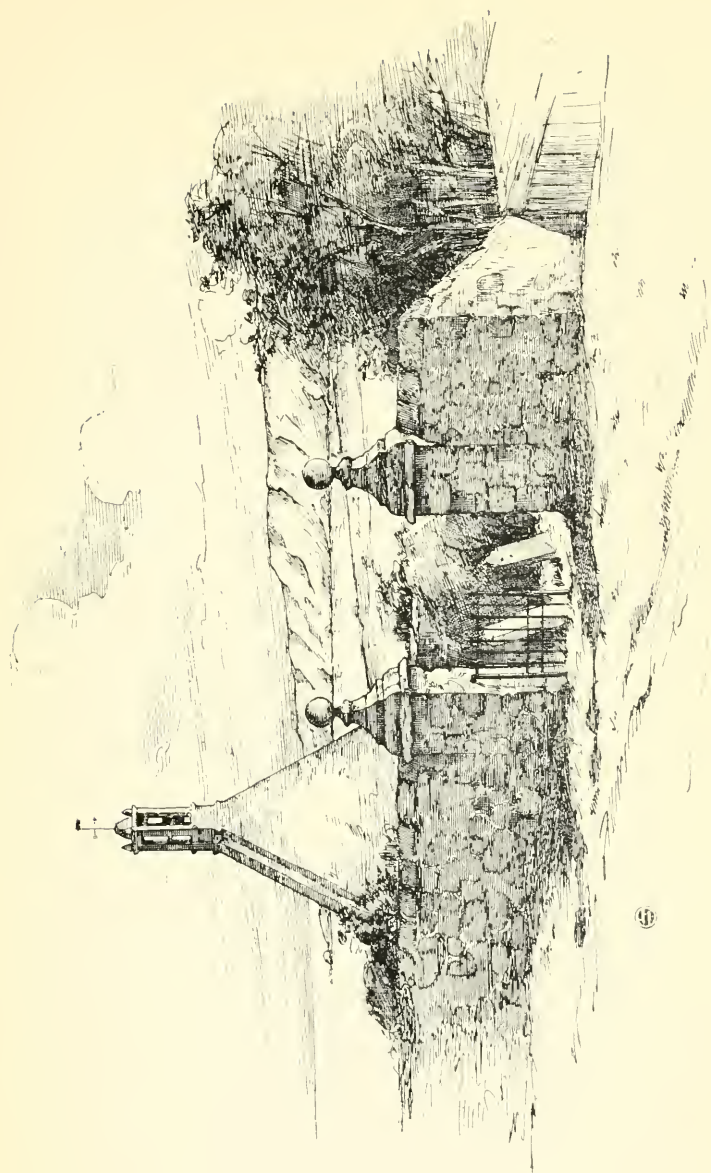
*The question vexing shades below  
Is, which of two is Homer,  
The party living there before,  
Or this like-named newcomer ?*

*They made old Plato referee,  
Who heard both Homers speak,  
And then declared it was a "draw,  
They equally knew Greek.*

A silence fell, the horns ceased,  
The bells forego their clangour ;  
And cauld and stiff I try to rise,  
But ferlies spy nae langer.

On Nigg's broad bay nae steamers ride  
But salmon cobbles only ;  
Nae toors nor spires on Tullos bide,  
But fir-trees dark and lonely.

And gravestanes noo wi' dirt and moss  
Are covered as of yore ;  
And friends wham I sae mourned the loss  
Will drink wi' me once more.



Old Kirk of St. Fittick.



## ART AND NATURE

From a gilded rod in a lofty hall  
A bright framed picture hung,  
'Twas a wreath of flowers of richest hue,  
From the purple deep to the fairest blue  
And loud were its praises sung.

And many gazed on this picture fair,  
And praised the painter's art,  
But no dewdrop gleamed on those colours rare,  
No balmy fragrance filled the air  
To ease the aching heart.

From an emerald bank by a crystal rill  
A modest primrose sprung,  
Ere the sun rose clear, the black-winged night  
Had dropped a tear on its petals bright,  
And like diamond pure it hung.

And a breath from Heaven its gold flower kissed  
As it drooped o'er its mossy bed,  
And perfume stole from its odorous cell,  
On the morning wind the fragrance fell,  
And on zephyr pinions spread.

## AUTUMN IN THE DUTHIE PARK

The artist Autumn over the tall beech  
His brush hath passed, dipped in red and gold  
Of sunset clouds, sycamore and elm, which  
Dropping leaves like tears, moan in the cold,  
As if in anguish they behold that glow,  
Announcing ruin to the glory of their summer show.

O'er the trim flower-beds gleams the hectic flush,  
Blazing on ranks of Autumn marigolds,  
And crimson leaved shrubs. There is a hush  
Of wild birds' music, save where the Robin folds  
Her wings, and shrilly pipes the trial notes  
Of Christmas carols; and aloft the hoarse-voiced raven  
floats.

The withered bulrush rustles by the lake,  
Where on the banks the wind-stirred water heaves  
The little crests of foam which splash and shake  
The dabbled drifts of autumn-tinted leaves;  
And stately swans sail sadly to and fro,  
Searching in vain, the bare, sere banks, where late fresh  
shoots did grow.

The winding Dee's swift, hill-born stream flows by,  
The babbling gladness of the Summer hushed  
With muffled murmur, the sad threnody  
Of wild flowers, dying on the banks it passed,  
Meets its last sorrow, as with stately sweep,  
It bends past Allenvale and moves down voiceless to the  
deep.



## TULLOS HILL

Couched deep in purple heath,  
Gazing on the scene beneath,  
Every sense with pleasure filled,  
Eye and ear and nostril thrilled,  
I recline while calm and still  
Evening falls o'er Tullos Hill.  
Spotted orchids rich emboss  
Every patch of dewy moss ;  
From the clumps of ragged fir  
Wood-doves call with am'rous stir,  
On the twigs of blasted whin  
Stone-chats pipe with merry din ;  
    All along the western sky  
    Lurid peaks of crimson dye  
    Shoot from chains of blazing cloud  
    Heaped above the mountains proud ;  
    From their rugged borders streams  
    Splendid light in shifting gleams.  
And the Dee empurpled glows  
Down the fir-fringed valley flows  
Hid from sight by bank and tree  
As it bends by fair Garthdee,  
Issues from yon arch's shade  
With its burnished breast displayed ;  
Seaward gently ripples down  
Bending past the stately town,

Bristling o'er with spire and tower  
In the hollow by the shore.

Eastward far as eye can view  
Rolls the broad bay green and blue,  
Frisled with foam the bending bay  
Stretches northward far away,  
Bounded by the yellow bands  
Of the smoothly curving sands  
Till it meets the dipping sky  
And dim in distance fades away.

## TRANSFORMATION

A bank of sere grass and a leafless tree,  
A winter wind wearily sighing ;  
A scanty carpet of withered moss,  
Where skeleton leaves are lying.

A soft west wind on an April morn,  
A wealth of cowslips yellow ;  
A myriad peeping emerald buds,  
And catkins on the willow.

## ONLY A PAIR OF EYES

Only a pair of eyes, maiden's eyes,  
Shades of the violet bending low  
With its load of morning dew ;  
But the varying moods those eyes express  
Are decrees of sorrow or happiness  
To the lover who lies, eagerly lies  
In wait, for the changing lights that flow  
From those orbs of violet blue.

Only a pair of eyes, maiden's eyes,  
Dark as the splendid blue that bars  
The wings of the lone rock-dove,  
Yet those eyes with an angry flash can quell  
Stout souls, when from each azure cell,  
Keen scorn forth flies, swiftly flies,  
And the chords of a passionate fond heart jars  
With the pangs of rejected love.

Only a pair of eyes, maiden's eyes,  
Deep and blue as the waveless breast  
Of the placid summer sea ;  
But those eyes with a tender glance can thrill  
The trembling soul of a lover, and still  
His plaints and sighs, love-lorn sighs,  
Changing his doubt-tossed mind's unrest  
To returned love's ecstasy.

## A BACCHANAL

In the brimming glass  
Rich the amber liquor's foaming ;  
Merrily through life while roaming  
Quaff it as we pass.

Here's to queenly love  
In her realm of hearts supremely  
Reigning, tyrant, yet extremely  
Welcome, queenly love.

Here's to poesy,  
Love's devoted minstrel singing  
Till the hearts of men are ringing  
Echo's love of thee.

To the beautiful  
In the face of man or maiden ;  
In the flowers with perfume laden  
In the cloud and pool.

Music, here's to thee,  
Heart delighting melody,  
Soul entrancing harmony  
Breathe and sorrows free.

Here's to laughing mirth  
With her cherry lips a-quivering,  
Where perpetual smiles are hovering,  
Sweetest child of earth.

Pass the brimming glass  
While the amber liquor's foaming,  
Merrily through life while roaming  
Quaff it as we pass.

## TIME

The old clerk Time incessant writes,  
His crowded ledgers are the lives of men ;  
Now, sorrow on the heart indites,  
Deep graven by his unrelenting pen ;  
Anon, from heart and mind transfers their woes,  
And writes them up in wrinkles on their brows.

## A WINTER CHANGE

The wind blew over a bare bleak earth,  
Bleak were the woods and bare were the meadows,  
And found on its desolate path a dearth  
Of herbs, save trees with their skeleton shadows,  
And dead leaves whirled where the eddies riot  
In nooks where they may not even rot in quiet.

From under her sable cloak, the night  
Dropp'd flaky clouds she had spun and gathered  
And furred on the fields, and the boughs bedight,  
And she buried the leaves that lay withered ;  
And the sun rose up and the wind went forth  
O'er white foliated trees and a beautiful earth.

The glittering icicles' pendant beads  
Hung from the boughs with snowflakes laden,  
And blue streams branched through the ermine meads  
Like the veins on the neck of a maiden,  
As the rippled cirrus had fallen o'er the earth,  
And wound in its folds her desolate dearth.

## HELEN : OR ART AND NATURE

Let pedants gloat on Grecian art,  
Each smoothly chiselled marble grace  
With sculptured bosom, limbs, and face  
With beauty carved on every part.

The deftly tracèd eyes are cold,  
The studied pose is too severe,  
The sculptor's skill fails to endear  
The scanty mantle's drooping fold.

Fair Helen's graces far excel  
The classic statue's laboured charm ;  
My Helen's lips are moist and warm,  
Its pallid lips the heart repel.

These marble lips are sphinx-like, mute,  
Those rose lips play with modest wit ;  
While wingèd words that through them flit  
Ring mellow as a silvern flute.

The maiden's modest covering fails  
To obscure the beauteous form beneath,  
For every turn, and bend, and breath,  
Its curving excellence reveals.

But all the charms of faultless form  
Are but material excellence ;  
Sweet Helen's greatest gift is sense,  
The worth of mind, the peerless charm.

While stony brow and absent breath  
No glimpse of soul within reveals ;  
The chilly petrification feels  
No subtle currents underneath.

Then let artistic pedants bow  
Before the shrine of classic art ;  
My temple be my Helen's heart,  
My service there—a lover's vow.

