

# PAISLEY REPOSITORY.

No. XXIII.

---

MILLAR'S SECOND EDITION

OF

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF THE FAMOUS

PYPER OF KILBARCHAN;

OR,

The Epitaph of HABBY SIMPSON,

Quha on his Drone bore bony Flags:

He maid his cheiks as reid as crimson,

And bobbit quhan he blew his Bags.

---

The following Epitaph, or Elegy, was written by Robert Sempill of Beltrees, about the year 1600. He is allowed to be the inventor of the Stanza of this Epitaph. Allan Ramsay and William Hamilton, in writing the same measure, acknowledge, "The Elegy on HABBY SIMPSON" to be "a finished piece," and a standard for that kind of rhyme.—See *Ramsay's Poems*

“ May I be licket wi' a bittle,  
Gin of your numbers I think little,  
Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,  
But blythe and gabby,  
And hit the spirit to a tittle,

Of STANDART HABBY.”

*Ramsay's first Epistle to Hamilton.*

“ And on condition I were as gabby,  
As either thee or HONEST HABBY,  
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,  
Or velvet plush,  
And then thou'd be sae far frae shabby,  
Thou'd look right sprush.”

*Hamilton's second Epistle to Ramsay.*

In the ancient popular Ballad of Maggy Lauder this reference is made to Habby Simpson,

“There’s nane in Scotlan’ plays sae weil,  
Sin’ we lost Habby Simpson.”

It is said, that in one of the rooms of a certain Gentleman’s house in Ayrshire, there is a full length Painting of Habby Simpson, along with a Painting of King Charles the second.

Pennecuik of eccentric memory, published Habby’s Epitaph in his collection of curious Poems.

Habby died in the latter end of the sixteenth century; but I believe no account has ever yet been discovered either of the time of his birth, or how old he was when he died. The Poem itself says, he was “Teethless auld and teuch;” it may be therefore presumed, that he being a strong robust man might live to a great age. His tomb-stone in Kilbarchan parish church-yard, is so much defaced with time, that there are scarce any characters legible, except H. S. the initials of his name, and a figure somewhat resembling a Flesher’s chopping knife, some think it the remains of a Bag-pipe. Tradition says, he was a Flesher as well as a Piper.

In Kilbarchan (1st May, 1810.) there is a family of the name of Anderson, who are related to Habby Simpson by the mother’s side; that Habby Simpson had at least a son, is evident from the following

#### ANECDOTE.

Francis Sempill, son of Robert, the author of Habby’s Epitaph, had upon some occasion offended his father, who for a long time would not speak to him; but by the intercession of some friends, the father agreed to forgive him upon condition he gave a stanza of Poetry extempore. The youth asked his father upon what subject? His father desired him to add another stanza to Habby’s Elegy. Without hesitation Francis repeated,

It’s now these bags are a’ forfairn,  
That Habby left to Rab the bairn,  
Though they war’ sew’d wi’ Hollan’ yairn,  
And silken thread,  
It maksna, they war’ fill’d wi’ shairn  
Sin’ Habby’s dead.

Semple in his History of Renfrewshire, when speaking of Kilbarchan steeple, says, that it "has a rustic door on the west side, which leads into the public school, above which is a large niche intended for the Colossus or Statue of Habby Simpson."

### EPITAPH.

KILBARCHAN now may say alace!

For scho hes lost hir game and grace,

Bayth *Trixie* and the *Maidin-trace*,

Bot quhat remeid!

For na man can supply his place,

Hab Simpson's deid.

2. Now quha sall play, *The day it dawis*,

Or, *Hunt up*, quhen the Cock he crawis,

Or, quha can for our Kirk-townis caus,

Stand us in steid?

On bag-pypis now na body blawis,

Sen Habby's deid.

3. Or, quha will caus our scheirers scheir,

Quha will bang up the bragis of weir,

Bring in the bellis or gude play meir,

In tyme of neid?

Hab Simpson coud. Quhat neid ze speir?

Bot now he's deid.

4. Sa kyndly to his nichtbouris neist,

At Beltane and Sanct Barchan's feast,

He blew and then hald up his breist

As he war weid,

Bot now we neid not him arreist,

For Habbie's deid.

5 At fairis he playit befoir the speir-men,

Al gaille graithit in thair geir, quhen

Steill Bonetis, Jackis & Swordis sa cleir then,

Lyke ony beid;

Now quha sall play befoir sic weir-men,

Sen Habbie's deid?



12. Aye quhan he playit the lassis leuch,  
 To sie him teithless, auld and teuch,  
 He wan his pypis besyde Bar-cleuch,  
 Withoutin dreid.

Quhilk efter wan him geir eneuch,  
 Bot now he's deid.

13. Aye quhan he plaid the gaitlings gedderit,  
 And quhan he spak the carill bledderit,  
 On Sabboth-dayis his cape was fedderit,  
 A seimlie weid.

In the kirk-zaird his meir stude tedderit,  
 Quhar he lyis deid.

14. Alace! for him my heart is sair,  
 For of his spryngis I got a skair,  
 At everie play, race, feist and fair,  
 Bot gyle or greid,  
 We neid not luke for pyping mair,  
 Sen Habbie's dead.

---

NOTES ON THE EPITAPH.

S stands for Stanza, and V for Verse, or Verses.

S. 1. V. 1. *Kilbarchan* is derived from *Cella Barchan*, the cell, hut, house, or chapel of Barchan, and not *church*, for church originally signified the people who assembled for worshipping God, and not the walls of the house they met in. The Romans always pronounced the letter *C*, in the same manner as we pronounce *K*, and the word *Cella* is not pronounced *Sella*, but *Kella*: hence comes the word *Kelbarchan*. The first teachers of Christianity in Scotland were Presbyters, called in the Scottish language, *Keledees*; a word compounded of *Keile*, *i. e.* a servant, or one devoted, and *Dia*, in the genetive, *De*, *i. e.* God, *Keledees*, therefore, signified *Servants of God*. Some say, from this, that a place of worship was called *Kil*, because set apart for divine service. These *Keledees* were men

of great piety, and for many ages preserved the doctrines of the Christian religion very pure. These holy men were so much given to the exercise of devotion, in meditating on the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven, and in prayer, that the very huts wherein they resided were accounted sacred; and after their death, temples or chapels were built on the spot, and set apart for divine service. "To this day," says George Buchanan in his History of Scotland, "*Cella* is taken for a church among the ancient Scots." These Keledees did not consider Rome as their mother church; for it was with great struggle, and not till the year 715, that the Scots submitted to the Romish innovations, as to Pasch, the Tonsure, &c.

Keil is said, by some, to signify a burying place or tomb, being derived from the Gælic, *Keil*, the burying place, or tomb of Barchan. They alledge, that the *Earse* was once the common language of Scotland, which they think is evident from the names of the most places in Scotland being derived from the Gælic; and to prove that it was so, they quote an instance of the coronation discourse of one of our Scottish Kings being first spoken in Latin, and then in Gælic.

The flags, banners, ensigns, or colours of the Trades of Kilbarchan, have the Portrait of St. Barchan, the titular Saint of the parish painted on them. Near Kilbarchan is a well, called Barchan's Well. Tradition says, St. Barchan resided near Glentyan Mill.

S. 1. V. 2. *Scho*] As different countries have emblematical females to represent them, so has Mr. Sempill here exhibited Kilbarchan under the figure of a woman. In words wherein *sh* are found together, our forefathers commonly put a *c* between them. The *o* in *scho* has the sound of the French *u*.

*Hes*] was formerly used instead of *has* or *kath*.

*Lost her game*] In these times it was customary in Renfrewshire, and in some counties in Scotland it still continues to be so, during the holidays about the new year, fairs, &c. for an equal number of men from two neighbouring parishes to meet, and in presence of old and young persons of both sexes, on some level ground

lying between the two domains, to dispute the palm of victory at the foot ball; a friendly festival, at the expence of the losing party, in a neighbouring ale-house, generally closes the day. If we take the 8th stanza in connexion with this, we will plainly see how Kilbarchan came to lose her game after Habby's death.

*Grace*] Habby graced their merry meetings of all kinds, whether feasts, fairs, weddings, horse-races, &c.

S. 1 V. 3. By the zeal and preaching of John Knox, (whose forefathers were natives of Kilbarchan parish) the great Reformer, and some others, the peoples' eyes were opened to see the mummery and superstition of the Popish Church, and the licentious lives of the Clergy of that communion. The Reformers had a few years before this time got their religion established by law, therefore Protestants were in some measure secure from the effects of Popish wrath. Some person had written a famous Song, but very violent against the Clergy of the Church of Rome, in which they were ludicrously exposed. This Song contains nine Stanzas, and each Stanza concludes with *Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the grene wod trie*, on which account the Song got the name of Trixie. The following Stanzas are given out of it as a specimen.

The Paip, that Pagane full of pryde,  
 He hes us blindit lang,  
 For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,  
 Na wonder thay ga wrang:  
 Lyke prince and king he led the ring  
 Of all iniquitie,

Hay trix, tryme go trix, under the green-wod tric.

2. Bot his Abhominatioun  
 The LORD hes brocht to licht,  
 His Popische pryde and thrinfald crowne  
 Almaist hes lost thair micht.

His plack pardounis ar bot lardounis,  
 Of new found vanitie,

Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

3. His Cardinallis hes caus to murne,  
 His Bischoppis borne aback;

His Abbotis gat an uncouth turne,  
 Quhen Schavelingis went to sack.  
 With Burges Wyfis thay led thair lyvis,  
 And sure better nor we,

Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

4. His Carmelites and Jacobines,  
 His Dominiks had greit do,  
 His Cordeleiris and Augustinis,  
 Sanct Frances Ordour to;  
 Thay sillie Freiris mony Zeiris,  
 With babling blerit our ee,

Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

5. The Sisteris gray, befor this day,  
 Did crune within thair cloister,  
 The feit ane Freir thair Keyis to bear,  
 The Feind ressavit the foster:  
 Syne in thé mirk sa weill culd wirk,  
 And kittill them wantounlie,

Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

The Editor, may probably, at some future period print the whole of this Song. That this Song would fill the Catholics, who were very numerous in these days, with rage, must be evident: yet people took great delight in venting their indignation against the Papists by singing it: and to fan up the flame, they often made Habby play up the Air of it on his Bagpipes. Sempill considers the want of Habby to play *Trixie* as one loss among the rest, that Kilbarchan had sustained by Habby's death.

S. 1. V. 3. *Maidin-trace*] Anciently, at all festivals, it was customary to make tours round the places of worship, by going three times round in the same course with the sun, which was reckoned lucky, and was called *Deas soil*, "south about with the sun," the reverse (*car-tual*, or *widershins*) unlucky. This ceremony was of Druidical origin. During the time of Habby Simpson, and long after, it was in use in Renfrewshire, for the Bride and her Maidens, led on by the Piper, to perform the *Deas soil* round the church before the marriage was celebrated, who played a peculiar Air on the occasion, which got the

172

# PAISLEY REPOSITORY.

No. XII.

---

## LIFE OF GEORGE SCHAW, *ABBOT OF PAISLEY.*

Extracted from "Lives of Officers of State in Scotland," published in 1726, written by GEORGE CRAWFORD, Esq. of Drumsoy, Historiographer for Scotland.—Author of "Memoirs of Scotland," "Peerage of Scotland," "Topographical Description of the County of Renfrew," "History of the Royal Family of Stewart," Three Novels, published in one volume—"Courtship a-la-mode," a Comedy. "Love at first Sight," a Comedy, and "Ovidius Britannicus," a set of love epistles, in verse. He was born in 1665, and died in 1726.

