

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HADDEN FAMILY.—Aberdeenshire started on the career of the eighteenth century pretty much in the same condition in these respects as the rest of Scotland. How the town fared in the earlier part of this lazy, worldly, enthusiastic, but very substantial century—which, say what Scotchmen will against it, was somehow the birthtime of the most splendid men of all sorts that Scotland has given to the world—can be seen only hazily; but, about the middle of the century, Aberdeen again comes in sight more roundly and luminously. To this time, for example, or rather to a time just a little earlier, belongs the legend—far from unimportant in the history of Aberdeen—of the rise of the Hadden family. There was a young Aberdonian, named Alexander Hadden, living in the Windmill Brae. He was a lad of pushing spirit; but, after various trials, finding no opening for him in Aberdeen, he resolved to go south to seek his fortunes. So, one morning, he set out with his staff and his bundle, bidding farewell to Aberdeen. But, when he had got as far as the Bridge of Dee, about two miles on his way, and found himself on the borders of another county, he began to waver. Some sound equivalent to the famous “Turn again Whittington” rang in his ears; so, recollecting the old *freit* or superstition that, when you are in doubt which way to go, you should throw your staff as far from you as you can, and, whichever way the head of the staff points, that is the way you ought to follow, he flung his staff forward on the road he was going. Lo! when he came up to it, the head of the staff pointed back to Aberdeen. Back to Aberdeen he went, but with rather a heavy heart, and not sure but his neighbours might think him a fool. But one of his neighbours did *not* think him a fool. She was a good old woman, also of the Windmill Brae, who had five pounds of her own. She lent the young man the five pounds, and told him to be sure to be at the market on the Green very early the next Friday morning, so as to catch the country people on their first arrival there with their week’s supply of woollen hose for the dealers. The hose trade was then still the leading business in Aberdeen; and this part of it—the purchase of the stockings from the country wives who had woven them—was conducted by chaffering in the open air of a large space of low level, then still called “The Green,” though it was inclosed within old houses. The next Friday morning, accordingly, he was on the Green at what he thought an early hour. But he had not been early enough; for “Old Bailie Dingwall had been there before him,” and the hose were all bought up. But the next Friday he knew better; and, being in the market very early, he had done a good stroke in hose before Bailie Dingwall came. And so, from this beginning, he grew and he grew, till, marrying well—I think it was the wide-awake Bailie Dingwall’s daughter that he married—he became the most powerful and prosperous public man of the place, and the founder of that family of the Haddens whose names, for three generations, were household words in Aberdeen, whose marriages and intermarriages grasped the undisputed government of the municipality till the time of the Reform Bill, and by whose enterprise, even before the last century closed, Aberdeen had mills and manufactories and smoking chimney-stalks. Two of the sons of that original autochthonous Hadden I remember well as very old men—old Provost James Hadden and his brother, Provost Gavin Hadden, who had been Provosts of the town in and out during all living memory; but the legend of the rise of the family came to me, not so very long ago, at the time of a commercial crash which befell its third and fourth generations, and under which Aberdeen shook and staggered.—Macmillan’s Magazine.

DEATH OF JAMES HADDEN, ESQ. OF PERSLEY.—F 10.
years, and of the honours of a pre-eminently active and useful life, our venerable and universally respected fellow-citizen was at length gathered to his fathers, at his residence in Union Street, on Sunday last. He had attained the advanced age of 87—a period protracted beyond the usual span of human existence—yet far short of the true number of his days, if estimated by the many important enterprises of his private life, and the diversified services of his public career. The latter, extending over more than half a century, were so identified with every local improvement, as to have justly obtained for him the title of “Father of our City.”—Aberdeen Journal. June 1845