## THE LAUNCH

And see ! she stirs !  
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms !



# THE FETISH OF SAINT CLAIR

## A BALLAD

The haughty Christian speaks with scorn  
Of heathen stocks and stones,  
And treats contemptuously such gods  
As nigger's fetish bones.

Yet in his heart reserves a place  
For some strange diety ;  
To whom he bows and worships  
With a heathen's piety.

Some Christians of the gentler sex  
Have chosen cats and dogs ;  
The Christian Frenchman's second god 's  
A dish of frittered frogs.

While Mammon, Belly, Dress, and Drink  
Have worshippers galore ;  
I'll tell you of as strange a god  
As ere was seen before.

A holy man, his name Saint Clair,  
Dwelt in a northern town ;  
His life devoted to the law  
Tho' he hadn't donned the gown.

A staunch disciple of Saint Grub,\*  
Ecclesiastic fame,  
Has blazoned o'er a wondering world  
The doctor's sacred name.

For much Saint Grub revered the law  
And lawless men did hate ;  
For tho' his limbs were rather crooked  
His path was very straight.

Saint Clair had nought peculiar  
Save his most peculiar god ;  
Which to unhallowed scoffers  
Seemed a most unshapely rod.

But he loved it with a passion  
Men failed to understand,  
For at all unlikely times he held  
The strange god in his hand.

And vague traditions whisper  
That he carried it to bed,  
But traditions are uncertain,  
So by them we'll not be led.

But at marriage or at funeral,  
At lecture, church, or pub,  
Appeared the Saint and Diety  
In spite of jeer and snub.

\*George Grub, Esq., LL.D., Advocate, Professor of Law in  
the University of Aberdeen.

Some said it was the rod that bloomed  
    In Egypt's distant clime,  
When old Aaron puzzled Pharoah  
    In that rare old plaguey time.

Some said it was the stick with which  
    Old Noah beat the drum,  
When he let his big menagerie  
    Know when 't was time to come.

But the various suggestions  
    Which the Antiquarians bring,  
Agree in nothing but that 'twas  
    A very curious thing.

Some Sceptic dared to utter  
    What I'm sure all will agree  
Was a most unjust assertion—  
    That he cut it by the Dee.

But what it was none knoweth,  
    Tho' my muse will if it can  
Tell what the darned thing looked like  
    To an ordinary man.

It's colour was a dirty brown  
    Like a mummy's withered skin,  
It was rough and gnarled all without  
    But none knows what within.

One end was crooked, the simple Saint  
    Believed it ornament ;  
Though men declared such hideous turn  
    Had ne'er on stick been bent.

Some hinted that a glamour  
O'er the Saint's eyes had been cast,  
Till he thought this hideous fetish  
Some fair relic of the past.

Which hinting bred a story  
For which there may be room,  
That the stick had been the handle  
Of Macbeth's old witches' broom.

Whate'er it is, the good Saint Clair  
Still cherishes the stick ;  
And vows he will uphold it  
'Gainst all thro' thin and thick.

But let good men pray some power  
To Saint Clair the gift will gie  
To see that stick as others  
All its malformations see.

## FISHING SONG

DEDICATED TO THE BOATMEN OF LONGHOPE

Leave to-day the weary field,  
Cheerily O!  
Richer stores the waters yield,  
Blow winds, blow;  
Fair and friendly comes the gale,  
Taut the sheets and full the sail,  
See in the wake our whitening trail,  
Yare cheerily O!

Swiftly speeds our yawl along,  
Cheerily O!  
Waters leaping time our song,  
Blow winds, blow;  
Down the Hope we quickly glide,  
Eager, catch the favouring tide,  
Then on the heaving Firth we ride,  
Yare cheerily O!

Down with sails and out the lines,  
Cheerily O!  
Haste and take ere day declines,  
Blow winds, blow.  
Deftly haul and bait amain,  
Hungry fish please hungry men,  
Fill the boat then hoist again,  
Yare cheerily O!

Homeward beat against the wind,  
Cheerily O!  
Leave the darkening Firth behind,  
Blow winds, blow;  
Lights of home we'll shortly see,  
Wives and peedie bairnies' glee,  
Welcome toilers from the sea,  
Yare cheerily O!

JOHN ROLAND BARRET, ESQ.,  
BRATHAY BANK, BANCHORY,  
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 62ND BIRTHDAY  
(FEBRUARY 1898)

When snowdrops come at Brathay Bank,  
And hazel tassels swing,  
And wildwood notes of pairing birds  
From larch and fir woods sing ;

When roaring Feugh its melting snows  
Pours down the Royal Dee,  
And buds are thickening on the boughs  
Of birk and larick tree ;

When fields are ploughed and farmers wait  
For March winds and the sun,  
And shivering, frisking lambkins bleat  
Ere spring is well begun ;

Your birthday comes—In nature see  
The moral for the day ;  
New life springs in the old oak tree,  
Green from the dead larch spray.

O many may your birthdays come  
With each returning spring ;  
Your life like groves with freshness bud  
And with like music ring.

Around thee gather friends sincere,  
And Art her treasures lay,  
But speak not of life's winter drear  
Whose home has constant "May." \*

Old age defy—his hopeless gloom  
On thee be never seen ;  
But flourish like yon sturdy fir,  
That's old, but evergreen.

There's Brathay Bank by Windermere,  
And Brathay Bank by Dee,  
There's mountains grand in Cumberland,  
And hills round Banchory.

There English lake and English vale,  
Here Scottish loch and glen,  
But southern vale and northern dale,  
Rears British brother-men.

\* Miss May Barret, Mr. Barret's niece.—ED.



## THE COBBLER

A cripple old Cobbler pegging a shoe  
Sat by his door in the village street ;  
In his apron of leather with plenty to do,  
Pegging of shoes for the villagers' feet.

A greasy old Cobbler matted and grey,  
A Cobbler all sticky with rosin and paste,  
Smiling and humming and pegging away,  
Loitering never, and never in haste.

Rumbling o'er levels and jolting in ruts,  
Cumbrous and slow comes the farmer's wain,  
From the Cobbler's window the daylight shuts  
With its toppling burden of straw and grain.

And the cripple old Cobbler smiles and nods  
To the burly farmer passing by,  
But little the farmer dreams as he plods  
What the Cobbler claims of his corn and rye.

The cheery old Cobbler smiles and nods,  
And times with his hammer the song he sings :  
"He harnessed the plough and turned the sod,  
That the grain might grow he wearily brings."

On the fresh tossed earth came the green spring blade,  
The rising stalk and the drooping ear,  
Then the ripened field and the harvest made,  
Still the farmer trembled in doubt and fear.

But the green that crept o'er the purple mould,  
And was crowned with gold in the ripened field,  
To the Cobbler's eye was a scroll unrolled  
That the glory and joy of earth revealed.

With jangling harness and grinding wheels,  
The laird in his carriage, all varnish and gold,  
By the door of the artiste in uppers and heels,  
With the bearing supreme of a godling, rolled.

But the wise old Cobbler chuckles and sings ;  
He has measured the earth and he knows the stars,  
And he laughs at the pride yon lordling brings,  
For the Cobbler is heir to the universe.

He seeks not the parchments that licence to kill  
The hare in the meadow, the fish in the pool,  
The bird in the forest, the deer on the hill,  
To prey like the brute and joy as a fool.

But he knows the joy of night in the wood,  
When the swinging beech-boughs creak and stir,  
When he hears the plaint of the cushat's brood  
Disturbed by the sway of the sheltering fir.

And the life that ebbed through the torpid night  
Now flows and freshens with the dawn,  
And the soul is stirred by the growing light  
That gives of its glory to lake and lawn.

The light that brings to the fields their green,  
And signals the woods for the throstle's song,  
The gleam and shadow gives the stream,  
And the imaged flowers it flows among.

The pheasant, flustered, through the boughs  
With rustle and rush mounts o'er the trees ;  
The rabbit from its burrow goes,  
And jinks through the brake to the clover leas.

The Cobbler sees where the game bird urged  
Its flight, and marks the rabbit's way,  
But love from the Cobbler's soul has purged  
The impulse of the brute to slay.

For who would, wanton, care to kill  
The child at play on the village street ;  
Yet the hare that limps on the barren hill,  
And the worm that twines at the Cobbler's feet

Are fellow-mortals unto him,  
And he knows in the beasts his distant kin,  
And the laughing child and the singing bird  
Have a common soul of joy within.

So the rustling pheasant safe is gone,  
And the timid rabbit goes its way,  
And the dipping ousel on its stone  
Sings in the stream its dreamy lay.

And the Cobbler sees and the Cobbler hears  
The beauties love alone revealed,  
But the glory of the universe  
To the callous heart is for ever sealed.

## ANXIOUS

SUNDAY MORNING, 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1898

The sun is on the granite, like Carrara stone it gleams,  
There's the peaceful tread of thousands in the street ;  
Not a fleck of white in Heaven,  
While the church bells ring eleven,  
And there's smiling and saluting when they meet.  
O, the church bells are ringing, ringing, ringing,  
Then the tolling ceases softly, one by one,  
As from under tower and steeple  
Rise the voices of the people  
While thinking of the Sunday in Soudan.

The sun is on the granite, like the desert sand it glows,  
And the people in the churches are at prayer :  
But wayward thoughts outwander, as they seek the great  
Commander,  
To their kinsmen in the desert over there.  
And the congregation singing, singing, singing,  
With the organ pealing loudly as it can ;  
O, they're longing for the news  
As they stifle in their pews  
Of how they spend the Sunday in Soudan.

The sun is on the granite till it glistens like a spear,  
Not a wind-breath carries westward from the bay,  
And we're thinking how they swelter  
In the desert with no shelter,  
With the marching and the fighting all the day ;  
They cannot hear our church bells ringing, ringing,  
In the sand plains by the walls of Omdurman ;  
But from under tower and steeple  
Here, the voices of the people  
Are ascending for the lads in the Soudan.

## THE SONG OF THE WHEEL

O it's rare to ride on the Pentland tide,  
As it races through the skerries,  
And the sheets tight haul, on the flying yawl,  
Where the grim roost swirls and harries.

On a trotting horse, o'er a well-turfed course,  
When its springy hoofs are beating,  
Or joy in the jar of a jaunting car,  
And the dirl of a dogcart fleeting.

To rip and score the surface hoar  
Of the new ice 'neath the moon,  
Or shoot on high in a bath of sky  
On the drift in a big balloon.

When the whip's lash cracks from the hunters' backs,  
And you bound with the baying dogs,  
Or tear distract down a cataract  
On a raft of drifted logs.

When you jolt and pant on an elephant,  
Its a pleasure dubious, very,  
Or rock in the land where the fields grow sand  
On a howderin' dromedary.

You may trek through a belt of scraggy veldt  
In a lumbering bullock waggon,  
Or breathless glide down a mile-long slide  
On Canadian toboggan.

To urge the sledge o'er the frozen sedge,  
Where the Norway nights are starry,  
Or spank amain o'er an Indian plain  
In a rickshaw or a gharri.