HE was a younger son of John Schaw of Sauchy and Greenock, by Mary his wife, one of the two daughters and co-heirs of Sir David Annan of Sauchy. He was born in the end of the reign of James I. and his education being carried on in all things suitable to his quality, after a regular study he entered into Holy Orders, and was quickly after made Rector of the parish church of Minto, within the diocess of Glasgow. He did not long continue in that station; for upon the fame of his piety, and other shining parts, he was chosen Abbot of Paisley, upon the removal of Mr. Crichton to be Abbot of Dunfermline, anno 1476.

While Mr. Schaw was Abbot here, he laid out a great deal of money in enlarging and beautifying the fabric of the Monastery. He built a noble Refectory, and other offices that were necessary for the accommodation of the Monks, with a strong and lofty tower pended over the principal gate of the Abbey. The church, the precinct of the Convent, with the gardens and orchards, and a little park for fallow deer, he inclosed with a wall of aisler work on both sides, about a mile in circuit. Upon different places of the Convent, you'll see frequently the Abbot's arms, viz. three covered cups, with a crosier behind the shield, very finely cut in stone, but not mitred; also, upon the middle wall to the north side, he caused place in three different shields, the royal arms in the middle, the arms of the founder, Walter, the Great Steward of Scotland, a fesse checque on the right side, and his own on the left; there are niches at the end of the wall of most curious graved work; in one of them there was a statue of St. James the Apostle, the patron of the Abbacy; in another an image of the Blessed Virgin, with this distich near it, but somewhat more inward.

Hac ne vade via, nisi dixeris ave Maria,  
Sit semper sine væ, qui tibi dicit avæ.\*

To preserve the memory of the founder of this noble wall, and the time the work was completed, the Abbot, Mr. Schaw, was so just

\* Pass not this way, unless you shall say Ave Maria. May they who bless thee be always in safety and prosper.

to himself, as to cause put up this Inscription upon the north-west corner, which is still remaining\*.

Yai callit ye Abbot George of Schaw,  
 About my Abbay gart make yis Waw.  
 An thousande foure hundreth zheyr  
 Eighty and foure the date but weir †.  
 Pray for his Salvatione  
 Yat made thus nobil fundacioun.

\* Mr. Semple in his History of Renfrewshire, when speaking of the above inscription, says, "Some person or persons has defaced the fifth line of that stone, *Pray for his Salvation*, that it is not now legible. I am informed, the line was razed out between the years 1710 and 1735." If Mr. Semple had read Crawford's Lives of Officers of State in Scotland, he would have seen that the fifth line was standing in the year 1726.

† These two quotations from Gavin Douglas's "Palice of Honour," are similar.

"Jesbedonah the giant mekill of mane,  
 Lay by the handis of michtie Daid slane,  
 With fingers sex on ather hand, *but weir.*"

Part III. St. 70.

"The multitude of precious stainis seir,  
 Thairon sa schone my febill sicht, *but weir,*  
 Micht not behald thair verteous gudliness."

Part III. St. 70.

*But weir*, signifies *without war*, and in the above inscription is taken in a softer sense than bloodshed. It means, such as, without dispute, controversy, or debate. It is further illustrated by the following quotation from the Life of Edmund Burke.

"Inur'd was Edmund, from his youth,  
 To squabbles and to fighting,  
 And scenes of war, and desperate deeds,  
 He always took delight in.  
 But not that savage kind of war  
 My hearers may suppose,

Abbot Schaw having now the reputation of a person of virtue and discretion, the King was pleased to commit the education of his second son, the Duke of Ross, to his care, and he discharged the great trust with fidelity and satisfaction, insomuch, that King James IV. in his charter, erecting the Abbot's village of Paisley into a Burgh of Barony, is pleased in the preamble to take notice of this acceptable piece of service in a very particular manner. The Abbot after this coming into great favour, he was at length promoted to be Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, on the 18th of May, 1495, upon the removal of the Abbot of Cambuskenneth from the office. He did not long continue Treasurer, for being grown aged, and not car-

“ For Edmund never got a scar,  
 “ Nor risqu'd a bloody nose.

“ Far different arms he did employ  
 “ Than those our soldiers wield,  
 “ His dagger was an argument,  
 “ And sophistry his shield.  
 “ Reasons like red-hot balls he threw;  
 “ With Edmund none could cope,  
 “ But in a metaphor was slain,  
 “ Or perish'd by a trope.”

I shall close this Note with an Extract taken from a modern Poet, wherein the words *without dispute* are used in the same way, as the words *but weir*, were used by our forefathers. Scott on “The bad Effects of Drinking,” speaking of himself being drunk on a certain day, says,

Tho' that day, (O! were't blottet out  
 Frae mang the lave) *without dispute*,  
 I was e'en leigher than the brute,  
 Bris'd down wi' liquor.

ing for it, it seems, to continue in a secular employment, which behoved necessarily to take up so much of his time, in about two years or thereabouts he resigned the white staff, which his Majesty presently put into the hands of Sir Robert Lunkin of Balgony. And now the old Abbot resolving to retire quite from the world, to spend the short remains of his time in preparing for his latter end, thought fit to demit the government of his Abbacy to Robert Schaw, a nephew of his own, who was thereupon canonically elected Abbot of Paisley, to which he obtained the royal assent, by letters patent under the great seal, the 1st of March, 1498. After this he spun out his days in the devotions peculiar to the Romish Church till his death, in the year 1504, and was buried in the aisle adjoining the Abbey Church, where his funeral monument is yet to be seen.



*Difference between Simple and Compound Interest.*

As the solutions to the following questions, by my friend, Mr. John Peden, Accomptant, Paisley, exemplify in a true point of view, the vast difference between Simple and Compound Interest, I judged them worthy of a place in this publication.

*Problem I.* Suppose one farthing had been lent at compound interest, at 5 per cent. in the first year of the Christian æra, or the birth of Christ, and so continued to January 1, 1811, How much will be the amount thereof?

*Solution.* Tabular number for the amount of One Pound for 50 years, is 11.4673997, then this last number squared, is 131.5012558 for 100 years; when squared, is 17292.5802769 for 200 years; when squared, is 299033332.6330308 for 400 years; when squared, is 89420934025616843.1659791 for 800 years, then the last number multiplied by 17292.5802769 produces 1546318680073357941488.4507377 for 1000 years; then the amount for 1000 years multiplied into the amount for 800 years, is equal to 138273260673418658756277636879799725767.0007949 for 1800 years; then the amount for 1800 years multiplied into 1.6288946, being the amount of one pound for 10 years, equal to 225232567635324016787343358814266622383.348453, being the amount of one pound compound interest for 1810 years; then the 960th part of that amount, will be equal to £.234617257953462517486815998764861064.98265463, amount of one farthing compound interest, at 5 per cent. for 1810 years.

*Problem II.* The diameter of the earth, from the latest experiments, is 42078016 feet. A cubic foot of fine gold, is 1506.135168 lbs. Troy weight, and a pound Troy weight of fine gold is equal in value to £.48 sterling. Required, how many globes of fine solid gold, and each of them as large as the globe of this earth, will the amount of one farthing, compound interest, at 5 per cent. for 1810 years, produce?

*Solution.* The answer of the last solution divided by £.48, gives 4887859540697135780975333307601272.18713863 lbs. Troy of fine

gold. Then the cube of 42078016 feet is 74501628045372347908096 feet, cube of the diameter of the earth; then this last number multiplied by .5236, being the 6th part of 3.1416 (the circumference of a circle whose diameter is one) and the product will be equal to 39009052444556961364679.0656, the cubic feet in the globe of the earth; then this last product being multiplied into 1506.135168 lbs Troy, is 58752905757103609690560413 . 7335390208 lbs. Troy fine gold: equal to the globe of the earth. Then the lbs. Troy of fine gold found in the amount of one farthing compound interest for 1810 years, as above, divided by the lbs. Troy of fine gold, found in the weight of the globe of the earth, is equal to 83,193,494.4784609 globes of fine solid gold, each as large as the globe of the earth.

Hence it appears, from Mr. Peden's solution, that one single farthing put out to usury, in the manner aforesaid, would amount to more in value, than eighty three million, one hundred and ninety three thousand, four hundred and ninety four globes of fine solid gold, each as large as our earth!!! a strange and most surprising, but no less certain truth; whereas the amount of one farthing in 1810 years, simple interest is only 1s. 10d. three and one half farthings! Yet the reason is evident to any person who understands and considers; that simple interest is grounded on arithmetical, but compound interest on geometrical progression.

## SIX COMICAL PAISLEY SIGNS.

—O—

I. *John M'Lean's, Townhead, 1783.*

The reason that this Sign stands here,  
I sell good Whiskey, Ale, and Beer;  
And if that you do stand in need,  
Unto your dram you shall get bread.

—

II. *Over a Cook's Shop, Townhead, 1783.*

Pay to-day, and to-morrow for nothing.

—

III. *In Storie Street, 1793.*

Whiskey and Ale are sold in here,  
And Porter too, by Robert Speir.

—

IV. *On Mrs. Wilson's Land, Townhead, 1804.*

Who lives here? Who do ye think?  
Barney Keir, who loves a drink—  
He loves a drink—I'll tell you why—  
Barney Keir is often dry.  
He sweeps chimneys, and cleans smoke jacks:  
And if your chimney goes on fire,  
He'll put it out to your desire.  
Chimney Sweeper and Soot Merchant.

—

V. *On W. Thomson's, head of Water Wynd, 1807.*

Good meat and drink makes men to grow,  
And you will find it just below.

—

VI. *Sign of the Last, head of the Water Wynd.*

I have travell'd all day to find good Ale,  
And at the Last I found it.

# PAISLEY REPOSITORY.

No. I.

---

## LIFE OF GEORGE SCHAW, *ABBOT OF PAISLEY.*

Extracted from "Lives of Officers of State in Scotland," published in 1726, written by GEORGE CRAWFURD, Esq. of Drumsoy, Historiographer for Scotland.—Author of "Memoirs of Scotland," "Peerage of Scotland," "Topographical Description of the County of Renfrew," "History of the Royal Family of Stewart," Three Novels, published in one volume—"Courtship a-la-mode," a Comedy. "Love at first Sight," a Comedy, and "Ovidius Britannicus," a set of love epistles, in verse. He was born in 1665, and died in 1726.

HE was a younger son of John Schaw of Sauchy and Greenock, by Mary his wife, one of the two daughters and co-heirs of Sir David Annan of Sauchy. He was born in the end of the reign of James I. and his education being carried on in all things suitable to his quality, after a regular study he entered into Holy Orders, and was quickly after made Rector of the parish church of Minto, within the diocess of Glasgow. He did not long continue in that station; for upon the fame of his piety, and other shining parts, he was chosen Abbot of Paisley, upon the removal of Mr. Crichton to be Abbot of Dunfermline, anno 1476.

