

## CLUNY.

Hill, and dale, and woodland glade,  
Cluny basks beneath the sun ;  
Sylvan walks give summer shade,  
Brooks in silver reaches run.

Wide the pine woods in the gale  
Waft their balsam, stores of health,  
And the hawthorn in the dale  
Fills the air with fragrant wealth.

Gorse, and heath, and golden broom,  
Primrose, daughter of the spring,  
Tasselled lime, all honey bloom,  
Round them sweetest incense fling.

See that pillar-circled space,  
Spectre from long ages gone,  
Of its purpose shows scant trace,  
Pillars nine and one huge stone.

Time was when Tillycairn was gay,  
Beauty lighted bower and hall ;  
Hall and bower have passed away,  
Ruin now is Lord of all.

Here's a castle old and grey,  
Steeped in tales of days gone by ;  
Yonder pile of modern day,  
Granite may old Time defy.

Famed Corrennie on the west  
Clangs with hammer all the day,  
Night alone brings sleep and rest,  
Labour comes with morning grey.

South, Barmakin, more famous still,  
Holds a riddle yet unread ;  
Silence sleeps upon the hill—  
Man, the riddler, long has fled.

On the North, Don's winding stream,  
Homeward bound, rolls to the sea ;  
Of poet's dainty song the theme,  
Over all reigns Bennachie.

From a dim and distant west  
Eastward to the sounding sea,  
Lie ten thousand landscapes traced  
Under heaven's bright canopy.

Girdled by this goodly frame,  
Cluny, beck, and tower, and tree,  
Hills and wilds that well may claim  
Fairest scenery that could be.

JAMES REID.

*Backhill, Castle Fraser.*