Though swift the flood, the horse is good,  
The elephant commodious ;  
On the air-girt wheel of a bicycle  
Comparisons are odious.

With the rooks first caw at morning daw',  
With the first blue curl of smoke,  
When the night winds' whine from the shivering pine  
Has gone with the night-frog's croak.

You are first astir, with the muffled whirr  
Of your wheels in the drowsy street,  
And the daw and dove on the roofs above  
Are the only folks you meet.

Down the beech-bound lane, where a tinkling rain  
Has sponged the dusty leaves,  
And the cottage sleeps where the sparrow peeps  
And chirrups in the eaves.

There a white tail blinks, as a rabbit jinks  
From the clover to the fern,  
And the willow wren from the reedy fen  
Flutes to the bubbling burn.

By field and flood, by wold and wood,  
Round many a bend and twine ;  
But of all things best is your feet in rest  
Down a three-mile-long incline.

With a path uncrackt, like a cinder track,  
No rut in road or lane,  
No click nor creak, no axle squeak,  
And a silent driving-chain.

Then on and on, the morning 's gone,  
The sun is hot and high ;  
O'er hill and howe the cattle low,  
And the sunburnt herdboys cry.

The great cartload jolts down the road,  
The horse tugs at the harrow,  
The lazy gulls divide the spoils  
Where the ploughman lifts the furrow.

Then up a steep, dismount and creep,  
Where the bog-myrtle and thyme  
Their odours blow, and you see the snow  
On a distant peak sublime.

Then over the ridge and across the bridge  
Where the speckled hill-trout 's splashing ;  
Anon you steer where the startled deer  
Through the crackling brushwood 's crashing.

Where the grey crags loom through the pinewood gloom,  
And roar with the waterfall,  
Where the squirrels leap, and the lizards creep,  
You can hear and see them all.



Then on and on, the day is gone,  
The red west glares and gleams,  
It gilds the bough and the lake below,  
And burnishes the streams.

From the wind-stirred grass, as you swiftly pass,  
To his love the corncrake calls,  
And the plover's wail to the lonely dale  
From the furzy upland falls.

The cushats coo their vespers low  
From the spruce's lofty spire,  
And the yellow-yite its shrill good night  
Chirrs from the humming wire.

The deepening shade is black, where laid  
In the hollows of the hedge,  
While stirs the gloom with the bittern's boom,  
As it drums in the marish sedge.

The woodcock's cry thrills eerily,  
As it hawks on the glowing moth,  
And the black bat flits as the brown owl sits  
On the fir by the darkening path.

Through chink and pane see wax and wane  
The flash of the flickering fire,  
Where the housewife sits and darns or knits  
And nods o'er her clicking wire.

The stars gleam out, and a joyous shout  
Declares the welcome inn,  
And you call for beer, cool, brisk, and clear,  
In a cosy room within.

## THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN\*

### A PARODY

O Captain† dear, Old Volunteer,  
Just send an order round,  
And No. 2 will gather near  
The old paradin' ground :  
And we'll renew in grand review  
The days that we have seen  
When marching, boys together,  
And wearin' o' the green.

I met with Sergeant Leslie,‡  
And he shook me by the hand ;  
Says he "How's the old battalion,  
And how does she stand?"  
They are scattered through the country,  
But they'll speedily be seen  
When the bugle sounds the rally  
For the wearin' o' the green.

\*Written by request of the Editor, and sung at Re-union of No. 2 Coy. 1st A.R.V., afterwards B. Coy. 1st V.B.G.H., 2nd December, 1898.

†Alexander Skene, Esq., of Avendow.

‡The late Mr. J. B. Leslie of Messrs. Smith & Johnston.

Old No. 2 had heroes true  
In officers and men ;  
We will, I trow, like Avondow,  
Ne'er see his like again.  
Our Shaw\* and Massie† made the corps,  
Both soldiers strong and keen—  
Brave Boys, and in whose eyes we saw  
No wearin' o' the green.

We have Ewing, Lindsay, Christie,  
“Mac,” and old Montgomery, ‡  
Who in spite of his profession,  
Bore the motto “ne'er say die” ;  
Though his hands were red with logwood  
And the stains of aniline,  
No cleaner heart e'er beat beneath  
The wearin' o' the green.

When summer's strength is passing,  
Fades the glory from the trees,  
They doff their verdant tunics,  
And in skiry red-coats bleeze ;  
The fading tints of Autumn  
Clad the woods in tartans gay,  
And, falling fast, they hear “retreat”  
The wind's shrill bugles play.

\*The late Lieut. S. R. W. Shaw, Auctioneer, Aberdeen.

†Mr. J. F. M. Massie, the respected Treasurer of Aberdeen and Northern Friendly Society.

‡Well-known non-commissioned Officers of the Company. Montgomery was a dyer by trade, hence the reference.—Ed.

Our Comrades have been falling  
    Since we marched in days of yore,  
To the Links, in all the glory  
    Of the spring-time of the corps ;  
But no stouter hearts, nor blither,  
    Have ever yet been seen,  
Since last we crossed the Castlegate,  
    When wearin' o' the green.

Oh ! life is one great wapinschaw—  
    We make our hit or miss ;  
An outer shot means misery,  
    A bull put in means bliss :  
But when our hearts are stirring  
    With the days that we have seen,  
We are prizemen altogether  
    In the wearin' o' the green.

When the trumpet sounds the rally,  
    For the last great grand review,  
And we troop from hill and valley  
    And the graves beneath the blue ;  
When the muster roll is calling,  
    On your Captain's right be seen,  
As he's drafting into glory  
    All the boys that wore the green.

## MIST AT GIRDLENESS

Above, below, around, grey haze and gloom,  
Dim shadows in the mist, the seabirds throng,  
And where of old the siren's fatal song  
Allured, rolls forth the foghorn's warning boom ;  
Foam-girdled reefs with tangled seaware loom  
Up through the dripping curtain of the mist,  
While on their granite bed in wild unrest,  
The waters writhe and toss in sullen gloom ;  
Here in exhaustion muttering, and there—  
Their foaming arms in maniac fury lift  
And strike their granite bars, and shrieking tear  
With furious uproar through each creek and rift ;  
At last cast backward, impotent and slow,  
Crawl moaning downward to the pools below.

## OUR CHRISTMAS FAIR\*

Let the paraffin flare on our Vanity Fair  
As the notable notables come,  
And make it or mar it old Roman-nosed Barret  
Goes rumpity-thump on the drum.  
Through the roar and the glare you may tramp it and  
stare,  
But when you are over it all,  
You will come back and look for the c'rect card or book  
In the boss show that's found at the Stall.  
When a kid fresh and crisp is beginning to lisp,  
And for knowledge to hunger and call,  
He is eager and ready on tootums unsteady  
To toddle for books to the Stall.  
Quintessence of dove, that's a maiden in love,  
Trips in terror and tremor and thrill,  
To the Book-Stall, and learns of the feeling that yearns  
In the heart that she cannot keep still.  
When man for the strife in the struggle of life  
Goes to brighten and burnish his gear,  
In the Book-Stall he looks, and he finds in the books  
His breast-plate and buckler and spear.

\* Appeared with cartoon in *Brown's Book-Stall*, January, 1899.

When age brings its measure of comfort and leisure,  
    Forgot are the pleasures that pall,  
Then we find the true essence of rejuvenescence  
    In books that we bought at the Stall.  
Our policy here is the wide open door  
    With a welcome kept constantly warm,  
For a life without books, like a girl without looks,  
    May be good, but is lacking in charm.  
Then turn ye without, and behold round about,  
    Subscribers, Contributors all,  
And know ye that great is the learning and state  
    That is based on the books from the Stall.  
Lo, Princes and Poets, the Highites, the Lowites,  
    The Publican, Painter, and Priest,  
The captious exemplar, the broad-brimmed Good Templar,  
    Who'd water our Christmastide feast.  
There's the Binder who looks tall in front of the Book-  
    Stall,  
    Beside Cockie leek, Cocker rose,  
And that social level, who damnèd the Devil,  
    With classical haircrop and nose.  
See our head bummer shewin' the Prince, who winks  
    knowin',  
    A line in the liveliest blue,  
As our dainty wee Jester politely requests Her  
    Great Highness's autograph new.  
That natty wee manny is Johnnie Cavanny.  
    Who's got him at last in the noose,  
And our thanks he's deservin' that Henery Irvine  
    His blandishments could not refuse.  
And behold in their niche the men who bewitch  
    With their pencils of colour and lead,

We will see them again at "The Brush and the Pen,"  
Which though *written* "By Reid" should "be read."  
And who wouldn't know it's our premier poets  
That carry the laurel and lyre,  
And little Jack Horner, that skips in his corner,  
Less known as a dancer and pie-er,  
And you see on his right, Academical Knight,  
With his namesake the "World's Grand Old Man,"  
And that face with the wrinkles saw cockles and wrinkles  
As big as a furniture van.  
There's clowns and musicians, and fat politicians,  
Our Dannie, beside Dandy Dan,  
And the Dervish bewitchener, marvellous Kitchener,  
Who made a machine of a man.  
Little Tich, Marie Lloyd stand old Sloper beside,  
And I trust you will hardly complain  
If I *fnis* this job, and not tackle the mob  
At the rear of the Queen's Chamberlain.  
So let the lamps flare and the trumpets fanfare  
Join the rumpity-thump of the drum ;  
Come one and come all to the olden Book-Stall,  
Tarara—boom—rumpity tum.



## STORYLANDERS

“After you had left me at midnight, I returned to the fireside with laughter at thy last quip on my lips, but as I reflected on the thesis you so wittily maintained, that Pickwick we know better than we know each other, there fell on me, like the shock of a great sorrow, the thought that in the reunion of souls Pickwick and his companions will be looked for in vain.”—*Extract from “The Letters of Two.”*

With the day goes the casual acquaintance,  
With the years the companions and friends,  
With the seasons their sins and repentance,  
And the loves that time borrows and lends.  
All silent the tongues that could charm us,  
All rigid the faces that smiled,  
All stifled the breaths that could harm us,  
The lips that beguiled.

Time ruthlessly withers the blossom,  
As, unfolding, its petals are stirred,  
And bleeding love tears from the bosom,  
Like quills from the quivering bird.  
Like ripples that rise on the river,  
Like blooms that are blown from the spray,  
A flutter, a gleam, then for ever  
Effaced and away.

The comrades that struggled beside us  
Through the prime of the vigorous years,  
The loves that did charm us or chide us  
In ranging through laughter and tears,  
They are left with the flowers in the valleys,  
The Edens called Yesterday,  
Where the guard of the fiery sword rallies,  
None re-enter that way.

And the starlight of memory lifteth  
But dimly the darkness that hides  
Each face that dissolveth and shifteth  
Like the tremulous ebbing of tides.  
As they fall through a drear night of winter,  
With the dimly seen foam at the brink,  
And writhing and moaning re-enter  
Their caverns, and sink.