While Mr. Schaw was Abbot here, he laid out a great deal of money in enlarging and beautifying the fabric of the Monastery. He built a noble Refectory, and other offices that were necessary for the accommodation of the Monks, with a strong and lofty tower pended over the principal gate of the Abbey. The church, the precinct of the Convent, with the gardens and orchards, and a little park for fallow deer, he inclosed with a wall of aisler work on both sides, about a mile in circuit. Upon different places of the Convent, you'll see frequently the Abbot's arms, viz. three covered cups, with a crosier behind the shield, very finely cut in stone, but not mitred; also, upon the middle wall to the north side, he caused place in three different shields, the royal arms in the middle, the arms of the founder, Walter, the Great Steward of Scotland, a fesse checque on the right side, and his own on the left; there are niches at the end of the wall of most curious graved work; in one of them there was a statue of St. James the Apostle, the patron of the Abbacy; in another an image of the Blessed Virgin, with this distich near it, but somewhat more inward.

Hac ne vade via, nisi dixeris ave Maria,  
Sit semper sine væ, qui tibi dicit avæ.\*

To preserve the memory of the founder of this noble wall, and the time the work was completed, the Abbot, Mr. Schaw, was so just

\* Pass not this way, unless you shall say Ave Maria. May they who bless thee be always in safety and prosper.

to himself, as to cause put up this Inscription upon the north-west corner, which is still remaining\*.

Yai callit ye Abbot George of Schaw,  
 About my Abbay gart make yis Waw.  
 An thousande foure hundreth zheyr  
 Eighty and foure the date but weir †.  
 Pray for his Salvatione  
 Yat made thus nobil fundacioun,

\* Mr. Semple in his History of Renfrewshire, when speaking of the above inscription, says, "Some person or persons has defaced the fifth line of that stone, *Pray for his Salvation*, that it is not now legible. I am informed, the line was razed out between the years 1710 and 1735." If Mr. Semple had read Crawford's Lives of Officers of State in Scotland, he would have seen that the fifth line was standing in the year 1726.

† These two quotations from Gavin Douglas's "Pallice of Honour," are similar.

"Jesbedonah the giant mekill of mane,

"Lay by the handis of michtie Dauid slane,

"With fingers sex on ather hand, *but weir*."

Part III. St. 70.

"The multitude of precious stainis seir,

"Thairon sa schone my febill sicht, *but weir*,

"Micht not behald their verteous gudliness."

Part III. St. 70.

*But weir*, signifies *without war*, and in the above inscription is taken in a softer sense than bloodshed. It means, such as, without dispute, controversy, or debate. It is further illustrated by the following quotation from the Life of Edmund Burke.

"Inur'd was Edmund, from his youth,

"To squabbles and to fighting,

"And scenes of war, and desperate deeds,

"He always took delight in.

"But not that savage kind of war

"My hearers may suppose,

Abbot Schaw having now the reputation of a person of virtue and discretion, the King was pleased to commit the education of his second son, the Duke of Ross, to his care, and he discharged the great trust with fidelity and satisfaction, insomuch, that King James IV. in his charter, erecting the Abbot's village of Paisley into a Burgh of Barony, is pleased in the preamble to take notice of this acceptable piece of service in a very particular manner. The Abbot after this coming into great favour, he was at length promoted to be Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, on the 18th of May, 1495, upon the removal of the Abbot of Cambuskenneth from the office. He did not long continue Treasurer, for being grown aged, and not car-

“ For Edmund never got a scar,  
 “ Nor risqu'd a bloody nose.

“ Far different arms he did employ  
 “ Than those our soldiers wield,  
 “ His dagger was an argument,  
 “ And sophistry his shield.

“ Reasons like red-hot balls he threw;  
 “ With Edmund none could cope,  
 “ But in a metaphor was slain,  
 “ Or perish'd by a trope.”

I shall close this Note with an Extract taken from a modern Poet, wherein the words *without dispute* are used in the same way, as the words *but weir*, were used by our forefathers. Scott on “The bad Effects of Drinking,” speaking of himself being drunk on a certain day, says,

Tho' that day, (O! were't blottet out  
 Frae mang the lave) *without dispute*,  
 I was e'en leigher than the brute,  
 Bris'd down wi' liquor.

ing for it, it seems, to continue in a secular employment, which behoved necessarily to take up so much of his time, in about two years or thereabouts he resigned the white staff, which his Majesty presently put into the hands of Sir Robert Lunkin of Balgony. And now the old Abbot resolving to retire quite from the world, to spend the short remains of his time in preparing for his latter end, thought fit to demit the government of his Abbacy to Robert Schaw, a nephew of his own, who was thereupon canonically elected Abbot of Paisley, to which he obtained the royal assent, by letters patent under the great seal, the 1st of March, 1498. After this he spun out his days in the devotions peculiar to the Romish Church till his death, in the year 1504, and was buried in the aisle adjoining the Abbey Church, where his funeral monument is yet to be seen.



*Difference between Simple and Compound Interest.*

As the solutions to the following questions, by my friend, Mr. John Peden, Accomptant, Paisley, exemplify in a true point of view, the vast difference between Simple and Compound Interest, I judged them worthy of a place in this publication.

*Problem I.* Suppose one farthing had been lent at compound interest, at 5 per cent. in the first year of the Christian æra, or the birth of Christ, and so continued to January 1, 1811, How much will be the amount thereof?

*Solution.* Tabular number for the amount of One Pound for 50 years, is 11.4673997, then this last number squared, is 131.5012558 for 100 years; when squared, is 17292.5802769 for 200 years; when squared, is 299033332.6330308 for 400 years; when squared, is 89420934025616843.1659791 for 800 years, then the last number multiplied by 17292.5802769 produces 1546318680073357941488.4507377 for 1000 years; then the amount for 1000 years multiplied into the amount for 800 years, is equal to 138273260673418658756277636879799725767.0007949 for 1800 years; then the amount for 1800 years multiplied into 1.6288946, being the amount of one pound for 10 years, equal to 225232567635324016787343358814266622383.348453, being the amount of one pound compound interest for 1810 years; then the 960th part of that amount, will be equal to £.234617257953462517486815998764861064.98265463, amount of one farthing compound interest, at 5 per cent. for 1810 years.

*Problem II.* The diameter of the earth, from the latest experiments, is 42078016 feet. A cubic foot of fine gold, is 1506.135168 lbs. Troy weight, and a pound Troy weight of fine gold is equal in value to £.48 sterling. Required, how many globes of fine solid gold, and each of them as large as the globe of this earth, will the amount of one farthing, compound interest, at 5 per cent. for 1810 years, produce?

*Solution.* The answer of the last solution divided by £.48, gives 4837859540697135780975333307601272.18713863 lbs. Troy of fine

gold. Then the cube of 42078016 feet is 74501628045372347908096 feet, cube of the diameter of the earth; then this last number multiplied by .5236, being the 6th part of 3.1416 (the circumference of a circle whose diameter is one) and the product will be equal to 39009052444556961364679.0656, the cubic feet in the globe of the earth; then this last product being multiplied into 1506.135168 lbs Troy, is 58752905757103609690560413 . 7335390208 lbs. Troy fine gold: equal to the globe of the earth. Then the lbs. Troy of fine gold found in the amount of one farthing compound interest for 1810 years, as above, divided by the lbs. Troy of fine gold, found in the weight of the globe of the earth, is equal to 83,193,494.4784609 globes of fine solid gold, each as large as the globe of the earth.

Hence it appears, from Mr. Peden's solution, that one single farthing put out to usury, in the manner aforesaid, would amount to more in value, than eighty three million, one hundred and ninety three thousand, four hundred and ninety four globes of fine solid gold, each as large as our earth!!! a strange and most surprising, but no less certain truth; whereas the amount of one farthing in 1810 years, simple interest is only 1s. 10d. three and one half farthings! Yet the reason is evident to any person who understands and considers, that simple interest is grounded on arithmetical, but compound interest on geometrical progression.

## SIX COMICAL PAISLEY SIGNS.

—o—

I. *John McLean's, Townhead, 1783.*

The reason that this Sign stands here,  
 I sell good Whiskey, Ale, and Beer;  
 And if that you do stand in need,  
 Unto your dram you shall get bread.

II. *Over a Cook's Shop, Townhead, 1783.*

Pay to-day, and to-morrow for nothing.

III. *In Storie Street, 1793.*

Whiskey and Ale are sold in here,  
 And Porter too, by Robert Speir.

IV. *On Mrs. Wilson's Land, Townhead, 1804.*

Who lives here? Who do ye think?  
 Barney Keir, who loves a drink—  
 He loves a drink—I'll tell you why—  
 Barney Keir is oftén dry.  
 He sweeps chimneys, and cleans smoke jacks:  
 And if your chimney goes on fire,  
 He'll put it out to your desire.  
 Chimney Sweeper and Soot Merchant.

V. *On W. Thomson's, head of Water Wynd, 1807.*

Good meat and drink makes men to grow,  
 And you will find it just below.

VI. *Sign of the Last, head of the Water Wynd.*

I have travell'd all day to find good Ale,  
 And at the Last I found it.

# PAISLEY REPOSITORY.

No. VIII.

---

*A Guide to Inscriptions sculptured on Tombstones, &c. before the year 1710, in the parishes of Paisley.*

## PROLEGOMENA.

THESE Inscriptions are arranged, in this Publication, according to their respective dates. By this method the attentive reader, of the real Inscriptions themselves, will be able to mark the progress of the different variations,

I. On the form of the letters, from the old *Anglo saxon* character, to the present Roman form.

II. On the Orthography. When our forefathers used the *qv*, or *qu*, for our *w*; and made little or no distinction between the *i*'s and *j*'s, *u*'s and *v*'s; they used a *y* where we use an *i*, sometimes a *y* instead of our *th*, especially where it begins a word as *yai*, *yat*, *ye*, *yi*, *yis*, *yov*, for *they*, *that*, *the*, *thy*, *this*, *thou*, often *v* for *w*, and *z* for *y* and *i*, &c. &c.

III. On the Contractions. Our ancestors used very plentifully both contracted words and letters. Their contracted words were expressed by a curve put over the word; but instead of a curve, we put a full point at the end of the letters of the contracted word, and this I am obliged to do myself, in the following list of contracted words which occur in these Inscriptions, on the account that Printers now-a-days do not use these curves.

AIA. <i>anima</i> , soul.	MESIS. <i>mensis</i> , month.
AN. OR ANO. <i>anno</i> , year.	MONASTII. <i>monasterii</i> , monastery.
DM. <i>domini</i> , lord.	P. <i>pro</i> , for.
I. in.	POSS. <i>posse</i> , to be able.
JACOB. <i>Jacobus</i> , James.	Q. <i>qui</i> , who.
KALEN. <i>kalendæ</i> , kalends.	QLK. <i>quhilk</i> , which.
KILBYNET. <i>Kilbyrneti</i> , Kilbirnie.	SAL. <i>salvatorî</i> , saviour.
Lachr. <i>lachrimæ</i> , tears.	VMQLL. <i>umquhill</i> , the late.

We still write some of our contracted words in the same way of theirs, for instance, *M<sup>o</sup>* for *Milesimo*, *Nonage<sup>o</sup>* for *Nonagesimo*, and *wy<sup>t</sup>* for *with*.

We may say that we use no contracted letters, except the *æ*, and even *æ* is more in disuse than formerly; but if we look the Inscriptions themselves, Nos. 2, 4 and 22, we will see examples of two and three letters being joined into one, having some particular stroke, or part of them, common to all the contracted letters, as *Æ*, the latin diphthong.

IV. On the Language. The tomb stones nearly all begin with a *Heir lyes*, or if the deceased was a man of great note, he has, perhaps, a latin Inscription beginning with a *Hic jacet*. What difference has taken place since, may be easily seen by examining the grave stones of any burying place. I will give three examples which the reader may contrast with these ancient tomb stone Inscriptions. -

I. In the Abbey Church yard near the Quire.

In memory of John Orr, who was one of the Paisley Militia,, and fell at the Battle of Falkirk, 13th of January 1746.

II. In the High Church yard of Paisley.

The property of the Hammermen Society in Paisley.

MDCCXCVI.

To help the poor is our design

In this our late Erection

This shall a Testimony be

Of this our good Intention

III. Copied from a Grave Stone in Johnstone Chapel yard.

(*On the one side.*)

This Burying place is the property of James Craig Vintner in Quarrelton and Mary Black his Spouse and their Children. This is Likewise to the memory of James Hatrick interred here.

Motto

Vive Deo ut Vivas

This Simple Stone Which few Vain Marbl<sup>(.)</sup>s Can. May Truly Say here Lyes an honest Man.

Look the Other Side

(*On the other side*)

Who Departed this Life July 28th 1802  
By particular Desire of Margaret Grant  
his Widow and Consent of James Craig  
The Proprietor

As it would occupy too much room to criticise on every part of these ancient Inscriptions, we shall next take a view of their terminations *Orate, Orate pro anima ejus* and *Pray for his Salvation*. Our ancestors appear to have had two ends in view in erecting their tomb stones. 1. To perpetuate the memory of the deceased, and 2. To point out the spots where the deceased persons were interred, in order that they might receive the benefit of the prayers of the godly, to release their souls more speedily out of purgatory.

V. On the Sculpture. All these Inscriptions are in *basso relievo* except Nos. 3 and 25 which are cut in the stone. These Inscriptions in general begin at the one corner of the stone, go round the edge of it, and terminate in the centre. At other times the centre is filled up with a coat of arms, on the left hand side is the

initial of the person's christian name, and on the right hand side of the arms is the initial of the person's surname, and sometimes a sentence from scripture, of the nature of a prayer, is around the coat of arms.

By an intelligent reader, of the real Inscriptions themselves, paying a proper attention to what is mentioned in the preceding five particulars, he will be at no loss if he should happen to meet with any old Inscriptions without dates, such as Nos. 10, 11, 12 and 13, to come within a few years of the true dates.

These tomb stones are all in the form of a parallelogram. Parts of some of them which contained reading are broken off, (as Nos, 3, 4, 6, &c.) or under ground, (as No. 5.) these parts are signified by a long dash. Obliterated parts are marked with asterisks. Those Italic words printed in the Inscriptions are supplied from what we considered must have been on the stone.

#### INSCRIPTIONS.

I. On the entry to the Abbey Church by the north door, on the left hand side of the porch as you go in.

*Pax* \* \* \* \* \*  
*has* huius monastii. *xx* die  
 mesis. *Januarii* ano. *dm.* *Mo.* *cccco.*  
*xxxiii* \* *rit fieri* sua *senustura*

The word *Pax* in the first line is dimly seen. It is reported, that Mr. Millar, who was one of the Ministers of the Abbey Church, between the years 1710 and 1752, caused the first line of the preceding Inscription, and the fifth line of No. II. to be erased, observing, that such papistical sentiments were unfit to remain in a protestant church. We think that *has* relates to something in the first line, and *huius* to the second line. The first word after *XXXIII* in the fourth line we could make nothing of but *rit*. The next *fieri*, signifies something to be done. *Sua*, ans-

wers for *his, hers, theirs, its*, and the last word, *senus-tura*, we could make nothing of, we rather think, that we have mistaken some of the letters. Upon the whole, we think that this Inscription points out the date, when some building or repairs were made upon the Monastery.

II. On the front of the corner house of Lawn and Inkle streets.

Wat callit ye abbot george of schaw  
 About my abbay gart make pis waw  
 An thousande foure hundreth zheyr  
 Eighty and foure the date but weir  
 Pray for his salvacioun,  
 Wat made thus nobil fundacioun.

Mr. Semple in his history of Renfrew-shire, says, "The large stone which has George Shaw, abbot of Paisley's Inscription on it, as mentioned by Mr. Crawford, is placed in front of the north-most house on the east side of Lawn street, being a lintel to the front door. This stone is reserved in such a manner, that neither the Earl of Abercorn can take away the stone from said house, nor can the proprietor use the stone any other way than in the front of the house. However, some person, or persons, for self ends, has defaced the fifth line of that so, viz. *Pray for his salvacioun*, that it is not now legible. I am informed, the line was razed out between the years 1710 and 1735." An incorrect copy of the last Inscription is in the History of the Shire of Renfrew.

III. A little south from the east door, inside of the Abbey Church.

Hic jacet Jacob: crawfurd de kilbynet. q. obiit xx  
 A. D. Mo. cccc. Monageo. iro. Orate p. aia. eius  
 Translation.

Here lies James Crawford of Kilbirnie who died the 20th—in the year of our Lord 1499. *Pray ye for his soul.*

On the centre are a sword, flag, &c.

IV. On the south wall, inside of the Abbey Church.

William Pyrrie decessit ye first day of Juni  
ye zeir of God Mo. Uc. and ix zeirs. Drate

A part of this Inscription reads backward.

V. On the north wall, inside of the Abbey Church, nearly behind the pulpit.

*Heir lyis* Thomas Inglis Bailze of Paslay qvha  
decessit ye 15 of Aug——sone to David 1559  
Thomas Inglis sone to Ihone——for ye tyme  
and Issabel Mvir Spovs——And a coat of arms  
in the centre. In the above Inscription, Old  
English and Roman characters are mixed.

VI. On the east wall, inside of the Abbey Church, a little north from the east door.

*here lyis ane honorabill man* caiptane robert  
craufurd granter of paslay i. ye sepultur of James  
Craufurd of sedil qlk. decessid ye fourt of Juni  
ye zier of god 1575.

And round his coat of arms, which are in the centre, there is something like the following Inscription, but it is so much defaced, that we could not make it out properly.

quha nevir rasevit honorle. of na man and  
hes maid se mony syndry

VII. Further north, on the same side of the Church, as you go up the north-east stair.

*heir lyis ane honorabill man* Jams Stebart of  
Cardonald sbm tyme capltane of ye Gard of Scot-  
land in france quha decessit ye XV day of Jauuar  
ano. dm. 1584.

And round his coat of arms, which are in the centre.

*O lord I comend. my sabl into pi hands qlk.  
yeb hes Redemit vpt. pi precious blud.*

VIII. On the front of a house in the School Wynd, which was formerly occupied as a Grammar School.

“The Gramar. Scvil. 1586.” and the Paisley coat of arms. On the left side of the arms is an  $\text{D}$ , for *Opidum*, and on the right hand side is a  $\text{P}$ , for *Pasleti*. Above is cut in the stone, “Disce puer aut abi. 1753.”

IX. In the Earl of Abercorn’s burying place, or Sounding Aisle.

D. O. M.

*Piæ infantum Margaretæ, Henrici, et Alexandri Hamiltoniorum, memoriæ; Claudius Hamiltonius Pasleti dominus, et Margareta Seton ejus uxor, proli charissime—Cum lachr. poss. obiere, Margareta An. Sal. 1577: X kalen. Jan. Nata mensis tres, diēs XXII Henrici 1585 Id Mar. Natus menses tres dies duos—Alexander \* \* \* \* \* Kal. Decemb. Natus menses octo dies tres.*

*Felices anima vobis suprema parentes  
Solvunt vos illis solve \* quæ decuit.*

Translation.

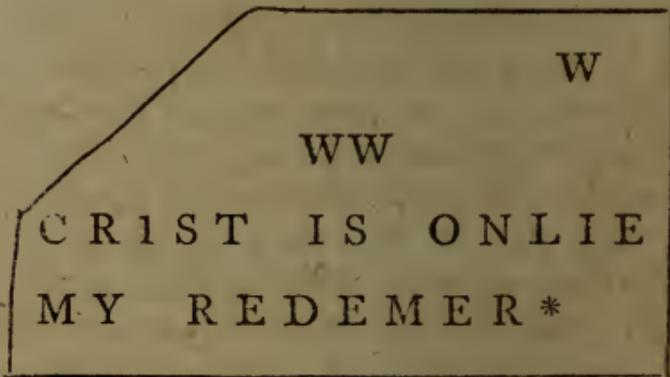
GOD IS THE GOVERNOR OF THE UNIVERSE.

In memory of the infants, pious Margaret, Henry and Alexander Hamiltons; the most dearly beloved children of Claud Hamilton; lord Paisley, and Margaret Seton his wife. They died much lamented, Margaret, the 23d of December, in the year of our Saviour 1576, aged three months and twenty two days; Henry the 15th of March, 1585, aged three months and two days; Alexander, November \* \* \* \* \* aged eight months and three days.

Blessed souls, to your death this is devoted,  
He that hath taken you, hath done what be-  
seemeth him.

This last Inscription was published in Semple's History of Renfrew-shire; but as the translation was thought incorrect, it was judged proper to insert it here.

On the south outside of Elderslie garden wall, near the east end of the garden, is a stone with the following Inscription.



A part of one of the corners of the stone is broken off, which probably contained a W. By the form of the letters on the stone we cannot allow it to be any older than the latter half of the sixteenth century, when a William Wallace, a relation of the brave Sir William Wallace, was proprietor of Elderslie.

XI. On the outside wall of the Abbey Church, near the east door.

Misericordia et Pax.

*Translation.*—Mercy and Peace.

XII. Nearly opposite, on the wall.

Heir Iyis Waltir Ros in Holinbvs.

XIII. In the Abbey Church yard.

Heir Iyis Iohne Alexander Bvrges of Paislay  
and Bessie Carswall his spovs.

XIV. In the Abbey Church yard.

Heir Iyis ane honest man callit William Cochran in Schergen Lav of Fvlbar Mvir, 1611.

XV. On one part of the front wall of the little steeple was this Inscription.

Qvha gives the pvir to God he lends,  
And God agane mair grace him sends.

And on another part of it was this Inscription.

He that hes pitie on ye pvir  
Of grace and mercie sal be svir.

XVI In the Abbey Church yard.

Heir Iyis ane honest man callit Thomas Piter Bailzie of Paslay, qvha deceissit ye 10 of Nov. Anno 1609 and Ionet Vrie his spovs & Iohne Piter thair sone & Margaret Craig his spovs qvha deceissit ye 30 of Octob. Anno 1617.

XVII. In the Quire of the Abbey Church.

Heir Iyes a faithfvll sister Marion Montgomerie, spovs to vmqll. Patrik Peblis of Brvme-lands Provost of Irveine, & mother in law to Thomas Inglis of Corsflet Baillie of Paislay, qvha deceissit 28 Ian. 1720 yeiris.

XVIII. On the back part of Cochran of Craigmuir's house, Paisley, being the first land west from the corner house, head of New street; now the property of Mr. J. Thomson.

“God is ye fovnder of al good works,”

A little higher up the wall is an *M* and *S* sculptured into each other, also an *M. A. V.* sculptured into each other.

XIX. In the Abbey Church yard.

Heir Iyis ane faithfwl brother, called Williame Algeo, byrges of Paislay, & Cirstin Keibill his spovs qvha deseisit ye zeir of God 1621.