O, loves that we leaned on and doted,  
O, friends that we cherished and chose,  
O, comrades upholding, devoted,  
The fight to its uttermost close;  
Though each soul to its utmost revealing  
To each soul its dim innermost shrine,  
With the lapse of the years comes the feeling  
I know naught of thine.

For ever a barrier looming,  
For ever grey shadowings roll,  
And the light is obscured by a glooming,  
When the yearning soul seeketh a soul.

But thou, the bright mime of a story,  
A fiction, a dream of the brain,  
Down the years treading clear in thy glory  
Familiar to men.

No age brings of lonesness the anguish,  
Still young as still old as the years,  
No friendships that lessen or languish,  
No grave in the clay with its fears;  
No kindred know I as I know thee,  
The mists round the spirits that roll  
Have lifted and shifted and shew me  
Thy intimate soul.

The comrade whose handgrip has thrilled me,  
The friend that my bosom has pressed,  
The throbbing blood surging that filled me  
When reds lips of love have caressed,  
In a mystical moonlight beholden,  
Whilst thou art revealed in the dawn,  
Transparent, tinged roseleaf and golden,  
Thy soul as mine own.

But ever eternity loometh,  
Remote, unfamiliar, and dim,  
And I furtively gaze where it gloometh,  
With glimmer uncertain and grim.  
One by one, lo, each wayfarer wendeth  
Down the road that leads out from the crowd,  
And passes from sight where it bendeth  
In mists that enshroud.

In turn I reluctantly follow,  
    Faintly trusting the bend that obscures,  
Being passed will reveal on the morrow  
    The comrades who passed it before.  
For each in his turn has uptaken  
    Some joy, and has left me a pain ;  
The joy will return and awaken  
    My spirit again.

But sorely I weep in my sorrow,  
    Oppressed with the thoughts that appal,  
That ye cannot come where the morrow  
    In dawning unitest us all.  
Ye are but the mimes of a story,  
    A dream of the life of to-day,  
With the daybreak after-time glory  
    Ye vanish away.

## THE GOLFER AND THE BRICKLAYER\*

### A BALLAD

Jim Jolly was sound in both body and mind,  
But his friends have their doubts if he still is ;  
Some subtle infection, 'tis perfectly plain,  
Has scattered the germs in his blood or his brain  
Of the Golfi-gum-gutty Bacillus.

Jim J. is a townsman of credit and weight,  
Quite a model of sensible bearing,  
But now when he's mentioned there's noddings and winks  
Since this direful zymotic he caught on the Links,  
And is bent on the red jacket wearing.

One Saturday morning, quite innocentlie,  
Jim went down to see what the game was,  
He saw a white ball on the tip of a "tee,"  
Then a swing and a swish and afar o'er the lea  
Like the flight of a swallow the same was.

\*The above ballad first appeared in *Brown's Book-Stall*, April, 1899,  
and was then accompanied by illustrations.—ED.

Away over bent and away over sand,  
Over *hazard* and whinbush and *bunker*,  
Jim followed that ball over acres of land  
As it skimmed, skipped, or soared from a lofting shot grand,  
And he reckoned the game was a clinker.

Then Encyclopedias of sport having got,  
And a "Badminton" sought for to borrow,  
He longed for the morning to practise the shot,  
Resolving at daybreak to be on the spot—  
But it rained cats and dogs on the morrow.

Of expense quite regardless he gathered the tools  
In a slender bag brand-new and brown,  
And the weather still raining he read up each rule,  
Too proud he to go with a caddy to school,  
And he spoke golf all over the town.

He learnedly talked of his *mashie* and *cleek*,  
He knew all the points of a *putter*,  
Where the *niblick* was strong, where the *driver* was weak,  
And the best build and brand of a *brassie* to seek,  
And all technical terms he could utter.

But day after day the barometer fell,  
And the weather got wetter and wetter,  
Till Jim wished the clerk of the weather in ——well ;  
He was dying to golf, could you honestly tell  
That your words had been wiser or better?

But Jim J. must die of this fever or "swing,"  
So he cleared out the chairs and the table,  
And into the parlour his driver did bring,  
And he tethered a ball to a bundle and string,  
And hit it as hard as he's able.

When that curious game on the carpet was done,  
Of the holes made he rarely has spoken;  
His first in the mirror he got with a "one,"  
Then two in the window he had with a run,  
And a bust with this record was broken.

Mistress Jolly thought golf such a beautiful game,  
No sport she was sure could be finer;  
But withering sarcastic she spoke all the same,  
When she said that if often to such "tees" he came,  
He would make some good holes in her china.

Next morning at daybreak Jim went to the green  
At the back, where his wife dries and bleaches,  
With the ball and the bundle all smiling serene,  
The rummiest golfer that ever was seen,  
In a smoking-cap, braces, and breeches.

Just over the way on a neighbouring feu  
A tenement mansion was rising,  
And up and down ladders there went one or two  
Of the workmen with bricks on their heads, quite a few,  
All balanced with skill most surprising.

Jim studied his grip and he practised the swing,  
Oft foosled the ball, sometimes hit it,  
When the gutty would fly to the end of its string,  
And Jim with the air of a golfer would sing  
As he strode up the green to get it.

Replaced on the tip of a conical tee,  
Jim touched his left ear with the whipping,  
Then swinging his driver right vigorously,  
Got the ball by a fluke just as clean as could be,  
Broke the string, and away it went skipping.

Like a ball from the mouth of a musket it sped,  
As it passed on its path parabolic,  
But a *blind hazard* came in the shape of a head  
With bricks on the top, and with hair just as red,  
And a tongue with a speech diabolic.

Like a hundred of bricks that dozen came down,  
Some language was mixed with the clatter,  
And that bricklayer's face wore a terrible frown,  
As he clenched up a ponderous fist hard and brown,  
While blandly Jim asked "What's the matter?"

There were compliments passed which I will not repeat,  
In that conference over the wall,  
But a *modus vivendi* was found in a treat  
For the mason consisting of whisky and meat,  
And for Jim—he recovered his ball.



## THE MOON

There is a peace upon the moonlit earth,  
A silence scarcely broken by the sea ;  
Oh! beauty of the night, what joy within,  
When feeling is in harmony with thee.

I cross the snow all gleaming on the fields,  
I seek the house-light glimmering on the hill ;  
I meet a man and speak of worldly things,  
A man of crookèd ways and stubborn will.

I leave the house-light glimmering on the hill,  
The moonbeams still illuminate the sea ;  
Oh! beauty of the night, an evil mind  
Has jarred a discord between thee and me.

## LISTENING FOR THE NIGHTINGALE

Ere weary day her languid lids  
Droops o'er the drowsy wold,  
And banded pearl and sapphire gleam  
Behind a fringe of gold,  
The stealthy night will pause to hear  
The lark's last vesper ring,  
And passing day will linger yet  
To hear the throstle sing ;  
But the throstle's mellow flute will cease,  
And the lark will seek her nest in peace  
At dark,  
While we linger, and listen, and long,  
And hark  
For the song,  
For the song of the Nightingale.

The pearl, and rose, and sapphire fade,  
And shudder into 'grey ;  
Vague shadows blur the lingering west,  
As night dethrones the day.  
In grass and tree a thousand birds  
Will nestle till the dawn,  
Save one sweet queen of melody  
Who sings to-night alone.

O, will she trill from the willow bough,  
Or will she pipe from the reeds below?  
    In vain  
Will we linger, and listen, and long,  
    In pain,  
    For the song,  
For the song of the Nightingale.

Against the stars the poplars stand,  
Tall sentinels and still,  
No sound, save Avon's distant rush,  
Above the sleeping mill.  
The white rose on the thicket's edge,  
Night's tawny breast adorns,  
And scented clover blends with May,  
Pale glimmering on the thorns.  
But the white-robed roses beauty's lent,  
And the May blooms odorous breath is spent  
    In vain,  
While we linger, and listen, and long,  
    In pain,  
    For the song,  
For the song of the Nightingale.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, *June*, 1899.

## ELECTION BALLAD \*

### MISS TORRY AND HER WOOERS

(At a recent meeting in Torry a speaker said that Torry was to be made a happy hunting-ground for dumping defeated candidates, but Torry wanted clean men).

Bring forth the broken-winded steeds  
That never won a race ;  
Unmoor the leaky boats laid up  
Last fishing—for a place ;  
Recall the stumper's broken vow,  
The undiminished rates ;  
But buried in oblivion leave  
Rejected candidates.

There may be fresh fields fair and far  
For such to garner glory,  
But failure is the touch of tar  
Defiles the man in Torry.

The maiden coy will scorn the coon  
Who swears he can't resist her,  
For well she knows he's been refused  
By every older sister ;

\*This ballad refers to the municipal election of 1899.—ED.

For maidens, be they girls or wards,  
Will still prefer to choose  
A new knight in the lists of love  
To others' cast-off shoes.

There may be fresh fields fair and far  
For such to garner glory,  
Refusals frequent will debar  
Acceptance by Miss Torry.

The men who bob serenely up  
And stand at each election,  
Believe there's nothing like themselves,  
Untutored by rejection ;  
As ward by ward in weary round  
They wander and they wait,  
Ambition blind misleads the poor  
Rejected candidate.

There may be fresh fields fair and far  
For such to garner glory,  
But meat condemned in Aberdeen  
Will not digest in Torry.

## THE BATTLE O' TORRY BRIG\*

H—— Minimus of Westfieldum  
By hundred pounds he swore,  
That this new ward of Torry  
Should hear him stump once more.  
By hundred notes he swore it,  
And ere Election Day  
He bade his canvassers go forth,  
East and West and South and North,  
To summon his array.

East and West and South and North  
The canvassers go fast,  
But neither street nor road nor row  
Is startled by their blast.  
Shame on the false elector  
Who lingers in his home,  
When H——oc's lath and plaster scouts  
Invite them all to come.

\*The above parody of Macaulay's well-known ballad appeared with a cartoon by Mr. William Smith, Jun., in *Bon-Accord*, 26th October, 1899.—ED.

From where grim-walled Craiginches  
    Frowns o'er its wooded bank,  
And festering dung-stances  
    Send forth their odours rank ;  
From yon fair bridge suspended  
    Across the Royal Dee,  
Right down to Doctor Allan's  
    Where canvassers take *tea* ;

From Tullos' whin-encircled cairns,  
    From shady Balnagask,  
From lonely sea-girt Girdleness,  
    They ply their hopeless task ;  
From where the useless battery  
    Frowns down upon the bar,  
And, nodding o'er to Fitty, says—  
    “ We are great guns, we are ; ”

From where the tide is lapping  
    Around the Torry pier,  
And idle gulls are flapping,  
    And thirsty folks have beer ;  
At Johnny D.'s or Miller's  
    There's many a tempting sip,  
But wary agents are forbid  
    The pinty or the nip.

Fleet are the boats of Torry,  
    Their yawls are broad of beam,  
But canny lads the fishermen  
    That work by sail or steam.

To Willie, Jock, or Andrew  
They answer heedlessly,  
“Gae try and fish for haddock, lads,  
Ye needna’ fish for me.”

H—— Minimus of Westfieldum  
Prepares to arm his host,  
Imploring Jerrimia’s aid—  
The guardian saint they boast.  
Cold chisels lift for tilting spears,  
For swords they trowels wield,  
The hammer is their battle-mace,  
The mortar-hod their shield.

See how the Torry voters scream  
When H—— becomes a Shepherd,  
For even a decent collie dog  
Is useless if a griphard.  
Go feed thy sheep, sweet Shepherd H——,  
So that thy flocks increase-em ;  
MacH—— ’s no good for feeding sheep,  
And don’t know how to fleece ’em !

If Shepherd H—— be “tike” himself,  
The lodges’ sheep he’ll fright ;  
He’ll worry them with gab and bark,  
And make them Reck-a-bite.  
An Oddfellow he surely is  
Without initiation ;  
But should he lift the trowel, God help  
The freedom of the Mason !



But lo, the ringing trumpets sound,  
Down Menzies Road they thrill,  
For Laingus Longus\* issues from  
His house upon the hill.  
A lofty man of fearless mien,  
A man of iron grip,  
Of equal power to lift a ward  
As float a sunken ship.

Hark! from Victoria's winding road  
The warlike kettle drums,  
As eager Torry voters shout  
The shrewd Donaldus† comes.  
The terrier's grit, the bull-dog's hold,  
The pluck that fears no foes,  
With easy but determined air  
Towards the bridge he goes.

Then Laingus Longus and his men  
The shrewd Donaldus greet,  
And loud and long the voters cheer  
To see the champions meet,  
And Laingus Longus points with scorn  
To H—ock's rough array,  
And says "Thinks he to force our bridge  
In fight with such as they?"

But shrewd Donaldus grimly speaks—  
"The fools may deem us blind  
But well I know the skulking chiefs  
Who pull the strings behind.

\* Ex-Councillor James Laing.

† The Editor.

Out swords and clear the bridge, and hew  
Their mercenaries down!"  
A step—a blow—the bridge is cleared,  
The champions win the town.

The Coronach in Westfieldum  
Is bleating night and day;  
H——'s caterans like autumn leaves  
Are withered and away.  
The valiant Duckworth piles a cairn  
Upon the Esplanade,  
And for a penny you can see  
Where H——ie's host is laid.

One ass remains, and o'er the pile  
Great Duckworth's Donkey brays,  
In mourning deep its skin is black  
As for its clan it prays.  
But Duckworth the Philosopher,  
In counting loss and gains,  
Thinks he can spare the others for  
The Greatest Ass remains.

## THE PROVOST'S FAIRY RING \*

Where, O where do fairies linger  
As the century goes rolling,  
Pushed by Time's impatient finger,  
O'er the verge while bells are tolling  
Dirges for the year a-dying,  
Welcoming the Newborn's crying?

Seek them not among the shadows  
Where the moonbeams glint and glimmer,  
Now there's none upon the meadows  
Tripping in the starry shimmer;  
Cowslip bells are vacant quite  
Of their tenants of the night.

Come ye from the realms of Faerie,  
Valiant knight and dainty lady,  
From your moonlit castles airy  
By the verge of woodlands shady,  
Where the lance of love goes tilting  
And the troubadours are liting.

\*Written in honour of a children's fancy dress ball given by Lord Provost Fleming, Christmas, 1899.—ED.

From the glades with perfumes laden  
    Beat from blooms by fairy dancing,  
Is it fay or mortal maiden  
    With our Civic Chief advancing?  
None are fairer in the throng,  
Tripping dreamland bowers among.

Oberon no more need tease him,  
    For that boy of fond Titania,  
Here's a dainty Don should please him  
    From the Court of proud Hispania,  
Eager for the bull's rude roar,  
Tiny turbaned Toreador.

Freshness of her native fountains,  
    Tinted with the Heaven's azure,  
Pure as drips their lovely fountains,  
    See the bluebells join the measure;  
Music from her petals pealed  
To fairy ears alone revealed.

Here the Prince of Elves is peeping  
    Through the throng, the helpful Brownie—  
He who toils when folks are sleeping  
    On their pillows soft and downy—  
Mends the stockings, sweeps the floors  
While the weary housewife snores.

Little soldier, who is bolder,  
    Marching on the waxen floor?  
When thou art a little older  
    Sword be key to ope the door  
Of the glory—of the war—  
Gallant little light hussar.

In the gleaming hall they mingle,  
Brilliant in their dawning beauty,  
Life is in its bud, while tingle  
Throbbing hopes of love and duty :  
Seasons come and seasons go,  
Buds will open, flowers will blow.

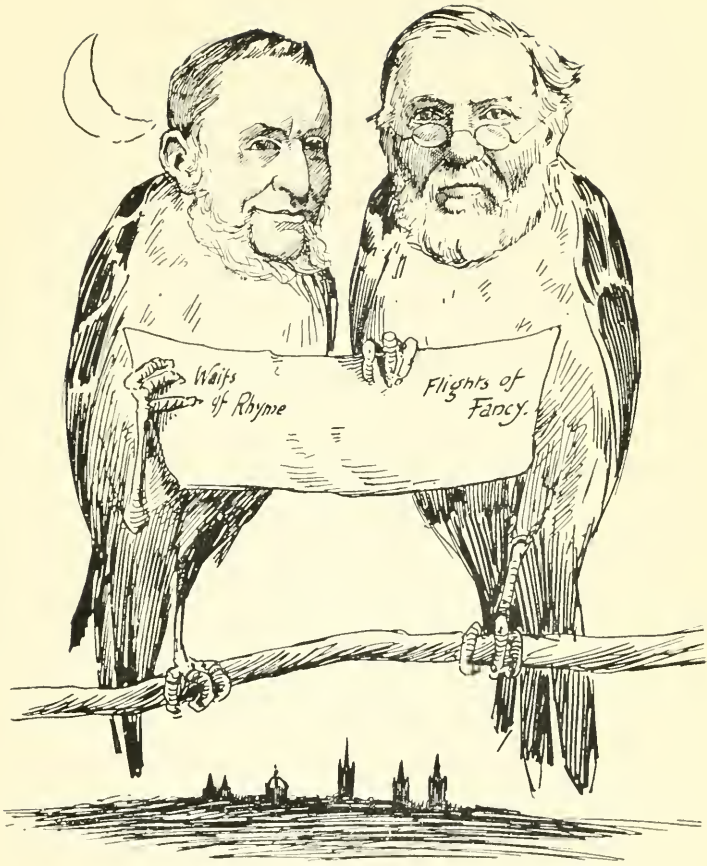
Here, just here, the fairies linger,  
As the century goes rolling ;  
Dainty damsels shake a finger  
At the old world's dismal tolling ;  
Here the will o' wisps are dancing,  
Eyes of roguish elves are glancing ;  
Little bosoms thrill with pleasure  
As they dance their fairy measure.

## THE BARDS OF BON-ACCORD

No minstrels in idleness dreaming,  
No triflers in purposeless song,  
Their song-sacrifice is redeeming  
The staining of toil and the throng.  
The streets bring their cares and commotion,  
But o'er them the cloud and the star,  
And in lulls of their din throbs the ocean  
With a murmur like prayer heard afar.

They toil where the traffic is roaring,  
Their song is of river and hill :  
Their voices are balm which, outpouring  
O'er turmoil, speaks "Peace, and be still."  
They toil like the lark as in building  
It gathers and gropes on the ground ;  
They sing like the lark when the gilding  
Of sunset is thrilled by the sound.

Their song is the song of the sower  
As he scatters his seeds in the dust ;  
Their song is the song of the mower  
As he garners the fruits of his trust.  
And the weary who loiter will listen  
And be cheered by the chant on their way,  
And the dull eye will glitter and glisten  
As song lifts the load from the day.



The Bards of Bon-Accord.





As the long day of Summer is ending  
Sings sweetest the thrush on the thorn,  
As the evening of life is descending  
May thy songs have the freshness of morn.  
Sing on, sing again, and still lighten  
The langour that weighs and retards,  
And the days will still better and brighten  
By Bon-Accord's Premier Bards.

TO WILLIAM CADENHEAD, ESQ.

ON RECEIVING A COPY OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF  
BRAEMAR YEARS AGO AND NOW"

O! glorious heritage (from youth) of age,  
Long lingering memories of mighty hills,  
Of piney steeps whose storm-trumpt'd music thrills  
A-down the years, loud as in primal rage ;  
The dripping glen where creamy lippèd sage  
In crowded ranks stands in the ferny maze,  
Where coolness lingers though the noon 's ablaze.  
O happy eld, O glorious heritage,  
Not mine at memory's dawn to see the light  
Gleam on the peaks while gloom was in the gorge ;  
Not mine to hear the thundering torrent smite,  
When snows were thawed and spring was in the forge ;  
But fancy lingering with thee o'er thy theme  
Makes mine thy memories and transfers thy dream.

ABERDEEN, *4<sup>th</sup> September*, 1899.

## SAINT FITTICK'S WELL\*

### A LAMENT AND APPEAL

Forsaken, sighing o'er her crumbling bank,  
The withering sea-pinks spangled in her hair,  
Her sorrows crooning to the sea-winds dank,  
The Nymph of Downie sits in lone despair.

The wan moon lit at times the lifting bay,  
And bridged with light the sea, from land to sky,  
While from the verge the voices stilled by day—  
Incessant wrangling—murmur fretfully.

Sails gleam and go as swings the lighthouse flash,  
But flash or fade no hopes for her relume;  
The grinding waters o'er the boulders dash,  
And gnaw the land and ruthless shout her doom.

Forsaken, sighing o'er her broken well,  
She, unavailing, weeps the years of yore,  
When in the hollow rang yon silent bell,  
And stricken pilgrims gathered by the shore.

\*From "The Book of Saint Fittick."

Tho' proud Damascus claimed a peerless flood,  
The haughty leper was compelled to roam ;  
But Jordan's stream where awful Prophets stood,  
Or waters rising in the still Siloam

Were blessed with powers no mightier than the pool  
That, tireless, trickles to the insatiate sea ;  
O Sea, O Death, she moans, impatient, cruel,  
Like dragon hissing, coils to ravish me.

O, Sister Wells, that flow behind the hill,  
Sweet Sisters, trickling safely in the town,  
Thy rulers guard each old historic rill  
And poets dip in thee the laurel crown.

To thee, old Spa, no threatening ocean creeps,  
No sea-storms spatter thee with brackish spray,  
Safe, though thy great protector, Jameson, sleeps,  
And Anderson, thy bard, has passed away.

Thy wrangling singers, Callirhoe, are gone,  
Save one whose swan-song softly lingers still  
Long years since "Flights of Fancy" laurels won,  
The tuneful champion of our Old Firhill.

And Corbie, comes there from the Bay of Nigg  
The roar of breakers to thy cosy bield,  
Thy neighbour's doom is mine—the Auld Bow Brig—  
I also perish—is there none to shield ?

Oh Ancient "Mannie," still dost thou preside  
Above the truck and chaffer of the Green,  
Have pity on thy sister, for the tide  
Is at her lips, and she must perish e'en.