XX. This, and the next four are in the Quire.

Heir lysis ane faithfvll brother Thomas Ingilis of Corsflat qvha decisst the 27 of May 1625 Etatis sve 78.

XXI. Here lyeth ane faithful brother called Iohne Hutchesone Baillie of Paislay who deceased the 22 of Februar 1625.

XXII. Heir lyeth Robert Henderson and Magdalen Hovstovne 1629. Thomas Henderson aud Malie Cochranne.

XXIII. Heir lysis a Right Worthie Gentel Man, Allan Lochart of Hindschelvod leat Baile of Paslay qvha deceisit the 10 of Apryl Ano. 1635 Etat. 42. I have fovght a good fight and finished my covrse I have keped the fayth, 2 Tim. 4. 7.

XXIV. Heir lysis Ionete Delop spovs to David Maxwal, Merchand, Bvrges of Paislay, qvha decesed 1643.

XXV. Near the centre of the Abbey Church yard, a stone stands on its end, about two feet high, the east side of it contains a considerable Inscription; but it was very much filled up with moss: however, we made out that it had been the burying place of "George Matthie Taylzovr." The west side contains, the date 1704, G. M. and his coat of arms, in bass relief: which consists of a large pair of shears, with their blades turned toward the top of the stone, and half open, in the act of clipping a louse in two, which is also cut out of the solid stone, in bass relief, between the blades of the shears, with its face and breast turned toward the spectators. Under the handles of the shears is a Tailor's Goose.

*The dealings of the Presbytery of Paisley with the Guidwife of Ferguslie. In 1643-1647. Extracted from the records of the Presbytery.*

*June, 8th 1643.* The Guidwife of Ferguslie having been repeatedly summoned for not attending worship in her Parish Church of Paisley, and her husband reporting that she could not for want of health; the Presbytery ordain the minister to go to Ferguslie, and in presence of the Guidwife read and expound the Scriptures, and sing psalms. He reports his having done so; they appoint him to examine her upon oath, whither it be inability of body or scruples of conscience which prevent her attendance.

*June 22d.* Report that he examined the Guidwife on oath, who depones, that she was for the present unable to come to Paisley, but wad come if she was able: the Presbytery stop procedure.

*March, 27th 1646.* The Guidwife of Ferguslie, after being long dealt with, at last swears and subscribes the Confession of Faith and Covenants, and renounces Popery, before the two ministers of Paisley and the elders at Blackstone.

*June, 25th.* The Guidwife again dilated for not coming to church. She alledges inability of body, ordered to produce a testimonial from a Physician.

*July, 30th.* A testimonial produced; the Presbytery find it satisfies their act: appoint the ministers of Paisley to deal with her husband to provide ane chamber in Paisley for his wife,

that she may reside there for her more easy coming to the kirk.

*Sept. 3d.* Her husband declares that she cannot be removed at all: ordered to bring her to Paisley that the ministers may have opportunity of frequent converse with her, or to bring a testimonial that she cannot be removed.

*Sept. 24th.* He reports that he had not an opportunity to see the Physician: the Presbytery advise him before next meeting to bring his wife from Blackstone, either by land or water, to Paisley, to hear the word, and have conferences with the ministers.

*Dec. 17th.* She is advertised to come and reside at Paisley between and February next.

*April, 1st 1647.* Order her to be publickly admonished for not coming to reside at Paisley, as the Presbytery had appointed.

*April, 22d.* Two members report that they had gone and visited the Guidwife of Ferguslie, and had seen her infirm; and she still pretended inability, they had gotten her promise to come to the kirk of Paisley within 20 days; to give content and satisfaction in that point, albeit she should be *carried on her bed.*

*May, 8th.* Mr. Henry Calvert \* minister of Paisley reports, that Margaret Hamilton, Guidwife of Ferguslie, had come to the kirk of Paisley *carried on a bed.*

\* In the Acts of the General Assembly for 1645, he is called "Henry Colwart Minister at Paisley."

## PAISLEY REPOSITORY.

No. VIII.

*List of Pieces written by Mr. Alexander Wilson, now in Philadelphia.*

This celebrated Poet and Ornithologist was born at the Seedhill, Paisley, on the 6th day of July, in the year 1766. His father, Alexander Wilson, is now (1810) a very old man. He still resides not far from the place where his son was born.

The following pieces were written by Mr. Wilson, before he left this country.

1. Hab's door or the Temple of Terror.
2. The Hollander, or light weight.
3. The Insulted Pedlar, a poetical Tale, related by himself.
4. A demy octavo volume of Poems.
5. The Solitary Philosopher.
6. The Laurel disputed, or the merits of Allan Ramsay, and Robert Ferguson contrasted.
7. "Rab and Ringan." A Tale recited by the Author, in the Pantheon Edinburgh: on the question, "Whither is diffidence, or the allurements of pleasure, the greatest bar to progress in knowledge."
8. "The Loss o' the Pack," a true Tale, recited by the Author, in the character of a poor Pedlar, in the Pantheon, Edinburgh, on the question, "Whither is disappointment in Love, or loss of Fortune hardest to bear."
9. "On hogmenae night as ye'll hear," a Song.
10. "Dark lours the night o'er the wide stormy main," a Song.
11. Wee Johnnie's Elegy.
12. The Vomit.
13. The Spouter.
14. Poetical Epistle to Mr. T. Witherspoon.
15. An Address to the Synod of Glasgow and Air, by Laurie Nettle.
16. The Tears of Britain.
17. Waty and Meg, or the Wife reformed.
18. The Shark, or Lang Mills detected.

In the Summer of 1794, Mr. Wilson emigrated to America, where he has since written, 19. A Poetical Epistle to Mr. Charles Orr, who was then in Philadelphia. 20. A Speech, which he delivered at Milestown, in favour of the election of Mr. Jefferson, to the Presidency of the United States. 21. "Jefferson and Liberty." A Patriotic Song for the glorious fourth of March, 1801 22. Volume 1st of the "American Ornithology, or Natural History of the Birds of the United States, Illustrated with Plates, Engraved and Colored from Original Drawings taken from Nature." This Work is at present publishing in ten volumes, demy folio; elegantly printed, by Robert Carr, at Philadelphia, on a fine thick cream coloured wove paper, price twelve dollars each volume. The two following Poems are extracted out of this Work.

#### THE AMERICAN BLUE BIRD.

*Mr. Wilson* says, "Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the Blue-bird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the Robin Red-breast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader I hope will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence."

"When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,  
 Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,  
 The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,  
 And cloud-cleaving geese to the Lakes are a-steering;  
 When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing;  
 When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,  
 O then comes the Blue-bird, the HERALD OF SPRING!  
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;  
 Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;  
 The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,  
 And spicewood and sassafras budding together;  
 O then to your gardens ye housewives repair!  
 Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure;  
 The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,  
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits thro' the orchard, he visits each tree,  
 The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;  
 He snaps up *destroyers* wherever they be,  
 And seizes the *caitiffs* that lurk in their bosoms;  
 He drags the vile *grub* from the corn it devours;  
 The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;  
 His song and his services freely are ours,  
 And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleas'd when he gleans in his train,  
 Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;  
 The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,  
 And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;  
 The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chid,  
 While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em  
 In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,  
 That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,  
 And Autumn slow waters so silent and sallow,  
 And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,  
 Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;  
 The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,  
 Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,  
 Till forc'd by the horrors of winter to roam,  
 He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,  
 The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,  
 Or love's native music have influence to charm,  
 Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,  
 Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be;  
 His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;  
 For, thro' bleakest storms if a calm he but see,  
 He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!"

## THE BALTIMORE BIRD.

“ The Baltimore inhabits North America, from Canada to Mexico, and is even found as far south as Brazil. Since the streets of our cities have been planted with that beautiful and stately tree, the Lombardy poplar, these birds are our constant visitors during the early part of summer; and amid the noise and tumult of coaches, drays, wheelbarrows, and the din of the multitude, they are heard chanting ‘ their native wood notes wild;’ sometimes too within a few yards of an oysterman, who stands bellowing, with the lungs of a Stentor, under the shade of the same tree; so much will habit reconcile even birds to the roar of the city, and to sounds and noises, that, in other circumstances, would put a whole grove of them to flight.

High on yon poplar clad in glossiest green,  
 The orange, black-capp'd Baltimore is seen;  
 The broad extended boughs still please him best,  
 Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his nest;  
 There his sweet mate, secure from every harm,  
 Broods o'er her spotted store and wraps them warm;  
 Lists to the noontide hum of busy bees,  
 Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the breeze;  
 These day by day the lonely hours deceive,  
 From dewy morn to slow descending eve.  
 Two weeks elaps'd, behold a helpless crew!  
 Claim all her care and her affection too;  
 On wings of love th' assiduous nurses fly,  
 Flowers, leaves and boughs abundant food supply;  
 Glad chants their guardian as abroad he goes,  
 And waving breezes rock them to repose.”

Communications, post paid, suited to the nature of this work may be addressed to John Millar, Bookseller, Sandholes, Paisley.

*Printed by Andrew Young, at the Cross.*

# PAISLEY REPOSITORY.

No. III.

---

## HARDYKNUTE.

### A HEROIC SCOTTISH BALLAD.

The incomparable beauties of this Ballad, and the favourable reception which the first part hath always met with from the lovers of ancient poetry, have induced the Editor here to give the tragedy complete. Certain, that while it ornaments his Collection, it must also entertain the reader. Though the first part has been of pretty long standing in the literary world, it is believed few have hitherto had the pleasure of perusing the second,---for which we are indebted to the judicious Compiler of the Scottish Tragic Ballads, who hath had the honour of snatching this valuable remains from the jaws of Oblivion, and transmitting to posterity the first complete copy.

STATELY slept he east the wa',  
And stately slept he west ;  
Full seventy yeirs he now had sene,  
With scerce sevin yeirs of rest.  
He livit whan *Briton's* breach of faith  
Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,

*Britons.* This was the common name which the Scots gave the English anciently, as may be seen in old poets.

And aye his sword tauld to their cost,  
He was their deidly fae.

## II.

Hie on a hill *his castle stude*,  
With halls and touris a hicht ;  
And guidly chambers fair to see,  
Whar he lodgit mony a *knicht*.  
His dame sae peirless anes, and fair,  
For chaste and bewtie sene,  
Nae marraw had in a' the land,  
Save *Margaret* the quene.

*His castle stude.* About a mile and a half north of Kilburnie. Hardyknute's Castle stands on that ridge of hills, which stretches to the west and north of that village. From the thickness of its walls, and its being accessible on one side only, it appears to have been a place of considerable strength. The ruins of this Edifice are seen at a great distance from the south-west champain country. It is now called Glen-Garnock Castle on account of its peculiar situation.

*Knichts.* These knights were only military officers attending the Earls, Barons, &c, as appears from the histories of the middle ages.

Save *Margaret* the quene. She was the eldest daughter of Henry III. the King, and Eleanor the Queen of England ; and was considered the most beautiful woman of that age, as appears from the frequent allusions made to her in the writings of these times, particularly in the old historical Scottish Ballad of Sir James the Rose, written long after the era of Hardyknute. In that Ballad, the author, to extol the beauty of Matilda, daughter of Lord Buchan, the Mistress of his hero, draws the following contrast *per poetica licentia*.