Dear Sister Wells, that flow behind the hill,  
Help, or I perish—swallowed by the sea ;  
The loathsome crab will squatter in my rill,  
And limpets spawn upon the walls of me.

Build up my banks, pile boulder-buttress high,  
Beat back the gnawing, grinding, greedy bay,  
And I will heal, for in me virtues lie,  
And I will cleanse thee lepers every day.

Do business burdens weight the jaded brain,  
Does “shop” encompass like a prison wall,  
Do dinsome streets distract thee with their pain,  
Or dark intrigues and plots municipal?

Come where my well in limpid stillness lies,  
For here no passion rages, save the sea ;  
Here cares are lifted up and passion dies,  
Sung into slumber by the lullaby

Of Summer Seas that softly kiss my brink,  
When thou hast walled me from the North Wind's sweep,  
And rolling pebbles musically clink  
Where murmuring shallows whisper to the deep.

Then will I heal the pilgrim as of yore,  
My virtues linger—all unspent my balm ;  
And tossing troubles, loitering by my shore,  
Like seas subsiding, settle into calm.

Then build my banks, pile boulder-buttress high,  
Beat back the gnawing, grinding, greedy bay,  
That I may yield the powers that in me lie,  
That I may heal my lepers every day.

## VERSES

WHICH INTRODUCE THE NINE CHAPTERS IN  
"THE BOOK OF SAINT FITTICK"

---

### I. THE KIRK

Out from the city's boom and flare,  
Dim-eyed and dazed the soul in me,  
I wearied seek for thought and prayer  
The lonely church beside the sea.

### II. THE WELL

And find where sea-winds lift the foam,  
And stir the larch on Tullos hill,  
As in the saintly days of Rome,  
The Holy Well has healing still.

### III. THE BAY

And men may joy and men may moan,  
And generations come and go ;  
Eternal croons the undertone  
Of tireless tides that ebb and flow.

#### IV. WRECKS

Here laughs and lures the silken sea,  
And widely clasps the hill-born wave ;  
And croons in lulling mockery  
A cradle-song above a grave.

#### V. TULLOS VALE

No fortress guards the little vale,  
Between the ocean and the Dee,  
A church its castle on the hill,  
A church its bulwark by the sea.

#### VI. THE OLD ESTUARY

Where yesterday the fields were ploughed,  
And cattle strayed, and trees were green,  
To-day, in dinsome streets, a crowd  
Of bustling city folks is seen.

#### VII. TORRY OF OLD

Where saw those dwellers by the shore  
The Norsemen sail across the bar,  
And later heard the cannon roar  
From thundering English men-of-war.

### VIII. THE RIVER MOUTH

Though Canute's voice was to the sea  
Far less than idle, whistling wind,  
Great Smeaton's thought had potency,  
The reckless, storm-stirred wave to bind.

### IX. THE FISHER FOLKS

In vain for him the colours gleam  
On lifting wave and shredded spray,  
As wearily against the stream  
The night-spent Fisher pulls his way.



## ALICE IN WORMLAND

On a bank of mossy velvet,  
In a nook by elders shaded,  
Where the gardeners never delve it,  
And the green is never faded.

Bronzed with lichen, worn and olden,  
Bubbling, cool, the old well dribbles,  
Where the marsh-flowers green and golden,  
Root among the shimmering pebbles.

Romping over, Alice rested  
Underneath the elders fragrant,  
Lulled by chirrup, where there nested  
Many a restless sparrow vagrant.

There the odours of the blossom  
And the nestling sparrows' cheeping,  
Lulled the beating in her bosom,  
And sweet Alice fell asleeping.

Then the earthworms from their burrow  
Looking at her, wave and beckon,  
Drowsy Alice says "To-morrow ;  
I am sleeping now, I reckon."

But a hoary earthworm, crawling  
Through the elder blooms that hover  
Soft as perfumed snowflakes falling,  
Scans her eyelids to discover

If beneath those eyelids drooping  
Eyes are through the fringes peeping,  
And he calls, while o'er her stooping,  
"Alice, Alice, art thou sleeping?"

Then the soul that sees in dreaming  
From her shook the body sleeping,  
Laid it like a garment seeming,  
Followed where the worm went creeping.

O'er the velvet pile of mosses,  
Through the drifts of perfumed elder,  
Where the tufted pink embosses,  
And the tangled thorns bewilder.

Till they reached a tilted furrow,  
Where the harebell's peal was swinging,  
And within an earthworm's burrow,  
Heard the crickets gaily singing.

Down the darksome shaft descending,  
Pebbles piled around the entry ;  
Far along a gallery wending,  
Where the blind-worm goes as sentry ;

There they found a mouldy portal,  
O'er with curious emblems carved—  
Tomb of some forgotten mortal,  
Watched by grave worms, lean and starved.

Down long aisles the dainty dreamer  
Passed where many a pillar is,  
Built of humerus and femur,  
Shafting lofty galleries.

Till they find a vasty cavern  
Mined by moles—the engineers ;  
Blazing, brilliant, like a tavern,  
With the glow-worm's chandeliers.

On the threshold lingering, trembling,  
Keen to enter, fain to go,  
Alice, pausing, sees assembling  
All the worms that work below.

Heaped and pressed by grubs industrious,  
Rose-leaves form a throne-couch high,  
O'er it spreads a toadstool's lustrous  
Creamed and crimsoned canopy.

On this fragrant throne of roses,  
Kinked and coiled in many a ring,  
Lo, a patriarch worm reposes,  
Lord of Worms, it is the king.

Round the rose-leaf dais muster  
Ranks that coil the king before ;  
Many a grub in scaly lustre,  
Many a crawling servitor.

Then a bookworm brought a tattered  
    Scored and crumpled parchment scroll,  
Golden bands all worn and battered,  
    Loosed and spread a faded roll.

Alice, trembling, much concerned,  
    Heard the record of the dead ;  
Listened to the bookworm learned  
    As he gravely, sternly said—

“See the dust the worms are heaping,  
    Soft and warm as spices sifted ;  
Couches for our children sleeping,  
    To the cosiest corners lifted.

“Lips of cherry, cheeks of roses,  
    Bosoms of the lilies whiteness ;  
Such each crumbling heap composes,  
    There the beauty and the brightness.

“Alice! Alice! when thy beauty  
    With the ripening years is glowing ;  
Think of us, and of thy duty  
    When thy price is overgrowing.”

Lips are pouting, eyes do glisten—  
    “Pretty looks, I’m sure, no harm is ;  
And to sermons I won’t listen  
    From a thing that but a worm is.”

Then a wind-puff shook the elder,  
    Set the blue-bells’ chime a-ringing ;  
Roused the blackbird in the guelder,  
    Waked and set him briskly singing.

And the soul returned from wandering,  
From the ground its garment lifted,  
Shook the blooms, the elders squandering,  
Had around it heaped and drifted.

On that bank of mossy velvet,  
In the nook by elders shaded ;  
Where the gardeners never delve it.  
And the green is never faded.

## TODDY : A SONG\*

We learn of it from holy writ  
That Noah took a tippie :  
The Psalmist pined for flasks of wine  
With ruddy rosy ripple ;  
The Grecian old, the Roman bold,  
Was each a thirsty nation,  
They'd spill a flood to pagan god,  
And call it a libation.  
But toddy, to toddy,  
Their classic drinks were shoddy,  
For who would dream when tumblers steam  
Of other drinks than toddy?

The Frenchmen know their rich Bordeaux ;  
Amantillado's Spanish ;  
The Germans wash sour kraut and hash  
With flagons full of Rhenish.  
I hardly think their drumly drink  
Wad weet a Scotchman's whistle ;  
They never knew the limpid brew  
O' the land o' kilt and thistle.  
O toddy, toddy,  
What grape can give you toddy?  
Let Frenchmen whine for sparkling wine ;  
Give me the fragrant toddy.

\*Printed, set to music, and issued as a New Year Card, January,  
1901.—ED.

When jolly Jove, that pagan cove,  
Went on the loose with Juno ;  
Olympus' head he painted red,  
Just in the way that you know.  
With song and laugh they nectar quaff,  
And gallons of Ambrosia ;  
Though gods of might they all got tight,  
In what they call symposia.

But toddy, no toddy  
Knew this poor pagan goddy ;  
He got, he thunk, immortal drunk,  
But he'd *mortal* been on toddy.

When fairmers meet upo' the street  
To chaffer on a Friday ;  
And, ill or well, they buy or sell,  
Their market is their high day.  
Then should they buy a stot ower dear,  
Or sell a stirk wi' loosin',  
Come joy, come grief, they find relief  
In a modicum o' boosin'.

Wi' toddy, toddy,  
Aye close yer trock wi' toddy,  
Be 't win or loose the drink to choose  
For fairmer chiels is toddy.

When hailstanes drum upo' the lum  
And rattle on the winnocks,  
And cronies three look in tae pree  
Your goodwife's brew and bannocks,

Gie drink ye ken puts mirth in men  
And sooths their tempers' ruffle,  
Deal oot the cairts, the trumps are hearts,  
And life's a cut and shuffle.  
For toddy, toddy,  
The ace o' drinks is toddy,  
The rubber's gran' when at your han'  
The tumbler's steamin' ready.

When limbs are tired, and bikes are mired  
Wi' countless miles o' wheelin',  
Or mountaineers to cosy fires  
Are homewards weary reelin';  
When lonely glen and lofty ben  
Have yielded all their treasure,  
One joy remains, one solace reigns,  
Supreme o'er every pleasure.  
It's toddy, toddy,  
A balm for weary body,  
Your troubles cease when wrapt in peace  
You sip reviving toddy.

When from its nook some well-thumbed book  
Ye lift, then stir more fire on,  
And fond rehearse some haunting verse  
From Omar, Keats, or Byron.  
What elixir the brain will stir  
To true interpretation?  
A greybeard jar, a good cigar,  
Lends literal translation.  
For toddy, toddy,  
A learnèd liquor's toddy,  
Of lines obscure the meaning's sure  
Interpreted by toddy.



When freens are gaun to distant lan',  
And hearts are sair wi' sorrow,  
What charm will cheer the prospect drear  
Or gild the gloomy morrow?  
Cold Lethe's stream 's an idle dream  
Where joy is droon'd wi' sadness;  
We know a tide our ills will hide,  
And bubble up wi' gladness.  
It's toddy, toddy,  
The anodyne is toddy,  
Turns pairtin' pain to "meet again,"  
Sweet, sorrow-soothing toddy.

To toddy mak' guid whisky tak',  
And skilfu' slip a gill in,  
Some sugar choice, a lemon-slice,  
Spring water at the bilin'.  
Then if you're weak, or sair and sick,  
Tak' toddy, ye're deservin't!  
But if you've wealth of sonsy health  
Tak' toddy for preservin't!  
For toddy, O toddy,  
Puts life in carls doddy,  
'Tis peace in strife, the oil of life,  
Rich, reamin', steamin' toddy.

## MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD

### A SONNET

As o'er a valley dim and vague, whose bound  
Of distant hilltops day's last rays illumine  
With light intenser on the edge of glow,  
I look across the long years' deeps profound,  
And in a momentary gleam around  
The distant days of life's just opening bloom  
Are seen once more unblurred by fog or fume.  
The time when earth, unsearched, was holy ground,  
And once again, romantic and intense,  
The scenes of sinless interests appear,  
The woodland's mystery—the vivid sense  
Of listening wonder as the brooklet clear  
Babbled and talked in language that I thought  
I knew, yet meaning vainly sought.

## WILSIE'S STRATAGEM\*

A KEITH HOGMANAY

'Twas in the northern toon o' Keith,  
Renowned for kyards and scholars,  
A soutar lived, ca'd Wilsie Reith,  
Mair dowered wi' drooth than dollars.

As gluey as a rosit-en',  
As grained 's a weel-worn upper,  
Wilsie pegged awa wi' micht and main  
Frae sax o'clock tae supper.

Jist ower the street fae Wilsie's shop  
Stood Jinsie's public handy,  
Where nichtly antrin friens wad drop  
To pree her beer or brandy.

And ower the toddy tumbler's clood  
They'd reconstruct the nation,  
Or argufy in voices lood  
And criticise creation.

\*An English version of the above ballad was subsequently published in the *Retford Times* under the title "Nicholas Cliff."—ED.

Wilse lo'd his *last*, he lo'ed his wife,  
He dearly lo'ed his sneeshin',  
But neist his drap o' drink, he lo'ed  
To play the politician.

And nichtly Jinsie's parlour wa's  
Their lugs wad rax wi' yearnin'  
To hear and hoard the lichtest fa's  
O' Wilsie's wit and learnin'.

But suns hae spots and loves hae strife,  
And kirks hae moderators,  
And wanton Wilsie had a wife  
To curb this prince o' praters.

His help in a' his tyaves and fechts,  
This better-half ca'd Meg,  
A half? Na! she was but three-echts—  
She had a widden leg.

'Twas lang ere fashions laws ordained,  
That ten o'clock was closin',  
And Jinsie's customers remained  
Till close on midnicht, boosin'.

But Wilsie's Magsie had forstalled  
The trend o' legislation,  
And every nicht at Jinsey's called  
Wi' seemly indignation.

As soon's the short han' won the ten  
The lang ane met the twal',  
Meg's timmer tae cam' stumpin' ben,  
The sign to stop the ball.

Old Neptune, grumbling, leaves his bed,  
To crawl upon the shore,  
What time his Luna's glowing head  
Keeks through the warld's door.

As soon the needle flout the power  
That points it to the Pole,  
As weary Wilsie dream or daur  
To conter Magsie's will.

So nichtly as he heard her dunt  
Along the passage floor,  
He drained his drap, took's final lunt  
And steppit tae the door.

The feck o' Wilsie's cronies gay  
Ae nicht convened a splore,  
Tae celebrate their Hogmanay  
'Hint Jinsie's frien'ly door.

Lang Bokey Broon and big Jock Sma',  
And auld John Lell the grumly,  
And Johnnie Koski, horn and a',  
And Philosophic Rumley.

And mony anither son o' fame,  
Keith's lights o' airt and science,  
Resolved to bring the New Year hame,  
And gie the auld convoyance.

The winnocks wee wi' frost were ferned,  
On thack the hailstanes reestled,  
The nicht win' in the lum-heads girmed  
And through the keyhole feestled.

Wi' oxterfu's o' backs and spells,  
And firry reets wi' rosit,  
The ingle bleezed like little hells  
Defying frost to froze it.

Nae dowie heart could linger there,  
Sic routh o' drink to cheer it,  
As bubblin' frae its greybeard jar  
Ran Milltown's choicest speerit.

But hark! the auld toon-bell chaps ten,  
All eyes are turned on Wilsie,  
Nae timmer tae this nicht stumps ben  
Tae mak' the man her spulzie.

Wilsie leads the lauch and boldly shuts  
The gab o' ilka grumbler,  
Anither pipe o' bogie cuts  
An' brews anither tumbler.

An' Wilsie sings the queerest sangs  
And tells the coorsest story;  
While cronies, 'mazed, declare, for ance  
Auld Wilsie 's in his glory.

When Jinsie's aughtday points eleven  
He's eloquently bletherin',  
While ere the auld year's weel in heaven  
The chiel is past a' tetherin'.

But hush! and hark! the auld toon clock  
The New Year's yetts is hammerin',  
And first-fits wha tae Jinsie's flock  
For Hogmanays are clamourin'!

Then Wilsie draws, so's a' can see't,  
A something hid below his chair—  
It's Magsie's widden leg! an' wi't  
He leads and times "A Guid New Year!"

## CHRYSANTHEMUM LEUCANTHEMUM

LINES TO A LADY

WHO ASKED ABOUT "MUMS"

How do my "mums"? dear Lady, you bid me tell;  
I fear you are mistaken—yet, let me answer—WELL!

They blow, they blow,  
A wonderful show,  
White and gold, with the green below,  
Rank upon rank,  
On a shingle bank,  
The steep incline  
From a railway line,  
On a lonely down,  
Miles from town;  
The only glass and the only frames  
They know, are those of the passing trains.

To be called by names they quite demur  
(After some seedsman's customer);  
My children call them daisies—some  
Chrysanthemum leucanthemum.

To me they are always and now the same  
As they were ere my tongue could turn their name.  
THEY are not improved since then, you see,  
Because—just because they could not be.

O yes! I have seen the priceless crops  
Of his lordship's gorgeous carriage mops,  
Labelled and sticked and tied with string,  
And catalogued—Mrs. Many-a-thing;  
Tweezered and brushed till no curl's amiss,  
Just, I suppose, as their namesake is;  
In size—immense, in colour—grand,  
But then, dear lady, please understand,  
I have never seen THEM swing and sway  
On a railway bank on a rainy day;  
And YOU'D hardly think them the finer flower,  
After a toilet of wind and shower.



## THE UPPERMOST THOUGHT\*

Ho ye who from England go urging  
Through those seas of the wonderful blue,  
Where the waters sweep shredded and surging  
To the tremble and throb of the screw ;  
While nearer and nearer ye're verging  
On the land of the lonely Karroo.

There's an uppermost thought in the daytime,  
There are dreams that oppress in the night ;  
There's a shadow that hovers in playtime  
With the stealth of an owl in its flight—  
Like a stain on the blossom of Maytime—  
It touches your joy like a blight.

It is not the pain of the parting,  
It is not a grief or a woe,  
That is evermore flashing and starting  
Athwart of your thought as ye go,  
Like the fish that skim dancing and darting  
An instant then dip in the flow.

\*Composed, printed, and published (by request) on board R.M.S. "Briton," between Madeira and Cape Town, April 2nd and 15th, 1902. Sold for sixpence per copy, the proceeds going to seamen's charities. —ED.

There was sorrow, God knows, at our sailing,  
For we heard of the passing of Rhodes ;  
And old Mother England was wailing  
Through all her close-crowded abodes  
For that son who through slander and railing  
Passed powerful as one of the gods.

Like the God-chosen leader of Judah,  
He sleeps where the mountain winds blow ;  
The lonely Matoppo his Pisgah,  
With the land of the promise below ;  
And round him one people will gather,  
And round him their cities will grow.

\* \* \*

It is pleasant to sit or meander  
On the deck as we steadily go ;  
All heedless of danger we wander,  
For aloft on the bridge there we know  
Is vigilant Creaghe, our Commander,  
While Plowman is sleepless below.

Thus steadily steered, steams the " Briton "  
Straight ahead, not a passenger queer,  
With our chairs of Madeira to sit on,  
And whiskies and sodas and beer,  
And numbers to buy and to bet on  
Led on by the keen Auctioneer.

And the porpoise may splash in the ocean,  
The rubber quoit flop on the deck,  
And ye're crossing the bar for a potion  
Thirst's tropical terror to check ;  
When the ping-pong's perpetual motion  
Makes you steam till your starch is a wreck.

But through all and o'er all and under  
Steal the thoughts that still uppermost creep,  
Faint as dawn or the rumble of thunder  
That rolls o'er some furthestmost deep;  
And you evermore wonder and wonder  
With the thought that refuses to sleep.

For trek ye far north by Zambesi,  
A bold and adventurous band;  
Or seek ye your fortunes more easy  
In the glittering gold of the Rand;  
Or follow the spoor o'er the breezy  
And scrub-covered slopes of the land;

Or is it the diamond's flashing  
Where Kimberley crowns the Karoo?  
Or the pools where the hippo is splashing?  
Or the plains o'er which gallops the gnu—  
Where the Ramokwebani is dashing  
On its current the fragile canoe?

No matter what fortune you follow,  
Let your home be in city or veldt,  
Let your camp be on hill or in hollow,  
There's a longing you all must have felt  
Speed along, and as fast it will follow  
Be your blood of Saxon or Celt.

What this thought is, so anxious and longing,  
That leads in the night like a star,  
When through dreamland our dead men are thronging  
Adorned with the cross and the scar;  
Ye will speak it when shoreward ye're thronging—  
What news, friends, what news of the war?

## A REMINISCENCE\*

OF AN ERSTWHILE MEDICAL STUDENT ON  
GETTING YOUR "SPLIT THE WIN"

Ah me! the familiar old corner,  
Where the streets I knew meet and divide,  
I have passed you in grief as a mourner,  
I have passed you in joy and in pride.

Had ever isosceles triangle  
Two sides so unequal in power?  
At your apex we'd loiter and wrangle  
For the fractional part of an hour.

At your base, if your angles were equal,  
When your long causewayed sides were produced,  
No Pirie could prove as a sequel  
That the powers that allured and seduced

Were equal beyond, for ABC  
Had the turrets of Marischal at B,  
Whilst the angular route ACB  
Had the swing of the city at C.

\* Answer sent by Dr. Ogilvie to Mr. William Smith, Printer,  
Aberdeen, on receiving copy of Christmas card, 1903 (see illustration)  
—ED.



Split the Win', Aberdeen.

Where Causewayend and lang George Street  
Join hands upon the Northern Way,  
Through Winter wild and Summer sweet  
Stood Split the Win' for many a day.  
The ancient gable faced the North,  
And storm against it struck in vain--!  
For though in strength it sallied forth,  
The veering Wind was split in twain.  
But now, like many a thing of greater fame,  
Old Split the Win' is but a passing name.

U.S.

Five days of the week in the session,  
We'd crawl down the east side to B,  
On the sixth by more rapid progression  
We'd speed by the angle at C.

In our subsequent life's variorum  
Many perilous angles befall,  
But "Split the Win's" *pons assinorum*  
Was the symbol and type of them all.

Ah! the winds that split at the corner  
Filled our sails with a flush at the start ;  
Ah! the winds that split at the corner  
Have blown us afar and apart.

## THE KINGFISHER : WINTER

On the brown hedge a crumpled leaf  
Fluttering lags ;  
The rivulet tangles a draggled sheaf  
Of bruised flags ;  
And the noon of day  
Is cold and grey,  
And the wintering plovers stand on the hill  
Apart from each other, sad and still,  
And out on the field on the drenched sods,  
All silent and sullen, the grey thrush prods.