“ The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,  
“ A maid of beauty rare,  
“ Even Margaret on the Scottish throne,  
“ Was never half so fair.”

## III.

Full thirtein sons to him she bare,  
 All men of valour stout,  
 In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,  
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;  
 Four yit remain'd; lang mote they live  
 To stand by liege and land:  
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,  
 And hie was their command.

## IV.

Griet luvè they bare to *Fairly* fair,  
 Their sifter fast and dier,  
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,  
 And gowden glist her hair.  
 What waefou wae her bewtie bred!  
 Waefou to young and auld,  
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,  
 As stòry ever tauld.

## V.

The King of Norse in summer tide,  
 Puft up with pouir and micht,  
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle,  
 Wi' mony a hardie knicht\*.

It is very probable that the Queen was also called Elenor, after her mother, for a great number of common editions has it "Save Elenor the Queen."

*Fairly.* This name seems likewise of Saxon origin. There is a small island and a rivulet in Cunningham still, called Fairly Isle and Fairly Burn.

\* On the first of August, 1263, Hacquin V. King of

The tidings to our gude Scots king †  
 Cam as he sat at dyne,  
 With noble chiefs in brave array,  
 Drinking the bluid-red wyne.

## VI.

‘ To horse, to horse, my royal liege !  
 ‘ Your faes stand on the strand ;  
 ‘ Full twenty thousand glittering speirs  
 ‘ The chiefs of Norfe command.’  
 “ Bring me my steid, Page, dapple gray.”  
 Our gude king raise and cry’d :  
 A trustier beast in a’ the land,  
 A Scots king nevir feyd.

Norway, with a Fleet of 160 Sail, came to Ayr, a maritime town of Kyle, where he landed 20,000 men.

Hacquin pretended that the cause of the war, was, on account of the Islands of Bute, Arran, and both the Cumbraes, which were never reckoned amongst the Æbudæ; which had been promised to his ancestors by Donald Bane, and were not yet put into his hands.

Hacquin took Bute and Arran, and reduced their castles before he met with any opposition. Then making a descent into Cunningham, the next continent over against Bute, on that part of it called Largs, was there encountered and defeated by the Scottish army, which eagerly pursued the Norwegians till night; and the whole country between the Largs and Ayr, was strewed with their slaughtered carcases. There was slain in this battle sixteen thousand of the Norwegians, and five thousand of the Scots.

† Alexander III. King of Scotland.

## VII.

“Gae” little Page “tell Hardyknute,”  
 Wha lives on hill fae hie,  
 “To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,  
 “And haste and follow me.”

The little Page flew swift as dart,  
 Flung by his master’s arm;  
 ‘Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,  
 ‘And rede your king frae harm.’

*Page.* The Pages in the periods of chivalry were of honourable account. The young warriors were first denominated pages.

*Hardyknute.* This name is of Danish derivation; and signifies CANUTE THE STRONG. It appears to have been conferred on Alexander Stewart, or Alexander, Lord High Steward of Scotland, on account of his great valour.

Abercrombie says, that at the battle of the Largs, Alexander Stewart commanded the right wing of the Scottish army, and that the glorious victory which the King of Scotland obtained over that of Norway, by which a final period was put to the northern invasions, was undoubtedly owing to the great bravery and good conduct of Hardyknute.

Though Hardyknute possessed a large paternal inheritance, yet the King of Scots rewarded his signal services, at the battle of the Largs, by a grant of the barony of Garleys, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, dated 3d of November 1263.

Hardyknute, besides being a great warrior, was a very pious man, according to the religion in fashion in those days. He made some eminent pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and he ratified the donations of his ancestors to the Abbacy of Paisley, and he was an eminent benefactor to the said Abbacy besides: from all which, (says Abercrombie) we may conclude, that he was the greatest, and probably the best subject in those days.

## VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,  
 Sae did his dark-brown brow ;  
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont  
 In danger grit to do.

*He's tane a horn* as green as grafs,  
 And gien five sounds fae shrill,  
 That tries in green wode shuke thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

## IX.

His fons in manly sport and glie,  
 Had past the summer's morn ;  
 Whan lo, down in a grassy dale,  
 They heard their father's horn.  
 ' That horn', quoth they, ' neir sounds in peace  
 ' We've other sport to bide ;'  
 And sune they hied them up the hill,  
 And sune were at his side.

## X.

" Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace  
 " To end my lengthend lyfe ;  
 " My age micht well excuse my arm  
 " Frae manly feats of stryfe ;  
 " But now that Norse does proudly boast  
 " Fair Scotland to enthral,  
 " It's neir be said of Hardyknute,  
 " He feird to fecht or fall.

*He's tane a born, &c.* The horn, or bugi was ancie  
 used by the Scots instead of the trumpet.

## XI.

- “ Robin of Rothfay bend thy bow,  
 “ Thy arrows shute fae leil,  
 “ That mony a comely countenance  
 “ They’ve turn’d to deidly pale.  
 “ Braive Thomas, take ye but your lance,  
 “ Ye neid nae weapons mair ;  
 “ Gif ye fecht wi’t, as ye did anes,  
 “ ’Gainst *Westmoreland’s* ferce heir.

## XII.

- “ And Malcolm, licht of fute as stag  
 “ That runs in forest wilde,  
 “ Get me my thousands thrie of men  
 “ Weil bred to sword and shield :  
 “ Bring me my horse and harnifine,  
 “ My blade of metal clere.—”  
 If faes but kend the hand it bare,  
 They sune had fled for feir.

## XIII.

- “ Fareweil, my dame, sae peirless gude,”  
 And tuke her by the hand,  
 “ Fairer to me in age you seim  
 “ Than maids for bewtie famd :  
 “ My youngest son fall here remain,  
 “ To guard these stately touirs,  
 “ And shute the silver bolt that keips  
 “ Sae fast your painted bowers.”

## XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,  
 And then her boddice grene ;

*Westmoreland’s*. Heir, in the old Scottish acceptation,  
 signifies not apparent-successor, but present lord.

The filken cords of twirtle twift  
 Were plet with silver shene ;  
 And apron set with mony a dye  
 Of neidle-wark fae rare,  
 Wove by nae hand as ye may guefs,  
 Save that of *Fairly fair*.

## XV.

And he has ridden our muir and moss,  
 Our hills and mony a glen,  
 Whan he cam to a wounded knicht,  
 Making a heavy mane ;  
 ‘ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye  
 ‘ By treacheries fause gyles ;  
 ‘ Witlefs I was that eir gave faith  
 ‘ To wicked woman’s smyles.’

## XVI.

“ *Sir knicht*, gin ye were in my bouir,  
 “ To lean on filken feat,  
 “ My lady’s kyndlie care you’d pruve  
 “ Wha neir kend deadly hate ;  
 “ Hirfell wald watch ye all the day  
 “ Her maids at deid of nicht ;  
 “ And *Fairly fair* your heart would cheir,  
 “ As she stands in your sicht.

*Fairly fair*. Working at the needle, &c. was reckoned an honourable employment by the greatest ladies of those times.

*Sir Knicht*. The addition of Sir to the names of knights was in use before the age of Edward I. and was taken from Sire, which in old French signifies Seigneur or Lord.

[*To be continued.*]

---

*J. Neilson, printer.*

*HARDYKNUTE CONTINUED.*

---

- 17 " Aryse zoung knicht, and mount zour steid,  
 " Bricht lows the shynand day;  
 " Chuse frae my menzie wham ze pleis,  
 " To leid ze on the way."  
 Wi' smyleless luke, and visage wan,  
 The wounded knicht replyd,  
 ' Kind chiftain zour intent pursue,  
 ' For heir I maun abide.
- 18 ' To me na efter day nor nicht  
 ' Can eir be sweit or fair;  
 ' But sune benethe sum draping trie,  
 ' Cauld dethe sall end my care.'  
 Still him to win strave Hardyknute,  
 Nor strave he lang in vain;  
 Short pleiding eithly micht prevale,  
 Him to his lure to gain.
- 19 " I will return wi' speid to bide,  
 " Zour plaint and mend zour wae:  
 " But private grudge maun neir be quell'd  
 " Befoir our countries fae.  
 " Mordac, thy eild may best be spaird  
 " The fields of stryfe frae mang;  
 " Convey Sir knicht to my abode,  
 " And meise his egre pang."
- 20 Syne he has gane far hynd, attowre  
 Lord Chattan's land sa wyde;  
 That lord a wörthy wicht was aye,  
 Quhan faes his courage seyde;  
 Of Pictish race by mother's syde:  
 Quhan Picts rul'd Caledon.  
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid  
 Quhan he saift Pictish crown.
- 21 Now with his ferse and stalwart train  
 He recht a rising hicht,  
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,  
 Norse menzie lay in sicht;  
 " Zonder my valziant sons, and feirs,  
 " Our raging rievvers wait,

- " On the unconquerit Scottish swaird  
 " To try with us their fate.  
 22 " Mak orisons to him that saift  
 " Our sauls upon the rude;  
 " Syne braifly shaw zour veins are fill'd  
 " Wi Caledonian bluid."  
 Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,  
 Quhyle thousands all around,  
 Drawn frae their sheiths glanst in the sun,  
 And loud the bougils sound.
- 23 To join his king, adown the hill  
 In haste his march he made,  
 Quhyle playand pibrochs minstrals meit  
 Afore him stately strade.  
 ' Thryse welcum valziant stoup of weir,  
 ' Thy nation's schield and pryde,  
 ' Thy king na reasoun has to feir,  
 Quhan thou art be his syde.
- 24 Quhan bows were bent, and darts were thravn,  
 For thrang scerce could they flee,  
 The darts clave arrows as they met,  
 Eir faes their dint mote drie.  
 Lang did they rage, and fecht full fersae,  
 Wi little skaith to man:  
 But bludy, bludy was the feild  
 Or that lang day was done!
- 25 The king of Scots that sindle bruik'd  
 The war that luk'd lyke play,  
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
 Sen bows seimt but delay.  
 Quoth noble Rothsay, ' Myne Ile keep,  
 I wat it's bleid a skore.'  
 ' Haste up my merry men,' cry'd the king,  
 As he rade on before.
- 26 The king of Norse he socht to find,  
 Wi him to mense the faucht:  
 But on his forehead there did licht  
 A sharp unsonsie shaft:  
 As he his hand pat up to feil  
 The wound, an arrow kene,  
 O waefu chance! there pind his hand  
 In midst atween his eyne.