Like the flash of a blue blade out of the gloom  
Which the struggling swordsmen's lamps illumine,  
Like a glance of wrath, like a scream in a crowd,  
Like a stir of life beneath a shroud—  
Swift and sudden, a feathered bolt  
Bursts from the edge of a tawnyholt—  
A glimmer of blue, a gleam of green,  
With a glitter of molten gold between,  
A thing of colour and light is seen ;

A spark from the dingy thicket brown,  
A flash from the rillet's broken mirror,  
Alight on their grave where the sedge-shafts drown,  
Where the startled minnows plunging down,  
Shrink in the mud from that blaze of terror.  
Then gloom again on the lifeless hedge  
Where the dead leaf dangles its ragged edge,  
Save, where at rest in its steely sheen  
The Kingfisher's form, alert, is seen.



## THE COUNTRY SIDE

White without flaw, all white and cold,  
When first snows bend the grass,  
Checkered in purple, and green, and gold  
As the seasons of verdure pass  
Through its spaces wide, the country side  
Bright bourgeons day by day,  
Earth is a garden—Man is its warden,  
Beauty his guerdon aye.

Wandering ever in endless search,  
With a want unsatisfied,  
Groping ever with stumble and lurch  
For a light that is ever denied :  
Seers and sages down through the ages  
Are seeking in heavens and hells,  
While far and wide o'er the country side  
The joy they seek for dwells.

Down from the sweep of the swallow's wing  
When April shines in rain,  
It gleams from the blackthorn's ebon spears  
Where the snows are born again.  
Where the merles sing, where the cowslips swing,  
It is flung from a thousand bells,  
And with golden blare, a weird fanfare  
From trumpets of daffodils.

It is not in the dust of time that's dead,  
Nor yet in the mists before,  
With every breath the goal is won,  
The present alone is the hour ;  
The hedgling's rhyme, the spring-bell's chime  
Is an everlasting Now,  
And the spaces wide of the country side  
Are the glorious Where and How.

Up from the stream in its dancing course  
With spray from each swirl and turn,  
O! look not now for its mountain source,  
Nor sigh for its ocean bourne.  
The enswathèd bud is babyhood,  
The seed is the first and last,  
But the perfect flower is the present hour  
That nor future has nor past.

The people who creep, the folks who fly,  
Our kinsmen in the grass,  
Know nothing of never-come, bye and bye,  
They live as the moments pass :  
They never preach, they never teach  
From ferny haunt and hole,  
Then open wide to the country side  
The sense-gates of the soul.

## THE MONK OF MATTERSEA

(On the left bank of the river Idle, as it flows through North Notts towards the Yorkshire border, stands the meagre remnant of the once fair Abbey of Mattersea—a fragment of ivied wall, a few low arches, and an ample area of green mound, under which lie the grey stones bearing the Early English tracery of Norman chisels. Mattersea Abbey was occupied by monks belonging to our only indigenous English Order—the Gilbertines. The period of this ballad is in the 14th century, when the Black Plague was raging in the land, which, according to the register of the Abbey of Gloucester, destroyed two-thirds of the population of England).

The Idle's flow is deep and slow  
Between its osiers tall,  
Through swamp and lea, by Mattersea,  
It sweeps the Abbey wall.

The Abbey bell with mournful knell,  
Is swinging day by day,  
For death holds his high carnival,  
Along the Idle's way.

On Gringley height the fatal blight  
Has ravaged like a war.  
Has slain the fenman in his reeds  
Across the lonely Carr.

The villagers of Clayworth mourn  
And tremble in their dread ;  
While round the Church of Everton  
They heap the plague-struck dead.

But a dreader woe and deadlier foe  
Within that Abbey dwell ;  
Where, bleeding from his scourge's blow,  
Lies Eustace in his cell.

The kindest priest, at death or feast,  
That ever prayed for man,  
Now struggles in the devil's grip :  
All haggard, scarred, and wan.

Sweet Eustace was their youngest priest,  
Of lineage proud and high ;  
Of warrior brothers counted least—  
They belted sword on thigh ;

While he forsook the prancing brawl  
And vowed his life to God,  
Ere yet experience touched his soul  
With her stern chastening rod.

With love to Christ and love to man  
His heart was running o'er,  
Of woman's love, save mother's love,  
He had not felt the power ;

Till seven days since when, rod in hand,  
He angled in the stream,  
A maiden gathering simples passed,  
Fair as a young man's dream.

Her eyes' soft hue the brooklime's blue  
That stars the Idle's stream,  
Her drifting hair the wanton air  
Tossed out in golden gleam.

Her voice a melody that charmed  
Like wood songs in the spring;  
Each movement traced some subtle grace  
To beauty ministering.

The daughter of the freeman true  
Who kept the manor mill,  
Which swung to every breeze that blew  
On gusty Blaco Hill.

With the frank grace of innocence,  
To Eustace' side she came,  
From her quaint wicker picked a herb,  
And begged to know its name.

For Eustace kept the Abbey's store  
Of plants of woe and weal;  
And he was learnèd in the lore  
Of herbs that soothe and heal.

In accents calm, of bane and balm  
He told the listening girl;  
While that sun's gleam that bronzed the stream  
Danced on each drifting curl.

And when at last she homeward passed,  
By the pool he lingered still;  
But his thought of grace was Constance' face,  
The "Rose of Blaco Hill."

Ah, the monk's grim cloak can not revoke  
The statutes of the heart,  
And hood or veil are bucklers frail  
Against the blind god's dart.

But woe, an everlasting woe,  
Befalls the recreant priest  
Who lets an earthly passion's glow  
Once kindle in his breast.

With a good man's might he fought the fight  
With passion deep and strong ;  
Confession made, he moaned and prayed,  
And plied the scourge's thong.

But when the organ pealed, and monks  
Were chanting long and loud,  
'Twas Constance' face alone he saw,  
'Twas Constance' voice he heard.

And when the setting sunbeams bright  
Lit up the pillared nave,  
'Twas Constance' eyes that shed the light  
And all that lustre gave.

In the dim aisles, the matin bell  
His ear with "Constance" crammed ;  
Moaned vesper bell with sob and wail—  
"For Constance thou art damned."

Then all day long with blood-dripped thong  
The tempted flesh he scourged,  
Through the long night by the altar's light  
A prayer for strength he urged ;

And still the plague with terror vague  
    Crept into hut and hall;  
The young, the old, the faint, the bold,  
    It seized and slew them all.

But brother Eustace' life seemed charmed;  
    He nursed while there was breath,  
The loathsome thing him never harmed,  
    Although he longed for death.

Until one morn he felt forlorn  
    The altar candles dim,  
And sought his cell, ere matin bell  
    Had roused the brethren.

Appeal he made, long, long he prayed,  
    Temptation to remove;  
That heaven might aid a heart dismayed  
    By hapless human love.

When, lo! the passing bell rang out  
    Its sorrows to the dawn,  
Strange mingling with a thrush's note  
    Across the Abbey lawn.

Then from his soul the fetters fell,  
    His love accursed seemed dead;  
At the first stroke of that grim knell  
    That swung above his head.

And when the agèd bellman came  
    Slow down the belfry stair,  
The wondering Eustace asked what name  
    Death claimed that morning fair.

The sacristan, a grave old man,  
In accents sad and chill,  
Said "Last to the tomb is our fairest bloom  
The 'Rose of Blaco Hill.'"

An anguished wail rang down the aisle,  
"Is 't thus my prayer I win?"  
"Oh Christ, once more the innocent  
Has paid the debt for sin."



## MY ALBUM INVITATION

Come and write  
Something, anything originate ;  
Linger not over the question whether  
The thing is your own or the thought of another ;  
Merry or mournful, courteous or scornful,  
The first that arises if it foolish or wise is—  
A line from a poet, just as you know it,  
Let it be short, or let it be long,  
The burden sad of a minor song,  
Or a comical ditty, lively and witty,  
A skit or a sketch in black and white—  
Something, anything originate.

For what you indite,  
In the years that away in my future lie,  
In the years of my mystical bye and bye,  
Will recall thy voice and recall the glance  
Of thy once dear loved countenance ;  
When this paper is brown and this ink is yellow,  
And only our hearts are ripe and mellow,  
And when I read, old time will fly  
Back from that wonderful bye and bye,  
When my hair will be white, but my wrinkled brow  
Will feel as fair and as smooth as now,  
When I read what we scribbled in youthful joy  
In the heedless days of girl and boy.

## MICHAELMAS DAISIES

When ragged and draggled the hollyhocks fall,  
And the sunflower has seeded and droops by the wall,  
When the spires of the larkspur have followed the rose,  
And over the garden the autumn wind blows  
Its pennons, the rearguard of summer upraises  
In clustered capitulas—Michaelmas daisies.

When the borders are dabbled in ochre and buff,  
And the glory has gone from the bright bedding stuff,  
When *lilium auratum* has shaken her petals,  
And dahlias have passed through the brown earwigs' vitals,  
When tall things from stakes dangle shredded and crazy,  
Clean, perky, and bright peeps the Michaelmas daisy.

Now robin his trial notes trills in the laurel,  
And tall trees have doffed their embroidered apparel—  
Comes winter, to shatter the floral alliance,  
Yet splendidly isolate, one gives defiance,  
And, blooming while snow round a white drifting maze is,  
Undaunted till death, swing the Michaelmas daisies.

No ponderous bloom, no orchidean splendour,  
No perfume of Araby, langour and tender,  
Just common and fresh—but as sweet as the faces  
Of children when—school's up—they throng from their places  
All over the green. So, as seasons grow hazy,  
We welcome our trim little Michaelmas daisy.

## WINTER ACONITES

When timid field-fares, hunger-bold,  
Despondent, flit by dyke and hedge—  
What winter fairy pours her gold  
Along the black earthed shrubbery's edge?  
When days are short and suns are cold,  
And nightly frosts encrust the mould,  
What winter fairy pours her gold?

Ere crocuses their cups unfold,  
And garden grounds are but morass,  
What winter fairy showers her gold  
With lavish hand among the grass?  
Ere snowdrops, rousing, yet are bold,  
Or daisies dare upon the wold,  
What winter fairy pours her gold?

While winter tales are yet retold  
At evening round the crackling hearth,  
Some winter fairy pours her gold  
In glittering discs about the earth;  
The world awakening all a-cold,  
Towards a wintry sun has rolled  
And finds her bosom starred with gold.

Whence was the heat refined such gold  
While shivering earth is chilled by storm?  
Whence was the power a plastic mould  
Shaped in such earth, for such a form,  
When fringe of green and cup of gold  
Blaze from the darkness and unfold,  
When days are short and suns are cold?

A smile upon a face long sad,  
A sail upon a silent sea,  
Makes no man's longing heart more glad  
Than mine, when these return to me ;  
When days are short and suns are cold,  
And o'er the dead and naked mould  
Some wintry fairy pours her gold.