- 27 Revenge! revenge! cry'd Rothsay's heir,  
 'Zour mail-coat sall nocht bide  
 'The strenth and sharpness of my dart,'  
 'Then sent it through his syde.  
 Anither arrow weil he mark'd,  
 It persit his neck in twa;  
 His hands did quat the silver reins,  
 He law as eard did fa.
- 28 Sair bleids my liege! Sair, sair he bleids!  
 Again with micht he drew,  
 And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,  
 Fast the braid arrow flew;  
 Wae to the knicht he ettled at;  
 Lament now quene Elgried;  
 Hire dames to wail zour darling's fall.  
 His zouth, and comely meid.
- 29 'Tak aff, tak aff his costly jupe,'  
 (Of gold weil was it twynd,  
 Knit lyke the fowler's net, through quhilk  
 His steilly harness shynd.)  
 'Bear Norse that gift frae me, and bid  
 'Him venge the blude it weirs;  
 'Say, if he face my bended bow  
 'He sure na weapon feirs.
- 30 Proud Norse with giant body tall,  
 Braid shoulder, and arms strong;  
 Cryd, 'Quhar is Hardyknute sae fam'd,  
 'And feird at Britain's throne?  
 'Thouch Britons tremble at his name,  
 'I sune sall mak him wail,  
 'That eir my sword was made sae scharp,  
 'Sae saft his coat of mail.'
- 31 That brag his stout heart cold na byde,  
 It lent him zouthfu micht:  
 "I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cry'd,  
 "To Scotland's king I hecht  
 "To lay thee law as horse's hufe,  
 "My word I mean to heid:"  
 Syne with the first straik eir he strak  
 He gard his body bleid.
- 32 Norse ene lyke grey gosehawk's staird wyld,  
 He sicht wi shame and spyte;

- ' Disgrac'd is now my far fam'd arm  
 ' That left thee pour to smyte.'  
 Syne gied his helm a blow sae fell,  
 It made him down to stoup,  
 Sa law as he to ladies us'd,  
 In courtly gyse to lout.
- 33 Full sune he rais'd his bent body,  
 His bow he marveld sair,  
 Sen blaws till than on him but dar'd  
 As touch of Fairly fair.  
 Norse ferliet too as sair as he,  
 To see his stately luke;  
 Sa sune as eir he strak a fae,  
 Sa supe his lyfe he tuke.
- 34 Quhair lyke a fyre to hether set,  
 Bauld Thomas did advance,  
 A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,  
 Up towards him did prance.  
 He spur'd his steid through thickest ranks  
 The hardy zouth to quell;  
 Quha stude unmuvit at his approach  
 His fury to repell.
- 35 ' That schort brown shaft, sae meinly trimd,  
 ' Lukes lyke poor Scotland's gier;  
 ' But dreidfu seims the rusty point!  
 And loud he leuch in jeir.  
 " Aft Britons blude has dim'd its shyne  
 " Its point cut short their yaunt."  
 Syne pierc'd the boaster's bairded cheik,  
 Na tyme he took to taunt.
- 36 Schort quhyle he in his sadil swang;  
 His stirrip was na stay,  
 But feible hang his unbent knie,  
 Suir taken he was fay?  
 Syyth on the hardend clay he fell,  
 Richt far was heard the thud;  
 But Thomas lukit not as he lay  
 All waltering in his blude.
- 37 Wi careless gesture, mynd unmuvit,  
 On rade he north the plain;  
 His seim in peace, or fercest stryfe,  
 Aye reckless and the same.

- Nor zit his heart, Dame's dimpeld cheik,  
 Cold meise saft luv to bruik;  
 Till vengefu Ann return'd his scorn,  
 Then languide grew his luke.
- 38 In thrauis of dethe, wi wallowit cheik,  
 All panting on the plain,  
 The bleiding corps of warriours lay,  
 Neir to aryse agane;  
 Neir to return to native land;  
 Na mair wi blythsum sounds  
 To boist the glories of that day,  
 And shaw their shynand wounds.
- 39 There on a lie, quhar stands a cross  
 Set up for monument,  
 Thousands fu ferce, that simmer's day,  
 Fill'd kene Weiris black intent.  
 Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
 Let Norse the name aye dreid;  
 Aye how he faucht, aft how he spaird  
 Sall latest ages reid.
- 40 On Norway's coast the widowit dame  
 May wash the rocks wi teirs,  
 May lang luke owre the schipless seis  
 Befoir her mate appeirs.  
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,  
 Thy lord lyis in the clay;  
 The valziant Scots nae rievèrs thole  
 To carry lyfe away.
- 41 The westlin wind blew loud and chill,  
 Sair beat the heavy shour,  
 Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute  
 Wan neir his stately tour;  
 His tour that us'd wi torches bleise  
 To shyne sae far at nicht,  
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid  
 Na marvel sair he sich'd.
- 42 "Thairs na licht in my lady's bouir,  
 "Thairs na licht in my ha;  
 "Na blink shynes round my Fairly Fair,  
 "Na ward stands on my wa.  
 "Quhat bodes it? Thomas, Robert, say."  
 Na answer fits their dreid.

- “ Stand back, my sons, Ile be zour gyde,”  
 But by the past wi speid.
- 43 “ As fast I’ve sped owre Scotland’s faes—.”  
 There ceist his brag of weir,  
 Sair schamit to mind ocht but his dame,  
 And maiden Fairly Fair.  
 Black feir he felt, but quha to feir,  
 He wist na zit wi dreid:  
 Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,  
 And a’ the warriour slied.

---



---

PART II.

- 45 “ RETURN, return, ye men of bluid,  
 “ And bring me back my chylde!”  
 A dolefu voice frae mid the ha  
 Reculd wi echoes wylde.  
 Bestraught wi dule and dreid, na pour  
 Had Hardyknute at a’;  
 Full thrise he raught his ported speir,  
 And thrise he let it fa.
- 45 “ O! haly God, for his deir sake,  
 “ Wha sav’d us on the rude—  
 He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,  
 Yet reid wi Norland bluid.  
 “ Brayd on, brayd on, my stalwart sons,  
 “ Grit cause we hae to feir;  
 “ But aye the canny ferce contemn  
 “ They hap they canna veir.”
- 46 ‘ Return, return, ye men of bluid,  
 ‘ And bring me back my chylde!’  
 The dolefu voice frae mid the ha  
 Reculd wi echoes wylde.  
 The storm grew ryfe throuch a’ the list,  
 The rattling thunder rang,  
 The black rain shour’d, and lichtning glent  
 Their harnisine alang.
- 47 What feir possest their boding breasts,  
 Whan, by the gloomy glour,  
 The castle ditch wi dead bodies  
 They saw was fill’d out owr!

Quoth Hardyknute, "I wold to Chryste

"The Norse had wan the day;

"Sae I had kept at hame but anes,

"Thilk bluidy feats to stay."

48 Wi speid they past, and sune they recht

The base-courts sounding bound,

Deip groans sith heard, and through the mirk

Lukd wistfully around.

The moon, frae hind a sable cloud,

Wi sudden twinkle shane,

'Whan, on the cauldri'f eard, they fand

The gude Sir Mordac layn.

49 Besprent wi gore, frae helm to spur,

Was the trew heartit knicht;

Swyth frae his steid sprung Hardyknute,

Muvit wi the heavy sicht.

"O say thy master's shield in weir,

"His sawman in the ha,

"What hatefu chance cold hae the pour

"To lay thy eild sae law?"

50 To his complaint the bleiding knicht

Return'd a piteous mane,

And recht his hand, whilk Hardyknute

Claucht straitly in his ain:

'Gin eir ye see lord Hardyknute,

'Frae Mordac ye maun say,

'Lord Draffan's treason to confute,

'He us'd his steddies' fay.'

51 He nicht na mair, for cruel dethe

Forbad him to proceed:

"I vow to God, I wina sleip

"Till I see Draffan bleid.

"My sons, your sister was ovr fair:

"But bruik he sall na lang

"His gude betide; my last forebode

"He'll trow belyve na sang.

52 "Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth

"To me your luv sae deir;

"The Norse" defeat mote weil persuade

"Na riever ye neid feir."

The speirmen wi a mighty shout,

Cryd, 'Save our maister deir;

- ' While he dow bear they sway bot care  
 ' Na reiver we sall feir.'
- 53 Return, return, ye men of blude,  
 ' And bring me back my chylde!'
- The dolefu voice frae mid the ha  
 Reculd wi echoes wylde.  
 " I am to wyte, my valiant friends:"  
 And to the ha they ran:  
 The stately dore full straitly steikit  
 Wi iron bolts thrie they fand.
- 54 The stately dore, thouch streitly steikit  
 Wi waddin iron boltis thrie,  
 Richt sune his micht can eithly gar  
 Frae aff its hinges flie.
- " Whar hae ye tane my dochter deir!  
 " Mair wold I see her deid  
 " Than see her in your bridal bed,  
 " For a' your portly meid.
- 55 " What thouch my gude and valiant lord  
 " Lye strecht on the cauld clay?  
 " My sons the dethe may ablins spair  
 " To wreak their sister's wae.
- " O my liel lord, cold I but ken  
 " Whar thy dear corse is layn,  
 Frae gurly weit, and warping blast  
 " I'd shield it wi my ain!
- 56 " Dreir dethe richt sune will end my dule,  
 " Ye riever ferce and vile,  
 " But thouch ye slay me, frae my heart  
 " His luvè ye'll neir exile."
- Sae did she crune wi heavy cheir,  
 Hyt luiks, and blearit eyne;  
 Then teirs first wet his manly cheik  
 And snawy baird bedeene.
- 57 ' Na riever here, my dame sae deir,  
 ' But your leil lord you see;  
 ' May hiest harm betide his life  
 ' Wha brocht sic harm to thee!  
 ' Gin anes ye may believe my word,  
 ' Nor am I usd to lie,  
 ' By day prime he or Hardyknute,  
 ' The bluidy dethe sall die.'

- 58 The ha, whar late the linkis bricht  
 Sae gladsum shind at ein,  
 Whar penants gleit a gowden bleise  
 Owr knichts and ladys shene,  
 Was now sae mirk, that through the bound,  
 Nocht mote they wein to see,  
 Also throuch the southern port the moon  
 Let fa a blinkand glie.
- 59 "Are ye in suith my deir lov'd lord?"  
 Nae mair she doucht to say,  
 But swoonit on his harnest neck  
 Wi joy and tender fay.  
 To see her in sic balefu sort  
 Reviv'd his selcouth feirs;  
 But sune she raisd her comely luik,  
 And saw his faing teirs.
- 60 "Ye are na wont to greit wi wretch,  
 "Grit cause ye hae I dreid;  
 "Hae a' our sons their lives redeemit  
 "Frae furth the dowie feid?"  
 "If are our valiant sons, ye see,  
 'But lack their sister deir;  
 'Whan schois awa, bot ony doubt,  
 'Wi hae grit cause to feir.'
- 61 "Of a' our wrangs, and her depart,  
 "Whan ye the suith sall heir,  
 "Na marvel that ye hae mair cause,  
 "Than ye yet wend to feir.  
 "O wharefore heir yon feignand knight  
 "Wi Mordac did ye send?  
 "Ye suner wald hae perc'd his heart  
 "Had ye his ettling kend."
- 62 'What may ye mein, my perless dame?  
 'That knight did muve my ruthe  
 'Wi balefu mane; I did na dout  
 'His curtesie and truthe.  
 'He maun hae tint, wi sma renown,  
 'His lyfe in this fell rief;  
 'Richt sair it grieves me that he heir  
 'Met sic an ill relief.'
- 63 Quoth scho, wi teirs that down her cheiks  
 Ran like a silver shour,

- “ May ill befa the tide that brocht  
 “ That fause knicht to our touir :  
 “ Kend ye na Draffan’s lordly port,  
 “ Thouch cled in knichtly graith?  
 “ Thouch hidden was his hautie luke,  
 “ The visor black benethe?  
 64 ‘ Now as I am a knicht of weir,  
 ‘ I thocht his seiming trew;  
 ‘ But that he sae deceiv’d my ruthe,  
 ‘ Full sairly he sall rue.’  
 “ Sir Mordac to the sounding ha  
 “ Came wi his cative fere;”  
 “ My syre has sent this wounded knicht  
 “ To pruve your kyndlie care.  
 65 “ Your sell maun watch him a’ the day,  
 “ Your maids at deid o nicht,  
 “ And Fairly Fair his heart maun cheir  
 “ As scho stands in his sicht.”  
 “ Na suner was Sir Mordac gane,  
 “ Than up the featour sprang;”  
 ‘ The lúve else o your dochter deir,  
 ‘ I feil nae ither pang.’  
 66 ‘ Thouch Hardyknute lord Draffan’s suit  
 ‘ Refus’d wi meikle pryde;  
 ‘ By his gude dame and Fairly Fair  
 ‘ Let him not be deny’d.’  
 “ Nocht muvit wi the cative’s speech,  
 “ Nor wi his stern command;  
 “ I treason! cry’d, and Kenneth’s blade  
 “ Was glysterand in his hand.  
 67 “ My son, lord Draffan heir you see,  
 “ Wha meins your sister’s fay  
 “ To win by guile, whan Hardyknute  
 “ Strives in the irie fray.”  
 “ Turn thee! thou riever Baron, turn!”  
 “ Bauld Kenneth cry’d aloud;  
 “ But sune as Draffan spent his glaive,  
 “ My son lay in his bluid.”  
 68 ‘ I did nocht grein that bluming face  
 ‘ That dethe sae sune sold pale;  
 ‘ Far less that my trew lúve, through me,  
 ‘ Her brither’s dethe sold wail.

- ‘ But fen ye sey our force to prive,  
 ‘ Our force we sall you shaw!’  
 “ Syne the shrill-sounding horn bedene  
 “ He tuke frae down the wa.  
 69 Eir the portculie cold be flung,  
 “ His kyth the base court fand;  
 “ Whan scantly o their count a teind,  
 “ Their entrie might gainstand.  
 “ Richt sune the raging rievvers stude  
 “ At their fause masteris syde,  
 “ Wha, by the haly maiden, sware  
 “ Na harm sold us betide.  
 70 “ What syne befell ye weil may guess,  
 “ Reft o our eilds delicht.”——  
 ‘ We sall na lang be reft, by morn  
 ‘ Sall Fairly glad your sicht.  
 ‘ Let us be gane, my sons, eir now  
 ‘ Our menie chide our stay;  
 ‘ Fareweil, my dame; your dochter’s luvve  
 ‘ Will sune cheir your effray.’  
 71 Then pale, pale grew her teirfu cheik;  
 “ Let ane o my sons thrie  
 “ Alane gyde this emprize, your eild  
 “ May ill sic travel drie.  
 “ O whar were I, were my deir lord,  
 “ And a’ my sons to bleid!  
 “ Better to bruik the wrang than sae  
 “ To wreak the hie misdeed.”  
 72 The gallant Thomas rose bedene  
 His richt of age to pleid:  
 And Rothsay shawd his strenthie speir:  
 And Malcolm meind his speid.  
 ‘ My sons, your stryfe I gladly see,  
 ‘ But it sall neir be sayen,  
 ‘ That Hardyknute sat in his ha,  
 ‘ And heird his son was slayen.  
 73 ‘ My lady deir, ye neid na feir;  
 The richt is on our syde:  
 Syne rising with richt frawart haste  
 Na parly wald he byde.  
 The lady sat in heavy mude,  
 Their tunefu march to heir,

- Whyle, far ayont her ken, the sound  
 Na mair mote roun her ear.
- 74 O hae ye sein sum gliterand tourir,  
 Wi mirrie archers crownd,  
 Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae  
 Keipt frae their countries bound?  
 Sic ausum strenth shawd Hardyknute;  
 Sic seimd his sately meid!  
 Sic pryde he to his menie bauld,  
 Sic feir his faes he gied.
- 75 Wi glie they past owr mountains rude,  
 Owr muirs and mosses weit;  
 Sune as they saw the rising sun,  
 On Draffan's touris it gleit.—  
 O Fairly Fair I marvel sair  
 That featour-eir ye lu'd,  
 Whase treasoun wrocht your father's bale,  
 And shed your brither's blude!
- 76 The ward ran to his youthfu lord,  
 Wha sleip'd his bouir intill;  
 Na time for sleuth, your raging fae's  
 'Fare down the westlin hill.  
 'And by the libbard's gowden low  
 'In his blue banner braid,  
 'That Hardyknute his dochter seiks,  
 'And Draffan's dethe, I rede.'
- 77 " Say to my bands of matchless micht,  
 Wha camp law in the dale,  
 'To busk their arrows for the fecht,  
 And streitly gird their mail.  
 Syne meit me heir, and wein to find  
 Na just or turney play;  
 Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,  
 Weir bruiks na lang delay."
- 78 His halbrik bricht he brac'd bedene;  
 Frae ilka skaith and harm  
 Securit by a warloc auld,  
 Wi mony a fairy charm.  
 A scimly knight cam to the ha;  
 'Lord Draffan I thee braive,  
 Frae Hardyknute, my worthy lord,  
 'To fecht wi speir or glaive.'

- 79 " Your hautie lord me braives in vain  
 Alane his nicht to prive,  
 For wha in single feat of weir  
 Wi Hardyknute may strive?  
 But sith he meins our strenth to sey,  
 On case he sune will find,  
 That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,  
 In force they're far behind.
- 80 Yet cold I wete that he wald yield  
 To what bruiks na remeid,  
 I for his dochter wald na hain  
 To ae half o my steid."  
 Sad Hardyknute apart frae a'  
 Lean'd on his birnest speir;  
 And, whan he on his Fairly deimd,  
 He spaird na sich nor teir.
- 81 " What meins the felon cative vile?  
 Bruiks this reif na remeid?  
 I scorn his guilefu vows, ein thouch  
 'They recht to a' his steid."  
 Bound was lord Draffan for the fecht,  
 Whan lo! his Fairly deir  
 Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha  
 Wi a' the speid of feir.
- 82 Ein as the rudie star o' morn  
 Peirs throuch a cloud of dew,  
 Sae did scho seim, as roun his neck  
 Her snawy arms scho threw.  
 ' O why, O why, did Fairly wair  
 On thee her thoughtless luv?  
 Whase cruel heart can ettle aye  
 Her fathers dethe to pruve!
- 83 And first he kiss'd her bluming cheik,  
 And synce her bosom deir;  
 Then sadly strade athwart the ha,  
 And drapd ae tendir teir.  
 " My menie heid my words wi care,  
 Gin ony dare to slay  
 Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I sweir  
 Wi lyfe he sall na gae,"
- 84 ' My maidens bring my bridal gown,  
 I little trew'd yestrene,

- To rise frae bonny Draffan's bed,  
 His bluidy dethe to sene.'  
 Owr Nethan's weily streim he far'd  
 Wi seiming ire and pryde;  
 His blason, glysterand owre his helm,  
 Bare Allan by his syde.
- 85 Syne up to the hie balconie  
 Schois gane wi a' her train,  
 And sune scho saw her stalwart lord  
 Attein the bleising plain.  
 Richt sune the bugils blew, and lang  
 And bluidy was the fray;  
 Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,  
 Had hundreds tint their day.
- 86 Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht,  
 The mighty chief muvit on;  
 His basnet bleising to the sun,  
 Wi deidly lichtning shone.  
 Draffan he socht, wi him at anes  
 To end the cruel stryfe;  
 But aye his speirmen thranging round  
 Forefend their leaders lyfe.
- 87 The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid  
 Ran reiking mony a mile;  
 Few stude the faucht, yet dethe alane  
 Cold end their irie toil.  
 'Wha flie, I vow, sall frae my speir  
 Receive the dethe they dreid!'  
 Cry'd Draffan, as alang the plain  
 He spurd his bluid-red steid.
- 88 Up to him sune a knicht cam prance,  
 A' graithd in silver mail:  
 "Lang hae I socht thee throuch the field,  
 This lance will tell my tale."  
 Rude was the fray, till Draffan's skill  
 Owrcam his youthfu nicht;  
 Piercd throuch his visor to the eie  
 Was slain the comely knicht.
- 89 The visor on the speir was deft,  
 And Draffan Malcolm spied:  
 'Ye should your vaunted speid this day,  
 And not your strenth hae sey'd.'

- "Cative, awa ye maun na flie,"  
 Stout Rothsay cryd bedene,  
 "Till, frae my glaive, ye wi ye beir  
 The wound ye feign'd yestrene."  
 90 'Mair o' your kins bluid hae I spilt  
 Than I docht evir grein;  
 See Rothsay whar your brither lyes  
 In dethe afore your eyne,  
 Scant Rothsay stapt the faing teir;  
 "O hatefu cursed deid!  
 Sae Draffan seiks our sister's luve,  
 Nor feirs far ither meid"  
 91 Swith on the word an arrow cam  
 Frae ane o' Rothsay's band,  
 And smote on Draffan's lifted targe,  
 Syne Rothsay's splent it fand.  
 Piercd through the knie to his ferce steid,  
 Wha pranced wi egre pain,  
 The chief was forc'd to quit the stryfe,  
 And seik the nether plain.  
 92 His minstrals there wi dolefu care  
 The bluidy shaft withdrew;  
 But that he sae was bar'd the fecht  
 Sair did the leider rue.  
 'Cheir ye my mirrie men,' Draffan cryd,  
 Wi meikle pryde and glie;  
 'The prize is ours; nae chieftan bides  
 Wi us to bate the grie.'  
 93 That hautie boast heird Hardyknute,  
 Whar he lein'd on his spier,  
 Sair weiried wi the nune-tide heat,  
 And toilsum deids of weir.  
 The first sicht, whan he past the thrang,  
 Was Malcolm on the swaird;  
 "Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,  
 And thy youthied had spaird!  
 94 Draffan, I ken thy ire, but now  
 Thy micht I mein to see!"  
 But eir he strak the deidly dint  
 The syre was on his knie.  
 'Lord Hardyknute stryke gif ye may,  
 I neir will strive wi thee;

- For feir your dochter see you slay  
 Frae whar she sits on hie!
- 95 Yestrene the priest in haly band  
 Me join'd wi Fairly deir;  
 For her sake let us part in peace,  
 And neir meit mair in weir.  
 " Oh! king of hevin, what seemly speich  
 A featour's lips can send!  
 And art thou he wha baith my sons  
 Brocht to a bluidy end;
- 96 Haste, mount thy steid, or I sall licht  
 And meit thee on the plain;  
 For by my forbere's saul we neir  
 Sall part till ane be slayne."  
 ' Now mind thy aith,' syne Draffan stout  
 To Allan loudly cryd,  
 Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid  
 And perc'd his master's syde.
- 97 Law to the eard he bleiding fell,  
 And dethe sune clos'd his eyne.  
 " Draffan, till now I did na ken  
 Thy dethe cold muve my tein.  
 I wold to Chryste thou valiant youth,  
 Thou wert in lyfe again;  
 May ill befa my ruthless wrauth  
 That brocht thee to sic pain!
- 98 Fairly, anes a' my joy and pryde,  
 Now a' my grief and bale,  
 Ye maun wi haly maidens byde  
 Your deidly faut to wail.  
 To Icolm beir ye Draffan's corse  
 And dochter anes sae deir,  
 Whar she may pay his heidless luve  
 Wi mony a mournfu teir."

---

*Communications (post paid) suited to the nature of this  
 Work, may be addressed to JOHN MILLAR, Bookseller,  
 Sandholes, Paisley.*